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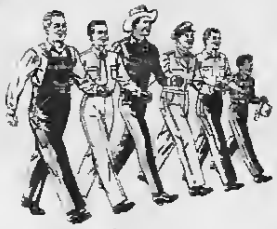

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DECEMBER, 1949

COVER PHOTO BY PAGANO

[Silver fox stole worn by cover girl from I. J. Fox]

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Howard Unruh

A CHAT with the chief

ON A BRIGHT September morning, as the East emerged from a blistering summer, a young man went berserk in Camden, N. J., and shot and killed 12 innocent persons in half as many minutes. Five others were wounded, one fatally, before police overcame 27-year-old Howard Unruh and carted him off to a psychopathic ward for examination.

The slaughter made newspaper headlines from coast to coast. Back and forth the question was bandied, was Unruh sane or crazy? Should he be tried for murder or hospitalized? The sad futility of all argument on this score was that it was immaterial—perhaps even to Unruh—what happened to him. The only possible profit to be reclaimed from the horror of his deadly rampage lay in the discovery of what, if anything, could be done to prevent similar carnage in the future.

Because Unruh, a veteran and a gun fancier, used a war souvenir pistol, one newspaper chain began a campaign to collect and deactivate all such battlefield mementoes. While there is no accurate census of these guns, there are probably at least half a million of them in the country.

In New York, where the well-known Sullivan law more or less effectively keeps firearms out of the possession of all but crooks and cops, a few vets turned in their souvenirs and a few hysterical wives turned in husbands who had such weapons and insisted upon keeping them. But on the whole, the newspaper crusade had about as much practical value as a proposal to drain the Atlantic Ocean to prevent bathing beach drownings.

The second approach to the Unruh tragedy assumed that the young war veteran was mentally ill, a paranoid tormented by the delusion that people were persecuting him. There was evidence to support this theory; Unruh himself explained the massacre as his way of punishing neighbors who "gossiped" about him.

Unruh's outburst paralleled in some degree the rampage last Easter Sunday of George McIntyre, a 24-year-old veteran, in Pullman, Wash.

Like Unruh, McIntyre was a gun col-

(*Continued on page* 48)

Wanted!

MORLEY VERNON KING—Wanted in Los Angeles for murder in 1947. HE IS ARMED AND IS CONSIDERED DANGEROUS. A native of West Virginia, he is 46, 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 210 pounds and has brown hair and eyes and sometimes wears glasses. This man has a high school education and may be found working as a cook, sailor or salesman. In addition to English, King speaks French, Italian and Spanish. He bears a 1-inch scar at tip of right eyebrow and his right leg is shorter than left, causing a slight limp. Fingerprint classification:

8 9 tU 110
5 aU 0II 11

ED LOGAN MOSELEY—Wanted in Mississippi and Tennessee for auto theft in 1948, and in North Carolina for transportation of stolen property, also in 1948. HE IS REPORTEDLY ARMED AND IS CONSIDERED DANGEROUS. He is 35, 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. He works as an electrician, restaurant worker, produce dealer, commission merchant or tenant farmer, and has a pleasing personality. This man usually is accompanied by a woman and children. He bears a scar at edge of right eyebrow, cut scar on left little finger and has large mole on right jaw. Fingerprint classification:

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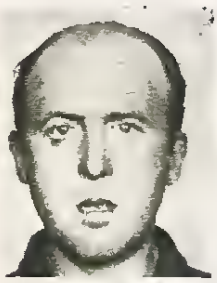


COLE BLISS BLACKBURN—Wanted at Knoxville, Tenn., on charges of receiving and concealing stolen property. Blackburn is 35, 5 feet 6½ inches tall and weighs 170 pounds. He has red hair, thin in front, blue eyes, a ruddy complexion and a medium build. The East Tennessee Bonding Company, 212 West Hill Avenue, Knoxville, offers a reward of $100 for the apprehension of this criminal. Fingerprint classification:

1 rRa 14
1 aR2a 6

Taken into custody by State Patrolmen W. C. O'Lee (second from left) and E. T. Bracey, these two brothers denied their guilt. A horse trader upset their alibi, so they switched to another story. It, too, was found to be without foundation.

"something BIG is breaking"

BY JACK SETTERS

Constable Clarence Reed operated strictly solo. He didn't know he was up against killers.

THERE WAS no way of knowing that the "something big" Constable Clarence Reed of Franklin, Tenn., predicted for the night of January 28, 1944, would be his own murder.

If Reed himself had suspected it, he undoubtedly would have accepted the aid offered him by Williamson County Sheriff Earl Gatlin.

But the Franklin official was a lone Jack who preferred to operate solo and prided himself on the low crime rate in his area.

All Reed would say was that "something big is breaking," on that cold winter night.

"It's foolish to tackle these things alone when you can have all the help you need," Sheriff Gatlin told him in a worried voice. "You know you're welcome to any man I've got."

Reed, sitting across the desk in the sheriff's office, shook his head firmly. "Thanks. But too many of us might scare away the quarry. I'd better take care of it myself." He stood up, adjusted his broad brimmed Stetson and buttoned his overcoat. "If I see I'm going to need

The lawman's words were tragically prophetic.

Sheriff Earl Gatlin sensed danger. He urged his associate to take more men along, but Reed wouldn't listen.

These bloodhounds, with their owner, Jim Marable, were pressed into service, but the scent was lost in a creek.

Fleeing the scene of their crime (X), one killer drove off in his truck and the other raced across fields (right).

The "something big" was a vicious murder . . . the victim was himself

help, there'll be plenty of time to call you."

But he proved a poor prophet. Less than four hours later, at 6:30 P.M., he was dead. Shot in the back with his own pistol!

He lay face down in the dirt at the side of the highway on the outskirts of the small, but fabulously rich, community of Brentwood, midway between Franklin and Nashville. His arms, not yet rigid in death were outstretched and blood seeped from the wounds in his back, staining his gray top coat.

Nearby stood his automobile, angled towards the shoulder of the road. The handbrake was set and the motor was still running.

"It looks," Sheriff Gatlin said, "like he might have cut in front of a car to stop it. I wonder if anyone saw what actually happened?"

W. C. O'Lee, chunky chief of the Middle Tennessee division of the state highway patrol, nodded. "I think the woman who called us saw it all," he replied. "I've sent some men to try and find her. We haven't been able to do much except keep the traffic moving."

Gatlin, who had just arrived, told O'Lee about his earlier conversation with the dead man. "He needed help all right," the sheriff concluded. "Plenty of it. But Clarence wasn't afraid of the Devil himself. He loved nothing better than to walk in single-handed wherever there was trouble."

"This is one time he got more than he bargained for," O'Lee said.

Two state officers came up, bringing with them an attractive woman in her early 30s.

"This is Mrs. Robert Ozborne," one of the troopers said. "She's the lady who called us."

O'Lee turned to the woman. "Tell us everything you saw."

Still shaken by the gruesome scene she had witnessed, the woman rubbed the palms of her hands together nervously, and kept glancing around as though she expected the gunman to strike again at any moment.

She pointed to a small bungalow 60 feet south. "I was inside playing with my two children," she said, "when I heard a siren, then brakes screeching. I saw that car . . ." She indicated Reed's automobile with a wave of one hand. ". . . parked just as it is now. And right about here there was a truck."

"A truck? Are you sure?"

"Certainly. I was scared but not so much that I wouldn't know the difference between a truck and an automobile."

O'Lee nodded. "Go on."

"Well, this man—the one who was shot—came back to the truck and ordered the driver out. They appeared to be arguing and I saw him . . ." She glanced fearfully at the body on the ground. ". . . climb up and look into the bed of the truck."

At the same instant, Mrs. Ozborne continued, the driver snatched Reed down and they began scuffling. A second man piled out of the truck and joined his partner. Together they unarmed the constable and as he raced for cover one of the men shot him down from behind.

O'Lee, sickened by the recital of the cowardly crime, asked, "Can you describe them?"

"I'm not sure. It was getting quite dark and . . ."

"Just do the best you can, please. This could be very important."

Her descriptions were vague.

The driver was dressed in dark clothing and a dark hat, she said. His friend was shorter and wore a jacket, dark trousers and light shirt, open at the collar. Mrs. Ozborne wasn't sure but she thought the latter was the one who fired the shots.

"How about the truck?" O'Lee prodded. "Did you get a good look at it?"

"No, sir," came the disappointing answer. "It was a rather old model and it had a wooden bed. But I didn't see the license number, or anything like that."

"Okay. After the shooting what happened?"

Gunman Left Behind

"The driver of the truck hopped inside and drove off towards Nashville."

The chief's face mirrored surprise. "He left his buddy behind?"

"That's right. The second man ran across the highway and disappeared through that field over there."

And that was all. O'Lee dismissed the woman and wheeled to face Gatlin. "If one of those punks is on foot we might be able to run him down. Maybe we'd better get the bloodhounds here."

"Good idea," Gatlin agreed. He looked at his watch; saw it was 7 o'clock. "We're not more than 30 minutes behind him.

From his patrol car, O'Lee sent radioed descriptions of the two men and the truck to the dispatcher and requested that he call Jim Marable, veteran dog handler at the state prison in West Nashville.

Immediately, the dispatcher's voice began droning through the "mike," strategically locating patrol cars in the area and repeating the meager descriptions.

Officers in Franklin quickly established a road block at the river bridge leading into the city in the event the killers might try to double back. Nashville city police to the north were instructed to keep a sharp lookout for trucks. The Belle Meade police roared in from the west, hoping to cut off the escape of the slayer, thought still to be on foot.

When O'Lee returned to the side of the road, he found the Williamson County coroner completing a cursory examination of the body. "Shot twice," the coroner said. "Both slugs struck him square between the shoulders. He probably never knew what hit him."

After ordering the body removed to a Franklin mortuary, he asked: "Any idea what it was all about?"

Gatlin shook his head. "And we're going to need plenty of luck to find out," he concluded.

The soft dirt on the shoulder of the road gave up only two possible clues: The heavy imprint of a truck tire and several blurred footprints which may or may not have been made by the killers.

Underneath Reed's automobile, searchers found the constable's handcuffs, apparently kicked there during the scuffle. Across the highway, about 50 feet from where the body had lain, they found his leather holster which had been ripped loose from his belt when the slayers snatched his weapon from him.

"Not much to go on," Gatlin declared grudgingly. "No pieces of torn clothing; nothing that might help us identify them even if we catch up with them."

"Maybe the boys checking the highway will turn up something."

One pair of deputies, assigned to this tedious task, did uncover a lead.

At a service station just outside Franklin they located a witness who said he had seen Reed less than 20 minutes before his death. "He pulled up out front and parked," the witness related. "He kept watching traffic and a few minutes later he whipped out of here in a hurry."

"Was he after somebody?" a deputy asked.

"That I wouldn't know. But just before he pulled out a truck went by like a bat out of hell. We thought maybe Reed was

going to drag him in for speeding."

The two officers pricked up their ears at mention of a truck. "Did you recognize it or the driver?"

"I only got a glimpse as it went by," the attendant said. "One of the boys here remarked that it looked a lot like Joe Martin's truck." He paused, looked pleadingly at the officers. "But don't get me involved in this thing. Martin is one of my best customers."

Informed of this lead, Gatlin and O'Lee left Trooper Captain J. J. Jackson in charge at the scene and took off for Joe Martin's trucking farm in the vicinity of Granny White Pike, west of Franklin Road.

Twenty minutes later they pulled up in front of an expensive looking residence near the Davidson-Williamson County line. O'Lee noticed a light in the living room. Moments later the door opened, revealing a short, slender man of about 35, with thinning hair and slightly stooped shoulders.

"Your name Joe Martin?" the chief asked.

"That's right." Then, seeing O'Lee's khaki uniform, he asked, "Is there something wrong?"

"That all depends. You own a truck?"

Martin said he did.

"May we take a look at it?"

"I'm afraid that's impossible right at the moment. I loaned it out this afternoon."

"You're sure you weren't driving it on Franklin Road an hour or so ago?" O'Lee asked.

"Of course I wasn't. I haven't been out of the house all evening. My wife will verify that. What's this all about, anyway?"

The chief told him, adding, "A witness thought he saw Reed chasing your truck just a few minutes before he was killed. We'll have to know to whom you lent that truck."

Martin looked frightened. "Certainly, you will. Although I can't believe either of those boys would get themselves involved in anything like—like murder."

"You let two boys have the truck?" O'Lee said with mounting interest.

"Not exactly," Martin corrected. "I let Charlie Scott borrow it to take a load of timber to Columbia, but I heard him say that Carl Moore was going along to help him load and unload."

Martin had not heard from either of the men since, although he had expected them back long ago.

It appeared that the truck owner was innocent—but Scott and Moore—that was a different story.

What Was In Truck?

Columbia was south of Franklin and in order to reach Martin's place the boys would have had to travel that portion of the highway where Reed had been killed. But what reason would they have for shooting the sheriff?

The investigators were reasonably certain that the constable had been looking for something specific when he examined the truck bed. What did he expect to find hidden there?

After making certain that an ample amount of patrolmen were deployed around the Martin farm to render it impossible for anyone to go in or out without being seen, the state police chief and the sheriff returned to the scene.

Captain Jackson's watch had been without event. A canvass of homes and service stations in the vicinity had yielded nothing.

"How about Reed's widow?" O'Lee suggested. "Maybe she knew what case he was interested in?"

"I doubt it," Gatlin decided. "And, frankly, I've been putting off breaking the

news to her as long as possible. She's going to take this awfully hard. They have four boys, you know; all in the service. It's tough but it's my job to tell her."

A few minutes after Gatlin left, Marable arrived with two bloodhounds. Under careful guidance the dogs soon had the scent and followed it across the highway and into the field where Mrs. Ozborne had last seen the fleeing gunman. Marable and a squad of patrolman were close behind. But an hour later, this lead, too, had played out. On the banks of a small creek, winding snake-like through the district, the dogs lost the trail completely.

Gatlin's errand proved equally futile. The distraught widow knew her husband had been working on what he considered an extremely important case but he had not discussed the details with her.

The only tangible clues, the foot and tire prints, looked like extremely thin fabric on which to build a case.

The tire, it developed, was a popular brand, impossible to trace since it bore no peculiar markings or other distinctive identification.

The footprints had been made by two men, one wearing a size eight shoe and the other a size nine and one-half. There existed a slim possibility that these, if actually left by the killers, could be used later for identification purposes.

But first they had to find the gunmen!

By midnight it appeared that Reed's slayers had slipped through the tightly-knit dragnet. Efforts to locate Scott and Moore were redoubled when it was learned that they had left Columbia as early as 2 P.M. But if they were the slayers, the chances of snagging them now looked slim. Then, just as the second alarm was on its way over the wires, the two suspects were taken into custody as they drove into Martin's driveway.

Hustled off to Franklin, both expressed surprise that they had been the center of a three-county search for nearly eight hours.

"We don't know nothing about no shooting," Scott insisted. "We were right here in Franklin from about 5 o'clock until after 7. Then we drove over to Paragon Mills and visited some friends. We just left there about an hour ago."

"I'm more interested in knowing where you were at precisely 6:30," Gatlin said sharply.

Scott and Moore thought about this. "We were in a cafe right here on the public square," Scott said.

"You can prove it?"

"I think so. I guess they'll remember us."

Despite the hour, Gatlin sent a deputy to bring in the owner of the restaurant. When he arrived, the witness eyed the suspects sleepily. "They were in my place, all right," he said irritably. "I don't remember the exact time but it must've been somewhere about 6:30 because I left at 7."

Both boys, immensely relieved at their narrow escape, were released but told to remain available for further questioning.

Their relief was not felt by O'Lee. "We're right back where we started," he said disconsolately.

"We're going to have to reverse the usual procedure in this case before we get anywhere," Gatlin said.

"I don't get you," O'Lee said.

"I mean first we're going to have to discover what case Reed was working on when he was shot, then solve it ourselves."

O'Lee nodded. "Unfortunately, you're right. But it's a big order. Any idea how we go about it?"

"Our best bet is to center our attention in Reed's home district. Being a constable he was his own boss and I imagine he investigated plenty of complaints and tips that never reached this office."

"It looks to me like we're clutching at straws," O'Lee said.

"It's either grab straws or go under," Gatlin said.

"We'll try it," O'Lee agreed.

They did—with immediate and wholly unexpected results.

Who Was Reed After?

From Mrs. Reed they learned that her husband had been a close personal friend of a storekeeper in his district. He often passed the time there when he wasn't busy elsewhere. The officers were waiting when the groceryman opened at 8 A.M.

Briefly, Gatlin explained their mission, adding, "We thought Reed might have mentioned something about his work to you. It could be the one thing we need to crack this case wide open."

The storekeeper considered thoughtfully, then motioned for the two men to follow him into a back room.

"This might not have any bearing on the murder," he began, "but I know Clarence was dead set on breaking up the moonshiners around here. Fact is, he was getting so close to them that one threatened his life."

Gatlin eyed the informant narrowly. "Are you sure of this?"

"Of course I am. Clarence told me he had heard that Jeff Thomas was gunning for him. Seems Clarence was stopping Jeff's truck every time he saw it and searching it for liquor; he was sure Jeff was hauling rot-gut into Nashville."

The name Jeff Thomas was a familiar one to the sheriff. His office had attempted several times to link Thomas with the illegal liquor traffic but always without success. Had Clarence Reed succeeded where they had failed? And had he been killed because of it?

Gatlin and O'Lee drove out to Thomas' home and entered unannounced.

The thin, sunken-eyed suspect regarded their visit as routine. "Go ahead and search," he invited challengingly. "You won't find no likker here."

"We're looking for something more than whisky," Gatlin retorted. "We're looking for a killer."

Thomas' face went paper-white beneath his thick stubble of beard. "Y—you talking about Clarence Reed?" he asked.

"Who else? Reed finally got enough on you to send you up and you got rid of him." If the sheriff thought his bluff would extract a confession, he was mistaken.

"Look, fellows," Thomas said shakily. "You got this all wrong. I didn't know nothing about Clarence being killed 'til this morning. Honest, I didn't. You got to believe that."

"You threatened his life!" Gatlin reminded. "You can't deny that."

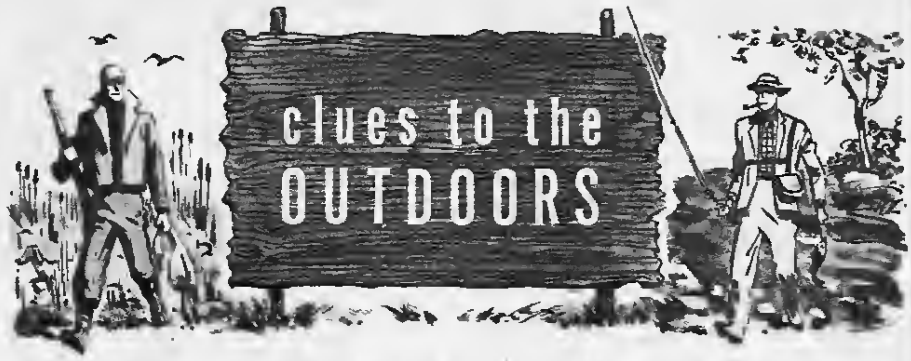
Thomas flinched. "I may have said some things I didn't mean," he whined. "I was sore because he was always accusing me of peddlin' corn likker. But I didn't mean him no harm; I wouldn't kill nobody."

Gatlin wasn't too sure about this. Thomas' reputation was an unsavory one, and he had only the word of an equally suspicious hired hand to substantiate his claim that he was at home at the time of the slaying.

And two men had been involved!

The hired hand was Bob Melton, shorter and younger than his slender employer. O'Lee rounded him up and brought him in, smiling triumphantly. Melton was

(Continued on page 53)



BY RAYMOND R. CAMP

■ NO ONE SEEMS to be able to work out the exact cause of a trend, especially one that influences hunters or fishermen, but a number of people have been wondering what factors were responsible for the sudden desire of hunters to own their own dogs.

During the past two years American sportsmen have been investing in pointers, setters, retrievers and hounds with the same eagerness displayed by the public in stock buying prior to the crash of '29. The man who normally would select a lap dog for his family now buys a setter puppy. The explanation, in some instances, is simple. If you must have a dog, get one that is good for something outside of the house.

This trend is being greeted warmly by breeders, trainers and conservationists, for it means more money to the first, more work to the second, and a brighter wildlife picture to the last.

There is a simpler explanation of the trend, however, and it boils down to an effort to meet competition. The number of hunters has increased tremendously since the war, and the various state conservation agencies have had quite a problem restocking the covers to provide enough game to keep the throngs of hunters even reasonably satisfied. The man who tramps the woods or fields without the help of a dog often returns home without having touched the trigger, but he hears glowing accounts of the game Joe brought home through the efforts of old Spot.

Wandering through the countryside is good exercise, but the man who does it with the idea of bringing home some game for the table too often finds the excursion to be a "hunting" rather than a "shooting" trip. With ten hunters out for every pheasant, grouse or woodcock, some of the sportsmen are sure to be disappointed, but the man with a good dog usually gets more pleasure as well as a heavier bag. The average hunter doesn't have to be hit over the head with a brick to see the point, so when the old dog dies he replaces him with a hunting breed rather than a terrier.

The hunter has a wide variety of breeds to select from these days, for along with the trend came the introduction of at least two dogs seldom found in our covers before the war—the Weimeraner and the Brittany spaniel. In one sense, these two breeds are extremes, the Weimeraner being a big, rangy, smooth-coated dog; the Brittany, a small spaniel with the versatility of a combined pointer-retriever.

Both these dogs are increasing tremendously in number and popularity, and with good reason. Not long ago we spent some time with well-known trainers of both breeds, and it was an interesting experience.

The big objection to the spaniel breeds has been their tendency to "spring" rather than point game. The hunter with the spaniel merely trailed behind the dog, who found the birds and flushed them. If the hunter was alert and had not trailed too far behind, he got a shot. The spaniel retrieved the bird, and the process was repeated. Too often however the dog had not been trained to work close, so many of the birds flushed out of gunshot.

The Brittany, long used in that part of France from which he takes his name, not only was trained to find game, but point it, and was an excellent retriever. Being a small dog, much lighter in build even than a spaniel, as we know them, the breed found instant popularity with the hunter who lived in the city and did not want a big dog cluttering up the apartment.

As a result of its long coat, the Brittany can move through heavy, briar-tangled cover without being torn up, and its stub of a tail does not require medical treatment at the end of a rough trip, as does that of the pointer. What is more, the Brittany is extremely intelligent, easy to train, and makes an excellent house pet out of season.

I hunted woodcock and pheasants over one of these dogs, and later grouse, and I am convinced that this breed is going to be the answer to the prayer of many a grouse enthusiast. The dog worked close in the heavy cover, gave evidence of a really fine nose, and seemed able to get up to within a few feet of a fantail without frightening it into a take-off. Out of 11 grouse found during the course of one morning, the dog flushed only two, and I am satisfied that in neither instance was the flushing due to a mistake by the dog. Both birds were wild, and were in extremely thick cover.

While I have never shot over one of this breed for quail, I have had reports from several friends that were most enthusiastic. They admitted however that the Brittany would not find as many coveys as the fast, wide-ranging pointer or setter, but at least it set a pace that was much easier on the shooter.

The Weimeraner might be described as an over-size version of the German shorthaired pointer, although it is entirely different in color and much longer in the leg and body. This description, I'm afraid, has a lot in common with the old saw: "I have a suit like that, except mine is blue, has a stripe and is double-breasted." Anyway, both breeds have short tails, so I'm partially correct. Also, I thought their methods of hunting had much in common.

The trainer with whom I hunted admitted that the Weimeraner was inclined to be rather hard-headed, in some instances revealing stubbornness that was rivaled only by the bulldog. But when it comes to covering ground, exhibiting real bird sense, providing stylish points, and retrieving, this breed (*Continued on page 63*)

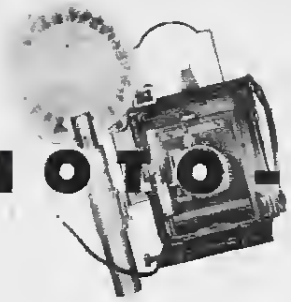


PHOTO-FLASHES

BY ROSS MADDEN

A FRIEND of mine recently made a tour of the country, to look at the darkrooms of well known professional and amateur photographers and to get their ideas on the equipment and facilities needed to make good prints. He had been commissioned by a large corporation to design a series of small laboratories for it. The company didn't care about the costs involved, but it did want efficient, cheerful workrooms—setups that would wear well, and still be efficient several years hence.

Tbe first step, my friend concluded, was to talk with good workmen in their own places. He wanted to see how good pbotographers and printers arranged their darkrooms, and to learn what equipment they liked, how much space they thought was necessary, whether they had individually worked out little shortcuts or special techniques that might be incorporated into these "ideal" darkrooms, and where they found difficulty in getting good work out fast.

Since any professional worth his salt will readily admit that much of the best photograpby, and certainly about the most exciting pictorial work, comes from the amateurs in the country, plenty of modestly outfitted amateur darkrooms came under scrutiny during this tour.

The first few dozen darkrooms left my friend a little dazed! A lot of fine work was being done in coalbins, or in apartment batbrooms. For every pbotographer ensconced in a deluxe darkroom, he found 50 others happily turning out prints in improvised cubbyholes. Lots of these didn't even have running water. Some darkrooms were almost bare, so rigidly were they confined to essentials. Others were a complete chaos of abandoned gadgets, half-completed home-made accessories and unlabeled bottles.

Some fellows liked to work from left to right. Others liked to go just the other way. They all agreed that a big darkroom was a time waster. But there was a great difference of opinion as to whether it should be "straight line" or a turn-around setup—with the developing trays behind you when you are at the enlarger.

Striking an average with all these conflicting ideas just didn't seem possible. To make it worse, a lot of photographers in the fancy places weren't using many of tbe so-called conveniences they bad.

Almost any place will do for a darkroom. But a good enlarger is a must

It was only after watching scores of these people at work, often under the pressure of a rush job, that a basic darkroom plan evolved. While the floor plan, wiring, space allocation, and other architectural details are of almost no value to most of us who have to make the best of what we have, my friend's equipment summary is worth noting.

Incidentally, we are concerned with the making of prints only in this outline, and will not include the tanks and reels or hangers that negative processing calls for.

A good enlarger is the most important and most expensive item. A fantastic number of almost useless enlargers have been sold. Many of these are still on the market, and buying one of them will save you nothing. A good enlarger, like a good automobile, is a pleasure to use, does its job, and still has some resale or trade-in value. If I had to make a choice, I would buy the best enlarger and get along with a

very inexpensive camera, rather than trying to make any savings on the enlarger. When you buy or exchange your present machine, compare it carefully in every way with one of the well known and dependable products such as the Simmons Omega or the Kodak Precision.

I have been in dozens of darkrooms and seen more than the price of a good projection printer, or enlarger, wasted in almost useless items such as dodging screens and the like. A dollar here and two there, and you've soon cluttered up the place with gadgets that will not make up for your enlarger's faults.

Next, you'll want a good safelight. The best bet is an indirect type, using an 8x10 safelight. You can easily make the box to hold the lamps, from box wood, so you will only have to purchase the glass safelight. This should be suitable for enlarging paper. It is easy to get used to working under this light even when doing contact printing. Most of your negative developing will be done in the dark, so no other light is actually needed.

Three trays are the minimum. Four would be better, but certainly the last one can wait. Most practical seems the combination of one 8x10 and two of 11x14 size. Pans from the dime store are good enough for washing trays. If you want to make occasional 16x20 inch prints, you can see-saw them nicely in the 11x14 trays. For short runs of smaller prints, use the 8x10 tray for developer

Three gallon-size solution bottles come next. It is economical to buy and mix paper developer in this size, even though you do not use it too rapidly. Most commercial developers, like Dektol, will keep for two or three months. The solution will get a little brown or yellow, but seems to work fine.

An enamel or glass graduate comes next. This is a dime store item. It should be either 16 or 32-ounce size.

A thermometer is really a necessity, but you probably already have that for negative developing. In addition to the standard timer, used for negative developing, some sort of clock with a sweep hand is of great value. Electric clocks are on the market now with price tags that aren't a bit hard to take.

With your enlarger should come an easel. There are many types on the market, so it is just a question of what price and what size.

A growing number of critical professional people are switching over to papers like Varigam, the Defender paper which will handle all contrasts of negatives. All you need is one box of paper in each size and a set of filters, and you are ready to handle almost any negative that you make

So much for the essentials. With the items listed above, and a dark corner, you can start to turn out beautiful enlargements. If you already have this equipment and are not getting good results, or the darkroom seems to take away too much time, better look it over and make sure you haven't too many labor saving devices.

Now, let's look at a few additional items which will be useful

An interval timer will save its cost in paper. and would be my first purchase after getting the essential equipment. Good ones are on the market for around $10.

An extra, small safelight that you can swing over the tray for close inspection of prints as they develop up, comes in mighty handy. A few bits of wire, tufts of cotton, a sheet of glass (8x10 or 11x14) and a few cardboards like those the laundry sticks in shirts will take care of your dodging and shading problem. You needn't spend money for such items.

An easy way to brighten an unfinished part of the basement is to nail pieces of cardboard, from big packing boxes, to the walls or joints. If you have trouble keeping the place warm, or cool, some rock wool packed in behind these cardboards will help a lot. The cardboard will take water paint, and an afternoon and a dollar's worth of such paint will make your evenings a lot more productive and cheerful.

Larger trays, for washing pictures, or for occasional big pictures, can be made from plywood. Several coats of liquid stainless steel, a fine new plastic paint developed just for darkrooms. or the good old black tar paint, will make a durable tray that is water and chemical proof, at least enough for all practical needs. Plastic and enamelware from the dime store will take care of any minor needs in such containers

A blotter roll, or a dozen or two of good photo blotters, will be very useful for drying matte prints A couple of ferrotype tins will be worth the investment. However, remember that you can get a very fine semi-gloss paper, especially in the all-contrast Varigam, that is brilliant

(*Continued on page 56*)

A terrified woman was at the wheel of the speeding car. With her were Death's disciples!

Eloise recoiled when the rider next to her grabbed the wheel. His pal, pulling a gun, snapped, "Froggie will take over!"

ride to her doom

BY HUGH V. HADDOCK

PRETTY ELOISE TWITCHELL sensed a subtle change in the manner of the two men who rode beside her. As she headed her new sedan north out of the little East Texas town of Kountze, their air of friendliness began to fade. Now, with the sun well behind the gaunt pines edging the highway, the woman was gripped by a feeling of impending danger.

The man with the mocking smile leaned against the right hand door. His companion sat upright in the middle of the seat. He had moved closer now—too close. Mrs. Twitchell felt the insistent pressure of his arm through the sleeve of her sheer blouse. Frightened, she tried to

draw farther away from the passenger.

"I'll remind you again," she snapped, "that I'm a married woman."

She tried to conceal the quaver in her voice, but her knees trembled when both men laughed derisively.

Mrs. Twitchell's eyes flashed to the rear-view mirror. Her hands tightened in terror on the steering wheel as she saw that the three of them had the highway to themselves. Not a car was in sight in either direction. The speedometer needle climbed toward 60 as her foot pressed the accelerator.

The man by the door glanced knowingly at the speedometer.

"Okay, honey," he said easily after a couple of minutes. "You can slow down and let us out at this sideroad ahead. I just remembered some kinfolks around here that I want to visit."

Suppressing a gasp of relief, Mrs Twitchell braked the car and swung out onto the shoulder. Suddenly the man next to her seized the wheel. Before she could protest, his companion whipped out a black automatic and pointed it at her.

