MASTER DETECTIVE

TRUE CASES FROM POLICE HEADQUARTERS

AUG.

TEEN-AGE TERROR

The Shocking Story Behind New York's Boy Gangsters

The PUZZLE of PAUL PFEFFER

How Many Men Did This Savage Kill?

25¢

August, 1955 ★ MASTER DETECTIVE ★ 25¢

HIGH PRESSURE FOUNTAIN BRUSH

WASHES CARS *LIKE MAGIC*

WITH ROTARY POWER SPRAY

A Sparkling Clean Car YOURS . . . in 7 to 10 minutes . . .

NO HARD LABOR! NO FUSS! NO MESS!

SAVE $3.00
From Factory-to-You!
1.98 COMPLETE KIT — REG. 4.98

FREE to YOU! 10 CAR WASHES!

Yours free of extra cost — a generous trial supply of AEROMAT "MAGIC" SUDS PELLETS — enough for 10 car washes. Place in built-in chamber. As water flows thru, pellets foam into suds. Road film dissolves and slides off. Leaves no streaks! Never mars finish. Free package contains enough pellets for 10 car washes. If you paid only $1 per wash you would save $10. Extra packages available: Regular Size for 12 washes: 59 cents. Large size washes 24 cars, cost only $1.

NEW 3 WAY FOUNTAIN BRUSH WASHES CARS, PORCHES, FLOORS, SCREENS, WINDOWS—QUICK, EASY!

Now . . . Order your famous AEROMAT FOUNTAIN BRUSH direct from the factory and save $3.00. Thousands sold last year at much higher prices. The new, improved 1955 model is better than ever — gives you quicker, more thoro washing action. Simply attach it to your garden hose and wash your car sparkling clean in 7 to 10 minutes! Wonderful for household chores also! Washes screens, windows, Venetian blinds, floors, walls, tile, awnings, porches, outdoor furniture. So thoro — so quick — so easy!

ROTARY HIGH PRESSURE ACTION — WORKS FOR YOU!

The AEROMAT has a built-in suds chamber. Drop in a "Magic" Detergent Pellet supplied with your brush, turn on the water and glide it along your car! No hard scrubbing. No back straining. You take it easy while the high pressure ROTARY SPRAY ACTION loosens and removes all road film and dirt. It's easy...it's fast...it's fun!

3 SECTION TELESCOPE HANDLE LIKE 3 BRUSHES IN ONE!

NEW for 1955 — a 3 section fountain handle — makes the new model AEROMAT handier than ever. Each section is one foot long. Use 3 sections for washing cars, walls, windows. Use one or two sections for other work. Easy to store away or take along when you travel! STAR FEATURE: Bristles are made with the new miracle product — DUROSTYRENE — soft as silk, cannot scratch or mar paint — yet it lasts for years and years!

COMPLETE KIT — ONLY $1.98

Includes Brush, Handle, Suds Chamber, Magic Pellets and Carrying Case

You get everything you need, ready for INSTANT use — nothing else to buy. Try an AEROMAT kit now — without risk. Send only 1.98 m.o., check or cash for immediate delivery. Or order C.O.D. plus 44 cents postage. RUSH COUPON AT ONCE! Quantities limited. First come, first served. Get yours direct from the manufacturer and save over half! Your money back quick if not 100% satisfied!

MOTO-MATIC COMPANY

352 Fourth Ave., Dept. 132-H-444
New York 10, N. Y.

SEE IT IN ACTION! TRY — BEFORE YOU BUY!

Use, try, test an AEROMAT any way you like for 5 days. See the ROTARY SUDS ACTION thru the VISIBLE HEAD. See how it dissolves road sludge and dirt with practically no work! Then, if you're not thrilled in every way, return to our factory for immediate refund of your 1.98 — no questions asked! Rush coupon now for free trial — no obligation. It's not a sale until you've tried it and agree it's simply amazing!

USE FOR ALL HOUSE WASH JOBS!

RUSH for COMPLETE KIT . . . on 5 DAY APPROVAL!

MOTO-MATIC COMPANY
352 Fourth Ave., Dept. 132-H-444, New York 10, N. Y.

RUSH . Aeromat Washer Kits, complete with Carrying Case, Brush Head, Suds Chamber, 3 handles with all fittings, complete for 1.98 each — on 5 DAY TRIAL — MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. I'm not buying — I'M trying. If I am not delighted, you will refund my 1.98 at once.

☐ 1.98 enclosed — RUSH all postage paid.
☐ Send C.O.D. plus 44c postage.

Name .....
Address .....
Town ..... State .....

☐ ALSO send ..... Large Size packages of magic pellets at $1 each — enough for 24 car washes. ☐ Send ..... pkgs. reg. size at 59c each for 12 washes.

MEN PAST 40

Who are Troubled with *Getting Up Nights*

Pains in Back, Hips, Legs, Nervousness-Tiredness, Loss of Physical Vigor

The Cause may be Glandular Inflammation

The Excelsior Institute is completely equipped to give the latest and most modern scientific Diagnostic and treatment services.

The highly trained Staff of Doctors and Technicians is so extensive that your physical condition may be thoroughly checked during the day you arrive here.

Men as they grow older too often become negligent and take for granted unusual aches and pains. They mistakenly think that these indications of Ill Health are the USUAL signs of older age.

This negligence can prove Tragic resulting in a condition where expensive and painful surgery is the only chance.

If you, a relative or a friend have the symtoms of Ill Health indicated above the trouble may be due to Glandular INFLAMMATION.

GLANDULAR INFLAMMATION very commonly occurs in men of middle age or past and is accompanied by such physical changes as Frequent Lapses of Memory, Early Graying of the Hair and Excess Increase in weight . . . signs that the Glands are not functioning properly.

Neglect of such conditions or a false conception of inadequate treatments cause men to grow old before their time . . . leading to premature senility, loss of vigor in life and possibly incurable conditions.

NON-SURGICAL TREATMENTS

The non-surgical treatments of Glandular Inflammation and other diseases of older men afforded at the Excelsior Institute have been the result of over 20 years scientific research on the part of a group of Doctors who were not satisfied with painful surgical treatment methods.

The War brougbt many new techniques and many new wonder working drugs. These new discoveries were added to the research development already accomplished. The result has been a new type of treatment that is proving of great benefit to men suffering from Glandular Inflammation or Rectal and Colon trouble.

COMPLETE EXAMINATION AT LOW COST

On your arrival here we first make a complete examination. The Doctors who examine you are experienced specialists. You are told frankly what your condition is and cost of treatments you need. You then decide whether or not you will take treatments recommended.

Definite Reservations Not Necessary

If your condition is acute and painful you may come here at once witbout reservation. Complete examination will be made promptly.

Select Your Own Hotel Accommodations

Treatments are so mild that hospitalization is not necessary so the saving in your expense is considerable. You are free to select any type of hotel accommodation you may desire.

FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK GIVES YOU FULL INFORMATION

The Excelsior Institute has published a New FREE Book that is fully illustrated and deals with Diseases peculiar to men. It gives excellent factual knowledge and could prove of utmost importance to your future life. It shows how new modern non-surgical methods are prevailing where older methods are failing. It is to your best interest in life to write for a FREE copy today.

Treatments Are Exclusively for Men

The Excelsior Institute is an institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of diseases of men of advancing years. If you were to visit here you would find men of all walks of life. Here for one purpose —improving their health, finding new zest in life and adding years of happiness to their lives.

During the past two years men from over 1,000 cities and towns from all parts of the United States have been successfully treated here at the Excelsior Institute. Undoubtedly one or more of these men are from your locality or close by . . . we will gladly send you their names for reference.

RECTAL and COLON
Troubles TREATED Non-Surgically

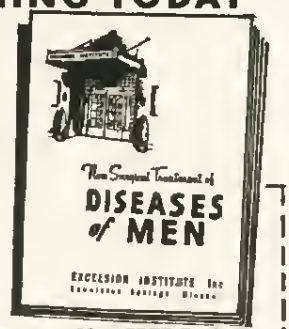
Rectal and Colon disorders are often associated with Glandular Inflammation. These disorders if not corrected will gradually grow worse and often require painful and expensive surgery.

We are in a position to take care of these troubles either with or without Glandular Inflammation treatments.

The proper treatment of such disorders can very easily change your entire outlook on life.

DO SOMETHING TODAY

Putting something off today until tomorrow is only human nature. Taking a few minutes right now in filling out the coupon below may enable you to better enjoy the future years of your life and prove to be one of the best investments you ever made.



Excelsior Institute
Dept. 5952
Excelsior Springs, Mo.

Gentlemen: Kindly send me at once your New FREE Book on Diseases peculiar to men. I am ..... years old.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Master Detective

TRUE CASES FROM POLICE HEADQUARTERS

VOL. 50 | 25th Year of Publication | NO. 5

AUGUST, 1955

MD Full-Length Stories

MD Headline Stories

MD Special Features

Cover by Boryė Phillips

September MASTER DETECTIVE on sale: July 28th

HUGH LAYNE, Editor
EDWIN JOHNSON, Managing Editor
E. G. FRENCH, Associate Editor
HARRY TASKEY, Art Director
ED FITZGERALD, Editor-in-Chief
PHILIP D. HYLAND, Advertising Director

MASTER DETECTIVE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY by the TD Publishing Corporation New York N Y **EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES** at 206 East 43rd Street, New York 17, N Y Advertising offices also in Chicago and San Francisco **SUBSCRIPTION RATES** $3.00 one year U S and Possessions and Canada, $5.00 per year all other countries **CHANGE OF ADDRESS** 6 weeks' notice essential When possible please forward stencil-impression address from a recent issue Address change can be made only if you send us your old as well as new address Write to MASTER DETECTIVE 206 East 43rd Street New York 17 N Y **MANUSCRIPTS DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS** should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage and will be carefully considered, but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or injury **FOREIGN EDITIONS** handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N Y

Reentered as second-class matter September 8, 1953 at the Post Office at New York, N Y under the Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second class matter by the Post Office Department Ottawa Ontario Canada Printed in U S A by Art Color Printing Company
Member of SPORT Men's Group

OPPORTUNITIES FOR EVERYBODY

Publisher's Classified Department (Trademark)

For classified advertising rates, write to William R. Stewart, 9 South Clinton Street, Chicago 6 (Mes-Aug) 5

HELP WANTED

"ATTENTION CONSTRUCTION, AVIATION, Oilmen!!" Trades - Laborers - Truck Drivers - Clerical - Engineers - Supervisors - Many Others. Who to Contact for Highest Paying Jobs. To $1500.00 Monthly. Latest Copyrighted Reports Covering Over 52 Countries, including U.S., St. Lawrence Project, Spain, Far North, Alaska, South America, Europe. Year Exclusive Registration and Advisory Service. Application forms. Unconditional Money-Back Guarantee of Satisfaction! Immediate Service!! $2.00. Airmailed $2.25. (COD's Accepted). International Reporter, Box 1047-MR, St. Louis 1, Missouri.

EARN TO $1500 Monthly. Many jobs available. South America, Europe, Africa, USA, etc. All Trades Engineers, Mechanics, Office Workers, Labor, Truck Drivers, Carpenters, Electricians, Plumbers, Supervisors, etc. Many benefits. Chance to travel. Fare paid by employer. No employment fees. Application Forms. For free information and a quick reply Write Dept. 75A, National Employment Information, 1020 Broad, Newark, N.J.

FOREIGN-U.S. EMPLOYMENT. If interested in Stateside & Foreign projects write. High Pay. Stamped self-addressed envelope appreciated. Job Information, Dept. 6G, Waseca, Minn.

EMPLOYERS NOW HIRING 12,500 men for Overseas and Alaska! Construction $830-$1053 monthly, factory $760; office $650. Free Transportation. Catalog, $1. Jobservice D-15, Box 30, Billings, Montana.

FOREIGN EMPLOYMENT CONSTRUCTION Work. If interested in foreign projects with high pay, write Foreign Service Bureau, Personnel Mgr., Metuchen, New Jersey.

OVERSEAS AND U.S. Jobs. Men, Women. Skilled, unskilled. High pay. Postcard brings details. Eastland, Box 1406-E, Los Angeles 28, Calif.

AGENTS WANTED

BEAUTY DEMONSTRATORS—TO $5 hr., demonstrating Famous Hollywood Cosmetics, your neighborhood. For free samples, details, write Studio Girl, Dept. MC-85, Glendale, California.

BUY WHOLESALE THOUSANDS nationally advertised products at big discount. Free "Wholesale Plan." American Buyers, Hertel Station, Buffalo 16-AG, N.Y.

EARN UP TO $250.00 per week soliciting delinquent accounts. Metro, Box 5887, Kansas City 11, Missouri.

BEAUTIFUL FEATHER PICTURES. 200% Profit! Free sample. Apartado 9036, Mexico 1, D.F.

PERFUME BEADS, SENSATIONAL Sellers. Particulars free. Mission, 2328A West Pico, Los Angeles 6, Calif.

MONEY-MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

SELL TITANIA GEMS. $9.75 Carat Wholesale. More brilliant than diamonds. Free catalog. Diamonite, 1404-P Mitchell, Oakland 1, Calif.

FREE! COMPLETE MAIL Order Business! Terrific Profits! No investment! VitaMins, 2908K Beverly, Los Angeles 57.

EARN MONEY AT Home! Must Have good Handwriting. Write for Details. Atlas, Box 188-D, Melrose, Mass.

SEND OUT POSTCARDS. Cash daily. Write Box 174, Belmont, Mass.

$25 WEEKLY POSSIBLE, spare time, at home, preparing mail for advertisers. Te-Co, Box 946, Muncie 1, Indiana.

SALESMEN WANTED

CALENDARS, ADVERTISING NOVELTIES, Matches! Good Side Line or Full Time. Now is the Time to Sell—All Types of Calendars, Hundreds of Advertising Novelties, Book Matches, etc. Fleming Calendar Co., 6533 Cottage Grove, Chicago 37, Ill.

SELL ADVERTISING BOOK Matches. Big daily commission in advance—Union Label plus Glamour Girls, Scenics, Hillbillies, all standard styles and sizes. Big Free Master Catalog. Fast selling-steady repeat business. Superior Match Co., Dept. Z-855, 7528 So. Greenwood, Chicago 19.

WILL YOU WEAR New Suits and topcoats without one penny cost and agree to show them to friends? You can make up to $30.00 in a day even in spare time, without canvassing. Stone-Field, 532 South Throop St., Dept. F-759, Chicago 7, Ill.

LAND BARGAINS

FLORIDA LAND FOR Profit. Good land near a growing city means profit for land-owners. Just $10 down $10 per month . . . no interest or carrying charges, buys a full ½-acre of high, dry land. Every ½-acre facing a fully graded road. Fourteen miles from one of Florida's fastest growing west coast cities. Only a few miles from a newly developed retirement city. For free maps and details write Lee County Land and Title Company, Dept. PCD, Fort Myers, Florida.

TEXAS HOMESITE $5.00 Down! Full price $89.50 on easy terms. Big 5000 square foot homesite at Bandera, Texas. Heart of "Dude Ranch Country". Electricity, telephone. 1300 feet above sea level. Warm days and cool summer nights make vacation paradise. Hunting, fishing, golfing, swimming, horseback riding. Write for Free photographs and details. Bandera Pass Ranch, Dept. 2008, Bandera, Texas.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

INVENTORS—IF YOU believe you have an invention, you should find out how to protect it. Send for copy of our Patent Booklet "How to Protect Your Invention" and "Invention Record" form. No obligation. McMorrow, Berman & Davidson, Registered Patent Attorneys, 351-A Victor Building, Washington 1, D.C.

INVENTORS—SEND TODAY for instructive booklet "Patent Protection for Inventors" giving detailed patent information and outlining preliminary steps to take toward patent protection, also "Evidence of Invention" form. Victor J. Evans & Co., 200-J Merlin Building, Washington 6, D.C.

INVENTORS WRITE PATRICK D. Beavers, Registered Patent Attorney, 1092 Columbian Bldg., Washington 1, D.C.

EMPLOYMENT SERVICES

FOREIGN CONSTRUCTION. JOBS underway and soon starting in South America, Canada, Alaska, Europe, Asia, Middle East, South Pacific. Big Pay, Tax exemptions. Travel, expense paid. Make your stake now. Send $1.00 for projects, contractors, application form, etc. Prompt ppd. reply. Money-back guarantee. DCS Foreign Job News, Bridgeport 111, Ill.

DETECTIVES

LEARN CIVIL AND Criminal Investigation at home. Earn Steady good pay. Inst. Applied Science, 1920 Sunnyside, Dept. 14-C, Chicago 40, Ill.

OF INTEREST TO MEN

"INTERESTING MAILS"—25c. Keeps your mail box full three months. Bentz (Desk M/10), Chatawa, Mississippi.

WANTED TO BUY

QUICKSILVER, STERLING, SCRAP Precious Metals. Immediate Payment. Write Mercury Refiners, Norwood, Massachusetts.

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES

PLASTICS HOME-CRAFT Course for Men and Women. Tells and shows how to make hundreds of fast selling plastics products. All plastics and materials for 23 projects included in course. No special tools needed. Course pays for itself. Write for Free booklet. Interstate Training Service, Dept. D-73-H, Portland 13, Ore.

COMPLETE HIGH SCHOOL at home in spare time with 58-year-old school; texts furnished, diploma; no classes; booklet free. Write American School, Dept. XC64, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37, Illinois.

HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA at Home. Licensed Teachers. Approved materials. Southern States Academy, Box 144-M, Station E, Atlanta, Ga.

PHYSICAL THERAPY AND Massage Pays big profits. Learn at home. Free Catalog. National Institute, Desk 5, 159 East Ontario, Chicago 11.

SOLVE MENTAL WORRIES. Become Doctor of Psychology. Correspondence only. Free Book. Universal Truth, 5038-S Broadway, Chicago 40.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

"HOW TO MAKE Money Prospecting for Uranium." Free Booklet. Send 20c for handling, postage. Geiger Co., 195-C8 Sackett St., Brooklyn 31, New York.

BOOKKEEPERS INCREASE EARNINGS operating sensational bookkeeping service. Handytax, 5632-D Lankershim, North Hollywood, California.

OPERATE PROFITABLE MAIL order business. Write Walter Service, 4159-W East 112th, Cleveland 5, Ohio.

60 MONEY-MAKING ideas. Catalogue Free. Universal, Box 1076-S, Peoria, Ill.

$200 WEEKLY CLEANING Venetian Blinds. Free book. Burtt, 2434S, Wichita 13, Kansas.

MEN. INCOME FROM local information. No Selling. Neherco, LaVerne 8, California.

PERSONAL

BORROW BY MAIL. Loans $50 to $600 to employed men and women. Easy, quick. Completely confidential. No endorsers. Repay in convenient monthly payments. Details free in plain envelope. Give occupation. State Finance Co., 323 Securities Bldg., Dept. H-14, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

PROFIT! PRESTIGE! PUBLISH a magazine under your own name! Only $3.25 per month! Sample, details 5c! Filmer, 910 Marion, Pharr 9, Texas.

PSORIASIS VICTIMS HOPELESS? New Discovery! Free Trial Offer. Write Pixacol, Box 3583-CM, Cleveland, Ohio.

BOOKS & PERIODICALS

FREE ILLUSTRATED HYPNOTISM Catalogue. Write Hypnotist, 1324 Wilshire, Los Angeles 17W, California.

STAMPS

GIGANTIC COLLECTION FREE—Includes Triangles—Early United States—Animals—Commemoratives—British Colonies—High Value Pictorials, etc. Complete Collection plus Big Illustrated Magazine all free. Send 5c for postage. Gray Stamp Co., Dept. MB, Toronto, Canada.

PICTORIAL PACKET—TRIANGLES, Bi-Colors, etc.—10c! Approvals. Cole, 43-P Rinewalt, Buffalo 21, N.Y.

CLAIM INVESTIGATORS

INVESTIGATE ACCIDENTS—EARN $750 to $1000 month. Thousands of insurance companies, airlines, and steamship lines urgently need Claim Investigators. We train you at home spare time. Placement counsel and help. Free book—Now! Universal Schools, Dept. P-8, Box 8202, Dallas 5, Texas.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

MAKE MONEY INTRODUCING World's cutest children's dresses. Big selection, adorable styles. Low prices. Complete display free. Rush name. Harford, Dept. P-2348, Cincinnati 25, Ohio.

WORK AT HOME

OPERATE MAIL ORDER Business. Catalogues, Merchandise furnished. Details Dime. Vogue, 2410 W. 63rd, Chicago 29, Ill.

OLD COINS & MONEY WANTED

WE PURCHASE INDIANHEAD Pennies. Complete 50c Allcoin Illustrated Catalogue 25c. Worthycoin Corporation (K-392-A), Boston 6, Massachusetts.

WE PURCHASE INDIANHEAD pennies. Complete allcoin catalogue 25c. Magnacoins, Box 61-DJ, Whitestone 57, New York.

INSTRUCTION

WORK FOR U.S. Gov't! Men-Women, 18-55. Start high as $80.00 week. Qualify Now! 23,000 jobs open. Experience often unnecessary. Get Free 36-page book showing jobs, salaries, requirements, sample tests. Write: Franklin Institute, Dept. E-36, Rochester, N.Y.

LETTERS RE-MAILED

VACATIONERS! ALASKA POSTMARK surprises everybody! Airmail your 6c stamped letter(s) (inside larger envelope) for immediate re-airmailing. 25c each. Foolproof! Bill Hill, Box 493, Anchorage, Alaska.

REAL ESTATE INSTRUCTION

BE A REAL Estate Broker. Study at home. Write for Free book today. GI Approved. Weaver School of Real Estate, 2018S Grand, Kansas City, Missouri.

INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS WANTED IMMEDIATELY for promoting, selling. Complete information free. Kessler Corporation, 128X, Fremont, Ohio.

ADDITIONAL INCOME

GM71-HV DISCARDED INJECTORS Parts Wanted. Jack, 7120 Carnegie, Cleveland 3, Ohio.

BUY WHOLESALE 450,000 Products. Literature Free. Carter, Box 6011-MN, Chicago 80.

MUSIC & MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

WHOLESALE! COMPLETE LINE Musical Instruments, Phonographs, Tape Recorders, Typewriters, Watches, Diamond Rings, Appliances, etc. Discounts to 75%! Send 25c (Refundable) for Large catalog. Strauss Music Company, 25-31 Lafayette, Paterson 23, New Jersey.

MALE & FEMALE HELP WANTED

EARN EXTRA MONEY selling Advertising Book Matches. Free Sample Kit furnished. Matchcorp, Dept. PC-34, Chicago 32, Illinois.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

SEND OUT POSTCARDS. Cash Daily. Write Box 174, Belmont, Mass.

The PUZZLE of PAUL PFEFFER

TWICE IN TWO YEARS HE IS ACCUSED OF MURDER

BY CARLOS LANE

HE STOOD two inches above six feet, with 200 pounds of solid beef packed around a rawboned frame. Dark, challenging eyes flickered beneath heavy brows in a strong-jawed face at least passably good-looking, but in no wise classically handsome. He wore his black hair in a long pompadour, ducktailed in the back, a touch of foppishness that seemed out of place when he brushed his locks with his meaty hands, the mitts of a truck driver's helper, which he was.

From appearance he could have been a quite ordinary young man, but he was not. He was Paul Anthony Pfeffer, 21 years old in the summer of 1953. And on the threshold of full manhood, he was also on the brink of a destiny that would fling him into the limbo of the living dead and then snatch him back from it by a million-to-one shot stroke of luck to give him a new chance at happiness.

But Paul Pfeffer was a human enigma who would boot away this incredible good fortune. Why? Probably even he doesn't know. Perhaps no one could solve the riddle of Paul Pfeffer; not a few have tried: relatives, friends, a girl, counsellors—but without success. Here, however, are the pieces in his jigsaw career, or as many of them as are available, for there certainly are depths in his personality which never have been plumbed.

He was born in a poverty-blighted neighborhood on the far outskirts of Brooklyn. He was orphaned before he reached his teens. Deprived of parental affection, his education stunted, his almost elemental wants more often unfulfilled than not, he entered adolescence with a chip on his shoulder. Before long that shoul-

The first slaying was that of Edward Bates, found beaten to death in a car, a mystery which may never be clarified

Interrogation of assaulted man, Harry Meyer, by Asst. D. A. Royal Riley finally linked Pfeffer to second death

der was so big it was bad medicine for anyone who nurtured the idea of brushing the chip away.

He first got into trouble with the cops when he was 14 and was picked up in South Carolina as a runaway. He was in hot water more than once for brutal brawling with his fists. He learned to lie and steal with equal ability. At 17 he was arrested for felonious assault after threatening a woman with a hunting knife.

At Kings County Hospital in Brooklyn, the brain doctors said he was sane and fairly normal, and the woman refused to press the charge, so there was no prosecution. Two years later he was sent to Elmira Reformatory for a three-year stretch after forging his landlord's name to a check.

He served 21 months, earning his parole on February 2nd, 1953. He went to live in Rockaway Beach, mainly a summer resort on a narrow spit of land fronting on the Atlantic, a part of New York City's borough of Queens. Paul soon ceased making his regular reports to his parole officer, and dropped out of sight.

Early on the Sunday morning of August 23rd, four youths and two girls disembarked from an elevated train at Rockaway Beach and headed down a sandy, tree and brush fringed street to cross a vacant lot to the ocean.

They paused to admire a flashy yellow Cadillac convertible parked in the road—Beach 104th Street—and a very few moments later six breathless, badly frightened young people dashed up to Patrolman Robert Kellem, on beach patrol.

"A dead guy, blood all over him, stretched out in a car!" blurted one. They led the officer to the dead-end street and the yellow Caddy.

A young man in swim trunks and beach jacket lay face up on the front seat, his legs beneath the wheel. His head was battered, his face a mask of dried blood.

Lieutenant Joseph Dolan and Detective James Cox of the Beach Squad and Detective Daniel Halloran of Homicide identified him, from dog tags around his throat, as Edward Bates, a Seabee. A wallet, taken from trousers in a neatly stacked pile of clothing in the rear of the car, further identified him as a 21-year-old resident of Amityville, Long Island, a suburban village 30 miles to the east.

There was a little change, but no bills in the wallet. The pants bore one bloodstain. Two smudged bloody handprints were on the canvas top of the convertible, above the right front door. A search of the sandy roadway and of the brush-choked lots adjoining it turned up no murder weapon.

Inspector Edward Feeley, commanding all detectives in Queens, assigned 75 men to trace the activities of Eddie Bates along the beach through Saturday and Saturday night until the time of his murder, which the medical examiner set at between 3 and 4:30 A.M.

The Queens detectives thoroughly covered the fun district along the beach. They found witnesses who had seen Eddie Bates walk out of a tavern with an unidentified young man at 3 A.M. And they came upon a pair of petters who, at about 4:30, had driven into the dead end of Beach 104th Street and had seen a man standing near the yellow Cadillac.

"This fellow was pretty tall, with kind of stooped shoulders," the young man of the couple said. "As we drove in, he walked away from the yellow convertible. We didn't see him very plain, but I think he had dark hair."

Neither the 100th Squad detectives nor the uniformed men in the Rockaway Beach precinct could, offhand, deliver up a possible suspect with these qualifications.

Then Detectives Cox and Halloran sought out John Finnerty, parole officer for the beach district.

Finnerty thought for awhile. "I had a man," he said then. "He stopped reporting to me a month or six weeks ago. I've wanted him for violating his parole, but haven't been able to locate him. Wait till I pull his folder."

The dossier on Paul Pfeffer interested Cox and Halloran. Here was a young man who generally fitted the description of the man seen near Bates' car at 4:30 A.M. Sunday. Tall, husky, dark-haired, with slightly round shoulders. But, more important, his background notched perfectly into what they were seeking.

He was an habitual brawler, according to his record, quick-tempered, ready to pick a fight and unmerciful to an opponent less able than himself in physical combat. There had been numerous complaints against him, but no arrests, usually because the victim feared to risk another onslaught by signing a formal complaint against Pfeffer.

An alarm on Pfeffer resulted, some hours later, in a tip that he had a girl friend in Brooklyn. With the cooperation of Brooklyn police, Cox and Halloran located the apartment of the girl—and found Pfeffer. He made no attempt to resist as they seized and cuffed him.

On Thursday morning they had a confession.

In it, Pfeffer said that he went for a drive alone, ending up in Rockaway Beach.

Here, he continued, he visited several bars, then started back to Brooklyn. But he wanted to avoid a toll bridge to the mainland, fearful that an officer on duty might recognize him as a parolee unlawfully operating a car. In trying to turn around to take a longer route back to Brooklyn, he said, he inadvertently swung into the dead-end Beach 104th Street.

"This big yellow job was there," he said. "My lights shined on it, and I saw this guy at the wheel. I just kind of wondered what he was doing there, all by himself.

"Then he yells at me: 'What are you looking at?' I told him, 'You.' He says to me, 'What are you, a wise guy?' I got out of my car and walked over."

He slugged Bates several times, Pfeffer went on, then blew his top completely, got a lug wrench and struck the unconscious seaman two vicious blows on the head.

After making his confession, Pfeffer posed willingly enough for newspaper cameramen, but he was sullen in court when arraigned before a magistrate.

"What is this about homicide?" he sneered. "I don't understand."

He was found sane after psychiatric observation, and was brought to trial early in January of 1954. Pfeffer now repudiated his confession.

It took an all-male jury only seven and one-half hours to convict Paul Pfeffer of second-degree murder, however. Early in April, Judge Milton Wiltsie sentenced him to from 20 years to life, and he was lodged in Sing Sing prison while his attorneys prepared an appeal.

The months passed as Pfeffer sweated out his appeal. In May he was transferred from Sing Sing to Great Meadows prison at Comstock, New York. Here he was immediate-

ly assigned no job. He found little to do except play handball and listen to the radio.

If, on June 2nd, he heard a broadcast about the attack on 14-year-old Dorothy Westwater in New York City, he probably gave the tragedy no more than passing attention. However, this crime was to be a great turning point in his life.

Dorothy was stabbed, beaten and raped in a hallway of her apartment house at 435 East 66th Street in Manhattan.

Two neighborhood women, just before they discovered the unconscious girl, got a glimpse of a tall young man hurrying out of the building. Since he had come from the back of the stairway, where Dorothy lay, obviously he was the guilty man.

From descriptions the two witnesses gave, artists drew sketches of the rapist which were published in the big daily newspapers as Dorothy lay dying in a hospital.

On June 5th, the morning after the girl did die, Patrolman Gustave Roniger read the headlines and angrily pushed back from the breakfast table.

"There's one guy I'd really like to get," he said to his wife.

On his beat in Rockaway Beach a couple of hours later, the 29-year-old cop halted a 1950 Pontiac whose driver had made a wrong turn into a one-way street. The motorist could not produce a license, and so Roniger took him to the stationhouse nearby.

His name was John Francis Roche. He admitted to having been arrested before, several times. While detectives questioned him, his car was searched. In the back cops found a short iron bar with stains on one end that looked like blood.

Suddenly Roniger remembered the sketch in the paper of Dorothy Westwater's slayer.

In a matter of hours, Roche had confessed not only the savage slaying of the Westwater girl, but Queens District Attorney T. Vincent Quinn announced that he had admitted three other murders as well. He had confessed stabbing to death Mrs. Rose Chronik, 85, in her home in East 66th Street, Manhattan, on November 15th. He had said he knifed and killed Marion Brown, a 17-year-old waitress, in her East 65th Street dwelling on April 8th. And he had admitted the senseless stabbing of Alexander Jablonka while a passenger in Jablonka's taxicab in East 22nd Street at 2 A.M. on April 16th.

Police carry corpse of brutally beaten Seabee from convertible parked by beach

Detectives unearthed the information that on the night of August 22nd, 1953, Roche had driven with two companions to Rockaway Beach, that he had left them for several hours after midnight, and that he had parked his car only two blocks from Beach 104th Street.

And soon thereafter a newspaper published a story to the effect that Roche had confessed to the murder of Eddie Bates.

District Attorney Quinn admitted this to be true, but labeled Roche's story in the Bates case a "hoax." However Pfeffer had told of approaching Bates' Cadillac from the left, but when the body was found the left door was locked, the window raised. Roche had said he went to the right door, which was unlocked when young Bates was found dead.

Pfeffer's statement said he had touched nothing inside the convertible after bludgeoning the victim, which left the bloodstain on Bates' trousers unexplained. Roche said that after clubbing the youth, he balanced himself with one hand on the top and reached back and took a wallet from clothing on the rear seat, thus possibly explaining not only the stain on the pants, but the smudges of blood on the cartop, too.

Moreover, Roche said he had taken $5 or $6 from the pocketbook before restoring it, "and there was some money orders or something."

And now it was learned that Eddie Bates, before leaving Norfolk to drive home, had bought six $10 traveler's checks, that he had cashed only two of them before his death, and that the remaining four never had been found.

In his confession, Pfeffer had described a blanket over the dead boy's legs as "checkered," while Roche correctly said it was an olive drab army blanket.

Royal Riley, Asst. D. A., with weapon that landed Pfeffer *(r.)* back in jail

There was one other important point. Two days before publication of the details of Roche's statement, two reporters had visited the slaying scene and spent a day combing through the brushy vacant lots adjoining Beach 104th Street. About 150 yards from where Bates' car had stood, they found a foot-long iron pipe. Roche had said that the fatal bludgeon had been a piece of pipe about a foot in length. He said that upon leaving the Cadillac, he went through the brush, scooped a hole in the sand and buried the traveler's checks, which he knew to be worthless to him, and hurled the pipe into a thicket.

The two reporters said that the spot he pointed out was exactly where they had found the pipe.

Paul Pfeffer heard the news of Roche's confession over the prison radio. He sank to his knees. "Thank God," he said. "I knew they'd find the right man—but I was afraid it would take them years."

His attorneys immediately moved for a new trial. After demurring at first, District Attorney Quinn said he would not oppose such a motion if Pfeffer would submit to lie-detector tests. Pfeffer quickly agreed.

He was returned from prison to the Queens County jail.

At the district attorney's request, the lie tests were administered by Dr. Fabian Rouke, head of the psychology division of Manhattan College and a recognized expert in interpretation of lie-test answer graphs on the pathometer, the type of detector to be used on Pfeffer. Assisting Dr. Rouke was Dr. Timothy Costello of the psychology division of New York University.

The tests continued for three days, with the course of questions run through four times each day. The experts found Pfeffer's "pattern of response was that invariably obtained from subjects who are telling the truth."

On the strength of the reports on the lie tests, Pfeffer's lawyers sought a complete dismissal of charges against him in the case of Eddie Bates, but the prosecution balked at this.

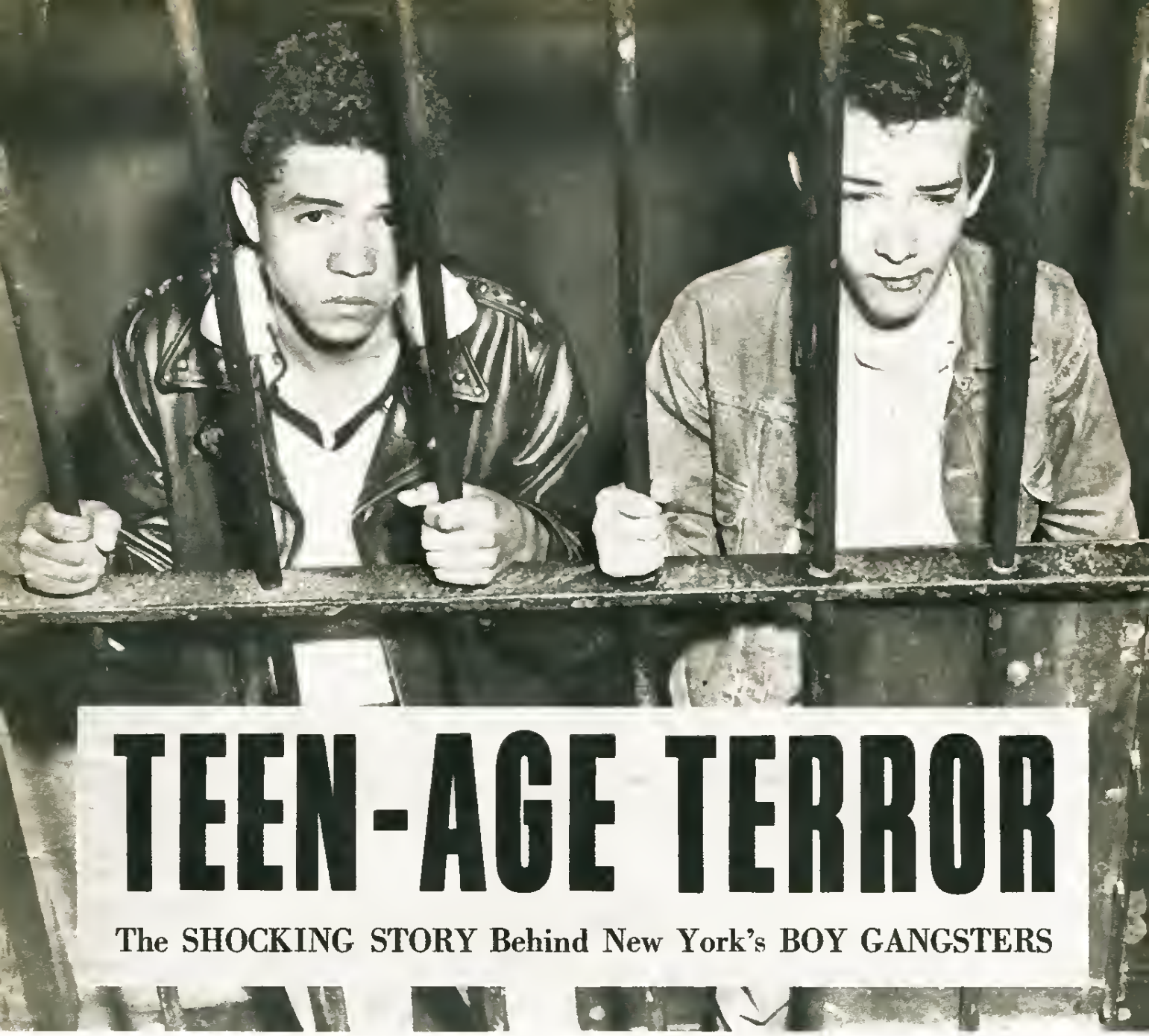
A new theory now had been developed in official quarters about the death of Eddie Bates.

Paul Pfeffer, so this theory ran, had slugged Bates and left him unconscious or dead, and then Roche had come by and added a few more whacks and robbed the victim.

Pfeffer was granted a new trial, however, and—unusual in a first-degree murder case—was freed in $10,000 bail.

Meanwhile, the Queens County grand jury had been hearing witnesses in considering a new indictment against him, an unusual move since he was already under indictment for first-degree murder in the Bates case. The State apparently was figuring it might get a conviction on a lesser charge, but that a jury would surely acquit on the first-degree charge.

Early in October the grand jury returned an (*Continued on page 72*)



TEEN-AGE TERROR

The SHOCKING STORY Behind New York's BOY GANGSTERS

Schoolmates become cellmates: "Tarzan" Santana *(l.)*, confessed killer, and pal, "Rocky" Falcon

BY SEYMOUR ETTMAN

ON THE LAST NIGHT in the month of April, 1955, the Reverend John Moran of Holy Rosary Church was summoned to a litter-strewn vacant lot in New York's North Bronx. He knelt in the weeds beside the lifeless body of a 15-year-old boy and administered the last rites of the church.

The dead boy's father stood bareheaded and hollow-eyed with grief as the words drifted up to him. He tottered and would have fallen had not Police Inspector Moe Savage gripped his arm to steady him.

The prayer was brief. The boy's life had been brief. Even the headlines that blazoned the shocking news across the front pages of Sunday's papers were brief: TEEN BIKE GANG KILLS BRONX BOY.

What happened to 15-year-old Billy Blankenship in that empty lot on Wilson and Burke Avenues is not entirely told in the short articles which appeared in the public press. The facts are not simple, and the implications are something less than obvious. It is no easy task to isolate and unravel one individual thread in so confused and murky a tapestry. Too many other threads continually get in the way. Too many questions must

They were organized for war, and they needed to demonstrate their toughness in some tangible form

first be posed and answered before the true picture is clear.

Set down in its barest essentials, the Blankenship boy met his death because a particularly vicious kid gang, the Navajos, germinated and came to malignant flower in the gritty soil of the Bronx. Had the Navajos not killed him, perhaps the Enchanters would, or the Totems or the Latin Kings or the Golden Guineas. Had the victim not been William Blankenship Jr. one family might have been spared a terrible tragedy only to see it visited upon another.

