

COMPLETE DETECTIVE

FACTS FROM
OFFICIAL FILES

JANUARY

CASES

15c

**BLIND
DATE WITH
MURDER**

**NUDE BEAUTY
AND
HER BOOK OF SIN**

**"I
SQUEALED
ON THE RED-
LIGHT BOSS"**

A SMASHING TRUE EXPOSÉ





THE VOW OF SILENCE IS BROKEN !

THE 7 KEYS TO POWER TEACHES YOU ALL THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE from the cradle to the grave—and beyond. It tells you the particular day and hour to do anything you desire, whether it be to the light of the moon, sun, or in total darkness, in accordance with Ancient Teachings. We make no claims ourselves, but the author, Lewis de Claremont, says: "The power to get what you want revealed at last, for the first time since the dawn of creation. The very same power which the ancient Chaldeans, Cuthic Priests, Egyptians, Babylonians and Sumerians used is at our disposal today." He says: "Follow the simple directions and you can do anything you desire. No one can tell how these master forces are used without knowing about this book, but WITH IT YOU CAN MOLD ANYONE TO YOUR WILL."

"From this book," he claims, "you can learn the arts of an old science as practiced by the priestly orders. Their marvels were almost beyond belief. You, too, can learn to do them all with the instructions written in this Book. It would be a shame if these things could all be yours and you failed to grasp them, or were to be blinded by past failures. Don't confuse this book with any other book having a similar name. There is no other book like this one, although many people have tried to imitate it." He says, "It is every man's birthright to have these things of life: MONEY! GOOD HEALTH! HAPPINESS! If you lack any of these three great necessities of life, then this book has an important message for you. No matter what you need, there exists a spiritual power which is abundantly able to bring you whatever things you need. In it you can find the way to all power, the way to GET ANYTHING YOU WANT."

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| Obtain property | Bring happiness to broken lives |
| Make people move from one town to another | Know what others are doing |
| Make people do your bidding | Gain the mastery of all things |
| Make any person love you, no matter who | Bring happiness to broken homes |
| Get any job you want | Remove the source of unhappiness |
| Make people bring back stolen goods | Regain your youth and vigor |
| Make anyone lucky in any games | Choose your words according to ancient, holy methods of the old Priests |
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COMPLETE DETECTIVE



CASES

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NO. 1

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1941

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FACTS FROM OFFICIAL FILES

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3

A fugitive
from a vice chain
gang she saw all—
knows all—
and now
tells all

By
June
Grifton



THEY said I was yellow when I put my left hand on the Bible, raised my right and solemnly swore to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help me God.

The underworld gave me a few weeks to live when I sat down in the witness chair in Part VII in the Court of General Sessions in New York City.

Assistant District Attorney Charles Pilatsky asked: "How do you earn your living?"

It took guts for me to answer—for me to tell the truth. "I am a prostitute."

And it took guts to spill the whole filthy story of a vice syndicate that's so big and efficient that it can carry on its work under the nose of the public without its ever knowing it. I put the finger on the executive who headed the set-up. I was through with taking it on the chin so some slobbering vice baron could get rich.

I only told half my story from the witness stand and they called me a squealer for it. Maybe they can

think up a better name because now I'm going to tell it all. I've got a good reason for telling it, too. Up to now I've read the bunk that was written about the fallen woman. Now I'm going to write the truth about it.

I want to knock out the phoney glamour and excitement some people think are attached to the business of selling a woman's body. To any young girl who reads this story I hope what they find out about my life will be enough of a lesson for them to stay straight, though God only knows why I should expect it. I read plenty of lessons when I was young and paid no attention. But if only one girl would take to heart what happened to me then every



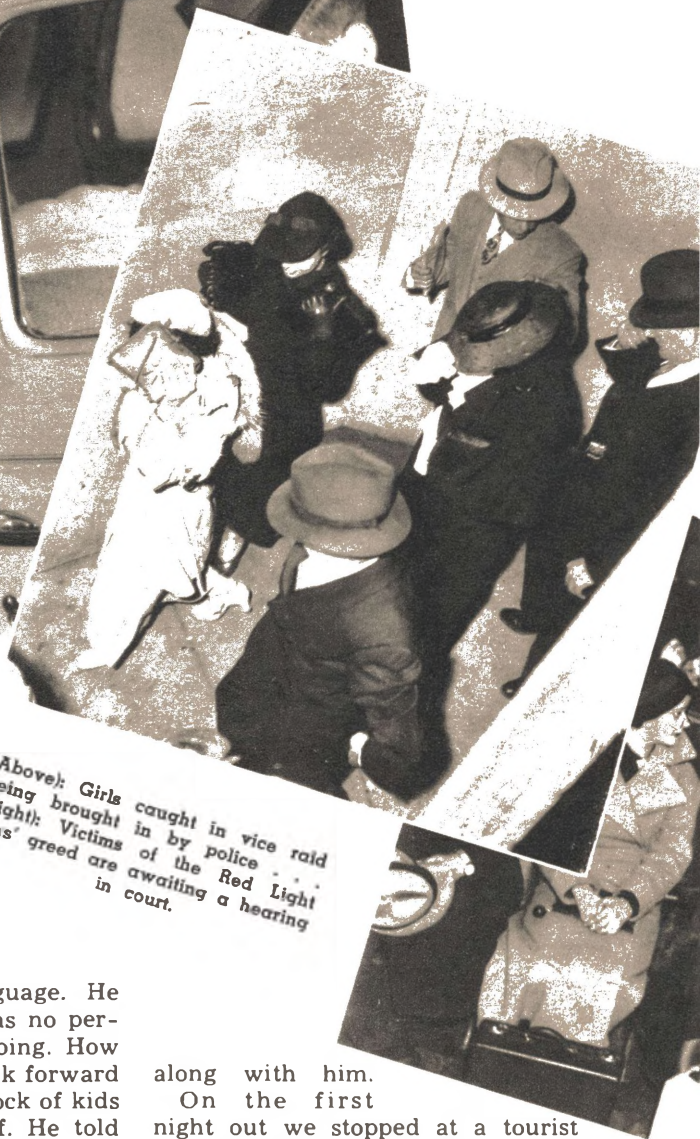
Said veteran Judge Collins before imposing sentence on Nick Montana, (above): "In my opinion, you are without doubt the worst malefactor of your type who has ever been brought to this court."



"When we get through with you, you'll learn that nobody runs out on the Boss."



"Keep your mouth shut, or I'll drop you in your tracks—Get in—"



(Above): Girls caught in vice raid being brought in by police
(Right): Victims of the Red Light Bos' greed are awaiting a hearing in court.

word I put down will have been worth it.

I am going to rip aside the veil of secrecy that has covered the workings of the Boss and his syndicate. I'm not going to pretty it up either. I'm going to name names, dates and addresses.

TO begin at the beginning—I was born in Tulsa, Oklahoma. My parents were never very rich and when the depression came along, became genteel poor and who, as the depression continued, became just plain poor. There were four of us in the family and that didn't help any.

I quit high school when I was fifteen years old and went out looking for a job, but the only one I could find was one as a waitress in a small restaurant. I got two dollars a week and tips. I stuck it out for two years. When I was lucky I'd make nine dollars a week. But then I'd have to put in twelve hours a day and seven days a week.

Two things influenced my decision to quit this life. The first was my mother; at thirty-eight she was an old woman. She never had any fun out of life, never had any decent clothes to wear. It didn't kill her spunk though now that I look back on it, because when she found out what I was doing she disowned me and wouldn't touch a nickel of the money I sent home.

The other was Lou — Louis Benton Slaughter. He was a bookmaker's runner. He was just an ordinary looking guy who was always broke, but he talked to me in my own language. He showed me how there was no percentage in what I was doing. How the only future I could look forward to was a husband and a flock of kids struggling along on relief. He told me that I had already tried my best and all I could get was this hash-slitting job.

I was young and while I still had my pretty face and figure I ought to do something about it. In a few years it would be too late. There's only one way to enjoy life. That's to have enough money to enjoy it with.

I had to face the facts. I tried to make a living with my head and I failed. There was only one thing left for me, use my body. There was a lot of dough in it too. All I had to do was work it for a couple of months and I could quit for good with enough dough to attract the right kind of a husband.

It wasn't just a line he was handing me, he really believed it himself. I went for it hook, line and sinker and when Lou told me he was pulling up stakes and heading for New York City I asked him to take me

along with him.

On the first night out we stopped at a tourist cabin. The owner left his gasoline pump long enough to help us bring the baggage into a small room which had only a chair and a double bed.

I was never in love with Lou. He didn't lure me either. Somehow it just happened and when we set out again in the morning I was no longer a girl; I was a woman at seventeen.

October 19th, 1934 is a red letter day in my life. That was when we hit New York. We drove down Broadway, turned off to the President Hotel. If you look at the register for that day you'll see it there. Mr. and Mrs. Louis Benton Slaughter, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

I was excited as a bellboy marched us across the richly carpeted lobby into an elevator and up to our room.

I went to work that night on Broadway. The street bewildered me at first. There were a million lights. The sidewalks were crowded

with people and the traffic was thick and noisy. After a while I got used to it. I kept walking up and down Broadway, nervous and scared, not knowing how to make an approach.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw a cop walk toward me. I had been walking the streets for over an hour. Maybe he was keeping tabs on me. My heart pounded madly. What if he should suspect me. What could I say? I held my breath as he walked past me. Then I gave a sigh of relief. A fellow walked up to me and smiled. While I was walking the street I had noticed him lounging against the side of a store. He was a pleasant-faced chap and he made it so easy that I began to wonder why I had been afraid.

"Have you got a place?" he asked me.

I nodded eagerly.

"Is it near here?"

When we got to my room he handed me five dollars and I began

That was the first time I ever heard of such a thing—that there was a regular business—that sex was a commodity that was being marketed along efficient business-like principles.

It was French Irene who told me how to make contact with the syndicate. She was a madam and her place had been raided the week earlier and because she was an old offender the syndicate was having a little trouble springing her. But even so she got out before I did.

The judge who heard my case was very sympathetic. I cried and told him that I had learned my lesson. He looked down at a paper the clerk handed him. It was a clean bill from the Health Department. He gave me a suspended sentence and warned me to go back to Tulsa.

A half hour after I was released I was in French Irene's apartment and that night was back on Broadway. Only this time Irene was with me. She took me into the Pretzel Restaurant on West 49th Street in the very heart of Times Square. It was a dimly lit, rather attractive place.

"I thought you were taking me over to the syndicate," I said.

"Take a good look, kid," Irene told me. "You ain't a hundred miles away from it."

The place was crowded with diners. Men and women stood at the bar. I wondered if all these people could be involved in the vice racket. But I didn't have any chance to ask the question because we were standing at a booth near the back of the restaurant and Irene was introducing me to Charlie Hawkins.

"Irene told me all about you," he said. "Have a seat." He ordered drinks for us.

"You mean you're going to put me to work right away?" I asked hopefully.

"Only the boss can do that."

I was all eagerness. "Will you introduce me to him?"

"That," he replied delicately, "will cost you fifty dollars."

It almost bowled me over. I looked up quickly at Irene, expecting her to tell Charlie Hawkins where he got off. Instead she merely nodded her head at me. This, I later found out, was a regularly established practise and Hawkins, who



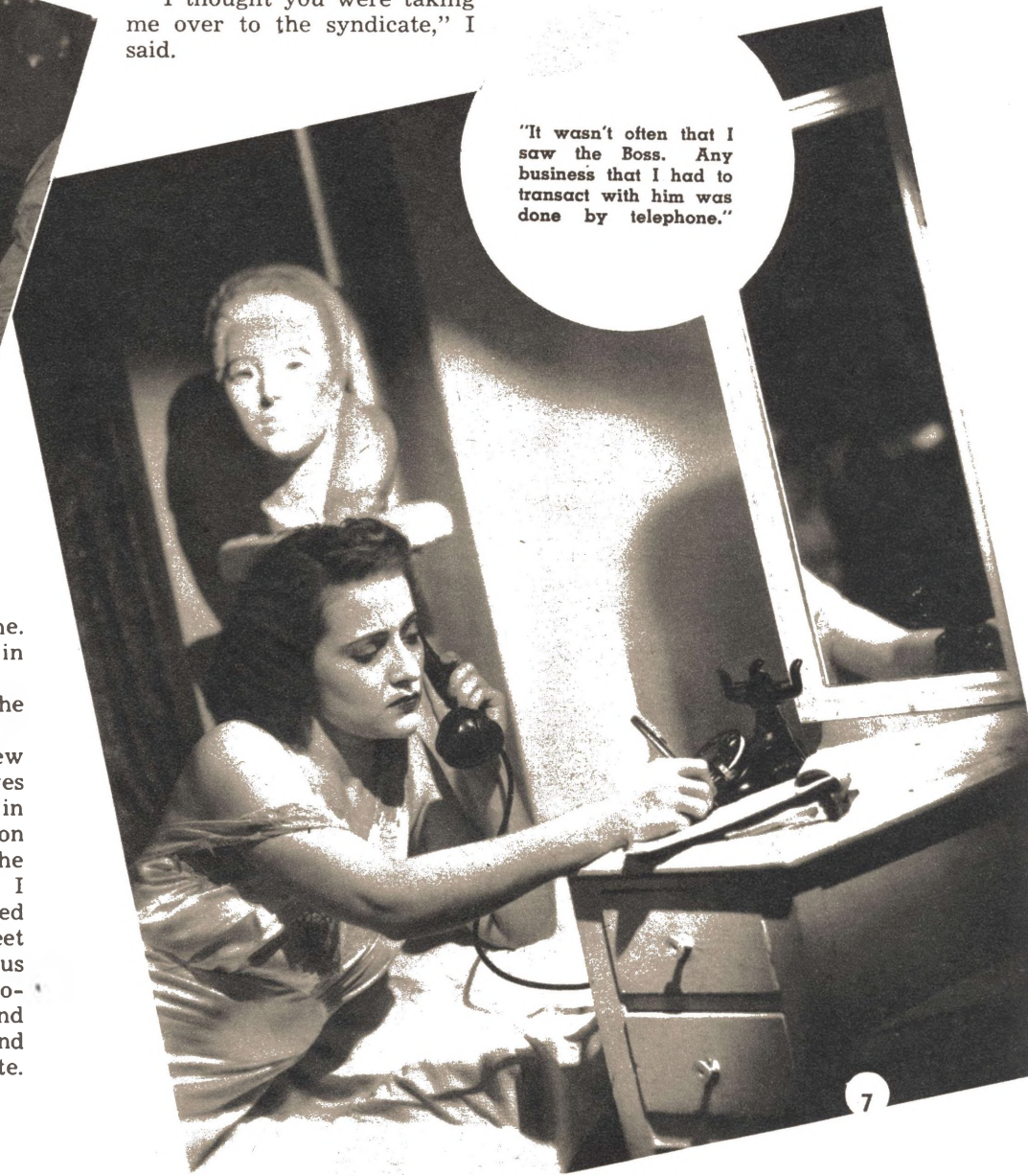
disrobing.

