

THE ADULTERERS AND THE DOUBLE DOUBLE-CROSS

DETECTIVE CASES

MARCH 1965 PDC 35¢

ALL STORIES TRUE

BACHELOR'S PARTY AND THE DEADLY GUESTS

It was open house for all his friends, but enemies came, too

LUST SLAYING OF THE BLONDE ON HORSEBACK

Somewhere, during her ride, she met a human beast

MASKED KILLERS OF THE FARMER'S WIFE

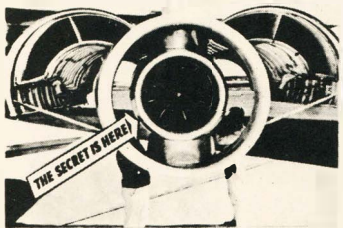
They blazed a trail of terror before they were tracked down

THE DOCTOR AND THE MADAM

Her broad experience should have taught her not to trust men



From all corners of the U.S. and Canada motorists report . . . AMAZING AUTOMOTIVE INVENTION



Yes, it was while working in conjunction with the Navy on its jet and rocket research program that Rocket Scientist W. A. Johns first unlocked the secret to his great new invention. For it was on engines such as this that Johns first discovered how to unlock the latent power in wasted hydrocarbon atoms. THE VERY SAME ATOMS FOUND IN ORDINARY GASOLINE . . . ATOMS THAT YOU CAN NOW UNLEASH INTO A SOURCE OF PISTON DRIVING ENERGY FOR YOUR CAR! For full details read the rest of this exciting breakthrough in automotive engineering.

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50% MORE Miles per Gallon!
233% LONGER Life from Oil!
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\$150⁰⁰ a day full time! \$50⁰⁰ a day spare time!



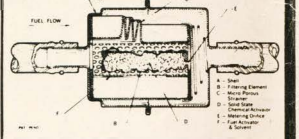
Here is W. A. Johns pictured when interviewed recently by Dave Garroway on NBC television. Twenty million viewers were enthralled. Thousands wrote, wired . . . even phoned for more information. This is only one in a continuing series of publicity and advertising campaigns that will open doors and checkbooks to DYNATRON distributors in every corner of the world!

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You are invited to join with us as we enter a new age of automotive mileage and engine performance miracles . . . with DYNATRON—the fantastic engineering accomplishment of world-famed rocket scientist, W. A. Johns, the simple two-part system that unlocks more and more of the hydrocarbon atoms in ordinary gasoline to produce more and more clean, smooth-running, surging power in any make or model of car or truck regardless of age! . . . power that up to now has frittered away out of the exhaust, and as engine destroying sludge, resin and carbon.

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INSTALLS IN MINUTES!



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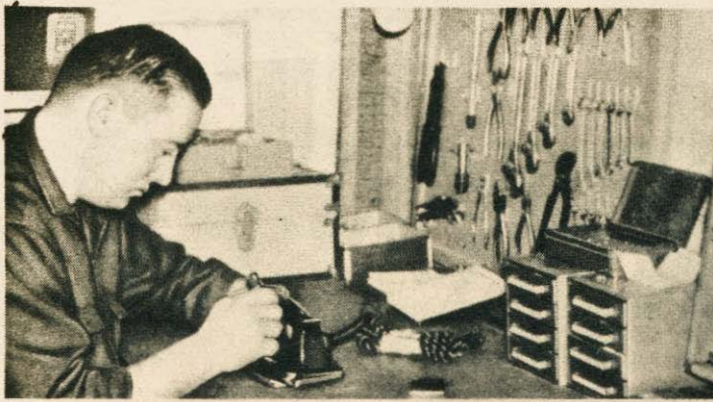
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—JOHN D. PETTIS,
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IF YOU’RE like so many men today, you’ve been “hankering” to start “a little home business of your own.” In spare time at first, then maybe full-time later on. Something you’d enjoy — and that pays well. Something that fills an existing need in your neighborhood or town — that “sells itself,” without any high pressure arguments — that doesn’t take a big investment or elaborate equipment.

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DETECTIVE CASES

MARCH 1965 THE MONTHLY CRIME MAGAZINE VOL. 15, No. 3

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Victor Michaels, Editor
James Forbes, Managing Editor

Walter M. Riggs, Art Director
Curt Cooper, Photo Editor

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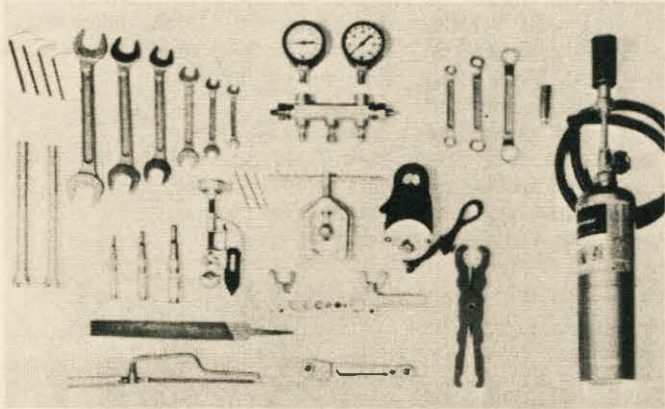
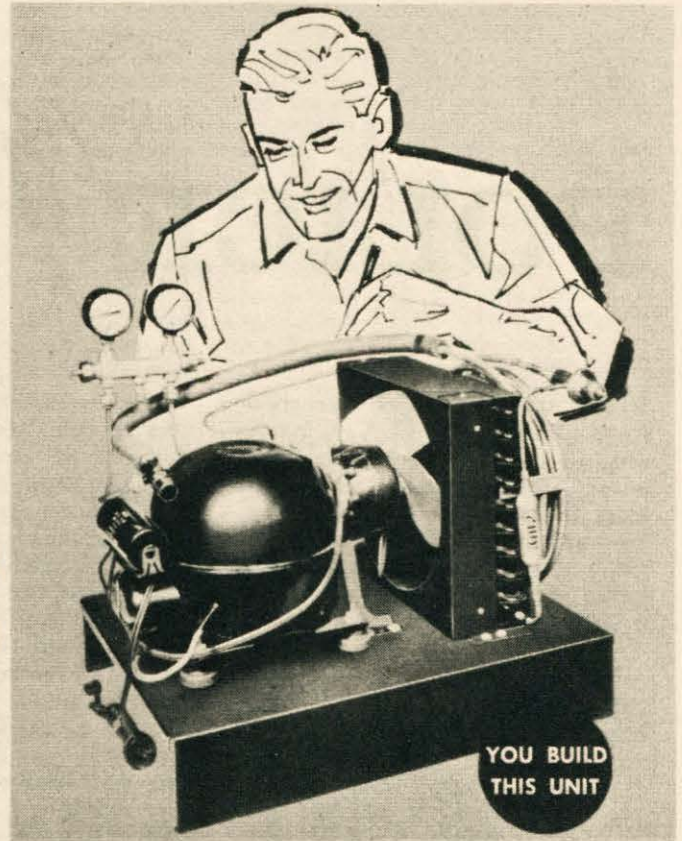
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POLICE ^{off} BEAT

SILENT ALIBI. A patrolman was cruising along a street in Kansas City, Missouri, when he spotted a truck going through a red light. Turning on his siren full blast, he took off after the miscreant. The truck, though, ignored the siren and didn't pull up. Finally the patrol car pulled ahead of the truck and stopped it. When the patrolman demanded an

explanation, the 81-year-old driver said to him, "You'll have to speak louder, son. The battery on my hearing aid went out a few minutes back."



A STICKY AFFAIR. A San Francisco dredge operator was at work on the Richardson Bay mud flats when he saw a woman floundering through the muck towards his rig. As he watched, the woman began sinking. She was already hip-deep in the mud when the gallant dredge operator reached her and hauled her to safety. When the lady was free of the morass, she promptly handed her rescuer a court order which the local folks had procured in an effort to prevent the bay from being filled. She had been on her way to serve the order when she got stuck in the mire. The dredge operator told her sorrowfully, "Why, I just saved your life!"

EXPENSIVE WHISTLE. A youthful motorist, driving through Studely, England, spied two pretty village maids and pulled a cord he had recently installed in his car. The cord was attached to a

whistle which shrilled when the cord was pulled. Unfortunately when he sounded his mechanical wolf whistle, he didn't know that a constable was on duty right across the road. Since using an automobile horn is illegal in England unless it is used for a good reason, the young wolf was hailed into court. He told the judge: "I built the whistle on Friday, fitted it on Saturday, was booked on Sunday, and sold it to a mate on Monday for a pound." The court exacted a fine—one pound. The young man paid with the pound he had received for his whistle.

JOB WITH A FUTURE. According to a report of the American Bankers Association, the safest way to rob a bank is to work in one. According to the association's statistics, in the first six months of 1964 bank employees embezzled \$3.4 million as compared to \$1.6 million stolen in the 296 successful holdups in the nation during the same period.

HIGH BUT NOT UP. A drunk was being booked at a station house in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. "What's your occupation?" the police lieutenant inquired of the in-



ebriated one. The drunk answered, "I'm an unemployed astronaut." Space was provided him in the tonk.

TACKS DODGER. Tempers were hot on the police force of Tyler, Texas. They were being besieged by more than 100 irate motorists who had flat tires. It seems that a prankster was littering

Tyler's streets with roofing nails. To make matters even more irritating to the cops, two of the police cars dispatched to hunt down the joker were delayed by flat tires.

FOWL DEED. The police in West Islip, New York, received the following tale of woe from a local housewife. "I told



my husband I had invited my family for Thanksgiving dinner," she complained to the cops. "First, he threw my dinnerware out the front door, piece by piece. Then he hit me over the head with a frozen turkey."

KEEPING IN PRACTICE. A member of the Colorado state legislature visited the penitentiary at Canon City and, while there, managed to lock himself out of his automobile. A con from the prison's medium-security section needed only a few minutes to open a window and get the keys from the ignition. A guard told the legislator, "We have all kinds of talent here."

TRACKING GAME. Word reached the Lee County conservation officer in Illinois that a hunter was bagging pheasants in a manner contrary to law and custom. In fact, the unorthodox hunter had shot a bird from a moving train near Amboy. Even more unusual, according to the report, was the detail that the train then backed up so that the hunter could retrieve the slain fowl. The



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101

conservation officer sent a radio flash ahead to halt the train which consisted of an engine and caboose. When the officer caught up with the stopped train at Rock Falls, he found three pheasants—two of them already dressed—and a loaded shotgun in the caboose. At the end of a brief investigation a conductor was charged with hunting without a license, with shooting from a train, and with having in his possession a loaded, assembled, uncased shotgun.

COSTLY BEAN. Some four years ago a lady slipped on a dried bean in a Mobile, Alabama, grocery store. She sued for injuries and a jury recently awarded her \$10,000, and her husband \$3,000.

NO PHOTO? An obliging burglar made things easy for the Denver, Colorado, cops. Retrieved at the scene of the crime was an automobile payment receipt which the thief had dropped. It had his name and address.

PLUM CRAZY. Three cons who took off without leave from the Colorado prison honor farm made the mistake of carrying off with them some jugs of the sauce that exhilarates which they had brewed



from plums raised on the prison farm. They paused in their flight for a few libations and were picked up, tanked to the gills.

IN PLANE VIEW. An attempt to dog-nap a German shepherd in Antioch, California, was foiled by an unusual combined air and ground rescue operation. The two dog snatchers grabbed the pooch and took off in an auto, unaware that the abduction was observed by the animal's master who, with his young son, was flying a plane over Antioch Airport. Father and son made a fast landing, hopped into the family heap, and took up the hunt on wheels. They caught up with the thieves four miles away and rescued the family pet.

TWO OUT OF THREE? A thief picked the wrong house in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, to burgle. He found himself



pinned helplessly by the house's owner, Jovan Pavicevic, one of Yugoslavia's foremost heavyweight wrestlers.

HAIRY ALIBI. Witnesses to a burglary in Bristol, England, made things tough for the police who tried to fill in a report on the incident. The witnesses were unable to say whether the burglar in an office block was male or female because of the culprit's long hair. An officer, possibly referring to the Beatle influence, said: "You know how things are these days."

SPIRITUAL ADVICE. Two notices that appeared on the bulletin board of a church in Plymouth, England, posed a difficult problem for the toppers among the church's flock. One read: "Strong drink is your worst enemy." The other charitably advised: "Make your worst enemy your best friend."

SHIRT TALE. Fortunately, the consequences were slight when a school bus with 65 youngsters plunged over a seven-foot embankment in Asheboro, North Carolina, and overturned. Although nine of the young passengers were hospitalized for observation, none of the children was seriously injured. Investigation by the highway patrol revealed that the accident occurred when the driver, a 16-year-old substitute, removed his shirt and attempted to hang it up while he was driving the bus.

DRY RUN. Hearing the cries of a drowning man, a courageous Miami youth rushed to the rescue by jumping off a causeway bridge. Unfortunately, he didn't hit the water; instead he landed on the catwalk fishermen used, breaking an ankle. The drowning man was saved by another passerby.

EMBARRASSED COPS. The police of Nashville, Tennessee, are seeking a thief who burgled a traffic cop's apartment and made off with loot which included

fifty tickets for the next month's police benefit show. Benefit of whom?

IN HOT WATER. A Brooklyn bookie thought up a real cute scheme to foil the law in case of a sudden raid on his one-man betting operation on Smith Street. What usually trips the illegal handicappers is being caught with betting slips in their possession, so the Brooklyn smartie began writing his bets on gelatin paper. He kept a pot of water boiling on his kitchen stove, his plan being to dissolve the slips in the hot water should the law suddenly descend on him. When such a raid did indeed take place recently by officers of the police commissioner's confidential investigating unit, the betting slips were duly shoved into the boiling water. The bookie ruefully discovered that business had been too good. There were more slips than the pot could hold, and some drained off onto the floor. The still intact gelatin slips provided the evidence the cops needed.

PAR FOR THE COURSE. A motorist outside Sandwich, England, drove off the road, one dark night, and came to



a stop in a bunker near the 11th hole. He found himself in a 15-foot-deep sand trap and was stuck there for hours.

HORSE PARLOR. A lady in Hutchinson, Kansas, took her little daughter to school and then returned home to find a horse chewing up her living room rug. The Shetland pony belonged to a neighbor's child and had wandered into the house through an open door—no doubt lured by the green pile of the rug.

LIKE ON TV. A police officer in Bradninch, England, patrols the village in his own 1935 Rolls-Royce. The six-foot-tall copper explained that "there is plenty of room for me to drive with my helmet on."



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This exciting list shows just a few of the startling buys which have been announced. Newer, fresher offers will be sent to you every month. I could make up a list like this every week, based on news I receive from my overseas sources.

10-tr Radio	4.95	8mm Movie Projector	2.80
Man's Silk Tie	.65	Electric Blanket	4.96
Man's Briefcase	.85	8mm Zoom Camera	24.35
Hand-carved Clock	.65	Teakwood Chest	.90
Fishing Rod-Reel	.50	Hockey Stick	.70
Elec. Hair Dryer	3.25	Portable T.V.	47.50
Cigarette Lighter	.21	Star Sapphire Ring	6.00
Motorcycle	118.50	Fishing Flies	.01 1/4
FM Hi-Fi Radio	8.80	Elec. Can Opener	6.40
Movie Title Kit	1.00	7-pc. Fishing Kit	.50
Beaded Handbag	1.01	Beer Stein	.13
Flashlight	.10	Sunglasses	.15
Transistor Radio	1.70	Marking Pen	.12
Cardigan Sweater	2.00	Disposable Razor	.02
Spinning Reel	.96	Sewing Machine	3.15
Stop Watch	1.12	Star Saphr. Pendant	2.50
Wrist Radio	2.90	Electric Shoe Shiner	1.55
Model Boat Kits	.65	Port. Typewriter	22.50
Table Tennis Set	.29	Windbreaker Jacket	1.20
Ladies Knit Suit	4.50	Tailored Man's Suit	22.50
Intercom Set	5.00	Electric Toothbrush	1.25
Electric Scissors	1.32	Elec. Fishing Rod	9.00
Human Hair Wigs	12.00	20-pc. Dinnerware	1.15
Plastic Raincoat	.14	4-pc. Steak Knife Set	.17
Water Pistol	.05	Swiss Musical Bank	1.00
Dazen Golf Balls	1.83	Elec. Immersion Htr.	.19
Slide Viewer	1.20	24-pc. set Flatware	1.55
Ladies Gloves	.16	Butane Cig. Lighter	.60
Ukelele	2.00	Electric Hair Comb	1.49
Massage Unit	1.64	Expand. Watch Band	.11
Oil Painting	1.25	Laminated Skis (2)	13.66
Adding Machine	18.00	Elec. Pencil Sharp.	1.26
Electric Train	1.50	Hunt. Knife & Sheath	.11
Knitting Machine	4.20	Embroid. Sweater	5.50
Badminton Set	.60	Elec. Hand Grinder	1.23
Radio Spectacles	7.70	Hd. Painted Wall Scroll	.77
Tennis Racket	.50	St. Steel Razor Blade	.03 1/4
Rifle Scope	1.85	7-pc. Golf Club Set	22.25
10" Inflatable Globe	2.05	Austrian Ski Sweater	5.46
Water Filter	1.90	Port. Radio-Phono	13.00
Check Writer	8.80	Elec. Knife Sharp.	5.05
Hearing Aid	9.89	Elec. Letter Opener	1.60
Radio Amplifier	.88	Elec. Eye Turn Off	1.87

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Lynne Buillard, Donna's cousin, talks with officer after looking at suspect.

The crazed killer's modus operandi was simple and direct—his blade was razor-sharp, his bestial appetites unbridled

Two Dead Women for the Bedroom Slasher

by Alan Masters

★ *"DONNA! OH, DONNA!"* Entering the spacious two-story house on a quiet street in New Orleans, Lynne Buillard called up the stairs to her cousin, Donna Trussell. This was Donna's eighteenth birthday, and Lynne had dropped by with a man friend to take Donna to a celebration being given by relatives.

Donna Trussell, a slender, beautiful blonde, was a gifted amateur actress and she had also been attending a modeling course in New York City. She was a cousin of the gorgeous Lynda Lee Mead, who was Miss America in 1960. Lynne Buillard had just talked with Donna on the phone and had expected her to be ready to leave.

When Donna failed to answer her call, Lynne started up the stairs. It was then that she heard the struggle and a woman's sharp, piercing screams. The sounds seemed to come from Donna's bedroom.

Fighting back fear, Lynne ran on up the stairs. She stopped before the open bedroom door, then stood frozen with sheer terror, unable to scream or utter a sound. It must be a nightmare, she thought—something that just couldn't be happening to Donna.

Her lovely cousin lay on the bedroom floor which was spattered with blood. Leaning over her, holding her down, was a man who had a long-bladed knife in his hand. His back was toward Lynne. Apparently he did not know she was there.

Too terrified to act or think clearly, Lynne Buillard fled down the stairs and out the front door.

"Call the police! Donna's being murdered!" she cried to her friend who was waiting outside.

He raced to a drugstore on the corner and telephoned the police. To speed things up further, he started to run back along the street, looking for a patrol car.

Just ahead of him he saw a man on a bicycle dart out from alongside the Trussell house. The man pedaled off furiously down the street, turned a corner and vanished.

Moments later, at about 11 a.m., police cars began converging on the scene. They were soon followed by an ambulance and cars with newspaper, radio and television crews. The date was January 2, 1961, and New Orleans was starting off the new year with one of the most spectacular murders in the city's history, a case which it took the police nearly four years—until late in November, 1964—to bring to a solution.

Among the early arrivals at the Trussell house on South Gayoso Street were Captain Myron Weysham, head of

homicide, and Detective Jimmy Hand. Lynne Buillard and her friend described the man whom they had both seen. They were agreed that he was a Negro between 25 and 30 years old, about 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighing 160 pounds. They said he was wearing a black trench

coat over a mustard-colored shirt and dark, tight-fitting trousers.

Police cars were dispatched to scour the neighborhood for the bicycle-riding suspect.

Then, vaulting up the stairs, the two officers joined the crew of a radio car who were already in the girl's bedroom. There could be no doubt that the lovely blonde actress was dead. Donna Trussell's clothing had been ripped off. Her shapely body was covered with stab wounds and she had been slashed across the throat and the abdomen.

When Coroner Nicholas J. Chetta arrived, he shook his head in disbelief. "I've never seen anything like this," he said. "The slayer was a blood-crazed,

sadistic fiend. He kept right on stabbing the girl, even after she was certainly dead."

Dr. Chetta described the murder weapon as a razor-sharp heavy-bladed knife. He said there was no doubt that the victim had been raped, possibly after death.

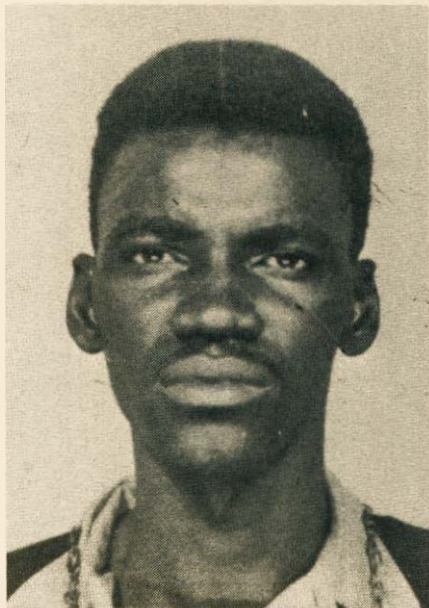
Detectives who examined the other rooms painted an even more gruesome picture of the assault. Apparently the girl had first been attacked and stabbed in another bedroom and had struggled with her assailant there. Furniture was damaged and a television set had been knocked over. A trail of blood led down the hall from this room to the bedroom

(Continued on page 69)



Mrs. Lillian Harris, the second victim.

Police say this man admitted to murders.



Donna Trussell, amateur actress and modeling student, was slain in her bedroom.



THE ADULTERERS AND THE DOUBLE DOUBLE-CROSS

HELP WANTED: Two pros to knock off a husband at the going rate!

★ *AT THE END OF September, 1964, a mutual friend introduced Mrs. Peggy Jo Johnt to Robert C. Pitz. It would have been far better for everyone concerned had he not done so. Peggy Jo Johnt was 22 years old, a brunette with a sullen and sexy face. She was employed as a secretary by the Powers Management Company whose offices were in the Walbridge Building in Buffalo, New York.*

She had been married for four years to Paul E. Johnt, a 25-year-old machine operator for the Western Electric Company, in nearby Tonawanda. Paul Johnt was a hard worker whose hobby was bowling, an activity in which he engaged, with remarkable regularity, every Friday night.

Paul Johnt was an ordinary, solid citizen. If he differed in any way from the average man, it was because of his unstinting devotion to the young woman whom he had married—and a degree of trust in her which was to prove extremely dangerous to him.

Robert C. Pitz, the hypotenuse of the astonishing triangle, was 24 years old, a bouncer and part-time bartender at Buffalo's Rusty's Tavern.

Now whether Pitz and Peggy Jo fell in love at first sight is not a matter of record. But an emotional attachment occurred somewhere along the line. By the middle of November there was something between them far more serious than snatching a kiss or two beneath a sprig of mistletoe.

Well, as some romantic once remarked, the path of love never runs smoothly, and, in the case of Peggy Jo and Robert Pitz, it was rockier than usual.

Because Peggy Jo was burdened with a husband, discretion was called for. Pitz could not visit his love at her home in the evening since Paul Johnt was there. Pitz couldn't call at the house during the day, because Peggy Jo wasn't there; she was in the Walbridge Building doing whatever secretaries do.

And even if Peggy Jo managed to leave the house in the evening on one pretext or another, all she could do was talk to Pitz amid the bright lights of Rusty's Bar, because these were his working hours.

Quite obviously even the glibbest marriage counsellor could not resolve a situation as complicated as this.

Now, there exists a sentimental school of thought which may ask why the love-starred pair didn't elope. Love conquers and excuses all, so why not leave all else behind and make off for Samarkand, Tierra del Fuego or even Trenton, New Jersey?

Well, that bright and romantic thought may well have crossed the minds of Peggy Jo and her bouncer boy friend. But there was a powerful deterrent to such an elopement. Tickets to Samarkand, Tierra del Fuego and even Trenton, New Jersey cost money. Pitz and his girl friend didn't have any.

Paul Johnt didn't have much, either. Even though Johnt

and Peggy Jo had no children, Johnt had very little money in his bank account; nor did he own his own home. He and his wife lived in the second floor apartment of a frame house on Hopkins Street in South Buffalo. However, Paul Johnt did carry two insurance policies on his own life, each of which contained a double indemnity clause.

So, from the point of view of Peggy Jo and Pitz, the sudden death of Paul E. Johnt would solve all their problems. There would be no impediment to their idyllic love affair. Peggy Jo would collect on the life insurance which would furnish the money to buy plane tickets to some kind of remote Disneyland where lovers live happily forever afterward.

However, Pitz and Peggy Jo were practical people. They were skeptical about miracles, especially favorable miracles; moreover, they were quite familiar with the Biblical axiom that the Lord helps those who help themselves.

Paul Johnt, intended victim of murder-for-insurance plot.





Officers Amico (left) and Giambrone (standing) foiled alleged murder plot by Peggy Jo Johnt (center) and Robert Pitz (right).

PAUL JOHNT, of course, was only mortal but he was also only 25. He had a life expectancy of at least another 40 years. That is a long time for a pair of ardent lovers to wait, and even if they had been patient it remains highly questionable that their ardor would still exist.

But, since the sudden and immediate demise of Paul Johnt would so perfectly solve all the pressing problems of Pitz and Peggy Jo, it was decided to give Johnt a strong hearty nudge in the general direction of the grave.

Not that either of them intended to do this personally. After all, they were not killers; they were simple, middle-class citizens who had never in all their lives been booked for the commission of a crime. It would be necessary to hire a professional or two. This, the first detail of the plot, was left in the hands of Robert Pitz.

He had, he told Peggy Jo, certain connections. He knew his way around and while he didn't actually know any professional murderers, he knew people who could put him in touch with the men they needed.

On November 25th, Robert Pitz had a long, discreet conversation with a man he knew as Moley. Moley was about 35 years old, a sharp dresser and a fairly heavy spender although he was possessed of no visible source of income.

Moley was reputed to know his way around the Erie County underworld and on this cold Wednesday night, the eve of Thanksgiving, Pitz and Moley sat in the former's car, parked in a lot near Rusty's Bar.

Pitz explained the situation, even though not quite accurately. "The whole deal will mean about fifty G's," he said. "Peggy Jo will pick up the insurance, double indemnity for a homicidal death. Then there's the house, the new car and various odds and ends. Now, do you know someone who'd do the job?"

Moley considered, then said, "How much you want to pay?"

"Oh, the going rate," said Pitz. "I don't know much about these things. I'm willing to be generous but I don't want to get taken. You know what I mean?"

Moley nodded thoughtfully. Apparently, he knew what Pitz meant.

"Okay," he said, "I'll pass the word. Someone who's interested will hear it and get in touch with me. Then, I'll put the guy in touch with you. I'll have him call you at Rusty's."

On Saturday, November 28th, Moley telephoned Robert Pitz at Rusty's Inn.

"I got two guys," he said. "They'll do that job for you. They'll call on you tomorrow. Their names are Sam and Mike."

"Good," said Pitz. "What are their last names?"

Moley was shocked by the question. "In cases like this," he said, "nobody ever mentions last names."

He hung up.

At 7 o'clock on Sunday evening, two men walked into Rusty's place. They appeared to be (Continued on page 62)

Hoodlum Empire: Gangdom's

by Fergus MacGill



Mike Genovese, named as investor in loan firm, is seen as he leaves hearing room.

Thomas Manzo, described as a loan shark, "took" Fifth Amendment on witness stand.



★ SHE WAS in the kitchen, giving lunch to her two young children, when the telephone rang. Wiping her hands on her apron she went into the hall to answer it. A hoarse, anonymous voice with a heavy Brooklyn accent said, "Your car's parked at the curb right outside the house."

"That's right," she said in some surprise. "What of it?"

"That's what you're going to find out. Go to your window. Watch the car. See what happens to it. And the same thing's going to happen to you unless you pay up."

An abrupt click at the other end of the wire terminated the conversation.

As she went to the living room window she was more frightened than surprised: she felt that something ominous, something menacing, was about to occur. And she was right.

She stared out the window at her

Jacob Grumet, chairman of New York probe, points out loan shark rates on chart.



Billion-Dollar Loan Shark Racket

shiny car, less than two years old. In less than a minute she heard the roar of the explosion and saw the car blow up as if it had been blasted with dynamite. Which, as a matter of fact, it had.

Shaken and weeping, she collapsed into a chair.

Her name was Mary and she was a 28-year-old blonde housewife with an ill husband and two children. She lived in a Long Island suburb, just outside New York City.

She had never committed a crime.

Mary would pay back interest of \$1 for every \$5 he had lent her—*every week*. In short, the interest was \$200 a week or \$10,400 a year on a \$1,000 loan, a matter of more than 1000 percent and this would continue until she could also pay the \$1000 principal. Moreover, if the interest wasn't paid promptly, Rocky charged interest on the interest. A few transactions like this and the Duponts would be in trouble.

When Mary failed to pay she was threatened; her car was blown up and

she was told that her children's lives were at stake.

All these facts were elicited from the terrified girl at a hearing recently conducted by the New York State Investigation Commission, headed by Jacob Grumet and calculated to expose the nefarious activities of the loan sharks in the state. But it is not only in New York that these usurers function. Their activities are nation-wide and they are, on many occasions, bankrolled by the infamous Cosa Nostra.

**“Your body is your collateral!” —
and the borrower
got \$1 million**

Newly elected Senator Bob Kennedy pledged his help in fight against loan sharks.

She had never been unfaithful to her husband. Her life had always been normal. But, now, she was terrified. She knew she was in grave danger and so, perhaps, were her children. She was in the grip of the loan sharks.

She had made this fearful error, partly because of ignorance, partly because of desperation. In the beginning, everything had seemed so simple; she had had no idea as to what she was committing herself.

Her husband had been in the hospital for several weeks. That, in itself, was expensive and, in the meantime, the mortgage had to be paid and the children had to be fed. She badly needed money and she didn't know where to get it.

She didn't try the bank because she had no collateral, and she didn't try one of the small personal loan companies because she didn't have a steady job. Then, someone in the neighborhood told her to see Rocky.

Rocky was represented as a kindly fellow who was quite willing to lend cash to needy people and not to ask any embarrassing questions. Mary called at his office and made a deal.

She was delighted to find it true that Rocky didn't mention collateral. He offered to lend her \$1,000 in cash.

“Now,” he said, “all you have to do is pay me back six for five. And you can pay off the loan any time you like.”

Mary took the cash, thanked her benefactor, and went home believing that all her worries were over. They were, in fact, just beginning.

By six for five, Rocky meant that



NOW, IN New York, as in certain other states, the laws concerning usury are about as effective as were the laws concerning prohibition. Licensed establishments, such as banks or small loan companies, are regulated; however, under some circumstances, some of the latter can collect better than 20% annually. But there are few legal brakes on individual lending.

An individual may borrow any amount over \$800 with no interest limit; a corporation may legally undertake to pay any amount of interest on any sum at all. Therefore, the amount of interest a loan shark may stipulate is regulated only by the desperation of his client.

