

TRUE DETECTIVE

MARCH
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MONTHLY

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TWO-PART FEATURE

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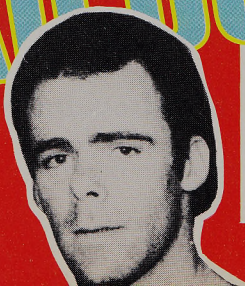
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THE WORLD'S TOP TRUE CRIME MAGAZINE

TRUE DETECTIVE

MARCH 1983

DID THE PSYCHIC SEE HER KILLER?	Krist Boardman	2
LESBIAN LOVE FOR TWO MEANT MURDER FOR ONE	Dieter Schultz	9
COMPUTERS IN CRIME (No. 1 in series)	Kurt Fleischmann	16
RAPED & MURDERED FOR A RECORD PLAYER	Terry Ecker	20
THE INCREDIBLE CAREER OF JOSEPH "MAD DOG" SULLIVAN	George Carpozi Jr.	26
WHEN LOVE AND POLITICS DON'T MIX	Larry Garrison	33
VIETNAM WAR HERO CHARGED WITH BARBER'S MURDER	Charles W. Sasser	38
TD CRIME PHOTOS		45
"SHE LOOKS NICE — NICE ENOUGH TO KILL!"	Bruce Gibney	47

Cover and magazine design by Stuart Banner

Human nature being what it is, this era of space-age technology would hardly be complete without the space-age criminal. No ordinary crook, mind you, but a specialised expert who can easily milk a company — or a country — out of literally millions. And the tools of his trade? Not a crowbar, a stick of dynamite, or even a thermic lance — but a keyboard. A computer keyboard, to be precise.

Yet nobody really knows just how many crimes by computer have been committed, simply because most of them go undetected. And perhaps the main reason that a computer system is easy to manipulate for fraudulent purposes is its basic simplicity. For despite a computer's seemingly huge complexity, its operation usually involves a mere five components, each of which can be manipulated to generate fantastic profits for the clever criminal.

So, beginning on page 16, is the first of a two-part series by Kurt Fleischmann entitled "Computers In Crime." Perhaps anything less than a full-length book can only scratch the surface of such a highly complex subject, yet it does give us an eyebrow-raising glimpse into the world of space-age fraud and the truly Super Crook.

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

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1st WITH THE BIG STORIES

IT WAS 2.28 p.m. on June 6th, 1979, when the call came in for an ambulance to be sent to 8479 Fort Smallwood Road in Pasadena, Maryland. It was reported that a woman had been stabbed there — and she was still alive.

The paramedics would try to save her, but they couldn't. And Leonette Shilling died soon after of 12 stab wounds to her back, neck, chest and hands. Examination later in the day by Dr. Margarita Korell would reveal that she had been stabbed by a knife with a blade no longer than three inches. Some of the wounds were less than three inches deep.

When the paramedics arrived, they found Mrs. Shilling's husband, Calvin, leaning over her, while she was on the floor of the living-room, not far from a sofa. A small child was lying on the sofa and the television was on, but at a low volume. Mrs. Shilling's slippers were on the floor.

In the kitchen, the table was covered with business papers and documents, plus a stack of newspapers. Dishes were draining on the left-hand side of the sink. To the right of the sink lay a package of frozen crabs and crab cakes wrapped in cellophane. A baby's feed bottle sat on the counter. On the floor of the kitchen was a child's toy and, in one of the nearby bedrooms, clean clothes lay on the bed.

When the police arrived soon after, they found essentially the same details in place, though they looked even more closely. The front door had been left slightly ajar — which, according to the husband, was unusual. Normally, the front door was locked. It was seldom used, anyway. The police began to speculate that, if the husband himself was not responsible, the front door could have been used by the assailant(s) in making an exit after the crime.

If the purpose of the crime had been burglary or robbery, it was evidently a goal that had not been realised. Cash and jewellery were visible on one of the

Krist Boardman reports

MARYLAND MYSTERY

DID THE PSYCHIC SEE HER KILLER?

**Psychic Nancy Anderson about
to exert her "special" powers . . .**

dressers in a bedroom. According to the husband, nothing had been taken. That led the police to think that, either robbery had not been a motive — or, if it had, it had not been carried out, possibly because someone had interrupted the crime while it was in progress.

What the police had was little — and frequently conflicting — evidence. Even a \$5,000 reward, offered by the husband, failed to elicit the information they needed to solve the case. "We haven't got the response we were hoping for," remarked one detective, referring to the money.

Unfortunately for Calvin Shilling, he had the double misfortune of being the widower of the 61-year-old victim and also one of the prime suspects. The reality of domestic murder cases being what it is, he was cast in this double role, for a while at least. But however little he could do to reverse his bereavement, there was still ample opportunity to clear himself as a suspect. He hired a lawyer, established an alibi — and, of course, raised the reward money.

The police initially had some problems with his account of the events of that day. He and Leonette were to have gone to Las Vegas for a brief holiday

**THE TOP TRUE
CRIME
MONTHLY**



earlier in the day on June 8th, but their flight was cancelled at the last minute. As luck would have it, their intended trip was to have been via a DC-10 and the Federal Aviation Authority had just grounded most of those planes until the appropriate safety checks could be completed. Accordingly, the Shillings' departure had been rescheduled for June 11th.

In the past, whenever the two had travelled by air, they would drive to the airport and leave their Lincoln Continental in the car park, where it would remain until their return. In work-related matters, Calvin Shilling normally drove his Chevrolet. But for some unexplained reason, on the day his wife was murdered, he drove the Lincoln. As it turned out, the state would use this information to present its case that someone who knew the Shillings well enough to know that they were supposed to be on holiday and would have driven the Lincoln to the airport, had committed the crime, without, however, knowing that the plans had been cancelled at the last minute and that the husband was driving the Lincoln to somewhere else, not the airport.

The police were also disturbed by another report that they received. After the murder was publicised, a lady real estate agent came forward and volunteered the information that, at about 2 p.m., she had phoned the Shilling residence to inquire about something — and that a man had answered the phone and shouted: "What?" The real estate agent's story was corroborated by her secretary, who was also listening on the line.

"Violent crime tends to make peoples' thoughts that much louder..."

When the police gave the voice recordings of the word "What?" from a number of possible suspects, the two from the real estate agency said that the voice most like that which they recalled was the husband's. Yet this information conflicted with the alibi provided by the husband.

There was also a small problem regarding times. In his statements to the police and to reporters, the husband said that the murder had occurred between 1.30 and nearly 2.30 p.m., the time when he got home. He was emphatic on this point. The call for the ambulance had been logged at 2.28. And, by his own account, he had returned to the house at 2.25. What didn't quite match up was the front end of his time frame.

The three-year-old boy in the house was one of the couple's grandchildren. The little boy, being minded by the victim, had been asleep at least during the start of her encounter with the assailant(s). It wasn't clear if he had been awake to see anything happen. And even if he was, he was still not articulate enough to describe what, if anything, he had seen.

One of the daughters of the Shilling couple told police that she had talked with her mother on the phone from 1.40 to 1.50, or 1.55 p.m. — and that the victim had indicated to her that no one else but herself and the grandson were in the house during the conversation. This information helped to narrow the focus of the probe to the time period from 1.50 or so, after the phone conversation, to the discovery by the husband. That left a period of about half an hour, if this information was accurate, when someone could have come in.

The question of the doors intrigued detectives. If the front door was hardly ever used, as the husband insisted, had someone approached the back door, knocked on it and frightened the intruder, or intruders, out the front door?

The house was also tested for physical evidence which might link a suspect to the crime. However, there was no murder weapon at the scene. And after dusting for fingerprints, everything came up negative. Except for those who usually lived in or visited the house, there were no prints out of the ordinary — none that could be identified which did not belong to someone who had already adequately accounted for his activities at the time of the crime.

The same was true of hair samples. Though they were collected, none of the samples given to the police from possible suspects matched up with any of the samples found in the house.

In a moment of unusual candour, one of the investigators working the case, Detective James Moore, remarked to a newspaper reporter that "we are going in so many directions . . . we're not sure whether we have anything or not."

The police list of suspects had grown by now to over 30 names. They included members of the family, neighbours, employees of the Shilling business, persons with criminal records who had used knives in previous attacks — anyone who could possibly be linked to the crime. But the leads still didn't seem to yield anything positive. Still, the pressure to resolve the crime from the family of the victim and the community where they lived was as strong as ever.

Eventually, a decision was made to contact a psychic who had taken an interest in previous murder cases — and



with some success. At 34, Nancy Anderson of Newark, Delaware, had been a practicing psychic for just six years, after she came to recognise and develop her own peculiar abilities. But in the two years that she had been helping the Delaware state police with some of their cases, she'd attracted the attention of a high-ranking police official in Maryland, who now recommended that the detectives working on the Shilling case give her a try. With nothing to lose, they agreed that she might be of help.

As a self-styled practitioner of "psychometry," Nancy Anderson believes in direct telepathy — that, in a murder scene, a victim leaves an impression of his or her thoughts on objects lying nearby as the crime is being committed. While these thought impressions are left everywhere in every walk of life, they can be picked up more easily in a crime scene because "violent crime makes peoples' thoughts much louder," as she explains it. "That's why murder scenes appear to be haunted," she says, adding that the haunting is not a result of the presence of spirits, but of psychic impressions left by the victim.

When the Maryland investigators arrived at Nancy Anderson's home in Newark, they brought maps of the Pasadena community, colour slides of the crime scene and a slide projector. Because she did not want to have police interpretations and impressions interfere



seen the crime. "It was my feeling at the time of the reading that there were two people who went into and out of that house," she told them.

When she finished "reading" the slides, the police gave her a folder containing 32 "rap-sheets" of possible suspects. Many, though not all, of these had photos attached. But all of them carried signatures made by the criminals concerned.

And it was those signatures which told her the most. "I can tell a great deal about a person from his or her signature. And with one signature in particular, I was getting a thought pattern that was so close to the thought pattern (from the pictures)."

She was holding the rap-sheet of Allen Glen Finke, a 26-year-old nephew of the victim. He'd been convicted of housebreaking and some minor drug violations in the past. Finke currently made his living as a builder's labourer.

The police returned to Pasadena on

The house (left) where Leonette Shilling was found knifed to death. Suspect in the murder claimed to have been eating in this restaurant (below) at the time she was slain



July 8th, 1979, intent on questioning young Finke and his housemate, Ronald Norton. They found Norton first and took him in. He made a statement and was released. Later that same evening, Finke was spotted by detectives, just as he was about to begin playing in a game of softball. Despite Finke's initial reluctance to leave the softball game, Detective Tom Mock persuaded him to come with him for the purpose of making a short statement at police headquarters.

Finke's stay at police headquarters was anything but short, however. Read his rights, he remained there until 9.30 next morning, when he was taken home. What went on there remains a subject of ongoing litigation.

Allen Finke told Detectives Mock, Moore and Gordon March that, on the day of the murder — five weeks earlier — he and Norton had been up late until 4 a.m., drinking and playing pool at a bar, even though they were to have reported for work by 5.30 a.m. At 6 a.m., he got a phone call from his boss, telling him and Norton not to come to work, but to sleep if off. Finke said he then went back to sleep until 9 a.m., when he woke up again. Sometime between 11.30

with her reading of the crime scene, she examined three of the slides very carefully — and without any police interpretations.

"I picked up the impression that Mrs. Shilling willingly admitted him," she told this reporter. "And I wondered why

she had feelings of maternal love for him — and it occurred to me that she babysat for him. I can key in on a victim's thought pattern."

The investigators worked with her as she went through her two-hour analysis. They then asked her if anyone else had

and noon, he and Norton left the house, looking for some marijuana to smoke. When they could not find any, they went to the 3B's Bakery, where they had lunch of eggs and sausage from 1.30 to 2.30 p.m.

Finke agreed to take several polygraph tests and to undergo hypnosis while he was at police headquarters. And he willingly gave investigators fingerprints, palmprints and samples of hair from his head, moustache and arms. In virtually every respect, he was co-operating.

Whether the police believed the psychic, or whether there was some glaring discrepancy between Norton's statement and Finke's account of that day, only they knew. They tried to zero in on the new suspect to determine whether he would waver in his story.

"We know you killed her," one of the investigators accused. "We have two witnesses who say they saw you enter and leave the house — and we also have your fingerprints. Now what do you say?"

One of Finke's later reactions was: "I just couldn't believe what he (the investigator) was telling me. I collapsed in my

Deputy State Attorney Gerald Anders. He was the prosecutor at defendant's two murder trials, a guilty verdict in the first one being quashed on appeal



chair . . . I was so mixed up, I didn't know which end was up. At that time, they had me quite mixed up."

SOON AFTER, Detective Mock, who like Allen Finke was reared in the Roman Catholic faith, said an Act of Contrition for Finke in the hallway of police headquarters. Mock was playing the nice guy, while Detectives Moore and March were playing tough guys, as part of the questioning routine.

Keeps blanking out...

They showed Finke pictures of the crime scene and asked him questions about it and how it happened. Finally, Finke said: "I know I did it, but I can't make myself tell you I did. I keep blanking it out . . . Why do I recall these things if I wasn't there?"

Did these statements constitute a confession? Or were they simple statements of resignation by someone who had been badgered for hours by investigators who may have been more convinced than he of his own guilt?

Mock picked up on Finke's latest statement: "Why do I recall these things if I wasn't there?" He got Finke to recount many of the details within the house, while not admitting that he was there and committing the murder. In his statement to the police, Finke said he remembered seeing some papers and documents on the kitchen table, a toy on the floor, frozen meat in clear cellophane on the kitchen counter, while the TV was playing with the volume down low. Paramedics had reported nearly the same, except that they'd seen frozen crabs and crab cakes by the sink, not frozen meat.

It was past 2 a.m. by the time the detectives were finished with their interrogation. They then informed Finke that he was not under arrest — that he was free to leave. But Finke refused to leave, saying that he was upset and that he wasn't going to leave unless he was certain he did not do it. Accordingly, the police gave him a blanket and he slept on a couch at headquarters until about 9.30 a.m., when he left.

The police stayed in touch with Finke, who gave them a pair of cut-off jeans which had a large dark-brown stain on them. As it turned out, that stain proved to be a furniture stain. Another pair of cut-offs that Finke gave them tested positively for blood. But because there had been so many washings of it, the stain could not be typed.

Two days after his release from the police headquarters, however, Finke was arrested and charged with the murder of

Leonette Shilling. He was committed to a detention centre to await trial.

Soon after Finke's arrest, the police found a witness. A retired police officer who worked at the Acme Supermarket, in a small shopping centre near the Shilling residence, informed detectives that he'd seen two people resembling Allen Finke and Ronald Norton in the supermarket's restroom shortly before noon on the day of the murder. The two had taken a pie from one of the shelves of the store and were eating it in the toilet. Because it was a minor incident, he had not informed the store manager.

At Allen Glen Finke's first trial, Ronald Norton appeared as a state's witness. He told the court that, on the day of the murder, he and Finke had driven around Pasadena, searching for marijuana. When they failed to find any, they drove in his truck to the shopping centre car park, which lay 300 feet behind the Shilling house. It was some time between 1.30 and 2.30, he said, when he sat in his truck reading a newspaper, while Finke left — but without telling him where he was going. About 10 minutes later, Norton testified, Finke returned to the truck and said: "Let's go." Then the two went to Finke's father's house, where they worked for the remainder of that afternoon at rebuilding the engine of a car.

Norton told the court that he had no idea where Finke had gone during those 10 minutes, because his vision was blocked by the newspaper he was reading. The only additional information he offered was that he thought Finke normally carried a pocketknife with a blade three inches long.

Norton's credibility was attacked during cross-examination, when it was learned that he had failed four lie-detector tests administered by the police while being questioned by them. But the defence could not claim that Norton necessarily had a motive in testifying for the state, since Deputy State's Attorney Gerlad V. Anders had never charged Norton as an accomplice. Nor had he threatened to charge him if he did not co-operate with the state. Norton's testimony was being offered for what it was, with no strings attached.

Another state's witness was the son of the victim, a cousin of Allen Finke. These two young men had grown up together in the same community and had been close friends ever since they were little boys. The cousin said he'd spoken to Finke in the detention centre two weeks after his arrest — and that the defendant had told him that he recalled approaching the house, but was not sure that he had committed the murder.

Testifying in his own defence, Finke said he had only passed by his uncle's



Called in to assist in the probe, Nancy Anderson squats on the floor 'reading' through 'rap-sheets' of possible suspects. She received a thought-pattern from a certain signature, then singled out the photo of Allen Finke . . .

house in the truck with his friend while they were searching for marijuana. He denied ever getting out of the truck and walking towards the Shilling house.

As for the details he'd recounted while at police headquarters, he pointed out that, even though it had been one and a half years before the murder since he was in the house, he was nevertheless familiar with its layout and the habits of those who lived in it, so that it was no problem for him to describe what it was like. Because the police had lied to him about the witnesses and fingerprints — and because of his total bewilderment over the accusations they were making about the murder of someone he had loved since early childhood — it was not surprising that he'd made some statement which seemed damaging to himself.

Finke's father, a brother of the victim, testified that it was not unusual for his son to have his cut-off shorts stained with blood, due to the nature of the building work he was in. Occasionally, young Allen would hit his finger with a hammer, or cut himself while at work — and it was not be unusual for him to wipe some blood on his shorts, the father said.

Despite the circumstantial nature of the evidence against Allen Finke — and the lack of any physical evidence which linked him directly to the murder scene — the jury felt that the weight of such evidence tended to be in favour of the state. Allen Finke was convicted of felony murder and breaking and entering.

At Finke's sentencing, the defendant still steadfastly maintained his innocence, saying: "This whole thing doesn't make sense to me. I've been 26 years with no mental problems. There's no way I'd forget something like that."

Judge F. Mackall Childs, however, took a different view. He said: "There's no way I can be convinced a man would admit to committing an act he knew full well he didn't do — unless he was addled in his mind . . . This is a classic example of what drugs can do to the mind. There's no question in my mind that the basis of your problem is drug-related."

With Finke starting the life sentence imposed upon him, his case went to the court of appeal. And the appellate judge ruled that there had been no hearing prior to the trial on the voluntariness of Finke's confession, which was entered into evidence.

Predictably, Deputy State's Attorney Anders disagreed. He pointed out that the defence had waived its right to a ruling on that earlier. "The defence didn't pursue it at the trial. The defence waived their right to object when they didn't try to exclude the evidence," he said.

But in such matters, of course, the court had the upper hand. The court of appeal's opinion regarding the voluntariness or otherwise of Finke's confession went like this: "The question as to the voluntariness of the confession presents a more serious problem. He (the appellant) argues — and we agree — that the warning required by *Miranda vs. Arizona* and the lack of custodial interrogation do not of themselves establish voluntariness. We also agree that this case presents a serious question as to the voluntariness of the confession — so serious, that we would not wish to rule on it without a hearing in the trial court and findings of facts by a trial judge . . ."

With his conviction overturned, Allen Glen Finke was once again an innocent man under the law. But he was not home free yet.

“Free defendant Allen Finke and prove that our system of justice is alive and well!”

HAVING ORDERED a new trial in November, 1981, Judge Bruce A. Williams denied young Finke bail, saying that the case involved "more than a simple murder of a lady . . . This had a lot of ill-feelings between the families. This whole thing has been very divisive in the community. It would be closing one's eyes to reality to think that Mr. Finke could be released to society pending trial and not cause a great deal of concern for his safety — and that of others . . . I question whether this is aailable offence."

The judge was troubled by the threats which seemed to be circulating throughout the case. Defence attorneys had complained about their client being threatened — while, for his part, the husband of the victim said he feared for the safety of his children and grandchildren if young Finke were released on bond.

Testimony in the second trial was similar to that in the first one, with few exceptions. Testifying for the state, Ronald Norton now changed his account. He said that, while he recalled sitting in his truck in the car park while Allen Finke left for 10 minutes, he could not pinpoint the exact date when this had happened. That is, he didn't know whether it was on the day of the murder or not.

This time also, Finke produced an alibi witness, who said he saw the defendant at Finke's father's house at the time of the murder. And, finally,

Finke did not testify in his own defence, as was his right.

During the closing arguments, Defence Attorney Walter Madden used a glass of water and an eyedropper of iodine to illustrate that the state's case was not as clear-cut as it would have the jury believed. Every time he pointed out what he saw as an inconsistency in the state's case, he would put a drop of iodine in the water. "The state has a real problem trying to prove Finke killed the aunt he loved," said Mr. Madden. "It's like French poetry. Something got lost in the translation."

Calling each of the jurors by name, Madden asked them to "free Allen Finke and let him go as evidence that our system of justice is alive and well."

Prosecutor Anders replied: "What really happened in that house, nobody knows but Allen Glen Finke. But what started out as a simple breaking and entering — through a complicated chain of events — turned into a brutal murder . . . There is no evidence that Finke touched anything, or lost any hair in the house," Anders conceded. "Yet that does not indicate that he didn't commit the crime. He just didn't *leave* any prints or hair."

As the jury filed out to consider its verdict, the defence seemed somewhat more confident that the verdict would be in its favour, with the state perhaps less confident than the first time. The increasing time that the deliberations lasted — over six hours, or twice as long as in the first trial — bolstered the defence hopes.

It was half an hour past midnight on April 28th, 1982, when the jury filed in and announced its verdict. Allen Glen Finke was guilty *again* of stabbing his aunt to death in the course of breaking and entering. Thus, he was guilty of felony murder. The defendant sobbed openly. And then, with tear-streaked face, he thanked the many friends and family members who'd supported him during his trials, before being led away in handcuffs to begin serving his life sentence yet again.

They had lost a second time, but defence attorneys announced that they would once more pursue the process of appeals. Madden said that he could not wait for an appellate court "to sink its teeth" into the various procedural rulings made from the trial bench.

So, although resolved twice in verdicts of guilty, the three-year drama of Allen Glen Finke and his late Aunt Leonette may yet have several more acts to go before it is finished playing.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Ronald Norton is not the real name of the person so named in the foregoing story.

FROM THE CITY
THAT CATERS FOR EVERY SEXUAL DESIRE

Lesbian Love For Two Meant Murder For One

UNFOLDED AGAINST the notorious reputation of Hamburg, West Germany's largest port city, the murder case could only add to the salacious lustre that springs to mind with the merest mention of the place.

The Reeperbahn. Not since the Oriental fleshpots of an earlier century has there been anything on the maps of the world to compare with The Reeperbahn, mecca extraordinaire for the fleshy appetites of seafarers the world over. For the Reeperbahn is the world's most notorious anything-goes amusement quarter, with its nightclubs, bars, cabarets, strip-houses, sex shows, prostitutes of every race, colour, size, age and degree of technical skill. Any definition of any facet of the Reeperbahn is equally the definition of the word vice — which, depending on your viewpoint, can be a a curse or an accolade.

In other ways, however, Hamburg is like all other great ports, in that, a mile removed from the waterfront, it is a different city. It becomes a city where people go about their daily tasks, earn their living, worry about inflation, fight with their husbands and wives, curse the government and die — usually in their beds, but in other ways as well, such as with the help of cars.

There is a strange geographical factor that the sociologists have not got around

to explaining — namely, that the farther north you travel in Europe, the more lax you will find the morals. Hamburg is very far north. Indeed, the same parallel that passes through Hamburg virtually bisects the Soviet Union's European land mass. Only a stone's throw away is the Danish border, beyond which one finds bustling sex shops on every corner, a booming business in pornography, inviting massage parlours catering to every sexual deviation known to man — and a few which might have been invented by computer experts.

Sandwiched as they are in such an environment, it seems inevitable that the permanent residents of Hamburg should be affected. What kind of male could ignore the totally uncensored TV programmes, for example? And what does one do for stimulation after watching such fare?

Stimulation is relative, however. And when they become jaded enough, there are certain people for whom only the outer extremes of stimulation will serve. The stimulation of committing murder, for instance . . .

That was what Hamburg detectives believed was a moving force in the violent death of greengrocer Heinz Ehret. As the inspector in charge of the murder probe put it: "What other motive is there? Nothing was taken from the cash drawer, although there was a

This report from Dieter Schultz in West Germany

substantial amount of money in it. And there is no evidence that Herr Ehret had any enemies who could be considered dangerous."

One of his detectives nodded. "And he was not heavily insured, either," he said. "And, as far as we can determine, his widow does not stand to inherit anything of significant value."

"Does she have a lover?" the inspector asked.

"If she does, she has been very successful in concealing the fact," the other replied.

"I doubt if she's that clever," the inspector said, after pondering for a moment. "She's a very attractive woman, but she doesn't strike me as being particularly intelligent. Besides, her husband was quite handsome — and only three years older than her at 38. She says they were happy together — and I'm inclined to believe her."

There was no reason not to believe her. The Ehrets had been very comfortably off, with a considerable income from the greengrocer's establishment that Heinz Ehret ran with such expertise and efficiency that he outstripped all competition in his section of the city.

It had been very hard work, however. Also it seemed improbable that Ehret's widow would be able to run the shop alone. Nor was it likely that she would realise much from the sale of the business. For, aside from the few modest fixtures and some stock, the true value of the shop lay in the muscles and ambition of Heinz Ehret — and he was currently reposing in the morgue.

On that November 11th, 1981, Heinz Ehret had been dead for less than 48 hours. The post-mortem was not yet complete, but the inspector and his men already knew approximately when, where and how he had terminated his existence on this planet.

The greengrocer, ever the dedicated hard-worker, had been in the habit of rising at 4.30 a.m. to go to the big central produce market to buy the fruits and vegetables for the day, plus any items needed in the grocery line. He would then return to his shop, grab a few bites of breakfast more or less on the run — and put out the produce by 7.30, in time to open the doors for the first shoppers.

By lunchtime, Ehret had usually been, understandably, quite fatigued. And it was his custom, after having his lunch, to retire to the basement under the shop. He kept a fold-out couch there and that was where he would take a nap before the shop opened again at 2 p.m.

During this time, Sophie Ehret did her housework in the apartment three floors above the shop. Sometimes, too, she took a short nap herself. Although she

didn't rise as early as her husband, she did work some fairly long hours in the shop. And, of course, there was the cleaning and cooking and all the other tasks of a busy housewife and mother of a five-year-old daughter to take care of.

