

COMPLETE

FACTS FROM  
OFFICIAL FILES

# DETECTIVE

15c

HOUSE OF  
TOO MANY  
LOVERS

CASES

NOVEMBER



HARLOT OF  
THE HIGHWAYS

ILLICIT  
LOVER AND THE  
*Cruising*  
CADAVER.





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# COMPLETE DETECTIVE

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## FACTS FROM OFFICIAL FILES

ROBERT E. LEEVEE, EDITOR

JOSEPH SIMON, ART DIRECTOR

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"He's a devil that Aston—everybody in the neighborhood knew it would happen sooner or later."

# LOVE MONSTER OF FALL RIVER

By John  
n.  
Makris

What strange fascination compelled this love slave to return to her brutal master?

**D**AWN slowly forsook the last remnants of velvety darkness, breaking over the horizon amid a cyclonic whirlpool of raging winds. Inspector Abel J. Violette shivered. His partner, Inspector Hugh Bogan, had suddenly called his attention to an almost indistinct object a dozen odd yards from the mouth of Egan's Court. No amount of wind could have made Violette shiver like that. The 5:30 A.M. telephone call to the Fall River, Massachusetts Police Headquarters reporting a woman screaming probably was of no minor nature. Somehow, Violette harbored instincts for the worst . . .

They made their way in slowly. They stopped quickly, stared down. "For the luvva Mike, Abel," exclaimed Bogan. "It's a woman." The wind moaned eerily through the underpass, plaintive with whispering sighs of despair. Bogan shook himself, muttered: "She's dead!" Murder lay sprawled at their feet.

She was crawling on her right side, her knees almost doubled up to her stomach. Beneath the guise of distorted features stamped by inexorable death, her voluptuous beauty remained unmarred. Violette bent over her. Her throat had been slashed with such terrific ferocity which made Violette wonder what kept it on her shoulders.

"I'll get the Medical Examiner," offered Bogan.

Violette nodded. Bleak, greyish light filtered into the murder court, bathing the squat brick buildings, revealing scores of neighbors with their faces pressed against window-panes. Others, braving the howling and whipping wind, drifted near Violette and the gruesome corpse. Violette wondered who made the

call to headquarters, which resulted in the assignment of Violette and Bogan to investigate weird screams of terror in the vicinity of Egan's Court which ran off Spring Street.

Violette asked questions, endeavoring to establish the slain woman's identity. She remained a question mark. The crowd of morbidly curious increased. Violette's continued interrogation proved no headway. To the neighbors, strangely enough, she remained unrecognizable.

A little later, Bogan arrived with Medical Examiner Doctor Thomas Gunning. The Doctor examined the woman carefully. "A terrible way to die," he commented, standing up. "Head nearly severed, Violette. Practically to the cranial vertebrae. It took a remarkably strong wrist to do that, now mind you, in one cruel sweep. As for the lethal weapon, look for a razor!"

"No assault, Doc?" Violette asked.

The Doctor shook his head. "Doubtful," he said. "The condition of her clothed lower exterior belies that. However, an autopsy will prove definitely whether or not."

While the woman was being prepared for removal to the morgue, Violette let his eyes wander keenly over the gathered crowd. His eyes fastened on a woman who elbowed her way through the crowd, her eyes widening into incredible pools of horror at the nearing sight of the slain woman. Violette reached



Dusha Perenbykova: She loved—then killed. But she could not escape the merciless doom destiny had in store for her.



"You're coming back with me or else—"  
(especially pained)



"Raging, cursing, he struck her again and again until she fell back unconscious."  
(Specialty photo)

Anton Bekavich: He is alleged that he was not the man the police wanted.

her just about as she opened her mouth to scream.

"Don't," he said, not too harshly. "You know who she is, don't you?"

The woman looked up at him, her eyes glazed. Violette turned her away from the gruesome sight, repeated his question. The woman shook her head, ridding herself of a numbing lethargy of horror. She moved her lips soundlessly. Then the words tumbled out over each other: "Yes, yes. I know. It's Domka." She broke Violette's restraining grip on her arm, spun around and pointed . . . "It's Domka!"

"Domka, what?" Violette asked. "Where does she live?"

The woman was on the verge of replying when a tall middle-aged

man hurried over. Disregarding Violette, man and woman conversed excitedly in a foreign tongue. Russian, thought Violette. Impatient at the interruption, Violette horned in. At his barrage of rapid-fire questions, the man said he was Jacob Maker, and the woman that Violette had been questioning, was his wife.

They ran a variety store just around the corner, and their home was directly in back—right where the slain woman was found. The dead woman, Maker said, was Domka Peremybida, their hired girl. The name was familiar to Violette, but much to his disgust—at the moment, he couldn't place it. Her identity thus established, Violette told Bogan to comb the neighborhood and find out all he could about the vic-

tim. Then Violette, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Maker, walked into their store on Spring Street to question them further.

The Makers seemed reticent to talk. Too uneasy and ill-at-ease, thought Violette. Why? After a little verbal prodding, Mrs. Maker said that Domka was a good girl that did her work satisfactorily and never went out evenings. That, for Violette, wasn't enough. He wanted to know how long she worked for the Makers? Where had she come from? And why didn't she go out evenings?

Violette's last question seemed to strike the Makers between the eyes. They glanced at each other apprehensively. Violette was convinced that he had struck something tangi-

ble here. Was the fear of death the reason Domka Peremybida stayed in evenings?

"Now, look," Violette said. "I don't want to rush you. I want to get everything straight. Let's start from the time you hired Domka."

"She's been with us for five months," Jack Maker said. "We needed a girl to keep house, so we advertised for one. Domka answered, so we hired her. We got along fine. I've never met such a clean and industrious girl. She did the house-work. My wife and I were in the store earlier than usual this morning. We had new stock in last night that had to be stacked and put away. When Domka didn't appear at the store this morning, we thought she overslept. You see, she was up at five every morning to light the stove. Then she'd leave the house and come to the store through Eagan's Court. We have a little kitchen in back of the store. Domka prepared the breakfast. Then she'd go back to the house,

rouse the children and prepare them for school. Of course, she had the house work to do, too. Such a pity she had to die."

When Violette reverted back to his questions about Domka's friends, relations, and her strange reluctance to go out evenings, Maker shrugged helplessly. "Nobody ever came to see Domka, Inspector. We know nothing of her past life. But we did notice something strange." His wife started to weep softly. "My wife and I couldn't but help feel that poor Domka lived in great fear of her life. We know that she fastened all her windows and bolted the door before retiring."

"In other words," mused Violette, "there is a person from whom she lived in mortal fear?"

The Makers nodded.

"You haven't told me enough," Violette said. "In the five months that Domka stayed with you—you can't tell me that you don't know much about her. It isn't possible. Try to think—of letters, pictures, anything. Living in fear of someone means that she knew who—"

"I think it's a man," Maker said suddenly.

Violette's eyes slowly narrowed. "So you think it's a man, eh?" he asked softly. "What?"

A frightened look passed between the Makers. The husband wet his lips nervously, shifted uneasily. "A man has been watching my store for the last ten days. Every night he'd be out there, watching. I grew

nervous, thinking maybe he was going to rob me. Well, on March 13, he walked into my store. I didn't know what to do. The man scared me. I asked him what he wanted. He said he wanted to speak to Domka. I refused him, and he got angry. When I said I'd call the police, he hurried away muttering—"

"Muttering, what?" snapped Violette.

"It was Russian," Maker said, "and I understood every word. He said: 'I'll have my way with her or one of these days — —'. He left and I haven't seen him since."

Violette's brain bristled with angles. There was only one serious drawback. He didn't know enough about the slain woman's past to formulate more conclusive theories.

However, one fact was certain. The slaying had two possible motives. Either jealousy or killer-inspired rage of a thwarted lover. Domka's fears were well-founded, and her reluctance to venture out evenings was now explainable. The man who watched Maker's store for ten days and then asked for Domka, mused Violette, was the killer. There appeared no other feasible solution at this early stage of the investigation.

On that particular assumption—Domka Peremybida met sudden and horrible death that very morning of March 14th.

Assured that Jacob Maker would know this man if he met him again, Violette (Continued on page 42)



Chief of Police Abel Violette. "We're up against a peculiar type of criminal—perhaps a madman—he must be brought in."

Eagan's Court—wired screens of terror brought the police to this spot—(picture taken after body of murdered woman was removed.)



ONCE he had crossed the Texas-Louisiana border, Joseph P. Calloway, salesman for the Houston branch of Montgomery Ward and Co., pressed down on the accelerator and the slick, little green coupe spurted forward.

Behind him a dozen miles or so lay Beaumont, the oil center of the Gulf. Ahead of him there rolled a hundred miles or so of prairie and bayou before he reached the thriving town of Jennings where he was to call on a customer.

For some strange reason he felt a curious uneasiness mounting inside of him as he sped along. Maybe

it was because twilight was beginning to descend over the countryside. In a moment he found himself singing:

"I hate to see

That evening sun go down."

But that couldn't be it, he reasoned. He had seen a thousand evening suns go down in the course of covering his territory. Yet this one was getting him down. Was he becoming sentimental? Or merely going soft?

Suddenly a bright idea occurred to him. He grinned as he tossed it around in his mind. It was Valentine's Day. And since it was Valen-

tine's Day, why not compose a little poem for his two sweethearts, his wife and his 17-year-old daughter, and have it telegraphed to them? They'd like that, he knew.

At the next town he got out and sent off his four-line impromptu poem. Maybe he was no great shakes as a poet, but at least the girl in the telegraph office had thought the verse was "cute." He was radiating warmth toward the world when he hopped into the car again and resumed his journey.

He turned on the radio. A plaintive torch singer was crooning "All The Things You Are" when he spotted a pair of hitchhikers. His first impulse was to stop. Instantly he vetoed it. Not that he was against hitchhiking. But night was approaching. And anyone with common sense knew what might happen—and had happened—under those circumstances. Nevertheless, he suddenly reversed his own judgment, jammed on the brakes. Then he backed the green coupe until he had drawn alongside the pair by the road side. He flung open the door.

"Hop in," he said. "I'm not going very far, but you're welcome to ride with me as far as Jennings."

The pair sauntered over. Calloway blinked as the first hitchhiker climbed in beside him. It was a young woman. And attractive in a wild sort of way, her white face set off by coal-black hair with dark eyes to match.

"Nice of you to do this for us, Mister," she said, after her companion had closed the door after him. "Funny thing, but we're bound

Suspicious Tom watches her confederate's every move.

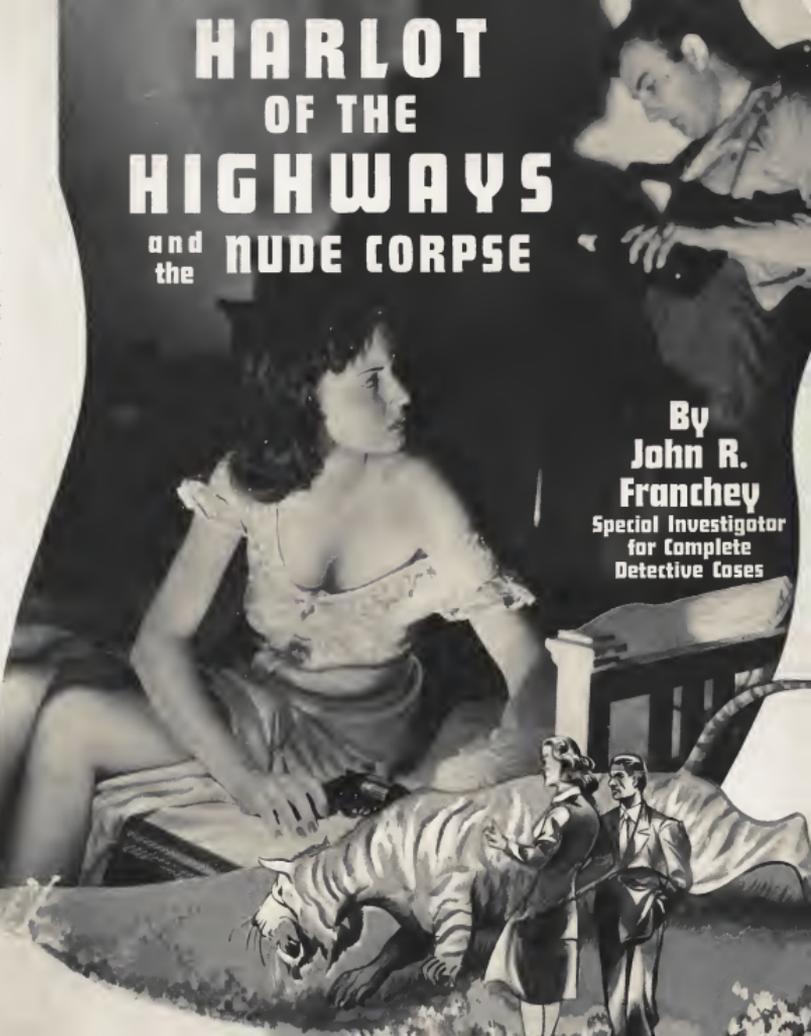
(Specially posed)

Tom Henry: "I made him slip down—I guess he saw what was coming. He was mumbling a prayer about his wife and kid when I let him have it."

Her jungle was the highway. Her prey—men. A voluptuous, lustful siren who killed without mercy.

# HARLOT OF THE HIGHWAYS and the NUDE CORPSE

By  
**John R.  
Franchey**  
Special Investigator  
for Complete  
Detective Cases



exactly where you are." Her eyes seemed to dance as she spoke, Calloway noticed.

"Your husband?" Calloway asked, indicating the little wiry man who had riveted his eyes on the road ahead, saying nothing.

"No. Not exactly," the woman said. She smiled, one of those ironic smiles.

Calloway shifted gears, let out the clutch and in a moment they were riding along the highway.

For five minutes they drove along, all three silent. Through the corner of his eye he caught a glimpse of the tall brunette. Her face was a mask. She was almost grim. Her companion was frowning. Calloway leaned over, flicked on the radio again.

"You folks mind if we get a little music? Might cheer us all up."

"Sure," the girl replied. "That's what we need all right. Especially my friend here. Something's worrying him."

There was no reply from her companion. The radio came on with a blast. A hill-billy band was going to town with the mournful tale of "The Red River Valley." Calloway leaned over to change the station.

"Leave it on, why don't you?" the girl said. "I get a kick out of this song."

Now, for some strange reason, Calloway found himself thinking of his wife and daughter back in Houston. These people sitting there beside him—they gave him the creeps, especially now that night had fallen and a gray mist began pelting the windshield.

Suddenly he felt a jab in his ribs.

"Listen, Mister, if you love life, stop this car," the woman beside him hissed in his ear. Instinctively he jammed on the brakes, turned to her numb with shock. Beside him sat a female monster. Her big black eyes gleamed with a cold fury. Her mouth curled up in a defiant sneer. And her right hand gripped a pistol. She was as calm as Time.

"Get out," she spat.

As if in a daze, Calloway found himself obeying the orders of this woman whom he had picked up on the road along with her companion. For the first time he noticed that the silent little man was also carrying a gun. His manner, too, had changed. He had doffed his worried look and now sported the air of a venomous killer.

They covered him as he stood there in the road, wondering what to say to them. A Good Samaritan isn't very eloquent in a situation like this. Any minute, he told himself, and they would be telling him to hand over his money. He remembered all of a sudden his valuable diamond ring, prayed that they would overlook it. Well, let them get it over with, this robbery. Of course they'd take the car, and he would have to hot-foot it back to the nearest town some twenty-five miles away. The first thing he would do was to call his wife, he promised himself.

He was right. Here it came. "Hand over your wallet." It was the woman again, her voice hard as

chromium.

Without a word he handed it over.

The woman dropped it nonchalantly into her handbag. Now, Calloway felt sure, she would point the gun at him and tell him to "Scat!" In his mind's eye he could hear her roar of laughter as he took off down the road.

"Climb into the baggage compartment," the girl commanded.

"Only be quick. We've got no time to lose." Calloway felt a sinking feeling inside. What was the point of all this? They had his money and his car. And in this forlorn country it would be morning before any serious attempt at capture could be made.

She shoved the gun against his back.

"Quick," she barked like a .38 cracking in the early dawn.

Calloway started to climb into the compartment. It was anything but roomy. He had hardly crawled inside when the door was slammed down on his hand cutting the fingers right to the bone.

"Get that paw in," the woman directed. He was writing in agony when he heard her snap shut the compartment, turn on the ignition and roar away into the night.

He let up a prayer to his Maker. \* \* \*

It was Captain George Peyton, himself, of the Houston Police, who picked up the telephone at precisely five-thirty on the afternoon of February 19th. To begin with, he



Two who suffered most: The handsome widow of the slain man, and her beautiful daughter. Special Prosecutor (center), Miss Calloway (left), and Mrs. Joseph F. Calloway.



In the tolls of the law, Joseph Bucks Bell is led by father holding loyal, to his special cell in the death house.



Victim of treachery. Joseph F. Calloway, met his doom while doing a kindly deed.



On trial—The beautiful defendant laughed right out in court while spectators listened in horrified silence as the grisly evidence piled up against her.



Behaved for the moment, Tom began to register signs of apprehension.



Captivity of all eyes in the courtroom, Tom Henry appears to enjoy a short recess taken by the court.



Capt. Jones Bell, who breaks the case, and Sheriff Henry A. Reid, looked signs of relief when the steel door of her cage closed on the Egan woman.

"Tom had her lighter moments but her gun was always handy."

(Specially posed)



Finally a voice drawled:  
"Younger Trucking Company."

Explaining the object of his call, the Houston police official inquired what time Calloway had left the office of the firm. To his astonishment he heard the reply:

"The man never got here. We've been wondering what happened."

Captain Peyton pulled out his map. With his pencil he traced the best route from Oklahoma City.

"He'd probably cut off at Buns, proceed to Orange until he hit Highway No. 90 and then head for Jennings," he told himself.

Again he picked up the telephone. This time he got in touch with Mrs. Calloway.

"I'm sorry to trouble you,"



"Get back here!" she barked. "I don't want any more funny business from you."

(Specially posed)

he said. "I think I'd better have the license number of the car, if you can recall it."

Mrs. Calloway could. It was N-10-754.

"We're doing all we can," he assured the woman. "We'll keep you posted." And he hung up.

There remained only two lines of attack. He made use of them both.

First, he communicated with the Texas State Highway Patrol at Austin, the Louisiana State Police headquarters at Baton Rouge and the Oklahoma State Police at Oklahoma City, advising them to be on the lookout for a new green Ford coupe with Texas plates, N-10-754.

Next he put the data over the police teletype which feeds into the major cities of the entire state.

This done, there was little he could do but wait for reports from the vast army of officers combing the highways on the lookout for the sick little coupe thus far unreported. Seven . . . eight . . . nine o'clock. No word. Ten o'clock . . . ten-thirty. No word. He was about to call it a night and pick up in the morning where he had left off when a message came in from the Louisiana State Police barracks at Lake Charles.

"We've got the first lead on him," the corporal in charge reported. "A filling station owner at Sulphur, a few miles from here, spotted the car. Or so he thinks. But he's certain that there were three occupants, not one. The man behind the wheel wore glasses. A tall, dark-haired girl was in the middle. And a man with a green suit was on the starboard side."

"Does he remember the time?" Captain Peyton asked.

"A little after eight o'clock."

Alone in his office, his feet propped up on the desk, Captain Peyton now felt for the first time that the case of the missing salesman was a matter of first importance. Now the element of the woman and the man riding (Continued on page 45)

Deputy W. Fungway leading Tom back to jail between court sessions.



"But you don't understand," the woman persisted. "It's not like him to keep us in the dark. He always telephones."

Captain Peyton reached for a pencil.

"Supposing you let me hear the story."

Briefly what the distraught woman related to him was the following:

Her husband, Joseph Calloway, salesman for the local branch of Montgomery Ward and Company, had gone to Oklahoma City to get a new car. He was to return via Jennings, Louisiana, where he planned to call on one of his clients, the Younger Trucking Company. After that he was to depart for Houston.

"At what time did you last hear from him?"

"Last night at eight—he wired me a Valentine." Here the poor woman's composure deserted her completely. Captain Peyton could hear her muffled sobbing over the wire.

"I'm sorry, ma'am," Captain Peyton said. "I'll get to work on the case immediately. Meanwhile, if he should show up, let me know right away."

**Ironic postscript!**

What Captain Peyton now did was to postpone his departure for dinner and plunge in. First he put in a call to the Younger Trucking Company. It would serve as a basis of reference, provided anyone recalled what time Calloway had arrived. The connection completed, Captain Peyton waited for someone to pick up the telephone.

# Murder in DUPLICATE

BY  
LARRY  
H. WARREN

Deep in the wilderness of the Washington timberlands the mutilated body of Ralph Allison lay for months before it was accidentally discovered by a native lumberjack.

In this dense undergrowth the police came across another body which bore marks similar to those which caused the death of Ralph Allison.

**F**EAR tugged like lead weights at the legs of the startled woodsman as he crashed through the forest. Giant firs, which seemed to reach up and caress the azure sky, rustled ominously.

Weird sounds from the dense underbrush added to his confusion as he forced himself on. It was nearly noon on the bright spring day of March 21, 1940, as the frightened figure bounded into the wilderness settlement of Arlington, Washington.

Frantically he hunted up the nearest telephone. Hands trembling as if from ague, breath coming fitfully, he put in a call for the Sheriff's office in Everett, seat of Snohomish County, some thirty miles away.

Perspiration streamed off his brow. Then he heard a terse voice over the wire: "Sheriff's office—Deputy French speaking."

The excited man tried to talk, but the sounds which issued forth were unintelligible.

"Hello, hello! Who's on the wire?" the Deputy demanded. "I can't understand what you're saying."

Finally the caller's sense of coordination returned and the words tumbled from his mouth. "I've just found a corpse in the woods! It's hideous! Just a skeleton left. I don't know what happened to him—I was too excited, I didn't look around."

Deputy Sheriff Fred French's

response was deliberate—business-like. "Who are you? Where are you?" he wanted to know.

"I'm Frank Greenlees. I'm calling from the store at Arlington."  
"Well, calm down and wait there until I can drive out," the Deputy instructed. He replaced the receiver, then hurried to the office of Dr. William Wagner, County Coroner.

"A body's been found in the woods near Arlington," he reported grimly. "I'd like you to go along with me and make an official investigation."  
Coroner Wagner nodded. "Be with you in a jiffy—soon as I tell my secretary where we're going."

**A**RRIVING in Arlington in record time, they located the woodcutter, who seemed to have regained his composure.

"Where did you find this body?" Deputy French began.

"I was searching for cedar logs to cut into shakes," Greenlees explained. "All of a sudden I saw a body. I went over and took a look. It almost scared me to death and I ran all the way in. It's a couple of miles from here."

"We'd better get out there and do some investigating," French remarked.

A short time later, the woodsman led the officials into a small clearing in the wooded area. The picturesque spot seemed too serene, too lovely to be visited by death.

"There it is!" Greenlees exclaimed as he pointed to a thicket a few yards away.

Edward L. Beuchard: His offer to help the police clear up the mystery of the double slaying was eagerly accepted by the officers in the case.



**A case of double murder fiendishly planned and executed is cracked by brilliant detective work**



Cyril Ables, partner and pal of Ralph Allinson, whose whereabouts were suddenly sought by the police.

The police of the entire west coast searched for this Chrysler coupe. When finally located the phonian car proved a valuable aid in the capture of a cold-blooded murderer.

Ralph Allinson: His car was found many miles from the scene of his disappearance.

Their eyes focused on an object almost hidden by trees and thick growth. Sure enough, shoes and trousers were visible.

"It's your move, Doc!" French remarked. "I'll not disturb the body until you've investigated."

Wagner's skilled hands lifted the macabre object from its pillow of ferns and twigs. Then he recoiled involuntarily as he noticed a piece of stout cord wound tightly around the neck.

"Looks like the poor fellow was garroted!" he announced to his tense companions.

Gingerly he pried the skeleton from its latticed, decayed clothing—the sort worn by outdoor men. After a cursory examination, he declared: "There's no sign of a bullet wound anywhere. And I can't find any trace of blood to indicate he was attacked."

A perplexed expression flashed over the Deputy's face. "What in the world could have happened to him?" he wanted to know.

Wagner gazed around the area a moment before answering. "If we could find some sign of a struggle or something to indicate he was murdered, this would be understandable," he remarked. "As it is, it looks like he took his own life. But if that's true, why isn't the other

end of the cord tied to a limb or something?"

French looked at his companion quizzically. "And why would he pick such an out-of-the-way place?"

Impatiently he walked around the body, attempting to solve the riddle. "How long do you think he's been dead, Doctor?" he finally asked.

"He must have died several months ago—perhaps in October or November."

The Deputy rubbed his chin in reflection. "If this is murder," he commented wryly, "the trail certainly is cold now. Well, let's take the poor guy to the morgue and see if we can find out who he is."

Greenlees and French assisted the Coroner in removing the gruesome object to the car.

"I want to thank you for your promptness in reporting this," the Deputy told the woodcutter. "We'll get in touch with you if a further investigation is necessary."

"I'll be glad to help at any time," Greenlees called as the machine leaped into action.

At the morgue in Everett, the baffled officials searched the fragments of clothing which had encased the skeleton. Suddenly the Coroner exclaimed: "Maybe this will tell us something." He drew a faded card from a trouser pocket.

It was a fishing license issued by the State of California. The writing was dim—almost gone. A magnifying glass was brought into play. Then the letters began to appear.

"Cyril L. Ables—Van Nuys, California," Wagner read slowly. "That seems to be who this unfortunate fellow is."

"I'd better get in touch with the police there," French remarked. "Maybe he has some relatives. We've got to identify him before we can get anywhere."

Immediately a telegram was dispatched, informing the authorities of the Southern California city of the discovery and asking that any survivors contact the Everett officials at once.

On the night of March 23, two days after the startling find in the wilderness, three young men arrived in the Washington city and located Coroner Wagner.

"We're brothers of Cyril Ables," the oldest announced. "We hadn't heard from him for several months

and we were afraid something had happened to him."

Wagner grimly led the trio into the frigid room where the cadavers are kept. "The toughest part of this job is to inform relatives of a death," he said gently. "I hope this fellow turns out to be someone else."

But one look at the pitiful object on the marble slab was enough to identify it as Ables' corpse. The clothing was recognized and a closer inspection revealed dental work with which the youths were familiar.

Tears welled in their eyes. "Why did this have to happen to him?" the spokesman asked, his voice trembling with sorrow and desperation.

"That's what I'd like to know, Son," the Coroner returned softly. "Do you think it possible that he took his own life?"

"No, he'd never have done that!" was the emphatic reply. "Cyril enjoyed living. He couldn't have killed himself. And he wasn't a coward. If anything went wrong, he'd have fought it out."

The determined expressions on the faces of his brothers showed clearly that they, too, were convinced that foul play had been committed.

"But why would anyone want to kill Cyril?" Wagner insisted. "He had a few hundred dollars the last we heard," the youth replied. "He'd been working crops during the summer and was saving up money."

A look of understanding flashed over the official's face. "By Golly, you might be right!" he declared. "We didn't find any money on him—not even a wallet or purse. I'll get in touch with Sheriff Ryan right now!"

He reached for the telephone and called the residence of Sheriff Ray Ryan. Tersely he sketched the case.

"I'll be right over," the Sheriff called as he hung up the receiver and hurried to the morgue.

A few minutes later the grim group were seated in Wagner's office. The Sheriff began. "I just returned from the East this afternoon and French told me that the coupe had been found. I planned to go up to Arlington in the morning and do some checking. But now that you boys are here, I want to get some facts before investigating. Suppose you tell me of your brother's activities since you last saw him."

Again the oldest youth acted as spokesman. "Last July, Cyril said a friend of his, Ralph Allinson, decided to go north to look for work. They left Van Nuys in Ralph's Chrysler coupe."

"We heard from Cyril often and he said they were doing pretty well working crops in Northern California and Oregon. In October we got a letter from Salem, Oregon. Cyril said they had been picking hops and made good money. That's the last we heard of him."

Ryan reflected for a moment, then asked: "This fellow Allinson. What do you know about him? Do you think he could be connected with this crime?"

"Why, Cyril and Ralph were the best of pals," young Ables returned. "But I can't imagine Ralph harming anybody."

"But it's possible that they quarreled," the Sheriff ventured. "Even the best of friends have misunderstandings, you know."

Bewilderment was etched on the youth's face as he insisted: "I don't think Ralph had anything to do with it."

"Well, we'll get up there first thing in the morning and see what we can find," Ryan said. "In any case, you boys try to get some sleep. We may have a tough day ahead of us."

EARLY the following day, Ryan, French, Deputy Coroner Carl Moll and the brothers reached the little crossroads village and hunted up Marshal Jesse Jackson. "You know every inch of this region," the Sheriff said, "so you can help us search for anything that might give us a lead."

"You can count on me," Jackson returned as he climbed into the car and was whisked to the end of the backwoods road. The grim party alighted and beat a path to the death scene. Then began a determined hunt for clues.

A few minutes later the Marshal exclaimed: "Looks like somebody has been through the brush up there!" His gnarled fingers pointed to a faint trail through the thick growth a few yards above the spot where the corpse had been discovered. Only an experi-

enced woodsman could have detected such a dim path.

Like a bloodhound on the scent, he scampered up the brush covered slope and disappeared. Then his shrill voice echoed through the desolate sector. "Come up here, men!" he shouted.

The party hurried in his wake, then recoiled as they saw a body sprawled grotesquely at the base of a giant fir.