There is, however, a statute on the books which states that, when the interest charges on a loan are usurious, the lender can not use the courts to collect. In short, the borrower may refuse to pay back both interest and principal and there is no lawful redress.

To the uninformed, this might make the entire loan shark business absurd. Why not simply borrow the money from the usurer, then flatly refuse to pay it back? After all, he can't sue.

Well, unless you really believe that you are going to heaven and unless you are in an inordinate hurry to get there, don't try it.

As one well-known loan shark invariably warns his customers as he hands over the cash, "I don't require you to put up any stocks or bonds. I don't even ask you to sign a note. Your body is your collateral."

That statement is quite true. Working for the shylocks, as they are known in the trade, are the enforcers. The enforcers are professional strong-arm men who will first harass you by telephoning your home and office around the clock, or by telling your neighbors and tradesmen that you're a deadbeat.

Then, if you still remain behind in your payments, they will be most happy to break your arm or leg. Knocking down a delinquent client and kicking him until the ambulance arrives is also a popular pastime among the enforcers.

And, on occasion, a client will die. An assistant district attorney of Queens County stated that at least half the unsolved killings in the Greater New York City area could be attributed to the army of hoodlums employed by the loan sharks.

Of course, homicide is what Adolph Hitler once called the "Final Solution." There is no point in murdering a client as long as he possesses some ability to pay his debt. However, when it becomes utterly impossible for him to do so, well, from the shylock's point of view, he may as well be dead.

Then, he can at least serve as an example to some other reluctant customers.

Threatening wives, children, fathers and mothers is also standard procedure, and when your car is blown up before your eyes as was that of Mary, the Long Island housewife, it proves to be a most effective form of dunning.

And all this is not simply a local New

York problem. United States Senator-Elect Robert Kennedy said that loan sharking "probably furnishes more income to organized crime syndicates than any other activity except gambling."

During the New York investigation, Manhattan Assistant District Attorney Frank Rogers of the Rackets Bureau supported Senator Kennedy's statement.

"Certain Eastern loan sharks lend money to their colleagues in the West," said Rogers. "In one instance, a New York shark lent a million dollars through the underworld network, then he lent another million that same afternoon."

The assistant district attorney estimated that the hoodlums extract a minimum of a billion dollars a year from their desperate victims.

"Five years ago," Rogers told the committee, "a top gangster passed down \$500,000 to his subordinates for loan shark purposes. We now believe that this sum has pyramided to \$7,500,000."

The Rackets Bureau lawyer continued his testimony as he pointed out that, quite often, the usurious lender takes his victim's business away from him, lock, stock and barrel.

"As a rule," said Rogers, "the shylock muscles into the business, taking one-third when payments fall behind. He soon has half. Then, one day, he walks in and says, 'Okay, we'll swap even. I'll forget the loan. You forget the business. Now, it's all mine, anyway.'"

Attorney William Power Maloney (right) points out spot where he said gangster Joseph (Joe Bananas) Bonnano (left) was kidnapped.



ONE OF THE first committee witnesses was Frederick Pittera who, at present, lives in Peru. Pittera testified that, in 1961, he operated two small business concerns. Finding himself in desperate need of funds, he turned to the gangster loan sharks. He got in touch with the First National Service, ostensibly run by a mysterious Mr. X, but believed to have been backed by the Genovese family.

Pittera had borrowed \$22,000, agreeing to pay \$700 weekly, plus another \$25,300 in three weeks' time. Less than a year later, Pittera had handed over \$28,700 in interest but had not reduced the principal by one cent.

His life was threatened on several occasions and his wife came close to having a nervous breakdown. Finally, Pittera sent his wife away but, in the meantime, his business went broke anyway. Peru seemed to be a safe haven.

Carl Vergari, chief counsel for the commissioner, pointed out that, save for the threats to Pittera, nothing about this transaction was illegal.

District Attorney Rogers agreed. "Often," he said, "the strong-arm methods aren't even necessary because the reputation of the loan shark is sufficient. It is his most prized possession. His victims are terrified of him and his hoodlums."

A photographers' representative told of borrowing money from one Julie Peters, reported to be a son-in-law of Michael Genovese. Six years ago he borrowed \$200, agreeing to pay \$10 a week *vigorish*, as the usurious interest is called.

After the photographers' representative had paid off some \$1,500, he received a call demanding more money. He said that he had lived in terror ever since.

A respectable housewife was forced to flee with her family because of loan shark threats. She had committed the grave error of borrowing \$500 from Julie Peters, then committed the even graver error of not keeping up with her payments.

She had received obscene letters demanding payment. She had been threatened on the telephone. Terrified, she had left the state, not even letting her close friends know her address.

Prosecutor Rogers mentioned the case of the son of a well-to-do business man. "The youth met this loan shark," said Rogers, "and became fascinated by this sinister character. He felt he was being a big-shot by being seen around town with the hoodlum. The shark then inveigled the boy into a series of bets until he owed some \$4,000. He paid off by embezzling a great deal of money from his father's firm."

Rogers went on to say, "The loan shark is always looking for a man in a sensitive position to prey upon, to entrap."

The assistant district attorney explained the workings of the racket.

"The absolutely top hoods who provide the cash," he said, "collect 1%

interest weekly, that's 52% a year. Their lieutenants, to whom they give the cash, naturally charge more when they lend it to their own underlings. It's actually the fourth plateau of hoods who really lend the cash and hire the enforcers.

"The interest, by this time, has become prohibitive and the more desperate the borrower, the higher the rate goes."

There was, for instance, one case of record of a \$100 loan which, when repaid after six weeks, had accumulated \$1,800 in interest, over 15,000% per year. There was a second item on which the interest rate was 7,300%.

These loan shark activities are used to support various other criminal enterprises, such as narcotics, prostitution and even major robbery. There is the case of several loan shark hoodlums who lent a group of burglars \$5,000 to perform a hijacking job. The stolen cargo was turned over to the sharks who made a neat profit on the transaction.

The influence of the Cosa Nostra and its loan sharking allies is so powerful that evidence showed that an official of a famed Manhattan bank had become engaged in several shady transactions with the usurers.

One group of operators ran up a series of unsecured loans with the bank totalling \$1,597,415.96. An official of the bank informed the investigating committee that he operated the loan department and it was his business to collect loans made by the man who had preceded him in the job.

These unsecured loans had been made to John Masiello. The bank official testified that these phoney loans had been a "turnstile" operation, meaning that new notes were taken in exchange for others which had fallen due and that Masiello's credit base had been increased by adding other people to his organization.

In December of 1964, the Masiello indebtedness had been reduced to some \$400,000.

It seemed that when certain of Masiello's debtors owed the loan shark a great deal of cash, Masiello would take them to the bank where they would be granted an unsecured loan with which to pay off the shylock. Out of that loan, money would be taken to make a payoff to the bank executive who arranged the deal.

ONE SHATTERED witness was brought before the commission from prison where he was serving a long term for embezzlement. Formerly, he had been a \$25,000 a year executive in the garment industry. His vice, it appeared, had been gambling.

"I was living in a fantasy world," he said. "I upped my bets on horses and other sports until they averaged about \$1,000 per day."

Over a decade or so, he had borrowed more than \$200,000 from the loan sharks. Before the debacle, he was paying back over \$2,500 a week.

In 1962 he was desperate. He took to cashing his company's checks through a check-cashing agency. He paid a bank

teller \$10 a week to telephone him and tell what was needed daily to cover his check-kiting activities.

All in all, he cashed \$200,000 worth of these kited checks. 98% of the money, he said, was promptly handed over to the shylocks.

Another anonymous witness identified 63-year-old Milton Kaufman who lived in a luxurious apartment in Great Neck, Long Island, as "one of the biggest loan sharks in the entire country." Put on the stand, Kaufman invoked the Fifth Amendment more than thirty different times.

Then, another witness who had once been employed in the immediate credit department of a garment center bank identified the same Kaufman as a loan shark who would set up a sort of temporary headquarters in the institution every day, between 1:30 and 2:30 in the afternoon.

A bank employee would signal the loan shark when a customer, seeking credit, didn't have enough collateral to

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Loan deals of Charles (Ruby) Stein are rumored to be millions a year.



by Jerome Green

When shrewd sleuthing finally solved the mystery, even the police were surprised by the identity of the pretty teenager's attacker

Orla Fay Fipps went riding one afternoon and was found slain.



LUST SLAYING OF THE BLONDE ON HORSEBACK

★ *ON ELECTION DAY, 1964, the citizens of the state of Oregon were asked to vote on a proposal which for years had been a source of intense controversy. The proposal was to abolish capital punishment as the penalty for first degree murder in the state.*

In 1914, as a result of strong popular feeling, the death penalty had been termed a relic of barbarism and stricken from the records. In the following years, however, the state was plagued with a series of such sensational murders that in 1920 capital punishment was reinstated.

Now again, on November 3, 1964, the people were asked to vote once more on whether the taking of human

life was a legitimate prerogative of organized society or whether the matter should be left strictly in the hands of God.

And by a grotesque coincidence, as the voters went to the polls that morning, newspapers throughout the state headlined one of the most spectacular slayings in recent years.

The murder had occurred on the outskirts of the city of Springfield, in west-

ern Oregon, near Eugene. At 10 o'clock on the evening of November 2nd, 21-year-old Roy Stuckey, a member of a search party, had come upon the dead body of Orla Fay Fipps, a lovely blonde 16-year-old high school junior, in a clump of evergreen bushes near a back road. Her throat had been slashed and most of her clothing had been torn off. She had obviously been the victim of a vicious sex slayer.

Orla Fipps was known to her friends as an outdoor girl. At school she was considered rather quiet, though she was friendly. She sang in the school choir and took part in Girls Recreation Association sports. Because of her striking blonde beauty she was highly popular with boys, but she did not date very much. She had to like a boy before she would go out with him, she explained to her friends.

Orla's particular interest was in horseback riding. In this her parents encouraged her, and she had a horse of her own. Every afternoon after school she went for a ride out into the rough rural area of Cedar Flats, east of Springfield. This was the life she really enjoyed, and her daily ride was a ritual known to everyone in the community.

Quite often, Orla's 15-year-old brother went along on these afternoon outings, riding his motorbike. Sometimes other boys or girls in the neighborhood accompanied her on horseback. She liked to have someone with her because her horse had just been broken the previous year. It wasn't trained well enough to be dependable, and had already thrown her once.

It was for this reason and not for fear of any other kind of trouble that Orla usually rode with someone. But on Monday, November 2nd, none of her friends was around and so she went riding alone.

The pretty teen-age horsewoman always kept track of the time, and she was invariably home before her mother had dinner ready. But on this afternoon she failed to return at her usual hour. As it grew dark, her father, a construction worker, became seriously concerned. He was afraid she had been thrown from her horse again and might be lying severely injured in some remote place, unable to obtain help.

At last William Fipps got together a small group of neighbors and they went out along the trail Orla usually took, calling out her name. They were about two and a half miles from home, in desolate bush country, when at about 7 p.m. one of their calls produced the responsive whinny of a horse.

The horse was Orla's and he stood riderless along the trail, not far from a muddy back road. Certain now that the high school girl had met with an accident of some sort, the neighbors beat through the surrounding brush.

But the girl could not be found.

At last her father went back to the nearest house and telephoned the Lane County sheriff's office. The call was answered promptly by Sheriff Harry Marlowe, who arrived on the scene with a group of deputies and members of the Waterville Volunteer Fire Department. As word that the girl was missing spread around, friends and neighbors of the Fipps family joined in the hunt.

Among the searchers were a close friend of the girl's father, Karol Stuckey, and his four sons. As Roy Stuckey, the second oldest son, was walking along the steep, muddy trail, he spotted something white in a clump of salal. Beaming his flashlight toward it, he saw that it was a torn white sweatshirt. With it was a pair of badly ripped blue jeans, apparently a woman's.

Then he saw the nearly nude body of Orla Fipps, lying face up in a grotesquely twisted position in the bushes. He blew a blast on the hunting horn he was carrying and the other searchers came running over.

Sheriff Marlowe saw that the blonde schoolgirl was beyond human help. A brief examination revealed that she had been bludgeoned over the head and stabbed twice in the neck. In addition there was a deep knife slash across her throat. Her disarranged underclothing left no doubt that her murder had been sexually motivated.

THERE WAS little that could be done in the darkness, and so the area was sealed off by police. The body was covered and left guarded but untouched for the rest of the night, so that crime lab technicians and a pathologist could examine it on the scene by daylight.

For the rest of that night, Sheriff Marlowe and his deputies, aided by state police, drove about the area. They talked with nearby residents, trying to determine whether anyone, either on foot or horseback or in a car, had been seen near the murder scene during the late afternoon. This effort brought no immediate result, however.

In the morning, sheriff's deputies and state police under Corporal Jack Winchester resumed the search at the scene of the crime, looking for the knife or other clues that might have been left by the killer.

The hoofprints of the victim's horse were sharply etched in the soft ground, but there were no other hoofprints. The officers thought the girl's attacker must have been on foot. They believed that he might possibly have been hunting in the area, and that he had forced the girl to dismount from her horse by threatening her with his gun.

A checkup was begun on nearby residents who might have been hunting that afternoon. Meanwhile, an on-the-scene examination of the body by a county



This youth has been charged with murder.

pathologist failed to produce any further information about the girl's death. Apparently she had been stunned by a blow over the head with some heavy object before the sexual assault. Then afterward her attacker had ruthlessly slain her with the knife to seal her lips.

Sheriff Marlowe pondered the fact that the murder had occurred only seven miles from the scene of a previous slaying. In September, 1960, the strangled body of 7-year-old Alice Louise Lee had been found in a bean field near Trent, 18 days after she had disappeared from her home. The child's slayer, obviously a sexual psychopath, had never been found, and the sheriff thought it possible that this same man was the murderer of Orla Fipps and that he lived somewhere in the immediate vicinity.

Throughout the day the officers continued to search for someone who had seen a man near the crime scene the previous afternoon. At last toward evening, Corporal Winchester spoke with a 15-year-old boy named Dwain Harden who lived along Cedar Flats Road on the outskirts of Springfield.

"I was over in that area from about 4:30 yesterday until it got dark," he said. "I took a bag with me and I was picking apples. I was under a tree near an old abandoned barn, not far from where Orla Fipps' body was found, and a man came up to me. He was carrying a pump-action shotgun and I could see he was out hunting. He asked me what I was doing and I told him I was picking apples. I offered him one and he took it. But he didn't say anything else. He just gave me a sort of a strange look and then went away."

The youth was sure he had never seen the man before. He described him as between the ages of 25 and 35, of a sturdy build, and about 5 feet 8 inches

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Desperadoes Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow (above) were pals with Hamiltons.

GALLERY OF EVIL

a DC series on America's super criminals: No. 2

by Leo Schutzman **THE
BALLAD
OF THE
"BLOODY
BARROWS"**

★ *REAL FOLK MUSIC* springs from the oppression-torn heart of a poor illiterate who never saw a note or counted a measure in his life. It pours from the lips of a tortured soul heaving a pick on a Southern chain gang and echoes down the corridors of a mud and brick backwoods jail. The words are seldom written down and the song, more often than not, dies with its author by a jolt of electricity or a plunge through a scaffold trap. Occasionally, a song outlives its author, the words picked up from ear to ear and passed out to the fields.

The ballad of the "Bloody Barrows" has stayed alive for many years. The brash, blonde gun moll who wrote it is dead and buried in a Texas grave. The fantastic record of the depredations which she commemorated in song is a sanguinary chapter of American criminal history.

The ballad begins in a minor key:

*"You have read the story of Jesse James,
Of how he lived and died.*

*If you still are in need of something to read,
Here's the story of Bonnie and Clyde . . ."*

"Bonnie" Parker was small, slim, and sultry. By no

DETECTIVE CASES



Highway Patrolmen Wheeler and Murphy were shot down by Bloody Barrows at spots in road shown above.

stretch of the imagination could she have been called a beauty. Her hair was bright yellow and her ankles were as trim as a dancer's, but any illusion of soft femininity disappeared after one look at her granite face and hard-sinewed, muscular hands. She affected an alarming capacity for smoking long black cigars, swore like a mule-skinner, and could spit with the unerring accuracy of a Missouri apple-knocker. Bonnie hailed from Dallas, Texas, was respectably married to a man of impeccable character, and eked out the family income as a waitress in a downtown cafe.

The Clyde of the ballad was the youngest of the Barrow boys. He was a shrimp, with an undershot jaw, soft eyes, and a halo of wavy brown hair. But he was no sissy; he had rawhide nerves, the stamina of a horse, and a professional gunman's permanently curled trigger finger.

Among snakes, when boy meets girl, the event takes place without benefit of formal introductions. Nobody introduced Bonnie Parker to Clyde Barrow. He picked her up on the street, and the two of them walked off together. That was in February of 1932. They were seldom out of each other's company for the next three years, and together they toured over a dozen states. Wherever they went they left a trail of blood, empty cartridge cases, and black cigar-butts with lipstick traces.

If there was any good in Bonnie Parker, and that is much to be doubted, Clyde Barrow managed to corrupt it. He had already chalked up a record as a safe-cracker or a box-man and had become an accomplished car thief. He and his brother Marvin, "Buck" to his pals and the police, had done time in the Huntsville pen and in Waco jail. They had connections on both sides of the walls. On March 11th, 1930, both managed to escape almost within hours of each other. For awhile, Buck managed to live on the lam in the Oklahoma Ozarks. Clyde, after robbing the station master at the Middletown branch of the B and O, ran straight into the arms of the cops.

It was the last time he ever went straight in his life.

After two years in Huntsville, Clyde hit Dallas with little on his mind and less in his pockets. He had been out of circulation for too long and wanted nothing but a chance to live it up a little. Bonnie Parker, his pickup sweetheart, went for him in a big way. She had a little money and

they went through her roll in jig time. When the dough ran out, they committed a series of criminal sorties in quest of more.

If Buck Barrow had been free in those days, there is no telling how serious those early sorties might have been. But Buck had surrendered to the police, some months before, at the request of his new wife, a beautiful farm girl he had met in Idabel, Oklahoma. Blanche Caldwell Barrow wanted no part of living beyond the pale of the law and persuaded Buck to turn himself in. From the day the gates closed behind him, Blanche worked devotedly to secure

Posed picture shows defiant Clyde Barrow with rifle.



The modern Southwest had never seen anything like these throw-backs to the wild days of the old frontier



Oklahoma's Cookson Hills were combed in all-out effort to end outlaw's terror reign.

his legitimate release. And, truth to tell, Buck cooperated by being a model prisoner. He deserved the pardon he finally received on the 20th of March, 1933.

But by March of 1933 the name Barrow had already become feared and hated through all of the southwest. Young Clyde and his brash blonde paramour had declared open war on society. They had become—in one short year—the most notorious of all America's public enemies.

BONNIE and Clyde hit the high road to criminal eminence on March 25th, 1932, with the daring daylight robbery of the Simms Oil Company in Dallas. They then began an unpatterned swing through eastern Texas and western Oklahoma. They stole car after car, mostly Ford V-8's. They travelled staggering distances, sometimes pulling jobs a thousand miles apart in one twenty-four hour period. For nearly a month they were content to merely rob and pillage. Sometimes they abducted their victims and all but frightened them to death, but it was not until April 30th that they first dipped their hands into human blood.

The first victim of their blazing guns was a jeweler in Hillsboro, Texas, John N. Bucher, 61. The merchant operated a specialty store and lived with his wife in the apartment upstairs. Bonnie, Clyde, and a Texas badman named Raymond Hamilton, cased the Bucher establishment. The merchant's wife, who had a photographic memory, was able to fix the three faces in her mind. After midnight, on the 30th of April, Clyde and Ray Hamilton knocked on the door of the store and summoned Bucher. They told him they were having a little party and wanted to buy some guitar strings. Suspicious, the old man slipped an ancient horse-pistol into his bathrobe before he opened the door.

He never got the chance to use it. With guns blazing, the criminals cut him down and forced Mrs. Bucher to open the store's safe. Bonnie drove the getaway car when her companions left the shop with forty dollars in cash and twenty-five hundred in diamonds.

Sheriff J. W. Freeland of Hill County organized the largest posse in Texas history in an effort to apprehend the murderous trio. Mrs. Bucher's identification of CBI mugshots squarely placed the responsibility for the killing where it belonged. Bonnie, Clyde, and Ray Hamilton were sought by hundreds of peace officers in every section of the state.

The Texas Rangers, after a tip which sent them hurrying to the bleak hills near Nacogdoches County, narrowly missed catching up with the killers. They were too late to corral Bonnie, her lover, and their companion, but there was grim evidence to the effect that the gang would be heard from soon again. Clyde had set up a target range in the desolate hill country. He and his cohorts had practiced marksmanship for days on end and had perfected techniques with firearms which they evidently expected to stand them in good stead. They were girding for their war with the law in

much the same way as an infantry company prepares for battle. They were ready to meet all comers, to ask no quarter, and to go down fighting after they had made their stand.

From Bonnie's ballad of the "Bloody Barrows," comes the brass note of Clyde's bravado concerning this decision:

"They've got their guns and I've got mine.

I guess it's just as well

To take a few for company when

I go down to Hell."

In August, the Barrow gang numbered a few embittered ex-cons whom Barrow had met in stir and in the underworld dives of the southwest. He led his pack into the



National Guardsmen searched for Barrows in Cookson Hills.

Neuhoff Packing Company of Dallas, opened the safe and took off with the owners' cash and valuables.

While the Texas police searched for them, Barrow, Bonnie and their followers crossed the Oklahoma line to hide out for a few days. On August 5th, Clyde attempted to steal a car which was parked outside of a country dance-hall, at Stringtown, a small village near Atoka. Challenged by Sheriff C. G. Maxwell and Under Sheriff Gene C. Moore, Clyde and his men answered with a hail of well-aimed lead.

Undersheriff Moore dropped to the pavement with slugs through his heart and brain. Maxwell, hit a dozen times in the legs, chest, arms, was still able to empty his revolver at the fleeing fugitives. Cowed by the guns in the hands of the gangsters, those in attendance at the dance could only stand by in horrified silence while the officers were sliced down. When the shooting ended and the Barrow gang roared away, a dozen cars plunged after them in pursuit.

Clyde and his men overturned their getaway car and stole another from a passerby who rushed to aid them. This second automobile also came to grief, throwing a rear wheel fifteen miles east of Stringtown. Stealing still a third car, the killers continued on their way.

Sheriff Maxwell identified Clyde Barrow from his photograph and named him as the leader of his assailants. The search was intensified, but the Bloody Barrows, now hot in Oklahoma, had already headed west to cool off.



This striking picture shows the dramatic capture of tiger-woman Blanche Barrow by Dexter, Iowa, possemen.

ON August 14th, they abducted a deputy sheriff who spotted them in Carlsbad, New Mexico. It was Bonnie who drew the gun on the officer when he approached their car. The deputy, Joe Johns, was driven to San Antonio before the kidnapers let him go. They took his service revolver as a souvenir when they drove off.

Johns told the authorities that Bonnie Parker had dyed her bright yellow hair and was now a flaming redhead. She was just as conspicuous with the new change, however. Perhaps even more so. Her hair was nearly the color of blood and gave her hard, masculine features a positively satanic appearance.

The Barrow gang, travelling in two stolen cars, were nearly penned up and trapped on the county bridge which spanned the Colorado River at Whatton, Texas. A posse armed with riot guns sealed off the span as Bonnie and Clyde were nearing the mid-point. With Bonnie driving, the notorious pair U-turned and drove hell-bent for the human blockade with shotguns blazing. They crashed out and managed to put distance between themselves and their pursuers. Stealing another car enroute, they successfully eluded the web of a gigantic dragnet which had been spread to enmesh them.

DETECTIVE CASES

The crimson trail of crimes continued—a bank in Cedar Hill, tapped twice because it was easy; the inter-urban station at Grand Prairie; filling stations and restaurants all over Texas. On October 11th, Clyde Barrow killed again.

In Sherman, Texas, Clyde ran into trouble when he tried to rob a small grocery store which was attended by two clerks. Howard Hall, a 61-year-old butcher, refused to be frightened by the gun in Barrow's hands. He closed with the desperado and got his guts blown out for his trouble. He died in agony forty-five minutes later. Clyde Barrow's score was mounting.

Despite roadblocks and highway traps, Clyde and Bonnie managed to roam the wide country at will. They had no special modus operandi. It was impossible to anticipate what the deadly duo would dream up next. They skipped around the map at incredible speeds, appearing almost like phantoms whenever they pleased.

On November 23rd, Bonnie cased the Oronogo Bank at Joplin, Missouri. A week later, Clyde led his henchmen, Frank Hardy and Hollis Hale, into the establishment. The take was a paltry hundred and fifty dollars for which the trio battled police and vigilantes in a cross-state running battle.

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Bachelor's Party and the Deadly Guests

★ *DURING THE NINE* years that Charles A. Fisher had lived in Puerto Rico, he had learned to love that lush, sun-drenched island. Fisher, who came from Canton, North Carolina, was manager of the Puerto Rico branch of a large American insurance company with offices in San Juan. He maintained a swank apartment in the Hato Rey district, drove a 1963 Thunderbird, and had a host of friends, both in the American colony

and among native Puerto Ricans.

Fortune had indeed smiled on this handsome, 37-year-old Korean War veteran, and he had no great wish to leave his adopted island home. Still there were times when he felt a certain nostalgia for "the mainland"—and one such occasion was on election days. Fisher made it a point to keep up with politics, and on Election Day, November 3, 1964, he was as much absorbed in the heated campaigns in the United States as any other good American citizen.

That evening he gave an informal

party in his apartment on fashionable O'Neill Street. A bachelor himself, he invited his friends and business associates to drop in with their wives, have a few drinks, and watch the election returns on his excellent TV set. In honor of the event, he hired a young Puerto Rican to serve drinks at the small, well-stocked bar in his apartment.

Fisher's invitation was enthusiastically accepted. During the evening about forty persons dropped by. The young businessman's friends brought friends of their own whom he didn't know. But no matter—everyone was welcome. Other residents of the building heard the blare of Fisher's TV, the clink of glasses, and the drone of conversation punctuated by rippling feminine laughter, until well after midnight.

But at last the din of the party was stilled, the guests departed in their cars and the lights blinked out. The quiet of a warm tropical night descended once more over the elegant apartment building on O'Neill Street.

Charles Fisher, a conscientious executive, was usually the first to arrive in the morning at his insurance office on Commerce Street in downtown San Juan. But on Wednesday morning, November 4th, he didn't show up at all.

His office supervisor, a Puerto Rican named Jaime Perez, made several attempts to reach him by phone, but Fisher did not answer. Perez himself had dropped in on the election party. He had noticed that his boss had joined with his guests in drinking many highballs of good Puerto Rican rum. He thought perhaps Fisher had a hangover and wasn't answering his telephone.

But, when the young executive failed to keep a scheduled luncheon date, Perez grew concerned about him. Finally he drove to Fisher's apartment.

He noticed that his employer's white Thunderbird was not in its usual place beside the apartment house and wondered whether he had been called suddenly out of town. But then, certainly, he would have phoned the office.

When repeated ringing of Fisher's bell failed to bring any response, Perez

Accused duo (left) seen with Prosecutor Ortiz (right) and police stenographer (rear).



by Leslie Gomez

looked up the owner of the building, who lived on the premises. She produced a key and they entered the executive's second-floor apartment together.

Though it was past noon, the blinds were still drawn and the living room reeked of stale liquor. Switching on a light, Perez saw that the apartment was littered with dirty glasses and unemptied ash trays. Convinced that something was very wrong, he crossed to the apartment's master bedroom. Just inside the door were the remains of a smashed chair.

He stopped suddenly in the doorway and a cry of horror burst from his lips. "Don't come in here, *senora!*" he called to the landlady.

His employer, clad only in the bottoms of his pajamas, lay on the bedroom floor. His ankles were tied together with neckties and his wrists were lashed behind his back. He lay doubled over on the rug beside the bed. A necktie and a belt were knotted about his throat and fastened to a bedpost, and his eyes bulged grotesquely from their sockets. Charles Fisher had been cruelly strangled and was obviously dead.

Perez turned and stumbled back across the living room to a telephone and called the police.

Officers from San Juan's efficient modern police force arrived at the apartment promptly. Lieutenant Jose A. Castro, head of homicide, was accompanied by two police criminologists, Felipe Ortiz and Carlos Coll Carpintero, and a squad of detectives headed by Sergeant Juan del Valle. Dr. Israel Castellano, a police physician, arrived a moment later. While the detectives fanned out through the apartment, Lieutenant Castro and Dr. Castellano turned their attention to the dead man in the bedroom.

THE ROOM was in complete disorder, as though a violent struggle had taken place. The victim's clothing was hanging neatly, however. Apparently he had undressed and was preparing for bed when he was unexpectedly attacked. His wallet, empty of money, lay on the floor.

Dr. Castellano said that bruises on Fisher's head and torso showed that he had put up a bitter struggle against his assailant. There was also a gash across the victim's right hand, as though he had fought off an attacker armed with a knife.

"He was probably knocked unconscious, perhaps with the broken chair, before being strangled to death," the doctor reported. "Death occurred about 12 hours ago—sometime between midnight and 3 a.m."

At this point a call came from Sergeant del Vallo: "Lieutenant, there is a

second victim—in the bathroom!"

Entering the gleaming tiled bathroom, Lieutenant Castro and the doctor saw the body of a young Puerto Rican, clad only in undershorts, lying face down in a tub that was half full of blood-tinged water. His wrists and ankles were bound with strips of towels and linens. The physician said that the man's head apparently had been held under the water until he drowned.

Dr. Castellano pointed to the victim's left leg. The word "Maffia" had been carved on it with a knife point—apparently a grim jest of his slayer.

In a small bedroom nearby the officers found a white serving coat and black trousers. They surmised that they belonged to the second victim and that he was a servant whom Fisher had hired to help with the party.

Sergeant del Valle and his men, who had been checking the doors and windows, reported no sign of forced entry to the apartment.

"There's no evidence of a struggle in the vestibule, either," del Valle said. "Fisher may have known his killers and admitted them himself. There must have been at least two. One man could hardly have overpowered both victims

Two men were mysteriously murdered, and on the leg of one was the word "Maffia", carved with a sharp knife

and tied them up that way."

At this point the office superintendent, Jaime Perez, told Lieutenant Castro that he had been at Fisher's party the previous evening.

"It was a very informal affair—an open house of the kind they give in the United States," he explained. "Mr. Fisher had gone around town asking everyone he knew to drop in. There was a steady stream of guests all evening. Most of them didn't stay long. Some were complete strangers to me, and to Fisher, too—friends of friends,

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Officials are seen on balcony of Charles Fisher's apartment, scene of the murders.



HONOLULU SHOOT-OUT!

by Wilson McNamara

Actual photos of a supermarket holdup that was foiled by police; before the blasting gunfire was stilled, three people were dead!

★ *THE PLACE WAS* the city of Honolulu, in the island of Oahu, Hawaii. The scene was the Star Super Market at 2470 S. King Street. The time was a few minutes after 11 o'clock, on the night of Friday, November 20, 1964.

The occasion was robbery, brutal violence—and quick death.

The big store had just closed for the night. Eight employees had remained behind to put up decorations for the Christmas season. Though the store was closed to business, the doors were not yet locked.

On the street outside, a pedestrian noticed two men walk into the market. The two were conspicuous because one bore a carbine and his colleague was armed with a revolver.