On November 9th, Sophie did not take a nap. Instead, she concentrated on her housework. At 10 minutes before 2 o'clock, Sophie descended to the greengrocer's shop to awaken her husband, who was an extremely sound sleeper, as might be expected of a man who worked as hard as he did. Since

The future looked bright for Heinz and Sophie Ehret on their wedding day (right). And they prospered, working together in their little greengrocer shop (far right). But there was to be no happy ending, for he was found murdered in the shop basement . . .



there was no connecting door from the building to the shop, she had to come out into the street and enter through the shop door, using her key. To her astonishment that day, she found that no key was necessary. The front door was unlocked!

Now this was something that had never happened before. But Sophie was not unduly alarmed. She simply assumed that either her husband had forgotten to lock it, or that he had awakened by himself and was already about to reopen for business.

To her knowledge, he had never done either of those things before. But, after

all, there was always a first time for everything.

"Heinz!" she called from the slightly-open door at the head of the stairs that led to the basement. No reply was forthcoming — and Sophie glanced around the shop in some bewilderment. What should she do now?

Could he have gone outside for some reason, leaving the front door unlocked? Sophie didn't think so. Her husband was a cautious, deliberate man. He would never go off like that, leaving the door unlocked and the cash drawer

unprotected. In a city like Hamburg, no one with their wits about them would do such a thing.

Suddenly, as she was to state in her later account of the events to detectives, she was seized by an inexplicable feeling of dread and terror. Without knowing why, she was suddenly certain that something terrible had taken place.

Going to the cash drawer, she jerked it open — a gesture that caused the little bell inside the drawer to ring in a sharp, high ping that was startling in the total silence. The paper currency lay neatly stacked in their compartments. The coins gleamed dully in theirs. Nothing

had been touched. That much was obvious.

Ever so slowly, she edged herself down the stairs. As she did so, she called out a few times, in tones that varied from a taut whisper to a tightly controlled scream: "Heinz!" There was still no answer.

When she reached the bottom of the stairs and found the light switch, she flicked it on. And now, in the pale yellow light, she could see her husband. He was lying on his back on the daybed, one arm hanging over the edge, the back

shirt. And I knew he'd been murdered."

Sophie couldn't recall if she'd touched him, or if she fainted. But she had a faint recollection of running to the stairs, fearing that the murderer was still there in the basement. She was badly confused and just ran out to the street, unable to stop screaming.

Someone called the police and the first patrol car arrived within minutes. The officers entered the greengrocer's shop with pistols at the ready, not knowing what they would find.

The found Heinz Ehret, of course,

though he was relatively sure that Ehret had been dead no more than an hour, possibly even less.

Meanwhile, the inspector, having learned that the victim's wife had been taken to a café across the street, went there to interview her. Her statement was, understandably, somewhat incoherent. But she promised to come to the inspector's office later and give him a more comprehensible statement as soon as she had calmed down.

Other detectives had been busy, too. One of them had found what would



of his hand resting on the floor. From the rolled-up sleeve of his shirt, a broad band of dark red blood was coursing down the arm, collecting in the palm of the hand and then flowing off to form a large and growing pool on the dusty basement floor.

She would tell the inspector that she thought she might have screamed then, though she wasn't sure. "I remember going towards him. I didn't think at the time that someone had done something to him. I was still thinking of an accident. Then I saw his face and the side of his head all covered with blood — and the blood on the front of his

but no one else. The man's killer, having achieved what he came to do was, presumably, long gone.

THE PATHOLOGIST completed his preliminary examination of the body and gave his opinion that the greengrocer had died as a result of a violent blow to the left temple with a blunt object, possibly the butt of a hatchet, plus a single stab wound directly through the heart. He was unable to determine the order in which these wounds had been sustained,

eventually prove to be the only clue. It was, of all things, a banana skin. At the time, of course, nobody could be sure whether it was a clue or not. But it was freshly peeled — and the officers at the scene were even able to match its severance point from the stalk to show where it had come from.

"Ehret may have eaten it himself, of course," the inspector said. "But it's unlikely. Everyone says he was a very neat man — and the way he arranged his produce bears that out. I can't believe he'd eat a banana in the cellar and toss the skin on the floor."

The post-mortem confirmed the

inspector's guess — Heinz Ehret had eaten no bananas on the day of his death. Hence, it must have been eaten by the killer. Regrettably, it was a bit overripe and thus not the best surface for fingerprints. Still, it had to be regarded as a clue — albeit one that led nowhere in particular.

"Or does it?" one detective asked speculatively. "Consider this. For lack of any other known motive, we're assuming that this was a thrill-killer who sneaked into the shop and down into the basement. He could have done that, of course, while Ehret was busy with other customers."

The inspector thought about this, then shook his head vigorously. "We're getting off the track," he said. "I believe it's a mistake to assume that this murderer acted without motive. He must have had one. We simply don't know what it could be."

She drove a heavy crane!

Did he fool around with a woman on the side? Hardly likely, the detectives reasoned, inasmuch as he worked almost a 20-hour day. When could he have found time for another woman? Nevertheless, the inspector decided that they should look into all the wife's personal relationships, on the chance that perhaps the killer was not a stranger after all.

Detectives learned that Frau Ehret and her little daughter had gone to stay with a friend in Schenefeld. The friend was a pretty Danish girl named Maggi Bandholm — and she was 10 years younger than the new widow.

"You'll never guess what her profession is," one officer remarked to the inspector.

"A prostitute, or a masseuse, would be my top two guesses," the inspector said.

"Wrong," the detective told him, chuckling. "She's a heavy-equipment operator. Runs a huge crane on building jobs."

The inspector shook his head. "That's as good as the female suspect in that other case we had a few weeks ago — the deep-sea diver," he said. "She came up clean."

"Well, we're still checking on this one," the detective went on. "But there's one thing more about this Danish girl. We have reason to believe that she's having a lesbian relationship with the greengrocer's widow."

He also assured the inspector that he and his men had Maggi Bandholm under tight surveillance, complete with a bug on her phone. It was being monitored 24 hours a day.

The tap continued to be unproductive

for nearly two weeks. But, 12 days after Heinz Ehret's murder, Maggi Bandholm received a phone call from Denmark. The officer working the tap could not be sure whether the caller was a man or woman. The name given was "Fritz."

And Fritz had only one question to ask: "When am I going to get the rest of the money?"

Maggi told the caller that the money would be paid the following week. She didn't say how much, or what for. The caller was not entirely satisfied with this, so the conversation continued, giving the officer time to trace the city, which turned out to be Copenhagen.

It was soon learned that the caller was Fritz Melchior, 24, a male prostitute. He was quite beautiful! And, like the officer monitoring Maggi Bandholm's phone, the arresting detectives found it difficult to determine whether their prisoner was a girl or a boy.

But Fritz assured them that he was a male, although he had no strong feelings about it. Nor did he have any strong feelings about having murdered Heinz Ehret. After a quite brief interrogation, he confessed to the crime, saying that he'd had nothing against Herr Ehret. As a matter of fact, he'd never laid eyes on him before in his life. But he had been paid to commit the murder by Maggi Bandholm.

He added that Maggi still had not paid him everything he had coming, but he supposed this would not really matter too much now.

AT THE request of the Hamburg police, Fritz Melchior was allowed unlimited phone calls to his friends in Copenhagen. And, at 2 o'clock that morning, what Hamburg detectives had hoped for transpired. One of Maggi's Copenhagen friends phoned to the apartment in Schenefeld to tell her that Melchior had been arrested — and that he had confessed to the murder.

Just 40 minutes later, Maggi Bandholm and Sophie Ehret hurriedly left the apartment house, carrying small suitcases and Frau Ehret's little daughter. A large black car was waiting for them at the kerb. And, although it looked like a taxi, it was not one.

"Frau Ehret? Fraulein Bandholm?" the inspector greeted them. When he identified himself, neither of the women was capable of a reply.

Maggi glanced wildly around her, as though thinking of making a break for it. But surrounding them by now were several other police officers. The inspector was clearly taking no chances.

It was not a very long trip to Hamburg police headquarters. During it, however, the two women were able to recover from their surprise. Although the

interrogation began at once, neither was prepared to make a statement, except to voice a demand for legal counsel. And the inspector was worried. He had the women sent to the detention cells and began pacing up and down.

"They are tougher than I thought," the inspector said. "I was sure the shock of being picked up unexpectedly at 3 o'clock in the morning, just when they were preparing to take off somewhere, would throw them into a tizzy and they would start accusing each other. But it's not working out that way. Our case isn't all that strong."

"We've got the Fritz Melchior confession, in which he implicates Maggi Bandholm," one of his men reminded him. "And the lesbian relationship could be motive enough."

"I agree," the inspector said. "Yet how are we going to prove it? Suppose we go into court with a case built on the fact that they were lovers and that they wanted Ehret out of the way, what happens?"

"Counsel for the defence stands up and says, 'I object. There is no evidence that these two women were ever anything but good friends. They had no reason to wish the death of Heinz Ehret. On the contrary, Frau Ehret has suffered a substantial financial loss through the death of her husband.'

"The objection is going to be sustained. And there will almost certainly be an acquittal, followed very possibly by a suit against the police for false arrest, slanderous and unfounded allegations — and so on.

"As for Fritz Melchior, how much credibility do you think a German jury is going to give to the statements of a self-admitted male prostitute — a foreigner, to boot? The defence is going to claim that he killed them in order to blackmail the two women, or some such nonsense — and the jury is going to take a look at lovely Fritz lispng away there in the witness-box and come down heavily on the side of these two wholesome, pretty girls. With that kind of case, I'm more

Self-admitted prostitute

liable to end up in jail than they are!" the inspector said gloomily.

Thus, while the inspector's interrogators questioned the suspect girls as much as their lawyers would permit, other detectives began trying to establish a sexual relationship between the two women. But these detectives were up against the fact that situations which between a man and a woman would have been quite compromising were here rendered quite harmless, since both parties were of the same sex. Long

tete-a-tetes in an apartment together, cosy conversations in hospitable bars — such things could easily mean nothing more than a couple of the girls getting together to gossip. There was nothing clandestine in such meetings, because it was simply not necessary.

Moreover, Heinz Ehret had known Maggi Bandholm and all three had been seen together on numerous occasions. By all accounts, the relationship had been very cordial. And there were some who even thought that Maggi had been Heinz's mistress.

The inspector, meanwhile, was growing more and more irritable. He was convinced that the two women had hired Fritzzi to kill Ehret — and that Sophie had brought the young killer to wait in the cellar for her husband to come down and take his nap.

The inspector was certain of this because, in his confession, Fritzzi had mentioned something that could be known only to the murderer and the police — namely that someone had eaten a banana in the basement on the day of the murder.

According to the young Dane's confession, he had been approached by Maggi Bandholm in a Copenhagen bar and asked if he would like to earn some money. "I said yes, of course," Melchior said. "I love money. And then Maggi said I had to go to Hamburg and kill a man who was making a lot of trouble for her. Well, I could imagine what kind of trouble. Everybody knows that Maggi is a butch, so I thought it was probably the husband or boy friend of one of her girls.

"Of course, that was none of my business, so I went down to Hamburg, after Maggi gave me part of the money. I went to this address there — and it turned out to be a greengrocer's. There was a dark-haired woman in the shop and I spoke to her in Danish. Her husband was there, too, but I suppose he couldn't understand Danish.

"Anyway, she said I was to wait outside. And, when I saw her husband come out and go down the street, I was to come in right away, because he'd only be gone a few moments.

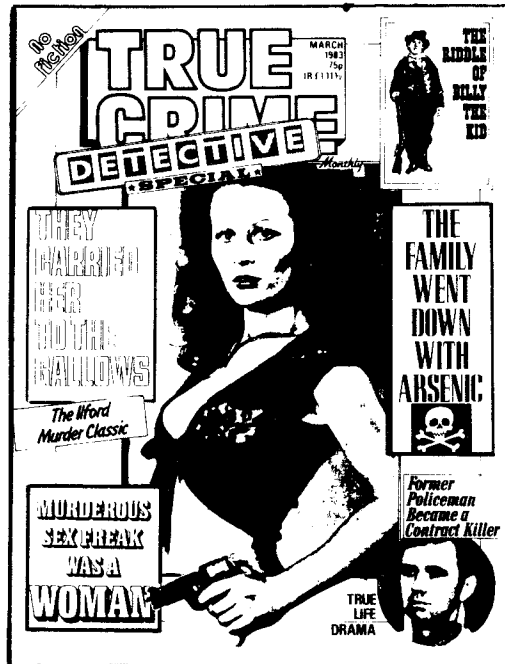
"I went in when he went down the street. Then the woman told me that her name was Sophie and she took me down to the basement. She said her husband would be coming down to take a nap after lunch. She gave me a bucket and a knife and a hatchet in it and showed me his bed. Then she went upstairs and brought me down two apples and a banana. I ate the apples, cores and all, but I left the banana skin on the floor.

"After a while, Herr Ehret — I didn't know his name then — came downstairs and lay on the bed. He fell asleep almost at once. I could tell that from his breathing. I took the hatchet that was in

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the bucket and hit him hard on the side of the head. He made a sort of groaning noise, but he couldn't get up. And then I took the knife and stabbed it into his chest.

"I put the knife and the hatchet back in the bucket and went upstairs. The front door was unlocked, the way Sophie said it would be — and I was soon on my way back to Copenhagen. But Maggi never did pay me all the money she promised," Fritzzi concluded.

"A touching recital," the inspector commented to his men. "But notice how he leaves out things. How much money did Maggi promise him? He says he can't remember. That makes his story

nice and credible? He's so crazy for money that he agrees to kill a man for a payoff, but he can't remember the amount.

"And what happened to the bucket with the knife and the hatchet? We didn't find any knife or hatchet in the basement."

"Just the bucket," said one detective. "Sophie Ehret must have come down immediately it was over, took the knife and hatchet up to the apartment — possibly in a shopping bag or something like that — and rinsed out the bucket. It's possible that, if we'd known where to look at the time, we might still have found traces of blood in the bucket."

"Not that it would have helped us," the inspector said. "Any more than the clue of the banana skin did."

What it all came down to at this point was that they had a good case against Fritz Melchior, but a tenuous one against the two women. That was where it remained for some considerable period. But just when the inspector was beginning to think that he might have to drop the charges against the women, a new character entered the drama — in the form of Maria Brander, also a lesbian.

The police, all the while Maggi Bandholm and Sophie Ehret were being held in jail, had been monitoring their correspondence. But it had not paid off, as yet. They had written nothing of an incriminating nature. They had, on the contrary, been very careful.

But soon after the New Year, the caution slipped. In a note to Maggi Bandholm, Sophie Ehret wrote: "I have done everything for you. Please, please

do not see Maria any more. I have sacrificed everything for you. Don't care for my parakeet, care for my love. Write to me. I will kill myself if you leave me. I can't stand it any more . . ."

One detective wondered what she meant by her parakeet. "Neither one of them has a parakeet," he muttered.

"A code word, my boy," the inspector replied. He was in good humour.

The inspector knew all about Fraulein Maria Brander, of course, including the fact that she was attracted to women. He'd seen to it that she was allowed unlimited visits to Maggi in her cell, without supervision. He'd also seen to it that Sophie learned about these visits.

The strategy evidently paid off, for Maggi now wrote to Sophie, assuring her that she would not see Maria again and that, in any case, they had never been alone in a cell together.

This last was literally true, although Maggi had no way of knowing it. The cells in which she and Sophie were being held were under 24-hour-a-day covert surveillance by policewomen, so the inspector had received detailed reports of everything. And Sophie was apparently reassured, for she replied

with an even more open and affectionate note. It read:

"My beloved treasure. I love you so. We must be wise and strong. I only hope that we can see each other again soon. I realise now how much I love you. When we get out of here, we will start again from the beginning. The first few weeks, I thought I would go mad. I kiss your picture. It was hard for me to get."

The inspector handed the note to one of his detectives, commenting: "Just good friends, eh?"

"She doesn't mention the murder," the detective said, changing the subject.

"She *will*," the inspector said.

And she *did*. Not long thereafter, another note from Sophie to Maggi was intercepted. It was the frankest of all the correspondence. It read:

"Are they asking you a lot of questions? Don't say too much. I am sick. I've got myself infected (she was suffering from gonorrhoeal infection). I can't understand it. I've already had three injections. Tell me, I haven't made you sick, too, have I? Or did he (Heinz Ehret) perhaps do it with you, too? Be honest and tell it to the police. Then they won't be surprised that you wanted to do away with him. When will I be able to hold you in my arms again? I love you and my thoughts are constantly with you. Burn this letter after you have read it. Don't forget, our love can never die. It will only get stronger and stronger. Do you have a picture of me? Kisses, kisses, kisses.

Yours eternally,
Sophie."

The inspector was pleased at the success of his strategy. "Celibacy," he said, "does not agree with Frau Ehret. Let's see how she reacts if we allow Maria Brander to resume her visits to Maggi Bandholm. Who knows? Perhaps she will become angry and say something."

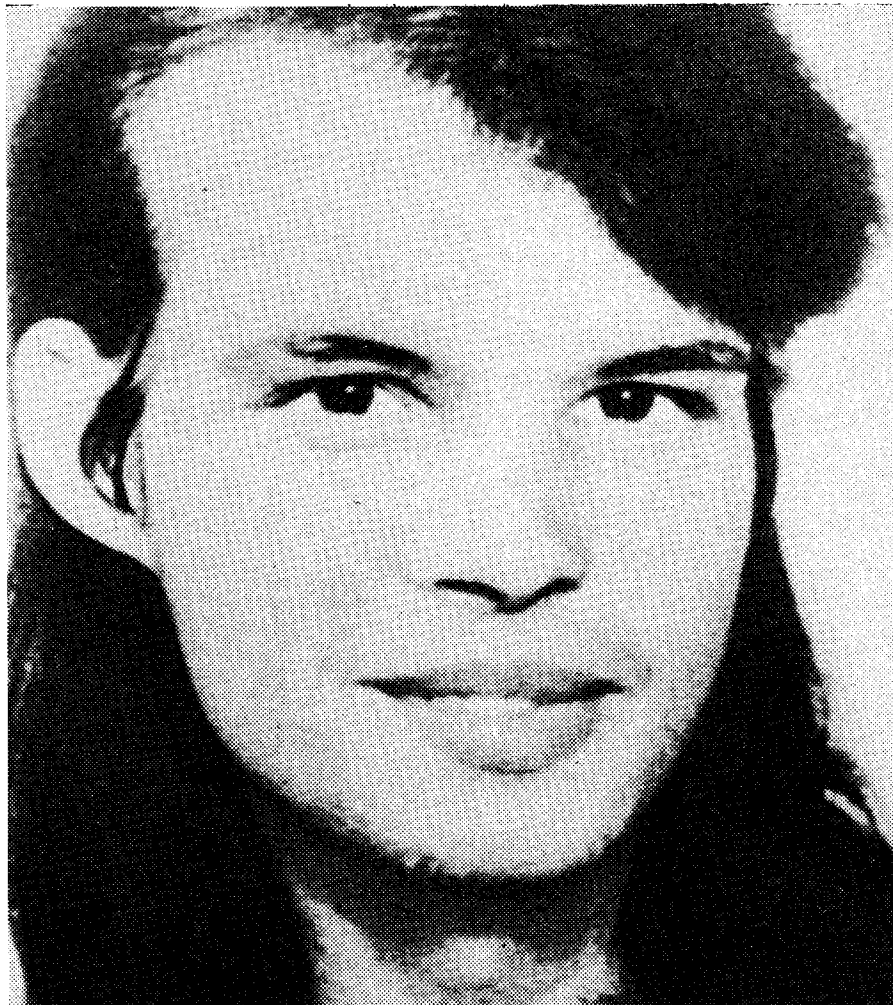
Sophie Ehret *did* become angry. And she *did* say something. She confessed. She admitted that she'd known *something* about the murder of her husband. But she insisted that she'd had no hand in the deed.

She charged that it had been planned and carried out by Maggi Bandholm, only because Heinz had stood in the way of their love. She then added something that the inspector had not known.

Sophie Ehret and Maggi Bandholm had gone through a formal ceremony of marriage in Denmark some eight months before the murder of Sophie's husband! Though, of course, the marriage had no validity in Germany.

Maggi Bandholm was now permitted to listen to a taped version of her "wife's" confession. And she promptly made a confession of her own. She admitted quite frankly that she had indeed found the hired murderer to

Fritzi Melchior. He refused to testify when the women were brought to trial, on the grounds that he had said everything he had to say at his own trial a month before!



carry out the deed. But, she insisted, the whole idea had been spawned by Sophie Ehret.

But now the dam had broken, so to speak. And both of the accused women flung the most extravagant charges against each other. They were still making them when the trial began in late March, 1982.

Since the motive for the murder lay in the lesbian relationship between the two women, the judge, under strong critical fire from the liberal press, allowed the prosecution to expose in detail and in open court precisely what this relationship had entailed.

Maria Brander, called as a witness, described her relationship with Maggi Bandholm. She also produced notes written to Maggi by Sophie Ehret.

Fritzi Melchior, who had been found guilty of premeditated homicide and sentenced to 16 years imprisonment a month earlier, was also called as a witness. He refused to testify, however, on the grounds that whatever he had to say about the case, he had already said during the course of his own trial.

Throughout the course of the trial, the courtroom was packed with women. And there were endless demonstrations



Sophie Ehret (above) and Maggi Bandholm. So much emphasis was put on the lesbian aspect of the case, the judge had to remind jury that the women were on trial for murder, not their sexual activities . . .

by women's liberation groups and political extremists of both right and left. Curiously, groups normally at war with each other were, in this instance, clamouring for the same objective — the acquittal of Sophie Ehret and Maggi Bandholm.

In fact, so much emphasis was placed on the lesbian aspects of the case that the judge, in summing-up, felt constrained to remind the jury that the accused women were not on trial for their sexual activities, but for the murder of Heinz Ehret.

The jury apparently took note of this. For, on April 14th, 1982, they found both women guilty of murder, with no extenuating circumstances. Both Sophie Ehret and Maggi Bandholm were sentenced to life imprisonment.

**No. 1 OF A
SPECIAL
TWO-PART FEATURE**

COMPUTERS IN CRIME

some nine years ago when the *culprit* was a large company and the loser the little man in the street — the company's customers!

Actually, Equity Funding, the name by which the company was known, started as a seemingly-legitimate business venture which existed to make its customers better off, albeit in a rather unusual manner. So much so, that their shares were at one time eagerly sought after on Wall Street.

Author Kurt
Fleischmann reports
exclusively here
for TD

NOBODY REALLY knows just how many crimes by computer have been committed — and the reason is a simple one. For most computer crimes are never discovered. Or, if they are, they receive little publicity, since few firms care to reveal that they have been robbed in this way. There are even reports that many unconvicted computer criminals are being kept on by the firms they have defrauded as "security experts" — and at fees that make it worth their while to turn honest!

So what makes crime by computer a current favourite? One reason, of course, is its novelty. Another is its apparent ease, once the techniques have been mastered. And a third reason is the size of the possible rewards.

Let some brief statistics take up the story. According to the FBI, the average bank robbery netted about \$5,000 some five years ago. In contrast, the so-called white-collar crook, including the computer criminal, got away with twice that amount — and with far less physical effort.

Moreover, the author of a study on the subject, computer security expert Donn B. Parker, has worked out that the 42 computer criminals whose crimes he investigated in detail had taken between them



close to 10 million dollars, or nearly a quarter of a million each on average. And there are several substantiated reports of individual computer crimes yielding a million dollars and more.

When one thinks of a computer crime, one instinctively tends to assume that it is being committed by an employee against his or her employer, large or small, public or private. Thus, it made big news

For Equity Funding seemed to have found a way to enable its customers both to have their cake and eat it, by offering to insure investors at no apparent cost to themselves. Equity Funding achieved this by paying their customers' life insurance premiums in supposed hard cash, saving them a lot of money, which they could now invest in profitable shares with the company. Yet nothing is quite

for nothing. And so shareholders raised no objection to having the premium recorded as a loan — nor to permitting Equity Funding to use their shares as security.

So where did the computer crime come into these proceedings? Well, basically, because the scheme consisted of feeding the falsified records into a computer, thus “manufacturing” saleable assets. The process involved listing name, age, sex, premium, cover amount

normal practice in the business, in order to share the risks.

Now came a problem. For reinsurers are entitled to receive the premium due at the end of a 12-month period. But, of course, since the premium had never been paid in the first place, being merely an entry on the computer file, it was necessary to make a similar entry — a further fictitious customer list — which the reinsurer is persuaded to accept instead of cash.

course, the dependants of the “departed” would make a death benefit claim. The dependants, though, were the directors of Equity Funding, to the tune of well over a million dollars during the life of the company.

In one single year, 1972, Equity Funding’s fake computer read-outs recorded business to the supposed value of 10 million dollars, seven and a half million sterling. Moreover, the entire life insurance value of the company, according to their computer records, exceeded three billion dollars — two-thirds of it fake. And a similar ratio of fraud was discovered in relation to the computer-recorded policies, which amounted to some \$180,000, of which nearly \$130,000 existed only on paper.

The strange thing is that, despite the large sums of money involved, the computer-based part of the crime at least was a straightforward operation that needed relatively little manipulation. It *should* have been discovered much earlier. And, indeed, it *might* have come to an end much later, but for an ex-employee of the company reporting the irregularities.

Nor is the case described above a mere fluke. Note this startling claim by Sheldon Danziger: “I could bankrupt any company, regardless of its size, in three months or less, without leaving any trace of my activities. The books, by themselves, would give no indication of any irregularities.”

And Sheldon Danziger should know, for he is manager of a New York management consulting firm. Nor is he alone in this belief. For yet another expert in the field, the head

What makes computer crimes so popular? One of the reasons is the size of the rewards. Another is the fact that most of these crimes are never discovered!