The phenomenon of kid gangs is not indigenous to New York. Every metropolitan city has its share of them. In New York, however, there is a preponderance of those unhappy circumstances which provide an ideal climate for the growth of young hoodlum combinations.

Of all the five boroughs which make up greater New York, the police run into the greatest concentration of trouble in the Bronx. The black, scum-laden current of the Harlem River does more, it seems, than separate Manhattan from the mainland. It divides two worlds. Although the Harlem beat is certainly no picnic, the Bronx is tougher to patrol. The slums are more vicious, the brawls are more deadly, the fledgling hoods are regimented into neighborhood organizations from Pulaski Park to Eastchester Creek.

The Navajos came into being in the polyglot tenement section around Saint Mary's Park. They eventually dominated an area which extended from Willis Avenue on the east to Bruckner Boulevard on the west. At first, they were content to range North and South from Major Deegan Highway to Teasdale Place. As they became more numerous and more bold, they extended their theatre of operations to include the entire borough.

To speak of the brains of the gang would be a misnomer. Its evil genius, however, was a 14-year-old punk who moved into a new neighborhood in late September.

As part of New York's ambitious slum clearance program, a low-rental housing project known as the Edenwald Apartments was built at 229th Street and Laconia Drive. The 14-year-old boy, with his parents and his nine brothers and sisters, moved from Saint Mary's parish into a new four room unit of the Edenwald development.

The fall term had already started in school, and the youth was duly transferred to Hasren High. On his way to class for the first time, he ran afoul of a trio of neighborhood toughs who belonged to a gang known as the Golden Guineas.

The kid knew it was coming. There were no two ways to interpret the familiar hunching of the shoulders, the sadistic smirks, the stiff-legged strutting of his adversaries.

"Where you going, punk?" the smallest of the three accosted him.

"School."

The small youth had ferret's eyes and a cruel mouth. He turned to his companions in mock awe. "A pro-

Magistrate Kern: "The press is awake and the police department is awake but the public is asleep and until citizens wake up, this situation will continue"

Tarzan *(l.)* didn't want to hurt hands, carried gun held by Asst. D.A. Blatt, used it on Wm. Blankenship Jr. *(r.)*

fessor!" he exclaimed. "He's going to school!"

One of the taller youths took a cigarette from a new pack and carefully lit it. He flipped the match at the new boy.

"Learn us something, professor," he said. "Or maybe you don't know nothing."

The new boy felt his hackles rise. He could sniff the pungent earthy smell that went with a punch in the nose. In the dryness of his mouth, he could almost taste the salt of his still unshed blood.

The tall youth threw away his cigarette as if performing a classic movement in a timeless ritual. He was like a matador at commencement of a corrida. The bull was in the arena and the cape was raised to indicate the

direction in which he should charge at the matador.

"I don't want trouble with you guys—" the new boy began.

A hard right smash to the mouth rocked him back on his heels. The taste of his blood was even saltier than he remembered. He began to flail out with both arms. Bright pinwheels of pain whirled in his head as a backhand blow caught him behind the ear. A knee came up hard against his groin, and a clubbed fist on the top of the skull dropped him to the asphalt in a sprawling heap.

A half an hour later, his clothes ripped and his face bleeding, the new boy reached his home. His mother became hysterical at the sight of him. He shouldered her out of the way and locked himself in the bathroom. Cold compresses took the edge of the ache from his bruises, but the hurt continued to smolder in his soul.

It took the new boy two days before he would venture from the house. Then, in the dusk, he took a walk to the subway and rode downtown to his old neighborhood. In Saint Mary's Park he found two of his old friends. He broached to them the prospect of forming a new gang.

"Scrungie" Ramirez and Ralph Falcon passed the word around. In an hour, eight boys were gathered behind the St. Mary's recreation center. They were outcasts, mostly. They were boys who had been chased by the Saxons on Jackson Avenue, who had been beaten up by the Dappers and the Huns on Pontiac Place.

"We're gonna be the Navajos," their returned cohort told them. "We're gonna be the toughest outfit in the Bronx."

The boys took nicknames by which they would from that time be known. Ralph Falcon was to be Rocky. Frank Santana was to be Tarzan. Their organizer, who was quick to seize the reins of leadership, decided to call himself Superman.

There would be a gang uniform, of course. Black leather motorcycle jackets with chrome hobnail trim. A Navajo Indian would be painted on the back.

A sociologist, had he been permitted to witness the birth of the new mob, would have made a number of pertinent observations. Malcontents, smarting under the whips of insecurity and restlessness, had banded together to find an expression of mass assertion which was denied them as individuals. They were knitted into a compact unit by common frustrations. They adopted a common uniform which was a tragic burlesque of the military. They bestowed upon themselves the fantastic attributes and titles of their favorite comic-book idols. More significant, they were organized for war.

Against whom? (Continued on page 57)

Solution to juvenile delinquency problem, *if there is one*, can hardly ease the Blankenships' grief

POISON wasn't FAST ENOUGH

BY D.L. CHAMPION

Cy Arthur (*L.*) had his life insured for $4000 by the lady (*below*) who boarded him at her farm—prepared meals for Cy, who later disappeared

THE VICTIM WOULD HAVE DIED BUT THE MURDERESS WANTED TO SPEED UP THE SLAYING WITH A BULLET

THOUGH it wasn't visible to a casual observer there was no doubt that Mrs. Ella Harris was gifted with an impressive amount of sex appeal. She was not young; neither was she beautiful. She looked every day of her 53 years. She wore glasses on the bridge of a prominent nose and her girdle could not hide the fact of her obesity.

But somehow, men who were certainly old enough to know better found her exceedingly attractive.

In 1936, Ella Harris operated a restaurant the reputation of which was as dubious as its food. This establishment was situated in Davis City, Iowa, a town some 20 miles from Leon, the seat of Decatur County.

The clientele of Ella's eatery was composed largely of petty thieves, bootleggers and other assorted minor criminals. In the front room of the restaurant she served greasy, unappetizing food. In the rear she sold fiery whiskey from bottles which had never been tainted by contact with federal tax stamps.

She lived on an 80-acre farm with her 70-year-old husband, John, and her 14-year-old grand-daughter, Letty. And for 13 years Cy Arthur had boarded at the Harris farm house.

Arthur, who was in his 70s, was a retired night watchman from Osceola, Iowa. He drew a monthly pension which invariably found its way into Ella's capacious pocketbook within a few hours after the postman had delivered it. For Cy Arthur was one of the men who had fallen under the woman's peculiar spell.

It was common gossip that Arthur was madly in love with Ella Harris. It was also common gossip that this love was not totally unrequited.

However John Harris, who was as much in love with his wife as was the boarder, suspected nothing of this. Neither did Jack Raine, the third man who was inexplicably crazy about Ella Harris.

Raine didn't live in the Harris house but he, like Cy Arthur, drew a pension which was spent in the back room of Ella's restaurant. All Davis City mar-

veled that Ella Harris, fat and 50, was possessed of at least three lovers, including her husband. And all Davis City was equally aware that, no matter how much any of her gentlemen friends loved Ella, it was a good 50-to-1 bet that she loved money more than she ever loved them.

On January 25th, 1936, Ella Harris drove up to the farm house of Lindley McKay. She took a suitcase from the car and a key from her purse. She unlocked the front door and entered. The house was empty, a fact which didn't at all surprise Ella Harris.

She took several gold framed pictures from the walls and packed them in the suitcase. She opened a desk drawer and carefully went through its contents. She was engaged in this when the front door opened and a tall young man came in. It was Garland McKay, the son of Lindley.

He stared at Ella, then said, "What are you doing here? Where's Dad?"

Ella Harris glanced up from the desk. "Your father's gone off to South Dakota. I'm picking up some stuff here because he owed me some money. He told me to take this junk to square the debt."

Garland McKay looked dubious. "Dad's car is outside. So how did he go to South Dakota?"

"He went off with a woman. And that's not your father's car. It's mine."

"You're crazy. I know that car. Dad's had it for three years."

Ella Harris sighed and assumed the expression of a woman whose patience is being sorely tried. She opened her huge handbag and groped in it. She withdrew a folded paper, handed it to Garland and said, "Here, read this. Your father signed this car over to me yesterday at the county clerk's office in Leon. It's my car now."

Garland looked at the paper which confirmed Ella's story. He said, "But why? Why should he give you his car?"

"I told you he owed me some money. He settled the debt by giving me the car and telling me to help myself to whatever was left in the house after the sale."

Garland McKay shook his head "I don't understand this at all," he said. "I'm going over and talk to the County Attorney."

"Go right ahead," said Ella Harris. "I'm only taking what's rightfully mine."

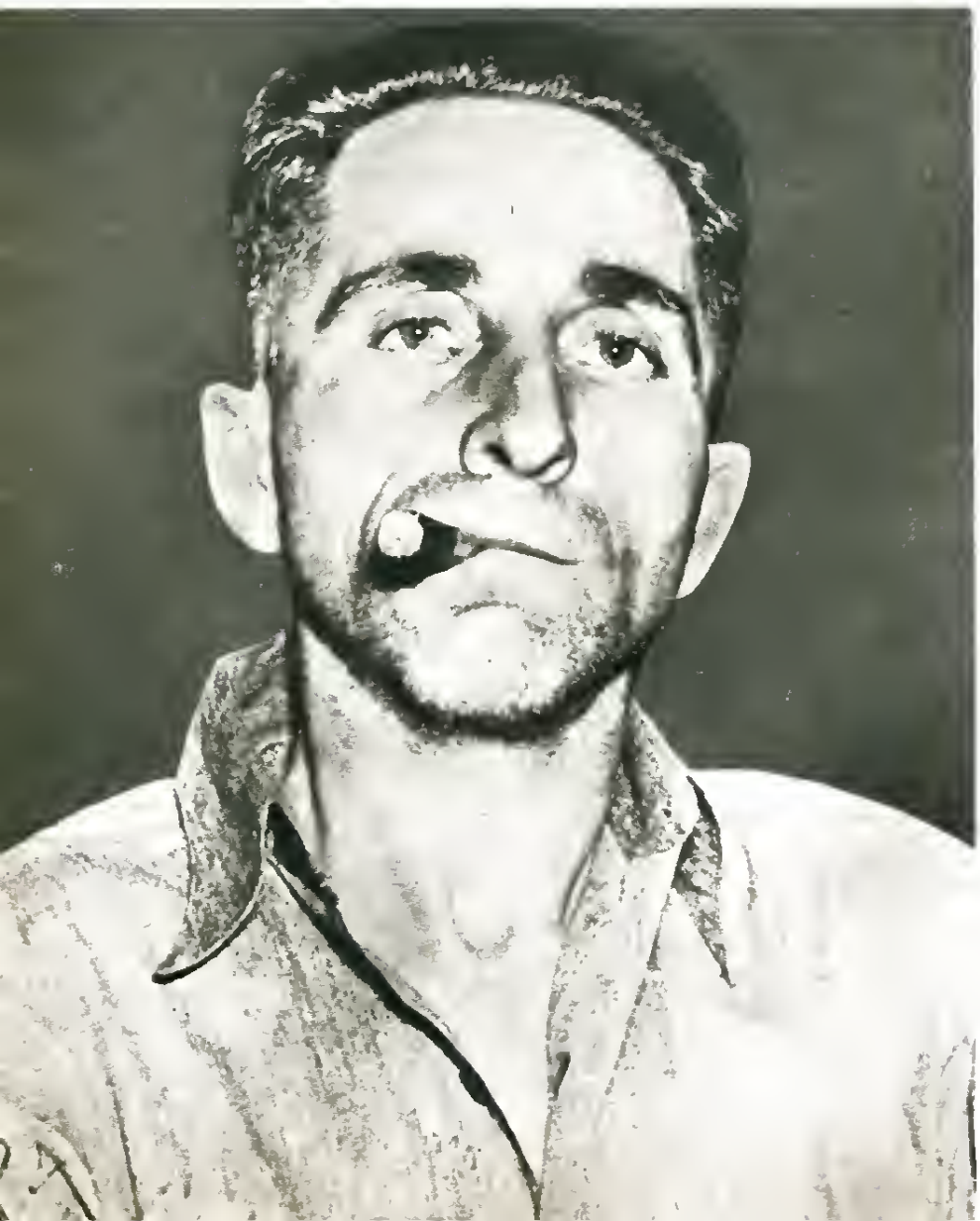
Completely puzzled, the young man left the house, climbed into his own car and drove toward Leon to consult County Attorney Dio McGinnis.

He could not believe that his father had become involved in any dealing with Ella Harris, financially or otherwise. Lindley McKay was a hard-working, church-going farmer. A few years before, his wife had died. Garland had married and moved to a farm of his own.

Lindley, working his 40 acres alone, had found it too arduous a task. For two successive years his crops had failed and he had been unable to meet the payments on the mortgage. A week before, he had been forced to put the farm up for auction at a public sale.

Only yesterday, Lindley McKay had told his son he was going out to the farm to pick up some personal property, that he would spend the night there for the last time. In the morning, he would move into his son's place.

When Lindley hadn't arrived by mid-afternoon, Garland had gone to the old house. Now, instead of finding his father, he had come upon Ella Harris, who informed him, quite



He told police that he had his choice: to kill Lindley McKay or to be slain himself by the mystery man, "Big Dan"

Sheriff Roscoe Sinco *(l.)* sought answer to riddle of how man ran off with girl before snow-blocked roads were clear

incredibly, that Lindley McKay had gone to South Dakota.

Garland McKay sat down in the county attorney's office and faced Dio McGinnis with a puzzled expression in his eyes. He told McGinnis that his father appeared to be missing. He told him what Ella had said.

"Of course, I don't believe it," he said. "I don't believe he owed Ella any money and I'm sure he hasn't run off to Dakota with some strange woman."

McGinnis looked thoughtful. "When was he supposed to have run off with this woman?"

"Yesterday, I guess."

"That was impossible," McGinnis said. "Every road from this town was piled with snow yesterday. They were impassable until the snow plows moved through this morning."

"That's right," young McKay said. "But where is Dad? Maybe something's happened to him. Remember, he was carrying a good deal of cash which he'd realized from the sale."

"I'll look into it," McGinnis said. "I'll have a talk with Ella Harris."

Dio McGinnis was well aware of Ella's reputation. He also knew her inexplicable attraction for men. He had beard a great deal of gossip regarding her affairs with Jack Raine and Cy Arthur.

Now the county attorney (*Continued on page 74*)

CLEVER with a KNIFE

BY EDWARD S. SULLIVAN

HAD A SURGEON TURNED HIS TALENTED HAND TO MURDER?

THE ERRATIC Los Angeles River, bone-dry most of the year but flushing into an occasional torrent, is the subject of jokes today since its bed and banks from the San Fernando Valley to the sea have been concreted to end the flood menace. Its brief trickle or deluge now flows decorously down the long straight concrete channel, which most of the time doesn't even look like a river bed and is the dry, sun-baked scene of hot-rod races and similar events.

But a few years ago the river was no joke. Storms in the mountains were likely to send it raging overnight, inundating hundreds of acres of farms and lowland homes southeast of the city, to diminish again just as quickly. Receding flood waters, after heavy rains had ushered in a boisterous April, left a litter of debris for miles along the soggy banks and bottoms. Pieces of broken furniture, lumber, old tires, all sorts of things washed down from the upland communities lay forlornly in the reeds, potential treasure-trove for the industrious little bands of lowland dwellers who made a

Divorcee *(r.)* always put flowers on her mother's grave, and fresh bouquets were found there even after her mysterious disappearance

Capt. Bright *(r.)* and Chief Smith *(center)* can't link skull of woman, 45, to torso of young girl

Typed note undergoing scrutiny by lab technician, Depnty Gompert, seemed to clear snspect, bnt later convicted him

regular thing of river salvage, for meager profits.

By noon on the crisp spring morning of April 4th, the air clear and electric and the mountains etched against a vivid blue sky after the storm, the river level was falling rapidly. Juan Mandriquez and his son, 14-year-old Ramon, set out from their home on Wright Road in Lynwood, near Long Beach, to comb the west bank for items of possible salvage value.

It was young Ramon who spotted a large square box floating downstream. "*Mira, Padre*—that looks like a brand new box, with the lid nailed on! Must be something in it!"

Father and son waded into the shallows and tried to reach the box with their long poles, but it was too far out and was being carried along too swiftly.

Regretfully, they watched the intriguing mystery box float farther from their reach and become a bobbing speck disappearing in the direction of tbe ocean. Then, as they turned back, they glimpsed a strange object about a hundred yards behind the box and equally inaccessible without a boat. It was something grayish white and long, and it danced like a cork in tbe turbulent muddy flood water.

"Wonder what that is?" Ramon shaded his eyes with his hand and squinted at the peculiar piece of flotsam.

"Lots of funny things floating down the river today, *nino*," Juan Mandriquez shrugged. "Could be almost anything. We can't bother with it. Come on, let's get busy."

Father and son spent the afternoon without much luck in tbeir plodding search for salvage, working downstream as the river waters rapidly ebbed, and at dusk they were turning homeward when sharp-eyed Ramon pointed to a grayish something lying snagged in a clump of marsh reeds, half in, half out of water.

"Look, Dad! There's that thing we saw floating behind that box—remember?"

They worked their way through the sticky mud to investigate, and a moment later they dropped their burdens and stood sinking to their ankles in the ooze, hastily crossing themselves as they stared with bulging eyes at the frightful thing in the rushes.

It was tbe headless, armless and legless torso of a woman, completely nude—a grisly hulk cast up by the waters.

Forgetting their salvage hoard, father and son splashed and scrambled back over the flats and up the bank to the road where they hailed a passing motorist, who heard their terrified story and drove them to the office of Constable Roselle in nearby Compton.

The suburban constable flashed the electrifying word to the headquarters of Sheriff William I. Traeger in downtown Los Angeles, and shortly after the river salvagers had guided him back in the gathering darkness to the lonely spot in the marshes, they were joined by a party of deputies from the sheriff's Homicide Detail and the coroner's office, followed by a carload of newspapermen.

It was an eerie scene in the desolate mud-flats as they examined the butchered torso under the glow of flashlights. There wasn't much they could determine. The gruesome find lay like a broken marble statue, dark gashes where arms, legs and bead had been.

"I'd say it was a young girl about 20," one of the coroner's men pronounced, "and she hasn't been in the water very long. Maybe a day or so."

Juan Mandriquez and his son told them about the mysterious looking nailed-up box that had preceded

the torso down the river, and the officers agreed that it very likely contained the head and the missing members. A party of men went downstream to search for it, without much hope in the darkness, while the severed trunk was loaded into the coroner's black van and removed to the county morgue.

There Dr. A. F. Wagner, chief autopsy surgeon, began his examination at once, while Captain William J. Bright, sheriff's Homicide Chief, looked on. Dr. Wagner confirmed that the well-preserved torso appeared to be that of a girl or young woman, between the approximate ages of 17 and 25 years, of slight build, probably standing in life about 5 feet, 5 inches, and weighing 118 pounds. Her complexion was light, clear and milky. Hair in the armpits was dark brown, giving an index to that of the missing head. Unless body and face were badly mismatched, the girl must have been very beautiful.

Other than the obvious and horrid dismemberment, there were no marks of external violence on the body itself and the cause of the death was not apparent. The doctor judged the victim had been dead some 36 to 48 hours, and in the water just about that length of time. The flesh was unblemished; there were no operation scars, moles nor other identifying marks.

"This was an expert job of dissection," the veteran surgeon commented as he studied the mute evidence of murder under the glaring lights of the autopsy room. "See here—the neck is severed cleanly between the fifth and sixth vertebrae, and in cutting into the flesh of the neck, the killer came within an eighth of an inch of his mark. He knew his anatomy, all right. There was no fumbling or hacking."

"What sort of tool would you say was used?" Captain Bright wondered.

"Hard to tell, but it looks almost like a professional job, with a scalpel and surgical saw, or their equivalents."

Bright assigned deputies to check the files on missing girls. In cooperation with the Los Angeles Police Department, throughout the night they contacted a score of families that had filed reports, and a dozen anguished relatives viewed the grisly remains but shook their heads mutely.

By morning, as the headline news spread, there was no need for further seeking out of relatives. The sheriff's office was deluged with reports and inquiries from parents, husbands, friends and neighbors of missing girls and young women. Several wandering girls even called in to identify themselves and relieve their parents of anxiety.

Scores of civilian volunteers joined a posse of 50 deputies and made a thorough search of the lower reaches of the river, using boats as well as patroling both banks, probing every clump of reeds in search of the missing box. After a day-long futile hunt they de-

Deputy Chester Allen exhibits a dress belonging to victim—given to police by girl who said she received it as gift

cided it must have floated out to sea. The Coast Guard was alerted and beach patrolmen kept their eyes open.

Sheriff Traeger meanwhile assigned additional men to Captain Bright's detail, as they ran down scores of reports including hysterical stories of mystery men seen carrying ominous bundles or boxes through the streets at night.

One suburbanite turned in by a suspicious neighbor had a bad time till he proved that he had been lugging a dress-form home for his wife.

Telephone calls and letters poured in day by day from all over the western states, and the morgue continued to be besieged by people with legitimate inquiries as well as the curious, for the peculiar horror of a dismemberment murder always creates a great public stir. Newspaper stories brought results.

Deputy Sheriff Frank Gompert, the crime lab technician, had his hands full with checking out possible identifications. Careful calculations of the slain girl's probable height and weight enabled him to eliminate many possibilities on the basis of description and photographs. Dr. Wagner's estimate of the age also narrowed it down. The autopsy surgeon completed his examination, still unable to determine the cause of death. Principal further information in his final report was that the dead girl, while she might have been married, had never borne any children. Neither was she the victim of an abortionist, as had been theorized.

Then there was the matter of the torso's lack of scars or blemishes, which served further as an index for elimination. In several cases, physicians who had attended young women now missing were called in to examine the remains. Most possibilities were checked out, but several remained open and the Homicide detectives patiently followed them up.

An important guide for the technician was the hair from the armpits, strands of which he extracted and put under a microscope. Gompert announced that specimens of hair for comparison, while not positive, might provide a clue to identification. He was immediately flooded with samples of hair of all hues and varieties, belonging to missing girls—baby curls taken from trunks, long braids preserved when hair was bobbed, treasured ringlets in keepsakes and lockets.

Many he discarded at once on the basis of color, for the slain girl's hair was definitely dark brown. Other specimens he tested with microscope and chemicals. Again, a few possibilities remained for active investigation.

Captain Bright's men and the city police, following up every lead, located more than a dozen missing young women as by-products of the murder investigation. A man whose bride had disappeared was picked up and held for questioning when neighbors informed the Homicide detectives that he had threatened to "blow her up." Her description fitted that of the river victim; the young husband was jittery and evasive, and Bright began to think he really had something—till the missing wife showed up indignantly at the Hall of Justice to demand her husband's release.

As one (*Continued on page* 65)

Hunting for spot where corpse was cut into sections, Deputies Brewster *(l.)* and Gompert examine suspect's plumbing

His tip that victim's boarder was ex-butcher led to surprising revelation about his own secret past

THE MARCH OF CRIME

AROUND THE GLOBE WITH HUMOR

Illustrated by JACK WOOLHISER

Moline, Illinois: "I'm hungry and cold and unprotected," the distraught woman who telephoned police headquarters complained.

"Then why don't you eat something and go to bed," the helpful desk sergeant who answered the unusual call suggested.

"Because my boy friend forced himself into my apartment tonight and took my dog, all of my bedclothes and my teeth."

• • •

Pittsburgh, Pa.: A man returned to his home on the North Side to find his house had been robbed. All of his liquor had been consumed and the ice box had been raided.

A note left on the kitchen table said, "Thanks for everything."

• • •

Salt Lake City, Utah: When police authorities booked a housewife for shoplifting a box of chicken drumsticks worth only $1.19 they opened her purse and found 4 wristwatches, 5 diamond rings and cash totaling $1,470.

• • •

Miami, Florida: A judge's sip of the tongue almost added 16½ years to two men's prison terms.

They had pleaded guilty to grand larceny. The judge said 18 years for both. But when everybody gasped he corrected, "I meant 18 months."

• • •

Philadelphia, Pa.: The fact that absolutely nothing is sacred to some thieves was proved conclusively when the police department of this city of brotherly love reported that one of its official cameras had been stolen from the office of the chief of the city's Criminal Investigation Division.

• • •

New York, N. Y.: It isn't often that a convicted man gets his choice of prisons, but that's what happened when a judge told such a man, "I'm going to let you pick your own hotel for the next 2½ to 5 years—Sing Sing or the city penitentiary on Riker's Island.

"I'll take Sing Sing, thank you," the prisoner said.

"That's a wise choice," the judge told him. "You're a smart man. In Sing Sing you'll have baseball television and those wonderful Hudson River breezes during the summer."

• • •

Burbank, Calif.: "Business is lousy," the discouraged owner of a soft drink parlor answered when a well dressed customer asked him.

The skeptical stranger pulled a gun and demanded the money in the cash register. But when he took a look at the cash in hand he offered his sympathy and left empty handed.

Buffalo, N. Y.: A man was haled into city court on charges of hitting his wife with a baseball bat in an argument over who should bathe first.

The judge put the husband on probation, but said he could bathe first because he worked and his wife had more time during the day.

• • •

Chicago, Ill.: Police listened to a man's complaint about a motorcycle parked on his lawn and promised to do something about it.

Leaving headquarters he walked through a plate glass window. Cops booked him for damaging property.

• • •

Manilo, P. I.: Usually it's the other way around, but now a barber has slashed a customer's throat for talking too much.

The barber told police he could not stand the insults a customer directed at him.

The customer is in the hospital in serious condition.

Chicago, Illinois: Authorities are holding a "John Doe" for trial on charges of mail fraud in which the prisoner allegedly used 43 different names.

Investigators were unable to learn his true identity.

• • •

Paris, France: A flower lover was watering her geraniums on a second floor balcony when a few drops fell on a man below who was putting his garbage in a can in the courtyard.

He dashed upstairs and a hot argument ensued.

The neighbors who'd gathered saw the man pick the woman up, flower pot and all, and throw her out of her apartment window.

She suffered fractures of the skull, pelvis bones and both legs.

He's up on a charge of attempted murder.

• • •

Chicago, Illinois: "How does it focus?" the customer asked the clerk as he examined a $100 camera.

Edging toward the door, he added, "I guess you have to be quite far back to use it properly."

The clerk turned to get an accessory. The customer and the camera vanished through the door.

Greenville, South Carolina: The court was having a difficult time understanding the witness.

"We can't make out what you're saying," one attorney finally said. "Speak more clearly."

The witness mumbled on.

The lawyer stopped him again. "Do you have something in your mouth?" he asked.

"Nothing but my false teeth," the witness snapped back.

• • •

Rudd, Iowa: While townspeople slept, thieves carefully removed the door casing to break into the local bank, cut the telephone wires and hammered at the safe with a sledge hammer.

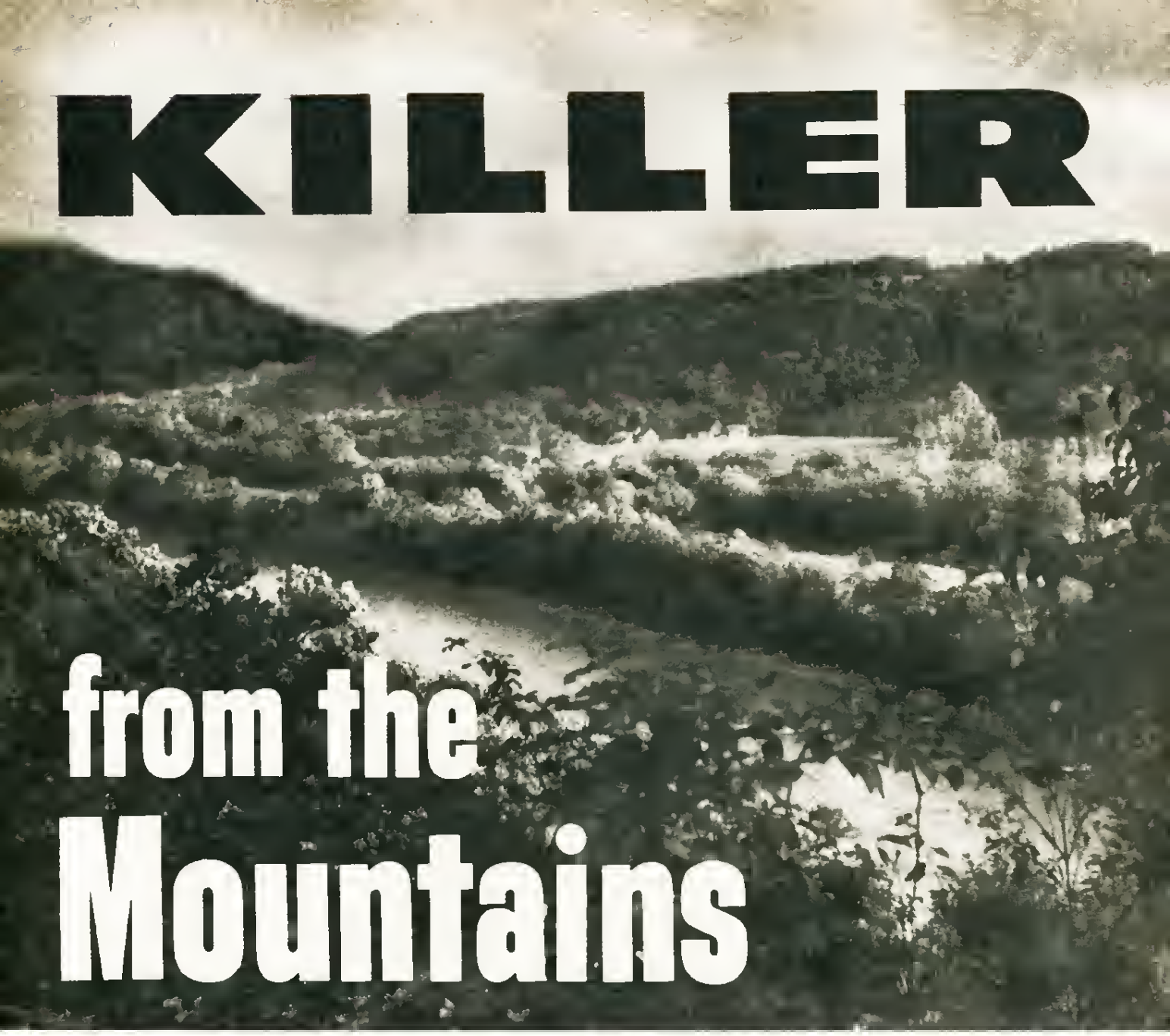
Their loot—$13.

• • •

Falls City, Nebraska: Ill and wanting to be put back in prison, an ex-convict broke into a grocery store and ate bananas and drank milk while he waited 6 hours for someone to catch him.

Turning himself in later, he said, "I had no idea I'd get out without being caught."

KILLER from the Mountains



BY HAL WHITE

GRANDMA BARRETT'S misty gray eyes blazed with anger. "Son," she said, "you take one more step and I'll drop you with this here broomstick."

George W. "Uncle Jimmy" Barrett took the step. Simultaneously his right fist shot out and smashed into his 73-year-old mother's face.

"I told you what I'd do if you was to hit my boy again," he said.

"He was mean—mean and nasty just like you always been," screamed the old woman. "He was hitting the hound dog with a stone." The broomstick came down on Uncle Jimmy's graying head. As he fell to the rough plank floor he reached for the .38 in his belt.

Ten-year-old Jackie screamed a warning. The boy's Aunt Rachel chose that moment to enter their three-room cabin at Big Hill, in the heart of the Kentucky hill country.

The gun in Barrett's right hand barked three times. The first bullet struck his mother just over the heart. The second dropped his sister, Rachel. The third went wild.

Uncle Jimmy looked proudly at the son of his fifth marriage. "Ain't no one ever going to hit your daddy again and get away with it," he said. "And don't ever let anyone get away with hitting you." He turned and walked steadily from the cabin, climbed into his truck

THE FBI WATCHED THE MAN WHO BRAGGED OF THE "SECRET GRAVES" FILLED BY HIS GUN

Judge Robert Baltzell *(r.)* sentenced gunman to gallows for slaying G-Man Nelson Klein *(l.)*

and drove the 18 miles into the Jackson County seat at McKee.

"I had to shoot Ma," he told his older brother. "She come at me with a broomstick. So I shot her and I saw her die. Thank God, she suffered no pain."

Barrett added that their sister, Rachel, "had got in the way" and suffered a minor injury. Then he took off again in his old Ford pickup.

But Grandma Barrett did not die—until two weeks later. Taken to the hospital at McKee, she finally succumbed to pneumonia after making what physicians termed a miraculous recovery from the bullet wound. Rachel, with a slug removed from her right breast, was released from the hospital on the day of Grandma Barrett's death.

Rachel went straight from the hospital to the office of Commonwealth Attorney Frank H. Baker and swore to a warrant charging her fugitive brother with murder. The older brother next day filed a damage suit against George for their mother's death.

During the month following the shooting on August 27th of 1930, George Barrett remained hidden out in the mountains. This was not difficult for him to accomplish. He had often been a fugitive in the past, from both local and government authorities.

Matricide was something different, though. Uncle

Jimmy is reputed to have spread some $1700 in hard cash among his relatives and friends during the month he remained in hiding. Then, early in October, he returned to the family cabin at Big Hill. Word had reached him that Jackie was lonesome for his daddy.

At the time there were at least a dozen other children scattered throughout the country—many of them in orphanages, others with the women Barrett had legally married and deserted—who hadn't seen their daddy for years. But on the eve of his return to Jackie, child of a wife he had deserted in the early 1920s, Barrett married for the seventh time He brought his bride, a teen-age girl from the western part of the state, back with him. And he was promptly arrested for murder.

After a week in jail Uncle Jimmy was freed on $1000 bond. A daughter was born to him soon afterward. In March of 1931 he appeared in Circuit Court and pleaded not guilty to his mother's murder, claiming self-defense.

A dozen witnesses for the Commonwealth, including the accused man's relatives, took the stand against him. But their memories were bad—except for recalling the threatening glances directed against them by Barrett's friends as they had entered the courtroom.

Uncle Jimmy took the stand in his own defense. In a choked voice he told how he had come back to clear his name after learning of his little son's loneliness.

At the conclusion of the testimony the Commonwealth attorney asked that the indictment be dismissed because of insufficient evidence. The judge angrily denied the motion. There followed an eloquent plea by defense counsel for acquittal on the ground the accused had simply acted to protect his own life.

An equally impassioned address by Commonwealth Attorney Baker urged the same thing.

The jurors, bewilderment showing on their anxious faces as they glanced from the prisoner to his glaring friends in the back of the room, talked things over for two hours. They announced they were unable to reach a verdict. A second trial, held the following year, proved a duplicate of the first. Early in 1932 Barrett walked out of the court a free man. .

He was to remain a free man for some time. But from that day onward 42-year-old George Barrett was also to remain the object of unremitting attention on the part of the newly reorganized Federal Bureau of Investigation.

For years past the eyes of various federal agencies had been on the mountaineer from Jackson County. And although he had never been known to kill before, shootings and violence had marked his career since soon after the turn of the century. In 1904, at the age of 14, he had quit manufacturing illegal corn whiskey long enough to be married to a neighboring mountain girl. He took her west on the first of a long series of honeymoons.

Three months later George returned to his native hill country and his family arranged for a divorce. The first of his score of children was born shortly afterward.

Sheriff Otto Ray *(above)* stands outside hospital cell of condemned man *(l.)*, whom he later helped up gallows stairs

Inside tent-covered structure beside Marion County Jail the hangman awaits murderous mountaineer

From that time on Barrett was to be known as "Uncle Jimmy" to his friends and his various families.

In 1910 Barrett joined the army. While stationed in Salt Lake City, Utah, be was married for the second time. A divorce followed after the birth of a child a year later. He got his discharge from the army and returned to marry a girl in Beautyville, Kentucky.

By this time Uncle Jimmy began to tire of going to the expense and trouble of arranging for legal divorces. After the birth of his third child by this third wife, he simply up and left them. He was married for the fourth time in March of 1916 without bothering to go through the formality of a divorce.

A fifth wife followed two years later. At this time Barrett was under suspicion of having broadened his business activities to include fencing stolen articles. In August of 1926 he was back in his home territory, with a sixth bride. On the 11th day of tbat month one Jeff Cline, a resident of Jackson County, called upon him.

Cline, brother-in-law by virtue of an earlier marriage, wanted to know what Uncle Jimmy was going to do about the support of an abandoned child. Barrett, quick-tempered but not so quick on the draw, reached for the six-shooter in his belt. Before he could pull the pistol Cline snatched a loaded shotgun from the wall behind him. A blast of bird-shot struck Uncle Jimmy full in the face.

It was the first time Barrett was to be on the receiving end of a charge of lead. He suffered the loss of his right eye in that exchange and afterward took to wearing rimless eyeglasses to conceal tbe disability. The eyeglasses did something for him. With his early graying hair and sallow complexion, he now looked more like a staid businessman or school teacher than the brawling mountaineer he was.

During the next few years Barrett confined his activities largely to operating the home distillery. There were a few trips about the country with various women, but the boy, Jackie, was the only one of his children to whom he showed any affection.

To townsfolk he was heard to boast of his exploits abroad, but he was never specific as to where be had been or exactly how he had earned the big roll of bills he liked to flash. On many occasions he exhibited wounds he said were received in gun fights.

"I've learned to give as well as take lead," Barrett was quoted as bragging to his fellow townsmen. "And if anyone doubts it, I'll take them up in the hills and show them the graves of half a dozen guys who thought they could get the best of old Uncle Jimmy. But they won't come back to talk."

Quite naturally there *was* (*Continued on page* 62)

DOUBLE DEATH in the TRAILER CAMP

Police and neighbors begin to gather at trailer *(above)* in which William Osterberg *(L)* and wife were shot to death

BY ABBOT BANKS

THE STUNNED CLIENT SAW A "STRANGE MAN" IN THE CRYSTAL BALL AND THEN MADAME RIVA WAS KILLED

TO MOST of the long-time occupants of space in the T. & P. Trailer Park, located at the edge of Danville, Virginia, the arrival of the pastel green, chrome-striped trailer, hauled by a new Dodge of almost identical color, was like a harbinger of spring.

"Show people, coming ahead of the carnival, I'll bet," a textile worker at the sprawling Dan River Mills, not too far away, commented to a neighbor. He became more certain when the caravan rumbled to a halt and a handsome, statuesque woman, clad in a fur coat and with a snow-white turban coiled around glossy black hair, stepped out. From behind the wheel of the car slipped a tall, barrel-chested man attired in tweeds. Blue eyes, set deep in a rugged, tanned face, crinkled with a friendly smile as he spotted the textile worker and his neighbor staring at him.

"Hello, there! Who would we see about getting a spot here?" he called out to the two lounging men.

"Right over at that white building. The agent will fix you up," the textile worker replied, pointing to a nearby stucco building.

To the woman who operated the lot, the store and three apartments above the store, the new arrival introduced himself as William Osterberg, and indicated he wanted to pay for a month's rental.

"I'm sorry, but you'd better just pay for a week," she suggested. "This place is too much for me. I can't get any competent help, and I'm about to give up the lease. Next week the new rental agent will be here, and you can pay him."

"It's just as well," shrugged the newcomer. "My wife is never too sure how long we'll stay in one place. In fact," he added with a grin, "I just don't know what to put down here where you have 'residence.' We've been

After long search Sergeant Link, Captain Mays and Trooper Archer *(l. to r.)* finally found gun

stopping briefly in so many different places lately."

"Oh," said the owner, with appropriate uncertainty.

The strapping arrival leaned over the register book, and beside the date—April 12tb, 1948—scrawled in a bold hand: "William and Ruth Osterberg." Then, hesitating a moment, he added: "Bluefield, West Virginia."

The owner frowningly contemplated the broad back of Osterberg as he sauntered out of the store, and for a moment wondered if there was something significant behind the man's hesitation, and whether the police ought to be notified. She decided against it, completely unaware that within a short time the police would come anyway. Nearly a half-hundred of them, swarming over the trailer lot, then scurrying across three states in a frantic effort to put together one of the state's most bizarre murder puzzles—with the hesitant registry of Osterberg being the only clear-cut action that fell easily into place.

By nightfall of the following day the textile worker became mildly satisfied in learning that he had scored a near miss. The Osterbergs weren't exactly show people, but off-beat enough to make for some interesting conversation in the camp.

Ruth Osterberg, the camp dwellers soon knew, dealt in the occult sciences under the name of "Madame Riva Gray." Osterberg was a steeplejack, who had turned to

his precarious trade after several years as a merchant seaman and as a military policeman in wartime service.

More titillating was the discovery that the couple were newly married; that they had just completed a combined business and honeymoon trip to Florida.