Inside the store, the two bandits—later identified as Vincente Leon Socillio, 24 and Otto L. Hillen, 25, both ex-cons—ordered night manager Stanley

Police crouch behind car to take shelter from the bullets sprayed by bandit.





Hostages flee market through a door.

Onosaki and the others to lie down on the floor. Presumably, Jiro Yamamoto, a warehouse manager for the market, did not comply with sufficient speed, because it was at this point a slug from the gun of one of the stickup men plowed into his back.

The hoarse bark of the gunshot was heard outside by the pedestrian and he ran to tell Police Sergeant Paul Kim about it. Kim flashed the alarm for help. His radio call reached headquarters just about the same time a worker in a nearby restaurant phoned in to say he had heard a shot.

Officers piled into police cars and raced to the scene, their sirens wide open.

At the store, the gunmen herded their prisoners into the TV room. While Socillio kept guard over them with his 38-caliber revolver, Hillen, the other ex-con, put his carbine into the back of night manager Onosaki and forced him upstairs to the store's safe. Under the menacing eye of the carbine, the night manager opened the safe and the bandit took possession of the \$15,000 it contained.

Sirens screamed into the street, and Hillen didn't bother to say goodbye to his prisoner. He just took off down the stairs.

The police cars pulled up outside the store at 11:25. Three of the cops burst into the super market through the front door. Officers Melemai and Matsukami ran to the back. They were just in time to spot Hillen plunging down the rear stairs. They pounced on him, grabbed the carbine, and had him handcuffed before he knew what was happening.

Hillen's capture was fast and bloodless. It was his pal who was to provide the blood and violence that would fill the next hour.

As Melemai and Matsukami were returning to the front, Officers Eleneki, Gilliland and Shinn, inside, were approaching the TV room where Socillio was guarding the hostages.

Peter T. Mochizuki, manager of the market, was flat on the floor with the other help. He jumped up and grabbed the bandit.

"Don't shoot!" he yelled to the oncoming policemen. "He's armed and there are women in here!"

The ex-con threw off the manager's grip, and turned his gun on the officers. The revolver in his hand coughed out a stream of leaden phlegm. One of the slugs caught Lieutenant Benedict Eleneki in the heart, and he toppled behind a vending machine fatally shot.

Sergeant Opal (Gil) Gilliland, nicked in the fleshy part of his left arm, ducked for cover. A bullet hit manager Mochizuki in the abdomen, but he was able to stumble out of the store under his own steam. Detective Lieutenant David Shinn miraculously escaped the lethal spray of gunfire, ducked back, and got safely outside.

The bandit's gun continued to churn out a swirl of bullets at the cops outside, who were sheltering behind parked cars. Shinn radioed for tear gas, and Gilliland called for an ambulance. The officers were in the sorry plight of not being able to fire back at Socillio. Lieutenant Eleneki was still inside, and they did not know that he was already dead.

They feared that one of their bullets might strike him. The captive employees were also still in the store.

Officers Melemai and Matsukami, who had been on their way into the store with their manacled prisoner, were not caught in the gunfire. They managed to duck out fast, leaving Hillen lying on the floor, just inside the front door. They managed to get him and carry him out at 11:48.

The tear gas equipment arrived, and a barrage of tear gas was unloosed on the store at midnight. Tear gas does not work rapidly like gunfire. It took about nine minutes for the fumes to permeate the interior. It was quite evident just when the gas became suffocating; the two women among the hostages began screaming.

Socillio, too, must have found the fumes unbearable for suddenly he appeared in the store's entrance.

He was not alone. Pushed ahead of him as a shield was Mrs. Gladys Nagatani, one of the hostage staff. To leave no doubt about his plans, Socillio held the muzzle of his revolver against the woman's head.

The bandit had obviously not counted on the marksmanship of the police. Saying a prayer, Sergeant Herbert Panoke took careful aim, drawing a bead on the bandit's exposed head. The officer squeezed the trigger and a bullet thwacked into Socillio's skull. The bandit's hold on the woman loosened, and he

Officer stands over captured thug while battle with his pal continues to rage.





Tear gas flushed the bandit from store. When he emerged he herded a hostage at gun-point as a shield.

Store employee Jiro Yamamoto, shot in holdup, died later in hospital.

fell away. With their target now fully exposed, the besieging officers unleashed a salvo of bullets, and two of the slugs tore into Socillio's stomach. Gladys Nagatani made good use of her sudden liberty by fleeing across the adjacent parking lot to safety.

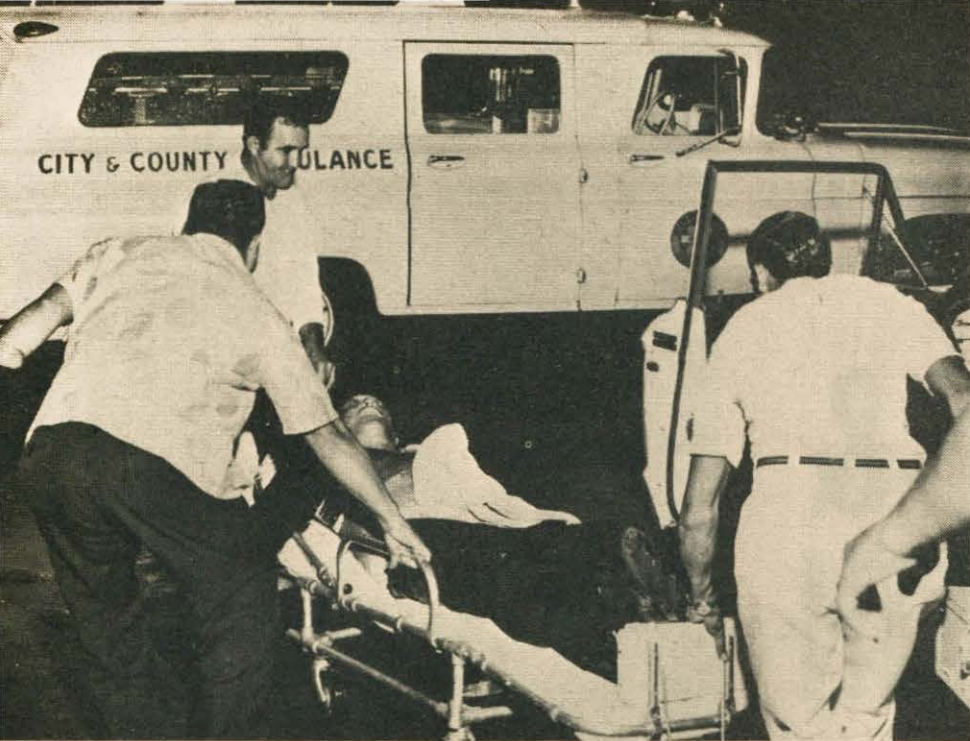
With Socillio a bleeding, huddled heap in the entrance of the store, the battle was over. Now it was time to take the muster roll, count the dead, and tend to the wounded.

Wearing gas masks, police went into the market to tally the casualty toll. Jiro Yamamoto was found wounded on the floor of the TV room. An ambulance rushed him away but he died in Kaiser Hospital. Lieutenant Eleneki was already dead when an ambulance took him away to Queens Hospital. Sergeant Gilliland and Peter Mochizuki, the store's manager, were taken to Kaiser Hospital where they were reported in satisfactory condition. Socillio, still alive, was bundled off to Kaiser Hospital in the same ambulance with the mortally wounded Yamamoto. He survived his victim by 25 minutes, dying at 3:10 a.m.

All the loot was retrieved. \$1,313 of it was found in Hillen's pocket; the balance of \$13,774 was in a paper bag on the upstairs floor, near the safe, where Hillen had dropped it.

Both bandits were paroled convicts. Socillio had been free only 23 days after serving four years and five months of a 40-year maximum sentence for armed robbery. Hillen had been freed the past January after serving five years of a 20-year sentence for burglary. ★





Lieutenant Benedict Eleneki was killed instantly by a slug in the heart.



Bandit Otto Hillen was captured alive.

Police question prisoner after his pal was fatally shot. The two ex-cons almost got away with \$15,000.



STORE HOURS
SUN 9:00 -
MON 9:00 -
TUES 9:30 -
WED 9:00 -
THURS 9:00 -
FRI 9:00 -
SAT 9:00 -

WOMEN WHO WALKED THE LAST MILE

No. 2 in series

HOT LOVE & COLD DEATH

by Neil S. Wythe

Louisiana's social set was rocked
when the dank
swamp yielded up the secret of the
adulterous wife
and her diabolical lover

★ *A SHOOLESS YOUNG MAN dashed madly down the almost empty main street of Morgan, Louisiana, that hot, humid afternoon of July 6th. He didn't stop running until he came to an abrupt halt in front of Sheriff Charles Pecot's office. Then he stood there a moment or two trying to catch his breath.*

The perspiring young man opened the door and went inside. The parish officer looked at him and knew right away something was wrong.

"Can I help you?" he asked pleasantly.

"A dead man—in Poulard Lake!" the youth gasped.

"I was frog hunting . . . My catamaran struck something hard. There was a—a body under it!"

An hour later the sheriff and his aides were gathered at the swamp water of Poulard Lake, a backwash of the Mississippi River Delta country, not far from New Orleans. About seventy-five feet from the shore and west of a little schoolhouse, the fragile catamaran was visible and motionless where it had been abandoned by the terrified youth.

Carrying ropes, knives, and torchlights, the sheriff and two of his men waded waist-deep in the shallow, muddy water to the catamaran. The torchlights were essential as dusk was already casting its deepening shadow over the region.

The body was just as the boy had described it. Naked, it gleamed fitfully through the water like some horrible denizen of the primeval swamp country.

Murder was obvious to the sheriff as his fumbling fingers felt a rope lashed about the body which was secured to a



Romance beckoned already-married Ada LeBouef.

Sheriff's officers questioned Dr. Thomas Dreher.



heavy railroad tie. The rope was cut, and the body and the tie dragged to the bank.

The flickering torches endowed the macabre scene with a glow of nightmarish eeriness. Washed of its muddy shroud, the mutilated corpse was like a human sacrifice offered up to a pagan god in an unholy, satanic ritual.

The face of the corpse was slit diagonally, and deep knife gashes, from shoulder to waist, disfigured the torso. It was death, but death with something added, something even more sinister, something diabolical and unclean.

A screaming siren broke the spell of horror as a Morgan City ambulance drew up. Life ends, but science and the law pursue their inexorable course, and soon a youthful medical examiner with the inseparable little black bag of his trade was efficiently examining the body.

As he worked with machine-like calm, his voice methodically flashed out bits of information. "Middle-aged . . . shot in right temple and chest . . . mutilated after death and thrown into the lake . . . incisions on body made after death."

HIS work over, he turned to the sheriff with more detailed information. "Curious thing about the killer. He seems to be fairly well informed. Not many people know that it is the gas in a body which bloats it and causes it to rise to the surface of the water. This killer seems to have known that. That's why the slashes. The killer seems to have

schoolhouse. No clue to the identities of the killer or victim had been found. Pecot decided to block that section of the lake until morning as the torchlights proved to be of very little help.

He returned to Morgan City and drove to the morgue where an autopsy had been performed. It confirmed what the medical examiner had said: the man was already dead when the body was dumped into the lake.

The bullets had been extracted from the body and sent to Daniel Robinson, the ballistics expert for examination.

Pecot now called Thomas Gilmore, assistant district attorney in Franklin, seat of the Parish Government, and gave them the details of the grisly murder.

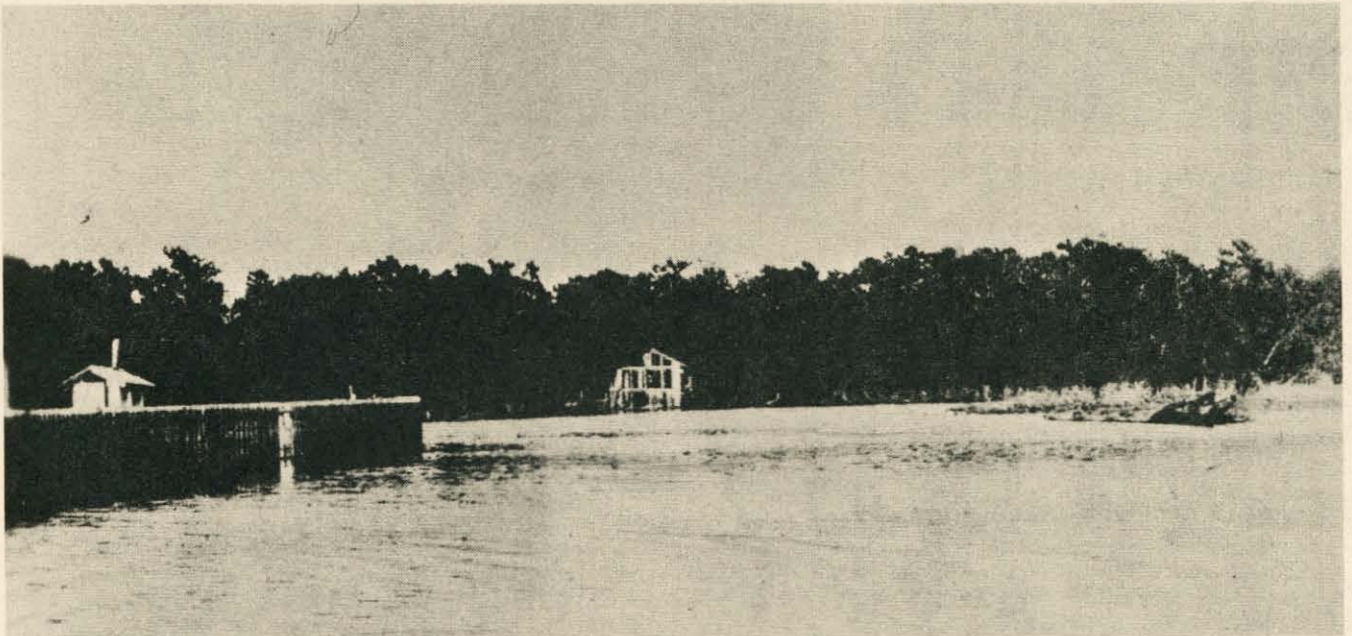
Early the next morning, the sheriff found Gilmore chatting with the deputies and waiting for him at the schoolhouse.

"We couldn't do much in the dark last night," said Pecot, "but maybe we'll have better luck today. We've got to identify that body."

He assigned a group of men to the schoolhouse area, and others to west of the shore line and east of the swamp shacks. Pecot, Gilmore, and two deputies took two boats and began dragging the bottom of the lake with grappling hooks.

Two hours passed before they obtained results. Then the sheriff's line came up with a black shoe. Upon examination it proved to be comparatively new, and custom made. It bore the trademark: Fine Custom Made Shoes, New Orleans.

Within half an hour the left shoe was pulled up on



A frog hunter made shocking discovery in the swamp waters of Louisiana's Poulard Lake.

reasoned that the gas would escape through them and that the body would stay submerged until decomposition."

"Can you say, doc," said the sheriff, "how long the body's been in the water?"

"Less than twenty-four hours, I'd say," the doctor replied.

While the medical examiner sped the body to the morgue in Morgan City, Sheriff Pecot spread his deputies along the shore in search of clues. "We'll meet at the little schoolhouse," he told them.

It was nearly midnight when the deputies met at the

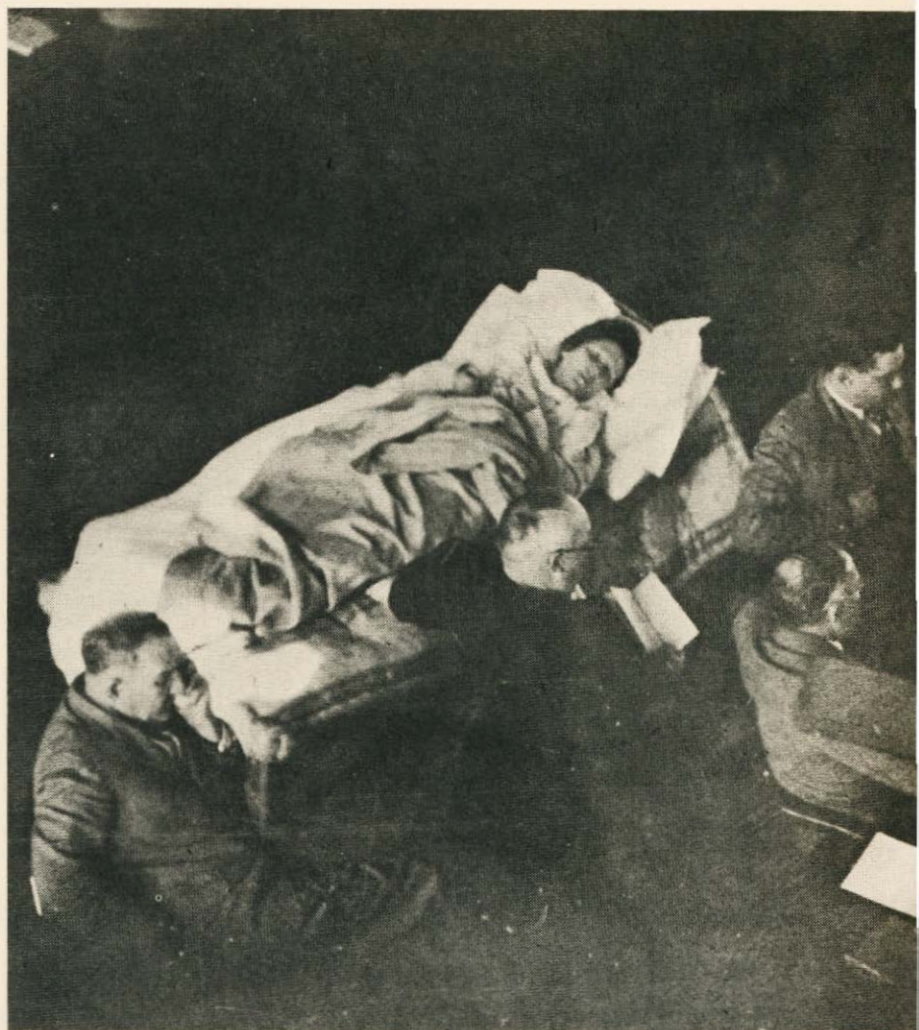
Gilmore's line, and almost simultaneously there was a further development at the schoolhouse to which the sheriff was hurriedly summoned.

One of the deputies had discovered bits of burned-out clothing in the firepit.

Even in its charred condition the sheriff could see that the fabric was of an expensive type. If the victim had worn it, he had apparently been a man of some means. The expensive cloth and the custom-made shoes with the New Orleans trademark, added together, indicated a well-to-do



Sheriff Charles Pecot with Dr. Dreher (l.).



Dramatic moment in trial when Mrs. LeBouef testified from hospital bed.

man from New Orleans.

Cogitating on this, the sheriff told one of his deputies: "Take a man with you and investigate those shacks," he pointed to the fringe of the lake. "See what you can find out from those swamp rats. Tom," he said to Gilmore, "you and I are headed for New Orleans."

THE New Orleans Police Headquarters assigned one of its patrolmen to accompany Pecot and Gilmore to Fine Custom Made Shoes in the French quarters.

"These shoes were made here," said the sheriff to the clerk in the small but distinctive bootery. "I'd like to know for whom. You people keep a record?"

The clerk nodded and told them that they kept a record of shoes they made, as well as the measurements and addresses of their owners. But he apologized for his inability to be of service because the owner and manager who kept the file in the safe was away on business and was not expected back until the next morning.

The sheriff left the shoes with the clerk with instructions to get in touch with him the moment the manager returned.

When they hit the streets again on their way to Morgan City, the New Orleans afternoon papers carried a detailed account of the gruesome murder with pictures of the mutilated body. The readers were asked, as Pecot had requested, to identify the body and to communicate immediately with the Morgan City sheriff, and to report any missing person.

An important development awaited Pecot and Gilmore at Morgan City. The medical examiner, in making a check-

up of the body after the autopsy, had discovered false teeth in the murdered man's mouth.

Then began a systematic canvassing of every dentist in the telephone directory. None was of any help except Dr. Walter de Rivera, who contributed one important item.

"This type of plate is made by Acme Plates of Baton Rouge," he told the officers.

Dawn found Pecot and Gilmore in the Baton Rouge Police Headquarters, despite the fact that neither had had any sleep in nearly forty-eight hours. Within half hour they got the name of an official of the Acme Plates who was aroused from his sleep and brought to the manufacturing plant.

The company executive examined the plates Pecot had given him. "It's our work, all right."

"I'd like to know who they were made for," said Pecot.

"If we made them," assured the company official, "the name and address of the owner are in our files." Within fifteen minutes he returned with the plates and a sheet of paper.

"According to our records," he said, "these plates were made two years ago for James LeBouef."

"James LeBouef!" said Sheriff Pecot. "Why, he's the president of the Louisiana Utilities Corporation of Morgan City!"

With the records and false teeth in his possession, Pecot hurried back to Morgan City.

There, he phoned the office of the Louisiana Utilities Corporation and asked for James LeBouef.



A double hanging inside the jail and a woman's body being removed in a coffin attracted a crowd outside.

"Sorry," was the answer. "Mr. LeBouef has not been in the office for the last three days."

"Expect him back soon?"

"We can't say. Mrs. LeBouef phoned us three days ago that Mr. LeBouef was ill at home."

No sooner had he hung up than a call came through from the manager of Fine Custom Made Shoes who informed him that the shoes he had brought into the store had been made for James LeBouef some six months before.

Pecot's next move was obvious. Either LeBouef was stretched out on a slab in the morgue or he was home ill. He hopped into his car and directed it toward Morgan City's pretentious residential section, a luxurious area of stately southern homes, green, shaven lawns, lush colorful shrubbery, all sleeping lazily in the shade of tall dignified trees.

Before one of the most palatial of the homes, he eased his car to a halt, and a moment later was banging a shiny brass knocker on a thick oaken door.

Silence . . . He knocked again. Soon the door opened slowly and a maid stepped out cautiously.

"I want to see Mr. LeBouef," Pecot announced.

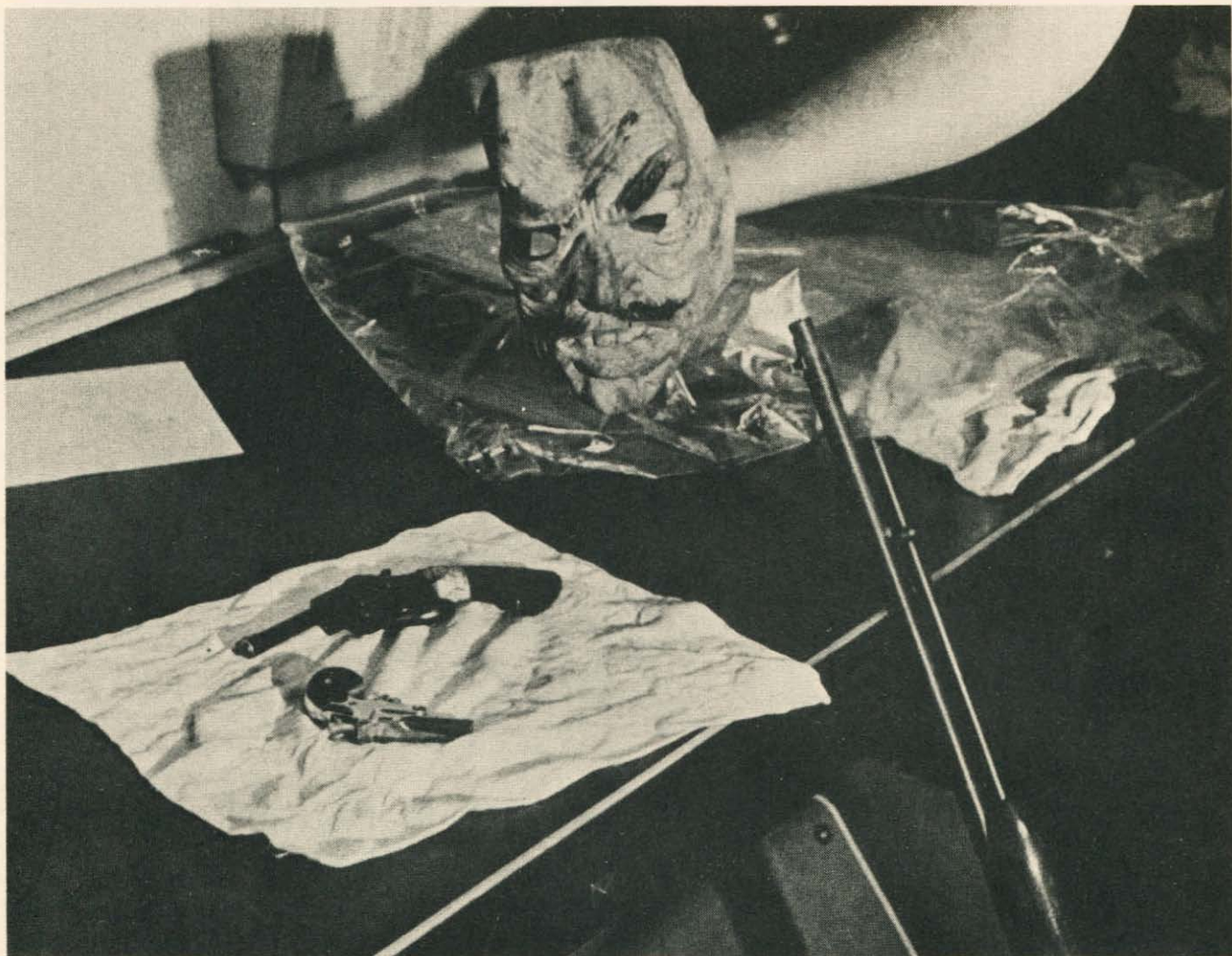
"Mr. LeBouef is not at home," the maid replied, and now the sheriff knew that James LeBouef's body was on that hard, cold slab in the morgue.

"Is Mrs. LeBouef at home?"

The sheriff was ushered into a vast rectangular living room exquisitely and richly furnished.

After waiting about five minutes, Mr. LeBouef's wife, Ada, an attractive woman of about forty, came to meet him. She appeared worried, and her hands shook.

"So glad you are here, *(Continued on page 50)*"



Officers, digging in a churchyard, found a potato sack with these firearms and mask, which were linked to the killers.

MASKED KILLERS OF THE FARMER'S WIFE

by Sam Balderige

**They blazed a trail of terror
before the police tracked them down**

★ *THE CAR CAME limping into the outskirts of Asheville, North Carolina, at midnight on Tuesday, November 10, 1964. One front tire was flat, the rubber cut to ribbons by the wheel's rim.*

City Patrolmen J. J. Moulds and Tom McDevitt saw it from the window of their prowler car. The approaching automobile was moving slowly. A man sat at the wheel and a woman slumped in the seat beside him.

Officer McDevitt sprang out of the police car and flagged down the flat-tired vehicle. As he peered through the window, he saw the driver, pale and obviously distraught. The woman at his side was either unconscious or dead. She was wearing a blood-drenched nightgown.

"I'm Charles Lunsford," said the driver. "My wife's hurt. She's been shot. I've got to get her to the hospital."

McDevitt had a great many questions to ask but, considering Mrs. Lunsford's condition, he postponed them.

"Follow us," he said curtly. "We'll escort you to St. Joseph's Hospital."

He returned to the prowl car. Patrolman Moulds who was driving led Lunsford to the hospital. There, Mrs. Ovella Lunsford was placed on a stretcher and rushed to the emergency room. A moment later, a doctor announced that she had been dead upon arrival at the hospital, killed by a bullet wound in her chest.

Charles Lunsford was so stricken by this news of his wife's death that he could not speak for several minutes. Then, he told Officers Moulds and McDevitt that he was a dairy farmer who lived on Pisgah Road, in Upper Hominy, some 20 miles west of Asheville.

At about 11 o'clock that evening, two men wearing masks had burst into his home and attempted to rob him. He and his wife had fought them off; during the fray, Mrs. Lunsford had been killed.

Since the murder had happened in Buncombe County, beyond the Asheville city limits, Patrolman Moulds promptly called the sheriff, Harry P. Clay. Then, the city officers escorted Lunsford to the sheriff's office.

The dairy farmer was questioned by Sheriff Clay, and Captain A. G. Crownover and Lieutenant Elmer Gregg of the sheriff's staff.

"I was sitting in the kitchen, eating a bowl of cereal," said Lunsford. "My wife was upstairs in bed. All of a sudden a guy comes crashing through the front door. He was wearing a Halloween mask; the mask of a lion. I threw a bowl of apple sauce at him and rushed him into a downstairs bedroom. We fought and I was getting the best of it when his pal came in through the back door and slugged me on the head with a gun."

But that blow had put Lunsford out of action only temporarily. After a moment, his dizziness had left him and he began to fight all over again. The second assailant who also wore a Halloween mask knocked the farmer down on the kitchen floor and proceeded to beat him.

Mrs. Ovella Lunsford came downstairs in her nightgown and headed for a closet where a .22-caliber rifle was kept. As she did so, each of the intruders whipped a gun from his pocket and both fired. One slug went into the floor, the other smashed against the downstairs bedroom wall.

They both jumped Mrs. Lunsford when they saw the rifle in her hand. They wrenched it from her and the thug who had entered by the back door fired his pistol again. This time, the bullet hit Ovella Lunsford in the chest.

"Then," said Lunsford, "I guess they panicked. They ran out of the house, but one of them ripped the telephone off the wall first. I got my wife, took her out to the car to get her to the hospital. But as soon as I hit the road, I realized that one of them had let the air out of my tire."



Mrs. Ovella Lunsford tried to hold off the bandits with a rifle; she was slain.

"Did they ask for money?" said the sheriff.

Lunsford nodded. "They wanted to know where my wallet was."

"Were you carrying a large amount of cash?" asked Lieutenant Gregg.

Again Lunsford nodded. "Several hundred dollars."

"Was that usual?"

"No. But I sold my hay on Monday. The customers who came and hauled it away paid me in cash. That money was still in my wallet."

SHERIFF Clay picked up his telephone and called his chief deputy, Willis Mitchell, along with several other

officers, ordering them to meet him at the Upper Hominy farmhouse as soon as possible. Then, taking Charles Lunsford with them, the sheriff, Captain Crownover and Lieutenant Gregg climbed into two county cars and headed for Pisgah Road themselves.

The kitchen and the lower floor bedroom looked as if a tornado had blown through them. Chairs and tables were overturned. There were bloody footprints on the floor and a set of crimson handprints on the wall.

An examination of the bedroom revealed bullet holes in the floor and wall. Chief Deputy Mitchell dug them out with a penknife. The slug taken from

Officials removed boards from the Lunsford home so they could retrieve a bullet.



the floor was small; it had apparently been fired from a derringer. The bullet from the wall was of .22 caliber.

"What about the rifle?" asked Sheriff Clay. "The one your wife took from the closet?"

"The killers took that away with them," said Lunsford.

The officers searched the house and the ground surrounding it until daylight and failed to come up with any clue which might lead to the identity of the killers. Then they fanned out, calling at every Upper Hominy farmhouse to ascertain if any of Lunsford's neighbors had seen or heard anything suspicious during the night.

In the meantime, Sheriff Clay asked how the intruders had fled.

"Did they have a car? Did you see what kind it was?"