"Froggie will take over now!" he snarled. "Get out and change seats with him!"

It took a moment for Eloise Twitchell to realize what was happening. Then, numb with terror, she obeyed.

"What are you going to do with me?" she asked, her voice trembling.

"You?" The man with the gun leered. "We'll think up something, baby!" He slowly patted the automatic with his left hand. . . .

Chief Artie Pollock of the Beaumont, Tex., police department received a telephone call from the Tyler County sheriff's office at Woodville at 2 P.M., Wednesday, September 29, 1948, notifying him that Mrs. Twitchell had disappeared while on a trip to Beaumont.

The missing woman, the Woodville sheriff reported, was 32 years old, attractive, and the mother of a 3-year-old daughter. Her husband, a merchant mariner, was at sea. She and the child lived with her mother, Mrs. Dolly Sturlock, at the village of Colmesneil, 65 miles north of Beaumont and a dozen miles north of Woodville

"Mrs. Twitchell was expecting her husband back in port soon," the Woodville officer continued. "Monday morning she left the baby with Mrs. Sturlock and drove to Beaumont, hoping to find an apartment. She told her mother that she'd be home last night, but she didn't return or telephone."

Pollock's mind raced back over other reports of missing women and the sordid facts some of the investigations had revealed.

"How long has her husband been at sea?" he asked.

"Several months," the sheriff said. "I haven't uncovered any information that she might have had a boy friend. All I know is that from last reports she was alone and driving a 1948 Kaiser sedan." He read the license and engine numbers while Pollock jotted them down. "We've asked the rangers and the highway patrol to put out a statewide pickup for the machine," he added.

"Have you considered that a hitchhiker may have murdered her for the car?" Pollock suggested.

"That's one possibility," the Wood-

This brightly flowered scorf, found clinging to o bush, helped lead officers to the murder victim's body.

The cose wos clinched when sleuths, using o mine detector, locoted the broken death gun at the crime scene.

Eloise Twitchell made o mysterious phone coll before leaving Beaumont. Was it connected with her murder?

Topnotch police work effected the orrest of Dorius Goleman (right), who identified his crime portner.

Curious spectators examine Mrs. Twitchell's automobile after its recovery in a quiet Houston suburb. The gunmen had planned to use the car in the robbery of a bank.

Any doubts as to the missing woman's fate were dispelled when three youths discovered her body near a lonely road. An officer points to spot (X) where the corpse was found.

ville officer responded. "Mrs. Twitchell used to live in Beaumont and I've picked up the name of a friend you might question—a Mrs. Lillian Cole, Mrs. Twitchell's former landlady. She may be able to steer you."

The Woodville officer was not even sure that Mrs. Twitchell had arrived in Beaumont, but Pollock sent two detectives to interview Mrs. Cole. She quickly established that fact. The young woman, Mrs. Cole said, had arrived at Beaumont and had been in excellent spirits when she last saw her at 4 P.M. on Tuesday, September 28. She was planning to return home that evening.

A Date For Dinner

Mrs. Twitchell, her former landlady continued, had telephoned elatedly just before dinner on the evening of September 27 to say that she had been lucky enough to find an apartment on her first day back in Beaumont. She declined an invitation to dinner, saying that she was to dine with Justin Marr, a friend of both her and her husband. Then, the next morning, she came to the Cole home about 10:30 and remained for lunch, visiting until time to leave for home.

Probing for some key to Mrs. Twitchell's disappearance, the officers questioned Mrs. Cole closely about her conversation with her former tenant. But apart from describing her search for an apartment and a rather offhand mention of an evening spent in Justin Marr's company, Mrs. Twitchell had given no clue to her movements after arriving in Beaumont nor to the people she might have met. Mrs. Cole declared the woman appeared not to have anything on her mind beyond hurrying home in order to move as soon as possible.

Wondering if Mrs. Twitchell might have changed her plans at the last moment and remained in Beaumont, the two officers obtained from Mrs. Cole a partial list of the missing woman's friends in the city. The landlady also gave them the neighborhood of Mrs. Twitchell's new apartment, although she could not supply the exact address. Then she recalled that Mrs. Twitchell had planned one more stop before leaving town, a brief visit with Mrs. Mary Blais, who operated a boarding house a few blocks away.

Driving to the Blais house, the officers found that Mrs. Twitchell's visit there had been as puzzling as it was brief. After saying that she was leaving town immediately but would return in a few days, the young woman made three telephone calls, then left about 4:30 P.M.

Busy with other matters, Mrs. Blais paid scant attention to the calls or Eloise Twitchell's end of the conversations.

"All I know," she told the two officers, "is that she told somebody, 'I'll drive past and pick you up in just a few minutes.' "

At police headquarters an hour later Chief Pollock listened uneasily to his officers' report. A check with three more of Eloise Twitchell's friends revealed that, while she apparently remained faithful to her husband, she was no recluse during the time he was at sea.

"Wonder who she planned to pick up in Beaumont," he puzzled.

One of the detectives squinted at the end of his cigarette. "Ever hear of Arch McAllen?" he asked.

Pollock hadn't. "A friend of Mrs. Twitchell's?" he asked.

"They say she's been out with him a couple of times," the officer replied. "The chances are that he doesn't figure, but we learned that his home's up around Kountze, right on the road to Colmesneil. What's more, our informants say the guy hitchhikes back and forth quite a bit."

Pollock scowled reflectively. If Eloise Twitchell was dead, McAllen wouldn't dare bring her car back to Beaumont. Then what would be his angle? Jealousy? Time enough to answer that question when they were sure something had happened to the woman. The chief glanced at the clock.

"Turn your information over to the night shift," he ordered his aides. "Tell the night captain to keep an eye on the taverns. At the same time, tell him not to pass up any other bets. I want him to keep checking with her friends and to run down every possible lead."

The Beaumont police found no trace of Eloise Twitchell that night in any of the taverns or night clubs, but they did uncover (*Continued on page 57*)

A public appeal issued by Police Chief Artie Pollock brought in descriptions of a pair of suspects.

Deputy W. W. Whitaker (left) and Ranger Dick Holliday came across the murderers' trail in a tavern.

BY ROBERT JAMES GREEN

"I'd do it all again!" was the bitter avowal of this convicted killer.

too many men— and the Playgirl died!

THE BOISTEROUS, saloon-studded stretch along the water-front in Long Beach, Cal., was not known for its peace-loving citizens nor its monotonous routine. Swollen jaws, blackened eyes and broken heads were common sights among the sailors and burly longshoremen who gathered here for their leisure hours and settled their arguments in the only fashion known to them. Emergency calls from this neighborhood were no rarity to police, but not often was the trouble of serious consequence.

Desk Sergeant Wilburn Woodruff received such a call on the evening of September 19, 1948. It was a woman's voice, high and tight with emotion. "I think there's something wrong at 831 Seaside Avenue," she said. "The door is locked, but I'm sure I heard someone moaning inside. It's Tent 15."

Woodruff knew the area, a veritable city of tents built close to the beach front, with board walls and screens for windows, each unit a two-room dwelling. Detective Inspectors Frank Welch and C. C. Sullens were detailed to investigate.

The door of No. 15 was firmly padlocked on the outside, but Welch, walking around to the rear, was able to pry up a screen far enough to peer into the darkened room. He could make out a rumpled bed, piled high with bedding. Then he saw what was unmistakably a woman's bare foot protruding from the covers.

Ripping a larger hole in the screen, he reached in, grabbed one corner of a sheet, and pulled. The covers came away to reveal a woman's face discolored by bruises, the eyes swollen shut. She lay very still.

"There's a woman inside," he called to Sullens. "I think she's been murdered."

Together the two officers forced open the door and walked into the bedroom where Welch removed the rest of the blankets. Underneath lay the nude body of a slender, dark-haired woman of about 40. Half of a brassiere clung to one bare shoulder.

Automatically Sullens reached for her pulse, but he knew the gesture was futile. "She's been dead some time," he said presently. "I'll phone headquarters."

While Sullens was gone, Welch studied his surroundings. Neither of the two rooms was large and both were sparsely furnished. In the litter of cosmetic jars and bottles that covered the dresser top, stood a picture of a laughing brunette. The detective could see it resembled the dead woman. On the back, in feminine hand, was written, "Eddie Mae Reed."

He walked into the tiny kitchen, which was clean and neat and seemed to have been used very little. There was no evidence that the place had been ransacked and Welch, who had not seriously considered robbery from the beginning, wholly discarded this theory after completing his tour of the modest dwelling.

"They're sending an ambulance and lab men," Sullens announced on his

Love was only shore-leave long to the girls who met the boats. But it meant something more to one sailor. And he was the one who chose Eddis for "his woman"

Like a capricious butterfly, she brushed wings daily with disaster. But then came a final and tragic hour of reckoning. (Photo posed by professional model)

Through a hole in the screen of a tent, Detective Insepector F. P. Welch saw o gruesome sight.

Witnesses helped Inspectars H. P. Finch (left) ond J. A. Thiele decide they were ofter o seoman.

This padlocked cabin, No. 15 in o Lang Beach, Col., settlement known as Tent City, was the scene of the ofternoan murder.

Vivacious Eddis Moe Reed had a premonition af donger. She even wanted to leave town. But she was at home when her slayer orrived.

return. "This fellow," he indicated a man who had followed him in the door, "says he knows the victim."

The newcomer, a maintenance man from an apartment building across the street, said he had known Mrs. Reed for five years.

"Where's her husband?" Welch asked.

Jack Reed, he was told, lived someplace in the city, but the couple had been separated for nearly a year and were planning a divorce

"Any idea who'd do this?" Sullans asked, motioning to the body on the bed.

The maintenance man shook his head. "Eddis was a popular woman. She was out with a different man nearly every night. Did a lot of drinking, I guess. But recently she's been in poor health. And this . . ." he shuddered at the sight of his dead friend. "I don't know who'd do anything like that."

He had chatted with Mrs. Reed on several occasions, he admitted, but she was pretty tight-lipped about her personal life and, although he had seen her with men friends on the street and had seen a number of them enter and leave her home, she had never mentioned them by name.

"She was afraid of something, though," the informant said with new emphasis. "She was trying to get some woman to live with her because she didn't want to stay here alone. But she never said why."

With the arrival of the ambulance and more police officers, the tent city was transformed into a bustling community. Deputy Coroner Philip, after a brief examination, said: "She took a terrific beating . . . looks like a skull fracture. too."

"How long has she been dead?" asked Welch.

"Two or three hours," the coroner replied

Laoks Like Fist Work

The laboratory men photographed the body and scene, then they went over the place for fingerprints. Detective Welch. whose search for a murder weapon had been to no avail, was sure the beating was the work of fists.

The body was removed to the county morgue in Los Angeles, 25 miles to the north, and the detectives got busy questioning Mrs. Reed's neighbors, many of whom had gathered inside the tent and were talking in hushed tones

One of these was a woman who managed a group of swank beach apartments She had known the victim for 18 months, and agreed that Mrs. Reed had been a heavy drinker and had many men visitors. "Quite a playgirl," the detectives were informed

At 2:30 that afternoon, the woman saw the victim briefly in front of her cottage. She was wearing a pink bathrobe. "About 4:30," the manager continued, "I saw a man leave her place He was tall and thin and had black hair. I didn't pay much attention to him, but I remember he walked with kind of a rolling swagger."

The detectives found another woman who saw this same man but, previous to that, at 3 o'clock. she noted a heavy-set man go into Mrs. Reed's tent. He was still there when the second man arrived and the latter waited outside until the first man left.

A man, living in a basement room in an adjacent apartment, was an eyewitness to something entirely different. He said that at approximately 2:45 P.M. a woman knocked at the door of the Reed tent, then entered. Five minutes later she came out again.

"She was dressed in a white uniform," he said, "like a nurse or a waitress. mayhe. She was a blonde."

Just after 5 o'clock the woman returned. She started to knock, then walked completely around the tent, as if puzzled, and left hurriedly.

"Probably the woman who called the police station," Welch said. "Anybody know who she was?"

"No," said one woman, "but there's a beauty shop in the next block. And a restaurant near there, too. They wear white uniforms in both."

The police lab men, finished with their immediate work, had found several fingerprints, but these would have to be sorted. In the kitchen they had come across a damp towel, blood-streaked as if the killer had washed his hands. The metal bed frame, too, was bloodstained.

Welch and Sullans, going through the murdered woman's personal effects for some trace of her male acquaintances, found no letters nor diary that revealed their names, but in one book was a reference to her husband, and with it

his address. This would be their first stop.

As they emerged from the tent-cabin, a woman came up to them. "I just heard about Mrs. Reed," she said breathlessly. "I was sure something was wrong."

"What do you mean?" asked Welch.

"I phoned the police because I thought I heard moaning in there. Just to think, she was here, all the time. Poor kid."

"Tell us what you know," the detective invited.

The woman said she was a beauty operator in a nearby shop. "Eddis had an appointment for a permanent at 2 o'clock," she explained. "When she didn't show up, I walked over to see why. She said she was just too upset."

"Upset about what?" Welch prodded.

"She didn't say, but she was very nervous and seemed afraid of something. She mentioned leaving the city. We talked a few minutes and she said she'd be over in half an hour."

"She didn't come?"

"No. So when I got through work, I walked by again. I started to knock, but I saw the door padlocked. Then I thought I heard a moan, as if somebody was hurt. I could hardly believe it, because the door was locked on the outside. But I remembered how upset she was, and I decided to call the police."

"A good thing you did," said Welch. "Have you any idea who killed her? Ever hear her mention any men by name?"

But the operator could give no more information. Mrs. Reed had been a customer of hers for over two months, but she was always reluctant to discuss her personal life.

At this point Detective Inspectors James Thiele and Harry Finch arrived, summoned by Detective Captain Loren Martin to take over the weird case. Both were experienced homicide men and together had solved several baffling murders.

While Welch and Sullans outlined what they had been able to learn, the two detectives made a thorough examination of the tent interior. Finch pocketed the victim's picture for future use in identification.

Advised of the two male callers the victim had that afternoon, both investigators dismissed the heavy-set man who had arrived first as a possible suspect. "If he had killed the woman," Thiele said, "the second man would have lit out after him fast when he found the body. Or at least would have called the police. No. It's the second fellow we want. He's the one who padlocked the door, apparently. That wasn't the work of an innocent visitor."

Sailor Suspected

"You say he walked with a rolling gait?" Finch mused. "Sounds like a sailor."

But the officers knew that singling out one tall, dark sailor in that California sea town would be an impossible job.

"Better talk to the husband first," Thiele suggested. "He may know who some of his wife's friends were even if he wasn't seeing her any more."

Reed was shocked at the news of his estranged wife's tragic death, but he was unable to provide the names of any suspects. "She always had callers, lots of them," he said, "even when we were living together. That's why I left. But I couldn't tell you the names of any of them."

He was able to give a satisfactory account of his whereabouts at the murder hour and was summarily cleared of all suspicion.

"So now we've got a tall, dark man, probably quite strong, if the beating

(*Continued on page 46*)

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY ASKS

What do you know about the law?

BY CHARLES R. ROSENBERG, JR.
(Attorney-at-law)

■ "YOU ARE required to accept that without proof," the judge told the jury at a recent criminal trial.

That statement sounds contrary to the whole idea of trial by jury, doesn't it? Yet the judge was right, for he was referring to a so-called "presumption of law." Actually, presumptions are conclusions which the law says the jury must accept without proof.

The best known presumption of law is the presumption of the innocence of the accused. With no proof at all he is presumed to be innocent, and that presumption stays on his side until it is overcome by evidence that he is guilty beyond a reasonable doubt.

That is only one of many presumptions that may arise in the course of a trial, and the force of a single presumption may determine the final outcome of the case.

The courts are careful to point out that a presumption of law is something quite different from an inference of fact. In any trial the facts of the case are presented through the testimony of witnesses and other evidence. The jury, on the basis of experience, common sense and its own reasoning power, is free to draw whatever inferences it thinks proper from the facts before it.

Where a presumption of law is applicable, however, the jury is compelled to draw a stipulated conclusion either from no proof or from proof of a certain fact. For example, without proof of any kind, the jury must presume that the accused knew the law when he committed the criminal act. That's a conclusion of law, and no other conclusion or inference is permissible.

In one case the marriage of the accused was an important point. A certified copy of the marriage record was introduced showing that the ceremony was performed by a qualified magistrate. From this evidence the jury was required to presume that the marriage was properly and legally performed. That's because there's a presumption of law that the acts of public officials are legally and validly performed. Proof of the performance of the marriage by a qualified official raised the presumption of legality and regularity. No further evidence was needed.

Some presumptions are conclusive, others rebuttable. The presumption that the accused knows the law, for instance, is conclusive, meaning that he can't overcome it by proof that, actually, he didn't know it. On the other hand, the presumption of innocence is rebuttable; it can be overthrown by evidence of guilt.

A conclusive presumption is one that the jury must accept regardless of the conditions and circumstances. A rebuttable presumption need be accepted only until the evidence convinces the jury that it isn't true in the particular case. When something is "presumed" in ordinary dealings, it's taken for granted, and that's what presumptions of law really amount to. But here are some questions dealing with this legal device. Can you answer them?

1. At Markham's trial for embezzlement his attorney told the jury that the law presumed that Markham was a person of good character. Is that right?

2. In a burglary case the defense attorney moved for a dismissal of the charge on the ground that the state hadn't proved that the accused was physically capable of committing the crime. Should the case be dismissed?

3. As a prank Poole threw a pack of lighted firecrackers into a open window. A cotton bedspread caught fire and an infant was burned to death. At his trial for manslaughter Poole contended that he had no criminal intent and never thought his prank would hurt anyone. Should the manslaughter charge be thrown out for lack of criminal intent?

4. When Reilly was arrested for selling certain merchandise without a license, he proved he was new in the state, had never heard of the license law, and that no such law existed in the state where he formerly lived. Is that a good defense, if true?

5. Bader was tried for a murder committed in such a brutal manner as to suggest that it was the work of a maniac. At the close of the state's testimony

(*Continued on page 52*)

CASE OF THE hungry killer

BY PHILIP BONETT

IT SHOULDN'T TAKE a man a week to find a suitable pet for his wife, Robert Spindle mused as he leaned from the window of his car and stared up at the combination electrical shop and home of his brother, Frank. The building was set a dozen yards back from Highway 17, the coastal route that winds from historic Fredericksburg to Newport News, Va.

On this morning of March 11, 1949, the place looked exceptionally lonely, though Robert Spindle had never favored the location. He had tried to talk Frank into getting a place in Richmond or nearby Tappahannock, but his brother wasn't interested. "I'm marrying a girl who's just as fed up with cities and people as I am," Frank explained. "I can get this place cheap and make a good living here."

And he had been as good as his word. He married Helen McCalliard, a pretty brunette from Asheville, N. C., returned her to Virginia and, as a skilled welder and electrician, soon built up a thriving business in the shop, while Helen turned the upper flat into neat, attractive living quarters.

Fourteen months after the wedding, the couple was still as peacefully happy as on the day of the marriage and recently had announced their intentions of going to Maryland to find a dog for Helen. But that was a week ago. Frank should be home, by now. "Guess I'm just looking for trouble," Robert muttered as he threw his car into gear and pulled away from the clay yard. "They're probably having a fling in Baltimore."

When he returned to the store and filling station which he operated just three miles north of Frank's place, he was told by a clerk that the state police had called from Tappahannock.

"It was Trooper Dick Blackburn," the clerk told him. "Says it's important."

"When did you see your brother last?" Blackburn asked after Spindle put through the call.

"Over a week ago. Helen's dog got killed on the highway, and they went to Maryland to buy her another one."

"Did you see them leave?" persisted Blackburn.

"I notice a lot of things," a schoolgirl told the cops. She set them on an old suitor's trail

Dorothy Mae identified a hat and fur piece as her aunt's. To the officer she listed several missing items. (Photo posed for unidentified model.)

This torn window screen and a broken pane suggested a hasty robbery. Were they the plants of a scheming murderer?

Robert Spindle, brother of one of the victims, points to the faint bloodstains on the seat of the getaway car that informed police of the tragedy.

In the bedroom (arrow) of this combination electrical shop and home, a stealthy killer took advantage of a kindness to slay his benefactors.

"No," Spindle replied. "Why, what's up? Have they been in an accident?"

"We just got a call from the sheriff's office at Asheville, N. C.," the trooper explained. "They found a red Studebaker sedan abandoned just outside the city, with the ignition wires cut and then assembled to make contact without a key. There are bloodstains on the front seat. They asked us for a tracer on the license plate, and it's registered in Frank's name. I think you'd better take a good look inside his place. Call me back as soon as you can."

Ten minutes later Spindle was again in front of his brother's home and now he noticed for the first time that a pane of glass had been broken from one of the shop windows and a portion of screen had been torn from one of the upper bedroom windows.

He forced a door that opened on a rear porch. From the narrow entrance hall he could glance into the garage and see that Frank's car was gone. He raced up the steps that led to the kitchen. On the table was one plate with portions of mouldering food.

He walked across the kitchen and into the main bedroom, then stopped, numbed with horror. On the floor lay the lifeless body of his sister-in-law, her face streaked with blood. Frank was on the bed, partially covered by a bloodstained sheet. He, too, was dead.

With a heavy groan, Robert Spindle turned and staggered back down the steps.

Trooper Blackburn and Sheriff S. S. Newbill were soon at the scene from the county seat of Tappahannock, 16 miles away. Hard on their heels came Sergeants Robert Mails, Paul Moore, and James Ingram, followed by Emory L. Carlton, prosecutor for Essex County.

Sheriff Newbill was first to inspect the bodies and pronounced both persons victims of death by shotgun discharges.

"I'd say they've been dead about a week," he estimated, "but we'll have to wait for the medical examiner to be certain."

"You're probably right," Robert Spindle said. "I saw Frank practically every day. I hadn't seen him since March 3, but I wasn't worried because I thought he and Helen were away."

Room Ransacked

The position of the bodies suggested that Frank Spindle was shot while asleep, and that Helen was the second victim. "She probably jumped from her bed after the first shot," theorized Carlton, "and was met by another load."

There was no question that robbery was the motive. The room was a shambles. A small chest had been overturned, and a welter of papers scattered over the floor. Articles of clothing hung over the sides of hastily closed dresser drawers, and the pockets of a pair of trousers had been turned inside out and emptied.

In a spare bedroom, officers saw evidence that a third person had slept in the house recently. There was still the slight imprint of a slender body on the bed and the covers had been carefully turned back, as though someone had taken precautions not to rumple the sheets. On the floor behind the door was a woman's hat and a fur neckpiece.

"Was a woman visiting your brother and his wife when you saw them last?" Newbill asked Spindle.

"Not that I know of. Helen's brother was here for awhile, but he left some time ago."

"How about this hat and fur? Do you recognize them?"

Spindle shook his head. "I don't. But my niece, Dorothy Mae, might. She visited here frequently."

"All right, get her here," Newbill instructed.

A request was promptly radioed by Blackburn to the Virginia state police headquarters, near Richmond, asking for the assistance of laboratory experts.

"We'd better clear out until they get here," decided Newbill. "We don't want to destroy any evidence."

Outside, the officials made an exhaustive survey of the grounds. They noticed that a large section of screening had been torn away from the rear

Fronk Spindle ond his wife, Helen, hod mentioned o trip to Marylond. Thot's why their disappeoronce caused little concern ot first.

porch, permitting easy entry or exit And on one of the porch supports were three reddish-hrown stains, as if the killer had calmly wiped his bloody hands on the soft wood.

The inner hasp on the garage door had been battered loose and the smashed padlock was found within a yard of the entrance.

By this time a sizeable crowd had gathered in the field near the house Newbill made the most of this opportunity to question neighbors. But not a single person had heard the shots, and none could offer any reason for the crime.

"But I got an idea who it could be from the way the place was broken into," a farmer told Newbill. "I don't aim to get anyone in trouble, but that torn screen and those glass panes knocked out—well, that's the way Creech Atwood got into Essie Layne's place."

Newbill frowned. "Last I heard of Atwood he was working in Norfolk."

"He's back. I saw him the other day," asserted the farmer confidently.

The sheriff knew Atwood fairly well, having been instrumental in sending him to prison for a period of four years. The sentence resulted from a conviction on an armed burglary charge and, prior to this, Atwood had been involved in several petty scrapes. Outwardly he was good-humored and pleasant, but Newbill was convinced this was merely a mask for an innately cunning and vicious nature.

In less than an hour Newbill and Trooper Blackburn located Atwood at the home of an uncle, three miles from the murder scene. A roly-poly individual with piglike eyes. Atwood's friendly smile died away as the sheriff bluntly informed him the nature of his mission

"Sheriff, you know I been playing it straight since I got out," he said earnestly. "I don't know nothing about those killings, not a thing."

"You knew Frank Spindle, didn't you?"

"Sure, I talked to him last Thursday night," came the surprisingly frank admission. "I knew he did a lot of wiring for some of the contractors around here, and he once promised to give me a job. I did electrical work down at the Norfolk shipyards, and he said he could use me. But he told me to come back Monday morning I did, but the place was all closed up. Not a soul around. Later I heard he had gone someplace to get a dog. I've been waiting for him to get back."

"What time Thursday did you see Spindle?" asked Newbill

"I guess it was around 8 o'clock Talked to him in his shop."

"See anyone else around?"

"Nary a person," declared Atwood.

A search of his room and belongings failed to disclose anything of a suspicious nature. And reluctantly the sheriff admitted that Atwood was probably telling the truth. It was unlikely the killer would drive as far as Asheville, abandon the car, then return to the murder neighborhood

"Okay, Atwood, we'll let it go at that," Newbill decided. "But stick around. I may want to talk to you again"

"He's dumb like a fox." was Blackburn's terse conclusion as they drove back to the Spindle home. "But there's nothing we can hang on him now"

Meal A Tipoff

Special Investigator L. B. Marston, accompanied by a police photographer a fingerprint expert, and Dr. Geoffrey Mann, assistant medical examiner, had arrived from Richmond by the time the officers got back

"Your killer was either a man of unbridled gall or someone who was relatively certain his crime wouldn't he discovered soon." Marston said as he greeted the sheriff

"What makes you think it was a man?" Newbill asked, remembering the hat and fur piece.

"Look at the meal he had. a plateful of ham and eggs and a whole can of baked heans. That's a man's meal. Then he sat here and ate it as calm as you please. Apparently knew no one was going to interrupt him"

"That might be the remains of an evening meal," Newbill pointed out "Something Mrs. Spindle fixed up for her hushand before retiring"

"Not on your life," Marston countered. "In the first place from the looks of this place, Mrs. Spindle was an exceptionally tidy housekeeper. She wouldn't have left dirty dishes out here overnight. Then, too, look at the way that table's set. (*Continued on page 64*)

Trooper Richord Blockburn octed quickly when he heard of on obandaned auta with sloshed wiring.

Dorothy Moe Spindle had o good memory ond o prabing mind. Both praved voluable assets to police.

BODY in the TUB

BY JOSEPH F. FISHMAN

IT WAS 6 O'CLOCK Tuesday morning, May 5. Desk Sergeant Ed Gerrity at the Lawndale station on Chicago's West Side was deep in reports when the phone rang.

"There's a leak in the ceiling," a man's voice said. "The bathroom's right overhead and . . ."

"Call a plumber," Gerrity told him wearily, and turned back to his papers. The phone rang again.

"You don't understand," the same voice insisted. "This leak in the ceiling . . ."

"This isn't the plumber's; it's a police station," Gerrity snapped.

"Well," said the man, "this isn't water. It's blood."

Reports scattered to the floor as Gerrity reached for his pad. The caller was William Westlund, in the first floor apartment at 1924 South Homan Avenue. Detective Sergeant Albert T. Mikes, to whom Gerrity relayed the call, reached the two-story brick building in a matter of minutes. Westlund, pajama-clad, met him and his squad at the door.

"In here," he said.

He led the officers to a red-tinted pool on his bedroom floor, still being augmented by a steady drip from the ceiling.

"Let's go upstairs," Mikes said.

A single apartment occupied the whole second floor. Its occupant was William Kocharek, owner of the building.

The door was locked. One detective pushed the buzzer while another knocked on the door. There was no response.

A husky officer glanced at Sergeant Mikes, who nodded. There was a crash of splintering wood as the hinges ripped loose from the door frame. Detectives crowded into the living room.

It was a complete shambles.

Chintz window drapes had been torn from their hangings, furniture was overturned, a huge china lamp lay smashed on the floor.

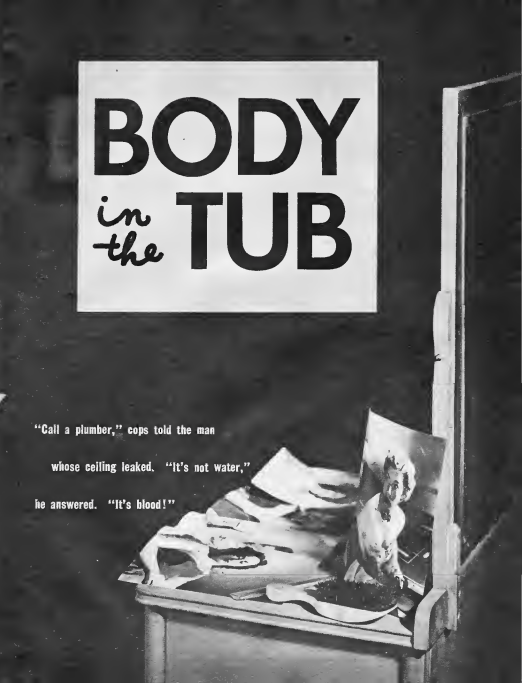
The bedroom was worse. Bureau drawers were open, their contents scattered about the room. One side of the maple bed was splintered and the sheets, pillows and spread lay tangled in a heap, stained by crimson blotches.

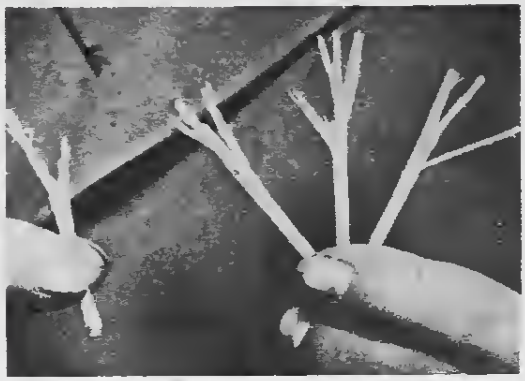
Pots, pans, smashed crockery and glassware littered the kitchen. A thick iron poker, bent nearly at right angles, lay almost out of sight under the stove. Blood had dried on the heavy shaft.

A trail of dark brown spots led from the kitchen to the bathroom and there it ended. Water was seeping through the crack at the bottom of the door. This was the source of the red-tinted liquid that had worked its

The detective found eight pictures of beautiful women in the murdered bachelor's apartment. "These could lead to a mess of trouble," he mused. (Photo specially posed by professional model)

"Call a plumber," cops told the man whose ceiling leaked. "It's not water," he answered. "It's blood!"





Above: Matches on the right were found at scene of crime. Left one was chewed by the suspect as police questioned him.

Sergeant Albert T. Mikes examines the key used by the slayer to sneak into the apartment for his vigil of death.

way through the floor into Westlund's apartment.

Sergeant Mikes opened the door.

A pair of legs stuck grotesquely over the edge of the bathtub. The torso, neck and head of the body were completely submerged. There was a steady drip from the partly open faucet.