Twigs which had fallen from the trees and bits of ferns picked up and blown about by the wind formed a shield for the lower portion of the corpse. What was left of the head was face down on the ground.

The Sheriff shuddered, then exclaimed: "There's a cord around his neck, too! Almost a duplicate of the other killing. He turned to the Ables brothers and continued: "Better take a look and see if this is your brother's friend."

The youths approached the body cautiously. Silently they studied the clothing and general features of the skeleton. "That's Ralph Allinson, all right," one of them returned.

Sheriff Ryan mopped his brow nervously. Here was a double murder to contend with. Had the brutal killer left any trace of his diabolical work? Or was this to be "the perfect crime?"

The officer's sharp eyes swept in the scene, then focused on (continued on page 46)

Coroner J. I. Keown, chief of detectives of Portland, Oregon. "If there's a killer around here, we want to nail him before he starts operating in Portland."

# BAIT FOR A RAPIST

What could the Chicago detectives do with a blue silk handkerchief as the only clue to one of the most despicable crimes they ever encountered?



Raymond Costello. He told a straightforward story and had an iron-clad alibi—but the officers seemed to doubt him.



Madeline White, holding her pet cat, is shown here with her sister and little brother. This little family group was soon to be parted by the machinations of a sad fiend.

**T**HE girl's body was found by a milkman named Joe Giddis.

It was about dawn of a mid-summer morning—July 10th, and Giddis, carrying his container of milk bottles, was stepping briskly along the sidewalk in the 5900 block of South La Salle Street, Chicago. He turned in at the entrance of a frame house at 5931—and it was then he saw it.

At first he saw only the girl's feet protruding from beneath the wooden steps that led from the sidewalk to the front porch, and he gave the matter no great thought, for in that teeming part of Chicago a milkman gets used to seeing almost anything; but when he stooped down for a closer look, intending to awaken the girl and tell her to go home and go to bed, he caught his breath in a gasp of horror. The girl wasn't asleep. She was dead.



Prosecutor William McWhiggen: "We proved this man guilty beyond the shadow of a reasonable doubt. Send him to the gallows!"

Joe ran back to his milk wagon. He leaped into the front seat and yelled excitedly at his horse and started off in search of a telephone. He found one at an all-night lunchroom and called the police.

Within half an hour Lieutenant Edward Barry, with Detective Sergeants Lamm, Ward, and Olson, arrived at the scene in their squad car.

Lieutenant Barry crawled under the steps and made a brief examination. The girl, he judged, had been dead for several hours. He also noted that she had either been strangled or choked to death.

There were purplish bruises on her throat and her face was drawn and distorted. More important still, from the detective's viewpoint, there was a handkerchief in her mouth, stuffed there, evidently, by her murderer in order to prevent her cries being heard.

So much the detective saw at a glance. Bending closer, he saw that the handkerchief was of blue silk with small white polka dots—a man's handkerchief.

Kneeling there beside the body,



Madeline White—Innocent young victim of a heinous heinous crime who murdered to gratify his bestial appetite.

Lieutenant Barry observed further details that he considered important. The dirt beneath the steps, as well as the earth below, was disturbed in a way that indicated the girl had been murdered elsewhere, then dragged to this spot.

The marks in the dirt beside her shoulders, the torn cobwebs on the underside of the steps—these deputed to Detective Barry, trained to observe the tiniest details, that the girl's murderer had gripped her beneath the armpits and dragged her under the steps, bracing himself with his heels, and then, in backing out, had brushed against the steps and disturbed the cobwebs.

But who was the girl? And who was her murderer?

Judging by her face, the girl could have been no more than sixteen at most. It was an attractive face, immature and somewhat boyish, with level brows and a wide mouth.

As for her murderer . . . The only clue, as yet, was the blue silk handkerchief protruding from her full lips.

Nor did a subsequent and more thorough investigation reveal much more of value.

The coroner's deputy inspected the body, left for his inspection exactly as Lieutenant Barry had found it, and then announced:

"No mark of identification. She died from strangulation. But she wasn't choked to death by a man's

BY EDWIN BAIRD

fingers. He may have choked her until she was unconscious, but the thing that killed her was this." And the deputy coroner removed from the girl's mouth the blue silk handkerchief.

"And that," said Lieutenant Barry, "is the only clue we've got."

"You'd better take charge of it then," said the deputy, and gave the handkerchief to Barry.

The detective carefully folded the square of blue silk and tucked it away in his pocket, wondering how he could trace its ownership in a city of three million people.

Later, the coroner's physician ascertained that the girl had been brutally raped. Of more immediate importance, however, was the question: Who was the girl?

Until that was answered, little or no progress could be made on the case.

Nobody in the neighborhood seemed to know her. This strengthened Barry's belief that she had been murdered in some other part of the city, then brought to this section and hidden under the front steps of the frame house at 5931 South La Salle Street. But why had the murderer chosen this particular spot?

The street, slumbering soundly in the summer dawn when Milkman Joe Giddis had made his rounds, was now buzzing with life and excitement. People were swarming from adjacent houses and clustering about the spot where Joe had found the girl's body.

The body was taken to a nearby undertaker's, and Lieutenant Barry issued orders that everybody in the neighborhood be asked to view it on the chance that one of them might recognize the girl.

For an hour or more a long line of people filed past her bier, looked down at the pale young face, and passed on, shaking their heads.

Nobody knew her.

But at last there came a young woman who gave one glance at the dead girl's face and uttered a scream of anguish—"Madeline!"—and collapsed to the floor, unconscious.

Lieutenant Barry, who had been standing beside the corpse, sharply eying every person who filed past, lifted the girl and carried her to a divan. A doctor was called. The girl was revived.

The detective asked her: "You know this girl whose body we found?"

"Know her? My God! She's my sister!"

"What is your name, please?"

All but hysterical, she told the detective her name was Genevieve White and that she had last seen her sister, Madeline, about nine o'clock last evening.

"I thought of course she was home," she sobbed. "I got up and started for this morning without looking in her room. I never dreamed there was anything wrong. Then I saw all those people outside this place, and I came in, and . . ." She was unable to continue.

"Your sister," Detective Barry told her, "has been murdered, and you must help us find her murderer. Pull yourself together now and let's go to your home and have a look at Madeline's room." But first, he said, as she dried her tears, "I want to be absolutely sure you've made no mistake in your identification." Stealing herself, the girl again looked at the body and positively identified it, as well as its clothing, as that of her sister.

She then went to her home with the detective and both saw that the slain girl's bed had not been occupied the previous night.

The home of the sisters was only a few doors from the high wooden steps where Joe, the milkman, had found Madeline's body, and yet, strangely enough, nobody in the neighborhood had recognized her. A curious commentary on city life!

Detective Barry said: "You say you saw Madeline about nine o'clock last night. Where was she then?"

"We were both at the next corner," said Genevieve—"at Sixtieth and La Salle."

"Anybody else with you?"

"Two fellows were with us."

"Who are these fellows?"

"One was Will Breen. The other was a fellow named McCarthy."

"All right. Now tell me all you know about them. Who are

The policemen point to the spot under the porch where Madeline White was found after being briefly ravished and slain.

Dr. Ben Reisman, one of the noted alienists called in by the State for his expert testimony as to the sanity of an important witness.



they, and where did you meet them? And what happened after you met?"

"I'll start at the beginning," said Genevieve, still shaken from shock, "and tell you all I know. But I'll afraid it isn't much."

"No matter. Give me the whole story."

"Night before last," the girl went on, "Will Breen stopped here with this fellow he called McCarthy—"

"One moment," Barry interrupted. "Who is this Will Breen? How long have you known him, and what sort of man is he?"

"I haven't known him very long," she said, "and I don't like him—much. I didn't like his friend, McCarthy, either. They had a car outside, and when they asked Madeline and me to go for a ride I told them 'No.' I noticed that McCarthy kept eying Madeline in a way I

getting rather familiar with her on such short acquaintance."

"What happened when you refused to go riding with them?"

"Nothing. They hung around a while and talked. Then they left."

"All right. Now then, coming down to last night—what happened?"

"Last night," said Genevieve, "McCarthy telephoned and asked for Madeline. He had gotten our telephone number from her when he was here the night before. Madeline answered the phone. She turned to me and said: 'He wants us to go over to Washington Park. He says he has a friend for you. Let's go, Jeany.'"

"Well, I wasn't keen about it, for I didn't like this fellow McCarthy, but I told Madeline to tell him to come over here and we'd talk it over."

Madeline turned back to the

phone. Then she said to me: 'He wants to know if we'll meet them down at the corner.'

"I wasn't keen about that, either; but I could see Madeline was eager to go. Poor kid! She was always so eager to go places! So I told her: 'O. K. Tell him we'll meet them there.'

"They were waiting at the Sixtieth Street corner for us—McCarthy and his friend. He called his friend 'Stitch.' I didn't like 'Stitch' any better than McCarthy, and I told them I didn't think we'd care to go to the park. But Madeline kept urging me to go, and while the four of us stood there talking a friend of mine drove up in his car and asked me to go for a ride. McCarthy said to me: 'Go ahead with your boy friend, Stitch and I will walk back to the house with Madeline and sit on the front steps and cool off.'"

The girl paused, clearly overcome with grief and remorse. She went on in a choking voice: "I shouldn't have gone. I shouldn't have left Madeline alone with those strange men. I should have stayed with her. If I had, this horrible thing wouldn't have happened. . . . But it was such a hot night, and I did want to get out in the country; and so . . ."

"What time was it," the detective put in, "when you got back home?"

"It was very late. The door to Madeline's room was closed. I didn't open it. I supposed of course she had come in long ago and gone to bed. I didn't look in her room this morning, either. I got up and started for work as usual. It never occurred to me that anything had happened to Madeline. Then I saw that crowd at the . . . the undertaker's . . . and I went inside. And then . . ."

Overwhelmed by the memory of what she had seen at the undertaker's, the girl broke down completely. Officer Barry sat watching her as she (Continued on page 51)

# SLEIGH RIDE OF DEATH



By  
**JULIUS  
I. SANDERS**

## MURDER — — Cunningly Connived Stalemated Justice ..... until .....

**M**ELVIN LOCKWOOD, as he stepped from his Valley Road home in Butler, New Jersey, that white December morning, observed appreciatively that the day was a clear one. For several blocks he walked, crunching the hardened snow and whistling cheerfully, when suddenly his eyes glued themselves to the side of the road and his feet planted themselves obstinately.

Curious, with a vague feeling of nervousness, he stared at the shape before him. Unable to make it out, he advanced cautiously, bent over it. Eyes popping, legs quivering, he snapped himself erect and, with great speed, retraced his steps.

Not until he reached Butler Police Headquarters did he slacken his pace. White-faced, he tore into Chief Martin McKeon's office.

"Chief!" he gasped. "There's a woman's body lying out in Valley Road, near Lutz's Sanatorium!"

Chief McKeon pushed aside the routine records he had been sorting.

"Know who it is?" he asked, springing to his feet.

"N-no, I don't. I looked no more than I had to."

McKeon grabbed his hat and coat and called in Patrolman Bill Meyers. Both of them, with Lockwood directly behind them, climbed into a police car and sped to the nearby scene.

"It's a woman, all right," the Chief muttered at first glance. As he studied the form his keen eyes discerned scarlet streaks of blood on the neck and abdomen, both parts being almost hidden by the snow as well as by the body's contorted position. Whether it was an old woman, a middle-aged woman or a girl, McKeon was unable to determine, for the face was turned down into the snow.

With the exception of a pair of pink silk panties and a torn pink slip, the body was virtually naked. Scattered nearby were the woman's hat and coat. Farther away was a skirt that apparently had been torn from her. With that also was her corset, twisted and half-covered with snow.

"No question about this being murder," McKeon breathed. Murder in quiet, peaceful Butler was a rare occurrence.

He wondered, as he gazed at the body and the scattered clothes, if he had to deal with a murdering sex-fiend. "What other kind of killer would want to strip a woman before or after killing her?" he asked himself.

Possible as the sex-fiend theory was, McKeon began to doubt it. There were no trees, no



Charles Burkh: "Catherine had no enemies. Nobody had any reason to kill her. She never hummed anybody."

woods, no bushes, nor any kind of seclusion wherein a sex maniac might commit his reprehensible act. The body was lying in the open, about five feet off the roadway.

Gingerly, he applied the tips of his fingers to the abdomen. For several moments he kept them there, then his body stiffened and his eyes narrowed. The feel of cold, rigid flesh that he had expected to meet his touch was not there. Instead, the flesh was warm, yielding!

"Who is she?" Lockwood asked from a respectable distance.

McKeon shook his head. "Can't tell. How can I, with her head hidden the way it is? I'm not going to move her, or disturb anything, until

the Prosecutor's men get here. They'll want pictures of everything." To the patrolman he added: "Bill, you get to a phone and tell Prosecutor Mills there's a murder out here."

**I**T WAS several minutes after seven o'clock, and the sun was rising in a ball of dazzling erubescence, when Prosecutor John M. Mills arrived with County Detectives Edward Brennan and J. Boyd Headley, Coroner Fichter and a photographer.

After an exchange of greetings, the Prosecutor inquired: "Who's the victim?"

"Don't know, sir," McKeon replied. "I didn't want to move the body until you got here."

The photographer already was setting up his camera. Soon he was shooting the body and the scene from all angles. When he finished, he took his leave and the coroner began his task.

A grunt of surprise left him when he felt the corpse's flesh. He then slid his hands under the body and turned the face upward, with the sightless eyes staring skyward.

No sooner did the face come into view than a cry of recognition went out from McKeon and Lockwood.

"Great Scott!" McKeon ejaculated. "That's Mrs. Buralbol from over in Kiel Avenue!"

"She's . . . she's my landlady . . .

owns the house I live in," Lockwood exclaimed, aghast.

"Who are you?" Mills wanted to know.

"Melvin Lockwood. I found the body. I live several blocks down the street in a two-family house that this woman owns."

Coroner Fichter regained his posture. "It's murder," he announced. "She was shot five times in the abdomen. There are a number of face and body bruises that indicate blows of some sort. I'll be able to give you a more detailed report soon's the autopsy is completed."

"Think she was criminally assaulted?" McKeon ventured.

"Possible," the coroner returned laconically. "Can't tell yet."

At this juncture Brennan brought his chief's attention to the clothing he and Headley had gathered up. Coat, hat, scarf, dress and corset were expansively streaked with scarlet. Only the dress and corset showed the bullets' perforations.

Mills turned to the coroner. "Before you leave, Doc, how long would you say she's been dead?"

"Not more than two hours. Body's still warm, and rigor mortis hasn't completely set in yet."

The Prosecutor whistled, surprised. "Two hours, eh? . . . Strange that nobody in the neighborhood heard any one of the five shots that killed her, or her screams. A woman doesn't struggle with death without emitting at least one healthy scream." Then, to the detectives: "How about the gun? Find it yet?"

"Not a sign of it," Headley said.

The Coroner took his leave, advising that he would send the local

morgue attendants for the body.

An examination of the ground was begun by the detectives and Mills, while McKeon and Meyers went after shovels to clear the snow for the missing weapon. Presently, Headley pointed to the hardened snow on the walk.

"That's the answer to why nobody heard either shots or screams," he said.

Mills and Brennan scanned the section indicated. In the hardened snow they saw long, straight lines paralleling each other. Between the lines were other faint lines that appeared to have been swept along like a shaggy brush.

"Yes, I see why no one could have heard anything here," Mills muttered, his eyes lighting oddly. "These tracks mean the murder did not occur here. The body was carried on a small sled from the actual scene to this place. It seems to me that the markings in between the runner lines might have been made by the woman's hair. That is, whoever pulled the sled, didn't realize or care that the head was dragging along over the snow."

"That let's out the sex attack theory, then," Brennan ventured. "Heck, no sex criminal would bother carting a body around and leave it in an open neighborhood. He'd simply leave it at the place of the murder."

"Maybe so," Mills commented appreciatively. "Whoever carted her away like this must have had good reason for not wanting her discovered there. Too bad, though, his footprints don't show up as well as the runner lines. The way they are now, they're absolutely useless."

House of Death . . . arrow points to background in the left where police found evidence of a fantastic murder.



Prosecutor John M. Mills. Morristown, N. J., an able lawyer and crime investigator. His shrewd deductions led to the capture of a cunning killer.



The body of a respected housewife and mother, cruelly murdered, was found on the spot where Detective Brunson is pointing.



For about an eighth of a mile the lines extended west of the scene, then they suddenly disappeared, obliterated by traffic erasures. But in that distance several strands of light brown hair were picked up from in between the runner-lines. They belonged, apparently, to the dead woman.

A few minutes later McKeon and Meyers returned with shovels borrowed from a garage a few blocks away. They tackled the small piles of snow at the curb, examining every shovelful for the gun. In the meantime, the morgue wagon pulled up and the attendants quickly turned the body over into a wicker casket, slid it into the vehicle and disappeared.

It was by now close to eight o'clock; somehow word got about that a murder had been committed and a crowd began to collect. The officers worked quickly and within twenty minutes had shoveled and sifted the snow. But no gun was to be found.

The next step was to make for the victim's home in Kiel Avenue. On the way, McKeon, in few words,

told what he knew about the woman and her family. He explained that Mrs. Burbol and her husband Charles were modestly wealthy folks and had lived in Butler for more than nine years, quietly and conservatively. The husband was employed in the rubber factory as a fireman and alternately worked days and nights.

Arriving at the house, a well-kept two family construction, about a quarter of a mile from the scene of the discovery, McKeon rang the bell. After a few moments' wait the door was opened and a little girl of about eleven years, with straight blonde hair and pert little nose, stared up at the five officers with a look of wonder in her large blue eyes. She was the dead woman's youngest child.

Mills smiled kindly and in his pleasant, easy voice inquired whether her father was at home.

"Yes, sir, he is. He's in the kitchen making breakfast for Willy and me before we go to school."

"Will you tell him, please, that some officers would like to see him? We'll step inside, meanwhile."

The girl turned and almost fled to the back of the house. The investigators could hear her high-pitched voice, close to an excited squeal, exclaim to her father that "a lot of officers have come to see you."

There was a deep-toned, inaudible utterance of surprise, then a heavy tread of feet, and in the next moment a solidly built middle-aged man of medium height, with thin sandy hair and curious gray eyes, confronted the callers.

"You want to see me?" Perplexity marked his voice and face.

The Prosecutor swept the man a quick, appraising glance, then introduced himself.

"We're here about your wife," he said quietly. "I'm sorry to bring you shocking news, but your wife has been murdered . . . shot five times in the abdomen."

The effect on Burbol was profound. He went white completely; his mouth fell open and he swayed dizzily. McKeon seized his arm and steadied him.

"Brace yourself, man!" he admonished (Continued on page 54)

# THE HOUSE of 100 Many LOVERS

By  
**B. W. WILSON**

**I**N A DARKENED room, two women knelt at an open window gazing down and across into a dimly lighted house opposite. From their second-story window which, due to the slope of the land, was only a few feet above the ground floor of their neighbor's house, they could plainly see the feet and legs of a man standing within the dining room. As the women crouched there watching, the man seemed to whirl about and rush across the room toward the front of the house. A second later four sharp reports broke the night's stillness. There followed a woman's piercing scream: "Fred—oh Fred!"

Minutes passed, but they heard nothing more. Nothing more save the muted call of night birds. They strained their eyes in an effort to catch some further glimpse of what was going on in the luxurious home not twenty-five feet distant.

"I don't know what roused me," one of the women whispered. "I just woke out of a sound sleep and rushed in here to you."

Said the other woman: "I seemed to hear loud voices, then you came in. Oh, I'm sure something terrible has happened over at the Oesterreich place. I'm sure those were pistol shots!"

"What shall we do?" her companion asked in a hysterical whisper. "It's almost midnight, but we've got to do something." Then getting stiffly to her feet, Mrs.

Fannie Lawson turned away from the window. "You switch the house, Clara. I'll see if I can raise someone at the Oesterreich's on the phone."

For several minutes Mrs. Clara Martin on her knees at the darkened window, heard the phone bell in the house opposite ringing shrilly but its call remained unanswered. Then from somewhere in the neighbor's house came the sound of muffled cries and a far away pounding. This was followed by grim silence in the dimly lighted house; and as the women watched, the porch light was suddenly extinguished.

"Well, they've put out the light," said Mrs. Martin with a sigh of relief. "Guess they've gone upstairs to bed."

"Just the same, I think something is wrong over there," insisted her friend. "There! What did I tell you?" and Fannie Lawson turned hurriedly back to the open window through which could again be heard the sounds of muffled pounding. "Now, we've just got to find out."

Hurrying to the telephone, Mrs. Lawson finally roused her neighbor on the other side of her house. Mrs. Ashton acted efficiently. Quickly he advised Acting Chief of Police Al Slaten what the two women had seen and heard. Captain Slaten, in charge of the morning flying squad, detailed A. W. Stoll and Walter A. Aubrey of the Hollywood Detective bureau to investigate the trouble.

**I**T WAS a few minutes before twelve of this warm August night when Officers Stoll and Aubrey met Ashton and his two neighbor women in the shadows of the heavy shrubbery before the spacious mansion occupied by Fred Oesterreich, wealthy garment manufacturer, and his wife, at 853 North Andrews Place. Followed by the little group of neighbors, the officers tried the front door and then the side door. Both were locked, but they found the French doors leading from a



**WAS A WOMAN'S FLAMING PASSION  
THE CAUSE OF A  
COLD-BLOODED MURDER?**



In this quiet peaceful-looking house death struck suddenly—violently.

wide veranda into the living room standing ajar. They entered.

The faint shadows cast by a lighted lamp with a heavy shade served to deepen the black shadows behind the massive furniture.

"Where's the light switch?" Aubrey asked.

"Just to your right there," directed Mrs. Lawson. And then as the light-flooded room made a reality of all fears, she gasped in horror. Sprawled in a far corner in the deep shadows lay the body of her neighbor, Fred Oesterreich.

"Dead!" said officer Stoll as he knelt by the body. "Shot through the heart." He got hastily to his feet.

"Where's the wife?" asked Aubrey, turning to Mrs. Lawson. Before she could reply, a faint pounding echoed through the house. "There, that's the pounding again!" said Mrs. Lawson. The sound

Otto Seabauer "I was just a perfect sales agent."



scended far away and ceased entirely as the little party started up the stairs.

Four doors opened from the stairs landing. The bathroom—empty; a small closet—empty; two bedroom doors—both locked. On these, Aubrey unsuccessfully tried his skeleton keys. Then John Ashton called attention to a key on the floor at the right of the stairway. This key opened the door to the rear bedroom. A hasty survey showed this room to be empty. The closet door was locked and the key was on the outside, so the officers passed quickly on to a small room under the eaves. Lighting match after match, Stoll and Aubrey made a thorough search of this small trunk room. It, too, was empty. No one was hiding there.

Back in the hallway, Aubrey's powerful shoulder forced the door into the front bedroom. This also was empty, as was the sleeping porch and closets opening from it. The arrival of Detective Lieu-

tenants Thomas N. Murray and Z. J. Gruzy from Central Detective Bureau, accompanied by a reporter, again drew the searchers down stairs. Quickly Stoll and Aubrey gave the men from headquarters the meager details. After notifying Captain Slaten that a homicide detail was needed, Lieutenant Murray took charge of the investigation.

Leaving Aubrey to guard the body of the dead man, Murray, Gruzy, Stoll and the neighbors again mounted the winding stairs. At the top they paused to listen but only the flute-like call of a mocking bird broke the stillness.

"We'll try this room first," Murray said as he shoved open the door to the rear bedroom.

Soft lights flooded every corner of the luxurious room. It was empty. "That closet is locked from the outside," said Gruzy pointing to the door. "See, the key is in place."

"Let's have a look," Murray crossed the room and turned the key in the lock. A moment later he was gazing down on the huddled form of Walburga Oesterreich, covered by garments and hangers.

Together the officers lifted the woman and carried her to the bed. Apparently she was unharmed. Her face was flushed and her breathing was spasmodic but cold water dashed over her face soon revived her. She opened her eyes with a start.

"Fred! Where is Fred?" she cried hysterically. Then recognizing Mrs.

Walburga Oesterreich: Her husband's body had been buying jewelry for her. Her gems were worth over \$50,000.



Lawson, she gasped. "Oh, why didn't you come sooner? Oh, why doesn't Fred come to me?" The neighbors quailed her while the officers returned to the living room and made a hasty examination of the body of the dead manufacturer.

The body, with three gaping bullet wounds, lay on its side. The head was almost touching the door. One bullet had pierced Oesterreich's heart, while another had entered his body a few inches above the heart. A third bullet had plowed its way down through the head from a point a few inches above the left ear. The bullets had been fired from a small caliber automatic. There were no powder marks on the clothing or body. A search disclosed three empty shells in the corner of the living room at the right of the body. A fourth empty shell was found near the foot of the stairs. The newspaper reporter, seeing plaster on the floor, located the fourth bullet embedded in the ceiling of the living room. The officers learned from the neighbors that there had been one shot, followed shortly by three others in quick succession.

The room bore evidence of a struggle. The small rug was wrinkled as though someone had slipped on it. A chair was overturned and a man's hat lay on the floor close to the table. All entrances, except the French doors on the side next to the Lawson home, were locked.

Acting Chief of Detectives Grant Roberds who arrived at 1:15 o'clock

with Detective Lieutenant James E. Davis of the homicide squad, found Mrs. Oesterreich sufficiently recovered to tell her story:

The Oesterreichs had returned home about eleven-thirty after spending the evening with friends. As was his custom, Fred Oesterreich left his car in the driveway while he unlocked the house for his wife. She was an unusually timid person. He usually entered the house first and lighted the lower floor. This evening they entered together and "Dolly," as her friends called her, noticing a fur neckpiece on a chair, picked it up and went upstairs. Oesterreich proceeded toward the rear of the house. She went straight to the bedroom closet, and had just hung the fur in the closet when she heard a commotion downstairs.

"I thought maybe Fred had slipped on the rug," she said. "He was all the time musing up the rugs. I started to leave the closet when someone shoved me back and slammed the door. I then heard someone run across the room and slam the hall door. I got sort of muddled. Maybe it was Fred playing a joke on me. Then I heard four shots—right fast—and so I took off my shoes and I pounded on the door. I hollered for Fred but he didn't come. Then I must have fainted."

In response to a query, Mrs. Oesterreich told Captain Roberds that her husband always carried a considerable sum of money. Then, as the import of all the questions

begun to dawn on her, she became hysterical and screamed that she knew something had happened to her husband. She demanded to be taken to him.

With her red-gold hair streaming out from her flushed face, Walburga Oesterreich told Captain Roberds after one of the neighbors had gently broken to her the news of her husband's death. Again showing the fear-phobia that obsessed her, the widow locked herself in and remained alone in seclusion the rest of the night.

TWO days later Detective Lieutenant Herman Cline, chief of the homicide detail, and his partner Detective Lieutenant Raymond Cato, returning from another case, were placed in charge of the investigation, so ably started by the other officers.

Fred Oesterreich, prosperous manufacturer of Milwaukee, had moved to California in 1918. He established a Los Angeles branch and business prospered. The home on North Andrews Place was a luxurious one. In addition to carrying considerable money, Oesterreich always wore a valuable watch and an Elks pin. The police found only a few dollars in loose change in his pockets and no money at all in his wallet. The watch and the Elks' pin were missing.

Two robbers—one upstairs and the other down—had evidently been surprised. From the location of the body and the empty shells, Captain Roberds told Lieutenant



Murderous poppers locked Mrs. Oesterreich (center) in main closet and prevented her from aiding her husband. (Left to right) Det. Lieut. Herman Cline, Capt. of Detectives Geo. K. Home, and attorneys Jerry Gleaser, and Frank Donahue.



Superior Judge Carlos E. Hardy: He ruled that the jury must decide whether the confessions had been made voluntarily or by a promise of lesser penalty.



A prisoner of love: Specialty passed models show the "hot-mom" whose he lived and loved for ten years—in the attic of his paragon's house.



Detective Lieut. E. Raymond Cato, veteran crime hunter, tackled a case which taxed all of his ingenuity.



Roy H. Klumb: His story told to a newspaperman caused the arrest of the woman who had been his friend.

Cline that he was certain the killer had been hidden in the little den off the hallway. When he heard Oesterreich go toward the rear of the house he probably stole forth intending to make a get-away. But when Oesterreich, perhaps hearing a sound, whirled about and started for the front of the house, the two met, they grappled and Oesterreich thus met his death.

"The 25 ejects its shells to the right," Roberts said. "So the robber probably stood close to the

archway when he fired. The thing, though, that puzzles me is the fourth shot in the ceiling and the fourth shell at the foot of the stairs."

"I'm thinking about that bird upstairs," observed Lieutenant Cato as he studied the hasty sketch of the rooms of the Oesterreich house. "He was probably hidden behind the closet door. Must have been a fast thinker and, when he heard the commotion downstairs, he knew he didn't have a chance of getting away unseen. So he shoved Mrs. Oesterreich back into the closet and locked her in. But why didn't he

stop to pick up the key when he dropped it?"

"Who locked the door into the front room and why?" asked Roberts.

Cline scratched his head. "And I'd like to know why those guys didn't make a get-away when the Oesterreichs drove up. And why would a guy who has just killed a man take the time to grab an Elk's pin? Those pins are fastened on tight, and I mean tight."

Cato offered: "Jim Davis says that the woman's coat was properly placed on a hanger. Mrs. Oesterreich didn't say anything about hanging up her coat—just told about the fur."

"I'm wondering why those birds were in the house so long after

the shooting," pondered Roberts. "Mrs. Martin is certain no one left the house through the French doors, and that it was at least fifteen minutes after the shots before the porch light went out."