In a short while the couple had become extremely popular in the trailer park. Ruth smilingly discouraged any attempts by some of the awed women neighbors to address her as "Madame Riva."

"Around here, I'm just another trailer housewife," she reminded them. "If any of you girls want to visit me on business, I'll be Madame Riva, with some special attention."

A few of the women promptly availed themselves of the invitation. They drove approximately seven miles out on Highway 29 where Madame Riva had set up her tent, just across the Virginia-North Carolina border. This, she frankly explained, was a move dictated by discretion: the Virginia authorities were "behind the times" in accepting prophecy and soothsaying as an exact science and legitimate profession, whereas the North Carolina legislators, "wiser and more progressive," had enacted a statute permitting fortune-telling if the proper license fee was first paid.

The women were highly impressed with Madame Riva's powers of divination. "We'll spread the word around and you'll soon be busier than you ever cared to be," one of them offered.

As gracious as ever, Madame Riva thanked them but said there was little need for anyone to beat the drums for her. "After all, I've been making the circuit in every state along the coast for over fifteen years. Some of my best friends live right here in Danville."

While Ruth was busy reading palms and sweeping the curtain aside from the future with the aid of an immense crystal ball that had cost a tidy sum, Bill Osterberg remained at the camp, lolling in the sun, chatting with any of the men who happened to be off duty from their jobs, or playing games with the youngsters. To the bug-eyed small fry he became something of a combined Croesus and Superman. They pestered him time and again for more details as to the immense sums he earned, the death-defying feats he had performed at the pinnacle of radio and television towers.

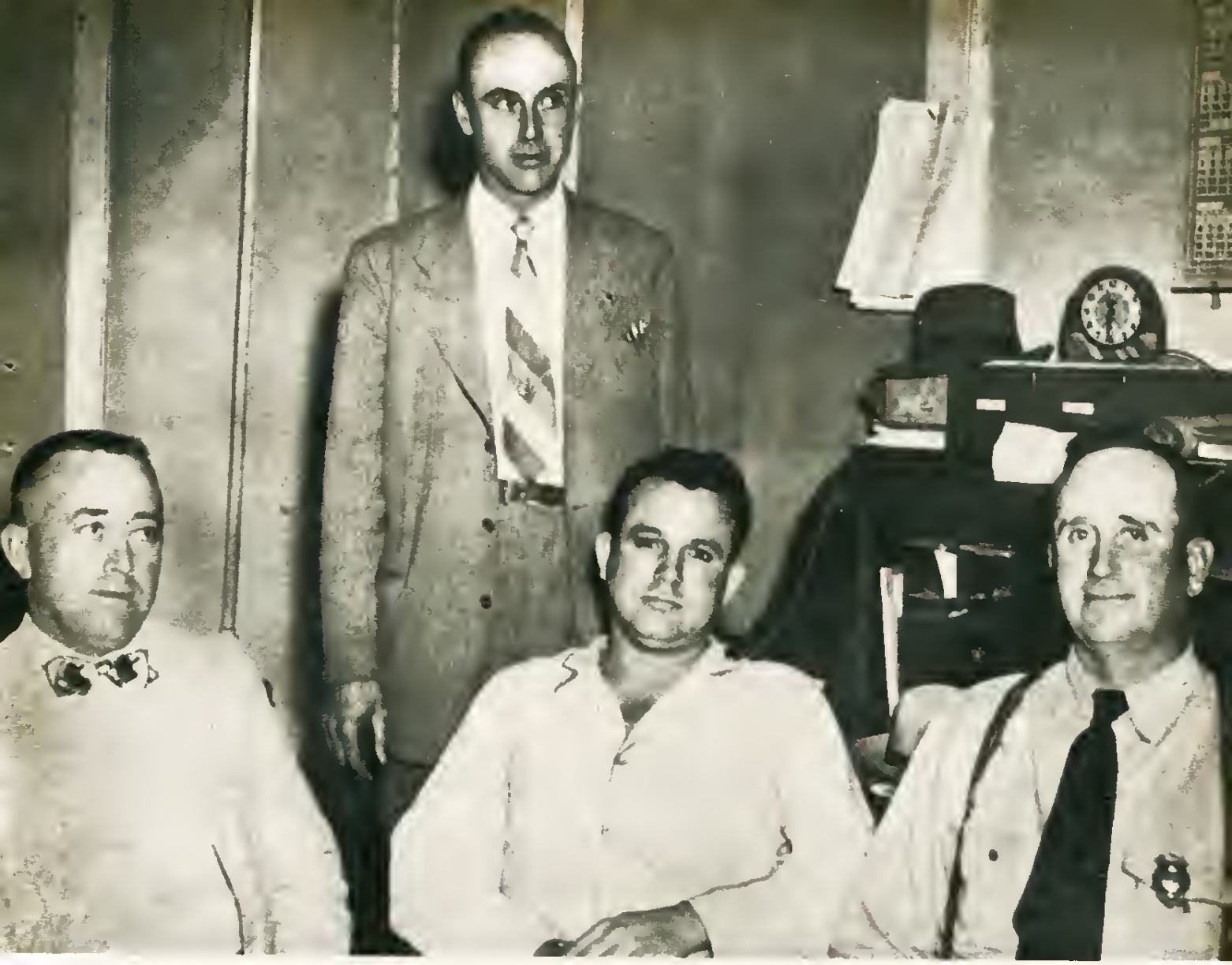
"If you made $20 an hour, Bill, why ain't you doing it all the time?" a budding young realist one day demanded.

Osterberg, after a peal of laughter, became serious. "There's a good reason. That's why they pay you so much money, because way up there, if you stay long enough, your nerves start jumping out of your skin. We got to come down now and then and take a safe rest, down where all you can get is a skinned knee if you fall."

Sadly enough, Bill's "safe rest" was due to end in violence that couldn't possibly have happened at the peak of a thousand-foot, swaying steel tower. And apparently Ruth's powers were considerably limited, for

Sergeant Link jots down report from a funeral home manager who revealed that someone called him, asked about condition of bodies, whether slugs were found

Commonwealth's Attorney Carrington Thompson *(l.)* gained conviction after linking of "stocky man" in a crystal ball to man seen by women living above store



Hall *(standing)* questioned motive of "helpful" amateur sleuth, flanked by Archer *(l.)* and Thomas

her charm and gaiety at some of the trailer camp gatherings indicated she hadn't the slightest inkling the stars had decreed a short, ugly twist in her own lifeline.

The fact that the Osterbergs had been quite friendly soon began troubling a foundry mill worker, who with his wife occupied a trailer in the camp. "I got a feeling something is wrong," he said. "We haven't seen them since last Tuesday, and the car is still parked by their trailer."

"Maybe they're just visiting," shrugged his wife. "After all, Ruth has been in Danville many times before."

"Just the same, I got a feeling," he declared. "I walked by there after church, and there was some flies buzzing around, not to mention an odor coming out of the trailer."

It was now Sunday, April 25th, exactly 13 days after the arrival of the Osterbergs. The neighbor strolled out into the warm, benevolent sunshine, spotted a friend of his, who lived a block away.

He called, "Hey, come over here a minute."

When his friend walked over, he spoke of his doubts concerning the missing Osterbergs. The friend, sniffing the air—he stood only a few yards from the shuttered trailer—frowned. "I was in the Argonne during World War I and that odor smells like something I'll never forget."

He wheeled, strolled over to a rear window of the trailer. He clambered onto a bumper guard, peered in with cupped hands. A moment later came the hoarse cry: "They're in there—all bloody! Call the police!"

The police responded almost in company strength. First five radio cars, with the officers milling uncertainly as they found all doors and windows to the trailer locked tightly. Then Captain Wade Mays and Detective Sergeants Oscar Link and Frank Chaney.

It was Mays who hurled his (*Continued on page 83*)

PHANTOM at the WINDOW

BY JOHN M. BROWNELL

MARY LOUISE STAMMER, honey-haired blonde sophomore at Fresno, California, high school, was one of the prettiest and most popular girls in her class. At 15, and approximating young womanhood, her future couldn't have looked brighter. She had been born into a socially prominent family. Her father was Walter H. Stammer, highly respected attorney and one of the first governors of the State Bar Association. There were three other children: two sisters, 12 and 7, and a little brother, 23 months old.

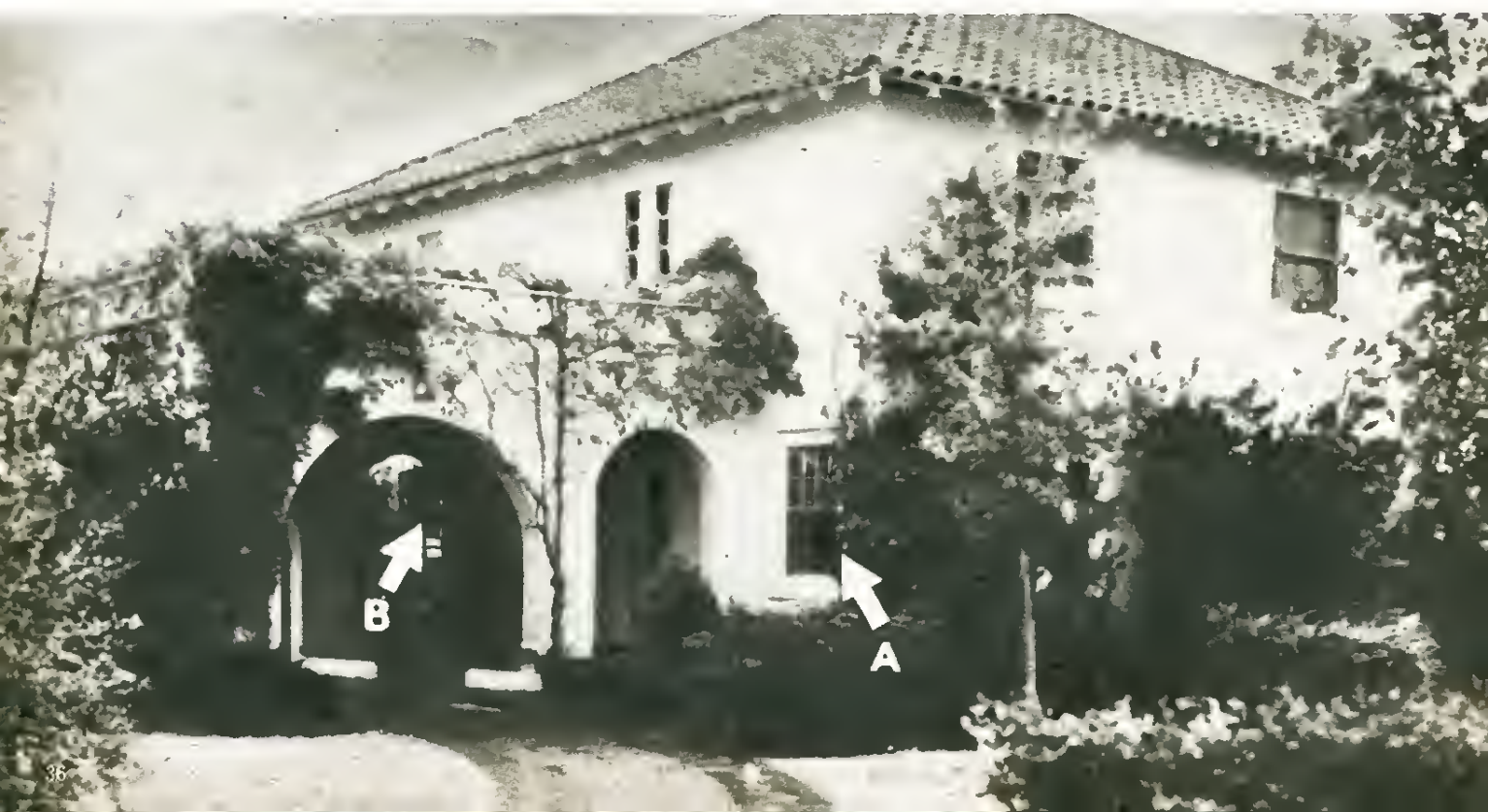
They lived in a luxurious two-story stucco home at the intersection of Wishon and Gettysburg Roads in the exclusive Fig Gardens residential section, 3 miles north of Fresno.

Shortly after 8 o'clock on the night of November 24th, Mrs. Stammer drove her husband to the railroad station. He caught a train for San Bernardino, in the southwestern part of the state, where he was scheduled to appear in an important legal case the following day.

The 12-year-old daughter and the Stammer maid had gone along. Mrs. Stammer saw her husband off and then dropped the maid off at her home.

Mary Louise had remained behind to baby sit for her

Killer shot baby-sitter through window *(A)*. later dragged mortally wounded girl into bedroom *(B)*



HE WATCHED THE LOVELY GIRL SILENTLY THEN AIMED HIS GUN AT HER AND FIRED

Mary Louise Stammer *(r.)* sat down in chair to read a book but was unaware that she was in last chapter of her own life as man's eyes followed her every movement from outside the window

Angry crowd outside courthouse was calmed down by the news that phantom murderer had pleaded guilty

7-year-old sister and little brother. They went to sleep in an upstairs room. She made herself comfortable with a book in the music room.

After Mrs. Stammer took the maid home she took Van Ness Boulevard to Gettysburg Road. Upon her arrival home she realized that she had forgotten her house keys. When the ringing of the front door bell brought no response Mrs. Stammer remembered that she had instructed Mary Louise not to open the door for anyone during her absence. She sent the little girl around to the back.

The child obeyed, but returned quickly. She was in a high state of excitement. "The glass in the back door is broken," she exclaimed.

Mrs. Stammer grabbed the child's hand. Together they ran around the side to the back. The screening had been torn and the glass in the upper part of the door was broken. It looked as though someone had done this to get a hand through and unlock the door from the inside.

Although she was terrorized at the thought of what had probably happened to her oldest daughter the mother ran through the kitchen, down a hall and into the music room where the lights were burning.

Mary Louise was not there, but beside the chair where she had been sitting when Mrs. Stammer left were three large spots of blood.

Unable to control herself longer, she screamed at the top of her voice. "Mary! Mary!" she cried. "Where are you?"

There was no answer.

Mrs. Stammer hurried into Mary Louise's bedroom. It was dark, but when the frantic mother turned on the lights her most dread fears became a reality.

Mary Louise lay on the floor. She was unconscious and fresh blood covered one side of her head.

Mrs. Stammer stood transfixed by the scene of horror, then turned quickly and ran to the telephone to call Dr. John Vanderburgh, the family physician.

"I'll get there just as fast as I can," the doctor promised.

Mrs. Stammer's next thoughts were of the children

asleep upstairs. She ran to their bedroom and found them sleeping peacefully. Whoever had attacked Mary Louise had not molested them.

Neighbors were called in and one of them took all three of the younger children to his bome.

Dr. Vanderburgh arrived shortly after that. A quick preliminary examination was made. "She's still alive," he told Mrs. Stammer after he'd telephoned for an ambulance to take Mary Louise to Burnett Sanitarium. "She must have been struck over the head with a blunt instrument of some kind. She's in serious condition but there's one chance we can save her life."

The doctor then asked if Mr Stammer had been notified. When told that he hadn't, the doctor sent a wire to Taire, the first stop for the San Bernardino train, instructing the attorney to return home as quickly as possible.

Dr. Vanderburgh also notified the sheriff's office.

Sheriff George Overholt was at home when Undersheriff Jack Tarr contacted him.

"Something serious has happened at the Walter Stammer home in Fig Gardens," Tarr told Overholt. "Their 15-year-old daughter has been attacked. It's doubtful she will survive."

The sheriff said he'd get there as quickly as possible. "Summon every available deputy," he instructed Tarr. "We know there have been at least a dozen robberies in that section during the past few months. If a thief did this we've a chance to get him if we move quickly."

When Overholt arrived at tbe Stammer home he found District Attorney Dan Conway, Police Chief Frank Traux of Fresno, Deputy Sheriffs John Ford, Ray Landers, Harry Collins, Wallace Moore and Bill Mortland there

While these men were going over the known aspects of the case the telephone rang. Chief Traux answered it. The other officers watched the expression on his face as he listened.

When the policeman hung up he said, "We've got a murder case on our hands now. Mary Louise died en route to the hospital."

Going over the known facts in the case the officers agreed that the most likely explanation for the crime was that a burglary had been attempted. The thief had not been aware of Mary Louise's presence. When he found her there he attacked her to silence her.

"The doctor didn't think she had been sexually assaulted," District Attorney Conway said. "And we know about all those burglaries in this neighborhood."

Sheriff Overholt told the others that the Stammer residence itself had been broken into twice within the last six months. He was assured the complete support of the Fresno police department although the crime had taken place outside the city limits.

His smile faded when he heard of planned fingerprint and ballistics examinations

Deputy Moore, superintendent of the Fresno County Bureau of Criminal Identification, and Deputy Bill Mortland began a systematic search of the house for fingerprints. Special attention was given to the rear door where the screen had been torn and the glass broken. Everyone agreed that entrance to the house had been made in that manner.

Every piece of glass found around the door was carefully preserved for fingerprints. Dozens of prints were found in the music room where the investigators believed the attack had taken place, but there was no way of telling whether these prints belonged to members of the Stammer family and their friends or to the criminal.

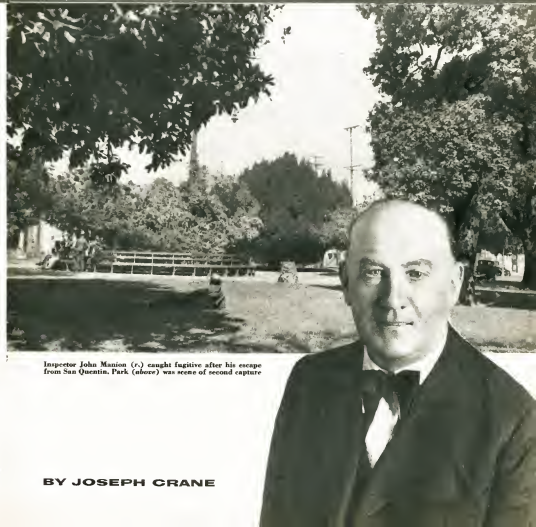
Orders were given for every fingerprint to be classified for comparison with members of the Stammer family and their friends

"Any prints that can't be accounted for will be checked with the Criminal *(Continued on page 70)*

NO JAIL COULD HOLD HIM

Phantom "ape-man" (above, l.) wore no shoes, left few clues when he prowled the night

HE WAS THE ONLY MAN TO ESCAPE FROM BOTH OF CALIFORNIA'S TWO STATE PENITENTIARIES



Inspector John Manion (r.) caught fugitive after his escape from San Quentin. Park (above) was scene of second capture

BY JOSEPH CRANE

"THIS STUFF was stolen," Detective Sergeant Edward O'Dea told the pawnbroker on Kearney Street in San Francisco, California, as he separated several valuable pieces of jewelry from the rest of the dealer's stock.

"I didn't know that," the money lender protested. "They weren't on any list the police department gave me."

O'Dea asked when the jewels had been pawned.

"Yesterday," the man answered.

"Describe the guy who brought them in."

The pawnbroker thought a moment. Finally he said, "He was some sort of foreigner because he spoke with a heavy accent, probably German. He was short, not much taller than 5 feet. Had a black mustache and thick black hair. The backs of his hands were covered with hair. He must have been hairy all over. I thought he looked like a powerful animal because of the solid way he was built and the way his long arms dangled at his sides."

"He could be our man," O'Dea said.

The expression on the pawnbroker's face changed as though he had just thought of something. "You mean the man who pawned this stuff could be that 'ape-man' the newspapers have been writing about?" he asked.

"That's just what I was thinking," O'Dea told him. "And the odds are, he'll be back. I'm going to take up my position across the street. If he does come back I'll be waiting. You go to the window and take some object from the right hand side. That will be my signal."

The pawnbroker accepted the idea with great reluctance. "I know I've got to play along," he told the detective, "but please remember I've got a weak heart. Don't start any shooting in my place if you can help it."

O'Dea laughed. "We never shoot unless we have to," he said. "Don't worry about this guy. I'll be on top of him and have him cuffed before he knows what's happening."

The "ape man," as San Francisco newspapers had

Inspector John Mulhern (*r.*) questioned pawnbroker on Oakland street (*l.*). Second capture followed

dubbed the latest phantom burglar, had been driving the police department mad for the past six months. Nobody had caught a glimpse of him, yet it was known he had committed dozens of robberies. Housewives were in a state of alarm; and Inspector John J. Manion, in charge of the investigation, had his men working around the clock. The only things they had to go on were the few clues the ape-man left behind.

He appeared to operate exclusively in the smart residential districts and in apartment houses where the rents were so high the tenants had to be wealthy to live there Never wearing shoes, the thief sneaked through these places at night so quietly that even the lightest sleepers failed to awaken. He took money, jewelry, valuable clothing and furs. So successful had he been that he had become a nightmare to wealthy citizens throughout the city. Newspapers headlined their stories, "Barefoot Burglar Strikes Again," "City's Reign of Terror Must End," and "Stop the Phantom Ape-Man."

Night patrols in the susceptible areas were doubled, yet the elusive thief continued on. Bare footprints seemed to be the only clues he left. But it was known that he had scaled walls, climbed hard-to-get-to ledges or maneuvered his way through open windows that would have been impossible to a man of average height. The police answer to all this was that he had abnormally long arms and possessed unusual athletic ability.

A complete check-up on known second story men brought negative results and it was then that the pawnshop detail redoubled its efforts. Detective O'Dea's visit to the Kearney Street place had paid off.

He made a call to Inspector Manion, who agreed that he should remain near the shop where the stolen jewels had been pawned. Days passed before any results were apparent. Then at half past 4 one afternoon O'Dea's attention became focused on a man coming down Kearney Street. He was short and solidly built, but the thing that interested the detective was his manner of walking. It was like a jungle animal whose every movement bespeaks speed and tremendous power.

Just as the detective thought he would, the man went into the pawnshop.

O'Dea waited until the money lender gave him the signal by removing a camera from the right side of the store window. He didn't want any gun-play anymore than the pawnbroker did, so he took a few steps down the street before crossing and then entered the shop as unobtrusively as possible. Once inside, he flashed his badge.

"I want to talk with you," he said quietly.

In one quick movement the man sprang into action. His long arms held the detective in a vise-like grip. O'Dea tried to finger his gun, but there wasn't a chance. The man let out a guttural roar and, bringing up his knee at the same time, sent the detective sprawling against the opposite wall. O'Dea's head hit an iron radiator. The ape-man turned quickly and ran out the door.

Passersby, who had sensed trouble, called to Patrolmen Frank Cummings and James Coleman, on duty a block away. They chased the fugitive down Kearney, across Market and finally brought him down in front of a hotel. Before he could throw them off and run again they had handcuffs on him. It took both Coleman and Cummings as well as the station wagon attendants to get the prisoner to headquarters. Afterwards, when routine questions were asked, he gave his name as Carl Otto; age, 27; nationality, German; occupation, butcher; height five feet, one inch; weight, 148.

The ape-man pleaded guilty to two charges of burglary and received sentences of seven years on each count They were to be served consecutively. After he was delivered to San Quentin Inspector Manion and the other San Francisco officers who had been plagued by him uttered sighs of relief. They felt sure that they wouldn't be bothered by Carl Otto for a

Fugitive ran down Kearney Street (r.) after making get-a-way from Detective Sergeant Ed O'Dea (l.)

while. Seven years might change the man, as well.

But the ape-man's entrance into San Quentin was just another episode in his fantastic career. Less than a year later Detective O'Dea died. Doctors who had attended the officer said that head injuries he received when Carl Otto threw him against the radiator in the pawnshop undoubtedly contributed to his death.

The ape-man went about his work in the prison butcher shop. Nothing was heard of him until three years later. On July 24th, 1917, a guard carelessly left a spare uniform in his locker in the shop. Carl Otto had been waiting for just such an opportunity. He took off his prison garb, replaced it with that of the guard, and walked calmly through the big gates to his freedom.

When Inspector Manion and his associates in San Francisco heard about the escape they knew that their work of capturing the ape-man would begin all over again.

"He'll come right back to his old haunts and continue where he left off," Manion told a fellow officer.

But he was wrong.

Less than a week after the escape Patrolman Gus Jewett was making his nightly rounds in the little town of Petaluma, some 40 miles north of San Francisco. By midnight just about everybody was in bed and asleep. Jewett was walking through a quiet residential street when he saw a dark object run from a front lawn and hide behind a large tree. At first he thought that perhaps some animal from a nearby farm had got loose. But he took no chances. Moving forward cautiously, the patrolman could hear the rustle of leaves behind the tree. Suddenly a sinister figure darted out from its hiding place and ran awkwardly, but swiftly, with a strange shambling gait of something more ape-like than human.

Since San Quentin was only 30 miles southward and word of the escaped prisoner had been publicized throughout that part of the state, Patrolman Jewett was aware it could be San Francisco's Carl Otto.

"Stop or I'll shoot!" the officer shouted.

But the fugitive increased his speed. A warning shot rang out in the quiet street. The ape-man leaped over a short fence and ran into a group of small trees. Jewett ran after him.

Two strong, powerful arms tackled him a second later and he went down in their vise-like grip. A knife flashed and Jewett writhed on the ground clutching the stab wound in his stomach. He was unconscious when his assailant vanished in the night.

The police officer's shot and cries to the fugitive to halt had aroused the neighborhood. Men rushed to his aid and obtained medical attention in time to save his life.

State police, county officers and local police combed the city and the outlying districts the remainder of that night and for many days afterwards, but the elusive ape-man had slipped away as completely as he had back in San Francisco before Detective O'Dea had finally trapped him.

Two months went by without the slightest clue to his whereabouts.

San Francisco and other California cities had their share of burglaries but none of them bore the stamp of the formidable Carl Otto. Finally a police informer sent word to Inspector Manion that the man they were seeking had returned to San Francisco.

Every member of the police department was instructed to be on the alert for the much-sought fugitive. It was an undercover man, assigned to a German neighborhood, who telephoned Inspector Manion on the night of September 15th.

"I saw Carl Otto at headquarters when he was arrested more than three years ago," this man told Manion, "and I'm positive I've got him spotted. He's wearing dark glasses as a disguise and he's been drinking in a hotel bar. I'd know that shambling walk and those long arms and powerful hands anywhere."

"Where is he now?" Manion asked.

"He left the hotel," the (Continued on page 60)

The CRIME at Hilldrop Crescent

Cora told him: "You go your way and I'll go mine"—and he obliged by buying boat tickets for himself, poison for her

BY L. L. ALBERTS

NO ONE MEETING HIM on the street or seeing him at his place of business would ever have suspected Dr. Hawley Harvey Crippen of being a Lothario. He was a rather undersized fellow of middle age, balding a bit, who affected a sandy mustache and goatee, and whose eyes seemed to blink in bewilderment behind a pair of thick-lensed spectacles. Decidedly not a romantic figure.

Nevertheless, this same Dr. Crippen was destined to go down in history as a great lover, as well as one of the most cunning poisoners ever to plunge Scotland Yard into a fantastic guessing game. He is still remembered today as the monster of London's Hilldrop Crescent.

Although his crime took place in England, Crippen was an American, a native of Michigan.

Something of a rolling stone, he studied medicine in Cleveland, London and New York, and served internships in three or four different hospitals in the States. When he was 30, after practicing for only a few years, he met a flashing-eyed brunette named Cora Turner, who was only 17. He promptly marrried her and took her off to St. Louis to live. Later, they moved to Philadelphia where he also practiced for a while.

It was evident from the outset that Cora Crippen's primary interest did not lie in homemaking or raising a family.

"Everybody says I have a good voice, and there certainly is nothing wrong with my figure," she told her spouse. "I deserve to be on the stage, and I aim to get there."

Crippen objected, but Cora had the proverbial "whim of iron" and his arguments were in vain. She embarked on what was to be a long and expensive series of lessons in singing and dancing. She even picked out a stage name for herself: "Belle Elmore."

In 1900, some 11 years after their marriage, Crippen unexpectedly received an offer to go to work for a London patent medicine company called Munyon's. The job tempted him—and he was fed up with private practice,

When he moved lovely girl into his home the doctor *(r.)* offered no explanation, but he explained loudly about his wife's sudden "trip"

and he'd become fond of London while there as a student—but before accepting it he consulted his wife.

"By all means, let us go," was her reaction. "The stupid theatre managers in this country don't appreciate my talents, but I'm sure I'll go over big in England. You'll be seeing the name Belle Elmore right up at the top of the playbills!"

Crippen, who had his own opinion of Cora's histrionic ability, uttered a noncommital grunt and began making preparations for the move.

In London, they settled down in a rented, semi-detached house at No. 39 Hilldrop Crescent, a quiet, tree-lined street in a middle-class residential neighborhood. Crippen went about his business with Munyon's, which netted him an adequate if modest salary, and Cora resumed her strivings toward the stage.

Unfortunately, the managers of the London music halls were as unappreciative of her talents as their American counterparts had been. Cora—or Belle, as she still liked to call herself—never even got to carry a spear or appear in the back line of a chorus. She did, however, succeed in striking up friendships with a number of theatrical people, among them being Mr. and Mrs. Peter Baylor, Ruth Walker, Dorothy Crane and James Forbes. She also managed to wangle herself a job as treasurer of the Music Hall Ladies' Guild.

Though she had put on considerable weight, Cora retained some of her youthful beauty and was able to attract male admirers from time to time. These she met outside the house and,

SHE WAS YOUNG, LONELY, BEAUTIFUL. THE DOCTOR STOPPED DICTATING AND BEGAN TO PLOT A MURDER

Police escort camera-shy passenger *(r.)* who feared wireless, was freqnently seen hugging his "son"

quitely naturally, without Crippen's knowledge. Some of them showered her with costly jewelry. When the doctor expressed curiosity about the gems, Cora passed them off as "mere baubles—nothing but costume pieces."

As the years passed and her hopes of appearing behind the footlights receded further and further, Cora became increasingly flamboyant in dress and manner. She decked herself out in the gaudiest of garments—her favorite color was pink—and applied makeup to match. And she delighted in throwing parties for her friends, which imposed a serious strain on the family budget.

Three of four nights a week, weary from his labor at Munyon's, Crippen would come home to 39 Hilldrop Crescent to find the house filled with people who were utterly alien to him. Their loud jokes and singing and dancing gave him a splitting headache. Yet when he protested, Cora said in effect, "You go your way and I'll go mine." She also intimated she had plenty of chances to run off with men who were more compatible than the doctor. Their endless quarrels became more and more bitter.

The pattern for murder took more definite form in the summer of 1909 when a girl named Lisa Montclair came to work at Munyon's as a secretary.

Crippen was smitten at once. In the midst of dictating his first letter to her, he said, "My dear, you're lovely. Tell me all about yourself."

Just why Lisa should return the interest of a man so much older than herself is difficult to understand, but return it she did. She had yet to pass her 21st birthday, she told him, she was all alone in the world, and this job was her very first venture into the business field. Crippen added some observations of his own; Miss Montclair had blonde curly hair and deep blue eyes, and her figure was slim and bewitching.

Before long the doctor was taking Lisa out to lunch, then to dinner. He began seeing her several times a week outside the office. If other workers at Munyon's found their goings-on suspicious, they prudently kept their mouths shut.

The situation ran along into the first of 1910 with growing tension for Crippen. Lisa began talking rather insistently about marriage—something that the doctor himself desired—and at the same time he found life with Cora becoming more irksome every day.

The music hall couple, Mr. and Mrs. Baylor, dined

at Hilldrop Crescent about once a week. In recent months Crippen bad dodged these occasions, but on the nigbt of January 31st he made it a point to come bome from the office early.

Crippen was much more attentive to his wife than usual during the dinner and the hours that followed, and the wbole evening went off pleasantly except for a slight indisposition on the part of Baylor.

The following day the doctor called at the home of the couple to inquire after Baylor's health. Mrs. Baylor said he seemed better but was upstairs asleep. "And how is Belle?" she asked.

"Oh, she's fine," Crippen replied.

On the next afternoon, February 1st, Lisa Montclair delivered a note to Miss Walker, another theatrical friend of Cora's, who also was an officer of the Music Hall Ladies' Guild. It read: "Dear Miss Walker: Illness of a near relative has called me to America on only a few hours' notice, so I must ask you to bring my resignation as Treasurer before the next meeting of the Guild so that a new Treasurer can be elected at once. You will appreciate my haste when I tell you that I have not been to bed—packing all night and getting ready to go. I shall hope to see you in a few months, but cannot spare a moment to call on you before I go."

The note was signed "Belle Elmore, per H.C.C."

Considering it strange that the woman had dictated the note to Crippen, Miss Walker showed it to the Baylors. They, too, considered it suspicious, particularly in view of what the doctor had said when he called at their house. A day or two later Baylor dropped around to Crippen's office to seek an explanation. Crippen was strangely vague. It was true, he said, that Cora, or Belle, had been called to America—he simply hadn't seen fit to mention it when he talked to Mrs. Baylor the day before the note was delivered.

In some respects Dr. Crippen was clever; in others, he was exceedingly stupid. On the 7th, for instance, he pawned a ring and brooch that belonged to his wife for 115 pounds. A few nights later he attended a ball given by the Music Hall Benevolent Fund, accompanied by lovely Lisa Montclair. And friends noted that the girl was wearing pieces of Cora Crippen's jewelry!

Finally, even though he must have sensed the suspicion that was building up against him, Crippen persuaded Lisa to quit her job and move in with him at Hilldrop Crescent.

Trying frantically to build up a fabrication that would protect him, the doctor wrote to the Baylors around the 20th of March saying he'd received word that his wife was "desperately ill" with double pneumonia.

Two days later he followed up this letter witb a telegram sent from Victoria Station: "BELLE DIED YESTERDAY AT SIX O'CLOCK. PLEASE PHONE HER FRIENDS. WILL BE AWAY A WEEK."

As if that were not enough, Crippen inserted a brief obituary notice in one of the London newspapers. Then he and Miss Montclair embarked for the French resort town of Dieppe to pass a one-week Easter holiday. While he was away he wrote to two of Cora's friends, James Forbes and Dorothy Crane, telling tbem of her passing. But be set her deatb as having occurred two days after the date of his telegram to the Baylors.

Forbes, Miss Crane and the Baylors got together and compared notes, but despite all the suspicious circumstances they refrained from going to the autborities. Crippen's mixup in dates, they reasoned, could be the natural mistake of a grief-stricken man. It was terribly bad taste for Crippen to let Lisa Montclair wear Cora's jewels—but, then, it didn't prove him guilty of any wrongdoing.

"We'd better go easy on this," Baylor said, with the reluctance of the average citizen to become involved with the police.

Upon Crippen's return, Baylor went to see him again. What steamship had his wife taken to the States? Crippen didn't know. Where were the relatives sbe visited? He couldn't recall. The doctor stubbornly refused to answer several similar questions.

Next, Baylor talked to Forbes. "Do you think we ought to do anything?" be asked.

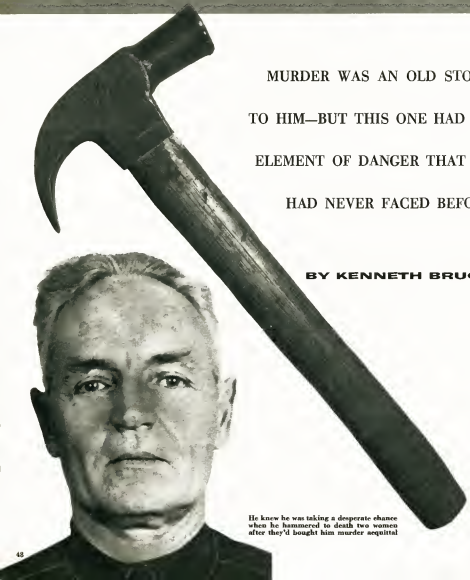
Forbes shook his bead. "Let's play a waiting game. I'll question him from time to time, and so will Miss Crane. If Belle met with foul play, it's too late now to help ber. A few weeks' delay in going to the authorities won't make any difference." (*Continued on page* 81)

Inspector Dew *(r.)* instituted the wireless canvass of all the ships at sea which trapped killer and masquerading girl

The URGE TO KILL

MURDER WAS AN OLD STORY TO HIM—BUT THIS ONE HAD AN ELEMENT OF DANGER THAT HE HAD NEVER FACED BEFORE

BY KENNETH BRUCE



He knew he was taking a desperate chance when he hammered to death two women after they'd bought him murder acquittal

MARCUS POWELL was in his 50s, with gray hair, the kindly face of an old-fashioned minister of the gospel, and the soul of a cold-blooded murderer.

On March 1st he stood in the kitchen of his wealthy mother-in-law's home at 1431 Laurel Street in Jacksonville, Florida. His wife lay dead in the bathtub, stripped of all her clothes, and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Lou Speer, was on the floor of the porch outside the kitchen, her head smashed to a pulp.

Murder was now an old story to Powell, but this one was different from the others, more bloody. Also there was an element of danger he had never faced before. His first murder had been committed many years before, when he was only 15. He slashed a boy friend to death because of an argument.

His family was rich and politically powerful. They got him out of prison within two years. A year later he murdered George McFay, an older man who caught him stealing from his store. Again the family went to bat for him, but he had to serve seven years before their money and prestige could get him a parole.

He promised to reform. He did this until the feeling of blood, the sadistic thrill murder gave him was too strong. Evelyn Snarat, his sweetheart, was his next victim. By this time his family was getting weary of spending large sums to keep him out of trouble. He got 30 years for this murder. As a last gesture his family got him free in 12 years and told him bluntly to get out. They wanted no more of him.

So he went to Jacksonville to start a new life. His graying hair and his ministerial look made people like and even trust him, despite his prison record. Money was his problem. He solved this by courting Katie Speer, whose mother, Mrs. Lou Speer, was the richest woman in Jacksonville. The marriage was a great social event and for two years Powell lived a life of ease and respectability.

But the urge to kill still lurked in his mind. It burst forth when he and William Cowles, a prominent Jacksonville lawyer, had an argument on the street. Cowles died a few hours later in the hospital, with a slashed throat and body.

Again Powell was behind bars. His family refused to help. His mother-in-law filled the breech by spending $50,000 in his defense and later on his parole. He walked out of prison after three years and into the arms of his loving wife. All would have been well if he had stayed in his wife's arms, but women were his chief interest in life and in an unfortunate accident, his wife caught him in bed with another woman.

The fury of the wife and mother-in-law was increased many times by the knowledge they had just spent $50,000 to get him out of prison. The wife announced she was divorcing him and the mother-in-law kicked him bodily out of the house, giving as a farewell shot the information that she was changing her will so that under no circumstances would Powell ever get his fingers on a penny if anything happened to her daughter.

This presented a problem to Powell that required

The suspect gave police a reason for cleaning bloodstained kitchen but it didn't sound so convincing as he had planned

quick action, before Mrs. Speer could change her will. At 9 o'clock that evening Powell was on the back porch of the home, knocking lightly on the kitchen door. Mrs. Speer opened it. Powell's left hand shot out, grabbed her by the wrist and pulled her out into the darkness. He had a hammer in his right hand and the first blow knocked the elderly woman unconscious. Two more blows smashed her skull and she lay on the porch floor dead.

Powell walked into the dining room. Kate was at the buffet, heard him and turned quickly and gave a scream of terror. He was on her, the hammer crashing down on her head. Stunned and moaning weakly, blood gushing from her wounds, she broke away from him and got to the kitchen. Here Powell sent one well-directed blow and she crumpled to the floor.

The blood stopped flowing and Powell knew she was dead. He tossed the bloodstained hammer in the sink, turned the water on. He was breathing heavily. The first part of his plan had worked according to schedule. He reached down and picked up the body of Kate and carried it into the bathroom.

He stripped the clothes off her and put her in the bathtub. This double murder had to be handled with skill. There would be no chance for a self-defense plea, as there had been in the Cowles case. Nor would there be any family to put up large sums of money if anything went amiss.

Powell faced a peculiar double problem. He had to make sure that the bodies of the two women would never be found, which would mean under the Florida laws that there would be no arrest or conviction for him, yet at the same time, in order to inherit the Speer fortune quickly he had to establish the fact that Mrs. Speer and Kate were dead.

There hadn't been much time to formulate a plan. His first problem was to make sure the bodies would never be found. He had read once where if the stomach of a person was cut open, then the gases would escape and the body would never rise to the top of a river or lake.

Powell walked to the kitchen cabinet and found the sharpest knife. He wasn't much of a surgeon. Opening the stomach of Kate was a messy job. Then he brought the dead Mrs. Speer into the bathroom. His wife was wrapped in a blanket that would absorb the blood and laid on the bathroom floor. Mrs. Speer was placed in the tub and her stomach slashed.