Stepping past Mikes, a detective pulled out the stopper. As the pink fluid receded, the body of the man in the tub began to appear.

A dozen deep slashes criss-crossed the battered skull. Jagged gashes showed where the victim's face and throat were ripped. For a moment the small group stood transfixed.

"It took more than a poker to inflict open wounds like these," Mikes said slowly.

Obviously two weapons had been used, the poker to inflict the skull wounds and a sharp instrument to cut the flesh.

Still the killer hadn't been satisfied. He had submerged his victim in the tub to insure his death by drowning!

The corpse was lifted out of its porcelain coffin and Westlund was called. He stared at the dead man.

"It's Mr. Rocharek, all right," he said, then quickly turned away.

The Murdered Bachelor

With tentative identification of the 49-year-old bachelor established, the investigation got swiftly under way. A call went out to the coroner's office and the homicide squad. Simultaneously a city-wide alarm was flashed for all plain-clothes and uniformed officers to be on the lookout for any man or woman wearing bloodstained clothing.

From Westlund and other neighbors the police gained a thumbnail sketch of the victim. He was a cabinetmaker by trade, thrifty, conservative and quiet. He shared the apartment with his brother, Charlie, a widower who at present was on a two weeks' vacation in New Buffalo, Mich. He had been away ten days.

Bill Rocharek was considered one of the most eligible bachelors in the neighborhood. When police started searching the bedroom they found eight cabinet-sized photographs of beautiful women. All of them had been affectionately inscribed, though none was signed.

A detective gathered up the photos and stood silent a moment, admiring the late William Rocharek's taste in feminine friends. "Eight of them," he mused. "Could add up to a mess of trouble."

The victim had another brother, a farmer, living near Bloomingdale, Mich. A telegram was sent to 56-year-old Edward Rocharek advising him of the tragedy and requesting him to come to Chicago at once to assist the police in establishing formal identification of the body.

A possible motive for the brutal crime was suggested when Westlund told investigators that the building owner was in the habit of carrying large sums of money on his person.

"I've seen him with $500 in a roll," the young man said. "I warned him it was too much to flash, but he laugbed at me."

"Did many people know he carried that kind of money?" Mikes asked. Westlund nodded.

"You and he were pretty good friends," the officer went on. "Do you know of any women trouble be bad? Jealous boy friends or—husbands?"

"I was never with him when be dated," Westlund said. "We were just friendly neighbors."

Sergeant Harry Waldvogel, Mikes' assistant, learned from Westlund that the young man was the last known person to have seen William Rocharek alive. That was on Friday, four days earlier, around supper time.

"Bill was coming in from the street," the lanky tenant explained, "and I was sitting at the window. He waved to me and went on up to his apartment."

"You certainly must have heard something," Waldvogel said. "There was quite a struggle up bere."

"I did hear a rumpus around midnight, things being slammed around, but I was groggy and went right back to sleep."

"The fact that you didn't see Rocharek after that didn't seem strange?"

"Of course not. He's a bachelor. He gets around. Sometimes be stayed away for days at a time."

The coroner arrived with a physician, Doctor Edward S. Hatton. In Dr. Hatton's opinion Rocbarek bad been dead four days. There was little question

Above: William Rocharek retired one night. Beneath his bed a ruthless killer skulked.

Was this the man who lunched on cake and milk while waiting for his victim to sleep?

but that the victim was already lifeless when placed in the bathtub.

"William Rocharek was not particularly a strong man," the coroner pointed out, "but from the looks of things be put up a good scrap. Examine your suspects for scratch marks or bruises. Rocharek must have inflicted some damage on his assailant."

The body was removed for autopsy.

Photographers and fingerprint men arrived from the bureau of identification and went to work. Sergeant Waldvogel and half a dozen officers began a room-by-room search of the apartment.

Other officers began a canvass of neighbors, hoping for a lead. Mikes called the police of New Buffalo, Mich., asking that they carefully check the recent movements of Charles Rocharek.

The dead man's clothes were found on a chair beside his bed. His pajamas, slashed and bloodstained, were on the floor. It was clear that be bad retired for the night and was asleep or at least in bed when the attack came. If so, the time element would coincide with Westlund's story that be had heard the commotion upstairs around midnight.

On the living room floor officers found a key, obviously a duplicate. It fit the lock on the front door.

A working theory was that the killer had let himself into the apartment with his own key, sneaked into the bedroom and pounced on the sleeping man. Rocharek managed to elude his attacker. Both men fought as Rocharek probably tried to escape by running from room to room.

The robbery motive was strengthened when a search through the victim's pockets showed only $9 in cash.

The Midnight Snack

Under the dead man's bed the searchers made a curious discovery. The floor was littered with crumbs. There was a crumpled paper bag with particles of cake and icing. Near the discarded bag were several circular impressions in the dust that looked as if they had been made by a milk bottle. Three chewed match sticks lay nearby.

The incredible truth appeared to be that the killer bad calmly munched his cake and milk under the victim's bed while waiting for him to fall asleep!

It was an experience unique in Al Mikes' career. He examined the paper minutely. There was no stamp to indicate from whom the bakery goods had been purchased, but in the bedroom closet an officer found a broken milk bottle. The top had been knocked off and clotted blood rimmed the jagged edge, showing that it had been used to inflict the terrible cuts on William Rocharek's face and throat.

Mikes' thoughts kept returning to the photographs of eight lovely women found in the dead bachelor's sleeping quarters. Was the key to the murder to be found in the possession—innocently or not—of one of these?

Who were they? This, the sergeant realized, was a question which could be answered only with a great deal of work, and there were other tasks to be done right now. Rocharek's brother, he remembered gratefully, would be back in Chicago soon, and doubtless he could identify the girls in the photos. Meanwhile the detectives would work on other angles of the case.

Fingerprints were plentiful in the apartment but identification experts found that most of them belonged to the murdered

(*Continued on page 49*)

Headquarters Quiz

By Larry Roberts

■ HOW GOOD a detective would you make? Test yourself in the technique of crime detection and law enforcement. Each of the following brain teasers counts ten points. A score of 90 makes you a chief; if you beat 70 you're still as good as a deputy. With 60 you'll qualify as a rookie cop.

1. Sergeant Halloran listens to the wealthy manufacturer's complaint. "I met a young woman at a convention and, weeks later, she invited me to her apartment for dinner. No sooner had we finished dessert when in storms a man who announces he is her husband—a fact she tearfully acknowledges. He threatens to telephone the police and have me arrested. Then, he suddenly offers to settle the matter amicably—for $500. I gave him a check—just to get out of there—and stopped payment on it the first thing next morning." Sergeant Halloran has heard a typical account of:

(a) the badger game.
(b) entrapment.
(c) a boldnp.
(d) blackmail.

2. In underworld parlance a "torpedo" is:

(a) the safecracker's favorite explosive.
(b) a two-time loser on parole.
(c) a fugitive from justice.
(d) a bired gangland executioner.

3. Lieutenant McInerney is paying one of his daily visits to bospitalized "Soup" Wbeeler, who has had two .38-caliber slugs removed from his left shoulder. The officer, noting the safecracker's gaping expression and continual yawning, recognizes them as signs of:

(a) an addict deprived of drugs.
(b) an addict who bas just bad bis sbot.
(c) a prisoner feigning insanity.

4. Patrolman LeMay takes exception to veteran Policeman Casino's claim that he can tell at first glance whether a hole in a plate glass store window was made by a bullet or a small stone. Rookie LeMay says he has read that, whether a bullet is fired at close range or from a considerable distance, the hole it makes through glass is not readily distinguishable from that made by a stone. Which officer is right?

(a) Rookie Patrolman LeMay
(b) Veteran Patrolman Casino

5. Police records show more delinquent children in families where there has been a second marriage and the youngsters are under the supervision of:

(a) a stepmother
(b) a stepfather

6. Court Officers Morrison and Wagner are arguing the question of unanimous jury decisions versus the two-thirds majority. Morrison's point for unanimity is that the defendant feels he is getting a fairer deal. Wagner argues that since even supreme court judges often don't arrive at unanimous decisions, jurors should not be expected to; that the need for unanimity invites deadlocking of juries by one holdout member. Which viewpoint do leading jurists and bar association members advocate?

(a) Morrison's—unanimous decision only.
(b) Wagner's two-thirds rule.

7. Detectives Magrovicz and Finley are discussing ways and means to get the truth out of "Lemons" Deber, locked up in the county jail on a vagrancy charge pending investigation as a suspect in a stabbing case. Finley suggests Magrovicz plant himself as a con in Weber's cell to worm a confession out of him. The question is how the courts look on evidence obtained in this way. Such a confession:

(a) would be perfectly admissible.
(b) being hearsay evidence; is not admissible.
(c) would not be admissible because obtained by trickery.

8. Which of the following statements reflects the facts of the case as known to authorities everywhere?

(a) Receivers of stolen goods are regularly jailed whenever robberies are cracked.
(b) Convictions of fences are the exception rather than the rule, although in the majority of robberies fences are really accessories before and after the crime with the actual crooks virtually working for them on a commission basis.

9. Straighten out reporters Burke of the *Sun* and Sebastian of the *Journal*. According to Burke, any citizen who refuses to aid an officer in making an arrest could be guilty of a misdemeanor. Sebastian, on the other hand, is of the opinion that police officers have no right to make such a demand in the first place. Which reporter is correct?

(a) Burke of the *Sun*.
(b) Sebastian of the *Journal*.

10. Do you know this man? He died eight years ago in the Joliet penitentiary after 17 years' imprisonment for the slaying of his second wife, Lina, and her brother, Byron Shoup, in Aurora, Ill., where this bald little man had settled after practicing law in Chicago. Able to account plausibly for his victims' absence, the slayer might conceivably have escaped detection after burning the bodies in a furnace and burying the heads in a limed flower box which he later encased in a concrete block. But he pestered the local police chief with fantastic tales of alleged persecution by his missing wife and her brother until the official, in self-defense, decided to get to the bottom of the case.

(*Answers on page 54*)

"I'LL HANG FOR THIS!"

The old couple had vanished. **Strangers occupied their home.** **But the daring impersonation by the scheming young slayer failed**

BY STUART WHITEHOUSE

IT WAS AFTER midnight on Wednesday, July 20, 1949. Mr. and Mrs. Archie Skinner faced each other across a table in a Tacoma, Wash., restaurant. Worry and fatigue showed plainly on their faces.

"I know they've been murdered," the man said. "Ma wouldn't run off without letting us know."

"It isn't like her," agreed his wife. "But you can't do anything tonight. Let's go home."

"I couldn't sleep," Skinner cried. "Every minute might mean . . ." Reaching a sudden decision he walked to the pay phone.

Sheriff Detective Clarence Otto's sleepy voice answered the buzz. The first few sentences wakened him completely.

"Where are you?" he barked. As he listened, he reached for his clothes.

"Meet me at the courthouse right away," he said, and hung up. He phoned his partner, Detective Jack Davalnar. Minutes later they were driving rapidly up the dark hill to the Pierce County courthouse building.

The Skinners were waiting on the steps. The man burst immediately into an incoherent story.

"Wait a minute," said Otto. "Let's go up to the office."

With everyone seated in the small room, he leaned back and looked at the excited couple.

"Now," he said, "start at the beginning."

Skinner looked at his wife and nodded. She leaned forward nervously.

"This afternoon," she said, "I drove out to visit Archie's mother and stepdad. They live about 11 miles southeast of town."

"Their names?" asked Otto.

"Mr. and Mrs. Howard Easley. We call her Ma. A strange man and woman met me at the door. I asked them where Ma was and the man said they were living there while the Easleys went on a five-week vacation. That's not true!"

"You're sure?" Detective Otto said.

"They'd not go away," Skinner broke in. "Not without letting us know."

"Ma's Glasses . . ."

"Ma and Howard had visited us only last week. They would have said something about such a plan," the wife explained.

"These folks at the house asked me in," Mrs. Skinner continued. "The man said Howard had put them there to care for the rabbits and tend to the place while they were gone. I looked around in confusion. And then—" the woman's voice dropped to a whisper—"I saw the glasses."

"Saw what?" demanded Detective Otto.

"Ma's glasses. They were on the table. I was sure something was terribly wrong. Ma could hardly see without her glasses; she wouldn't have gone away without them."

"Couldn't she have forgotten them?" Otto asked. "People do."

Mrs. Skinner shook her head positively.

"No. Her glasses were as much a part of her as her shoes. I got out of there. When I told my husband, he decided to call you. I can't get over the feeling that Ma and Howard are—dead."

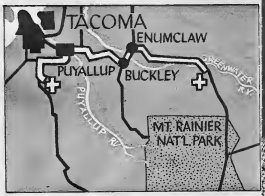
She was on the verge of hysteria and her husband reached over to take her hand.

"You did just right, ma'am," Otto said gently. He reached for the phone and dialed a private number. "This does look bad. I'm going to call in the sheriff to go out there with us right now and investigate."

Otto explained the situation to Sheriff H. W. "Lee" Croft, veteran Western manhunter, for six years the law enforcement head in Pierce County. Croft joined the group in a few minutes, and the five persons piled into a county car and sped through the night.

Enroute Skinner explained that his mother and stepfather lived in semi-retirement on a small tract in fertile Pierce County. The stepfather was 52, the mother 57. They were quiet people who minded their own business and had little contact with their neighbors. Homes were at least a quarter of a mile apart in that area.

The car stopped before a small, modern house, its white paint ghostly in the darkness. When Otto knocked, a heavyset man, whose rumpled hair indicated he had just



Above: Map of the murderer's trail. The elderly couple were killed at their home (cross) south of Tacoma, then driven to a wilderness grave marked by cross at right.

The youthful suspect (left) was paroled after serving 18 months of a 20-year sentence for forgery. Eight weeks later he faced murder charges for a double slaying.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Love agreed to care for a stranger's home while he vacationed. Wakened by police a few nights later, they learned they'd been pawns in a game of death!

Arrow points to the crude mountain grave which contained the bodies of the elderly couple. It was found by Mrs. Charles Gill, standing at the head of the grave, and her husband (above arrow) while picking berries.

got out of bed, came to the door.

"We're from the sheriff's office," Otto said. "May we come in?"

The man stepped to one side and the three officers entered, followed by Mr. and Mrs. Skinner. A pretty, curly-haired woman, who had donned a kimona, joined the group in the kitchen.

"Where are the Easleys?" asked Otto.

The man shrugged. "I explained it to this lady yesterday. We've taken the house while the Easleys are on vacation."

Mrs. Skinner pointed to a table. "What are Ma's glasses doing here, then?" she demanded.

"They were here when we arrived," the stranger explained patiently. "We don't know a thing about them."

"Let's take this in order," suggested Sheriff Croft. "Who are you and how did you happen to take over the Easley home?"

The man seated the visitors while his wife put on coffee.

"We were living in a trailer camp closer to Tacoma," he began. "My name is Leroy Love. We just moved West from Tulsa, Okla. Haven't found a regular home yet. Sunday morning I was standing around the gas pumps at the camp, chinning with the owners. A man drove up in a black '37 Chevvie coupé . . ."

"That's Howard's car!" Skinner exclaimed.

"Mr. Easley got out and mentioned that he was going on a vacation for five weeks and wished he could find somebody to live in his place and take care of his rabbits," Love went on. "He said he'd like to have a couple without children move in."

Otto, who had been taking notes, looked up. "How long did you talk with him?"

"About 30 or 40 minutes, I'd say. I never thought anything was wrong. He drove me to this house and we spent an hour and a half going over it."

"You saw nothing suspicious?" Sheriff Croft asked.

"Not a thing. He showed me how to feed the rabbits and how to use this wood and coal stove," Love related. "Neither my wife nor I knew how to run one. He showed me a valve under the water tank to shut off if the water got too hot. We shook hands and he left. I went back to the auto camp and brought my wife here Sunday afternoon. We've been here ever since."

Sheriff Croft watched the man closely. "You say he offered you this place free for five weeks?"

"That's right," Love insisted.

"And you saw no sign of Mrs. Easley?"

"There was no woman here."

Spots On The Floor

While Love was talking, Detectives Otto and Davalaar looked around the kitchen.

"Here's something!" Davalaar shouted. Beside the refrigerator were two small marks in the wall.

"Look like bullet holes," Croft said.

Otto peered closely at the indentations. "There are shreds of something around the edges."

"Don't touch them," warned the sheriff. "We'll have the pathologist out here this morning." He turned to Love. "You didn't see these?"

"No," the latter replied. "We've been busy getting settled."

"I knew they were dead . . ." Mrs. Skinner whispered brokenly. "Who would want to harm two such fine old people?"

"We're not sure they are dead yet," Sheriff Croft comforted. "Mrs. Skinner, can you think of any reason why your father-in-law should suddenly take off for five weeks?"

"None," Mrs. Skinner declared. "It isn't like him at all."

The two detectives continued their investigations. Otto spied two spots on the kitchen floor. He looked at Love. "What are those?" he asked.

"I believe they're raspberry stains," the Oklahoman replied. "There's stuff outside that shows there's been some canning going on."

"Ma did do a lot of preserving," Skinner agreed.

Otto studied the spots. "I'm going to have the pathologist check these, anyway," he said. "They could be blood."

Sheriff Croft had been making a close study of Love. He turned to Mrs. Skinner. "Something has happened here, without a doubt," he said. "From this man's attitude, I'm confident he has been telling the truth, yet it doesn't make sense. There's no reason why your folks would fly off like this without saying goodbye."

"That's right," she nodded.

"And so . . ." The sheriff paused abruptly and glanced at Love. "I think I've got the answer. Mr. Love, what did Easley look like?"

Love thought a moment. "He was a good-looking fellow, dark and curly-haired, about 30, with . . ."

"But Howard was in his 60s!" Mrs. Skinner interrupted.

Croft smiled grimly. "That's right. The only way we can reconcile Mr. Love's story with what we know about the real Easley is that this man is an impersonator. And in that case . . ."

"Then he killed Ma and Howard," Mrs. Skinner moaned. "I felt all along they were dead."

"It looks that way," said the sheriff gently. "Now let's see what we can do about it."

No additional evidence of foul play was found in the dwelling, but in a shed behind the house the investigators found a pile of bloodstained clothing

Sheriff H. W. Croft correctly figured the burial locale from his study of a Washington road map.

and some rags which had been used to mop up blood.

Mrs. Skinner covered her eyes. "Those clothes belonged to Ma and Howard," she said faintly.

Croft's voice grew hard and determined. "This means murder! We'll get a crew out here today and search the entire place. He may have hidden the bodies in the brush around here."

Love touched his arm. "That car had a trunk section, sheriff. He might have put them in there."

"It could be," Croft admitted. "But we'll still search the entire place." Again he looked speculatively at Love. "You and your wife are the two main witnesses against this man. If he should come back your lives would be in danger. I think it best that we keep you under our protection."

Love glanced at his wife. "I guess we'd both feel safer," he said. Arrangements were made for their protection in case the mystery man should return.

Love was able to add little to his description of his bogus landlord except that he was good-looking, had brown eyes and was of medium height.

Sheriff Croft called in his entire force of deputies and put them on the case. In addition to Davalaar, these included Sheriff's Captain John Kendersi, Detectives Dave Ward and Dal Costley and Prosecutor's Investigator August St. Pierre, a retired Tacoma police officer.

"We're going to give our entire time to this case," Croft announced. "This is a 24-hour proposition. We've got a lot to find out."

The sheriff posed these questions to his men: *Had* the Easleys been murdered, and if so, where were their bodies? What was the motive behind the strange killing? Accepting Love's story, who was the mystery man and where was he?

Deputies were sent to search the grounds around the Easley residence. They were accompanied by C. P. Larson, prominent Tacoma pathologist. After digging and probing for hours, they returned without finding any trace of the missing couple.

Larson's report cinched the question of violence. "There was human flesh imbedded in the bullet holes. Also, the stains on the floor are human blood."

The killer had evidently removed the bullets.

"That confirms our theory," the sheriff announced. "Now to find the bodies and the killer."

"If he had them in the car, he could have dumped them anywhere," Detective Otto observed.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Easley lived in semi-retirement in a sparsely settled area. But for a fateful visit their murder might have gone undiscovered for weeks.

The sheriff reached among the papers on his desk. "I've been giving that some thought," he said mildly. "Let's look at a map."

Look East

Spreading a Washington chart before them, he put a finger on the approximate location of the Easley home.

"If you were a killer with a couple of bodies to dispose of, where would you go," he asked his men.

"As far from people as I could," Detective Davalaar said.

"Right," Croft agreed. "Look at the map. "To the north is Tacoma and Seattle; to the south is Olympia and other cities. The killer wouldn't head for them. He couldn't go west; he'd hit the Sound. His only direction into an unsettled area is east . . ."

"Up the Naches Pass!" broke in Captain Kendersi. "You've hit it, sheriff!"

The Naches Pass is a wilderness highway, winding through towering forests of pine and fir, valleys choked with vines and underbrush, beside rushing streams and along the rim of yawning precipices. It runs east-west across the coastal Cascade Mountains to mighty Mt. Rainier and its national park.

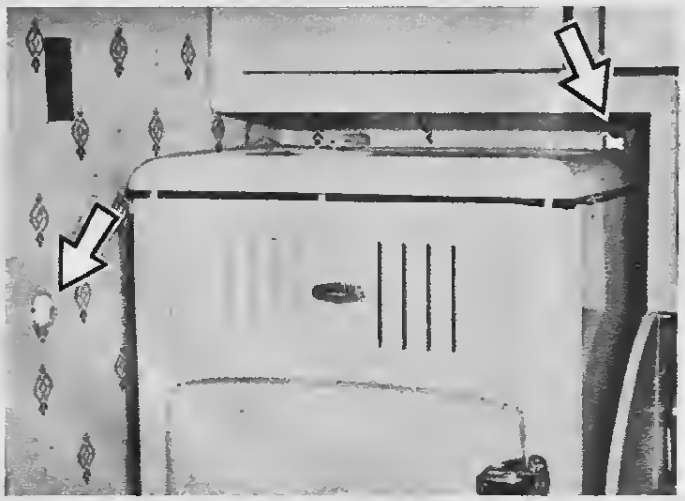
"The killer wouldn't take the bodies into the park; there are too many people there," the sheriff went on. "The rangers might stop him, too. My hunch is that he'd hide them up some ahandoned logging road this side of the park gates."

"That's still a lot of territory," Detective Otto remarked.

The sheriff nodded. "True. But we've got one thing on our side."

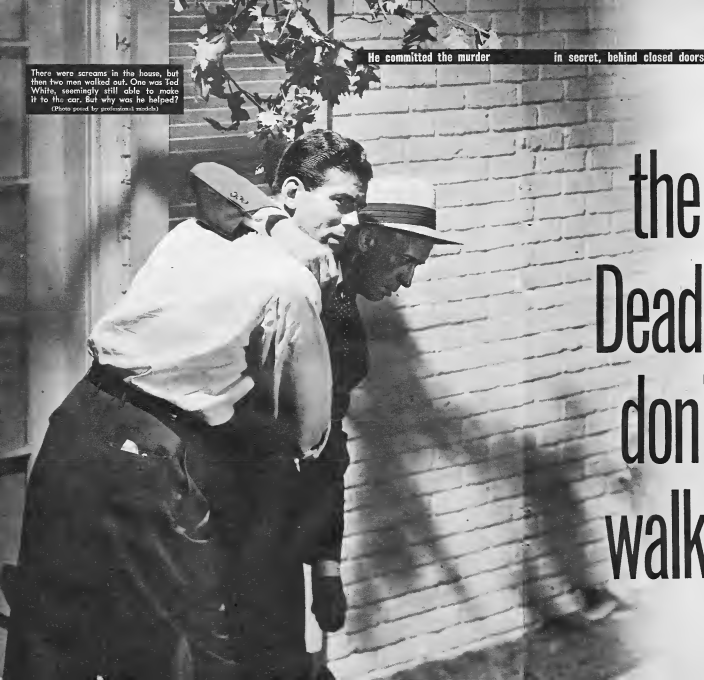
"What's that?" asked Davalaar.

"The berry pickers," said Croft. "There are hundreds of vacationers and campers (*Continued on page 54*)



The two bullet holes (arrows) discovered in the kitchen of the Easley home were the first evidence the investigators had that the vanished couple had met with foul ploy.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Skinner reported his mother and stepdad missing after she drove out to the Easley's and found the Loves there. His brother, Ivan Skinner, is at right.



There were screams in the house, but then two men walked out. One was Ted White, seemingly still able to make it to the car. But why was he helped?
(Photo posed for protection's models)

He committed the murder in secret, behind closed doors. But he was afraid to hide the body until he had a witness

the Dead don't walk

BY JOHN KEITH

THE CLEAR WATERS of Little Walnut Creek, on the south fringe of Ashville, O., were an open invitation to youngsters and four of them were splashing noisily in the stream, unaware that the slow-lifting waves were steadily washing away the sands of a shallow grave along the shore.

Young Joe Hester was the first to see the protruding knees that stuck up like the apexes of two bony triangles, covered with rotting cloth.

His yell brought the other three who clambered up the bank beside him. "It's . . . it's a dead man!" Joe cried.

Grabbing their clothes, the boys ran to Ashville and telephoned Sheriff Charles H. Radcliff of Pickaway County. Inclined to scoff at first, Radcliff was finally impressed by the youngsters' sincerity and promised an immediate investigation.

Within half an hour workmen from nearby Circleville had exhumed the body of a well-dressed, stocky man of middle age. Immediate identification was impossible; the body was found on June 13, 1960, and Pickaway County Coroner Dr. Lloyd Jonnes estimated it had lain in the sandy grave not more than six weeks or less than two. In the hot summer weather decomposition had been rapid.

"A post mortem may tell us something," Sheriff Radcliff said hopefully. "Let me know as soon as possible, doctor. A man this well dressed wouldn't just drop out of sight. I've a hunch he may be listed as missing."

A thorough search in the vicinity of the grave revealed nothing of value. There were no discernible bloodstains nor marks of a possible death struggle. But both, of course, might well have long since been erased by water and wind.

"We'll just have to wait for the autopsy report," the sheriff decided at last. "There's nothing more to be learned here."

The report was ready within a comparatively short time. In concise medical terms Dr. Horace B. Davidson, Ohio State University pathologist, stated that the victim was a man between 50 and 60 years of age. He had suffered a merciless beating that resulted in the loss of several front teeth, a fractured skull and broken jaw. Stuffed deep in his throat were three wads of paper toweling, apparently used as a gag to prevent any outcry.

"A grudge killing," Radcliff summed up. "But who is he—and who held the grudge?"

Despite his bewilderment, the sheriff moved rapidly. He consulted Prosecutor Guy Cline and appealed for assistance to the state mobile crime laboratory. This was rushed to the scene in the hope that the experts would be able to lift a set of identifiable fingerprints from the victim's right hand.

Meanwhile clothing worn by the deceased was given close scrutiny. Robbery emerged as a possible motive when it was discovered that the pockets of the expensive brown slacks were empty. No labels or laundry marks were visible on these or the tan sports shirt worn by the victim.

"We'll let laboratory men take a crack at the clothing," Cline decided. "They may find something under lights."

The sheriff nodded, bruised aside a pair of brown oxfords, and picked up a gold tie clasp with an onyx cameo suspended from the chain. "Someone should recognize this."

Cline agreed, but was more excited over a red and blue tie in modernistic floral design, for this bore the label of a department store in Columbus, some 15 miles distant.

"I'll bet we've dug up a Columbus mobster who went on a one-way ride!"

This youth was found with the dead man's car. But he convinced the cops that he was the victim's best friend . . . and he had an unshakable alibi.

Cline, making a closer study of the tie clasp, looked up. "Why do you say that?"

"Took more than one man to do this job," the sheriff explained. "It's not easy to stuff paper down a fellow's throat when he's alive and kicking. But that's what was done. The way I figure it, the murder was committed elsewhere and the body brought here for burial."

If this hunch was correct, and if the dead man had a record, then his fingerprints would tell the tale. But classification of these required time. However, state laboratory men were able to facilitate the investigation by reporting that the victim was in his middle 50s, approximately six feet tall and had weighed in the neighborhood of 180 pounds. The condition of his hands suggested that he either kept them carefully tended or had never done much manual labor.

Photos Don't Match

Radcliff pondered this information, then telephoned Detective Chief Glenn Hoffman in Columbus. "Better comb your missing persons file," he ordered tersely, after briefing his fellow officer on what had occurred. "That fingerprint check may not pan out."

Hoffman promised the full cooperation of his homicide squad and added, "I'll call you back if we learn anything new."

Prosecutor Cline was already going through the files in Radcliff's office and had selected three which held promise.

"Here's one that comes close," he said tentatively. "A fellow wanted as an accomplice in the murder of Eleanor Gifford at Athens."

"Could he," the sheriff said, studying another photograph of a man missing from Norwood, O., since February 6. "Height and weight fit," he said, reluctantly tossing the paper to one side. "But our man hasn't been dead that long. Besides, this fellow is only 34."

"How about this?" Cline pushed forward the photo of a Circleville man, age 56, who had disappeared in March while on a shopping trip to Columbus.

"That's more like it." Radcliff studied the description intently. "Suppose you get his folks on the phone. Find out what he was wearing when last seen."

The prosecutor reached his party without trouble, but five minutes later he hung up. "No dice. He never owned a tie clasp with an onyx cameo."

The ringing phone interrupted shrilly. It was Chief Hoffman on the line.

"We have a Theodore White missing since June 4," the Columbus officer said briskly. "Last seen driving a 1940 green Dodge sedan. At the time he disappeared the man wore brown oxfords, blue socks, brown slacks and a tan sports shirt. Also a red and blue tie with a gold chain clasp and an onyx cameo. That stacks up pretty well, doesn't it?"

"It's almost too perfect." Radcliff admitted. "Got anyone to make an identification?"

"I'll send a man down with two of White's friends," Hoffman promised. "If it seems necessary, White's wife can make a positive identification later on."

Chief Hoffman not only hit the jackpot, he broke the bank as well. Friends of the missing man recognized the onyx tie clasp and Stell White promptly identified all the articles of clothing as having belonged to her husband.

But 58-year-old Theodore White was no hoodlum. A veteran of World War I, he was employed as a truck driver by the Ohio Furniture Company in Columbus. He had neither wealth nor underworld connections. And his wife contributed to their income by working for a glass company.

White, it was learned, was a gregarious fellow, friendly and a good mixer. He dressed well and liked to go out at night, but it was improbable that anyone would kill him for the small amount he carried in his wallet. His home life was, at least outwardly, happy. And the only arguments that arose stemmed from White's looseness with money. He was known to have borrowed on his car several times, but never mentioned why he needed the extra funds.

He made a practice of leaving home on Saturday night and remaining away for the weekend. He had left on one of these three-day jaunts June 4, following an argument over money. But since the quarrel had not been serious, Mrs. White had worried when he did not return Monday morning, and reported his disappearance to the police.

Chief Hoffman and Sergeant Lowell Sheets listened to this recital without comment. The man's prolonged absences from home meant just one thing to them: another woman. And in their book another woman with perhaps a jealous husband or suitor in the background, could add up to murder.

"This case has all the symptoms," Hoffman said reflectively. "The sheer brutality of the crime, for one thing. It's a grudge slaying if I ever saw one."

Where's The Car?

Centering in Columbus, the investigation now picked up speed. Virtually every man in the bureau was assigned to the case. Cruiser cars were used to bring in White's former friends for questioning while still other officers interviewed proprietors and waitresses of taprooms which the victim had been known to frequent.

"I want the woman," Chief Hoffman told his men. "And I want her quick!"