But Lunsford had seen no car nor heard one either. "Just before they broke into the house," he said, "I heard a car on the road. But I didn't see it and I didn't hear it when they ran off. They just disappeared into the darkness."

By 9 o'clock on Wednesday morning, Sheriff Clay had been in touch with North Carolina's State Bureau of Investigation at Raleigh. Fingerprint men were on their way to Upper Hominy. The slugs recovered from the farmhouse along with the one taken from the body of Ovella Lunsford were forwarded to the state capital for examination by the ballistics experts.

By noon, the body of Mrs. Lunsford had been removed from St. Joseph's Hospital to the Groce Funeral Home in Asheville, and Dr. John C. Young, the Buncombe County coroner, had performed an autopsy.

The bullet which had pierced the woman's chest had just missed her heart and had caused severe internal hemorrhaging. She had probably been dead for ten minutes before her arrival at the Asheville hospital.

There appeared to be no clue at all to the identity of the two men who had attacked the Lunsfords. However, the sheriff and his aides were inclined to the belief that the killers were the same men who, during the past couple of months, had committed several other armed robberies in the county.

The most important was the holdup of Robert Bryson on September 10, 1964. Bryson, an employee of Bryson Bus Lines, left his office shortly before midnight. He carried with him some \$750 of the firm's money in a brief case which he put in the trunk compartment of his car.

Then he got in behind the wheel and headed home. As he braked for a stoplight, two men, wearing Halloween masks and holding guns, approached him. Bryson was ordered out of the car. The bandits took it over and drove off.

The car was found on the following day in downtown Asheville. The brief

case and the money were gone.

Then, a month later, two men, again wearing Halloween masks, entered Carson's Grocery Store on Weaverville Road. They confiscated all the money in the cash register which, luckily for the Carsons, came to only \$10.

Then, again, a man had been dragged from his car and robbed in nearby Yancey County; he had also been beaten up. The thugs, four of them, had fled in their own car which bore Buncombe County license plates.

Sheriff Clay, his chief deputy, and other of his officers conferred. They reached an obvious consensus.

"Obviously," said Sheriff Clay, "it must have been known that Lunsford had a considerable amount of cash on hand. Otherwise, it's all too coincidental. Why didn't they try to rob one of the other Upper Hominy farmers?"

"That's true enough," said Chief Deputy Mitchell, "and the theory also applies to the Bryson holdup. Someone must have known that Robert Bryson was in the habit of taking the bus company's receipts home with him late at night."

"Right," said Sheriff Clay. "Now it seems to me that everyone at Lunsford's hayfield on Monday would have been aware of the fact that he was collecting a lot of cash. Let's check on exactly who was at the field. Then we'll question them."

THE CHIEF deputy, Lieutenant Charles Brook, Assistant Chief Deputy Gray Burleson and several other

officers left to obey the sheriff's orders. First, they talked to Charles Lunsford and wrote down the names of his Monday hay customers. Then, they checked those persons out, one by one.

The officers returned to the county building in Asheville at about 6 o'clock that night. Most of those who had purchased hay from Lunsford on the day in question were Buncombe County farmers, prosperous and respectable. It was inconceivable that any of them, acting in concert, would attempt to rob their colleague.

Sheriff Clay looked depressed but then the chief deputy spoke. "Did any any of you hear of a 16-year-old kid named Arllie Fox?"

No one had.

"Well," went on Chief Deputy Mitchell, "neither did I. However, one of Lunsford's hay customers brought Arllie Fox along with him to help load the hay he was buying. So young Arllie Fox knew that Lunsford had all that cash."

Someone asked, "Has Arllie a record?"

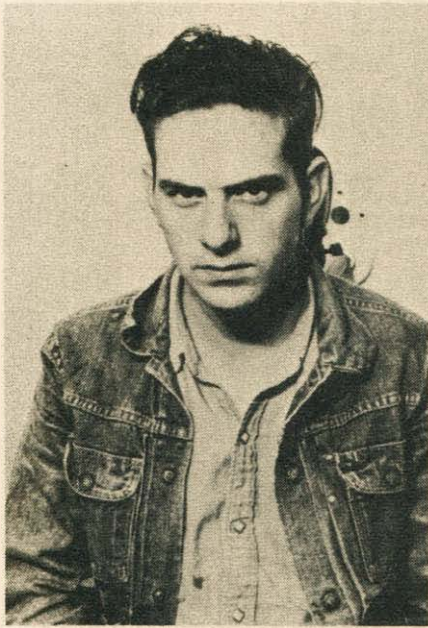
"Not to my knowledge," said the chief deputy. "But somehow his surname is familiar. Wasn't the name of Fox mentioned while we were investigating that Robert Bryson holdup?"

"Check the records," Sheriff Clay told Lieutenant Gregg. Gregg did so.

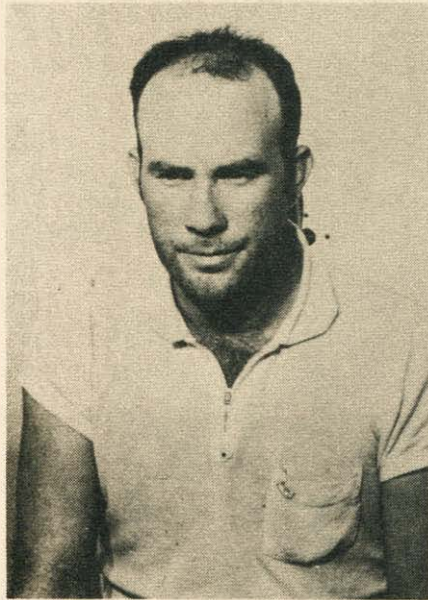
What the lieutenant found proved rather interesting. During the investigation of the Robert Bryson robbery, it had been learned that one Roy Lee Fox had worked for the Bryson Bus

Sheriff Clay (left) watches Chief Deputy Mitchell (right) fingerprint a suspect.





Officers say he waited near farmhouse.



He allegedly set up bus company heist.

Line a few weeks prior to the holdup. Fox who was 27 years old had been questioned at the time but could not be connected with the stickup. However, Roy Lee Fox was the brother of 16-year-old Arllie.

"Perhaps," said Sheriff Clay, "this is more than a coincidence. Anyway, bring in Arllie Fox. I'd like to ask him a few questions."

The records showed that young Arllie Fox lived on Route 3 in Weaverville. The chief deputy remarked that this was the place where Carson's grocery store had been held up.

Chief Deputy Mitchell and two other

officers drove out to Weaverville only to find that Arllie Fox was not at home. He had left earlier for Asheville. The lawmen retraced their footsteps.

In the meantime, Sheriff Clay received a telephone call.

The call was from a man who refused to give his name and who remains anonymous to this day. But the information he gave was vital to the case. There was, he told the sheriff, a potato sack buried at the rear of the Stoney Fork Church in Upper Hominy. "You can dig it up easily enough," said the mysterious caller, "it's buried beneath that big tree in the middle of the yard."

Sheriff Clay wanted to know why he should dig up the sack. "What's in it?"

"Two Halloween masks," replied the caller, "two pistols, and a .22-caliber rifle which, I believe, belongs to Charles Lunsford."

There was a click at the other end of the wire as the informant hung up.

The sheriff instructed Captain Crownover and Lieutenant Gregg to pick up a couple of shovels and some powerful flashlights and to accompany him to the Stoney Fork Church.

After some twenty minutes of hard digging, the sheriff's mysterious informant was proved to be right. The officers unearthed a dirt-covered sack and ripped it open.

Inside were two Halloween masks, a derringer, a rifle and a .22-caliber pistol of German make. There were also two jackets and a shirt. These articles of clothing appeared to be blood-stained.

By the time Sheriff Clay and his aides had returned to Asheville, Chief Deputy Mitchell had also arrived; he had young Arllie Fox in custody.

The chief deputy reported that, while he had been looking for Arllie, one of the latter's friends, who had been questioned about the youth's whereabouts, had stated that, early on Tuesday evening, Arllie had been carrying a small-calibered gun in his hip pocket.

Arllie Fox was questioned for several hours but he remained sullenly silent. It was almost dawn when he was sent to a cell. Then Sheriff Clay dispatched the weapons found in the potato sack to the ballistics experts at Raleigh.

By noon of Thursday, the interrogation of Arllie Fox was resumed. In the afternoon, Sheriff Clay informed the press that he had just received a report from Raleigh.

The slug taken from the bedroom floor of the Lunsford house had been fired from the derringer. The bullet in the wall and the bullet which the coroner had removed from the chest of Ovella Lunsford had been fired from the German pistol.

LATER, ABOUT 4 o'clock that same afternoon, Sheriff Clay announced that he had obtained a written statement from Arllie Fox. The statement implicated three other men. Sheriff's deputies were already on the way to make the arrests.

By dusk, the three arrests were made. Brought into the sheriff's office were
(Continued on page 61)

Lieutenant Gregg and Assistant Chief Deputy Burcheson (left to right) look on as Lieutenant Brooks fingerprints the suspect alleged to have fired the death slug.





Details brought out at murder trial created sensation in jam-packed New York City courtroom.

a DC crime classic

The DOCTOR and the MADAM

by Nelson Stein

★ *THE OLD SAW* about doctors burying their mistakes did not apply to Dr. Robert Buchanan. Perhaps he did bury some, but not his wife. Her untimely demise was no mistake. The doctor planned it that way.

Buchanan was a short, roly-poly man with liquid blue eyes, a stubby moustache, and bouncing energy that found expression in the wild, bizarre, and scintillating pursuit of pleasures of the flesh.

His wife was sick in their home on West 11th Street

in New York City's Greenwich Village that day in April, 1892. Her face was a chalky white, her eyes covered with grayish film. Her breath was coming in short gasps, and cold sweat stood out on her forehead.

Dr. Robert Buchanan was practicing the delicate art of murder.

Three years before, Buchanan had appeared in Greenwich Village as a young doctor just starting practice. The Village in those years was a staid, substantial community, known as the old Tenth Ward, a world in itself. The artists

and writers, pseudo and otherwise, had not yet flocked to this quaint and pleasing section of the city to make the attics and the rooms in the ancient three-story brick buildings the center of art and things not connected with art.

The fat, roly-poly doctor was happily married when he arrived in the Village, but it wasn't long before his good wife, tiring of his wild and uncontrollable zest for other women, divorced him and moved back to Halifax, Canada, which had been her home. The friends and cronies of the doctor, whom he met with regularity in the taverns of the Village, noted little expression of sorrow on the part of the doctor over the divorce. Rather, he seemed greatly relieved, and appeared to take a new lease on life and on his pursuit of amorous adventure.

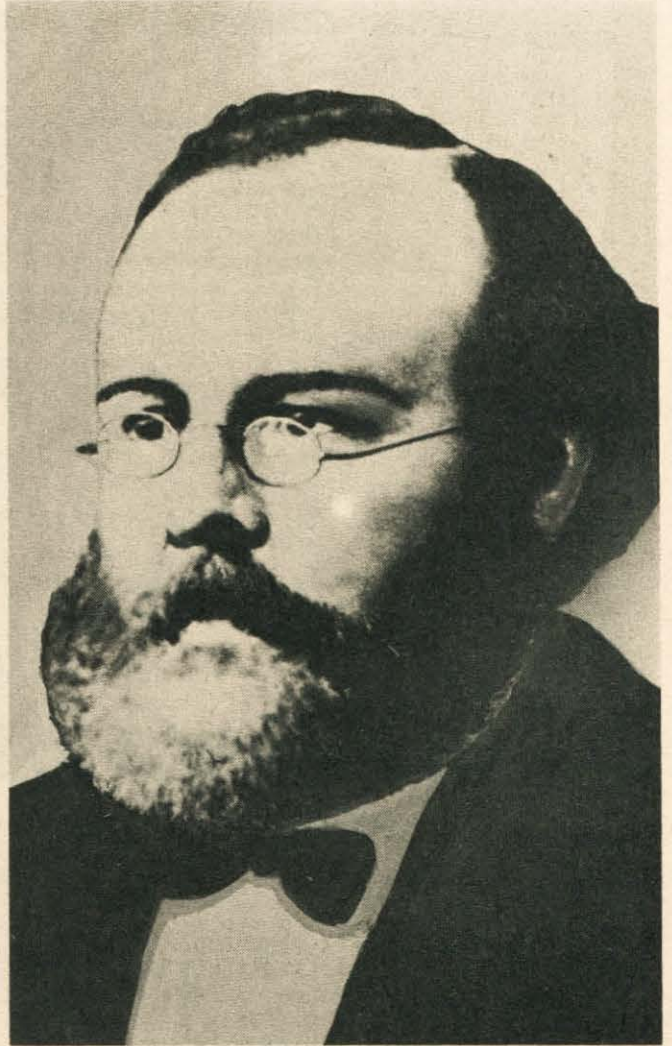
Indulging in this exciting pastime, he landed in Newark, N. J., and here he met Mrs. Clarence Sutherland, the wife who now lay so sick in bed. This much good can be said about Mrs. Sutherland. She had started life on a pure and Godly plane, being married at a young age to a minister of the gospel. Just why and how she had departed from the straight and narrow has never been known.

But when Doctor Buchanan first met her, she was a

Any woman who runs a house of ill-fame should have known men can't be trusted



Mrs. Ann Sutherland ran successful New Jersey bordello.



Dr. Buchanan called for specialist when wife became ill.

madam of a bawdy, lusty, and highly profitable bordello in Newark, with a tidy nest egg of fifty thousand dollars in the bank. This nest egg had attracted the doctor even more than the woman's talent at bawdy and exciting love. To get his hands on the fifty thousand the doctor started a whirlwind courtship that swept the usually cool and collected madame off her feet.

The doctor had competition, and as he sat at her bedside contemplating the profit that her death would bring to him, he smiled at the memory of those hectic days. He had not been alone in desiring this nest egg of fifty thousand. Horace Smith, a quiet little man who worked by day as a bookkeeper and spent the night hours in houses of ill fame, was an ardent admirer of Mrs. Sutherland. But Mr. Smith hadn't made much headway with the hard-headed business woman. He deeply resented, and hated with white-hot anger, the bouncing doctor who so easily usurped his place.

The climax of the courtship ended with Doctor Buchanan throwing Mr. Smith over a back fence and eloping with the madam. After the marriage, he talked her into buying the house on West 11th Street. So passionate had been the doctor's love that he had been able, even before the marriage to have her execute a will leaving all her money and property to him.

The marriage was not a success. Mrs. Sutherland's coarseness and her loud talk caused considerable embarrassment to Doctor Buchanan, who was rapidly obtaining a good practice among the well-to-do and staid families in the old Tenth Ward. So he never took her out, and before many months passed, he contemplated ways of getting this loathsome woman out of his life.

All the residue and remainder of my estate, both real and personal, consisting of real estate, household furniture, money in bank and out at mortgage, life insurance policies, etc., to my lawful husband, if married at the time of my decease. If unmarried, to my physician, Dr. Robert W. Buchanan, for professional services. And I hereby appoint James Cannon and Robert W. Buchanan as my executors.

Last will and testament of ill-fated woman played major role in real-life drama.

THE idea of murder didn't frighten him. An overdose of morphine could do the trick with dispatch and ease and perfect safety. He had to get her sick first. That wasn't difficult. A little arsenic, not enough to be found in the body, sent her to her bed, and the doctor confided to his cronies that his new wife was suffering from Bright's disease. He never invited any of his friends to the home, giving as an explanation the serious condition of his spouse.

He did it up in good style. A nurse, Mrs. Alice Connel, was hired and a doctor was brought in for consultation. It wasn't difficult to fool the doctor by suggesting symptoms indicating Bright's disease, which in that year was one of

the dread diseases of middle-aged people.

And now. . . .

The little doctor watched the white face of his wife. In his pocket was a vial of morphine. He was a physician and naturally had a supply of morphine on hand. One large dose and his wife would sleep away to her death. There would be no traces of poison. The symptoms of death would indicate a cerebral hemorrhage. He had dropped suggestions of this possibility, saying that his wife's father and mother had died of the same thing.

He rose, took the vial of morphine from his pocket. Nurse Connel was in another room. Buchanan had been the sorrowing grief-stricken husband when she was around. She was a good-natured soul and easily fooled.

His wife stirred in the bed, trying to say something. The doctor leaned over her, caressed her forehead tenderly.

"My dear, you must take it easy," he said kindly. "In a few weeks you will be all right. Now it is time for you to take your medicine."

He poured a large dose of morphine into a glass, added water and some pepsin to take away the bitter taste. Giving her the lethal dose by mouth would be more effective. An overdose injected into the arm might leave telltale swelling.

He raised his wife's head up gently. Her eyes opened. A look of terror came into them, as if instinctively she sensed what was about to happen. She tried to shrink back but Doctor Buchanan's arm was around her neck and he held her.

"Take this, my dear," he said softly. "It will make you feel better."

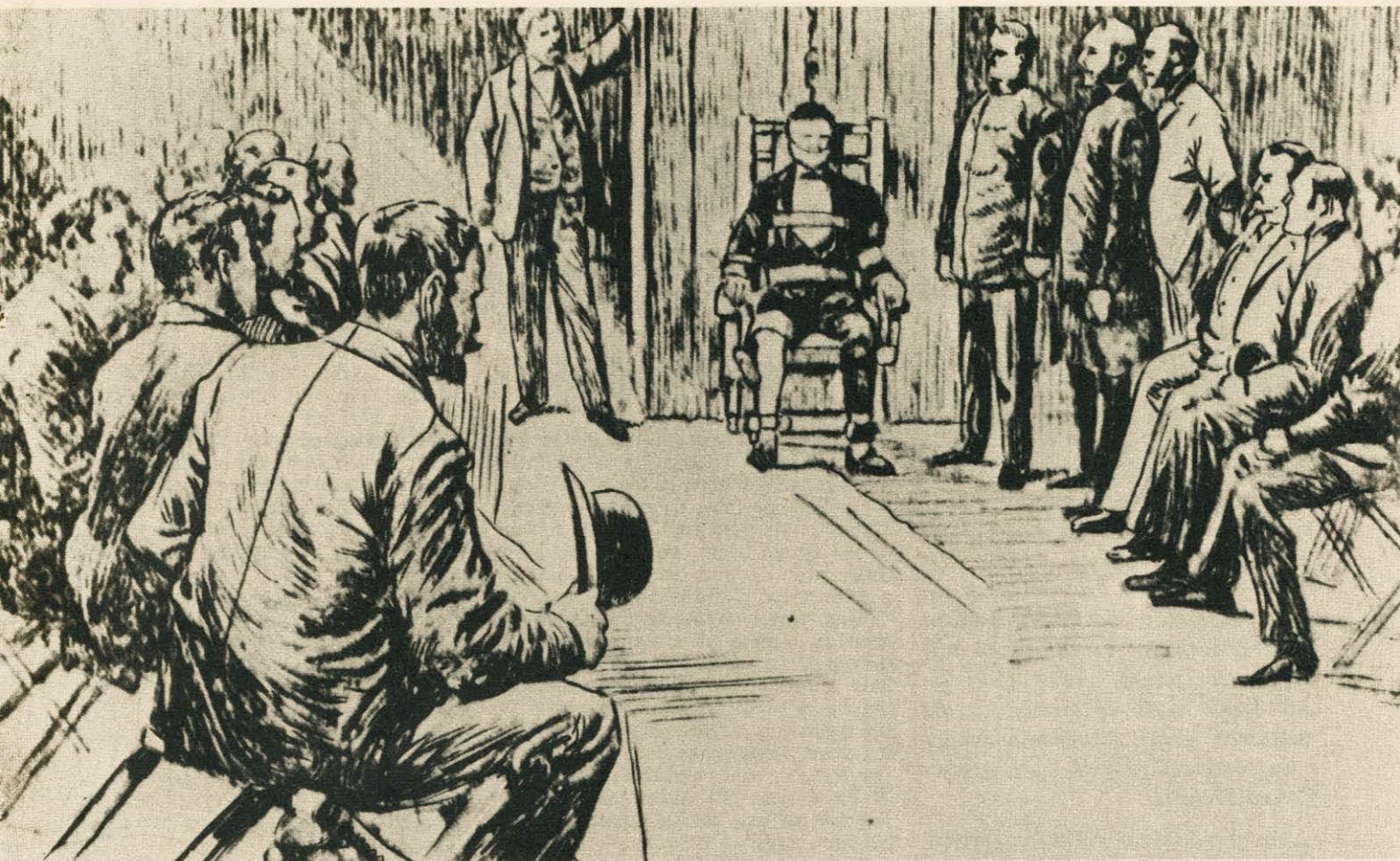
He put the glass between her lips a little roughly in his haste to get the morphine down her throat. She gagged once and he rubbed her neck. She swallowed the remainder and he let her head fall back on the pillow.

She lay on her back, her eyes wide open and staring up at the ceiling. Then a muscle in her cheek twitched, then another jumped a little. A shudder passed over her body. The gray film came back over her eyes. She was struggling to keep them open, but the lids drooped down slowly until the eyes were closed.

Doctor Buchanan turned away from the bed. There was an

This carpetbag contained evidence police were looking for.





Condemned man was one of first to pay supreme penalty in new-fangled electric chair.

old-fashioned carpet-bag near the dresser. Quickly he dropped the vial of morphine in it. He picked up several other bottles on the dresser and tossed them inside. Then he closed and locked the bag and carried it into another room.

He wondered how long he would have to wait until the morphine did its work. His head was clear. It might be an hour or it might be five. It didn't make any difference. Her heavy breathing and the flush that would come to her face would be symptomatic of a cerebral hemorrhage.

Nurse Connel entered the sick room. Doctor Buchanan could see her through the door. She looked at her patient and at first apparently didn't notice anything wrong, but she suddenly took a second look.

"Doctor . . . Doctor," she cried. "Come quickly! Something has happened to Mrs. Buchanan!"

DOCTOR BUCHANAN bounced into the room knowing what to expect and what to do. He leaned over his wife, spoke in a tenderly soft whisper, calling her name in endearing words. She didn't answer. Her face was flushed. Her eyes closed. Her respiration was coming so rapidly now that it couldn't be counted. Large beads of sweat stood out on her cheeks.

"Get Doctor Fordney at once," Buchanan shouted to the nurse. "It's a cerebral hemorrhage, the thing I feared most."

Doctor Fordney was old, fat, and moved with some effort. He had practiced medicine for years in the Village. His face was red, with veins sticking out of the skin on his cheeks and nose. His mental processes had slowed down considerably, a fact Doctor Buchanan had noted before calling him on consultation.

Doctor Fordney laboriously examined the unconscious woman. The pulse was wild, almost impossible to take. The

blood pressure had fallen so low it didn't even register on the mercury. The respiration was over a hundred. Everything pointed to a cerebral hemorrhage, and Doctor Buchanan kept up a flowing conversation to keep Doctor Fordney's mind off any symptoms that might point to morphine poisoning.

Five hours later, at one o'clock on the morning of April 22nd, the stricken wife died without regaining consciousness. Doctor Fordney promptly filled out the death certificate, giving cerebral hemorrhage as the cause of death. Nurse Connel, who had seen many people die of a stroke, didn't suspect that there was any other cause of death.

The undertakers came and took the body away. A few of Doctor Buchanan's friends called to offer their sympathy. He had trouble acting the part of a bereaved husband, and after the first three or four had come and gone, he locked the doors, pretending great grief, and went to his room. He didn't sleep. The knowledge that at last he had his hands on the fifty thousand dollars was too exciting for slumber.

One thought was playing through his mind. His first wife. She was beautiful and he wanted her badly. With fifty thousand dollars and fervent promises of reform, he might succeed. So he decided that as soon as the funeral was over, he would visit Halifax and court his first wife again.

The funeral was held two days later. It was a solemn occasion, and he wept the proper amount, being careful not to overdo it. Since few of his friends had ever seen the portly and bawdy Mrs. Sutherland, the whole affair was a little detached for them. It was a bright, sunny day and when Doctor Buchanan was returning from the cemetery he felt in such exuberant spirits that he couldn't resist stopping off, on his return home, to visit

(Continued on page 52)

MAD RAPIST OF

Terror turned to panic when the fiend's victims

★ *THE CROWN HEIGHTS area of Brooklyn has been a source of mounting trouble for the New York City police ever since the spring of 1964. This normally quiet middle-class neighborhood near Prospect Park adjoins the teeming Bedford-Stuyvesant district, scene of recent racial disorders. In spite of police efforts to patrol the area effectively, young hoodlums armed with switchblades have continued to stalk the streets of Crown Heights.*

The rising tide of robbery, rape and violence prompted the organization by public-spirited citizens of a vigilante-type organization known as the Maccabees, to aid the police in keeping order and making Crown Heights safe for the hundreds of decent, law-abiding citizens who live there.

Soon after the founding of the Maccabees, however, one of the most savage crimes of all occurred. On May 29th, 1964, a 38-year-old Brooklyn schoolteacher, Charlotte Lipsik, was trapped in the elevator of her Crown Heights apartment building by a vicious slayer.

Halting the elevator between floors, he subjected the teacher to a beating so savage that her jaw was broken in three places. After tearing off her clothes and sexually assaulting the helpless woman, he stabbed her three times in the abdomen and once in the back. Then he seized the money from her handbag and fled.

Tenants of the building found Miss Lipsik lying near death on the elevator floor and rushed her to Kings County Hospital, but she died there without making a coherent statement.

The slaying, which occurred only three blocks from the headquarters of the newly organized Maccabees, caused such a furore in Crown Heights that scores of extra police were rushed to the district. Patrol cars kept a 23-hour vigil on the area while detectives on foot sought the slayer from door to door. Armed policewomen trained in judo walked the streets alone, attempting to lure the rapist-slayer into an attack.

This strategy seemed effective on the whole, and over the summer months the wave of violence in Crown Heights subsided somewhat. Then on September 20th a 17-year-old youth was picked up in the Bronx after being spotted by a Bronx woman who had been raped in a self-service elevator on August 2nd.

This youth, Anthony Spencer, had been an inmate of a state school for mental defectives. He was found to have a long record of sexual crimes beginning with an arrest at the age of 11 for molesting a five-year-old girl. During questioning by police, he admitted two elevator rapes and the rape-murder of an 81-year-old widow, Mrs. Mary Payne, in her Bronx apartment on September 8th.

Then he admitted the slaying of Charlotte Lipsik while on an excursion to Crown Heights. After being charged with the two slayings, he was sent to Bellevue for psychiatric tests prior to further legal action.

With the confessed slayer of Charlotte Lipsik out of circulation, residents of Crown Heights felt more secure

again. Housewives who had refused to open their doors to anyone during their husbands' absence became a little less frightened. Office girls walked from subway stations to their homes after dark with less fear of being waylaid on the streets.

But this new feeling of security was short-lived. On September 29th, just nine days after Spencer's arrest, a 58-year-old housewife who lived on Washington Avenue telephoned the police. She was on the verge of hysteria and said that while her door was momentarily open a young man had slipped into her apartment, threatened her with a knife and raped her. He had then fled, she said, after robbing her of \$35 and a wristwatch.

She described her assailant as a well-dressed Negro in his late twenties, who had close-cropped hair and a thin mustache. She said he was about 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighed 160 pounds.

Once again police activity in the area was stepped up. A score of men answering to the general description of the sus-



Although 81, Mrs. Mary Payne (below) was attacked and killed in her home.



Vigilante-type band didn't stop rape and death of Charlotte Lipsik (left).

CROWN HEIGHTS

reached . . . 3-4-5-6-7

by Mark Williams

pect were picked up and questioned, though all were later released.

Then on October 7th, attempts at rape were made on two women living several blocks apart in Crown Heights. In both cases, the women were able to frighten off their attackers by screaming.

The descriptions they gave of the man tallied exactly with that of the man who had raped the 58-year-old housewife

Then again on October 19th, a man fitting the same description assaulted a woman who lived in an apartment on nearby Eastern Parkway.

NOW AT last the residents of Crown Heights were up in arms once more. Scores of citizens telephoned the police demanding additional protection, and as a result 61 more police were assigned to the relatively small area of Brooklyn. The Maccabees held an emergency meeting at which more citizens pledged their time and the use of their cars for patrol duty

This move seemed not to discourage the rapist in the least. On October 28th, just nine days after his last crime, he struck again in the most vicious attack of all.

At 2 o'clock that afternoon, 41-year-old Shirley Green was hanging curtains in her new apartment on Washington Avenue, just across the street from the Brooklyn Botanic Gardens. She was feeling very happy that day, and for a good reason. The petite brunette, who had worked for many years as a secretary in an office, had just given up her job. She was to be married the following week.

Shirley and her future husband had just picked out their new apartment, and she was decorating and furnishing it, so that they would have a place to move into after their honeymoon.

As she climbed down from a stepstool to survey the bright new curtains, there was a ring at the doorbell of the apartment. Thinking it must be the superintendent, the only person who knew she was there, Shirley opened the door.

In the hallway stood a well-dressed

Negro. "I've come about the venetian blinds," he said.

Shirley was puzzled. She knew nothing about any venetian blinds. But as she hesitated, the man pushed his way in. He grinned at her mirthlessly, then seized her by the throat.

Unable to scream, the girl clutched

at his strong hands, but she was unable to prevent him from dragging her into a bedroom. There he began to beat her. Then he tore off most of her clothing and raped her.

In the course of the assault, Shirley Green lost consciousness. When she revived and discovered that she had been



The prisoner seen (right) in custody of a policeman has been identified as rapist by women victims in Crown Heights area.

assaulted, she began screaming.

The rapist was across the room, rifling her pocketbook. He turned on her with a muttered curse and knocked her to the floor with one blow. Then he kicked her and stomped her until she lost consciousness again.

When at last she regained consciousness a second time, she was bleeding from the attack and in an agony of pain. Her attacker was gone. At last other tenants heard her screams and came to investigate.

They immediately called for an ambulance and telephoned the police. The expectant bride was rushed to Kings County Hospital, where it was found that she was suffering from several broken ribs in addition to facial lacerations. Her condition was described as serious but not critical.

Shirley Green had escaped with her life. But her wedding plans would have to be postponed until she had fully recovered from the savage assault.

Police responded promptly to the call and made an immediate search of the neighborhood. They found a suspicious character who was apparently trying to hide from them in the shrubbery near the Botanic Gardens. He was taken into custody, and the following morning he was brought before Shirley Green as she lay in her hospital bed. After gazing at him a long time, however, she said that he was not the man who had assaulted her.

Apparently the rapist had made good his escape. He was still at large and could be expected to continue his brutal assaults on helpless women until the police could capture him.

News of this fifth and most vicious assault in the current series was broadcast over the radio and television and published in the following day's newspapers. Once again an atmosphere of terror spread over the Crown Heights area. The brief respite that had occurred after the capture of Charlotte Lipsik's alleged slayer was forgotten. Another and equally dangerous sexual psychopath was at large, and his next attack against a helpless housewife might well prove fatal.

Again women refused to answer their doorbells. Some of them carried stout canes when they went out alone, even in broad daylight. Others refused to venture forth on shopping trips except in pairs.

MEANWHILE, Assistant Chief Inspector James E. Knott, in charge of Brooklyn South detectives, visited Shirley Green at her hospital bed. The petite brunette, her chest swathed in bandages, managed a brave smile as Knott asked her for a detailed description of her slayer.

Her description tallied with that given by the four previous victims. The rapist was between 25 and 30 years old, had close-cut hair, was 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighed about 160 pounds. She added that he had deep-set, piercing eyes.