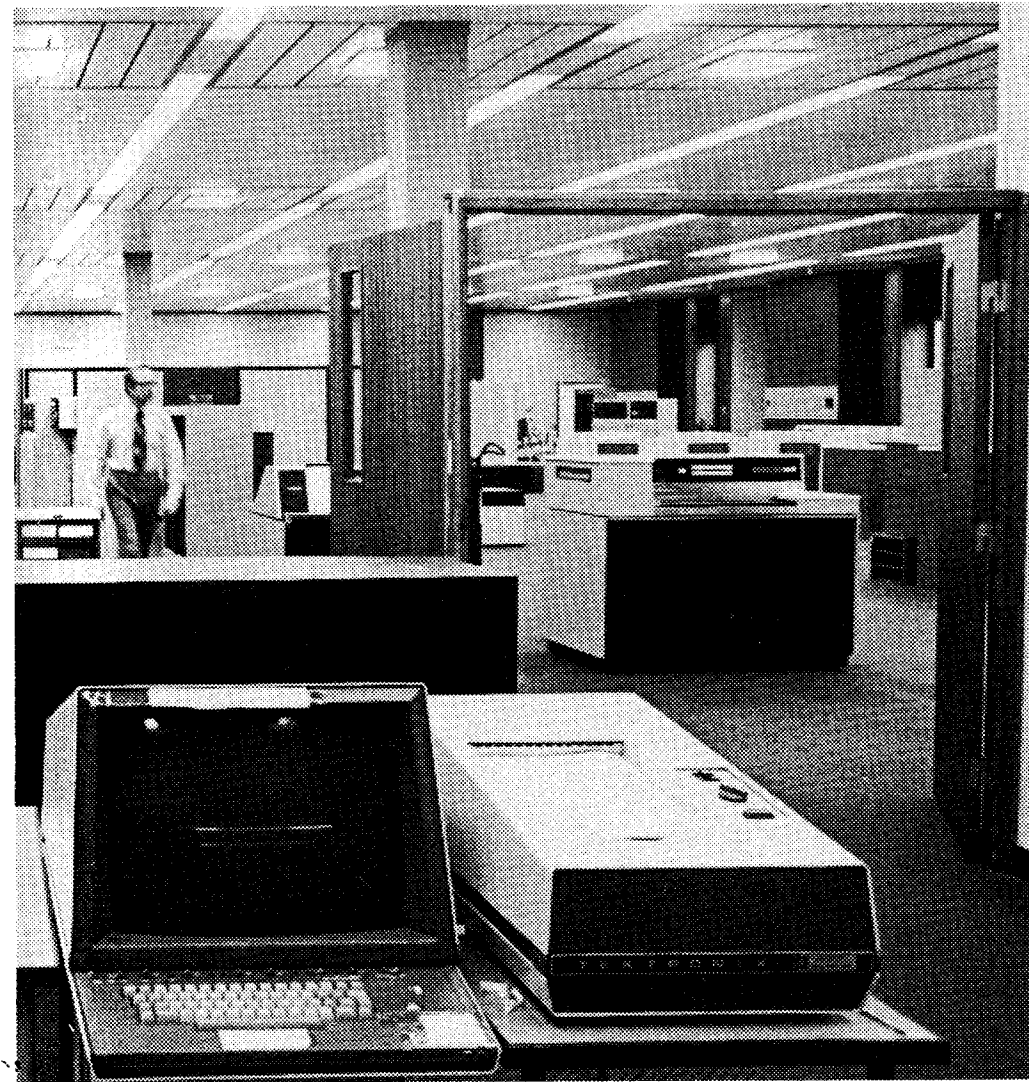
of the computer auditing department of the Bell System, J. J. Wasserman, has stated: “At any time now, somebody will uncover a computer-based fraud which will make an orthodox swindle to the tune of, say, \$500,000 as of no significance.”

Other experts also contend that computer crime does not require a great deal of ingenuity in order to be successful. And this despite daily

and policy number. Now the original information had come from a tape listing genuine customers, whose particulars were transferred, with the exception of the policy number, which was bogus.

From then on the computer was used in what seemed to be a legitimate manner. The policies, some of them real, others faked, were transmuted into print-outs and on that basis sold to reinsurers, as is

How did Equity Funding hoodwink the auditors? Well, this was done by producing “original records,” on which the spurious computer information was supposed to have been based. This was not so easy, since auditors are naturally a suspicious breed. But by further “doctoring” the computer records, it could be shown that a number of the persons insured had “passed on” each year. And, of



balancing runs by banks for the purpose of speedily detecting possible fraud.

So what makes computer systems so easy to manipulate for fraudulent purposes. One reason is their basic simplicity. For, in spite of their huge complexity — a computer can store millions of items — its operation usually consists of a mere five components. And each of these five can be put to use by the clever criminal.

The first component, known as Input, wherein information is transformed into a form which the computer can comprehend, by means of magnetic tape, card readers, or optical scanners, can be altered quite simply, with perhaps important data being excluded altogether. Spurious information may be fed in, as happened with Equity Funding, regarding non-existent clients and accounts, purchases that were never made, companies that were never formed. And these unformed companies can receive, by order of the computer, sums of money in the form of cheques or drafts, for services never performed, or for goods never even manufactured, let alone dispatched.

One remarkable example of this occurred when a computer sent cheques to 15,000 people — all at the same address! In one American state, it was discovered that some \$300 million had been sent out to applicants, as a result of what was officially termed “a mistake.” Yet no reason could ever be discovered for the mistake — and some people referred to it as a computerised social security swindle.

Then comes Programming. This means instructing the computer in solving problems. This is done in four types of “languages” — binary, symbolic logic, symbolic language and so-called procedure-orientated language. Which means English. The first type is only comprehensible to the machine itself. Types two and three are intermediary on the way to being transmuted to a communication understandable by all and sundry.

Since a computer can only do what it has been instructed or programmed to do, it is obvious that any falsification, change, or other “manipulation” by a computer criminal will alter the machine’s entire performance.

Moreover, as the programming becomes even more sophisticated, manipulation is proportionately easier, because testing and subsequent detection becomes that much more difficult.

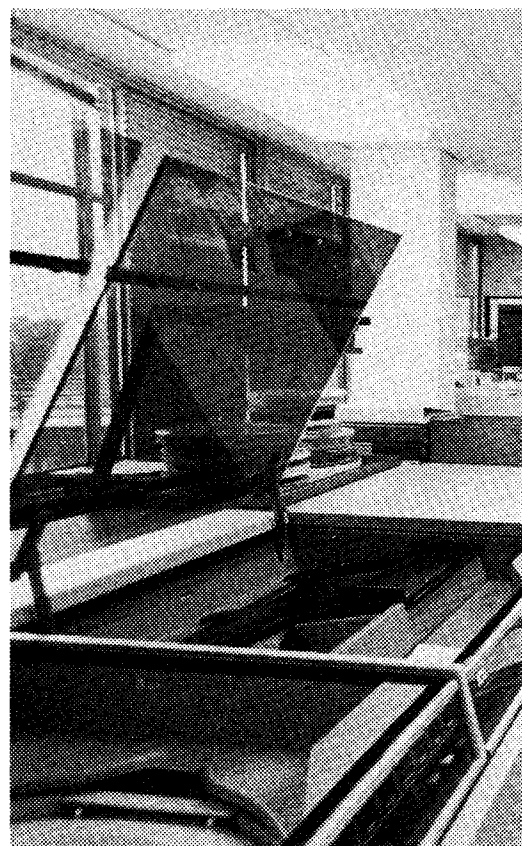
There are other ways of interfering with the computer’s instructions. One of these is known in the trade as “patching.” It is a means of camouflaging the attempt to deceive by computer. One instance of this occurred when the computer was patched by an employee, to the effect that it was to ignore an overdraft. And it did — for 10 years! The deception was only discovered by accident, during the illness of the employee.

The Central Processing Unit (CPU) is known as Stage Three. This controls and guides. It obtains all wanted information, orders the computer to function — and contains the memory bank. A CPU can be compared to the brain of a human being, as witness the following example.

The president of a Latin American country lay in hospital, seriously ill. His treatment was controlled by a computer. A terrorist phoned and said: “Tell the president to release three of my comrades, or we shall kill him.” The president refused to agree to the demand and had his security tightened. Three days later, he was dead. The terrorists had blown up the CPU!

Modern warfare is largely computer-controlled. Back in 1973, during the Yom-Kippur War, the Arabs disabled large numbers of Israeli tanks by the use of “smart” weapons, aiming at the computer CPU’s, rather than the individual vehicles. The Israelis learned their lesson — for, in the recent invasion of the Lebanon, they managed to destroy the most sophisticated Soviet-made missile sites and nearly 100 planes, with the loss of only two of their own aircraft.

The Fourth Stage is known as Output, wherein information from the CPU is translated into language only understood by experts. Then, finally, there is the Communication Process. At this stage, information goes to and fro between computer and terminal, or computer and computer. As tapping is possible, despite ingenious coding devices, this stage is very vulnerable, offering great opportunities.



Perhaps most computer crimes are connected one way or another with actual cash. Often, assets are “created” to give the impression that firms are more viable than they actually are. And the business may then be sold at the computer-created figures. The opposite has also been successfully exploited, with a firm’s assets being under-valued by computer, purchased at a giveaway price, the resold at a high profit.

Computer crime is profitable because the law is very much in confusion regarding it. Take theft, or larceny, for instance. This involves, under the common law, six elements: (1) Personal property; (2) belonging to someone else; (3) taken; (4) by trespass; (5) carried away; (6) with intent to steal. The difficulty here is that no real personal property exists, until the computer, so instructed, “creates” it. Nor is there either trespass or actual carrying away. And even though statutes have been passed to help overcome these difficulties, relatively few computer criminals are being charged with their crimes.

For example, one employee absconded with a number of programmes from his firm. After a suitable interval, he informed the

One computer was geared to ignore an employee's overdraft . . . And it did so for 10 years, until the fraud was exposed by mere chance

could be caused by just one computer error in respect of, say, non-payment of tax.

Non-payment, that is, by the machine, not by the man! How is the man to prove whether or not the amount due has been paid in error to somebody else? As of this moment, he could produce a cheque-stub, together with a receipt. But electronic impulses excel in elusiveness. So how can the poor taxpayer *prove* that he did at least instruct the computer to pay the bill? The fact is that he can't.

But what of the computer criminal who takes advantage of the computer's tendency to make mistakes and "manufactures" them deliberately? Or those who plead "computer error" when they have deliberately failed to pay a bill? With records being wiped clean with ease, what would stop a clever fraudster from treating the computer terminal in a store, or even in his own living-room, as yet another "branch" of his bank? Nothing.

Moreover, supposing a customer notices that systematically a certain sum is being removed from his account — or even varied sums, to make it less noticeable. Under the present system, he simply orders the bank to stop payment and trace the cause. Under EFTS, this will be all but impossible, with payment being instantaneous and no written record in existence of the transactions which may have gone on for years! And then there are undoubtedly problems involved when the pressing of a few buttons can blacken the character of any individual who refuses to pay the price of a "clean sheet." And the scenario is not imaginary. There is on record the case of a politician who refused to pay up and was later arrested for "allegedly handing out sinecures for large sums of money." He was arrested and sentenced to 10 years. It took him most of those years to clear his name and prove that the computer print-out was a fake. It also cost him his life savings in legal fees.

A perfect example of character assassination by computer. And just one of many means by which the machine may unmake a man.

Next month, Kurt Fleischmann examines the role of the computer in the fight against crime

Jail warning by judge to computer cheats

A mother and son who fed a computer false codes to cheat a local authority out of nearly £14,000 were both jailed for 12 months at the Central Criminal Court yesterday.

Judge Hazan, passing sentence, said it had taken "a brilliant piece of detective work" to solve the case, the first computer fraud before the court.

He said it had been a very difficult fraud to detect, adding that anyone else guilty of using computers to defraud local councils and appearing at the Central Criminal Court would

whether your credit is good.

Such terminals will be in places like petrol stations, theatres and restaurants — as they already are in some parts of the United States. The EFTS system will, in theory, do away with some of the 25 billion cheques already written each year in America, costing millions to operate.

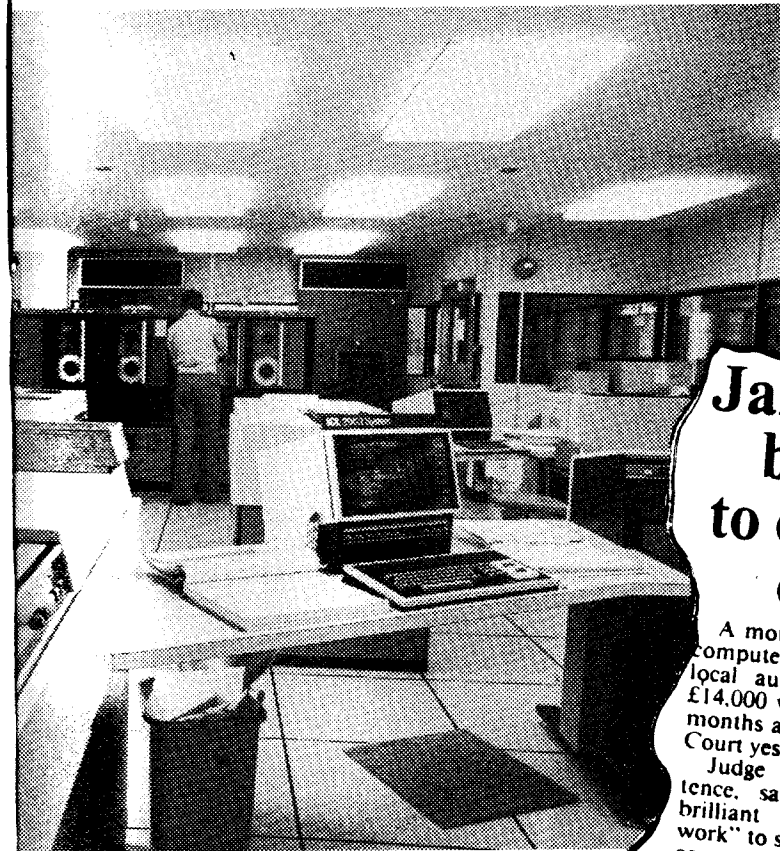
In practice, however, savings can only be achieved by quantity. Indeed, some of the pioneers among smaller financial institutions which have tried to introduce EFTS have abruptly ceased to do so. But nothing will stop the change in the long run, so a look at the sort of computer crime of the future might be revealing.

Imagine a world interlaced with millions of computers, millions of terminals, at every level from homes to hotels, from bars to businesses. And try to imagine the chaos that

boss that he would not use those programmes, in return for £50,000. He never came before the courts. It may be that the firm paid up. But why? One interpretation puts it like this: "There was no intent to permanently deprive. There was no actual trespass. The employee had permission to be there. Hence, no larceny."

Some experts insist that the computer will eventually not only control crime, but cancel much of it out altogether. They argue that, in a cashless society, under what is known as the Electronic Funds Transfer System (EFTS), nobody will mug anybody, since it is unlikely to be rewarding. Nobody will bribe anybody, because all transactions will be recorded — and thus "black" money will be squeezed out of the economy.

In the future, when you go to the supermarket to pay for goods, it could be that you will no longer look for notes in your wallet, or even for your chequebook. You will merely give the salesperson your plastic card, which will be inserted in a terminal. You will then dial a number, in a code only known to you, to connect you with your bank, which will in turn inform you



PAUL GARRETT'S suspicions were aroused at 7.30 p.m. on May 3rd, 1981. It was a routine patrol in Ormond-By-The-Sea, a small community just north of Ormond Beach, Florida, when he noticed that the neat little corner house somehow didn't look right.

Garrett knew the normal appearance of every house in the community. And he had been inside that particular house only a few nights earlier. Its occupant, 22-year-old Karen Sue Dillingham, had reported a burglary and Garrett, a sheriff's deputy, had investigated. Someone had broken in and stolen a couple of telephones, of all things.

Right now, though, two things didn't look right. One was that Karen's car was parked in the driveway, a luggage carrier mounted on its roof. The other thing was the people — four of them. Two women were standing the front garden and two men were coming out of the front door. Garrett recognised them as neighbours, but wondered what they were doing. He pulled his car into the driveway and asked them.

"Something terrible has happened!" one of the men blurted.

Garrett knew what that meant. "Something terrible has happened" is civilian language for a police Signal Seven — dead person. He climbed out of his car and walked into the house.

The air-conditioner was running and the house was cool. On the living-room floor, Garrett saw a handbag and its dumped contents, together with a broken lamp. Walking through the dining area, he noticed two glasses, an empty soft drink bottle and a full ashtray on the table.

Karen Dillingham lay on her back on the bathroom floor, a towel draped over her waist. Her face was bloody and swollen, her body cold and stiff.

Something terrible sure as hell had happened.

GARRETT USED the bedroom phone to call the Volusia County sheriff's office and reported that he had an apparent murder and needed investigators at the scene immediately. Then he secured the house and waited for them to arrive.

While waiting, Garrett thought back to the night of the burglary. Wait a minute! There had been a guy there — a thick-set fellow who'd arrived just as Garrett was leaving. Karen had introduced him as Garry Sutton and said she was letting the spare bedroom to



him. He wasn't a suspect in the burglary case and Garrett hadn't paid much attention to him, but he *had* written down his name. At least the detectives would have a possible suspect to start on in the murder case.

That wasn't all they had. While other officers gathered information from the shocked neighbours, Investigators Randall Burnsed and Robert Vail studied and recorded the abundance of physical evidence they found in the house.

First, of course, there was the body itself. It was dressed only in a bra and T-shirt, with a towel draped over it from the waist to the ankles. On the floor near the commode was a pair of blue shorts

encasing a pair of white bikini panties.

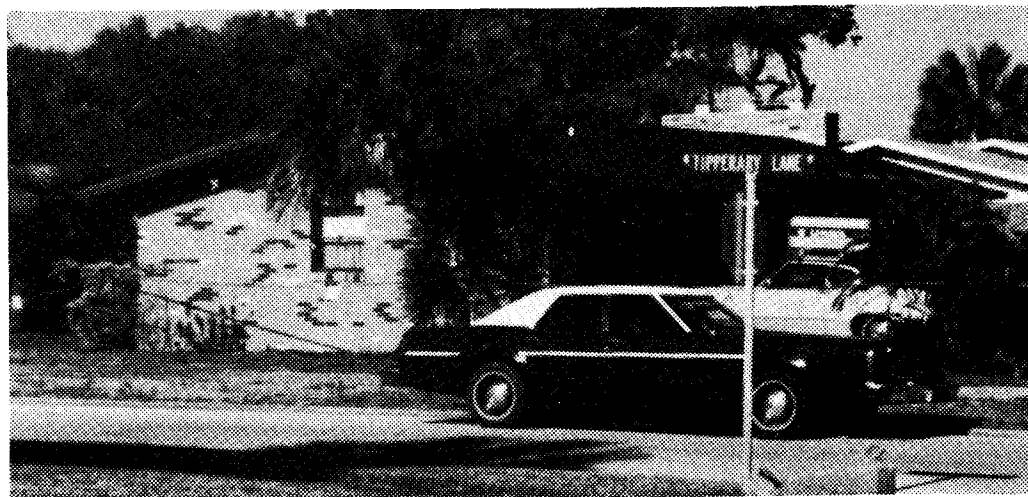
A cigarette butt floated in the commode, while there were two unsmoked Winstons in the blood-spattered bathtub. There were more bloodstains on the walls, door, sink and cabinet. Beside the body lay a bloodstained paring knife, the blade broken from the handle.

Then there was the dining-table, with its empty soft drink bottle, the two glasses and the ashtray containing numerous cigarette butts. And, the detectives hoped, an abundance of fingerprints.

Finally, there was the ransacked handbag and its contents on the living-room floor. Karen's chequebook was there, with no cheques missing. It showed a balance of \$310.52. There was also a cheque from Karen's employer, who ran a Daytona Beach oyster bar, but no cash. A black address book provided a list of names for the investigators to work on.

Investigator Burnsed learned from neighbours that Karen had lived in the house since December — and that, for the past few days, a man had been living there. And Karen had been trying to get him to move out. Their descriptions of the man matched Deputy Garrett's recollection of Gary Sutton — about 5 feet 8 and stocky, with medium-brown hair and dark eyes. One neighbour seemed to think that he was from Tampa.

Burnsed then contacted the manager



RAPED & MURDERED I



Pretty Karen Sue Dillingham was found dead on the floor of the bathroom in her house (bottom pix), clad in only a bra and T-shirt. Her purse had been rifled and her home ransacked . . .



of the oyster bar in Daytona Beach, a few miles south. The manager said that Karen had worked until 3 p.m. on Saturday, May 2nd, and was supposed to have left for Atlanta, Georgia, on Sunday to attend a family reunion. He said she had borrowed \$30 for the trip. He also recalled that Karen had been in the oyster bar with a date on Friday night. The couple had left around 10 p.m.

On Monday, May 4th, Burnsed performed the unpleasant task of phoning the victim's father in Atlanta and informing him that the late Karen Dillingham would not be attending her family's reunion. Then, at 1 p.m. that day, Burnsed and Investigator Vail

attended the autopsy. The cause of death proved to be a stab wound in the heart. There was also a second stab wound in the chest. The victim had suffered a beating about the head, severe enough to cause a brain haemorrhage — and had been strangled with enough force to break her hyoid bone. After death, a cigarette burn had been inflicted upon her right breast.

On Monday evening, the two detectives went to the oyster bar and questioned the waitresses — and came up with two more possible suspects. One was an unknown young man who had been in the oyster bar on Saturday night — a tall, thin man of about 25, with short black hair, neatly-groomed and

FOR A RECORD PLAYER

very clean-cut. He had come in alone. But about 30 minutes later, Karen had come in and sat with him. She had oysters and Bloody Marys, while he also ate oysters, but drank beer. At about 6 p.m., they left together.

Regrettably, none of the waitresses knew who the guy was — maybe one of those foreign-type students who attend Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University in such large numbers. In any event, he was apparently the last person with whom Karen had been seen alive.

The other possible suspect was Karen's ex-husband, Victor Tomlinson, whose name Karen had shed, along with their marriage. According to the waitresses, Tomlinson was an unsavoury type, who dealt in illegal drugs on an international scale. They said he was living in Santa Barbara, California, but frequented the Miami area, occasionally passing through Daytona Beach. One waitress recalled that Karen sometimes phoned Tomlinson when she was drinking.

And there was still the mysterious Gary Sutton to check out. On Tuesday morning, Deputy Garrett guided a detective through the development of a composite sketch of the man Karen had introduced to him as Sutton on the day of the burglary. When it was finished to Garrett's satisfaction, another detective said he thought he recognised the face, although he wasn't familiar with the name.

A few minutes later, the detective produced a "mug-shot" of a convicted dope-dealer, which Garrett positively identified as a photograph of Gary Sutton. Some routine police work soon produced the information that Sutton was currently living in Alexandria, Virginia, and claimed to have an alibi for the night of the murder. His fingerprints were on file, of course, so they would be compared with the numerous prints found at the murder scene. Those prints were currently being processed at the state crime lab.

For the moment, that left Vail and Burnsed with two top-priority tasks. Identifying and finding the young man with whom Karen had left the oyster bar on Saturday night. And ascertaining the whereabouts of Victor Tomlinson that night.

With an eye to accomplishing the latter objective, the detectives asked an airline executive to find out whether Tomlinson had arrived in — or departed from — Florida on a scheduled commercial flight during the past few days. They also contacted the Santa Barbara police, from whom they learned that Tomlinson was indeed a known narcotics dealer. Vail and Burnsed requested a copy of his fingerprints.

Then it was back to Karen's neighbourhood in Ormond-By-The-Sea for renewed efforts to find someone who saw or heard something on Saturday night. And this time they had better luck.

A teenage boy and his girl friend said they had been sitting in the former's garden on Saturday night, when they saw and heard Karen having what sounded like a heated argument with a man in her garage. A few minutes later, they said, they heard a thud, followed by what sounded like a muffled scream from somewhere inside the house.

With their parents' consent, the young couple described the man under hypnosis. They described a young man about 6 feet tall, 170 to 175 pounds, with short black hair. It sounded like the man with whom Karen had left the oyster bar on Saturday night. But who was he?

Yet another possibility presented itself when the owner of the furnished house inventoried its contents. It turned out that Karen had been living there rent-

“At this point in time, the husband is a prime suspect in the homicide”

free, paying only for electricity and the use of the phone. She had been living there with the owner's daughter, who'd subsequently moved out. He said he had let Karen continue living in the house, which he had bought for a future retirement home and had furnished quite well. So well, in fact that Karen might easily have fallen victim to a burglar yet again.

Among the missing items, the owner said, were several expensive statues of animals and 130 record albums. Of Karen's belongings, only her colour TV set and her stereo were missing. A relative, however, later found the stereo set when he unloaded the luggage carrier mounted on her car.

Next to be studied was a copy of Karen's final phone bill. It showed that, on the Wednesday before her death, she had called Victor Tomlinson in Santa Barbara and talked for seven minutes.

Then came a report from the airline executive. Victor Tomlinson had arrived in Miami at 7 a.m. on Saturday aboard a flight from Los Angeles. He had departed Miami for San Juan, Puerto Rico, at 8 a.m. on Sunday.

Some careful calculations convinced the detectives that Tomlinson could have taken a shuttle flight to Daytona Beach, killed Karen, then caught a shuttle back to Miami in time for his flight to San Juan. In his progress report as the probe

entered its second week, Burnsed wrote: "At this point, the ex-husband is the prime suspect in this homicide."

And so he remained for a further week — until Burnsed and Vail received a report from the crime lab. that sent them back to square one. Neither Victor Tomlinson's nor Gary Sutton's were among the numerous fingerprints found at the murder scene.

The detectives were back to wondering about the guy who had left the oyster bar with Karen — and later argued with her in her garage — on the night of her murder. Identifying him now had become vital. But how? They probably had his fingerprints, but those would be useful only after they found him. Was there another clue to his identity among the physical evidence in hand? A young guy, tall, clean-cut, with short black hair. What was it that waitress had said about him? Maybe one of those foreign-type students who attend Embry-Riddle?

The detectives got Karen's phone bill out and looked at it again. And there it was! On the night of her murder, an international call had been made on her phone — to Benghazi, Libya, of all places.