However, wanting and getting do not always go hand in hand. A few of White's friends admitted discreetly that he had been enamoured of a young blonde, presumably from Meigs County. But White had been chary with intro-

Sheriff C. H. Radcliff examines the articles of clothing which helped him to identify victim.

Theodore White wos o generous chop, free with his money. But he wasn't free with o girl friend.

ductions and no one knew her name.

Reports from officers on the barroom beat were equally disappointing. White was a familiar patron of many cafes and frequently had been accompanied by a good looking blonde, but wbo she was or wbere she lived was not known.

"I can understand that," Sergeant Sbeets remarked in exasperation. "What I can't figure out is why we have been unable to locate White's car."

A statewide alarm bad been broadcast immediately following the victim's identification. But the investigation moved into its third day with no word on the machine.

"It was probably abandoned somewbere," Chief Hoffman said. "The killer wouldn't risk keeping it."

White's murder had already been estimated to have occurred early on the night of June 4, sbortly after he left home. No one had seen him from that time on. And the man's failure to appear at his usual haunts led to the belief that be met death even before he was able to keep his date with his unknown girl friend.

But how and where had he encountered his slayer? Where had the murder occurred? Was White's body transported in his own automobile to the lonely grave on the bank of Little Walnut Creek? Had the machine been abandoned in Columbus? If so, wbere was it?

These were urgent questions, demanding immediate answers. Seeking them, Hoffman ordered a dragnet of the entire city. He also sought the cooperation of Sheriff Radcliff, requesting that a thorough search be made of the area wbere the body had been found.

"The car may be concealed in your district," he explained. "It's important we find it, sheriff. A couple of good fingerprints right now could break the case."

The bunt was on, but it remained for a couple of patrolmen in suburban Upper Arlington to bring it to a close. Sergeant Josepb Green and Patrolman J. N. Albanese were cruising West Lane Avenue wben they spotted a 1940 green Dodge ahead.

Alerted for just such a contingency, Green checked the license number and almost swerved off the road. "That's White's Dodge!" he shouted. "Every cop in the state has been looking for it."

Alhanese tripped the siren and the green car pulled obediently toward the curb. But the driver and his girl companion only stared in bewilderment at the two officers who approached witb drawn guns. "I wasn't doing anything wrong," the man said mildly.

Green holstered his revolver and leaned one arm on the door. "Buddy," he asked bluntly, "is this your car?"

"No. It belongs to a friend."

"What friend?"

"Ted White."

"Okay. Let me see your license."

The driver produced his wallet and extracted a card whicb he held out for inspection. Green studied it carefully. "Cecil Martin," be said. "Jackson Street, Columbus, O."

Alhanese went back to the squad car and radioed beadquarters of their find. He was instructed to bring the driver and his companion in for questioning, after whicb the Dodge would be processed at a police garage.

Chief Hoffman was in a grim mood when the quartet arrived. "We have your name on file," be said abruptly, waving Martin to a chair. "You served time, didn't you."

"Ohio pen," Martin agreed. "There's no use denying it."

"You also knew Theodore White bad been murdered?"

"Yes."

"Then how do you happen to be driving his car?"

"Ted loaned it to me," Martin said defiantly. "He came to my bouse on the Saturday night he disappeared. Said he'd been having trouble with his wife and was going out of town for a few days."

Martin estimated the time of his friend's arrival at approximately 7:30 P.M. "We had a few drinks," be declared, "and about two hours later Ted asked me to drive him downtown to the bus station. I didn't see or bear from him after that. Not until I read in the newspapers that his body had been found.

"Can't you see the spot I was in?" Martin spread his bands in a pleading gesture. "I'd served time, I had his car. I called Louise, but Ted hadn't stopped to say goodbye. Believe me, it wasn't a (*Continued on page 51*)

This green Dodge was the object of o statewide search. Officers who located it were surprised when the driver odmitted it belonged to the murdered Ted White.

Four young swimmers found the body in this sandy grave after the waters of Little Wolnut Creek, near Ashville, O., hod washed owoy the thin layer of covering soil.

TAKE A NUMBER. . . .

BY MARTIN FISKE

IT WAS A nondescript little bar in one of the poorer sections of Staten Island, the fifth and least populous of New York City's boroughs. There was no baseball game on television and business was at its usual midafternoon ebb. The bartender polished glassware for lack of other occupation; a couple of hangerson nursed beers and argued the relative merits of the Dodgers and the Yankees, and a third customer sat by himself, mechanically soaking up glasses of cold brew and muttering unintelligibly.

The other two patrons noticed him from time to time. "What's eatin' him, anyhow?" one asked the barkeep.

A cynical smile turned up one corner of the bartender's mouth and he shook his head slowly. "He's got a hot one for today. Had a dream last night. Five ducks walking on each side of the street. He played 525 today, and he swears it can't lose. Only, of course, he's scared it will."

The afternoon wore on. A few more customers drifted in, men and women. And each had, for the day, a magic number, a three-digit number that would bring wealth—if it came in.

They watched the clock. They knew the moment the right edition of one of the big Manhattan newspapers would reach the corner newsstand, the paper in which, if you knew how to read the financial pages, the winning policy number for the day would appear.

At a few minutes of the hour one of the customers sifted out and strolled to the corner. He was back in a minute with the paper. Other players huddled around him, peering over his shoulder, as he unfolded the sheets.

His trembling finger found the noon report of sales of bonds on the New York Stock Exchange. The second and third digits. (Continued on page 95)

Bitz (right, top) an ex-con who was working for a New York newspaper when arrested, covers his face in photo above as detectives take him to police headquarters. Goldberg (right), nabbed with Bitz, was assistant circulation manager of same paper.

Escorted by Detective Edward Fitzpatrick (right), Dennisan Duble (center), Cincinnati clearing house official, is shown arriving in Manhattan.

Months of careful investigation led to the arrests of (1) Martin Martinson, (2) Abraham Goldberg, (3) Jack Feldman, (4) Irving Bitz, (5) Emilio Stralla and (6) Edward Kane—all reportedly members of a numbers ring.

How could a respected Ohio banker be the key to crooked payoffs in a $50,000,000 policy ring?

The suspect sat with a sultry blonde. "What's the big idea?" he snapped as the county attorney addressed him. (Photo posed by professional models)

clue of the GLOVE

BY HUGH V. HADDOCK

"MOTHER! Mother!"

Louis Woodruff, busy with barn chores at his farm home two and a half miles northeast of Locust Grove, Okla., heard his 9-year-old daughter, Patricia, screaming as she ran across fields the late afternoon of April 11, 1949. But Patricia and the two smaller kids always hollered when they got home from school. It was a moment before Woodruff caught the note of panic in the child's cries.

Then he dropped his milk buckets and started for the house. He saw Patricia race into the yard, clutching her schoolbooks, and Mrs. Woodruff run out of the kitchen and gather the sobbing child in her arms.

"It's granddad!" Patricia wept as her father came up. "He's laying over there on the floor, and there's blood all around him!"

"Merciful heavens!" Mrs. Woodruff gasped. "Louis!"

Woodruff swung in alarm and stared in the direction of the two-room home of his father-in-law, 72-year-old E. C. "Tom," Tims, a quarter-mile back toward the highway. Then, quieting his wife, he drew the story from Patricia.

Alighting from the school bus, he learned, the child walked down the lane to her grandfather's house for her usual after-school visit with the old man. But her calls brought no response. She circled the house, looking for him, then peered in at the half-opened front door.

"I saw him!" The child sobbed. "He . . ." Memory of the nightmarish scene sent the little girl into an uncontrollable fit of crying.

"Somebody murdered him!" Mrs. Woodruff cried. "I know it!"

It didn't make sense to Louis Woodruff. Why would anyone kill kindly old Tom Tims? Wasting no time in argument, he slipped through the yard gate and ran toward Tims' little hilltop farmhouse.

A thin trail of blood across the unplaned oak planks checked Woodruff's stride as he mounted the front steps. But that was nothing to compare with what was inside.

Peering through the open doorway, Woodruff saw that the combination living room and bedroom was a shambles. But after his first glance, Woodruff was aware only of Tom Tims' body. It lay on one side, fully clothed, near the door, the face beaten and slashed beyond recognition and the back of the head a welter of wounds. Plainly the old man had been dead for many hours.

Woodruff dashed back to his own house, loaded his wife and their three children into the car and drove to the home of Homer Cowan, the nearest neighbor with a telephone, where he called City Marshal Herman Greathouse in Locust Grove.

Greathouse was willing to help in every way, but the case was outside his jurisdiction. He immediately relayed the news to the office of the Mayes County sheriff at Pryor, 20 miles northwest.

Fred Grimes, chief criminal deputy sheriff and a veteran officer, took the call and crackled out his orders. A few minutes later, he left Pryor with Deputy Sheriff Claude McCracken.

Entering the rugged Cherokee Hills country that surrounds Locust Grove, they stopped in town and picked up Marshal Greathouse. An Oklahoma highway patrol car, containing Troopers Carl Pugh and Carl Snooks and County Attorney Jack Burris, followed them out to the Cowan farm. Daylight was beginning to fade when they met Woodruff and listened to his story.

Assured that his wife and children would be safe at the Cowan home, Woodruff accompanied the officers to the scene of the murder and led them into the blood-splattered room.

Tom Tims had been brutally hacked to

Soiled, crudely mended, the five fingers of this bit of canvas pointed to a killer when an old man said, "Try it on for fit!"

death with an axe. That much was plain as the officers examined the body. Any of the wounds would have been fatal, but the killer, in frenzy of either fear or anger, had struck again and again.

The dead man was sprawled in front of his easy chair as though he had just risen from it when struck down. His right hand still clutched his corncob pipe, and on the bed his spectacles and part of the Sunday paper lay as if he had just dropped them. Near the front door, a scattering of broken glass showed where a kerosene lamp had been knocked to the floor and broken.

"So he was killed before dark yesterday evening," McCracken commented tightly. "Otherwise the lamp would have exploded and burned the house."

Victim's Axe Used

Grimes nodded, his mind busy as he studied the scene. "Just about sunset," he agreed. "The old man was sitting where he'd get the light from that window on his paper. Somebody slipped up behind him, probably through the back door, and . . ."

An exclamation from Woodruff cut into his words. Tims' own axe, the former reported, was missing from its usual place behind a trunk in the corner. The officers stared at Woodruff, then at each other.

"This gets more complicated all the time," Trooper Pugh said shortly. "If the killer didn't bring his own weapon, what was he doing here in the first place? And how did he know where to find the axe?"

Nobody had the answers.

"Who was his housekeeper?" Trooper Snooks asked.

Nobody, Woodruff told them. Tims had been an old age pensioner and lived alone.

"In fact," Woodruff continued, "Tom hasn't had anybody working for him at all since Raymond Vann helped him a few days early this spring." And relations with the easy-going Raymond Vann had been of the best, he said.

Perplexed, Grimes turned his flashlight beam again on the dead man. That time he noticed that Tims' pants pockets had been turned out. At first, the idea that anyone would murder an old-age pensioner for his money seemed ridiculous. Then the chief deputy reminded himself that some of them managed to cache away substantial sums for a rainy day.

Tims, he learned, had been one of these. In addition to the small amount of money which the elderly man carried loose in his pockets, he had accumulated more than $200 which he kept around the house in two worn pocketbooks. There was no evidence, however, that the house had been rifled.

"Just the same," Grimes snapped, "we're going to look for that money. There's a pretty good chance that whoever killed Tims knew exactly where to put his hands on it."

While the two deputies and Marshal Greathouse joined Woodruff and Cowan in a search of the house, the two troopers went outdoors to pick up what clues they could before the inevitable crowd arrived to blot them out.

They followed the trail of blood splotches from the front porch around the house. There, on the back yard gate, Grimes discovered the bloodied imprint of a man's right hand.

"The guy must have cut himself in some way," he speculated.

There was a man's footprint in a half-dried mud puddle near the gate, and out past the barn and the orchard, a canvas glove lay on one side of the path. A crudely mended tear caught Pugh's eye as he picked it up.

"A man did that sewing job," he surmised. "And it wasn't Tom Tims. That glove didn't belong to him any more than the footprint did."

"I've got a hunch we can fit that glove on somebody," Snooks said.

Pugh's eyes narrowed thoughtfully. "Yeah," he agreed. "Bloodhounds might do that job."

Swinging around, the two troopers hurried back to the house. Grimes and County Attorney Burris, who had found no trace of the murdered man's small hoard, quickly agreed to the idea. The patrolmen and Burris returned to Locust Grove and telephoned the state penitentiary at McAlester, requesting the loan of the prison's dogs.

Remaining at the scene with McCracken, Grimes put the steadily growing crowd of neighbors and townsmen to work searching for the death weapon.

But an hour later when Burris and the two troopers returned with the promise of the prison dogs, the whereabouts of Tom Tims' axe and money and the identity of his slayer were as much a mystery as ever.

"Okay," Pugh said. "So he was killed for his dough. It is as simple as that. Nothing else?"

"I'd wondered the same thing," Grimes admitted. "But if you're suggesting some woman was mixed up . . ."

"I heard in town that a fellow named Bill Pelly and his wife broke up out that way a while back," Pugh broke in. He glanced inquiringly at Greathouse. "Maybe that's no connection, but where does Pelly live?"

"Hold everything," the marshal repeated. "That path you followed ought to lead right to his place."

Ashes Fail Dogs

Grimes' face mirrored his excitement as he glanced around the circle and saw his own suspicions reflected from a dozen pairs of eyes.

"Pugh's evidence," he cautioned tensely. "And keep your lips buttoned in front of this crowd. Wait until the dogs get here."

Trainer A. L. Jones arrived with the bloodhounds shortly after midnight. Pugh gave them the glove which he had found for a scent guide. Almost instantly they picked up the trail and plunged down the path in the darkness.

Grimes, McCracken and Greathouse, with Cowan leading, followed as best they could as the dogs and their trainer disappeared. Scratched and winded, they came out of a patch of tangled woodlands into a rocky field nearly three miles from the Tims house and only a short distance from heavily traveled State Highway 33.

The field had been recently burned off, and each step by men and hounds raised a cloud of ashes and soot. Sneezing and whimpering, the bloodhounds circled again and again. But it was plain they had lost the scent.

"Do you know where we are?" Grimes asked finally.

"This is Bill Pelly's place if I'm not mistaken," Cowan said. "His house ought to be just beyond those trees."

The house was dark and Pelly away. Entering, they saw his bed had not been slept in. McCracken opened the door of the one clothes closet and found most of the clothing gone. He flashed his light over the floor and froze as the beam picked out a bloodstained shirt.

Led to weapon cache by suspect (far right) Marshal Herman Greathouse holds axe while Deputy Sheriff Fred Grimes studies hammer. County Attorney Jack Burris is at far left.

"I reckon that's about all we need," he commented tightly, handing the garment to Grimes.

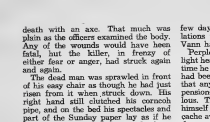
The stain spread across the right sleeve and down one side of the shirt. For a moment the chief deputy studied it in silence. Then, rolling the garment carefully, he swung to the others.

"Greathouse, you and Cowan get Jones and the dogs back to the Tims farm as fast as you can go. Report to Burris and tell him the ball's his now. Tell Pugh and Snooks to get out a pickup for Pelly on that two-way car radio carrying special information to Tulsa and to Sllsom Springs, Ark. I want road blocks put up on all east-west highways at the Arkansas line. McCracken," he continued, turning to his subordinate, "you and I will stay here to greet Mr. Pelly in case he returns home."

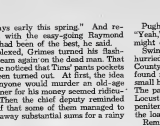
Snooks got district patrol headquarters at Claremore while Greathouse, who knew Pelly, was still reeling off the man's description—five feet tall, 30 years of age, dark hair and eyes, and a jagged scar above the left eye.

"And tell 'em," the marshal added, "that they can get his fingerprints from the penitentiary at McAlester. Pelly served a five-year rap there for assault with intent to kill."

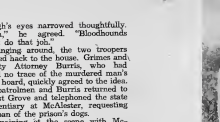
Satisfied that the hunt for Pelly would be in full cry over a third of the state within minutes, Greathouse returned to Locust Grove and the others went on to Chotest, 11 miles west, where Highway 33 cut across U. S. Highway 69 and where the marshal recalled, Pelly sometimes (Continued on page 61)



The victim had just laid aside his reading glasses and was still clutching this pipe when the killer struck.



"A man did this sewing job," one investigator determined, pointing to the awkward stitching on the work glove.



In the half-dried mud behind Tims' home a distinct footprint was formally encased. It had to be the slayer's.

The old man's home and way of life did not suggest he was wealthy. But there were rumors . . . that was enough.

This bloody imprint of a man's right hand was found on the gate near Tims' home. Had the killer been injured?

MURDER'S NO JOKE

The killer laughed as he confronted his victim. He was still laughing when he drew his automatic and blazed away

BY BERT CAREY

IN THE prosperous little college city of Franklin, Ind., they call him the "laughing killer." But they'll give you odds he won't be smiling when—and if—the grim guards at the state penitentiary strap him into the electric chair.

The streets of Franklin, even in the business district, were quiet at 9:30 the Wednesday night of March 2, 1949. Most of the shops along Court Street were dark. Lights came from the windows of a cafe and a sweets den. There was a glow from the front of Voris' poolhall in East Court, and the glimmer of neon signs in front of Everett Stucker's liquor store two doors away.

Three men sauntered up the sidewalk, paused before Stucker's and talked for a moment. Then two of them entered while their companion lounged indifferently outside.

Lloyd L. Abbett, the graying, 49-year-old manager of the establishment, moved down the counter as the two young fellows sidled up before the display of bottles of bourbon.

"That's for us," said one, a dark, curly-haired man in his mid-20s. "Good for snakebite—or old age." He laughed merrily at his own joke, and Abbett answered with a hearty chuckle as he pulled down a fifth of whisky.

The customer was still laughing as he reached for the bourbon. "And I'll take what money you got here, too," he said.

Abbett's first alarm was quelled by the patron's

With Sergeant Charles Burkett looking on, Floyd Leslie, prosecutor's aide, holds a confession for Albert Hansbrough to read.

Indiana State Troopers V. N. Pursell (at left) and Paul Christian display two guns allegedly used by Lloyd Abbett's slayers.

Left to right: State Police Detective Robert Bennett, Police Chief Honly McMillin, William Caine and R. B. Lybrook, Johnson County prosecutor, as Caine was being questioned in connection with the Abbett killing.

Indianapolis' Prosecutor George Dailey gave valuable aid to his neighboring colleague in the investigation of the murder. He turned up a lead in a hardware burglary case.

Everett Stucker's liquor store in Franklin, Ind., was the scene of the wanton slaying by the "laughing killer." An employe of a nearby poolhall saw the holdup quartet flee.

seemingly harmless mirth. It was nothing but a joke, be assured himself; the fellow wasn't holding a gun.

"Sure," the manager replied. "Sure, go ahead. Take whatever you can find."

Then it happened. With the laugh still on his lips, the customer flashed the long-barreled, black automatic pistol. Two slugs snarled from its muzzle. Abbett's smile twisted into a grimace of agony and he buckled toward the counter.

The two young men wheeled and fled. Abbett pawed his way to the end of the counter and staggered toward the door, where he collapsed on the threshold.

The shots were heard in the poolroom. Paul Norton, an employe, moved swiftly to the street. He heard the roar of a racing automobile motor and saw a dark sedan flash up the thoroughfare. It held four men, he noted. Then, turning his attention to the liquor store, he saw Abbett lying in the entry.

Before Hanly McMillin, Franklin's youthful police chief, and Johnson County's Sheriff Howard Maxwell could get to the scene, men who rushed from the billiards hall took Abbett to the county's Memorial Hospital. Both shots had struck him; he was in a critical condition from one wound in the abdomen.

It took but a moment for McMillin to hear from Norton the story of what he had seen. It took but a moment more for the police chief to phone the nearby state police barracks and flash a warning on the speeding dark sedan. And within but a few minutes more the troopers had put into operation their prearranged plan to block all highways in the region.

Meanwhile Sheriff Maxwell organized a pursuit from his own department, and then joined his colleague in a search for clues inside the liquor store.

The bottle of whisky lay on the counter. They left it for the fingerprint men. The cash register had not been touched by the gunmen.

"Funny sort of a stickup," Maxwell said.

"If it *was* a robbery," Chief McMillin replied. "Let's get to the hospital, Howard. Maybe Abbett can talk."

Weapon Identified

The victim was conscious, but weakening rapidly. In faltering words he described the two assailants. The laughing man who shot him was slim, not bad looking; his partner was just a kid, probably no more than 18, with blond hair. He'd seemed scared when the older man drew the pistol. He'd tried to protest, but seemed to be speechless. Abbett could tell the officers no more; he was now drifting into insensibility.

In an emergency operation, the two bullets were removed from the storekeeper's body. Then he was transported to the Robert E. Long Memorial Hospital in Indianapolis where, it was hoped, the resources of a great medical center could save his life.

State police experts studied the slugs. Of .22-caliber, they had been fired from a new High Standard automatic, a target type weapon. Identification men examined the whisky bottle and found it bore several fingerprints.

The road block failed to trap the fugitives and pursuit of the fleeing sedan was hopeless from the start. So, working with only the fingerprint and bullet clue possibilities and the unusual behavior of the laughing gunman, police set out to solve a crime which enraged the peaceable community of Franklin.

Since there had been no actual attempt to take anything of value from the liquor store, investigators seriously considered the possibility that the holdup gesture had been a screen to cover a shooting for personal motives.

However, a careful inquiry into the past life of Lloyd Abbett left them completely in the dark as to any person who might have any reasonable excuse to try to kill him.

Franklin police fine-combed their own city and from the sweepings picked several likely suspects, but all completely exonerated themselves.

The FBI could not identify the prints taken from the bottle left behind by the laughing gunman. Nor could they be matched in the local files of detectives in Indianapolis, the nearest large city to Franklin.

Then on March 7, Lloyd Abbett died. The investigation, virtually at a standstill, was pushed with new vigor as the crime became murder.

From the fact that the driver of the getaway car knew the roads in that section well enough to avoid the state police blockades, detectives deduced that he must live somewhere in the area.

"The most logical place," said State Police Detective Robert Bennett, "would be Indianapolis."

Prosecutor Robert B. Lybrook of Franklin got in touch with his colleague in Indianapolis, Prosecutor George S. Dailey. Detectives sifted through the underworld of the state capital on the trail of a new High Standard automatic pistol in the hands of a criminal.

Sergeant Stanley Burkett of Dailey's staff ferreted out one vague lead from a stoolpigeon. "Look around Danville," was the word Burkett brought back to his chief.

Danville is a small city, the seat of Hendricks County, about 20 miles northwest of Indianapolis. Local authorities there could think of no resident hoodlums capable of the Abbett murder, but they did remember an incident that might be tied in remotely with the Franklin killing.

Only a few days earlier a local hardware store had been burglarized, and the only loot was five guns and a quantity of ammunition.

Descriptions of the stolen weapons were read off to Prosecutor Dailey. Among the guns was a High Standard .22 automatic.

"Any leads in the burglary?" Dailey queried.

"Several fingerprints," came the reply. "Parts of three sets. They're being processed now by the FBI."

"Prints?" Dailey questioned, with a note of skepticism in his voice. "Will they help you much? Weren't there customers and clerks who could have left them?"

The Danville officer laughed. "The glass counter where these prints were found," he said, "was washed and polished before closing time that day."

Of the impressions taken from the Danville hardware counter, the FBI was able to mark one thumb imprint as that of Albert Hansbrough, 22, of Indianapolis.

Sergeant Burkett set out to find Hansbrough, to arrest him for the burglary and to question him in the slaying of Abbett. However, the youth had left his parents' home on the outskirts of the city some three or four weeks earlier and his relatives had not heard from him since. He drove a 1940 Hudson sedan.

The discovery of a new High Standard pistol in the hands of a criminal greatly interested the state, city and county authorities working on the Abbett case.

Detective Bennett went to Indianapolis, casually visited around the neighborhood of Hansbrough's home and, after a good deal of skillful questioning, learned that the youth had been particularly friendly with one Harold Lloyd, 22, a former Army buddy.

"Where's Lloyd?" the state officer inquired of his informant.

"In the jug. Got caught up on a delinquency charge on account of a couple of girls two months ago."

"But you said he was running around with Hansbrough," Bennett said.

"Sure. Harold was out on bail, digging up some money for his lawyer to get a new trial. He wasn't sentenced till sometime this month."

Locate Girl Friend

Lloyd, the records showed, had been sent to the state penal farm for six months, and the date of sentence was March 6—four days after the Abbett shooting.

At the state farm detectives were informed that Lloyd was an excellent prisoner, but somewhat aloof. He had had only one visitor—a friend named Hansbrough.

Under questioning, Lloyd said he did not know Hansbrough's whereabouts. He knew nothing, either, he insisted, about the Danville burglary or the Franklin murder.

Bennett returned to Hansbrough's bailiwick. Further sleuthing brought him the address of Hansbrough's girl friend on Home Street in Indianapolis, and a stakeout was set in that neighborhood in the hope that he would attempt to see her.

Late on Wednesday afternoon, March 22, a dark 1940 Hudson sedan cruised up Home Street and stopped before the girl's house. Officers nabbed Albert Hansbrough before he got out of the car.

The young man admitted having been in Danville the day of the burglary. He'd even been in the hardware store but, he declared, he knew nothing about any break-in of the place.

"You expect us to believe that?" Detective Burkett challenged.

"You'll have to believe it," Hansbrough answered calmly. "You see, I stopped at the store to pick up an auto part, and I got the receipt right here with me."

He showed it. Burkett and Bennett examined the paper and said nothing.

They asked Hansbrough to account for his whereabouts the night of March 2.

"Simple," he said. "I was driving to St. Louis."

The officers exchanged a sharp look. Bennett leaned toward young Hansbrough, and his voice was friendly and confidential as he spoke.

"Not according to your pal, Lloyd," he said. "Harold tells us you were in on the Danville burglary, and that you drove the car in the Franklin killing."

There was a flash of alarm in Hansbrough's eyes, but he kept control of himself.

"Yeah," he said. "I bet he told you he was Santa Claus, too."

Bennett shrugged. "Believe me or not," he said. "Why should I kid you? Lloyd's doing a stretch now. We offered what help we could to spring him and to ease it up for him on the Franklin deal. So he sang.

"You see, Al," the state detective went on, "we didn't even need his story. I'll tell you what happened in Danville. You went in and bought some gadget so you could case the place. Then you got the idea of keeping that receipt to set up an alibi if you needed it. Nobody'd hold on to such a thing for any other reason.

"But what you didn't know was this. Before the store closed that night, the glass counters were washed and polished. There were absolutely no fingerprints on them when the place was locked up. But

yours were there the next morning.

"Now, about the Franklin job. We've got witnesses who'll look at your sedan. They saw the getaway car the night Abbett was shot. How much chance do you think you're going to have with a jury?"

Names Pals

Hansbrough was licked. He agreed to talk. He said he and Lloyd and a third man pulled the Danville burglary. He was inspired, Hansbrough said, by Lloyd's desperate need of money for his lawyer's efforts to free him of the delinquency charge.

With the weapons, the youth continued, the trio and a fourth man started out on what was to be a holdup tour. On their first job, at the Stucker liquor store, the campaign exploded in murder.

Besides Lloyd, Hansbrough said, the gang included William Caine, 27, of Evansville, Ind., and an 18-year-old boy, John Parnell, of St. Louis.

With Hansbrough's statement to prod him, Harold Lloyd also admitted his part in the crimes.

Lloyd said he acted as lookout outside the liquor store while Caine and Parnell went inside. Hansbrough was the getaway driver. Both named Caine as the gunman.

"When we blazed out of Franklin," Hansbrough said, "Bill Caine told us, 'I accidentally plugged the old guy when I cocked my pistol to scare him.' We threw two guns out just north of Franklin. I think I can find them for you."

Hansbrough and Lloyd were charged with murder and held in Indianapolis for Franklin authorities. Alarms went out for Caine and Parnell.

That night Captain Arthur Temme and Sergeant Wayne Heironimous of the Evansville police department, having discovered Caine's hideout in a cheap section of the city, crept silently up a flight of dingy stairs and paused before a door.

All was quiet within. They listened for a moment and heard the faint sound of steady, regular snores. A key twisted in an old-fashioned lock and it gave without a squeak.

The officers slipped inside. The man on the bed did not stir until the touch of steel encircling his wrists awakened him. Caine was a prisoner without any chance to struggle.

Some hours later, in police headquarters at St. Louis, Patrolman Charles Billings stripped a length of tape from the printer telegraph machine and read it. John Parnell was wanted for murder in Indiana. A description of the suspect followed.

Billings filed the tape on the alarm hook and went out into the lobby of the building. A dark-haired youth approached.

"I want to give myself up," he said. "Where do I go?"

"Who are you?" Billings asked.

"My name's John Parnell. I'm wanted in Indiana. I know it's no use to try to hide out. They'd get me. So I'm turning myself in."

Both Caine and Parnell told stories matching those of Hansbrough and Lloyd. Caine admitted the shooting, but still claimed the gun went off accidentally.

The fact that two bullets, not one, were fired made the accident story very weak in the minds of the Hoosier officials. However, they pointed out, it didn't matter much anyway. A man had been killed in the commission of a felony and that was sufficient to justify murder charges against all four.

Albert Hansbrough led State Troopers Vern N. Pursell and Paul Christian to the spot near Franklin where the guns had been thrown from his car. Both were found.

One was a Harrington & Richards .22 target revolver, the other a High Standard automatic from which two rounds had been fired. Tests later showed that rifling marks on this gun's bullets matched those on the slugs taken from Abbett's body, state experts said.

On Tuesday, March 29, the Johnson County grand jury indicted all four prisoners on two counts of first degree murder. One count alleged murder in the perpetration of a felony; the other charged homicide with premeditated malice.

Arraigned in circuit court before Judge Oral Barnett, the suspects pleaded not guilty, but reserved the right to withdraw such pleas later. Hansbrough's attorneys made an effort to free him on a writ of habeas corpus, but their petition was denied, and all four were held without bail for trial at a later date, in the fall term of court.

And thus, through the cooperative, intelligent work of hard-hitting police agencies, the case of the laughing killer was marked closed.

Too Many Men and the Playgirl Died!

(*Continued from page 19*)

he gave that woman is any indication. And possibly a sailor," Thiele summed up. "This case isn't going to be any cinch."

"You're forgetting something," Finch pointed out. "Mrs. Reed was a heavy drinker. Everyone who knew her has remarked about it. Chances are she was no stranger to the bartenders in her neighborhood. Maybe they can tell us who this fellow is."

With a photo of the victim, the detectives began a round of beach front bars.

News of the murder had preceded them and the picture was recognized at once. "She's been in here frequently," said the first bartender, "but I don't know anything about her."

"We're trying to locate one of her men friends," Thiele explained. "A tall, thin fellow with black hair. A seaman, maybe. Has he been in here with her?"

The man polished the bar top thoughtfully. "She's been here with several men who've bought her drinks. Any number of 'em could have been sailors."

"How about this one—tall, thin?"

The bartender nodded. "I seem to remember a fellow like that. Not recently, though." He called a waitress. She too recalled a man of that description. Mrs. Reed would come in with him every night for a week or so then a couple of months would pass before the two would be together again.

"At first I thought she was going steady with him," the waitress said. "Then I wouldn't see him around, and Eddis would be with different men. All of a sudden this dark fellow would show up again."