"That's far enough, sister," he said stopping me.

"What do you mean?" I asked in surprise.

He stuck out his hand. In the palm was a silver shield.

I spent my first night in New York behind bars crying my eyes out. I spent the next few days in the Women's House of Detention on Greenwich Street waiting for the medical report to show whether I was diseased. In that time I learned from the other inmates that street walking was the most hazardous and the cheapest branch of the profession. They couldn't understand why someone with my youth and looks didn't work for the syndicate.



"It wasn't often that I saw the Boss. Any business that I had to transact with him was done by telephone."

was one of the boss's runners received that cut for his own services.

I explained that I had no money and Hawkins told me with a big-hearted gesture that that was all right, that I could pay him out of my first week's earnings.

"Here, take this," he handed me a piece of paper. "Birdie will take care of you."

As my taxi travelled uptown the next morning I thrilled with joy. I actually felt I was a success. This was another red letter day in my life. It was November 1st.

The taxi dropped me in front of a four story, brownstone house on West 86th Street, set incongruously between a row of smart new apartment buildings in a fashionable residential section situated between Central Park on the east and the Hudson River on the west.

I walked up the steps, rang the bell and was admitted. This must be Birdie I thought. The latter had graduated from the ranks of "hustler" and was now a Madam on the Boss's chain. She led me into her private parlor and told me to strip.

"You're o.k.," she said, and I bent down to pick up my dress. "The Boss wants to meet you."

I took a deep breath as Birdie ushered me into a bedroom. Seated on a chair was a dark, husky man who appeared to be about thirty-five years old. He was dressed in an

expensive blue suit with a narrow pin stripe, pale blue shirt and striped tie. His hair was combed straight back from his forehead and extended backward in a V shape from his brow. Though it was heavily pomaded it fell in innumerable waves. There was a certain grossness about the face that his expensive clothes couldn't hide. He had beetling black brows with heavy lids that were contracted over cold, marble-like grey eyes. His mouth was tight-lipped and chin firm. Over the entire face a thick coat of oil glistened in the dull light of the room.

"Kay, shake hands with the Boss," Birdie said.

I stuck out my hand and it was enfolded in a wet, clammy palm. I could feel the Boss's eyes running over me as though they were an adding machine figuring out the value of my body.

"You'll do." He lifted his heavy figure from the chair and was gone.

Birdie chattered like a magpie after the Boss had left. "You're gonna like it here," she said, handing me a white ticket.

I looked at it. There were four rows of numbers running across the width—just ordinary numbers running from one to a hundred.

"What's this for?" I asked.

"This is the way we work it, kid," Birdie explained. "You write your name at the top of this card. I keep

it. When you get a man you collect two or three bucks in advance. It's up to you to figure out how much you can get out of him. As soon as you get through, bring the money to me and I'll punch the amount on the card. If the first man pays you two I punch the two; if the next man pays three dollars I punch the five and so on. So that at the end of the day the last punch on the card will give you the total you earned."

Birdie's place was a popular one and the week was a busy one. At the end of seven days she counted up my tickets. I brought in five hundred and three dollars. By the counting the punches on the white tickets I knew that I had one hundred and eighty visitors.

Now the syndicate went to work and operated on these figures. Fifty percent went to the madam right away. Of the remaining two hundred and fifty-one dollars the Boss took twenty percent. Fifty dollars went to Birdie for room and board, ten dollars for the bond fee, five dollars for the doctor and five dollars for the maid.

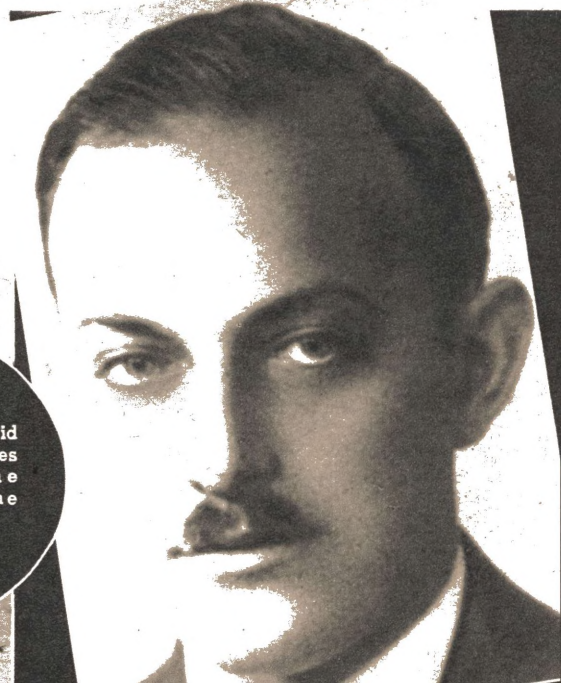
If you figure it out it still left me one hundred and thirty-one dollars and twenty cents, which was more money than I ever held in my hand at one time before.

Houses of prostitution are divided into two classes. There are the sleep-ins and the sleep-outs. Birdie's was a sleep-out which meant that we used her establishment only for business and had to maintain our own living quarters. I kept my room at the hotel and paid twenty-one dollars a week for it. After paying for my room rent and peeling off fifty dollars for Hawkins I didn't have much money left, but then

Detective HUGO HARRIS:
He put a pair of bracelets
on the Red Light Boss—steel
ones.



"You were just paid
off a few minutes
ago . . . Come
across with the
dough."



what good would it have done me. I started work at one o'clock in the afternoon and quit at three in the morning except for weekends when we worked until five and six in the morning. The time off I spent in sleep.

The syndicate's houses were on a circuit and no girl stayed in any one establishment more than a week. She was transferred from one house to the other until she had completed the swing and then, if she were still popular with the customers began the swing over again. If she wasn't she was dumped.

I worked for Rosa Corinni on West 56th Street between Eighth and Ninth Avenues next and rolled up almost a six hundred dollar gross. The same deductions were made with the exception of the Boss's cut which was now only ten percent.

From here I went to Dago Jean's on West 68th Street and from there over to Pop's. My best week was spent at Sadie the Chink's on West End Avenue and 81st Street.

I took them all in, Flo Costello's, Evelyn and Grace's, Pop's, Jennie the Factory, French Irene, and Elsie Ryan's. Almost a year went by before I was booked into Birdie's place again.

A big change had come over the girl from Tulsa, Oklahoma. I knew the set-up and could figure angles now. And one of the things I figured was that it was crazy for me to pay almost three quarters of my take when I could keep it all by ducking out of the syndicate. I needed it all too, if I ever expected to get out of the racket. It was a rotten life. The

only friends I had were cheap crooks, peddlers, p.i.'s, the underworld designation for panderers and dope fiends. Half of the girls were on the "stuff." That was the only way they could stand the grind.

I sat down at the dinner table with Birdie, the Boss and two girls he had booked in recently. It wasn't often that I saw him. Any business that I had to transact with him in the past was done by telephone.

When dinner was over and Birdie and the two girls moved away I got the Boss alone.

"I'm going to quit," I told him.

He looked surprised, although a pleasant smile broke on his lips. "What for, Kay? You're doing pretty good with me."

"I know but I figure it this way. A girl doesn't last long in this racket. Whatever looks I have now will be shot to hell in another two years and then I'll be on the ice heap. I've got to look out for my

future, if you know what I mean."

His heavy brows lowered and his teeth took another bite in the cigar he was smoking. "I don't know as I blame you," he said mildly.

"Gee, thanks." I was grateful. "I thought you'd be sore."

At the end of the week's business I was paid a hundred and forty dollars. I stuffed it into my handbag and, at four a.m., left the house. I had no sooner left the vestibule when two men shoved up against me.

"Say, are we in the right place?" one of them smirked.

They didn't look like cops to me so I said, "Yes, but we're closed for the night. You better come back after one o'clock."

One of them dug a hard object into my back and I spun around. "What's the idea?" I cried. (Continued on page 40)

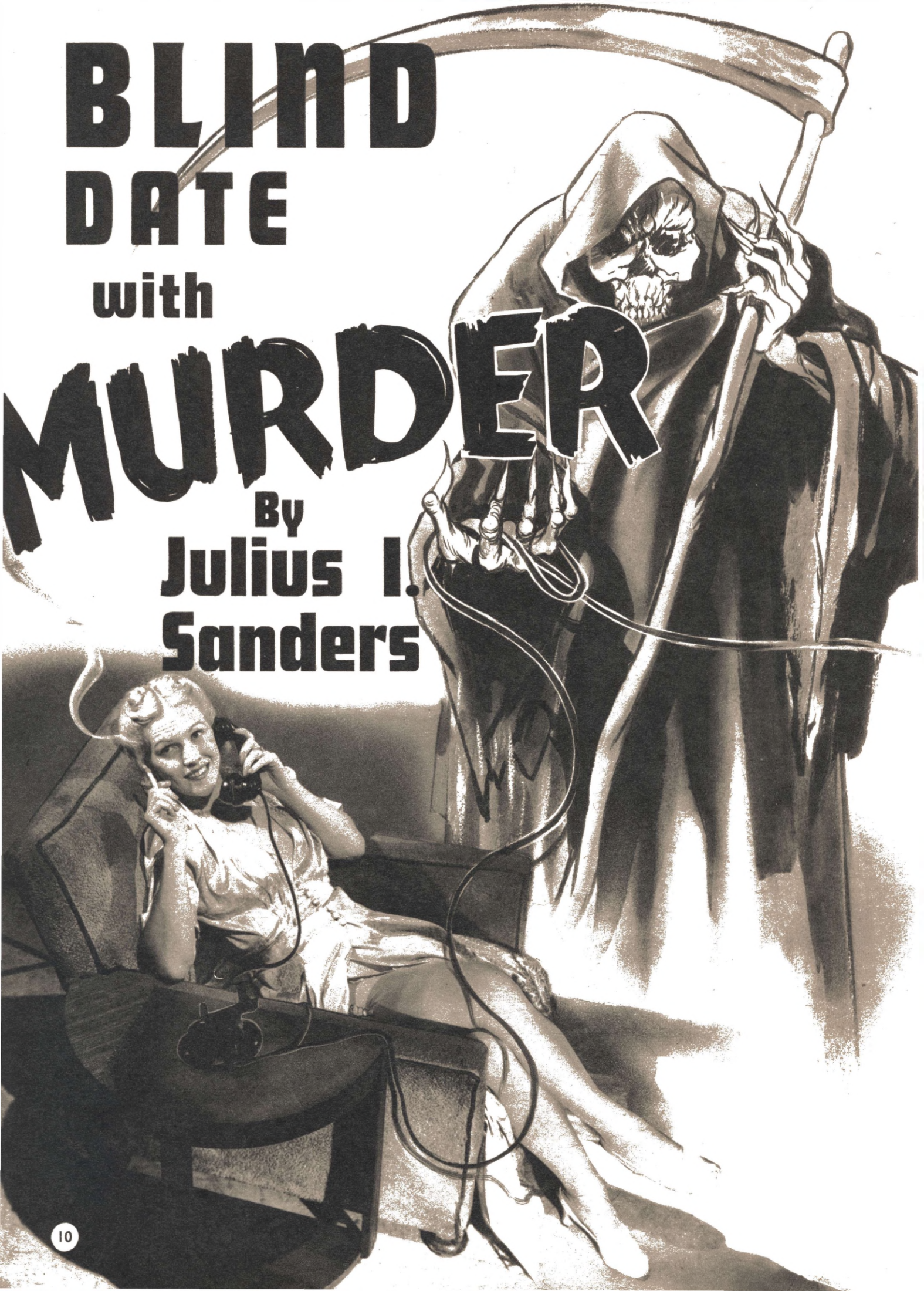


"That's far enough, sister," a voice rang out. "You're under arrest!"

(Left): The lady who was known as "Millie," one of the most famous "madams" in the white slave racket.

BLIND DATE with MURDER

By
**Julius I.
Sanders**



How could she know that her friend had made a rendezvous with death?

RUFUS JONES stopped abruptly in the middle of the huge, gloomy storage garage.

"Did you hear anything—like somebody crying?" he asked, looking curiously at his partner.

Pete Wilkins shook his bald head.

"Didn't hear a thing. Who'd be in a place like this at this hour of the morning, anyway?"

"Funny . . . I'd swear it sounded like a woman crying."

"A woman? What the devil would a woman be doing among all these trucks and old cars? You're hearing things, pal."

"No, I'm . . . There, listen! Wasn't that somebody moaning just then? Came from over there, back of that big coal truck. Come on, we'll see who's whacky now!"

Expectorating triumphantly, Rufus Jones strode toward the rear of the garage, with his partner close behind him. Beside the coal truck the two came to a sudden halt.

"Well, I'll be a—!" broke from Pete Wilkins' dry, thin lips as he took in the sight before him.

"It is a woman!" Jones exclaimed, startled.

Crumpled on the cold, grease-stained stone floor lay the figure of a blonde woman. Her hair was wildly dishevelled, her clothes torn, her pretty face scratched and bleeding. Her eyes were closed but at intervals her mouth twitched and low, painful moans escaped her.

"Jeez, somethin's happened to her!" Jones said. "Run down and see if the guy in the office has come in yet, Pete. Tell 'em to get a doctor. She's bad off."

Pete Wilkins made a bee-line for the exit. His stubbled face had suddenly gone pale.

Rufus Jones stooped to the moaning woman and said in a husky whisper, "What happened, lady?"

The eyes remained closed. No answer, only the same agonizing moans. Jones took in the purple swellings of the face and the black and blue discoloration of both eyes as well as the blood oozing from the corners of her mouth. He also observed the black cloth coat, wide open and bunched up under her. Her bright patterned dress was blood-stained, torn and revealing at the bosom. Her age was hardly more than 25.

Again Jones urged her to speak. But there was no response. As Jones stood

up, he turned slightly and his glance took in an unexpected sight on the opposite side of the truck—the sight of another woman, stretched out still and stiff on the floor.

With a nervous whistle, he went around the truck. One look convinced him the woman was dead. Her eyes were open and focused rigidly on the ceiling. Like the other woman, her clothes were torn and her face bruised and bloody. Though she was good-looking, despite her injuries, she appeared at least ten years older than the other woman.

Pete Wilkins soon appeared with a young man, who stared at the dead woman and the moaning girl in utter astonishment.

"A doctor's on his way up here," the young man said. "But what's this all about? I'm calling the police."

Within ten minutes an ambulance and hospital surgeon from Fordham Hospital arrived at the huge garage at 152nd Street and Park Avenue in The Bronx, N. Y.

While the physician was rendering first aid to the injured woman, Detective Lieutenant Edward Burns and Detectives Joe Gannon and George Munchler of the Homicide Bureau and several radio patrolmen came upon the scene.