"Cool gazabos," replied Cato. "Took time to get the money and pop the wallet back in his pocket—took off the Elk's pin and the watch—and all the time the woman upstairs yelling and pounding and the folks next door hollering and the telephone bell ringing—it just doesn't make sense."

"It could have been a planned murder," suggested Cline. "Perhaps Oesterreich recognized the intruders. Otherwise, why—why was it necessary to kill him?"

"Why?" That was the question that kept cropping up during the weeks that followed the death of the wealthy garment manufacturer. Sinister whispers of a mysterious feud existing over many years were carried in the report of the Milwaukee police—the statement of a friend that while the Oesterreichs were living in the fashionable Shorewood apartments in Milwaukee they had kept several locks on the outer doors.

Mrs. Oesterreich scoffed at these stories of feuds, of fears and such, and told reporters that her husband was so tender-hearted he wouldn't hurt anyone. "He didn't have an enemy in the whole world. It was robbers. They were after my jewelry."

Bearing out Mrs. Oesterreich's belief of robbers was her story of what had happened two months earlier. Upon their arrival home late at night, the Oesterreichs found their house in disorder. There was

an overturned bottle of ink and a big splotch of ink on the wall near the French doors. This spot, she explained, looked as if someone had hurled the ink bottle at the wall. They had made no report as nothing was missing.

Oesterreich's hobby, the wife said, was buying jewelry for her. Her gems had been appraised at fifty thousand dollars.

The coroner's inquest, conducted by Frank A. Nance and his chief assistant, William A. MacDonald, failed to throw any light on the motive back of the killing. Dr. Frank R. Webb, Autopsy Surgeon, told the jury that either the bullet through the head or the one through the heart would have been fatal. He said the bullet in the heart had probably been followed closely by the one through the head, which caught Oesterreich as he was falling. This had coursed down from the head, through the neck and into the liver—a shot that could have caught a falling body but once in a blue moon.

The police believed that Mrs. Martin was mistaken when she testified that the screams she heard immediately after the shooting were distinct and could not have come from the depths of the closet. But Herman Cline and Ray Cato could find no explanation for the fifteen minutes that both Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Lawson were certain elapsed between the shots and the time the porch light went out. Time after time they called on Walburga Oesterreich and questioned her. Almost frantically, she in vain tried to reconstruct some sort of mental picture of the hand that had thrust

her into the closet. In no uncertain terms she told the detectives that there had never been a revolver of any kind in the house.

When Fred Oesterreich's will was probated it was disclosed that Walburga Oesterreich was heir to the estate valued at approximately half a million dollars.

TEN months later, lurid newspaper headlines told of the arrest of Walburga Oesterreich for the murder of her husband. Sobbing and hysterical, the 45-year-old matron was brought to headquarters accompanied by an attorney friend, Herman S. Shapiro. The long smouldering contention of Detectives Cline and Cato that "Dolly" Oesterreich knew something about the killing of her husband had been climaxed two months previous by a weird story related—first to a newspaper man, and later to the police—by Roy H. Klumb, an erstwhile friend of the glamorous widow.

According to Klumb, a six-foot Bear Brunson, two days after the murder, "Dolly" handed him a package wrapped in a handkerchief and asked him to throw it into the La Brea oil pits. It was a revolver filed into small pieces she told him. She said she was innocent but that it would look bad if the police found it in her possession as it was the same caliber as that with which her husband met his death.

Klumb said he followed instructions. That night he slipped out to the La Brea pits. He threw the package, as he believed, into the stump hole where sabre toothed tigers and (Continued on page 63)

# "THIS Is a Stick-Up!"

By  
**EDWIN  
MacLAREN**

HE SHOT  
THE WORKS  
FOR A GUN



**C**LARENCE STIERWALT, a young man with a purpose, stood at the "World's Busiest Corner"—State and Madison Streets, Chicago—in serious meditation.

It was twenty minutes past four o'clock on Monday afternoon, October 8, 1938.

The crowds swirled and eddied around him, but Clarence paid them no heed. Clarence was cogitating on a matter of grave concern. He had a small bit of money in his pocket and he needed a great deal more. But he was newly released from state's prison and had arrived in Chicago from Paducah, Kentucky, only a few hours before, and among the countless thousands of persons streaming endlessly past him there wasn't one that he knew. How, then, could he get this money?

He turned and stared intently at the nearest store. Then he walked inside and exchanged the money in his

pocket for a small bright object of curious design. He thrust the object in the lower pocket of his vest, buttoned his coat over it and walked back to the teeming street.

He floated along with the milling crowd and stopped in front of another store a few doors farther south. This was Berland's Shoe Store at 16 South State Street.

He went inside. The store was swarming with customers. The manager, Sam Bloomberg, stepped forward smilingly.

"Something in shoes, sir?" said Mr. Bloomberg. "No," said Clarence, unbuttoning his coat. "Something in cash." He pointed to the shining object protruding from his vest.

Mr. Bloomberg's eyes widened at the object; a snub-nosed automatic pistol.

"This is a slick-up. I want all the money you got in this joint," said Clarence, speaking low from a corner of his mouth, "and I want it quick."

"Step this way," said Mr. Bloomberg, and led him to the cashier's cage. "Miss Kay," he said to the cashier, "give this man what he wants. And please don't alarm the other—customers."

There was \$250 in the till. Miss Rose Kay, the cashier, gave it all to Clarence.

Clarence shoved it into his pockets and buttoned his coat. Then he bowed to the cashier and lifted his hat, and turned and walked outside. Nobody else in the store was aware that it was being robbed. So it was as simple as that!

Emerging to the sidewalk, somewhat hurriedly, Clarence collided with another man.

"Hey!" exploded this man. "Can't you watch where you're going?"

"Sorry," said Clarence. "I'm in a hurry." He started to push on through the crowd.

But the man detained him. "Say," he said, looking curiously at Clarence's face, "haven't we met somewhere before? St. Louis, I think it was."

"I've never been in St. Louis," said Clarence. "If we met at all it was in Paducah."

"But I've never been in Paducah," said the man. Clarence had the vague feeling he had heard something like this before, and he was about to supply the last line to the gag: "It must have been two other fellows," but now, suddenly, he heard a shout behind him:

"Hold that man! Don't let him get away!"

Clarence looked over his shoulder. Policeman Martin Sullivan, on traffic duty at State and Madison, was bawling toward him through the crowd, elbowing people right and left, service revolver in hand. Following him was Manager Sam Bloomberg.

Clarence tried to run, but he hadn't a chance. The stranger, who thought they had met in St. Louis, held him in a bearlike grip.

A moment later Officer Sullivan was clamping the handcuffs on him. The stranger, having performed his duty as a citizen, disappeared in the crowd without giving his name. Probably he was still pondering on how he could have met Clarence when he had never been in Paducah.

Mr. Bloomberg, watching excitedly, uttered a warning: "Take care, Officer. He's got a gun in his pocket."

Officer Sullivan, preparing to take his prisoner to the call box and send him to the Detective Bureau, jerked open Clarence's coat and snatched the snub-nosed pistol from the lower vest pocket. Then he gave a hearty laugh. It was a toy cap pistol such as children use when playing "cops and robbers."

Clarence had bought it with his last thirty-five cents.



Nothing was overlooked in the desperate search for the murderous handgun. Detective Fred Lee sifts through a bunch of dead leaves.



John Markham: One of several suspects whose clothing received a thorough chemical analysis. Not a stain or a drop of blood was discovered to link him with the brazen quarry murder.

(Editor's note: Sherman Falkenrath, co-author, one of the shrewdest man-hunters in the West, was given high rating by J. Edgar Hoover as a student of scientific crime detection methods at the F. B. I. national police school of Washington, one of the outstanding criminal colleges in the world.)

**A** MANTLE of starless darkness hung heavily over Salt Lake City, relieved only by the feeble rays of an occasional street lamp. Gusts of wind eddied and swirled dried leaves about the bent figure of a man with a lunchbox plodding methodically along the shadow-shrouded sidewalk. On toward the row of denuded trees the old man came.

Suddenly from the blackness behind one massive trunk a savage figure leaped. A smashing blow to the head spun the gasping victim into the dried grass of a vacant lot.

With a cry of anguish the injured man staggered to his feet. With courage, despite his wound, he met the brutal attacker, almost miraculously got in a blow that staggered his adversary. Taking advantage of this he started to flee.

But this unexpected turn of events only infuriated the now snarling beast. Ripping a heavy iron from a back pocket the attacker slugged mercilessly at the aged man. He sagged to the sidewalk. Blows rained down cruelly on the inert figure.

Greedy snatching at the lunch box, the assailant disappeared as stealthily as he had come, leaving the prostrate victim for dead.

Some time later Saturday night, November 25, 1939, Helmeuth Fluehe and his wife were driving down South Temple and J Streets, a short distance from the world famous Mormon Tabernacle. They were shocked to see a grotesque figure stagger into the path of their headlight beams.

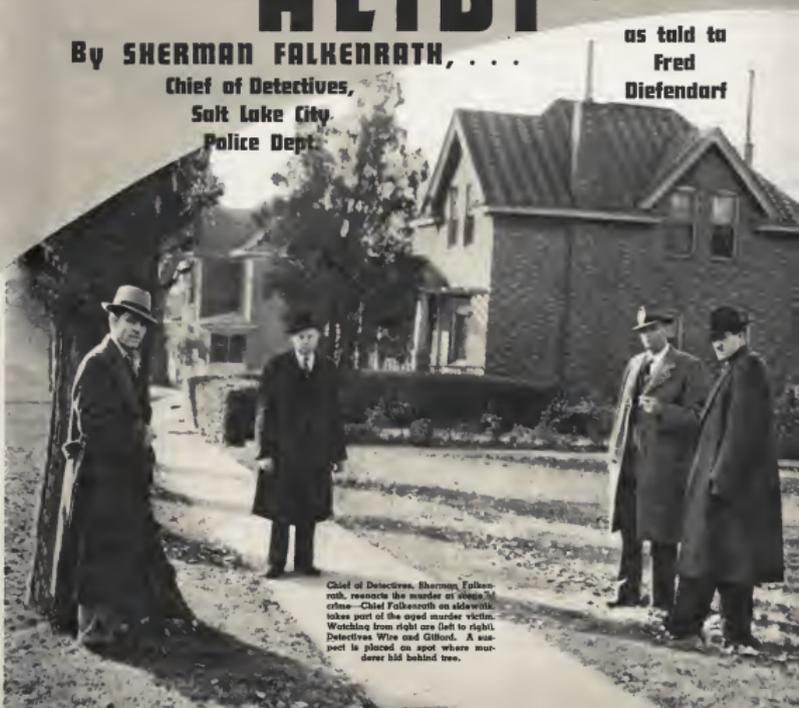
Obviously the crimson-splashed old man rocking back on his heels was seriously injured. Carefully they aided him into their car and rushed him to our Police Emergency Hospital for first aid. Instantly our department was called and Detective W. E. Eggleston assigned to investigate.

Eggleston bent solicitously over the moaning man. "We want to help. Can you tell me just what happened?"

# A Killer AND A PERFECT ALIBI.

By **SHERMAN FALKENRATH**, . . .  
Chief of Detectives,  
Salt Lake City  
Police Dept.

as told to  
Fred  
Diefendorf



Chief of Detectives, Sherman Falkenrath, rescues the murderer at scene of crime—Chief Falkenrath on sidewalk takes part of the aged murder victim. Watching from right are (left to right) Detectives Wire and Gilford. A suspect is placed on spot where murderer hid behind tree.

What made the police so sure of his guilt in spite of his absolute proof of innocence?

"Slugged . . ." the words came quaveringly, with a desperate effort. "My wife worries . . . looked like white porter." Then the weak voice trailed off. He lapsed into unconsciousness.

While a white gowned interne gave the victim a hypodermic and emergency aid, Eggleston learned all that Mr. and Mrs. Fluehe knew of the case which was soon to become one of the most engrossing murder riddles to confront us in many years in Salt Lake City.

From personal effects Eggleston believed the victim was John G. Smith, of 675 Sixth Avenue, Salt Lake City, a retired U. S. Post Office employee, a man in his seventies.

The hard faced detective flashed word of his preliminary investigation into headquarters. Immediately Detectives H. Fred Lee and Lester F. Wire of Robbery Detail were also assigned to the case. Several other crack men began checking the identity of the old man.

Physical evidence quickly corroborated the Fluehes' statements. Tire skid marks indicated where their car first began to slide as they saw the victim stagger into the street. Still moist spots of blood indicated where the aged man had weaved out into the thoroughfare.

It was easy to follow the irregular crimson trail several blocks back to J Street between First and Second Avenues, a meagerly lighted older residential district.

By flashlight beams, grim detectives discovered dried grass torn up and trampled as though in a desperate life and death struggle. Many spattered bloodspots were visible around bases of trees in the parking and on the concrete sidewalk in front of several vacant lots. Although there was plenty of evidence of gruesome violence, a careful search revealed not one footprint or other clue to the identity of the murderous attacker.

The meantime, Mrs. Smith arrived at the hospital. From her detectives learned that the patient was her husband, John G. Smith, 73-year-old retired mailman, father of four grown children. After he had been examined he had bought a little cigar and magazine stand in the lobby of the McIntyre Building. Although it didn't bring in

much money, at least it gave him an interest in life, something to do. Each Saturday night, she explained tearfully, he brought home his \$20 petty cash fund and receipts for the day, several dollars. This he always carried in a canvas bank sack inside his red lunch box.

After talking with Mrs. Smith my men were pretty sure robbery was the motive. There was a striking similarity between this case and several others that had occurred during the preceding week.

Two women had been slugged viciously after dark in residential districts of Salt Lake City. One had been robbed of her pocketbook and several dollars. Only her desperate struggles and screams of terror had finally frightened away the fiend who brutally attempted a criminal assault. A second woman's experiences had been almost identical. It seemed likely the same marauder was involved in all three cases, picking helpless women or a older man he thought could be easily

The murder pipe held by Detective Sergeant M. D. McGinness is shown to suspect (center), while Detective Eggleston grimly looks on.



John G. Smith, 73, friendly and popular proprietor of this newsstand and cigar counter, was the victim of a murderous thug. Outstanding detective work finally cracked what looked like a hopeless case.



A trio of expert criminal investigators—Chief of Detectives, Sherman Falkenroth, points with pencil to a heretofore undiscovered clew on victim's lunch box. Chief of Police Wm. C. Walsh (right) and Detective Lester F. Wise (center) intently interested.



or powdered. We had only a meager description of the attacker. The women agreed that he was youngish in age, about 5 feet 8 or 9 inches, medium build and dressed in dark clothing. However, they disagreed as to whether he was a Negro or a deeply sun tanned white man.

While some detectives followed this lead, others dynamited out to work on the "white porter" clue, starting with employees of various firms connected with the McIntyre Building.

Finally, at home, they located Ariel G. Funk, proprietor of the McIntyre Barber Shop. He tried eagerly to assist the investigation into the attack on his old friend, informing investigators he had no white porter, only a Negro who had worked for him several years.

"I noticed when John left," he added. "It was just 8:15 when he locked up and waved goodbye as usual. He's as punctual as a clock. I remember he had his red lunch box under his arm as he walked away."

Thus detectives estimated the time of the unwarranted brutal attack at approximately 8:30 p.m. Smith must have lain unconscious nearly half an hour, left for dead, since Fluehe first saw the old man at 9 o'clock only several blocks from the scene of attack.

My men now believed they had reconstructed Smith's last movements in detail. To every available detective and officer the order was flashed by radio to "find the red lunch box" which might hold the solution of the brutal robbery which was so soon to become a murder. Detectives drove on at top speed all Saturday night and most of Sunday, rounding up and grilling many persons known to have been involved in robberies or attempted robbery previously.

Working on the "white porter" clue, some police spotted bus and train depots, airports and all shoe shine and barber shops. Others, in order not to overlook any bets, rounded up all suspects who might fit the general descriptions given by the women victims.

One suspect who fitted the women's descriptions in a general way and had a police record was John Markham, 25-year-old WPA worker, on parole from Utah State Prison.

Detective L. B. Gifford questioned Markham at his home, 340 Fifth East Street. Markham told a straightforward story that he had not left the house all evening. His wife, three small children clinging to her. (Continued on page 63)

# The ILLICIT LOVER and the CRUISING CADAVER

A Killer  
took his bullet-riddled  
victim on a grisly journey  
that covered six  
states

By  
David  
Anderson

In this car, two passengers traveled together for days and nights. One ate and slept in it—the other was a corpse!



An important "bit" of evidence is brought into the courtroom. The car Frazer used in his weird death tour. Left to right: William Frazer, Prosecutor Abe J. David, and Alexander Simpson, lawyer for the accused.

**T**INY snowflakes danced in the headlight beams.

The tires crunched over snow ruts as the Buick sedan labored slowly toward the top of a hill a few miles outside Walden, New York.

"It's deathly quiet, isn't it Bill?" breathed Phoebe Stader when the car reached the crest. For miles around the countryside lay asleep under the white blanket.

Bill Frazer brought the car to a halt. "Let's sit here awhile," he said. He took a bottle of applejack from the seat beside him. Lifting it in a salute, he smiled at Phoebe. "A toast to death."

"Why, Bill," said Phoebe reproachfully, "you've been drinking too much. You're morose."

He put the bottle to his lips and drank deeply. Then he handed it to the woman beside him. Unknowingly, she, too, drank a toast to death.

When she finished, Bill Frazer, his eyes heavy lidded, faced her squarely. "You don't love me anymore, do you?" He spoke deliberately, like one declaring a truth.

Phoebe turned on him sharply. "I'm not going to spoil a perfectly nice evening by listening to that kind of talk."

"Well it's true," snapped Frazer. "Now that my inheritance is gone, you're through with me, aren't you?" Her silence aggravated him. He shook her. "Aren't you? You're through with me."

"You're drunk, Bill Frazer." Phoebe looked through the windshield at the falling snow. Tears came to her eyes. "I've broken up my home because of you," she said. "I'm going to throw away seven years of married life and get a divorce because of you. That's how much I love you."

Frazer relaxed his hold on her. "Sometimes, Phoebe," he said, "I lose my temper just thinking about you. I feel that something will come up to keep us from going through with the life we want. It's like in that show we saw at Newburgh tonight—'The Right To Love. We have a right to love, Phoebe, no matter what the world thinks. People say that because I've been married to Hilda for thirteen years and have two kids that I should keep on loving her. But I don't. I love you, Phoebe."

Mrs. Stader tried to quiet him. "We'll get married all right, Bill. We'll have the life we want."

Frazer's moroseness increased. He took another drink from the bottle. "How can you be so sure," he said.

"Hilda will give you a divorce, Bill," Phoebe said in quiet voice.

In Court: A loyal wife, Mrs. William Frazer, stands by ready to help her faithless husband in his hour of need.



Free Day—No matter what the world may say or think of him. Mother of WILSON Frazer sits beside her son on trial for his life.



Mrs. Phoebe Stader: She kept a date with death.

"And I've already left Philip. When all the red tape is over, you and I can be married. While things are being settled, we can go to Florida. We can leave right away."

"Sounds simple the way you put it," Frazer argued, "but it's not that easy. There's you and me to think about. I had a lot of money two years ago when you and I met. Most of it's gone now. That's why you've been so cool to me."

Phoebe Stader shuddered as his accusing words poured out in a quaking stream.

"That's why you came to Walden instead of staying in Rahway. You were trying to run away from me," Frazer stared drunkenly at the woman beside him. "Why don't you say that it's all over between you and me. Why don't you say it?"

"Oh, no!" sighed Phoebe Stader, "you're impossible."

Darkness hid the color flushing up from his neck. They sat in stony silence, each staring at the snow. The car lights were off and their eyes were accustomed now to the darkness. They could see the full sweep of the valley stretching out before them.

Suddenly Frazer said: "I don't like this neighborhood. Gives me the willies, like someone you can't see is creeping around. I think I'll put my gun in the front seat."

"All right," said Phoebe, "but we'd better not stay much longer."

Frazer opened the door on his side of the car and got out. He stepped into ankle-deep snow and opened the rear door. A .22 calibre rifle was shoved behind the back seat. Frazer pulled it out. As Phoebe Stader leaned over in the front seat to fix her stocking, a shot cracked the stillness of the night. The echo rebounded the valley.

Frazer heard a painful gasp. Then he saw Phoebe slump down in the front seat, her head resting against the side window. Blood, flowing from a wound in the back of her head, streamed down her neck and over her coat. Bill Frazer became panicky. He climbed into the front seat and shook the dying woman. "Phoebe, Phoebe, darling, I love you. I didn't mean to do it." But her lips were sealed. He touched her breasts and felt the faint beat of her heart. Phoebe Stader still was alive.

Frazer started the car and drove down the country road to the main highway leading to New Jersey. It was shortly after midnight, February 18.

As the passionate paramour drove through the snow with the dying woman beside him, the night became filled with fears. At an intersection in Walden, where Phoebe's sister lived, he slowed down before a traffic signal. Again he leaned over and touched her. The heart still beat.

He started the car and raced toward Rahway, New Jersey, his home town. Speeding through Elizabeth, New Jersey, he again tested Phoebe Stader's pulse and found she still was alive. A few miles farther, he came to Rahway and stopped before the house at 87 Cherry Street where his mother and cousin lived. Before leaving the car, Frazer felt Phoebe's pulse. It was quiet. He put his head close to hers, then drew back.

Phoebe Stader was dead.

William Frazer sat numbly on the front seat, looking at the woman he loved. Her eyes, once dark and inviting, now were dead. Only now, it seemed, did Frazer fully realize the beauty of Phoebe Stader. Her raven hair was soft and lovely to touch. He remembered having stroked it lovingly. And now, with the recollection, he reached over and touched the lifeless hair. Fingers of remorse gripped him. He choked back sobs, but they kept returning.

Finally he got out of the car, locked the door and went into the house. The room where his cousin, Ira

Jansen, slept was on the first floor. He trod softly to avoid waking his mother. Frazer went up to Ira's door. His knock was unanswered, so he walked in. Ira, a youth verging on twenty-one, stirred restlessly in his bed. Frazer shook him until he awoke. Ira pulled himself up on his elbows and gazed sleepily at his older cousin.

"What's the idea? Where've you been?" asked Ira. Frazer sat wearily at the foot of the bed. "I've been up to Walden," he said. He looked sorrowfully at Ira. "Oh, I'm in a beautiful mess. Phoebe is out in the car. She's dead."

Ira leaped from his bed. "Phoebe Stader dead?" he cried. "What do you mean? Are you kidding?"

"No. It's true," was Frazer's resigned reply. "She's out in the car. Go see for yourself."

Ira Jansen threw a coat over his pajamas. "How did it happen, Bill?" he asked.

"I don't know. Don't be asking a lot of excited questions." Frazer kept rubbing his forehead with his hand as though he were trying to blot the past few hours from his mind. Ira became impatient. "My God, Bill, he you gasped, 'you've got a dead woman in the car and you sit around as if nothing happened. Did you kill her?'"

"Stop with your questions," screamed Frazer. He arose from the bed. "Come on."

Ira followed him out of the room. When they reached the car, Frazer pointed to the front seat. "There she is," he said. "Will you help me move her into the back seat?"

Ira peered through the window at the body. "There's blood on her head, Bill."

"Shut up," snapped Frazer. "Come on, help me move her."

"I won't touch her," said Ira, stepping back. "I won't."

"All right then. Get into the back seat."

"Where are we going?" asked the youth.

"I'm going to tell my wife." Frazer got into the front seat. When Ira had closed the rear door and seated himself behind the corpse, Frazer started the car and drove off. Young Jansen sat nervously staring at the wound in the back of the woman's head. "Are you sure she's dead, Bill?" he asked naively. "Did you take her to a doctor or anything?"

"No. I didn't go to a doctor. I was too scared."

Ira reached forward and gingerly touched Phoebe Stader's cheek. He withdrew his hand with a quick jerk. The cold lifelessness of the flesh chilled him.

Frazer pulled the car up before the house at 519 Jefferson Avenue. The pair got out. Frazer locked the car on his dead passenger and the two men entered the house.

Frazer's wife, Hilda, a calm, intelligent woman and good mother, was asleep when her husband and Ira entered her room. She awoke as Frazer shut the door behind them.

"Where on earth have you been these last two nights, Bill?" she asked sitting up in bed. She noticed Ira's worried eyes. "What's wrong? Why are you here at this time of night, Ira?"

"Plenty's wrong, Hilda. I just killed somebody."

"Bill!" she cried. "Who?" Quick glances at her husband and Ira told her of the seriousness of the situation. "Who was it, Bill?"

Frazer sat limply at the foot of her bed. "You ought to know who," he said.

Hilda leaned against the back of the bed for support. She knew. The amorous escapades of her paramour husband during the past two years told Hilda Frazer who it was. The pains, the shame, the suffering she had gone through came to mind as she spoke the name, "Phoebe Stader."

"Yes, it's Phoebe," said her husband. So this, thought Hilda, was the end of Phoebe Stader and upon the shoulders of her unfaithful husband, Bill, rested the responsibility of the crime. But even now, she couldn't hate him as she thought she should. "Why did you do it, Bill? How did it happen?"

Pricked by the questions he didn't want to answer, Frazer snapped: "I don't know."

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"What is there to do, Hilda? Where can I go?"

Hilda mustered control over herself. She got up and put on a dressing gown. Bill needed her now. He hadn't needed her in the past two years, but now he did. Poor, weak Bill, thought Hilda. His weaknesses have led him to problems beyond her power to solve, but he still was her husband. She'd do her best for him. "Bill," she said firmly as she sat beside him on the bed, "you've got to give yourself up. There's no other way out."

Ira Jensen, standing awkwardly beside them agreed with Hilda. Bill had to give himself up.

"I can't do that," he wailed. "I just can't."

His wife and his cousin pleaded and argued with him. But the fear was too great within him. Their appeals only irritated him. He snapped at his wife and at Ira. Finally Hilda told Ira to step out of the room for a moment. This early morning ordeal was hard on the youth and he willingly left the room.

For ten minutes he stood outside the door to Hilda's room. He heard the calm, pleading voice of Hilda. She was begging Bill to give himself up.

There was silence in the (Continued on page 57)



The amazing story told by Ira Jensen (below), launched the public on one of the wildest murder cases in the crime annals of America.



Excuse from Raleigh, N. C., to face trial in New Jersey, William Frazer (center), hunches with New Jersey Prosecutor Abe David (right) and a detective.

COMPLETE  
DETECTIVELOVE MONSTER  
OF FALL RIVER

(Continued from page 7)

walked out. He found Bogan at the murder scene. Bogan hadn't obtained any helpful information. If Domka Peremybida was an enigma to the Makers, she was a riddle to the neighbors. Without wasting time, Violette and Bogan went about their investigation methodically. The corpse had been removed, but an ugly smear of crimson stained the underpass. The trail of blood receded backwards from the congested pool where Domka had collapsed to the back door of Jack Maker's home. The investigating inspectors climbed the stoop into a dark hallway. Bogan used his flashlight.

Crimson tell-tale hand prints were on the wall where Domka Peremybida, her throat slashed, had placed her blood-drenched hands for support. Her intention, assumed Violette, was to reach the outside to summon aid. At the end of the narrow corridor, a door gaped open. They picked their way across the intervening space carefully, avoiding the dark pools of blood on the floor. They froze on the threshold of the kitchen. . . . "My God!" husked Bogan. "It looks like a slaughter house."

Violette thought so, too. The linoleum was smeared with a coating of blood. There was a long smear where some one had slipped. Most of the kitchen furniture was over-turned. Directly under the only window lay a blood-stained razor. The sash still swung in the raging wind. Violette walked over. There were red marks on the sash. On the roof of the lean-to, beneath the window, were scores of crimson spots.

"Here's the exit of the killer," Violette said, "and also his entrance. It's easy to figure. Domka came down here to light the stove. She never had a chance. Most likely, she never had even a split-chance to put the light on. The killer waited for her in the dark. He suddenly grabbed her by the hair, forcing her head back. There's no question but that she knew her attacker. She screamed in terror. The murderer then slashed her throat with the razor he brought with him—dropped it, and escaped through the window. Domka, still alive, managed to get out to the underpass where she collapsed and died.

"It's a wonder Maker's kids didn't wake up," Bogan said. "From what I gather, the screams had the neighbors scared witless."

"Youngsters are hard sleepers," Violette said. "Even if they did awake, they'd be at loss, and probably fall back asleep. Now, this man that kept tabs on Maker's store. He planned this murder. He knew he'd have to catch Domka alone and he did. He must have spotted the Makers opening up early, so he walked through the underpass, climbed into the kitchen up from the lean-to. No doubt, his purpose was to find Domka's bedroom, but she walked into the kitchen and then—"

"Murder for us to crack," Bogan said soberly.

The blood on the window sill showed that the killer had cut himself, mused Violette. He picked up the death

weapon, and carefully wrapped it in his handkerchief.

They searched the Maker house carefully in hopes of picking up a clue. They were disappointed. All they had was a razor of foreign manufacture. However, Violette had hopes about the murder weapon. It was a peculiar type, hand forged.

The day of the murder, March 14th, wound up with straight routine investigation. The following day, Violette and Bogan endeavored to seek, if possible, any means from which they could delve into Domka Peremybida's past life. It didn't seem possible that she was friendless. Violette couldn't console himself there. She was too attractive. There was something about

port shows that she wasn't criminally assaulted at the time of the murder. Hugh, according to Gunning, there were peculiarities on her body that convinced me, we are up against a sex-maddened sadist."

"You're spoofing," joshed Bogan.