Such erratic affairs were common along the waterfront where romances were limited to a man's shore leave and playgirls were inclined to be free with their favors. The information served only to convince the investigators that their suspect was indeed a sailor; in town a week, away for a month, then back again.

They continued to ply the tavern route, piecing together whatever meager facts they could glean and finally, in one beach-front bar, they uncovered what looked to be a good lead.

The manager recalled a slender, black-haired man who had been in asking for Eddis Reed. "I told him she hadn't been in and he said she'd promised to meet him. He hung around for awhile, then left. Anything wrong?"

"Plenty," Finch replied. "Mrs. Reed was murdered this afternoon."

Apparently the news had not filtered down that far, for the man was obviously shocked. "My God! You mean that fellow did it?"

Finch shrugged. "Whoever he is, he's got some questions to answer. What time was he in?"

"Between 2 and 3. He tried to pawn an alarm watch with me. Said he needed $10 real quick. I wasn't interested."

An alarm watch? Such things were unique and if this man had been unable to pass it off any place else, he might have tried a regular pawnshop.

Next morning, with the help of the pawnshop detail, the officers started afresh. Sure enough, at a loan shop near the amusement pier, such a watch had been pawned the day before. The ticket had been signed by a Glen Tracy, who gave his address as 1835 National Street. He was, the clerk said, young and swarthy.

This address proved to be a two-story rooming house near a shipyard between Long Beach and Wilmington. Cautiously they parked a block away and Thiele covered the back door while Finch rang the front bell.

A young woman answered. "I want to talk with Glen Tracy," Finch said.

Had Date With Victim

"Room Ten, on the next floor," she said reluctantly, eyeing his badge with suspicion.

Finch went upstairs and knocked twice. A muffled voice told him to enter. Inside he found two sleepy young men sitting up in bed. One of them said he was Tracy. At mention of Eddis Reed, he rubbed his eyes and stared at the officer's badge.

"I know her a little," he admitted. "Why?"

"Somebody murdered her late yesterday afternoon. And I want to know where you were."

At this announcement both men jerked erect. Tracy immediately claimed that he and his roommate were working in the shipyards from 3 until 11 P.M. He had met Mrs. Reed at a dance on the amusement pier. They made a date to meet the next day but she didn't show up.

"She said she was separated from her husband," Tracy added. "That's all she told me. I didn't even know where she lived. You can check at the shipyard if you think I killed her."

"We will," Finch assured him. He called Thiele and they escorted the two youths to the yard. But the suspect had evidently spoken the truth. Two foremen backed up Tracy's story and there was nothing to do but release him.

Back at headquarters, the two detectives studied the autopsy report. The post-mortem, performed by Dr. Frederick Newbarr, revealed a surprising fact.

Mrs. Reed's left eye, the report stated, was almost gouged out. Both lips were badly lacerated and her neck and cheeks were bruised. Too, she had suffered a basal skull fracture. But none of these was the immediate cause of death. The woman died of strangulation. The missing half of her brassiere was found, thrust down her throat.

"Somebody must have hated her an awful lot," Finch said as he finished the report.

Still, this gave no clue to the brutal killer. And a check with the identification bureau provided further disappointment.

The dead woman had been fingerprinted and matching prints had been found all over her apartment. Two others, obviously made by a man, had been found on the dresser. But unfortunately the surface was too badly smudged to yield any workable impressions.

"Let's go across the street and have lunch," Thiele suggested, slightly dismayed at the slow progress they were making.

Despite their preoccupation with the case, both men were able to pack away hearty steak dinners.

"Mrs. Reed could have stood a few meals like that," Finch said as he pushed away from the table. "She looked half-starved."

Thiele straightened. "That gives me an idea. At least it's something we haven't tried."

His partner was puzzled. "What are you talking about?"

"Mrs. Reed. Remember her kitchen didn't look as though it ever was used. She probably ate in restaurants. Some of the

waitresses around there ought to know about her."

"It's worth a try," Finch agreed. "We've run down everything else."

As they drove through the downtown business section, they saw the murder was already front page news. It was being hawked from every street corner. And the tent city itself was alive with curious onlookers.

Again they began the routine canvass, this time covering lunch counters and restaurants and showing the victim's picture to waitresses and bus boys.

Finally they stopped in at the Golden West Cafe. It was a small restaurant on the ocean front, with several booths and a counter. The waitress looked at the picture and nodded instantly.

"Sure, that's Eddis Reed. I heard about her. She used to eat here nearly every day."

"That's exactly what we hoped," said Thiele. "What do you know about her men friends?"

"Not much. I've seen some of them, but that's all."

The girl went on to say that sometimes one man, sometimes another, accompanied Mrs. Reed. Usually they sat in one of the back booths. Two days earlier, the woman had come in with a blond man, a stranger to the waitress. Mrs. Reed appeared to be very nervous and kept watching the door.

"She came back about an hour later and asked if Bill had been in looking for her."

"Bill!" Finch echoed. "Who did she mean?"

"I don't know his last name. He was a tall fellow, very dark and quite a bit younger than Mrs. Reed. I told her he hadn't been in and she seemed pretty relieved."

"Did he come in with her often?"

Seaport Romance

"He did and he didn't," the waitress said. "Sometimes for a week or so she'd be in here with him and nobody else. Then all of a sudden I wouldn't see him any more for maybe a couple of months."

"That's the same routine the girl at the tavern gave us," Finch said after they had left the restaurant. "Now I'm sure our man's a seaman, a seaman named Bill. He was Mrs. Reed's number one boy when he was in port, but while he was off on a trip, she played the field."

"This time we've got something to work on," Thiele said with fresh zest. "The way Mrs. Reed was acting, nervous and jumpy and watching for Bill's arrival, she expected his ship to dock soon. He must have come in before she expected and found her with someone else . . . the heavy-set man. What we have to look for now is a sailor named Bill who hove into port on September 19."

"Right. Let's get over to the harbor master's office."

A few minutes later the officers were checking recent arrivals of cargo ships. They found that one, the *SS Syossett*, had docked the previous day at noon. They lost no time getting out to the busy harbor area where a forest of spars lay rocking.

The *Syossett* was a petroleum tanker, its familiar green-and-white superstructure towering above a cluster of smaller craft. The officers mounted the gangplank and explained their mission to the skipper.

"Several of my crew are tall and thin and have black hair," he told them. "No less than three are named Bill. However, you're welcome to talk to them."

Accompanied by the first mate, the detectives questioned the tanker crew. Had any of them, Thiele asked, been heard to mention a Mrs. Eddis Mae Reed? Especially any member named Bill?

One after another, the seamen shook their heads. "There's plenty of talk about women," one said. "It's the chief topic. But I never heard that name."

Finch held up the murdered woman's picture. "Some man strangled her, yesterday," he said sternly. "Somebody who, we have reason to believe, was a seaman. If any of you fellows have an idea who it is, you'd better tell us."

"Go ahead," the mate urged them. "Don't hold back on anything."

There was a long moment of silence. Finally an oiler shifted uneasily. "Well, I heard a fellow say something, but maybe it doesn't mean much."

"It might mean a lot," Thiele said.

The man then told what he had overheard. One of the crew had remarked that he thought his woman was unfaithful while he was away at sea. His name was William Dryman. Further questioning revealed that Dryman was a lanky, black-haired man from Texas. He was 32 years old.

"Is he aboard ship now?" Finch asked.

"No. He went ashore soon after we docked. He hasn't come back yet."

A search of the suspect's quarters turned up no pictures. But a crew member had one showing him and Dryman posing together on the Seattle waterfront. If the photo could be identified by witnesses, the case was practically sewed up.

The officers took the snapshot and returned to the slaying scene. They found the woman who had seen Mrs. Reed's last caller.

"Is this the fellow you saw hanging around the tent?" Finch asked.

The witness studied the photo. "It certainly looks like him," she said finally. "Of course, his clothes are different in this picture. But I'm almost sure it's the same man."

It was not a positive identification, but it was encouraging. The detectives hurried to the Golden West Cafe.

The attractive waitress needed but one look at the photograph. "That's the man," she pointed out Dryman, "who used to come in here with Mrs. Reed. The one she called Bill."

Here was solid proof that the suspect was, at least, an intimate friend of the murdered woman. Too, he was known to be jealous of her, and she was afraid of him. The detectives felt at last they had uncovered a key to the slayer. So far, there was no evidence that would stand up in court, but they would worry about that after they found Dryman.

A description of the suspect was put into an all points bulletin and the police radio began an hourly broadcast on him. Next, Finch and Thiele considered what other loopholes of escape they could plug.

Possibly Dryman was still in the city, thinking he had outwitted the police. If so, it was likely he was frequenting the usual seamen's haunts.

Copies of his picture were printed and distributed to every bartender along the waterfront. "Call us," Finch instructed, "if this man shows up. His clothes may be bloodstained."

They went on, leaving pictures in taverns along the crowded amusement pier and even in the downtown bars. Nothing, they knew, dared be overlooked.

By supper time, coverage was complete and the detectives returned to headquarters. As they were conferring with Captain Martin, a telephone call came in. It was from the Log Cabin Cafe on East Broadway.

"I think that fellow's here," Thiele heard a man's voice say. "He looks like the picture you left with us. He just had a drink and he's acting sort of queer. His shirt looks bloody."

Three cars of officers raced to the downtown tavern. "He just stepped outside," said Barney Kehoe, the bartender.

They spotted the suspect, weaving drunkenly at the alley entrance. Sergeant R. A. Taylor walked up to him. "Are you William Dryman?" he asked.

"That's me," the man replied. Despite his condition, he spoke clearly. "And I know what you want. I killed that woman and I'm glad I did."

He showed no remorse. In the detective bureau he made a detailed confession and signed it. His version of the slaying dovetailed almost perfectly with the detectives' previous theory.

He told how he first met Mrs Reed at a dance. From then on, he considered her "his woman," and saw her exclusively when he was ashore.

This time, he arrived back ahead of schedule. When he reached Mrs. Reed's tent he heard voices so he waited outside until some strange man left. "Then I went in, intending to kill her."

Dryman lighted a cigarette, inhaled deeply. "I told her what would happen if I caught her cheating," he said "Then I rammed her head against the wall and the bedstead. She kept yelling, so I stuffed her brassiere down her throat. Finally she laid still."

He covered her up and locked the door behind him. Still furious, he threw away the key. "I'd do it all again!" he said bitterly.

On December 1, 1948, Superior Court Judge Fred Miller found William Dryman guilty of second degree murder. He sentenced him to from "five years to life" in San Quentin prison.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *To spare possible embarrassment to an innocent person, the name Glen Tracy, used in this story, is fictitious.*

A Chat with the Chief

(*Continued from page 2*)

lector; he was also an excellent marksman. He was a Boy Scout troop leader, and Unruh read the Bible almost continually. Both had good reputations.

McIntyre was arrested for a traffic violation. His resentment against a cop and a complaining witness led to further trouble on assault charges. Finally he killed an arresting officer in cold blood, fled to a hilltop with a rifle and slew three more men and wounded still another before ending his own life.

The local sheriff blamed war souvenir weapons for this mass murder. Some sentimentalists in this case and in the Camden horror contended that their war experiences had made killers of the young men.

To THE CHIEF, neither of these claims is valid. There is no evidence to show that our armed forces returned "conditioned killers" to society. And THE CHIEF believes that even if Unruh and McIntyre had possessed no souvenir weapons they would have found others.

It seems obvious, many psychiatrists say, that both Unruh and McIntyre were deranged at the time of their homicidal binges. And it seems plain, too, that in neither case did the dangerous condition appear suddenly, but built up gradually over a long period. In his statement to police, for example, Unruh admitted having barbored his grudge against his neighbors for more than two years.

Still a third factor upon which criminal psychiatrists have agreed is that the mental illness of these men should have been spotted before they lost all control and took the bloody path of murder.

These mind specialists contend that when anyone goes to excess in anything, he should be considered open to question on his mental state. Unruh, for instance, was virtually a fanatic in his Bible reading. And, in addition, he often had mentioned his grudge and, shortly before breaking loose with his gun, had frightened relatives with a "strange look in his eye."

The hope of psychiatric examination and care as a crime preventive is not new among forward-looking criminologists. Some few steps have been taken to translate this hope into action, but these few steps are far from enough.

Who, THE CHIEF wonders, will find the means to bring this aid into practical use in the progressing fight against crime?

* * * *

ON THE eve of going to press, THE CHIEF has learned with sorrow of the death of a brave detective, one whose activities have figured in several stories in FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE in the past.

He was Allan Lee, slain this fall by a fugitive's bullets in St. Paul's most spectacular manhunt in history. A short time later, Lee's slayer himself was killed in a hail of lead from the guns of fellow officers.

—THE CHIEF

Body in the Tub

(*Continued from page 27*)

man and the others, particularly on the poker, milk bottle and key, had been smeared. The key was given particular attention, since it was brand new and could have been the one used by the killer to gain entrance into the apartment. Rocharek's key ring, with all of the keys intact, had been found in his pocket.

Sergeant Waldvogel and a squad of assistants were assigned to check bakeries and dairies in the vicinity to learn if the actual purchase of the cake and bottle of milk could be traced. Key shops were to be combed for a lead to the person who had ordered the duplicate key to the slain man's apartment. Mikes and several aides began checking William Rocharek's personal affairs.

A telephone call was received from Charlie Rocharek, who shared the apartment. He told Mikes that police had contacted him in his rented cabin in the north Michigan woods. He was returning to Chicago immediately.

Ed Rocharek, oldest of the brothers, wired that he would leave for Chicago as soon as he could find a hired man in whose care he could leave his farm.

Captain John Ptacek of the homicide squad took charge of the investigation. Late that night, Wednesday, May 6, a detective reported to him that he had found a bakeshop on Twenty-sixth Street and Homan Avenue, about half a mile from the scene of the murder, that used exactly the same kind of bag that had been found under the murdered man's bed.

Furthermore, the bakery sold milk of the same brand contained in the broken bottle found in Rocharek's apartment.

The shop was a busy one and it was impossible to narrow these clues down to a specific sale. But one of the clerks recalled that a man named "Baldy" Jackson, a curious character who did odd jobs in the neighborhood and often slept in abandoned buildings and ballways, had made a purchase of a dozen buns and a bottle of milk at 9 o'clock on the night of the murder.

He had not returned since. "Baldy" Jackson had often been in Rocharek's apartment to do various repair jobs. Jackson was 35, flat-featured and phlegmatic. Detectives were ordered to pick him up on sight.

A probe into the romantic excursions of the well-to-do bachelor was surprisingly barren of results. The photographs found in his room held no clue to the identities of their senders. On this one subject, the usually gregarious and friendly Rocharek seemed to have been quite close-mouthed.

None of his friends was able to provide the names and addresses of the women he had known.

Early Thursday morning Charlie Rocharek arrived and went directly to the office of Captain Ptacek. He was a pleasant mannered man of neat appearance. His face bore the unmistakable stamp of his recent shock.

"It was terrible news," he said soberly. "When a policeman came to my cabin and told me about it I couldn't believe him."

"Who do you think killed your brother, Mr. Rocharek?"

"Burglars I warned Bill he kept too much cash around."

"We have an idea that maybe a woman figured in this thing," Ptacek said slowly.

"Oh no. Bill wasn't the type to fool around much."

"He seemed to have done pretty well for himself. At least eight women sent him photographs inscribed with endearing phrases," the detective said.

"It doesn't mean a thing. Bill was getting married in two weeks. He was having the house fixed over for his bride-to-be."

Captain Ptacek showed his interest. No inkling of this important piece of news had thus far been revealed. Here was a solid motive for murder; Rocharek turning his back in abrupt fashion on a handful of young women who might have had excellent reason to believe they were to be the future Mrs. Rocharek.

"What about yourself? You were making arrangements to move out?"

"Of course."

"You didn't mind?"

"Bill and I were getting along fine, sharing the place. But he was bringing home a wife and that was the end of it. What I felt about it didn't matter."

"Did you and your brother discuss the details of your leaving?"

"Yes, we did."

"In a friendly fashion?"

"My brother and I never had a serious quarrel."

Ptacek switched the subject. "You smoke?" he asked.

"A pipe. I don't like cigarettes."

The homicide captain took one from his own package. He seemed to have trouble finding matches. Rocharek produced a lighter.

"Never use matches," he said. "Here, try this."

It was a minor defeat for the detective. The three split matches in the murder apartment were left behind by a man who used old fashioned safety matches.

That afternoon, in a conference between Ptacek, Mikes and Waldvogel, it was decided that Mikes should travel to Michigan City, Ind., to question the young woman Bill Rocharek had planned to marry. She might be able to furnish some important details.

Reports were received from the police scientific laboratory. Fingerprints had been lifted from the poker, the blood-smeared milk bottle, walls, woodwork and even the murdered man's bed, but these were so smudged that photographs made for comparison were almost useless.

The post-mortem findings only substantiated what was already surmised. Doctor Edward S. Hatton's original opinion that the bachelor had been dead four days when found was correct. He had been lifeless when placed in the bathtub; there was no water in his lungs. The weapons used by the killer could have been the poker and the milk bottle. They fitted the wounds perfectly.

The police got what appeared to be a break when one of the investigators found a locksmith who had made the new key found in the apartment. About a week before the murder, a man had come into the shop asking that a duplicate key be made for him in a great hurry. He insisted upon waiting for it. The locksmith had never seen him before or since. He could only recall that the man was about 50 years old, smooth-shaven, deeply tanned and of average height. He was positive the key had come from his shop, since it bore his symbol on the shaft

Somehow the killer obtained Rocharek's own key and had a duplicate made. He had been able to slip out of the apartment with the key and return with it in ten or 15 minutes without arousing Rocharek's suspicions.

"Baldy" Jackson could have contrived it.

While the intensified hunt for the odd-jobs man was pushed forward, Ed Rocharek arrived in Chicago. He was a sturdy man, deeply bronzed, with a thick bull neck and big hands.

The farmer exhibited much less emotion over William's death than his brother Charles had shown.

"We all have to die some day," he told Captain Ptacek.

Pressed for information that might shed some light on the murder, Ed Rocharek shook his head.

"I'm too busy trying to make a living on my farm to keep in close touch with my brothers," he explained. "I know very little about Bill's personal life. He didn't strike me as being much of a ladies' man. A robber must have killed him."

The last time he had seen his brother was several months ago, he told Ptacek.

He returned to Bloomingdale, Mich., that night.

Sergeant Mikes came back from Michigan City with highly interesting news. From the victim's intended bride he learned that Ed Rocharek had come to Chicago to see his brother about a week before the killing. The husky farmer had told police he had not seen William for several months!

Was it mere coincidence that a deeply tanned stranger was having a duplicate key fitted for the Homan Avenue apartment at that very time?

Sergeant Mikes was sent to Bloomingdale to check into the brother's affairs. He discovered that Ed Rocharek was head over heels in debt. His bank had sent him a letter on April 15 urging that he pay an overdue mortgage installment on his farm.

Rocharek had confessed that he was flat broke and unable to meet his obligations. Yet on Saturday, the morning after his brother's brutal murder, Ed Rocharek had walked into the bank and paid $400 cash!

The web of coincidence was tightening around the stocky dairyman. He had lied about seeing his brother. He had in his possession, a few hours after the murder, almost the exact amount missing from the victim's estimated amount of cash.

But there were a few details that the cautious Captain Ptacek and Sergeant Mikes had to admit did not make sense.

The duplicate key puzzled the detectives. The suspect could have gained admittance to his brother's apartment any time day or night. He did not have to hide under his victim's bed. Ed Rocharek could have sat in a chair and waited. Also, Bill Rocharek would undoubtedly have loaned his brother the money he needed so badly.

They decided to bring Ed Rocharek back to Chicago. At 11 o'clock Friday night, May 15, he and Sergeant Harry Waldvogel stepped from the train and took a taxi to Captain Ptacek's office.

Completely selfassured, the bull-necked farmer greeted Ptacek, Mikes and the other detectives.

"Glad to get another free trip to the city," he said, smiling.

The questioning began. It was brisk, straight to the point, expert. Rocharek admitted he had lied about when he had last seen his brother.

"It was a white lie and I figured it might save me a lot of trouble," he declared.

"Where did you get the money to pay off your mortgage?" Ptacek demanded.

"I borrowed it from a friend."

"Any objection to giving us his name?"

"Plenty. It's a woman. My wife wouldn't understand."

"Why didn't you try to get the money from your brother, Bill?" Ptacek asked.

"I did. That's why I came to see him. He said he was getting married and needed every cent he had."

"You argued with him?"

Rocharek shrugged. "It was no use. Bill was a stubborn man. I knew I couldn't get it."

Ptacek reached into his desk drawer and took out a package of cigarettes and a box of safety matches. He left the matches on the corner of his desk, within reach of Rocharek.

The questioning continued. It lasted several hours. At 2 A.M., the suspect began to show signs of wilting. He slouched in his chair and began to fidget and stare around the room. His eyes lit on the box of matches. His fingers moved toward it, slowly. He picked up the box, extracted a match and held it idly in his fingers.

Ptacek paid no attention. His entire energies were directed at hurling question after question at the squirming farmer. Rocharek parried, dodged, countered. Not a single damaging admission could be wrested from his lips.

Meanwhile his restless fingers tortured the tiny stick of wood, prying it apart, bringing it closer to his mouth. He inserted the match between his teeth and began to chew. In a few minutes he relinquished it and tossed the match on the floor. He extracted another from the box and put it through the same process.

Soon the floor was littered with the broken matches. Still Ptacek appeared not to notice them as he continued to quiz the stubborn suspect.

Then he said quietly, "Rocharek, you killed your brother. You've given us all the proof we need, right here."

Carefully he picked up the telltale sticks of wood.

"We found three matches chewed like these under your brother's bed. The killer left them there."

Instead of denial, the farmer grinned appreciatively.

"Say, that's pretty slick," he said calmly. An expression of fatalistic acceptance rested on his face. He shrugged his broad shoulders.

"I killed Bill. Now you kill me. Everybody has to die."

In a quiet voice the slayer related how he bad planted himself in his brother's apartment with a key he had made up a week before.

"I knew when Bill refused to give me the money that I would have to come back and rob him. I had the key ready and let myself into his place. I waited under the bed and ate the buns and milk I brought with me.

"Bill carried the money in his pockets so I had to wait for him to fall asleep. About midnight I crawled out from under the bed. Bill was still awake. He knew why I was there. We started to fight.

"The milk bottle was the nearest thing at hand. I broke off the top and jabbed him. We had a good fight, first one room and then another. I had to hit him with the poker, too. I wasn't sure he was dead so I put him in the bath tub and covered him with water.

"Then I took the money and beat it."

Edward Rocharek was tried on July 12, 1922. He was sentenced to 40 years on his plea of guilty.

Exactly 18 months later, he died in the Joliet penitentiary. Ten tons of sandstone buried him while be was working in the prison quarry.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The name of "Baldy" Jackson, as used in this narrative, is fictitious.*

The Dead Don't Walk

(*Continued from page 35*)

pleasant feeling; for all I knew I'd been the last person to see him alive. Except for the killer, of course. So I decided my best bet was to sit tight and wait for something to happen."

Hoffman drummed restless fingers on the desk top, trying to decide if this man was telling the truth or a pack of lies. Martin appeared sincere and in any event it was highly unlikely he would be driving White's car around if he were guilty of murder.

"Who is Louise?" the chief asked abruptly.

"Louise Nelson. Ted's girl friend."

"Where does she live?"

"Middleport, down in Meigs County, near the West Virginia line."

Hoffman made his decision quickly. "I'm going to let you go for the time being," he said. "But if you make any effort to leave town I'll have you picked up so fast your head'll spin."

The youth's companion was also released when it was learned that she was only a casual acquaintance whom Martin had dated for the evening.

Detectives quickly checked the man's story. They questioned Jackson Street residents and found a witness who recalled seeing White's green Dodge arrive at the Martin home. Still another saw two men get in the car at 9:30 P.M. and drive away.

"So far the kid's telling the truth," Hoffman said. "Now let's see what White's girl friend has to say."

"He Was My Friend"

Miss Nelson, blonde and frightened, was located without difficulty and brought to Columbus for questioning. The young woman tearfully admitted to her friendship with a married man but vehemently denied any knowledge as to how or why he had been slain.

"When Ted didn't keep our date, I thought he couldn't get away," she sobbed. "But he didn't call and didn't call—then I read about his body being found. I nearly went crazy."

Chief Hoffman, Sergeant Sheets and Lieutenant Lester Bauman talked with her for nearly two hours. They learned Louise Nelson was an orphan, with no jealous husband or relatives.

"How about boy friends?" Lieutenant Bauman asked hopefully. "Was there anyone who objected to your going out with a married man?"

Louise smiled faintly and shook her head. "I am my own boss," she said. "Ted was my friend. The best friend I ever had."

Hoffman was fast becoming desperate; every promising lead had taken him up blind alleys. He squinted thoughtfully at a ring of cigar smoke and asked: "What do you know about Cecil Martin?"

"Only that he was Ted's friend," the young woman replied. "It's possible that Ted would leave his car with him—if that's what you mean."

"That's what I mean. I also mean Theodore White had an enemy—a deadly enemy. I can't believe he didn't know it."

"He never said anything to me," Miss Nelson replied. "I do know Ted was trying to avoid a Barney Conrad because he owed him some money and couldn't pay it back right away. But they weren't enemies."

Hoffman sat bolt upright. "That shyster!" he exclaimed. "That shark! Why, he'd murder a man for 50 cents!"

"And come up with a million-dollar alibi," Bauman agreed.

Barney Conrad was well known as a usurious money lender, a fence for stolen goods and a one-time thief. He had spent more time in court than out, but not one conviction marred his record.

"You name the night," he said blandly, when Hoffman had him brought in. "I'll give you an alibi—with witnesses."

"Saturday night, June 4."

"Night-clubbing with three friends. I can name at least 20 persons who saw us."

"Sunday night."

"A little poker game," Conrad grinned. "From early evening until dawn."

Hoffman slapped his desk top in exasperation. "I'm going to jail you," he said coldly. "I'm going to crack those alibis and prove your witnesses lied! White owed you money and your methods of collection are well known." He leaned forward intently. "This is murder, Conrad. And I'm going to stick to you like a leech. When you light up a cigarette, I'll know the brand!"

"I think you mean that," Conrad said soberly. "But I want you off my neck." The suspect was silent a moment as though weighing the advisability of his next statement, but he finally decided in favor of it. "White borrowed money from me because he wanted to make an impression on his girl. Someone was cutting in. I saw him the Saturday he disappeared. He told me he was going to see this man and warn him to lay off. You take it from there."

Hoffman shot Conrad a look of doubt. "What's the fellow's name?"

Conrad shrugged. "No idea, but it shouldn't be hard to figure out. Find out who White visited after he left here."

Hoffman didn't have to find out. He already knew that White had stopped to see Cecil Martin, but Miss Nelson, requestioned, tearfully denied that Martin had ever made any advances. "He was Ted's friend," she insisted. "He wasn't interested in me."

Despite the girl's denial, Chief Hoffman was far from satisfied. "Get back to Jackson Street," he ordered his men. "Start asking questions again. If White went to Martin for a showdown, I can't believe they parted friends. Yet we have a witness who saw them walking out of the house together. That man may have been mistaken. Talk to him again."

A Helping Hand

Granting the two men had become rivals for Miss Nelson's affections, and assuming White did stop off to serve warning on his erstwhile friend, why, then, would he permit Martin to accompany him away from the house? Maybe it was the cagey Conrad who was lying.

Hours later the reports came in. "Memories have been refreshed," Sergeant Sheets said. "We found two people who swear they heard screams coming from Martin's home on the night of the murder."

"That does it," Hoffman said. "Bring Martin in."

"Not so fast, chief," the sergeant interrupted. "These folks heard screams all right, but the witness who saw Martin and White come out of the house together still sticks to his story. He says he knows both of the men and there could be no mistake."

"He'll swear to that?" Hoffman asked incredulously.

"Absolutely. He said he saw the men

walk out together. Martin helped White into the car, then got behind the wheel and drove off."

Hoffman heard this statement with a look of sheer jubilation. "Bring Martin in," he said. "I'm swearing out a warrant for his arrest on a charge of murder. There's only one reason," he explained to the startled sergeant, "why Martin would have to *help* White into his own car."

Martin was a greatly surprised young man when informed of the charge placed against him. "You gambled and almost won," Hoffman greeted him. "But this time my cards are higher than yours."

Martin's lips were pressed into a thin line. "You're crazy," he said flatly. "You haven't a thing on me."

"Theodore White was killed in your house," Hoffman said, ignoring the suspect's stout denials. "You know the cause of the argument as well as I. You're young and strong. White was helpless. You beat him, then stuffed paper down his throat to shut off his cries."

"I didn't! I didn't! We drove off together—there were people who saw us!"

"You waited until dark," Hoffman continued inexorably. "Then you and your friend—your victim, rather—came out of the house. You helped him into his car. *Helped* him, Martin. That's what the witness said. You had to help him because Theodore White couldn't help himself—he was dead!"

For 13 hours Cecil Martin denied his guilt. Then finally, in response to a plea from his mother, he confessed.

"I didn't mean to kill him," he half sobbed. "But Ted came to the house and started to read me off. I told him I wouldn't take that sort of talk from anyone and he said I'd take it from him. So we started to fight. I hit him several times and he fell down and started to bleed from the mouth. That's when I used the paper—to stop the bleeding. It wasn't because he screamed."

In his statement Martin declared he did not at first realize his victim was dead. He thought he had fainted. "But when I looked him over I saw he wasn't breathing."

While waiting for his panic to subside, the youth hit upon a plan.

"I had to make sure someone saw him leave," Martin said despondently. "So I waited until it was nearly dark. Then when I saw a man walking on the other side of the street, I propped Ted's arm over my shoulder and sort of held him against me.

"I walked him right out of the house and down to the car. For a minute I was scared something might go wrong, but it didn't. Later I drove around for nearly an hour, trying to figure out what to do. When I got down below Circleville I decided to bury him alongside the river. It wasn't hard to dig a grave in the sand."

Remanded to prison without benefit of bail, Cecil Martin has evinced no particular remorse for his brutal crime. His greatest concern is the tiny slip in plans which caused his downfall. "Such a little thing," he mourned. "If only I'd waited longer! I could easily have said Ted left the house after dark. Then no one would have seen me help him into the car."

But his desire to have a witness to White's departure led to his capture. And now his fate will rest with the jury which, as this is written, was to be selected at an early date.

EDITOR'S NOTE: To *spare possible embarrassment to innocent persons, the names, Barney Conrad and Louise Nelson, used in this story, are fictitious.*

The D. A. Asks

(*Continued from page 19*)

Bader's lawyer moved for acquittal on the ground that there was no proof that Bader was sane when the crime was committed. Is that a good argument?

6. In a fraud case it was important to show that the accused was notified that the securities he was selling were fraudulent. The secretary of the state securities commission testified he had mailed a letter to the accused containing such a notice. There was no evidence that the accused ever received the letter. Is there sufficient proof that he was duly notified?

7. Police in a certain city got a message that James Scull was wanted for murder. When officers located a James Scull in a local hotel he admitted that that was his name, but insisted he was not the James Scull they were after. What's the legal answer to that?

8. Caterson, on trial for arson, testified that he had a good military record, but had to admit that while in the Army he was court-martialed and punished for robbing another soldier. What legal presumption is to be drawn from that?

9. At Tener's trial for larceny it was shown that when he was arrested he tried to bribe the officer to let him escape. The judge instructed the jury that the attempted bribe raised a presumption of law that Tener was guilty. Is that correct?