Powell piled the clothes taken from the two women up against the wall. He had to have other clothes, the ones they would be wearing if they went out. So he went upstairs, first to Mrs. Speer's bedroom where he took a coat, hat and gloves from the closet. Then he entered the bedroom used by his wife and himself. He opened the closet door, grabbed a coat and hat. He smiled as he looked at the expensive suit the two women had purchased for him when he walked out of prison.

The vest was a costly silk plaid. He didn't like it, as his tastes in clothes ran to the conservative, but he had worn it to please the women. After taking these clothes, he went back downstairs. The matter of weighting the two bodies down in the waters of Lofton Creek, five miles north of Jacksonville, was quickly arranged.

In the garage were several parts of an old automobile engine. These were placed in the car with a good supply of rope. Fifteen minutes later Powell was driving out of Jacksonville, the two bodies in the back seat with the weights and rope. In the front seat lay the pile of clothes taken out of the closets. The bloodstained hammer was also in the front seat.

Four miles from Jacksonville he turned off the highway and onto an isolated country road that led through the woods to Lofton Creek. At the creek bank, he jumped out. The ground was muddy but footprints didn't worry him. He picked the body of Kate out of the car, threw the blanketed weight over his shoulder, walked to the edge of the water, where he tied a rope to the body and the part of the old engine.

Getting Kate into the water was the next problem. She was too heavy to throw in the creek, so he walked out into the water, slid the body off his shoulder, and it went some distance out and sank slowly below the surface.

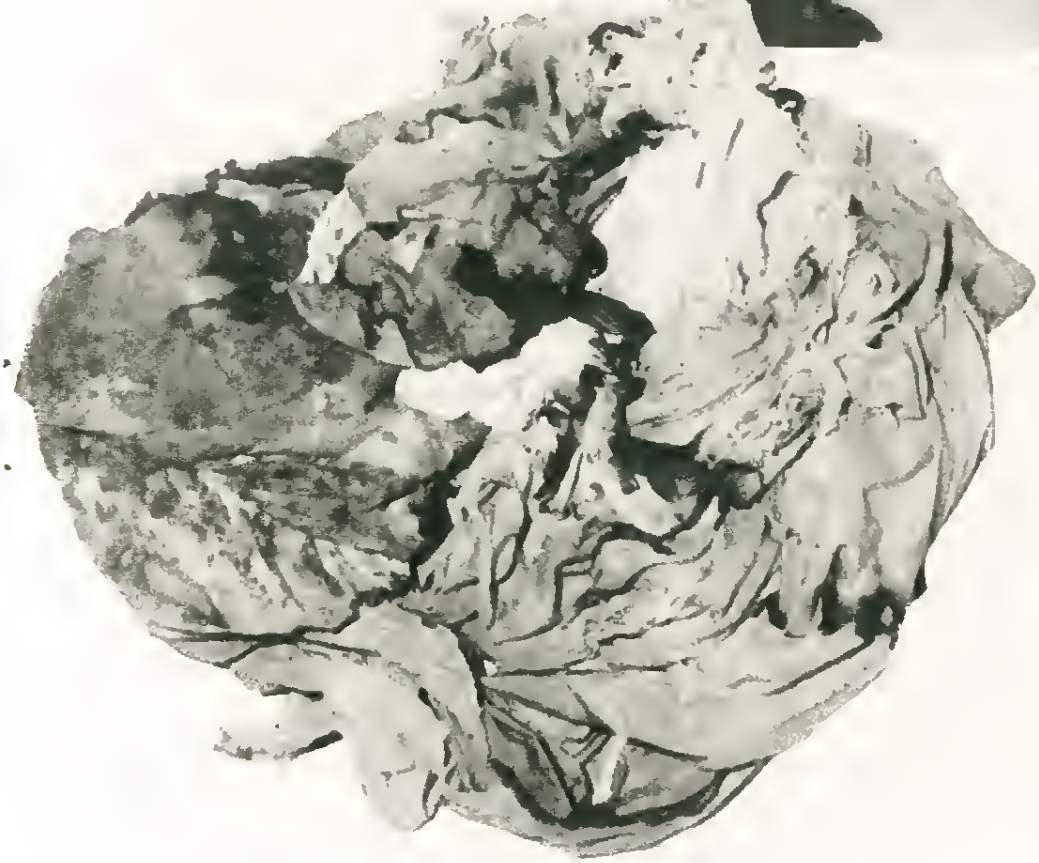
Mrs. Speer was sent into the water in the same manner. There was some trouble with the blanket, which

Inspector Acosta *(l.)* and State's Attorney Harrell had circumstantial evidence but needed proof in "perfect crime"

caught on a rock. Powell gave it a violent shove and it went far beyond where Kate had sunk to the bottom.

The hammer was still in the car, wrapped in paper to keep the blood off the car seat. Powell took it and also the clothes of the two women and walked some distance up the bank. Here he hurled the hammer far out into the water. Then he piled the clothes in a bunch, got some twigs and grass and set the cloth on fire. He watched until he was certain that most of them were burned. As the smoke died down, he kicked dirt over the ashes to hide them from view.

This done, he looked around to make sure he had left no clues behind. The fire had stopped smoking, and as far as he could see, only ashes remained of the garments. Then he went back to the car, examined the ground at the edge of the river and around the car. He found nothing that looked suspicious, and after several minutes, he got in the car and drove back home to Jacksonville.



In unburned clothing remnants *(below)* Dr. Dyrenforth found tiny fabric bit that broke killer's story after microscopic examination

When he got back to the house he was faced with the job of washing the bloodstains from the floor. He did this carefully, knowing all the stains couldn't be removed. He had a ready explanation for these. For several weeks he had fed the dog, which had died the day before, raw and bloody meat. He could claim these stains were from the dog meat.

It was 3 o'clock before all this was completed. Powell sat down in the living room, poured himself a stiff drink of Scotch and soda and drank it. He was trying to review every detail of his plan. There was a feeling of nervousness, a sense of foreboding, that he couldn't completely throw off. Any small part of his plan could throw all out of gear. It didn't seem so simple and so safe now that it had happened. He poured himself a straight shot of Scotch, downed it in one gulp, got up and went upstairs to bed.

Daylight (*Continued on page* **76**)

Patrolman Cantor *(l.)* and Dr. Benjamin Schwartz inspect the furnace in quest of clues in the hope of learning who hurled live girl—Sophie Poleski—into fire

MURDER by FIRE

A WOMAN'S CRY, SHRILL AND TERRIFYING, CAME FROM WITHIN THE KILN!

BY BRANDON WRIGHT

THICK FOG shrouded New York Harbor that chilly night in late September as Patrolman George Herrick walked his beat near the East River in lower Manhattan. At the corner of East Fifth and Lewis Streets, he paused under a street lamp to check his watch and saw that it was 3:05 A.M.

Just then a piercing scream cut the night air. It was the cry of a woman, shrill and rising in crescendo—agonized and horrible.

Herrick dashed down Lewis Street toward the spot from which the scream had come. He halted at the high gates of a lumber yard surrounded by an 8-foot board fence.

What, he wondered, could a woman be doing in such a place at this time of night? But undoubtedly the scream had come from there. Herrick listened but the cry was not repeated.

The patrolman now tried the latch of the huge gate and found it securely bolted. For a moment he considered trying to batter it open, then abandoned the idea as futile.

The air around the lumber yard was heavy with the pungent smell of burning charcoal from the kilns inside, where the wood was dried. Herrick knew that these furnaces usually were banked for the night and not fired up until early the next day. Perhaps, he thought, the fog had kept the smoke of the day's fires from rising.

But as Herrick inhaled the smoke-laden air, another stronger scent assailed his nostrils. It was the sickening, unmistakable odor of burning flesh!

Looking up, he saw sharp tongues of yellow flame leaping from one of the stubby kiln chimneys. Someone was firing up this furnace in the middle of the night. But why?

That hideous scream resounding in his ears, Patrolman Herrick ran frantically along the high fence, seeking some foothold so that he could scale it. Half a block down the street, he found an opening in the fence where two boards had been ripped away. He squeezed through and found his way barred by a stack of lumber more than 20 feet high.

Pulling himself up by his fingertips, he scaled the lumber pile and descended, only to face a great mound of earth taken from a nearby excavation. His legs sank knee-deep in the soft dirt as he clambered over this obstacle. Now the excavation was between him and the kilns. Only a narrow board stretched across the yawning gap. Herrick tiptoed along this to the other side.

There he ran to the kiln house and flung open the

Sophie Poleski *(r.)* at the time of the marriage which was to provoke the violent temperament of a monster years later

Patrolman Herrick, who discovered burned body, takes down statement of suspect who tried to escape

heavy door. No one was in sight, but the furnace of one kiln was roaring. Through the grating of the firebox door, the flames cast an eerie, flickering light over tbe interior of the building.

Now the odor of burning flesh was stronger than ever. Reaching out, Herrick yanked open the furnace door and braved the fierce heat to peer inside.

What he saw made his heart skip a beat. Crammed into the narrow firebox was a body—the body of a human being!

Herrick grabbed a long iron poker and thrusting it into the firebox, hooked the end around the body and pulled it out. The flaming, smoking corpse landed on the floor with a thud and the officer saw to his horror that it was the body of a woman.

Picking up a tarpaulin, Herrick threw it over the corpse and smothered the flames. Then he drew it back slowly to study what was left of the charred body.

The fire had partially consumed the legs and arms. What was left of a black silk dress still clung to the torso. All hair had been burned from the skull, and only the victim's face miraculously had remained untouched. Even in death, the madonna-like features held a certain beauty. The eyes were closed as if in sleep.

Who was this woman, Herrick wondered, and who had thrown her into the furnace, possibly still alive? And why?

These questions pounding in his mind, he ran to give the alarm. At a police call box on the corner outside, he phoned the East Fifth Street station and made a brief report. Then be hurried back to stand guard over the body.

Minutes later, a prowl car slid to a stop in front of the lumber yard. Sergeant Patrick Walsh and Patrol-

Killer changed plea to escape electric chair as District Attorney Banton (r.) sought first-degree murder conviction

man Benjamin Cantor hurried through the gate, which Herrick had opened from the inside.

A squad car pulled up close behind the cruiser, bringing Detective Lieutenant Harry McAvoy and Detective James Marron, who followed the bluecoats inside to the kiln house.

For a moment they stood without speaking in a semi-circle around the charred corpse, staring down, their faces grim. Then, as the howl of an ambulance siren sounded in the distance, McAvoy broke the silence. "This beats them all," he muttered. "It's the most inhuman crime I ever saw."

The others nodded in solemn agreement as a white-jacketed interne entered the kiln house, followed by two attendants with a stretcher. The interne, Dr. John Moore of Bellevue Hospital, knelt beside the body and made a brief examination.

"You men have an errand to the morgue on your hands," he said, looking up at the attendants. "Calling an ambulance in this case was just a formality."

"Was the woman dead before she was thrown into the furnace?" McAvoy asked.

"That's hard to tell," the doctor replied, "until we perform an autopsy But as far as I can tell, she was still alive when she was thrust into that inferno. There's a minor wound in her skull, but I hardly think it's a fracture."

"What about the time of death?" Marron inquired.

"I'd say within the last hour or so. But the heat of the flames may have caused changes that are misleading. She may have been dead only a few minutes."

"Your last statement probably is correct," McAvoy said. "The officer on the beat told us he heard a woman's scream around twenty minutes ago and that's what brought him here The victim was probably fighting off her slayer."

The detectives now examined the body for possible clues to the victim's identity and searched the scene for other evidence. The remnants of the woman's clothing bore no labels She appeared to be in her late 20s or early 30s and obviously had been voluptuously attractive in life.

On the third finger of her left hand was a blackened gold wedding ring. McAvoy stripped the ring from the finger and examined it closely. Engraved on the inside was the inscription· "To Sophie From John With Love."

"At least we know the victim's first name and that of her husband," the lieutenant observed. "But that's not much help in a city of seven million persons. We can only hope this woman lived somewhere in the vicinity. It will narrow our search if she did."

Detective Marron, with the patrolmen, had completed a search of the kiln house. "There's not a single thing in the place that doesn't belong here," he reported. "Not a sign of the weapon with which the victim was struck on the head."

"We'd better search the yard next," McAvoy suggested. "The killer may be hiding in it somewhere."

As the officers left the kiln house, the police photographer, who had arrived meanwhile, snapped the scene and the condition of the body. Then the attendants covered the corpse with a rubber sheet and carried it out to the ambulance for removal to the morgue.

For the next half hour, the detectives and uniformed men scoured the yard thoroughly, throwing the beams of their flashes into every nook and cranny where a man could conceal himself. But they found no one.

Returning to the kiln house, McAvoy asked Herrick, "Are you certain that scream came from this building?"

"No," the patrolman admitted. "It might have come from anywhere inside this yard. But it did seem to come from this particular corner."

The lieutenant walked to the door and looked outside. Directly across from the kiln house was the main building which housed the yard's offices on the first floor.

"Let's have a look in there," he suggested, motioning for the others to follow. They found the door locked

Police carry charred corpse of Sophie Poleski from building where she perished in flaming furnace

and McAvoy sent Herrick to telephone the yard's manager, whom the patrolman knew by name.

Shortly the thin, elderly manager arrived, breathless and excited. "I got into my clothes as soon as I could!" he exclaimed. "This is terrible! How could it have happened?"

"We may find out," McAvoy said dryly, "if you'll let us into the main building."

The manager hurriedly produced a key and let the officers inside, where he switched on the lights. The offices were neat and in order. A search showed no signs of a struggle or any violence.

At McAvoy's suggestion, the officers climbed the stairs to the second floor, where the rooms also were in perfect order. The third floor was equally unproductive of evidence, and the men trudged wearily to the fourth floor—a storeroom—with little hope of finding a clue.

The lights in the storeroom did not entirely illuminate the recesses between the stock piles and the officers used their flashes to make sure they missed nothing.

Suddenly Marron cried, "Look here—this may be what we're hunting!"

McAvoy and the others joined him in a narrow alley between two stacks of finished woodwork. In the light of Marron's flash, jagged pieces of shattered green glass glittered on the floor. The lieutenant stooped to make a close examination, slipping on his gloves as he did so to avoid smudging possible prints.

"These are pieces of a quart bottle," he declared. "From the smell and dark stain on the floor, I'd say it contained a small quantity of wine."

Looking further, he found a three-inch cork which confirmed his surmisal. Then something else caught his eye—a large black object half hidden under one pile of lumber. He reached out and picked it up. It was a woman's patent leather handbag.

"Now we're getting somewhere," he exulted as he opened the bag to examine its contents.

He found the usual feminine articles of rouge, powder and lipstick, with a quantity of hairpins. But more than that, he discovered the stub of an electric light bill, stamped paid. Eagerly he read off the name and address: "J. Poleski, 511 East Eleventh Street, New York, N. Y."

"That would be 'J' for John (*Continued on page* 78)

TEEN-AGE TERROR

(*Continued from page 13*)

They were too weak to fight the Saxons. They were too unorganized to do battle with the Latin Kings. Without a doubt they would have been ground to bloody pulp in a rumble with the Huns. Yet they were met for the purpose of some mass assertion. They had to express their festering hostility in some overt way. They needed to demonstrate their toughness in some tangible form.

Had their families been interested or aware, it would have been easy to evaluate the sudden rebellion of the boys against the entrenched discipline of their homes. There were sinister symptoms in the open defiance of parental authority. It was reiterated in the actions of the boys at school. Rocky Falcon and Tarzan Santana began to cut class more often than they attended. Santana, who was repeating his grade after twice being left back, confined his studies to devising new methods to mock and antagonize his teachers. The school authorities were at their wits' end as to how to proceed.

Tarzan was one of the chief lieutenants of the gang. He was fast with his fists and had done a little boxing at the Police Athletic League gymnasium. The boys chipped in for a black leather jacket for Tarzan. He wore it the next time he fought in the elimination bouts at the PAL gym, and there was an official Navajo cheering section to root for his victory. It became known in Saint Mary's Parish that the Navajos were good with their dukes, although, thus far, they had engaged none of the neighborhood gangs in an open free for all.

For the most part, the gang concentrated on pummeling stragglers. Inspired by the kill-for-a-thrill hoodlums in Brooklyn, they set upon vagrants and smaller boys, beating their victims unmercifully with their fists and with improvised blackjacks.

On occasion the boys stole hubcaps and other accessories from parked automobiles. They hooked cigarettes by distracting the owners of neighborhood candy stores which they entered in shifts of eight and twelve. They drew upon the membership of girl gangs for relays of dates whom they sneaked into cellars and into the back room of a Westchester Avenue laundromat. As the months marched by, the Navajos fought two successful forays with the Raiders. They celebrated their victory by stealing two gallons of red wine from an Italian restaurant.

Spring came late to the Bronx, this year. Slow forming leaf buds clung to the sycamores in Saint Mary's Park. Behind the chain link fence along Trinity Avenue, caged forsythias burgeoned timidly into yellow bloom.

The flowering of the bushes in the park awakened sinister stirrings in the Navajos. On the night of April 4th, two teen-aged sisters were walking home along Concord Avenue after looking at television in the apartment of a friend. At 144th Street, they cut east to Southern Boulevard, where three black-jacketed hoodlums watched their progress from the curb.

One of the boys produced a pack of cigarettes, swiped only minutes before from the confectionery store on the corner. He rolled a cigarette between his lips and lit it with a cupped match. "What do you say we take them in the bushes?" he suggested.

The girls came nearer, walking arm in arm, aware that the Navajos were watching them out of slitted eyes. "Look out for the creeps," the older one said to her sister. "Don't let them get between us."

The boy with the cigarette flipped it in the direction of the girls, then moved directly into their path to block their way. The sisters, clinging tightly to each other, drew up sharply.

On the corner, the lights changed. A surge of automobiles funneled into Southern Boulevard before the red signal shut off the valve. To the south, the headlamps of cars moving along the Triboro bridge made a glittering display for the rocky upthrust of Randalls Island. A tug wailed on the river, and the sound was lost in the polyglot night cry of the big town.

In Saint Mary's Park a 14-year-old blonde with a bleeding upper lip scratched and clawed at her attacker. The soil beneath the forsythias, more dirt than earth, was rough and damp. The hard backhand swipe that stung the girl's eye and ear drew a tight outcry from her bleeding mouth.

The 12-year-old sister lay retching on the new spring grass. A handful of dirt was clutched in the flexed fingers of her left hand. No more tears came from her puffed right eye.

Until 3 o'clock in the morning, flashlights wove threads of light over the gritty grass in Saint Mary's Park. The hoarse crackle of unimpassioned cop talk sounded from the loud speakers in a dozen radio cruisers which patroled the streets from Third Avenue to Brucker Boulevard. Traffic surged with the lights. Planes blinked rhythmically between the fingerlike beams which raked the sky over LaGuardia field. At Fordham hospital an interne made notations on the charts of the two rape victims, then plunged the needle of a hypodermic syringe into a membrane stoppered vial and went into the ante-room where a mother's hysterical sobbing had begun to threaten the septic silence of the ward.

Daylight came. A green Park Department truck stopped in front of the forsythia on Trinity Avenue. A grizzled grounds worker with orders and a cross-cut saw went to work on the yellow forsythia. He cut them off low, just beneath the growing crowns and threw the flowering branches into the back of his truck.

At Olinville Junior High School, seven young punks were clustered behind the barred door of the boys' washroom shooting the breeze and smoking forbidden cigarettes. One of them held up a pair of ripped rayon panties which had been balled up in his pocket. "Scrungie got a pair of pink ones," he told his impressed companions.

The rape of two young girls in one of New York's public parks is the more revolting an outrage for the fact that the police admit it to be an every day commonplace. Residents are warned to stay off the streets at night. Fathers are urged to keep their young daughters at home from the moment the sun goes down. "With the punks who run loose in this town, I wouldn't even let my wife go out after dark," a Bronx detective admits. "Those kids are tough."

There is no doubt that the Navajos had become tough. No tougher than the Saxons, certainly. No tougher than the Golden Guineas. Actually, the only differences between the kid gangs of New York is geographic. They are indigenous to their several neighborhoods, otherwise they are pretty much the same. Common hungers dominate their herdings. A universal unrest underlies their movements as a mass.

Toughness is a creed of all the gangs, but because the Navajos were a new bunch, muscle flexing took on a special significance. The boys were without traditions, their prowess was unseasoned and untried.

One of the kids, a little more imaginative than his pals, had brought to the gang's council table a number of provocative suggestions. He had a long talk with Superman, who immediately adopted these suggestions as his own.

"We got to be able to move fast," he made it known to the Navajos. "This here mobility is what we got to have. You get bikes, see. We all ride in formation. When we got to raid somebody, we get there in a hurry and we get away fast. I also been working on some ideas for secret weapons. We gonna have a demonstration behind the Brook Avenue cemetery on Friday."

Superman had spoken. No less than 20 bicycles were stolen in the borough of the Bronx during the next 48 hours. Some were repainted. Some were stripped down to convey an impression of speed. Some were affixed with sirens, "jet stream" spoke tappers, and the tails of foxes.

Even if the sociologist was silent, the evolving character of the Navajos would have been self apparent. But the historian could look at these boys and quote you chapter and verse from the bloody pages which chronicle the unrest of our times. These black shirts trimmed with ostentatious brass, these sadists on bicycles, these unprincipled monsters who chose a cemetery for their Yucca Flat, they had their all too obvious counterparts. Theirs was the world in miniature. The full-scale one is something we made by ourselves.

The weapons test in the Brook Avenue cemetery was a fantastic affair. It climaxed a night during which the Bronx police had to cope with a large scale rumble in Van Cortlandt Park, the shooting of a kid named Michael Ciroletta on Arthur Avenue, and the stabbing of Margaret Therese Cortez on 163rd Street by her rival for the affections of a kid-gang lieutenant of the Burnside Beavers.

Superman and two score of his followers came to the cemetery with two innocuous looking soda cases. The bottles had been filled with gasoline and their necks were stoppered with rags. By some miracle, the boys did not blow themselves up. Setting fire to the rag fuses, they proceeded to throw their crude Molotov cocktails at the cemetery's headstones. Neighbors quickly telephoned the fire department and the police. When the sirens began to wail over the rooftops, the Navajos jumped on their bikes and beat a hasty retreat.

They were not always so lucky in their escapes. Alfredo Scrungie Ramirez was picked up and sent to Warwick Reform School on the complaint of a molested girl. In March, Superman himself had been picked up on the complaint of a neighborhood youngster who was beaten by the gang chief with a blackjack.

By late April, there occurred two incidents which resulted in the Navajos calling their fatal council of war.

The Navajos' original enemies, the Golden Guineas, had served notice on their downtown foes. The uniforms of the two juvenile mobs was too much alike, the Guineas said, "Change it or there's gonna be blood."

There was, in fact, some degree of similarity between the uniforms of both gangs. Black jackets and tight frontier pants were common to all of the junior mobs, but both the Navajos and the Golden Guineas painted Indian heads on the backs of their coats.

On Thursday, April 21st, Tarzan Santana rode uptown on his bike to pick up Superman. When he reached Eastchester Avenue, he was pulled off his bicycle by a husky quartet of Golden Guineas. Tarzan fought like his namesake and managed to escape in one piece with his jacket still on his back. It was at his embittered insistence, however, that Superman was prevailed upon to summon his warlords. The insult was an action which had to be avenged.

"Okay," Superman told the boys. "This is what we been waiting for. Those guys went too far. Here's where we got to give them their lumps."

Weapons were taken from secret hiding places and apportioned out to a flying squad of Navajo commandos. Twelve of the toughest boys practiced combat tactics with brass knuckles and switch-bladed knives. Tarzan, for the occasion, bought a .32-caliber automatic from a neighborhood tough.

"I'm a boxer," he told the gang. "I ain't gonna bang up my hands on somebody's teeth. When I see them crums, I'm pulling this rod."

The Navajos were impressed, Superman most of all. He fondled the gun lovingly, hefting its weight and testing its balance.

"Let me carry it for you," he proposed. "When we ride in to charge them, let me be your gun bearer."

Santana frowned. "The hell with that," he said. "I give good dough for that rod."

"You got to have a gun bearer," Superman insisted. "Like Jungle Jim don't go no place without a gun bearer. Ain't that so, Rocky?"

Rocky Falcon nodded. "Jungle Jim got this Hindu he should be his gun bearer," he asserted.

Since Rocky was Tarzan's best friend, the boxer assented. "Okay," he said. "Superman can be my gunbearer."

The raid was set for 9 o'clock on Saturday night, the 30th of April. Five Navajo raiders rode north along the Boston Post Road on their stripped-down bikes. Seven others followed in a V-shaped echelon a mile behind them. All the boys wore bandanas around their necks, to be thrust up over their features as masks when the rumble began.

At Gun Hill Road, the two groups held a brief conclave before they separated. The seven continued along the original route of march. The five scouts turned right and began to systematically cruise the side streets looking for members of the rival gang.

Santana, Falcon, Superman and two unnamed underlings comprised the second group. Rocky Falcon spied a couple of teen-agers walking past a vacant lot on Wilson Avenue. He sounded the Navajo battlecry and began to pedal furiously. The two boys on the sidewalk stared at the five cyclists who had raised their bandana masks and were charging up the street.

Superman hurled himself from his bike and rushed to confront the pair. Rocky Falcon grabbed one of the strangers by the shirt front.

"You guys Golden Guineas?" he demanded.

The boy he had collared made an ill-advised attempt to brush away Rocky's hand. Superman pulled Tarzan's pistol out of his pocket and leveled it at the chest of the second youth.

"You Golden Guineas?" he repeated. "You live around here?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," the youth said slowly. "But don't point that gun at me."

He was tall and steely-eyed. His voice was soft, but it carried a definite note of command. Superman lowered the gun.

Tarzan Santana rushed over and grabbed the automatic out of Superman's hand. "Don't chicken out!" he snarled. He held the gun close to his waist and fired pointblank at the tall youth.

The report was not loud. A bursting paper bag would have made more noise. The acrid wisp of gray which coiled from the muzzle had no more volume than an exhaled puff from a cigarette. The tall boy half turned, then pressed his hand to his chest and toppled forward.

There was a scramble as Superman led his commandos back to their bikes. The startled companion of the fallen youth dropped to his knees beside his friend.

"Bill——" he whispered hoarsely. "What'd they do to you, Bill?"

There was no mistaking the film of glaze that curtained Bill Blankenship's eyes. His friend, Salvatore Siciliano, rushed to the nearest house and called first his friend's father and then the police.

William Blankenship Sr. arrived at Wilson Avenue within minutes after the call. Police were already at the scene and Chief of Detectives Thomas A. Neilson was on his way. An ambulance from Fordham Hospital was zooming crosstown through the heavy traffic with its claxon wailing.

Inspector Moe Savage led Mr. Blankenship away from the body. "I've sent for a priest," he said, gently. "The lad is dead."

Young Bill Blankenship and his friend Salvatore were classmates at St. Michael's High. Bill was a brilliant student and a member of the football squad. Neither he nor Sal were members of any gang, and at the time of the unprovoked attack had been innocently making their way to a neighborhood movie.

William Blankenship Sr. was the director of medical and chemical research for the International Latex Corp. He was president of the Bronxwood Advisory Council and had devoted much of his time to juvenile-civic activities. A wonderful father to his sons, he had recognized the evils which menaced the youth of his community. He had achieved prominence as an active and outspoken leader in the borough's fight against juvenile delinquency.

"You just can't fight it," Mr. Blankenship now told Chief Neilson bitterly. "We're whipped. Despite everything I've said and done, we've been caught and crushed."

A police cruiser took him home. Young Billy's body was removed to the morgue where it was determined that a .32-caliber slug had passed through his arm and penetrated his heart.

Thirty detectives were at once assigned to the case. The trail of the bike riding assassins was not difficult to follow. By 5:30 in the morning, twelve Navajos were in custody at the Wakefield Avenue station. By 6, detectives had collared 17-year-old Tarzan Santana in his home and had located the automatic and a pair of brass knuckles in the bathroom water tank.

"Okay, I did it," Tarzan told the police. He said it without feeling, without remorse. He was immediately booked for homicide.

Rocky Falcon was also arrested and charged with rioting. Ten Navajos were detained as delinquent juveniles, among them Superman, who was detained on the lesser charge while the authorities pondered the feasibility of arraigning him in young Blankenship's murder.

On Sunday afternoon Tarzan and Rocky, handcuffed together, left the Bronx station house to be photographed and fingerprinted at Central Headquarters. The street outside was lined with youthful admirers. Four girls rushed the police, shouting invectives at the cops and endearments to the boys.

"I love you, Tarzan," one of them yelled. "Don't let them throw you." She wore a Police Athletic League pin which she claimed Santana had given her after winning it in a boxing tournament.

Two of the other girls broke through the restraining cordon of police to embrace the boys. One of these kissed Santana, while the other clung to Rocky Falcon. The fourth girl hung back, having come only "out of respect" since she was Superman's "moll."

The two girls who protested their love for Tarzan amazed the police when one claimed to be Santana's steady girl while the other one admitted to being his "spare."

"Don't send them to Warwick," the girls begged the police. "Every time we meet a real fella, you bulls send him to Warwick."

Violence put young Bill Blankenship into his coffin. It also accompanied his coffin to the grave. Ten teen-age gangsters, loitering outside the mortuary where the shooting victim lay, were arrested for scratching up automobiles of the mourners with broken glass and knife blades. Ryer Avenue police held them for vandalism.

On the Monday young Bill was buried, Santana and Falcon were arraigned before Magistrate Hyman Korn. In court were the mother and sister of each boy. Santana's father was dead; Falcon's was in Puerto Rico. The words of the court was passed on to the sobbing women by a Spanish interpreter.

"Young Blankenship yielded his life in a senseless murder," Magistrate Korn said. "This, the whole community must mourn. The solution to this mushrooming situation of juvenile delinquency is not through hysteria and sentimentalism, but in the ending of public apathy. If you ask me who is to blame, I would say that it is the people of the City of New York.

"The press is awake, the police department is awake, but the public is asleep and until citizens wake up, this situation will continue."

Perhaps the magistrate is right. It is part of the confusing pattern of the unspeakable tragedy that no one knows exactly where to point the accusing finger. The schools do as much as they can. The City Youth Board claims that the problem can be licked if there are provided sufficient funds, adequate recreation facilities and qualified staffs.

The kids have another answer. The leather jackets have only contempt for weakness and indecision. On Thursday, May 5th, after District Attorney Daniel V. Sullivan promised a vigorous and speedy prosecution of the two gangsters, the Navajos threw down the gauntlet. A hangman's noose was tied to the door of a patrolman whose beat includes the Edenwald Housing Project. A black-jacketed sniper fired a .45-caliber slug at another police officer. The son of a third cop was badly mauled and sent home with his face in ribbons and his clothing in rags.

"Your father is next," the kids told the boy to report.

The police believe that a "get tough" policy and the authorized use of nightsticks would eventually bring to bear on the situation. Mr. William Blankenship does not believe that this is the answer.

"Teen-aged hoodlumism that could strike a blow like this right into my home in spite of everything I did to protect mine from harm, that kind of hoodlumism isn't the disease itself. It is a symptom. It is the outward sign that everything here is rotten. I know when I'm licked. I'm getting out."

After further thought, however, Mr. Blankenship decided to stay in the city, active in anti-delinquency affairs.

We share the bereaved father's grief, as well as his viewpoint. We who must stay and see the fight through are called upon to meet fire with fire. The gangs may be tough, but we must be tougher. The time has come for action, and we dare not "chicken out."

THE END

NO JAIL COULD HOLD HIM

(*Continued from page 43*)

undercover man said, "but he'll be back."

"Stay where you are and call me the moment he goes into the bar," the inspector instructed. "We can't let him slip away this time."

The telephone in Manion's office rang less than an hour later.

"He just entered the hotel," the undercover man told the inspector. "He's in the bar now."

"Don't let him out of your sight," Manion said. "I'll be right there."

Inspector Manion summoned Detective Sergeant Peter Hughes, an officer who had known and worked with the late Detective O'Dea.

"It will be a pleasure to get my hands on the man responsible for O'Dea's death," Hughes told Manion after the inspector had briefed him on what was happening.

The undercover man was waiting near the hotel when they arrived. He fingered the suspect and then stayed in the background. Both Manion and Hughes realized that they were dealing with a man of almost superhuman strength; and that special caution would have to be exercised if they were to capture him. They dodged into a doorway as Carl Otto moved from the hotel bar towards the door. As the squat man with the long dangling arms came out Inspector Manion stepped forward. Hughes was ready for any move.

"You're Carl Otto," Manion stated, "and we're policemen. You're wanted."

The fact that there were two of them didn't faze the ape-man. He swung at Hughes, who was getting handcuffs ready, and sent him sprawling in the street. Manion reached for him, but Carl Otto grabbed his arm with such force that he almost tore it from its socket. The next moment he had brought a gun from his coat pocket. Hughes got up swinging and Manion jumped the gunman from the other side. They all went down, a tangle of threshing limbs and heaving bodies.

The gun had been knocked from Carl Otto's hand in the struggle and Manion managed to kick it out of his reach. It took a full ten minutes for the two officers to subdue their captive, but it was finally accomplished. Hughes got the handcuffs on him and the two officers took him to headquarters.

"You can put me in prison," the stubborn ape-man told his captors, "but you can't keep me there."

The prison board added a year to Carl Otto's sentence and he was sent back to San Quentin. The last time he faced Manion he told him, "I'll come back. And the next time I'll tear you to pieces."

The board heard about this threat and decided to send the prisoner to Folsom Prison instead of San Quentin.

Sergeant Hughes went in to see Inspector Manion the day Carl Otto was sent away. "There's one tough guy we'll never see again," the detective stated confidently.

"Right," the inspector agreed. "They know they've got to watch him at Folsom. He won't get out again."

But both officers were overly optimistic.

Carl Otto knew all about Folsom. He knew that California sent its toughest criminals there and that prisoners who didn't behave themselves paid dearly for any trouble they made. He also knew that the high walls on three sides of the prison were patroled day and night by vigilant, armed guards who wouldn't hesitate to shoot anyone who tried to escape. On the fourth side, the American River swirls in its steep and rocky bed, threatening death to anyone daring enough to try to cross it.

The new prisoner turned all this over in his mind. His strong arms would be helpless against the armed guards; and to try to swim the river would be committing suicide. In the end he knew he'd have to wait for some unforeseen opportunity and make the most of it when it came.

Carl Otto had to wait nearly three years. Then, on the morning of May 20th, 1920, his opportunity came. The Folsom officials hadn't put him in the butcher shop, but on the rock quarry.

On that particular morning there were two other convicts working on the rock pile with him. The ancient yard engine that pulled the cars filled with rocks puffed along the waterfront tracks and finally entered the prison gates and made its way to the quarry.

Carl Otto stopped to watch it. He saw the armed guards meet the engine as it came into the gate leading to the lower yard. The gate was closed behind after it entered. The guards were left in the background. The nearest ones were 50 yards away on the other side of the tracks; and there were only two of them standing more or less at ease. When the engine passed these guards the three convicts could not be seen by them. The desperate ape-man believed that this situation presented the opportunity for which he had been waiting three long years. He thought quickly as the engine moved toward him.

"Listen," he said to the other convicts, "I'm taking that engine through the gates. Are you with me?"

The two convicts said they were.

Otto told them exactly what to do. All three held onto the picks they had been using to break the big rocks into little ones. The engine was coming toward them, finally arrived opposite them. It was between the convicts and the guards.

"Now!" yelled Otto.

With that word the ape-man and his two partners jumped aboard the engine. The engineer went down under his blows. The other two battered the fireman into insensibility and then threw him out of the cab.

Carl Otto had never driven a railroad engine, but he took over, determined to do so now. He maneuvered the controls wildly and a burst of steam enveloped the cab. Somehow he managed to get the controls into reverse. Then the big driving wheels ground backwards as the power took hold. The engine was headed back down the tracks toward the barred gate.

The two guards in the yard and others on the walls sprang into action. Bullets from their rifles and machine guns rained against the engine cab.

Otto shouted, "Heads down. We're going through!"

There was a terrific crash as the heavy engine hit the iron bars, tearing the metal that supported the gates from the stone masonry. But Carl Otto and his two aides were outside and the rock train was pounding backwards down the tracks. He shut off the steam and looked down at the roaring waters of the American River dashing against rocks in the middle and on both sides.

It was enough to test the most desperate convict's courage. The two men looked down and then at Otto. One of them said, "If we jump we'll be killed. Nobody can swim in that water."

"It's jump or get shot," the ape-man snapped. "So I'm going to jump."

The other two looked at the foaming waters and then behind them. The prison guards were running down the tracks after them, firing as they gained.

"Jump!" Carl Otto shouted. "It's our only chance."

A moment later he had leaped from the cab to a rock and then into the swirling white waters. The two he left behind raised their hands in a gesture of surrender. They had had enough.

Bullets from the guards' rifles whizzed all around the desperate ape-man. He bobbed up several times and then disappeared.

"We got him all right," one of the guards said. "The next time anybody sees his body it will be in a morgue. If our bullets didn't get him nobody could live in that river."

The two convicts who had surrendered went back inside Folsom under heavy guard while a dozen armed men kept watch over the river for some sign of the ape-man's body.

A temporary barricade was made at the prison gate where the engine had crashed through and guards were stationed there until another could be built.

During the days that followed the river was dragged and guards combed the countryside for some evidence of Carl Otto's whereabouts, dead or alive, but no trace was found.

Everyone agreed that no human could survive under such conditions, so it was believed that Carl Otto was dead.

Inspector Manion read all about the attempted prison break and discussed it with Detective Sergeant Hughes. "We're rid of the ape-man at last," Manion said. "The river took care of him."

Hughes went along with that thought. "Carl Otto's dead, all right," he agreed.

But they were wrong again.

San Francisco experienced no new wave of burglaries, however; and there was no way for Inspector Manion and Detective Hughes to know that the ape-man was still very much alive.

Across the bay, in Oakland, Manion's friend, Inspector John Mulhern, said things were unusually quiet over there, too.

"We've only got one interesting case on the books," Mulhern told Manion. "And maybe it's not a case at all."

The San Francisco officer asked what that one was about.

"One of my men was making a routine check-up of pawnshops," Mulhern said, "and came across a broker who had paid $300 for 40 suits of

men's clothing. It doesn't sound right. If anything breaks on it I'll let you know."

After the Oakland officer hung up he decided to look into this pawnshop deal himself.

"Isn't that quite a bit of cash for you to put out for 40 suits?" he asked the broker. "I thought you usually paid two dollars for a suit. How come you made it seven-fifty, and for so many?"

The man behind the counter shrugged. "This stuff was unusually good. It was all brand new. A traveling salesman's samples."

"And what was a traveling salesman doing selling all of his samples?" the inspector wanted to know.

"He told me this was the end of his run," the pawnbroker claimed, "and he said he could get a better price for his stuff than he could back East."

Mulhern didn't go for that. "You know as well as I do," he said, "that reputable salesmen don't sell their samples to hock-shops. Did you ever buy anything from this guy before?"

The man said he hadn't.

The inspector was an old hand at looking over pawnshop record books. He studied the signature of the man who had sold the 40 suits for which $300 had been paid. Then he fingered through the preceding entries. He stopped when he came to a specimen of handwriting that resembled the signature accompanying the 40 suit deal. The name was different, but the writing appeared to have been done by the same person.

"Here's an entry on two watches," Mulhern said, "and the guy who hocked them writes just like the one who sold you those new suits. How about that?"

"Maybe they write the same way," the pawnbroker said, "but it wasn't the same guy. It couldn't be."

"Why not? Since when does everybody use their right names in hock-shops?"

A more careful study of the record book showed that many other valuable items had been pawned by someone whose handwriting looked to be the same as that already questioned by Mulhern. The names themselves were different, however.

The inspector pointed this out to the pawnbroker.

"I don't know what to make of it," the man insisted.

"Yes, you do," Mulhern told him, "and if you won't talk here I think you will when you get to Headquarters."

With that statement the pawnbroker weakened. "It was the same guy all right," he said finally. "But he made me take the stuff. I was scared stiff he'd tear me apart if I didn't."

"You mean you let a man intimidate you right here in your own shop? Why didn't you throw him out? You're no midget."

"It's hard to explain," the man said. "This guy wasn't unusually large, in fact he was on the short side. But he talked tough and he was the kind of guy who means what he says."

Mulhern reasoned that if the man who had pawned all that stuff felt he had the pawnbroker intimidated he'd come back. He told the proprietor to get in touch with him if this happened.

When Mulhern got back to his office a report on a robbery in Livermore, a town southeast of Oakland, was waiting for him. A men's outfitting store had been broken into and suits as well as other articles similar to the ones pawned in Oakland had been stolen. Mulhern was positive there was a connection.