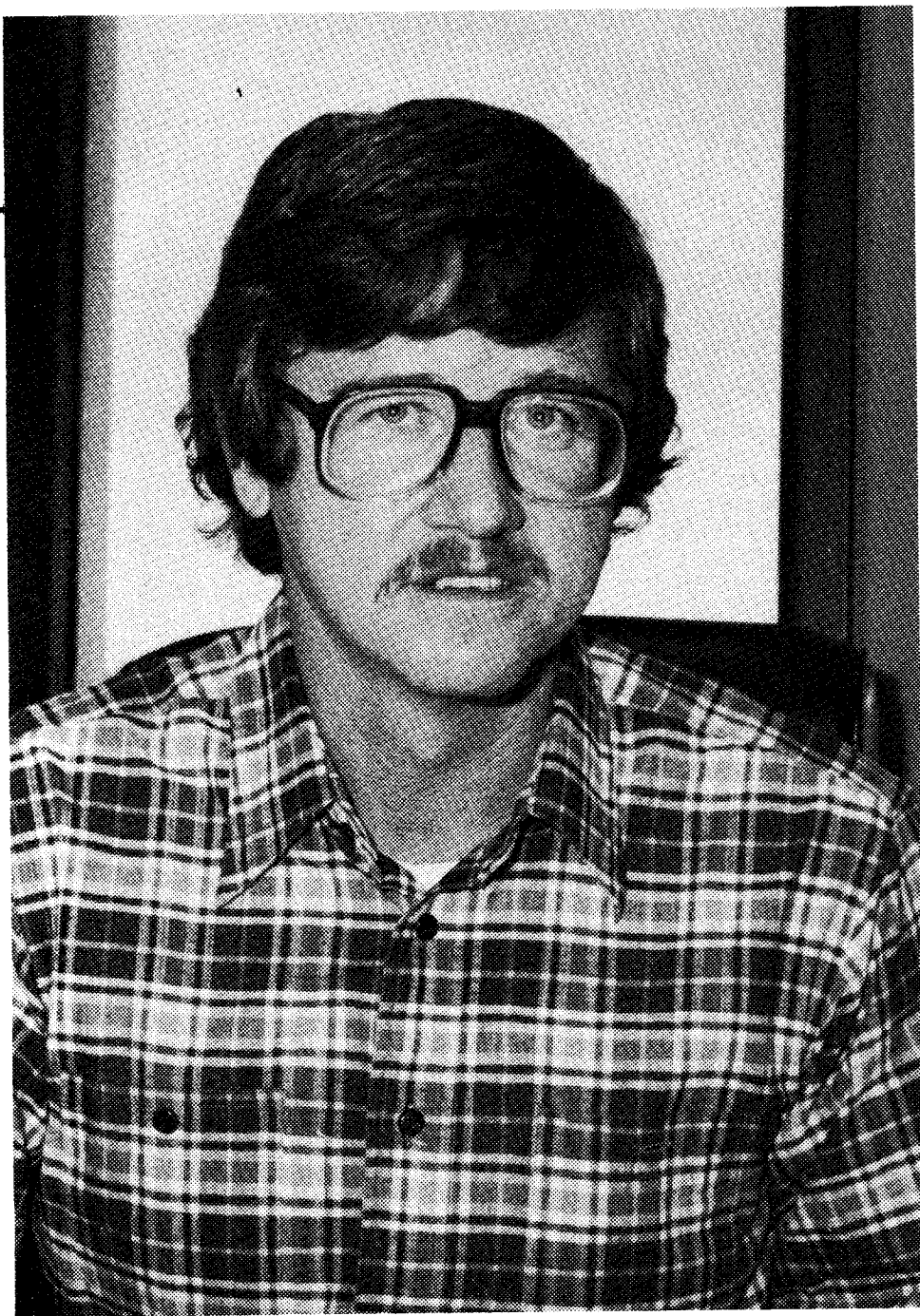
Libya? Benghazi, Libya? This case was beginning to sound like a Humphrey Bogart movie!

The officers' next stop was obvious: Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University, situated close to the airport at Daytona Beach. They found the associate dean of students very co-operative. He gave them a list of all current and former Libyan students, eight of whom were from Benghazi. The dean also agreed to give the detectives photographs of all current Libyan students when they were photographed for new ID cards the coming Monday, June 8th.

Meanwhile, though, Vail and Burnsed embarked upon a simple plan of action. They issued subpoenas for the phone records of all students from Benghazi with Daytona Beach area telephones. They figured that if the Benghazi number on Karen's phone bill showed up on one of those, they'd be back in business with a prime suspect.

While the detectives were waiting for the phone bills, the area was shocked by another brutal crime against a young woman on Monday, June 8th. This one survived her ordeal, but she was viciously beaten, raped, strangled and left for dead in a wooded section of Port Orange, just south of Daytona Beach.

It was during the early-morning hours of Monday that the brutalised 18-year-old told her story to Detective-Lieutenant Nick Boccuzzi. She said she had been to a Sunday night party in Port Orange and had been having trouble



getting a ride home. Eventually, however, a foreigner had offered her a lift home and she had accepted. She had only met the guy that night and didn't know anything about him, even his name. But he had seemed nice enough at the party. Maybe the host or someone else who had been to the party knew him? All she knew was that he was tall and slim and very neat, with short black hair.

In his car, she said, he started making sexual advances, which she rejected. Infuriated, he drove to an isolated construction site, beat, raped and strangled her. She lost consciousness, after which he dragged her into a wooded area and left her for dead.

Attorney Horace Smith (above) hoped to end his career as a prosecutor with the conviction of Karen's killer. Right, Lieutenant Boccuzzi. He traced that killer to the airport and pulled him off a plane!

When she regained consciousness, she said, she made her way out of the woods — and there he still was! His car was stuck in the soft sand. Upon seeing her, he fled on foot.

A police search failed to produce the suspect, but it wouldn't be hard to find out who he was. They had his car, still stuck in the sand. Its licence number was fed into the police computer and, within minutes, the knowledgeable machine responded with a name and address: Abdulla Ben-Hamid, 886 Nova Road, Port Orange.

Detective-Lieutenant Boccuzzi found no one at home at that address, so he proceeded to the home of the party host. Yes, the host said, he did indeed know Abdulla. Abdulla was a 20-year-old flight student from Libya. No, not at Embry-Riddle, but at another flight school at the same airport.

Boccuzzi called the Daytona Beach police and arranged for Detective Larry Lewis to meet him there. At the flight school, the two officers learned that Abdulla Ben-Hamid did indeed match the description of the teenager's assailant and that he had just checked out a plane for a cross-country flight. He was at that moment preparing to board the aircraft and take off.

Directed to the plane, the officers found Abdulla Ben-Hamid climbing in. After they pulled him out, Boccuzzi took him to the Port Orange police station for a heart-to-heart talk.

Ben-Hamid flatly denied everything, but that didn't impress Boccuzzi. The detective-lieutenant charged the Libyan with rape and attempted murder, then started thinking about some other possibilities. Like every police officer in the area, he was very much aware of the



Karen Dillingham case. He pulled out some notes on that probe, comparing the facts with those of his own case. The first thing that struck him was the startling physical resemblance of his rape victim to the murdered Miss Dillingham. And there were other similarities. Each victim had been savagely beaten and strangled with enough force to cause neck injury. Each victim's right breast had been mutilated. Each had been left for dead, apparently by a recent acquaintance. And each had frequented Daytona Beach bars.

Bocuzzi picked up his phone and called the Volusia County sheriff's office. Just a few minutes later, Investigators Vail and Burnsed walked into the Port Orange police station and were there introduced to Abdulla Ben-Hamid, who said he was from Benghazi, Libya.

Benghazi! But Ben-Hamid didn't have a phone, so there would be no bill for him among those subpoenaed by the detectives. In fact, they'd never heard of Ben-Hamid, since he wasn't an Embry-Riddle student.

And that was about all Ben-Hamid had to say, except that the detectives were wasting their time on the wrong man. He said he didn't know any Karen Dillingham — and he didn't want to talk about any murder, because he'd never been involved in one. He wasn't that kind of guy. In fact, he didn't want to talk to the detectives at all. He only wanted to talk to a lawyer — which was, of course, his right.

The detectives had other things to do, anyway, such as getting a search warrant for Ben-Hamid's apartment and sending a copy of his fingerprints to the state crime lab. for comparison with the prints found at the murder scene. And there would still be those phone bills to study. After all, Ben-Hamid might really be innocent.

Armed with a search warrant listing the numerous items stolen from Karen Dillingham's home in Ormond-By-The-Sea, Burnsed and Vail went to Ben-Hamid's apartment and were let in by the manager. In the apartment, they found most of the stolen items listed in the search warrant, including several very expensive statues of animals, two bookends, two table-lamps and 130 record albums.

That was enough to justify an arrest. And the detectives duly charged Ben-Hamid with first-degree murder and grand theft. The Libyan continued to protest his innocence.

The case was strengthened when the fingerprint report came back from the state crime lab. Abdulla Ben-Hamid's prints had been found on a beer mug in Karen's home, on the empty soft drink

bottle left on the dining-table — and on the bath near her body.

Then came a surprise. When the subpoenaed phone bills came in, the Benghazi number called from Karen's phone on the night of her death showed up on one of them. But the Embry-Riddle student whose phone it was had a ready explanation. *He* hadn't made the call, he said. A friend of his — another Libyan flight student — had used his phone in March to call an uncle in Benghazi. He gave his friend's name as Abdulla Ben-Hamid!

That locked it up, as far as the detectives were concerned, although Ben-Hamid was steadfastly denying everything. Now it was up to Assistant State Attorney Horace Smith to get a conviction. Smith was preparing to resign from the state attorney's office to enter private practice, so this would be one of his last two murder prosecutions. He was determined to end his illustrious career as a prosecutor "at a high point" — meaning with convictions in both cases.

When the Dillingham case finally went to trial in December, 1981, Smith presented what looked to be an airtight

“Beaten, stabbed... then killer lit a cigarette and burned her with it!”

case against the Libyan to a jury of eight men and four women. In his opening statement, he promised the jurors he would prove that Abdulla Ben-Hamid was in Karen Dillingham's home on the night she was beaten unmercifully, then strangled.

“That not being enough,” Smith said, “the killer got a paring knife and stabbed her. Then he calmly smoked a cigarette and burned her body with it.”

A bartender and a waitress from the oyster bar identified Ben-Hamid as the man with whom Karen Dillingham had departed on the night of her death. A fingerprint analyst identified several fingerprints found at the murder scene as those of Ben-Hamid.

Telephone company records showed that a call had been made on Karen's phone to Benghazi, Libya, on the night she was murdered. A Libyan flight student testified that Abdulla Ben-Hamid had called that very same number on *his* phone in March.

The jury was shown a large box full of items found in Ben-Hamid's apartment. And the owner of the house in which Karen had lived and died identified the items as having been stolen from that dwelling.

Defendant Abdulla Ben-Hamid in a pensive mood during his trial. He initially became a suspect in the murder of Karen Dillingham when police traced a phone call made from her home to Libya!

Ben-Hamid said he could explain all that. Taking the witness-stand in his own defence, he admitted that he hadn't been truthful with the officers at the time of his arrest. But that, he said, had been because he was scared to death after having discovered Karen Sue Dillingham's body and not reporting the murder. And because his family back home in Libya had told him to keep his mouth shut.

Ben-Hamid said he first met Karen on April 28th, when she waited on him at the oyster bar. They soon got into a conversation and she said she was moving and wanted to sell her stereo and records for \$250. He was interested, so they agreed to meet at the bar on May 2nd to arrange the sale. On May 1st, he went to his bank and cashed a cheque for \$250.

On May 2nd, Ben-Hamid testified, he met Karen at the oyster bar, then followed her to her home in Ormond-By-The-Sea. There, he helped her load her car for a trip to Georgia, then loaded his own car with his purchases, plus several statues and boxes of other items that he'd also agreed to buy.

While that was going on, Ben-Hamid said, Karen asked if he wanted some coke. He thought she meant a soft drink, but she produced a bag of white powder, which he declined to buy. As it turned out, he didn't have enough money with him to pay for all the things he *had* agreed to buy, having brought only the \$250 for the stereo and records. So he used her phone to call home and ask for more money. While he was on the phone, Karen rushed in and urged him to leave because her boy friend was coming.

Ben-Hamid said that, as he was leaving, he saw a brown car parked in the driveway and a man walking into the garage. He got into his own car and drove to a friend's home, where he borrowed some more money. Then he returned to Karen's home, intending to finish paying for his purchases.

He found her body in the bathroom, he said. “I put my hand behind her head. I shook her, but she was cold. And I knew she was dead.”

Ben-Hamid told the jury that he was scared and confused, so he went home and called his family in Benghazi again. And his family told him to be quiet, not

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to say anything. So he had lied to the police when arrested.

"But I *am* telling the truth today," he insisted.

Horace Smith shot that story down with two rebuttal witnesses. A bank official testified that Ben-Hamid hadn't made any \$250 withdrawal on May 1st, or for several days preceding that date. And a relative of the victim testified that when he unloaded the luggage carrier mounted on the roof of Karen's car, he found her stereo inside.

None of that proved Ben-Hamid's guilt, his lawyer argued. He theorized that Karen had been killed in an argument over drugs — and that Ben-Hamid had innocently stumbled onto the scene afterwards. He suggested that only Ben-Hamid's fingerprints were found at the scene, because "Karen was murdered by a professional killer, who wiped away his own prints.

"She was raising money to leave town," the lawyer argued. "He was incensed that she was leaving town with the cocaine and killed her."

The jury didn't buy it. It preferred Horace Smith's argument that: "The facts of this case are that the defendant beat her, choked her and left the bathroom a bloody mess. Then, that not being enough, he had to take his bloody hands into the kitchen, where he got a knife out of the utensil drawer, then go back into the bathroom and stab her. After that, he burned her with a cigarette."

On Friday, December 11th, 1981, the jury deliberated for three hours and 50 minutes before finding Abdulla Ben-Hamid guilty of first-degree murder and grand theft. The following day, the jury — unaware of the Port Orange beating and rape that had led to his arrest — recommended that Ben-Hamid be sentenced to life in prison, rather than death in the electric chair. Judge Uriel Blount accepted the recommendation and so sentenced the Libyan. Under Florida law, Ben-Hamid must serve a mandatory minimum of 25 years before parole eligibility.

And on December 30th, 1981, Abdulla Ben-Hamid pleaded guilty to the attempted murder and attempted rape of the Port Orange teenager. Judge Blount gave him a concurrent 25-year sentence for those crimes.

A few weeks later, Horace Smith went on to win a conviction in his final murder prosecution. But that's another story...

—EDITOR'S NOTE:—

Gary Sutton and Victor Tomlinson are not the real names of the persons so named in the foregoing story.

The Incredible Career Of **JOSEPH "MAD DOG" SULLIVAN**

area that it's going to be hard to find him," Guard Lieutenant Le Mar Clor said confidently. "However, it could be a long, exhaustive process. He's probably hiding inside and another inmate is providing him with food and water..."

But Joseph Sullivan continued to disappoint those who held the view that he was still inside the prison's walls. And when all the interior searches ended in failure to find him, the Correctional Services Department issued urgent appeals to police all over the United States and Canada. They also enlisted the aid of the FBI, on the presumption that the escapee had fled across state lines.

Those who knew Sullivan and his nearly 20 years of criminal activity could not readily concede that he'd be captured any too soon. He was considered a wily, treacherous, ruthless individual, who would sooner shoot potential captors than allow himself to be taken alive...

Sullivan's beginnings were on Manhattan's West Side, in the area known as "Hell's Kitchen," which has produced huge crops of citizens who tread both the straight and narrow, as

well as the crooked miles that lead to prison.

Young Joseph had all the early incentives to follow the path of righteousness. His father Jeremiah was a highly-decorated New York City detective. Yet, at an early age, the son fell in with a West Side gang of street toughs known as the Westies, formerly the Hudson Dusters.

When Joseph was 11 years old, his father died. That same year, he ran away from home, because he was "looking for attention." His mother then began to subject young Joseph to a most unusual ritual at home. According to authorities, the boy was made to kneel and pray before a photograph of his hero-policeman father.

"She used to make him pray he'd become half the man his father was. And then she'd hit him on his head and say, 'You'll never be as good as your father'," recalled a detective who investigated Sullivan's background following an arrest when he was still a teenager.

During his formative years, Sullivan extended his stamping grounds beyond the confines of Hell's Kitchen to Greenwich Village, then across the East River to the Woodside section of Queens, where his mother ultimately settled with the children.

Before he was 20, Sullivan had come to know the insides of both Youth House in New York and the Warwick Reformatory, following a spree of burglaries, petty larcenies and assaults.

In 1959, at the age of 19, he was arrested for an armed robbery in New

Jersey's Hudson County, was convicted and sentenced to a 5-to-7-year term in Rahway prison. In 1963, he was transferred to the hospital at Trenton state prison and was then rapidly nearing the day when he could almost certainly expect a parole.

But Sullivan and four other inmates attacked an attendant with pickaxes during a work detail and fled the hospital facility. Sullivan was captured soon after, when he broke into a nearby home and, wielding a broken soda bottle, forced the occupants to give him a change of clothes and two dollars — all the cash they had.

Sullivan was eventually sprung and returned to the old neighbourhood in Woodside, where his mother still lived. Restless, unable to find work and unable to cope with life's realities, the bitter young ex-con went to the Willow Bar on Woodhaven Boulevard to drown his sorrows in drink.

It was in the early morning hours of December 20th, 1965, when Sullivan ordered a "boilermaker" — a shot of whisky followed by a schooner of beer. He was seated on a stool next to a mild-mannered, unobtrusive 50-year-old buyer for the Bohack supermarket chain, one of Long Island's most thriving groceries.

John J. Campbell was married and lived with his wife and seven children, ranging in age from three to 21. He had served as a sergeant in the US Army in World War II from 1941 to 1945, seeing action in eight campaigns in North Africa and Europe.

There was no way for Campbell to

**Joseph "Mad Dog" Sullivan
Suspected of murdering
some 20 people in his
lifetime, he once shot a
man in a bar for spilling
a drink on him!**

know that the man sitting on the bar stool next to him had a .32-calibre revolver on his lap, hidden that wintry early Monday under the overcoat that Joseph Sullivan wore.

Sullivan had come into the Willow Bar with murder on his mind. He was going to "do in" bar owner Philip Rubin, because of an argument they'd had earlier over something that involved Sullivan's brother Jerry.

There was no display of animosity on Sullivan's part when Rubin served his would-be assassin the first three rounds. Nor did Sullivan seem to mind when Rubin left the bar with another patron to the back of the tavern to play pool. By that stage, Sullivan had become deeply engrossed in conversation with Campbell.

Earlier, Rubin would remember, he'd overheard a pleasant exchange between the two men.

"Gee, it's hot in here," said Campbell, turning to the man who sat next to him.



"Yeah, sure it is," the answer came back with a slight smile.

Now, about half an hour had passed. Rubin and the man with whom he was playing pool could hear only a low hum from the bar, where Sullivan and Campbell were still chatting.

Then suddenly, at 2 a.m., there was a loud bang. Rubin and the other patron wheeled in the direction of the explosion and saw Campbell slump to the floor. The gunman next wheeled and aimed his gun at Rubin, demanding his wallet. Rubin handed it over. Sullivan emptied it of \$46 — then took \$338 from the cash register. An instant later, Sullivan was off, via the front door. Rubin phoned the police and asked for an ambulance.

No sooner had the cops arrived and Sullivan been identified as the gunman, than an alarm was issued for his arrest. Meanwhile, an ambulance medical team found Campbell to be beyond aid. His body was taken to the mortuary in Queens, where an autopsy revealed that he'd died of a bullet fired into the back of his head.

No clue to Sullivan's whereabouts turned up until late January, when he made a desperate phone call to a New York City friend and begged for money. On the 31st day of January, 1966 Sullivan walked into the Western Union office in Evergreen, Alabama, to claim the money he was expecting. Instead, he found detectives waiting for him.

While he was no longer on the loose, New York didn't exactly have first crack at Sullivan. Strangely, the choice of what would happen to him next was Sullivan's. For, by now, he was wanted by authorities all over the landscape.

Among police agencies that were seeking him was Houston's. He had allegedly held up a Western Union office in the Texas oil capital and shot an employee there. So Sullivan chose extradition to Houston. He figured that the sentence would be much lighter for a non-fatal shooting and a robbery than the cold-blooded murder in a New York tavern.

But then came the bottom line in Joe Sullivan's calculations. He asked authorities the big question: "What happens to me after I do time in Texas?"

The answer: He gets shipped back to New York, no holds barred, to stand trial for the murder of John J. Campbell.

None of the options were attractive to

Film star Jon Voight. He envisioned a motion picture based on Sullivan's life, with himself playing title role

Sullivan. Among the other choices were extraditions to Louisiana, Alabama and Georgia, where he'd pulled stickups netting him over \$2,000. But, after thinking things over, Sullivan decided that he wanted to face the music in his home state. New York cops brought Sullivan back to Queens where, for the benefit of Assistant District Attorney Eugene Mastropieri, Sullivan recounted the murder — of how he went into the Willow Bar intending to kill owner Philip Rubin, because of the argument over Sullivan's brother.

"I don't know what happened to me after I started drinking," Sullivan said. "I just can't get it out of my mind that I killed an innocent man, a total stranger, over something — I don't remember what it was . . ."

But Sullivan wasn't all that drunk that he didn't remember taking the cash from the register and the bar owner's wallet, then fleeing to Manhattan. From there, he had made his way to Hartford, Connecticut, where he'd boarded a bus for New Orleans.

Sullivan also offered detectives details of his four-state crime spree in the South that ended with his arrest in Alabama — then added a hitherto unknown byplay while he was under lock and key in Evergreen's jail. "I offered a trustie 20 dollars to smuggle me a knife that I wanted to use to break out," Sullivan said. "But the S.O.B. refused."

One of the questions Assistant DA Mastropieri put to Sullivan was: "Why didn't you harm Philip Rubin, the man you intended to shoot?"

Sullivan shook his head. "I don't know what happened . . . I couldn't believe what I did — shoot that poor man at the bar . . . After that, I can't tell you what went through my mind, what my feelings or motives were . . ."

After giving these statements, Sullivan was booked for murder and robbery, then brought for arraignment before Supreme Court Justice J. Randall Creel. The judge denied an application by the defence to have Sullivan committed for mental observation. Instead, Justice Creel remanded the defendant in custody for a hearing the following week.

Before that hearing, Sullivan was indicted by a grand jury for the fatal shooting. A year later, he went to trial before an all-male jury. The proceedings lasted eight days and closed on January 16th, 1967, when the jury returned from four and a half hours of deliberation with a conviction for second-degree manslaughter.

Standing between his lawyers, James E. Mulvaney and James M. Mackin, Sullivan took the verdict impassively. After the jury left the box, court officers moved in to handcuff Sullivan and haul



Following Sullivan's escape, the Court of Appeal, New York State's highest judicial body, denied the appeal — on the grounds that the appellant was not available to obey any decision the judges might render.

After prison officials decided that Sullivan hadn't been murdered by other inmates and buried on the grounds, nor was he still hiding in the penitentiary complex, their alert went far and wide. But it needn't have reached much farther than Greenwich Village, the escapee's former lair.

On May 18th — after 39 days of freedom — Joseph Sullivan once again proved that old habits die hard. He was floating about his old haunts in the Village, just as officers of the Correctional Services Department's Bureau of Special Services had expected.

They put the cuffs on Sullivan as he strolled on East 12th Street, just north of Washington Square Park and the New York University campus. The bag he was carrying contained a sawn-off .22-calibre Remington rifle and a quantity of ammunition.

"He didn't give us any lip," said John McCarthy, director of the bureau. "He came along very peaceably."

Before being returned to Attica to continue serving his manslaughter sentence, Sullivan was hauled before Judge John S. Connable, who accepted the escapee's guilty plea and then clobbered him with an added six-year

him away to the Queens County jail, where he sat it out for two months before he was brought back before the trial judge, Justice Edward Thompson, for sentencing.

That was on March 16th, 1967. The sentence as a second felony offender (the robbery in Jersey seven years earlier counted as his first felony conviction) was harsh — Justice Thompson gave him 20 to 30 years! Sullivan was then taken upstate to begin serving that term in "escape-proof" Attica prison — which it was until the barroom killer proved otherwise on that fateful Good Friday, 1971.

Going over the wall was a somewhat irrational act, for Sullivan had spent all his free time in prison shaping an appeal. He had framed his case with the contention that the original prosecution contained several errors. The primary fault, according to Sullivan, was that he was not advised of his rights when he confessed to the killing.



By 1982, Sullivan had acquired quite a reputation as a "button man." He'd become an exterminator in many mob-ordered rub-outs, with the principal job contracts coming from crime bosses Joe Bonanno (above) and Carlos Gambino (left)

term for busting out of prison in April.

Then, shortly after he returned to Attica, Sullivan revealed his big secret of how he caused so many red faces at the prison. He said: "I threw a rope over the wall — that's how I got out . . ."

Prison authorities tended to doubt that version. They said it was more than likely that Sullivan hid in one of the delivery trucks or vans that bring food and supplies into the penitentiary's grounds and escaped that way.

Despite the escape and extra time slapped on top of the 20 to 30 years for manslaughter, Sullivan headed towards an extraordinarily early parole. The prison gates opened for him in 1975. By then, he had become something of a folklore hero . . .

In his years at Attica, Sullivan had transformed himself into a health freak by undertaking a physical-training regimen that included running the equivalent of 10 miles a day in the prison exercise yard and doing 1,000 daily push-ups. Also during those years, Sullivan wrote a book — a five-inch-thick typewritten effort bound in a blue folder, entitled *Tears and Tiers*. Its first two pages read like a resumé:

"1951, Youth House, Running away from home, looking for attention, etc — 1953-54, Warwick Reformatory, Burglaries, Petty Larceny etc. — 1959, Hudson County Jail, Armed Robbery, sentenced 5-7 yrs. — 1961-63, Rahway Prison, Riots — 1965, December 19th, Manslaughter — 1966, January, Armed robbery, Texas, Georgia, Louisiana, Alabama — 1966, Queens County Jail, Awaited trial for Manslaughter & Robbery, Sentenced 20-30 yrs. — 1971, Attica, Escaped, was captured in NYC."

The manuscript glorified Sullivan's life as a criminal and apparently its story was so compelling, in whatever perverse way such a story *can* be compelling, that

it attracted the actor Jon Voight, who immediately envisioned a motion picture based on Sullivan's script and himself playing the title role. Together with a partner in a production company, Voight made several moves towards culminating a deal with Sullivan — until he was released from prison. Then Voight had an apparent change of heart, as did his partner Robert Schaffel — because of the route Sullivan took once he was back on the streets . . .

His involvement in wrongdoing between the time he got out of prison and March 22nd, 1979, is unknown. We don't know what Sullivan's movements were during that period — except that he apparently passed muster with the parole officers charged with his supervision.

His change of heart...

Then came that fateful March day when a heinous mass murder was discovered in a residence at 24 Sanford Avenue in Hackensack, New Jersey. The owner of the house, Alice Molese, 37, was found dead in the dining-room. A tenant, Marcia Ferrell, 38-year-old widow and longtime friend of Mrs. Molese, lay dead in another part of the house. Mrs. Ferrell's 6-year-old son Harold was found dead in the kitchen.