10. When a young boy was indicted for setting fire to a house the judge remarked that the child might be entitled to a presumption to incapacity. What did he mean?

Answers to The D. A. Asks

1. Some courts have ruled that there is a legal presumption in favor of the defendant's good character. (Mullen vs. U.S., 106 Federal 892)

2. No, the law presumes that the accused has ordinary physical faculties and is capable of committing the crime. (Broadnax vs. State, 100 Ga. 62)

3. No. The law presumes that a man intends the natural and probable consequences of his acts. (U.S. vs. Breese, 173 Fed. 402)

4. No. There is a conclusive presumption that the accused knows the law. (Brunaugh vs. State, 173 Ind. 483)

5. No, the accused is presumed to be sane until the contrary is shown. (Davis vs. U.S., 160 U. S. 469)

6. Yes. The law presumes that a letter mailed postpaid was received, but it may be shown by evidence that actually it was not received. (Watlington vs. U. S., 233 Federal 247)

7. The law presumes he is the same person because he has the same name, but of course he may prove otherwise. (People vs. Wong Sang Lung, 3 Calif. A. 221)

8. None. (Com. vs. House, 223 Penna. 487)

9. No. (Com. vs. Wyoda, 44 Penna. Superior Court, 552)

10. A child under seven years is conclusively presumed to be incapable of committing a crime and can't be convicted. A child between seven and 14 is also presumed to be incapable of committing a crime, but may be convicted if the state proves that he actually has such capacity

"Something Big Is Breaking"

(*Continued from page 8*)

wearing a beavy mackinaw and the right sleeve was stained with a brownish substance resembling blood.

"I think we'd better hold these two," the chief suggested. "They're Grade-A suspects in my book."

At the jail, O'Lee stripped Melton of his stained jacket and ordered it sent to tbe state police laboratories in Nashville for examination.

When continued questioning of the pair failed to shake their story, Thomas' home was searched but no trace of the dead man's missing weapon was found. Nor could Mrs. Ozborne positively identify them as the constable's slayers.

A two-ton truck belonging to Thomas was examined by the witness but although it vaguely resembled the vehicle carrying the slayers she still could-not be sure.

Gatlin telephoned Nashville and asked that the plaster casts made at the scene be rusbed to Franklin for comparison purposes.

And while the investigators awaited developments, Gatlin received a telephone message which appeared destined to blow all their previous theories sky high.

The call came from an elderly woman who lived alone on the fringe of Constable Reed's district. She told the sheriff that she had just read of the slaying in her morning newspaper and thought she might be in possession of important information.

Gatlin and O'Lee covered the five miles to her bome in record time.

On the previous morning, she explained, she bad gone visiting. Returning shortly after noon, she discovered that her home had been burglarized. Several items of value were missing.

"I called Constable Reed and he came right over," she continued. "He looked around and said be thought the robbery was the work of the same men who had broken into a number of other homes around bere recently."

Gatlin interrupted. "What's all this got to do with the slaying?" be asked kindly.

"I'm coming to that. Later, he left and when he came back he told me he thought he bad a clue. One of my neighbors had seen a truck parked here while I was gone and Mr. Reed was going to find that truck. After I read about bow he was killed I linked the two up and I thought I'd better call you."

"You did exactly right," Gatlin informed the woman. "This throws an entirely different light on the case. Do you happen to know whicb of your neighbors saw the truck?"

She did, and minutes later the detectives were questioning the man.

"I not only saw the truck," this witness said. "I also took down the license number. I gave it to Reed."

"Do you have a copy of it?" Gatlin asked, making no effort to keep the excitement out of his voice.

The farmer took a folded piece of paper from his overall pocket and read the number.

It was a Davidson County tag!

The state license bureau reported that the plate had been issued to a two-ton truck belonging to a South Nashville resident.

"This has to be it," Gatlin declared. "Reed was investigating the burglary; he spotted the truck and the first thing he did was to look in the back to see if the stolen goods were there."

"Must have found some, too," O'Lee added. "Why else would the driver have dragged him down and shot him?"

Pausing only long enough to pick up Patrolmen E. T. Bracey and Ray Floyd who had been assigned to the case by their chief, Leo Lucarini, of the Belle Meade police, Gatlin and O'Lee headed for the truck owner's home in Nashville.

Sure, the man said, he owned the truck. It was in his garage right now. But he knew nothing about the murder. He had never been to Franklin in his life and, furthermore, the truck bad been rented out the previous day.

"To whom?" Gatlin demanded, eagerly.

Without hesitation, the witness named two brothers, Paul and Willie York, and furnished an address in the 600s on Fifth Avenue, South.

The brothers, both coal dealers, were in custody fifteen minutes later.

Loudly proclaiming their innocence, they said they had driven to Linton, Tenn., to purchase a horse for use in their business. After completing the deal they had returned the truck to Nashville. That was all there was to it, they concluded.

The Linton horse trader had a different story to tell, however.

The brothers had called him by long distance, he told Gatlin, but they were unable to pay the price he was asking for the animal. "They told me they were going to Franklin to see if they could get some more money," the breeder finished.

Confronted with the horse breeder's statement, and the information furnished by the farmer who had written down the license number of the truck parked near his home, the brothers only laugbed. "Somebody's made an awful mistake," said Paul York, 24, and extremely thin.

His brother, 33, taller and heavier, nodded his agreement.

When a search of their home unearthed several items reported stolen from the elderly woman's home early on tbe day of the slaying, both lapsed into silence.

They began to show the first signs of nervousness when identification experts announced that the tire print on the shoulder of the road had been left there by the right rear wheel of the truck the brothers admittedly had been driving. Paul York, these officers reported, wore a size eight shoe; his older brother wore a size nine and one-half.

"We want a lawyer," Willie said in a busky voice.

But when Mrs. Ozborne viewed the suspects in a line-up with six other prisoners and positively identified them as the men she saw attack and kill Constable Reed, Paul York threw up both hands in resignation.

"I guess there's no use denying it any longer," he said. "I killed him."

His brother came to his defense immediately. "But it was self-defense," he screamed. "That officer tried to take our money."

In twin statements, tbe brothers accused Reed of taking three $5 bills from the younger man and refusing to return them. The sheriff discounted this unsupported story in its entirety. When slain, Reed had in his possession two $10 bills, a silver dollar and a small amount of change. Not a single $5 hill was fonnd.

After the murder, Paul York fled blindly through the field, discarding the jacket by wbich he feared he might later be identified. Willie, driving the truck and keeping to the back roads, had chanced upon his brother a short time later. Together they had managed to slip past the police blockade and return the truck to its owner.

Neither Paul's jacket nor Reed's revolver, which the suspect said he threw into a creek, were located by subsequent searching parties.

Jeff Thomas and Bob Melton were released and cleared of all suspicion.

Indicted by the Williamson County Grand Jury for first degree murder and housebreaking and larceny, the two brothers were brought to trial on the former charge before Circuit-Criminal Court Judge Wallace J. Smith on February 20, 1944. Three days later, they were found guilty and sentenced to serve 20 years each in the state penitentiary. A provision that they never be allowed parole was stipulated by the jury and accepted by Judge Smith.

These findings were upheld on January 1, 1945, by the state supreme court and the brothers were committed to prison.

The convicted slayers were never linked further to the series of burglaries in Constable Reed's district. However, the indictment charging housebreaking and larceny is still outstanding against the pair and will be prosecuted if, and when, they are ever released from prison.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *To spare possible embarrassment to innocent persons, the names Charlie Scott, Carl Moore, Joe Martin, Jeff Thomas and Bob Melton, used in this story, are fictitious.*

Answers to Headquarters Quiz

(*Questions on page 27*)

1. (a) The badger game dates back to bustles and horse-and-buggy days. Victims, of course should call the bluff. However blustering the offended male partner may be, he neither resorts to violence nor, least of all, calls in the police.

2. (d) A torpedo is a free-lance killer—generally a weak-minded individual.

3. (a) Addicts deprived of drugs reach the point where they go blank and have to make a terrific effort to keep awake.

4. (a) Policeman LeMay is correct. It is not usually easy to tell at first glance whether a hole in a glass window was made by a bullet or a small stone.

5. (a) The classic fairy tale characterizations of wicked stepmothers seem confirmed by the observations of police and court-appointed social workers *in re* delinquent children. The fault need not necessarily rest with the stepmother, however, but in the step-children's resentment of her and their consequent revolt.

6. (b) Most judges and bar association leaders believe the need for unanimous jury decisions hampers the administration of justice. They point out that a pair of stubborn jurors who hold out indefinitely often swing over the more reasonable ten to their side to end the deadlock.

7. (a) Planting officers incognito in prisoners' cells to win their confidence and elicit "off-the-record" confessions has long been recognized as valid and admissible in every court of law.

8. (b) Receivers of stolen goods, directly responsible for promoting and instigating so many burglaries, prove slippery as eels. Claiming they didn't know the goods were stolen, fences more often than not slip through the hands of the law.

9. (a) Reporter Burke of the *Sun* is correct. Citizens are legally bound to assist an officer in making an arrest.

10. Warren Lincoln.

"I'll Hang for This!"

(*Continued from page 31*)

swarming all over that area, picking blackberries. This is the height of the season. Spread the word among them to keep an eye out for any places that might be graves."

Captain Kendersi jumped to his feet. "We'll alert the pickers to watch the woods," he said enthusiastically. "Our men and the rangers can scout the places they wouldn't go."

Captain Kendersi left to direct this vital work. Sheriff Croft had a different task for Detective Otto.

"The next thing is to find the name of the killer," he told him. "You go out into Easley's neighborhood and inquire around; you'll find someone who knows him."

For the first 24 hours Otto searched diligently but with no result. Many residents were away on summer jobs in the fields or on vacation, their dwellings closed.

Sheriff Croft refused to be discouraged. "Go back," he insisted. "He's bound to be somebody who lived nearby."

"Why are you sure of that?" Otto asked.

"For several reasons. In the first place, he knew all about the house, even the shutoff valve under the stove. He knew the rabbits were there, and should be fed. This man was some close acquaintance, who knew how the Easleys lived."

"But why did he go through that impersonation?" the detective asked. "If he killed them, why didn't he just put them in the car trunk and take off?"

"That's further proof that he knew them," the sheriff explained. "He wanted time for his getaway. If the house was closed, it would attract attention. Without any smoke coming from that wood and coal stove, neigbbors would come over to see if the old folks were all right. I think you'll find that he was someone who had been around there long enough to study the Easleys, but not long enough to be remembered after a few weeks."

"A comparative stranger, but one who knew the Easleys, eh?" Otto mused. He hoisted himself from his chair. "I'll mosey back, sheriff, and keep looking."

The Bodies Found

Captain Kendersi energetically directed the hunt for the missing Easleys. It was a far more difficult task than finding the proverbial needle in the haystack, but the captain had seen Sheriff Croft's deductions work out before, and he had faith in them.

Depnties drove along Naches Pass. Whenever they spotted a car parked along the highway, the officers stopped and asked the berry pickers to watch for the Easley bodies or a grave.

Deputies searched at the foot of cliffs far from the highway, on the possibility that the killer had tossed the bodies over. Volunteers were let down by ropes to inspect ledges where the corpses might have lodged. Radios and Pacific Northwest newspapers alerted all persons on business or pleasure in the Mt. Rainier area to watch for the car or suspicious activities.

"Good work," Croft complimented Kendersi and his men. "Your boys or the berry pickers will find them."

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gill, a young couple from Enumclaw, a nearby mountain town, were among the berry pickers one late afternoon. It was two days after the discovery that the Easleys were missing. The Gills were working their way

along a trail in the wilderness north of Mt. Rainier, when they noticed that logs had been recently pulled across it, blocking their way. On one of the logs a "No Trespassing" sign had been set.

"That's strange," Gill remarked to his wife. "This isn't the edge of anyone's property. Why should a no trespassing sign be put out here in the middle of a trail? Let's find out."

They pushed on a few feet. Around a curve, they came on a mound of brush. Under it they could see a square of canvas. They looked at each other a moment, then Gill kicked the brush aside and lifted the covering.

There, loosely wrapped in blankets and sheets and wearing the clothes in which they had died, lay the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Easley. Dried blood stained the wrinkled garments and the impromptu shrouds. The man's mouth was a mass of gore.

The horrified berry pickers ran back through the woods to their car. They stopped the first patrolman they saw on the mountain highway. Without pausing to investigate, he notified Sheriff Croft, who sped to the scene. Lifting the covering, he peered underneath. "It's the Easleys," he announced grimly.

The bodies were returned to Tacoma for autopsy. It was directed by Pierce County Coroner Paul Mellinger and conducted by Larson, the pathologist. They discovered that two guns had been used. Mrs. Easley had died instantly, shot through the back by a .32-caliber rifle. Her husband had been shot in the chest and mouth; the bullets were of .22 and .32-caliber.

It was suggested that two killers were involved, but Croft rejected this theory.

"The pattern of the crime points to one man," he insisted. "It was the fellow who impersonated Easley."

The news was immediately released to the papers and a shocked Pacific Northwest read of the brutal murders.

That same day Detective Otto returned to the courthouse in triumph.

"I think we've got it," he announced to Croft. "A young fellow has been staying with a neighbor of the Easleys the last two months. His name is John Summers and he's an ex-convict on parole."

The two officers searched the criminal files. They found the name and photograph of a John Edward Summers, 32, released May 16 after serving 18 months on a 20-year term for forgery. He also had a previous record for minor offenses.

He originally was from Kirksville, Mo. He was five feet eight inches tall, weighed 160 pounds and had black hair and hazel eyes.

"Let's spring this on Love," said the sheriff. "Line up a dozen pictures."

A group of police photos of young men was spread on the sheriff's desk, and Love was brought into the room. The man from Oklahoma studied them a moment, then pointed with a trembling finger.

"That's Easley—or the man who said he was Easley," he said hoarsely.

It was the picture of Summers.

Sheriff Croft beamed in satisfaction. "You've done us a great service, Mr. Love," he said. "Pierce County is grateful to you." He turned to Otto. "Release Summers' name and picture and put out a general pickup order for him. Include a description of the car too. He may be hightailing it east."

A justice court warrant was issued, charging the young Missourian with first-degree murder. His picture was printed in all major West Coast newspapers and posted on bulletin boards in police headquarters and sheriffs' offices.

"It's only a matter of time," Sheriff Croft told his men. "If he'll just keep that stolen car."

But where was Summers? Nearly a week had passed since the murder. His impersonation of Easley had given him ample time for a getaway.

Sheriff Croft announced that he believed robbery was the motive for the twin killings; the Easleys had recently sold a small piece of property and were believed to have had the cash for it in their home. The money was not located there, or in any bank.

In Olympia, Dr. Henry H. Ness, chairman of the Washington state board of prison terms and paroles, called a special board meeting which solemnly revoked the parole of the wanted man. The board issued a statement in justification of its action in paroling Summers after he had served only 18 months of a 20-year sentence.

In its statement, the parole board said, in part, "The basis for his (Summers') release after an 18-month sentence was due to the board's belief that the rehabilitation prospects of this young man appeared good. His FBI report showed no robberies or crimes of violence involved in his previous offenses. . . ."

Gun Found

Release of Summers' name as the murder suspect brought in a new witness. In Puyallup, Wash., ten miles from Tacoma, Undersheriff Luther Wright recovered the .22-caliber rifle taken from the Easley home and used in the shooting.

It had been sold by Summers in a Puyallup tavern on Saturday night, a few hours after officers believed the crime was committed. The purchaser declared Summers sold him the rifle for $20, and he readily identified Summers from a photo.

The day after Summers was named as the murderer, Sheriff Croft received a teletype message from Portland, Ore., nearly 200 miles south of Tacoma, stating that a young man had been picked up driving the Easley car and was being held for questioning.

"Now we've got him!" the sheriff said exultantly.

In Portland, keen-eyed Traffic Policeman Leroy C. Calhoun had spotted the Easley Chevrolet in Portland's West Hill district. He pursued the car, stopped it, and took the driver to Portland police headquarters.

This looked like the end of the trail—until reports of the questioning came through.

"My name is Richard Aust, Jr., of 3613 North Kirby Avenue," the Portland youth revealed, and offered positive identification of that fact.

"Why are you driving the Easley car?" he was asked.

"I bought it from Mr. Easley," the youth explained.

"From Easley!" exploded the Portland desk sergeant. "Easley and his wife have been murdered up in Tacoma. Let's hear your story—quick."

"I went to a used-car lot last Thursday, operated by a relative of mine," Aust explained. "While I was there, a young man drove up and wanted to sell this car. He introduced himself as Howard Easley, of Tacoma. He offered to sell the car for $130 and it looked like a dandy buy. I snapped it up on the spot. Then, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, I took Easley to the Trailways bus depot on Salmon Street. From what he said, I got the impression he was heading for San Francisco."

Young Aust quickly identified Summers' photo as that of the spurious Easley, and he was immediately released without

charge. The stolen automobile was returned to Tacoma.

"What an actor that Summers is," muttered Sheriff Croft, when the disappointing news reached Tacoma. "It took a lot of skill to get Love into the Easley house, to sell that rifle and to peddle the stolen car to a stranger so fast."

"Now he can be any place in the West," added Detective Otto.

The sheriff brightened. "That's true, but we've gained an important point. The murders were strictly our own baby—in our own county—but now that he's taken the stolen car across the state line into Oregon, violating the Federal Dyer Act, we can call in the FBI. We've pinned the murder on him, he's a hunted man, and the Feds will pick him up."

The search continued quietly, day by day. Weeks passed. Various leads were followed without success.

Sheriff Croft was not perturbed. "He knows the law is on his tail; he knows he has to hide out," he told his men. "After the sale of the gun and the car, I'm satisfied now he didn't find the Easleys' hidden cache—if they had one. So he must be out of money. He'll either come out shooting and be involved in some other crime, or appeal to friends for money."

Sheriff Croft's staff and the FBI agents kept busy. They obtained the names of friends in the central part of Alaska, and from these secured the names of others in San Francisco.

On the night of August 8, 1949, more than three weeks after the murders of the Easleys, FBI agents received a tip that a young man resembling Summers had a room in a residential section of San Francisco. First surrounding the house, they checked with the owner and several of them tiptoed down the hall to his room. They crashed in.

"Summers?" the leader said. The surprised tenant had been preparing for bed.

"My name is John Skinnere," he said quietly. Officers noted the similarity to the name of the slain couple's son and stepson. A detective took his trousers from the chair and went through the pockets. In one was a copy of the FBI bulletin bearing his true name. No more questioning was required.

"I'm Summers," the man admitted. He seemed grateful that the chase was over.

Taken to local headquarters, he made a detailed confession, in the presence of newsmen, to Harry M. Kimball, special agent in charge of the San Francisco office of the FBI.

"Easley had a suit at the cleaners I was supposed to return," he told the agent. "We got in an argument and he ran back in the house and picked up a rifle. I followed him and grabbed it. We struggled, and the gun went off accidentally. Mrs. Easley fell to the floor and I saw blood on her back.

"I knew I was in for it then, and I was mad, besides. Easley quit fighting and ran to his wife and I shot him in the back. He fell down but he wasn't dead.

"There were no more bullets in that gun, so I ran to the place I was staying and got a .22 rifle.

"I went back and shot Easley right in the mouth."

Then, he went on, he loaded the bodies into the trunk of their automobile and headed east. Sheriff Croft was right; he picked the most remote direction. He stopped at the Puyallup tavern on the way and sold the gun. He continued on to the lonely spot in Naches Pass and dragged the corpses from the rear of the car. After wrapping them in sheets and blankets he covered them with an old canvas and brush. He built the blind to discourage anyone from following the abandoned trail. The "No Trespassing" sign had been picked up earlier along the route.

He returned to the Easley house and straightened up a little, disposing of the bloody rags and clothing he used to mop up the floors. It was then that he struck on the unique idea of impersonating Howard Easley to secure a couple to occupy the house and avoid any suspicion its desertion might cause.

"I figured I'd have a lot longer time to make a getaway," he admitted. "You got on my trail too fast."

Summers then drove to Yakima, Wash., to the east, then circled back southwest to Portland. There, realizing the law was hot on his trail, he sold the Easley car to Aust. With the money, he took a bus to Medford, Ore., and from there proceeded to San Francisco.

At this writing he is awaiting trial on a first-degree murder charge in Tacoma. Superior Judge Hugh J. Rosellini has named Tacoma attorney Roswell Quinn to represent the accused slayer.

In his cell, Summers is a dejected and pessimistic prisoner. When asked if he regretted what he had done, he only shrugged.

"Sure I'm sorry," he said ruefully, "but it's too late for that." He looked out of the barred windows, a stony look on his face.

"I'll hang for this!" he said.

Photo Flashes

(*Continued from page 11*)

enough for all reproduction purposes, has the snap of full glossy paper, and still doesn't have the curse of glossy paper—collecting fingerprints, hard to spot, taking a lot of work putting it on the tins.

I started out to tell you a lot about darkrooms, but my space is almost gone, and I see I've hardly gotten into the subject. But I do hope you will draw a straight line right down the middle of the process, buying the best of the essentials, like enlargers and electric timers, and resisting the temptation to make a raft of small purchases.

They make the darkroom work costly, slow and unsatisfactory. They are the things that make the hobby seem expensive and not very productive of results.

The most exciting of your vacation pictures will seem a lot more impressive when done up in good enlargements. Next month, we'll talk about displaying them.

But, meantime, let's just take a quick look at the picture of the morning ride in the desert, the photo accompanying this article. Nothing too exciting as a picture, certainly. But in an 11x14, many people find a lot of pleasure in looking at it. It tells a lot about the desert, framed as it is with typical plants, showing the people in their favorite clothes, and setting off the skyline to good advantage with a lightly filtered sky.

This picture was made with a folding camera worth about $15. But it just doesn't look like much until you put it into the enlarger and make a good print from the negative.

That's why I say that money doesn't make the darkroom. It takes a good enlarger and someone who wants to make a nice print from a negative that interests him. And it doesn't take many first-class enlargements to pay for that equipment. If you can't afford it, make the enlarger pay for itself.

Ride to Her Doom

(*Continued from page 15*)

two pieces of information that made Pollock's eyes narrow suspiciously as he read through the reports the next morning. One was that Arch McAllen reportedly had gone to Houston on the day that Mrs. Twitchell arrived in Beaumont. The other was that the missing woman had eaten breakfast on September 28 with Justin Marr, the same man who had been her escort the previous evening.

Otherwise there was no word. From the moment Eloise Twitchell had driven away from Mrs. Blais' door, none of her friends had seen or heard from her. It was almost as if she and the blue sedan had sunk into the earth. There was only one explanation—someone had murdered Eloise Twitchell and vanished with her car.

Pollock reasoned that it was someone she knew. He found it difficult to believe that she would have been foolish enough to give a lift to a stranger on the highway, especially late in the afternoon.

Chief Pollock ordered Justin Marr picked up and brought to headquarters for questioning. Then he called for the two detectives who had worked on the case the previous afternoon.

"Locate Mrs. Twitchell's new apartment and see what clues you can find there," he told them crisply. "You might get a lead on it from the apartment ads in the Monday papers."

Half an hour later Detective Chief C. V. Kern of the Houston police department telephoned with news that left no doubt of the missing woman's fate. A sedan, abandoned on a quiet street in Houston's suburbs early on the morning of September 29, had been identified as Mrs. Twitchell's.

The man who summoned police to investigate, Kern reported, had seen two fellows park the car and walk away. He had grown suspicious when he noticed the blue sedan in the same place that night. The discovery of Mrs. Twitchell's handbag, with its contents scattered over the floor of the car, clinched the fact that this was the victim's machine. Chief Kern immediately sent posses to search every yard of the neighborhood for the missing woman's body, but without result.

"Any clues at all?" Pollock questioned.

"In a way," the Houston officer replied. "In the first place, it's possible that one of those fellows had friends or relatives not more than a few blocks away. For another thing, all fingerprints had been wiped off the car, which indicates at least one man has a criminal record. What's more, there are no bloodstains in the car to trap them in case they were stopped on the road."

"We might check the tourist courts between Beaumont and Houston," Pollock suggested.

"No," Kern demurred. "I'm convinced that Mrs. Twitchell was murdered somewhere north of Kountze. A cash register slip from some store in Kountze—we couldn't read the name—dated September 28, was among the items from her purse. Besides, there's East Texas red mud on the tires and a lot of scratches on the car, showing that it has been in the brush. I have a hunch that her body's somewhere up in the Big Thicket. There are three or four roads that cut off the highway into that wilderness."

Pollock's heart sank. If Mrs. Twitchell had been murdered in the tangled miles of the Big Thicket, her body might never

be found. Kern's announcement that he had already passed his report to district ranger headquarters in Houston was assurance, though, that a hunt for her was already under way.

Chief Pollock sat for a moment, his mind racing. Mrs. Twitchell had gotten as far on her way home as Kountze, Arch McAllen's home town. McAllen supposedly had left for Houston on Monday, but there was nothing to indicate that he had not met Eloise Twitchell shortly after her arrival in Beaumont and changed his plans. Might McAllen have been far more serious in his attentions to the pretty young matron than anybody realized? Finding that she planned a reunion with her husband, had he asked to ride back north with her, ostensibly to visit relatives but with the real intention of forcing a showdown?

Pollock's experience as an officer told him that this line of reasoning was far less fantastic than it appeared on the surface. It could explain Mrs. Twitchell's promise to pick up someone and the abandonment of her car by a frightened or remorseful killer. It left only two questions unanswered. Who was the second man? Where did he fit into the picture?

If McAllen had done away with Eloise Twitchell, those answers could be sweated out of him once he was in custody, Pollock decided grimly. Picking up the telephone again, he ordered the man's arrest for questioning. Then he directed a request to Sheriff Arthur L. Lindsay of Hardin County at Kountze to watch for McAllen on his home grounds.

The police chief now turned his attention to Justin Marr, also a logical suspect. There had been no word that Marr was still in Beaumont. But that point was settled at midmorning when two officers brought in the sharp-featured, red-haired man. Shock and bewilderment were written all over his face.

"I hadn't even heard of Eloise Twitchell's disappearance until the officers came for me," he announced in a troubled voice. "If there's any way I can help. . . ."

"Maybe you can." Pollock studied Marr as he spoke and decided that the man was either a good actor or utterly sincere. "We found her car and have reason to believe she was murdered!"

"Murdered!" Marr gasped, dropping into a chair. "But who on earth. . . ." His voice broke.

"We've several ideas," Pollock replied. "Do you know Arch McAllen?" He waited for Marr's cautious nod. "Mrs. Twitchell went out with him a few times, didn't she?"

Marr suddenly went on guard. "That wouldn't be any of my business," he replied stiffly. "If you mean I'm jealous. . . ."

"I was thinking it might be the other way around," Pollock cut in. "You and Mrs. Twitchell had dinner together Monday night and breakfast the next morning. What happened in between?"

Marr's eyes flashed angrily. "Not a thing out of the way!" he blazed. "She left me downtown about 10 P.M. and said she'd take a taxi to her apartment. My landlady will tell you that I slept in my own room that night. Our meeting the next morning was entirely accidental, and I haven't seen Eloise since."

What was more, the young man cited witnesses who would swear that he had not been out of the city.

Marr didn't know the address of the missing woman's apartment, but one of the detectives assigned to the hunt telephoned just before noon to report that he and his partner had found the place. Mrs. Twitchell had left a bag of clothing there and a few small items.

"Any clues?" Pollock questioned.

"Enough to indicate that McAllen had all the moves figured to cover his tracks," the detective replied.

Among Mrs. Twitchell's effects, he continued, was a card with four telephone numbers scrawled across the back. They were of female friends, but one of the women had given the investigators the number for McAllen's rooming house.

"And here's the payoff!" the officer snapped. "The story we've had says McAllen left for Houston on Monday. But the guy who answered the phone at the boarding house swore that McAllen was around there on Tuesday morning until noon. My guess is that he walked over five or six blocks to the highway and hung around until Mrs. Twitchell drove past and picked him up that evening."

If that was the case, somebody should have seen the couple, Pollock reasoned. He issued an appeal through the newspapers and over the radio for any witnesses to come forward.

Two Tattooed Men

The appeal brought swift results. Early that afternoon a young couple from Port Arthur, Tex., came to headquarters to report that they had seen a woman in a blue sedan stop at the outskirts of the city and pick up two hitchhikers. The informants placed the time at about 5:30 on Tuesday afternoon.

From their description, the woman had to be Eloise Twitchell. Both men, the couple said, had been dressed in khaki work clothes and appeared to be in their 30s. One had been light-complexioned, the other dark, and both bore tattoos on their forearms. The description of the dark-complexioned man tallied roughly with that of Arch McAllen. But would he have taken another man along? Pollock began to wonder if he had been on the wrong track entirely.

At Kountze, Sheriff Lindsay, Deputy W. W. Whitaker and Ranger Dick Holliday succeeded in tracing the faintly-inked cash register slip. The manager of the store recalled that a woman answering to Mrs. Twitchell's description had come in just before closing time and bought some bobby pins. But a search for anyone else who had seen her proved as fruitless as that of the hundred officers and volunteers who hunted for her body along the roads and through the almost impenetrable brush of the back country.

The description of the missing woman's two companions provided the investigators with a new angle. On a hunch, the three officers began a round of taverns in and near the town. At the third place visited, the proprietor recognized the trio's description. He said they had been in his establishment about sundown on Tuesday and remained there for nearly half an hour. He had recognized neither of the men.

Asking the officers to wait, he hurried to the back room and returned with a piece of single-strand insulated wire about two feet long. Bare, twisted wire showed at one end.

"Maybe you can make something of that," the tavern man said. "One of those fellows ditched it in the booth just before they left."

The fragment, apparently part of a radio ground wire, meant nothing so far as the officers could see. What counted was the fact that the two men with Eloise Twitchell had been seen and could be identified.

Descriptions of the pair were broadcast by shortwave radio, teletype and circular

to every police headquarters and sheriff's office in Texas and Louisiana as the manhunt went into high gear. In Houston, Detective Chief Kern spread the dragnet throughout the underworld. A watch was set over every outgoing vessel in the Texas ports of Houston, Galveston, Beaumont, Orange and Port Arthur. Yet, although a dozen men were picked up and held on suspicion, no trace of the fugitives was found.

The search for Eloise Twitchell's body was equally fruitless. By the afternoon of October 4, Sheriff Lindsay and the other officers were beginning to wonder if the missing woman might not be alive and in hiding. Then, at midafternoon, three youths, who had been hunting for stray cattle, burst out of the brush eight miles west of Kountze into a country road, their eyes wide with horror.

Officers, quickly summoned, followed the boys along an old logging trail a good 200 yards into the tangle. There, in a small open spot lay the corpse of Eloise Twitchell, almost unrecognizable from the ravages of heat and animals. But the clothing on the body and a brightly-flowered scarf fluttering from a nearby bush left no doubt of the dead woman's identity.

Examination showed that the left side of her skull had been crushed by a heavy blow and that she had been shot twice through the body. The killers had been careful to leave no clue behind. Officers searched every square foot of the clearing, but they found nothing except tire tracks in a half-dried mud puddle where the blue sedan had been driven into the jungle and backed out again. Investigation and questioning of the few families who lived along the little-traveled road produced no leads.

Two days after Mrs. Twitchell's funeral, Arch McAllen returned to Beaumont and walked into the arms of alert police officers. Hurried to headquarters and questioned, he admitted his friendship with the murdered woman, but denied that he had even seen her on her visit to Beaumont.