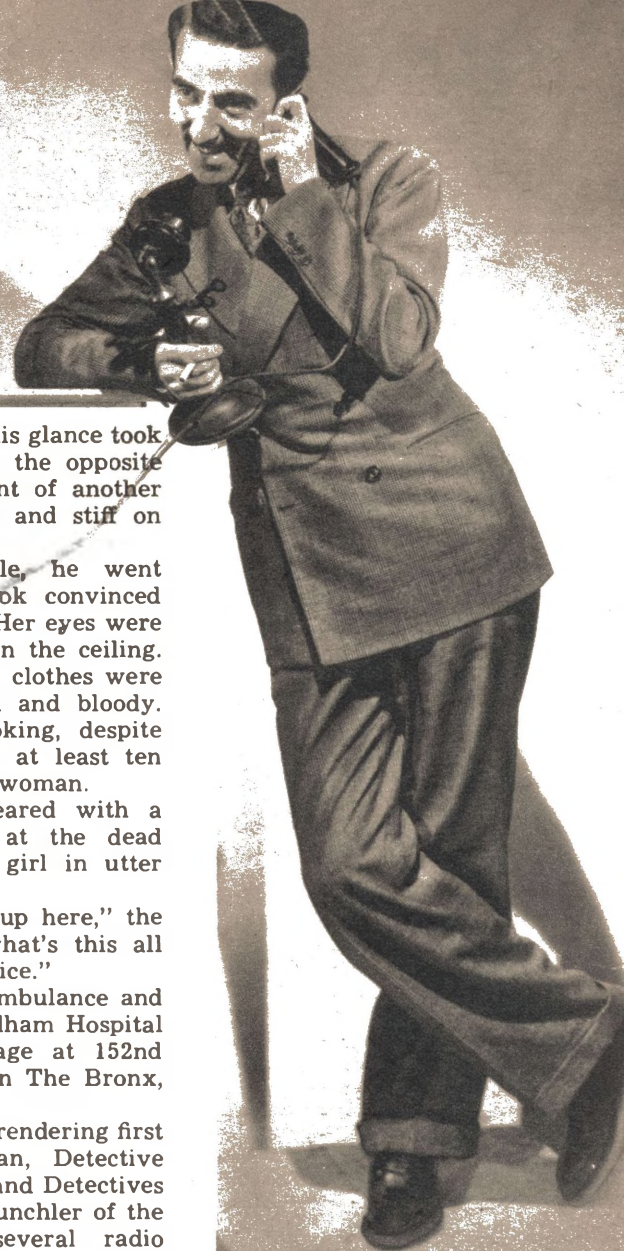
"This woman's been severely beaten, and she's virtually unconscious," the doctor announced. "She'll have to be removed at once. If you want to question her, you'll have to do it at the hospital when she's fully revived."

"What about the other one?" Burns queried.

"Dead. Strangled. It's a case for one of your medical examiners."

"Okay," Burns said. "Take this one with you." To Gannon he said: "Get the examiner's office on the phone. Tell 'em to send somebody up here right away." And to a couple of radio patrolmen: "Go along to the hospital until somebody relieves you there. Nobody's to see her until we get there."

Shortly after the ambulance's departure the assistant medical examiner arrived, followed by the morgue wagon. "You boys have a pretty case of murder on your hands," he said after a rapid examination. "Manual strangulation. Also been severely beaten. About six teeth have been knocked out. Probably down her throat. Been dead



LAWRENCE CLEMENTI. Just a tough guy who was always "on the make"—This time, however, he was making—a serious mistake.

about three hours."

"I want to know, Doc, whether she was criminally attacked," Burns said.

"Let you know the minute the autopsy's completed."

The body was removed and the detectives gave their attention to the truckmen and garageman.

"Which of you found those women here?" Burns queried, sizing the men up in one sharp glance.

"We did," Jones said. "Wilkins an' me found 'em."

"Know who they are?"

"Unh, unh; never saw 'em before."

"How about you?" Burns said, facing the garageman.

"Heck, no! Don't know them from Eve. All I know is that I'm curious as the devil to know how they got up here . . . who brought them here."

"You own this place?"

"No. Just work here. And I got in to work about two minutes before these fellows showed up and found the bodies. I'm in charge of the place. The guy who owns it doesn't come around much."

"I see," Burns murmured. "Your name is . . .?"

"Miller—Eddie Miller."

"All right, Miller. Now tell us: is there anybody on duty here during the night?"

"There is, sure. A colored fellow, Augustus Jefferson; but he quits at

six every morning. He's not around now. If anything happened while he was here he'd have called you himself, and me, too. Maybe, it happened right after he went home."

"Maybe," Burns clipped dryly. "Only didn't you hear the examiner say the woman's been dead three hours. That means she was killed at approximately four o'clock. Question: where was your watchman then?"

Miller ran a hand over his neatly combed blond hair and shrugged his shoulders. His good-looking young face, clean-shaven and talcumed, assumed an expression of perplexity.

"I don't know," he said. "Maybe he was out for something to eat or drink."

"Maybes don't do any good in a murder investigation. We'll talk to Jefferson ourselves. In the meantime, I want to know whether any entrances to this place are open all night long."

"Well, there's a side door that's always open. But I don't think anyone could get inside without the watchman seeing them."

Burns' shrewd eyes focused sharply on the young manager.

"You ever come down here nights, Miller?"

"Me? No! I'm through at seven in the evening, and nothing but a fire will bring me back here."

"Then you weren't here earlier this morning?"

"No."

"Ever see those women before?" "No. If I had don't you think I'd've told you before this?"

"All right, all right, Miller," Burns said, smiling placatingly at the angry flush that came to the other's cheeks. "Nobody's trying to antagonize you. Our business is to ask every kind of a question."

Miller bit his lips and said nothing.

Burns took the addresses of the three men and permitted them to go about their business. He and Gannon and Munchler then began a careful examination of the entire floor. Nothing seemed to be amiss; nor was anything that might be considered a clue found.

In leaving the garage, they obtained Jefferson's address and drove directly to his home, which was in an old tenement house in a poor neighborhood not far from the garage.

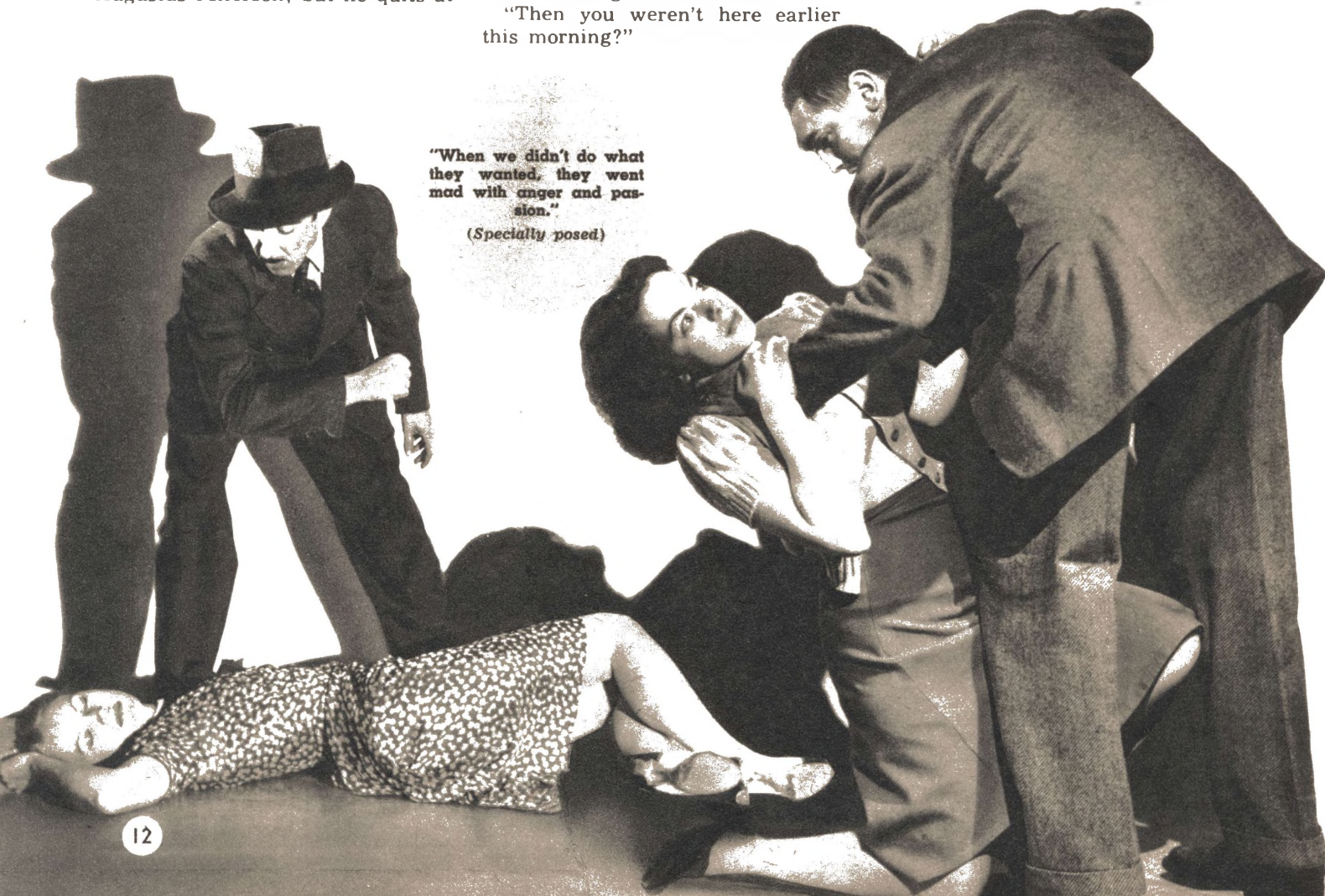
Augustus Jefferson was in his cramped little kitchen, having breakfast with his wife and two children when the detectives arrived there. At the sight of Burns' badge, Jefferson's tired eyes widened and his mouth fell open. His wife immediately went beside him, her eyes filled with wonder.

"You work over at the garage in Park Avenue?"

"Yassuh, I do. Somethin' de

"When we didn't do what they wanted, they went mad with anger and passion."

(Specially posed)



mattuh?"

"Plenty. A woman was found murdered on the second floor and another woman badly beaten. What we want to know is how much can you tell us about it?"

"Woman murdered!" Jefferson echoed, rolling his eyes. "Oh, I—I dunno nothin' 'bout dat, mistuh! Everything wuz aw right when I wenna 'way dis mo-nin'."

"Augustus ain't no murderer," Mrs. Jefferson interposed stoutly. "He's uh hahd wuhkin' man, s'potin' his wife an' children. He's a good man; he don't go messin' 'roun' wid no women an' killin' 'em!"

"We're not saying your husband committed any crime, Mrs. Jefferson," Burns said easily. "All we want is to ask him a few questions." He turned to Augustus. "Were you inside the garage every minute of the night, particularly between three and four o'clock?"

"Yassuh, I was. M'wife makes me mah lunch, an' I eats inside. When it's warm outside, then I sometimes goes down t'de lunch wag'n fer coffee; but when it's col' like las' night I stays inside, in de back, an' eats by m'self."

"You mean to say, then, that you didn't see or hear anybody come into the garage?"

"Yassuh, tha's right."

"Tha's right, Augustus," Mrs. Jefferson approved, "you tell 'em you is innocent. Tell 'em everything."

"When was the last time you made your rounds on the second floor?" Burns wanted to know.

"Don't make no rounds. Ta'int nec-ssary. I jus' sits in backa de g'rage watchin'. But I'se pos-tive I didn't hear nothin' de whole night."

"Does anybody ever come to the garage for anything during the night, around three or four o'clock?"

Augustus shook his head.

"All right, Jefferson. See you later if we need you."

At Fordham Hospital, doctors informed the detectives that the girl had been brought back to consciousness, but that her condition was serious. Therefore, interrogation was to be prohibited for at least 24 hours.

"All right, we'll wait," Burns said. "But I'm putting a stenographer in her room, just in case she starts talking."

"I guess you can do that, so long as nothing is done to excite her," an attending physician agreed.

"Has she done any talking yet?" Gannon asked.

"Just asked where she was. She wanted to talk, of course. But we urged her to remain quiet."

"How about her identity? She say who she was?"

"No."

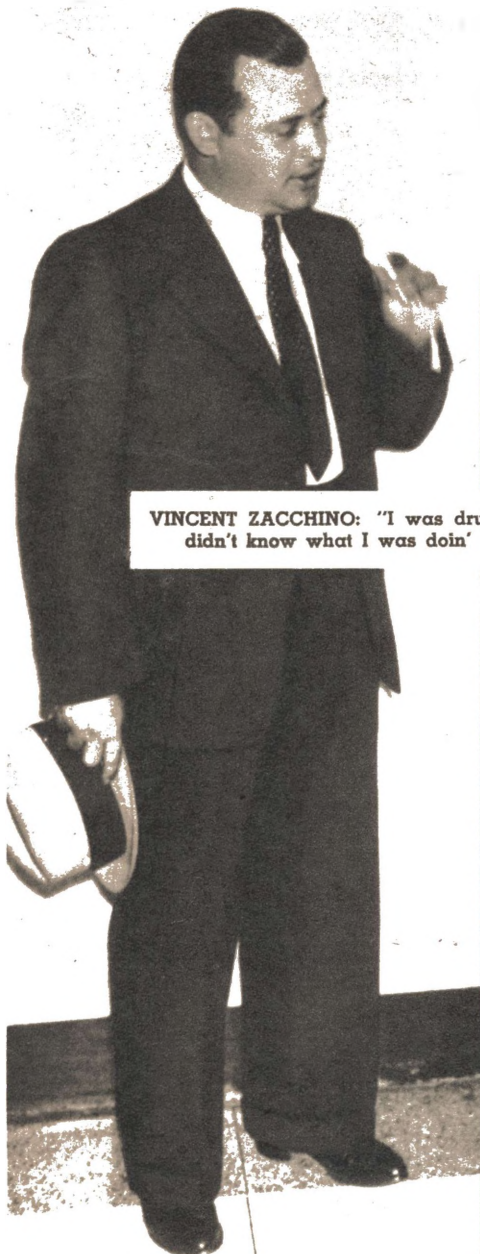
"All right, Doc. We'll be back in 24 hours. When the stenographer shows up let him in."

On the way out Burns muttered disgustedly: "Fine situation! One gal dead, another unable to talk for 24 hours. How the devil are we going to know who did them in? Whoever's responsible sure is getting a break to hide all over the country."

Back at Headquarters, the detectives contacted the District Attorney's office for a stenographer, made out their reports and then went over the case.

Who had brought the girls there? Was it (Continued on page 42)

District Attorney Samuel J. Foley, noted prosecutor and crime fighter, had his own ideas of what transpired in the garage.



VINCENT ZACCHINO: "I was drunk, and I didn't know what I was doin' . . ."