The victims were discovered by Brian Michael Molese, 40, who was Alice Molese's estranged husband. Molese also happened to have a criminal background — and was an ex-cellmate of Joseph Sullivan's at Attica!

The connection? Well, it didn't come at once. Not until more than two years later did authorities piece together the clues that suggested that Joseph Sullivan was the hired killer who slit the throats of the three victims in New Jersey.

At the outset, suspicion centered on estranged spouse Brian Molese. He underwent extensive questioning over a period of months, but authorities weren't able to put together a case against him. And even as he was being viewed as a prime suspect in the killings, Molese went to court and established his claim to serve as executor of Mrs. Ferrell's \$500,000 estate — a condition she had outlined in her will.

But the victim's father and other members of the family challenged Molese. They cited a number of adverse reports about him. They said that, in the days and weeks leading up to the mass murders, Marcia Ferrell had often complained bitterly about Molese's frequent visits to the house. They said that Mrs. Ferrell felt intimidated by her friend's husband and had begun to have serious doubts about her decision in

Joseph "Mad Dog" Sullivan, after his arrest in 1971 on a manslaughter charge. Later that same year, he made the history books as the only inmate ever to escape from Attica!

appointing him executor. His behaviour and attitude, in fact, had frightened her.

After the murders, Mrs. Ferrell's kin litigated to have Molese booted out as executor, because of the stigma of suspicion cast upon him by Prosecutor Roger Breslin, who stated that the investigation "remains very active . . . and we intend to question Mr. Molese further . . ."

On October 12th, 1979, Brian Molese abandoned the court fight to retain control over Mrs. Ferrell's estate. For dropping his effort to be executor, he received a settlement payment of \$7,500. In addition, his lawyer, Herbert G. Black, received \$2,500 in legal fees from the estate. That out-of-court settlement ended the protracted legal fight and authorised the United Jersey Bank to administer the assets left by Mrs. Ferrell.

While Molese's connection with Mrs. Ferrell's estate ended, his role as a suspect in the murders remained very much unchanged. Moreover, after authorities had dug into his background and discovered his Attica connection and his further link to ex-cellmate Joseph Sullivan, the authorities found that they had another suspect to deal with.

Sullivan was hauled in and questioned for hours. He was even given lie-detector tests — but the results proved inconclusive. Though turned loose, Sullivan remained a hot suspect — even more so than Molese. For a very simple reason: Authorities suspected that Molese had hired Sullivan to murder three people, in order to reap the riches from Mrs. Ferrell's \$500,000 estate.

There follows a dark area in relation to Joseph Sullivan's activities and whereabouts over the next 20 months. Authorities are virtually certain that he engaged in criminal activity over some portion of that period, even though he was under parole supervision . . .

Then, suddenly, it is June 8th, 1981. The screams of sirens and glare of flashing lights signal a crime of violence committed in Greenwich Village, one of Sullivan's former lairs.

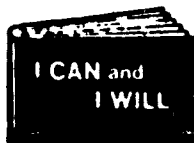
Two roomies sharing an apartment on the second floor of 101 West 10th Street have been shot. Police and medical aides rush to the scene. They find two men bleeding from their heads and faces. Though the wounds are severe, the victims are alive and seem prepared to

No Confidence?

Do you worry for hours before . . . making dates, tackling your Boss, eating out, taking responsibility, going to parties, travelling? Then do you 'wreck everything' by Blushing, Feeling Inferior, Stammering or Trembling? These are signs of wrong thinking, a mistaken approach to life which hides your true personality. Unaided self-help often fails but our simple system will help you to social success as it has done for thousands over the past 39 years.

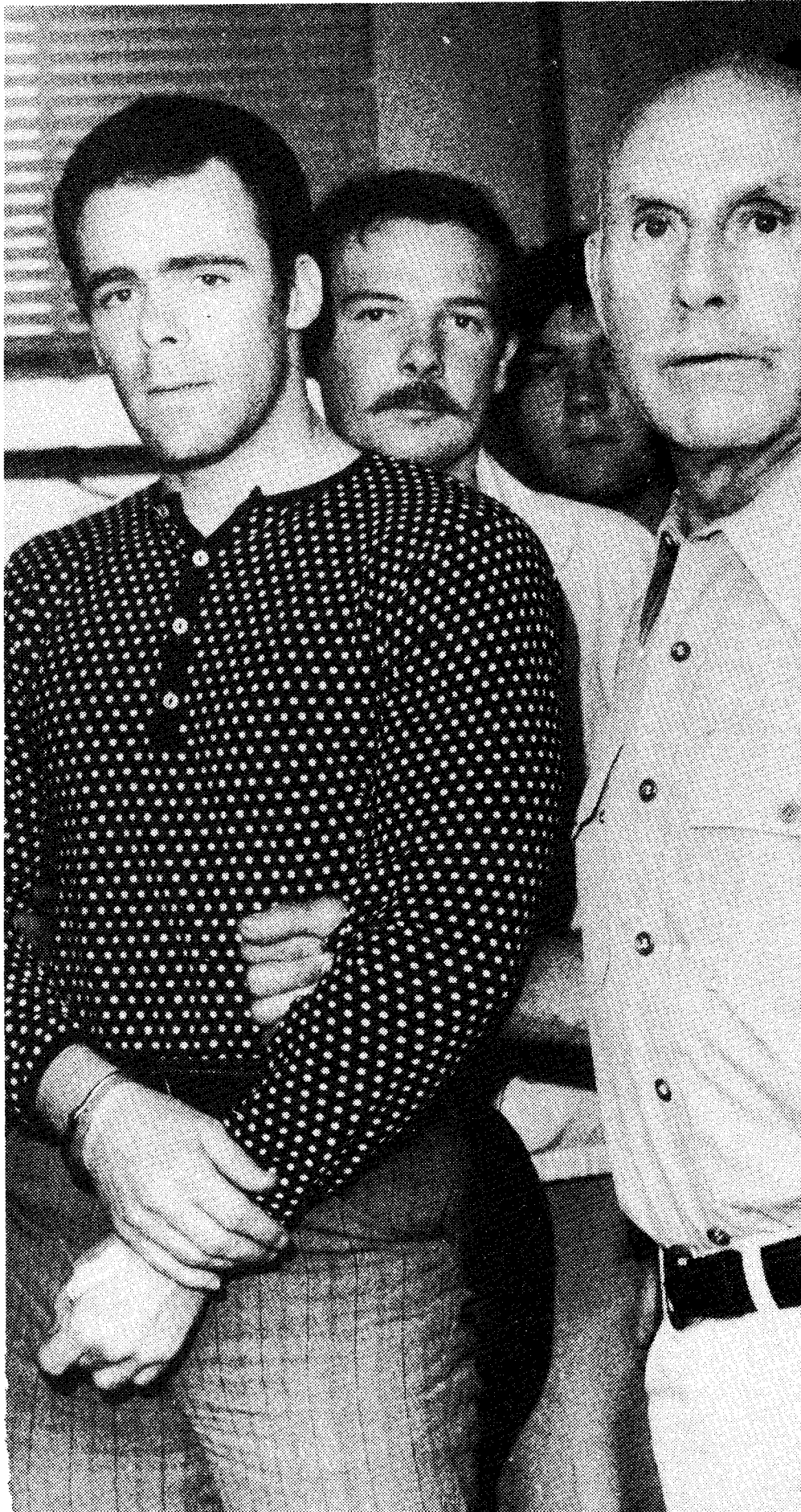
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continue their lives — after proper patching up.

The investigation turns up meagre details of the crime. The victims appear terrified by the turn that brought them both so close to death. They gasp the story of the bloody attack to detectives .

The time was 11 p.m. when Brian Molese went to the door of the apartment in answer to a knock — after hearing a familiar voice announce: “It’s me. Let me in.”

Molese opened the door and found himself facing the muzzle of a .22-calibre revolver. The gunman triggered a quick shot and the bullet struck Molese squarely in the face. There was no explosion from the gun barrel, just a quiet thud. It had a silencer.

But the noise was loud enough to bring Molese’s room-mate to the door. Chris Chosthwaite, 20, looked aghast at Molese lying on the floor, his hands up to his bleeding face, squirming and moaning in agony.

Before he could really grasp what was happening, however, the gunman fired again. This bullet ploughed into Chosthwaite’s face and reduced him to a bleeding hulk on the floor alongside Molese. With that, the gunman calmly turned on his heels and fled.

“Did you recognise the guy who fired the shots?” Detective Robert Intartaglia asked Molese.

“Yeah, it was that no-good . . . Joe Sullivan . . .”

After giving the detective a fill-in on Sullivan’s past criminal activity, Molese rasped: “Can you imagine that S.O.B. brought his wife with him on this job!”

Detective Intartaglia couldn’t believe what he’d just heard. But Molese insisted: “I’m not making it up. Gale stood right behind him when he fired those shots.”

Intartaglia and other detectives hurried over to Syllivan’s residence in Richmond Hill, Queens, to look for the suspect and his wife. On the way there, they tried to figure out a motive. Molese and Chosthwaite hadn’t been able to offer one.

The detectives would eventually settle on a seemingly plausible motive for the nearly deadly attack — and come up with the only reason Molese and Chosthwaite weren’t logged on the roster of 1,800 homicide victims in 1981 in New York City. The silencer was defective. It had fragmented the bullets as they left the muzzle.

But only after Intartaglia and his fellow detectives learned about the triple murder in New Jersey did the pieces fall together. “We figured Sullivan did the number on Mrs. Molese and the Ferrells as a contract killing for Molese,” said Intartaglia. “It would seem that Molese didn’t come across with the payoff —

and Sullivan figured that Molese had to die.”

Chosthwaite was shot because he had witnessed the attempted assassination on Molese — and Sullivan didn't want any witnesses. But now that he had slipped up on what he hoped would be a perfect murder, he had to make a run for it. Radio newscasts were making it quite clear that Sullivan's latest victims were very much alive.

“He's not here — I don't know where he is,” Gale Sullivan said. The detectives gave Mrs. Sullivan time to arrange for the care of her small son — then took her downtown and booked for her attempted murder. *

Now the hunt for Joseph Sullivan went into full swing. Intartaglia arranged to have a federal warrant issued for Sullivan, charging him with two counts of attempted murder. But Sullivan's trail was ice-cold, just as it had been after he broke out of Trenton prison's hospital, after the tavern murder — and after the Attica escape.

Authorities reasoned that the most likely way Sullivan would betray himself would be by repeating his mistakes of the past, such as contacting a friend for money, committing a burglary or robbery for the wherewithal to perpetuate his freedom, or simply being spotted by probation or other law-enforcement people on the street . . .

It's the night of December 9th, 1981 — a Tuesday. Exactly six months and a day have passed since Brian Molese and Chris Chosthwaite were shot in the face by Joseph Sullivan.

Captain Al Holdorf, commander of the Suffolk County, Long Island, Homicide Squad, was just settling down at home after a busy day directing half a dozen investigations into solved and unsolved murders. The phone rang. The caller at that late hour was Detective William Schwalback.

“Cap, we've got a bad one . . .”

No witnesses alive . . .

The details were bare, but there wasn't any question of how serious this case was. For police switchboard operators were being inundated with reports of “shots fired.” The calls came from an apartment building at 111 College Road in Selden, Long Island, 60 miles east of New York City.

When police entered the building, the middle-class Tall Oak Gardens apartment complex, they found a scene of unspeakable horror amidst a spread of Christmas decorations. In the apartment, where actual rivers and pools of blood covered the floors, authorities found a man and woman in the hideous

poses of death. Their throats had been slashed from ear to ear — and they had been pumped full of bullets.

The macabre scene in the second-floor apartment, where coloured Christmas bulbs were flashing around a Yule bell decoration hanging by a window, was given a further garish touch when police spotted a third victim lying on the floor.

Only this victim still had life left in him — an astonishing fact, since he'd been meted the same murderous punishment with knife and gun as the other two persons in the apartment.

An ambulance rushed Ben Mears, 38, to the hospital in nearby Port Jefferson, where surgery was performed to save his life. Detective-Sergeant Robert Misegades and two of his men later positioned themselves near the intensive-care unit and waited for an opportunity to question Mears.

A double murder and deadly assault weren't the only dramatic elements that surrounded this crime. While the police were stepping about the apartment in the first moments following their arrival, they had heard the faint cries of an infant coming from the rear bedroom. They went to investigate and found an 18-month-old baby girl in her crib. She was the daughter of the dead woman, 25-year-old Virginia Carson. The female victim, a divorcee, had been having a liaison with the man slain by her side. He was identified as Richard Bretz, a 37-year-old private contractor.

Although the motive for the slaughter wasn't immediately known, it had all the appearance of a purposeful killing. But who would commit this crime?

“I'll tell you . . . who did it . . .” The words came slowly, haltingly. Mears had come out of his coma in intensive care and was talking about the murderous rampage.

“It was two guys . . . who knew Dick Bretz . . . One of them's a rotten killer . . . His name is Joe Sullivan . . . You should know him . . .”

Detective-Sergeant Misegades and the officers with him listened to Mears' statement. Halting as it was, they had no doubt as to who the assassin was. An alarm was issued for Joseph Sullivan, but authorities didn't entertain high expectations of his apprehension. They were keenly aware that an alert had been out for him for months in the Molese-Chosthwaite shootings. Thus far, the notorious hood had eluded the dragnet.

The other suspect named by Mears in the double murder in Seldon was identified by Suffolk County police as Marco Tedesco, a 34-year-old resident of Commack, a neighbouring community of Selden. Tedesco was described as a drug-trafficker. He brazenly used the alias of Mark Anthony, the historic Roman general.

Even as Mears lay in the intensive-care unit, the 23-member grand jury that received the evidence in the case went to the hospital and, in an unusual bedside gathering, heard the patient describe the double killing. The grand jurors then voted an indictment. Although Mears didn't spell out a motive, authorities were convinced that the murders were committed over a narcotics deal.

There was yet another entry in Sullivan's rap sheet compiled by Suffolk County police. His ledger was fattened by the addition of an earlier killing — that of cab-driver Gerard B. Bertoli in February, 1981.

His galling touch . . .

“Joseph Sullivan is our prime suspect in this killing, but I can't reveal why we consider him as such,” Captain Holdorf told *True Detective*. “The information we have on this case is confidential, as is what we have unearthed in our inquiry into the double murder in Selden. But I can assure you it's strong evidence — and it will come out in court when we bring Sullivan back to Suffolk County for prosecution in these cases.”

Authorities revealed that their investigation showed that Sullivan and Tedesco had frequently met the victims, Richard Bretz and Virginia Carson, in the Tender Trap, a topless bar in Huntington, another Suffolk County community. It was there that detectives learned about drug deals involving the suspects and the dead couple.

A galling touch to the double murder was added by Sullivan and Tedesco, according to Detective-Sergeant Misegades. He told reporter Jim Mulvaney of *Newsday*, the Long Island newspaper, that after they shot and sliced their victims' throats, Sullivan and Tedesco walked into the Prescription Den — a Selden drugstore — and robbed it of \$3,000 in controlled drugs and \$300 in cash.

Ironically, Jim Mulvaney's lawyer father had defended Joseph Sullivan 14 years earlier, in the case of the John Campbell tavern murder!

Eight days after the double murder and drugstore stickup — on the night of Thursday, December 16th — the scene shifts and we are in Irondequoit, a suburb of Rochester, in upstate New York.

Teamsters' boss John M. Fiorino, aged 44, an undisputed organised-crime associate, has become a prime target for assassination. He has recently agreed to co-operate with a federal investigation

● continued on page 51

A tragic story of
happiness and heartache...

WHEN LOVE AND POLITICS DON'T MIX...

THE YOUNG man entered the apartment building in Covington, Kentucky, at 2.45 a.m. on September 19th, 1981, and made for his first-floor room. A cousin lived on the second floor. He glanced up the stairs and thought it odd that her lights were still on the TV set buzzing. Judith Dennis rarely stayed up late. Puzzled, the man went to investigate — and found 27-year-old Judith Dennis on the floor in her living-room. He head was towards the couch and it lay in a pool of blood.

The sight stunned him. He knew instinctively that there was nothing he could do for the pretty young woman now. Grief overwhelmed him as he hurried down the stairs to phone the police.

The response to his call was quick. Captain Paul Elfert and Detective Tom Robinson appeared within minutes and were directed to the crime scene by the victim's cousin. The young man was too distraught at the moment to answer any questions.

Robinson hurried down the stairs and out to his car, where he radioed Covington police headquarters and asked for reinforcements to be sent to the scene. Elfert remained outside the

victim's apartment and tried to pump the male relative for more information. The captain was anxious to find out if the young man had seen anyone enter Judith's apartment, or leave it. The relative explained through tears that he'd been at work since 5 p.m. the day before and had just returned home a few minutes ago.

After Robinson returned, he and the captain began knocking on doors. Their hope was that they would find someone who had seen Judith's visitor. But apparently that was asking for too much. The case was not going to be wrapped up that easily. The neighbours had not seen anyone near Judith's door. They hadn't heard any loud talking, screams, or sound of a scuffle. They were not being unco-operative, they insisted. It was simply that they had nothing to offer.

As more detectives arrived, Elfert ordered them to canvass the neighbourhood, despite the late hour. He told the investigators to notify the residents that a murder had been committed and that it was important for them to try to remember any incident that may have caught their attention.

Crime scene specialists moved into the murder apartment and set up their gear.

Larry Garrison reports from Kentucky

Photographs were taken of the body and a fingerprint man dusted all flat surfaces in every room. A lock specialist examined the door and windows and found no evidence that there had been a forced entry. So police surmised that Judith had known her assailant and had let him into her apartment.

Detective William Dorsey found several soft-drink cans and a few cigarette butts. He dropped them into evidence bags. He and the fingerprint man were not hopeful of picking up any latents in the apartment, as everything had apparently been wiped clean. The killer had been careful to leave no trace of his presence in Judith's rooms.

The victim's prints were taken. Dorsey also planned to get the young relative's prints and, of course, the suspect's, when he was apprehended. It was possible that the soft-drink cans would yield something. They would be examined later under laboratory conditions.

The specialists also searched for evidence of ransacking. They found none, however. Judith Dennis had kept a neat home. The killer had not disturbed anything in any of the rooms.

The team packed up its gear and was out of the apartment when the coroner, Dr. Robert Reichert, arrived. He went straight to the victim and knelt beside her. What he saw was a pretty, shapely, fully-clothed young woman, who had lost a tremendous amount of blood. He examined her carefully, noting that her throat was discoloured, indicating that she could have been strangled. But it was the neck area that drew his interest. There were deep cuts on it, which accounted for the blood — and they appeared to have been made with a knife.

Judith Dennis was then placed in a body-bag and taken to the morgue. The coroner told Elfert that he would begin the autopsy immediately and would have his report on the captain's desk as soon as possible.

Meanwhile, Detective Robinson questioned Judith's young relative again. The man said he was a postal clerk and that he had gone to work at 5.30 p.m. on Friday and returned home at 2.30 a.m. on Saturday. About 15 minutes later, he had found Judith's body.

Robinson checked with the post office and learned that the young man was telling the truth. He also learned that the victim's cousin had not left the building at all during his shift there.

Other detectives had better luck. They found a witness who said he'd seen a man in Judith's back garden the previous evening. The stranger was wearing a T-shirt, shorts and tennis shoes. The witness said it was too dark

Victim Judith Dennis, found dead in her apartment. She had been strangled and her killer had made an amateurish attempt to cut her head off!

to see the man's face. And he didn't know what the man was doing. No, he didn't notice where the stranger went — and he wasn't sure he would recognise him if he saw him again.

Elfert was grateful for that item of information, but not satisfied. There had to be more. He ordered his squad to do some more canvassing. "Maybe somebody else saw the guy and recognised him," he told them.

The captain and Robinson returned to Judith's apartment to inspect her personal papers. There could be a note from someone — a letter, or some other document — which would give them a clue to her killer's identity. But, after a two-hour search, they found nothing.

Again, the other officers' luck was better. They came up with the name of a local resident who passed himself off as Judith Dennis's "Guardian angel." Neighbours said that the young man often spent hours "Guarding" her residence.

Elfert was now satisfied that the investigation was moving forward. He told his men: "Find that guy and bring him to headquarters. And I want that witness to see him." He referred to the man who had seen the T-shirted stranger in Judith's back garden.

While the captain waited in his office, he received a call from Dr. Reichert, who had completed the autopsy. The coroner revealed that the victim had died of manual strangulation and that an amateurish attempt had been made to cut off her head. The killer's knife had dug deeply into the woman's flesh at her throat and neck, but had not severed the spinal cord. The coroner stated that the victim hadn't been raped. He also told the captain: "She died sometime between 8 and 10 p.m. Rigor mortis had set in when I examined her in the apartment. Her body was cold."

Her "guardian angel"

He paused, then told Elfert: "She had a baby recently."

"How recently?"

"Can't tell. Maybe three or four months ago."

Elfert hung up. He assigned an officer to find out what he could about the baby's birth. "Get me the father's name, the hospital involved — and the baby's blood type."



At this point, detectives brought in Roger Cooper — Judith Dennis's "guardian angel." The young man was neatly dressed and understandably nervous. He insisted that he'd had nothing to do with Judith's death, that he had really cared for her — and was "heartsick now that she was dead."

The captain wanted to know why Cooper had felt it was necessary to guard Judith's house. The young man's answer was vague. The gist of his statement was that he hadn't wanted anything to happen to her and had felt it was his duty to look after her.

Elfert then asked Cooper if he'd been in Judith's apartment the previous night. The answer was a shake of the head. He was also asked if he knew of anyone who would want to harm the woman. Again, the answer was in the negative.

While the captain was engaged with Cooper, Robinson appeared at the door with a middle-aged man. Robinson pointed to Cooper and the witness shook his head. The detective then moved the man away from the door.

The captain assured Cooper that he was not a suspect, but wanted to know if he would mind being fingerprinted.

Prime suspect in the murder was victim's former boy friend Gary Parrott. Prominent in local politics, he was also an active crime-fighter

Cooper agreed. Before he left the captain's office with a detective, he was told that he had to remain on call until the case was concluded.

Minutes later, Robinson entered the captain's office. "The witness told me that Cooper wasn't the guy he saw last night. We have to find somebody shorter and stockier," the detective said.

Elfert wasn't surprised. Cooper did not strike him as a suspect. Yet he did feel that the man knew more than he was telling. Judith had been in danger — and the odds were good that Cooper knew where the danger had come from.

Later that day, Detective Dorsey found a good clear fingerprint on one of the soft-drink cans picked up in the murder apartment. It wasn't the victim's. Nor did it belong to Judith's cousin. Elfert suggested that Dorsey try to match it with the prints of Roger Cooper. He did, but there was no match.

This single fingerprint was important. If a suspect could be apprehended and his print matched the one found on the can, it would at least place him in Judith's apartment. The way the probers saw it, this was their only solid clue. They had nothing else. No eyewitnesses, no leads from anyone questioned so far, no

solid suspects. They didn't even have the knife used to cut Judith's neck and throat.

The detective assigned to find out about Judith's baby was unable to learn at the hospital who the father was, or where the baby was being cared for. So Elfert told him to examine the files in the local courthouse. Someone had legal custody and there had to be a record of it.

The captain then assigned detectives to question all of Judith's friends. If the woman had been in trouble, someone had to know about it.

This canvass took days. Investigators talked to a lot of people who'd known Judith Dennis. One young woman said that she had been in Judith's apartment on the night she was murdered. No one else had been there. When she left, however, she'd noticed a man standing in the shadows across the street. She hadn't been able to see his face.

The investigators guessed that this man could have been Judith's "guardian angel," Roger Cooper. But then again, it could have been the killer.

The probers pounded a lot of pavement and did a great deal of questioning. And, eventually, one name kept cropping up — that of Gary Parrott. Everyone in Covington who followed political manoeuverings had heard of Parrott. A former real estate broker, he was currently a candidate for the Covington City Commission. He was a stocky man with a small moustache and a shock of brown hair. Police knew him as a determined warrior in the battle against crime.

The day after Judith's murder, Parrott had told a reporter from *The Kentucky Post*: "I've been fighting against crime for years and years, doing what I can to eliminate it. We have to start punishing people for the crimes they commit. I feel that criminals are not punished enough. There is too long a delay between the time a crime is committed and any punishment administered — if any *is* administered. I feel that quick punishment is a very big deterrent to crime."

Detectives learned that Gary Parrott and Judith had become lovers during the summer of 1980. According to the couple's friends, the romance had cooled when Judith became pregnant. When the woman had her baby on June 1st, 1981, she and Parrott were no longer seeing each other.

Investigators did not consider Parrott a suspect. It seemed unlikely that a man running for political office would jeopardise his chances by committing a murder. Nevertheless, a background check was run on him — and detectives learned that Parrott, a Covington resident all his life, was divorced and



planned to marry in a few weeks. As a public figure, he was outspoken on crime. And the murder of Judith Dennis had brought this published quote from him: "I guess I was kind of disappointed in a way, because I hate to see anything like this happen. The real bad thing, you know, is the children. How do you justify taking someone's parents away from them? You know, I guess that's kind of a sore spot with me, because I got divorced years ago — and I feel that I was taken away from my son. I still see him once a week, but it's still kind of a sore spot."

The investigation of the man so far gave no indication that he was violent. But since all other avenues of the probe began to dry up, the detectives stayed with Parrott.

And it was fortunate that they did. For a run through police records revealed that Parrott had once shot and killed a man. The incident had occurred on December 22nd, 1978, when Parrott claimed to have seen someone lurking outside his apartment. According to police records, he'd hurried into his bedroom and got out two weapons — a .38-calibre revolver and a .410 gauge shotgun. Parrott then said that he'd heard his kitchen door crash open and Wendell Dixon, aged 18, had come bursting in.

Parrott, convinced that Dixon had come to rob him, levelled the shotgun at the intruder and pulled the trigger. A cluster of buckshot ripped through Dixon's neck. Parrott then pressed the revolver to Dixon's mouth and pulled the trigger, finishing him off.

There had been a grand jury investigation, but no indictment. Parrott had claimed that, when he fired his weapons, he'd been afraid for his life. Yet Dixon's family had felt that the shooting was a set-up, that the victim was shot outside the house and then dragged inside.

Commonwealth Attorney Frank Trusty cited Kentucky law, which says that deadly force is legal to prevent a burglary. Trusty added: "Frankly, it

Levelled the shotgun

wouldn't make any difference whether he was shot inside the house, or outside it. The issue is whether he was shot while committing a burglary."