Instead of going to Houston, he told officers, he had gone on to Corpus Christi, and produced a bus ticket stub to prove it. What was more, he gave the names of two persons who could swear to his arrival there shortly after daylight on September 29, within an hour of the time when Mrs. Twitchell's car was abandoned by her slayers in Houston.

McAllen's story carried the ring of truth, but the officers were taking no chances. They held him in jail until the Kountze tavern operator could be brought to Beaumont and view him. The tavern keeper was positive.

"I never saw this man before in my life," he declared. "He certainly isn't one of the fellows who came in with Mrs. Twitchell."

In the months that followed McAllen's exoneration, the murder of Eloise Twitchell threatened to become one of the Lone Star state's unsolved mysteries. Sheriff Lindsay and his deputies worked tirelessly on the case. Not a week passed but that the Rangers did not run down at least one lead. Sheriffs all over the Southwest questioned every suspicious person picked up. Several were taken to Austin or Houston for lie detector tests, but by 1949 the case was where it had been on the day McAllen was released.

At Houston, Detective Chief Kern took office as sheriff of Harris County, still with the unsolved mystery on the books. Weeks before he had discarded jealousy or romance as a motive in Eloise Twitchell's murder. What was more, he doubted that she had met her slayers by prearrangement. An hour had elapsed between her mysterious telephone promise to pick up somebody and the time she had given the men a lift on the highway. That call had been to somebody else.

The wire which one of the slayers had discarded in the Kountze tavern suggested to Kern that the men had wanted a car and had been prepared to steal one by bridging around the ignition switch. But Mrs. Twitchell had saved them the trouble. She had been rash enough to pick up the two strange hitchhikers for company, thinking that one would protect her from the other. But to them, murder had been simpler than plain theft. They had discarded the wire and murdered her for her car.

Memory Provides Clue

Since they had not tried to dispose of the sedan, Kern guessed that the men had wanted it for some other criminal job. A bank robbery, perhaps?

The new sheriff's mind went back to 1939 when, as a detective, he helped solve a bank robbery at the twin villages of Hull and Daisetta. The two towns lie on the route which Mrs. Twitchell's killers had undoubtedly taken back to Houston. A man named Red Goleman had committed that robbery and he had relatives and friends all through the back country west of Kountze.

Red Goleman, Kern remembered, had been shot to death while resisting arrest, less than three miles down the road from where Mrs. Twitchell had been murdered. But he had an 18-year-old brother, Darius Goleman, who had been sentenced to prison, later in 1940, for armed robbery. Kern wondered if Darius Goleman had been released. Checking, he learned that Goleman had been granted a conditional pardon six months before Mrs. Twitchell's murder and was then living at Hempstead, Tex. What was more, he frequently came to Houston to visit a sister who, investigation showed, lived only a few blocks from where Mrs. Twitchell's car had been abandoned.

Suddenly everything began to mesh. In at least one of the fugitives, the authorities were hunting a man with a criminal record, a man who was a potential killer. He would be well acquainted with the obscure roads of the Big Thicket and had respectable Houston connections who could furnish a hideout. Darius Goleman answered every specification.

Excitedly, Kern called Rangers Holliday and Klevenhagen and Ranger Captain Hardy Purvis into conference.

"I'd stake my reputation that you're right and that Goleman is one of the murderers!" Purvis exclaimed. "But he's not ripe for picking yet. I suggest tailing him for a while to get more evidence and see if we can get a line on the other man."

That was Kern's idea, too. Early in April, 1949, the sheriff telephoned a friend in Hempstead and assigned him to trail the suspect. For the next two months there was little to report. Then, on June 27, the informant telephoned to report that Goleman had just returned from a trip to Beaumont and Orange and that he had visited a man known as "Frog" in the latter city.

Kern recognized the monicker as a prison-type nickname. Still following his hunch, Kern took Klevenhagen and drove to Hempstead the next morning. The two officers picked up Goleman on the town's main street and questioned him about "Frog's" identity.

"He's a guy I knew in prison," Gole-

man snarled. "His name is Alex Lovenace. But leave me alone, will you? You ain't got anything on me!"

"Then you don't need to worry," Kern said casually. "We're just going for a ride to look at some pictures."

Accompanied by the suspect, the two officers sped 60 miles north to the Texas state penitentiary at Huntsville. The prison had no record on anyone named Lovenace, but Goleman finally identified the photograpb of 31-year-old Alex Leviness as the man he knew as "Frog." Leviness, the record showed, had served nine years for armed robbery in Jefferson County, in which Beaumont is located, baving been released in September of 1946. On the face of the record, he was a perfect partner in crime for Darius Goleman.

Back in Kountze, Kern and Klevenhagen lodged Goleman in the Hardin County jail for questioning. Then, picking up Ranger Holliday, they raced for Orange and arrested Alex Leviness as be returned to the home of a relative that night.

Unlike Goleman, Leviness did not try to bluster. But his self-control melted as they raced through the night and he learned that they were headed for Kountze. Nervously he tried to start conversation. The officers ignored him and it was more than the ex-convict could stand. Once inside the Hardin County jail, little more than the accusation of murdering Eloise Twitchell was needed to make him talk.

"You've got the right guys," be quavered after less than 20 minutes of questioning. He stared around the circle of grim-faced men in the jail office. "Goleman and I killed Mrs. Twitchell."

As Kern had suspected, Leviness said they had wanted the victim's car for a bank robbery. The day before the murder, be said, be and Goleman bad met in Beaumont, renewed their prison friendship and decided to follow in Red Goleman's footsteps by robbing the Hull-Daisetta bank.

On September 28, 1948, Leviness continued, they pooled their money and bought a Spanish-make .38-caliber antomatic pistol at a Beaumont pawnshop. That afternoon they took their stand beside the highway to hitch a ride. Once in a car, they planned to obtain possession of it by any means necessary.

Eloise Twitchell, alone and in a new sedan, bad been made to order. Telling her that they wanted to ride as far as Woodville, midway between Kountze and Colmesneil, Leviness said he and Goleman had played tbe part of debonair companions until after leaving Kountze. Then Goleman had given the signal to stop and drawn the gun while Alex took the wheel and swung off on the country road.

From that point, Leviness was inclined to put the blame on Goleman. The officers were skeptical, but they wasted no time trying to break down the story. While Holliday kept guard over Leviness, the others went back and told Goleman that his partner had talked and accused him of the actual murder.

Stir-wise, Goleman refused to believe them until he was led into the jail office to face Leviness. Goleman's face flushed with rage as Leviness repeated his confession.

"Why you dirty, sniveling rat!" be screamed at last. "You're the one wbo hit her on the head!"

Following this, the two men were questioned separately, the officers soon piecing together the whole blood-curdling story.

Following Goleman's directions, Leviness bad turned off on the logging trail, the sleuths learned. There, the two men forced terrified Eloise Twitchell out of the car. Goleman beld the gun on ber and she read death in his eyes as he backed away. She started running toward him.

"Don't kill me!" she begged. "Please don't kill me! Remember my baby! My mother! Oh, please. . . ."

The bark of the pistol drowned ber cries as Goleman fired twice. Eloise Twitchell fell with one bullet in her breast, another in ber abdomen. But she was fighting for her life. Struggling to her feet, she grappled desperately with the gunman. He fought her off and struck her twice in the head with the gun. Sbe fell again, unconscious.

Together, Goleman and Leviness dragged ber body 30 feet off the logging track to a clump of bushes. Seeing that she still breathed, Goleman seized the gun by the barrel and slugged her viciously, again and again. The force of the blows broke the gun. Leviness picked up a heavy pine knot and struck her.

Eloise Twitchell lay still then. The two men threw some brush over her body and backed away, horrified by their own deed.

But their terror suddenly gave way to panic as they realized that, although they had a car, they no longer had a gun or money to buy another. Goldman dropped the barrel of the pistol down an armadillo bole and hid the butt under a rotting log. Abandoning the bank robbery scheme, the two partners drove back to Houston wbere they burned their bloodstained clothing at the home of Goleman's sister. Then they parted. Their next meeting had been the one which was reported to Kern by his Hempstead informer.

Comparing the two men's stories, the officers found them practically identical and knew that, at last, they had the truth. As soon as their statements could be typed, both Darius Goleman and Alex Leviness signed them and the officials began grim preparations for quick justice.

The suspects were quickly identified as Mrs. Twitchell's tavern companions at Kountze. But one piece of evidence was still needed to clinch the case in event the two men decided to deny their confessions. That was the pistol which had taken Eloise Twitchell's life. A party of officers, beaded by Sheriff Kern and Ranger Klevenhagen, drove to the murder scene and went over the ground carefully. But weather and tbe passing of the months had left more hrush on the scene and even the armadillo hole had disappeared.

Not to be defeated at the last moment, Sheriff Kern sent back to Houston for a mine detector, wbile Sheriff Lindsay called for a bulldozer to clear the area The effort paid off. Two bours after the search was renewed the officers found both pieces of the gun, and the serial number tallied with that of the pistol which Goleman and Leviness had purchased in Beaumont.

After that, justice moved swiftly. Since Leviness had a lesser part in the revolting crime, District Attorney Thomas J. Hightower elected to try him first, and the ex-convict was brought to trial at Kountze on July 21, before District Judge Clyde Smith. Leviness chose not to take the witness stand, relying entirely on his attorney's ability to break down the state's case. His refusal gained him nothing.

On July 26, 1949, the jury found Alex Leviness guilty of murder with malice and set his punishment at death in the electric chair after only 33 minutes' deliberation.

At this writing Goleman was being held in the Hardin County jail for trial at an early date.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *To spare possible embarrassment to innocent persons, the names Justin Marr and Arch McAllen, used in this story, are fictitious.*

Clue of the Glove

(Continued from page 41)

hung ont.

Their first stop was at a gas station on the edge of the little town, and while the attendant filled the tank, the officers asked their questions.

"Bill Pelly?" the attendant repeated. He stopped polishing the windshield and stuck his head through the window. "Sure. He was in a taxi that stopped here late Sunday night for gasoline. Headed west, toward Tulsa."

He had not noticed the name of the cab company, nor the city, but he was able to identify the driver. "He was Bart Liggett, from over at Locust Grove. And what flahbergasted me was that he poked a $100 bill at me to pay for the gasoline. It was the first time I ever knew him to have more than a sawhuck. He knew good and well nohody's kept change for a century note around Choteau since the ordnance works shut down."

Neither Liggett nor Pelly had mentioned their destination, the station operator said.

"But Liggett's got folks over at Locust Grove," he continued. "And you might get a line on Pelly from a fellow over there Named Raymond Vann. He works for Pelly now and then."

"And Vann also worked for old Tom Tims," Burris commented as they drove away. "Suppose there's any connection?"

"I wouldn't guess," Pugh replied. "Right now it's the connection between Bill Pelly and a century note in the taxicah that interests me."

Speeding back to Locust Grove, the officers found Greathouse on the main street and quickly told him what they had learned. The marshal told them that Vann lived out in the country.

"And if he's got any money," Greathouse added, "you won't find him at home. But that taxi driver's old Jim Liggett's nephew. And the story ties in with one I heard earlier today about a Tulsa cab, with a woman in it, parked out here on the road Sunday night."

Sliding into the car with the others, he guided them to the Jim Liggett home on the outskirts of Locust Grove. The elderly man left his breakfast and came out on the porch, answering their questions readily. He said that his nephew, Bart, owned his own cah hut drove for a Tulsa company. The young man, he continued, had visited him on Saturday night and Sunday, returning to Tulsa on Sunday night.

"Do you know anything about a date he had with some girl here?" Burris asked.

Jim Liggett snorted. "All I know," he replied tartly, "is that if he didn't have a date, it wasn't Bart." He was certain, however, that the date had not included Bill Pelly. He had not even known that his nephew left town with the man.

Leaving Greathouse in Locust Grove to get a line on Vann, the others drove to Tulsa, 55 miles away. There, Tulsa County Sheriff George Blaine put the full services of his office at their disposal as soon as he had heard the story. He assigned Chief Criminal Deputy Bruce Lovelace to work with them.

But the chase was not as easy as it had promised to be. Visiting the cah company, the officers learned that Bart Liggett had not reported for work on either Monday or that Tuesday morning. At his lodgings, Liggett's landlady reported he returned to his room early Monday with another man, remained a short time and left.

At Burris' request, she described the stranger.

"That was Bill Pelly," the prosecutor said.

The woman had no idea where Liggett and Pelly went after leaving the house, and to the three weary officers the trail seemed to have ended ahruptly. Lovelace, however, was more optimistic as they drove hack to the courthouse. He promised the sheriff's office and the city police would take up the hunt for the two men.

"If they're connected with the murder," he said, "they're smart enough not to run around the country in a taxicab that can he spotted a mile off. So they're probably still in town, and we'll find them."

Lovelace was as good as his word. Early that afternoon he hammered on Burris' door with word that Liggett had heen found in a suhurban tavern and been taken to the sheriff's office.

As they entered, the taxi driver stiffened in his chair and glared belligerently through a mild alcoholic fog.

"Where's Bill Pelly?" Burris demanded sharply before the man could speak.

"What the hell do you think I am?" Lig-

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946

Of FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE published monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1949

State of New York } ss
County of New York }

Before me, a Notery Puhlic in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of the FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit.

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(Signed) HELEN MEYER, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September 1949.
(SEAL) JEANNETTE SMITH GREEN (My Commission expires March 30, 1950)

gett snarled back. "A watchdog or a baby sitter?"

"You're a guy who's in a murder case up to his ears!" the prosecutor replied.

"Murder?" Liggett almost choked on the word. But it sobered him. He paled and his bloodshot eyes swept the circle of officers in sudden terror. "I didn't—didn't . . ." He paused for breath. "You coppers ain't got any murder rap on me."

"No?" Burris let him have the whole story.

"Okay," Liggett agreed ruefully. "I'll talk. I didn't even know about the killin'."

Returning from his Sunday night date, the cabbie began, he had met Bill Pelly on Locust Grove's main street and the latter had offered Liggett $10 to take him to Tulsa. About out of funds, Liggett said he had asked Pelly for gasoline money when they stopped at Choteau.

"That was when be flashed the century note," Liggett said. "But I never thought a thing about it. I'm always gettin' some fare who wants to play big shot by changin' all his money into one bill. So I just went ahead and shoved it at the fillin' station guy."

Pelly And A Blonde

Reaching Tulsa tbe two had cleaned up at Liggett's room and Liggett had gone out with Pelly to help spend the bill in a round of taverns. They parted on Monday night, botb with dates.

"So now you've lost Pelly," Burris finished caustically. "And that's going to be rough—for you."

"I know where to find him," the cabbie protested. He gave the name of a second rate hotel bandy to some of the town's less restrained taverns. "Pelly's got a room, and he ought to still he there."

Releasing Liggett with a warning to remain in town in case he was wanted again, the officers hurried to the hotel and found that Pelly was registered. He had left the room, but his clothing was still there.

"So we start checking the tavern trail again," Lovelace said.

In the fourth place they visited, Burris spotted the man sitting at a rear table with a sultry blonde. While the other officers guarded the exits, the county attorney walked back.

Burris stepped up to the couple. Pelly glanced up, a sullen look on his face. The prosecutor held out a glove. "I'd like you to try this on for size, Bill," he said quietly.

"What's the big idea?" the suspect demanded.

"We want you for the murder of Tom Tims, Bill," Burris said.

Bill Pelly's big frame stiffened. "Are you guys nuts?" he snarled.

"We're not playing games, Bill," Burris warned softly.

"Okay," Pelly said, relaxing at last. "Let's go."

Speeding back to Pryor, Pelly strenuously denied any connection with the brutal murder of his aged neighbor and even declared that he had not known Tom Tims was dead. He explained the bloodstained shirt by telling of a Saturday night tavern brawl in which he had cut his arm on a broken bottle. For proof, he cited the two men with whom he had fought, and the bartender at the tavern.

"What about the $100 bill you flashed at Choteau?" Burris probed.

"I got that at the bank in Pryor Saturday wben I casbed my paycheck," Pelly snapped, "and I can prove that, too."

The man's story was suspiciously pat. But if it was true, nobody had to tell the officers that tbey were starting again from scratch.

"You may be giving us straight dope," Burris told him, "but whoever killed Tom Tims was plenty familiar with your place and his, and the path between them."

"So what?" Pelly retorted. "Half a dozen guys make a racetrack out of that path. They travel it all the time. Raymond Vann, for one."

When they reached Pryor, Pugh bustled the suspect into the courthouse, while Burris and Snooks waited outside.

"What do you think?" Snooks asked.

"I'm afraid we've got the wrong pig by the ear," Burris admitted. "But I'm going to hold Pelly until the sheriff's office can check his story."

That was quickly done. Burris had scarcely finished his dinner that evening when Undersheriff Marion Son telephoned that Pelly's alibi was ironclad. The prosecutor ordered the man released.

"Got any good ideas?" he asked the undersheriff glumly.

At the other end of the wire, Son hesitated. "You'd hardly call it an idea yet," he drawled. "But I got a tip a while ago that a bloodstained bill had turned up at one of the banks. We'll check on it first thing in the morning."

Burris was too worn out to be excited. But he told bimself that nobody except a drunken man, or someone entirely innocent, would be passing bloodstained money. He remembered what Pelly had said, too. Raymond Vann was one of those who made a racetrack out of that path to Tom Tims' back gate. Vann had worked for both Tims and Pelly. So that was to be expected. Who were the others?

Bloody Bill Traced

The question was driven from his mind the next morning as he entered the courthouse and found Undersheriff Son and H. E. Smith, a Pryor tavern owner, waiting for him in the first floor corridor. He could feel the tension as Son beckoned him into the sheriff's office.

"Smith's got one of those bills," the undersheriff announced.

The tavern man dug into his pocket and brought out a $5 federal reserve note. A splotch of red balf as wide as a man's thumb ran along one end. It was blood, there could be no mistake.

"Raymond Vann passed that hill in my place Monday night," Smith explained. "He and a sidekick, Lester Twain, were out to bowl. Vann was buying the beer. They got crocked, and the hartender told them to leave. So Vann slammed down that bill and walked out."

"When Raymond Vann starts out to get drunk . . ." Burris began.

Son was way ahead of him. "Exactly!" the undersheriff snapped. Swinging to the telephone, he called city police headquarters. Then, after a few minutes conversation, he dropped the instrument back to its cradle and looked up.

"Raymond Vann paid fines for intoxication for himself and Twain and walked out of the city jail not three bours ago!" be announced bitterly. "The city police say he bad close to $200 in his jeans when he was picked up. That's about $195 more than I ever knew him to have before. And you and I know where he got it!"

"Raymond Vann's the man we want for that murder!" Burris agreed. "He and Lester Twain."

Wanting the pair was much simpler than finding them, bowever, as the officials quickly discovered. In the three hours since they had walked out of jail, Vann

and Twain had vanished completely. But while the hunt, spreading over three counties, turned up no trace of the suspects, it did yield more evidence of their apparent guilt.

Vann, the officers learned, had left his home some two miles from the Tims farm early on Sunday afternoon and had not returned. At Locust Grove, Marshal Greathouse found a man who had seen Vann and Twain emerge from the woods on Bill Pelly's farm an hour after sundown on Sunday, and start walking west on the highway toward Locust Grove.

With that lead, the officers redoubled their search. But as Thursday wore on, they feared the suspects had taken to the woods which Vann knew so well. Then, shortly after noon, the day marshal at Salina, eight miles north of Locust Grove, telephoned that he had arrested Twain there, hut that Vann had jumped into a taxicab and sped south.

Son flashed the word to Locust Grove where Deputy Sheriff Grimes and Marshal Greathouse were working together. These two men drove out along the narrow gravel road connecting the two towns and arrived just in the nick of time. Two miles beyond the edge of town, Grimes swung his car across the road as a speeding sedan bore down on them.

The car slowed to a halt 25 yards away. As it did so, Raymond Vann plunged from a rear door and raced toward the woods, ignoring the officers' commands to halt.

In one swift movement, Grimes drew his pistol and fired two shots in warning, then a third so close that it almost brushed the fugitive's cheek. Raymond Vann halted in his tracks and his hands went up slowly.

Taken to the courthouse in Pryor for questioning, hoth Vann and Twain stuhhornly denied any connection with Tom Tims' murder.

"There's just one fellow who can get the truth out of Vann," Grimes said when the pair had been led back to their cells. "That's his grandfather. The old man's a square shooter and a good citizen, and I hate to ring him in on this case. But Raymond knows better than to lie to him."

"Then get him in here if he'll come voluntarily," Burris said.

It was a tough mission, but the elder Vann consented to help. The officers knew that Grimes had been right when they brought Raymond Vann in to confront his grandfather under the lights in the sheriff's office that evening. Raymond met the older man's gaze once, then averted his eyes.

"Tell the truth, Raymond," the elder Vann admonished quietly.

His 24-year-old grandson flinched as if he had been struck with a lash.

The old man took the canvas glove which Trooper Pugh handed him and passed it on to Raymond. "Try it on for a fit!" he ordered. The suspect looked at the mended place, then mechanically thrust the glove into his pocket. The elder Vann came up from his chair as if in physical pain.

"You killed him, then, didn't you, Raymond?" grief choked his voice.

Raymond Vann hung his head. "Yes," he sobbed. "I killed him."

He told the rest of the story after his grandfather had left the room. He had learned of Tom Tims' savings, he related, during the time that he worked for the old man, and had observed that Tims usually carried the money in his pocket.

Short of cash on the preceding Sunday, he had planned to ask Tims for a loan. But in case the old man refused, he admitted, he had carried with him a length of inch pipe with a "T" on one end so that it made a murderous hammer. Possession of the weapon had given him another idea as he walked through the woods. He decided to slug the old man and take all of the savings. But he insisted that he had not intended to kill Tims.

Tims heard him enter. Rising, he glanced around just as Vann struck the first blow. That action had sealed his death warrant. Knowing that he had been recognized and would face a long term in prison, Vann said he had grabbed the axe from its place in the corner and started slashing Tims with it.

"I just couldn't stop!" he sobbed.

As he gained control over his panic, Vann told the officers that he had taken the two pocketbooks containing the money and fled. But in his haste he had knocked over the lamp.

Vann took all responsibility for the crime, exonerating Twain. He declared that he had met the latter by chance near the spot where they had been seen at the road, and after he had discarded the two weapons and the pocketbooks.

The next day, April 16, 1949, Raymond Vann led the officers to a spot on the Bill Pelly farm, just off the field where the hloodhounds had lost the scent. There he helped them find Tom Tims' two empty purses and the pipe and the axe with which he had murdered his victim.

That afternoon County Attorney Burris filed first degree murder charges against both Vann and Twain in spite of their repeated denials that Twain was involved in the crime.

Raymond Vann was immediately arraigned before Justice of the Peace G. E. Hendrix at Pryor, who ordered him held without hond for district court trial. Charges against Twain are still on file as this is written, but County Attorney Burris has indicated that he may not push them in view of Vann's statement.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The names Bill Pelly, Bart and Jim Liggett and Lester Twain, used in this story, are fictitious.*

Clues to the Outdoors

(Continued from page 9)

proves to be one solution to the problem of the man who wants a good shooting dog. How they will prove in competition with the fast setters and pointers at the hig Southern field trials no one knows, but some Weimeraner owners are exhibiting knowing, confident smiles.

One of the Weimeraners over which I shot was just under a year old, hut his field work was surprisingly good. He quartered the cover perfectly, and at an almost incredible speed, and to prove that he did not miss a bird in the process, the trainer retraced the area with two fine pointers. Not one bird was found. When the Weimeraner scents a hird he seems to pause in mid-leap, land on special shock absorbers and freeze on point. Even the puppy was steady to wing and shot, and retrieved exceptionally well.

Regardless of the dog you select however the result will be more pleasure in your days afield, plus the knowledge that in using a dog you are practising real conservation. It may seem strange that hy using something which provides more game you are conserving game, but hard, cold facts prove this to be true. An appalling number of birds are brought down and never recovered. The man who takes a

two-bird limit, on pheasants for example, does not count in that limit the birds he shot at, and perhaps mortally wounded, but did not recover. With a dog, even a mediocre one, your chances of recovering wounded or dead birds are excellent.

Many who do not use pointing dogs employ retrievers or spaniels, and they find that the amount of game recovered per shot increases several fold. All of this does not completely give the reason for the present trend to own a hunting dog, but regardless of the reason, the trend should be encouraged.

The average shooter will find that his enjoyment in the field is increased immeasurably by the dog, whether hound or bird dog, and many have discovered that there is more pleasure in watching the dog work than in the actual shooting. When you think it over, it is not the shooting that lures sportsmen to the game covers, for even on a good day it is seldom that a hunter spends more than a few seconds in shooting. Often the shot is the anti-climax; the hunting itself provides the attraction.

The possession of a dog provides sport long after the rather brief hunting season is over, for in almost all areas clubs conduct field trials, and these competitions often compete with actual hunting in popularity. I know many sportsmen who now spend only a fraction of the time in the field that they formerly did, devoting most of their time to local and regional field competitions. This in itself is a real conservation measure, for the birds released at such trials tend to increase the wildlife population of the area, and provide better shooting for the following season.

Case of the Hungry Killer

(Continued from page 23)

Ever notice how a woman'll put out a knife and fork and spoon, even if she's just going to give you cheese and crackers? Well here there's nothing but a fork. And look at the beans; eaten cold right out of the can. No, sir, Sheriff, no woman ever prepared that meal."

"What do you make of it?" Newbill asked.

"I don't know for sure," Marston replied. "But I can't figure a stranger wandering in here looking for valuables and taking time off to fix himself a meal. Then, too, this killer must have known that the Spindles were thought to be out of town and nobody would be bothering him for awhile."

"You may be right," Newbill agreed. "On the other hand, it's pure speculation."

"Not completely," Marston replied. "I have other reasons for thinking the killer was familiar around here. Frank Spindle owned two shotguns, both missing. One was an old 10-gauge gun that wouldn't have permitted rapid firing. The other was a double-barrelled 16-gauge. I think it was the latter that was used for the murders. That means the killer was unarmed, but knew where he could find the weapons."

"You're building up a pretty good case," the sheriff admitted. "But everyone around here thought highly of Frank and his wife. Most people are inclined to think the killer was a stranger who had the place spotted as an easy touch."

After the police photographers had completed their work and Dr. Mann had established that the couple had been dead for at least a week, probably since the night of March 4, the bodies were removed and 16-year-old Dorothy Mae Spindle was brought into the house.

A quick-witted, intelligent girl, she minimized the importance of the woman's hat and the neckpiece. "I think these belonged to Helen," she said. "The hat is the same size she wore and I'm sure I saw her wearing the fur when she and Frank came back from their honeymoon."

The girl was able to list a number of articles that were missing. There was a small table radio, Helen's wristwatch, Frank's watch and several pieces of jewelry that had been kept in a leather box on the dresser. She gave accurate descriptions of them all.

"How did you know so much about these items?" Marston asked admiringly.

"I notice a lot of things," the girl said simply, "and I ask a lot of questions. As a matter of fact, I'd like to ask you one now."

Marston, a bit taken back by her aplomb, invited her to go ahead.

"Have you thought much about Uncle Frank's car being found near Asheville? Helen came from Asheville, and I understand Frank took her away from a man she'd been going with a long time. He didn't like it."

The investigator showed lively interest in the girl's statement. "Was Helen ever threatened by this man? Did she mention she was afraid of him?" he asked. Dorothy Mae conceded that nothing like this had occurred.

"Did anyone from Asheville ever visit her?" persisted Marston.

"Just her brother, David. He stopped here for a few days on his way back from New York, but he left around the first of the month."

Marston acted promptly on the girl's information. He dispatched a complete description of the missing articles to state headquarters for a teletype relay over the Eastern states hookup, together with a request to Asheville authorities to make a check on former suitors of the murdered woman. An interview with McGalliard was also requested to determine if he could shed any light on the slayings.

A building contractor questioned by Ingram in a routine check of the victim's business relations, revealed that Spindle was supposed to have fired a young helper recently for playing up to his wife. "Might not mean much, but the rumor was around that Spindle was plenty sore at the guy."

"Know his name?" asked Ingram.

"Either Dotson or Dawson. You can find him in Mechanicsville. I understand he's working there now."

Ingram and Mails sped to Mechanicsville, a town approximately 30 miles south. Marston, who had been advised of the tip, questioned Spindle and his niece about the incident, but both denied any knowledge of it, although the young girl admitted that Frank was extremely jealous of his wife.

The police sergeants had little difficulty running down the man in Mechanicsville. They returned in a little over an hour with a handsome, huskily-built youth. He gave his name as Fleming Dawson, and promptly admitted that he worked for a brief time for Spindle.

"But I wasn't fired on account of his wife. I quit," he asserted. "When we were busy at the shop, it looked to me as if Frank was trying to load all the work on me. I just got fed up, that's all."

Dawson strenuously denied all knowledge of the murders, and claimed he had not been back in Essex County since he

left his job. There was nothing on which to hold the youth and he was soon released.

On the following morning word came from Asheville that police there could find no connection between the slayings and Mrs. Spindle's former suitor. The man had become interested in another woman a few months after the wedding. And there were a number of reliable witnesses who could vouch for his presence in the city at the estimated time of the murder.

Efforts to question David McGalliard were unavailing. He had been away from his home for over a month and members of his family did not know when he would return.

Meanwhile residents of the murder area continued to speculate on the motive for the slayings and on possible suspects. As the stories gathered volume, the owner of a general store less than half a mile from the Spindle home startled investigators by revealing that he had seen Frank Spindle as late as 8 o'clock on the evening of March 4, believed to be the murder day.

"My wife and I are both sure about the date," this informant said. "Frank came in for a package of cigarettes. But the thing that struck us as strange was the man with him, a fellow who deliberately kept his face averted. He stood in the doorway with his back to me the whole time, never said a word and seemed impatient for Frank to complete his purchase."

In response to Trooper Blackburn's urging, the grocer described the man as of medium height, thin, wearing a dark blue suit and a gray hat. The hair at the back of his neck was thick, light in color and "kind of shaggy."

Minutes later Blackburn, using the grocer's information as a lead, had found other people in the vicinity who had noticed the same man. The postmistress at Loretto, a sparsely settled community near the murder scene, remembered that such a man had been in on Thursday with Helen Spindle when she came for the mail.

"While Helen was putting a letter in her purse, she dropped a roll of bills," the postmistress said. "She laughed and told me there was $180 there she could well use. We kidded back and forth for a few minutes, but this man just stood in the doorway, didn't say a word. He waited for Helen and walked away with her."

Believing the recurring presence of the stranger might have some significance, Blackburn promptly notified Marston.

"We'll ask Robert about him," the state official said. "He may know who the man is."

Listening carefully to the description, the murdered man's brother turned startled eyes toward his niece. "Sounds like Dave McGalliard, doesn't it?"

Dorothy Mae nodded. "It certainly does! That's exactly who it must have been—Helen's brother,-Dave."

"Thought he left town several days before the murders," Marston said.

"So did I," Spindle replied. "I remember Frank was going to drive him to the bus station. Dave wanted to visit his folks at Asheville."

"He didn't talk about it much," added Dorothy Mae, "but I think he was trying to get his wife to meet him there. They were separated, and he was trying to make up with her."

At the bus station in Tappahannock, Marston learned that Frank Spindle had been in around 2:30 on the afternoon of March 2. There was a man answering McGalliard's description with him. However, Spindle left after learning the bus would be approximately an hour late.