"Am I?" snapped Violette. "Listen Hugh. There were thin welts on Domka's thighs and back. Almost invisible, but there just the same. They're not recent, I'll grant you that. Where would she get welts like that unless she was mixed up with a sadist? We can check our records on all persons involved in sex cases. Maybe we'll come across a lead. Anyway, why didn't she have friends? Why didn't she go out evenings?"

Late that day, the 15th, the first major clue in the fiendish murder of Domka Peremybida cropped up. Captain Martin Feeney of Division Two made his findings to Chief of Police Medley, Violette and Bogan. One of his men, investigating throughout Fall River to discover more information about the dead woman, found her former residence at 2 Hall Street. Vio-



Escape: Arrow points to window where a murderer managed to crawl through and

her, even in death, that had stirred one word within Violette's brain.

Sex!

Violette felt that that was the answer to the whole perplexing mess, and the key was the man who had demanded to see Domka in Maker's store. All roads leading in and out of the city were put under strictest surveillance. Railroad stations and freight-yards were watched night and day. The description of the mysterious man wanted in connection with the murder was circulated throughout Fall River, and practically every major city in New England. The waterfront was carefully searched. Suspects, of Russian and Polish birth, were picked up and questioned. They were released upon subsequent proof of their innocence.

"We know that he's a Russian," Violette said to Bogan. "I'm riding a hunch that Domka wasn't his wife. I'll give you odds that we're bucking a sex slaying, Hugh. Doctor Gunning's re-

lette and Bogan hurried out, finding that residence to be a two story weather-beaten house. A kindly faced woman of Polish extraction answered the door. Upon introducing themselves, the woman bade them to enter.

Violette said: "Do you know Domka Peremybida?"

The woman smiled in recollection. "Indeed. Very well. . . . She boarded here. She moved away five months ago. I hope there's nothing wrong."

"Domka is dead," Violette said without preamble. "I'm sorry to say that. She was murdered! You wouldn't have any idea of who might have wanted to kill her, have you?"

The woman's otherwise normal breath became a sibilant hiss. Her gentle eyes dilated with terror. Her body grew rigid, her hands clenched. For a moment Violette thought he'd have a case of hysteria on his hands. But, then, the woman made a quick recovery of her faculties, paced the

room nervously, avoiding Violette's inquiring gaze. Finally, as though making up her mind, she faced the waiting inspectors. She said:

"So he finally killed her!"

Violette's head jerked up with surprise. Here was their first major clue that he felt positive would lead to the apprehension of the Danish killer. "Who did kill her?" he bit out. "What was his name?"

"So he finally killed her," the woman repeated. "He's a devil that Anton. I told poor Domka to watch out for him." Emotion overcame, suffused her eyes with blinding tears. She collapsed limply into the nearest chair. "Oh, the devil. His name is Anton Retkevitch. I hadn't heard about Domka's death. Everybody in the neighborhood knew that it would happen sooner or later. It was bound to happen. The devil just couldn't leave Domka alone. Oh, God, oh . . ."

It dawned on Violette suddenly. Now he recalled where he had first heard of Domka Peremybida. The name Anton Retkevitch limned the picture. About six months ago, a man named Anton Retkevitch had been sentenced to thirty days in the New Bedford House of Correction for assault on a woman named Domka Peremybida-Slow, but sure, Violette's afore-mentioned deduction of the motive materialized. For a half hour, they listened to an unbelievable tale spilling from the landlady's trembling lips. Violette shook his head in disbelief. It was too fantastic, but he didn't doubt because he knew it was logical. The extremes were what amazed him. After securing Retkevitch's address, they left.

Retkevitch boarded at 27 Hall Street, and the landlady, Mrs. Bertha Fishstein, admitted them upstairs to Retkevitch's room. Violette knocked, and a voice said to come in. Entering, Violette's eyes rifled the room in one sweeping glance. The owner of the voice sat sprawled on the bed reading a book. The room was ship-shape. Frankly, Violette didn't expect to find Retkevitch in the room. The killer's past experience with Domka Peremybida was too well known around the neighborhood for him to linger around after her death. Provided of course, and yet to be definitely proven by Violette, that Retkevitch was the killer.

"You're the man that shared this room with Anton Retkevitch, aren't you?" Violette asked sharply. The man nodded, swinging his legs off the bed. Violette showed him the murder razor, asked him if he recognized it. The man nodded, said it belonged to Retkevitch. Upon being asked where Retkevitch was, his roommate shrugged. He asserted, however, that Retkevitch had mentioned something about going to Pittsburgh about a week ago.

"What time," Violette asked, "did Retkevitch leave the morning of Tuesday, the 14th?" That was the morning Domka Peremybida was killed. Give me a straight answer now."

"Four thirty," he answered promptly. "I heard his alarm clock ring, and I woke up. He wouldn't tell me where he was going."

Further questioning failed to divulge any information of importance. Once outside, Violette and Bogan separated, each taking a different side of the neighborhood. Violette wanted the story told by the dead woman's ex-landlady to double check. Three hours

later they met in the Inspector's quarters on the second floor at headquarters. They exchanged looks of stunned disbelief. They sat down without speaking for several minutes, dragging furiously on their cigarettes. "I'll be damned," Bogan finally exclaimed. "I still can't believe it. Abel. We're modern, civilized. Gosh! Stuff like that defies the imagination. Like a chapter from the life of DuBarry—when she wasn't a lady."

Violette laughed grimly. "I was closer than I thought, Hugh. Sadists may be one name for them, but monsters fits them better. They're humans like you and I. Only they are insane subjects with an incurable lust. Retkevitch is a sadist. A dangerous one. Now, let's see what we've got. . . ."

Domka Peremybida had arrived in Fall River about six months ago. She took lodgings at 2 Hall Street, and found work in one of the numerous cotton mills. She minded her own business, and was well liked. She did, however, mention the fact that she came from Pittsburgh. Several weeks later, Anton Retkevitch came and immediately boarded at 27 Hall Street. Several days later the wheels of the first chapter of this strange drama which culminated into horrible death, took place early in the evening. Domka awoke to find a man at her feet. As testified by numerous neighbors, Domka was terrified upon seeing Retkevitch. As one man had put it: "My God! She looked as though the very devil himself stood before her."

They quarreled bitterly on the street corner. She left him in a smouldering rage, shouting threats. Then Retkevitch floated talk around that she was his wife. Domka vehemently denied this—saying she hadn't married Retkevitch in Pittsburgh or any place else. The one notable feature of this strange episode, Retkevitch held over her, she never avoid him when he spoke to her. She'd listen—like a person fascinated by a deadly cobra coiled to strike at the slightest move. Then, apparently weakened by his persistence, she started losing ground. She was a woman undecided to a point of distraction. She avoided whatever few friends she had made. She stayed in her room. Her landlady, passing outside her room one night, heard Domka talking to herself in a despairing voice. It wasn't a question of leaving Retkevitch—she wanted to know about Retkevitch. She wanted to help Domka. The words sifted through the door: "Oh, why can't he forget the past. I'll go crazy thinking about it. I am no longer like that. I never want to be like that again. I—I want a good man for a husband—I want babies. Oh, I want to be happy. What can I do so that he will leave me alone?"

"Then," said the landlady, "late one afternoon the neighbors were amazed to see Domka and Retkevitch enter this house. Retkevitch wasn't seen leaving. Fear for Domka's safety impelled the neighbors to know what was going on in Domka's room. Opposite the room which she rented from me was an unoccupied apartment. Because of this, Domka never pulled down her window shade. The neighbors gathered in the empty flat, watching, hardly believing what they saw. They could see into the room—they could see Domka and Retkevitch in close embrace. Suddenly Retkevitch tossed her on to the bed and came in her with a heavy belt upraised. He

whipped her unmercifully across her bare back and shoulders. She lay there cowering, arms uplifted as if beseeching him to desist. Raw, red welts appeared on her white flesh. Finally, exhausted, she fell back on the bed, out of range of the astounded watchers."

Violette shook his head as he clipped the sheaf of reports together. "For a woman that hated a man," he said, "she couldn't do much about it. She was completely under his control, and had she lived, it would have been the same old story. But she tried darn hard— It was true. She tried to throw off Retkevitch's domination by refusing to see him. One night, as she returned home from work, Retkevitch, lurking in the hallway, grabbed her and attempted to assault her. She did the unbelievable. Something that threw him off entirely. She screamed—long, terrified screams of terror. The neighbors responded to her appeal for help, and Retkevitch was held for police arrival which netted him a thirty day sentence in the House of Correction.

"And while that filthy rat served time," rejoined Bogan, "she packed dunnage and left Hall Street."

From their files, Violette secured a mug-shot of Retkevitch and hurried to Jacob Maker's store. Maker took one look at the picture, and nodded. He held Violette's hand. "That's him, Inspector," he shouted. "That's the man." Back to headquarters, the Inspector-partners found new orders awaiting them. Chief Medley had checked their reports, and ordered Bogan to leave immediately for Pittsburgh to check the Retkevitch-Peremybida state of affairs. Violette was ordered to pursue his investigation in Fall River.

Working on his own, Violette found the sledding tough. There wasn't a single opening to actually work from. Circulars being the likeness and description of the Pittsburgh killer were sent throughout New England. Retkevitch was around 35 years old, stocky build, and weighed 160 pounds. He had a mustache, dark eyes and hair. Three days passed with no progress. Violette fumed with impatience. He knew a denouement was somewhere in the offing. Three days later Bogan returned from Pittsburgh with a story that merely corroborated what had transpired on Hall Street.

With the help of the Pittsburgh police, Bogan finally traced the former residence of the couple to Carnegie, a small railroad construction camp belonging to the Pennsylvania Railway. They operated a boarding house catering to the railroad employees, living as man and wife. But soon their neighbors and boarders got wise. They acted too unnatural and quarreled too much to be man and wife. Then they began to see things. The people resented Retkevitch's brutal treatment of Domka. Fearing bodily harm, Retkevitch left the town hurriedly with Domka. They headed for the small town of Concoaugus, established themselves in the restaurant business. Their life was violent. Retkevitch was maddened with lust beyond reason. She rebelled—not openly to Retkevitch, but to her better senses. She wrote Retkevitch a letter, telling him they were all through, that she was leaving, and for him not to follow her. She left, and wound up in Fall River.

But she made one innocent slip that cost her life. Naturally, after what she had been through, she couldn't forget Retkevitch very easily. She wrote to a friend of hers inquiring about him, enclosing her forwarding address. This

friend showed the letter to Retkevitch, and only God knows what was in the heart of the lustful beast when he left for Fall River.

Days sped by, and no progress was made. The case against Retkevitch, however, was now air-tight. There wasn't the slightest doubt as to his guilt. Violette knew every angle of the case by heart. Despite what had occurred when Retkevitch caught up with Domka in Fall River, she had managed to shake off his sinister influence, and had him arrested. That was the turning point. He brooded over his lost power, grew antagonistic and plotted revenge. Then he murdered her.

The clew that finally opened the trail to Retkevitch cropped up on March 28, 1914, two weeks after the wanton murder in Egan's Court. Thomas McGlynn, a local letter carrier, had a letter for delivery to Anton Retkevitch. It was sent in care of a grocer on Hall Street.

The letter carrier knew that Retkevitch was wanted for murder—so he turned the letter over to Postmaster Durfee who, in turn, took it personally to Chief Medley. The Chief called in Violette and Bogan. They examined the letter. It had been sent by a man named Mike Petrosky with 103 Salem Street, Boston, as return address. The letter in itself was friendly. It informed that Petrosky had lost his old job in Carnegie, Pa., and had come to Boston in search of work. He requested that Retkevitch write to him if there was any work in Fall River. Nothing more. It was obvious that Petrosky knew nothing of the crime Retkevitch had committed.

"Well, that's that," Chief Medley said. "Another blind trail."

Violette looked thoughtfully at the letter. "I wouldn't say that, Chief," he said suddenly. "That letter may, after all, do the trick and result in Retkevitch's capture. Here's my plan. Frankly, it's a gamble. We'll mail a reply to this letter to the return address with Retkevitch's signature affixed to it. We'll state that there's no work here in Fall River, but that Retkevitch had had a good job on a railroad construction outfit offered him. Then we would specify that Petrosky meet Retkevitch at the return address and they'd go together."

Chief Medley approved the plan. The letter was mailed at once. Violette followed it on the first train to Boston, praying that somebody would claim the letter, and with the odds one thousand to one, to strike the trail of the wanton killer of Domka Peremybida. On his arrival in Boston, Violette discussed the case with the local police authorities. Inspector William Rooney was assigned to help him.

Then Rooney Violette made his way to Salem Street. The street was in Boston's North End. It was no more than a narrow thoroughfare infested with all types of foreigners. Aged and weatherbeaten homes housed a conglomeration of men that, Violette knew, nothing short of a dynamite blast would pry a word loose from.

Walking casually past 103, he noticed it was nothing more than a foreign mail exchange. Foreigners landing in Boston and with no specific mailing address, used the general delivery of 103. The place was operated by Morris Bernstein.

Violette, to enlighten the situation, hardly appeared like a police officer on the trail of a dangerous criminal. He was dressed in rough woolen

pants tucked in high boots. A heavy mackinaw swathed his upper body. His beard was two days old. Confering hastily with Rooney, the Boston Inspector sauntered casually across the street, and took position in a doorway. Violette walked into the mail exchange.

The main room of business was large with tables and chairs scattered around. A large, pot-bellied stove threw forth heat from the center of the room. On the right of the entrance was a long counter with an iron grill-work. Violette made his way over to the wicket, beckoned to the man behind.

The man was Morris Bernstein. Violette flashed his badge, and said: "Where can I find Mike Petrosky?" The owner said he didn't know. "How about Anton Retkevitch?" Again Bernstein shook his head in negative response. "Look, then," Violette said to him. "I'm sticking around. When anybody calls for mail to either of the two men, you nod."

Violette took a seat near a grimy window, watching unobtrusively the assortment of Greeks, Poles, Russians, and other foreigners that inhabited the room. Every time the door opened, his eyes rified over to it. Several hours slipped by and Violette began to wonder whether or not he had himself assigned to a wild-geese chase.

The door opened suddenly. Violette riveted his eyes on it. A roughly dressed man stood on the threshold, his eyes taking in every occupant of the room. He was heavily bearded, bundled up in a long overcoat. He hesitated for several minutes before he finally made his way toward the wicket. With his heart thumping against his ribs, Violette watched Bernstein and had a feeling, a funny feeling like a premonition. Something told him that the climax was near.

The bearded man said something to Bernstein in a low, surly voice. Violette couldn't get the drift. However, Bernstein turned his back to the stranger and almost imperceptibly, he nodded his head. Violette got to his feet slowly, and made his way across the room. He had never seen Retkevitch personally, and this fellow in no way resembled the picture they had of the killer. The unkempt beard hid most of the stranger's features. But Violette had that feeling. He was practically atop the man, his fingers locked on his service revolver in the roomy mackinaw pocket. He stood directly behind the stranger—

"Haven't seen you for a long time, Anton," he said harshly.

The stranger stiffened without turning. He was staring at Bernstein with eyes that suddenly flicked fire in their depths. Then he turned, slowly. Violette ran his hands over the stranger's person. He was unarmed.

"That beard isn't very becoming, Anton," Violette remarked.

"I don't know what you're talking about," the stranger said. "My name is Philip Peremybida."

It was Violette's turn to stiffen, but with surprise. His lips curled with distaste. "You louse," he rapped out. "You weren't satisfied in killing poor Domka, but you had to use her name."

The stranger, however, insisted that his name was Peremybida. It was that was the name, Violette hammered, but why did he call for mail belonging to either Petrosky or Retkevitch. The stranger had no answer. Then the tell-tale signs of a perverted degenerate crept out. He was yellow clean

through. Despite his bulk and strength, he had a case of jitters.

"You—you've made a mistake," he stammered. "I don't know what you're talking about. Petrosky is sick, and he asked me to come after his mail."

"Is that so," Violette said. "Well, we'll see. Come on, let's go and see Mr. Petrosky." Outside, Rooney came over, and Violette told him who he had. "He claims he isn't Retkevitch, but he's a liar." The man led them to 63 Salem Street, a broken down three-decker.

At Violette's curt command, the fellow led the way up to the second floor. He paused outside the nearest door. Violette jabbed him with his gun. The man opened the door. They walked in. Rooney kicked the door shut.

The room was poorly furnished, and reeked with tobacco and stale air. A man lay fully clothed on a dirty bed. As he spotted the gun in Violette's fist, he jumped up excitedly. Violette shoved him back on the bed, said it was police business.

"You can't push me around," the man protested. "I didn't do anything. What do you want?"

"What's your name?" Violette said.

"Fine. So who is this man?" And Violette swiveled his gun around to the stranger.

"Why, that's Anton Retkevitch—" Petrosky stopped short by the warning gleam in the stranger's eye.

"Anton Retkevitch," snapped Violette. "Don't tell me you haven't done anything Petrosky. You're under arrest for harboring and abetting a murderer."

"Murderer," whispered Petrosky. "Him?" His face grew waxy. He implored to Retkevitch, "Is it true, Anton? Did you commit murder?"

Violette was temporarily convinced that Petrosky knew nothing of Retkevitch's crime. Answering Violette's questions, Petrosky asserted that several hours after he had mailed a letter to Retkevitch in Fall River, the killer arrived in Boston. Then when Violette informed Petrosky who Retkevitch had murdered—Petrosky stared dumb-founded at Retkevitch.

"You couldn't have done that to Domka," he cried in disbelief. "Oh, Domka—"

Late that evening, Violette arrived in Fall River with his two prisoners. Retkevitch was booked for murder, and Petrosky was held as a material witness. They had no trouble in establishing the fact that the bearded man was Domka Peremybida's heartless killer, Anton Retkevitch.

Retkevitch's trial came up soon, and he went on the stand a marked man. There was no doubt of his guilt. He seemed a man haunted with torturing visions of the woman he had so damnably abused and then butchered with a razor in frenzy. Every statement he made was proven a pack of lies.

To the presiding judge, to the police officials, to the spectators and public in general—Retkevitch was a murderer with a leprous stench that polluted the very courtroom air. In short time, Retkevitch was found guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced to death in the electric chair.

On the morning of March 14, 1915—exactly one year from the date of the murder, Anton Retkevitch died in the electric chair. And the Fates must have laughed—for on the hour that Domka Peremybida's killer died, she too, had died!

COMPLETE  
DETECTIVE

## HARLOT OF THE HIGHWAYS

(Continued from page 13)

with Calloway boded no good. At the very least, he felt, Joseph Calloway had been kidnaped and his car stolen. Before he left for home he got in touch with the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Clearly the case now encroached upon the jurisdiction of the Dyer Act, having to do with transporting a stolen car across the state line. En route for home, he realized that there was little the Houston police could do. For Mrs. Calloway's sake he was especially sorry.

Meanwhile, Captain John W. Jones, commander of the Lake Charles District of the State Police, had assumed charge of the case. What piqued him was the utter fiction-like character of the case involving the disappearance of a man, his car and his two mysterious passengers, one a dusky beauty.

All that night Louisiana patrols policed the highways, searching tourist camps, flushing out garages and checking small inns and road-side hotels—hopeful of getting a lead on the car and its occupants. At exactly ten o'clock on the morning of the 16th, Captain Jones received a telegram from Arkadelphia, Arkansas. The green Ford coupe, with plates numbered N-10-754 had been located. A local policeman had come across it abandoned in the west end of town near the Negro district. There were blood stains on the seat.

Captain Jones lost no time in notifying Trooper Fremont LeBlanc to report for duty, ready to leave immediately. As soon as Fremont checked in, the two set out for Arkadelphia.

Four hours later they pulled into the little Arkansas town, paid a visit to the local chief of police.

It was a moment of great suspense when Jones, accompanied by Arkansas officers, was escorted to the police garage, where the car had been towed. There in front of him was a mute witness of Calloway's fate, whatever it was. The little green Ford coupe had undergone a change in appearance. The sides were spattered with mud, the chromium ware had taken on a dullish appearance and the balloon tires were caked.

Now Captain Jones proceeded to go over the inside of the car with a fine tooth comb, cataloguing even the most trifling items. His search netted him merely a match folder, some cigarette stubs (two of them smeared with purple lipstick), a small hair ribbon and a pencil, he noted with unconcealed dismay. He was about to turn over the car to the Berillion men when he remembered that he had not pulled back the seat of the car. Now he proceeded to do exactly that very little thing, training his searchlight on the floorboards. To his amazement he turned up three slugs.

"From a .38 caliber automatic, I'd say; wouldn't you?" he inquired, handing the bullets to LeBlanc.

"That would be my guess."

There was nothing left to do but return to Lake Charles. On the way back Captain Jones made a startling announcement:

"I'm afraid that the man we're looking for is dead—murdered. Every

sign points to that fact."

By the night of the 16th the case of the missing salesman had become a Southwestern sensation. Sitting alone in his office at eight o'clock that very same night, Captain Jones removed from an envelope the items he had picked up in the abandoned car and studied them.

A ribbon, a match folder and some cigarette butts—two of them smeared with purple lipstick! Commonplace items every one of them.

The ribbon was of the cheap five-and-ten-cent store variety. He held it up to the light. By painstaking effort

the piercing eyes and the man with the green suit were not friends of Calloway. If they had been, they would have come forward long ago to tell what they knew in order to aid the search. And the inevitable conclusion was this: Calloway had picked them up, they had hijacked him, kidnaped him and . . .

Here Captain Jones found himself check-mated. His intuition argued that Calloway had been done to death, intuition based not only on the fact that Calloway was hardly a prize "snatch," but by the absence of a ransom demand. True, it might be forth-



"I'd never squeal to a copper—not even on a rat," snarled the Sger woman. Teal Henry.

he was able to make out the letters C-W-O-Y. The rest had faded.

He picked up the green match folder. He scanned the advertising matter. It had to do with the virtues of a particular sea food dining palace in Beaumont, Texas. Possibly Calloway had stopped there for dinner. Or maybe someone had given him the folder when he had asked for a light.

The cigarette stubs told even less. The cigarette were the same brand, all four of them, including the two that were daubed with the ghastly purple lipstick.

What did they all add up to? That was the question. It might be worthwhile, he decided, to try to reconstruct the case.

A Houston salesman of spotless reputation and of regular habits sends his wife a Valentine message notifying her that he plans to return home late that night. But he doesn't return. That same night the man is identified beyond any doubt by a filling station operator. With him are two passengers. Who? Friends or strangers?

A moment's thought was enough to convince him that the woman with

coming at a later date. But the chances were too remote.

The other conclusion was almost equally untenable, unless Captain Jones was willing to admit the possibility of the reappearance of another Bonnie Parker, the gun-moll who had been eradicated, along with her accomplice and lover, Clyde Barrow, by fellow-Louisiana officers several years back.

Captain Jones was toying with the ribbon trying to decipher the missing letters in the pencilled inscription C-W-O-Y when a thought struck him. Maybe the missing letters were O and B. The word would then read COW-

BOY. But, what did that prove? He lit a cigarette. He was about to put the match folder in his pocket when he noticed it was the green folder discovered in Calloway's car.

MARINE GRILL, the cover read. BEST SEA FOOD IN BEAUMONT. On a sudden hunch, Captain Jones decided to take a quick run over to Beaumont. Perhaps someone in the place would have an interesting item of information to offer. He picked up Le Bleu and they took off.

The proprietor of the Marine Grill was more than obliging. Was there anything he could do for Captain Jones of the Louisiana State Police?

"You might tell me if you remember serving this man a meal a couple of days ago," Jones said, producing a photograph of Calloway and handing it to the man.

He studied the picture intently for almost a minute.

"No," he said finally, "he hasn't been in here recently. You can bank on that. I've got a memory for faces."

"He might have come here with a couple," Captain Jones persisted. "Or maybe he met them here—picked them up. The woman would have been tall and dark. And the man would have been wearing a green suit, probably a gabardine."

"We might easily have served this couple you're talking about," the owner of the Marine Grill came back. "Not only two days ago, but five days ago and ten days ago."

It dawned on Captain Jones all of a sudden that he was in possession of anything but a detailed description.

It was one of those things. Calloway, himself, had not obtained the match folder on the premises. If his two passengers had done so, they were, at least for the time being, sheltered by the fact that their description was too general.

Captain Jones pocketed the photograph, piled into his car and drove over to the headquarters of the Beaumont police.

The Chief was out when they arrived. In leisurely Southern fashion Jones and Le Bleu passed the time of day with the Captain of Detectives.

"How's the local crime wave?" Captain Jones inquired, airily.

"Pretty quiet," the Beaumont official replied, "although we're expecting trouble any minute now."

Jones perked up. "How come?"

"Some hijackers raided one of our hardware stores here and got themselves an arsenal—sixteen revolvers and several hundred round of .38 cartridges."

At the mention of the .38 cartridges, Captain Jones was all attention.

"What was the name of the hardware store, did you say?" he asked casually.

"Smith and Ayers—over on Main Street."

In exactly a half hour Jones and Le Bleu were questioning the owner of Smith and Ayers. The merchant had little to add to the police report. The back door had been jimmied open and the loot hauled away.

"You wouldn't remember any customers who might have priced your guns a day or two before the robbery, would you?" Captain Jones asked.

"Be rather difficult. We carry a large stock of guns."

"You wouldn't remember by any chance a tall dark woman who might have been accompanied by an hombre with a green suit?"

"I do," the proprietor of Smith and

Ayers came back. "They leaned over the showcase for a couple of minutes, inspecting the guns."

"Anything else you can recall?"

"Nothing important. Nothing except that, just as she started to leave, some woman whom I've never seen before asked her: 'How's the cowboy making out?'" She looked at her real mean-like and snapped: "The cowboy can take care of himself."

"Can you describe her?" Captain Jones followed through.

"Certainly. She was a tall woman and, in her own way, so striking-looking that you couldn't help remembering what she looked like. Her eyes were what you'd notice first, dark and

Jones thanked the lad. Then, Le Bleu once more leading the way, they departed, this time on the double. Full speed ahead they raced for police headquarters.

Back in the office of the Captain of Detectives, the Louisiana official asked to see the file on Toni Henry.

"There is none," the Beaumont officer said. "Toni doesn't happen to have a record—yet. But she's a tiger woman if I ever knew one. By the way, what's up?"

Jones replied with a question.

"Who would be the 'cowboy' in her life?"

"The Captain of the Detectives chuckled.



flashing, especially when this woman mentioned the 'cowboy.' She was dressed in a silk blouse, a striped sweater, a black skirt and black coat."

It was as much as Captain Jones could have hoped for. What he did now that he had the information was to motion to Le Bleu to lead the way. Then, wasting no time, they backtracked it to the Marine Grill.

The proprietor had gone for the day. The counterman offered to ring him up on the phone.

"Don't go to that much trouble. Perhaps you can help me. It's about a couple who might have eaten here recently." And he began reeling off a description of the woman.

He had almost finished when the bus boy piped up:

"That's Toni or I'm Wild Bill Hickok."

"Toni who?" Jones asked, pressing his advantage.

"Why Toni Henry. She comes in here often."

"Do you remember seeing her in here with a man in a green gabardine?"

"Sure. Two or three days ago. They sat talking over their coffee for a couple of hours at least."

A talk with the bus boy netted the following information: Toni Henry was one of these vague women who drifted around town living first here and then there. She had come to Beaumont a year or two ago from Shreveport. What she did for a livelihood he hesitated to say. But he had his opinion. What else would a girl be doing who lived on Deep Crockett Street in the Red Light district of town?

"That would be her husband, 'Cowboy' Henry, or Claude, if you like. A couple of weeks ago he was sent to Huntsville for life. He was a tough character, all right. He murdered a special officer at San Antonio."

Jones had heard enough. It was now his cue to reveal what he had stumbled upon, from the time he had picked up the seemingly worthless clues in Calloway's car to the moment when the bus boy at the Marine Grill had brought the events to an unexpected climax.

Beaumont police now moved into action. First a teletype S.O.S. was dispatched to every police headquarters in the Southwest. Next Shreveport officers were notified by telephone. Then six squad cars of detectives roared out of the station spreading out to cover the city's tough district.

The town was searched with a fine tooth comb. Captain Jones, himself, swooped down on the house last frequented by Toni Henry. The frightened madam made haste to spill what she knew.

"Toni's gone. I haven't seen her since Tuesday morning. She said she was going off on a long trip."

That was that. Toni the Tigress had disappeared. Chagrined, Jones and Le Bleu set out for Lake Charles, after leaving word that they were to be notified by telephone of the slightest development. En route Captain Jones asked himself if perchance he wasn't working himself up to a lather for nothing. What if they did eventually run down the Henry woman? What if it developed that she knew absolutely nothing about the case?

## FACTS FROM OFFICIAL FILES

What then?

Jones chose to hope for the best.

The news of the alarm issued for a pick-up on Toni Henry—or Annie McQuiston, as she was known in the local listing of girls of easy virtue—struck Shreveport headquarters with something more than a bang. At least a dozen patrolmen knew her well. One of them summarized it all very neatly, as a special detail cruised around the city joints.

"She's a helluva combination of meanness and goodness. She'll toss a bum a dollar, but she'd beat the hell out of anyone who crossed her up or stood in her way. She's been in the district since she was fifteen or sixteen, and yet she's a sucker for religion. I've found her on the street roaring drunk many an early morning. And what would she be doing? Singing hymns as if her life depended on it."

Twilight was just descending over Shreveport when a couple of officers engaging in flushing out the taverns stepped into Johnny's Ale House. A dark-haired woman was draped over the counter, embracing a huge stein of beer. The officers tapped her on the shoulder.

"Who the hell do you think you are?" she demanded. There was no question about it: she was drunk, roaring drunk.