The previous four victims were taken

to the Empire Boulevard station and a police artist was called in. From their recollections and the description given by Miss Green, the artist drew a composite sketch which all five women said was a good likeness of the rapist.

Hundreds of copies of this sketch were run off and circulated to police officers on duty in the area. Copies of the drawing were also furnished to the Maccabees and other public-spirited citizens who requested them. It was difficult to see how the suspect could roam the streets much longer without being spotted.

But on the morning of November 4th, while the entire community hunted the rapist, another savage attack occurred on Sterling Place, only four blocks from the apartment of the last victim.

Mrs. Janice Cartwright, the mother of three children, had just sent two of them off to school and was in her kitchen washing the breakfast dishes. Her three-year-old daughter was playing in another room. Mrs. Cartwright did not realize that the school-bound children had left the door of their second-floor apartment unlatched on their way out.

Janice Cartwright heard a noise in the foyer of her apartment and went to see what it could be. There she found a man rifling her pocketbook. She had just cashed a check and knew that her wallet contained \$130.

A courageous woman, she was more indignant than frightened.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded.

Without a word, the man sprang at
(Continued on page 58)



To combat the wave of crime in Crown Heights area a local sect of orthodox Jews formed band to patrol streets in cars with two-way radios; they don't carry guns.



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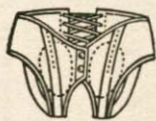
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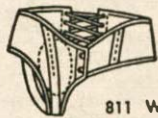
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BALLAD OF THE "BLOODY BARROWS"

(Continued from page 23)

On December 5th, after eluding the Missouri authorities, Clyde, Bonnie, and Frank Hardy were attempting to steal a car in Belton, Texas, when they made another kill. Doyle Johnson, the car's owner, ran out into the street after observing the trio force the door of his Ford. Frank Hardy aimed a quick shot at Johnson, but missed. Johnson hurled himself on the gunman and attempted to throttle him. Either Bonnie or Clyde shot Johnson through the throat and killed him.

In Bay City, Michigan, the police picked up Ray Hamilton, the Barrow henchman who had been with the pair in the first wild days of their crime spree. Differences of opinion—plus a dislike for Bonnie—caused Hamilton to strike out for himself. Ray Hamilton was returned to Texas where the authorities threw the book at him and handed out enough raps to keep him in jail for 263 years!

Ray had a sister living in Hillsboro. Her home was usually open to friends of her brother. In January of 1933, deputies from the Hill County sheriff's office staked out this home in an effort to capture a bank bandit named Odel Chandless. Chandless didn't show up, but Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker did!

Realizing who had walked into their trap, the officers began to fire. Clyde opened up with a shot-gun and blasted one of the deputies to kingdom come. Bonnie, bent low over the wheel of the getaway car, headed east on another long flight across the state border.

There followed another round of small and large robberies and the abduction of a Missouri motorcycle patrolman, Thomas Persell, before an event made the pair more lethal.

As was mentioned before, "Buck" Barrow, Clyde's older brother, got out of jail in March of 1933. He was given a fine sendoff by the prison officials and a clean bill of health by the Texas authorities. Much of the groundwork for his release resulted from the efforts of Buck's pretty wife

Buck Barrow, and his wife, decided to catch up with Clyde and Bonnie. Perhaps the reason for the visit was some futile hope at reforming the pair. It didn't work out that way. By then, according to Bonnie's Ballad, the Barrow gang had gone beyond the point of turning back:

*"When you make up your mind
That the roads are all blind,
And that refuge is nowhere in sight,
Then it's kill or be killed
And the coward, weak willed,
Is the first one to fall in the fight."*

BUCK and Blanche managed to trail Bonnie and Clyde to Joplin, Missouri. Here, in a small apartment above a Freeman's Grove garage, the two couples took up light housekeeping. For

the most part, their luggage consisted of firearms and ammunition. They dusted their shooting irons, but for certain they did no laundry. It was a delivery man for a local cleaning establishment who tipped the police that something peculiar was going on in the Freeman's Grove garage.

Bonnie never let the delivery man come up the stairs, she always met him in the hall. Believing that the occupants of the apartment were distilling moonshine liquor, the delivery man spoke with the police.

On April 13th, a raiding party got as far as the garage when one of the Barrow boys spotted the uniformed officers. There was an immediate fusillade and when the police charged into the withering fire, they found they were up against five outlaws armed with everything from pistols to Browning automatic rifles. Two officers, Constable Wes Harryman and Detective Harry L. McGinnis, were killed in the gun duel. The bloody Barrows and one henchman escaped in a Marmon sedan with Texas plates. It was believed that the henchman was badly wounded in the exchange.

In the apartment, which was carefully scoured by the police for leads, was found a veritable arsenal of high-powered rifles which the fugitives had left behind. Also, along with Buck's marriage license and his pardon certificate, a search of a bureau yielded a roll of exposed Kodak film. The photos were developed and proved to be recent pictures of Bonnie, Clyde, Blanche, and Buck in various poses with components of their store of firearms. These pictures were multiduplicated and rushed to key points throughout the southwest for incorporation into police "wanted bulletins."

The Barrows and their wounded henchman stole a half dozen cars in their flight north. They wound up in Cleveland, Ohio, where, on April 18th, they held up a couple of gas stations. The Ohio police looked for the fugitives in vain—a little dubious because of the extreme swing north which seemed a little out of the usual Barrow orbit. A week later, Louisiana officials began to hunt for the Barrows, and they too were surprised at the deviation in the pattern of the gang's peregrinations.

It was true enough that the restless predators were ranging far from their usual haunts. Perhaps, as Bonnie sang in her song, they were looking for a quiet place to settle down:

*"When we tried to act like citizens
And rented a nice little flat,
Cops came in the night
With a challenge to fight
And machine guns that went rat-tat-tat."*

The doggerel is bad enough to have been more truth than poetry. But the Barrows found the sultry Louisiana climate a little too hot for them. They stole a car, kidnapped the owner and his friend, and dropped them off near Magnolia, Arkansas. The search shifted again to the Ozarks and nearby Oklahoma.

But the Barrows were on the prowl and remained in this general area long enough to hold up a filling station in Broken Bow before they swung high and wide up to Fort Dodge, Iowa. Here they stole a car and headed for Minnesota.

Bonnie, herself, led a raid on the First State Bank in Okabena. The outlaws plowed out of town behind a curtain of hot lead which obviated any possible opposition. The fugitives turned in a wide circle and began to burn up the highways back to their original stamping grounds in Texas. They were more at home in Texas than anywhere else. Besides, Clyde Barrows had a weakness for real Mexicali chili, and that was one dish which was not to be found in any other state.

It was in Texas, while driving a getaway car from a robbery in Wellington, that bad luck struck for the first time at the Bloody Barrows. Bonnie was driving, and she piled up on an embankment. The car caught fire and blazing gasoline splattered the diminutive blonde.

Shrieking in pain, the half-pint jezebel crawled out of the wreckage. She was a mass of livid burns and was suffering horribly. Passersby who attempted to get her to a doctor were shot for their trouble. One escaped and summoned police. When the officers arrived, they were tricked and disarmed by the gang who handcuffed the officials to-

gether and escaped in the sheriff's county car!

IN their dash to Oklahoma, the Bloody Barrows considered Bonnie's serious condition. They decided to lay low for a few days until her burns began to heal. They hid out for ten days, stole a doctor's medical kit, and then robbed a bank in Alma, Arkansas.

The Alma job was unique in that they first kidnapped the town marshal whom they handcuffed to a pillar in the bank, forcing him to witness their brazen looting.

Hoping to trap the desperados along their new route of march, the marshal directed the setting up of a roadblock not far from Fayetteville, Arkansas. He, himself, drove over a shortcut and was present when the car came barreling into the trap. There was a brief and particularly vicious gun-duel. The marshal, H. D. Humphrey, who, earlier, had faced the bandits' guns in Alma, was blasted to his death by those very same weapons. The brave officer's sacrifice did not deter the killers long. The gang had killed for the eighth known time and managed, as always, to escape.

Bonnie was badly burned and still needed medical attention. She was believed to be holed up somewhere near Enid, Oklahoma. Clyde was with her. Buck, Blanche, and another male companion were foraging and campaigning on their own.

Buck drove into a police trap near Winslow, Arkansas. He was with one companion at the time. He took the wrong turn and headed into a dead-end lane. With the posse closing in behind him, he and his buddy took off on foot. There was no time to stop for the rifles. Buck snatched up a couple of revolvers and plunged into the woods.

As the cordon began to close in around the two trapped men, news came to the possemen that Clyde Barrow had just raided the National Guard Armory at Enid and escaped with fifty army automatics, and four filled ammunition cases. While the possemen fully expected an immediate mass attack by the Barrow gang to relieve the pressure on Buck and his companion, they had no intention of letting their quarry escape.

Whatever the intention of the posse, Buck Barrow and his pal were not taken. In some manner the desperados managed to elude the constricting cordon. They got out with whole skins, and less than a month later, were again raiding gas stations and restaurants in Fort Dodge, Iowa.

Doubling south, Bonnie Parker and the Bloody Barrows headed back to Missouri. They were seen in Platte City on July 18th. They evidently hoped to remain for awhile in the Kansas City environs, actually renting a pair of cabins on the outskirts of town. But Bonnie was too well known

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to long escape detection. Paying bills in nickels and dimes, loot from one of the gang's recent stickups, she attracted the attention of the police to her suburban hideaway. Sheriff Holt Coffey of Platte County asked a few questions and learned that Bonnie's arms were still swathed in bandages—the burns were healing slowly. He was now certain of the identity of the strange tenants of the cabins on the edge of town.

An armored car spearheaded the attack on the hideaway, but the Barrows were expecting trouble. Coffey and his son were shot in the ensuing gun duel. So was Deputy George Highfill. The gang escaped, although the officers were certain that this time the law's fire had drawn Barrow blood.

The United States Bureau of Investigation, in on the case since the raid on the National Guard Arsenal at Enid, alerted a nationwide network of federal agents. Radio appeals were broadcast on a regular schedule to an alarmed public who were asked to come forward with any scrap of a lead which might bring the police to a show-down fight with the outlaws.

Of this period, Bonnie wrote in her ballad:

*"The way grew darker and darker
By then, we hardly could see—
The drama got starker and starker
We knew we would never be free . . ."*

ACTUALLY, the gang had long before been committed to an eventual last-ditch stand when the chips would be on the side of law and order. Flight had become the one key to survival. Each day had a number, and the numbers were fast running to a close.

*"Numbers on a turning wheel,
Numbers spinning fast,
And every day we woke we'd say—
Today might be our last . . ."*

The trail of the Barrows led to Iowa, again. A Barrow campfire was spotted by a passing farmer on the morning of July 23rd. Sheriff Knee of Adel, the Iowa national Guard, dozens of vigilante-men, the Iowa State Bureau of Investigation—all peace officers who could be quickly summoned to duty, responded to the call.

Through powerful binoculars, the key officials watched for movement around the campfire. They finally saw Blanche, Buck, Clyde, and Bonnie move into the field of vision. The cordon began to close in.

Bonnie spotted the movement of a posseman and the gang rushed for their guns. Clyde sprayed lead from a Browning automatic rifle into the surrounding trees. He was answered by scattered rounds of withering fire from all directions.

"Get to the car!" he yelled. "They're here in numbers!"

The outlaws rushed to their car while Clyde backed them up, spitting a deadly hail with the Browning. But the car had become a magnetic target which drew fire from scores of police weapons. The outlaws rushed out and tried to scramble for cover. Clyde was hit in the arm, but he led the rush

into the woods. Bonnie ran after him, and the possemen hurtled close on their heels in swift pursuit.

Buck and Blanche fared worse. Caught in a ring of fire, the bullets of the possemen cut the older Barrow brother down. Screaming, Blanche threw herself on her fallen husband's body. Dr. H. W. Keller, a National Guardsman from Des Moines, rushed in to close with Buck. The guardsman emptied his revolver into Barrow's chest and the outlaw fell back, wilted.

State Agent Forbes and City Marshal Dutch Baldon captured Blanche, beautiful in white riding breeches and knee high riding boots. She fought and screamed like a tigress, but was finally subdued.

Bonnie Parker and Clyde managed, by their devil's luck, to evade capture. They stole a car at gunpoint and managed to escape, even though the roads were honey-combed with roadblocks, and the skies bristled with low flying radio-equipped search planes.

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One thing was certain, however, Clyde was badly wounded. Bonnie was hurt even worse. It was not expected that the fugitives could long hope to remain undetected. They were too shot up not to require medical care.

All physicians in a two hundred mile area were asked to be on the alert for gun-shot cases. Clyde actually made an attempt to secure a doctor in Dennison, Iowa. The F.B.I. was notified, but Clyde, by that time, had given his would-be captors the slip. He disappeared, along with the blonde Jezebel, as if the earth itself had swallowed them up.

Buck was not dead, although his life was ebbing fast. Questioned at Adel, he spoke little and said less. Blanche wasn't talking, either. However, a brief sojourn in a cell in the Des Moines County Jail seemed to soften her up— if only a little.

The chips were down, and Blanche was nearly as tough as the rest of the Barrows. She named one Herbert Blythe as the mysterious third man who usually traveled with the murderous crew, but she said little else. She did intimate, however that Clyde and Bonnie would spring her from jail. "They'll get me out of here," she promised all who sought to question her. "Just see if they don't." The officials were quite ready to agree that if it were at all

possible, such an attempt would actually be made. They took all precautions to guard the young tiger woman closely.

Blanche had a good laugh at the officers' expense when they finally arrested Herbert Blythe who turned out to be a police character, but not the murderous companion of the Bloody Barrows.

Buck, meanwhile, was sinking. He confessed to the crimes with which he was charged, but he told the police very little of what they really wanted to know. He mentioned no names of persons who had befriended the outlaws. He claimed to know none of the Barrow mobsters who had figured in any of the killings or in any of the gang's major brushes with the law.

BUCK died on July 29th. He was true to his code. He said nothing which could do any of the gang, still at liberty, substantial harm.

Bonnie in her ballad wrote some esoteric symbolism into Buck's death:

*"The good die young, so they tell me,
And the bad beyond power to save
Hear the sound of their heartbeats remain-
ing*

*Thud like sods on a dead gunman's
grave . . ."*

What this meant to Bonnie, no one can say. Buck's death, certainly, must have touched her deeply.

Blanche Barrow was given ten years in the Missouri pen. Half of the combine was accounted for. The officers of the southwest now concentrated their efforts on nabbing the wounded Bonnie and Clyde. There was a long and welcome lull which broke the tempo of the Barrow raids. The officers began to hope that perhaps Bonnie and Clyde were dead of an overdose of lead poison, administered the hard way. They were wrong.

On September 25, 1933, Clyde and his blonde sweetheart began a new reign of terror which nearly eclipsed their former rampaging. Sheriff R. A. Schmid of Dallas survived a gun duel with the pair when he sought to trap them near Sowers on November 22nd. The Barrow luck was still as phenomenal as ever, since the desperados managed to survive the gun duel, too.

On November 23rd, the police captured W. D. Jones, a seventeen-year-old gunslinger, who was positively identified as the mysterious henchman who had figured in nearly every Barrow job in over a year. Young Jones told a fantastic story of a forced apprenticeship to the master killers and seemed happy to be safely in jail, away from the retribution of the gang.

But not even jails were safe from Bonnie and Clyde. The pair needed the services of another iron-nerved gunman. They looked the field over and decided that no one then at liberty deserved the privilege of raiding with the Barrows. They decided to spring their early boon companion, Raymond Hamilton.

Clyde had served a stretch at Eastham when he was still little more than a kid. He knew the jail layout like

the palm of his hand. He also knew the routine of working prisoners on the road under the close supervision of mounted guards.

On July 16th, Ray Hamilton—in for 263 years as the result of his connections with the Barrows—got the tipoff that he was about to be delivered from imprisonment. He and two other case-hardened cons found three revolvers which Clyde had hidden for them in the brush. At the height of the ensuing gun-battle, the presence of Bonnie and Clyde, slinging lead from a nearby ravine, turned the tide. Hamilton and four prisoners escaped. Major Joseph Crowson, leader of the guards, was shot from his horse and killed.

With Hamilton again in their service, the diabolical pair started off on a series of raids which shocked the nation to its core. When it was learned that the outlaws might be operating from a refuge in Oklahoma's Cookson Hills, the oil state took elaborate measures to end the criminals' sway once and for all. On February 19th, a thousand police officers including four separate companies of the Oklahoma National Guard surrounded the Cookson Hills. They were out to make either a capture or a kill. It looked as if the Barrows had come to the end of a long and bloody trail.

In those days, Bonnie was certain that the end was near. Not that she ever expected to live a long and untroubled life. Actually she was well aware of the score and the coming of a day of reckoning.

"I don't think we're too tough or desperate,

I know that the law has to win. We've been shot at before, and we do not ignore

That death is the wages of sin . . ."

But death was not yet ready to claim Bonnie and Clyde. They somehow slipped out of the Cookson Hills through the closest cordon they had yet encountered and returned to their native Texas. Here they robbed banks and filling stations, and, on March 31st, killed Texas State Patrolmen E. B. Wheeler and H. D. Murphy.

Fleeing to Oklahoma, Clyde and Bonnie machine-gunned Constable Cal Campbell on the road near Commerce. Kidnapping Chief of Police Percy Boyd, who had been with Campbell, Bonnie and Clyde headed for Kansas where they released their captive.

On April 25th, officers in Lewisville, Texas, arrested Ray Hamilton who swore he had not been with the Barrows for months. The police had enough on Hamilton—in his own right—to make certain that he would meet an early death in the electric chair. They were, however, no closer to capturing Clyde and Bonnie than ever before.

But the gun-crazy duo was closer to the end of the trail than to the beginning. They were due for a change in their luck. They could not hope to continue their careers in crime without making that last fatal turn into the one-way street which would mean death.

The end came, finally, in Louisiana. Sheriff Harrison Jordan of Bienville Parish had a pretty good idea that Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow would turn up in his bailiwick. It was a reasonable assumption, since the pair were traveling with a killer named Henry Methvin, whom they had sprung from the prison farm at Eastham. Methvin's brother lived in a farmhouse east of the village of Sailes, eighteen miles southwest of Arcadia.

Sheriff Jordan and deputies soon learned that their hunch was a good one. Bonnie and Clyde had been seen in Shreveport. Henry Methvin actually came to visit his brother Ivan. When Bonnie and Clyde visited there also, it was decided to bait a trap on the Gibsland-Sailes road.

On May 23rd, a six-man posse hid in the brush on this stretch of roadway. Ivan Methvin was the bait. Officers compelled him to stand next to his truck and to act as though he were re-

pairing a damaged tire on the vehicle.

At 9:15 in the morning, a Ford V-8 nosed up the road and stopped. In this car were the two most sought after outlaws in the United States.

"Hi, Ivan, got a flat?" Barrow called out.

"Sure do," Ivan answered.

The posse leaped from cover. Barrow started to shoot, but lead poured into him from all directions. Bonnie slumped to the floorboards, a pistol in her right hand which was nearly severed at the wrist by the officers' gunfire. The authorities later counted twenty-five separate bullet holes in the dead bodies.

Thus ended the saga of America's cruelest killers and most notorious lovers. It had been as Bonnie foretold it in her song:

*"Some day we will go down together,
And they'll bury us side by side;
To a few it means grief,
To the law it's relief,
But death to Bonnie and Clyde." ★*

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HOT LOVE AND COLD DEATH

(Continued from page 33)

sheriff," she greeted him. "Jim has not been at home in three days. I was just about to call you."

Pecot said: "Haven't you read the papers?"

"No. Why?"

"I called Mr. LeBouef at his office," he said. "His secretary said you had called three days ago saying Mr. LeBouef was ill at home."

Mrs. LeBouef looked at Pecot. Tears came to her eyes, then she sank in an armchair and started to sob. "Yes. I did call the office. I said Jim was ill . . . It was a lie."

"What happened, Mrs. LeBouef?"

"Last Tuesday night Jim left the house saying he was in financial trouble," she began. "He said he had gambled heavily and lost. He was going to see some men in Houston, Texas, about it. I—I haven't seen him since."

Sheriff Pecot was silent an instant, then said gently, "I'm afraid I have some bad news for you, Mrs. LeBouef. I believe your husband is dead—murdered."

"Murdered! Not Jim! I—I—I can't believe it."

"We have a body at the morgue which we believe is his. In fact, we are practically certain. This is going to be hard for you, Mrs. LeBouef, but you will have to come and make an identification. There is still the possibility we may be wrong."

In the presence of the medical examiner, several deputies, and Gilmore, the sheriff gently uncovered the body on the morgue slab. One look at the mutilated corpse sufficed, and the white-faced woman fainted. The body on the slab was LeBouef's.

The sheriff saw the bereaved woman to her home and there he asked her, "Who is your family doctor, Mrs. LeBouef?"

"Dr. Thomas Dreher," she replied numbly.

"Better call him in," he advised.

Just then the maid called Pecot to the phone. He listened intently, then said, "That's swell. Hold everything. I'll be right there."

An hour later Pecot and Gilmore alighted from their police car on the shore of Lake Poulard, about one hundred and fifty feet from the little schoolhouse where a group of deputies were gathered around a rowboat.

"It belongs to Sam McCoy, the swamp man who lives in that shack," said a deputy pointing to a broken down shack seventy-five feet inland. "We found the boat way out in the marshes. There's blood stains in it. We questioned him. Says he knows nothing about it."

Pecot and Gilmore examined the bloodstains in the boat and then walked up to the shack, followed by the deputies.

McCoy was seated on the porch guarded by two men. He was in his

sixties, lean and weatherbeaten. "You'd better tell the truth," warned Pecot, "if you know what's good for you."

The swamp man did not answer. Rather, he looked at them with insolent eyes.

"There's blood in your rowboat. James LeBouef's blood. What about it?" said Pecot.

"That blood in my boat proves nothing," said McCoy. "I went duck hunting. You can't prove I shot James LeBouef."

Pecot and Gilmore looked at each other. Then the sheriff turned to the swamp man.

"How do you know LeBouef was shot?" asked Pecot. The swamp man bit his lip and his eyes shifted uncomfortably. "Nobody said anything about LeBouef having been shot. You knew because you shot him."

"I don't know nothing, I tell you," said the swamp man clamping his jaws shut.

The sheriff turned to his deputies. "All right, boys. Search the shack."

A search of the shack soon revealed an envelope containing five hundred dollars in twenty-dollar bills.

The money in his hand, Pecot turned to Gilmore. "Even if the swamp men

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here pooled their resources," he said, "they wouldn't be able to put up half of this amount."

McCoy was taken into custody as a suspect and brought to Franklin's jail, although he insisted he knew nothing of the murder. Back in Morgan City, Pecot decided to pay a visit to Mrs. LeBouef.

When the maid ushered him in, Dr. Thomas E. Dreher, a distinguished-looking medical man in his late fifties and a highly influential doctor among the wealthy families in the city, was about to leave. He wore an expensive white linen suit and an equally expensive panama hat.

"How's Mrs. LeBouef?" Pecot asked him.

"Much better," the doctor assured him. "The shock was too much, naturally. Even for me. I just can't believe Jim was murdered."

"We've just arrested a suspect," said Pecot. "A swamp man—Sam McCoy."

"Has he confessed?" asked Mrs. LeBouef.

"**N**O. BUT we have enough evidence to convict him," assured Pecot. "We believe he was hired to do the killing. We found five hundred dollars in his shack. And that brings me to the reason why I am here. Mrs. LeBouef, perhaps you can help us."

"I'll do everything I can, Sheriff," she said.

"You mentioned that your husband left the house Tuesday evening, saying

he was going to Houston to see a group of men about an alleged gambling loss he had sustained."

"Yes?"

"Have you any idea how your husband gambled? Stock market? Horses? Roulette? Have you any idea who was associated with Mr. LeBouef in his gambling venture?"

"Jim never let me worry about anything," moaned Mrs. LeBouef. "I knew nothing of his gambling until that night."

"Dr. Dreher," Pecot said, "I understand you've been the family doctor many years. Perhaps you can throw some light on Mr. LeBouef's personal habits?"

The physician shook his head sadly. "I'm afraid I can't help you, Sheriff. But you've got the killer. Hang him."

"He'll hang all right," said Pecot. "And those who hired him to do the killing for them, too." Thanking both Mrs. LeBouef and Dr. Dreher, Pecot drove to Franklin determined to break down McCoy's resistance.

"Look, McCoy," began the sheriff. "We know you killed Mr. LeBouef. And we'll guarantee you clemency if you'll tell us who hired you to kill him."

"I don't know nothing, I tell you," said the swamp man. "And you can't prove anything. You have no evidence."

"Folks around here liked Mr. LeBouef," said Pecot, "and there's a lot of wild talk going around about you, and a mob is collecting. If that mob ever gets out of hand, anything can happen. Right now they think you did it. But if you know better, you'd better talk fast. It may be too late to talk later," he added significantly.

"You can't let a mob get me," whispered McCoy. "I—I didn't do it."

"If you didn't, you know who did, and sometimes mobs are not particular."

McCoy was completely cowed. His ashen lips trembled. His eyes were the eyes of a hunted animal.

"All right," he said, "I'll talk. It was Dr. Dreher."

"You must be crazy, McCoy!" Pecot ejaculated.

"Dr. Dreher shot Mr. LeBouef, I tell you," insisted McCoy desperately. "I saw him shoot Mr. LeBouef twice."

Then the swamp man signed the following confession: "I had worked for Dr. Dreher on various odd jobs for some time. Two weeks ago he came to my shack saying he had a job that would pay five hundred dollars. I said I'd kill a man for that much dough. Dr. Dreher promised to have the money ready when he wanted the job done. Last Monday evening he came to my shack again with five hundred dollars in an envelope. He said it was mine. Then he gave me Mr. LeBouef's telephone number and instructed me to call him right after dinner Tuesday evening, to say that his wife would be boating on Poulard Lake with Dr. Dreher at ten that evening. That he should meet me at that little schoolhouse and I'd show him where to find them in each other's arms."

"Dr. Dreher said he'd be at the little schoolhouse to point Mr. LeBouef out to me. The understanding was that once I had Mr. LeBouef in my boat, I had to stab him and throw the body overboard. I followed Dr. Dreher's instructions. At nine-thirty Tuesday night I was standing by my rowboat behind the little schoolhouse. Soon a boat came swishing my way. In it was Dr. Dreher. At ten minutes to ten the headlights of an automobile stabbed the darkness. Dr. Dreher said it was Mr. LeBouef's. He promised an extra bonus if I did a 'clean job,' and took to his boat. Five minutes later Mr. LeBouef came toward my boat. I called out to him. He asked no questions, merely wanted to be taken to his wife's rendezvous. I motioned him to the boat and felt the stiletto in my pocket. At that moment something happened inside of me. This man loved his wife, I could tell, and was walking into a trap innocently.

"I went soft and couldn't go through with the deal. Instead of jumping in the boat after him, I let him go out alone giving him a fake direction. I then took to the catamaran on the beach behind the schoolhouse and instinctively followed him. A low hanging mist made visibility poor. But I saw a boat pull up to Mr. LeBouef's from the opposite direction. Then I heard Dr. Dreher's voice: 'Is that you, Jim?' and Mr. LeBouef answered. 'What are you doing here with my wife, you dog!'"

"By this time I was close enough to see Dr. Dreher raise his hand and fire twice without warning. Mr. LeBouef fell forward into the boat. Dr. Dreher leaped into the dead man's boat and then I heard the swish of another rowboat pushing out from the fringe of low hanging trees. There was a woman in it. She asked: 'Is he dead?' And the doctor looked up angrily. 'Ada! What are you doing here? I told you to wait at the boathouse.' Mrs. LeBouef answered: 'I want to see with my own eyes that my husband is dead.'

"By now they had seen me. I wanted no part of it and started to row away. Dr. Dreher called me back, threatened me with his gun, said I had bungled up the job and was in it with him to the end or he'd see that I'd swing for it, for who would not believe the words of Dr. Dreher and Mrs. LeBouef. Then he told Mrs. LeBouef to return to the boathouse and wait for him there as he intended driving her to the little schoolhouse where she would pick up her husband's car and drive it to the house.

"Mrs. LeBouef went back to the boathouse. Dr. Dreher and myself rowed to the shore, toward the railroad tracks. I helped him strip the body of its clothes. We picked up a loose railroad tie, bound it to the body and rowed out to the lake again. Dr. Dreher made long cuts on the body with a knife before he dumped it into the muddy water. He told me to burn the clothes and warned me to keep the terrible secret if I cared for my neck. Finally he dropped the gun in the lake and we parted. After I burned the clothes, I discovered Mr.

LeBouef's shoes on the railroad bed and pitched them into the lake."

ATAUT, oppressive silence greeted the end of McCoy's confession. The sheriff was exhausted but he still had work to do. He had been on the go for over sixty hours without a wink of sleep. But, now, it was his painful task to arrest Dr. Dreher and Ada LeBouef and bring them to the jail in Franklin.

When Morgan City and Franklin woke up the next morning, which was Saturday, the news of the arrest of the doctor and Mrs. LeBouef swept over the towns like a storm.

And before the sun reached its meridian Pecot was in possession of many facts and ugly rumors about the doctor and Ada LeBouef carrying on a clandestine affair.

Investigation revealed that Ada LeBouef had left her home that fateful Tuesday evening, at eight, and that Dr. Dreher had left his home at about the same time. Too, the boathouse caretaker had accidentally seen them take to their boats the night Mr. LeBouef was murdered.

On July 18th, Assistant District Attorney Gilmore and Sheriff Pecot secured first-degree murder indictments against the three suspects.

When the trial began, the courtroom was stormed by thousands of people seeking admission to the sensational murder case. Judge James D. Simon presided, with tough District Attorney John Gagan handling the prosecution.

Despite a savage cross-examination, McCoy's story stood up. But the tales of the other two defendants were often conflicting and their alibis were smashed. The most telling blow against them was the testimony of the ballistics expert who proved that the slugs extracted from LeBouef's body were discharged from a gun owned by Dr. Dreher.

The doctor broke down under the ordeal and made a full confession. He said that LeBouef had learned about his wife's affection for the doctor, and had threatened to expose them publicly. Ada could not stand the thought of scandal, and it was then the doctor planned the murder.

"I was bereft of all reasoning power when I planned the killing; I was actually insane," he said. In an attempt to save Ada's life, he assumed all responsibility for the crime.

But the jury had other ideas. Its verdict was, "Murder in the first degree for Mrs. Ada LeBouef and Dr. Dreher; life imprisonment for Sam McCoy."

An appeal to Governor Huey P. Long resulted in a stay of execution until the United States Supreme Court could rule on the case. On January 28th, 1929, the Supreme Court of the United States decided that the trial had been conducted properly and that it had no jurisdiction in the case.

At daybreak on February 1st, 1929, Mrs. Ada LeBouef and Dr. Thomas Dreher were marched out of their cell into a cold, bleak prison yard to a grim-looking scaffold, and there they paid for their unholy crime. ★

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THE DOCTOR AND THE MADAM

(Continued from page 41)

a house of ill fame he had known well. He spent an uproarious night there, arriving at his home the next morning, ready to probate the will at once and to get on his way to Halifax.

Nobody questioned the will. It was a natural, legitimate document, and Doctor Buchanan was whistling to himself as he walked out of the building that housed the Surrogate's Court. Then quite suddenly he stopped whistling, and for one brief second he experienced a feeling of terror and fear.