He didn't have to wait long to find out. When his telephone rang the next morning it was the pawnbroker.

"That man was here again," he told the inspector. "This time he told me he had a lot of new men's shoes. We're lucky because he didn't have them with him. I told him I'd buy them and he's coming back."

Mulhern said he'd be right over. "I'll take up a position across the street from your shop," he told the dealer. "Keep your door open. If he comes back close it. Maybe you won't have to give me the signal. He'll be carrying a bundle with shoes in it and I'd say it would be a big one. I'll move in fast."

The inspector waited across the street several hours.

Finally he saw the pawnbroker waving his arms, motioning for him to come over.

Pointing down the street he said, "That's the man. I almost missed him. He walked right by. I was sure he was coming in."

Mulhern saw a short, squat figure some distance away. He was headed towards a public park at Seventh and Webster Streets. The inspector started after him.

A friend called to Mulhern at the corner. "What's the hurry, copper," he said.

The officer waved and let him know he was after somebody and couldn't stop to talk.

"Need any help?" the friend asked.

"Not with this guy," Mulhern said, pointing to the short, squat man ahead of him.

The friend decided to go along anyway and watch the inspector make his arrest.

Mulhern quickened his steps; was soon alongside the man he wanted to question. "I'm a police officer," he said, flashing his badge.

The suspect whipped out a gun. Mulhern was ready. His fist landed a solid blow on the man's jaw. Its impact would have knocked the average man cold, but not this one. He was dazed only momentarily; and Mulhern managed to grab the wrist of the hand that held the gun. They went down in the dirt, the suspect trying to use his gun and the inspector trying to pin him down. They rolled over in a rough and tumble until Mulhern finally managed to make his opponent drop the weapon.

The inspector's friend, who had been nearby, was amazed when he saw the powerfully built Mulhern wasn't going to be able to hold the smaller fellow down. He waited his chance and then stepped in and slugged the man who was putting up such a fight. Mulhern grasped that opportunity to get his sap from his back pocket. He let the man have it over the head with such force that the sap burst, and its load of shot went pelting into the street.

That put the suspect out just long enough for Mulhern to get the handcuffs on him. The fight was over.

"Get up!" Mulhern ordered.

As the man slowly rose to his feet the inspector got his first good look at him. "You're Carl Otto!" he said. "No wonder you put up such a fight."

The prisoner said, "What if I am?"

Inspector Mulhern had to smile. "You're supposed to be dead," he said. "You jumped into the river at Folsom. Everybody thought you died."

"I'm very much alive," the ape-man bragged. "And no jail can hold me!"

Mulhern picked up Carl Otto's gun. It was lucky the prisoner hadn't been given a chance to use it because he had notched each bullet so that when it hit somebody it would mushroom, causing it to tear a wound.

Carl Otto was returned to Folsom. He kept telling the officers that he'd escape the first chance he got; but they were determined that such a time would never come.

The prison board looked into his record and found that he was an alien wrongfully in the United States. They decided that he had been kept at public expense long enough. Deportation was the answer.

On April 15th, 1928, Carl Otto was returned to Oakland under heavy guard. He was placed aboard a freighter bound for Hamburg, Germany. It's quite certain that he watched the San Francisco skyline fade in the distance from a tiny, barred window in the ship's brig. It's equally certain that that was his last glimpse of the American mainland.

THE END

KILLER FROM THE MOUNTAINS

(Continued from page 29)

talk about Barrett's latest boasts. And in due time that talk reached the ears of the federal authorities who had had him under more or less casual surveillance for some years. It was not, however, until after the shooting of his mother and sister during the following year, that the newly appointed head of the FBI, J. Edgar Hoover, issued orders that a special watch be kept on his activities.

Hoover admitted there was nothing for which he could bring Barrett in on a federal charge, although there was little doubt he had been mixed up with illicit whiskey rings since his childhood. "But this man's career is a shocking example of the unwarranted leniency on the part of various enforcement agencies in the past," the FBI chief declared. "From now on he'll be watched. The next misstep he makes will land him behind bars if there's a federal offense involved."

At the time he made that statement Hoover was busily organizing his 600-man department into the most thorough and efficient law enforcement agency the world has ever known. During the trial of Barrett for his mother's murder, an agent was assigned to watch the proceedings, although there was no question of the crime being a federal offense.

Shortly after the conclusion of the trial the freed killer was appointed personal bodyguard to Commonwealth Attorney Baker, the man whose duty it had been to prosecute him. After that even the local authorities—excepting, of course, those aligned with the Baker faction—agreed that good old Uncle Jimmy was a man whose future would bear watching.

About this time Barrett went off on one of his frequent trips to parts unknown. It was also about this time that Sheriff John Schumacher of Butler County, up in Ohio where other members of the Barrett clan had migrated since a recent outbreak of feuding among their kinfolk, started looking for a couple of automobiles reported stolen from outlying farms.

When it became apparent that the missing automobiles had been taken out of the state, Sheriff Schumacher called upon the assistance of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Only recently Congress had passed legislation that made the taking of a stolen automobile across a state line a federal offense.

By the time two FBI men arrived in Butler County, Deputy Sheriff Charles B. Walker had come on from adjacent Hamilton County with information that a man answering to Barrett's description was wanted for the theft of an automobile from there a few days before.

It took the two government men, Agents Nelson B. Klein and Don C. McGovern, more than a month to trace the three missing cars. Two of these, it was learned, had been disposed of in Indiana. A third, still believed to be in possession of the thief, was traced to Southern California.

Shortly after that a scholarly appearing, gray-haired, bespectacled man in his early 40s held up a business house in San Diego, California. His description fitted almost exactly that of the Kentucky mountaineer suspected of stealing those automobiles back in Ohio several weeks earlier.

Within a few days of the San Diego robbery the last of the three stolen cars was found abandoned on a downtown street in that city. Local agents of the FBI went over the machine with a fine-toothed comb. They turned up several fingerprints that were very similar to those of the man upon whom they had been trying to keep their eyes during recent months. But the prints were badly smeared, so positive identification could not be made.

Witnesses to the robbery later looked at photographs of Barrett—rogues' gallery shots that showed a quiet, well-dressed man who in appearance was the exact opposite of the hill-country feudist of song and story—and expressed their willingness to appear in court and swear he was the holdup man.

The hunt for George W. Barrett was intensified. Thousands of circulars went out to local peace officers throughout the country. During the next two years these circulars brought results—but not exactly the kind of results the authorities back in Ohio and Kentucky had hoped for.

What the state and federal men did learn was that a smooth talking, quiet mannered man of Barrett's description was beginning to turn up in widely separated places. Always he was accompanied by a goodlooking, well-dressed woman several years younger than himself. But it was not always the same woman, although he would invariably introduce her as his wife. He never lost an opportunity to exhibit one of the numerous marriage licenses he seemed to have always ready at hand.

Barrett during this period was known to be traveling under a variety of names. Frequently, he would be driving an automobile, although it was rarely the same automobile and never bore the same license plates. He was spotted on trains and airplanes. At least 50 of the more than 600 FBI men scattered across the country were sent off on what proved to be wild-goose chases after receiving reports of the presence in their districts of the marrying mountaineer from Big Hill, Kentucky.

Not until late in 1934 did the FBI finally get onto what it considered a definite trail. By this time Barrett's name had been added to the newly inaugurated list of the Bureau's Ten Most-Wanted Men. Every agent in the country was aware he would likely be armed and would resist arrest.

In September of that year two strangers entered the little town of Manchester, about 30 miles from Barrett's old home at Big Hill, Kentucky. One of the pair was a dignified, bespectacled gentleman dressed in an expensive gray suit and immaculate linen. Villagers later were to describe him to Federal men as "looking like one of them college professors, and talking low and knowing like a preacher of some kind."

Along with this distinguished appearing visitor, there arrived a man whose general build and facial features closely resembled his own. They were joined by a third man that same day, a Saturday during the last week of the month. All retired to a suite in the local hotel arranged for by a "Mr. Baker, of McKee."

Sunday morning dawned bright and clear. The trio came down to the lobby where the man who had paid for their suite told the hotel clerk that they planned to stay for several days as he had an important civil case coming up in the Clay County court. They went in for breakfast and afterward went out and started along the main street toward Courthouse Square.

Frank Baker, the former Commonwealth attorney for Jackson County, was in the lead. Behind him came Barrett, the man he had unsuccessfully prosecuted for murder. Next to Barrett was another hired bodyguard, a man whose identity never was to be established.

Hardly had the group started their stroll when there came the sharp report of a high-powered rifle. Baker staggered and fell to the street. The man next to Barrett drew his revolver and started firing. Another rifle shot, and he fell beside the former Commonwealth attorney. George Barrett turned and fled back into the hotel.

When the smoke cleared they found Baker and his bodyguard dead of bullet wounds through their hearts. Barrett was gone before the authorities could question him.

A purely local shooting affray is not a matter in which the FBI can take a hand unless one of its own agents is involved. But when the local authorities came up with the information that George Barrett had been positively identified as the gray-haired man who was forced to barricade himself in the hotel room during the heat of the battle, Director Hoover dispatched his agents to the Kentucky town to make inquiries.

More than once in the past federal men had been sent into the Kentucky hills in an attempt to learn the details of violent outbreaks attendant upon long-standing feuds and family wars. It was always with the purpose of getting information that might aid them in rounding up some participant wanted on a federal charge. And almost invariably these agents had come away with little more information than they had before they arrived.

For even the local and state officials in the "feuding counties" of Kentucky know the futility of attempting to get to the bottom of the brawls and shootings and stabbings that mark the course of these strictly private wars. Such was the case in the battle of the Manchester hotel. Those on the losing side were either dead or gone into hiding. The winners had shot from ambush and not a single witness had seen them. Persons who did admit seeing Baker and his bodyguard fall as Barrett ran back into the hotel, were not inclined to talk about it. They knew from long experience the danger of volunteering information that might later involve them and their families in a controversy that could drag on for generations.

About all Agents Klein and McGovern were able to learn about George Barrett's part in the battle was that he had fled at the first shot. They were convinced he had gone to Manchester as a personal guardian for the man who had done so much to get him off the hook on the murder rap several years before. But that is all they were sure about. Baker's surviving relatives were not talking, and they never were able to learn the

identity of the other murdered man.

For months after that little was heard of Uncle Jimmy. In January of 1935, a man answering to his description stopped at a Hazard, Kentucky, hotel in company with a pretty girl half his age. They registered as man and wife.

The people of Hazard, a conservative southern town of 9000 population, kept a close watch on strangers in their midst. There were some who thought it strange that such a pretty young girl would be married to a graying, grave-faced man so much older than herself.

The girl was questioned and admitted she was not legally married to the older man. Her companion was arrested, charged with adultery—fined $20 and freed. Two weeks later fingerprints forwarded to the FBI in Washington revealed the adulterer was Uncle Jimmy.

Again five months later, the federal men narrowly missed their quarry. A bespectacled transient was nabbed in a hotel at Hardinsburg, Kentucky, after a valise was reported stolen from the room of another guest. He quickly admitted his guilt, paid a small fine and was released. Again delayed fingerprint reports proved him to be Uncle Jimmy Barrett.

In June, the following month, an interesting clue came out of Covington, Kentucky. A local key-maker reported one of his customers was buying duplicates of automobile keys by the score. Immediately, special agents suspected a link to someone in the stolen car racket, and an operative from Louisville was sent to investigate.

The key-maker looked over photographs of known and suspected interstate car thieves. He finally picked a mug-shot showing a bespectacled, squint-eyed man with thinning gray hair as his late customer. A stake-out was put in the locksmith's establishment but Uncle Jimmy never returned for more keys.

Warrants were now out charging Barrett with the San Diego robbery, the car thefts in Ohio, and for his arrest as a "material witness" in the shootings at Manchester and the earlier shooting of his sister, Rachel. Half a dozen women had filed complaints with the local authorities in towns all the way from New York to California, accusing him of wooing them, wedding them and leaving them.

From orphan asylums and welfare agencies scattered throughout the country came word of the presence of more than a dozen children whose several mothers described their father as a smooth-talking mountain man who had loved them and left them at about the time other husbands would have been nervously pacing hallways outside of maternity wards.

The federal men wasted little time in checking the stories of these abandoned wives and sweethearts and their orphaned children. Experience had taught them that about the only place they could be sure of *not* finding their man would be in the vicinity of one of his helpless love-dupes once he had abandoned her for another.

Back in the town of Hamilton, Ohio, county seat of Butler County, Sheriff John Schumacher was keeping a constant watch on the activities of the other members of the Kentucky family who had come up there to make their home. He had, since the last shooting down in Kentucky, learned

that Uncle Jimmy still kept in close contact with members of his family.

Sheriff Schumacher was also keeping in close touch with the FBI. He told them he was confident Barrett would return to Hamilton sooner or later to visit his folks there, especially as his young son was at the time staying with an uncle near town.

The sheriff was instructed to get into immediate touch with the Cincinnati office of the FBI if any new development occurred. During the next few months he and his deputies, along with city police, kept a close watch on the home of Barrett's relatives. Their vigilance paid off early in August of 1935 when a man of Uncle Jimmy's build and general physical characteristics was seen leaving the house where young Jackie was then living.

The man was followed to a downtown parking lot, but closer scrutiny revealed he had coal black hair and wore green, horn-rimmed eyeglasses, whereas the wanted man's hair had turned nearly completely gray in recent years and he had always worn rimless spectacles. When it was noticed the man walked with a marked limp, it was decided he could not be the Kentucky gunman.

A day or two after the limping man left town, local police received word from the FBI that Barrett had last been seen wearing a disguise that matched exactly that of their suspect!

Meanwhile City Detectives Ed Riley and Herschel Haines learned the limping man had appeared at a local automobile dealer and arranged for the sale of a car he said he was bringing over from Indiana in a few days. The suspect was traced to a Hamilton hotel, but there his trail ended. Again agents were staked out to wait for him to show up, and again Barrett seemed to sense the hot breath of the law on his neck.

A check was made at the parking lot and it was learned the limping man with green glasses had said he was going over to Indianapolis for a few days and would be back in town on the following Saturday, when he would want the same parking space again. It was then late on Friday night, August 16th, 1935.

Sheriff Schumacher, working with the city men, lost no time in putting through a call to the Cincinnati office of the FBI. There, Agents Klein and McGovern prepared to leave immediately for Hamilton, 30 miles to the north, after first calling Harold Reinecke, agent in charge of the Indiana office of the FBI.

Early Saturday Klein and McGovern, along with half a dozen Indiana FBI men led by Reinecke, went over the possible routes Barrett might be expected to take on his return trip from Indianapolis to Hamilton. They had a complete description of his new disguise and the automobile he last drove, but did not know his license number and could not even be sure he would be in the same machine when he returned—if he did return.

Finally it was agreed that Barrett's most likely route would take him along what is now U. S. Route 50 to a point some 30 miles southeast of Indianapolis where it intersects State Route 44, then due east another 28 miles to the intersection of U. S. 27, and on south to Hamilton.

Somewhere along that route the federal agents hoped to lay in wait and capture their quarry. The best spot, they decided, would be in a region where there would be comparatively little danger of other motorists or innocent bystanders being injured if the fight they anticipated was to take place.

After further discussion it was decided to split up the group, with some of the officers taking positions midway between the two cities. Klein and McGovern would lie in wait at the junction of Route 44 and 27 in the little village of West College Corners, Indiana, on the borderline between the two states.

At a few minutes before noon the two Cincinnati agents spotted a car with Ohio plates coming toward them where they lay behind a hedge in a yard at the intersection of the two roads. They instantly recognized the license number as one on their list of recently stolen cars believed to have been taken out of the state. Then they saw that the car fitted the description of that in which Barrett had last been seen driving.

The machine slowed almost to a stop as it approached the sharp turn into Route 27. Following instructions from the local police, the neighbors were in the back part of their homes, away from danger. Half a block down the street the local postmaster peered carefully from behind the partly opened door of his general store. Deputy Sheriff Walker of Butler County was stationed in his automobile a hundred yards east on Route 27, prepared to intercept Barrett's car should he fail to halt at the G-men's order.

Klein and McGovern stepped into the middle of the intersection as Barrett's car came almost to a stop. Klein held a .38 Colt Special and McGovern a sawed-off shotgun.

Before either could shout the order to halt, Barrett stepped on the gas and his car shot off down the street. Just before it reached the spot where Deputy Walker was already pulling out to intercept it, the driver pulled to the curb with a screech of brakes. He was out of the car a moment later and running toward an alley that ran back behind the yard.

Exactly what occurred during the next few moments is a matter upon which a Federal Court jury in Indianapolis was to ponder for many hours at a later date. But when the shooting was over Agent Klein lay dead in the alleyway with a .45 caliber slug through his heart. George Barrett, shot through both knees, lay a hundred feet away.

As McGovern and Walker ran up, they heard Barrett cry, "You can't blame me for shooting down a man like that. He'd of got me sure if I hadn't got him first."

Residents arrived in time to hear the wounded gunman mutter, "There's a government man over there. I shot him down. I was in a bit of trouble and they been hot after me for four years."

When, early in December of the same year, Barrett appeared in the Federal District Court at Indianapolis to answer for the murder of the FBI man, he denied making either of those statements. Before the first jury ever to hear a murder case in an Indiana Federal Court, Barrett swore he thought Klein and McGovern were mountain feudists who were after his life because he had been a witness to the shootings in Manchester twelve months earlier.

During a trial at which U. S. marshals daily went through the clothing of all witnesses and the defense attorney himself in a search for weapons, a dozen persons were called in an effort to prove George Barrett was a harmless hillbilly whose worst vice was playing knock rummy for a penny a point.

Barrett under direct examination told Defense Attorney Edward E. Rice that only a short time before the shooting he "was warned by a John Law that those feudists were gunning to get me." That, he said, was why he had left Hamilton so suddenly just before Klein's death, wearing a disguise and affecting a limp.

Questioned about the earlier trial during which he was charged with the murder of his own mother, the defendant's normally soft voice rose to a scream as he cried, "I wish I could go to Heaven and explain why I had to kill her!"

He denied being responsible for half a dozen graves scattered throughout the hill country of his native state, but admitted most of the long list of other charges leveled against him by U. S. District Attorney Val Nolan. In a measured, well modulated voice he told of the "seven or eight wives" he had left in various parts of the country. He boasted of his "twenty or so younguns."

The slain FBI agent's widow and their three small children were in the courtroom when the jury returned its verdict finding Uncle Jimmy guilty of murder in the first degree. They heard Judge Robert C. Baltzell sentence him to be hanged on the morning of March 24th, 1936, exactly three months from the day the trial ended.

On that day a calm and restrained prisoner rose from the wheelchair to which he had been confined since his recovery from the bullet wounds suffered during the shooting of Klein. He was helped by Marion County Sheriff Otto Ray as he limped toward the gallows where Chief Deputy U. S. Marshal Julius J. Weschter was to officiate at his hanging.

The Reverend John F. McShane, who had converted the killer to the Catholic faith as he waited in the Marion County Jail to pay the penalty for his crime, was the last person to speak to him before he fell to his death just before dawn.

By daylight all evidence of the scaffold and tent that had covered it was entirely removed.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The name, Jeff Cline, is fictitious.

CLEVER WITH A KNIFE

(*Continued from page 23*)

possibility after another petered out, a squad of deputies was assigned to examine every shack and shed along the river in its upper reaches, in search of bloodstains or other clue to the place where the body had been cut up. River habitues and transients were questioned.

But days went by without any further development, the inquiries dwindled to a trickle, and it began to look as though the Lynwood Torso Mystery was to go down in the books as one of Southern California's unsolved murder riddles. The Jane Doe torso, treated with preservatives, was kept in a special refrigerated viewing compartment at the morgue, but not many people came to look at it.

The torso case had long since vanished from the news columns and the Homicide men were routinely checking out belated inquiries from other parts of the country, when six weeks later, on the sunny afternoon of May 18th, it was revived in grotesque and dramatic fashion.

An excited and almost incoherent housewife telephoned Police Chief Harry R. Smith of the small town of Bell, a few miles up the river from Lynwood. "Some boys—they're parading down Florence Avenue with a human head—on a stick!"

This was a new one on the veteran chief, who had all but forgotten the torso sensation under the press of other police work, and it sounded like a hysterical false alarm of some sort. Probably the boys had a dummy head or a mask. Who ever heard of a human head on a stick, on the main street of quiet suburban Bell in broad daylight? Nevertheless, Chief Smith had to do his duty, so with a sigh he put on his cap and climbed into his patrol car.

But it proved no false alarm. Smith caught up with the boys at the busy intersection of Florence and Atlantic Boulevard—a little band of half a dozen serious-faced youngsters in a tight defensive knot, surrounded by a growing crowd of excited elders. The boys' leader, a sturdy 10-year-old, held the gruesome trophy—a human skull with bits of mummified flesh adhering—aloft on a three-foot stick.

"Where did you get that, sonny?" the chief asked the boy mildly.

"We found it, down by the river where we were hunting frogs!"

Smith persuaded the lads to take a ride in his police car. They let him take the skull off the stick, which had been thrust through the jaw. He held the macabre brown thing gingerly at arm's length and inspected it. It had apparently been lying in the open for some time, but a few tufts of hair clung to the scraps of leathery scalp, and the incongruously white teeth seemed to be almost intact. No telling whether it was the head of a man or a woman.

Smith put the severed skull in a sack he obtained from a storekeeper, and notified the sheriff's office, for the river was in county territory. Then he had the willing boys guide him out along the road to the river bottoms, where they pointed out the exact spot where they had found their grisly prize, on a small muddy island left by the receding waters.

When the latest grim yield of the river was brought to Dr. Wagner's office at the morgue late that afternoon, the autopsy surgeon, after brief scrutiny, pronounced it to be the skull of a woman between 40 and 50 years old.

"I judge it to be a small-boned woman, rather than a man, by the small cranial cavity, the narrow lower jaw, and the small proportion of the face in relation to the cranium," Dr. Wagner explained to Captain Bright. "As for the age, we can estimate that from the degree of ossification—hardening, that is—of the bones. Then there are certain characteristics of the lower jawbone that change with the different periods of life. And the sutures on top of the skull—they close up between 25 and 50, and here they're almost completely closed."

"Then this skull doesn't belong to the Lynwood torso?" Bright queried, frowning as he eyed the dark brown tufts of hair. "We've got two unidentified victims, then?"

"That's right. The torso is that of a young girl, and this head belongs to a mature woman. But it shouldn't go unidentified very long, with all this dental work to go on. That's another indication of her age, by the way; a young girl would hardly have all these gold fillings and those crowns."

"Can you tell how long the victim has been dead? Any indication of the cause?"

The autopsy surgeon shrugged. "Hard to tell how long. Anywhere from a few weeks to a few months. I'd say a month anyway. The cause is right here—this fracture above the right temple. She was hit with some sort of heavy instrument, probably a hammer."

Late the next day Captain Bright and Chief Criminal Deputy Harry Wright decided to explore a new angle that had occurred to them: to make a quiet check of the medical and embalming schools, on the outside chance that the dismembered remains had been thrown in the river by students as a macabre prank. This possibility had been discussed and rejected in the case of the torso, since it seemed too freshly dead to have come from a dissection room. But the browned skull, traditional student prop for practical jokes, was another matter.

Deputies were starting their canvass of the medical schools for missing cadavers, when Dr. Wagner telephoned and asked Bright to step over to his office down the hall right away.

He led the puzzled detective to a white-topped table where the Lynwood torso lay—with the Bell skull neatly fitted into place on the severed neck!

"Then——?"

"Yes. That's where it belongs. There's only one Jane Doe after all. You see, the bones of the skull are a much more positive index of age than those of the body, which vary considerably with the individual. And in this case, the torso was so well preserved and the texture of the skin so fine and youthful that I just hadn't examined the bones too closely.

"Even at that, she must have been a remarkable woman, to keep herself in such shape. In life, she probably looked 15 years younger than she was. But the skull tells the story: our victim was in her middle 40s, Bill. She wasn't a young girl at all."

This startling news meant that the investigation had to go back to its beginning again. Bright's men dug out of the files a score or more of still-open March and April missing persons reports and inquiries that had previously been passed over when they were interested only in young women from 17 to 25.

Technician Gompert confirmed that the hairs of the skull were of the same color and general characteristics as those from the torso's armpits; and now he enlisted the aid of University of Southern California dental experts in preparing a detailed chart of the slain woman's teeth, which was given wide prominence in the newspapers, with an appeal to dentists to search their records.

Three days after the latest find, scores of reports had been checked out, the dismembered body still lay unidentified, and Chief Wright had ordered several thousand circulars printed for distribution to dentists throughout the nation, when a man came to Captain Bright's office with still another report on a missing woman.

He was afraid the river victim might be his sister, Laura Belle Sutton, well-to-do 45-year-old divorcee missing since the end of March from her home at 2012 West 30th Street on the southwest side of Los Angeles.

"The description fits her. Laura was a beautiful woman who looked a lot younger than her age. And that dental work—I'm no expert, but it sounds like some of the work she had done in the last few years. Her dentist was Dr. Edwin C. Hyde. He has an office downtown here."

The busy Homicide captain had listened to many such stories in the past six weeks, but this one had an impressive ring of truth, and somehow the name Laura Belle Sutton seemed familiar.

When their visitor had gone, the deputies checked through the files and found where the name Laura Belle Sutton had cropped up previously. On May 17th, just a day before the skull was found, her disappearance had been reported to the Los Angeles police by one Frank P. Westlake, who described himself as a close friend of the missing divorcee and spokesman for several other anxious friends who had been trying vainly to locate her. The slain woman's brother had mentioned Westlake as one of the friends to whom he had spoken.

At the time of the police report, of course, the 45-year-old woman was not linked with the Lynwood torso; there was no suspicion of murder, and Westlake had expressed the opinion that she had run away for personal reasons. He, too, had mentioned her brooding over her mother's death, and thought perhaps she had simply wanted to get away from things for a while. "But she left everything behind her, and there are some business affairs that have to be taken care of I thought it best to make an official report."

The police had sent a copy of this report to the sheriff's office, where it had not attracted much attention and was shortly forgotten in the excitement over finding of the bead.

Gray and Allen called on Dr. Hyde and showed him the dental chart. He produced Mrs. Sutton's record card from his file cabinet and frowned as he compared them. "This certainly

looks like some of my work, gentlemen," he finally pronounced. "You understand, Mrs. Sutton hasn't visited me for more than a year, and she may have had some other work done since then, by someone else. But that porcelain-faced Richmond crown on the upper right incissor, in combination with those gold fillings——"

The dentist accompanied the two deputies to the morgue and examined the skull at first-hand. Several molars were missing, but the remaining teeth checked exactly with Dr. Hyde's chart, plus a couple of unrecorded fillings. Hyde was almost sure that the Richmond crown was his work; and Frank Gompert agreed that the number of check-points made it virtually certain that the severed head belonged to Laura Belle Sutton.

"To be positive," the technician said, "I'd like to have some samples of Mrs. Sutton's hair for comparison. We should be able to find some around her house. A vacuum cleaner would do the trick."

Before taking up this suggestion, Gray and Allen, joined by Lieutenant W. C. Allen of the Missing Persons Bureau, drove out to interview relatives and friends of the vanished divorcee, whose names her brother and Frank Westlake had supplied. In a short time they had accumulated considerable thought provoking information on Laura Belle's rather complicated life history.

She was described as a fragilely beautiful woman who looked not more than 30, with large innocent blue eyes and not a single streak of gray in her lustrous dark brown hair. Women envied her creamy complexion and trim, petite figure, and she took extreme care of herself, with frequent visits to the beauty parlor.

By nature vivacious, gay and gregarious, the childless Laura Belle had led an active social life since her divorce in 1927 from a prosperous young Beverly Hills man, from whom she had been separated for some time before the divorce.

She continued to occupy the large bungalow on West 30th Street, in the polite neighborhood where they had lived for six years, and got along comfortably on the alimony as well as the income from some investments of her own.

An old friend, Louis Neal, a mechanic who worked at night, occupied the garage apartment behind the house and Mrs. Sutton cooked his meals for him. At first she told people she just wanted to have a man around the place for protection, but in the past year she had confided that she and Neal planned to be married.

Frank Westlake, who lived not far away, was an older man she had met a year or so before. He visited her often and they went out together on occasion. It was understood that the reputedly wealthy retired businessman, who dabbled in contracting and made a hobby of carpentry, was more or less a fatherly adviser to the lively divorcee. But again the detectives heard rumors of romantic attachment; she had told several friends recently that she might marry Westlake, who was a recent widower.

There was also talk of renewed acquaintance with an old boy friend from World War I days, to whom she had been engaged before she married the handsome Sutton. Apparently Laura Belle had led a full life, and took some innocent pleasure in giving out piecemeal and contradictory reports on her romances, to keep her women friends and relatives guessing.

The investigators talked to Sutton, who said he hadn't seen his ex-wife for about six months, hut that she had called him on the telephone several times when he was late with his alimony payments. He had last spoken with her late in March, he said. Sutton emphasized that they were on good terms and their talks had been friendly. He had no idea what had become of her.

Gray and Allen also interviewed the missing woman's sister, who said she had last seen Laura at their mother's funeral in February. They had talked on the telephone several times since then, and Laura had been extremely depressed over the death of their mother; but she had said nothing about going away. Sutton and the sister had had several visits and phone calls from both Neal and Westlake, inquiring about the missing brunette divorcee.

Laura Belle's attorney, Willedd Andrews, had apparently been the last to see her. She had called at his office at Fourth and Spring Streets on the afternoon of March 29th, he said, and asked his advice about going to see the judge who had granted her the divorce in Ventura, 75 miles north of Los Angeles, to ask for increased alimony. Andrews advised her that it would be all right to visit the judge by herself, and she said she planned to do so the next day.

"She appeared to be upset about something," Andrews recalled. "It wasn't the alimony matter, and she wouldn't tell me what it was. I walked downstairs with her and helped her onto a Spring Street car, southbound. She said she was going to visit her sister."

But Laura Belle had not arrived at her sister's house that afternoon. Her sister had no idea what she might have wanted to see her about. Neither had Laura ever shown up in Ventura —Andrews had checked with the judge.

The lawyer said Laura had $450 in in her purse when she visited his office. She had happened to mention the amount. "Laura always used to keep about $500 at home or in her handbag. She said she liked to have ready cash on hand. She was a bit careless that way—a year or so ago she was robbed of about $1000 worth of Liberty Bonds she kept in an envelope at bome."

The Homicide men drove out to the silent bungalow on West 30th Street. Lou Neal had moved out a couple of weeks before, and the nextdoor neighbor had the key. The woman explained that Lou had taken Laura's personal belongings, including her canary birds, over to Westlake's house for safekeeping until she should return.

They went through the decorously furnished house, which was stripped of clothing, documents and all personal articles, but found nothing that might provide a clue to the divorcee's vanishment. However, recalling Frank Gompert's comment about the hair, Gray emptied the bag of the vacuum cleaner that stood in a closet and found the required sample all ready for them: a twisted and knotted strand of long brown hair taken up by the cleaner along with the household dust. The neighbor confirmed that Laura had employed no cleaning woman and the hair must be hers.

It was evening now, and since the deputies already had Frank Westlake's story in his report, they looked up Lou Neal, first of the two apparently friendly love rivals. They located him through his company and found him eating lunch, reading the latest newspaper account of the torso mystery.

"I've been expecting you fellows since Frank made that report," he told them. "I'm glad you're finally getting busy and looking for Laura. But you're on the wrong track if you think she's this murder victim. Laura's alive and around here somewhere. Why, she's been putting flowers on her mother's grave every few days!"

The mechanic told the officers he had last seen Mrs. Sutton at 3 A.M. on March 29th, when he came home from work and went to the kitchen to eat the sandwich she customarily left out for him. Laura called to him from her darkened bedroom and asked him to bring her a glass of water. He did so, said goodnight to her and went to his own apartment. When he got up that afternoon, there was no sign of her about the house.

He didn't see her the next day, and two nights later he found a note from Frank Westlake on the kitchen table, asking him to call as soon as possible at the older man's house at 1810½ West 11th Street.

When Neal drove over the following morning, Westlake wanted to know if he had seen or heard from Laura Belle. She bad planned to go to Ventura on the afternoon of the 29th Westlake said, and had been due back by train the next night. Westlake had gone to the depot to meet her, but she wasn't on the train. He was seriously worried, because Laura had been carrying $450 she had drawn out of the bank that morning. He had been visiting her home several times daily —he had a key—and feeding the canaries.

After a week went by with still no word, the two men, forgetting their love rivalry in their mutual anxiety, began to make inquiries among the divorcee's other friends and relatives. No one had had any word from her. Westlake drove up to Ventura, thinking she might have decided to stay over, but found no trace of her at the hotels.

By this time the papers were headlining the torso case, but Neal and Westlake never connected it with Laura Belle, since the victim was described as not more than 25 years old.

Recalling the divorcee's inconsolable grief over her dead mother and how she had visited the grave every few days, they went out to San Gabriel Cemetery. To their great relief they found a bunch of fresh red carnations, Laura's favorite flower, in a vase at the mother's grave. This proved to them that the elusive woman was alive and somewhere near.

"I took a week off work and hung around the cemetery every day," Neal told the deputies. "I put a big bunch of roses on the grave, with a note to Laura in the middle of them, asking her to get in touch with me. When I came back from lunch one day, my note was gone and there was a fresh bouquet of carnations! That was about April 15th—so you see, that body in the morgue can't belong to Laura."

But the note didn't elicit any response, and when another week had gone by, the two men took it on them-

selves to move Laura's things to Westlake's house. Neal knew Laura had entrusted Frank with many business affairs—in fact they had a joint bank account for investment purposes—and he was sure she wouldn't mind. Neal himself stayed with Westlake for a while, but had recently moved to a furnished room. Westlake took care of Laura's utility bills and saw that the lawn and garden of the deserted bungalow were kept up.

The voluble mechanic readily told the history of his association with the grass widow. He had met her four years before, he said, when he was selling cakes and cookies from door to door in the neighborhood. The unhappy housewife told him her troubles, and he became a frequent visitor. When the Suttons separated, Neal moved into the garage apartment at Laura's invitation—she didn't want to be alone. He insisted their friendship had remained on a platonic basis until after her divorce. He was in the habit of turning over his $20 weekly paycheck to her for his room and board, and kept only his tips for pocket money.

They had talked of marriage after the divorce, but complications arose when in 1928 Laura met Frank Westlake. The elderly part-time building contractor dropped around to play cards at night or to do little carpentry jobs at the house in the daytime, and he seemed to hold some sort of magnetic fascination for the beautiful divorcee.

"I asked her right out if she was in love with Frank," Neal related, "and she said no, she still wanted to marry me. But she kept putting it off, and Frank hung around more and more. I didn't like, it and we had a few arguments, but there wasn't much I could do. Laura was a free woman, after all!"

Next morning, while Gompert was running his microscopic and chemical tests of the hair sample, comparing it with hair from the mummified head, the Homicide deputies and the Missing Persons detective interviewed Frank P. Westlake at his home.

The short, wiry, 57-year-old gray-haired man expressed horrified incredulity when they told him they believed Laura Belle Sutton was the torso victim. Like the mechanic he had taken the fresh flowers on her mother's grave as absolute proof that she was simply staying undercover somewhere around Los Angeles, although he knew of no reason why she should behave so erratically.

"I last saw her on the morning of the 29th, about 10:30," Westlake told the officers. "We met at the bank at Seventh and Spring, to draw some money from our joint savings account. I drew out $750 and gave her $450 in in cash. She didn't say what she needed it for—only that she was going to Ventura and would be back the next night. I was to meet her at the train."

He was puzzled to learn that Laura had visited her attorney in Los Angeles that same afternoon and spoken of going to Ventura the next day. He was at a loss to explain this discrepancy.

Like the mechanic, Westlake freely discussed his relationship with the attractive divorcee. He had met her through mutual friends, and she had sought his experienced advice about investing some money she had inherited. With his guidance Laura had made some profitable stock market deals, and had bought a business lot in the fast-growing Westwood district. He more or less had come to manage all of Laura's business affairs, Westlake told the officers modestly. In addition to the joint bank account they had a joint safe deposit box.

Love? Yes, you could call it that. Westlake liked to do things for Laura. For two weeks he had sat up every night with her dying mother, and Laura vowed eternal gratitude. Yes, they had discussed marriage, but both wanted to be sure before making the jump.

Did Westlake know of any enemies Laura might have had? Assuming she was the murder victim, did he suspect anyone?

No, the little man frowned thoughtfully, he couldn't name anyone, but there was a thing the officers should know about. One night early in March he and Laura had been walking down the street near her house when a tough-looking young man accosted them and without a word struck Westlake in the face, knocking him down and breaking his glasses. The fellow started to manhandle Laura but her screams put him to flight. They hadn't reported the incident to the police, disliking notoriety. They thought the attacker must have been a strong-arm robber, a common purse-snatcher. But he *hadn't* snatched Laura's well-filled purse.

Thanking Westlake for his information, the sleuths headed back to headquarters, where they found Captain Bright plunged into gloom by surprising and disconcerting news from the crime lab. "Gompert says the hair

isn't Mrs. Sutton's," he told them. "Something about the structure of the shafts. A capillary canal down the center of the dead woman's hair. None in the Sutton samples. Different shade, too, under the microscope. Says there's no doubt about it. So now we're back where we started!"

The crestfallen Homicide deputies shelved their investigation of the missing Laura Belle, and went back to the tedious work of trying to identify the dismembered Jane Doe. However, Police Lieutenant Allen, in whose jurisdiction the Sutton disappearance case lay, followed it up actively. Struck by the fact that the missing woman badn't come forward although the newspapers had blazoned her name in connection with the torso, he ordered circulars bearing her photograph and description circulated throughout the West. And he assigned men to interview a long list of her friends and relatives.

Deputies Allen and Gray meanwhile busied themselves with a promising new inquiry from the police of Seattle, Washington. A woman of the northern city thought the torso murder victim might be her sister, who had vanished in 1927 after leaving Seattle for Los Angeles, on her way to Chicago. The description fitted, and the dental chart was very similar.

Captain Bright's men were endeavoring to trace the cold trail of this woman, when the next afternoon came an electrifying call from Lieutenant Allen. "Bill, I've been talking to Laura Sutton's hairdresser. It seems she wore a switch to disguise her thinning hair! There's a good chance that sample that threw you off came from the switch. I've just gone through her effects, over at Westlake's house, and I've found some of her own hair that she was saving. I'm bringing it right in!"

This time Gompert's test was affirmative. The new hair sample matched that of the slain woman in every particular. To be doubly sure, Bright called in Mrs. Sutton's husband and her physician, Dr. John Clayton, to view the remains. Both said the torso, with its square shoulders and narrow hips, resembled hers completely. And the mummified ears of the skull were pierced for earrings, as Laura's had been.

The sheriff's men were now thoroughly convinced that the murdered woman was Laura Belle Sutton, and the investigation went ahead in high gear. Deputies set out to make a thorough check on the backgrounds of both Frank Westlake and Lou Neal, as well as probing still further into the brunette beauty's past and talking to her old boy friend from World War I. Several friends confirmed the story of the mystery attack on the street.

Now that it was definitely a murder case, Westlake with apparent reluctance told the officers that he strongly suspected his rival, Neal. The young mechanic was extremely jealous, he said, and on occasion had displayed a violent temper. Westlake had advised Laura to evict him. And he added the ominous sounding information that Neal had once worked as a butcher.

On the strength of this, Neal was invited to headquarters for questioning and willingly came along. "Why, the old goat!" he exploded when he gathered that Westlake had inspired this action. "What motive would I have for killing Laura? Frank is the one who profits by her death!"

The mechanic revealed that Westlake, in an expansive mood shortly after Laura disappeared, had shown him a deed conveying the Westwood property to him, some stock certificates the divorcee had signed over to him, and a bill of sale for her household furniture. There was also a $500 life insurance policy naming him beneficiary. "After all, we're going to be married soon, you know!" Westlake had explained with a grin.

Neal had thought it odd that Laura hadn't told him about these transfers —especially since the lot had been bought largely with his paychecks. And now he divulged an incident that be hadn't seen to mention previously, lest he cast unjust suspicion on Westlake.

On March 26th, talking to his employer's bookkeeper, he had learned quite by accident that his last four paychecks had been endorsed and cashed by Frank Westlake. When he asked Laura about the checks in Westlake's presence, she answered evasively that she must have misplaced them. Neal then took the checks from his pocket and confronted her with his rival's signature.

"Certainly I signed those checks!" Westlake flared up. "There's nothing wrong with that, young man! I'm Mrs. Sutton's business manager, and I deposited them in our joint account."