"Yes, Toni," one of the officers said. "Let's go."

Now the woman named Toni came suddenly to life. Her eyes flashed hatred. She was more tiger than human for a split second.

"You've got nothing on me, coppers. Nothing. Do you hear—nothing!"

"Supposing we talk all this over in private, Toni, over at the station."

News of the arrest of the Henry woman brought Captain Jones over to Shreveport in a hurry. Instantly her hand was clasped with the prisoner.

Toni Henry was sullen and defiant. Jones took in the situation at a glance. Getting tough with her would avail nothing. It might only freeze the woman into complete silence. Then what? Without a body you don't have a murder. Without proof of a murder, you don't hold murder suspects.

He risked it all on one simple statement, a sentence he pronounced kindly.

"Toni, for the sake of a woman and her daughter who are going through Hell because they don't want to believe the worst, will you tell me where you two hid the body?"

"For a moment and a moment only she seemed to be deliberating. Then her lip curled up in a contemptuous smile.

"Why not? I can't tell you, copper, but I can show you. When do we start?"

In fifteen minutes the party was ready. It comprised Captain Jones, Sheriff Henry, Reid of Lake Charles, Captain J. L. Atkins, Trooper Le Bleu and the tiger woman whose face gleamed with a saturnine leer.

Toni issued her first direction: "Take the road to Lake Charles." In a minute the car carrying four officers and an inhuman enigma was skimming along the road. As they pulled into Lake Charles late in the afternoon a thick mist had come up and rain threatened.

"Where to from here?" Jones demanded, once they had reached the first destination.

"Cut to the right—out toward the Plateau," the woman said. "Keep going until I tell you to stop."

Rain began to sprinkle over the countryside. A chill wind began to lash the area. The five rode along, grim and silent. They were following a road that stabbed through a rice field as straight as a needle when the car called out:

"Pull over to the right."

Captain Jones swerved over to the shoulder of the road. Beyond the shoulder was the treacherous black loam.

"You'll find the son — beside that straw stack."

They piled out, officers and men, and advanced upon the huge mound of straw that resembled a double, giant toadstool. Sheriff Reid spotted him first.

There was a sight never to be forgotten. The man was completely nude. He was leaning against the mound of straw, kneeling down as if in prayer. Down the right side of his face blood trickled, blood that had now caked. Beside him were his glasses. It was too much even for the doughty Sheriff Reid. The picture of a man snuffed out in prayer taxed even an iron constitution.

The woman's story was even more sickening, when she told it for the first time as soon as she had been whisked back to the parish jail at Lake Charles.

"We spotted him just before dark. Don't ask me who was with me. He was a dirty dog, but I won't squeal on him. Anyhow, we had it all fixed. We would hoist the first likely prospect, rob him of his money and annex his car. We were going to pull off a bank robbery in Arkansas—me and that yellow belly."

She spat on the ground in disgust.

"Well, the green car stops and we get out, when I told him what the deal was, he looked surprised. He had another surprise later when we marched him out of the turtleback."

She went on, speaking at a slow pace, her words dripping with hatred for her captors.

"I made him strip down. Then I pointed the gun at him. I guess he saw what was coming. He said to me: 'You'd better think what you are doing.' And I said: 'You'd better think where you are going.' He was mumbling a prayer about his wife and kids, I let him have it. I couldn't have him going about his business, ready to identify us if the law ever caught up with us."

That in substance was her story.

"Who was with you?" Captain Jones demanded.

"Try and find out. He turned yellow at Camden. I slugged him with a pistol butt. That night he ran out and left Cowboy in the lurch."

"Cowboy?" Jones demanded.

"Yes, Cowboy. We were going to use the money to get him a lawyer, but he could be paroled. He never did get a break at his trial. And all because he had no money for a lawyer."

"And you won't tell us who your partner was?" Jones pressed.

"I'd never squeal to a copper—not even on a rat."

Something about the set jaw, the utter indifference to the shadow of the gallows that hung over her made Jones realize that the girl meant every word she said. The spectre of the man in the green suit danced before him. Who was he? How would

they ever discover his identity? Suddenly the answer came to him.

Cowboy — that was the solution. If Toni Henry loved Cowboy so much that she would commit a murder for him, surely this same Cowboy could make her talk. Immediately Jones picked up the telephone and got in touch with Warden W. W. Waid, head of the State Penitentiary at Huntsville, Texas.

What he proposed was this: that Cowboy Henry be brought under guard to the Beaumont police station. Louisiana officers, with the tiger woman in custody, would join them there.

Warden Waid consented immediately. And in a couple of hours both groups had arrived at the Texas coastal city for the momentous rendezvous.

Captain Jones, himself, took Cowboy aside and explained the situation. If Cowboy wanted his wife to take the entire rap, that was all right with the Louisiana officials. She had already talked herself into the noose. A trial jury would not fail to convict on the evidence already accumulated.

"I'll do what I can," the convicted murderer said. "Let me see Toni alone for a few minutes."

It was a half hour before Cowboy Henry signalled for officers. His jaws were popping.

"The man's name was Burks, Harold Burks. He's got kin-folk at Warren, Arkansas."

While Sheriff Reid tended to the business of sending out a tri-state pick-up, Captain Jones, himself, put in a call to Sheriff C. W. Hickman of Warren. It was a long shot. But what was there to lose?

Sheriff Hickman was still at the office.

"I'm calling about a man named Harold Burks, Sheriff," the Louisiana State Police official led off. "You don't happen to know the man, do you?"

"I do," Sheriff Hickman said. "In fact, he arrived in town a couple of days ago to see his folks. Plans to leave in a day or two, they tell me."

Jones was galvanized into action.

"He's wanted for murder. I suggest you round up your ablest deputies and bring him in without delay. I'll send some of my men after him."

The capture, Sheriff Hickman later related, was "clean as a whistle." They hit the house from all sides, took Burks by surprise. He was still dressed in the green gardabine. He was armed. But a half dozen guns had cowed him.

On March 27, Toni Henry went on trial for the murder of Joseph P. Calloway. It was the most sensational Louisiana trial in the last twenty years. Thanks to a writ of severance, the two defendants were to be tried separately. Toni's trial had been set first.

Reporters representing every big daily in the Southwest poured into Lake Charles to give their papers a special account of the proceedings. A tiger woman was on trial, a woman who had made a man strip and had shot him as he prayed.

For three days, in an atmosphere part-spectacle, part-carnival, the trial was unreel'd.

On the third day Toni Henry took the stand. She related in detail the story of the slaughter in the rice fields, but denied she had fired the fatal bullet, blaming this on Burks. Then,

at the instance of her attorneys, she recited at length the details of her long life of sin, involving an endless trek from brother to brother until she had married Cowboy Henry, the only man she had ever really loved.

Watching her intently were Calloway's wife and daughter. They wept bitterly at intervals, never taking their eyes off the handsome, dusky beauty for even a second.

On the evening of March 29 the jury retired. Five hours later they filed back with a verdict.

Toni Henry, the tiger woman without compassion, was to die for her part in the abduction, robbery and murder of the kindly Calloway. They led her off, grim and stolid, head high and chin up.

On May 22, 1940, the man in the green gardaine went on trial for his life as a co-defendant in a murder case which even his attorney, J. A. Williams, was quick to concede before the jury to be "an incredibly wanton and cruel slaughter." Attorney Williams' strategy became apparent in due time.

First, Williams introduced—or was about to—Mrs. L. C. Burks, the aged mother of the defendant. District Attorney Pattison jumped up, charged that the witness's testimony could be nothing except "immaterial and irrelevant." Judge Mark C. Pickrel concurred.

Next Attorney Williams called his client to the stand. Ashen in color but still dapper, Burks walked in a semi-daze to the witness stand, was sworn in and began his tale. His voice was quiet but unshaken.

"All I thought it was going to be," he said, "was a hold-up. There was no need for killing that man. All I wanted was money to go home and see my mother."

Piloted through the less salient details by Attorney Williams, he described what had taken place on the rice field on which Good Samaritan Calloway had knelt down to pray.

"Suddenly a shot rang out. First thing I knew, Toni came running up. I asked her what had happened.

"None of your damned business," she told me. 'Get in that car and get going.

"I said to her: 'Toni, you oughtn't to have done that.' Then she said: 'What the hell's the matter? Are you yellow?' And she called me a big name."

This "big name" the defendant modestly withheld.

He went on to relate how the two had fled into Arkansas, describing in detail an incident that took place in Camden.

"She took off her clothes in the hotel room and went to bed. She laid her pistol on the floor beside her. I laid down with my clothes on. I waited until I thought she was asleep. Then I tried to sneak off. All of a sudden I heard her snap out a command.

"Get back here," she said. "This thing barked once and it can bark again. I don't want any more funny business from you. Do you understand?" I knew she would keep her promise and would kill me if she caught me again. I waited until the next night and beat it.

Even in the comparative safety of his home, he still feared the Henry woman, he swore. He knew nothing of her capture until sheriff's deputies had closed in on him at his parents' home.

District Attorney Pattison on cross-examination scored heavily. He placed Sheriff Henry Reid on the stand. Sheriff Reid related a confession that Burks had made immediately after his capture, in which he admitted equal guilt with Toni Henry. This same confession he had balked at signing after the stenographer had typed it out.

The trial was over by 2:35 the following day. A jury of farmers and tradesmen retired to consider the facts in the case. In exactly fifty-nine minutes they returned.

R. L. Bowden, foreman, stood up before the bench.

"Have you reached a verdict, gentlemen of the jury?" Judge Pickrel demanded.

"We have," Bowden replied, glancing at the defendant.

"What is that verdict?"

"Guilty as charged."

Burks heard the three words that bound a gallow's rope around his neck

and smiled, a wan smile. Under Louisiana law there is no escape from a death penalty unless the Supreme Court of the state undertakes to review the case—from the standpoint of law, not facts.

All that night in the streets of Lake Charles men and women talked of the verdict. None differed from the opinion handed down by the tribunal. It was justice triumphant, swift and inevitable.

That same night a handsome woman, her face mirroring a recent tragedy, together with her beautiful daughter departed for Houston. The past was past. And the future was unknown and unknowable.

They climbed aboard the train with an undeniable determination. Joseph Calloway was dead—murdered. But for the two he loved most in the world life was still a problem, made no simpler by the actions of a judge and jury in a Lake Charles courtroom.

## COMPLETE DETECTIVE

## MURDER IN DUPLICATE

(Continued from page 17)

double-bitted axe leaning against the big tree nearby. He walked over and studied it carefully, being sure not to handle it and possibly smudge any fingerprints.

"There doesn't seem to be any blood on it," he reported. "Maybe the killer used it to knock out his victims before he strangled them to death."

A quick search in the nearby area revealed no further clues. A short time later the solemn party removed the victim to the morgue at Everett and placed the axe in the Sheriff's vault for further examination.

Then Coroner Wagner went into action. An examination of Allinson's corpse revealed that he had been struck with a heavy weapon of some kind.

"We'll probably find that Ables' skull was a similar mark," he declared. "Anyhow, it won't take long to make another examination."

This procedure showed that the first victim had suffered the same fate. Murder in duplicate form.

Robbery undoubtedly was the motive for the merciless murders, the officers believed, but why was such a remote spot chosen for the crime? Or had the men been killed elsewhere and dumped into the lonely woods in the hope that they never would be found?

It was a tough case. Maybe as much time as five months had elapsed since the slayings. By now the phantom murderer or murderers could have gone to the ends of the earth.

Sheriff Ryan and his aides left the morgue and returned to his office. The Ables brothers went along in the hope that they could provide some information which might lead to a key to the baffling riddle.

"Did Cyril ever mention any of the fellows he worked with in California and Oregon?" Ryan asked.

The youths shook their heads in unison.

A frown creased the officer's brow. "Not much to go on, I'm afraid. Now, if we could trace Allinson's car, we might get somewhere. There's a good

chance that the killer not only robbed those fellows but also stole the Chrysler."

A telegram was immediately dispatched to the California State Motor Vehicle Division at Sacramento and in a few hours an answer was received. The 1939 license number was provided, but records showed that no application for new plates had been made. Nor had the vehicle been reported as stolen.

"That strengthens my hunch that the killer took the car," Ryan remarked, "otherwise it would have turned up somewhere. But what has become of it? It couldn't have been driven all this time without coming to the attention of the police."

Teletype messages and telegrams flooded the Pacific Coast that day. All law enforcement agencies were asked to search for the car.

One of the many police officers who received a telegram from Sheriff Ryan that day was silver-haired Captain J. J. ("Jack") Keegan, chief of detectives of the Portland, Oregon, bureau.

Immediately he summoned Detective-Sergeant William Browne, head of the auto theft detail, and relayed the message. "This is serious business. Brite, he remarks, 'Take all the men you need and search the city for this car. If there's a killer around here, we want to nail him before he starts operating in Portland.'

When Sergeant Browne gets an assignment, he stays with it until every angle is covered thoroughly. And for the next few hours he checked and rechecked every possibility with the patience of a Job.

As dusk settled on the Oregon metropolis, Browne returned to headquarters. "That Chrysler was registered here last October, Chief," he informed Captain Keegan. "An out-of-state operator's permit was issued to Ralph Allinson."

"Well, that's a good start," the Irishman returned, "but where do we go from here?"

"Allinson also registered two rifles

at the time," the Sergeant went on. "If we can trace them, maybe we'll have something."

Keegan thought for a moment. "It's like looking for a needle in the haystack, Bill," he returned, "but we've got to follow through on every detail. I'll let Sheriff Ryan know at once."

The report was telegraphed to Everett and in turn relayed to all Pacific Coast points. It was a slim clue, but so far nothing better had been uncovered.

Officers up and down the West Coast were searching for the rifles on the following day. Among them were Detectives Henry Warren and Walter Blacksmith of Tacoma, Washington. Methodically they checked one pawnshop after another.

Having almost completed their rounds, they entered another pawn shop and asked the routine question. The proprietor glanced through his records in a bored manner.

Then his eyes focused on a serial number on the list of firearms handled. "Why, here's one of the guns you're looking for!" he exclaimed.

"What's the dope on it?" Warren demanded eagerly.

The proprietor read the notation aloud: "November 2, 1939—loaned thirteen dollars to Robert Allen on a .22-caliber rifle."

"Was the rifle redeemed?" Blacksmith wanted to know.

The man shook his head. "Do you remember what the fellow looked like?"

"So many people come in here that I can't keep track of them," was the discouraging answer. "Besides that's been nearly five months ago."

"Well, we're going to look this baby up," the detective declared. But when they arrived at the address supplied by the pawnbroker, they found that no one by the name of Robert Allen had ever lived there.

"Looks like the name and address are phoney," Blacksmith remarked in a voice that reflected disappointment.

While the Tacoma detectives were attempting to locate the other missing gun and "Robert Allen," the Portland authorities were pressing their search for the Chrysler coupe.

It looked like a hopeless task, but they refused to call it quits until they had checked every private and public garage in the city.

The spirits of Browne and his aides were not too high as they walked into a garage at 227 Northwest Tenth Avenue and asked the proprietor, E. A. Farnham, the usual monotonous questions.

But his answer startled them into eager action. "Why, that car's here!" he announced. "Has been for months."

The Sergeant beamed with joy. "Well, lead us to it!" he almost shouted.

The officers followed Farnham to the back of the garage. He pointed to a coupe in the corner. "That's the one. Fellow named Allinson had it brought in for repairs last December and never called for it."

Browne looked bewildered. If Allinson had been murdered in October or November, how could he have appeared at the garage in December? The thing didn't make sense.

"Are you sure it was Allinson?" he demanded.

"Well, all I know is that a man called on the telephone for us to tow a Chrysler coupe from First and Clay street and put it into shape," the pro-

prietor explained. "He said his name was Allinson. Said he was going out of town for a few days but would be back soon and pay the bill. We made quite a few repairs but no one showed up to claim the machine."

There was no humor in the smile which played on the Sergeant's lips. "That wasn't Allinson who called," he declared grimly, "that was the fellow we're after!"

Hurrying back to Headquarters, Browne informed Captain Keegan of the discovery.

"Great work, Bill!" the Irishman commented with enthusiasm. "Now maybe we'll get somewhere. I'll have the car impounded and taken to the State Police crime lab right away. If the killer left any marks, we'll really have something to work on. In the



Detective Sergeant Bill Browne: His search for a missing car seemed hopeless. But his dogged determination finally brought results.

meantime, keep on this case—it looks hotter every minute."

Relentlessly Browne and his corps of assistants combed the area where the car had been parked. Private homes, apartment houses, hotels, stores, and filling stations were checked—no bet was overlooked. Many persons had noticed the Chrysler parked at the curb, but no one recalled seeing anybody hovering about it.

Doggedly they kept at the job. Then, just as it looked as if the search would be in vain, the weary officials finally located a resident of the neighborhood with some welcome news.

"Sure, I saw that Chrysler," Fred Stewart informed them. "In fact, I parked it there!"

"How did you get that car?" Browne demanded.

"Last November I met a friend of mine," Stewart replied calmly. "Said a fellow had given it to him in payment of a loan. Said he was going out of town for a while and told me I could use the machine while he was gone."

"Did he come back for it?" the

officer asked eagerly.

"Yes, he returned in December and I told him the car had gone dead. He said he'd have a garage put it in shape."

"Who was the friend of yours?"

"His name is Ed Bouchard."

Speculation ran rife through the Sergeant's mind. Was there really such a person as Bouchard or was Stewart trying to disguise the real facts?

"Have you any idea where your friend is?" Browne continued.

"Well, he's probably left town. I haven't seen him for several months."

"What do you know about this Bouchard fellow?" he asked impatiently. "Where might he have gone?"

Stewart pondered for a moment. "I've known him for several years," he returned deliberately. "He's a swell gent. Hard worker when he can find anything to do. He's a painter by trade, but he'll take any kind of a job when things are tough."

The man's statements seemed sincere and logical. But this was no time for guesswork. At Browne's suggestion, he accompanied the officers to Headquarters and repeated his story to Captain Keegan.

The Irishman listened intently, meanwhile keeping his sharp eyes trained on Stewart's face. He saw no sign of nervousness or fear. "I think you're telling the truth," he commented. "So we've got to find your friend."

It was too late to launch their search that night, but early on the morning of March 28, Keegan called the ace members of the homicide squad together.

"There's just a chance that Bouchard is still in town," he declared tersely, "but how to find him is the question. Stewart mentioned that he sometimes did painting work and that's our first lead."

"Williams, Calloway and Shreve will help me check all the employment agencies to see if he ever registered for work. I want the rest of you men to scout around and see if you can find some trace of him. Use your own judgment about where to look—your guess is as good as mine—but don't pass up any bets."

Then the determined hunt got under way. The Captain and his party began a round of the agencies while the other detectives spread over the city to check on various places where their quarry might be known.

After an hour of tedious search, the sleuths had found no trace of Bouchard. Had he left the city after all?

But in the second hour, their diligent hunt was rewarded. At one of the agencies, they learned that Edward L. Bouchard had been assigned to a painting job that very morning!

Racing to the address provided by the agency, the eager officials located the foreman of the crew. "Have you a fellow named Bouchard working here?" Keegan asked casually.

The boss nodded, then pointed to a house a few yards away. "That's him," he replied. "Just came on the job this morning."

The detectives approached the man, who was busily wielding a paint brush and paying no attention to the newcomers.

"Are you Edward Bouchard?" the Captain wanted to know.

The man turned and faced them in surprise. He was about middle aged and better than average in looks.

"Why, yes, I am," he replied. Al-

though he was clearly startled by the sudden arrival of the group, his weather tanned face showed no trace of fear.

"There's a little matter about a Chrysler coupe that we want to straighten out," Keegan announced easily.

Bouchard put down his paint brush. "What seems to be the trouble?" he asked calmly.

"We'd like to know how you came into possession of it."

"Well, that's easy to explain."

"Okay, let's go to the station and get it cleared up."

"Whatever you say," the man returned pleasantly.

In the conference room at Headquarters, Keegan lighted a cigarette, permitted the bluish smoke to escape listlessly from his mouth as he said: "Now suppose you tell us about the car."

Bouchard cleared his throat and began: "I might as well start from the beginning, so you'll know all the facts. Last September I met Ralph Allison and Jack Peters in a hopyard at Salem. We worked there about a month. Ralph suggested we go to Tule Lake, California, to pick spuds, so we did."

The Captain broke in. "Are you sure one of the fellows was named Jack Peters?"

"Why, yes, as far as I know."

"Okay, go ahead with your story."

"Well, Jack and Ralph spent most of their money for liquor and women and Ralph asked me to lend him enough to make a payment on his car. I gave him thirty dollars and he said he'd pay me back as soon as we got some more work."

"Then we decided to go north. We got to Portland on the night of October 25th. Couldn't find any work, so next day we went on to Seattle. At the employment agency the boys heard they could get work cutting pulp wood. I told them I had done that kind of work before and there wasn't any money in it."

"They asked me what the work was like and I told them I'd take them to the place where I had worked and show them. We drove to Arlington and turned off the main road. Then we parked the car and walked to the old mill where I had worked. The camp had closed down and I told them we'd better not stay there. At the employment agency back to Seattle, I told Ralph I'd like to get my money and go to Portland, as I thought I could get a painting job. He said he couldn't pay me, but would let me take the car for security until he got some money."

"We went back to the employment agency in Seattle and the boys took their camping equipment and clothing from the car. Ralph handed me the keys and told me to keep the car locked as there were some guns in it and he didn't want to lose them."

"Ralph said he'd write to me in care of general delivery in Portland and send me the money as soon as he could. We shook hands and I took the car and drove to Portland. I got back on the night of the 29th," he recalled.

"What did you do after that?" Keegan wanted to know.

"Well, I couldn't find any work, so I went to California. A friend of mine said he'd look after the car. I beat my way to Los Angeles and back, but didn't locate anything. I was broke, so I hunted up the Chrysler and took

one of the guns and pawned it. I figured I could get it back whenever Ralph paid me."

"Did you pawn a gun in Tacoma?" the Captain inquired.

Bouchard shook his head.

"What did you do with the car?"

"Well, it had broke down, so I called a garage and had it towed in for repairs."

Keegan rubbed his chin as he pondered. "Did you tell the garageman you were Ralph Allison?" he asked.

"No, I didn't," was the emphatic answer. "I merely said the car belonged to him."

Again the Captain reflected. The man's story sounded logical—his manner was unfustered and his face betrayed no sign of deception. Did the key to this weird puzzle rest in the hands of someone else?

"Have you heard from Allison or Jack Peters since you left them in Seattle?" he finally asked.

Bouchard shook his head. "Haven't heard a word. I guess they're still working in the woods."

Keegan's face showed bewilderment as he returned: "Well, Bouchard, your story sounds reasonable. But we'll have to do a little checking on the car. I hope you won't mind helping us get the thing cleared up."

"Not at all," was the pleasant reply. "I'm just as anxious to have it straightened up as you are."

Instructing his assistants to continue the routine questioning, the Captain left the building and drove to the North End hotel where Bouchard was staying. It was almost useless to hope that anything there would aid in clearing up the puzzle, but nothing could be overlooked at a time like this.

With the manager's permission, the detective entered the painter's room and launched a careful search. But everything seemed in order. Then suddenly his keen eyes focused on a suitcase half hidden by clothing in the closet.

He brought it to the light and asked the hotel proprietor to open it. As they went through a varied collection of shirts, ties and other items of clothing, their eyes played on a black object at the bottom of the bag. It was a wallet!

Eagerly Keegan picked up the article and inspected it carefully. A grim smile came to his lips, for boldly embossed on the leather were the words: "Cyril L. Ables."

"Well, this is more like it," he commented as if to himself. "I think we're getting somewhere."

Thanking the manager for his help and instructing him to keep Bouchard's room locked until further notice, the canny officer returned to Headquarters.

But instead of going to the conference room immediately, he hurried to the Bertillon Room and asked Glenn Harris, identification expert, to do a little checking.

Harris searched through his files, withdrew a card and handed it to Keegan. Then the Captain proceeded to the third floor and confronted Bouchard.

"Have you ever done time?" he asked in a matter-of-fact tone.

The man hesitated for a moment, then coolly nodded.

"Where?" Keegan inquired.

"Walla Walla, Washington."

"What for?"

"Robbery."

"Is that all?"

A brief silence followed. "I was in San Quentin, too."

"Why for?"

"Robbery."

A smile of satisfaction crept over Keegan's face. "Well, you seem to have quite a flair for robbing people," he remarked. "Maybe that explains why I found Ables' billfold in your room."

Bouchard maintained his stoical expression. "It must've been in the stuff I took from the car," he returned.

Keegan dropped his pleasant expression as he volleyed: "There's no use bluffing any more, Bouchard. You know that your pals, as you call them, aren't working in the woods. They're dead—have been for months."

If he expected this statement to produce any startling reaction, he was disappointed. The painter remained cool as he remarked: "I hadn't heard of their deaths. What happened to them?"

"They were found bludgeoned and strangled in the wilderness where you left them!" Keegan shot back.

"Well, I had nothing to do with it." "That's for Sheriff Ryan to decide," the Captain returned as he picked up the telephone and put in a call to Everett. Quickly he told the Sheriff of the latest developments.

"French and I will leave immediately!" Ryan announced as he hastily hung up.

They arrived that evening and aided in the questioning, which was continued until ten o'clock the following morning. Although changing his story frequently, the suspect stoutly denied killing and robbing his companions.

Twenty-four hours later, the Snohomish County officers left for Everett with their heavily-manacled prisoner, who had waived extradition rights.

Next day, Sheriff Ryan and Prosecuting Attorney Henry Jackson appeared before Justice of the Peace Andrew Johnson and preferred two charges of first-degree murder against the suspect. Justice Johnson signed the necessary warrants and Bouchard was formally booked and held without bail.

On the afternoon of April 2nd, he was taken to the murder scenes, but denied having been within a mile of either spot. He insisted that he and his companions had gone only as far as the abandoned mill and then had returned to the car.

In the ensuing search for more evidence, Sheriff Ryan and his aides discovered a second axe—a single-bit instrument—about fifty yards from the spot where Ables' corpse had been discovered.

Bouchard denied having seen the weapon before, though he admitted that the double-edged axe had been among the tools Allison carried in his car. He offered no explanation for its being found near the body.

His emphatic statement that he and his friends had hiked from the mill back to the car and then driven to Seattle was checked carefully by the officers but no one was found who could verify the claim.

Likewise, Bouchard's story that he and his companions had parted in front of the Seattle employment agency was investigated, but none of the habitués of the establishment recalled seeing the trio return, although several persons reported seeing them leave together earlier on the day in

question.

After making certain that the case against the suspect was air tight, Sheriff Ryan and Prosecutor Jackson set the wheels of justice into action.

On May 7, Bouchard was arraigned in superior court at Everett and pleaded not guilty.

The trial, which began on June 24, attracted over-capacity crowds. Scores of persons stood in the courtroom corridors in the hope of hearing what went on inside the courtroom.

Prosecuting Attorney Jackson de-

scribed the murders as "the most cold blooded crimes in the history of the Pacific Northwest" and demanded the death penalty.

The State spun a strong web of circumstantial evidence around the accused man, emphasizing the fact that possessions of the slain youth had been found in Bouchard's custody.

The fact that the defendant had admitted one of the axes allegedly used in the bludgeonings had been in the Chrysler coupe also proved damaging to his defense.

On the afternoon of July 1, the case went to the jury. A short time later the all-male deliberators returned a verdict of guilty of first degree murder and recommended the death penalty.

On July 8, Superior Court Judge Ralph C. Bell sentenced Edward Bouchard to be hanged at the State Prison in Walla Walla on September 6, 1940.

(For obvious reasons the name Fred Stewart is not actual but fictitious.)

## COMPLETE DETECTIVE

## BAIT FOR A RAPIST

(Continued from page 21)

dabbed at her eyes with a bit of lace handkerchief.

When her grief had subsided somewhat, he reached into his pocket and took out the blue silk handkerchief that he had found in her sister's mouth.

"Getting back to last night," he said, "did you happen to notice if either McCarthy or his friend, 'Stitch' had a handkerchief such as this?" He held out the square of blue silk with the small white polka dots.

She looked at it with tear-swollen eyes, nervously twisting her own handkerchief in her fingers; and Detective Barry, watching her closely, saw that she recognized it.

"Why, yes!" she exclaimed, "McCarthy had one exactly like it. I remember seeing it in the breast pocket of his coat. But where did you get it?" she asked. "Did Madeline have it?"

Barry, fearful of another outburst if he told her of his grisly discovery, sidestepped her question by asking: "Do you know where this fellow McCarthy lives?"

She shook her head. No, she told him, she scarcely knew the man and had no idea where he lived.

"Do you have the address of William Breen?"

Yes; she had Breen's address.

"Then the thing to do is look up Breen and, through him, find McCarthy. But before we do that," said the detective, glancing about the meager rooms, "there are a few other questions I'd like to ask. How long have you and Madeline lived here alone? Where are your parents?"

Their father, she told him, had run off with another woman, deserting his wife, his two daughters and his son. Their mother was in the County Hospital, dying of tuberculosis. Their brother was in the reformatory. For the last six months the two girls had lived alone in the house. Genevieve was employed in a store and earned enough to support them. Madeline, barely sixteen, was supposed to take care of the house; she was eager for life, brimming with youthful zest and vitality.

Lieutenant Barry and his squad had

no trouble locating Will Breen.

"McCarthy?" said he, in response to their questions. "I don't know any guy named McCarthy."

"How about the guy you introduced to Genevieve and Madeline White night before last?"

Breen laughed. "Oh, that guy. His name ain't McCarthy."