Further checking revealed that a collect call had been made from the single booth in the station to a Mrs. McGalliard at Bessemer, Ala. The call was put through at 3:10 P.M. Office records, however, showed no sale of a single ticket to either a North Carolina or Alabama destination on that date.

Marston immediately sent a wired request to the Bessemer police to question Mrs. McGalliard about the call, and to determine if David was there prior to March 4. He then sped back to the Loretto community.

It was a little after midnight when Marston heard from the Bessemer authorities. They reported that Mrs. McGalliard had left town shortly after receiving a long-distance call from her husband pleading for a reconciliation. According to relatives, the husband had admitted being broke, but assured her that he would have some money in a few days. They had no idea where the woman was.

"If McGalliard is our man," Prosecutor Carlton said, "there's our motive. He was obviously crazy about his wife. He wanted desperately to see her. Possibly Spindle gave him money to get back to Asheville, but this wasn't enough. He decided to get more even if he had to murder for it! He probably returned to the Spindle home, gave some excuse for not catching the bus, then stuck around for a couple of days, trying to keep out of sight so neighbors would think he had left, which would establish an alibi for him. When he felt everything was safe, he struck."

"I think he's our man, all right," Marston said. "And I should have thought of him before. He fits perfectly."

"What do you mean?" Carlton asked.

"That meal the killer ate," the investigator explained. "I knew all along that that was the work of someone who felt familiar in his surroundings. David McGalliard answers the bill."

But finding him was a different matter. They knew he had headed for Asheville, but he hadn't been seen in that North Carolina city for several weeks.

Loot Recovered

Then, on the fourth day of the probe, Buncombe County Deputy Tate Lyda phoned Sheriff Newhill from Asheville. "We've found the two watches and the radio!" he announced. "They were in a local pawnshop—left there on March 7 by a fellow named J. H. McKey."

Newbill rushed a picture of McGalliard to the pawnshop operator and a little over three hours later, word came back that the proprietor had identified McGalliard as McKey.

The sheriff swore out a warrant naming McGalliard as the murderer of Frank and Helen Spindle. Then, convinced that the suspect was in flight southward, he notified the FBI, and Richard Auerbach, agent-in-charge of the Richmond office, promptly began a hunt for the suspect.

A few hours later Frank Spindle's 10-gauge shotgun was found in a Richmond pawnshop. The article had been left at 3 P.M. on the afternoon of March 5.

Four days after this discovery, on March 20, far-ranging G-men, in an exhaustive check of tourist homes and hotels, learned that a man answering McGalliard's description had taken a room on North Fourth Street in Knoxville, Tenn., under the name of Ralph J. Davis. A squad of agents headed by James A. Robey nabbed "Davis" as he left a Gay Street soda shop.

His vehement protestations that he was a salesman from Raleigh drew only skeptical smiles from the G-men. Taken to the

local FBI office, he glumly admitted he was McGalliard, but heatedly denied any knowledge of the Virginia slayings.

Placed under $20,000 bond as a fugitive from justice, McGalliard first indicated that he would fight extradition, then announced that he was willing to return to Virginia. "I haven't a thing to fear. I never killed anyone in my life," he blandly assured the Knoxville authorities. "I'm going back and prove it."

Five days later, when he reached Sheriff Newbill's office, he dismissed the evidence against him with a flippant wave of his hand. "It doesn't concern me in the least. I am entirely innocent. The sooner you bring me to trial, the better I'll like it."

An Essex County grand jury returned an indictment of first degree murder, and three months later, on June 27, McGalliard, stylishly attired in a pearl-gray suit, a dubonnet tie, and spotless brown and white shoes, strolled calmly into jam-packed Essex County courthouse.

During the week-long presentation of the state's evidence, the defense gave no indication of the nature of its argument, but finally, as the trial moved into the latter part of the second week, McGalliard was placed on the stand and in a cool, persuasive manner, outlined how the crime had taken place. He asserted that he awoke on the night of Friday, March 4, to hear Spindle quarreling with his wife.

"I got up and walked into their room," related McGalliard. "Frank shouted at me, 'I'm going to kill both of you!' He had a gun in his hands, and he swung it toward me. I dived for him, and we wrestled for the gun. I heard an explosion and remember seeing Helen lying on the floor." The fierce struggle, he continued, lasted for several minutes, often across Helen's body. He finally managed to grab the weapon away, and as he did so fell against a wall. The gun exploded, and Frank crashed to the floor.

He explained that he bad fled the scene without notifying the authorities because he was distraught and confused. As for taking the money and valuables, he had done this in an effort to divert suspicion toward someone else. "I felt the police would think a robber did it, and would try to get someone in the neighborhood as the murderer. I certainly did not kill them for the money I could get," he insisted.

Prosecutor Carlton pulled the man's story apart. "Everything David McGalliard has said is an enormous lie to conceal an enormous crime," he contended. "He planned the murders, calmly executed them, and then fled with everything of value he could lay his hands on." He pointed out that Frank Spindle was found in bed in a posture of repose, the bedclothes still covering his body; that he had no blood on his hands, knees, or feet, despite McGalliard's contention that the two struggled over the bloody body of Helen Spindle.

That McGalliard patiently awaited his chance to strike was clearly shown by the condition of the bed in the spare room, Carlton asserted. The smooth, almost unruffled appearance of the sheets and the pillow, the carefully turned back covers, proved that McGalliard had feigned deep sleep, then had stealthily crept from the bed to carry out his diabolic plan.

Every action of the defendant from the night of the crime until his capture 16 days later, the prosecutor summed up, was cunningly designed to dupe the authorities and to avoid payment for his crime.

At a little after 2 o'clock on the afternoon of July 9, the case went into the hands of the jury. In less than two hours it returned with the verdict—guilty of murder in the first degree. The convicted man's punishment was fixed at life imprisonment in the state penitentiary.

The defense filed notice of appeal, but as this is written no date had been set for its hearing.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *To spare possible embarrassment to innocent persons the names Creech Atwood and Fleming Dawson, used in this story, are fictitious.*

Take a Number . . .

(*Continued from page 37*)

"Five and two," he announced.

Across the page his finger traveled, hovering over the listing of bank clearings in major cities of the nation, finally stopping at the Cincinnati report. Second digit.

"Five," he read. "They pay off today on 525."

A groan traveled up and down the bar. The bartender drew another beer and walked to the end of the counter where he thrust it under the solitary drinker's nose.

"You deaf?" he said. "Didn't you hear? Five-two-five came in."

Joy brightened the man's face. "I knew it," he breathed. "I knew it. My dream had to come in. Five-two-five. Man, wait'll I get to that payoff place."

"Sit tight," the bartender counseled. He hated to see a winner leave the tavern. "Moe will be around. He'll pay you off."

Moe came in an hour later. He took the winner's slip and scanned it carefully.

"Okay," he said finally. "You had us for half a buck. You got $300 coming. It's a big hit, buddy. How do you want it?"

"Any way. Yeah, it's a big hit. And how I needed it. Got a kid sick in the hospital. I been playing the numbers years, now. This is my first win."

Moe counted out the three hundred. Then he stood waiting. The winner nodded to the bartender. "Give 'em all one on me," he said.

The glasses slid down the bar. Moe hadn't moved. "How about me?" he asked.

"Sure, you get a drink, too. Even a tip."

"You're damn right I get a tip. One hundred points—half a C-note. That's my share, for selling you the ticket."

"Fifty bucks? What's the idea?" The winner peeled off a ten-spot. "Here, this is what you get. No more."

Moe said nothing. He pocketed the $10 bill, threw down his drink and left.

"You should've given him the $50," the bartender said. "A sixth of the deal. That's what they always get."

"Not from me. Three hundred I collect. I need it. I've put twice that much into the racket. I'll never get even if I have to pay off punks like him."

The barkeep pocketed a cigar from a box next to the cash register and took a quarter from the customer's change. "I don't drink on duty," he explained. "Look, buddy, take a tip from me. You'll never get even playing numbers. And don't walk any dark streets the next few nights. Moe ain't going to like getting cut out of 40 bucks he figures belongs to him."

They found Mr. 525 two nights later in

an alleyway, his nose, jaw and three ribs broken. All he could tell the cops was that two men jumped him from behind. He never saw them. They didn't take any money; just slugged bell out of him and ran.

He also told about hitting the numbers jackpot, and the mugging report, instead of dying on a precinct captain's blotter, eventually found its way to the district attorney's office. From the D.A.'s headquarters in Richmond, as the Staten Island borough is known officially, the story of what had happened to Mr. 525 went on to Manhattan and the skyscraper offices of Frank S. Hogan, the combative district attorney whose war on crime knows no armistice or truce.

There, in the guarded headquarters of Hogan's force in one wing of the massive new graystone Criminal Courts Building, the report was turned over to Alfred J. Scotti, the assistant district attorney in charge of investigating—and smashing—rackets.

It was not a new story to Scotti. In the volumes of records compiled on the numbers, or policy, racket were many like it. There were other stories, too, dozens of them—tales of fabulously wealthy racketeer barons, of little people mulcted of sorely needed dollars, of school children who went without lunches to band over their nickels and dimes to numbers collectors.

Scotti knew the history of the racket from its beginnings in America, when some obscure Cuban introduced it here from the tropics.

The numbers game attracts the poor because it offers a possible realization of their greatest dream, to escape poverty in one rich stroke.

You can bet the horses, if you've got that kind of money, and get back maybe ten to one if you hit a long shot. You can try the dice and quadruple your stake with a hot streak. You can play poker or rummy and pick up a few dimes. But the numbers racket pays off 600 to one.

Of course there's a catch to it. You choose any number you wish of three digits—like 525—and buy a ticket for anything from a penny to $5; Wall Streeters who can afford the latter kind of dough do go for a numbers bet now and then, although the average ticket is for about 40 cents. You get 600 to one if your number comes up, on whatever basis of play the collector's gang stipulates. But the actual odds are 999 to one.

A roulette wheel, with its zero and double zero numbers, puts aside roughly about eight or nine per cent of all moneys played for the house. The parimutuel machines at a racetrack retain from ten to 15 per cent for the owners. Most gambling devices, when honestly operated, keep anywhere from three to ten per cent for the house. But the numbers racketeer takes better than 30 per cent for himself.

That is, he takes only about 30 or 35 per cent when the payoff is on a straight shot. Too often it is not.

The winning numbers are determined by various means. Clearing house and stock exchange figures always have been favorites; the suckers are convinced these can't be rigged. But occasionally, when officials of these financial organizations learned that their published reports were fattening numbers racketeers, they withheld publication of such statistics to foil the policy gangs.

The operator however always will find some method of making the play. And then he will look for, and usually find, some method of fixing the numbers source

to his own liking—so that it will pay off on the number least played, and thus enhance his profit by thousands of dollars.

The intake on the numbers racket is enormous. Authorities have estimated it at more than two billions a year. The money comes chiefly from the poor, who find here their only chance to gamble, for a collector will take a bet of a penny or a nickel.

Some 20 years ago the policy racket—it got its name from the habit of players' spending their life insurance policy premium money on numbers tickets—in New York City operated chiefly in Harlem.

Then a sudden run on two "lucky" numbers that hit several times within a short period, forced the operators to the wall.

At the time the biggest racketeer in town was Dutch Schultz. The policy kings of Harlem went to him for money to tide them over. Schultz looked into the policy business—then advanced the money, and moved in.

He and his henchmen ran it into big business, but the Dutchman wasn't content with the 30 per cent take. He saw a chance to make it even bigger, and he did.

Schultz had a masterful executive knack of finding and fitting round pegs into round holes. He had Dixie (Mouthpiece) Davis, one of the shrewdest criminal lawyers of his day, ready for any defense. He had a measure of protection through Jimmy Hines, the Tammany leader. And he had Otto Berman, a gentleman of several aliases, the most popular of which was Abadaba.

Abadaba was a mathematical wizard, or so his legend has it. A sort of combination Chinese abacus, adding machine and IBM setup all in one.

In 1933 Abadaba got $10,000 weekly for attending the horse races in Cincinnati. The numbers racket was paying off at the time on a set of digits in the parimutuel tote at the Cincinnati track.

Just before the payoff race, Abadaba would get a call from New York. He would get the "weak" numbers for the day—those on which the least money had been wagered.

Now Abadaba would watch the tote board, his mathematical mind working like some electronic calculator. Just before the betting closed, if the tote digits ran against the numbers combine, Abadaba would shovel money into the machines, just the right amount to bring the totals up with the digits needed to protect the Schultz racket.

He had great talent. But all it earned him was a slug in the head when he was shot down with the Dutchman in an intergang feud in Newark, N. J., in the fall of 1935.

Assistant District Attorney Scotti had this, and much more information, in his possession when the story of Mr. 525 came to his attention.

He had known for some time that a mammoth numbers ring was in operation, doing heavy business on Staten Island. And he knew, also, that this outfit did not venture into Manhattan, Brooklyn, the Bronx or Queens.

The reason, he suspected, was that another mob had control of these rich areas, and any muscling in would be welcomed with an old-fashioned gang war of which none of the principals wanted any part.

Scotti talked with Thomas M. Fay, chief investigator for District Attorney Hogan, and Acting Captain William F. Grafnecker, head of the detective force assigned to the district attorney's office.

"This outfit," Scotti said, "is well organized, ruthless, operating much like the old Dutch Schultz mob. And maybe even on a larger scale. Get on it."

It took a lot of legwork, a lot of talking with stoolpigeons, a lot of hanging around bars and cheap cigar stores on Staten Island. Some months passed before the cautious dicks working out of the New York D. A.'s office learned anything more than that numbers tickets could be bought here, there or another place on Staten Island.

"We haven't got a thing we can pin on anyone," Fay reported to Scotti. "Except ticket sales by a few punks, and if we nabbed them the gang would just find other outlets. But we know this. Headquarters for the ring—and it's a big one, all right—are located somewhere in Newark."

Newark, a dozen miles across the Hudson River from Manhattan, the city of half a million people where Dutch Schultz was slain while enjoying a beer party, had spawned its share of big-time mobsters.

Most of them were known in the D. A.'s office in New York City. Most of them would bear watching.

"There's something more to this," said Captain Grafnecker. "Remember the funny payoffs when Schultz was rigging the daily numbers? Well, the same pattern's repeating now."

Scotti asked for an explanation. Grafnecker explained. Numbers players are a superstitious lot. They favor certain combinations. Like 711 in the Harlem circuit, a great favorite. It had been the numbers 275 and 725 that nearly broke the bank for the Harlem operators back in 1933. Certain combinations, gleaned from dream books, from current events, from "lucky" dates, got big plays.

"But none of these ever seem to hit," Grafnecker said. "The payoffs are few. One guy in a place. The big plays just seem to get lost."

"And what do they pay off on?" Scotti wanted to know.

Grafnecker explained the setup. The first two numbers were the second and third digits of the noon report on bond sales by the New York Stock Exchange. The last digit in the lucky number for the day came from the second numeral in the daily report of the Cincinnati Clearing House Association.

"How could those numbers be rigged?" Scotti challenged.

Captain Grafnecker shrugged. He couldn't guess. But if there was anything queer about the daily payoffs, he said, it logically would be in the Cincinnati numeral. "That," he said, "would be the only control that would mean anything. The first two digits come through just after noon, too early for the mob to pick the right number to win. And they'd still be unable to handle the final control."

Scotti, remembering that it was in Cincinnati that Dutch Schultz engineered his coup, reminded his men to look carefully into anything that had a connection with Ohio's Queen City.

More time passed. Then a tail reported that one William Tiplitz, 48, of Newark, once a henchman of Prohibition bootlegger Abner (Longy) Zwillman, had an unusual interest in two things.

One was a brokerage office in Newark where the Stock Exchange bond sales were posted. The other was a telephone number which led to a phone in a recreation center and poolroom in the Times Square district in Manhattan, a spot run by a man named Edward Kane, 44, of Brooklyn.

The poolroom's phone was tapped. Of interest to the listeners was the fact that once daily a call was made to Cincinnati.

The conversations seemed innocent enough. "I have one ticket for you today. All I could get," was a sample.

But the mere fact of a daily call to Cincinnati aroused Scotti's suspicion. He ran down the number in the Ohio city. It was that of the clearing house association there!

More wire taps were made. Even the FBI joined in the investigation, since the lottery ring now apparently had interstate ramifications. A detective from Scotti's office went to Cincinnati and soon was an employe in the clearing house where representatives of all banks in Cincinnati met daily to report their check transactions. These, totaled, were combined into one figure known as the clearing house report. Its only significance was as a business barometer. The figure was released as a matter of practice to newspapers and press wire associations for national distribution.

But, assuming the Newark numbers ring was rigging the daily number to pay off the least possible amount of winnings, how could the gang control the Cincinnati bank figures? Who compiled and reported this figure each day?

The answer to this latter question puzzled Scotti deeply. For the Cincinnati clearing house total was handled by Dennison Duble, secretary-manager of the association.

White-haired, 57-year-old Duble had held this post for 20 years, resigning a partnership in a brokerage firm to accept the position after the death of his father, who had held it before him.

Duble was highly regarded in Cincinnati financial circles, and was one of the most prominent residents of an exclusive suburb. A thirty-third degree Mason, he looked the part of a successful banker and played the role of a respectable business and family man. It seemed incredible that he could be involved with a band of Newark racketeers in a policy wager fix.

Indeed, several years earlier, Duble himself had taken some steps to prevent the use of his clearing house figures by numbers operators.

However Assistant District Attorney Scotti was confronted with a fact he could not dismiss. A telephone call was made daily from Kane's poolroom to the Cincinnati clearing house office, and the New York rackets buster had reason to believe that the cryptic messages delivered in these calls dealt directly with the numbers mob's business.

The wire taps were continued. Tiplitz' activities were closely scanned. Bit by bit, piece by piece, the structure of the gigantic policy ring began to take shape.

Early in July of 1949 two small-time collectors were nabbed on Staten Island. By this time the assistant district attorney knew that the ring operated chiefly on Staten Island, in New Jersey and in Ohio. He knew also that it was a $50,000,000-a-year concern. And he was positive that the daily numbers were being fixed so that the gang paid off only on a very weakly played set of digits.

Police Move In

Evidence found in possession of the two Staten Island collectors fixed Scotti's resolution to act.

On July 25 he struck, in Newark, in New York and in Cincinnati.

Tiplitz was arrested as he left a midtown Manhattan telephone booth after making a call to Kane. He had $6,000 in cash in his pockets when detectives searched him.

Kane was picked up and with him was arrested Martin Martinson, 36, a cook in his establishment who, according to the New York district attorney, subbed for his boss on the telephone relay when Kane was not around.

That night Fay, Captain Grafnecker and Assistant District Attorney Andrew J. Seidler went to Newark. There they were joined by District Attorney Duane E. Minard of Newark, Colonel Charles Schoeffel of the New Jersey state police and Captain William Keaton of the state force.

With a picked squad of men, they raided the expensive home of Daniel Zwillman, 42, in the swank Weequahic section, one of Newark's finest residential districts.

Zwillman was a cousin of Longy Zwillman. In Danny's fine house, the raiders said, they found large amounts of paraphernalia used by the numbers ring. They described the residence as the "clearing house" for the gang's operations.

The home of Nat Levinson, 59, in Newark, was next on the list. Additional policy game supplies were found here, the D.A.'s men alleged.

Also arrested on this night was Anthony Strollo, alias Tony Bender, whom District Attorney Hogan described as a leading underworld character who was often associated with such big shots as Joe Adonis and Vito Genovese—who, incidentally, lived in the same block with Strollo.

Charged with conspiracy to contrive a lottery, Zwillman, Levinson and Tiplitz were held in $100,000 bail each. Such high bond was demanded because the district attorney's office felt the prisoners would not be safe if allowed to roam at large.

Early on July 26 four more men were nabbed in the policy racket cleanup. Chief among these was Irving Bitz, 46, a Prohibition day gangster who had been on the front pages many times.

It was Bitz who, with Salvatore Spitale, was named by Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh in 1932 as an underworld intermediary in a fruitless search for the kidnaped Lindbergh baby. It was Bitz who was questioned in vain in the famous 1932 "bag" murder of a small-time New York stoolpigeon whose body was left in a car

(*Continued on page 72*)

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(Continued on page 72)

(*Continued from page 69*)

in front of police headquarters in Manhattan. Bitz, with a record of 12 arrests and two convictions, also was interrogated in the gangland slaying of the notorious Jack "Legs" Diamond in 1930.

Now he was implicated in the biggest policy setup of all time.

Bitz had been employed as a circulation inspector on an afternoon newspaper in New York City. Grabbed with him was Ahraham Goldberg, an assistant circulation manager on the paper. Scotti said these two, with access to the press room, got early editions of the paper and phoned the bond sale figures to either Emilio (Sam) Strollo, Anthony Strollo's brother, who ran a check cashing business in Manhattan, or to Jack Feldman, 48, who owned a cigar store near Strollo's place of business.

Emilio Strollo and Feldman, also arrested, then passed this information along to the gang's headquarters, the district attorney charged.

In possession of the first two digits of the daily payoff number, bookkeepers for the mob quickly tabulated the thousands of bets made for the day, and found at last the one set bearing the first two digits already known, on which the play was lightest.

Tiplitz then called Kane, and gave him the number the mob wanted to come up. Kane phoned Cincinnati and in code gave the desired third digit. The clearing house total then was fixed to produce that number. The gang pocketed the heavy sugar, paid off on lean bets.

While the arrests were being made in the East, Assistant District Attorney Augustus Marchetti was in Cincinnati with Detective Edward Fitzpatrick.

With Cincinnati officers, Marchetti faced Duhle in the clearing house manager's private office.

"We have the evidence, Mr. Duhle," he said. "For a year and a half you have been juggling your figures, following instructions from the heads of the policy gang in the East."

Duble did not deny the charge. In fact, he professed relief at the exposure. Several times, he said, he'd tried to pull out of the ring, but threats of violence kept him in line.

His arrest shocked Cincinnati. He resigned his post in the clearing house immediately, and said he was willing to return to New York City to talk with the district attorney's men.

In New York he was charged with conspiracy to contrive a lottery and, at the request of District Attorney Hogan, was paroled to Hogan's bureau in "protective custody."

At first Duble said he had received only a few hundred dollars for his services to the mob, but evidence unearthed by wire taps indicated that his cut was something above $40,000 over a period of several years.

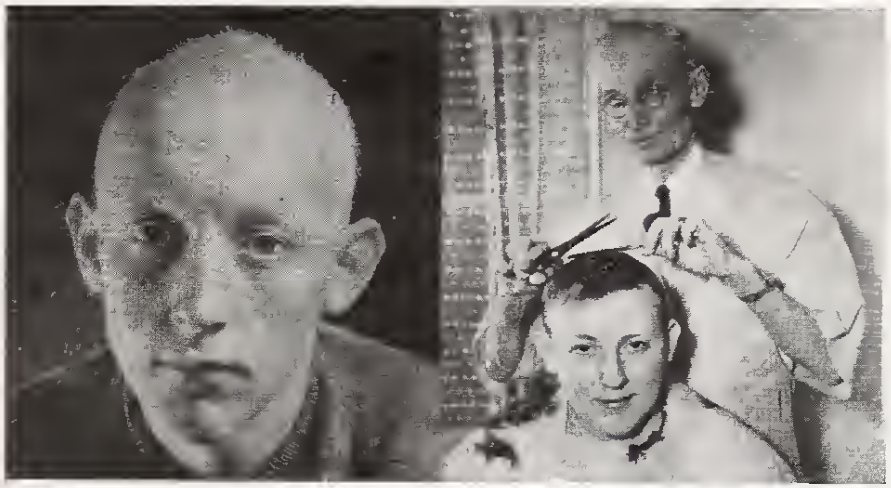
For days Duble talked with the district attorney's men. Hogan would release nothing he learned from the Cincinnati banker, but hinted that from his information might come leads to "higher-ups" in the policy.

On August 11, 1949, District Attorney Hogan presented his evidence to a grand jury, and nine members of the gang each were indicted on one count of conspiracy and 14 counts of contriving a lottery. They were Duble, Kane, Zwillman, Tiplitz, Levinson, Goldberg, Bitz, Emilio Strollo and Feldman. Anthony Strollo and Martin Martinson were not indicted at this time, hut it was expected that they would be in the near future.

Zwillman, Tiplitz and Levinson were held in Newark for hearings there, while the New York men were continued in extremely high bail. Duble was continued in custody of the D. A.'s office.

The big ring was broken. Hogan and Scotti were sure of that. The fixed numbers trick had been completely exposed. But both Hogan and Scotti were too wise in the ways of human nature to hope that the policy racket was out of business for good.

For even though they are short-changed on an honest 600 to one payoff, even though the deal is rigged, there will always be plenty of suckers who never get an even break—but seem to love it.



Eldon Beerbower lost all of his hair at the age of 12. Three years later, still completely bald, Eldon began to use Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage. Above, Eldon after 8 weeks use.

"The Thrill That Comes Once in a Lifetime!" Eldon felt that he was doomed to a lifetime of hopeless baldness. Above, Eldon Beerbower getting his hair cut for the first time since he became totally bald.

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ELDON BEERBOWER, age 18, lives at 2905 N. Portland Blvd., Portland, Oregon. Eldon lost all of his hair at the age of 12. He tried many forms of treatment without success, and Eldon thought he was doomed to permanent total baldness. Today Eldon has a normal growth of hair. Recently he had his hair cut for the first time since he became bald.

What is the story behind Eldon Beerbower's haircut? It is the story of Carl Brandenfels of St. Helens, Oregon, who has solved some of the problems of baldness.

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Back in 1929 Carl Brandenfels began to search for the causes of baldness. In 1945 he developed two formulas and a unique pressure massage. Almost overnight Carl Brandenfels became world-famous. Carl did not place his formulas on the market until actual results convinced him of their worth. Today, more than 40,000 men and women have used Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage. Eldon Beerbower is one of these people.

13,047 LETTERS OF PRAISE

Certified public accountants recently completed an impartial audit of the result letters in Carl's files. By this certified count, Carl Brandenfels has received more than 13,000 letters from users who report from one to all of the following results after using BRANDENFELS' SCALP AND HAIR APPLICATIONS AND MASSAGE:

- RENEWED HAIR GROWTH
- NO EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
- RELIEF FROM DANDRUFF SCALE
- IMPROVED SCALP CONDITION

Carl Brandenfels does not make any extravagant claims. He does not guarantee to promote hair growth because he realizes that not every user has grown new hair. At the same time Carl is genuinely proud of the results obtained by users of his formulas and massage. Carl sincerely recommends his home course to men and women who are bald or who are losing their hair. He also recommends it to people suffering from dandruff scale or itching scalp.

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Scientists agree that the hair will continue to grow as long as the hair follicle remains undamaged and as long as nothing interferes with the blood supply to the scalp. **Carl believes that in many bald or partially bald people, hair follicles are alive even though no hair is growing from them.** Carl does not classify his formulas and massage with the so-called "hair growers." His home course is designed to bring about a more healthy condition of the scalp, to soften the scalp and to increase the blood supply to the scalp area.

One of Carl's formulas contains, among other ingredients, the important agent lanolin. The other contains a small percentage of sulfanilamide. **Carl believes that proper use of these applications together with his pressure massage may bring about a condition which will help nature to allow hair to grow.**

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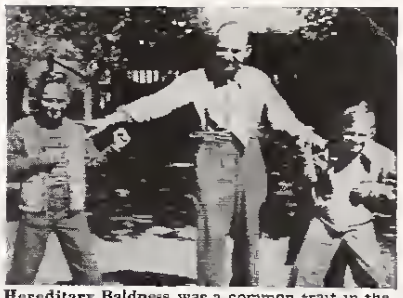
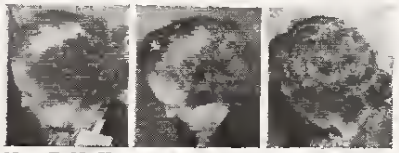
Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage are applied in the privacy of your own home. Directions are easy to follow. The formulas are not sticky and will not rub off on hat bands, clothing or bed linens. They are inexpensive to use. A five-week supply costs $15 plus $3 Fed. Tax, averaging about 30 cents per application. Send your order TODAY, to Carl Brandenfels, St. Helens, Oregon.



Hereditary Baldness was a common trait in the Brandenfels family. Above, Carl Brandenfels as he looked in October, 1945, before he began to use his formulas and massage.

Carl Brandenfels as he looks today. Above, Carl inspecting a few of the more than 13,000 letters he received praising his formulas and massage.

Mr. E. "Al" Liefson, 7019 S. Tacoma Way, Tacoma, Wash. Above, left, top view of Mr. Liefson's head at start of experiment. Center, Mr. Liefson after 17 weeks; and right, after 41 weeks.



Mrs. F. M. Harris, 1317 Boren Ave., Seattle, Wash. Above, left, Mrs. Harris on Jan. 22, 1949. Center, Mrs. Harris on Feb. 26, 1949; and right, on June 19, 1949.

Left—O. K. Nulton, Olympia, Wash., age 65; "My hair was falling rapidly. Now my head is almost covered with hair."
Center—Mrs. Amy Clevenger, Central Point, Ore., age 62; "I was completely bald for two years. Now I have almost all my hair back."
Right—Navy Veteran Howard Jones, St. Helens, Ore., lost most of the hair on the front third of his head while in Service. Today, this area is almost covered with light, fine hair.

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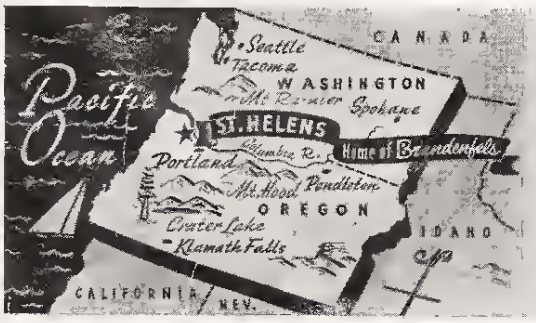

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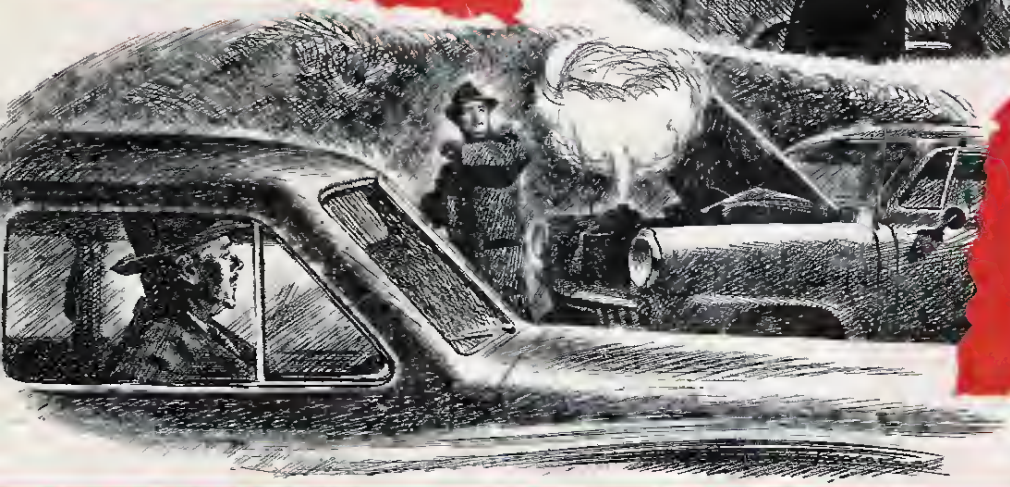

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