Standing at the curb, as if he had been waiting for the doctor to come out of the courthouse, was Horace Smith, the unsuccessful rival for the fifty-thousand-dollar nest egg of Mrs. Sutherland and the man whom Buchanan had thrown over the fence. Mr. Smith stared at the doctor, who stopped suddenly. Then Smith smiled. It wasn't a smile of friendship; neither was there any warmth in it. It was cold and mocking, as if the inoffensive Mr. Smith wished to convey to Doctor Buchanan that he knew exactly what had happened.

That smile cut through the fat, roly-poly Doctor Buchanan like a sharp knife. He turned on his heel and walked hurriedly down the street, without once looking around.

It haunted his dreams that night. The small Mr. Smith seemed to be standing over him, a taunting nemesis. But when morning came, Doctor Buchanan had thrown off that vague fear. With all the medicines used during his wife's sickness stuffed in the old-fashioned carpet bag, he left for Halifax, Nova Scotia, to court his first wife again.

This courtship, taking the whirlwind course it had with Mrs. Sutherland, was successful, and three weeks after arriving in Halifax, he and his first wife were remarried. The day after the wedding they returned to New York City.

Doctor Buchanan hadn't expected any reception and he was both flattered and a little puzzled when he was greeted at the station by a number of newspaper reporters. Pictures were shot of him and his wife. The reporters began asking questions. Some of the questions made the doctor decidedly nervous, as they concerned the death of Mrs. Sutherland. He passed them off without any definite answers and hurried away.

He would have been more than puzzled if he had watched the reporters leave the station and meet Mr. Smith outside.

The two men who talked the longest and the most earnestly to Mr. Smith were Paul Leary and Jake Benton of the old *New York World*, a paper known then for its great reporters and its fearlessness in pursuing a story.

"He acted nervous all right," Leary admitted to the righteously angry Mr. Smith. "But it will take more than nervousness to get District Attorney Nicoll to even listen to us."

"I can only tell you this," Mr. Smith replied. "I knew Mrs. Sutherland for several years and I knew her—er, quite well. She was not a sick woman. She never had Bright's disease or anything like that. That fat-faced quack wanted her money and by God, he's got it now, and he murdered her to get it!"

"That's all fine," Jake Benton, one of New York's most famous reporters, thundered, "but old Nicoll is a hard guy to convince. We go up and tell him that Buchanan wanted her money and killed her and admit that's all we know, we'd land out of that office on our ears."

Leary said: "It won't hurt anything to see what we can learn."

Before they started, the two reporters made a deal with Smith to work exclusively with them. Smith had enlisted the support of reporters from the other papers, but he discarded them and threw his lot in with Leary and Benton.

FOR two weeks the three men prowled about in the Village haunts of Doctor Buchanan. They asked questions of everybody. They didn't learn much, except that the bouncing little doctor was quite a man with the women and well-known in a number of bordellos along the waterfront as a "house breaker," a name given to obstreperous patrons when they got drunk.

The fact that none of his cronies seemed to know anything about Mrs. Sutherland struck Leary and Benton as strange. After two weeks of this questioning, Leary and Benton decided that maybe in his riotous outbursts of passion the doctor might have done more talking in the houses of ill fame; so they started making a round of these places.

While they were doing this, Mr. Smith was playing the part of being the nemesis of the doctor in a very effective and terrifying manner. He spent all his time in the neighborhood of 11th Street and whenever the doctor walked out of the house Mr. Smith was always somewhere in sight to smile very knowingly.

This was bad enough for the doctor, but it wasn't long until he began to hear from his friends about newspapermen visiting taverns and barrooms and asking a lot of pointed questions.

At the end of a week Doctor Buchanan was haggard and his nerves were jumpy. He stayed in his office. He didn't make any calls. His wife tried to find out the trouble. He would only stare ahead and say nothing when she questioned him.

Then one night he paced the floor. News had come to him that the newspapermen were visiting the houses of ill fame. He wanted to flee, but he knew wherever he went the haunting smile of Mr. Smith would be there to greet him.

WHEN the shades of dawn broke through the East, he was still pacing the floor. He peered out of the window. The misty gray covered the streets like a blanket. He went to his room, threw some clothes in a suitcase.

His wife was sleeping and he tried not to awaken her.

He slipped out of the rear door and into the garden behind his house. He scaled the low fence, sneaked into the rear of the house facing 126th Street, went through the basement hallway and out on 12th Street.

He was jittery as he hurried down this street. At any moment he expected to see the thin face of Mr. Smith come out of a doorway.

But Mr. Smith didn't appear. On Sixth Avenue Doctor Buchanan got a street car and didn't get off until he arrived at 42nd Street and Sixth Avenue, which in that year was the location of the Reservoir for New York City. Around it were houses of not too excellent fame. The doctor got a room in a house near Fifth Avenue. He threw himself across the bed, and, completely exhausted, he fell into a deep sleep.

It was late in the afternoon when he awoke. He felt better. Mr. Smith would never find him there. He took stock of his situation. It wasn't good. He had no way of knowing what he had said in the bordellos along the West Side waterfronts where the reporters were questioning the girls.

Late in the evening he went out and got something to eat. When he returned to his room, he was still nervous and exhausted. He had a bottle of whiskey. He drank enough to put him to sleep and he didn't wake until morning.

His plan of action was well thought out. He knew of a detective agency whose reputation wasn't the best. He went to them, hired two men to watch his wife's grave in Woodlawn Cemetery. They were ordered to report to him the minute anybody appeared to exhume the body.

Then he risked travelling downtown to talk to his lawyer. He planned to be very frank with this gentleman, but when he got in the office, his nerve failed him. He mumbled something about enemies trying to cause him trouble by having his wife's body exhumed. He hastened to add that the exhumation wouldn't disclose anything but it could ruin his reputation.

His story didn't go over well with the lawyer, who rather bluntly advised him to stop stalling around and tell the truth. The lawyer was noticeably noncommittal in his advice. The doctor left the lawyer's office promptly, wishing very much he hadn't gone there.

The next day when he walked out of his rooming house, he was wearing a disguise. He had written his wife a note, saying that he was called away on important business and would keep in touch with her. In his disguise he wandered back in the Tenth Ward neighborhood, trying to check up on what the reporters were doing. His two men were guarding the grave. He planned to flee the minute any move was made to exhume the body.

Down in the old *World Building* on newspaper row, in the City Hall section of New York City, Leary and Benton were getting whole-hearted support from

Joseph Pulitzer, father of modern yellow journalism and a man who could smell a good story a mile away and who was never known to miss a scoop. Special investigators were hired to help Leary and Benton, who by this time had picked up enough information in the bawdy houses to be sure that Mr. Smith knew what he was talking about.

Mr. Smith, in the meantime, was very unhappy at losing his prey, and although he stalked the streets daily to confront the man who had run away with his love and added insult to injury by throwing him over a board fence, he saw nothing of him. But he didn't give up his search and he proved to be an alert and successful bloodhound before many days passed.

The special investigators hired by Pulitzer went to Philadelphia to check up on the story Doctor Buchanan had told about the father of Mrs. Sutherland dying of a cerebral hemorrhage. They learned that he apparently had died of a hemorrhage, but not a cerebral one. His hemorrhage was caused by too much whiskey in the stomach at one time, his final demise being brought about through an effort to drink all the whiskey in a waterfront saloon in Philadelphia to win a ten-dollar bet.

The investigators stopped off at Newark on their way back to New York. They talked to Mrs. Sutherland's doctor. He was emphatic that she never had Bright's disease or any other affliction

that would have put her to bed so soon after her marriage to Doctor Buchanan.

Leary and Benton were hot on the trail of Nurse Connel in New York. They had some difficulty finding her, but when they did, she said: "I remember now seeing Doctor Buchanan giving his wife some medicine just before I went into the room and found her face flushed and her pulse so fast I couldn't measure it."

"What medicine did he give her?"

Nurse Connel shrugged. "I couldn't tell you that because when I got my senses back after the sudden turn for the worse on his wife's part, I found that every bottle of medicine had been taken from her room."

Leary and Benton didn't ask her any more questions. They reported back to the *World*. Pulitzer, who had taken personal charge of the story, instructed them to go to District Attorney Nicoll and ask for Doctor Buchanan's arrest.

The investigators went with the two reporters. District Attorney Nicoll was a veteran of murder cases. He listened to the stories told by Leary and Benton and by the investigators.

"All right," he countered. "You say Doctor Buchanan poisoned his wife. Thinking that and proving it are two different things. The testimony of the nurse might be good but it isn't enough. Get me proof and I'll do something."

The two newspaper reporters looked at each other and shrugged.

"You want proof," Leary said. "Exhume the body. If you find poison, you have a case, and if you don't have one, we'll get it for you."

The district attorney wasn't greatly impressed, but he promised to get a court order to exhume the body.

Mr. Smith, who had wandered the streets for some days in abject misery, made a startling discovery that same afternoon. He saw a short roly-poly man with a huge beard walking down Sixth Avenue. The face wasn't familiar, but that rolling gait was. He followed the man, boarding a street car when he did, and got off at 42nd Street. He kept on the man's trail when he entered a rooming house.

An hour later the same man came out but he wasn't wearing a beard. He was Doctor Buchanan. Mr. Smith used strong will power to resist the temptation of smiling at him and disappeared before the doctor saw that his nemesis had spotted him.

Smith rushed downtown and reported his discovery to Leary and Benton, who in turn passed the information on to the district attorney. Two detectives, Pat Karvich and Jim Holding, were assigned to keep the doctor under surveillance.

THE next morning other detectives and grave-diggers journeyed to Woodlawn Cemetery to exhume the body of Ann B. Sutherland Buchanan. The two detectives Buchanan had sta-



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tioned at the grave raced for a street car to get downtown to tip the doctor off. But in that year it took some time to get from the Woodlawn Cemeery to 42nd Street, and before this was accomplished, the body had been dug up and was on its way to the city morgue.

Detectives Karvich and Holding saw the two men hurry into the rooming house, and a few minutes later they saw Doctor Buchanan come out with them, carrying a suitcase. The detectives acted without waiting for orders from the district attorney. They arrested Doctor Buchanan and took him down to the district attorney's office.

Things had happened with such rapidity that the doctor was somewhat dazed as he sat facing the district attorney. But although dazed, he felt strangely calm and collected, and the horror of having to see the smile on Mr. Smith's face was completely gone.

The feeling of relief was almost overwhelming and he wondered why he had run away. He knew that even with the body exhumed, and the morphine found, there would always be a question as to whether his wife had died of morphine poisoning. The traces of arsenic, which had weakened her stomach, liver, and kidney, preparing her for the final blow, would never be found in sufficient quantities to establish the fact he had fed her arsenic. The embalming fluid had arsenic and that would cover everything.

"Doctor Buchanan," District Attorney Nicoll said, "we are holding you until a post mortem is performed on your wife's body. We believe we have enough evidence to make this examination."

BUCHANAN smiled. It was obvious that the district attorney was nervous and not very sure of his ground.

"I am perfectly willing to await the results of the autopsy," the doctor answered, beaming in a way that didn't add to the comfort of the district attorney.

The autopsy was performed quickly. The brain and vital organs were sent to Professor Withaus's laboratory. Doctor Prudden, famous as a pathologist in that year, assisted in the examination of the brain and the vital organs. He found an edema of the brain, a condition brought about by an overdose of morphine. Morphine was found in the stomach and liver, as well as in the brain. The discovery of it in the stomach established that it had been given by mouth rather than by injection.

This information didn't increase District Attorney Nicoll's optimism. The *World* had come out in its June 7th morning edition with the screamer headline that Doctor Buchanan had been arrested, and under this headline was the subtitle giving the *World* all the credit for amassing the evidence that brought about the arrest. It was considered in that year one of the great newspaper scoops.

But the district attorney had little interest in a newspaper scoop. He faced Leary and Benton and Detectives Korvich and Holding.

"It's fine for the *World*," Nicoll said, "but we have a case with a hundred loopholes and Buchanan can slip out through any of them—if he is smart."

"But is he smart?" Leary asked. "He may take the witness stand."

"Suppose he takes the witness stand?" Nicoll theorized. "Where does that get us?"

"If he takes the witness stand," Leary answered, "I think I know one question you can ask him that will bust his whole case into a cocked hat."

The Buchanan case became, overnight, the great news sensation not only of New York City but of the entire country. The other New York papers, caught napping by the *World*, threw all their resources into the story, and since the *World* was interested in proving the doctor guilty, the rival papers naturally adopted the other side, trying to ridicule the *World* for its great scoop.

In the taverns of the Village where Buchanan had so long been a familiar sight, people took sides and the arguments often ended in fistic encounters.

He liked it, and when he talked to his lawyers he wasn't frightened. The first wife he had remarried remained loyal to him, coming every day to his cell, bringing him excellent food and clean shirts and underwear. Gifts began to reach his cell from admirers all over the country.

His trial started on March 22, 1893. The wheels of habit and industry seemed to stop in every city and hamlet of the nation. The telegraph stations were equipped to bring the latest development of the case to the most remote corners of the country.

The State's case was admittedly weak. Doctor Prudden took the stand. He was a dignified witness and he refused to be caught in the trap of conflicting theories set by the battery of defense lawyers. Nurse Connel wasn't a great success on the stand. She got mixed up and changed her story and the supporters of Doctor Buchanan cheered so lustily that the judge almost ordered the courtroom to be cleared.

Doctor Buchanan watched the proceedings with avid interest. The adulation of the public almost made him believe that he was innocent.

So supremely confident was he, and so carried away by his importance, that he angrily demanded of his lawyers that he be permitted to take the witness stand. They protested for the simple and excellent reason that they had their case won and why take a chance? But he was going to give it to them.

For half an hour Nicoll took him through the events of his wife's death, catching him time and again in lies. His lawyers squirmed nervously in their chairs. They had the apprehensive feeling that somewhere over their heads the fuse of a lighted bomb was burning rapidly.

Then suddenly Nicoll said: "Doctor Buchanan, when you left for Halifax, you were carrying a carpet bag?"

"Sure, I was carrying one," the doctor replied. "A man can't travel without a bag, can he?"

He laughed at his implied joke. His lawyers didn't.

Nicoll asked: "Doctor, when you returned from Halifax, you didn't have that carpet bag?"

Buchanan felt a sudden foreboding that all wasn't well. In the excitement of courting his first wife, he had forgotten about that carpet bag. He had left it in Halifax.

Before he could collect his senses, Nicoll had jumped up and grabbed the carpet bag and was standing in front of the doctor.

"Is this your carpet bag?" he shouted.

The defense lawyers leaped to their feet and yelled objections. The bomb over their heads was about to explode. The district attorney had led their client into a trap. Only by his identification on the witness stand could the State establish the ownership of the carpet bag. If he had never taken the stand, the damaging piece of evidence could never have been introduced.

"Is this your bag?" Nicoll thundered.

The doctor's mouth was dry. Then in a hushed whisper he said: "Yes, that is my bag."

The district attorney turned to the judge. "Your Honor," he announced triumphantly, "the State wishes to have this carpet bag—and its contents—entered as an exhibit. It is the contention of the State that Doctor Buchanan fled with the medicine from his wife's room stuffed in this bag. The medicines are all there and they will establish beyond any reasonable doubt that his wife was both poisoned by morphine and slowly poisoned by arsenic."

The judge admitted into evidence the carpet bag and the vials that had contained the morphine and the arsenic.

Doctor Buchanan's case collapsed. The jury was out only four hours before returning a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. Judge Davis sentenced Doctor Buchanan to die in the electric chair.

As he stood up to receive his sentence, the pleasure-loving doctor was too stunned, too dazed to know what he was doing. He asked for a drink of whiskey, swallowed it in one gulp. Then he said: "An innocent man is about to die."

The *World* carried their triumphal story under great banner headlines. They told how Leary, grabbing for one thing to break the defense case, had remembered that Doctor Buchanan didn't have the carpet bag when he returned remarried to his first wife. Nurse Connel had told him the Doctor had this bag when he left.

Leary had gone to Halifax where he found the family of Mrs. Buchanan not favorable to the doctor or the remarriage. They found the carpet bag in the room Doctor Buchanan had used after his successful courtship of his first wife. The telltale medicine was still in the bag.

FOR two years the lawyers for the doctor waged a losing battle to save him from the electric chair. Public interest in the case remained at fever pitch. Great crowds lined the Hudson River on the day set for the execution.

Arrangements had been made for a black flag to be hoisted when the doctor died.

The flag was never raised. The warden thwarted this public display of morbid interest by setting the hour of execution at midnight when the flag couldn't be seen, and in doing this he established the now accepted custom of electrocuting men at midnight.

BACHELOR PARTY, DEADLY GUESTS

(Continued from page 25)

or just gate-crashers. But he was a cordial, good-hearted man and he welcomed everybody."

Lieutenant Castro jotted down the names of as many of the guests as Perez could remember. Most of them were local businessmen and their wives who belonged to Fisher's crowd. Others were customers to whom Fisher had sold insurance. A few were casual acquaintances whom the executive had apparently met in bars.

Among the latter, Perez said, were two American seamen whom he had never seen before, and a number of young Puerto Ricans, some of whom brought their girl friends.

"It would appear," said Lieutenant Castro, "that the men we want entered the apartment with other guests and remained behind until everyone else had left. Have you any idea who they could be?"

Perez said he had not. He had left at 11 o'clock, he said, and there were still at least twenty guests present.

"Who is the young man who was killed in the bathtub?" the lieutenant asked.

"He worked for Mr. Fisher from time to time, but I only know him by his first name—Miguel."

Lieutenant Castro sent Detectives Samuel Soto and Fructuoso Rodriguez to interview some of the guests whose names Perez had given him.

Castro remained at the apartment while the two crime experts dusted the bedroom and bathroom for fingerprints and searched for other evidence that might point to the identity of the slayers. Nothing of any consequence was discovered, however, and the lieutenant returned at last to his office.

A check with the motor vehicle bureau established that Charles Fisher's car bore license plates number 869-289. The missing vehicle, almost certainly stolen by the slayers, seemed to offer the best chance of tracing them. The white Thunderbird sports car would be highly conspicuous, even in the crowded streets of San Juan.

LIEUTENANT Castro issued a pickup order on the car to police officers throughout the island. He also directed patrol cars in the San Juan area to

Pale and only a shell of his former self, his liquid eyes dull and lifeless, the amorous doctor walked into the death house at midnight on July 5, 1895. He was still dazed and stunned and he didn't seem to know what he was doing. He sat down and helped the guards with the straps.

Three minutes later the prison doctor pronounced him dead. ★

check service stations and garages on the chance that the driver of the Thunderbird had stopped by somewhere for gasoline.

The lieutenant then put through a call to the state police of North Carolina, asking them to notify Fisher's relatives in Canton of his death. The police called back later with some routine information about the victim which Castro had requested. Charles Fisher had graduated from Duke University in 1951, and then taught school in Canton until he was called up for military service during the Korean War. Upon his discharge, he had taken a job as an insurance salesman for his present employers. He had risen rapidly in the company until, in 1955, he was put in charge of their Puerto Rico branch. A company official described him as a man of excellent character with whose work the company was entirely satisfied.

Later that evening Detective Soto appeared at headquarters with a blonde young woman in her twenties who, he said, had been a late guest at Fisher's party.

"My husband is a representative for a tobacco company here," she said. "He and I are both from North Carolina and we knew Charlie Fisher very well. My husband had quite a lot to drink at Charlie's party last night. He doesn't remember much about what went on, but I do. We stayed past midnight, until there was no further doubt about who won the elections. We were among the last to leave."

"Who were still there at that time?" Lieutenant Castro asked.

"Only four other people," the blonde housewife said. "A young Puerto Rican couple whom we know slightly. They work for the government, but they both

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belong to the Puerto Rican Independence Party. They were involved in a heated political argument with Charlie, who favored statehood for Puerto Rico. When we left, they were still arguing.

"I thought you ought to know about it," the young woman continued, "though this couple are both quiet-mannered, educated people and I can't imagine them murdering anybody."

Lieutenant Castro made a note of their names. "You said there were two other guests there when you left," he prompted the woman. "Who were they?"

"Two American merchant seamen. They were strangers to me but Charlie seemed to know them. They spent most of their time drinking Charlie's rum and playing his hi-fi set. Charlie had a fine collection of American rock-and-roll records, and they sat listening to them."

Castro questioned his informant carefully about the seamen.

"They were young, nice-looking chaps," she said. "They were of average size and build and they both had dark, crew-cut hair. They certainly didn't look like criminals. That's all I can tell you about them, though I think I'd recognize them if I saw them again."

Though it was late at night, the bars were still open, and Lieutenant Castro issued a directive to patrol cars in the waterfront district to question American seamen of the description the woman had given. This resulted in the temporary detention of a score of seamen, and four men were held overnight.

In the morning, police drove the blonde housewife back to headquarters. The seamen were brought to Lieutenant Castro's office and she was asked to view them.

After regarding them carefully, she shook her head. "No, none of these men were at Charlie's party," she said positively.

The seamen were released. But later that morning a call from detectives reported that, though Fisher had owned an expensive hi-fi set, not a single record for it could be found in the apartment. Apparently the businessman's killers had stolen not only his car but his phonograph records.

The detectives had made another interesting discovery at the apartment; several cigarette butts had been ground out on the floor of a large walk-in closet adjoining Fisher's bedroom.

This evidence suggested that his slayers had hidden in the closet until the other guests left, then had appeared suddenly and attacked Fisher as he was preparing for bed. They might have been in hiding there for several hours before the party broke up.

During the morning, the detectives who had been interviewing the other party guests reported their findings. Everyone they had talked with seemed above suspicion in the brutal murders.

The Puerto Rican couple who had been arguing local politics with Charles Fisher said they had left at 1 a.m. and gone to a lunch room for hamburgers and coffee. They had been noticed there

by a counter man, who assured the police that they were perfectly poised and relaxed and could not possibly have just been involved in a violent double murder.

ANOTHER development occurred that morning, however, which Lieutenant Castro believed was directly connected with the crime. A detective telephoned him from a service station in the Dorado area, and Castro drove there at once.

The young Puerto Rican manager of the station told him about something that had happened during the early morning hours of Wednesday, November 4th.

"Two young men drove into my station in a white Thunderbird sports car," he said. "They told me to fill the gas tank. I was alone at the time and I didn't like their looks, but I had to wait on them."

"I gave them 14 gallons of gas and then I began to wipe the windshield. The driver started the motor suddenly. He drove away without paying me—so fast that he almost knocked me over. And so I lost the price of the gasoline, but I didn't report it to the police. Such things have happened to me before and I've learned to take them in my stride."

The station manager described the men as Puerto Ricans. He said the driver was in his mid-twenties and the other man was younger. Both were well-dressed, but they looked tough and they had been drinking. He said that before he could get the license number the car had vanished into the darkness.

Castro was convinced that the car was Fisher's and that the two young men were his murderers. He directed patrol cars to the Dorado area to search for other persons who might have seen the car.

And then, when the newspapers reached the streets that morning with stories of the savage double slaying, the police received a call from a hysterical middle-aged woman who identified herself as a relative of a young man named Miguel Angel Sanchez.

"Miguel works as a houseboy for wealthy people," she said. "He often worked for Mr. Charles Fisher, and I read in the newspapers that Mr. Fisher and a young man were both murdered. I am afraid that the young man was Miguel."

Castro sent a police car to pick up the woman and drive her to the morgue. Sobbing uncontrollably, she formally identified the second murder victim as Miguel Angel Sanchez, 18 years old.

She said that he had never been in trouble with the police, and this was later confirmed. The woman added, however, that Miguel had a number of tough friends of whom she did not approve. In reply to Castro's questions, she said that he might have told some of his friends that he was going to work at Fisher's party that night. She thought they might have gained access to the party in order to rob Fisher—and that after murdering him they had

killed Miguel too so he could not identify them.

The youth came from Rio Piedras, and Castro sent two men in a car to that district to make inquiries.

But, before he heard from them, a telephone call came that evening from a post of the Puerto Rican National Guard at the Punta Salinas Naval installation near San Juan. An officer there reported a tragic incident which had just occurred.

"A sentry on duty at the main gate saw a young man crawling along the road toward him on his hands and knees, apparently seriously injured," the officer said. "He ran to help the man and found that he had been stabbed several times in the chest and back and was critically wounded. We called an ambulance at once. While we were waiting for it to arrive, he tried to talk to us. He muttered something about two men in a white sports car who he said had attacked him."

The officer said that the young man had been rushed to the Hospital Universitario at San Juan for emergency surgery. Lieutenant Castro telephoned the hospital at once and learned that the surgery to close his wounds had just been completed and that the patient would no doubt survive. He was still under an anesthetic, however, and would be in no condition to be questioned until the following day.

In a lucid moment the patient had identified himself as Victor Acevedo Rivera, 18 years old, of Dorado.

Dorado was where the two men in a white Thunderbird had stolen 14 gallons of gasoline. Lieutenant Castro waited impatiently until Friday morning, when at last a call came from the hospital that Acevedo Rivera had regained consciousness and might be questioned.

The young man was sitting propped up in bed, his chest swathed in bandages, when Castro arrived. He managed a weak smile as he began his account of what had happened.

"I had been spending the day in San Juan and I was waiting for a bus to take me back to Dorado," he said. "A big white sports car came along and stopped beside me, and I recognized the two men in it. They were from the town of San Jose, and one of them is called 'El Italiano', while the other is known as 'Tarzan'. I don't know their real names. They were both drunk and they greeted me as an old friend and offered to drive me where I wanted to go."

"I was glad to accept a ride," the youth continued. "They handed me a bottle of rum and told me to drink all I wanted, because they had lots more. I drank from the bottle, and they drove on. They blew the horn at all the pretty girls. I was having a wonderful time."

Victor Acevedo Rivera said that, when he asked them where they got the car, they were mysterious about it. He said Tarzan told him that El Italiano had just returned from New York City and that he had learned many

things there. One of the things he had learned was how to use a knife.

"I already suspected that they had stolen the car," the youth continued. "and when they mentioned a knife I got frightened. I asked whether they had killed somebody to get the car. They would not answer me, so I told them to stop the car at once and let me out.

"We were near the Naval station, and El Italiano stopped. But, instead of letting me out, he drew a knife. He was very drunk and he began to curse me. He said I was a stool pigeon and was planning to turn them in to the cops for murder so as to get the money. He stabbed me, again and again. I yelled and managed to jump out of the car, but he followed me and knifed me again. Then I fell down and I guess they both thought I was dead. They got back in the car and drove off, and I crawled to the Naval station."

The youth apparently knew nothing of the Election Day murders, but Lieutenant Castro was convinced that his assailants in the white sports car were Charles Fisher's layers.

CASTRO immediately ordered all available police to the town of San Jose. While some of the officers went around to the bars and cafes, attempting to learn the identity of Tarzan and El Italiano, others searched the area for the white 1963 Thunderbird.

The car was found near the road in a forested area at the edge of town. It was obvious why it had been abandoned. The seat, the floor, and the instrument panel were heavily splashed with blood, evidently that of Victor Acevedo Rivera.

In the back of the car the officers found a tall stack of rock-and-roll record albums and half a dozen unopened bottles of rum, presumably stolen from Charles Fisher's apartment.

The police had little difficulty in learning the identity of the wanted men. "El Italiano" was the alias of a 24-year-old neighborhood tough whose real name was Roberto de Jesus Cabrera. The nickname "Tarzan" belonged to a 17-year-old delinquent named Julio Alfredo Antas Sanabria. Both youths had local police records for petty crimes and acts of violence.

Detectives immediately staked out their homes. El Italiano was captured just before dark on Saturday, November 7, 1964, while Tarzan was taken into custody on Sunday morning.

Both men were driven to San Juan, where reports of their arrest had preceded them. There they posed for news photographers, smiling cheerfully. Both seemed delighted at the publicity they were receiving.

Even as they faced the questioning of Lieutenant Castro and a battery of detectives, they seemed to have no con-

ception of the seriousness of their plight. According to the police, both youths made full statements in which they admitted the murders of Charles Fisher and Miguel Angel Sanchez.

Police later released the following account of the murders, based on their alleged statements:

The two youths met Miguel Angel Sanchez, whom they knew slightly, in San Juan on Election Day, and he mentioned that he would be working at Fisher's party that evening. They decided to crash the party. They were well dressed, and Fisher apparently thought they were somebody's friends and was cordial to them.

When they had had several drinks, they decided to rob their host. After sizing up the apartment, they went and hid in the walk-in closet, where they waited patiently until the sounds of the party died down. At last they heard Fisher go into the bathroom, take a shower, then enter the bedroom. Believing him to be alone in the apartment, they sprang out at him, threatening him with a knife.

He attempted to seize the knife, but in the ensuing struggle they overpowered him and knocked him unconscious. Then they bound and gagged him and tied him to the bed. His wallet contained only \$11, which they stole. Then they found his car keys. Angered at the small amount of money, they decided to steal his car and his phono-

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graph records, since both were fond of rock-and-roll.

Then they heard sounds from another room and realized they were not alone with Fisher. Miguel Angel Sanchez had been told by Fisher to go to bed and clean up the house in the morning, and he had already retired to a small bedroom.

The houseboy had heard Fisher's cries, and the two young toughs found him huddled in bed in terror. Since he knew them and could identify them to the police, they took him into the bathroom. While one of them allegedly held his head under water in the tub until he drowned, the other carved the Mafia inscription on his leg in an effort to mislead the police.

When the youth was dead, the pair realized for the first time that Fisher, who had had a good look at them, might be able to identify them as the murderers of his houseboy. So they returned to the bedroom where the businessman lay, trussed up and helpless. In spite of his pleas for mercy, they allegedly tightened a belt around his neck and strangled him to death.

They had a few more drinks to bolster their courage. Then they turned out the lights, locked the front door and fled in the car with the phonograph rec-

ords and a reserve supply of rum.

Even after they had made their statements and were informed of the charges they faced, the youths seemed unperturbed. Roberto de Jesus Cabrera boasted about his stay in New York, bragging that he had learned to live without work, to love rock-and-roll music and to handle a knife effectively. Neither he nor Julio Alfredo Antas Sanabria displayed any remorse over the deaths of their two victims, and they posed cheerfully with the police for more newspaper pictures.

On Monday, November 9, 1964, both were formally arraigned before District Judge Miguel Melendez Acosta on two counts of first degree murder and various lesser charges. De Jesus Cabrera was then confined to San Juan district jail to await indictment and trial. Antas Sanabria, a minor, was sent to the youth wing of La Princesa jail until it is determined whether he will face legal action in a juvenile court or as an adult.

In any case, justice is as severe in Puerto Rico as elsewhere. And, in spite of their cheerful grins, both men are unlikely to be free to go on another spree of robbery and murder in that peaceful island for a long time to come. ★

MAD RAPIST OF CROWN HEIGHTS

(Continued from page 44)

her and began to punch her.

Knocking her to the floor, he jumped on her and grabbed her by the throat with one hand. With the other hand he tore at her dress. Mrs. Cartwright fought back and managed to utter a piercing scream. This attracted her three-year-old daughter, who ran into the foyer and began to scream too.

"If you don't keep that baby quiet, I'll kill her!" the man threatened.

The child kept on screeching and Mrs. Cartwright knew a moment of abject terror as the man seemed to hesitate, uncertain what to do.