"The Eagle," as the mob called Alfred Ellicock, is shown here (center), with Detectives Moffett (left), and Bauman (right). It looks as if they clipped his wings.

When gangdom's murderous henchmen hurled defiance at the police—it meant only one thing:

KILL



JOSEPH MORAVEC: (left) He tried to defend his wife against a gunman's attack and died in the attempt.

The police knew only too well that Frank Perette (below) would shoot it out with them to avoid arrest.



BURL HARRISON: He caused his wife an awful lot of worry, and for a good reason.

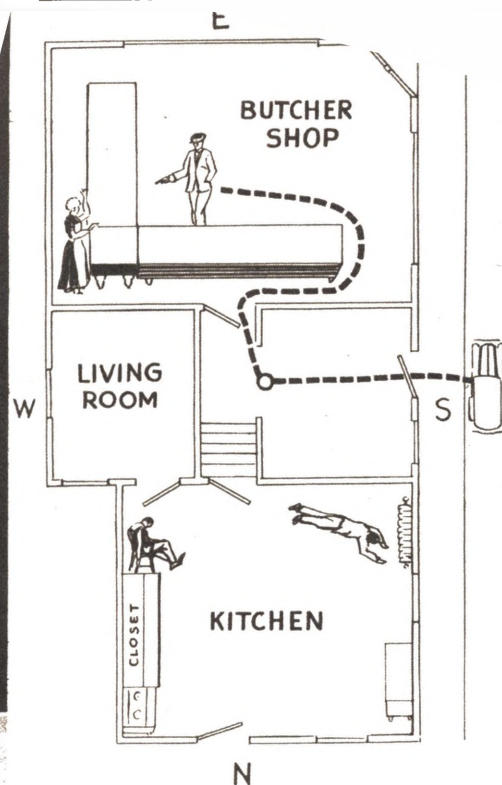


Diagram shown here indicates the exact positions of the murderous gunmen and their victims at time of holdup.

These two unique looking pistols are sawed-off shotguns found at the Ellicock home. Both were single shot weapons that would have taken two strong hands to hold against the recoil.



or be killed

By John Martin

JOSEPH MORAVEC, Senior, was getting ready to close his butcher shop that November dusk but instead he caught a bellyfull of lead.

He thought the two men who entered might be last-minute customers. They weren't. They ripped guns from their trouser belts and handed Mrs. Moravec a note.

It told her to put the money in a bag, keep her mouth shut and give the note back. She screamed when she saw the guns.

"Shut up," grated the tall brown-eyed fellow in the topcoat and gray hat.

He motioned to his companion. This one came forward, gun waist-high. He walked with a limp. He was dark-skinned.

"Spot her," Brown-eyes ordered harshly and Limpy stuck the gun in her stomach.

Moravec protested. "The money's in the kitchen. There isn't much."

Brown-Eyes said, "Go get it. I'll go with you."

The limping bandit stood guard over the woman while the butcher marched in front of Brown-Eyes who poked him in the back with a revolver. They came up the steps in the back room and opened the door in the kitchen. Moravec's daughter, Mrs. James Spachman, saw immediately what it was all about. She snatched up the baby and ran into the living room. While his son, his son-in-law and a neighbor named Rezab looked on silently, Moravec walked over toward the china closet.

"I keep the money here," he told the gunman.

Brown-Eyes didn't say anything—just stood there with his gun commanding the room while he glared at the others. Moravec was just about to take his wallet from the cupboard when he heard his wife yell. Then there were two shots and he heard the bullets whine off the wall.

The butcher—a husky 200 pounder—whirled on Brown-Eyes and the attack took the tall gunman by

surprise. Abruptly Rezab and Spachman and Moravec's son dived for the fellow's legs and Moravec grabbed for the gunman's right hand, which held the gun. Brown-Eyes went down like a quarter of beef with Moravec on top of him. Both were struggling with the gun, but Moravec wrenched it out of the gunman's hand, curled his finger inside the trigger-guard and let Brown-Eyes have it in the right temple.

The guy's brains and blood spurted all over the clean linoleum floor and acrid gun-smell filled the neat kitchen. Moravec hardly glanced at the dead man, but pivoted on his heel after he'd got to his feet and rushed down the steps toward the shop. He wanted to help his wife.

The gunman with the limp heard the noise at the back of the butcher shop and ran into the connecting hall when he heard the shot. He saw Moravec coming toward him with a gun. The dark-skinned man stooped, fired and the bullet caught the butcher in the belly. It knocked Moravec off his feet and he lay doubled up on the floor kicking his feet. Limpy ducked out the side door just as Moravec started to fire again.

The fleeing man turned and fired twice through the door at the wounded man. Then he ran toward a dark green Chevy sedan which had started to move forward. Moravec was pulling the trigger for all he was worth, and hit the fellow once, but by the time Limpy had leaped to the running board of the moving automobile, the butcher's gun had clicked empty. Moravec knew he'd scored one hit because he saw the running man stagger . . .

That was the way it had happened, as the cops patched it together from the witnesses when they got there about 6 p. m. that evening of November 9th, and found the hoodlum dead, Moravec doubled up and moaning on the floor. First officers to reach the butcher shop at 1346 (Continued on page 44)

THE NUDE BEAUTY BOOK of

and
her

SIN

Dear Diary,
I'm in
love again. But,
how long will
it last?

I went out tonight
no hits,
no runs,
no errors!

August 7—1825—Lafayette bids last farewell to America, at the end of second visit to this country.
1913—Col. F. S. Coyle, Anglo-American aviator, killed in hydro-aeroplane at Alderhot, England.
August 8—1846—Smithsonian Institute founded at Washington.
1826—Two men passed safely through the ordeal of the guillotine.

AUGUST 9

I'm sure
off dates.
Seems to
said that

AUGUST 10

Have
J. S. M.
(Georgia)
You'll

My
Diary

By Harry
Crandall

THERE were many reasons why Police Officer Earl Nichols didn't like the idea of forcing his way into the apartment of his next door neighbor. It was his day off. The weather was hot and sticky. Besides, just because Laura Krenrich, the beautiful, honey-haired beauty parlor operator hadn't been seen for six days might easily be explained by the fact that she was on vacation.

None of these arguments, however, were proof against his wife's request and thus at dusk on the sixth day he clumped wearily up the steps of Laura's house.

He knocked loudly on the door. There was no answer. He hadn't expected any. With an improvised skeleton key he forced the lock, pushed open the door.

The room was barren save for some beauty parlor chairs, a dining room table, and a buffet pushed against a wall. He wondered whether Laura could have moved out without his wife being aware of it.

In the living room he noticed dark spots on the wall, some on the ceiling. With his fingernail, he scraped one of them. The spot was blood.

Opening the closet door he saw, standing on edge, a large cedar chest covered with a variety of articles tossed helter-skelter on top of it.

He dragged the chest into the center of the room and with a pen knife pried open the lock and raised the lid. His eyes widened in horror. Loosely trussed in a blanket was the nude body of a woman. Despite the badly bashed head there could be no mistaking the identity. It was the body of beautiful Laura Krenrich.

Deputy Chief of Police John A. Kinney was on duty when Officer Nichols, his voice half choked with emotion, reported the gruesome find.

Instantly the crime-fighting forces of Syracuse, New York, went into action. The scene of the crime, a neat frame house in 1126 West Colvin Street, became alive with officials. There were: Coroner William R. Winne, District Attorney Donald M. Mawhinney, Inspector Patrick J. Hanlon, head of the Syracuse Police Bertillon Bureau of Identification.

With characteristic thoroughness, Deputy Chief Kinney began the probe. His long years of police work had taught him the importance of speed in cases where the killer was at large.

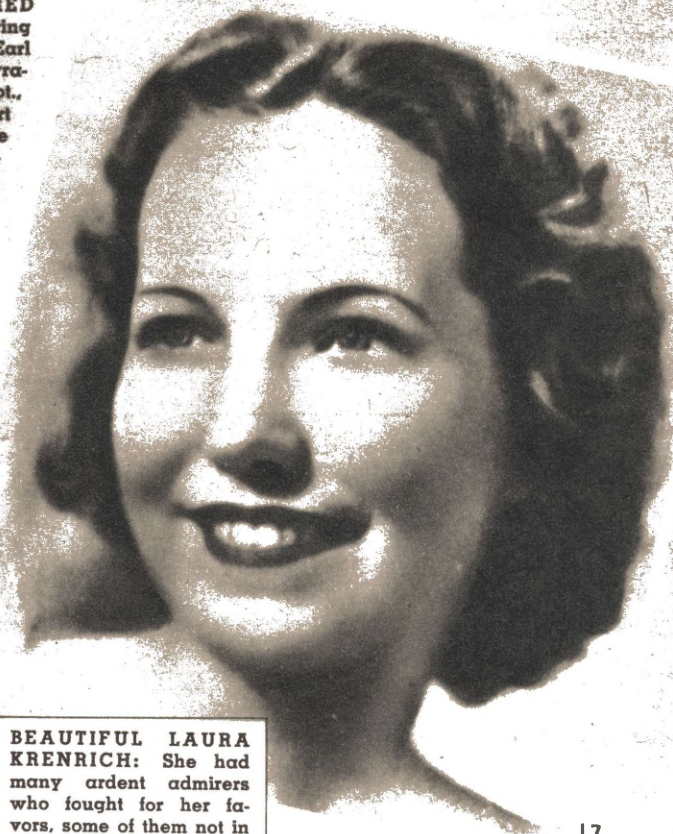
While Bertillon clerks dusted the walls and all objects in the room with powder in their search for fingerprints, Coroner Winne knelt over the body. The pretty beautician's head had been badly mutilated and the skull fractured. Marks on her body also led to the belief that she might have been assaulted by a sex fiend.

"Any way of telling what caused her death?" Kinney asked.


"A heavy, blunt instrument," the Coroner replied. He pointed to an assortment of odd objects which lay in the chest alongside the body. At the feet of the victim lay a black, leather bound Bible. In the center of the improvised, blood-saturated coffin,

**HER
LOVE LIFE
WAS AN OPEN
BOOK—HER DEATH
A CRIMSON
MYSTERY—
UNTIL---**

**INSPECTOR FRED
ARNOLD** (wearing
hat), and Officer Earl
Nichols, of the Syra-
cuse Police Dept.,
are about to start
on the gruesome
task of open-
ing the bundle
at their feet.



**BEAUTIFUL LAURA
KRENDRICH:** She had
many ardent admirers
who fought for her fa-
vors, some of them not in
vain, according to her
diary.



THE ARROWHEAD points to a picture specially posed by artists which reconstructs the murder scene visualized by the police through their silent witnesses—clues—. The iron pipe (left) splotted with dark brown stains is receiving special scrutiny by Patrick J. Hanlon (center) head of the Bertillon Bureau, while Detective William Metzger (right), has turned up some clothes which he believes were worn by the killer.

lay a pair of baby shoes and at the head lay an album. "What do you make of that?"

Chief Kinney shrugged his shoulders. "Doesn't make sense to me." But as he spoke he wondered whether the Bible could mean that the murderer had been stricken with remorse and had planted the holy book in belated repentance for the crime; whether the baby shoes could mean that Laura, unmarried so far as they knew, had anticipated a child.

"Can you tell whether she was pregnant?"

The Coroner shook his head. "Not until the autopsy."

Meanwhile District Attorney Mawhinney who had searched through the flat, tried to read some meaning from the confused scene.

"It's obvious that the crime was not committed by a robber," he offered. "A robber wouldn't take the time to hide the body in a chest and then hide the heavy chest in a closet. The very brutality of the murder shows that the killer had a much deeper motive than larceny."

He questioned Nichols about her acquaintances and character, but could learn little, for the police officer only knew the girl by sight.

Meanwhile, in the street outside, the police cars and coroner's wagon had attracted hundreds of morbid-

ly-curious spectators.

An old man, tears welling from his eyes, pushed his way onto the porch and into the arms of a police officer stationed at the door of the death house.

"Please let me in," the aged man pleaded—"I—I'm an old friend of the family and have known her since she was a baby."

He had been home listening to the radio when the news of Laura's fate was broadcast. He could give no reason why she might have met such a horrible death—but was anxious to answer any questions the investigators thought might result in catching the slayer.

"Did Laura have any enemies that you know of?" asked the Deputy Chief.

"No one," the old man said. "She was such a good girl—everybody loved her. Why should she have enemies—when everybody was her friend?"

"Did she have any boy friends who were jealous of her—Did you know any of her boy friends who came to court her?" the District Attorney asked.

"No, I didn't know of any—you see, I hadn't seen her since she was married."

This bit of information startled the inquiring officers.

"Did you say she was married?" questioned Deputy Chief Kinney.

"Yes, she was married to Patsy La Tessa, but they separated some time ago."

"You mean the telegraph operator who lives on Wadsworth Street?" Captain of Detectives Metzger interposed.

"Yes sir."

Captain Metzger turned to a plainclothesman. "Bring in La Tes-

sa. He's working nights at Western Union."

When the photographers finished with the body, Chief Kinney ordered it removed to the morgue, left strict orders for nothing to be touched in the apartment as he, himself left for Police Headquarters to begin the arduous task of questioning a long line of witnesses already rounded up by the police.

Dark-haired, Patsy La Tessa, a telegraph operator popular with reporters since he could tap the keys faster than any of his colleagues, was brought into Kinney's office.

Chief of Police William E. Rapp, summoned from his summer camp to which he had gone earlier in the day, had already arrived and he took over the questioning.

"Did you know that your wife was murdered?" he asked.

"How would I know that?" La Tessa countered.

"When did you see her last?"

"Not for several years."

"Why haven't you been living together?"

"Well, she and I just didn't click. You know what I mean—we just didn't hit it off together and decided to break up."

Coroner Winne stepped into the room.

"I thought this diary we found under the body in the cedar chest, might interest you," he said, handing the Chief a blue leather volume.

Chief Rapp fingered the pages of the diary. The entries were written



in Laura's handwriting. The handwriting was clear and large and while the sentences were crammed together on each of the pages they appeared to have been set down by a person writing at leisure.

Inside the cover of the blood-stained diary he read a prophetic quotation which sent a chill down his spine.

"It matters not at what hour the righteous fall asleep—Death cannot come untimely to him who is fit to die. The less of this cold world the more of heaven; the briefer life, the earlier immortality."

The Chief's eyes roamed over the succeeding pages.

On January 2, 1936, Laura wrote, never realizing that one day the world would be looking over her shoulder:

"Consumed almost a gallon of

liquor New Year's Eve. Having a hell of a time.

Fred, Hall, and George all want to date me now. Went out and got tight at the Rio."

The next day she wrote of dreaming of "John"—adding: "If it were only true—if he would only hold me in his strong arms, and kiss me."

On a further page, Chief Rapp noted another startling item:

"Dear Diary, why does MRB ignore me so? I thought after our sacred meeting of last Thursday

night, his love for me could never die. I suppose he is like all the rest of them. But I do love him so!"