"What is his name?"

"His real name," said Breen, "is Costello. Raymond Costello."

"What's the idea calling him McCarthy?"

"Just a gag."

"Are you sure it's just a gag?"

"Well, he's a married guy, see? And he didn't want the girls to know about it. So we cooked up the name McCarthy for him."

"Where would we be likely to find this Costello?" Sergeant Olson asked.

Breen eyed the officers suspiciously.

"What do you coppers want with him?"

So Breen didn't know what had

Raymond Costello, glassy-eyed suspect, is being examined by doctors while his attorney, J. J. McCarthy (extreme right), notes his client's reactions to the alienist's tests.



happened! Only a few hours had passed since the milkman, Joe Giddis, had made his gruesome discovery, and the news hadn't yet been published in the Chicago newspapers.

Detective Barry said casually: "Oh, nothing important. Just checking up on him."

"I see. When a guy's on parole from Pontiac, you cops are always checking on him. Well, if that's all you want I see no objection in telling you where he hangs out."

He "hung out," the officers discovered, at the home of his aged mother; and they found him in bed with a bobbed-haired girl of piquant doll-faced prettiness whom he called his wife.

Costello, a thick-lipped, heavy-jowled young man with a bulging forehead and scant eyebrows, looked at the officers with a glassy-eyed stare.

"What's the big idea," he demanded, belligerently twisting a corner of his mouth, "wakin' a guy up like this?"

"Get your clothes on," said Barry. "You're wanted at the station."

"What for? What've I done?"

"We'll soon find out."

The girl angrily put in: "Why don't you dicks lay off of Ray? Just because he's done a stretch at Pontiac, you never let up on him."

Costello's mother was also volubly protesting against the "outrage," and for several minutes the room was in an uproar; but the detectives got the young man away from the women and took him over to the Englewood Station.

"Now, then, Costello," said the captain, "tell us what happened last night."

Costello looked at the captain and at the detectives standing around him. The left corner of his mouth was pulled down in a sort of pugnacious grimace, and his thin eyebrows and large staring eyes gave his face a peculiarly unwholesome look. He snarled at the captain:

"What about last night? What 'hell you talkin' about?"

"You know a girl named Madeline White?"

"Maybe I do. I know a lot of dames. What about it?"

"You were with this particular girl last night. What we want to know now," said the captain, without changing the tone of his voice, "is why you strangled her to death."

Detective Barry, standing behind the captain's chair, was narrowly watching Costello's face for some betraying change of expression; but beyond a sudden tensing of his heavy jaws, Costello wringed no emotion.

"You mean to say," he asked, "that dame was croaked last night?"

The captain inclined his head. "I mean to say exactly that. And I'm asking you why you croaked her."

Costello moved his thick shoulders. "You can't pin nothin' like that on me. This is the first I know the doll's been croaked. I guess I better tell you all I know about last night and put myself in the clear."

"I think you'd better," agreed the captain.

"Well, last night we met these two dames—"

"Who do you mean by 'we'?" asked Barry.

"Fred Stitch and me."

"Who is Fred Stitch?"

"He's a mug I met at Pontiac. He was doing a stretch when I was there.

He's out on parole now, same as me."

"All right. Go on."

"Like I say, we met these dames on the corner near their house and asked 'em how about a walk in the park. One of 'em, Genevieve, didn't want to go with us. Then her boy friend drove up in a car and she went off with him. That left her kid sister, Madeline, alone with me and Stitch."

"She didn't seem to take to Stitch. And anyway," added Costello, "there's no sense in two guys monkeyin' around with one dame, so Stitch says he'll beat it and leave us together."

"With that, he walks off," said Costello, "and that's the last I see of him."

"And then what did you do with Madeline?" Detective Barry asked.

"I took her over to Washington Park. She didn't want to go at first, for she got a little cagey after her sister and Stitch left her alone with me, but she finally went."

"All right. What did you do when you got to the park?"

"We sat on a bench in a clump of bushes and made love."

"What do you mean by making love?"

"What any guy means, I guess. We snuggled up close, and I kissed her."

"Did she object to this?"

"She did at first. But after a while she let me hug her and kiss her."

"Then what happened?"

"Well, a sparrow cop found us, after we'd been there about an hour, and told us we'd have to leave. It was about eleven o'clock then, I guess. So we got up and started going to her house. As we came out of the park, I met a guy named Mullholland and introduced him to Madeline, and the three of us walked along La Salle Street toward her home."

"Mullholland," said Costello, "seemed to go strong for Madeline, and she seemed to like him, too; so pretty soon, when I meet another guy I know—a guy named Gallagher—I tell Mullholland to take the girl home, and Gallagher and I walk off together."

"And that," Costello finished, "is the last I see of Madeline White."

"Where did you go," the captain asked, "when you left her with Mullholland?"

"I went home and went to bed. And I didn't know nothin' had happened to her," Costello emphatically declared, "till you cops barged into my room just now."

"Is that all you have to tell us, Costello?"

"That's all," said Costello. "I've told you everything I know."

Officer Barry now reached in his pocket and said in the most casual tone: "Didn't you know, Costello, that you lost your handkerchief last night?" He drew his hand from his pocket. In his hand was the blue silk handkerchief. "Here it is, Costello."

Costello looked at the handkerchief with no change of expression. He shook his head. "That ain't mine," he said.

"Don't lie to me!" the officer said sharply. "You had this handkerchief in your pocket last night. Madeline's sister was there."

Costello again shook his head. "She must be mistaken. I never had no handkerchief like that."

"You used this handkerchief," Officer Barry went on, "to stuff Madeline's screams for help. You rammed it in her mouth when you murdered her."

Costello widened his glassy eyes at the detective and drew down the left corner of his mouth. "What the hell he growled. "Ain't I already told you I don't know nothin' about that job? If you want the guy that croaked her, you better look for this guy Mullholland."

"And where," asked the captain, "would we be likely to find Mullholland?"

"I don't know the guy very well," Costello told the captain, "and I don't know where he lives, but I've seen him around pool halls on Garfield Avenue, and you might pick him up there."

So, temporarily dropping the matter of the blue handkerchief—though by no means abandoning it—Lieutenant Barry, with Detective Sergeants Ward and Lampp, went with Costello to a number of Garfield Avenue pool halls where he said Mullholland might be found.

But none of the pool hall proprietors had ever even heard of the man. Nor did any of them know Costello.

By now, of course, news of the murder of Madeline White had spread throughout the neighborhood; and the word went out that the police were looking for a man named Mullholland, suspected of the crime. Calling headquarters, Detective Barry learned that Mullholland had walked into the Englewood Station, while the officers were searching for him, and had said to the desk sergeant:

"I hear you're looking for me. Well, here I am. What do you want?"

Barry and his brother officers hurried back to the station with Costello.

Mullholland looked at Costello and said: "Sure I saw this fellow last night. I saw him in La Salle Street with a girl. I spoke to him and walked on. That's all I can tell you."

The captain said: "Well, Costello, what have you to say to that?"

"All I can say to that," Costello replied, "is you've got the wrong Mullholland. This Mullholland ain't the guy I meant. It was another Mullholland."

Nevertheless, the police checked carefully on the present Mullholland, while searching for the other, and they found his alibi airtight. His movements on the preceding night, all verified by the investigators, eliminated him as a suspect.

They also rounded up Fred Stitch, the Pontiac parolee with whom Costello had met the White sisters, and took him to the station for questioning.

"I don't know a thing about all this," he insisted. "I left Costello alone with that doll right after her sister ditched us, and I went on about my business. Check up on what I did last night and see if I'm not telling the truth."

They did check up on him; and apparently he was telling the truth.

Meanwhile, a search was started for the man called James Gallagher. This was the man whom Costello said he had met while escorting Madeline home, and with whom he had departed, leaving Madeline alone with the mysterious Mullholland. If Gallagher could be found he would either disprove or substantiate the most important point in Costello's story.

But Gallagher could not be found.

While all this was going on, the police were hammering away at Costello. He had been taken to the State's Attorney's office, and Assistant State's

## FACTS FROM OFFICIAL FILES

Attorney Michael Romano, with Lieutenant Barry and Sergeant Olson, took turns about questioning him.

Barry thrust the blue silk handkerchief at Costello's face and said:

"You're lying to us, Costello. You've lied all along, ever since we picked you up this morning. This is your handkerchief. We know it's yours. It's the same handkerchief you stuffed in that girl's mouth last night when you raped and murdered her. Come clean now and tell us the truth."

Romano said persuasively: "Get it off your mind, Costello. You'll feel better if you do."

Costello said nothing. His shoulders hunched, his thick head lowered, he sat looking up at his questioners with a glassy-eyed stare.

The detectives banged away at him: "Mullholland didn't do it. Stitch didn't do it. You're the one who murdered that girl. Are you ready to tell us the truth about it?"

Costello remained silent, staring at them glassily.

"You tried to seduce her," Barry said, "and when that wouldn't work you tried to rape her. When she screamed for help you stuffed your handkerchief in her mouth and choked her to death. Isn't that right, Costello?"

Still Costello had nothing to say.

Romano, who believed in persuasion rather than force as a means of getting confessions from prisoners, said in a friendly tone:

"Why not tell us the truth, Costello? It will relieve your mind and you'll feel much better afterward."

Costello directed his stare at the assistant state's attorney. The left corner of his mouth was nervously twitching and his hands were tightly clenched, as if he were trying to get a grip on himself. He blinked his eyes and swallowed convulsively. Finally he said, in a low rasping voice:

"All right, I'll tell you the truth. I'll tell you everything that happened."

"Good! Wait just a moment," Romano called to somebody in an adjoining office, and a stenographer came in with a shorthand pad.

As Costello talked, his words were taken down in shorthand, later to be transcribed and typed, ready for his signature.

"This is how it happened," he said. "When Mullholland met me and the girl he took me aside and said: 'Anything doin' with this kid? I don't know,' I tells him. 'So far as I know, she's a good kid.'"

"So the three of us walk down Fifty-ninth Street toward the girl's home. When we get to La Salle, Mullholland whispers to me: 'Let me have your handkerchief.'"

"I take a handkerchief from my pocket and hand it to him. Then Mullholland grabs the girl and forces her into a dark arway between two houses."

"She lets out a scream, but I guess Mullholland stuck my handkerchief in her mouth, because after that one scream I don't hear no sound."

"There's some high wooden steps in front of the houses, and I sit down on one of them and wait for Mullholland to get through with the girl. After a while he comes out of the arway and says to me: 'Help me get her under these steps.'"

"I go into the arway with him and I see the girl layin' on the ground. She's all limp and still and don't make no sound when Mullholland

and me pick her up and carry her out of the arway."

"We put her underneath the steps where I'd been sittin' and Mullholland stays there with her, while I go back and sit on the steps. Pretty soon he comes out and says to me: 'Let's go, and we both walk away, leavin' the girl under the steps.'"

"I left Mullholland at the corner of Wells and Fifty-seventh, and went on home and went to bed. That was about one o'clock this mornin'."

Costello, after signing this, was bundled into a police squad car and driven to the spot where the girl's body was found. There he re-enacted the crime as he said it had happened.

By a curious coincidence, it was exactly twenty-four hours since Joe Giddis, the milkman, making his early rounds on the morning of July 10, 1925, had come upon the body of little Madeline White, and as Costello illustrated to the officers what he said had happened, another midsummer day was dawning.

His acting was convincing, but the officers weren't satisfied. In the first place, they didn't believe Madeline White had been murdered by a man named Mullholland—or by any other man except Costello himself.

They didn't believe, as a matter of fact, that Mullholland even existed; that is, the Mullholland named by Costello as the murderer.

"This Mullholland," Officer Barry argued, "is nothing more than a myth, a creature of Costello's imagination, invented by him to hide his own crime. The name probably occurred to him when he saw the innocent Mullholland night before last."

Costello, however, vehemently insisted he had told the whole truth; and when he was taken to the County Morgue and forced to look at the face of Madeline White, he muttered: "Mullholland killed her."

Officer Barry was unconvinced. Delving into Costello's past, he turned up something that seemed to tighten the web of guilt around him:

Costello had once used the alias, Mullholland!

Barry and his squad found more. They found the wholesale establishment where the blue silk handkerchief had been bought, and they found the retail merchant who had bought it.

Not only that; the retail haberdasher happened to know Costello, and he told the detectives he remembered selling that particular handkerchief to him.

Costello, now held at the County Jail, was indicted for murder by the Cook County Grand Jury and his trial was set for an early date.

The State prosecutors, convinced, as were the police, that "Mullholland" and Costello were one and the same, believed they could convict the glassy-eyed young man of murdering the sixteen-year-old girl when she resisted his lustful attack.

The prosecution was directed by Assistant State's Attorney William McSwigen (himself later murdered in Chicago's Gangland) who demanded that Costello pay with his life for the crime he had committed.

The trial was highly dramatic. Costello, fighting for his life, repudiated his confession, telling the jury from the witness stand that it had been obtained by police brutality.

"I told them the truth the first time," he said, "but they wouldn't believe me."

Under direct examination by his attorney, J. J. McCarthy, he then related the same story he had first told the police—how he had walked home with Gallagher, leaving Madeline alone with "Mullholland."

Cross-examined by McSwigen concerning "Mullholland," he said:

"I've known Mullholland about six years, but I've never known where he lives or what he does for a living."

"So you don't know much about this 'Mullholland'?"

"Not very much."

"And yet," said the prosecutor, "knowing little or nothing about this man, you turned over to him an innocent young girl. Is that right?"

"I thought the girl could look out for herself," Costello muttered.

"Did you kill Madeline White?" McSwigen demanded.

"I did not."

"Did Mullholland kill her?"

"I don't know."

McSwigen then questioned him about the handkerchief found in the mouth of the murdered girl. This was the State's most important exhibit. The entire case of the prosecution really rested upon it. The haberdasher had sworn he sold it to Costello, and Genevieve White had testified she saw it in Costello's pocket on the night her sister was slain. But now Costello denied that he had owned it.

"Would the blue silk handkerchief with the white polka dots send him to the gallows?"

"Costello is innocent," Attorney McCarthy thundered at the jury. "The police tricked him into signing that confession. Because they were unable to find Mullholland, they made Costello the scapegoat. Costello is innocent. Send him back to his mother."

"Costello is guilty!" McSwigen shouted, waving the blue silk handkerchief at them. "This bit of silk proves that he is. 'This bit of silk was found in the mouth of the murdered girl. We've proved that. And we've also proved it belonged to Costello. Costello is guilty. Send him to the gallows.'"

Such, substantially, were the closing arguments. What did the jury think of them?

The jury retired. In a surprisingly short time it returned. The twelve men had agreed on a verdict.

The verdict was "Guilty."

When the bobbed-haired girl with whom Costello had lived, heard this word of doom she swallowed a vial of poison, with almost fatal result.

Costello died on the gallows.

The blue silk handkerchief with the white polka dots had put the noose around his neck.

**SEND NO MONEY!**



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COMPLETE  
DETECTIVE

## SLEIGH RIDE OF DEATH

(Continued from page 25)

sympathetically. "Don't go to pieces like that."

Burbol sank into a chair, staring blankly. Several times he moved his lips, worked the muscles of his throat as each time failed to emit a single sound. Finally, speech suddenly rushed back and he blurted:

"Are you sure it's my wife? It can't be her! She's in Paterson. Who . . . who would want to kill Catherine?"

"I'm afraid she isn't," Mills put in. "She's now in the local morgue. She was found at six this morning, her clothes strewn all about. The coroner tells us that she died around five o'clock, an hour before she was found. Now, in order to clear this case up, we need your cooperation and want you to tell us everything you can about your wife and anything that might be connected with her death."

Burbol gesticulated limply. "What can I tell you?" he moaned. "Catherine had no enemies. Nobody had and reason to . . . to kill her. I—I can't understand it."

"H'mm," Mills stroked his chin. "You say your wife was in Paterson. Would you mind explaining that?"

"I mean," Burbol said, swallowing hard, "that she went there yesterday afternoon, right after I left for work, to do some shopping for herself and to visit some friends."

On the previous afternoon, he explained, he had left his wife around 2:30. He worked from 3 until 11 P. M. When he returned home twenty minutes later, the house was quiet and he went directly to bed. He slept with his eleven-year-old grandson, believing his wife was asleep in the adjoining room with their youngest daughter.

"This morning I woke up about half-past six, and I didn't hear her waking the kids or preparing breakfast as usual. I called out to her from my bed, and my daughter called back that she wasn't there. I went into the bedroom and my daughter said that when she got home from school around 3:30 my wife wasn't home. So I thought maybe she was staying overnight."

"How often did Mrs. Burbol go to Paterson?" Mills queried.

"Oh, about once a month or so."

"Did she ever stay overnight?"

"No, sir. Never."

Mills asked for the names of Mrs. Burbol's Paterson friends, and promptly he was given names and addresses of three women. As for his wife's shopping, Burbol had no idea what she intended to buy. Then, as if the shock and questioning were too much for him, Burbol hid his face in his thick, calloused hands and began to sob his grief.

The officers stood by quietly, sympathetically, until the man sought to regain his composure. Embarrassed by his display of emotion, he excused himself and asked if he could see his wife. The Prosecutor said he could.

"But the children," Burbol suddenly remembered. "What . . . what can I tell them? What—" He broke off helplessly.

"Tell them—now," Mills offered.

"Might as well get it over with. We'll run along now. No doubt, we'll be in touch with you again."

As the investigators filed out, Headley turned in the doorway and asked: "By the way, Mr. Burbol, how much money did your wife generally take along for her Paterson shopping?"

"Not much," Burbol replied dully. "About five or ten dollars."

At Headquarters, Mills assigned Brennan and Headley to make for Paterson and check with the three women Burbol had named, while McKeon and Meyers would check the vicinity of Valley Road for anyone who might have heard the shots or noticed a sled being drawn around 3 A. M.

The detectives set out at once and Mills himself got busy by proceeding directly to the rubber plant to check on Burbol. A few words to the general manager helped produce the time records of the previous day.

The stamp of the time clock bolstered Burbol's story, indicating that he had clocked in at 2:50 P. M. and clocking out at precisely 11 P. M. Employees and foremen were quick to declare Burbol to be a quiet, pleasant worker, who was punctual and efficient in his duties in the huge furnace room.

Mills drove directly to the morgue, where he found the coroner, with Dr. William F. Costello of Dover and Dr. J. McDonald of Morristown, already underway with the autopsy. Fichter interrupted his work and said:

"We're only half finished, but I can tell you we've extracted five .22 calibre bullets from the abdomen. Besides that, we find that the collarbone and two ribs are broken. There are also mouth bruises which we believe were inflicted by fist punches. It's quite likely that these punches are also responsible for the rib injuries."

"If fist punches did cause the rib and mouth injuries," Mills said curiously, "would they also suggest that Mrs. Burbol had struggled or fought with her assailant before she was shot and killed?"

The physicians agreed that such must have been the case. They also declared, in answer to the question, that no sex attack had been made or attempted.

Mills requested that the bullets be submitted to the ballistics bureau and that the victim's fingernails be scraped for the killer's skin and blood fragments.

Returning to the spot where the body had been found, Mills once more examined the snow-covered ground to the end of the indented runner lines. There was no sign, anywhere, of a struggle. The absence of such evidence strengthened the assumption that the attack and murder had occurred elsewhere.

Late that afternoon Brennan and Headley returned from Paterson. Their report was disconcertingly terse. None of the three women friends of Mrs. Burbol had seen her in weeks, nor had they been expecting her yesterday.

"To make sure that she really didn't

get to Paterson," Brennan said wearily, "we checked with all bus drivers, who were on duty all afternoon and evening. None of them remembered seeing her. We even questioned the Erie Railroad ticket agent, but nothing doing."

"I wonder if she could have gone some place other than Paterson and met her death there?" Mills mumbled gloomily.

Brennan shook his head. "No matter where she went, why should the killer risk his hide to drag her back here?"

"Listen," Headley cut in. "It might be just as wise to figure that maybe she didn't go anywhere at all—never set foot out of Butler."

A short while later McKeon and Meyers returned. The only significant piece of information they had had come from a local taxi driver.

"That driver, fellow named Brady," McKeon said, "told us he drove a young man of about thirty-five from the railroad station to the Burbol house about four hours before the body was found this morning. He was tall, slender, yet strong looking, with a swarthy complexion and sharp features, Brady says. Never saw him in town before either."

"That's something to start off with," said Mills, "a stranger at the Burbol house at 1 A. M. I wonder why . . ."

Assigning McKeon and Meyers to the morgue to question any friends or relatives who might show up to see the dead woman, Mills and Brennan drove once again to the Burbol house.

It was the young daughter who admitted them. Unhappy, her round, pretty face stained with dried tears, she brokenly declared that her father had just gone to the morgue, and that she and her nephew were alone in the house.

In the dimly-lighted parlor, the girl's young nephew was sitting disconsolately in a big arm chair, his short, chubby legs sticking out stiffly.

Mills' compassionate smile and kindly tone put the youngsters at ease. His friendly casualness induced the girl to talk unafraid. She declared solemnly that she had returned from school at about 2:45 yesterday afternoon and found no one at home. "I knew that Daddy was at work, but I didn't know where—where Mother was. When Daddy came home he told us Mother had gone to Paterson, and he wondered why she wasn't home yet."

"Didn't you look around for your mother, ask any of the neighbors if they had seen her go away?"

"No, sir. We just went out to Grandpa's shack in the yard to ask him, but nobody answered the door when we knocked. He wasn't home, either, so I just went back into the house, and played until Daddy came home."

"You mean your grandfather lives here, too? Out in the yard?"

"Yes, sir, he does. All by himself in a little shack. I don't think he likes it very much because it's cold and he grumbles an awful lot about it to Mother and Daddy."

The Prosecutor and the detective regarded the girl with new interest.

"Does your grandfather know what's happened to your mother?" Mills queried.

"I don't know," the girl said vaguely. "I didn't see him all day. When Grandpa goes out walking, or anything, he always comes back late."

"Do you know if he's back now?"

"No, sir, I don't. Daddy told us not to go out of the house while he's away."

Mills flashed a reassuring smile and switched the course of his interrogation to the post-midnight stranger. The girl's lustrous orbs glowed with wonder as she heard the stranger's description. With a decisive toss of her head, she declared she heard no one enter the house after her bedtime. She looked at her nephew and said: "Did you hear anybody?"

The lad's answer was a serious one. Mills and Brennan obtained the grandfather's name, then bade the children good-night. Instead of going to their car, they tread softly to the back of the house. About fifty feet away from the rear they spied a series of sheds. From one of them a pale yellow lamp light was glimmering in the blackness.

Reaching it, they observed that it had but one tiny curtained window. They peered in and caught sight of a lean old man puttering about. His hair was thin and gray, and his face seemed strong, almost youthful. His features conveyed the instant impression of strength and robustness.

Brennan's knuckles rapped against the door. Almost at once a voice stridently demanded, "Who's there?" "County police," Brennan called out. "The door remained closed. 'What do you want here?' the old man shrilled.

"Open up," Brennan barked, "or we'll come in by force."

A moment of silence. The door opened slowly, grudgingly. Old Frank Grettina, Mrs. Burbol's father, stood before them, regarding them querulously, his weather-beaten fingers soothing the stubble that was sprouting in the corners of his mouth.

"Well, what do you want here?" he rasped.

"We want to talk to you about your daughter, Mrs. Burbol. There are a number of questions we'd like to ask you concerning her murder," Mills said quietly.

"Murder?" Grettina's jaw hardened and his entire body stiffened perceptibly.

Mills tersely explained the manner of the woman's death and the time of the discovery. All the while Grettina stood motionless, his face a mask.

"When," Mills asked, "did you see your daughter last?"

"Yesterday afternoon, about four o'clock, I guess," the old man replied. "Saw her right out here in the yard. I was just goin' out for a walk like I always do around that time when I see her."

Mills and Brennan were immediately struck by the difference in the time as compared to the time given by Burbol and his daughter.

"Did she say anything to you about going to Paterson or anywhere else that afternoon?" he asked, eyeing the old man sharply.

"Didn't say a word to me," Grettina replied. "I don't know what you want to know what I think? I think she was killed because of her money. Because she buried it in a hole some

place right in this field. She always hid her money, Catherine did. That's why she was killed, I'll bet."

This calm statement that offered a motive for the otherwise illogical murder of an ordinary, respectable housewife was without question something of a bombshell to Mills and Brennan.

"How do you know she buried her money?" Brennan demanded.

"Because I seen her hidin' it away one day. Right in a hole that's covered by a big rock. I can even show you the spot if you follow me."

As the old man started forward, Brennan managed to get a complete view of the shack's interior. His eyes remained fixed on something in the far right corner of the room. It was a sled, standing upright, and a gray, stony, rather-inevitable, attached to the steering wood, dropped limply to the floor.

Brennan stepped over the threshold. He was staring at the big, blotchy spots that streaked the rough wooden floor.

Blood! Mills was instantly beside him. The room was in disorder. The small carpet was rumped, the window panes from the rear window were on the floor, smashed. Around the blood stains were fragments of broken oil lamp shade. And in one bloody blotch was stuck a strand of light brown hair!

Brennan fastened icy orbs on the old man. "What do you say to this?" The man quailed. "I don't know anything!" he cried. "I never touched Catherine. You can't accuse me of my own daughter's murder!"

"If you're innocent, how do you explain the condition of this room? How do you explain the blood, the strand of Mrs. Burbol's hair, the broken pane of the shattered lamp and that bloody sled and . . ." He broke off, his eye arrested by the back of the door now closed. From bottom to center coagulated blood spots marred it.

"I can't explain this mess," Grettina snapped. "But it don't mean I'm guilty of anything. Whether you believe it or not, this was just the way I found everything when I got back from town about seven last night. I was too tired to straighten things up, so I left everything the way it is now. I wanted to show the mess to Catherine and Charles and ask 'em what was going on. When I got up at 5:30 this morning, I went out for the day to town and didn't get back until about an hour ago. That sled is always kept outside, near the barn, by the kids. I don't know why it should be left in here. They know that I don't like no extra junk in my place."

"Sorry, Grettina," Mills said. "We'll have to take you along with us. The evidence here compels us to do it. Before we go, you show us where Mrs. Burbol hid her money."

Grettina's solid shoulders drooped. He picked up his cap and coat from a chair and shuffled out to about 200 feet north of the shack, to a spot hidden from view of the house or shack. There, he pointed to a large brown rock that was fitted into the earth. Brennan lifted it and peered into the hole with the aid of his flashlight. It was empty.

"Just like I thought!" Grettina breathed. "I knew somebody would get on to her."

Brennan navigated the light over the ground of hardened snow. No blood, no sign of a struggle or murder

was visible. Obviously, this was not the scene of Catherine Burbol's death.

"All right," Mills said sternly to the impassive old man, "where's the money?"

Grettina's self-control was something marvelous. Without flushing, he stared hard at the Prosecutor and said, "You're talking like a fool. I've been honest and straightforward all my life. What good is money to me at my age? When I saw my daughter hiding her money in that hole one day, I never went near it, never told anybody about it."

"You'll have your chance to prove your innocence," Mills returned. "In the meantime, Detective Brennan is taking you in for investigation." To Brennan, he added: "Come back with McKee and Headley and phone for a photographer and fingerprint man. I'm going to look around until Burbol shows up."

Mills began a more thorough examination of the disordered room. He was thus occupied for almost twenty minutes when the door pushed open and Charles Burbol entered.

"Something the matter here?" he asked. "Where's my father-in-law?"

Mills ignored the question. Instead, he demanded: "What brings you here? Want to see Grettina about anything?" "No, I don't want to see him. I just got back from the morgue, and I saw the reflection of the lamp on the ground. My father-in-law seldom burns a light at this hour, I thought—" he broke off, staring at the confusion. "What . . . what's happened here?"

"Murder!" was Mill's laconic retort. At the mention of murder Burbol's mouth dropped. "You . . . you mean my wife was killed here . . . in her father's shack?" He looked incredulous. "You're not accusing him, are you? It's not possible."

"That depends upon the investigation. So far, the evidence in this room is incriminating," Mills became more direct. "Burbol, did you have a visitor at about one o'clock this morning? A swarthy-faced man from out of town?"

Burbol wearily passed a hand over his face. "Chief McKee asked me the same thing over at the morgue. The fellow he described didn't call on me at all, though I know who you mean. He's my brother-in-law, Leo Grettina. He must've come to see his father."

"What about at such an hour?"

"Money, I guess. You see, last week Leo came to the house and asked my wife to loan him a hundred dollars. Said he was broke. He needed money badly to get a start on something. Catherine refused to give him a penny. Leo must've come back to persuade his father to get the loan for him."

"Why wouldn't your wife give him the money? Was there any friction between them?"

"Hardly that. To be perfectly candid, my wife was rather tight with her money."

"You know, then, that she was in the habit of burying her money?"

"Burying it!" Burbol echoed. "I never suspected anything like that. She had a separate bank account, yes, and I thought she kept all her money in that. How much did you find buried?"

"Nothing at all. Whatever amount it was, it's gone . . . taken by the person who killed her."

The return of Brennan, with Headley, Meyer, McKee and the identification men, interrupted further questioning. Mills suggested to Burbol

that he return to the house and ordered Meyers to stand guard at the street entrance.

The following minutes inside the shack were taken up by the identification men who "shot" and "dusted" everything in sight.

After that, Mills and the detectives went over the place scrupulously. The result was the discovery of five exploded cartridge shells in various parts of the room. These Mills immediately tucked away in a clean handkerchief.

Nothing more was found. Everything valuable as evidence or clues was carefully gathered together for removal. Even the blood-spattered door was removed from its hinges for laboratory submission.