Then he sprang to his feet, seized her pocketbook containing the wallet, and fled out of the door.

Mrs. Cartwright staggered to the apartment of a neighbor. "Call the police," she gasped. Then she collapsed from shock.

The neighbor summoned an ambulance, and the victim was taken to Long Island College Hospital, where she was treated for bruises. Her injuries were found not to be serious, however, and she was soon released.

That afternoon, Inspector Knott showed her the police sketch of the man who had already attacked five other women in Crown Heights. She regarded it carefully.

"The man who attacked me had a mustache and he looked something like

that but not exactly," she said. "For one thing, his eyes were closer together."

Mrs. Cartwright had had a good look at her assailant, and as a result of her description an artist drew another sketch. There was now some doubt in the minds of the police whether this man was the same one responsible for the five previous attacks. For the moment, however, they proceeded on the assumption that he was the same man.

Fifty additional detectives were now poured into Crown Heights as apprehension continued to mount. At the same time the Maccabees called for volunteers with cars to organize a day patrol to supplement their night patrol.

And still the assaults on women continued. The next one occurred only five days later, on the evening of November 9th.

The victim was Mrs. Theresa Cochran, an attractive brunette widow of 38 who lived alone in a sixth-floor apartment on Maple Street. At 9:30 P.M., Mrs. Cochran left her door open while she took garbage to the incinerator in her building.

A few minutes after returning, she went into her bedroom to get something. She thought she noticed the window draperies move slightly. Then she froze in terror as she saw a man's legs beneath them.

Her first thought was to run out of the apartment. But the hidden man sprang out and lunged after her. He seized her around the neck from behind with one arm. With the other hand he held a knife before her eyes.

"If you scream, I'll kill you," he muttered.

He flung the terrified woman onto a bed, punched her almost to insensibility and raped her. He left her sobbing with pain. Seizing her handbag from a living room table, he ran out of the apartment.

At last Mrs. Cochran found the strength to scream. Neighbors came to investigate. The victim was hurried to King's County Hospital, where she was treated for shock and bruises.

THIS latest assault raised the tempers of the people of Crown Heights to the boiling point. In response to calls from scores of outraged citizens, a virtual state of siege was declared. About 150 additional police officers were sent in from nearby districts to provide an almost constant watch on every street.

Other police made the rounds of bars, poolrooms and other hangouts in the Bedford-Stuyvesant district, searching for possible suspects. In the next few days several hundred men in the area were questioned, while a city-wide check was made of men with past records of criminal assault.

The police also established a special phone number, SL 6-3219, for use by persons believing they had information of value in the investigation.

Meanwhile a mass meeting was called by nearby residents in the lobby of an apartment house on Crown Street. More than 100 persons gathered under a huge sign that read: "Our lives are at stake! Protect yourself and act!"

As plans were put into operation for extending the scope of the citizens' patrol, two car rental agencies donated the use of six new vehicles for this project.

During the next few days, the police received calls at the special number from scores of citizens who offered tips as to the identity of the rapist. All of these were followed up but none produced any result.

In Manhattan, two women got off an IRT subway train at the 34th Street station and told a police officer that a passenger on board looked like the sketch of the Brooklyn rapist. The officer telephoned ahead to the Times Square station. There the train was halted and searched, and the man was taken to the West 47th Street police station for questioning. He proved to be an innocent citizen on his way to work and was understandably indignant.

On Saturday, November 14th, however, the all-out police work seemed to have paid off at last. Two patrolmen working in the Bedford-Stuyvesant area came upon a Negro in a barroom who bore an almost exact resemblance to the man pictured in the second police sketch—the one drawn from the description furnished by Mrs. Janice Cartwright.

When taken to the Grand Avenue station house, the suspect identified himself as a 29-year-old unemployed car washer.

A police car picked up Mrs. Cart-

wright and drove her to the police station. There the suspect was put into a lineup with other men of similar age and appearance and she was asked whether her assailant was among them.

She pointed to the suspect at once. "He's the man," she said.

The police had already talked with two other women in Mrs. Cartwright's building who said they had seen a man in the corridor on the morning of the assault. When these women were brought in, they also picked out the car washer as the man they had seen.

Deputy Chief Inspector Joseph J. McLaughlin, who was handling this phase of the investigation, questioned the car washer intensively, but he denied knowledge of the robbery and attempted rape. Still Inspector McLaughlin and the other officers believed that at last they had the Crown Heights rapist in custody.

The six other assault victims were now brought to the station and asked to point to the man who attacked them.

To the bitter disappointment of the police, not one of them picked out the 29-year-old suspect. Later, after hearing him speak, each of them said that he was not the man.

Still the police were satisfied with the identification of the car washer in the Cartwright attack. He was charged with attempted rape and burglary in that case and held in \$25,000 bail for further legal action.

Inspector Knott pointed out that there had been some doubt in his mind at the time as to whether Mrs. Cartwright's attacker was the rapist wanted in the previous assaults.

And so the month of November wore on with one assault case solved but six more, including the recent attack on Mrs. Theresa Cochran, still wide open. During the next few weeks, however, there was a lull in the attacks and the police wondered whether the rapist had been frightened into inactivity or had perhaps even left town.

The respite continued into the early days of December. Then on the afternoon of December 11th, 1964, it ended in more violence.

At about 12:40 P.M. a call came in on the special telephone number from a woman who said she was a tenant of

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a large apartment building on Maple Street.

"There's a man out in the corridor and he's trying all the doors," she reported. "He has a little mustache and he looks like the police sketch."

Inspector Albert A. Seedman, who took the call, came instantly alert upon learning the caller's address. It was directly across the street from the building where Mrs. Theresa Cochran, the brunette widow, had been raped on the evening of November 9th. The inspector ordered two radio cars dispatched to Maple Street at once.

The cars drew up in less than a minute before the building from which the informant had telephoned, and the four officers quickly mapped a plan of action. While Patrolman Lester Frank remained in the lobby, Patrolman Michael Klein went to the fire escape at the rear of the building.

Meanwhile Patrolmen Harold Kamen and Dominick Sansotti rode to the top floor in the elevator. There they split up and each came down one of the building's two stairways, checking each floor on the way.

While they were descending from floor to floor, a man who had apparently heard them, came racing down the stairs and started across the lobby. He saw Patrolman Frank, turned and started up again.

The patrolman sprang after him and collared him halfway up the first

flight. He was a Negro in his twenties who was neatly dressed in a gray sport coat, white shirt and dark trousers. He offered no resistance.

"What were you doing in this building?" Patrolman Frank asked.

"I was on my way down from the roof," the suspect replied vaguely. "I wasn't doing anything wrong."

But when he was shown to the tenant who had called the police, she said that he was the man she had seen trying the doorknobs.

The suspect was driven to the Empire Boulevard police station and taken before Inspector Seedman. He identified himself as John Edward Patterson, 25 years old, and said he lived on St. John's Place and worked at Caledonian Hospital, both in Crown Heights.

Identification in his wallet verified these statements. In a jacket pocket, however, the officers found a large collection of small change—quarters, dimes, nickels and pennies.

Inspector Seedman noticed a striking resemblance between the suspect and the first sketch of the rapist, which had been drawn from descriptions furnished by Shirley Green and four of the assault victims. The chief difference was that in addition to the mustache, Patterson had a small goatee. But he might have grown this recently.

AT THE moment there was nothing definite against the man except the

tenant's statement that he had been trying doorknobs. Still Inspector Seedman conferred with Chief of Detectives Philip J. Walsh and it was decided to bring all six of the assault victims to the station house and see whether they could identify him.

But before this could be done, Inspector Seedman had another telephone call from a highly excited young man. He was calling from the building on Maple Street.

"My wife just telephoned me and I rushed home," he gasped. "A prowler trailed her from the grocery store. He followed her into our apartment and raped her!"

Inspector Seedman and other officers hurried over to the apartment, where they found the young woman, 21-year-old Dorothy Springer, under the care of her family physician. He said that she was four months pregnant.

Mrs. Springer had bruises on her face and neck and was suffering from shock. When given a mild sedative, however, she was able to tell a coherent story of her experience.

"When I got to my apartment, that man was right behind me," she said in a halting voice. "He followed me in and started choking me. He said, 'Don't scream or I'll strangle you good!'"

"He pulled me into the bedroom, kept one hand on my mouth and assaulted me. He kept saying, 'If you tell, I will kill you.'"

"When he was through with me, he tied me up with my husband's neckties. Then he looked around for money, but I had very little in my purse. So he broke open a piggy bank and scooped the change into his jacket pocket."

Mrs. Springer said that after he left she finally freed herself from her bonds. Her first thought was to telephone her husband, who worked nearby. He rushed home and immediately called the police.

But John Patterson was already in custody as a result of the phone call from the other tenant of the building.

Inspector Seedman recalled that a large amount of loose change had been found in the suspect's pocket. Evidently it was from Mrs. Springer's piggy bank.

When she had recovered somewhat from her terrible experience, Dorothy Springer was taken to the Empire Boulevard station. There she identified a door key and several other small articles from Patterson's pockets as having been stolen from her apartment.

District Attorney Aaron E. Koota had arrived at the station house, and a lineup was prepared. Ten Negro detectives, all of whom had mustaches and resembled the suspect, were asked to take part in the lineup with John Patterson.

Mrs. Springer picked out Patterson at once as the man who had raped her.

The six other victims of the Crown Heights rapist, who had been brought to the station, were then asked to pick out their assailant. Detectives reported that three more of them were able to identify Patterson as the man.

Assistant Chief Inspector Knott told

news reporters later that evening that the police had "positive evidence" linking Patterson with all seven of the rapes.

"Patterson is the Crown Heights rapist," Inspector Seedman said flatly. After a conference between police and the district attorney, it was decided that the evidence against Patterson was strongest in the December 11th rape of the pregnant 21-year-old wife and in the September 29th assault on the 58-year-old housewife who lived on Washington Avenue.

Accordingly, John Edward Patterson was brought before Judge Thomas E. Rohan on December 12th, 1964, and charged with two separate counts of felonious assault, robbery and rape. He has denied all of the charges and refused to make any statement.

Assistant District Attorney Edward A. Panzarella asked that the exceptionally high bail of \$100,000 be set for Patterson, and the judge granted it. Patterson was then confined to jail to await legal developments.

Checking further on the rapist suspect, the police learned that he was married and the father of two children.

He had been employed in July as a porter at Caledonian Hospital and had recently been promoted to morgue-keeper, a job paying \$1.60 an hour. Hospital sources said they had been well satisfied with his work.

It was found that Patterson had been slipping in and out of the turnstile of Justice ever since he was 13 years old. In 1952, at the age of 16, he was charged with petty larceny for purse snatching and sent to the reformatory.

Then at the age of 25, he was charged with rape, robbery and burglary. He pleaded guilty to second degree attempted assault and robbery and was sentenced to the penitentiary. He was released on parole in 1963 and had been at liberty ever since.

The high bail set by Judge Rohan has assured, however, that Patterson will not soon be free again to roam the streets—and once more the residents of Crown Heights can breathe just a little bit easier. ★

Editor's note: The names Shirley Green, Janice Cartwright, Theresa Cochran and Dorothy Springer are fictitious.

KILLERS OF THE FARMER'S WIFE

(Continued from page 37)

Roy Lee Fox, young Arllie's brother, Donald Fox, a cousin and Carson McMahon, a 19-year-old friend of the Foxes.

The three fresh suspects were questioned for several hours. Then, at midnight, Sheriff Clay called the Buncombe County coroner, Dr. John C. Young, and asked that the doctor convene a jury for a coroner's inquest to be held at 9 o'clock on the following morning.

Just prior to the inquest, the sheriff announced that he now had written statements from each of the four suspects. All agreed in each detail. Their story, according to the sheriff, was as follows:

On the previous Monday, Arllie Fox, while loading hay at the Lunsford farm, had observed that the dairy farmer's customers were paying him in cash. Arllie reported this to his brother, his cousin, and Carson McMahon on the following day. Then the conspirators made their plans.

At about 11 o'clock on Tuesday night, the four had climbed into Roy Lee Fox's pickup truck and set out for Upper Hominy. Pisgah Road was deserted when they turned in toward the Lunsford place. The truck slowed down and Arllie and Donald Fox jumped down to the road. The truck moved on and waited for the two men about a half mile down the road.

Arllie and Donald donned their Halloween masks. Arllie entered the house by the front door as Donald went around to the rear. Arllie was the first

inside the house. It was he with whom Charles Lunsford grappled.

Lunsford had Arllie down on the floor when Donald Fox charged in and struck the farmer on the skull with his pistol.

Donald Fox was still beating Lunsford when Mrs. Lunsford, wearing only her nightgown, rushed down the stairs and made for the closet where the rifle was kept.

But, when Ovella Lunsford grasped the gun, she apparently froze. She stood there uncertainly. Donald Fox closed in on her and seized the rifle barrel. Arllie grabbed the stock. Together they wrenched the weapon from her.

Then Donald fired his pistol. Mrs. Lunsford cried out to her husband, "I'm shot! I think I'm dying!" Blood gushed from her mouth.

At that point Arllie and Donald panicked. They fled toward the back door, stopping only long enough to tear the telephone from the wall.

Outside they saw Lunsford's parked car. Using a knife, Arllie let the air out of one of the front tires. Then the pair of killers ran down the road to the spot where Roy Lee Fox and Carson McMahon waited for them in the pickup truck.

They were properly concerned with the fate of Mrs. Lunsford as they headed home. Donald remarked that he thought he had shot her in the arm. Arllie took a graver view.

"She was bleeding at the mouth," he said. "I think she's badly hurt."

On the following morning, when they had heard the news of Ovella Lunsford's death on the radio, the conspirators were seriously worried. They

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had planned only on robbery, not murder.

Moreover, the plot had failed completely. All the time they had been in the farmhouse they had been fighting with Lunsford. They never even got around to getting his wallet.

"So," said Sheriff Clay, "we have four confessions. From reading them it seems clear that Donald Fox actually pulled the trigger of the gun which killed her. But, of course, under the law they are all equally guilty."

The sheriff went on to say that, in addition to the murder confessions, the quartet had admitted the Bryson Bus Lines holdup.

When Roy Lee Fox worked for the bus company, he had observed that, on many occasions, Robert Bryson worked late and, upon going home, took the evening's receipts along with him. That was the genesis of the plot to rob Bryson.

It had also been one of the gang

who had held up Carson's grocery store in Weaverville. He had donned a Halloween mask and entered the store carrying a gun, while his three companions waited outside for him.

Moreover, the four young hoodlums also admitted the beating and robbery of a Pensacola man in nearby Yancey County. All four had participated in this outrage.

The victim, a businessman in his middle fifties, had been dragged from his car, gratuitously beaten, and robbed of his wallet, his money and his credit cards.

As the thugs jumped into their own car and sped away, a witness had observed that the getaway truck bore Buncombe County license plates; however, he had been unable to memorize the numbers.

Sheriff Clay announced that some twenty of his aides had worked steadily since the time of the murder report. Many of them had slept for less than

six hours; they had lived on hamburgers, black coffee and glasses of milk.

The sheriff also stated that congratulations were in order to the North Carolina State Bureau of Investigation at Raleigh. There, both the ballistics department and the chemistry section had put in a great many overtime hours on the case. They had kept in constant telephonic touch with the Buncombe County authorities.

Sheriff Clay, several of his deputies, and dairy farmer Lunsford testified at the coroner's inquest.

After hearing the evidence presented, the coroner's jury reached the unanimous verdict that the four defendants should be held without bond on a charge of first degree murder, to await action by the Buncombe County grand jury.

Sheriff Clay kept the robbery charges in abeyance. There will be time enough to press them after the quartet has faced the homicide indictment. ★

ADULTERERS AND DOUBLE-CROSS

(Continued from page 13)

in their early thirties, both had round faces, both appeared to be of Italian ancestry. They looked very much like men who could handle themselves in the most difficult situation. They asked for Robert Pitz.

The bartender-bouncer was called. He approached the strangers and said, "Yeah? I'm Pitz."

The bigger of the two men extended his hand. "Hi," he said. "I'm Sam. My friend here is Mike."

Pitz shook each hand heartily and led his guests to an isolated table at the rear of the room. He ordered beers all around.

"Now," said Sam, "what seems to be your trouble?"

"I got a friend," said Pitz. "A female friend who's having some trouble with her husband."

"What kind of trouble?" asked Mike.

"This husband won't give her a divorce and he's driving her crazy. If someone would knock him off, she'd get the insurance money, house, automobile and other items of value. The whole deal would amount to about \$50,000."

"How much are you offering us to get rid of him?" asked Sam.

"Well," said Pitz. "I guess my friend is willing to pay from \$750 to \$1,000."

Sam and Mike exchanged glances and laughed in unison; the laughter contained no mirth.

Mike said, "Our standard price for a job like this is two grand."

Pitz demurred. He was very frugal with Paul Johnt's insurance money. However, eventually, a compromise was reached. Mike and Sam agreed to handle the job for \$1,500, plus \$200 as a "tip!" Pitz was prepared to make a

deposit of \$75 right now and to deliver another \$100 prior to the killing. The remainder of the cash would be paid after Johnt's insurance had been collected.

Pitz took \$75 from his wallet and handed it over to Mike. Then a second appointment was set up for the following Friday, December 4th. Everything would be set up early that night and Paul Johnt would be liquidated just before midnight when he set out for the bowling alleys.

AT 7 P.M. ON Friday, Mike and Sam met Pitz and Peggy Jo Johnt outside Rusty's place. They all got into Pitz's car. Pitz drove some distance down Bailey Avenue and turned into an empty, darkened parking lot which was used only during the day to park the cars of business people.

Peggy Jo, it appeared, must have been an extremely efficient secretary. Certainly, she was a most efficacious conspirator. First, she produced two pictures of her husband which she gave to Sam and Mike.

There was no sense in killing the wrong man. That would be only a waste of time and money. To clinch matters, Peggy Jo told Sam and Mike that when they picked up Johnt later that night, he would be wearing a red hunting jacket and a pair of new, black slacks.

In addition to this, Peggy Jo, a girl with an addiction to detail, had written notes on the time of her husband's departure from his home, the route he would take, and the make, color and license number of his car.

At this point, Pitz handed the hired assassins another \$100 on account. Now it was all over but the killing. Paul Johnt would leave his house at 11:30 that night and head for the Milsher Bowling Lanes on Military Road in the town of Tonawanda. Somewhere along the way

he would be intercepted by Sam and Mike.

Robert Pitz then went to his job at Rusty's. Peggy Jo went home. Sam and Mike prepared to kill a few hours before they went to work.

Paul Johnt, a man who was rarely suspicious of anything, did not think it odd that night when his wife requested that he wear his red hunting jacket to the bowling alleys because "it was sure to turn cold." Or that she suggested he don his new, black slacks because "they look so nice." A dutiful husband, he did as he was told.

Johnt left the house on schedule, carrying \$21 in his pocket. However, Peggy Jo was prepared to tell the police when they arrived that Johnt had well over \$100 with him. The motive for the murder was to be robbery, at least as far as the law was concerned.

At exactly 11:45, Paul Johnt was intercepted by Mike and Sam as he reached the Seneca Street entrance to the throughway.

At 12:30, the telephone rang in the Johnt house. Peggy Jo answered.

A voice said guardedly, "This is Sam. He's been killed. Be prepared for an intensive investigation by the police. Act convincingly."

"This better work," said Peggy Jo. "I've had a funny feeling all night that it was going to be a dud."

"Don't worry," said Sam. "He's dead. We expect the rest of the money in about six weeks."

"How did he die? Where did you kill him? Where is the body?"

"You'll find all that out when the cops get there," said Sam. "It's not smart to discuss these things on the phone."

Peggy Jo delivered herself of a heartfelt sigh. "Great," she said. "I can finally start living again. I feel twelve years younger."

At 2 o'clock on Saturday morning, the bell rang in the Johnt house on Hopkins Street. Peggy Jo opened the door to find a man and a woman on the threshold. They identified themselves as Detective Sergeant M. Ervolina and Policewoman Margaret Barba.

"Your husband," said the sergeant, "has had a little unfortunate accident but there's nothing to worry about."

Peggy Jo burst into tears. "What's happened?" she cried. "My dear husband—something must have happened to him!"

Policewoman Barba put her arm around Peggy Jo, spoke consolingly and asked the presumed widow to please accompany Ervolina and herself to headquarters. Mrs. Johnt made the trip, drenching two handkerchiefs with tears on the way.

THERE, Sergeant Ervolina said, "Mrs. Johnt, your husband is dead. He was shot in the head."

Peggy Jo uttered a banshee's wail. "Oh," she said, "I loved him very dearly. In fact, I think I'm going to have his baby."

This, as it happened, was a lie—an excusable one: a sudden widow is, of course, overwrought.

Ervolina asked Peggy Jo if she thought the motive may have been robbery. She nodded her pretty, calculating head. "Probably. I know he had money on him—more than \$100."

Now Peggy Jo seemed to verge on hysteria. She wept copiously; again and again she murmured the name of her husband. Then, while the bereaved woman cried pitifully, two men walked into the room. Peggy Jo looked at them, blinked and looked as bewildered as a 3-year-old who has just been told that Santa Claus is a lie. For standing before her were Mike and Sam.

After a stunned moment, Peggy Jo said, "What are you guys doing here?"

"We belong here," said Mike. "I'm Assistant Chief Detective Michael Amico and Sam, here, is Detective Sergeant Samuel Giambrone."

"Your husband is alive," said Sergeant Giambrone. "This whole deal, arranged by you and your boy friend, has been a hoax."

"That's right," said Assistant Chief Amico. "Your husband was never in any danger. The 'professional killers' that you and Pitz hired were police officers."

Peggy Jo achieved a remarkable recovery. "I'm glad it happened this way," she said with a show of heartfelt relief. "I'm so glad. I want to see my husband."

But she was not permitted to see her husband at that particular moment although he too was being held, temporarily, in the police station.

Assistant Detective Chief Amico made the explanation. It seemed that when Moley had set out to pass the word that an assassin or two were needed for a murder job, a police informant had notified the assistant chief detective. Amico had then arranged that he and Sergeant Giambrone be introduced to Moley who, in turn, recommended them

to his pal, Robert Pitz, the bartender.

Under questioning, Peggy Jo admitted that, after she had received the phoney telephone call from Sam apprising her of the death of Paul Johnt, she had called Pitz at Rusty's and told him that their plan had been successfully carried out.

"Well," said Sergeant Ervolina, "I guess, Mrs. Johnt, that Robert Pitz will be at least as surprised as you are when Mike and Sam call on him."

It was 3 o'clock on Saturday morning, December 5th, when Chief Amico and Sergeant Giambrone entered Rusty's place. Robert Pitz was behind the bar but, when he saw his pals come in, he threw his apron on the bar and went forward to greet them.

He smiled and extended his hand. So did Sergeant Giambrone. But, as they shook hands, something cold and far more impersonal than a handshake touched Pitz's wrist and he heard a faint, odd, clicking sound. All of a sudden, Robert Pitz was wearing handcuffs.

"We are police officers," said Sergeant Giambrone. "But I guess that's rather obvious."

Robert Pitz took the situation well but without the brazenness of his accomplice.

"You really had me fooled," he said. "I assume that Paul Johnt wasn't killed."

"You're quite right," said Amico.

Pitz was escorted back to police headquarters and, like Peggy Jo, put into a cell—not, of course, the same cell.

Now, if Pitz and Peggy Jo had been totally surprised at this turn of events, Paul Johnt was absolutely stunned. Informed of the entire plot, he reacted with utter disbelief.

"Everything about it all is unbelievable," he said. "I just can't believe this could happen. I'll do anything I can to help my wife."

Johnt spent six hours talking to the police, and when he was taken home he said, "I've told them everything I could. This thing hurts more than I can say."

He told the police that he and Peggy Jo had attended grammar and high schools together, that both were lifelong residents of South Buffalo. They had been married four years ago when she was 18 and he was 21.

Johnt also said that he had no money. He did not own his house or any other real property.

"My life insurance policies," he said, "amount to something between \$9,000 and \$10,000. Neither of them were recently issued and I don't think that the double indemnity clause applies if I had died in a holdup that way, so I'm only worth about so much."

"Mrs. Johnt," he went on, "appeared to be in shock when she was questioned by the police. I don't think she realizes what she has been trying to do. I just don't know what to say. I don't want to talk about it any more. Maybe it's all a bad dream."

WELL, IN A way, it was nothing more than that. But, if Moley

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had truly found a pair of professional killers instead of Sam and Mike of Buffalo's police department, it would have been something more than a bad dream. Paul E. Johnt might have been an extremely final corpse.

On Saturday morning, December 5, 1964, Peggy Jo Johnt and Robert C. Pitz of Schuele Avenue, Buffalo, were taken into City Court before Judge Arthur J. Cosgrave and charged with conspiracy to murder Paul E. Johnt.

Judge Cosgrave set bail for each defendant at \$5,000 cash or \$10,000 in property deeds. Neither of the suspects was able, immediately, to produce the bond. Both were taken to the Erie County jail and held for later arraignment.

Assistant Detective Chief Amico announced that he was shocked by the callous and cold manner of the young housewife and her boy friend.

"Although," said Amico, "we are hardened through experience to meet

any conditions, we felt somewhat frightened when we realized that we were dealing with two individuals who showed no fear or remorse."

Amico went on to say, that under New York law, the crime with which Peggy Jo and Pitz are charged is a felony but that the punishment is not fixed in the state penal law. Apparently, he added, punishment is left to the discretion of the court.

Later, on that same day, Paul Johnt spoke to some newspaper reporters.

"No doubt," he said, "my wife needs psychiatric treatment. I'm ashamed to admit it but I still love her. It is difficult to believe that this could happen. I never knew nor had reason to believe that my wife had a boy friend."

He went on to say that Peggy Jo had only been 18 at the time of her marriage, but he didn't explain why this not particularly unusual fact in our culture should have started her thinking of homicide.

"We had our domestic squabbles," said Paul Johnt, "and, while she had quite a temper, she quickly got over it. She apparently didn't realize what she was doing. I feel that she needs medical help and I hope that the authorities see that she gets such help.

"I don't have any plans for the future. All I can say is that, if the police let her go, I would gladly take her back, provided she got medical help."

Asked about Robert Pitz, Johnt said that he had never heard of the bouncer-bartender. Shown a photograph of Pitz at police headquarters, Paul Johnt shook his head and said, "I never saw that man before."

Well, the plot has failed. No one has been murdered and Paul Johnt seems strongly inclined to forgive every one involved.

No one has asked Johnt's insurance company for its opinion. Which is just as well. This is the sort of plot which nettles insurance executives. ★

SLAYING OF BLONDE ON HORSEBACK

(Continued from page 19)

tall. He said the man had sunken cheeks and a prominent ridge on his nose.

"He was wearing a waist-length red jacket and a red-brimmed plastic hat with ear flaps, and I noticed that he had on black pointed shoes," the Harden boy went on.

Winchester was impressed with the care with which the youth had observed the stranger and asked whether he could identify him if he saw him again.

Dwain Harden nodded. "Yes, I'm sure I could."

"Well, you'd better come with me," the sergeant said. "Perhaps you'll be able to help us find this man."

The youth was taken to the state police office in Eugene. There he repeated the description to Sheriff Marlowe and District Attorney William Frye. Then a police artist was sent for, and for the next several hours Harden sat with him as he drew a sketch of the suspect under the boy's instructions.

Later that afternoon, a local resident reported to the police that while driving on the back road near the scene of the murder he had noticed a small truck parked by the roadside. He described it as a late-model red-and-white Ford pickup with an aluminum cab-high canopy. He said it was equipped with a "brush-bar"—a device used to knock down brush in front of the vehicle.

The police believed that the pickup truck might have belonged to the hunter and that he had driven to the region from elsewhere. The following morning, Eugene newspapers carried a full description of the truck and man, together with a reproduction of the sketch drawn by the police officer. The authori-

ties urged citizens having information about either the man or the truck to contact the state police in Eugene immediately.

BY LATE Thursday, the police had received 45 telephone calls from persons throughout western Oregon who believed they could identify either the hunter or the pickup truck. The state and county authorities called for help from the police departments of Eugene and Springfield, and each of these telephone calls was followed up by personal investigation.

A few tentative suspects were obtained from this operation—men of doubtful background who could not give a clear account of their activities during the late afternoon of Monday, November 2nd. But after further investigation all of these men were cleared. It was learned later that the pickup truck was the property of a respectable citizen who had parked it during a brief excursion he had made into the bushes by the road.

While police still sought the mysterious hunter in the red jacket described by 15-year-old Dwain Harden, a teletype message was received at the state police office in Eugene. It was immediately called to the attention of Corporal Winchester, who had been named as the coordinating officer in the investigation. The message, relayed from Portland, concerned a native of that city, John M. Stelle, 24 years old, who had just been picked up by the police of Eureka, California.

Stelle was wanted by the Portland police for armed robbery. He had fled to Eureka, where he had continued his criminal career. He had just been apprehended by Humboldt County authorities and booked on charges of burglary, assault with a deadly weapon, and rape.

Stelle had allegedly raped two

housewives in suburban Eureka, one 21 years old and the other 24. Both had had to be treated at Eureka General Hospital. The husband of the second woman had returned home just as Stelle was fleeing in his car. He had notified the police, who acted promptly and captured Stelle.

There was reason to believe that this alleged sex criminal might have driven to California from Portland by way of Eugene. Corporal Winchester immediately telephoned the police of Eureka and gave them the details of the Orla Fipps murder, asking them to question John M. Stelle about his whereabouts on the afternoon of November 2nd.

While the corporal was awaiting further word from Eureka, however, a call came in from a local man who said he was telephoning from a service station along the highway south of Eugene.

"I just had a very frightening experience," the man reported. "While I was driving south from the city, I picked up a hitchhiker. He was a nice-looking chap. I thought perhaps he was a college student. But as soon as he got in the car I realized my mistake. He started asking me questions about myself—where I lived, what business I was in—and he kept looking at me strangely. I could see that he was sizing me up.

"I believe he was armed and that he was planning to rob me and steal my car—perhaps even worse. But I didn't give him the chance. I turned into the first gas station I came to, grabbed my keys and jumped out of the car. I told him that was as far as I was going.

"When the station attendant came to wait on me, the hitchhiker got out and gave me a nasty look, then started walking away along the road. That was only a few minutes ago. I thought maybe he could have had something to do with that Fipps murder. He can't have

gotten very far away yet."

It was a slender lead, but Corporal Winchester notified a radio car to pick up the hitchhiker. Half an hour later, the two officers stood before him, and between them was a slender, darkhaired young man with shifty eyes. He gave his name as William Berry and said he was from Seattle, Washington, but had no fixed address there.

One of the officers produced a hunting knife in a sheath. "We found this concealed under his armpit."

Apparently, the motorist's fear that the hitchhiker might rob him had been soundly based. Also, the knife was of the general type which had been used in the murder of Orla Fipps.

Winchester sent the knife at once to the Lane County identification bureau. Then he and the two officers subjected Berry to intensive questioning.

The young man said he was hitchhiking south to a warmer climate for the winter. He denied vigorously that he had been anywhere near Springfield on the afternoon of the murder, saying that he was still "somewhere in Washington" on that date. He said that he carried the hunting knife for protection while hitchhiking and insisted that had been involved in no criminal activity of any kind.

But the police were not satisfied with his story. Berry was booked for vagrancy until they could check on him further—and until a report was received on the knife he had been carrying.