On January 11 she was in a pensive mood. She wrote:

"I am reading GONE WITH THE WIND. Why do people annoy me? Was just thrilled when Rhett But-

ler took Scarlet to her room by force. I could just love him."

Another entry read: "Refused date of Fred C. for National Guard Ball in Utica. I'm crazy, but went to fortune teller. Dear Rol, I think of you with every breath."

"Bill C., Earl C., Harry Y. called up for dates. Earl drunk, went fishing with Ed. No runs, no hits, no errors."

The diary contained entry after entry which gave police startling revelations. It was crammed with names of persons well known to the investigators and which pointed an admonishing finger on the integrity of these men. City officials, professional men, athletes and others, all

took their place in this volume fraught with recorded memories of recklessness and passion. A record which bespoke the slain beauty's devil-may-care attitude, and whirlwind life of many loves and risqué adventures.

Page after page unfolded her many activities—the parties she attended, the acquaintances she had made and nurtured into intimate friendships.

Could this be the diary of the same Laura Krenrich who had always been thought of as a quiet, affable young lady by her family, neighbors, estranged husband and others? Could the entries in that indicting little volume contradict

the impression of those who knew her well?

To all outward appearances, Laura had led a quiet life, but her own story, written in terse chapters, condemned her as a woman of many loves, of daring character and one who kept her secrets closely hidden from all but her little diary.

The Police Chief turned to La Tessa again. "Did you know your wife kept a diary?"

"No."

"How often did you see it?"

"I said I didn't know she kept one."

"Did you know any of these men mentioned in the diary?"

"I repeat, Chief, I didn't know she had a diary."

Chief Rapp changed his mode of questioning. "Did you ever have to warn your wife not to go out with other men?"

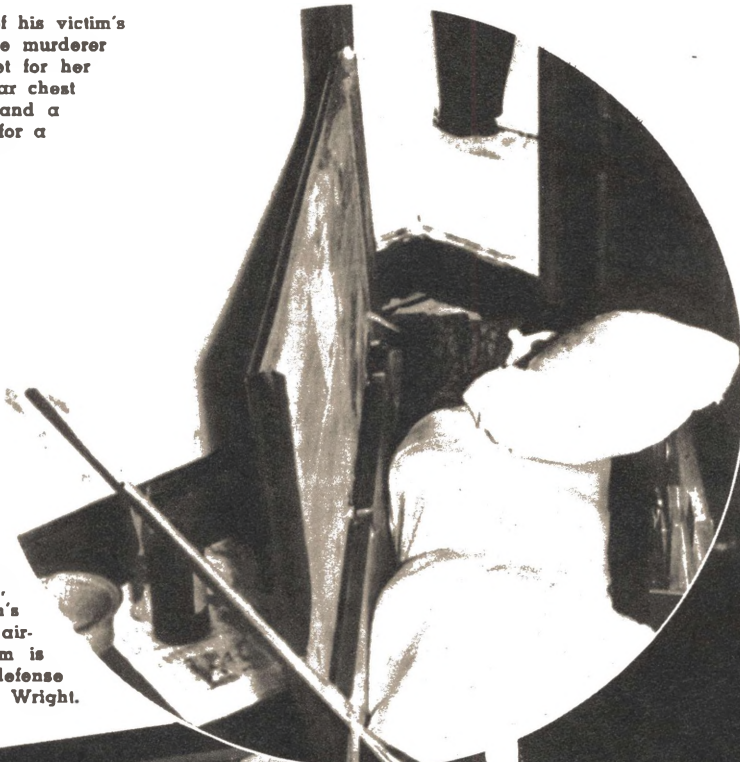
"I expected her not to go out with other men while we lived together."

"Did you ever threaten her about what you would do if you caught her going out with other men?"

"No sir."

The Chief wondered if Patsy could have made overtures for a reunion which Laura spurned. Was

In disposing of his victim's nude body, the murderer used a blanket for her shroud, a cedar chest for a casket, and a clothes closet for a crypt.



The devoted father (right), awaits his son's arrival at the airport. With him is the prominent defense attorney, John Wright.



A domestic view of Laura Krenrich taken just a short time before her brutal murder.



he still jealous of his beautiful wife? La Tessa denied that he knew anything about Laura's intimate relations with other men nor had he made any overtures for a re-union. As for the jealousy angle, that just wasn't so.

The murder apparently had been committed by a person acting in the heat of passion and with the reading of the diary the number of possible suspects multiplied and by the same token the identity of the killer became a deeper mystery.

A check of La Tessa's activities of the past few days jibed with his account of his movements.

District Attorney Mawhinney, in the meantime, was questioning friends and neighbors of the victim, trying to learn where Laura had moved her furniture.

A police officer came in and reported on more of the dead girl's background. Since she had broken with her husband, she had supported herself by operating a beauty parlor. She lived in five different apartments, and six months ago she finally moved to the West Colvin Street flat, in which she was murdered.

The diligent probing of Chief Rapp's men disclosed that Laura had lived with a man named Tom,

but that the latter had moved several weeks before, following an argument he had with Laura. Tom, a short-order cook in a local cafeteria, was easily located, taken to Headquarters for questioning.

Armed with the information that Tom and Laura had been intimate, Chief Rapp, known for his straight-from-the-shoulder method of questioning witnesses, shot at him: "Did you know you were living with a married woman?"

"Well-er-yes," the restaurant worker answered, "but she was separated from her husband."

Chief Rapp pointed across the room at La Tessa. "If you're interested—that's her husband over there."

Tom took a half-glance at the legal husband of his murdered sweetheart.

"You moved out after you had quarrelled with Laura, didn't you?" Rapp asked.

"Well, yes sir."

"What did you quarrel about?"

"She fell for another guy and started going around with him. I sort of got the squeeze play, so I moved out. But there wasn't any fight. Honest there wasn't."

While the questioning continued, Captain of Detectives Metzger, aided by Detectives Donald Tracey

and Frank Brazell traced the missing furniture of the Krenrich flat. It had been moved to the show-rooms of a second hand dealer on West Onondaga Street. The manager of the store, Nat Bronstein had a startling story to relate concerning the furnishings.

He said that two days before, on Tuesday, he was called to the Krenrich flat by a man who gave his name as Cassidy. The latter, a dark-haired, neat-looking young man of thirty, said that he was breaking up housekeeping, moving out of town and therefore wished to dispose of the furniture.

Bronstein said he was examining the furniture, when his eye fell on a cedar chest in the small bedroom off the kitchen.

But before the furniture dealer could inquire about the cedar chest and other furniture in the small room, the man who had given his name as Cassidy, advanced the information that the cedar chest was not for sale.

"He said he was keeping it for sentimental reasons," Bronstein quoted Cassidy.

The Coroner said that Laura had been dead one hundred and twenty-four hours when her body was found on Thursday. That meant that she had been murdered on Sunday. Hence, at the very moment this mysterious Cassidy was dickering with the (Continued on page 47)

CHIEF OF POLICE, BRYANT, of Paducah, Ky., asks a suspect some pertinent questions. To his surprise the prisoner answers all his queries readily and loquaciously.

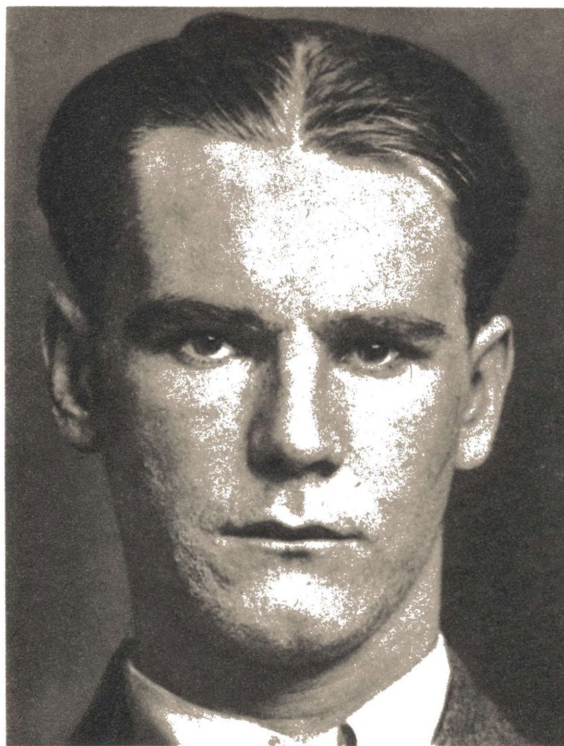
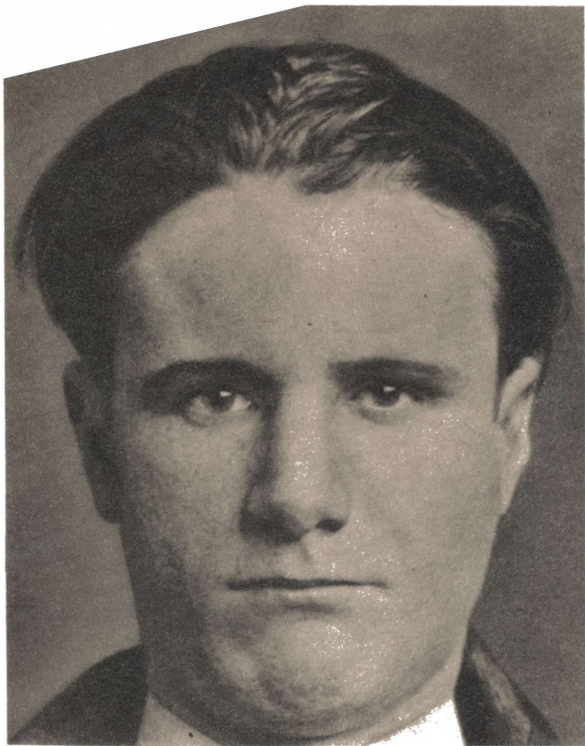




Don't let me Burn!"

**By
Louis
Harvey
Nichols**

**"HE'S THE
MURDERER!"
SWORE 12 HONEST
WITNESSES—"YOU'RE
SENDING AN INNOCENT
MAN TO THE CHAIR!"
HE PROTESTED**



Who is who? Would you too have been fooled? One of these men is a killer! Study these faces before reading story. See if you can pick the man who looks most likely to commit a cold-blooded murder.

(Names of both men given at end of story.)

THAT justice shall prevail there are innumerable safeguards written into the criminal law. The theory is that rather ten murderers go free than one innocent person be convicted. Despite the precaution guiltless men have been half-carried down the last mile to their doom. The electric chair does not distinguish between the guilty and the innocent.

A swift series of events starting at dusk on Thanksgiving Eve brought this home to New Yorkers with stunning impact. Last minute shoppers crowded the Great Atlantic & Pacific grocery store at 1420 Third Avenue. Otherwise the clerks might have noticed a hard-faced, thin-lipped youth dressed in a blue lumberjack and grey cap pulled low over his eyes who sidled along the meat counter. A revolver flashed in his right hand.

"Get 'em up!" he ordered.

The unexpectedness of the hold-up left clerks and customers speechless for a minute, then arms went ceilingward and in response to a command moved toward the back of the store.

The thug singled out Cecil James Fitzpatrick, a twenty-seven-year-old clerk, rammed the barrel of the gun into his side. "Do as I tell you and you'll live longer. Get over to the cash register and open it."

Fitzpatrick obeyed.

After emptying the register, the gunman pointed to a safe. "Now get that open!"

Fitzpatrick pretended that he didn't know the combination.

"This thing talks, get me?" The gun waved menacingly.

Fitzpatrick knelt down, manipulated the tumblers and swung open the door.

The sight of large stacks of currency was too much for the

robber. Forgetting his caution he dug into the safe with both hands. The brave clerk saw his chance. Quick as a flash he grabbed up an empty milk bottle, crashed it down over the gunman's skull. There was a shower of glass fragments. Blood gushed from the gunman's head as his grey cap fell to the floor.

Stunned only for a minute, he recovered his balance, stepped back and pressed his finger on the trigger. There was a spurt of orange flame as a slug tore into Fitzpatrick's chest. Again he fired and there was the sound of lead tearing flesh.

A customer screamed and the gunman fired three times in rapid succession toward the rear of the store, wheeled around and fled.

The clerk staggered weakly to the counter. Blood trickled from the corner of his mouth. Then he fell forward on his face, the blood seeping through his clothing running in small rivulets onto the sawdust floor. He was dead before an ambulance arrived.

Outside the killer was having difficulty making good his get-away. There was a taxicab parked in front of the store.

The killer leapt to the running board and flourishing his smoking revolver ordered the cabby to get going.

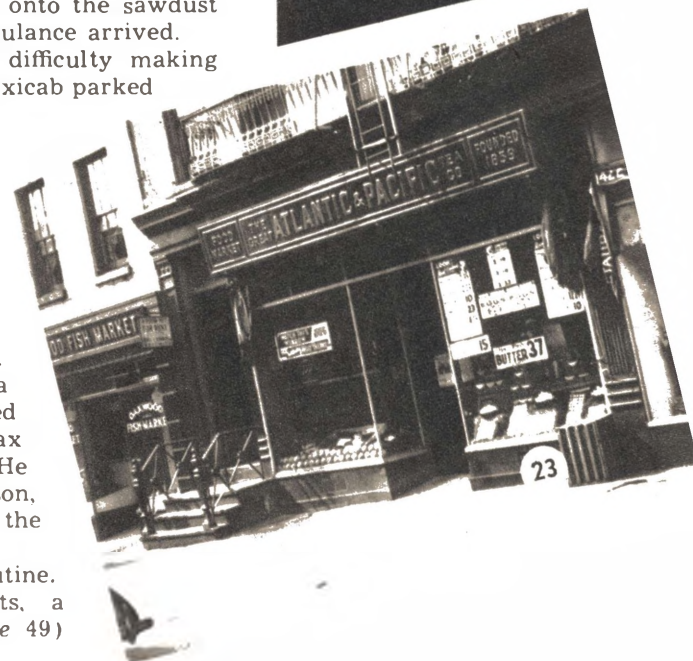
Instead the driver dived out of his car and rushed off. The killer leapt to a second taxi and the same thing happened. His third attempt was more successful.

A blue sedan had halted for a traffic signal and the killer jumped into the back seat, forced Max Harris to drive him to safety. He took the driver's grey felt Stetson, put it on his own head to cover the gaping wound.