The incident was important to the current probe. For it meant that, at the time of the Dixon shooting, Parrott must have been photographed and fingerprinted. Those prints were undoubtedly still on file. If Parrott's print matched the one picked up on the soft-drink can, it would put him at the

scene of the crime. So they dug out the set of prints and hurried off to Detective Dorsey to see how many points matched up.

Dorsey examined both prints under a microscope for a long period. He raised his head finally, then said: "No good. Not enough points match up to say the print is Parrott's."

The probers were devastated. They felt now that they'd been investigating a man who in all likelihood was innocent. They had been on the probe for days and had not come up with anything that was in any way incriminating. But, despite the setback, they continued to dig up as much information about Gary Parrott as they could.

That meant talking to dozens of people who knew the man. What's more, most of what they heard was on the positive side. He was known as a one-man crusader against what he called "a clique that ran the city government with no interest in being fair." When a reporter had questioned him about a definition of the clique, Parrott said: "I don't know exactly for sure who is in it. I haven't done a thorough enough search to find everyone involved."

According to Parrott, the clique was systematically trying to run property owners like himself out of town through uneven enforcement of housing codes and zoning laws. He was also a fighter for the rights of the elderly and the poor.

The probers also learned some other things about Gary Parrott. They had to do with his attempts to work as a real estate broker. Detectives questioned a realtor who'd hired Parrott back in 1978. The man said: "He didn't work for me very long. I'd say a month at the most. He was a personable guy, but I wouldn't call him a good salesman. He had a tendency to procrastinate.

"There are some things that you can't exactly put your finger on," the realtor said. "And it was like that in this instance. He really didn't seem to fit in with the rest of the company. I had heard a lot of things about him that I didn't particularly care for. He hung around in a lot of Covington bars with a pretty rough crowd. That wasn't exactly the image I was looking for in my employees."

The realtor said that after he'd fired Parrott, the latter had gone to work for another realtor. "He wasn't there for very long before he shot and killed that guy (Wendell Dixon). I guess that wasn't the kind of image the other realtor was looking for, either."

The probers had put together a pretty good profile on Gary Parrott, but they didn't have enough evidence to charge him with murder. For one thing, they couldn't put him at the crime scene. There were no eyewitnesses. No motive.

The probe entered October and was now a month old. The question of Judith's baby was still a mystery, but only because the detective assigned to that phase was taken off to assume other duties. When he returned to the courthouse files, however, he uncovered a surprise.

On June 1st, 1981, two months before Judith was murdered, she had filed a paternity suit against Gary Parrott. She'd claimed that Parrott was the father of her child.

A possible motive . . .

Captain Elfert felt that the suit offered a possible motive. A scandal like that could ruin Parrott's chances of being elected to the city commission. So the captain assigned two detectives to question him.

Parrott surprisingly told the probers that he'd been in Judith's apartment on the night she was murdered. "But," he added, "when I left her, she was still alive." That admission was the extent of his co-operation with the police. He refused to answer any more questions. When it was suggested to him that he might take a lie-detector test, he refused. He said there was no reason for him to take such a test, because he did not kill Judith Dennis. He said he had no reason to do so — that they had been friends.

Elfert had not expected Parrott to break down and confess. What he knew for certain was that his homicide team had a lot more work to do. He was convinced that there were people out there who knew all there was to know about the murder, but that they weren't coming forward — either because of friendship with Parrott, or because they were being intimidated.

The captain was convinced, for instance, that somebody knew something about the knife — and that somebody had heard Parrott talk about the murder. As he ordered his men to find out who Parrott hung around with, the captain said that he wanted every one of Parrott's friends questioned thoroughly. He also wanted every man and woman to be reminded that withholding information in a murder case could result in criminal charges.

So once again the homicide team hit the streets and talked to people who knew Gary Parrott. They went to local bars and talked to bartenders, waitresses and patrons. They talked to Parrott's political cronies. Just about everyone in Covington who knew Parrott was approached by homicide detectives. And the extra effort paid off.

One male witness said that Parrott had admitted killing Judith Dennis. The

man said: "He told me they tussled a little bit. He said, 'The little bitch flipped me over her back.' Finally, he said, he got a chance to strangle her."

Another man told detectives that Parrott had taken a blowtorch to Goebel Park and burned a T-shirt, shorts and a pair of tennis shoes. He said he wasn't sure whether it was Parrott himself who did the burning, or a relative. But he was certain that the items were reduced to ashes.

Still another witness reported that the weapon the cops were looking for could be found in Goebel Park. He didn't know exactly where in the park — but he'd heard it was there.

This phase of the investigation took weeks. Gary Parrott got married and campaigned hard for the city commission post. In November, he came in last in a field of eight. He claimed now that *The Kentucky Post* and the police had conspired to tie him to the murder of Judith Dennis. He said he was "exploited by the newspaper" and said that what "the *Post* wrote was a lie. They got almost everything wrong."

Later, Parrott told a reporter: "In spite of what people are saying about me, I do not condone violence. I don't know who's doing it, but someone is trying to give the impression that I am a very, very violent person. As a matter of fact, not long after I announced my candidacy, I went to a city council meeting with a briefcase. Someone left the room and called the chief of police and told him I had a bomb in my briefcase, which was completely ridiculous."

Despite his protestations, he was subpoenaed before the grand jury investigating the Dennis murder. Sources close to the investigation said that Parrott pleaded his Fifth Amendment rights against self-incrimination when he was questioned. In the end, however, the grand jury found sufficient reason to formally charge him with murder.

Captain Elfert and his homicide team had one loose end to tie up — the knife used to cut the victim's throat and neck. A metal-detector was taken to Goebel Park and the search was started. The hunt was long, tedious and tiring. Detectives, working in shifts, picked up a lot of metal junk, which they bagged so that they wouldn't keep running the detector over it.

The probers and Commonwealth Attorney Trusty believed that the knife was important to the case. It would be one more piece of evidence to lay before the court. So the search went on well into late March, with Parrott's trial date — April 27th, 1982 — looming ever nearer.

To the probers' way of thinking, they had covered every inch of Goebel Park and had not found the knife. Nevertheless, they kept at it.

And finally, in early April, they found a knife. It's tip had been broken off and there were stains on it that could have been blood. The weapon was sent to the crime lab, where tests confirmed that the substance was blood. What could not be determined, however, was its type.

Investigators wondered what had happened to the knife's tip. Was it still in the victim's body? Commonwealth Attorney Trusty and the Covington police were determined to find out. And thus, on April 19th, they obtained authorisation to have Judith Dennis's body exhumed.

The body was sent to the morgue in Hamilton County, Ohio, where a second autopsy revealed that the tip of a knife was lodged in the victim's fifth vertebrae. The tip and the rest of the knife were examined together under a microscope. They matched up perfectly.

The next move was to tie ownership of the knife to Gary Parrott. And detectives soon traced the store in which the accused had purchased the knife.

The prosecutor was now ready to go to court. During his opening remarks to the jury, he called the case of a story of love, happiness and heartache. Commonwealth Attorney Trusty said: "The story began in the summer of 1980, when Judith Dennis had the ultimate misfortune to meet, date and fall in love with the defendant, Gary Parrott. Beginning from that time on, we see a steady march," he said. "A prelude to murder.

"You will hear the defendant say that Judith Dennis was going to drop her paternity suit. You won't hear that from anyone else. You will hear only that she did co-operate and was prepared to go through with it."

Trusty went on: "You will hear a witness testify that the defendant admitted killing Judith Dennis. You will hear another witness testify that the defendant tried to cut off Judith's head to make sure she was dead.

Admitted the murder

"The evidence will point unerringly at the person who committed this horrendous crime," Trusty said. "It will point at Gary Parrott. And he did it for the worst possible reason — his own, personal political advancement."

The trial lasted until May 5th, 1982. Trusty paraded several witnesses for the prosecution to the stand. The evidence against the defendant was overwhelming

The baby at the centre of controversy. Two months before she was murdered, Judith filed a lawsuit against Parrott, claiming he was the child's father!



— and the jurors found Gary Parrott guilty of second-degree murder.

The jurors also set Parrott's sentence at 20 years. Defence Attorney Wilbur Zevely stated that he would not appeal. He said: "You've got to remember, if you appeal and it gets reversed and you try again, he could get more years."

As it is, the 36-year-old convicted killer did not do badly. He could be released after doing four years. He had already served six months in the Kenton County jail while awaiting trial. With that time knocked off the four years, Gary Parrott could be released as early as December, 1985.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Roger Cooper is not the real name of the person so named in this story.

Vietnam War Hero Charged With Barber's Murder

Artist's sketch of the Vietnam war hero suspected of the murder of female barber Maggie Gosforth. A former employee, he had allegedly been sacked, due to the money he owed . . .

TIME HAD beaten him down so that now he was stooped at the shoulders and tottery, as old people are who are not in vigorous health. And he looked bewildered at 10 a.m. on that Thursday, October 22nd, 1981, when he reported to police that Maggie Gosforth was missing.

"I . . . I got a phone call last night asking for a ransom," the elderly man stammered. Maggie, it would be learned, was the old man's nearest living relative. He appeared lost and alone without her.

Another relative who accompanied the old man to the police station shook his head in pity. "There wasn't any phone call," he contradicted. "He's just confused and worried. But Maggie is missing."

Police in Muskogee, Oklahoma, routinely filed a missing person report on Maxine "Maggie" Gosforth, 56-year-old white female, brunette, thick-set, owner of the Exchange Barber and Styling Shop in this little northeastern Oklahoma town. The report stated simply that the woman had not returned home on Wednesday night, something she had never failed to do in all the years of her marriage. She was last known to be driving her tan 1975 Chevrolet station wagon.

With a population of less than 50,000. Muskogee was still small enough for people to know and recognise its eccentrics and its characters. Maggie's barber shop was only a block away from police headquarters. Like most of the city's downtown population, the police knew Maggie as a healthy, robust eccentric, with a pair of iron bellows for lungs and a slab of gold for a heart.

To the winos and vagrants who prowled the downtown streets, Maggie was the angel they could always depend on for a handout when times were hard. To her many friends, she was a warm shoulder to cry on. To taxi-drivers and her fellow merchants, she was a hearty "Hello!" even on a rainy morning.

Police were simply not inclined to suspect any foul play in her disappearance. Not at first.

"The old man with his talk about ransom demands seemed senile," a police spokesman said. "What we figured was that Maggie had just taken off for a day or two on her own. She'd show up again — just as big and lifelike as ever."

Nevertheless, late that same Thursday afternoon, Detective Sam McDaniel spotted a tan station wagon apparently abandoned in the car park of the Lakeland Shopping Centre, on Muskogee's northwest side. A licence plate check revealed that the vehicle belonged to none other than Maxine Gosforth. The wagon was unlocked, the keys were in the ignition, while one of the rear windows was rolled down. Inside, on the front seat, were an unopened box of Kentucky Fried Chicken

**BAD DEBT
CLUE TO WOMAN'S
KILLING**



and a real estate sales contract made out to Maxine Gosforth.

"Maggie never would have left her keys in the car, even if she left it unlocked," a lifelong friend of hers observed. "It looks to me like she bought chicken and was on her way home to eat when, for some reason, she simply disappeared."

Police staked out the car until it became obvious that no one was about to return to it. Then crime lab. technicians scoured it with the proverbial fine-toothed comb. They turned up — nothing. No blood. No signs of a struggle. No fingerprints. As one technician pointed out, however: "It appears someone wiped down the inside of the car with a cloth to make sure there were no fingerprints left."

With the discovery of Maggie's abandoned car, police were forced to drop their initial assumption that she would voluntarily return home in a few days. They were now compelled to consider the very real possibility that a homicide had occurred in their relatively peaceful jurisdiction. Detectives Allen Simmons and Homer Beaver were assigned to probe the case. They began by questioning the staff at Maggie's shop.

"She was trying to sell a rooming-house she owned," one of them told the officers. "She left the barber shop on Wednesday morning and that was the last time we saw her."

"Who did she leave with?"

"She was alone."

"Did she have any enemies? Any recent quarrels or disagreements with anyone?"

"None that we know of," the employee replied. "Maggie knows a lot of people. Everybody called her a soft touch. If you needed money, you went to Maggie. She gave money to vagrants — and she'd lend money to almost anyone. If she lent it to you, though, she expected you to pay it back. If you didn't, she could be pretty hard-headed about dogging you to repay it."

"If you needed money, you went to Maggie. She lent money to almost everyone"

A friend, Mrs. Paula Curtin, said she had warned Maggie not to associate with the "down-and-outs" who loitered around her barber shop. "But she always said that no one cared if they lived or died," Mrs. Curtis continued. "She should have been a mission worker. I don't think one of those bums or winos would hurt her — but someone might have who thought she had money on her."

Maggie owned this barber shop in skid row section of town. When she went missing, police wondered if she had fallen victim to one of the weirdos who frequented the area

Police picked up Maggie's trail from when she left home at 7 a.m. on Wednesday morning. She had been wearing a brown trouser-suit. From the barber shop, her trail led to the real estate office whose name was listed on the sales contract found in her deserted car.

"She was here about noon on Wednesday," Barbara Hynds, a real estate agent, advised the detectives. "I was helping her sell some property she owned. She left here to go to lunch."

"Do you know where she was having lunch?"

"She didn't say."

The real estate agent paused to reflect on a thought which had almost slipped her mind. "I don't know if this is important or not," she said, "but Maggie did make a phone call before she left."

"Do you know who she called?"

"I don't know if it was a man or woman or what. She had the number scribbled down on a piece of paper in her purse. All I heard was her telling somebody that she would pick them up at home. That's all I know."

It wasn't much to go on. The trail after Maggie left the real estate office was a cold one. It obviously snaked by the Kentucky Fried Chicken place on 32nd Street, but none of the staff there recalled anyone of Maggie's description being there on Wednesday. And the trail ended completely at the Lakeland Shopping Centre. Everything beyond her abandoned car was a complete mystery.

Detectives passed the word to police patrolmen to keep their eyes and ears tuned for some vagrant who might either be spending money or talking about the lady barber. Policemen visited the few flophouses along the railroad tracks. They questioned patrons of skid row bars. They interviewed prostitutes and junkies.

"Where's Maggie?" they wanted to know. "Maggie was going to pick up someone to take him somewhere on Wednesday. Was it one of you wanting a job or a handout?"

"No one down here would harm a hair on that woman's head!" one skid row habitue cried. "If one of us did do it, don't you think the rest of us would find out and tell?"

Then who did Maggie phone that noon? Police were convinced that whoever it was had to have something to do with her disappearance. Since she'd

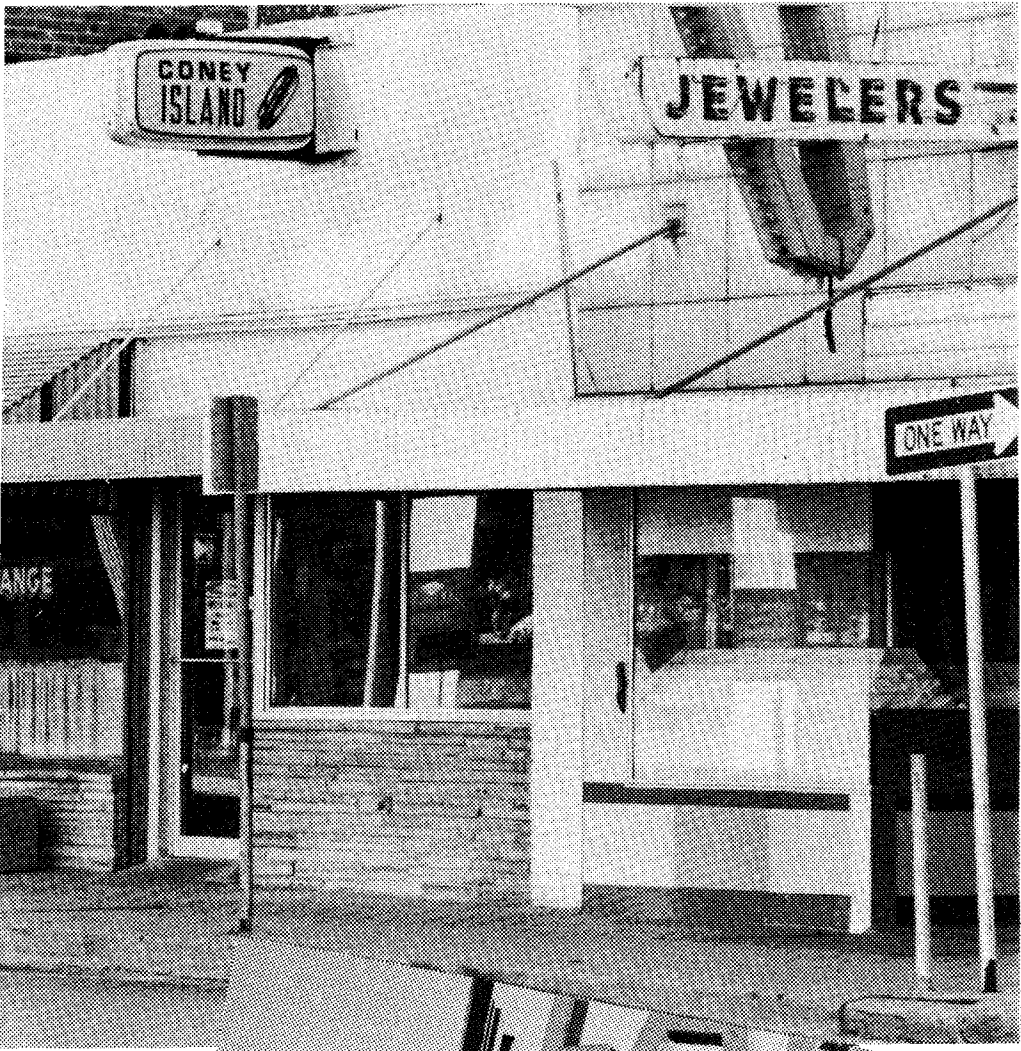


had the number written down on a scrap of paper, logical deduction indicated that the person she called was either a recent acquaintance, someone she called infrequently, or a friend who had acquired a new phone number.

On Friday afternoon, Detective Simmons received a surprise phone call from a man who said he had known Maggie many years. The information the man offered was not altogether startling, since police already knew about Maggie's penchant for lending and giving away her money. However, for the first time, officers were being given a name.

"Frankie Lee Jacobson," the informant said. "He used to work for Maggie at the barber shop. He owed Maggie some money and she'd been trying to collect it from him. On Wednesday morning, Frankie called her and threatened to kill her if she didn't leave him alone. Later that morning, Maggie told me that Frankie called her back to apologise and say he would do some work for her to help pay off his debt."

Simmons requested a routine records check on the name, after learning that



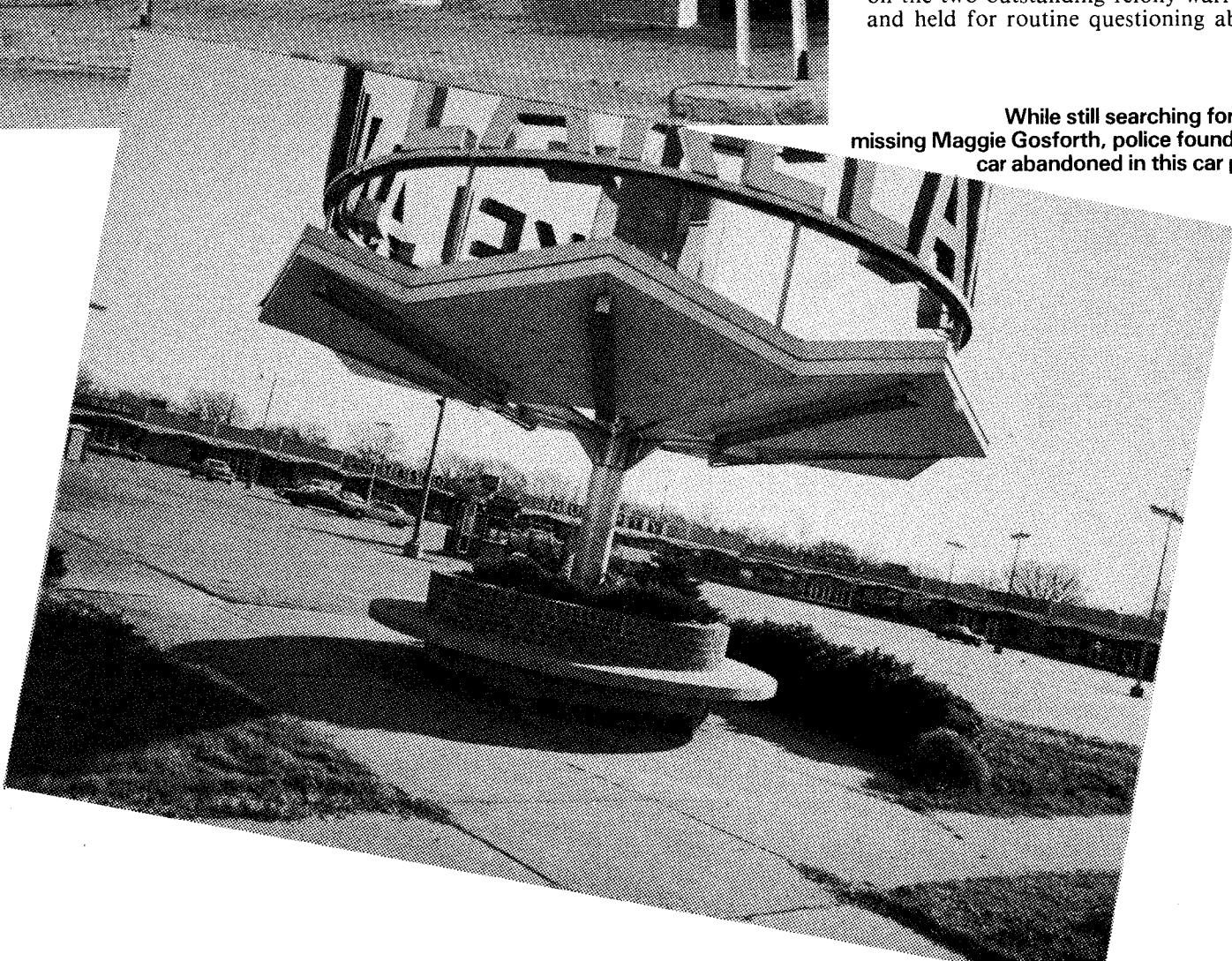
Jacobson was a 32-year-old white male with a rap sheet. His police jacket revealed three felony convictions — for unlawful delivery of marijuana, embezzlement and child-stealing. He was currently wanted on two felony warrants for revocation of the suspended sentences he had received from two of the convictions. His photo showed him to be a short man — 5 feet 4, with a long thin face, a bony nose, large eyes, plus a mop of unruly brown hair. He was a Vietnam combat veteran who listed his civilian occupation as “hair stylist.”

A quick trip back to Maggie’s shop accumulated some more interesting information. Jacobson owed Maggie \$675. Maggie had fired him, in what was described as a dispute over the debt. A few weeks later, in September, Jacobson had married a woman named Doris Calhoun.

Police were unable to come up with a new place of employment or a new address for Maggie’s former employee. The present occupants of Jacobson’s previous residences did not know what had become of him, apart from believing that he was still living somewhere in Muskogee.

Detective Beaver put out an alert, requesting that the fugitive be arrested on the two outstanding felony warrants and held for routine questioning about

While still searching for the missing Maggie Gosforth, police found her car abandoned in this car park



what might have happened to Maggie Gosforth. But there were no immediate results.

Saturday, October 24th was the fourth day of Maggie Gosforth's disappearance. At dawn, a hunter stalking Canadian geese on the Arkansas River, which skirts the northeastern edge of Muskogee, found more than geese. He was settling down into a frosty blind of dead grass when he chanced to spot a large partially-submerged object caught in a drift near the east bank, not far from the Oklahoma Gas and Electric Company's power plant. Curiosity drove him to investigate. Alarm drove him to abandon his hunting. What he had found was corpse wrapped in a blanket, like a huge cocoon.

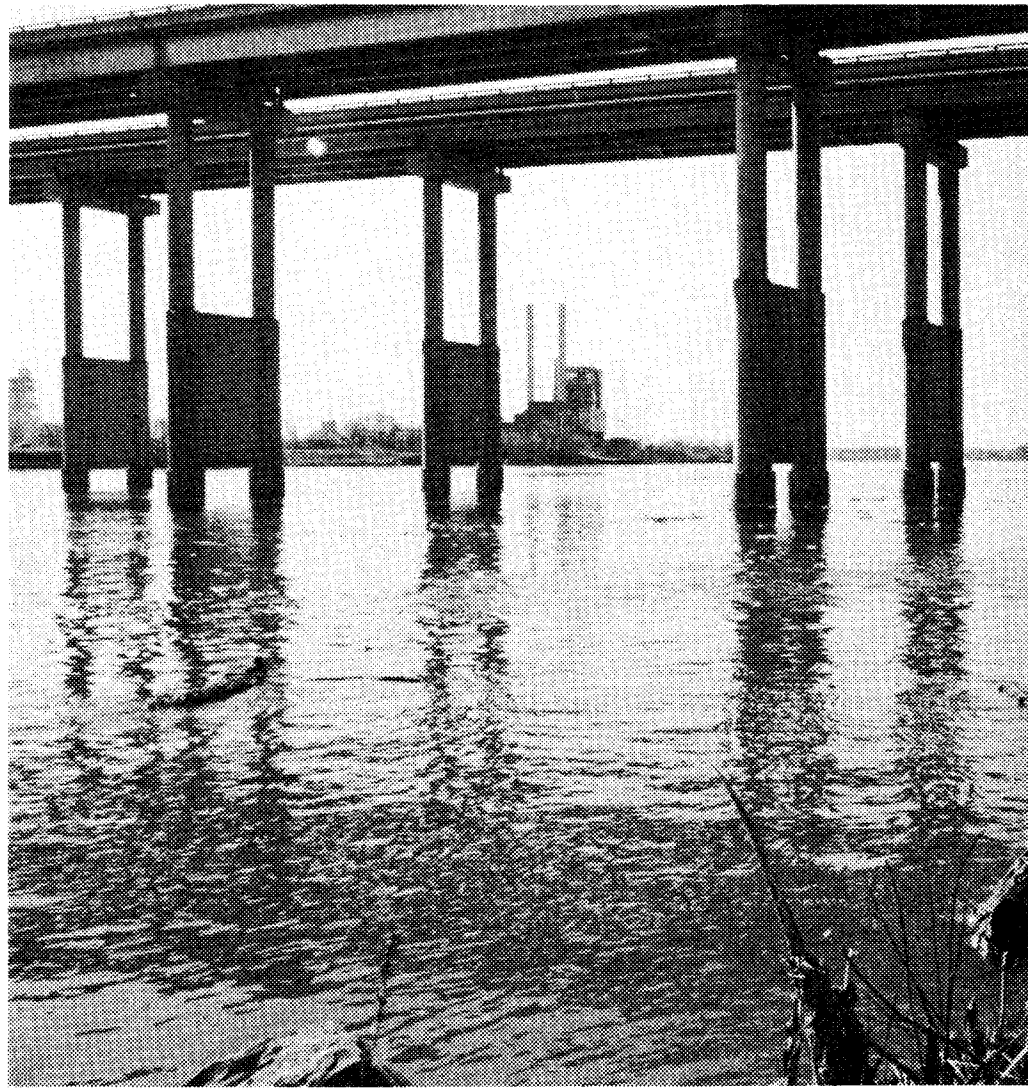
"There's somebody dead in a blanket in the river!" he exclaimed frantically to the first policeman he spotted, crossing the river at the bridge half a mile from the scene. And by 10 a.m. that chill Saturday, a dozen officers and crime-scene specialists were gathered at the spot, their breaths making cold little clumps of fog in the damp air, to salvage the wrap and its grim contents.