As they continued to argue, Laura Belle suddenly pulled a revolver from the sideboard drawer and put it to her head. "I can't stand this sordid wrangling! I'll shoot myself!" she cried. Neal wrested the gun away from her, unloaded it, and left without further words.

"And as for his telling you I used to be a butcher," the aroused mechanic added, "sure I was a butcher once, but that doesn't mean I go around cutting up people! That's more in Frank Westlake's line. Don't you know that he used to be a doctor—a *surgeon?*"

Investigation confirmed Neal's story of the checks. Further, inquiry at the bank showed that the $750 withdrawal, made on Westlake's signature on March 29th, had reduced the balance to a few dollars. And county records revealed that Westlake had recorded the deed to Laura's lot in his name only two weeks after the torso was found.

Now it was Frank Westlake's turn to be invited down to headquarters. He expressed surprise that there was any question about the checks, bill of sale, deed and certificates. "Naturally, I've been handling all Laura's affairs. We were going to be married!" As for the furniture, they had planned to sell it and move to a new house. He said he alone had signed for the $750 on the

CASE CLOSED

by Joey Oakes

29th, because Laura had her gloves on.

Grudgingly, he agreed to let the authorities examine the transferred documents, and gave a specimen of his own handwriting. He also let them take Laura Belle's old revolver, which was among her effects. He modestly confirmed that he had formerly been a surgeon in Pike County, Illinois, and later in the army medical corps. Wearying of medical practice, he had retired some 15 years before and come to California. Only a few close friends knew of his former profession.

Westlake was sent home with an admonition to hold himself available for further questioning, and two deputies tailed him unobtrusively.

Frank Gompert examined the .38 revolver, but his findings were negative; it hadn't been fired for years. More encouraging was the report of J. Clark Sellers, eminent handwriting expert retained by the sheriff, who said Mrs. Sutton's signatures on all the documents were forgeries apparently written by Frank Westlake.

Brought in again and confronted with this evidence, the cold-eyed ex-doctor shrugged it off. "Yes, I signed her name. She gave me permission. She didn't want to be bothered by business details. She told me to sign her name to anything I wanted. We trusted each other completely, you understand."

"Yes, I can see that," Captain Bright remarked dryly. "After all, you were going to be married!"

Now that the hunt was in full cry, further incriminating facts piled up against the glib-tongued little man. A friend of his late wife came forward with a dress Westlake had given her early in April, saying it belonged to a woman friend who had died. The dress was identified as one of Laura Belle's.

More significant, deputies located an Alhambra florist who identified Westlake's photo as that of a man who had bought red carnations on several occasions in April and May—thus accounting for the fresh flowers on the grave which had fooled Lou Neal.

The case was building up, and Bright was discussing with his superiors the advisability of an arrest on the circumstantial evidence in hand, when on May 24th Dr. Westlake came to the Homicide office and with a broad smile displayed a note he said he had just received from Laura Belle, mailed two days before in Arizona. Neatly typewritten, it read: "My Dear: What did you do with the furniture and the birdies? If stored, where? Is Mr. Neal still in town and what shift is he working? Please answer these questions in any of the personal columns. Will see you soon."

The note was signed with the penciled initials "L.B.S." The doctor didn't have the envelope; he said he had thrown it away in his excitement, but assured Captain Bright that it had been postmarked Holbrook, Arizona. He was convinced the note was genuine, and planned to insert the reply as directed.

Though Bright didn't take much stock in the note, he telegraphed the Holbrook police to look for a woman of Laura's description. Clark Sellers shortly reported that the initials were not in Laura's handwriting—but neither were they in Frank's, and the little ex-surgeon was not known to be proficient at typewriting.

That same night, Deputies Gray and Allen tailed Dr. Westlake when he drove to his son's home in Pasadena, and watched him go surreptitiously to the garage at the rear before entering the house. When he had gone they searched the garage. Up in the rafters they found a set of surgical instruments with the knives and scalpels missing. It was wrapped in a newspaper dated March 24th.

While significant enough, this find didn't constitute direct evidence; and there was still the matter of the "Arizona" note. However, this was shortly cleared up. A friend and distant relative of Westlake's came forward to disclose that the ex-physician had asked him to type and sign the note for him, "to play a joke on a friend." He produced the original copy, scrawled in pencil, which Westlake had given him and which he had prudently retained in his safe.

He added the sinister information that his grandparents, Mr and Mrs. W. H. Brown, who had shared their home with Westlake and his wife, a relative of theirs, had both died suddenly within a short time in 1927, leaving their entire estate including the house to Lizzie Westlake. Within a few months Mrs. Westlake followed them in sudden death, and cold-eyed Frank came into sole possession. Death certificates of all three, who had been in good health, were signed by a doctor friend of Westlake's. Other relatives were highly suspicious at the time and had gone to the district attorney, but he advised them there was no evidence on which to act.

****

****

This story of the typed note was sufficient to tip the scales of evidence. The D. A. agreed with Sheriff Traeger that it was time to move in, and Gray and Allen at long last arrested the gray-haired ex-doctor and booked him on suspicion of murder.

Clamming up now, his steel-gray eyes flashing hostility, Westlake retained an attorney who sought his release on the ground that the corpus delicti had not been established—that there was no proof that Laura Belle was the torso victim.

The D. A. soon remedied this. Gompert, City Chemist Rex Welch and other experts had been working with Laura's dentist and physician, quietly building up their identification evidence. Now Coroner Frank Nance called a belated inquest and the medicos and technicians presented their testimony. The jurors returned a verdict that the remains were those of Laura Belle Sutton, and that she had been killed with a blunt instrument with homicidal intent. Westlake was formally charged with murder and pleaded not guilty.

Other loose ends were shortly tied up. With Westlake safely behind bars, Gompert and Welch, seeking the scene of the murder and dismemberment, made a thorough examination of the accused man's house. Disconnecting the plumbing fixtures, in the outlet gooseneck of the bathtub they found a quantity of congealed human blood. There was also blood on the wall behind the tub.

And probing Frank and Laura's financial records, Bright's men established that the divorcee had had the $450 in her purse at home several days before the 29th; this indicated that Westlake had withdrawn the whole $750 for himself, probably without her knowledge. They also found that Westlake had paid the premiums on Laura's life insurance policy. They suspected him of stealing her Liberty Bonds a year before, but couldn't prove it.

Lou Neal, completely exonerated of any suspicion, cooperated fully with the officers in the investigation.

Deputy District Attorney Wayne Jordan summed up the evidence at Westlake's preliminary hearing. Unimpressed by the defendant's contention that Laura Belle was still alive, Municipal Judge R. Morgan Galbreth on June 8th ordered him held for Superior Court trial.

While he awaited trial, information came from authorities of Pike County, Illinois, linking Westlake with still another decapitation murder almost 30 years before. In 1900 the skeleton of long-missing Joseph Van Zandt, a wealthy farmer and patient of Dr. Westlake's, had been found in a well, the head cut off with surgical instruments. The young doctor, who had benefited by the farmer's death, fell under suspicion and was questioned by the grand jury, but there was insufficient evidence for indictment.

Other ugly reports from his days of medical practice linked Westlake's name with the abortion business.

On August 27th, 1929, Westlake went to trial before Superior Judge Walton J. Wood. The gruesome head and torso, with arms and legs still missing, lay in plain view on a table throughout the sessions. Prosecutor Jordan asked the death penalty, contending that the ex-physician had killed Laura Belle for her money and property. He theorized that when the divorcee discovered Westlake had drawn the last $750 from their account, she went to his house to remonstrate, and he slugged her with a hammer and cut up her body in the bathtub. A score of witnesses told their damning stories.

Dr. Westlake's defense was that Laura Belle was still alive. His attorneys challenged identification of the torso, bringing up the original official statement that it was the body of a young woman. Westlake denied the note story as a frameup, and maintained the "L.B.S." note was genuine. He repeated his account of the mystery attack on the street.

But the parade of evidence was overwhelming, and on September 8th, after 31 hours deliberation, the jury of nine women and three men found Westlake guilty of murder in the first degree. Due to the circumstantial nature of the case, they recommended life imprisonment rather than the death penalty. Smiling coldly, the gray-haired little man on September 17th heard Judge Wood sentence him to life in San Quentin.

His appeals were denied and he was taken to prison, still maintaining his innocence. He served 14 years of his life sentence, and was an old, sick and broken man when he was released on parole in 1944 at the age of 71. He died on January 30th, 1950, while still on parole.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The name, Louis Neal, is fictitious.

PHANTOM AT THE WINDOW

(*Continued from page 39*)

Identification files," Sheriff Overholt said. "If this was done by a burglar it's possible he has a previous record."

When Mary Louise's bedroom was given a thorough examination Deputy Moore found a blonde, bloodstained curl with a small fragment of scalp still adhering to it.

Although a dragnet had been set up throughout the night no arrests of importance had been made. The following day the slain girl's family, teachers and school friends were questioned at length.

Walter Stammer, who had borrowed a friend's automobile in Taire and arrived back home during the night, could offer no possible answer to the brutal attack upon his daughter except the theory of burglary the officers had already advanced. He assured Sheriff Overholt that he had no enemies who would resort to such a crime for vengeance.

"This is the first time Mary Louise ever stayed home without an adult being present," he added.

Teachers and school friends insisted that Mary Louise had not kept steady company with any one boy. She had been friends with many, but had not reached the serious stage with any.

Deputies combed the hobo jungles for possible suspects and rounded up all known sex offenders. These investigations failed to produce a single clue.

It was Deputy Moore who came up with the first important discovery. "Mary Louise Stammer was shot," he told Sheriff Overholt. "I've found flakes of lead in the bloody bair we picked up in her bedroom."

Overholt contacted Deputy Mortland, who was working at the Stammer home and told him what Moore had said. Mortland had something to add.

"I was just going to call you," he told his superior. "Lea Davis, the Stammer maid, opened the drapes in the music room to let in some light this morning and found a bullet hole in the window facing Wishon Road. We also found footprints in the garden outside that window. It looks to me like somebody watched the girl from outside, then fired at her from there."

Sheriff Overholt asked if Mortland had been able to find a discharged cartridge.

"Not yet," the deputy replied, "but we're still looking. I've got three men on it."

Added to this was the fact that a close examination of the glass broken from the rear door produced a smudged thumbprint that nevertheless had sufficient pattern to make its classification possible.

These two findings led Sheriff Overholt and his men to believe that the killer had stood outside the Stammer home, fired a shot from there and then gone around to the back door and broken in that way. For some still unexplained reason the criminal had taken the girl's body from the music room into her bedroom.

The autopsy report from the coroner's office corroborated this newly discovered evidence.

One bullet, this report stated, had struck Mary Louise in the brain as she sat in her chair reading. Her head had been tilted downward at the time. The bullet had entered the upper left frontal part of her head. The wound was probed for the missing bullet and shortly after the first report the coroner sent the lethal pellet to Sheriff Overholt.

Deputy Moore examined the bullet in his laboratory and then reported to his superior. "It was fired from a .22-caliber weapon," he said. "I can't be sure whether it was from a rifle or a pistol, but the base of it is unshattered."

When Walter Stammer was informed of these new developments he suggested that E. O. Heinrich, internationally famous criminologist whose headquarters were in Berkeley, California, be called into the case.

"If anyone can help us, Heinrich can," District Attorney Conway agreed.

A long distance call was made to Berkeley and Heinrich promised to come to Fresno at once.

The sheriff's office, District Attorney Conway and Chief of Police Frank Traux were determined to bend every effort possible to apprehend the person responsible for Mary Louise Stammer's death. Doberman Pinscher dogs, owned by Police Chief J. A. Greening and Patrolman T. S. Ormes of the Berkeley Police Department, were sent for. When they arrived the dogs were taken to the side and rear of the Stammer home in an effort to pick up the fugitive's trail.

The dogs sniffed the ground, ran through the rear door, into the music room and then to the slain girl's bedroom.

The faces of the officers watching brightened when the animals dashed out the front door and started across the street, through an open field and finally stopped in front of a house belonging to a retired factory worker.

Nobody was at home, but when the officers gained entrance the dogs went straight to a closet. When Sheriff Overholt opened the door to the closet he found a .22-caliber rifle in one corner.

Neighbors were questioned about the retired factory worker. While this was in progress the man himself appeared. He was shocked when told the purpose of the investigation.

"That rifle hasn't been fired in months," he assured Sheriff Overholt. "You've got a good laboratory. Take it and have your experts examine it."

The man's complete self-assurance and willingness to cooperate led the county officer to believe the Doberman Pinschers had produced a false clue, but he took the rifle and turned it over to Deputy Moore.

Microscopic examination completely cleared the retired railroad worker. Moore reported that not only had the .22 not been fired for months but that even if it had the bullet found in Mary Louise Stammer's brain could not have been fired from it.

Just how the dogs went so far astray was never explained. Sheriff Overholt thanked the man for his cooperation and then started out on a new tack.

Laundries and cleaning establishments throughout Fresno County were checked for bloodstained garments in the hope that whoever was responsible for Mary Louise Stammer's death would attempt to have his clothes cleaned. The officers felt sure they had been bloodstained when the body was carried from the music room to the bedroom. Several such pieces of clothing were found, but the owners all had acceptable explanations.

Full information concerning the brutal murder had been broadcast throughout the state; and many leads were phoned in.

Fingerprints of all these possible suspects were sent to Fresno where Deputy Moore compared them with the thumbprint found on the glass in the rear door. None matched and one by one the leads were dropped.

This print on the glass had gained in importance since all members of the Stammer family and friends who had been in the house were fingerprinted and this thumbprint did not match any of theirs.

Fresno officers were particularly incensed by this particular crime because it was the second such murder in the community in a year and a half. Mrs. Bertha Blagg, the young mother of two boys, had been beaten to death with a club on July 2nd of the previous year. The assailant had escaped after criminally attacking her. The case was still unsolved.

Many people believed both crimes had been committed by the same person. Women throughout the San Joaquin Valley made sure their doors were locked when their husbands were away; and few of them entrusted their children to baby sitters during this period.

Notwithstanding the tremendous effort being made by the law enforcement officers throughout the state, the investigation came to a virtual standstill four days after the crime. The two clues—a .22-caliber bullet and a thumbprint—were getting the officers exactly nowhere.

No one was more aware of this than Sheriff Overholt. He was therefore greatly pleased when the *Fresno Bee*, the city newspaper, came forward with an offer of $500 reward to anyone furnishing information that would lead to the apprehension of the much sought after killer. Governor Frank F. Merriam came through with a similar reward offer from the State making a total $1000.

Two days after that happened Sheriff J. N. Froome of Tehama County in northern California contacted Sheriff Overholt over long distance.

"We're bolding a hitch-hiker here," the Tehama County sheriff told Overholt. "He claims to be innocent, but we found a .22-caliber Winchester rifle in his pack-bundle."

Froome went on to say the youth had told him he left Fresno on the night of November 24th—the night of the murder—between 8 and 8:30. He was supposed to have hitch-hiked north to Tehama County.

"He denies any knowledge of the Stammer crime," Sheriff Froome said, "but he tried to sell this .22 rifle in Los Molinos. That's where we picked him up."

Sheriff Overholt asked the Tehama County officer to forward the suspect's fingerprints along with a couple of bullets fired from the rifle.

These pieces of evidence arrived the following morning and were turned over to Deputy Moore for examination. When the fingerprints were

compared with the thumbprint found on the glass from the door and the bullets studied under a microscope, Moore went in to see Overholt.

"Nothing here," he said dejectedly. "The thumbprints don't match and the bullets weren't fired from the gun the killer used."

Sheriff Overholt called Froome and told him to release the fruit picker. "There doesn't seem to be any connection between this man's gun and fingerprints and the Stammer murder case," he said.

Meanwhile, the Fresno officers were trying desperately to tie the one thumbprint clue in with prints of known criminals already on file. This was especially difficult because Fresno's office, the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the California State Board of Criminal Identification all used the 10-point Henry system of fingerprint classification. That system made it necessary to have 10 prints from both hands for accurate classification.

It was true the FBI had a file of single fingerprints and the State Bureau at Sacramento had a similar file. But most of them were of kidnapers, bank robbers and extortionists. Both the FBI and the State Bureau assured Sheriff Overholt that the thumbprint he had did not check with any they had on file.

J. Edgar Hoover, director of the FBI, asked Overholt to forward a complete report on the crime. He assured the California officer that the one available thumbprint would be published in the next issue of the *FBI Bulletin* and that all G-Men would be acquainted with the facts in the case in the hope that one of them might recognize the modus operandi of the fugitive killer.

Clarence S. Morrill, chief of the California State Bureau, sent three of his most experienced investigators, Owen Kessell, Roger Green and Charles G. Stone to Fresno to help local police solve the case.

Sheriff Overholt questioned every suspect brought in personally. He followed every tip no matter how insignificant. He told his men, "This case will never be marked closed until the guilty man is behind bars."

Morrill ordered a new and completely thorough re-check of every thumbprint in his files in Sacramento. He called to tell Sheriff Overholt about this. "It's going to be a tedious job," he said, "and it could take months, but we're going to go through with it. We're starting with known sex offenders and will go right through the house burglars until every print on file has been covered."

District Attorney Conway was so determined to solve the mystery that he called upon every male resident of Fig Gardens to come forward and be fingerprinted. "We are convinced that whoever did this was thoroughly familiar with the layout of the Stammer house," he said. "The fact that we found no strange fingerprints around the light switches convinces me that the intruder knew where they were. The Stammer residence had been broken into twice before. It's entirely possible the same man was there all three times."

Conway assigned two of his investigators, Bill Thomas and George Walling, to list all male residents of Fig Gardens. He ordered them to pay particular attention to tradesmen and delivery men who had an opportunity to know the inside of the Stammer home. Even the names of former Fig Gardens residents were listed for possible fingerprinting.

First to come forward for fingerprinting was every member of the Fig Gardens Men's Club. Hundreds of other residents, inspired by this gesture of cooperation, went to the police station to be printed.

Sheriff Overholt had his men divide the entire district into sections. They took the listing of all male residents made by Bill Thomas and George Walling and made a house to house canvass. The ground they covered was bounded by Blackstone Avenue on the east, Palm Avenue on the west, the Santa Fe railroad on the south and San Jose Avenue on the north.

In all, more than 3500 prints had to be checked.

Every male known to reside in Fig Gardens was on the list. Missing were a scant dozen or so former residents of the community whose whereabouts were not known at that time. Each one of them was to be traced down, however. Never before in California history had such a thorough investigation been undertaken.

Almost two months after the crime, January 22nd, Sheriff Overholt and Deputy O. G. King were called to Riverdale, a town 30 miles southwest of Fresno, to investigate a robbery case. Before leaving, the county officer turned the long list of names over to State Investigator Kessell and Deputy Moore.

When the two men returned that same night they found District Attorney Conway and Deputy Moore waiting for them. Even before the prosecutor spoke Sheriff Overholt knew that something important had developed.

Moore had shut the door as Overholt and King entered. There was a short, tense silence before Conway spoke. Moore tossed a police identification card on the table.

"That's the man who killed Mary Louise Stammer," the district attorney said.

Sheriff Overholt picked the card up. The name on it was Elton M. Stone.

"We went to work on the unchecked former residents after you left," Deputy Moore said. "I remember that Stone had served time. His fingerprints should have been on file here. I found it and compared his prints with the thumbprint from the glass in the rear door. They matched. Jack Tarr and some of the others are out looking for him now."

Sheriff Overholt studied the ex-con's card. Elton M. Stone was 31 years old. His first offense was petty theft in 1924. He had been put on probation, but later that same year was arrested in Sacramento for burglary. Probation was revoked and Stone was sent to Preston State Reformatory. Released the following year, he was arrested again in Fresno in 1931 for automobile theft and sent to San Quentin prison. He was paroled in April, 1934, and his parole ended a year later.

"Stone was paroled to a thoroughly reliable tradesman in Friant," District Attorney Conway said. "Jack Tarr and several others are on their way there now."

Overholt, Conway and Moore discussed various aspects of the baffling case while they awaited word from

Tarr, but the undersheriff was not heard from until the following morning. Then a telephone call came from him.

"We got our man," Tarr told Overholt, "but we had to go to North Fork for him. He had moved from Friant and was working in a garage in North Fork. He claims he's innocent, which is what you'd expect. That won't make any difference though because we found a .22-caliber pistol in his room. I've got it with me. We'll get back just as fast as we can, and Stone will be with us."

Conway and Overholt and all of the other officers who had worked so long and diligently on the Stammer murder case waited patiently for Jack Tarr's arrival with his prisoner. When they did get to Fresno the undersheriff had good news.

"Stone confessed on the way down," he said. "I told him we had him cold. Explained how the thumbprints matched and told him test shots fired from his .22 pistol would prove that it was the gun that killed Mary Louise Stammer. He knew he didn't have a chance."

Tarr went on to say that when he got to Friant he was told that Stone had taken a job in a garage in North Fork. He continued on there and was told that Stone was in a house across the street. The undersheriff told the garageman to call him out. Tarr had his gun ready but Stone offered no resistance. The .22-caliber pistol was found when the prisoner's room was searched.

The garageman who had hired Stone told Tarr that his employee had appeared to be happy in his work and that he had had nothing to do with the women in North Fork.

The confessed killer, dressed in mechanic's overalls and a leather jacket, related details of the crime against Mary Louise Stammer on the night of November 24th, 1935.

He said he had borrowed a car from his employer and driven straight to the Stammer home in Fresno. He parked and turned out the lights. He could see that the Stammer family was at home, so he waited until they left. Then he made his way to the west side of the house and looked through a window. Mary Louise was sitting in the music room reading a book. After watching her for several minutes he took out his .22, held his hand over the breech to catch the shell, and fired.

"After she fell over," Stone said, "I ran around to the back and used the butt of my pistol to break in. I knew the girl was still alive because she was breathing heavily. I took her into a bedroom. Then I ran out the back door the same way I came in. I didn't think I'd left any fingerprints because I had gloves on. The only time I took them off was to fire the pistol. I must have forgotten to put them on when I picked the glass out of the door after I broke it with the butt of my gun. I drove back to North Fork that same night."

Deputy Moore had fired test shots from Stone's pistol while he was making his statement. When these were compared with the one taken from Mary Louise Stammer's head they matched groove for groove.

Elton Stone was taken to Folsom State Prison for safekeeping because feeling among the people of Fresno was running high.

The prisoner's only explanation for the crime was fantastic. He said he did it to settle an old score with Stammer. The lawyer insisted that he had never met the man who murdered his daughter.

Questioned about other burglaries and the murder of Mrs. Bertha Blagg, Stone denied any implication in them. He was indicted for the murder of Mary Louise Stammer the day after his arrest and arraignment was set for January 27th.

Officers from several other California communities went to Fresno to question the prisoner about unsolved murders that resembled the Stammer case in their execution, but Stone refused to admit any other crimes.

When Fresno officers went to North Fork and made a thorough search of the confessed killer's living quarters they found objects that had been stolen from the Stammer home previous to the night Mary Louise died. Sheriff Overholt believed that Stone had laid the groundwork for his fiendish crime on these preliminary visits.

The officers—and Elton Stone—realized the possibility that the outraged citizens of Fresno might try to take the law in their own hands. Walter Stammer issued a statement in which he pleaded with his fellow townsmen to allow the law to take its course against Stone. The prisoner, sensing the people's feelings, announced that he would plead guilty.

Undersheriff Tarr, aided by a dozen deputies, brought him back to Fresno from Folsom on Sunday night, January 27th.

Elton Stone pleaded guilty before Superior Court Judge H. R. Thomson the following day. The extreme penalty—death by hanging—was pronounced.

The condemned man was rushed back to Folsom under heavy guard. He died on the gallows there at 10:01 A.M., June 12th, 1936. THE END

THE PUZZLE OF PAUL PFEFFER

(Continued *from page* 8)

indictment for manslaughter in the Bates slaying, and the first-degree indictment was dismissed.

Pfeffer was deeply disappointed. He had fully expected to be wholly cleared of guilt, and now he faced months of waiting for the manslaughter charge to be tried. And he was angry, too, when he heard that an ex-fellow jail inmate had told the grand jury that Pfeffer had admitted hitting young Bates, and that witnesses still insisted that he had been in Rockaway Beach on the night of the killing.

He found it impossible to get a real job, a man awaiting trial in a homicide case. He picked up odd jobs here and there—and he began to drift.

Almost the first place to which he drifted was Rockaway Beach. His excuse was that he was searching for witnesses who would help him prove that he had not been around when Eddie Bates was killed.

The winter months dragged on. What Pfeffer's sources of income were, no one knew, but he seemed to get along.

The Rockaway Beach cops next heard of Paul Pfeffer the night of April 7th when he appeared at the stationhouse with a lawyer, a cut lip and a cracked dental plate.

"I was beaten up outside a bar," he mumbled through his puffed lips. "One of them was a cop. They took $229.50 of my dough. They took my watch. Even my leather jacket."

"You'd better sign a complaint," the desk officer said.

Pfeffer thought this over a moment.

"The hell with it," he replied drunkenly. "I'll handle it myself, my own way."

He phoned the city desk of a big tabloid newspaper, complaining that he was "barricaded by the cops in a phone booth," but the night city editor told him to go on home and sleep it off.

Pfeffer did not take this advice. It would have been far better if he had.

Even though there was no formal complaint, an accusation had been leveled against a policeman and so the incident outside the bar was investigated.

Pfeffer had entered the place with a friend and a girl whom the bartender figured to be too young to be served. Drunk, Pfeffer demanded that the drinks be set up, and began reviling the man behind the stick.

Two men patrons advised him to "knock it off."

"You wanna go outside and make me?" Pfeffer taunted.

One man started for the door. Pfeffer peeled off his watch and leather jacket, handed his wallet to his pal and went outside. For once he got his lumps.

Whether his antagonist was some officer off duty in plain clothes, no one could say. He was not known in the tavern. Pfeffer's claim that the fellow showed him a badge was probably no more reliable than his story of having been robbed, when his friend was holding his money, watch and jacket for him.

The cops heard nothing more of Paul Pfeffer during the next few weeks, and if Harry Meyer had ever heard of Pfeffer, he'd forgotten all about him by the time, on Sunday night, May 1st, that he discovered he'd missed the last bus from Rockaway Beach to his home in Ozone Park.

Meyer, 45, four-feet, eleven inches, tipping the scales at a mere 120 pounds, was in a bar when he realized the last bus had gone, a fact which he mentioned to the giant bellied up to the rail beside him.

"So you got no place to stay tonight?" the big fellow boomed.

Meyer shrugged, shook his head. "It's a little cold to hit the boardwalk."

"I got you a place," the big man said. "I'm living all alone in a summer hotel, painting the joint, getting ready for the season. Plenty of rooms there. Plenty. You can take your pick, old-timer. Just come along with me."

Meyer followed his new-found friend to a three-story resort board-

ing house, vacant at that time of the year They entered and Meyer, carefree now about how he'd get to his porter's job in a Jamaica department store on time in the morning, went to bed in a top-floor room.

The big guy left, but returned after a time.

"I need some dough," he said to Meyer.

The big man took a wallet from Meyer's pants and extracted the $2 50 he found therein.

"Look, mister," Meyer protested, "I got to have that."

In a sudden frenzy the giant whirled on him, seized him, dragged him from the bed and floored him with terrible, bone-crushing blows.

Then the smaller man's hands were trussed behind him with wire and he was dragged into the hall and pushed down a flight of stairs. Somehow, he managed to stagger down the remaining two flights, and on the first floor he was seized again, dragged out and through a hole in a fence and down to beneath the boardwalk.

Now the big fellow had some sort of bludgeon in his hand.

"I've killed one man," he growled, "and I can kill you"

He struck savagely, blow after blow. Finally he walked away, leaving Harry Meyer unconscious in the sand.

After a time Meyer roused and began to crawl. He reached a front door somehow and managed a feeble knock. The housewife who opened the door needed but one look before she called the police.

In Rockaway Beach Hospital, Meyer was found to have suffered multiple fractures of the skull and facial bones. Thirty-four stitches were required to close his wounds. But he was still alive, and on Monday he was conscious.

Detectives were waiting with a batch of rogue's gallery photos for him to view. He studied each carefully until at last he mumbled, "That's him. He's the one."

It was a likeness of Paul Pfeffer.

The police soon located the boarding house at 128 Beach 64th Street where Pfeffer had been staying. His room was empty. From its appearance he did not intend to come back.

In the room the officers found a flashlight and cheap pocket watch belonging to Harry Meyer. And in a closet Detective Tom Stiles picked up two cardboard boxes, one containing paper and some news clips about Pfeffer, the other a wallet.

At about 2 A.M. a lunchroom operator phoned to say he'd just dropped Pfeffer on the Belt Parkway, leading to Brooklyn along the lower shore of the mainland. Detectives Martin Waldron and James Paskin picked Pfeffer up a few minutes later.

From his hospital bed, Meyer identified him. "That's the guy that did it," he said.

Pfeffer was booked for felonious assault and later taken to his room for further questioning. Here he admitted the attack upon Meyer. His only explanation was that he had been drunk.

Suddenly Waldron produced the red plastic wallet which Stiles had found.

"It was here in your room, Paul," he said. "You know whose it is. There was a driver's license, a Social Security card, other papers inside. The name on them is Mellon Byrd. And he was killed, beaten to death, not quite a month ago."

The savagely bludgeoned body of Mel Byrd, a 60-year-old plumber's helper, had been found in a summer bungalow at Rockaway Beach Boulevard on April 9th.

For a time, Pfeffer sat staring at the wallet, saying nothing.

"Well, Paul?" said Assistant District Attorney Thomas P. Cullen, one of several officials present.

Pfeffer shrugged. "Okay," he said calmly. "I'll tell you about it. I did it."

He said that on the night of April 8th—less than 24 hours after he had complained of being beaten up and robbed outside the bar—he'd returned to Rockaway Beach from a pub-crawling tour of Jamaica, still on the spree.

As he rounded the corner of a building he bumped into Byrd. He swore at Byrd, who called him "cheap trash."

That touched off the explosion which booze always seemed to fuse in Paul Pfeffer. He slugged the older man, who spun and ran into the empty summer cottage.

Pfeffer followed. He clouted his victim again, then found a club and literally beat his brains out.

As an afterthought he took Byrd's wallet, and went home. There was no money in the wallet, he said.

"Then why did you keep it around?" Cullen asked.

Pfeffer's only answer was a shrug.

For the second time in less than two years, Paul Pfeffer was charged with first-degree murder.

News of Pfeffer's second involvement in a homicide filtered into the death house at Sing Sing, where John Francis Roche awaited execution for the murder of Dorothy Westwater. Roche reportedly now said that his confession in the Bates case had been a lie

"Pfeffer and I both had a seamy start in life," Roche is said to have explained. "I couldn't get in worse trouble than I was already in. I figured I could give the guy a break. But it wasn't me that knocked off Bates"

Then detectives in Buffalo said they considered Paul Pfeffer as a suspect in the iron pipe robbery slaying there of Vincent Musiorski, 44, on January 21st, 1955. Pfeffer, they alleged, was known to have been in Buffalo at the time, and the modus operandi of Musiorski's killer was identical with that of the murderer in the Bates and Mellon Byrd cases.

And 78-year-old Fred Davidson identified Pfeffer as a robber who dragged him into an alley in Jamaica in the early morning of April 1st, taking $16 and then battering Davidson on the head with a blunt weapon.

How many other crimes Pfeffer may have committed, and if he actually was the man who bludgeoned Eddie Bates, probably never will be determined, for he was indicted for the first-degree murder of Byrd and most likely will be tried on that charge and it alone.

Will the truth ever be known about Paul Pfeffer?

He stood once convicted of murder, and then another admitted the crime of which he was accused. It looked as if Pfeffer would go free.

And yet, with this prospect of a new life before him, he could not leash the devil within him and live as a man among other men.

And that—whether he goes to prison or the chair—is the puzzle of Paul Pfeffer. THE END

POISON WASN'T FAST ENOUGH

(*Continued from page 17*)

speculated as to whether Ella had caught Lindley McKay in her spell. On the face of things, it seemed impossible. McKay was a quiet, solid citizen who, as far as McGinnis knew, didn't frequent the notorious Harris restaurant in Davis City.

On the other hand, it was apparently true that McKay had voluntarily transferred his automobile over to Ella Harris. McGinnis picked up his telephone and called the county clerk. A moment later, he had verified the story of the signing over of the car.

McGinnis put through a call to the office of Decatur Sheriff Roscoe Sinco. He relayed the facts as he had received them from Garland McKay.

"Can you go over to Davis City and bring her in?" he asked. "I think we should ask her some questions."

"I agree," Sinco said. "I'll leave within the hour."

It was early evening of a bitter, blustering day when the sheriff escorted Ella Harris into the office of the county attorney. The plump woman glared at McGinnis through her thick-lensed glasses.

She said shrilly, "What's this about me and Lindley McKay? I hear you and Garland think I have something to do with his going away."

"Sit down," McGinnis said. "I haven't said anything yet. But according to your own admission you were the last person to see McKay around here."

Ella Harris sat down heavily. "That's right," she said. "I saw him go off with this woman yesterday afternoon."

"How did they go?"

"In her car."

"How did they get through the county roads? They hadn't been plowed. They were impassable."

If McGinnis thought this statement would embarrass Ella Harris, he was wrong. She shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know how they did it. I just saw them go."

"Who was this woman?"

"I don't know her name. It was the same woman he got in trouble with when he borrowed the money from me."

McGinnis knew quite well that Ella was a convincing liar. He didn't believe her but he saw where she was headed.

"I lent him fifty-seven bucks to help this woman. To pay me back, before he went off, he gave me his car and told me to help myself to any stuff which was left in the house."

"It seems to me," McGinnis said, "if there was any woman he was running around with, it must have been you."

"Me?" Ella Harris said indignantly. "I'm a respectable married woman."

"You're married," conceded McGinnis. "What about Cy Arthur?"

"If he wants to spend his pension money in my joint, that's his business. He left my house last September."

This was news to McGinnis. "Why?" he asked. "Why did he leave?"

"He never got along with my husband."

McGinnis smiled at that. "And it took him thirteen years to decide to leave?"

"Why not? He could never afford to before. But last year his niece in Denver left him some money and he sold some land he owned in Osceola for thirteen hundred bucks. Then he went off."

McGinnis nodded his head thoughtfully. He said gravely, "Ella, I'm convinced that there is something very odd about Lindley McKay going off without even saying goodbye to his son. Moreover, I think you know something about it and I'm going to find out what it is."

"I don't know nothing. I'm a respectable woman who runs a respectable business. I don't want no trouble but, I warn you, I ain't afraid of it."

Ella Harris wrapped her coat about her huge body and strode from the county attorney's office.

McGinnis asked the sheriff to muster his deputies and look into Ella's recent activities, including the matter of whether or not she had been unduly friendly with Lindley McKay.

On the following day, Sheriff Sinco reported that McKay had been seen driving around with Ella Harris during the past three weeks. They had been together a great deal.

In addition, the deputies learned Ella's young granddaughter, Letty, had told a number of people that Cy Arthur had gone to California. He had left the house on a night when John Harris was in Osceola.

After receiving this information the county attorney was gravely disturbed. Apparently, both McKay and Arthur had disappeared at a time when each of them had a considerable amount of cash. Neither had left word of his destination and the two men had been quite friendly with Ella Harris.

McGinnis began to consider seriously if Ella had done away with the men in order to rob them. Two days later he climbed in his car, drove to the Harris house and talked to John Harris.

The old man was garrulous and on the point of senility. He talked at great length but when he had finished, McGinnis was certain that the old man was not in any way involved in his wife's nefarious schemes.

Then McGinnis interviewed Letty. He said, "Do you recall the day that Cy Arthur left for California?"

"Why sure. I remember it quite well. It was right after we'd walked all one night."

McGinnis blinked. "Who walked all night? And why?"

"Grandma and I. It was a lovely night and I told Grandma I'd like to take a walk. She went with me. We walked around until midnight, then went back to the house. After a while we went out again and didn't come back until 5 in the morning."

"And Cy Arthur left that morning?"

"That's right. Grandma had told me he was going. He was in bed when we got in. I just slept in the rocking chair until it was time to go to school."

"And you didn't see Arthur at all?"

The girl shook her head. "No. I told Grandma I ought to say goodbye to him but she said he'd be mad if I woke him up. He always liked to sleep late."

McGinnis left the Harris house, drove into Davis City to pay a call at Ella's restaurant. The woman corroborated Letty's story.

"Sure," she said, "we walked all night. Is that a crime now? Cy Arthur left the next day. And what's all this got to do with me?"

Dio McGinnis was quite sure that it all had a great deal to do with Ella Harris. He also knew quite well that he had no evidence to present to a grand jury. He returned to his office and confided his dire suspicions to the sheriff.

When spring swept the country and melted the heavy snows, McGinnis, Sinco and a host of deputy sheriffs began an intensive search for the bodies of Cy Arthur and Lindley McKay. Carefully, they went over every foot of the 89-acre Harris farm.

For a long while they uncovered nothing suspicious. Then, after tearing down a disused outhouse, the sheriff came upon a pair of dirty overalls and a cap. These John Harris identified as belonging to Cy Arthur. But Ella denied all knowledge of these garments.

"You know," McGinnis said to Sinco, "I am beginning to understand why we haven't found any bodies. All the farms in this area use quicklime in their outhouses for sanitary purposes. Quicklime could easily get rid of a corpse."

More than a year went by. It was in the summer of 1937 that McGinnis learned that Ella had insured the life of Cy Arthur with an eastern company for $4000. Now, she had put in a claim for the cash on the theory that Cy Arthur was dead. However, when the company asked for a copy of the death certificate, Ella replied that there was none. She presumed Arthur was dead since she hadn't heard from him for almost two years.

If McGinnis needed any buttressing of his murder theory, he now had it. Again he conferred with Sheriff Sinco.

"Arthur was a big man," he said. "Ella couldn't have removed his body from the house alone. How do we know that they really were walking all night? That story always sounded crazy to me."

So again McGinnis spoke to young Letty. Again she swore that she and her grandmother had walked until 5 in the morning.

"If you don't believe us," she said, "you can ask Bob McNelley."

"What's he got to do with it?"

"We met him that night while we were walking. Grandma stopped and had a long talk with him. I went on ahead."

Now Bob McNelley was a character as unsavory as the food in Ella's restaurant. He was a petty thief whose driving license had been revoked for drunkenness. He was completely illiterate, never having learned to read or write.

He knew Ella quite well since he visited her farm every day to pick up milk for his family. He was an ideal candidate, thought McGinnis, for an accomplice in a double murder.

But there still wasn't any evidence that would convince a grand jury. McGinnis was in the frustrating position of a prosecutor, certain murder has been committed in his bailiwick, unable to do anything about it.

In February of 1938, Ella Harris was arrested for stealing hogs and in this case there was ample evidence. She had paid three teen-aged boys to

steal the pigs and they all testified against her. In addition, two patrons of her restaurant swore they had seen the animals in Ella's kitchen.

Ella swore that she was innocent, that the county authorities held a grudge against her. However, she was found guilty and sentenced to five years in the women's reformatory at Rockwell City.

Now McGinnis and the sheriff again tried to turn up the missing bodies or at least enough of them to prove murder had been done. But by July of 1938, they had found nothing.

On July 4th, Bob McNelley began to celebrate Independence Day. He was still celebrating exuberantly two days later. On the 6th, he engaged in a drunken altercation with a respectable farmer named Albert Owens. During the argument, McNelley pulled a knife from his pocket and threatened to kill Owens.

The sheriff was called and McNelley was thrown in the Leon jail. When he was sober he was brought to the county attorney's office.

"I was only kidding," he said. "I wouldn't have laid a hand on Owens."

"Maybe," McGinnis said, "but threatening murder is a serious charge. Perhaps a man who has already committed murder doesn't think a mere threat's important."

McNelley leaned forward in his chair. "What do you mean by that?"

"Why did you and Ella Harris kill Cy Arthur and Lindley McKay?"

The muscles in McNelley's face suddenly sagged. The color drained from his cheeks.

"Me?" he said unconvincingly. "I never killed no one. I don't know about Ella. She's tough. But I never did anything to either of those guys."

McNelley stood up under questioning for more than two hours. He was sent back to his cell while McGinnis communicated with Des Moines as a result of which two state agents, James Laurence and S. E. Cronkhite, were dispatched to Leon to aid in the interrogation.

It was apparent to these trained men that McNelley was lying. Nevertheless, he would not crack. He told a series of obvious falsehoods then contradicted them with another series. Early the following morning, it was decided to lodge McNelley in the jail at Osceola.

McNelley didn't like this. "That's Arthur's home town," he said. "If those people know I'm suspected of killing Arthur they might form a mob."

"They might at that," said Laurence.

McNelley was taken to the state car and driven to Osceola. He was obviously nervous. Cronkhite decided to capitalize on McNelley's guilty fear of a mob.