The police investigation was routine. Witnesses gave their statements, a D.D. 4 and a

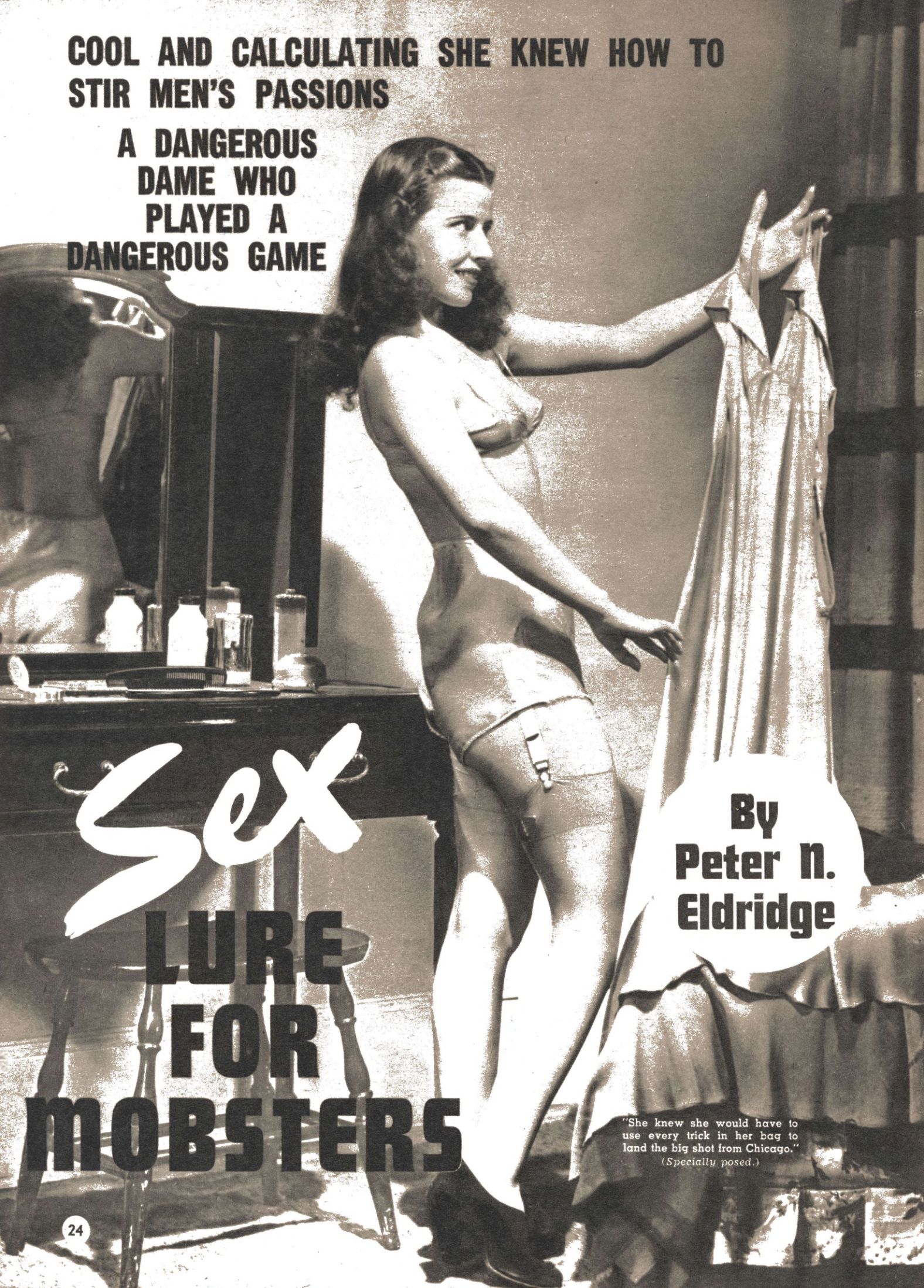
(Continued on page 49)

In this A. & P. store, a brave clerk grappled with an armed bandit and was shot to death.



**COOL AND CALCULATING SHE KNEW HOW TO
STIR MEN'S PASSIONS**

**A DANGEROUS
DAME WHO
PLAYED A
DANGEROUS GAME**



Sex LURE FOR MOBSTERS

**By
Peter N.
Eldridge**

*"She knew she would have to
use every trick in her bag to
land the big shot from Chicago."
(Specially posed.)*

A KILLER IS AT LARGE

On May 20th of this year, Brooklyn's District Attorney William O'Dwyer received a regulation police circular from authorities in Sullivan County, New York. Attached to the circular was the following note:

"... In connection with your investigation into the activities of 'Murder Incorporated', we beg to advise that a reward has been posted in this county for the apprehension and conviction of the person or persons who shot and killed Irving Ashkenas in Liberty, New York, on September sixth, 1936."

On Oct. 13, 1940, the police were still looking for Jack Drucker on a warrant charging him with the murder of Irving Ashkenas.

A killer is at large! But wherever he is, sooner or later the long arm of the law will pluck him from his hideout and set him down in the electric chair. There's an iron bound case against him. His former pals have sung, and the police know the facts.

Sometime in the early morning of September sixth, 1936, Irving Ashkenas looked into the killer's cruel, icy eyes. There was one brief moment left, and he knew it. He knew that it was Death which spoke to him through the thin, tight lips of his assassin.

"We can't take no chances on you singin', Ashkenas. You know too much, so—good-bye, pal. . ."

A quick succession of shots crashed through the stillness and reverberated from the tree-lined Sullivan County hills. Irving Ashkenas crumpled in his tracks, fell heavily to earth, lay there in a pool of the blood which first spurted and then slowly oozed from the half dozen holes in his chest.

Murder Incorporated had written finis to a career in crime which started back in 1930, deep in the shadows of New York City's Second Avenue "El".

Ashkenas had been a hackie in those days. He was happily married and had two children whom he loved. He made the rounds with his taxi-cab, brought his pay home to his family, and stayed out of trouble with the law.

In March of 1930, he met the woman who wrecked his

life. Within five weeks, he became a gangster, deserted his family, and helped to kill a man! He was sent to prison, and emerged five years later only to meet his death at the hands of the Brooklyn Murder Syndicate.

THE woman who introduced Irving Ashkenas to his doom has an unparalleled career in the service of crime. At the age of nine, she was arrested on a morals charge as a juvenile delinquent. At fifteen, she was a prostitute. Before she met Ashkenas, her brushes with the law included abandoning her illegitimate child, owning and maintaining an opium den, pandering, aiding and abetting criminals in felonious pursuits. She had served time in the Clinton Reformatory, and at Bedford.

But on February 10th, 1930, as she walked along Broadway in New York City, she was Irving Ashkenas' paramour, well-dressed, attractively made up; a moll of the mob in the service of death.

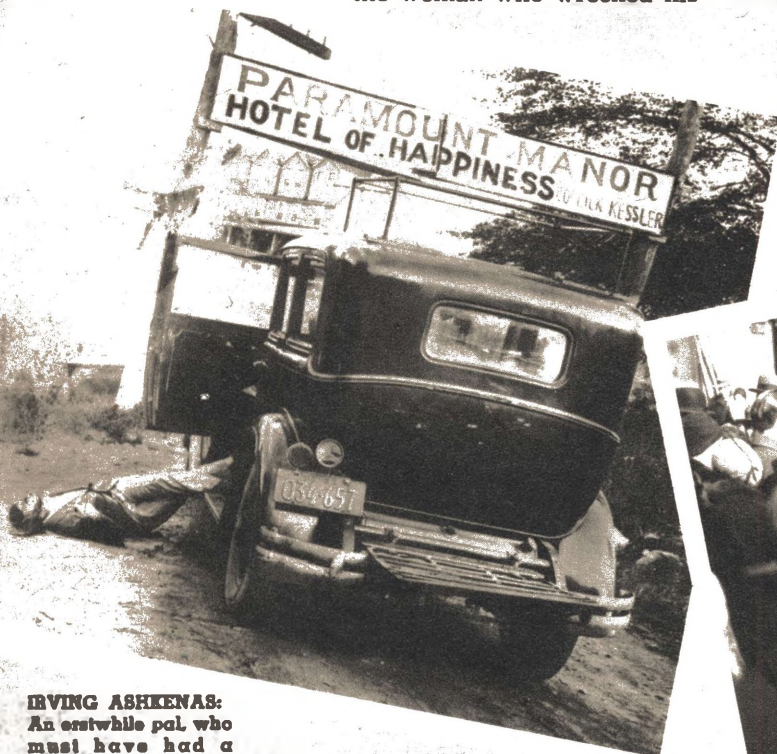
Through heavily mascaraed lashes, she glanced up along the banks of windows of the towering office building at 1412 Broadway in New York City. Then, after a quick glance at the expensive watch on her trim wrist, she darted through the parading columns of picketing Garment Union strikers and entered the cigar store on the corner of Thirty-ninth Street and Broadway. She found a vacant telephone booth and closed the door behind her.

Jacob Rothenberg, millionaire clothing manufacturer, stared dejectedly out of his office window in that same building at 1412 Broadway. Far below him the army of strikers marched back and forth in the leaden grey light of that fatal morning of February Tenth, 1930. The grating jangle of a telephone bell disturbed the unnatural quiet of the once busy office. Rothenberg's secretary answered it. "For you, Mr. Rothenberg," she said. "A woman."

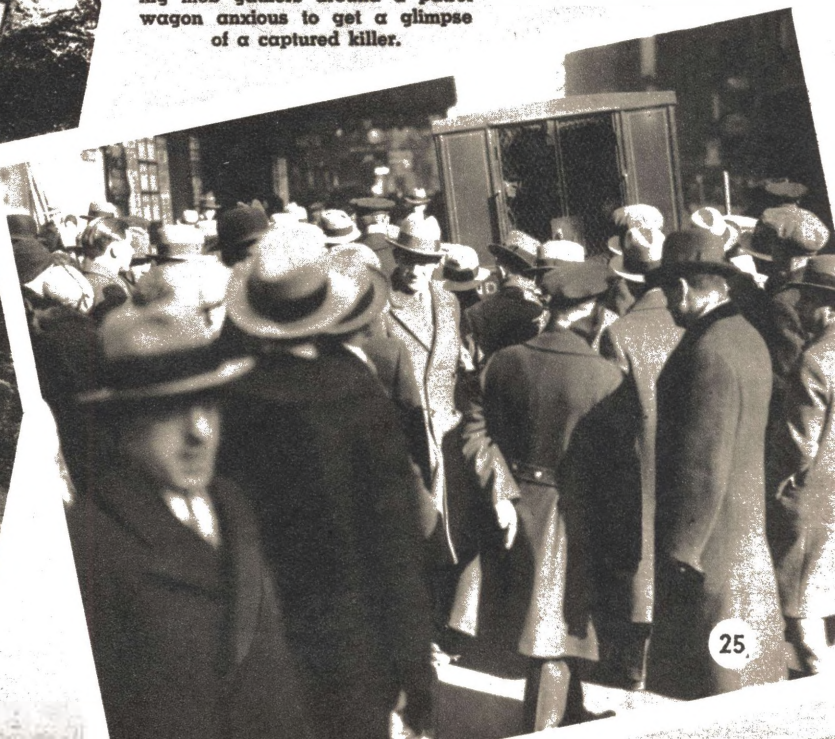
Dispiritedly, the executive reached for the receiver. "Rothenberg speaking," he said. "Who?" His eyes narrowed. "You have something to give me and can't get through the picket-line? Well—The cigar store on the corner? All right. I'll meet you there right away."

Downstairs, two men watched the parading strikers with calculating calmness. One of them, tall, young, cocksure,

39th Street and Broadway: A milling mob gathers around a patrol wagon anxious to get a glimpse of a captured killer.



IRVING ASHKENAS:
An erstwhile pal who must have had a deep aversion to music, fired six slugs into Irving's body to stop him from "singing."



glanced impatiently at his watch and then stared intently at the entrance of the picketed building. Suddenly he nodded meaningly to his stocky older companion. Then both men separated and forced their ways into the ranks of the strikers.

Jacob Rothenberg stood for a moment on the threshold of the building and glared defiantly at the line of picketers. The short, stocky man who had been so interested an observer of the picket proceedings, sprang into action. He nudged his pal in front of him and pointed to Rothenberg. "There he is!" he yelled.

An angry rumble rippled through the crowd. It deepened into a hoarse roar. "There he is!" some one shouted.

The stocky man swung a vicious blow to the head of the man next to him. Fists began to fly from all sides. Pandemonium broke loose. A hundred voices ripped the quiet morning air into shrieking shreds.

For a moment, Rothenberg stared horrified at the scene before him. Then the tall, young companion of the stocky man sidled up to him. Before Rothenberg could make a sound, the tall man lifted a wooden billy high and brought it down hard. Rothenberg slumped to the pavement. Again and again, his tall assailant struck until the garment executive's head was a mass of scarlet, pulpy flesh that dripped lifeblood in a dark, steaming puddle on the cold sidewalk.

Swinging his nightstick, Traffic Patrolman Thomas Lorrigan smashed his way through the rioting crowd to the side of the stricken Rothenberg. He reached the dying man just in time to see the tall thug disappear into the crowd. A few moments later, when the Bellevue Hospital ambulance screamed to a stop beside the curb, Patrolman Lorrigan saw his man again.

"Break it up!" Lorrigan shouted to the press of crowding onlookers. "Give the Doc some room!" The mob shifted to let the ambulance surgeon through, and Lorrigan caught sight of the tall cocksure, young man staring brazenly at the battered form he had so brutally beaten down. The policeman recognized him at once.

"Stop that man!" Patrolman Lorrigan's voice rang out over the mob. The thug turned to flee, but the crush of crowding strikers hemmed him in.

Later that afternoon, in his office, District Attorney Thomas Crain faced the same tall young man. By then, some of the thug's cocksureness was gone, but he still kept up a brazen air of false bravado.

"Ashkenas," Crain said slowly. "This morning you killed a man. The hospital just called to report that Jacob Rothenberg is dead."

Irving Ashkenas lowered his head to his hands. "Dead?" A low moan escaped his lips. "Dead . . ." he echoed, unbelievably.

Plainclothesmen were sent to Irving Ashkenas' rooms at Eldridge Street in New York City. There they found Rose Halpern Rosenberg, a dark, vivacious brunette, twenty-eight years of age. The detectives brought her to District Attorney Crain who questioned her.

"Our files show you have a record." The District Attorney said. "You served a sentence in the New Bedford Women's Reformatory."

Rose Halpern Rosenberg's eyes blazed, but her voice was even. "That's past," she said. "There's nothing against me now. I've gone straight, haven't I?"

"Your husband is Sonny Rosenberg, isn't he?" Crain asked. "He's serving time as a fourth offender under the Baumes Law."

"That's past, too." Rose Halpern said. "I'm divorced from Sonny."

"What were you doing at Ashkenas' apartment?"

The woman lowered her eyes. "I live there . . ." she said.



Crain told her about Ashkenas and the killing of Jacob Rothenberg. That Ashkenas was being held in ten thousand dollars bail on a manslaughter charge.

"What's that got to do with me?" Rose Halpern demanded. "You haven't got any right to hold me here." She got up, picked up her coat and bag. "I'm getting out of here right now!"

Because there was no evidence to hold her on, District Attorney Crain allowed her to leave.