Among the policemen were Detectives Allen Simmons and Homer Beaver. Their missing person case had now become a full-blown homicide, just as they had feared. There could be little doubt that the body was that of Maxine Gosforth. She was still dressed in the brown trouser-suit in which she was last seen on Wednesday. The cold water had preserved her remarkably.

The wrap containing the body was a quilted green-and-white patterned bedspread comforter, knotted in the middle and at the head and foot. Detectives unwrapped the soggy burden without disturbing the knots, which might later be classed as evidence. The grisly remains inside had been bound and gagged. Red shoestrings restrained the victim's hands behind her back, while an electrical cord with white paint splotches on it kept her legs together at the ankles. A piece of the same cord was drawn so tightly across her mouth that it had dislodged her false teeth and cut a deep furrow in the back of her neck. An ugly puncture wound on the back of her skull led officers to conclude that she had been coldly executed with a bullet to the head.

Her purse was missing. That was the one item detectives most wanted to recover, since it probably still contained the scrap of paper with the phone number of the person Maggie had planned to meet at noon on Wednesday. Police occupied the rest of that Saturday searching the river banks for additional clues — and for Maggie's purse. They found nothing.

Detectives finally settled on the bridge



half a mile upriver as the most logical place for a suspect to have dumped the body into the muddy water, although they found no evidence there to support this assumption. They were frankly baffled by the whole thing. Robbery as a motive just didn't make sense. Even when robbers kill their victims, they almost never go to so much trouble to dispose of a corpse.

*The police were baffled.
Robbery as a motive just
didn't make any sense . . .*

By Sunday morning, October 27th, little progress had been made in the case. The only real contribution came from the state medical examiner, Dr. Mohammed Merchant. And his contribution contradicted what police had first deduced about Maggie's death.

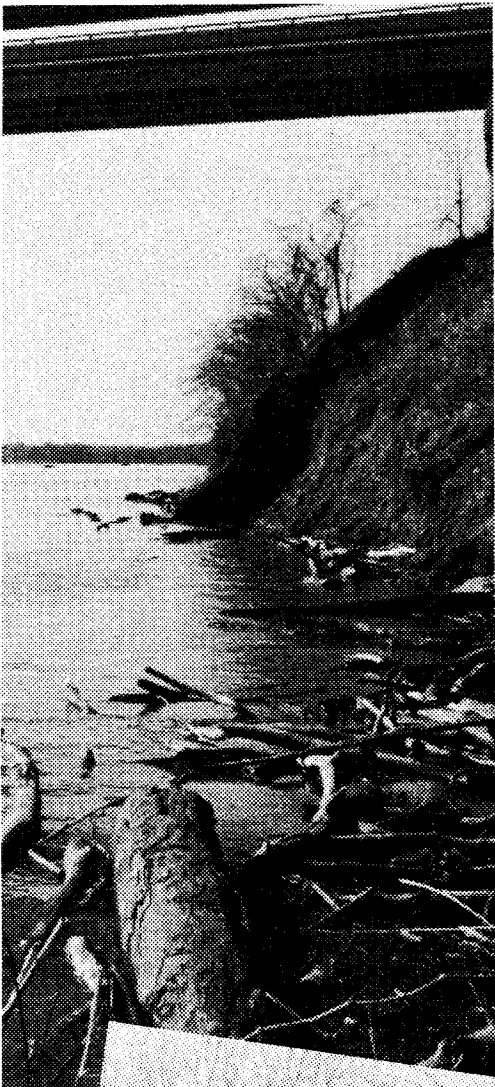
For Maggie had not been shot. The wound to the back of her head, while serious and perhaps bloody, had not been fatal. And it had been made not by

a bullet, but by some sharp instrument. "Maybe like an edged club, or something of that nature," the doctor added.

The real cause of Maggie's death was manual strangulation. Someone had choked her to death. While that revelation was baffling in itself, the real shocker came when the medical examiner announced that the deceased had had sexual intercourse shortly before her death. There was no indication of forcible rape, the doctor said. That, plus the fact that she had been fully clothed when found, could only lead police to surmise that she'd had voluntary sex with her murderer.

Simmons and Beaver at last learned that Frankie Jacobson's new wife Doris worked at a local clothing store. Off for the weekend, she returned to work on Monday morning and was greeted by the two detectives.

"My husband is out of town on business," the plain-looking woman told them. "I don't know why you would want to talk to him about this. He ain't killed nobody."



Maggie's corpse, wrapped in a blanket, was discovered in the Arkansas River. She had been beaten and then strangled to death . . .

Although the expression on her face remained carelessly non-committal, she seemed to be concealing an undercurrent of tension. At least, so Simmons thought. It was such, at any rate, that his suspicions were aroused. The detectives then took Mrs. Jacobson to police headquarters for further questioning.

Once there, the expression on her face did not change. According to Assistant District Attorney Greg Thomas, the young woman maintained repeatedly that neither she nor her husband knew the slightest thing about Maggie Gosforth's untimely death.

"In fact, I think I only met her once or twice," Doris concluded. "What reason would Frankie have to do this to her?"

The officers couldn't answer that. Murder was a helluva way to cancel a debt, especially since arrangements had apparently already been worked out for Frankie to pay it off. Still . . .

Simmons recalled the report that the victim had had sex prior to death. He studied Doris Jacobson's face carefully. Had Doris's husband Frankie been having an affair with Maggie? Had Doris unexpectedly come home on Wednesday and caught her husband in bed with his former employer? Had there been an argument, a fight? Or had

Doris actually killed Maggie Gosforth?

It was possible, Assistant DA Thomas agreed. It might even be more logical than suspecting Frankie of the crime. Moreover, Thomas just couldn't picture Frankie Jacobson as a killer. They had attended junior high school together. The assistant DA remembered the young Jacobson as a "typical lower-income kid. Rougher than most, but not a scrapper or a fighter."

Of course, that had been years ago. A lot of things could happen in a man's life during that time. For instance, Frankie Lee Jacobson was now an ex-convict. And he had fought in Vietnam. Three voluntary tours in combat — that didn't sound like a man who was not a scrapper or a fighter now.

As for Detective Simmons, he didn't like what he was reading in the face of the woman sitting across from him. On a sudden inspiration, he requested her permission to search her house for evidence. She even seemed eager to show police her two-bedroom home, situated on a quiet residential street.

Frankie Jacobson was not at home. "He's not back from Fort Smith, Arkansas, yet," Doris explained, as Simmons and Beaver entered the Jacobson house, uncertain of exactly what it was they might be searching for. Certainly, if Maggie had been killed there, her killer, whoever it was, had had ample time to get rid of any evidence.

At the beginning of the search, Doris Jacobson neither assisted nor hindered. She simply remained inconspicuous and out of the way. It was, Simmons realised with a start, almost like she was waiting and hoping that they *would* find something.

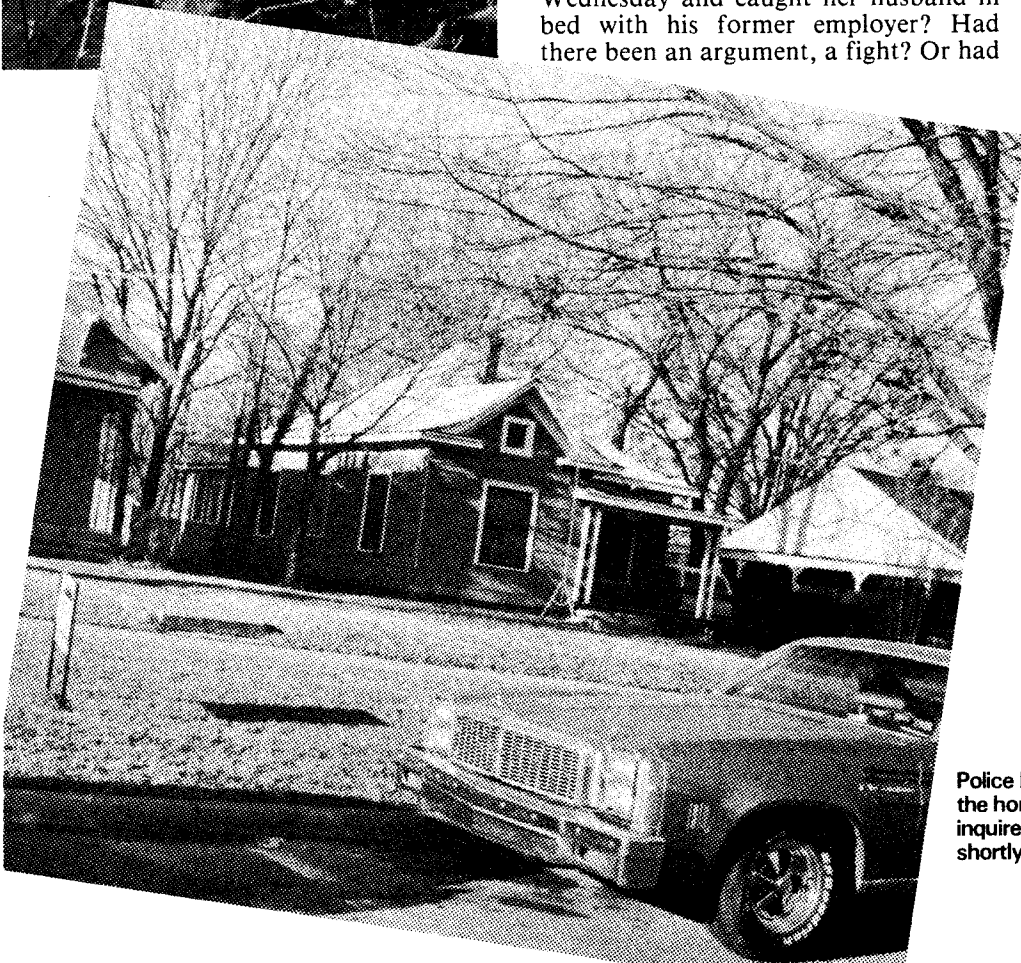
It didn't take long to discover the ugly stain on the carpet beneath the arching doorway which separated the living-room from the dining-room. Simmons and Beaver knelt to examine it. It appeared to be ketchup and flour, an odd combination of foodstuffs. Then, looking closer, the lawmen realised that what they were seeing was someone's attempt to disguise bloodstains by dropping condiments on them.

The officers then continued their search with greater confidence. A few minutes later, they found bloodstains and embedded hairs on a door hinge protruding from the archway.

"Did someone get hurt in the house recently?" Beaver asked Mrs. Jacobson.

"Not that I know of."

"Then where did the blood come from here in the doorway?"



Police learned that Maggie visited the home (left) of a former boy friend to inquire about an overdue debt shortly before she mysteriously vanished

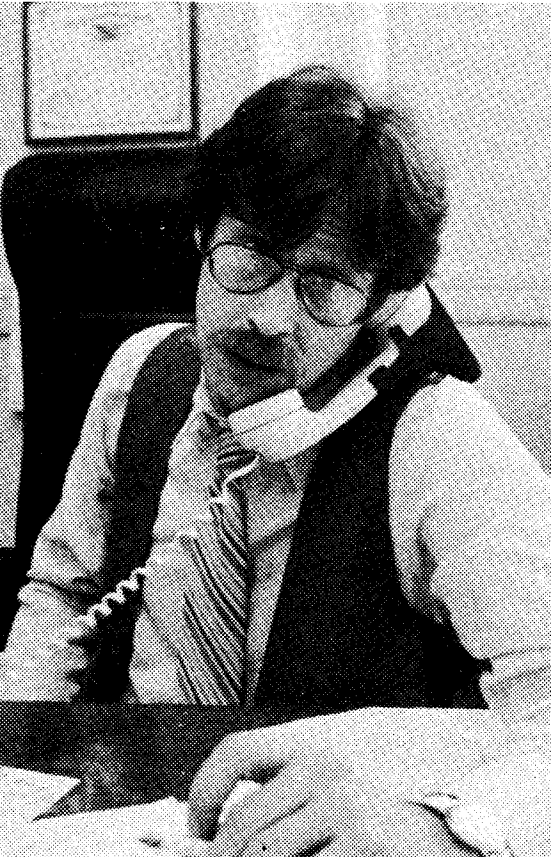
Doris Jacobson could not answer that. The detectives grew increasingly suspicious — and their questions became more barbed.

“Did you kill Mrs. Gosforth?”

“Did your husband kill Mrs. Gosforth?”

Her reply, both times, was: “No!”

A pair of shoe roller-skates found in a back closet were without any laces. According to the officers, Mrs. Jacobson unhesitatingly agreed that the missing laces were red in colour. Maggie’s hands had been tied with red shoelaces.



Assistant District Attorney Greg Thomas. He prosecuted the case against Frankie Lee Jacobson, a former Vietnam war hero . . .

The searchers found a floor-lamp, with part of its electrical cord freshly cut off and missing. What little stub of cord remained was splotted with white paint — exactly like the cord which had secured Maggie’s ankles.

Simmons was certain in his own mind that they were finally on the right track. The only questions remaining were: Why was Maggie murdered? And which one of the Jacobsons did it?

“I don’t know nothing!” Doris insisted stubbornly.

Yet, incredibly enough, while she continued to deny any involvement in the crime, she readily answered all questions put to her. She showed the

detectives a note her husband had left for her before leaving town on business. The note read: “I’m in trouble right now. I need to get out till things cool down.”

“I don’t know what trouble he’s talking about,” she said.

Mrs. Jacobson even admitted to owning a green comforter. She described exactly the one which had been used as a burial garment for the woman dumped into the river, including the very spot where a seam had been ripped out of it. “I don’t have it now,” she said. “It’s gone.”

Simmons and Beaver drove her to the medical examiner’s office to look at the comforter removed from Maggie’s body. She took one look at the coverlet and nodded her head. “That’s mine. I had it on our bed.”

The officers acknowledged being perplexed even now. Here she was, doing everything to help solve the crime — except confess to it. Why? Did she want to be apprehended — or did she want police to apprehend Frankie, while she justified her co-operation with the police against her own husband by pretending that she had nothing to do with “discoveries” being made?

By noon that Monday, police were able to answer that question. Records at the clothing store where Doris worked revealed that she had been at the store the entire day on Wednesday, October 21st — the day Maggie was, in all probability, killed. On the other hand, Frankie had not been able to find another job after Maggie sacked him. He would have been at home all day Wednesday. Alone — unless someone came to visit him.

As far as police were concerned now, the only unanswered questions remaining were: Exactly why and how did Frankie Lee Jacobson murder Maggie? A nationwide alert was broadcast, naming the little hair stylist as a suspect in murder. Authorities girded themselves for a long manhunt. According to the suspect’s wife, Frankie had left town on Thursday. A man on the run could be halfway around the globe in five days.

“He could if he had the money,” Beaver commented. “He wasn’t working — and no one gave him money.”

“We’ve never found Maggie’s purse,” Simmons pointed out.

No one knew how much money Maggie might have been carrying. It could have been hundreds of dollars, her friend Paula Curtis said. “She was always squirrelling money away.” At any rate, she must have had enough to finance her killer’s flight.

Authorities delved deeper into Jacobson’s background, learning that he first became acquainted with Maggie

Gosforth in 1976, a few years after he returned from Vietnam. A mutual friend hinted that Frankie and Maggie had been lovers since that time — and that the real rift between them developed because of Frankie seeing Doris Calhoun, not because of the \$675 he owed Maggie.

Military records showed Jacobson had been helicoptered into battle an astounding 53 times during his two-plus years in Vietnam with the 25th Infantry Division. On one occasion, he had been one of only five survivors when a VC regiment ambushed his company. After finally being wounded, Jacobson returned to the States, where police records indicated that he’d been in trouble of one sort or another ever since. He had been convicted of three felony crimes, had attempted suicide at least once — and had voluntarily admitted himself to a mental health clinic.

Yet the fact that he’d volunteered for three combat tours (a combat tour in

“I’m in trouble right now . . . I need to get away until things cool down”

Vietnam was one year) signified that he just might possibly have been that rare sort of individual who thrived on and sought out that kind of environment — and had therefore been unable to adjust to the relative monotony of peacetime existence.

Frankie Lee Jacobson’s next move surprised everyone. Apparently, he did not believe police would be able to connect him to Maggie’s death. For, at 1.30 p.m. on that same Monday that the detectives searched his house, he appeared with his lawyer at the Muskege County courthouse to surrender on the two revocation charges. Ordinarily, he would have been able to make bond within hours and be on his way. However, a sheriff’s deputy walking down the hall spotted the slightly-built hair stylist and recognised him as the object of a nationwide search. Protesting and disbelieving, Jacobson suddenly found himself behind bars.

As soon as Detective Simmons heard of the arrest, he hurried to the county jail to question the suspect before Jacobson had a chance to organise his defence mechanisms. He found Jacobson to be a little man with nervous eyes and tiny hands, not at all what he might have expected from a hardened combat veteran turned woman-killer. Jacobson looked sadly up at the detective after listening to his Miranda rights and began nodding his head.

“Frankie, we’ve been to your house,” Simmons began, according to the

official statement later given to the DA's office. "We know everything. We've seen the blood, the comforter, the cord, the note. And now I want to talk to you about Maggie."

Jacobson brushed back an unruly strand of hair. He looked grim. "I didn't mean to kill her!" he blurted out. Then he immediately added: "I'll need a lawyer."

Generally, when a suspect asks for his lawyer, it means questioning by police has ended. So Simmons waited without much hope as Jacobson conferred with his attorney. Then, within the hour, Jacobson's attorney apparently felt it would be to his client's benefit to let him tell how the victim had "accidentally"

met her death. Simmons didn't believe the "accident" part, but he listened, taking down on a tape-recorder his entire interview with the murder suspect.

"Well, I might as well tell you about it," Jacobson said, in a relaxed tone. Then he launched into his bizarre tale, which he later signed in transcript form.

According to Jacobson's statement, he denied having had an affair with his former boss. (Simmons knew he was lying about that, too). Jacobson also went to great pains to exclude his wife from having participated in the events of the previous Wednesday. It was his contention that the entire episode began and ended because of a \$675 debt.

Maggie Gosforth phoned him, he said,

at about 9.30 a.m. on Wednesday and wanted him to do some work for her towards paying off his obligation. "I cursed her out on the phone," he admitted, adding that he later called her back and apologised.

Around noon, Maggie phoned him again and said she was coming to his house. It was a new house, rented after his marriage to Doris — and Maggie had never been there before. That explained why she'd had his phone number written on a scrap of paper.

"I didn't have the money that day and I couldn't do no work for her right then," Jacobson's calm voice narrated from the recorder. "We got into an argument and I pushed her and she fell

TD CRIME PHOTOS



PRISON "HI-HO." Prison guard Ed Bradley holds up a painting by John Wayne Gacy, who was convicted of the sex-related murders of 33 men and boys. The picture, entitled "Hi-Ho, Hi-Ho" was offered for sale, along with other objects, by inmates at the Illinois State Prison . . . We wonder if Walt Disney Productions know?



RIDE NOW — PAY LATER! Four police officers from Bakersfield, California, surround a bus and order teenager Raymond Temple off the vehicle he stole. Temple boarded the bus, ordered all the passengers out, then led police on a 12-minute chase. Luckily, no one was actually injured

and she hit her head on the door facing. It was bleeding real bad. It knocked her out, so I ran and got some ice and a towel and put it on her head. Then she came to and started screaming.

"She jumped up and took off. And I grabbed her and pinned her down on the floor. And that's when I tied her up. I didn't choke her with my hands. I tied a cord around her throat and a red shoestring around her hands."

Later, expert testimony from the medical examiner disputed this portion of Jacobson's confession. Maggie had been choked to death by hand, Dr. Mohammed Merchant testified. And her bindings had all been added after she was already dead. (Jacobson himself later admitted to Simmons and to Assistant DA Thomas that Maggie was dead when he tied her up and that he had bound her in order to keep her body inside its comforter wrapping).

"Then she blacked out again," Jacobson continued. "When I felt for her heart, I couldn't find nothing. It scared the hell out of me. Then I went ahead and put her in a bedspread. I carried her out to the garage, where I laid her down and shut the door and went back to the house. I didn't know what to do."

His indecision did not last long. Regaining his thoughts, he said, he drove the victim's station wagon to the Lakeland Shopping Centre, where he abandoned it to make it appear that Maggie had been abducted from the car park there. Since it was still early afternoon and he could not safely dispose of Maggie's body until after dark, he bought a padlock, with which he secured the door of the detached garage.

The victim's body lay cooling on the floor of the garage from about 2 p.m. until 9 o'clock that night. Jacobson said he attempted to mop his victim's blood off the carpet with a towel. Failing in that, he tried to disguise the strain by putting beans, flour and ketchup on it.

His wife Doris was at home when he left to dispose of the body that night, "but she didn't know where I was going." He used Doris's station wagon. It was a frosty night — and his breath made exclamation puffs in the night air as he struggled alone to drag the heavy corpse.

"I put her in the car and took her out to the river. That's where I left her." He denied having taken Maggie's purse, claiming he didn't know what had happened to it. Again, Simmons did not believe him, but the accused murderer stuck to his story. And Simmons presented it intact to Prosecutor Thomas the following morning.

Thomas duly filed a charge of first-degree murder against the hair stylist on October 27th, 1981. From then until March 3rd, 1982, when Jacobson finally

went to trial, the accused stuck to his story of the killing being an accident. However, he made certain modifications.

His wife Doris and he had been having marital problems, he claimed. Apparently annoyed by her refusal to visit him in jail, Jacobson finally revealed that he had not disposed of Maggie's body alone, after all. Doris had helped him when she returned home from work and found out what he had done. She had even accompanied him to the river, where she helped drag the heavy cocoon to the water and heave it in.

Doris denied it all. And there was no evidence to support Jacobson's contentions, even though Doris had seemed to know a lot about what evidence the police might want to "discover" at her house.

Jacobson also finally admitted to having had a long-lasting affair with Maggie Gosforth, including the not-so-surprising revelation that the couple had made love together prior to the argu-

Defence was based almost solely on the killing being an accident and an affliction known as the "Vietnam Stress Syndrome"

ment which ended with Maggie's death. Jacobson even offered to plead guilty to first-degree murder, which carries a penalty of life imprisonment or death, in order that the details of their relationship should not be made public.

When his trial began on March 3rd, however, Jacobson had obviously undergone a change of mind. He took the witness-stand and testified that Maggie's and his affair and his marriage to Doris had been among the primary sparks of the fatal quarrel of October 21st.

"She threatened to expose me to Doris," Jacobson told the jury. "She kept throwing her finger into my face. I slapped her hand down. I pushed her back and she stumbled back and hit her head on the door."

Jacobson's defence was based almost solely on the killing being an accident prompted by an affliction termed "Vietnam Stress Syndrome," which causes dangerous flashbacks in some ex-soldiers who saw combat in Vietnam. A counsellor for the Disabled American Veterans, an expert on psychological problems of Vietnam veterans, testified that the diminutive defendant was likely suffering from the malady at the very moment he strangled Maggie Gosforth. Jacobson himself told the jury that he'd

had flashbacks and that he suffered from insomnia, nightmares and marital problems.

"Frankie Lee Jacobson was not acting in a cold and calculated manner," his attorney contended during closing arguments. "Excusable homicide — that's the charge that best fits this case. He used poor judgment. He has mental problems. He disposed of the body improperly."

Prosecutor Thomas countered with: "If indeed Jacobson was not aware of his actions at the time of the crime, why did he think so calmly to gag and bind the body and dispose of it in the river?"

The jury could not accept the defence arguments. It chose to believe the more obvious — that the murder was the result of a love triangle and a debt of \$675. On March, 5th, 1982, Frankie Lee Jacobson was found guilty of a lesser charge of second-degree murder. The jury recommended a 50-year sentence.

Except for one minor interlude, Judge Hardy Summers would have routinely sentenced Jacobson on March 26th — and Jacobson would have immediately gone to prison. But, on March 11th, the convicted murderer escaped from the 73-year-old Muskogee County jail by boring a hole through the roof, using tools inadvertently left behind by repairmen. He left a dummy in his bunk to fool the guards. He was the sixth prisoner to have successfully escaped from the jail that year.

"Jacobson went through the roof," Sheriff Bill Vinzant said disgustedly. "The same way everybody escapes from this jail. We don't know if he's armed, but he must be considered dangerous."

Jacobson wasn't gone long, though. A multi-state manhunt ended abruptly and with some surprise on March 18th, when the dwarfish fugitive called authorities from a phone booth in Mineral Wells, Texas, and told them to come get him, that he was "already tired of running."

Frankie Lee Jacobson easily made his date with Judge Summers, who sentenced him to serve a total of 50 years in the Oklahoma state penitentiary for his crime. He is currently incarcerated at the maximum-security unit in McAlester.

Under a new court ruling which permits spouses to testify against each other, Doris Jacobson testified against her husband and has reportedly since changed her name and moved away in order not be connected with the sordid circumstances occurring in Muskogee between her husband and his boss.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Paula Curtis and Barbara Hynds are not the real names of the persons so named in the foregoing story.