Mills was determined not to quit the Burbol property until he was absolutely satisfied there was nothing being overlooked. Uppermost in his mind was the still missing gun.

In barns, stalls, coops, even in the garbage pails and refuse piles, the officers probed for the weapon.

By midnight they reached the hay-mow. There, instead of the gun, they found a torn piece of a man's shirt sleeve dotted with three tiny blood spots. To this find was the startling observation that a section of hay, the size of a human body, was pressed under and covered by an expansive circle of coagulated blood.

"Boy, we've got something here!" Brennan exclaimed. "There's no question that Mrs. Burbol was dumped here by the killer after he shot her." "What makes this so amazing," Mills put in, "is the fact that Mrs. Burbol did not die at once with those five slugs in her. Even as she lay here, for God knows how long, she was still alive. And she was alive when the killer left her in Valley Road because snow under the foot and rigor mortis was far from complete."

The last act, before quitting the haymow, was to photograph the bloody section of the fodder.

Returning to the shack, the detectives gathered up all evidence of the crime, including the unhinged door, and returned to Headquarters. The door was prepared for transportation, along with the piece of shirt sleeve, to Dr. Albert E. Edell, noted toxicologist, in Newark.

Mills then telephoned the Hoboken Police and described Leo Grettina and requested that he be picked up for questioning.

To Brennan and Headley, Mills said: "First thing this morning, I want you to bring Burbol in for further questioning. I'm satisfied that it's only a question of which one murdered her: Burbol, Frank Grettina, or Leo Grettina."

"Old man Grettina says he saw Mrs. Burbol around 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The children, however, went home at 2:45 and couldn't find their mother anywhere about the house or yard. How do we know that Grettina didn't get her to his shack on some pretext and then shoot her after fighting over the money he might have stolen from the hiding place? Despite his age, he's strong. His motive could be the money as well as the grudge he seems to bear his daughter and Burbol for keeping him out in that cold shack."

"How do we know that Burbol himself didn't kill his wife? He says he left her at 2:30. How do we know that he hadn't shot her before he left her? The children weren't home then. Neither was old man Grettina. Grettina

didn't arrive from town until a few minutes after Burbol had left for work."

"And, finally, how do we know that old man Grettina and his needy son had conspired to steal Mrs. Burbol's hoarded money? They might have been caught in the act, stunned here by fist blows, such as the coroner pointed out to me, carried her back to the shack, where she struggled with them until one of them shot her. They then could have carried her to the haymow, intending to hide her there until it was safe to remove her. Leo could have returned at one A.M.—to plot the disposition of the body with his father. Remember, also, so far we have seen neither hide nor hair of the money of the gun."

Dusk was beginning to fade when the telephone in McKeon's office jangled. Hoboken Police were calling. Leo Grettina had been picked up at his boarding house.

Brennan and Headley were ordered to pick him up at once. McKeon and Mills, at the same time, repaired at once for Burbol's house.

Late that morning Leo Grettina, lithe, swarthy and strong, was brought in, unaware that his father and brother-in-law were being detained in another room. A defiant expression beamed from his handsome face when he faced the Prosecutor.

"What's the big idea?" he snarled. "These detectives tell me I'm wanted for killing my own sister because she wouldn't give me money. I'm innocent and nobody's going to say different."

Mills appraised the heated young man calmly, beckoned him to a chair. "Sit down. You'll have plenty time to tell us your story."

Sullenly, Grettina obeyed. "Now, Mills, if you're innocent, you'll tell us why you called at the Burbol house at one o'clock this morning."

"Sure," Grettina said. "I went to see my father. Wanted him to ask my sister to loan me some money. I figured maybe she'd do it for him if not for me personally."

"How long were you with your father this morning?"

"Not more than ten minutes. I wanted to make sure of getting the last train back to Hoboken."

"Ten minutes," Grettina is long enough for anybody to notice the usual from the unusual. What did you notice about your father's room?"

"Not a thing."

Mills fixed him with a penetrating look. "Grettina didn't you find the place in a pretty messy condition? Things overturned, broken and bloodied? That's what you really saw, isn't it?"

A moment of stubborn silence. Finally, "So what if I did? That doesn't mean I killed her."

"Sure," you curious about such disorder?" Mills pressed.

"Sure, I was curious. But it was none of my business."

Mills arose. "All right, Grettina. Take off your jacket."

The man shot the interrogator a queer look. With deliberate slowness, he proceeded to shed his gray double-breasted jacket. Mills looked at the white shirt sleeves and ordered them rolled up. Grettina rolled them. Mills looked at the man's arms and elbows. "All right, unroll them now," he said.

Leaving the grumbling fellow with several uniformed officers, Mills made

for McKeon's office, where Burbol and the senior Grettina were being detained under the watchful eyes of Brennan and Headley.

"I just got through listening to Leo Grettina," he announced. "He talks little, but fortunately he implies much. We've now narrowed down the suspects to two men—yourself."

Grettina snorted and shook his head. "I think you're batty. Maybe, if you look hard enough you'll find more suspects and the man who actually killed her."

Mills ignored the old man's outburst. "Remove your jackets and roll up your sleeves, the two of you!" he commanded.

Both men were wearing blue working shirts. The sleeves were in good condition. They exposed their arms, turned their elbows.

Mills' fingers closed vise-like over Burbol's wrist.

"Explain those little scratches, Burbol. They may send you to the chair if you don't."

The silence that swallowed his words was profound. Burbol and Grettina ogled each other hostilely, then faced the accuser.

"Truthfully," Burbol said with a tiny smile and a shrug of his broad shoulders, "I don't know how I got them. I've never get scratched and cut lots of times at work without knowing it. Besides, I don't see how a few scratches on my elbow can prove that I killed my wife. If you're joking, Mills, I don't think you're being very funny."

"Where's the white shirt you wore yesterday?" Mills demanded sternly.

Burbol's temper exploded. "Look here, Mills," he growled, "I still don't know what you're getting at. I didn't wear any white shirt yesterday or the day before yesterday. When I'm working, I don't wear white. For your information it so happens that I was wearing this same shirt the day before."

"Hear that?" Mills said to Brennan and Headley. "I want you to search his house thoroughly for a white shirt that's torn at the sleeve. Spend as much time as you have to, but come back with the shirt."

The detectives left at once. Other detectives were ordered to check the activities of old man Grettina and his son during the last thirty-six hours.

Brennan and Headley spent the entire morning searching the house, not only for the shirt but for a .22 calibre gun as well. Thorough and absolute as their rummaging was, they found nothing.

Where, if Mills was correct in his accusation, could Burbol have hidden the tell-tale shirt, the death pistol and the hoarded money? From the knowledge of the man's movements since his wife's death, the detectives were confident that a disposal of evidence would have had to be done somewhere in or about the house.

It was in the middle of the house search for the second time that Brennan suddenly snapped his fingers and jerked himself erect.

"Why the dickens didn't we think of it before?" he cried. "There's one place we haven't looked or even thought of—Burbol's locker at the rubber plant! If he killed his wife just before he left for work, and hid her in the haymow before anybody came home, he might've been wise enough to change his shirt and put the damaged one in a bag or his lunch pail and left it in his locker. Maybe,

too, he even hid the pistol there."

The detectives raced for the plant, where the superintendent was quick to point out Burbol's locker and permit it to be searched.

Overall, a fireman's cap and a black lunch pail were all that the locker contained. Brennan seized the pail, tore it open. His face fell in disappointment. The box was empty.

Headley took down the overalls to examine them. He thrust his hand inside the garment, and it suddenly froze there. His fingers had contacted something that was thin, cool and had the feel of linen. He yanked it out. It was a white shirt—torn at the elbow!

Confronted later with this damaging evidence, Burbol continued to insist upon his innocence and refused to explain the tear in the sleeve. Drops of blood were taken from his fingers and rushed to the laboratory.

Within twelve hours enough witnesses had been found to account for Frank and Leo Grettina's movements since two o'clock the previous afternoon.

Come the analysis report from Dr. Edell. The blood on the torn shirt sleeve belonged to Burbol himself. And the crustations taken from the victim's fingernails likewise belonged to Charles Burbol!

Despite this proof that dymitised his alibis and protests, Burbol for hours clung to his story of innocence. As the grilling waxed instead of waning, he finally gave up all resistance and admitted his guilt.

In few words, regardless of the detectives' demand for elaboration, he sketched the story of his crime.

For years, he declared, his wife had gotten on his nerves by quarrelling with him, hoarding their money and being suspicious of him, always ready to accuse him of wanting to leave her. It was by chance that he had caught her in the act of burying her money, rent collections, in the yard dugout.

Just before he prepared to leave for work an argument arose and Burbol lost all control of himself. He blurted out that he had dug up her money that morning and hidden it in her father's shack. Mrs. Burbol immediately stalked after her money. While she was looking for it, Burbol fought with her and finally shot her with an old pistol.

He carried her to the haymow, hid her there until an opportunity for her disposal availed itself. That opportunity came shortly before five o'clock, when old man Grettina was sound asleep. Burbol then went to the haymow, with his wife's hat and coat, and

picked up on the way the sled, which was reclining against the outside of the shack.

When he carted her to the spot where she was later found, Mrs. Burbol was still alive! Burbol tossed into the snow the hat and coat and dumped his wife into a pile after tearing away her dress and underclothes to give suspicion of an attack. Familiar with his father-in-law's habits, he returned the sled to the yard, waited until the old man left the shack, then placed it in there, hoping to divert any possible suspicion to Grettina.

The gun was never found, though Burbol declared he had tossed it away somewhere near the spot where he had dumped his wife. The money, though, amounting to almost two hundred dollars, was found in his home under a loose brick in the fireplace.

On January 24, 1923, exactly one month after the discovery of the crime, a jury in Court of Oyer and Terminer declared Charles Burbol guilty of second degree murder. And on January 29, Judge Charles W. Parker sentenced him from fifteen to twenty years in New Jersey State Prison.

(The names Leo and Frank Grettina are fictitious, in view of the fact that both of these men were innocent.)

## COMPLETE DETECTIVE

## ILLICIT LOVER

(Continued from page 41)

room Ira stepped nervously toward the door. As he did, it opened. Bill Frazer, pale and haggard, came out. "Come with me, Ira," he said curtly. "Where to?" asked the worried youth.

"Don't ask why or where. Come along."

Obediently, Ira followed his cousin out to the death car. He got into the back seat. Frazer, tight-lipped and grim, climbed in behind the wheel. Like a woman in deep slumber, the body of Phoebe Stader lay slumped beside him. Frazer drove off.

Ira Jensen now was becoming afraid of his cousin. He wanted to leap from the car and run for his life. No telling what the mad Frazer would do now. Ira imagined the car racing head-long over some cliff, or hurtling into some building in a wild suicide crash. As these thoughts went through his mind, his fingers felt cold and grim. They clamped around the rifle.

This might be a solution to William Frazer's troubles, thought the youth. It would mean blood on his hands, too, but it would be an act of mercy. But no. Not while the car was speeding at this clip. Ira's irritation increased.

"Bill," he cried, "where are we going?"

"Up to Bram Hall Road," replied Frazer sullenly.

"Why?" asked Ira.

"Never mind," came the blunt retort.

The winter night was just beginning to fade into dawn when the two men and their dead companion reached the dreary Bram Hill Road. Frazer drove the car off the road into a clump of trees. He got out and opened the back door for Ira. The youth stepped out nervously into the

snow. Frazer reached into the back seat and brought out the gun.

Ira looked questionably at his cousin.

"I'm going to kill myself," said Bill deliberately. "You walk up the road so you can't see me. When you hear two shots, you'll know I'm dead. Then go back to town and tell them about it. Go on now. Beat it before I change my mind."

Ira Jensen turned and walked quickly up the road. A chilling early morning wind whipped him. It waisted a requiem through the barren trees. When he was about fifty yards from the car, he stopped. The first thought that came to his mind was that he had forgotten to say goodby to his unfortunate cousin. Ira and Bill always had been friendly, although Frazer was much older. Now Ira realized that he would never see Bill alive again. For a fleeting moment he contemplated dashing back to say some kind word of farewell. Then when he realized the deed William Frazer was about to commit he decided against any interruption.

Ten minutes passed. Whatever preparations Bill had to go through, he must be ready now. Ira braced himself against a tree. He tried to turn his thoughts to other things, the coming dawn, his plans for the future, the last movie he had seen. The image of all these thoughts came to mind, but his throbbing mind kept returning to the dominant thought: William Frazer is standing over there about to shoot himself.

Another five minutes passed. Ira looked anxiously in the direction of the car. Then the sound of a horn broke the morning stillness. Bill was calling to him. Ira returned.

"I can't do it, Ira," said Frazer when

the youth approached. "I haven't the nerve to pull the trigger." Frazer handed young Jensen the gun. "Here, you do it."

"Me?" Ira almost fell over. "You want me to kill you?"

"Yes," Frazer shoved the gun into the youth's trembling hands.

"I won't do it. I won't kill you."

"You've got to," pleaded Frazer. His calm, deliberate manner frightened Ira all the more. The youth threw the rifle into the snow. Frazer picked it up. "All right," said Frazer. "If you won't do it, then go on up the road again. I'll try it again. This time I'll do it."

Ira turned. "Good by, Bill," he called back haltingly. His cousin disappeared behind the car and Ira returned to his waiting place. This time another fifteen minutes passed. Then the youth heard his cousin's voice. "Ira. Oh, Ira." He returned to the car.

"I haven't the nerve," said Frazer. "It's all off. I'm going home to bed and figure things out. Come here and help me move the body into the back seat so people won't notice it."

Ira refused. "I can't lift her by myself," protested Frazer.

"I won't touch her," insisted Ira. "You go ahead and move her. I'll wait for you." Ira walked a few feet from the car and watched his cousin struggle to place the corpse of Phoebe Stader into the back seat. He propped her form against the back cushion and then covered her with a blanket.

Ira returned and climbed into the front seat where Phoebe Stader had died.

"I'm going to take it on the fly," said Frazer as he started the car.

They drove back to the home of

Frazer's mother at 87 Cherry Street. When they pulled up before the house, Frazer sent Ira in for a box. The youth returned with a strawberry crate. Frazer pulled the blanket down from the corpse and rested the crate between the knees and the chin. Then he replaced the blanket. The corpse of Phoebe Stader resembled nothing more than a pile of baggage in the rear seat. Frazer locked the car. Then he entered the house and went to bed.

The first thing William Frazer did the next morning was to burn Phoebe Stader's pocketbook in the furnace after having removed about two dollars in change. Then Frazer gathered together some belongings and loaded them into the front seat of the death car. Then he drove away. Just as he and Phoebe had planned a Florida vacation a few hours ago, so now, was William Frazer driving southward—with the corpse of the woman he loved!

Ira Jansen found himself still obligated to his erring cousin when he woke up that morning. Frazer had left Ira a note asking him to get two hundred dollars from Bill's mother and bring it to him at the Sir Walter Hotel in Raleigh, North Carolina. Frazer's note said he would be using the name of H. G. Devlin.

Young Ira felt duty bound. On Friday morning, February 20th, he met Frazer in Raleigh and gave him two hundred dollars. Then Ira returned to Rahway by bus on the following Monday.

The past five days had completely unnerved the youth. He knew not where to turn. He visited his wife directly upon returning from Raleigh. After talking it over, they both decided that the crime could no longer be kept from authorities. So Jansen went to Rahway's Chief of Police, George McIntyre. He unburdened himself of the terrible events that had taken place since the previous Wednesday morning.

McIntyre asked Jansen why he had not reported the death of Phoebe Stader upon first learning about it. The youth said that Frazer had warned him he would get ten years' punishment in prison for saying anything about it.

Chief McIntyre immediately contacted Roy A. Martin, Chief of Union County detectives, at Elizabeth, New Jersey. Martin hurried to Rahway and again Ira Jansen told his sensational story.

At first authorities were skeptical. This tale was almost too fantastic, they thought. They checked with Philip Stader at South Amboy, New Jersey. He reported that he had last seen his wife on Monday, February 16th, when she went to Walden, New York, to visit her sister, Mrs. Fred McLoughlin. Stader added that he was anxious because she was supposed to have telephoned him from Walden.

With that, police sent out a statewide alarm for the fugitive, William M. Frazer, who was carrying a dead woman passenger in a brown Buick sedan.

Now, six days after Phoebe Stader's death, the far-flung arm of the police was thrown into action.

Meanwhile, authorities at Walden, New York, contacted Mrs. Stader's sister, Mrs. McLoughlin. She confirmed that Phoebe had left Walden on Tuesday, February 17th, with William Frazer. But Mrs. McLoughlin

showed detectives a letter which she had just received from Frazer. Dated February 25th, it had been mailed from Philadelphia. The letter said:

"Hoping you didn't worry about us, but we got pretty well canned up and instead of going to Walden we landed in Philadelphia. Phoebe is sleeping it off now, but she said to write you and let you know, and she will write later. My wife is suing me for divorce, and so I won't have to answer it, we are going on a trip. As you

cedure and apply some armchair detective work. He figured that Frazer would make arrangements with friends and relatives for money to be sent to Raleigh. A man of his calibre would not hold on to two hundred dollars for very long.

So Martin mailed a letter from Elizabeth to "H. G. Devlin, care of General Delivery, Raleigh."

Then he talked to Chief of Police Winder Bryan, of Raleigh, by telephone. Martin told Bryan of his



Louis Stader (right) with his attorney arriving at the clump of underbrush near Yappahomsock, Virginia, where he identified the body of Mrs. Phoebe Stader, of Rahway, N. J.

know this is the first one, but it will be the one to remember. We sold the Buick and bought a Packard and some new clothes and are on our way to California. How is that?"

It was signed: "Bill." So, according to this letter, Phoebe Stader was alive on February 25th. Then, what about Jansen's story?

Martin figured that if Frazer was in Raleigh—and Jansen believed that his cousin would remain there—it was obvious that the fugitive would not risk capture by staying at any one hotel or boarding house for very long. With this in mind, the shrewd Chief decided to break from his usual pro-

mailing the letter to Devlin in care of General Delivery. Frazer, alias Devlin, might be receiving mail in that manner. If so, the Raleigh post office would be the most likely place to nab him.

Bryan sent two of his best detectives, J. E. Lowe and H. L. Peebles, to the post-office to keep watch for a man answering Frazer's description.

The next morning a newspaper item from Bowling Green, Virginia, told of the discovery of the nude body of a woman near Dawson, Virginia. The newspaper article said that the body was badly mutilated and identifying features were scarce.

Martin reasoned that if Frazer went to Raleigh, his route south might have taken him through Dawson. So Detective Jeremiah McNamara was sent immediately to Bowling Green to check on the body. A few hours later McNamara reported to Chief Martin by telephone from Bowling Green.

"The buzzards sure did their job on this body," the detective said. "I can't tell if it's Phoebe Stader or not. Better have the husband come down here and take a look at it."

Stader was willing to help police in any way. When informed about the body at Bowling Green, he went there at once. McNamara met him and took him directly to the Davis & Pegg morgue.

Stader shuddered as he looked upon the torn remains. Could this mute evidence of treachery be what was left of his beautiful and erring Phoebe? Stader examined the body minutely. He looked at the teeth and noted that the roots of a decayed tooth were still visible. The toes were manicured the way Phoebe did hers, and the little toe on the right foot was turned under, just as Phoebe's did.

Stader's hands shook as he went over the gruesome remains. There was one more thing he must look for before being sure it was Phoebe's body—a bruise he had noticed on her right leg a few days before she left home. The body in the morgue was turned on its side. There, on the right thigh, was the bruise.

Stader broke down and sobbed. "It's Phoebe," he said. "It's my wife." As authorities helped him from the room, Stader vowed to get the person responsible for this. "If I find him," he said, "they won't have to use the electric chair on him."

Following the identification, the body was sent to Elizabeth. With the discovery of the corpus delicti, the remaining job was to capture William Frazer.

So far the apprehension of Frazer depended on Chief Martin's dummy letter addressed to H. G. Devlin. Although Detectives Lowe and Peebles had maintained a continuous watch outside the general delivery window of the Raleigh post-office, no H. G. Devlin had turned up.

But only a few hours after the body of Phoebe Stader was identified at Bowling Green, Virginia, the general delivery clerk in the Raleigh post-office signalled to Lowe and Peebles. The detectives noticed a sleek, well-dressed man standing before the window. He was puzzling over a letter in his hand.

Lowe and Peebles flanked him. "Mr. Devlin," said Peebles, "you also are William Frazer. Am I right?"

In his astonishment, the captive let the letter slip from his fingers and flutter to the floor. Lowe picked it up. It was the dummy which Chief Martin had mailed from Elizabeth to H. G. Devlin.

"Why, yes," said the man, "I'm William Frazer, so what?"

"You're wanted for the murder of Phoebe Stader," snapped Peebles.

Frazer paled. "Mrs. Stader dead?" he cried. "I know nothing about it."

The detectives rushed him to police headquarters. When searched, identification cards were found in his pockets.

Word of Frazer's capture was dispatched immediately to Elizabeth and Union County prosecutor, Abe David, left at once for Raleigh.

In the meantime, Raleigh police pieced together other important links in the case.

They found the brown Buick sedan which Frazer had left in a parking lot. In the death car was a pair of scissors and a pair of pliers.

Raleigh detectives then attempted to retrace Frazer's trail since his arrival in the North Carolina city. They found that the prisoner had stayed at Craddock's Rooming House. Detectives questioned guests at the place. Some of them recognized Frazer's picture. But for the most part they knew nothing about him, explaining that he didn't get friendly with them.

But one of the guests, William T. McGrath, had a strange story to tell. He knew Frazer only as H. G. Devlin. McGrath said he was hitch-hiking to Florida when Frazer picked him up near Petersburg, Virginia. He was prepared to swear that he saw Frazer burn the blood-stained clothing of a woman in a roadside fire.

When Prosecutor David arrived in Raleigh, he confronted Frazer with the evidence on hand. But the prisoner continued to maintain that he knew nothing of Phoebe Stader's death. "It's a blow to me," Frazer kept repeating. "I was in love with Phoebe." He contended that he came to Raleigh to look for a job and was going to Florida if nothing turned up.

But under David's hammering questions, the illicit lover finally broke down. He admitted that Phoebe Stader was shot in his car on the night of February 17th, 1931. But he declared emphatically that the shooting was accidental. He was willing to be taken back to Elizabeth for further investigation. And at Elizabeth, in the unpretentious office of Prosecutor David, he unfolded his Odyssey of Death—a grisly journey that covered six states.

Frazer began his story at Walden, New York. He said that Mrs. Stader went there to visit her sister and that he drove to Walden later to be with Phoebe.

"On Tuesday," Frazer said, "I had a date to meet Phoebe at one o'clock in the afternoon. We went to Newburgh to a Chinese restaurant on the main drag and had something to eat."

"We had a quart of liquor and we drank," Frazer continued. "Then we went to a moving picture show. Afterward we went back to the chop suey joint and had something to eat and drink. Then we went to another moving picture show. We made up our minds to go to Florida. We started out but somewhere near Walden I got nervous or something while we were sitting in the car talking. I had a gun underneath the back seat of the car. I went back to get the gun. When I was getting it out it went off accidentally somehow. I did not know what to do. I thought I would go to Rahway. I went there and told my cousin and then told my wife."

Frazer related that both his wife and cousin advised him to give himself up. He then told of his two futile attempts to shoot himself.

David questioned Frazer about when and where Phoebe Stader died. The purpose in this was to determine which county had jurisdiction over the prosecution of the case. The paragon said that he knew Mrs. Stader was alive when he passed the Durant plant on Frelinghuysen Avenue, at Elizabeth. He added that when he

stopped the car at Rahway, she was dead.

This definitely placed the death in Union County, under the jurisdiction of David's office.

The one big remaining mystery was the death ride south. This Frazer described readily. He drove from Rahway to Philadelphia with the body of Mrs. Stader in the back seat. "I stopped in Baltimore and rested up that night (Wednesday). From there I went to Washington." Arriving in the nation's capital shortly after midnight, Frazer said he parked the car and slept in it all night beside the corpse of the slain woman. The capitol dome was visible from where he slumbered.

"I left Washington the next morning," he continued, "with the body still in the car. I next stopped at Richmond for gas. I don't know where I stopped next—maybe in Virginia. I don't know how far I drove—it was on this road I took out the body. It was day time—it was still light."

"I dragged the body maybe a block. The ground was not paved—it was not in a city, that was a cinch. It was a field; it was not bare—not many trees or shrubs. Then I removed the clothing. I used the scissors, probably the same ones found in the car. I took the clothing off because it would be easier to trace the body with the clothes on. The pliers found in the car are the ones I used to remove the ring from her finger."

Frazer added that he arrived in Raleigh on Thursday, February 19th. He then confirmed meeting his cousin, Ira, and receiving the money from him.

Chief Martin was anxious to clear up another bit of confusion. He pointed out that the letter which Mrs. McLoughlin received from Frazer in Philadelphia was dated February 25th. How could this be when the fugitive passed through Philadelphia Wednesday, February 18th? Frazer admitted that he wrote the letter to throw off any search for him. He also arranged for the belating mailing.

Anticipating a defense contention of insanity, the prosecution arranged to have Frazer examined by a board of alienists. The board found him sane at the time the crime was committed and at the present time.

Frazer pleaded innocent. The defense built its case around the contention that the shooting was accidental.

Having received a court ruling that it was not necessary to prove a motive, the prosecution went ahead with a detailed presentation of the case. Among the numerous pieces of evidence brought into the courtroom was the Buick sedan which was hoisted up two floors. A large space usually reserved for spectators was taken up by the gruesome exhibit of the death car.

Throughout the trial William Frazer declared his love for Phoebe Stader. But the evidence against him was too overwhelming.

The jury found William Frazer guilty of murder in the first degree. No recommendation for mercy was made.

And at 8:14 o'clock on the night of April 1st, 1932, William Frazer paid with his life in the electric chair for the death of Phoebe Stader.

To his dying moment, his forgiving wife and mother remained loyal

COMPLETE  
DETECTIVE

## TOO MANY LOVERS

(Continued from page 31)

mastodons of former ages had sunk to remain forever. His aim was bad because the police found the package eighteen inches from the oil pit. They recovered twenty pieces of a .25 automatic. The widow's arrest followed.

The day after Walburga Oesterreich's arrest another bizarre angle was added to the case—a second .25 automatic revolver belonging to the widow was located. Acting on information furnished them by the round Klumb, Detectives Cato and Cline questioned Mr. and Mrs. Tabor, a middle-aged couple who had been friends of the Oesterreichs for many years. Mr. Tabor readily acknowledged receiving a revolver from "Dolly" the day following the inquest. Mrs. Oesterreich had told him the same story she had related to Klumb. Believing he was merely helping an old friend to avoid an embarrassing situation, Tabor took the gun and promised to dispose of it. He gave it to his wife.

When questioned, Mrs. Tabor led the officers to a vacant lot near her home. Here the revolver was recovered from where she had thrown it.

The night Mrs. Oesterreich was arrested, the officers learned that her attorney friend, Shapiro, was wearing the watch that had belonged to Fred Oesterreich. The widow explained that she had found it beneath the cushions of a window seat, several months after the murder.

Mrs. Oesterreich's attorneys, Jerry Giesler and Frank Dominguez, ridiculed Cline's evidence. "It's the weakest case I ever heard of," Giesler told the press. "Because she happened to have two revolvers of the same caliber as the gun with which her

husband was shot does not prove she murdered him. If she were guilty, do you think she would have given these guns away? Can you imagine anyone guilty of murder not doing away with the evidence herself? She was found locked in a closet. It was impossible for her to have locked herself in," he maintained.

But at the preliminary hearing, before Justice of the Peace W. S. Baird, Deputy District Attorneys Buron Pitts and J. Thomas Russell disclosed the trump card they held—J. W. Plazek, of the California Furniture company, told of having been called to repair a closet door at the Oesterreich mansion and of finding that the door could be locked from the inside. This door was the one behind which Mrs. Oesterreich said she pounded and screamed while her husband was being murdered. Plazek testified that with a part turn of the lock the door could be slammed shut, locking itself.

Police tests showed that the revolver thrown into the vacant lot by Mrs. Tabor was not the gun used to kill Oesterreich. And the mutilated condition of the automatic found at the edge of the La Brea pits precluded any tests of that weapon.

The testimony of O. E. Chatters, colored cook for Marshall Neiland, motion picture producer, whose house adjoined that of the Oesterreichs, told of many heated arguments between the couple.

"A few weeks befoh he was kilt," testified Chatters, "I heard 'em quarrelin' sumpin' scandalous. She was swearin' sumpin' terrible. He cussed her and then she cussed him. They was goin' on jest awful."

Defense Attorneys Giesler and Dominguez brought to light the fact that four months after the murder,

Roy Klumb, supposed to be an intimate friend of Dolly Oesterreich, had tried to sell the story of the missing gun to a reporter on a morning paper, in return for a newspaper job paying at least fifty dollars a week. The reporter had strung Klumb along while Cline and Cato investigated Klumb, eventually forcing him to disclose the evidence which he had sought to sell. Giesler claimed the whole case had been conceived in the police station and that if Mrs. Oesterreich had been a poor woman she would never have been arrested. But Judge Baird bound Mrs. Oesterreich over to the Superior Court.

The shock of her arrest and the strain of the hearing broke Walburga Oesterreich's health and for many months she was too ill to appear for trial. Several postponements were taken by her attorneys. Meanwhile Deputy District Attorney Russell tried to uncover additional evidence implicating the widow or someone close to her.