Later that evening, a group of men were assembled in the office of their late friend and associate. They were all garment men, like the wealthy Rothenberg who had been beaten to death. They were met for the purpose of deciding upon a course of action in the matter of Jacob Rothenberg's killing.

"Gentlemen," their chairman said, "we are a self appointed committee met to aid justice in the Rothenberg case. We know from Rothenberg's secretary that a woman phoned him a little while before his death. We know that Rothenberg was having labor trouble. The police have the man who slugged Rothenberg, but they can't pin anything but a manslaughter charge against him. This man, Ashkenas, had a woman living with him. The police can't prove that this woman, this Rose Halpern . . . is the one who lured Jake Rothenberg to his death!"

A murmur went up from his listeners. "What can we do?" a committeeman asked.

"Do?" replied the chairman. "We can try to prove that Rose Halpern was the woman who telephoned. We can try to prove that she was hired to do it. That Irving Ashkenas is guilty not of manslaughter alone, but of a deliberate, coldly premeditated scheme on the part of gangsters to kill our friend and associate . . . Jacob Rothenberg!"



"Decoyed to his doom by the mobster's moll, a wealthy, respectable, business man is slugged to death before the crowded street could fully realize what had happened."

(Specially posed.)

A heavy silence greeted his words. Finally, one of the men spoke. "But how?" he asked. "How can we prove these things?"

"We are hiring two private detectives." The chairman said. "They will cultivate this Rose Halpern's friendship. They are going to set a trap for her and Ashkenas and those dirty gangsters who hired these murderers. We are out to fight these killers with every trick in the trade."

LATE one February morning, private detective William A. Renzelman boarded a train going to Newark, New Jersey. At Penn. Station in Newark, he hailed a cab and was driven to a house on Hill Side Avenue. A plump, matronly woman came to the door when he rang.

"Is Rose at home?" Renzelman asked.

The woman looked at him sharply. "Who are you?" she asked guardedly.

Renzelman smiled reassuringly. "I'm a pal of Sonny Rosenberg's . . . Rose's husband. Sonny told me to look Rose up . . . when I got out."

"She isn't home," the woman said.

"Look, lady," Renzelman told her. "I've got a business proposition for her. Let's go inside and talk it over."

Inside, Renzelman explained that he had recently gone into the bootlegging business. "I've got a partner with some dough and we opened up a little office on Broadway in New York. We need a secretary for front and to take down orders. It'll be a chance for Rose to pick up a few bucks," he said.

When this picture of Rose Halpern Rosenberg was taken at her trial in General Sessions Court, she looked entirely different from the gorgeous gangster's moll of a short time ago.



IRVING ASHKENAS: He showed no mercy and received none.



"There's lots more
where this came from,
baby."

(Specially posed.)



It finally turned out that not Rose but her older sister took the job. And so, a few days later, the firm of Harry Hammond and William A. Renzelman began to do a prosperous business. At least, that's the way it looked to Rose Halpern's innocent older sister who sat at her secretary's desk taking down the orders which poured in over the telephone all day long. She had no reason to suspect that those phone calls were being made at regular intervals by none other than her detective employers.

Rose Halpern came to the office occasionally. Renzelman and Hammond greeted her cordially. They took her and her sister to lunch, to the theatre, to night clubs. They made every effort to be friendly—to gain the girl's confidence. But Rose Halpern was nobody's fool,

and confined her conversation to a limited sphere of subjects that entirely excluded the killing of Jacob Rothenberg.

One night, Renzelman overplayed his hand. It was at an after-theatre party in a swanky New York speakeasy. A purple haze of cigarette smoke hung like a curtain over the booth where the detectives were sitting with the two girls. Renzelman lifted his glass and stared at Rose in mock admiration. "Here's to you," he said. "You sure are a sly one."

Rose looked at him through veiled eyes. "Why do you say that?" she asked cautiously.

Renzelman smiled. "Don't try to

kid me,"
he ban-
tered.

"When I was in stir with your husband, Sonny, he told me all about you. You've got

what it takes, kid."

Rose Halpern watched him closely. A sixth sense warned her that she was in danger. "What are you serving?" she asked calmly.

"Sonny was telling me about you and the Rothenberg job," Renzelman explained.

The girl crushed her half smoked cigarette into the ash tray on the table. Her fingers were stiff and cold as she ground out the glowing end of the paper cylinder. "Rothenberg job?" she asked tightly.

"Sure," Renzelman plunged on. "He told me the way you used to pick up pin money. You sure know your way around," he said.

Rose Halpern picked up her

pocketbook. "Yeah," she said. "I sure know my way around." She got up and started to leave the booth.

Renzelman leaped to his feet. "Where are you going?" he demanded.

"Ladies' room," she said. "See you bye and bye."

But when Rose Halpern left the detectives and her sister in that speakeasy booth, she headed straight for the door, slipped out quietly, and disappeared into the night. Renzelman and Hammond finally gave up waiting for her to return. . . . It was days later that they discovered she had left the country, having fled across the border to Montreal, Canada!

Bright and early one March morning, the private detectives paid a visit to the office of District Attorney Crain. There they met a tall, soft spoken young man who was one of the cleverest special investigators in the corps attached to the prosecutor's office of New York City. His name was Eugene S. Canevari. Together, the private detectives and Canevari devised a plan by which they hoped to bring to justice the woman who had lured Jacob Rothenberg to his death at the hands of hirelings, a few short weeks before.

THE desk clerk at Ford's Hotel in Montreal, Canada, looked at the newly signed register and pounded his service bell. A busboy sprang to attention at the summons. "Take this key," the desk clerk instructed, "and show Mr. Renzelman and Mr. Hammond to their suite."

Later that evening, wearing well cut dinner jackets, Renzelman and Hammond stopped at the threshold of the spacious dining salon of the hotel, and looked around the room. Suddenly Hammond's eyes narrowed. He nudged his companion. "There," he said. "There she is over in that corner."

Renzelman followed the direction of the other's gaze. He saw a smartly gowned brunette sitting by herself at a corner table.

The woman was Rose Halpern Rosenberg!

Rose Halpern's dark eyes widened with fear. One slim white hand darted to her suddenly tight throat. The



One of the cleverest pieces of detective work was done by Detective Eugene Canevari, who posed as James Capone in order to trap Rose Halpern Rosenberg, shown here with him on way to prison. She is saluting your humble photographer.

blood drained from her face as she stared unbelievably at the two men who stopped before her table.

"Well for the—" Renzelman began, surprise in every line of his face. "Will you

look who's here!"

Harry Hammond also allowed himself to look surprised. "Hyah, kid!" he greeted.

The woman moistened her dry lips. "Hello," she said.

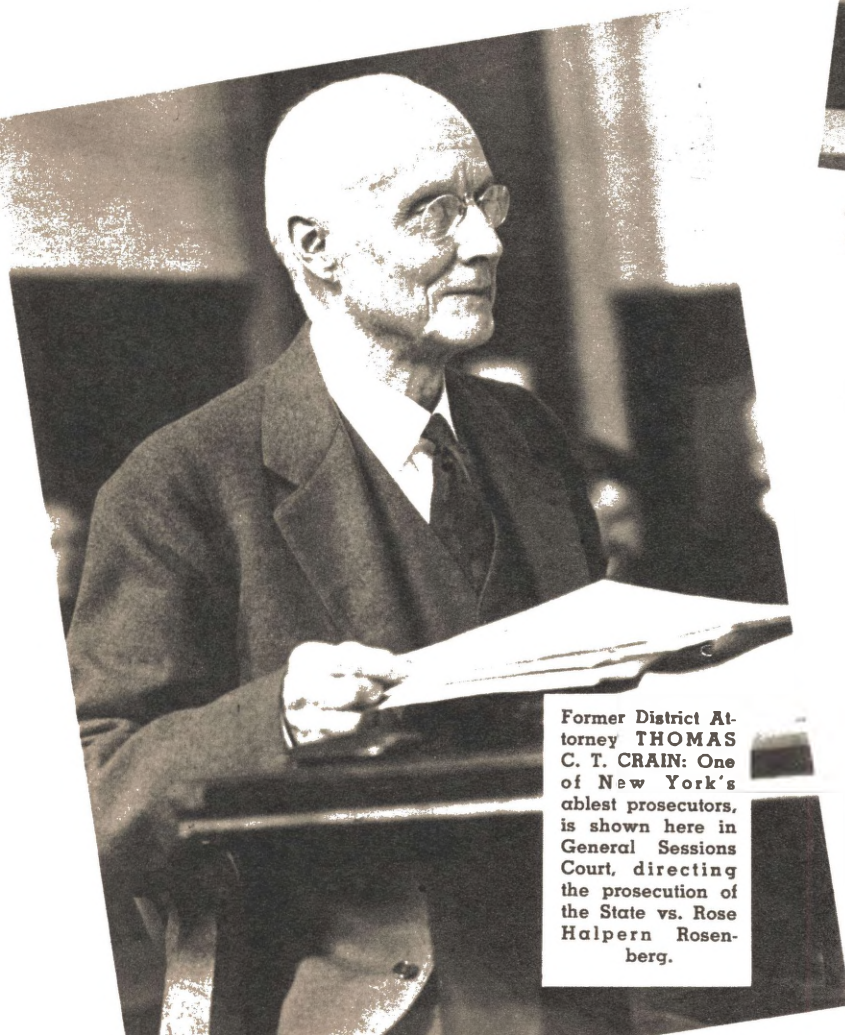
Harry Hammond beckoned the headwaiter. "A table for three," he instructed.

Rose Halpern scrutinized the faces of the two men in a quick look of appraisal. "What are you two doing here?" she asked, her voice belieing her tense, taut nerves.

Renzelman laughed, mirthlessly. "Where have you been?" he asked colorlessly. "Didn't you hear what happened?"

The girl's tense lips hardly moved. "No," she said. "What happened?"

Hammond told her. (Continued on page 50)



Former District Attorney THOMAS C. T. CRAIN: One of New York's ablest prosecutors, is shown here in General Sessions Court, directing the prosecution of the State vs. Rose Halpern Rosenberg.

What freak of passion caused
this strange killer to waylay
women and beat them
to death?

UNMASKING THE THRILL SLAYER

By
Chief of
Police
**THOMAS
DAMERY,**
Somerville,
Mass.
As told to
**JOHN N.
MAKRIS**





AGNES MCPHEE: She complained of a terrible headache, so it was suggested she go for a walk. She did—into the arms of death.



GEORGE W. PERRY: Held as a material witness to testify against a murder suspect, he readily agreed to cooperate with the authorities.



Set upon by a shadowy assassin who crept up behind her, pretty Nurse Clara Morton was dead when they found her next morning.

EVEN though her agonized features were bathed in a welter of blood, Chief Inspector James Murray could see that she was beautiful. He felt her pulse, detected an encouraging beat. The body lay sprawled on the sidewalk. His keen eyes scanned the ground. Near the overgrown roots of a towering elm lay a blood-stained axe. Murray felt ice crawl along his spine. He picked it up eagerly, and examined it closer; shocked cries of horror escaped several ashen-faced women bystanders.

Inspector Murray gestured to several patrolmen to keep the growing crowd back. A commandeered vehicle took the luckless victim, identified as Katie McConnell, a domestic for a socially prominent family on Walker Street, where the attack took place, to the Cambridge Hospital.

Inspector Murray faced a heavy-set, sweat-faced man. "Okay," he said brusquely. "You reported this attack. Start at the beginning."

The man, a neighbor, scratched his head. "There isn't much," he confessed. "I couldn't sleep. It's too warm, sticky. I stood near the window for a breath of fresh air. I happened to glance out—" He gazed at the sinister pool of blood on the sidewalk. "I saw this dark figure bending over Miss McConnell. I shouted, and in a flash, he disappeared like a phantom."

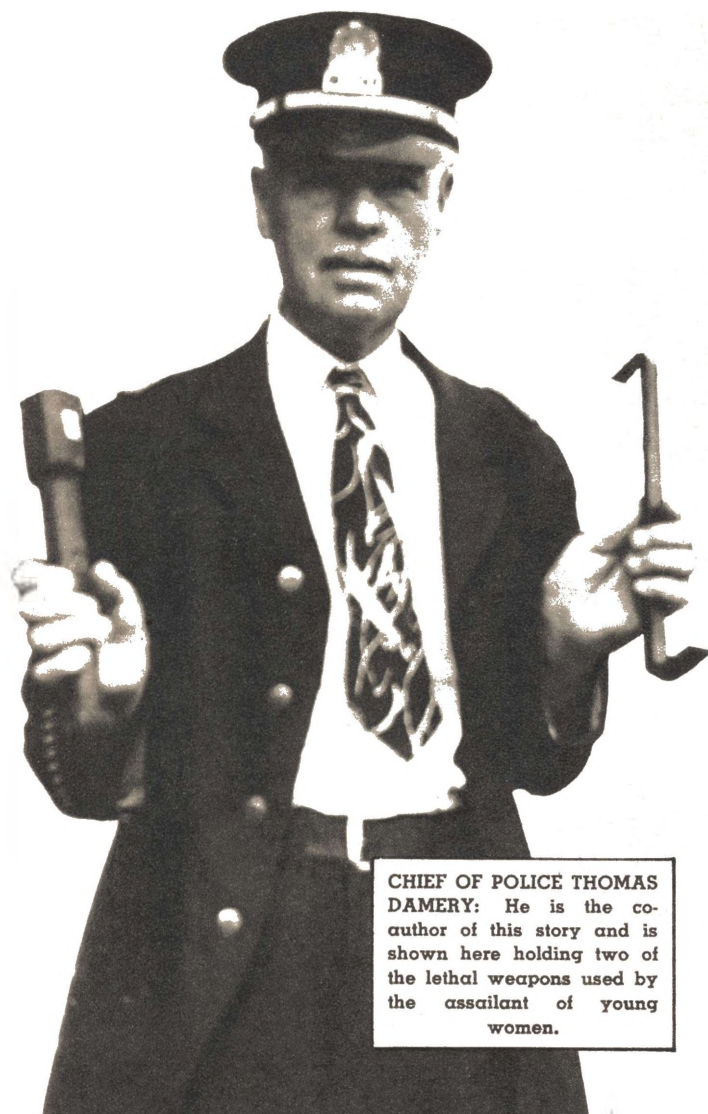
Murray held up the axe. "Would you say he clutched this?"

A shiver racked the neighbor. "I'm not quite positive, but I do distinctly recall seeing him fling something away."

Murray nodded. "You didn't see her assailant's face?" he asked hopefully. The neighbor said no. Not so good, thought Murray. The time of the attack had been estimated at 9:30 P. M. and had taken place in the ultra-smart residential district of Cambridge, Massachusetts, a stone's throw from Harvard College. Investigation throughout the neighborhood failed to place any suspicious character loitering in the vicinity. The employers of the beautiful victim could furnish no motive for the wanton attack.