HONOLULU HORROR

"SHE LOOKS NICE-NICE ENOUGH TO KILL!"

SANDRA YAMASHIRO, a slender, dark-haired secretary, left her Honolulu home for a short trip to the shops. That should have taken her just a few minutes. But it would turn out to be the last trip she would ever take.

Many people had envied Sandra Yamashiro. Her looks, of course, were stunning. Just 29 years old, Sandra stood 5 feet 4, though she seemed taller. She had long brown hair that hung to her shoulders, a dimpled smile that revealed perfect white teeth and warm brown eyes that glimmered when she laughed. Though her looks were enough to stop men in their tracks, that isn't what people remembered most about her. "Sandra was about as happy and well-adjusted as any person you will find," said one old friend.

Friends at the construction firm where she worked remembered Sandra as a warm, friendly person, the type that lights up a room with her presence. The type whose sparkle and zest for life would dispel the most troublesome depression.

She had always lived in Honolulu. Unlike some restless souls who get "island fever" and want to go to the mainland, Sandra was content to stay right where she was. She was aware of the fact that the

city was suffering growing pains, that crime and pollution and overcrowding and all the other problems of mainland USA were present in Hawaii, though arguably on a much lower scale. But Sandra was one who took the good with the bad.

On the evening of July 31st, 1979, Sandra jumped into her Mazda RX-7 sports car and drove to Lonts Drugstore in the Ala Moana Centre on a brief errand. She was in the shop only a few minutes, then returned to her car. Apparently, however, she forgot something, because she went back inside, stayed perhaps five minutes, then left again.

Just 15 minutes after she returned to her car for the second time, another shopper was heading back to his own car when he saw a sports car parked in the parking space, engine running, lights on.

Approaching the car, he spied in the dim light what appeared to be blood on the nearby kerb. He stooped down and ran a finger across the stain. It was blood, all right, no doubt about it. The crimson fluid glistened on his finger.

He looked through the driver's window and saw a slender, dark-haired woman slumped forward. A casual passerby might have thought that the driver had dropped her

keys and was trying to retrieve them from the floor.

Only on closer inspection did he note the blood on the driver. It covered the front and back of her blouse, seeping through the cotton material and forming more stains on her slacks and the seat of the car. She was not reaching for the floor. She was not reaching for anything. The man ran for help — but it didn't really matter. Because no matter how fast the ambulance arrived, Sandra Yamashiro's short life had come to a violent end.

HONOLULU DETECTIVES, directed by Detective-Sergeant Jim On You, were called to the scene. Sandra had been shot in the side of the head, behind the ear. It at first appeared that she had been shot with a .22-calibre weapon. Pathologists, however, later ruled that the wounds were too small for even a .22-calibre weapon — and that the weapon was perhaps a pellet gun fired at a distance of no more than 10 to 15 feet. The pellet had inflicted a serious, but not mortal, wound. Death was actually caused by either of two chest wounds.

There seemed to be no motive for the murder. Sandra's handbag had not been touched, so investigators

quickly ruled out robbery. Sex also did not seem to be a motive. Investigators also doubted that Sandra had been murdered by someone trying to kidnap her, or steal the car. The gun had clearly been fired from behind her, on the driver's side. Investigators theorised that a potential kidnapper would have approached from the passenger side and try to force his way inside the vehicle.

Two witnesses later that evening gave police their biggest lead. One told Detective-Sergeant On You: "We were going back to our car, when we heard this car horn. It sounded like it was stuck, so naturally we turned in the direction of the noise."

At that moment, the two saw a slim dark-haired man, aged about 20, walking quickly away from Sandra Yamashiro's Mazda. He went to an older Malibu sedan parked maybe 15 feet from the sports car. A girl was leaving the car at a brisk walk and the witnesses said they heard the man order the girl to stop and get back in the car. "She got in the car and they drove away," the witnesses added. They went on to provide descriptions of the two suspects and the car. They even remembered the first three digits on the licence plate.

The investigators fed the car

Bruce Gibney reports for TD

information into the Department of Motor Vehicles computer. But the results were disappointing. The computer spat out several dozen names of persons with those digits on their licence plates. But none of the cars came close to the description of the older-model Malibu sedan. Either the plates had been stolen, or the witnesses had transposed or misread the digits.

Police sketches of the suspects were posted in the shopping centre and elsewhere. Persons with information were advised to call the police. A few did, but they did not put investigators on the trail of the suspects.

Even a \$15,000 reward posted by the construction firm where Sandra had worked failed to produce any leads. Police had exhausted all avenues of investigation when, in November — four months after the murder — a frightened young woman contacted police headquarters.

"I know he's going to hurt me . . . He's already murdered that girl!"

"I have to talk to someone!" she gasped. "He's going to kill me! I'm very, very afraid." The dispatcher merely asked: "Please tell me your name, miss — and the name of the person who wants to murder you."

"I'm Wendy Smith," the caller replied. "My boy friend is Randall Saito. I know he's going to hurt me! He already murdered that girl!"

Asked which girl, she replied: "Sandra Yamashiro — the woman who was killed at the shopping centre."

Wendy Smith's subsequent trip to the police station lifted the cloud of gloom that had floated above the heads of Detective-Sergeant On You and his investigators.

BEING ONLY 19, Wendy Smith was noticeably nervous when she sat down with detectives and began to talk. The words did not come easily as she related that she had been with Randall Saito on the night of July 31st. They had argued bitterly about "boy and girl stuff" when Saito drove to the Ala Moana Centre. "He thought I was playing around behind his

back," she said. "Randall is very jealous that way." At the shopping centre, they drove by the drugstore, where a woman got out of a sports car with some packages. She went into the drugstore, then came out again and got into her car.

"RANDALL GOT ALL EXCITED," WENDY SAID. "HE WATCHED HER CLOSELY AND SAID, 'SHE LOOKS NICE — NICE ENOUGH TO KILL!'"

Saito, she said, then pulled a pellet rifle from the back seat, aimed it at the woman sitting in the sports car — and fired. "I wanted to scream, but nothing came out!" she cried, her eyes brimming with tears. "I got out of the car and walked away, but Randy ordered me to get back in. I was afraid. I didn't know what to do."

"Let's back up here a moment," On You said. "Did your boy friend do anything from the time he shot the woman up to the moment he ordered you to get back in the car?"

"I remembered he got out of the car and walked up to the sports car. Then the car horn went off. When he got back in our car, he had blood on his hands, face and clothing."

Saito, she said, "acted shook up" and demanded that she sit in the front seat while he drove, saying: "I need you here to comfort me." They wheeled into a "dark alley" off Piko Street, where Saito wiped away all blood on his face and hands. "We then went to my house. Randall told me he had to clean up, so it would be safer if we went to my place."

He took a shower and washed his clothing, then said he was taking Wendy's car home, in case anyone had spotted his and notified the police. "He told me to keep the pellet gun," she said. "Then, a few days later, he took it back home with him."

"Does he still have the pellet gun?"

"I think so," she replied. "I think he has it in his home." Wendy said that, in the weeks following the murder, her boy friend had become quite unstable. "I was more and more afraid of him," she said. "We talked about the murder, but he said he couldn't remember what he saw — that it was a blank to him."

Wendy explained that she no longer felt she could control him. Their relationship had

fallen apart, but she told the officers: "I was afraid he might do it again — and I couldn't stand that."

Randall Saito seemed at first glance to be an unlikely candidate for suspicion. The 19-year-old, native-born Hawaiian held a custodial job with the state of Hawaii and lived quietly with relatives in a Honolulu suburb. He was described by other workers as quiet, but not unfriendly. He did not have a police record. And, as far as police could tell, he was not involved in any criminal activity.

Detective-Sergeant On You was reluctant to go after a search warrant. He believed that Wendy Smith was telling the truth, all right. Nevertheless, he realised that, in a court of law, it was her word against Randall Saito's — and a good defence counsel could have a field day with a case like that.

"We want you to help us," On You eventually told the girl. "It will make the case against Saito stronger if you can get him to talk about the murder on tape."

Wendy said she would help in any way she could, if it meant taking Saito off the streets. So police fitted her with a miniature microphone and a meeting with her former boy friend was arranged. The meeting did not go well. Saito was suspicious and demanded to know why the woman who had broken up with him was now so interested in what he was doing. When Wendy brought up the subject of the Yamashiro murder and asked if he was still having blackouts, Saito rather testily informed her that he didn't know what she was talking about.

Police decided against a second meeting. Saito would only suspect a trap and would quickly get rid of the pellet gun, if indeed he still had it in his possession.

DETEKTIVE - SERGEANT On You pondered a while, then decided to go for the search warrant and hope for the best. Early in December, while Hawaii geared up for the festivities in commemoration of Pearl Harbor, investigators armed with that search warrant made their move.

Randall Saito was picked up and taken to police headquarters. Other investigators,

meanwhile, searched his house and his car. It resulted in a pellet gun being confiscated from Saito's room. Lawmen also found a thick scrapbook in a bureau drawer. It contained clippings from crime magazines, dealing with the murders of young, attractive women. The scrapbook was also confiscated and held as evidence.

Following these searches, Saito was brought into an interrogation room and confronted with the evidence. "We have witnesses who saw you at the shopping centre," On You told him. "They have identified you as the person who walked away from Sandra's car. We have the pellet gun you used to shoot her. Your girl friend says you killed Sandra — and she's willing to testify to that fact. We have you on this one. But we wanted to give you a chance to tell *your* side of the story."

The girl said she would help, if it meant taking Saito off the streets!

"All right," Saito allegedly told police. "I guess I did it. I don't remember much about it."

He explained that he spotted Sandra Yamashiro getting into her sports car and something clicked inside his brain. "She looked nice. Nice enough to kill."

Saito explained how he had his girl friend lean forward, so that he could pull out the high-powered rifle from behind the back seat. He pointed the gun barrel through the passenger window, took aim at Sandra's skull — and fired. The girl slumped against the steering wheel, sounding the horn. Saito said he got out and went over to the car. "I asked her if she was all right," Saito said. He saw the blood running from her chin and pulled out a knife.

"Where did you stab her?" "I don't remember," Saito replied. "Everything went blank."

"Why did you stab her?" Saito blurted: "I did it to finish what I started. I knew there was no way out. I had to finish what I started because, if I didn't, I would be in too much trouble."

FOLLOWING HIS confession, Saito was taken

to Halaway prison — a maximum-security facility — where he was booked on first-degree murder charges. He remained there for over a year waiting for a trial date.

Early in December, 1980, Deputy Prosecutor Michael

time of the murder. Schutter argued that his client had long suffered from a rare psycho-sexual disorder and was insane when he stabbed Sandra Yamashiro.

Innocent by reason of insanity has become one of the

January 21st, 1981, they agreed that Saito was an extraordinarily sick young man who suffered from, among other things, necrophilia — an erotic attraction to corpses.

But at the same time, the panel concurred that Saito

especially necrophilia, were so bizarre and so rarely encountered that “the doctors don’t know how to fit their opinions into legal standards.” She announced that the defence would rely on the opinion of their own psychiatrist, Robert Marvit, who had concluded that Saito’s sexual disturbances “substantially” impaired his ability to know right from wrong. There was, Attorney Pavey added, bizarre evidence to back up that claim, but she wasn’t going to divulge it until the trial.

Only 10 days after that, Attorneys Schutter and Pavey were back in court, requesting a non-jury trial for their client. Prosecutor McGuigan opposed the request, saying: “With the serious nature of this crime, I think it is best that a jury decide. A jury is wise enough, smart enough, to see through the facade of an insanity defence.”

But Judge Harold Shintaku, a controversial judge whose ruling have caused more than one prosecutor to storm out of a courtroom pulling out handfuls of hair, disagreed. On Friday, February 13th, 1981, Judge Shintaku agreed to allow Saito to waive his constitutional rights to a jury trial. The judge ruled that he alone would determine whether Saito was guilty of murder — or whether he was insane at the time of the killing and should be acquitted.

The judge cited in support of his decision the savings in court time and costs in a non-jury trial, but the ruling was a bitter



McGuigan met with Defence Attorneys David Schutter and Judith Ann Pavey. McGuigan said he had carefully reviewed the evidence with his boss — District Attorney Charles Marsland — and that both had reached the same conclusion: The evidence was overwhelming that Saito had committed premeditated murder and that was what he would be charged with. There would be no deals, no plea-bargaining. The state was firm. They would, in the words of *Hawaii Five-O*'s McGarrett, go after “Murder One.”

Counsellor Schutter did not appear perturbed at the prosecutor’s decision. The thrust of the defence would be to determine Saito’s mental state at the

most abused defence pleas in criminal justice. Says Dr. John F. McDermott, chairman of the Department of Psychiatry at John A. Burns School of Medicine: “The so-called insanity defence is over-used and misused. It’s the last resort for an accused offender who has no real case. The plea itself is a contradiction — the only one I know of in which a defendant does not deny committing the crime, yet pleads not guilty.”

By state law, Saito had to be examined by a panel of mental health experts. The court-appointed panel gave him a battery of tests to determine the degree of mental illness, if indeed he was mentally ill. In their findings, made public on

Killer Randall Saito (above) and his attorney David Schutter (right). The latter argued that his client was insane and should be locked away indefinitely in a state mental institution!

could think in a rational, logical manner — and was able to determine right from wrong. He was sick, all right, but he was legally sane. They determined that Saito was in control of his mental faculties when he plunged the knife into Sandra Yamashiro’s chest.

To the surprise of no one, the defence disagreed. Attorney Judith Ann Pavey argued that Saito’s mental diseases,



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pill for Prosecutor McGuigan to swallow. Returning to his office, McGuigan had a sneaking suspicion that the trial was virtually over before the evidence was even heard. "After the jury trial was waived, I was concerned," he would recall later. "I felt that the judge had already made up his mind."

On March 3rd, the trial began. In opening arguments, both McGuigan and Schutter argued that Randall Saito was a sick and demented human being. It was the one thing both agreed upon.

Wendy Smith testified that her former boy friend was obsessed with death and murder. She said they would be driving around and Saito would see a tall, pretty young woman. His eyes would light up and he would point with his finger and say: "Bang, bang!"

Saito, she continued, would often refer to himself as the "Disco Killer" and would demonstrate how he could knife a woman to death quickly and efficiently in the dark areas of a disco and not get caught. She testified that he often discussed how he could commit the perfect murder — and the best ways to do it. The victims, she testified, were always described as attractive young females. She said that the defendant's nutty ideas also extended into the bedroom.

"HE ASKED ME TO PRETEND TO PLAY DEAD WHEN WE WERE MAKING LOVE, SO THAT HE WOULD KNOW HOW A CORPSE WOULD FEEL. I DID THAT ON TWO OCCASIONS, BUT REFUSED ON THE THIRD. I TOLD HIM I FELT SILLY."

RANDALL SAITO'S fascination with murder and corpses apparently went back to his childhood. During an interview with Dr. Nancy Hedemann, one of the court-appointed panel of psychiatrists, Saito said he felt resentment of his parents because they had to get married after his mother became pregnant.

According to Dr. Hedemann, Saito admitted that his father had rejected him when he was about 12. He told her that his father had once tried to hold his head underwater and pretend to kill him and that his father described the incident as "playing."

Saito spent much of his youth living with his grandmother and two uncles, according to Dr. Hedemann. She said that Saito was viewed as "less than adequate" by these relatives, because he was not fulfilling their expectations of him.

"An uncle first introduced him to guns when he was eight or nine years old," she testified. "He said he shot a mongoose and that he remembered looking down the barrel of the gun and not liking the feeling," Dr. Hedemann added.

The psychiatrist then told the court that Saito and his sister would "play dead" and drag each other around and lie around the house. "Something clicked that made me feel good," he explained. He said he also used to kill rats and,

"Randall asked me to pretend to play dead when we made love!"

when he did, it "felt good" and made him wonder: "What if it was a woman?"

Dr. Hedemann further testified that, when Saito attended school in the Bronx, he would carry a kitchen knife in a box to school and think about killing teachers, because they would be "good targets." She said he also would walk by the river in New York City, hoping to find a body.

"Saito did not feel remorse for the death of Sandra Yamashiro," the witness testified. "He said he would probably do the same thing again." To the question, "Was Sandra Yamashiro's death inevitable?" Dr. Hedemann replied that she couldn't say it was — "but it was on Saito's mind. It was something he had been rehearsing for a long time."

On March 5th, Dr. Robert Marvit approached the witness-stand. Appearing at ease, he stated that he had examined the defendant at length and found him to be a victim of an "extreme emotional and mental disease, which impaired his ability to conform with the law and distinguish right from wrong. He is a latent schizoid, whose mental disorder manifests itself clearly in psycho-sexual deviances."

The psychiatrist hired by Defence Attorney Schutter to examine Saito further testified that, while the defendant had fantasies of murder, crime, mutilation and sexual perversion, the murder of Sandra Yamashiro was not planned — and thus did not fit in with his fantasised "perfect crime."

On March 6th, the court heard final arguments. Approaching the bench, Prosecutor McGuigan argued that Saito knew what he was doing and was in control of his mental faculties when he shot Sandra Yamashiro and later plunged the knife into her back and chest.

"He killed Sandra because he realised she could identify him," McGuigan pointed out. "She was killed to cover up Saito's own assaultive conduct — not because of his mental illness.

"Randall Saito was unwilling, but not unable," the prosecutor told the judge. McGuigan then played a tape of Saito's confession, which detailed how he'd continued to cover up his involvement after the stabbing.

He drove out of the shopping centre with his car lights off and went to an alley, where he wiped off the blood. Immediately, he hid his pellet gun, washed all his clothes — and began driving another type of car. "He's a dangerous man," McGuigan warned. "He's manipulative, amoral and homicidal, in the classic sense of the word. But he is not legally insane."

Attorney Schutter argued that his client was indeed insane and should be locked away indefinitely in a state mental institution. He told the judge that perhaps the main indication of Saito's insanity was his comment to the mental health experts after his arrest that he "intends to kill again."

The judge said he would not make a ruling until March 26th. Prosecutor McGuigan took it as a good sign. Perhaps he had been wrong about the judge? But that hope was quashed with the rap of a gavel.

On March 26th, Judge Shintaku ruled that Randall Saito could not be found responsible for the July 31st stabbing death of Sandra Yamashiro. The judge ordered him committed immediately to the Hawaii state hospital, "because of the danger he poses to society."

The judge's ruling was applauded by Attorney Schutter, who said he was pleased "both as a lawyer and a citizen with the verdict." Saito's grandmother burst into tears when the verdict was rendered. She cried: "Thank you so much! I am glad that he's going to be helped!"

The judge told reporters later that he had based his decision on the totality of the evidence. He said he agreed with Attorney Schutter and said he didn't think the shooting of a total stranger in the first place was a rational act — and that Saito's walking over to Sandra Yamashiro's car to ask her if she was all right after the shooting was also irrational. Also, for Saito to believe that a bleeding woman who was not responding to his question would be able to identify him was not rational thinking. He also said that the defence psychiatrist, Dr. Robert Marvit, was more convincing than the experts on the court-appointed panel.

Asked about Saito's statement to police implying that he knew what he was doing when he stabbed the girl, Judge Shintaku replied: "Those remarks were made four months after the killing, when he had time to think about it."

AT LEAST one of the prosecution's panellists was bitter about the verdict. Dr. John Blaylock said that the acquittal "represents a gross injustice . . . I definitely got the impression that the judge was prejudiced from the beginning. I felt he wanted to find the defendant insane prior to the testimony. I think the decision was bad enough to warrant a review."

The prosecutor's office was also bitter. At a news conference a few hours after the trial, DA Marsland denounced the verdict as a "miscarriage of justice . . . It was," he raged on, "the latest in a rash of judicial atrocities! Michael McGuigan did a thorough, competent and courageous job.

"A PITY I CAN'T SAY THE SAME FOR THE COURT," MARSLAND CONCLUDED.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Wendy Smith is not the real name of the person so named in the foregoing story.

THE
INCREDIBLE
CAREER OF

JOSEPH "MAD DOG" SULLIVAN

● *continued from page 32*

into mob infiltration of organised labour.

On that particular Thursday night, however, Fiorino is struck with two shotgun blasts from a car that Rochester police were certain was occupied by Joe Sullivan. Moments after Fiorino is shot, a police car happens by and chases a car that they believe is occupied by Sullivan and accomplice.

The car swerves off the road several blocks away and a shootout takes place. The police car's windscreen is blown out by a blast from the shotgun, but the cops in the car escape injury.

Although Sullivan gets away on foot, police arrest Louis A. DiGuilio, 25, of Rochester. Federal law-enforcement officers in Rochester describe the murder as a "contract killing."

Rochester police said later that Sullivan had more than \$4,000 cash, the remaining proceeds of a \$10,000 robbery of a Marine Midland Bank in Utica the day before. Police said that \$6,000, including "bait" money, was recovered from the getaway car in the Fiorino shooting. Bank employees identified Sullivan from "mug-shots." And the car that he and DiGuilio used was also picked out as the getaway car in the double murder in Selden, according to authorities.

By February 23rd, 1982, Joseph Sullivan had acquired a reputation as a "button man" — he'd become an exterminator in many mob-ordered rubouts for organised crime. His principal jobs were contracted by the New York crime families of Joe Bonanno and Carlo Gambino. New York detectives told *True Detective* that Sullivan was a prime suspect in three recent killings in Queens and two in Manhattan, all drug-related.

"That's what makes him a deadly enforcer on the big-money drug scene," said a police spokesman. "But I'm going to be the first to admit that, even if he's caught, we'll have difficulty proving he did the numbers on those victims. He's a

smooth killer. He doesn't leave many clues behind..."

Except on those occasions when he showed his face in the tavern killing, the botched Greenwich Village executions, the Selden murders. And, of course, the times he fell afoul of the law when recognised in the Village after his Attica escape, his capture after breaking out of the New Jersey prison — and the rude surprise he encountered in the Western Union office in Alabama.

A smooth killer? Not at all. A dumb killer is more like it. And the early hours of Tuesday, February 23rd proved that Joseph "Mad Dog" Sullivan was not all that brainy.

A tipster phoned the FBI in Rochester and said that Sullivan was holed up at the Dononville Inn, a quaint motel in Rochester. The G-men duly staked out the motel and watched as Sullivan and an attractive woman friend, later to be identified as Theresa Palmieri, aged 25, of Brooklyn, loaded suitcases into a car — the same vehicle described as the one Sullivan and Tedesco used in the Long Island murders and drugstore caper.

**His recent arrest
was swift and
painless. It was a
disappointing
ending for Sullivan,
who wanted a
bloody shootout
for his capture to
dramatise the
book being ghosted
for him!**

The capture by the FBI was swift and painless. It was a disappointing ending for Sullivan, who had wanted a bloody shootout for his capture — to dramatise the book being ghosted for him.

According to FBI Special Agent Philip Smith, this is how the capture was effected: "Eight agents staking out the motel stood by in readiness as Sullivan and Theresa Palmieri brought out suitcases and stacked them in the trunk of their car.

"Finally, the lady got in the passenger seat. When Sullivan came out, the agents rushed him and placed him under arrest. There was no struggle. We didn't give him the opportunity to go for his gun."

Sullivan was packing a fully-loaded

.38-calibre revolver on his hip. In the back of the sedan, the G-men found a loaded AR-15 automatic rifle and a bulletproof vest.

A more dramatic version of the capture was offered by motel owner Paul Meyers, 54, who watched the whole thing from his office window in the motel: "It was fast. A small motorcade of cars rushed up and blocked Sullivan's escape route. The FBI agents jumped out of their cars with guns drawn and shouting, 'Freeze! FBI!'"

"They held their guns out two-handed, like in the TV shows. They had him surrounded. It was over before it got started."

Sullivan and his girl friend were quickly handcuffed and hauled off to Rochester for arraignment before U.S. Magistrate Stephen Joyn, who remanded the accused killer in \$500,000 bail on his plea of innocent to the December 14th, 1981, holdup of the Marine Midland Bank branch in Utica, in which \$14,000 was taken. No mention was made in court about the 20 or so murders he was suspected of having committed.

The FBI was not concerned about the killings Sullivan was suspected of committing. Those were the concern of state authorities — such as Suffolk County District Attorney Patrick Henry, who said: "We are counting the days when Sullivan will be returned to our county, so that we can prosecute him for the two, possibly three, murders he committed here. Our charges are far more serious than bank robbery — and we feel confident that if he is released to our authority we will convict him and effectively remove him from society for the rest of his life."

Henry assigned Assistant DA Edmond Jablonski to prosecute Sullivan. And expectations were that the federal authorities would ship Joe down to Long Island to face the murder raps.

Meanwhile, his girl friend was held on a charge of harbouring a fugitive and came up short of the \$50,000 bail imposed by Magistrate Joyn. She, too, was put in the federal lockup. But back on Long Island, her sister scoffed at the allegation that Theresa Palmieri had been "harbouring a fugitive."

"My sister bore Joseph Sullivan a child four months ago," she said. "She was living on welfare. She couldn't be harbouring a fugitive. She can't even take care of herself, let alone him!"

But that wasn't the way the law looked at it . . .

—EDITOR'S NOTE:—
*Ben Mears is not the real name of
the person so named in the
foregoing story.*

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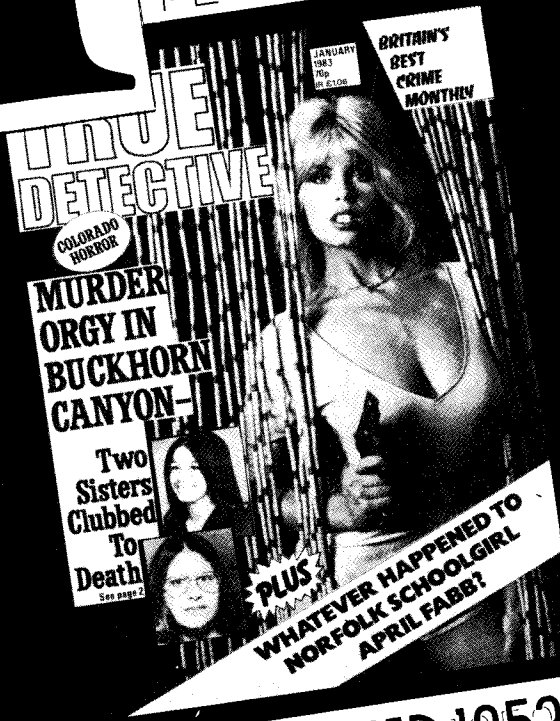


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