"Better lie down on the floor when we get into town," said the agent. "Arthur's friends probably already have word that we're coming in with you and we don't want any trouble."

McNelley did so. By the time he reached his cell he was trembling.

"I don't want to stay here," he said. "Send me back to Leon."

No one answered him. The cell door clanged shut and he was left alone. He was left alone all the next day, too, while his guilt and fear gnawed at his conscience.

By midnight he could stand it no longer. He demanded to see the local sheriff, George McQuern.

"I'm scared," he said, "I saw a bunch of guys through my cell window today. Two of them had big bulges in their pockets. Maybe they were bombs."

The sheriff looked much more worried than he actually was. He knew there was no danger of lynch law in Osceola but he did not impart that information to his prisoner.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked.

"Call Dio McGinnis. Tell him if he'll get me back to Leon, I'll talk."

McQuern promptly telephoned McGinnis. The county attorney got out of bed, climbed into his car and drove to Osceola. He arrived in the early morning hours.

The illiterate McNelley was pale and shaken as he confronted McGinnis.

"All right," the attorney said, "now what is it you want to tell me?"

"I'll tell you who killed Arthur and Lindley McKay if you promise to take me back to Leon."

It was an easy promise. If the two men had been killed in Decatur County the indictment and trial would of necessity take place there.

"Well," McNelley said, "it was really Ella Harris who murdered Arthur. He would have died anyway if I badn't shot him."

According to McNelley, Ella had telephoned him on that September night, told him to come out to the farm to "attend to some unfinished business." On the way to the house McNelley had met Ella and Letty. Ella sent the girl on ahead and spoke softly to McNelley.

"I poisoned Cy a little while ago," she said, "but he isn't dying fast enough to suit me. I want you to go up to his bedroom and finish him. John's away. You don't have to worry about him."

McNelley didn't seem to be shocked at the idea of murder. However, he was curious as to Ella's motive. He said, "Why did you poison the old guy?"

"For money, you fool."

They had returned to the house, leaving Letty outside. Arthur lay unconscious in his bed.

Ella said, "You've got a gun, Bob. You've got to shoot him."

McNelley did so. The bullet went through Arthur's chest, smashed into a clapboard a few inches from the floor. Ella ripped off the piece of board which held the hole and bullet burn. She also recovered the spent bullet.

With McNelley's aid, Ella took the body into her vegetable cellar. She burned the bloody bedclothes.

McGinnis nodded grimly as he listened to this recital. "And what did she do with the body?"

"I never saw it again. Once she told me that she'd cut it up and burned it piecemeal in her furnace. Another time, she told me that she sold it to a medical school in Missouri."

"All right," McGinnis said, "now what about Lindley McKay? Who killed him?"

"I did," McNelley said. "But I couldn't help it. If I hadn't I would have been killed myself."

"By whom?"

"Big Dan."

"And who is Big Dan?"

"That's the only name I ever knew him by," said McNelley. "He was a tough guy who used to hang out in

Ella's restaurant. I never even knew McKay until he had that public auction sale. The night after the sale, Ella drove me over to his house. She told me then that she intended to do away with him and take all the money he had."

But, McNelley insisted, Ella Harris had not asked him to be a party to the murder as she had in the case of Cy Arthur.

Some few days later, McNelley had been walking through the town when a car driven by Big Dan stopped. Big Dan had a gun in his hand. He ordered McNelley into the car. A little later, Big Dan stopped again and picked up McKay, presumably by arrangement. Then the trio drove out of town.

Big Dan had stopped suddenly, ordered McNelley out of the car. Dan got out himself, leaving McKay in the front seat.

"Now," Big Dan said, "here's a gun. You're going to kill McKay or I'm going to kill you."

"I was scared," McNelley told McGinnis. "I didn't want to do it. But Big Dan swore he'd kill me, so what could I do? I went around the side of the car, pushed the gun muzzle through the window and shot McKay in the head."

"What about the body this time?"

"Big Dan drove off with it in the car. I walked back to town. I never saw the body again."

"Did Ella Harris ever mention this killing to you afterwards?"

"She sure did. I was in her place the next day. She winked at me and said, 'Well, I got rid of McKay, all right.'" McNelley hadn't replied.

McGinnis did not for a minute believe the story of Big Dan. This, he knew, was a character invented by McNelley to condone his own part in the McKay killing. But McGinnis believed every word that McNelley had spoken of Ella.

Arrangements were made for Sheriff Sinco to pick up McNelley and take him back to Leon. McGinnis managed a few hours sleep at an Osceola hotel, then went to Rockwell City, where he interviewed Ella Harris at the reformatory.

The county attorney had taken State Agents Laurence and Cronkhite along with him. They questioned Ella Harris in relays. At first, the woman flatly denied all complicity in the crimes confessed to by McNelley. Then at last she lost her temper.

She cried, "I didn't kill anyone! I didn't hire anyone to shoot McKay. I never poisoned Arthur. I never destroyed the burned piece of clapboard or recovered the bullet. It's all lies."

The officers looked at each other. It seemed as if Ella Harris had at last made a mistake.

"What clapboard?" McGinnis asked. "It's true a piece of clapboard was destroyed. But how did you know about it?"

"You asked me about it a little while ago."

"No, we didn't. None of us mentioned the clapboard which McNelley told us about. So how did you know about it?"

There was but one answer to this and if Ella Harris made it she would brand herself guilty. Now she broke down. She offered to write a confession to the killing of Cy Arthur.

McGinnis handed her a fountain pen and a sheet of paper. The woman wrote: "I gave Cy the poison and it didn't kill him. Bob shot him and Bob carried his body out of the bedroom into the vegetable cave and that is the last I heard tell of him."

After she had signed this document, she regained her composure. She refused to admit that she had anything to do with the death of McKay. She would not concede she had destroyed the body of Cy Arthur.

It was quite possible that, in common with most laymen, Ella Harris believed that she could not legally be convicted of murder if the bodies of the victims were not recovered. In that she was wrong.

The authorities never found any fragment of the Arthur or McKay corpses. Nevertheless, Ella Harris and Bob McNelley were tried on a first-degree murder charge before Judge Homer Fuller in Leon.

On July 12th, 1938, a jury found them both guilty of the two killings. Judge Fuller sentenced the pair to life imprisonment.

Twenty-seven years later McNelley remains in the Iowa State Penitentiary. Ella Harris is still in the Rockwell City Reformatory. And only they know the whereabouts of the corpses of Lindley McKay and Cy Arthur.

EDITOR'S NOTE:
The names, Jack Raine and Letty, are fictitious.

THE URGE TO KILL

(*Continued from page* 51)

was pouring through the bedroom window when he awoke. The daylight seemed to chase his fears away. He went downstairs to cook himself breakfast. The morning newspaper was at the door. He scanned it quickly and nervously and saw nothing about his wife or his mother-in-law. He felt relieved and ate a hearty breakfast.

It wasn't until two days later, on March 3rd, that he walked into police headquarters to carry out the second important phase of his murder plan—to prove that his wife and her mother were dead.

He entered the office of Detective George Wait, in charge of the Missing Persons Bureau. "Wait," Powell said with a tremor in his voice, "I am worried about my wife and her mother. Night before last they went to the picture show and didn't come back. At first I wasn't too worried, thinking they may have spent the night with friends, as they often do, but they haven't come back and I'm afraid something has happened to them."

Detective Wait had a poker face. He took the data, didn't seem concerned, and assured Powell that the case would be investigated. Powell wasn't taking any chances on waiting until the police got excited over the disappearance of his wife and her mother. He needed quick and effective action, because he wanted no delay in getting his hands on the Speer fortune.

When he walked out of police headquarters, he went to the newspaper office, gave the city editor the story, adding little touches he knew would excite the heart of any editor. The next morning the Jacksonville papers carried the disappearance of Kate and Mrs. Lou Speer in streamer headlines.

The news stories jarred the police into action. Detectives came to talk to Powell. He had his story ready. His wife and mother had left three nights before for the picture show. He described what they wore, took the detectives to the closets to show that these garments were gone.

Then Powell added the information that his mother-in-law, a fine woman, had the habit of carrying large sums on her person, and on this night Powell had pleaded with her to leave the $300 she had in her purse at home. Several nights before, Powell added, Mrs. Speer had been accosted by a man on the street and had escaped only because some friends came along.

Other detectives were at the picture show. Here they were told that neither Mrs. Speer nor her daughter had been seen at the show that night. Friends of the two women were questioned and none recalled seeing them at that time. As usual, the excitement following the publication of the story brought wild tales. Several persons at the show were certain they had seen a stranger lurking outside the show and that they saw him accost two women they were certain were Mrs. Speer and Kate.

Powell let the excitement simmer for several days, and when it began to die down, he got in the car and drove out to Hogan Creek, three miles south of Jacksonville. He dropped a pocketbook of Mrs. Speer's along a side road he knew was traveled by several persons in that region. The pocketbook was bloodstained, held a torn and bloody $5 bill, and a calling card of Mrs. Speer.

Fate played into his hand. Late that afternoon the news spread that the pocketbook of Mrs. Speer, bloodstained with only a torn and bloody bill in it, had been found by a youth who lived near Hogan Creek. Powell rose to the occasion with an indignant demand that the police drain Hogan Creek. They did, but no bodies were found.

That night Powell sat in the living room of the Speer home and sipped Scotch and soda and felt wonderful. Every part of his murder plan was working out perfectly. The finding of the bloody pocketbook had established in the public mind that Mrs. Speer and her daughter had met with foul play. All this was Powell's build-up to have Mrs. Speer and his wife declared legally dead and the fortune turned over to him.

He slept late the next morning. At 10 o'clock the shrill ringing of the phone awakened him. He answered it sleepily, over the wire came the cold voice of Inspector Ed Acosta, "The bodies of two women were found early this morning in Lofton Creek near Dead River Landing by two fishermen. Get over to headquarters at once."

Powell was only able to gulp, "Yes, I'll be right there."

And as he hung up, the world seemed to have suddenly crumbled under his feet. The bodies found! It was impossible. Then his fear

passed. There was no assurance these were the bodies of Kate and Mrs. Speer. They were found at some distance from where he had thrown them into the creek.

Even if they were the bodies of Kate and her mother, the police had no evidence he had killed them.

Powell's confidence wasn't too great as he hurried to police headquarters. When he got there County Detective Sidney H. Hurlbert was waiting for him and ushered him into Inspector Acosta's office. Sheriff Rex Sweat was with the inspector. The two men eyed Powell suspiciously and Powell felt a cold chill pass over his body.

"To save time," Inspector Acosta said to Powell, "we'll drive up to the funeral home. Dr. Killinger, the medical examiner, is already there."

The trip was made in silence. Powell's brain was doing some fast thinking. When he was taken into the funeral home to view the bodies, all bope that they were not his wife and her mother faded. The faces were so bloated that they were not recognizable, but the wounds told the story.

Powell knew that in time the bodies would be identified by dental work and fingerprints. So he said, "I believe that is Kate. Yes, that's Kate and Mrs. Speer!"

The medical examiner said, "The killer was smart, but not quite smart enough. If he had cut deeper into the stomachs, the bodies would have had no gas and wouldn't have come to the top, even after the current broke the ropes."

Powell gulped. If he had only cut deeper, but there was no use crying over spilt milk. He stammered, "But who killed them? Who would kill Katie?"

Inspector Acosta didn't try to answer that question until he had Powell back in his office. Then he said, "Suppose you answer the question who killed them. You have a pretty long record of murder, and we have learned some things about you and your wife. We talked with her attorney. She called him the other afternoon and told him to start divorce proceedings against you. Her mother also told him she was going to change her will so you wouldn't get any of her money. That night they were murdered."

"They were murdered when they went to the picture show," Powell spoke easily now, his confidence strong. "Katie and I did have an argument. Katie was quick-tempered, you know. But we made it up and it was forgotten before she and her mother went to the show."

"We'll see," Acosta answered.

He and Sheriff Sweat got up and left the office. State's Attorney John J. Harrell walked in and with Detective Jim Meads and County Detective Hurlbert continued the questioning of Powell, who had his legs crossed and his ministerial-looking face beaming with a smile of triumph.

"What did you do the night your wife and mother disappeared?" Harrell asked. "Just give me a running account of your activities that night."

The state's attorney's voice was low, easy, deceiving. It made Powell feel a little jumpy. He stammered an answer, not quite sure just what he should say. After that he tried to turn the questioning back to Harrell.

"If you think you can convict me on that flimsy evidence," he boasted, "you're a bigger fool than I believe."

"Probably I am," Harrell agreed with a smile. "Let's get back to your actions."

This questioning went on for over an hour. Inspector Acosta and Sheriff Sweat were on the bank of Lofton Creek, trying to find where the bodies had been thrown into the water. They figured that the current would not take the bodies far, no more than a mile after getting free from the ropes.

This was largely guesswork, but the guess paid dividends. A mile and a half from where the bodies were found, the two officers saw the tire tracks and the footprints. At the edge of the water they saw where both bodies had been pushed through the mud. One had caught on a rock out in the creek and a part of a blanket was there. When they examined this blanket the officers found it covered with bloodstains.

"The killer," Inspector Acosta said, "didn't seem to be worried about footprints. When we get plaster casts of these, we may find we have something of little value.

"The murderer," Rex Sweat added, "never expected the bodies to come to the surface. If he had cut a little deeper into the stomachs gas wouldn't have formed and the bodies wouldn't have come to the top when the ropes broke from the undercurrent."

"We'll soon find out," Acosta answered. "Get to a telephone and have Doctor Dyrenforth come out to take plaster casts of the tire and footprints."

Sheriff Sweat left to find a telephone in the area. Acosta walked along the bank to make sure the killer hadn't left other marks of his work. He hadn't gone far until he came upon the ashes of the fire. The footprints around the fire looked so similar to those at the spot where the bodies had been thrown in the river that Acosta placed a stick in the ground so he could find the spot easily.

Dr. L. R. Dyrenforth, of the criminal laboratory, arrived. He took casts of the tire tracks and footprints. Acosta took him to where the ashes of the fire lay. Dyrenforth examined them, pulled out several unburned pieces of cloth.

"This is where the murderer burned the clothes of the dead women," he said. "These ashes could easily prove far more important than the tire tracks and footprints."

Acosta and Sweat returned to Jacksonville. State's Attorney Harrell was still questioning Powell, who wasn't quite so cocky now. Technicians had gone over every inch of the Speer house and had found traces of blood left after Powell had washed the floors.

The traces were not large enough for tests to determine whether they were animal or human, but Powell didn't know this. He said, "Those bloodstains came from the raw meat we feed our dog. You'll probably find the same traces in the car because I hauled the meat to the house by car."

"Why did you go to such trouble to wash these stains up?" Harrell questioned. "If you had to wash the floor, that meat must have been pretty bloody."

Powell felt his stomach turn over. He didn't have a ready answer and the ease with which Harrell was questioning him made him nervous.

"Kate was a particular housewife," he answered. "She was always washing things up."

"A careful housewife would have seen to it that the bloody meat wasn't

thrown all over the floor," Harrell commented. "We're going to have to hold you, Powell, until we can check your story. We have the right to hold you on suspicion of murder."

Powell shrugged. He had expected this and he felt relieved to be away from Harrell. He wanted to be alone. As he walked out of the office, Harrell smiled at him. It affected Powell like the smile of death.

The medical examiner's report on the autopsy gave the time of death as the night Powell said his wife and mother disappeared. The cause of death was compound fractures of the skull. Neither of the women had been criminally attacked. The report had no other information of any value.

Detectives were checking and rechecking Powell's actions since he had got out of prison. They found that he had been having affairs with two women and that his wife had come home suddenly and caught him in their home with one of the women. They also got definite figures from the Speer attorney on just how much Mrs. Speer put up for Powell's defense in his last trial for murder.

But none of this information was of value in proving Powell had committed the murder. State's Attorney Harrell said to Acosta, "Powell is no fool and is an old hand at murder. I am ready to give odds that those tire tracks and footprints won't be worth a thin dime as evidence."

Harrell was right. Dyrenforth made a comparison of the plaster casts with the tires on Powell's car. They did not match. He had gotten all the shoes worn by Powell in the Speer house, and had taken a cast of the ones he was wearing. None of these matched the footprints found along the creek bank.

"We'll have to forget about these tracks," Harrell said. "And if we don't find something fast, some little wedge in his murder plan, we can't hold him much longer."

Dyrenforth had the laboratory report on the ashes of the clothes. He had the assistance of E. R. Donaldson, associate scientist for the FBI, to help him in examining the ashes.

The two had done a thorough job. One piece of white cloth, which hadn't burned badly, had a cleaner's mark on it, and using violet rays Dyrenforth and Donaldson had brought out this mark and it had been identified as the cleaner used for Mrs. Speer's clothes.

"The murderer burned the clothes at that spot," Dyrenforth explained. "We found a number of large unburned pieces, enough to make this bundle. It's funny how cloth burns. It looks like ashes, but when you examine it, there are many solid bits of cloth, only charred. Here is one piece I don't understand. It certainly wasn't a part of the dress.

He handed Inspector Acosta a small piece with one button on it. Acosta studied it. Then he looked at Harrell. "All right, Harrell, you said you needed a wedge to break down Powell's perfect crime," he exclaimed. "I have the wedge right here and watch how I can use it."

A half hour later Powell lay on the cot in his cell, staring up at the ceiling. He smoked a cigarette, showed little outward concern that he was in a cell. Harrell's questions had worried him, hut on second thought, they hadn't amounted to much. They could keep him in the cell until tomorrow and he was considering the advisability of hiring a lawyer. Yet he hesitated because he didn't want to spend money that wasn't necessary and he didn't like lawyers as none had kept him out of prison in the past.

The door to his cell opened and Detective Meads was standing there, looking at him with a funny expression on his face. Powell swung his legs off the cot and sat up.

"What now?" he demanded. "You letting me out of this dump?"

"The Inspector wants to ask you a question," Meads answered. "It won't take long."

"Questions!" Powell grunted. "All they do is ask questions. Why don't they find the murderer of my wife and mother-in-law?"

"Maybe they have," was Meads' curt remark.

Powell looked at him, didn't like the tone of his voice. Detective Meads started walking down the corridor and Powell followed. He was taken to the office of State's Attorney Harrell, where besides Harrell, Acosta and Dyrenforth were waiting for him.

"Sit down," Acosta said to him.

He did, not too comfortably. The whole air of that office seemed charged with some terrific explosion that would go off at any moment.

"You say you weren't near Lofton Creek the night your wife and her mother were murdered," Acosta shot at him.

Powell squirmed in his chair. He wondered why he was jittery. The question was simple and the answer simpler. He said, "I haven't been to Lofton Creek for months."

"You're a liar, Powell," Acosta picked up the peculiar looking piece of cloth Dyrenforth had found in the ashes. "You were out there and you burned the women's clothes. Look at this piece of cloth. It was found among those ashes."

Powell looked at the cloth. It was from his vest, the one Kate had bought him, the silk plaid vest. The full impact of the discovery of that piece of his vest hit Powell with a shuddering force.

"You took the women's clothes out there to burn," Acosta was saying. "In your hurry you grabbed your vest."

Acosta's words seemed to die away for the panic-stricken Powell. The vest! He remembered seeing it in the closet. Acosta was right. He had taken it with Kate's hat and coat.

Harrell was shooting questions at him now. Harrell's voice wasn't easy and casual as it had been. It was like a sharp-pointed dagger jabbing at his heart. Powell tried to answer. He got mixed up. He was alone now. That was all he could feel. Nobody was ready to fight for him. He had never been alone before when charged with murder. Then it came out where he had buried the tires. He was sobbing and his body was shaking. They took him back to his cell.

Detective Meads went to where he said he had buried the tires and shoes. He found them. Three months later Powell was brought to trial. He had a lawyer and he pleaded not guilty. But no fortune was at his fingertips to fight back.

He was alone and only a shell of his former self on that night of January 5th, 1937, when he walked through the little door to the death house.

Three minutes later he was dead.

THE END

MURDER BY FIRE

(*Continued from page* 56)

—the victim's husband," McAvoy said. "I hope we're right."

"But what would this woman be doing here?" asked Marron.

"That should be fairly obvious," the lieutenant continued. "Since she was married, she'd hardly be keeping a rendezvous here in the middle of the night with her husband. I'd say she was a dissatisfied wife who came here to meet another man. One of them brought the wine, perhaps to ease their consciences. They quarreled and the man struck the woman over the head with the bottle. He may have killed her, or he may only have thought so. At any rate, he carried her downstairs and over to the kiln house, where he threw her into the furnace to dispose of the body. If Herrick had not heard her scream —undoubtedly when she was hit—the killer might have succeeded in concealing his crime."

"I think you're right, Chief," Marron declared. "But why did they choose this place?"

"There may be two explanations. First, because the yard was nearby and secluded. But that poses the question of how they got into this locked building. Second, either the man or the woman—or both—might be employed here and have a key to this place."

"The woman didn't work here," the manager put in nervously. "We have no one named Poleski on our payroll. And I don't believe any of our men would dare use company property for a meeting of that kind."

"Don't be too sure," McAvoy warned. "We will want to question all of your employees and see what they have to say. But it's still possible neither the slayer nor the victim had any connection with the yard. They might have broken in, say, through a window."

"But there's no glass broken anywhere," Walsh pointed out. "My patrolmen would have seen that."

"A window might have been unlocked—left that way on purpose—and after entering the pair could have closed and locked it. The slayer easily could have carried the body out that way and shut the window behind him—but be would have to leave it unlocked."

"That's true," Walsh nodded.

"So we'll go down and check the windows on the first floor," McAvoy continued. "They're the only ones close enough to the ground to enter. Then we'll get over to the East 11th Street address and see what we can find tbere."

Before leaving, McAvoy picked up the pieces of the broken bottle and wrapped them in soft cloth. Marron also wrapped up the handbag. Both were carried away carefully, for thus far they constituted the only evidence other than the charred corpse.

A methodical check of the windows on the first floor at least proved McAvoy to have heen right. At the end

of the hall leading to the main office, one window was unlocked. The bottom sash was raised a fraction of an inch from the sill.

"Don't touch that frame," McAvoy ordered. "I'll get the fingerprint men right up here to dust it for prints."

Advising the manager to be availabe for further questioning, the detectives left the lumber yard, while the other officers remained on guard there.

At the police box on the corner, McAvoy called headquarters and requested that experts be sent to examine the window for fingerprints. He also advised the lab men that he was bringing in the pieces of the bottle and the handbag for examination.

McAvoy and Marron got into their squad car and drove six blocks uptown to the East Eleventh Street address printed on the light bill stub. There they found a drab, three-story brick building of ancient construction. The name Poleski, penciled on a card tacked up in the lower hallway, led them to a flat on the third floor Marron rapped soundly on the wooden door and stood back to await a response.

But none came. Marron knocked again, harder and louder. But still no one replied. He tried the door and found it unlocked. Opening it, he and McAvoy entered. They were confronted by a tiny living room in great disorder. A table was overturned, rugs were askew and the curtains torn. A broken vase lay in bits in the center of the room.

"There's been trouble here," Marron observed. "Let's take a look in the bedroom."

Lying on the rickety brass bed, clothed in shirt and trousers, was a haggard man with curly black hair and sharp features. Blood streamed down his forehead and had spread over the pillow. His eyes were closed.

McAvoy strode over to the bed and shook the prostrate man's shoulders.

He opened his eyes and asked thickly, "What do you want?" Marron went out to call an ambulance.

"What happened here?" demanded the lieutenant. "Who are you?"

"I'm John Poleski," the injured man replied, sinking back on the bed. "Somebody slugged me."

"But who did it?"

"It's hard for me to talk," Poleski replied. "I think I need a doctor."

"You certainly do. An ambulance will be here shortly."

Poleski lay still and silent while McAvoy administered first aid with cotton, gauze and disinfectant from the medicine chest in the tiny bathroom nearby.

Soon the ambulance arrived and the interne bent over the wounded man to make an examination. "Looks like only a superficial scalp wound," he pronounced. "But we'd better get the patient to a hospital where we can take X-rays to make certain there isn't a fracture."

Attendants carried Poleski out, while the detectives followed and got into their squad car to tail the ambulance to the hospital. On the way, Marron asked, "What do you make of the fact that both the woman and her husband were struck over the head, apparently with the same instrument?"

"The slayer could have gone to the Poleski flat either before or after killing the woman and tried to kill her husband," McAvoy said.

At the hospital, McAvoy stopped off to question Poleski, while Marron drove on to headquarters with the pieces of broken bottle and the handbag. Poleski's scalp wound was stitched and dressed in the emergency ward, where McAvoy began questioning him.

"Where is your wife?" the lieutenant demanded.

Alarm showed in the man's pale blue eyes. "Sophie went out early last night," he said. "I don't know where she is."

"I noticed a child's bed in one corner of the bedroom," McAvoy continued. "But it was empty. Do you have a child?"

"One son. He is in the country with relatives for a vacation."

McAvoy hesitated for a few moments. Then he returned to his original line of questioning. "Who hit you?" he asked.

"I can't remember," Poleski replied solemnly. "But why are you here? Why did you come to my apartment? Did the neighbors call you?"

"No."

Poleski's lips trembled as he sensed the real reason. "Is it—is it Sophie?"

"I'm afraid," McAvoy said gently, that I must tell you some bad news. Your wife has been murdered."

"No! No!" shrieked Poleski, springing upright in bed. "Where is she? Let me go to her!"

A nurse and an orderly rusbed over and restrained him as McAvoy continued, "You can't leave here until they see the results of the X-rays. I'll be here to see you again in the morning."

Back at headquarters, McAvoy conferred with Marron. The fingerprint men had obtained several good prints from the window sash, Marron reported, as well as three from the neck of the broken green bottle which had remained intact. The handbag had yielded only smudged, useless prints.

Dawn colored the sky a deep pink over the East River as the weary detectives went off duty and returned home for a few hours of sleep. It was early Tuesday, September 22nd, 1925.

Later that morning, McAvoy and Marron met again at headquarters. There they learned that the prints from the window sash and the bottle neck had been compared and were found identical. But a check of the prints with the files failed to match them with those of any known criminal. Copies had been forwarded to State Police Headquarters and the Department of Justice in Washington for further checking.

From headquarters, the detectives drove back to the hospital. They found Poleski fully dressed, his head swathed in bandages, pacing the floor impatiently.

"Thank goodness you've come," he said eagerly. "I must see Sophie." His eyes were red from weeping.

The officers took Poleski outside the building and led him around to the city morgue, part of the Bellevue Hospital group. The morgue attendant escorted them down between long tiers and opened the door of one compartment. Deftly, he slid out the rack and flipped back the sheet which covered the corpse.

Poleski stared down at the blackened body, his own face deathly pale.

He shook violently from head to foot. "Yes," he moaned in agony. "It's Sophie! My poor Sophie!" Then he burst into hysterical weeping and turned away.

McAvoy motioned to the attendant to replace the body as he and Marron led the grief-stricken husband away. Outside the building, Poleski regained control of his emotions. McAvoy, sensing a psychological moment, asked, "Can you tell us all you can remember of the attack on you?"

"All right," the husband nodded weakly. "I'll try."

"The X-rays are negative and the hospital has discharged you," McAvoy said. "Come on down to headquarters where we can get your statement on paper."

On the way downtown in the squad car, Marron asked Poleski, who sat between them, "What, exactly, happened?"

Poleski said slowly, "Before I knew what happened to my wife, I was trying to protect her. But it was Sophie who hit me on the head with a heavy candlestick."

"Go on," the lieutenant urged.

"We had a terrific fight at the flat," Poleski continued. "For the last three months, I suspected Sophie of going out with other men and I accused her of it. She told me to mind my own business. Then she slugged me, knocked me out cold. I woke up lying on the bed, and she was gone. I don't know how long I had been unconscious. I was still in a daze when you officers arrived."

"Have you any idea who these men were that your wife was dating?" Marron asked.

"I never caught her, so I don't know for sure. But I do know she used to spend a lot of time at a speakeasy down the street from our home. I don't know what the attraction was there, but I don't think it was liquor because she drank very little."

At headquarters, Poleski repeated what he had told the officers as a stenographer took it down. He signed the statement and the detectives led him into the Identification Bureau to be fingerprinted.

Half an hour later, the fingerprint men brought in their report of a comparison of Poleski's prints with those taken from the window sash and the bottle fragment. They did not match.

"You're in the clear, Poleski," the lieutenant said. "At least for the present. We're going to release you, but we warn you—be available at all times in case we want you again."

While McAvoy and Marron had been questioning Poleski that morning, other detectives were busily interrogating all employees of the lumber yard where the murder took place. All of the men yard workers—a rough, husky crew including one giant more than six and a half feet tall—were asked to account for their actions the previous night. All told plausible stories and were allowed to go, pending a closer check on the information provided. In addition, each of the men and women office employees was questioned, but all were able to account for themselves and none could cast any light on the mystery of how Sophie Poleski got into the yard, was killed and thrown into the fiery kiln.

After driving Poleski to his flat, McAvoy and Marron stopped off at the lumber yard and learned that the interrogation of the employees had produced nothing conclusive. A canvass of the neighborhood around the yard also failed to turn up any witnesses.

"Our best bet," McAvoy told Marron, "is to try and get a line on the man or men Sophie was dating on the side."

With the address furnished by Poleski, the detectives visited the speakeasy near his home where he said his wife had spent so much time.

"We'll have to turn this place in to the Federal Prohibition Agents," McAvoy acknowledged. "But if we let the owners know we're cops, we may have difficulty getting any information."

"How about getting chummy with some local sports in the neighborhood and persuading them to get us in the place?" Marron suggested.

This the detectives did. Posing as bookies, they struck up a conversation at a cigar store directly below the second-floor speakeasy. Soon they asked the crowd where they could get a drink. It was a simple matter from then on.

In the kitchen of the converted flat where the drinks were served, McAvoy shortly won the confidence of the bartender. Casually, he asked if a woman answering the description of Sophie Poleski had been there recently. The press did not yet have her identity.

"Oh, you mean Sophie!" the barkeep replied readily with a grin and a sly wink. "No wonder you're looking for her. What a woman! She likes a good time, all right. She was in here only last night."

"Yeah?" McAvoy countered, straining to be casual. "Was the same guy with her?"

"You mean the big fellow? Sure, he was with her. They left about 2 A. M. and took a bottle of wine with 'em. I wanted to close up."

"Lemme see, now," McAvoy continued, deliberately appearing to be a little under the weather. "Where does that big guy work?"

"In the lumber yard over on Lewis Street," the bartender replied as the lieutenant's heart leaped. "I guess that's why he's such a giant. He totes those heavy pieces of wood around all day."

McAvoy broke off their conversation as soon as he reasonably could. Then he slipped over to Marron in another room and gave him the sign to leave.

At headquarters they stopped off to pick up two fingerprint men. There they learned the result of an autopsy performed by Dr. Benjamin Schwartz, Deputy Medical Examiner, on Mrs. Poleski's body shortly after her husband had identified it.

The heat of the flames had made it impossible to determine whether she had been attacked sexually. But the autopsy clearly showed that she had been alive when she was thrust into the kiln furnace. Cause of death was not the blow on her head, but a combination of suffocation and fourth-degree burns!

"Great Scott!" gasped McAvoy. "She may have regained consciousness in that inferno and suffered the tortures of the damned!"

With the fingerprint experts, the detectives drove directly to the lumber yard. There they went to the manager's office and explained their mission, describing the victim's last known companion. Vividly in their minds was one of the yard's employees who already had been questioned as a matter of routine.

The astounded manager had the same thought. "The only man who could answer that description is George Siamaniuk," he replied. "He's gigantic—over six and a half feet tall and strong as a bull. But he's never been in any trouble so far as I know. I can't imagine him doing anything like that."

"Where is he now?" McAvoy snapped.

"Out in the yard somewhere. We'll have to go looking for him. Come along."

Led by the manager, the detectives hurried out into the yard and methodically strode from one part to the other. At last, standing astride a huge pile of lumber, they found the man they sought. He was indeed a giant. Towering above them, clad in a work shirt and dungarees, his thick arms akimbo, he seemed like some legendary strong man.

"Come down here, George!" the manager shouted.

Siamaniuk obeyed, leaping down and striding over to where they stood. The others were dwarfed beside him.

"These men are police——" the manager began. But before he could finish, the giant suspect, a wild glint in his eyes, whirled suddenly and dashed away toward the East River.

Guns drawn, the detectives ran after him. McAvoy fired two shots which narrowly missed the fleeing man. The frightened giant ducked, tripped and fell headlong on the ground. In a moment the officers were upon him and snapped handcuffs around his beefy wrists.

On the way out to the squad car, McAvoy asked him, "Why did you run away before you knew what we wanted?"

"I was scared you might think I had something to do with that murder here last night," the prisoner replied. "The other cops who talked to me this morning didn't say so, but I know that's what they were thinking."

"Well, didn't you have something to do with it?"

"I saw it happen," the big man declared. "I saw the guy throw that woman in the furnace and run away. But I was scared to tell. I knew somebody would try to pin it on me."

"What were you doing here last night?" Marron asked.

"Oh, I left my lunchbox here and came back after it," he replied lamely. The detectives exchanged a knowing look.

At headquarters, Siamaniuk was booked on suspicion of murder and fingerprinted. His prints were rushed at once to the Identification Bureau for comparison with those in the evidence. Shortly, the report was brought up to the squad room, where Siamaniuk sat stolidly under the bright lights, facing the detectives.

McAvoy picked up the typewritten report, scanned it and then looked directly at the prisoner.

"George Siamaniuk," he declared, "your fingerprints match those found on the window sash of the main building at the yard, where the murderer entered, and on the bottle with which Sophie Poleski was struck on the head. Come clean! Now, why did you kill her?"

Still without emotion, the giant blinked and replied, "I thought she was trying to poison me."

"What?" the lieutenant asked incredulously.

As a stenographer took down his confession, Siamaniuk told a weird and brutal tale. He had met Sophie Poleski in the speakeasy and immediately had fallen in love with the dark-haired, full-figured matron. For a long time, he insisted, he did not know she was married. When he found out, he pleaded with her to get a divorce and marry him. For the sake of her son she refused to do this, be declared.

Siamaniuk then decided to break off with Sophie Poleski, he continued, and started going out with other women. When she discovered this, he said, she threatened to poison him.

On the night of the crime they had gone from the speakeasy to the deserted lumber yard because he knew they would be alone there. They had entered through the gap in the fence and a window he had left open in the main building.

Upstairs in the storeroom, she had offered the bottle of wine to him and he noticed it had been opened since they left the speakeasy. Suspicious that she had slipped some poison in it, he decided not to touch it, but she insisted he take a drink.

"I tasted it and it was bad," Siamaniuk said. "Then I saw red. Before I knew what I was doing, I struck her over the head with the bottle. She dropped to the floor and I thought she was dead. I was scared. I knew I had to get rid of the body. Then I thought of the kiln furnaces I used to fire."

It was then that he carried the limp body of his paramour downstairs, through the window by which they had entered and to the kiln house. There he fired up one furnace, tossed the body inside, slammed the door and fled.

Assistant District Attorney William P. Ryan of District Attorney Joab A. Banton's office, who had listened to the confession, promptly presented the evidence to the New York County Grand Jury. The panel swiftly returned an indictment charging the prisoner with first-degree murder.

While awaiting trial, Siamaniuk was committed to the psychopathic ward of Bellevue Hospital for observation and subsequently was found to be sane.

In January, 1926, he was placed on trial before Judge William Rosalsky and a jury in General Sessions Court. In the midst of the trial, he suddenly entered a plea of guilty to second-degree murder, thus escaping the electric chair.

On February 26th, 1926, Judge Rosalsky sentenced George Siamaniuk to 20 years to life imprisonment for the inhuman crime he had committed. At the same time, the judge forwarded a request to the New York State Parole Board that this murderer be kept in prison for the remainder of his natural life.

The Board has obeyed this request. In March, 1926, Siamaniuk was transferred from Sing Sing to Clinton Prison at Dannemora, where he has since remained. THE END

CRIME AT HILLDROP CRESCENT

(*Continued from page 47*)

In subsequent conversations with Cora's friends, Crippen grimly stuck to the main thesis of his story concerning her disappearance, although every account he gave was marked by minor discrepancies. At last he came up with the statement that, actually, his wife had died in San Francisco; she had been cremated and the ashes had been sent to him for interment.

Forbes happened to know that his friend had had a strong feeling against cremation on religious grounds. "Why didn't you notify us so that we could attend the last rites?" he demanded.

"Oh, I thought best that the services be very, very private," the doctor replied.

Forbes decided the time finally had come to take action. Late in June he went to the office of Chief Inspector Walter Dew and told him the entire story.

Dew, like Cora's friends, was inclined to be circumspect, particularly when investigation disclosed that Crippen had previously been untouched by scandal and bore an excellent reputation among his business associates. It wasn't until July 8th that he and Sergeant John Mitchell paid a call at No. 39 Hilldrop Crescent. They found Miss Montclair there, and she directed them to Crippen's office.

As soon as the officers announced their identity, Crippen showed signs of being extremely upset.

"I had better tell you the absolute truth, gentlemen," he stammered. "I made up that story about Cora's death and cremation to save myself from possible humiliation—I'm afraid she may have taken up with another man. For all I know, she can still be alive. She—she just dropped out of sight on February 1st, and because of things she said in the past I suspect she went to America. That's all I can tell you."

Dew and Mitchell went with the doctor to his home. A search turned up clothing, furs and jewelry that belonged to the missing woman.

"Why do you suppose she didn't take these things with her?" the chief inspector demanded.

"I haven't the slightest idea," Crippen said, "except that she apparently left in an awful hurry. That's what made me think it was an elopement of some kind."

Dew glanced quizzically at Crippen and then at Lisa Montclair, whose presence in the house the doctor had made no effort to explain. "Well," he said, "we simply have got to find your wife. Matter of routine, you understand. I'll have circulars on her printed and sent all over Britain and the Continent. Also, I'll see that advertisements requesting information about her are placed in several newspapers in the United States."

"Can't you wait a few weeks before you do that?" Crippen pleaded.

"No, we had better act right away," the chief inspector said grimly.

When the doctor showed up at his office the following morning, he appeared so agitated that one of his assistants, Walter Ford, asked him if he weren't feeling well.

"Oh, it's nothing, nothing, Walter," Crippen replied. "Just a case of some people doing too much silly talk-

ing. By the way, do you mind going down to Oxford Street on an errand for me?"

Ford assented, and the doctor handed him some banknotes and a slip of paper. "I want you to buy the articles of boy's clothing on this list," he said. "You can tell the clerk the lad is 16 and not too large for his age. I want a brown tweed suit, a felt hat size six and one-half, some shirts and collars, shoes. Well, it's all on the list. Be quick about it, will you?"

Ford made the purchases and returned to the office. Crippen grabbed up the parcels and headed for the door. "I'm leaving for the day," he said over his shoulder. "In fact, I may be gone for several days. An important business trip."

Hawley Harvey Crippen was off on a trip, all right, but it certainly had nothing to do with business. He scurried back to Hilldrop Crescent, handed the boy's clothing to Lisa Montclair, and ordered her to don the disguise.

It was obvious that Miss Montclair apparently had subordinated her will completely to that of her lover. She always did his exact bidding without asking questions. Furthermore, she was completely in the dark as to the manner of Mrs. Crippen's disappearance.

To alter his own appearance, Crippen shaved off his mustache and goatee, discarded his glasses, and put on a suit he'd never worn before.

The transformations completed, the doctor and his youthful mistress took a boat to Antwerp. Failing there to book immediate passage for America, they proceeded to Brussels but soon were back in Antwerp again. Crippen now found accommodations available on the *Montrose*, one of the slower steamships, which was bound for Quebec. For the purser's list he signed himself "Mr. Robinson" and his companion as "Robinson, Junior."

Back in London, on the 12th, Chief Inspector Dew decided to have another talk with Crippen and went to his office, only to learn that the doctor had gone away on a "business trip." Accompanied by Sergeant Mitchell, he continued on to the house on Hilldrop Crescent. As the officers had half anticipated, Miss Montclair was not there and the doors were tightly locked. They located the landlord and ordered him to let them into the building.

On their previous visit Dew and his aide had confined their attention to the ground floor and the two upper floors, on none of which were there any indications of foul play. Now they concentrated on the basement. The results were set forth with typical British restraint in the chief inspector's official report: "Finally we came to the coal cellar, which had a brick floor. There was a very small quantity of coal there, and also a little rubbish. Mitchell and I got down on our knees and probed about with a small poker which I had got out of the kitchen.

"I found that the poker went in somewhat easily between the crevices of the bricks, and I managed to get one or two up, and then several others came up pretty easily. I then got a spade from the garden and dug the clay that was immediately underneath the bricks. After digging down to about a depth of four spadefuls I came across what appeared to be human remains."