Finally on January 16th, 1925, eighteen months after her arrest, District Attorney Asa Keyes dismissed the case because of insufficient evidence, and Walburga Oesterreich was freed. The attractive matron, now broken in health and spirits, set about to re-establish her life in a new home on North Beachwood Drive in the heart of Hollywood.

But the widow was not to be allowed to remain out of the white glare of publicity. She had lost faith in Herman Shapiro, who had been handling her legal affairs, and so it developed that he filed suit against her for \$26,000 in December, 1928, over a real estate transaction. Her reply contended that as early as 1926 the attorney harassed and threatened her in an effort to force her "to admit him to her personal favor and friendly association." Charges and counter-charges were hurled. Shapiro was no longer the "star boarder" at the Oesterreich home.

This rift widened until, when in April, 1930, Shapiro appeared at the office of Buron Pitts, now district attorney, and filed an affidavit that was



A brilliant array of counsel gathered at the trial of Walburga Oesterreich. Left to right—Le Compt Davis, Meyer Willmer, Mrs. Oesterreich, Jerry Giesler, J. Thomas Russell, and James Costello. The first three named battled for the defendant's life—Russell and Costello fought for the State.

to open up one of the most fantastic stories ever to appear in the country's press.

Claiming that he had been attacked by two men accompanied by Mrs. Oesterreich and forced into an automobile on a downtown street, the dapper attorney told Fitts he feared for his life and, in self-defense, made this affidavit.

Shapiro's statement was unbelievable. The affidavit declared that when Mrs. Oesterreich was arrested, in June, 1923, he visited her at the jail, where she told him she was worried over a "vagabond half-brother, Otto," whom she claimed was hidden in the attic of her home at 101 North Beechwood Drive. She begged him to see that the half-brother was fed. Otto, she said, would come forth only if Shapiro would scratch three times on the wall of a cedar closet.

Shapiro had followed directions, but he said that he was totally unprepared for what followed. Through a small opening crawled a slender, undersized man with a young-old face. His lips wreathed in smiles, he greeted Shapiro with: "Hello, Herman! I know you, for I've seen you around here for a long time. My name is Otto Sanhuber."

The attorney's affidavit stated that the little man from the attic told him he was not related to Mrs. Oesterreich but that he was her sweetheart, that for ten years he had lived in garrets in the Oesterreich homes both in Milwaukee and Los Angeles, without the knowledge of her husband. He related how he had met Dolly Oesterreich in 1908 and shortly after that fell in love with her. She returned his love. He took up his secret residence under the eaves of the Oesterreich homes, in order to be near the woman he adored. He was only about 15 at that time but he welcomed this bat-like existence because of the stolen hours he could spend in her arms. Their love affair continued through the years, he moving from attic to attic as the Oesterreichs moved. On the night Oesterreich met his death Otto claimed he saw the couple struggling and, fearing for the life of his loved one, he grappled with Oesterreich. In the fight that followed, the husband was killed.

Thus the bat-man—the ghost of the garret—the attic lover—the attic love-slave—arose so forth, as Otto Sanhuber was called in the lurid news stories, drew again into the spotlight one of the city's most baffling murder mysteries.

Acting on information furnished by Shapiro, Detective Lieutenants Ray Cato and Herman Cline staked out and arrested Sanhuber for the murder of Fred Oesterreich, when Sanhuber returned to his apartment that night.

The arrest of Otto Sanhuber, alias Walter Weir, alias Walter Klein, was dramatic. Cheerily whistling, the little man entered the apartment and had closed the door before he saw the detectives. He made a swift dash for the door, but was intercepted by Cline. The detectives lost no time in questioning him on what happened on the night Oesterreich was killed. Otto's somewhat disjointed story furnished the police with many vital facts from which to establish their case.

Police found a secret room at the luxurious Beechwood Drive home, the entrance of which had been covered with wall board which, when re-



"The Attic Love-Slave" as Otto Sanhuber (left) was called in the lurid news stories, is shown here with his attorney Earl Seeley Wakeman.

moved, revealed a small but quite comfortable room. In it was a writing board hinged to make a desk, a foot warmer, a small mattress, some books and a large bucket. Cobwebs and a film of dust covered the attic room. At the North Andrews Place house, where Oesterreich met his death, the investigators found the secret room as described by Herman Shapiro. This cubbyhole had been nailed up but the officers were soon inspecting the tiny quarters where the bat-man insisted he had lived for four years, emerging only when his sweetheart let him know that the coast was clear or when, during the night, he heard her signal and knew that the husband was sound asleep in a distant room.

Sanhuber's story, as told to the police and later to the grand jury, was a most astounding one. He was a foundling and was not certain of his age but supposed he was about 14 or 15 when he first met Mrs. Oesterreich. He was a close friend of the Oesterreichs' son Raymond, whose mother was very friendly and often showed Otto motherly affection. When death took her son, the mother was frantic with grief. Otto continued to visit her. Old for his age, his mind seemed to interest the woman, then in her early thirties. She spent hours talking with him. Often she hugged and kissed him and said he took her son's place. They took long walks into the country. He enjoyed the company of this slender, vigorous woman and his interest soon

deepened into a romantic attachment. Her kisses awoke in him a desire that was not to be denied. Dolly Oesterreich was bubbling with life. Hers was a vital personality. Her son's boyish friend fascinated her.

According to Sanhuber's story, it was on a summer's evening that their romance became an actuality. They walked and talked as usual—a light summer shower sent them hurrying back from the park—they were not far from the place where Otto roomed—he suggested they stop there and get an umbrella—it was a tiny, bleak room but its shadows were friendly and it seemed far removed from prying eyes. Walburga Oesterreich became the first and only woman in Otto Sanhuber's life for the more than ten years that followed.

After that they met often. One Sunday evening, as they walked in the park, she suddenly clutched his arm and whispered that she was certain they were being followed. Her husband had lately become suspicious of her frequent absences from home. They strolled on and then suddenly changed their course and hurried to the Union Depot. Here they waited and watched, and sure enough, the two men they had seen entered the station. There was no chance of a mistake—they had been followed.

Now thoroughly frightened, Otto

decided to run away. But Walburga did not want to lose her young lover. She was afraid to return to her husband and so decided to accompany Sanhuber to St. Louis. There the couple remained for a blissful week. Money gone then—life became a serious reality. Walburga decided to return to Milwaukee, where Sanhuber reluctantly followed her and went into hiding in a shabby room in the poorer section of the city.

The attractive wife had no trouble in getting her husband to forget and forgive. But to make her promise never again to see the young sewing machine mechanic. But romance and love-interest which the youth had aroused in her fought with her better judgment. So when, after several days, young Sanhuber telephoned her, Walburga urged him to come to her. For hours they talked. The boy's youthful ardor and the woman's vital attraction were magnets that held them together in spite of the danger. They met often, now.

One afternoon Oesterreich returned home earlier than usual. There was no time for Otto to get away, so Walburga rushed him up into a small attic room, where he stayed all night because the husband remained at home. Next morning, the pair decided that they could not live without each other and that there would be less chance of their being found out if Otto lived in the tiny attic room. Thus began the strange association which was to continue for ten years in four different houses in Milwaukee and two in Los Angeles.

Ten years of self-imprisonment so as to be close to the man he loved. Ten years during which, because of the lack of exercise and the unnatural life he was leading, the young vigorous boy became a pale, slender wreath of a man. Ten years throughout which the man's sole enjoyment was reading library books, helping with the housework and doing everything in his power to please the woman who held a strange fascination over him. Ten years that made him skillful in moving about his attic room as silently as a mouse slips along the rafters, and to move quietly and yet swiftly when the occasion warranted.

Thus Otto Sanhuber became a veritable mouse-man, a ghost in the garret of the wealthy manufacturer. He studied shorthand and went for walks after dark when he knew the Oesterreichs would not return until very late. He purchased a revolver—"A big gun to make myself feel big when I walked at night—I liked to feel it— it made me feel big—like a cowboy, or something," he told the grand jury. He traded this big gun for a small automatic and later bought a second small revolver which he gave to Mrs. Oesterreich.

A month before Oesterreich was killed, Sanhuber had surprised a prowler in the house and had scared the man away by throwing an ink bottle at him. After this, the little man explained, he used to practise "getting the drop" on imaginary burglars. He would slip downstairs and then with a flourish of his revolver would surprise such an intruder.

Then came the night of Oesterreich's death. Otto slipped to the head of the stairs when he heard a car enter the driveway. The automatic in his hand, he waited with bated breath for a possible intruder. He heard the Oesterreichs enter the house and was about to return to his cubbyhole when

their voices rose in anger. Then came sounds of scuffling. He was paralyzed with fright. His beloved was being mistreated. He must save her. Without thinking of the consequences, he slipped swiftly down the stairs. Oesterreich was across the room, but Mrs. Oesterreich was lying on the floor. This was enough. Like a tiny knight, the ghost of the attic waved his revolver and shouted "stop" as he leaped into the room.

Too late, he realized his awful mistake as Oesterreich whirled about and started across the room shouting—"You—you—that are you doing in my house?" The two grappled in the living room, and then came the shots that brought Oesterreich's death.

Sanhuber told the grand jury that Shapiro had insisted that he leave town and had put him on a San Francisco bus. He finally got to Seattle on a freight steamer, but was violently ill when he arrived there. It was while he was sick in a public institution that he met the nurse who in 1924 became his wife. He did not tell her about the year he had spent as the lover-slave of Walburga Oesterreich, but in 1926 he said he felt the urge to return to Los Angeles to be near his former sweetheart. He had assumed the name of Walter Klein when he left Los Angeles. Both he and his wife secured work in a local sanitarium in Los Angeles and for a time were happy.

Following Otto's confession, the grand jury indicted Sanhuber on a true bill charging first degree murder. He pled not guilty and not guilty by reason of insanity. A few days later the grand jury indicted Mrs. Oesterreich, who entered a plea of not guilty.

District Attorney Buron Fitts tried in vain to bring the couple into court together, but the widow's attorneys, Jerry Giesler, Meyer M. Willner and Le Compte Davis finally won a separate trial for Mrs. Oesterreich because the bat-man's attorney, Earl S. Wakeman, claimed his client was "mentally ill" and had been mentally unbalanced by a local attorney. On June 11, 1930, Otto Sanhuber appeared before Judge Carlos S. Hardy to face a charge of first degree murder. The bat-man was accompanied by his faithful wife Mathilde and his attorneys, Earl Wakeman and his associate Orville Rogers.

The same witnesses; giving the same testimony that marked the trial of Walburga Oesterreich in 1923, appeared again. Now, the pieces that had then seemed so distorted fitted into a whole picture. The man who whirled about and raced into the living room where death stalked; the four sharp revolver reports; the woman's screaming voice; the lapse of time before the lights were put out; the muffled pounding; the locked closet door; the key on the ceiling; the two revolvers—this was all planned now by the presence of the bat-man at the time of the murder.

Deputy District Attorneys James Costello and J. Thomas Russell built up a strong case against Sanhuber. Earl C. King, investigator for the District Attorney testified to checking the homes in Milwaukee occupied by the Oesterreichs. He told of finding a hidden room in the attic of the house at 363 Thirteenth Avenue; that another house had four locks on the rear door and the downstairs windows were of frosted glass and that a third house had an attic room with

an entrance from a third floor bedroom similar to the hideout in the Los Angeles house.

Phillip J. Stover of Milwaukee was the surprise witness. He told of the feud between Oesterreich and Otto. He testified to being sent by the husband to investigate the week the wife and Otto had spent in St. Louis. He said Mrs. Oesterreich had begged for a divorce then.

Defense Attorney Wakeman tried in vain to keep Otto's grand jury confession from being entered into the records, claiming that it had been secured by means of a promise by the District Attorney. Buron Fitts denied making such a promise. Judge Hardy ruled that the jury must decide later whether the confession had been made voluntarily or by promise of a lesser penalty. The judge then read to the jury the colorful story as related by the bat-man to the grand jury.

After this ruling, Sanhuber refused to take the witness stand and sulked and pouted. Finally being convinced by his attorneys that his testimony would not hurt "officially" he took the stand in his own defense. But now he told a different version of the shooting.

In language that was an odd mixture of ebullishness and profound phrases culled from books he had read while leading his work-like existence under the musty, dark eaves, Otto told his remarkable story to an avidly listening court room. It was the same story he had told the grand jury of his love-life among cobwebbed rafters. But when he came to the night Oesterreich met his death, he changed his story. He now claimed he never left his little cubbyhole and that the killing must have been done by robbers.

Three days of testimony and cross examination failed to change the attic lover's new version of the killing. He said he lived at the North Andrews Place house for six months after the shooting and then, in an attic of the new house on Beechwood Drive. The court room was convulsed when he explained that Mrs. Oesterreich had trouble finding a house with a decent attic.

Defense Attorney Wakeman didn't deny the facts as set forth in Sanhuber's confession before the grand jury, but cleverly selected the high-lights of the little man's attic ghost story and made a forceful plea to the jury for leniency. Deputy District Attorney Costello denounced Sanhuber's morals and Tom Russell urged the jury to find the bat-man guilty of first degree murder. But the jury, after deliberating four and a half hours, returned a verdict of manslaughter, which carried a sentence of from one to ten years.

Sanhuber, however, was never required to serve the sentence. Under the California laws, the statute of limitations expires on a manslaughter charge after three years. So Sanhuber could not be convicted of a crime which had outlawed. Thus while Attorney Giesler was fighting for a continuance for Walburga Oesterreich, Judge Hardy granted Attorney Wakeman's request of an arrest of judgment, and the little bat-man was released to his wife.

On August 4, 1930, Walburga Oesterreich went on trial for conspiracy in the murder of her husband. The years had taken their toll of the widow. No longer young-appearing,

she had taken on many pounds in weight. Despite bobbed curls which hung about her face, there was little to recall the slender, vital woman accused ten years before of this same crime. The same mulling crowd of men and women, eager to listen to the risqué confession of the attic lover—these high-lighted the woman's trial as had the bat-man's.

Taking the stand in her own defense, Walburga Oesterreich laid bare her soul. At times covering her face with her hands and sobbing bitterly, she told the story of her shame, but vehemently maintained that throughout the years she had deeply loved her husband.

Costello and Russell forced her to acknowledge the relationship that had existed between herself and Sanhuber, and her story coincided with the one her lover had told the grand jury. The only difference being that she said her husband had not quarreled with her that night. "When we got home," said the weeping defendant, "Fred said to me, 'Dolly, you look mighty good to me tonight.' As he grabbed at me, he slipped on the rug and I let out a yell, so that he let me fall onto the floor. Then I saw Otto. He thought Fred was hurting me," the woman continued. "I heard him holler, 'Stop,' and then I saw Fred and him start fighting. I ran to the corner and hid my face on the piano. I heard some shots—I hollered, 'Fred—oh, Fred—'"

Mrs. Oesterreich claimed that Otto made her get in the closet and that

he locked the door into the hall with a second key.

The prosecution placed the bat-man on the stand, but Otto Sanhuber did not make a good witness. He stuck to his second version of the killing and nothing could shake his story. At times he seemed but a child and again he was like a solemn old man. He told of learning to do the housework as "Dolly" wanted it done and of just living to please her. "I was just a perfect, silent servant," he said with an ingratiating smile at the jury. When asked what was the longest time he had been away from Mrs. Oesterreich after taking up his abode under the eaves of her home, he replied, "When I was away from my attic, the time was tremendously long, so I didn't measure it in days or weeks. It was just long. I'll say I was almost beside myself to get back."

Otto's utterly frank narrative lent color to Walburga Oesterreich's story that when he came to her the day after the murder and said, "Listen, Dolly, I got a gun. Will you get rid of it for me?" her only thought was to protect the little man who she believed had gotten into trouble through his affection for her. When a day later he brought her a second gun, she had to ask a second friend to help her dispose of this one. She said she knew how Otto played at scaring away imaginary burglars, and thought this amusing but harmless. She had smiled at his childish pranks that were to lay the foundation for

his last terrible mistake—the mistake which brought down the avalanche of shame and dishonor on herself and the man whose passion for her had warped his soul and stunted his body.

Mrs. Oesterreich's attorney Jerry Giesler had questioned the prospective jurors as to whether each could give an impartial verdict in spite of the defendant's alleged moral offenses, thus the jury was prepared for the salacious story of illicit love and the punch was taken out of Otto's confession.

The jury of six men and six women weighed the evidence for four days and were then dismissed when no verdict could be reached. They stood nine for second degree murder, one for manslaughter and two for not guilty.

A new trial was set for October 14, 1930, but after several continuances the case was ordered dismissed on December 9.

Said Deputy District Attorney Russell after the dismissal:

"We were pretty certain the shooting occurred as Mrs. Oesterreich related it and we were unable to find anything additional to show conspiracy. All the exhibits—the shells, bullets and revolvers—had been released to a local attorney several years after the case was dismissed against Mrs. Oesterreich in 1925. A conviction did not seem possible. I prosecuted both cases against Mrs. Oesterreich and I feel certain there was no miscarriage of justice."

## COMPLETE DETECTIVE

## A KILLER AND A PERFECT ALIBI

(Continued from page 37)

skirts, corroborated this in detail. Markham was not arrested.

However, John Brophy, unemployed painter, another suspect, was booked for further investigation. He looked like a hot bet after detectives learned he had been overheard saying on the street, "Now that old man Smith is going to die, I'd better skip town."

My men on the case hoped fervently that the retired mailman would regain consciousness long enough to give a coherent statement about what

actually had occurred. For two days his life hung by a slender thread while the finest surgeons in Salt Lake City worked over him at Holy Cross Hospital. Then, mercifully, his suffering was eased by death. Autopsy showed death to be from skull fractures and hemorrhages.

During Sunday and Monday I had been out of the city. I hastened back to my office and pored over the files of the Smith investigation, trying to sift the wheat from the chaff and plan an intelligent campaign.

First off, I wondered what relation there was between the sadistic attacker who had robbed several women and the Smith murder. On the chance this might be the same criminal, I flashed a general alarm from the women's description to cooperative border patrol, peace officers and railroad detectives blanketing states neighboring Utah: Idaho, Wyoming, Nevada, Arizona, Colorado and California.

During the hectic investigation so far, my men had searched in vain for



In this quiet honey neighborhood a grim tragedy was enacted. Newspapersmen and police officials look at blood spots pointed out by man in center.

trace of the lunch box, money sack and lethal weapon, each possibly of great value in pointing to the cold-blooded murderer.

Of special interest, also, was the riddle of the dying man's last gasped words: "Looked like the white porter."

What terrible significance did these words hold? Had the dying man, realizing that grim death was hovering near, attempted desperately to aid us in solving the enigma of his murder by those words?

If we did locate a white porter, or a man who resembled some porter—in justice to this person, what weight would be given to the dying man's muttered, almost incoherent words when those words might be the means of standing some innocent man up before a stone wall for hot lead from a firing squad's rifles to blast his life out?

Back at headquarters I held a discussion with a group of my best men, who had worked on the case. Included was Detective Sergeant M. D. McGinness, Eggleston, Gifford, Lee and Wire.

Several men were assigned the task of thoroughly interviewing neighbors of the Smiths and residents near the attack scene for some possible clue to the murderer's identity.

That done, I called in the press and asked reporters to cooperate in an appeal to the public to help solve this fiendish crime.

Almost immediately responses to our Western states appeal began coming in. Ogden police flashed details to us of the flight of John Jackson, a parolee from California's San Quentin prison, who answered the general description of our robber-attacker of women.

He had suddenly left the Ogden police hospital a few days before the murder attack while under treatment for supposed appendicitis. In the time since he fled Ogden, I knew, he could easily have hitch-hiked to Salt Lake City and committed the brutal robberies.

Then into my office came a call from Payson, Utah. Police Chief John Lant. The chief's voice came in staccato syllables.

"Falkenrath. . . . Phone company records show that Jackson, the missing ex-con, made a phone call from here to Los Angeles. Might be a lead?"

"Fine. Thanks, Chief," I cried. After a few more details from Lant I hung up.

In rapid-fire order I put through half a dozen phone calls: By a series of flawless cooperative efforts of the phone company, bus lines and Los Angeles investigators, we learned Jackson had made arrangements to obtain a one-way bus ticket from Salt Lake to Los Angeles.

That ticket had been paid for in Southern California and by special arrangements with the bus company, was to be picked up in Salt Lake City. Now if we can just spot that ticket, I thought impatiently, as I waited for the operator to connect me with the local bus depot.

No luck. I learned the ticket had already been picked up and used. There was nothing to do but to leave the California investigation in the capable hands of Los Angeles police officers. Sheriff Eugene Biscailuz, Police Chief Arthur C. Hohmann and District Attorney Buren Pitts, each of whom always works hand in glove

with us.

I was heartened for the moment when a message came in from the sheriff of Yuma County, at Wray, Colorado, that a Salt Lake City bank canvas money sack had been found there the evening of the murder.

It was a plenty tough letdown to learn that the abandoned sack had been found two hours before Smith had even left his little shop.

In the meantime our office was deluged with tips and clues and theories from public spirited citizens. I pressed into service practically every detective in the department and yet the amazing time required to run down all real and imaginary clues left us all with a feeling of frustration.

However, we all worked doggedly on, sleeping little and on the run from early in the morning until we could hardly drag to bed again. If patience and hard work could capture the cold-blooded murderer, we knew we would get him, sooner or later.

It seemed as though our lead on Jackson had blown up when yet another vicious attempted criminal attack and robbery occurred on still another Salt Lake City woman late at night only a few blocks from the exact location where the aged murder victim had been waylaid. He fitted the first woman's descriptions.

This made us wonder even more about the relation between the fiend robbing and molesting women and the murder. I was at a loss to explain the newest outrage. The sadiest must have known that Salt Lake City was as hot as a firecracker. Any ordinarily smart crook would have started a robbery cover. Was this a pathological case, insanely cunning? Somehow, that phrase on the dying man's lips, "Looked like the white porter," kept racing through my mind. Surely it must be connected in some way with the McIntyre Barber Shop? I'd check it again. I drove to the barber shop.

In a rear room I spoke to the proprietor. "Mr. Funk, you said before that you have a Negro porter. Has a white man helped him at any time in the past several years?"

"Why . . . . My gosh, yes," Funk exploded. "Couple of years ago I gave young Markham a job for a few days."

"John Markham?" I shot at him tensely. We'd already questioned and released Markham on his iron-clad alibi I instantly recalled.

At my rapid-fire questions the barber explained that he had given the young man a temporary job until he could obtain steady work.

He hesitated a moment more. "Come to think about it," he said thoughtfully, "Markham was in here about half an hour before the old man closed his shop Saturday night."

My questions were a torrent now. "How was Markham dressed?"

"Brown suit, sort of a checker design . . . I'm positive of that . . . he wore a gray overcoat . . . gray hat . . . brim turned down all 'round."

Back at my office Detective Gifford recalled that Markham had worn a brown checked suit when questioned Sunday afternoon, and gave an alibi that he had not left his house at all Saturday night.

"He ought to be a cinch now, boys," I declared with relief. "If he's our murderer he certainly should have spattered blood spots all over his suit. Chemical analysis."

But solution to the murder was not to be so easy as I thought.

The boys brought Markham in, and with him all men's clothing they could find in the house, including the natty cut brown suit he was still wearing, and the gray overcoat. Detective Eggleston, Gifford, others and myself took turns firing questions at him.

But he sat there cool as a cucumber, neatly trimmed dark brown hair, sheiky features, slightly pointed chin and hat at a rakish angle on one side of his head. There was not a mark or skinned place on his face or hands, I noted. He wouldn't tell us the time of day.

"What's it to you, copper," he snarled. "Go peddle your papers. I was home all Saturday night. You ain't pinning nothin' on me. My nose's clean this time."

I had to fight to keep my temper as I sized him up. At last I said, "Okeh, boys, lock him up for further investigation, and give him a change of clothes."

Pinning this job on him by chemical analysis of his clothing would be a cinch, I figured. Five minutes later he was dressed out in prison dungarees and blue denim shirt, the \$7.00 in his pockets booked to his credit at the property clerk's office. It was an old story to him.

We still hadn't found the red lunch box which might still have the killer's fingerprints on it, nor the canvas money sack. We also needed other witnesses to corroborate the barber's testimony that Markham had not been at home during the time the murder was being committed.

At last the hardy tests were completed. I could hardly believe my ears. "There's not a trace of anything here," I heard.

"What?" I gasped. "Not even hair, or one tiny blood spot, or a trace of grass stain?"

"That's it. Clean as a whistle."

It seemed unbelievable. It was as though some super-criminal had gone over the clothes completely, to make doubly sure of a perfect alibi. And in my own mind I was positive Markham was guilty, but I had not one iota of proof. No one had seen him near the murder scene.

We tried Markham in a lineup of other prisoners but not one woman robbery victim could identify him. We concentrated on the missing tin box. Squads of officers and detectives, augmented by Boy Scouts and large groups of volunteers went through the city digging into piles of old dry leaves, searching culverts and other places. Still no luck.

Meanwhile other detectives had gone into Markham's recent past with great care. We learned he had been paid \$14.30 by the WPA two weeks before. With a wife and three children, how did he happen to have \$7 still left?

Knowing Markham had no car, we now reasoned he might possibly have taken a taxi-cab for some purpose with his newly acquired cash Saturday night. After painstaking work we located a cab driver who identified Markham's picture as that of a fare he took to a night club the night of the murder. He had bought two pints of whiskey en route.

Through him we located another cabbie who had taken Markham from the club to several spots in Greentown. This driver said he was looking for "Tiger" Flowers, a Negro,

everywhere he went. Finally Markham had gotten out, started walking. The cab fares had totalled \$6.

We worked back to the barber shop again, thinking that the porter might know "Tiger" Flowers' address. Cornelius Whittaker, the colored porter, informed us Markham had come to his room at 3:30 Sunday morning, drunk. "About 8:30 we went out to breakfast," Whittaker recalled.

And in the restaurant named by the porter, the proprietor and several customers remembered seeing Markham eating there, had noticed him flashing bills, "better than \$15."

The proprietor of a pawnshop at 561 McCallister Court stated that the day after the murderous attack, Mrs. Markham reclaimed her wrist watch which Markham deposited as security for a \$1 loan July 24th.

Now we were getting somewhere. But Mrs. Markham stated she had paid for the watch with nickels and dimes saved up "for over two months." We believed her innocent of any knowledge of robbery or murder.

However, we now had a whole series of witnesses who could testify that Markham had not been at home Saturday night as he and his wife swore. They could testify that Markham had spent better than \$10. He still had \$7 when we arrested him several days after the robbery murder. Smith had been robbed of less than \$25. It all added up.

With this concrete evidence we began a concentrated grilling of the suspect. Hour after hour we hammered relentlessly at him.

It was Gifford and Eggleston who broke him. Their unrelenting, smooth questions, driven home with pile driver force, finally broke the convict's story, exactly a week after the brutal murder.

Markham realized he had told half a dozen conflicting stories in half an hour. His face blanched with the sudden realization that he had trapped himself.

With a curse he threw his head down on a desk in front of him. "Yeah, I killed the old guy while I was robbing him," he sniffed. "I wanted the dough for a payment on my old lady's washing machine."

While he was "hot" we rushed him to the scene of the murder, and he showed us how he had hidden behind a tree trunk. While I took the part of old Mr. Smith, Markham re-enacted the murder of a man more than half a century older, for less than \$25.

He lead us to a vacant lot on Sixth East Street between houses at 218 and 230, and digging beneath a huge pile of leaves he kicked out the discarded murder weapon, a piece of half inch iron pipe from near the gnarled roots of a tree. The weapon still had blood stains on it.

Three blocks farther he pointed out another pile of leaves beside a fence. Two feet down, in a hole he had covered over, was the red lunch box. The strap had been broken in the scuffle.

Markham was at once charged with first degree murder. After several preliminary hearings, trial was set for January 2, 1940, capable District Attorney Calvin W. Rawlings and his assistant, Brigham E. Roberts, prosecuted the case.

During the trial, testimony showed that Markham, a cold-blooded murderer, had spent 42 months in state industrial school during which time he had violated parole three times. Even during the murder he was on



Smiling John Markham in custody of Dep. Sheriff W. H. Higginbotham knows that he can prove his innocence.

parole for a burglary for which he had been sentenced to Utah State prison and during that parole period he had been arrested four times on suspicion but each time released for lack of evidence.

January 5th, after six hours and 45 minutes deliberation, the jury brought out a verdict of guilty with recommendation that Markham be given life imprisonment.

On January 20, 1940, District Judge Oscar W. McConkie shattered precedent in passing sentence on John Markham.

"This case has caused the court to reflect a great deal," the judge intoned in a slow cadence. "You, in full possession of your faculties, coolly and deliberately planned a robbery with deliberate intention to kill if you saw fit."

"You laid in wait like a beast in the forest . . . murdered a man without cause . . . coldly . . . deliberately."

"If ever there was a case where a court should not follow the recommendation of a jury, this is it. . . ." Markham stiffened. Defense coun-

sel grew grim.

Judge McConkie then stated, "The judgment of this court is that you, John Markham, shall be executed on Saturday, March 3, 1940; that the form of your execution shall be by gunfire—you shall, on the 9th day of March, 1940, be shot until you are dead."

Dazed the murderer was led from the courtroom. When he recovered in jail, he shrieked, "The sentence is unfair. I been given a raw deal."

Defense attorneys filed an appeal before the State Supreme Court, and automatically the death sentence was held in abeyance.

But, unless the District Court is overruled, the wanton murderer of a fine old gentleman will be executed under orders of Sheriff Grant Young. There will be six riflemen, five of whom will carry loaded guns. The sixth will hold a blank cartridge.

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41-50	750.00	1500.00	2250.00
51-56	500.00	1000.00	1500.00
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