The police were particularly interested in this report because the autopsy had just established that the murder weapon had apparently been a heavy-bladed hunting knife. The autopsy physician had also confirmed that the pretty high school junior had been raped by her slayer.

ON SATURDAY, Corporal Winchester had a phone call from Eureka. The police there said they had been able to trace John Stelle's itinerary south from Portland. He had arrived in Eureka the previous Sunday and he had told them he had spent all day Monday at the home of relatives. The police had checked on this statement and found it to be accurate.

This eliminated John Stelle as a suspect in the Fipps slaying. Both Sheriff Marlowe and Corporal Winchester still clung to the hope that the hitchhiker, William Berry, might be connected with the crime.

This hope faded too, however, when the autopsy physician said that the wounds in the girl's neck had been inflicted by a knife with a thinner blade than Berry's hunting knife. And further questioning of Berry seemed to establish that he had told the truth about still being in Washington on the day of the murder. The police still believed he had given a false name, however, and he was held until it could be determined whether he was wanted for any other crimes.

And so on Monday, November 9th, one week after the murder of the blonde

teen-ager, the police were left without a prime suspect in the case. In the meantime, ironically, the people of Oregon had expressed their opinion that the death penalty was no longer needed as a deterrent to murder in that state. They had voted by a substantial margin on Election Day to abolish capital punishment.

Governor Mark Hatfield thereupon commuted the death sentences of three convicted slayers in Oregon's state penitentiary to life imprisonment. Among them was Jeannace Freeman, who would have been the first woman to go to the gas chamber in Oregon. She had been convicted of murdering two young children in 1961 because they interfered with a homosexual relationship she was carrying on with another woman.

The brutal sex slayer of Orla Fipps would now face a maximum penalty of life imprisonment, but the police were none the less determined to bring him to justice. All efforts to locate the hunter in the red jacket continued to fail, however, in spite of the fact that the sketch of him, as he had been described by young Dwain Harden, was posted in every police station in Oregon.

Sheriff Marlowe and Corporal Winchester now began a careful review of their work on the case up to that point. The area around the crime scene was subjected to an even more thorough search, and this time samples of soil and vegetation were taken for study in the crime laboratory, in the hope that like specimens might later be found on the slayer's clothing if he was caught.

Corporal Winchester also re-examined the statement made by Dwain Harden, the key witness in the case. He was again impressed by the boy's remarkable powers of observation. He had even noticed that the hunter he had seen wore "pointed black shoes." This seemed a rather unusual type of footwear for a sportsman to be wearing, particularly on a day when the ground was soft and muddy.

Dwain Harden, who was a friend of Orla Fipps' younger brother, had taken part in the search for the young girl and in the subsequent hunt for her slayer. He had cooperated fully with the police from the beginning. Still, he was the only person who was actually known to have been near the scene of the murder when it occurred.

It had already been determined that the youth had no police record in the area, but Winchester decided to investigate him a little further. He paid a visit to Springfield Junior Academy, where the boy was in the ninth grade.

From Dwain's teachers, Winchester learned that the Harden family had lived in the Cedar Flats community, near Springfield, for only about a year. Dwain Harden was said to be "a very cooperative boy and very nice to his fellow students and faculty members." However, although he had always made good grades in physical education, it was reported that he was inattentive in his classroom work and that his grades as a whole were below average.

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Harden had not been in school since Monday, November 9th, when his mother called up to report that he had the flu.

NONE OF this information seemed to have much bearing on the investigation. Still, on November 16th, Winchester decided to pay another visit to Dwain Harden.

Finding the youth still at home but apparently recovered from his illness, he asked him to go over his activities on Monday, November 2nd, step by step. This Harden did, and his account varied little from his previous statement.

"How well did you know Orla Fipps?" Winchester asked.

"I didn't know her well at all," he said, "but I knew her brother and I'd been over to their house for dinner a few times."

"And was Orla there then?" the corporal asked.

"Yes."

"Didn't it occur to you that she was a very attractive girl?"

"Yes, I always thought she was very pretty."

"Did you know that she went horseback riding every afternoon after school?"

The youth hesitated, and to Winchester's surprise he said he would not answer that question without speaking to his lawyer.

"Your lawyer?" the corporal echoed. "How does it happen that you have a lawyer?"

"Well, my parents hired him for me the day after Orla died," he replied. "And he advised me not to say anything more than what I'd already told the police."

This seemed a very unusual procedure on the part of the youth's parents, since young Harden had not been under any real suspicion in the case.

Winchester broke off the questioning and returned to Eugene, where he talked with Sheriff Marlowe and District Attorney Frye. It seemed possible to all of them that Dwain Harden's manner or the condition of his clothing when he returned home that Monday afternoon had caused his parents to believe that he knew more about the girl's death than he pretended.

It was also possible that the mysterious hunter whose picture had been widely circulated by the police was a figment of the youth's imagination.

As a result of the police conference, a cloak of secrecy was drawn around the investigation at this point. The following day a search warrant was issued and Corporal Winchester returned to the Harden home with Deputy Sheriff Phillip Esminger. The two men spent several hours making a thorough search of the premises.

The nature of their findings was not disclosed. However, they drove at once to the Portland crime laboratory where the samples of soil and shrubbery from the crime scene had previously been taken.

At 4:30 p.m. on Wednesday after-



Police in Hamburg, West Germany, are using "aqua cars" to pursue fugitives on land and water without waiting for help from conventional police boats.

noon, November 18th, Corporal Winchester and Deputy Esminger returned to Dwain Harden's home and placed him under arrest. Taken to the police station, he was booked on a charge of murder during the commission of rape.

When questioned again, Harden declined to make any further statements "on the advice of his lawyer." Since the youth was only 15 years old and would not be 16 until December 20th, he was still a juvenile and had to be treated as one. He was therefore taken to Skipworth Juvenile Home in Eugene for detention.

The following day, District Attorney Frye announced that Dwain Lee Harden's arrest for murder had been "on the basis of findings by the University of Oregon Medical School crime laboratory at Portland." He declined to reveal the nature of the findings. He said, however, that Harden had denied the charges against him.

During the days that followed, the police returned to Harden's home for a more exhaustive search. They continued to gather evidence, and finally on Monday, November 30, 1964, District

Attorney Frye brought the case before the Lane County Grand Jury. They promptly indicted Harden on a charge of first degree murder.

At this point the case was automatically remanded to the Juvenile Court by Judge Edwin Allen, since Oregon law does not permit persons under 16 years old to be prosecuted in an adult court.

District Attorney Frye is determined, however, to see Dwain Harden tried as an adult for the rape-murder of the 16-year-old schoolgirl.

"On the basis of the grand jury's indictment," he has announced. "I will ask the Juvenile Court to continue Harden in custody until December 20, 1964, on which date he will be 16 years old, and then remand him to the Circuit Court for trial."

If he is tried as an adult and found guilty by a jury, Dwain Harden will face a maximum penalty of life imprisonment—as decreed at the polls by the people of Oregon on the day after Orla Fipps' murder. ★

Editor's Note: The name William Berry is fictitious.



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In Bloomington, Illinois, Miss Maryann Ropp, restaurant employee, hands coin dealer Fred Vollmer his coffee through a hole conveniently left by burglars.

HOODLUM EMPIRE

(Continued from page 17)

satisfy the bank. The shylock would then approach the victim and make his deal.

"This was the only way those pepole could get any money," explained the witness. "Without the shylock they were dead."

"And with the shylock?" asked the committee counsel.

"They were almost dead," replied the witness.

Now it might be thought that the only victims of this vicious lending racket are the gullible, the fools, and those afflicted with expensive, compulsive vices. But consider the case of Russell Calise.

Russell Calise was a 56-year-old Yonkers bookmaker and no one has ever considered a member of that illegal profession naive. He had gone into business in 1946 and had made a comfortable living from those who firmly believe they can predict the speed of a horse.

Then, in 1961, Calise made what he thought was an attempt to enter the

upper ranks of the hoodlum class. He wasn't fool enough to borrow money from the shylocks. He lent it. But that proved to be as big a mistake as if he'd been a borrower.

Specifically, Calise lent \$8,000 to Nutch Birritella who handed it over to Tommy Manzo who used it as capital in the loan shark racket. Calise was repaid at a rate of \$60 a week until he had received a total of \$1,075. In 1962 the payments ceased altogether.

Calise waited a year before taking any steps to recover his cash. Then, in 1963, he approached Tommy Manzo. He told the loan shark that he was about to send his son to college and that he was badly in need of cash.

Manzo ignored him so Calise enlisted the services of James DeMasi, a shylock from New York City.

A week later, Calise was roused from his bed at 3 o'clock in the morning. It was by a phone call from Manzo who was indignant and profane. His wife, it appeared, had been telephoned by DeMasi and the latter had used some vile language.

Calise was intimidated. He paid DeMasi \$500 for his trouble and called him off the case.

Now, at this time, Calise was actually

out \$6,925 on his original loan, but the shylocks treated him as if he were the borrower, not the lender.

One afternoon a machine gun blast was fired into his parked car. This action was followed by a telephone call in which Calise was warned, "Next time it will happen to you."

The windows in his bookmaking establishment were smashed and the power lines into his home were cut. Calise called Frank Sacco, another hoodlum, who, according to Calise, was Manzo's boss. Sacco wasn't too encouraging.

"Manzo owes me \$12,000," Sacco told the bookmaker. "When I get that, maybe you'll get what's coming to you."

But Calise still didn't get paid. However, he was called into the presence of Sacco and Manzo and was given a note signed by Manzo, promising to pay Calise \$4,000 over a period of two years. This was about a 50% payment on the original investment. Moreover, Calise was forced to pay another \$1,500 in cash before he was handed the note. He was also given a Florida telephone number, just "in case there was any trouble."

There was. One day two armed hoods approached the bookmaker.

"We hear you're in trouble with the shylocks," one said. "Give us \$15,000 and we'll help you."

Calise, frightened and thoroughly fed up, called the Florida number he had been given. From Miami he was told, "Go see Joe the Wop on Mulberry Street. He'll fix you up."

Calise did so. Joe the Wop made another phone call to Florida, a call for which Calise was forced to pay.

Then Joe said, "Okay, go home. Everything's fixed up."

It didn't appear to be fixed up very well. That night three rifle bullets smashed through the front door of the Calise home.

Shortly after that, the desperate bookmaker was haled before a kangaroo court where he was ordered to pay \$1,000 for an arbitrator who would handle the entire matter.

In short, Calise never got his investment back. In essaying to join the loan sharks, he was treated like a delinquent customer.

ANOTHER Yonkers resident also had some trouble with Manzo. This was a male nurse who, unfortunately, was a losing horse player.

He first borrowed \$1,500 from one Samuel A. Santora. After he had paid back about \$2,500, he found he still owed the loan shark another \$2,400. Then he borrowed \$1,000 from Manzo in order, as he said, "to quiet Santora down."

After he had paid Manzo \$800, he found that he still owed all the principal. He was, suddenly, in deep trouble.

His wife said that, in the beginning, she knew nothing at all of her husband's difficulties.

"But," she said, "a fellow who called himself Sammy kept telephoning me. He insisted that he get his interest. He got

very angry when I objected to the high payments.

"He told me that the payments were high because he was a shylock and he asked me if I knew what that meant. Then he said that if my husband didn't pay him off that I'd be putting flowers on my husband's grave."

Well, that wouldn't have been the first time that flowers had been put on the grave of a loan shark's victim.

It is impossible to estimate the annual take of the hoodlums who operate this nation-wide racket. Many authorities state that it is in excess of a billion dollars. This cash is used to operate other illegal enterprises. It is also used to permit the racketeers to muscle into legi-

itimate businesses and take them over.

Legal experts strongly recommend that the law on usury be beefed up. Several suggestions have been put forward:

1. Force all money lenders to be licensed.
2. Make usury a felony, not the misdemeanor it is in most states.
3. Grant immunity to witnesses so that they can be compelled to testify.
4. Permit wiretaps in order to obtain evidence against the loan sharks.

These are all good ideas. But the shylocks are a persistent breed. It will not be easy to put them out of their lucrative business. ★

TWO DEAD FOR BEDROOM SLASHER

(Continued from page 11)

where the body lay.

There was no evidence that the house had been broken into. Apparently the front door had been left unlocked and the killer had wandered in from the street, taking the young actress by surprise. Captain Weysham recalled that two years previously, during the Christmas season, an unknown assailant had entered another house in the same quiet neighborhood and assaulted two women, though not fatally.

THE HOMICIDE captain assumed the unpleasant duty of notifying the victim's parents of the tragedy. Donna's mother, who worked as an assistant to a doctor in the neighborhood, collapsed upon learning the tragic news.

Her father, mechanical foreman in a New Orleans garage, was driven home in tears by the police. By the time he reached the house, a suspect had been taken into custody and was under guard in a police car outside.

"I talked with Donna briefly on the telephone at 10 o'clock and she was all right then," he told the police. "I said, 'Happy birthday, honey. I'll see you later,' and she replied, 'Thank you, daddy.'"

From the questioning of neighbors it was established that the slayer must have entered the house sometime after 10:30. A woman next door had been hanging out clothes until that hour and had seen no one. Another neighbor had passed the Trussell house at 9:30. Mrs. Trussell said she had left at 9:10 and might have left the front door unlocked.

Then, when the victim's 15-year-old brother returned from school at noon, it was learned that the killer had escaped on the boy's bicycle. He had left it standing alongside the house and it was now missing.

Lynne Buillard told the police that Donna Trussell could hardly have been known to her attacker. The lovely Donna had been in New York City studying modeling. She had come to New Orleans to spend the holidays with her relatives

and was due to return north that afternoon.

While in New York, Donna had lived in Miss Buillard's own apartment there. Donna had previously shared an apartment with her other cousin, Lynda Lee Mead of Mississippi, the former Miss America.

It was Donna's father, a gifted actor himself, who had done most to encourage her acting ambitions. They had acted together in a local production of Lillian Hellman's play, "The Little Foxes", and had received rave reviews. He had made it possible for her to go to New York and to study modeling as a means of livelihood while furthering her dramatic career.

While Detective Hand and other police continued to search the house and question neighbors, Captain Weysham escorted Lynne Buillard and her friend to the Second District police station. Although both had seen the killer at close range, neither had had a look at his face. Still they were both sure that the suspect already picked up in the neighborhood was too young to be the man they had seen.

During the afternoon, when a 16-year-old boy with a minor police record was brought in, they also eliminated him. They were less certain, however, about three other suspects apprehended later in the day. One of these men had blood in his hair. All three were held overnight, but were later released after they had been given lie detector tests.

Late that afternoon, the bicycle belonging to Donna Trussell's young brother was found abandoned in the 2800 block on Washington Street. It was sent to the crime laboratory to be checked for possible bloodstains, and officers were sent to that neighborhood to look for the man who had discarded the bicycle.

Meanwhile, police had been combing through the files of men who had records for assaults on women. Teams of detectives were dispatched throughout the city, and those men who could be found were carefully questioned.

By the following day, suspicion had centered on a man with a record as a rapist who had escaped from a mental

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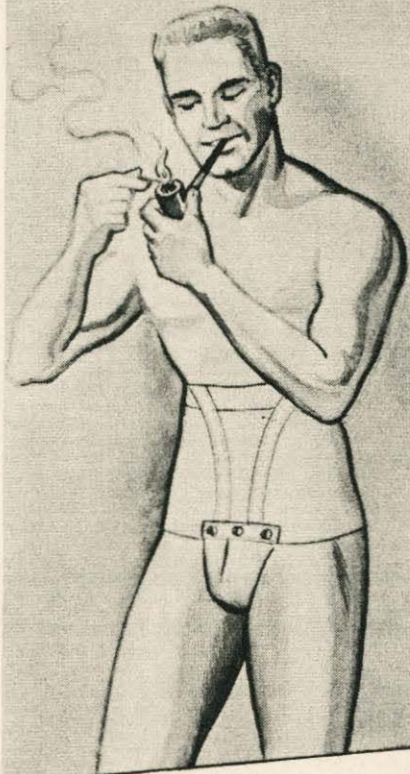
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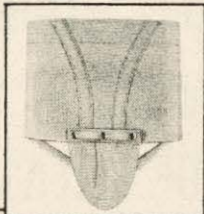
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institution three months previously. He had been reported seen in New Orleans but police had been unable to track him down.

While the search for him continued, officers in Jefferson Parish arrested a man attempting to board a freight train in the Illinois Central yard. He was wearing tight-fitting dark trousers like the man seen by the witnesses, and he became a suspect when it was found that he had scratches on his wrists. The autopsy had revealed traces of skin under the fingernails of the dead girl, and the police were sure that she had scratched her assailant.

Taken to headquarters, the suspect denied any knowledge of the murder, saying that he had received the scratches several days previously when he was attacked and robbed. He was cleared of suspicion in the slaying when the two witnesses said the man they had seen was younger and not as tall.

As the week wore on with no definite progress in the case, Captain Weysham realized that the murder was of the type that, if not solved quickly, might never be solved. There was the probability, however, that a sexual psychopath capable of such a heinous crime would strike again. Such a new foray might bring about his capture.

The man might already have left the area. But Weysham thought that somewhere, sooner or later, the police would pick up his trail again. He had circulars printed giving the details of the gruesome birthday murder and the sketchy description the police had of the slayer. These were circulated throughout the South and law enforcement agencies were asked to question all such men arrested for sex crimes about the Donna Trussell case.

FOR NEARLY four months this strategy brought little result. Then, on April 27, 1964, Captain Weysham had a telephone call from the police of Houston, Texas. They said they had just arrested a 42-year-old Negro as a rapist sought in a wave of six recent assaults on women in their homes.

The suspect, who described himself as an itinerant preacher, had been shot in the leg several days previously by a police officer who had attempted unsuccessfully to arrest him on the complaint of a rape victim. He had been spotted limping along a street on April 26th by two officers in a patrol car.

When these officers tried to capture the suspect with the help of a passing citizen, he put up a furious battle. Officer Paul Hensley and the citizen were both bitten by the enraged man and had to be treated at a hospital. The suspect also seized Hensley's gun and tried to shoot him.

After being overpowered and taken to the police station, the self-styled preacher was identified by three of the rape victims. The Houston authorities then informed the New Orleans police of the possibility that he was the man wanted in the murder of Donna Trussell.

The suspect denied that he had ever been in New Orleans, however, and in-

vestigation later established that he was in Houston on January 2nd. He was therefore cleared in the Trussell slaying.

Again the murder of the teen-age actress seemed to have reached a stalemate. There were no further developments until October 17, 1961—and then a savage assault was committed on 19-year-old Bonnie Jean Norton in her New Orleans home by a Negro. She told the police that he threatened her with death if she resisted and said:

"I'm an ex-convict and I don't mind dying for what I'm doing."

During the assault, Bonnie Jean's 12-year-old brother heard her screaming and came running into the room. The attacker forced him to remain and witness the rape of his sister. But at last the boy managed to get away and summon his father, who was outdoors.

The father armed himself with a butcher knife and broke into the room. He threw himself on the intruder and stabbed him in the shoulder.

The attacker broke away from him, however. He jumped to the ground from a second-story porch and escaped.

Soon afterward, an informant called the police to report that a man he knew named Roosevelt Hughes had stopped by his house to change his clothes, which were covered with blood. Hughes was discovered in bed at his home nearby, nursing a shoulder wound. Taken to the police station, he admitted the attack on the 19-year-old girl, and Bonnie Jean identified him.

Hughes denied any knowledge of the Trussell slaying, but the circumstances were similar and he was booked for suspicion in that crime too.

Captain Weysham had Lynne Buillard driven to the police station to see whether she could identify him. The police were doomed to disappointment, however.

"He doesn't look like the man I saw with Donna," she said. "No, I'm sure he's not."

Though Roosevelt Hughes was jailed on the rape charge, the suspicion of murder charge against him was dismissed.

Once more the police were at a dead end in the birthday slaying, but they had no intention of giving up their efforts. As the months went by, scores of men arrested for rape and other crimes of violence were questioned in the unsolved Donna Trussell murder. One by one they were eliminated.

The year 1962 passed without developments, as did 1963 and the spring and summer of 1964.

Then, on November 10, 1964, New Orleans was shocked by another horrible rape-murder.

Shortly after 2 o'clock that afternoon, Mrs. Lillian E. Harris, who lived in a fashionable duplex house on Louisiana Avenue Parkway, drove to a neighborhood supermarket. There she cashed a check for \$40 and spent a leisurely hour shopping for groceries.

MRS. HARRIS, 41 years old, was the wife of Louis S. Harris, vice-president of two companies in the engineer-

ing field. He and his wife had come from New York City to make their home in New Orleans about eight years previously.

Lillian Harris had taken a strong interest in local civic affairs. She had become known to political, educational and religious leaders as a determined fighter for good government and the rights of the underprivileged. She had hundreds of friends and was respected by people in high places throughout the city. Still, she had always led a quiet life, considering her first duty to be as a home-maker for her husband and her three children.

Mrs. Harris returned from her shopping trip at about 3 o'clock with two large bags of groceries. Leaving one for the moment in her small foreign-made car at the curb, she entered the house with the other, waving a cheerful greeting to a neighbor who was entering his house next door.

But Mrs. Harris did not go back for the other bag of groceries. When her 13-year-old son returned from school at about 3:50 p.m., he found the door leading to their second floor apartment standing ajar. He went upstairs and called to his mother, but received no answer. Then going to a bedroom, he stopped in the doorway with a cry of horror.

He turned and ran downstairs to the first-floor apartment of the building's owner, Dr. Irving Sheen, and Dr. Sheen hurried back upstairs with the boy.

Lillian Harris was lying face down on a blood-soaked bed. Her handbag lay open on the floor nearby. Her clothing was torn and disarranged, her hands were tied behind her back and she had also been tied around the neck.

Dr. Sheen saw that there was a wound from a small-caliber bullet in her left temple. But she was still living, and he grabbed the phone and called for an ambulance. Then he notified the police.

A patrol car and an ambulance arrived at the same moment, and police officers helped carry the stricken woman down to the waiting vehicle. She was rushed to Touro Infirmary and taken to the emergency room. All possible efforts were made to save her life, though it was realized that there was little hope. She died at 5:20 a.m. without regaining consciousness.

In the meantime, Police Superintendent Joseph I. Giarusso had arrived at the apartment with Deputy Superintendent Alfred A. Theriol, Detective Chief James Cassanova and a contingent of detectives. A search of the house and the questioning of neighbors established a basic outline of what had happened.

Upon arriving home from the supermarket, Lillian Harris had left a heavy bag of groceries on her kitchen table. Apparently she had left the front door open, intending to return for the second bag. But an unknown man had slipped into the house.

He surprised Mrs. Harris in the kitchen and probably forced her into the bedroom at gunpoint. There he tied her hands and threw her on the bed. After

assaulting the helpless woman, he deliberately shot her in the temple to prevent her from ever identifying him. Then he snatched the money from her handbag and made his escape.

Though the crime had occurred in mid-afternoon, none of the neighbors had seen the man enter or leave the house, nor had any heard the shot or any unusual commotion. A careful search by police revealed that the slayer had left no clues that might reveal his identity.

Superintendent Giarusso announced that he would take personal charge of the investigation. He saw at once that the case was remarkably similar to the murder of the young actress, Donna Trussell, back in 1961. In spite of many months of untiring work by Captain Weysham and the homicide squad, this case still remained wide open.

The possibility that the same man had committed both crimes was heightened by the fact that several neighbors reported seeing a slender Negro between the ages of 25 and 30 in the neighborhood both before and after the murder of Mrs. Harris.

The man was a stranger to them and efforts to learn his identity failed. But a man working on the roof of a house near the Harris home had seen him clearly. He and several neighbors were able to describe him well enough so that a composite sketch could be made. This drawing was published on the front

pages of the New Orleans newspapers and the public was asked to help the police identify him.

It was not certain that the man pictured was the slayer, however; he might have been in the neighborhood on innocent business. While the search for him went on, the police also followed up other leads.

The victim's husband had been out of town on the day of the murder. Upon his return, the executive gave the police information which led them to seek an acquaintance of the Harris family at the Jefferson Downs race track.

This man was later located and questioned in Baton Rouge. The police would not reveal his identity or why they had questioned him, but they announced on Thursday that he was no longer a suspect.

AS THE HUNT for the unknown Negro went on, friends and neighbors of the dead woman established a reward fund for information leading to the arrest of her slayer. By Friday this fund had passed the \$5,000 mark.

Work on the case continued with no new developments, however, until Monday, November 16th. Then a series of seemingly unrelated events occurred which, through the alertness of the police, were to lead to its solution.

On that day, two police officers of the narcotics squad drove up beside a group of five Negro men standing along a

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street. The officers had no particular suspicion against the men. It was a routine investigation and they simply wanted to talk to them.

As they approached, one of the men darted away and vanished into an alley. The officers had barely a look at him and it would have been hopeless to try to find him. But his behavior indicated that he had reason to avoid the police, and they wondered what the reason was.

His friends said they knew him only as "Frank." He had taken a room in the neighborhood lately, they said, and he spent most of his time in bars.

Still curious about this man's reluctance to be questioned, the narcotics officers investigated further. They learned that "Frank" usually hung out at a particular barroom near Washington and Magnolia Streets. He was pointed out to them in this establishment and they took him into custody for questioning. He gave his name as Frank Williams.

They were soon satisfied that he was not connected with the drug traffic. However, a routine check of his fingerprints established that his full name was Frank Charles Williams and that he was an ex-convict and a former patient at a state mental hospital. He was presently on parole from Orleans Parish Prison, from which he had been released on November 7, 1963.

Williams' record folder in the identification division also bore a notation that he was wanted for questioning, if and when located, by Captain Robert Hamilton and Detective David Kent.

The narcotics men promptly notified the police captain that Williams was in

custody. The captain was glad to hear it.

"Good!" Captain Hamilton exclaimed. "We've been looking for Williams ever since August—for questioning regarding an aggravated assault on a young Negro woman."

Hamilton said that the woman, 19-year-old Sally Franklin, had charged that Williams, whom she knew slightly, entered her house, attempted to rape her, and slashed her with a razor. She had had to be hospitalized for her wounds.

Frank Williams was turned over to Captain Hamilton for questioning. A slender man of medium height, he was now 22 years old but looked older. He stoutly denied the attack on Sally Franklin. And then Captain Hamilton noticed that Williams resembled the sketch of the suspect in the rape-murder of Mrs. Lillian Harris.

The police captain had Sally Franklin brought in. She pointed an accusing finger at Williams.

"That's him!" she cried. "He's the man who slashed me and he knows it. Don't you let him lie out of it!"

"I'll tell you something else, too," the young woman went on. "Before he attacked me he tried to scare me into letting him do what he wanted to. He said he was the man who killed Donna Trussell back in 1961, and that he'd just as soon do the same thing to me."

This was the first time in her talks with the police that Sally Franklin had mentioned the name of the blonde teenage actress.

"Why didn't you tell us this before?" Captain Hamilton demanded.

Sally shrugged her shoulders. "Well,

I didn't know if Frank really did kill that girl. I figured probably he was boasting, just trying to frighten me."

When the young woman had left, Hamilton studied Williams' police record more thoroughly. He found that it began on March 6, 1961, when Williams was convicted of burglary. Since then he had had convictions for theft, aggravated battery, and auto theft, and he had been confined almost constantly until November, 1963. But on the dates of the murders of Donna Trussell and Mrs. Lillian Harris and the assault on Sally Franklin, he had been a free man.

Captain Hamilton called in Deputy Police Superintendent Theriot, and the two men questioned Williams about the three crimes. They could see him growing increasingly uneasy. Finally he burst out:

"All right, I did it. I pulled a razor on Sally Franklin like she said. That's why I ran away from those two cops. I knew if they found out about Sally I'd go back to jail for a long time because I was already on parole."

Williams went on to give the officers the details of his alleged razor assault on the young woman. Then they summoned Superintendent Giarusso, Detective Chief Cassanova and District Attorney Garrison, and the questioning was continued.

For several hours the suspect withstood the rapid-fire questions of these veteran investigators. Then slowly his resistance melted. Late that night, Thursday, November 20, 1964, he admitted the rape-slayings of both women. He was then booked on two counts of first degree murder, as well as for the

In St. Petersburg, Florida, reporter Sally Derrickson went through obstacle course deputies use to keep physically fit.



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assault on Sally Franklin, and confined to jail.

THE FOLLOWING morning, Superintendent Giarusso released a summary of the statement allegedly made by Williams regarding the murder of Mrs. Harris. He said that Williams had been walking along Louisiana Avenue Parkway when he noticed that the front door of the Harris home was standing open. He entered, went up the stairs and saw Mrs. Harris in her kitchen.

"Williams then pointed a gun at Mrs. Harris and demanded money." Superintendent Giarusso stated. "She led him to the bedroom, where she had left her purse. She was then attacked, and was later shot when she grabbed Williams as he was about to flee the premises. While unconscious, she was sexually assaulted."

The superintendent went on to say that Williams had named a friend to whom he said he had given the .22-caliber pistol used in the slaying. This friend had passed it on to another man. Giarusso said. But prompt action on the part of detectives had resulted in the recovery of the weapon Friday afternoon.

The superintendent declined to reveal details of Williams' alleged admission to the gruesome murder of Donna Trussell, except to say that he admitted raping the girl.

Some insight into the tortured mind of a man capable of such horrible crimes

was gained when police talked with Williams' mother. She said that her son had never been a normal boy and that he had spent three years in Jackson State Hospital as an adolescent.

"When he was 15, a hospital doctor told me that he had the mind of a 3-year-old," she said. "He told me that he must be watched carefully for the rest of his life."

She went on to say that during the early months of 1961—after the murder of Donna Trussell—he had tried repeatedly to kill himself.

"Once he laid out flat on Airline Highway, hoping a car would run over him," she said. "Another time my little daughter caught him as he was about to drink cleaning fluid. He also tried to blind himself once with acid."

She said that when he had been moved from the parish prison back to Jackson State Hospital after his burglary conviction, he wrote home and told her: "Mama, I don't understand anything any more. Nobody helps me. They just work me here."

"When he finally came home on probation, he used to cry all the time," she continued, "and he couldn't think straight. I knew he was still sick in his mind."

"After that he didn't live with me any more. But I knew he was still sick and crazy and nobody could ever do anything about it."

Frank Williams was granted prompt

legal aid by the court, and his attorneys immediately filed a petition for a writ of habeas corpus. In this they asked not for his release from custody but that he be held in a mental institution.

His lawyers contended that his arrest on the murder charges was "illegal and invalid" because his mental condition prevented him from understanding his present situation.

Formal charges of murder were filed against Williams before the petition could be acted upon, however, and on Wednesday, November 26, 1964, the case was brought before the Orleans Parish Grand Jury. In spite of the efforts of Williams' attorneys to postpone action on the case, the grand jury returned indictments against Williams in the slayings of both Donna Trussell and Mrs. Lillian Harris.

As this account is written, Frank Charles Williams remains in jail, under indictment for the two murders which horrified New Orleans. In view of his history of mental illness, it seems unlikely that he will ever go to trial for these savage crimes—for which he would undoubtedly be sent to the electric chair if found guilty. But, in any case, he faces indefinite confinement in a mental institution—from which he probably should never have been released. ★

Editor's Note: The names Bonnie Jean Norton and Sally Franklin are fictitious.

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