Dew now summoned Dr. Alexander Marsball, a police surgeon, Sir Melville MacNaughten, chief of the Criminal Investigation Department, and other officers to the scene. Continued digging exposed the complete skeletal framework of a human being. Portions of scalp and long hairs still adhered to the skull. Besides the bones, a few hair curlers and some feminine clothing were found.

Without doubt, the bones and rotting flesh were all that remained of Cora Turner Crippen, otherwise known as Belle Elmore.

The grisly cellar find was removed to a mortuary, where the Scotland Yard experts went to work on it. They definitely established that the victim had been female, and that her measurements corresponded to those of Mrs. Crippen. Moreover, they discovered strong indications that death had been caused by poison.

"An entirely logical means of murder for a medical man like Crippen," Dew told Mitchell. "Let's have an immediate survey of all chemists' shops with which the doctor, in behalf of Munyon's, had any dealings."

It was quickly established that there were several such shops. In all but one Crippen's purchases had been of non-poisonous materials. On the records of Lewis and Burrows, however, there was a significant entry dated the 18th of January. The sheet read: "Name and quantity of poison: five grains hyoscin hydrobromide. Purpose for which required: homeopathic preparation. Signature of purchaser: H. H. Crippen."

Dr. W. H. Wilcox, highly skilled scientific analyst employed by Scotland Yard, assisted Dew and Mitchell in going over the ledgers of the various pharmaceutical firms. "There's little doubt in my mind but what this is the poison used to kill Mrs. Crippen," he declared. "It is extremely rare, and so far as I know never has been employed in a murder case before—proof of Dr. Crippen's cunning."

Immediately after the bones were found an alarm had gone out through the British Isles and the Continent giving descriptions of the missing Dr. Crippen and Lisa Montclair and asking for their apprehension. Now something happened that caused Chief Inspector Dew to alter his "wanted" appeal.

Walter Ford came forward to tell how Crippen had sent him out to make the purchases of boy's clothing. "I'm familiar with Miss Montclair, sir," he told Dew, "and if you ask me, those things I bought would be a pretty good fit for her."

As a result of this information, Dew informed British and Continental authorities that Crippen's companion probably was masquerading as a boy.

"You know," Sergeant Mitchell pointed out, "Dr. Crippen came originally from America, and he may be heading back there. Don't you think police on the other side should be alerted?"

"That is being done, both for the States and Canada," the chief inspector said. "I've spent a small fortune in cable tolls. Come to think of it, at this very moment Crippen and Miss Montclair may be on shipboard, and in that case——"

Dew drafted a detailed description of the crime and the missing suspects, and Scotland Yard men took the message around to all the shipping companies for transmission via the wireless to their ships at sea.

Among the vessels whose aerials picked up the bulletin was, of course, the *Montrose*, just a few days out of Antwerp and plodding across the Atlantic toward Quebec. As soon as Captain Fred Kendall read the message handed to him by the wireless operator he snapped his fingers and exclaimed, "The Robinsons! I thought there was something funny about that pair the minute they came aboard!"

The *Montrose* skipper was a man of brimming curiosity who fancied himself as something of an amateur detective. One of the first things he noticed about the Robinsons—Senior and Junior—was that they were continually holding hands. More than once, on a dark part of the deck, he came upon them embracing—rather an unusual behavior for father and son.

Then there was the matter of Junior's figure. The brown tweed suit failed to conceal curves and contours which were undeniably feminine. Junior's voice and handling of knife and fork at the table were decidedly ladylike.

Captain Kendall answered Dew's bulletin with an immediate message. "Keeping couple under observation," he said. "Doing nothing to alarm them."

A promontory called Father Point was the first port of call for the *Montrose* on the American mainland, and it was at this point that the ship picked up a pilot. Checking with marine officials, Chief Inspector Dew found that he could beat the *Montrose* to Father Point if he embarked at once on a faster boat.

It was the 31st of July when a pilot vessel came alongside the *Montrose* off Father Point and Dew climbed the ladder. Kendall escorted him to the Robinson cabin and threw open the door.

"Inspector Dew!" gasped Hawley Harvey Crippen. "This is impossible!"

"Some people still think the wireless is an impossible invention," the Scotland Yard man observed. "Dr. Crippen, you are under arrest for the murder of your wife. And I must hold you, Miss Montclair, as an accessory."

Kendall and the chief inspector made a search of Crippen's effects. He carried no weapons, but there was a scrap of paper in his coat pocket which gave partial indication of his guilt.

"I cannot stand this horror I go through every night any longer," the message read, "and as I see nothing bright ahead, and my money has come to an end, I have made up my mind to jump overboard."

Thanks to Marconi's wireless and the quick action of Chief Inspector Dew, Crippen never had a chance to carry out this threat. He and Lisa Montclair were promptly returned to England to face justice.

The middle-aged doctor went on trial first, in Old Bailey, on October 18th. After three days of testimony it took a jury only 20 minutes to find him guilty as charged, and he was sentenced to be hanged.

Lisa Montclair's trial on charges of being an accessory to the murder resulted in a "not guilty" verdict.

The last act in the drama of Hilldrop Crescent took place at gloomy Pentonville Prison on November 22nd, 1910, when Hawley Harvey Crippen mounted the steps to the gallows and the trap was sprung.

EDITOR'S NOTE:
The name, Lisa Montclair, is fictitious.

DOUBLE DEATH IN THE TRAILER CAMP

(*Continued from page 35*)

body against the side door of the trailer and catapulted inside as the lock broke. He gyrated quickly to avoid falling over the body of a powerfully built man attired in a white shirt and tweed trousers. A blood-encrusted bullet hole stared like a malevolent third eye from his right temple.

A strikingly handsome woman, gowned in a gray dress with canary-yellow stripes, lay on a nearby settee. She appeared fast asleep, with a braceleted left arm flung across her chest, the other arm tucked beneath the flowing black hair. But a bullet hole in her left temple, from which blood had spewed upon the pillow, convinced the detectives that the woman would never awaken.

With shocked trailer park residents ready to provide the needed information, the detectives had little difficulty learning the identity of the dead couple

Despite the fact that the doors and windows had been locked from the inside, the theory of murder and suicide was quickly discarded. There was no sign of a gun anywhere within the trailer. "It's a double murder, nothing else," was Captain Mays' grim decision. "But I have a hunch this trailer is just over the city line. We may be out of our jurisdiction."

An officer, soon dispatched to a nearby firehouse, confirmed the fact that the trailer park was out of the city limits, and in Pittsylvania County. Within a short while Sergeant George Wilson had radioed an alarm to the county seat, 15 miles away, then urged his own dispatcher to locate Dr. H. H. Hammer, the coroner, and have him come to the death scene.

Despite the overpowering odor in the trailer, Sergeant Link, a trained fingerprint expert, set to work. He paid particular attention to the table, on which still reposed three dessert plates containing moldy remnants of cake, and to the smooth plywood paneling on both sides of the entrance.

Sheriff Dabney Hall, Deputy Holland Thomas, Trooper E. B. Archer and Carrington Thompson, brilliant young county prosecutor, arrived. City officers propelled them through a throng of spectators jamming the streets surrounding the trailer lot.

Dr. Hammer arrived and made his preliminary examination with speed. "Both bodies are badly decomposed. I'd say they have been in the trailer for at least four or five days," he informed. "The bullets were fired at close range. There are distinct powder burns around each penetration."

The fact that a third plate was on the table suggested that the slayer had been a guest at the last meal of the murdered couple. But the position of the bodies refuted this. "Mrs. Osterberg apparently had laid down on the couch to rest or to take a catnap before washing the dishes," theorized Sheriff Hall. "But she wouldn't do that if a visitor was present. The husband, obviously, was still at the table. The way I see it, the killer came in the door, shot the man first, then took just one step across the trailer and ripped a bullet into the woman's head before she could make a move."

But Archer, a canny officer of over 20 years' experience, demurred. "I don't know about that, Dabney. If the dinner guest was someone they knew well, she'd lie down without thinking twice. Maybe it was someone the husband knew. Maybe, for instance, someone that had dropped in from one of these." He swept an arm around at the parked trailers.

Even as an orderly interrogation of the trailer park residents was being set in motion, Link soon balanced a disappointing report that he had failed to lift any alien prints in the trailer by revealing that two exploded .32-caliber shells had been found near a wash basin. "Another thing, Dr. Hammer turned over the man's wallet. Except for some cards, not a dollar in it. And from what I've already heard, Osterberg liked to carry around a lot of cash."

By dusk the officers were almost certain that the killer would not be plucked from the trailer park residents. Nearly all of them held down well-paying jobs, and the great percentage of the men were devoted husbands and fathers. Not a one, during the exhaustive interrogation, aroused so much as a flicker of suspicion.

However, a number of unusual facts emerged from the interrogation and the inch-by-inch examination of the trailer. First, not a single one of the trailer park residents recalled hearing the lethal shots, or any other suspicious sound. Secondly, Osterberg, whom they had sized up as a fun-loving, untroubled man, one evening had talked of his experiences as an M. P. during World War II while stationed in Algiers, and had suddenly become morose and serious mannered. "He'd caught a G. I. selling in the black market," a waitress related. "The G. I. knifed Osterberg in the back—he showed me the scar. Bill just about busted his skull open, and the G. I. swore he'd pay for it. Bill said he heard later the guy had died, and it seemed to bother him."

Third, in a narrow closet of the trailer, Sergeant Link found the fortune-telling paraphernalia of the slain woman. Marring the glowing surface of the crystal ball was a thick smudge of blood. Another blood smear was found on the front of a low-cut velvet gown. And, finally, a jewel box lying on top of a shelf and jam-packed with earrings, pendants and bracelets, had been untouched.

As the officials strove to drop these oddly cut facts within the proper niches of the murder puzzle, Captain Mays soon reported that he had found two witnesses with some highly illuminating information. These were two women who occupied the second floor rear apartment over the grocery which the trailer camp operator had, true to her determination, closed and shuttered over a week ago.

"The young woman and her mother were away in the country, and just got back," revealed Captain Mays. "The murders just about floored them, but they remembered a couple of things that will knock you over, too, or I miss my guess."

As Sheriff Hall listened carefully, Mays passed on what he had learned from the rear apartment occupants. He said that over a week ago, the mother had been alone while her

daughter attended a movie with her husband. She had heard sounds of a violent argument coming from the Osterberg trailer. Minutes later Osterberg had dashed up the steps to her apartment and asked to use a phone. "She said he appeared angry and upset. She told him she didn't have a phone. Osterberg went away after apologizing for troubling her. She looked out the window and a man she describes only as well-dressed and stocky in build came out of the trailer. He met Osterberg and they had some more words. She heard the man say, 'This is a helluva way to treat a friend!,' and then he walks off. Osterberg goes back in, and all is quiet."

"And that's all?" demanded Hall, a bit disappointed.

"No, not quite. This past Tuesday, after dark, they heard someone call out, 'Ruth, Ruth!' They look out of the window, and there is the shape of a man standing there. But nobody answers him. Instead, the lights blink off in the trailer. So the fellow walks away again."

Accompanied by Mays, Sheriff Hall hurried to the apartment. Both women promptly confirmed the information of the Danville officer. But despite the almost desperate urgings of the sheriff, they were completely unable to enlarge the vague description previously given to Captain Mays.

"He was short, but with big shoulders, like a football player. That's just about all I can tell you," sighed the mother.

Despite the intriguing development of a mysterious stranger who came twice to visit the Osterbergs and was discouraged on both occasions, Captain Mays leaned to a theory that appeared to be solidly pegged. "The guy had made good money, and he didn't mind carrying it around. So did the woman. We find him with an empty wallet. That adds up to robbery. We'd better start bearing down on a kill-crazy punk, someone who I'd bet has been casing the trailer ever since they pulled in."

Hall quickly agreed that the double slayings could have been the prelude to a plotted robbery. Accordingly, with the Danville city police providing full cooperation, a number of hoodlums and ex-cons, with records stained with past robbery and larceny arrests or convictions, were spilled into the city headquarters throughout the night. Relays of detectives began questioning the suspects. Meanwhile, other detectives and county deputies began canvassing their most dependable stoolies, eager to learn if there had been whispers of a contemplated "score" against a fortune-teller.

The mysterious slayings became a headlined sensation in the state press the following day. Reporters from the larger dailies in Richmond, Washington and Charleston, West Virginia, where the seer had once resided, soon began thronging into the tobacco and textile town. Sensing that the case was tailor-made for eye-catching copy, the reporters soon wafted some sensational accounts to their respective city rooms, including a phony attempt to probe for a frozen image of the killer in the blood-daubed crystal ball of the slain woman.

One of the West Virginia reporters, however, did provide a lead that aroused considerable interest on the part of Sheriff Hall. This was to the effect that Mrs. Osterberg had divorced a man in West Virginia in order to marry the wartime M. P. and steeplejack. "This fellow used to work for a stationery store," he offered, "and was crazy about her. There was talk he planned a court suit against Osterberg for winning Ruth away, but nothing came of it. The point is this—could he have been the one who came to the trailer and told Osterberg, 'This is a helluva way to treat a friend?'"

Hall promptly dispatched Deputy Thomas to the railway center approximately 100 miles to the west. And since the lead appeared to generate a good head of steam, Archer, the state officer, decided to accompany the deputy.

Meanwhile, some of the Danville detectives concentrated on another off-beat possibility—the chance that the soldier who during wartime had borne a bitter hatred for Osterberg had not actually died, but had returned to reap his promised vengeance.

A series of wire and telephone messages were exchanged between the Virginia authorities and Army Intelligence at the Pentagon. Full details were given, but the best the detectives could secure was a promise that the angle would be probed by intelligence agents and a report made "as soon as possible." Since this, conceivably, could mean anywhere from a matter of hours to weeks, the detectives began a parallel move to determine whether anyone had trailed the couple from their last stop in Alabama, or whether anyone had lurked suspiciously on the trailer grounds.

By late afternoon, despite the wide latitude of the probe, not a single, well-defined suspect had been uncovered. A handful of riff-raff, with feeble or non-existent alibis for the murder date, were kept in basement cells as a precautionary measure pending further investigation. The remainder who had been caught up in the dragnet were soon released to the murky waters of sidestreet taverns, dingy rooming houses and hangouts on the Dan River waterfront.

Then, as if to emphasize the wall of negation looming before the baffled officials, Deputy Holland soon called in. "The ex-husband angle is strictly out of line. He's a respected businessman. Didn't have a bit of trouble proving he hasn't been out of West Virginia for the past month. We're coming back."

At a little past 8 P.M. that night Sheriff Hall huddled with the Danville detectives in a skull session at headquarters. With nothing tangible to go on, they once more began an exploration of possibilities. And, as they talked, Hall suddenly became aware of a wavy-haired, ruddy-complexioned man, seemingly in his early 30s, standing at a side entrance listening quietly. He was attired in a pair of slacks and a white shirt, open at the throat. Hall stared at him questioningly, was about to shrug off the intruder as a trusted clerk from either the radio or records room when Link smiled, said to the man. "All right, Jeff, this one is strictly confidential. You'd better move along."

"Sure, Sergeant, but I did want to mention one thing to you. I tried to tell Chaney, and he was busy. You better check and see if those killings weren't done by somebody who got sore at what this Madame Riva said. You know, these fortune-tellers are always giving out advice about money or marriage. Somebody could have gotten sore."

"Okay, Jeff, we'll give it consideration. See you later." As the man turned and walked off, Link laughed a wry apology. "That's Thomas Jefferson Black, a mechanic across the street," he explained to Hall. "Hangs around here quite a bit. He's got a yen to be a cop. Always gives us tips on the toughies. None ever amounted to much."

Hall nodded. "Just the same, it might not be as crazy as it sounds. We could do worse than wring out the possibility that someone actually got into a killing rage because the madame gave the wrong advice to a customer."

A concentration of activity along this channel the following day, Tuesday, soon developed a completely unexpected twist. A pretty brunette of 22 was found after the detectives followed a tip that she had been a customer of Madame Riva's on the Monday preceding the slaying. And this girl told them: "She didn't talk to me about money or marriage, because that's not what I wanted to know. It was about a business school I planned to attend, and the course I intended to follow. But while I was there something strange happened. I was looking into the crystal ball, and all of a sudden there's the figure of a man standing in it. That kind of belted me, and I started to tell her I didn't believe in such tricks. But Madame Riva wasn't even looking at me. She seemed nervous and excited. She said, 'Please, I'm busy now.' I turned around. It was a real man behind me. But he didn't say a word, he just walked off."

Asked for a description, the young woman said she had barely caught a glimpse of him, and that the reflection in the crystal ball had been distorted. "You know, it stretches you if you're short, and makes you big if you're skinny. But when I looked at him walking away from the tent he seemed to be kind of short, not too heavy, with dark-brown hair and dressed either in a dark gray, or blue suit. That's about all I can tell you."

Was the wordless stranger, who suddenly appeared at the fortune-teller's tent, someone she feared? If so, why? More important, who?

From the North Carolina State Police at Ashville, North Carolina, nearly 300 miles to the west, came a report that the newspaper accounts had put them on the trail of a man who had talked and acted suspiciously with a bootlegger. "He first begged, then

threatened the 'legger," a state official revealed. "Said he needed money desperately because he had killed a man and woman in Virginia and wanted to get out of the country. We've got a good line on him, and there's a chance we'll call you back in a very short while."

A little over three hours later—early morning of April 27th—the North Carolina officials telephoned back with stunning news.

An itinerant carnival worker, Otis Mengler, aged 31, had been arrested. After brief questioning, he had confessed to the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Osterberg. He had avoided revealing his precise motive, but had mumbled the fortune-teller once gave him "some rotten advice."

"He's been drinking heavily and we're going to wait awhile before pressing him for further details," the North Carolina official advised.

However, after a succession of telephone conversations, it was arranged for Sheriff Hall, Deputy Holland and Trooper Archer to proceed to Hickory, North Carolina, where the confessed slayer would be turned over to them. The prisoner had already waived extradition proceedings, and indicated a wish to "make a clean breast of those killings."

Arriving in Hickory, the Virginia officials went straight to police headquarters, where they were cordially received by Chief Ed Lentz, a shrewd veteran. And Lentz sent a shaft of icy air spearing down their spines by saying, "He seems to know all the details, how he left the bodies, told us about the dishes on the table. But I caught him in a couple of discrepancies. For instance, he says he caught a Seaboard train out of Danville. There is no such train out of that city. Another thing, when questioned about where Mrs. Osterberg gave him the bad advice during a sitting, he first named Mobile, Alabama, and just a short time later seemed certain it was near Greensboro, North Carolina. Wait, I'll let you size him up."

The confessed slayer was soon led into the chief's office. Hall and Archer exchanged uncertain glances as they caught sight of the bony, one-eyed prisoner. A slender, disheveled scarecrow, attired in a torn windbreaker, khaki shirt and soiled trousers, he favored the officials with a fearful look, then moodily began studying the floor.

But any instinctive doubt that such a timid shell could be a cunning murderer lessened considerably as Hall and Archer plied him with questions. Yes, he admitted, maybe he was mixed up on certain points, but he certainly killed the man and woman. The madame shouldn't have made him mad, saying he ought to forget that girl he had in Bristol, that she would bring him only grief and heartache. In mumbling, monosyllabic tones, he readily agreed to accompany the officers back to Virginia to face trial for the double murder.

The return of Mengler to Danville stirred up a wave of relief in the city. But even as the local newspapers headlined the arrest of the killer, Sheriff Hall felt vaguely dissatisfied. For one thing, he couldn't erase from his mind the way Chief Lentz had kept regarding the prisoner, back at the Hickory headquarters, with a quizzical, boring look of doubt. The chief's canny intuition, when it came to criminals, was almost a legend in the Middle Atlantic area. For another, Mengler declined to give any amplyfying details, but kept parroting his recollection of the way the bodies were left and the motive.

Hall made known his doubts to Captain Mays, and the prisoner was once more brought before the county and city officials. Asked if he would reenact the crime and indicate the route he took to the murder scene and the manner in which he left, Mengler nodded. "Sure, why not?"

But hardly had he voiced his willingness when he plumped himself back in a chair, waved a hand in token of resignation. "I can't do it. Ain't no use me trying to fool you any longer."

"What do you mean?" demanded Captain Mays.

The man spread trembling hands. "I'm really sorry. I'd been drinking, a lot. When those cops down in Carolina took me, I got a crazy notion my girl would sit up and take notice. I didn't mean to trouble you, honestly."

Within a comparatively short time the officials became certain the scarecrow's "confession" was sheer fantasy.

The officials, weary and depressed, conferred as to their next move. During the conference the telephone rang, and Sergeant Link caught the call. The others, waiting patiently, heard vague references to a telephone call that had been previously made, and then Link was thanking the caller, making a parting comment, "Certainly sounds interesting, we'll look into it. What was that number again?" Hastily, he scrawled down a number, again thanked the caller and hung up. The others waited expectantly as he stared for a moment or two at the note. Finally he looked up, said, "That was the manager at the funeral home, a friend of mine. A man called him early today, asked him about the place of burial of Mr. and Mrs. Osterberg. That was a normal enough question. But then this fellow gets real inquisitive—he wants to know about the stage of decomposition and whether any bullets had been found in the bodies. My friend said he didn't know, but if he secured this information, he'd call back. Later on he figured this was police information and called back to suggest it could be gotten from us. But a woman answered. She said she hadn't telephoned and didn't know who had!"

Sheriff Hall frowned, clearly puzzled. "Odd, if nothing more. What was the number?"

"Here it is—3891-W. Let's look it up."

The number proved to be one assigned to a woman residing in suburban Danville. Hall arose, said softly, "Somebody there may be mistaken. Either that, or it was the wrong number. Wouldn't hurt to take a run out there."

Accompanied by Sergeant Link, Hall quickly drove to the listed address. An attractive woman met them at the door. She emphatically denied making the mysterious telephone call.

"Does anyone else live at this address?"

"Yes," the woman nodded. "Jeff. He's a mechanic. He came to board with us a few weeks ago."

"Jeff?" echoed Link. A look of chagrin, mingled with understanding, spun across his face. "You mean, I'll bet, Thomas Jefferson Black," he ventured wearily. "Works down near police headquarters."

The woman appeared surprised by the quick recognition. "Do you know

him? He does work by the police."

Link sighed. "Yes m'am." He knew Thomas Jefferson Black, all right—the would-be sleuth, the budding Sherlock Holmes who had sent them on a wild-goose chase with a curiosity impelled telephone call to a funeral parlor.

Or was it? Had it been simple curiosity—or perhaps the ambitious move of a fledgling detective?

Link, almost convinced this was the simple answer to the strange telephone call, was about to turn away when the woman volunteered, "There is a chance Jeff called the funeral home. He's not here, or I'd ask him. But we were all interested in where Ruth was going to be buried."

"Ruth?" repeated Hall, his eyes widening with quick interest. "You knew Mrs. Osterberg that well?"

She nodded, said sadly, "Yes, indeed. She always dropped by when she was in the Danville area. But she didn't this time, I don't know why. I was terribly shocked when I read of the horrible way she was murdered. I asked Jeff if he'd known she was in town, but he said he didn't until he read of the way she and her husband got killed."

"Did Jeff know Mrs. Osterberg or her husband?" asked Hall.

"Oh, yes. He used to chauffeur for her, before she got married," came the startling response.

For several seconds the officials stood immobile, trying to digest this totally unexpected revelation. Jeff Black, the mechanic, the aspiring detective and headquarters hanger-on, had fantastically enough been a chauffeur to a woman found brutally murdered along with her husband. Why hadn't he mentioned this?

After thanking the woman, the officials hurried back to headquarters. Hall, pacing restlessly in Captain May's office, cautioned against any hasty conclusions. "It could be just a weird coincidence, and nothing more. After all, we've had one character to plague us with a confession that sounded authentic enough, but wasn't. Black could be another of the same stripe."

Archer said, thoughtfully, "Those questions he put to the undertaker, about decomposition and whether the bullets were found. He could have had an honest motive—you know, hoping to give us dumb cops something to work on. On the other hand, his curiosity might have come from something else."

"For example?" prodded Captain Mays.

The state investigator mopped his sweat-dampened face slowly, as if he himself was doubtful the question could be answered with some degree of plausibility. "Bullets recovered from the body of a murder victim can be a dangerous piece of evidence for a killer—if he's been careless enough to keep the gun."

Hall ceased his pacing, twisted around. "Are you trying to give us the high sign that Black could have called the undertaker because he wanted to make a move with a gun—the one that killed the Osterbergs?"

"I would like to answer you in one word—yes. But that was a long ride for Mengler, and I've gotten bashful," was Archer's dry rejoinder.

Hall grimaced. "Let's don't keep seeing spooks because of Mengler. Crackpots like him have balled up many a murder investigation. Black, soft-shoeing around headquarters and questioning the undertaker, seems to be another. But there's still one thing I can't get out of my mind—if he was so willingly to help, why didn't he mention an important fact like knowing the murder victim? Like being her chauffeur before she married?"

This odd omission became a subject of considerable discussion in a conference that lasted past midnight. It finally broke up with the officials deciding that Thomas Jefferson Black was worthy of some undivided attention.

Early the next day city detectives and the county investigators, along with Archer, the state sleuth, plunged in. Moving discreetly, the officials began questioning a number of his friends and acquaintances. In this manner, they stumbled over two quick morsels of information that excited them considerably.

One tip came from a taxi-driver, who said that Black had recently sold a revolver to a bootlegger known in the waterfront hangouts as "Jiggs." The second was to the effect that a respectable housewife residing in the hamlet of Ringold, seven miles east of Danville had once "recommended a Tom Black as chauffeur to a fortune-teller."

While Archer and Link hurried to find the bootlegger named "Jiggs," Sheriff Hall, Captain Mays, and Deputy Thomas raced to Ringold.

The housewife, easily found, appeared dumfounded at the mission of the officers. "What you've heard is true," she confirmed. "I had known Ruth for a long time. She was a wonderful person and I couldn't believe my ears when I heard over the radio she'd been murdered. She would drop by, whenever she came to Danville, which was every year. After she divorced her first husband, she told me she was trying to find someone dependable to drive her car and trailer. I gave her three names of young men just out of service who were looking for jobs. She chose Jeff Black."

"Why did he leave?" asked Sheriff Hall.

Her answer came matter-of-factly. "Well, when she met Bill Osterberg and started going with him, Jeff was getting——" The woman broke off suddenly. A hand leaped to her mouth, as if she suddenly realized she had said the wrong thing.

"How was Jeff getting?" prodded Hall.

She shuddered. "Goodness, this is awful! I don't want to say such things about a person. Why, you might drag him right into this case."

Hall told her, in clipped tones, "I'll be honest with you. Jeff Black is already a suspect in the murder of the Osterbergs!"

Once more the woman shuddered violently. Then she went on, "I shall tell you, and hope for the best. Last October Ruth came through Danville, going to Florida. She told me she had to fire Jeff Black, that when he learned about her plans to marry Bill Osterberg, he made a big scene about it. He told her that he was in love with her himself, and had been for a long time. She tried to persuade him it was just infatuation, but he cried and carried on. I understand that he later met Mr. Osterberg, and they became friendly. But when her fellow was away, Jeff would once more pester her. So she had to discharge him."

The officials stared at the woman in riveted silence. Before them, now,

loomed a provocative picture—the infatuated chauffeur, skimming along Florida, Georgia and Carolina roads, content with his adoration of the magnetic seeress; then the intrusion of Osterberg, the frenzied plea to marry him instead, and finally, when rejected, the festering of resentment into a murderous hate.

Was this, then, the bizarre answer to the double slaying? Was Thomas Jefferson Black the jealousy goaded killer of the statuesque bride and her newly acquired groom?

Less than four hours later the belief that the curtain of mystery surrounding the trailer slaying was falling apart, became an electrifying certainty to the men at the Danville Police Headquarters.

For the bootlegger "Jiggs," quickly found by Archer and Link, led them to a pawnshop operator who surrendered a .32-caliber Smith & Wesson revolver. The bootlegger had given Black $11 for the gun, and promptly pawned it for $20. "It wasn't the money I was after. I just decided I was breaking the law having a gun without a permit," he frankly declared.

An urgent message to the Smith & Wesson Company at Springfield, Massachusetts, soon brought the information that the revolver, carrying the serial number specified in the telegram, had been sold to a hardware company at Freeman, Kentucky, in 1943. And in practically no time the Freeman police telephoned that records of the hardware company revealed the gun had been sold on November 3rd, 1943, to the slain fortune-teller, who had signed for the weapon in the name of her first husband.

"That just about does it," declared Sheriff Hall grimly. "I'm certain that Black knew where she kept the gun, and the probability is that he managed to pilfer it without any trouble. The stocky man that the old woman and her daughter saw on two occasions was Black. That would explain the remark they overheard, 'This is a fine way to treat an old friend.' Osterberg was unquestionably fed up with his attempts to see his wife, and sent him packing. But Black came back the third time and killed them as he found them. They never had a chance."

Black was placed under arrest shortly after dusk that same day, April 28th.

Taken to the Danville headquarters, where he had often discussed crime procedure with the detectives and the police officers, Black appeared little perturbed that the wheel of fortune had taken a full turn, and he was now regarded as a killer.

"The spring fever must have hit all of you guys. I didn't murder anybody, and the whole thing was just bad judgement on my part," he declared.

"What do you mean?" demanded Link, a skilled interrogator who had been selected for the initial questioning.

"I'm talking about the gun," he responded calmly. "I never should have taken it. But sometimes the impulse to do something is overpowering. I took the gun and sold it, all right. Why I did it, I'll never know. They were already dead, and I should have called the police."

He soon enlarged this puzzling statement. Speaking with deliberate and persuasive calm, Black asserted that late Wednesday, April 21st, he had walked to the Osterberg trailer with the intention of visiting the couple.

"I knocked on the trailer door," he related, "and no one answered. I thought maybe they were out for awhile, but would be back. I tried the door, and it was open. I saw them right away. You know how you feel when you see something as terrible as that—you want to run but you can't. You're all nerves and putty. I knew what had happened—Bill had killed Ruth and then shot himself, probably after an argument over me. Right then things got clear for me. I felt that if I reported the deaths, everyone would talk about me. It would even make me look guilty. The gun was lying on the table. I picked it up and walked out. I didn't touch anything else."

"Why were you interested in whether the bullets were recovered, if you were innocent of any wrongdoing?" pressed Link.

Black favored him with a patient smile. "Remember, Sergeant, I've admitted responsibility for taking the gun. You could have tied me to the case with those bullets, just like you're trying to do now. But I was too fond of those people. I'd never kill them. It was murder and suicide, nothing else."

As state newspapers splashed the solution to the strange trailer murders, army intelligence agents reported that the soldier who allegedly had once threatened Osterberg had been found. He admitted a recollection of his affray with the victim, but established an unassailable alibi—on the date of the murder he was serving with an army port unit in Tokyo, Japan, thousands of miles away.

On July 21st, 1948, the accused slayer was placed on trial in the Pittsylvania County Courthouse, at Chatham, Virginia. Commonwealth's Attorney Carrington Thompson had barely concluded presenting a damning array of circumstantial evidence when Black's defense attorneys requested a conference with the prosecutor and the presiding jurist, Judge Kennon C. Whittle.

The crowded courtroom soon became aware of the significance behind the flurry of activity at the bar—Black was discarding his flimsy robe of complete innocence!

A short time later the ex-chauffeur, thwarted suitor and amateur sleuth entered a plea of guilty to murder in the second degree.

Judge Whittle promptly sentenced him to a total of 100 years imprisonment—50 years at hard labor on each of the two murder counts.

Although Black's conviction and the pronouncement of stern punishment brought a formal conclusion to the bizarre case, there was still another odd happening. On the following afternoon, county officials went to a courthouse safe to procure belongings of the slain seeress for shipment to her relatives. Everything was intact except one item—the crystal ball. They found it shattered in a thousand fragments.

Just how it bad broken, no one could explain.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The name, Otis Mengler, is fictitious.

MASTER MAILBAG

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

Jean Liger

TO EACH HIS OWN

"The Frenchman in the story in June MD—*Murder at the Temple Of Love*—certainly was the exception to the rule. I suppose this is another example of the modern blanket characterization of any race, nationality or type. The individual must be judged on his own merits or not at all."

Elise Melchiorre
Omaha, Nebraska

THE BRODERICK STORY

"Glad to read your testimonial to Johnny Broderick, former New York City detective. More cops like two-fisted Broderick might be the answer to the juvenile delinquency problem. It takes fire to fight fire."

Martin Gregory
New York, New York

TIPS TO THE LADIES

"Not too long ago you printed a list of rules the police of New York made up to help ladies take care of themselves. I thought to myself, 'This is news?' On giving further thought to the quite obvious list I decided maybe it was a good idea. So many people read but don't do!"

Nell Stannick
Boise, Idaho

NO CLUE IS A CLUE

"I was intrigued by the police deduction in the murder case they broke, *Just Before She Screamed*, in which Rose Gaylock was slain. Lack of fingerprints on the notes wouldn't mean a thing to me."

Sidney V. Black
Dallas, Texas

Maria Hahn

MANIAC AT LARGE

"How so lovely a girl as Maria Hahn could have been hood-winked by the *Maniac at Large*, Peter Kurten, into a phony elopement is beyond me. Couldn't a gal like that do better than that murderous little punk?"

Gertrude Mason
Gary, Indiana

Rose Gaylock

EDITOR'S CORRECTION:

In the June, 1955, issue of MASTER DETECTIVE the story, *Death of a Hired Killer*, contained a misstatement of fact in the details of the battle between Robles and the police. First reports stated only one detective — Frank Malerba — was protected by a bullet-proof vest, and our story followed this information. Actually, each of the six officers allowed on the floor wore protective vests, by order of Chief Nielson. These vests saved the lives of Lieutenant Dauner and Detective Hefferen, who otherwise would have been hit in vital spots.

—The Editors

REVOLUTIONARY NEW SELF-CONTAINED, COMPLETE SPRAY KIT MAKES PAINTING EASY!

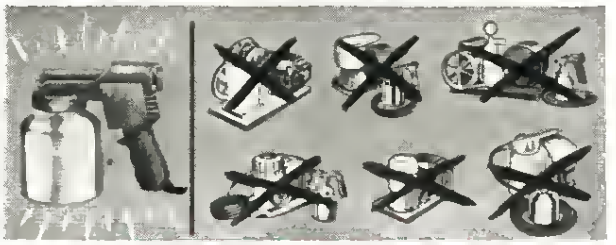
Now Spray Anything In Minutes With Amazing New *Super Jet!*

Nothing To Do But Pull The Trigger! Astonishing New Principle Requires No Air Compressor, No CO_2 Cartridges, No Tank! *Nothing Extra To Buy!*

Simply plug Super Jet into any 110 Volt A.C. electrical outlet and start spraying! The *patented* precision pumping mechanism allows you to spray from *open* or *closed* containers; spray paints, enamels, varnishes, shellacs, lacquers, water, oil, insecticides, fungicides, even water soluble fertilizers! And amazing Super Jet operates as well on a thimbleful or a barrelful of spraying liquid!

All metal Super Jet contains NO BREAKABLE PLASTIC OR GLASS parts! Lightweight and rugged, it sprays as well as professional equipment costing up to *3 times* as much! Unlike cumbersome professional equipment or impractical toy-like spray guns, you can use Super Jet every time you have *anything* to paint or spray. It's so simple to use, so easy to clean. Super Jet pays for itself!

No Special Air Compressors or Extra Motors Needed!



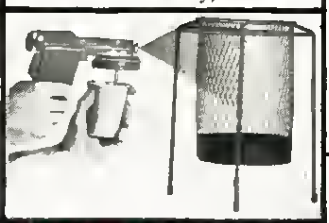
No Spraying Experience Needed To Operate Easy-To-Use SUPER JET!

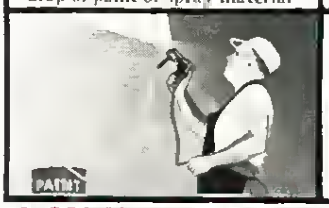
Independent laboratory tests *plus* consumer testimonials show that *Super Jet* is the most versatile spray unit on the market! Super Jet is so rugged, so efficient and economical to use that Army, Navy and Air Corps used them. Thousands in use today in homes and industry. Simple to operate, non-clogging and easy to clean, amazing new Super Jet Spray Kit saves time, work, money!

3 DIFFERENT WAYS TO SPRAY WITH SUPER JET!

AVERAGE JOBS — Aluminum jar holds enough material for average paint jobs . . . chairs, tables, shelves, refrigerators, radiators, storm windows, screens, metal furniture, etc. Also perfect for spraying insecticides, liquid fertilizers, removing wall paper, lubricating tools and machinery, etc

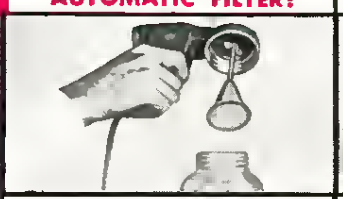
SMALL JOBS — Spray direct from container! Excellent for small spray jobs, painting garden tools, toys, metal grill work, flower pots, lamps, and hobby projects. Also permits spraying deodorizers or disinfectants right from bottle! This feature saves money too. Sprays last drop of paint or spray material!





LARGE JOBS—Super Jet's revolutionary principle permits *continuous* spraying direct from large containers of spray material. Special "long-distance" tubing eliminates refilling. No expensive tanks or compressors to buy! Spray walls, floors, ceilings, gardens, lawns, etc.

AUTOMATIC FILTER!



NO MORE STRAINING!—Super Jet comes equipped with an ingenious, fine screen, metal filter that *automatically strains* paint and spray materials. Dirt, pigments, lumps, paint skin, etc. are automatically filtered out and prevented from clogging the gun!

SELF-CLEANING!

NOTHING TO TAKE APART TO CLEAN!—Super Jet cleans itself. Simply spray solvent through the gun for 20 seconds and Super Jet is clean and ready for another job . . . for a different spray material . . . or for storage! No work! No time wasted!

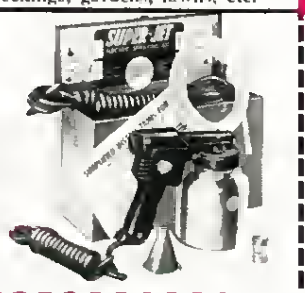
FREE! Mail Coupon TODAY and get *Free* 5-piece pocket Screw Driver Set.

EXTRA BONUS! Send $29.95 in full payment of your SUPER JET SPRAY KIT and receive as extra bonus tool kit pictured! Tempered steel 6 inch wrench, 7 inch pliers, screw driver blades and chuck, complete with carrying case. Not a toy!

A COMPLETE SPRAY KIT! Only $29.95

- NEW SUPER JET SPRAY GUN
- POLISHED ALUMINUM JAR
- AUTOMATIC PAINT STRAINER
- 15 FT. DISTANCE TUBING
- 23 FT. NEOPRENE CORD SET
- SPARE PARTS
- WALL CHART & INSTRUCTIONS
- STEEL CARRYING CASE

PLUS Your Name in 23 KARAT GOLD written on Super Jet Carrying Case



FULLY GUARANTEED! 10 Day Free Trial *plus* 90 Day Guarantee Against Mechanical Defects.

POWER PRODUCTS, INC., 175 E. 87th St., N. Y. C.

MAIL COUPON TODAY FOR 10 DAY FREE TRIAL

POWER PRODUCTS, INC.
Super Jet Division 8-Z
175 E. 87 St., New York 28, N. Y.

Please send amazing new SUPER JET SPRAY KIT. I must be completely satisfied or I may return within 10 days for full refund. I am using payment plan checked below

☐ Enclosed is $29.95 in FULL PAYMENT including postage. Be sure to send my FREE GIFT plus EXTRA BONUS for full payment.

☐ SIMPLIFIED BUDGET PLAN. Enclosed is $3.00. I will pay balance of $26.95 at $1.00 per week plus postage and small credit service charge. (No credit charge if paid within 60 days.) Be sure to send my FREE GIFT!

YOUR NAME will be written in 23 Karat Gold on your kit. *Please Print Carefully.*

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

for more pure pleasure, have a Camel!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

No other cigarette is so rich-tasting yet so mild as Camel

● Certainly one of the great comforts and pleasures of a smoker's life is his—or her—Camel cigarette! Day in, day out, no other cigarette is so rich-tasting, yet so mild! For more pure pleasure, Camels agree with more people than any other brand!

Why not test this yourself? Make your own 30-day Camel Mildness Test. Smoke only Camels for 30 days. We think you'll agree—no other cigarette is so rich-tasting, yet so mild as Camel, year after year America's most popular cigarette!