Back at headquarters, Inspector Murray examined the blood-stained axe. Seated at his desk, this able and efficient officer harbored no premonition that this one attack, on the night of June 17th, was but the initial episode of a bloody reign of attacks, murders, with a smashing climax that was destined to rock and shock New England!

The following morning encouraging word was received from the Cambridge Hospital. Katie McConnell would survive her horrible experience. She (Continued on page 52)



CHIEF OF POLICE THOMAS DAMERY: He is the co-author of this story and is shown here holding two of the lethal weapons used by the assailant of young women.

UNHOLY DESIRE
BREEDS MURDER
IN THE FIENDISH
BRAIN OF A
PASSION CRAZED
SLAYER

Blinded with passion,
goaded by frustrated
desire, he conceived a
crime which he thought
was perfect.

PAUL BEATTIE: He
got a shotgun for
his cousin who
wanted "to shoot
some crows."

PUPPETS OF PASSION

By Edwin
Baird



Stunned by the brutal-
ity of the slaying, the
local police called in
Private Detective Lu-
ther L. Scherer (above),
who dug up some
startling facts.



Fate played her a cruel trick. Beautiful Mrs. Louise Beattie, Jr., started on a trip that promised romance and happiness—it ended in terror and death.

Death car: The body of Mrs. Beattie, Jr., was taken from this automobile which is getting a thorough going-over by the police in search of clues.



ON the eve of his wedding, Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., scion of an aristocratic family of the old South, told his bride, Louise Owen, that he had been philandering with another girl.

Louise listened in silence to his sordid confession, then quietly asked:

"Why do you tell me this, Henry?"

"Because," said he, "I want to get it off my chest—and let you know what sort of man you're marrying."

That, however, was not the real reason.

The real reason was this: His wealthy father, Henry Clay Beattie, Sr., had threatened to disinherit him if he didn't confess everything to Louise.

The old gentleman, a stern Presbyterian and the soul of honor and chivalry, was as vigorously opposed to the girl with whom his son had become infatuated as he was in favor of the girl whom his son was to marry.

Louise Owen, a girl of classic beauty and gentle breeding, came of a prominent family in Dover, Delaware. She had met young Beattie while visiting her uncle, Thomas Owen, who lived near the Beatties' vast estate in Chesterfield County, Virginia.

Both families approved of the match.

And both strongly disapproved of the other girl who had captivated young Beattie. She was the antithesis of the gentle Louise. Her name was Freda Stanton and she had come to Richmond "fum somewheah up No'th."

She was a blue-eyed little blonde, with a slim, shapely body, a coquettish smile and a sly twinkle in her eye. Her mass of pale-gold hair was tied back from her brow with a white ribbon and she wore a low-cut, tight-fitting blouse that accentuated her full round breasts.

She was only fifteen years of age.

Nevertheless, she gave herself freely to the lustful young Beattie. . . . And now, on the eve of his marriage, she was about to become the mother of his child.

Arrangements were made to have Freda's baby placed in a maternity home and Freda was sent to a girls' school to finish her neglected education. Young Henry and Louise were married and made their home in the Beattie mansion at Manchester, Virginia.

But this happy solution of an unpleasant problem was only temporary. The carefree and fun-loving Freda, chafing against discipline, soon ran away from the girls' school and went back "up No'th." There, in Danville, Illinois, she met an itinerant ball player and eloped with him.

The marriage was short lived. After a brief whirl with her baseball man, Freda left him and started back to Virginia.

She hadn't forgotten young Beattie, and she wrote him that she was coming and asked him to meet her in Richmond.

Nor had young Beattie forgotten her. The amorous young man had not been happy with his dainty, ladylike bride. His mind dwelt longingly on the luscious Freda with her ripe lips and passionate nature.

Thus, when he got her note, he was thrilled with anticipation and promptly planned a libidinous reunion. That his wife had just borne him a son, did not deter him. He told her he must go to Richmond "on business" and hurried away to keep his rendezvous.

For two days and two nights he reveled with his little blonde mistress, and the burden of his speech to her was this:

(Cont'd on page 55)





AND THE WOMAN WHO WOULDN'T

TUESDAY NOON, SEPTEMBER 24TH, 1940—As the car moved slowly northward on Philadelphia's Broad Street, the man behind the wheel put one arm around the woman next to him.

"You and me," he reminded her, "just as soon as we find the right spot, we're going to have some party. Believe me!"

The woman's only answer was a series of hiccups.

The man was insistent. "You, over there," and he nodded to the man on the other side of the woman, "You're out of it—just us two," and his hand lingered for a final caress on the woman's neck.

"Don't get too excited yet," snapped the second man. "You're driving a car now so you better keep your mind on the job."

At York Road the car turned off, eventually passing through Willow Grove in the direction of Horsham. Rolling slowly down Dresher Road, the driver stopped before a frame farmhouse set back from the road, surrounded by trees.



**WILLIAM J. EARN-
EST:** He found it
difficult to remember
the details of a very
recent and important
event in his life.

**ON SEPTEMBER 30, 1940, THE PHILADELPHIA POLICE
CRACKED A BRUTAL MURDER CASE WHICH ONLY A FEW
DAYS BEFORE PROMISED TO BE ONE OF THE EERIEST MYSTERIES
IN THE KEYSTONE METROPOLIS**

"Nobody's living here now," said the man at the wheel. "Just the place for us," and he gave the woman a nudge.

The three piled out, following the man who knew the way to the back door. To his surprise it was locked. "Wait," he told the others. Quickly he walked to the front porch and after failing to open a window there, impatiently thrust his fist through a pane. Then he crawled through, went to the back door and unbolted it.

"No use my hanging around here," commented the second man. "You don't need me, I'd say. I think I'll wait in the car." And he left.

The woman had walked in toward the front of the house. For a couple of minutes the man couldn't find her. Then as he stood at the door of the front room, looking in, he spied her. She was standing near an old couch, neatly folding her dress, then her slip. But for stockings and slippers, she was completely nude.

ABOUT a half-hour later the man clambered into the auto.

"I didn't expect you so soon," commented the other. "Where's the girl friend?"

"I had to give her a good clip," replied the man curtly. "We're going—and now," and he turned the machine toward Willow Grove and Philadelphia. "Wonder what my wife will say!" and added a moment later, "What a night—and, fellow, what a day."

TUESDAY, EVENING, 7:30 P. M. Another car stopped before the two-storied farm house, in it were Mr. and Mrs. James C. Bready, owners of the place with them, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Leo, prospective tenants.

The broken window pane caught Bready's eye. "You women better stay in the car," he suggested. To Leo, he added in a low voice. "People have been using this house for wild parties." "Suppose you go up the back stairs," Bready advised Leo, "I'll go up the front. We'll

meet in the upper hall. Then we can't be surprised."

Leo agreed. With daylight saving still on, Leo could see his way clearly. As he started up the back stairs, he glanced ahead, then stopped.

"Hey, Bready, come to the top of these stairs and have a look," he called. A moment later Bready was there. Between the two men, sprawled half-down on that narrow back stairs, lay a figure, stark naked, head downward. Neither could touch it from where he stood. The flare of matches only threw it into deeper shadows. But it was a human form, they agreed in low voices.

"A hangover from a party," growled Bready, vexed. "Hey, you, down there," he called.

No answer. No move from that still figure.

"I'm going for the police," suddenly decided Bready. "I don't like the looks of it."

Within half an hour State Motor Policeman James Shevlin arrived at the farmhouse. Cautiously he

moved up the back stairs until he was close enough to turn his flashlight on that sprawling figure.

"It's a woman," he called back. "And she's dead."

A few minutes later Chief of Montgomery County Detectives Kaye Munshower arrived with County Detective Harry Rankin. Together the three men examined the body the best they could without moving it. The face was battered, blood-stained. There were marks of a sharp instrument on the chest—something sharp had penetrated it. The flesh was scratched, pulpy with bruises.

"Whoever she is, she got a terrific beating," said Shevlin.

Except for torn silk stockings and one white kid slipper, the corpse was naked, blood-spattered. Even its thick crop of auburn hair was

clotted with blood.

By now District Attorney

ETHEL ATKINS: She sealed her own doom when she refused to "pay the price" demanded from her by a man who wouldn't take "no" for an answer.



THE GORY HAND PRINTS on the wall are those of pretty Ethel Atkins. State Trooper R. H. Miller is shown examining the blood spattered room in which she battled for her life.

**By
Zeta
Rothschild**



THE DRESS WORN BY ETHEL ATKINS is shown being inspected by Justice of the Peace, M. U. Scanlon (left), and Kay Munshower, Chief of Montgomery County Detectives. It was found neatly folded at the scene of the murder.

Frederick B. Smillie of Norristown had arrived, to be followed shortly by Dr. John C. Simpson, Coroner's physician.

"She's been dead about five or six hours," said the latter. "They're hairs caught under her nails," he added, "I'll save them for you. They may help you later to identify the man."

In the meantime Munshower and Rankin were giving the house a thorough going-over. Upstairs were two rooms, unfurnished, one large, one small. Blood was spattered on floor and walls. In the upper hall Munshower picked up a club, about two feet long, an inch and a half in diameter. Clots of blood, particles of flesh, of hair, were caught on its rough edges.

Against the wall of the bedroom some one had carefully stood the broken end of a small iron bed; it, too, had evidently been used to belabor the dead woman for dried blood in streaks stained its smooth, cold surface.

To experienced eyes, the blood stains told the course of that last hectic struggle between the woman and her assailant. Here, with her hand-prints on the wall, she had stood. Then down on her knees, she had tried to grope her way to the door, leaving prints close to the wallboard.

Out into the hall she had crawled, until she reached the back stairs. Again she stood up. Here were prints shoulder-high. She had supported herself against the narrow walls of the stairway as she tried to walk down.

But suddenly she had crumpled, falling head first. Too weak to rise, she had stayed there until death came.

"Where are her clothes?" asked District Attorney Smillie.

Down on an old couch in the front room on the first floor the detectives found a blue dress with white polka dots, neatly folded. Under it was a flesh-

colored slip.

"Guess she took them off here," commented Munshower, "and went upstairs naked."

But the detectives could find no hat, gloves, or hand-bag.

The body was ready to be taken to the morgue of the Abingdon Memorial Hospital where the autopsy would be performed when the detectives took a last look. A gleam of a gold band on the left hand caught Rankin's eye and he gently removed it. On the inner side was an inscription—"J. F. A. to E. M. A. September 30, 1935." A wedding ring, the wedding date.

None of the handful of men recognized the dead woman. She probably had come from a distance. The farmhouse was only four miles from Willow Grove, about fifteen from Philadelphia's City Hall. Some one who was familiar with Horscham, knew of this farmhouse, had brought the woman there. The best way to reach this dead woman's circle was through the newspapers and the sooner she was identified, the better their chances of getting her murderer.

"Get in touch with the Philadelphia papers," Smillie ordered Munshower. "Get reporters to my



JUST A "STOOG" was Richard Brady (tall young man wearing lumber jacket). He foolishly let himself be talked into trouble by his friend, William J. Earnest (at his right).



office. I want them to get the news in time to make the bull-dog edition. That will get the story through-out the state in the morning."

* * *

About 9 A. M. Wednesday morning, a nervous young man in blue working trousers walked into the police station at 26th and York Street, Philadelphia.

"I've come about my wife," he explained. "Maybe she's the woman the police found murdered in that farmhouse last night."

His name was James Atkins; he lived at 2348 North Opal Street. That morning, he explained, he got up at six o'clock as usual, went to the front door for the milk and the morning paper. And on the front page saw the headlines of the murder story!

A telephone call was put through to District Attorney Smillie in Norristown. "Send him out here," ordered the latter. And another telephone call to the Abington police brought Lieutenant Alvin Sleeper in to fetch Atkins to Norristown.

The unhappy young man quickly convinced the district-attorney he was the husband of the murdered woman.

But with whom she might have spent that last day of her life, James Atkins did not know.

"I saw her last on Saturday morning when I left for work about seven o'clock," he said. He was a brick pointer in the maintenance department at the Baldwin Locomotive Works at Eddystone. When he got home at five, he learned his wife was out.

"My wife's uncle, Titus Bearmore, came to visit us on Friday. He said she went out about eight o'clock, to get change, she told him. She never came back."

"Why didn't you get in touch with the police, report

your wife missing?" demanded Smillie.

Atkins obviously hesitated. "It wasn't the first time she went away like that," he finally answered. "I thought it was just another one of her disappearing acts."

So the young husband had cooked and taken care of their three-year-old twin sons. Monday and Tuesday he had stayed home from work to look after the small children. What else could he do?

But there were no other men in her life, insisted the husband vehemently. He trusted her. She was a good woman. Only ever so often she would take a few days off, to come home, tired out, but ready to take up home life again.

"No men in her life," prodded Smillie. "You're sure of that?"

"Only her first husband," answered Atkins. "I've never heard her talk of any other man."

Many years before his wife had been married to John Cicero Angier. "You know, that Duke tobacco family from North Carolina," Atkins reminded Smillie. But they had separated in 1928.

"And she hasn't seen him since?"

"Yes, she has," admitted the husband frowning. "Only this past year Ethel told me that she met him down town. A couple of times. He told her he was looking for old farmhouses to remodel—he's a builder."

"Were they on friendly terms?"

Atkins shook his head. "Ethel told me he slapped her in the face twice when they met."

"Why?"

"I don't know."

Atkins had no objections to being fingerprinted. Nor did he look more than sur- (Continued on page 57)

JAMES ATKINS: When this picture was taken, he little dreamed of the stark tragedy that was soon to befall him.

THE PASSION CRAZED MURDERER broke into this house by smashing the window with his bare hands. State Trooper R. H. Miller is shown inspecting the window pane while Trooper H. L. Asper is examining broken glass.

The DIABOLICAL AFFAIR in Room 66

By
Brad
Warrington



THIS RESPECTABLE
ENGLISH hotel was the
scene of one of the most
unnatural crimes in the
annals of Scotland Yard.



**THE BLOOD-
HOUNDS OF
SCOTLAND YARD
TREED A FOX
WHOSE OWN CUN-
NING PROVED
HIS UNDOING**

ALTHOUGH he had no premonition of it, John Henry Harding, manager of Margate, England's, Metropole Hotel, was to have no rest that night. For grim, shocking tragedy was to descend upon the little, seaside hostelry.

Manager Harding stifled a yawn and glanced sleepily at the clock above the mantelpiece in the lobby. He felt better when he saw it lacked but fifteen minutes of being midnight, for then the night man would take over and he could retire to his quarters and enjoy much-needed slumber.

He allowed his gaze to wander lazily about the deserted lobby and shook his head dismally. Such emptiness was not good for business. Samuel F. D. Hopkins, a traveling salesman, who had checked in earlier in the evening, was the only guest about. Slumped deep in an easy chair near the fire, he was engrossed in the latest edition of a London evening newspaper.

"Oh well," Harding thought, philosophically, "why worry? It's always this way when the wind is off the Channel and a storm's brewing. Nothing ever happens here."

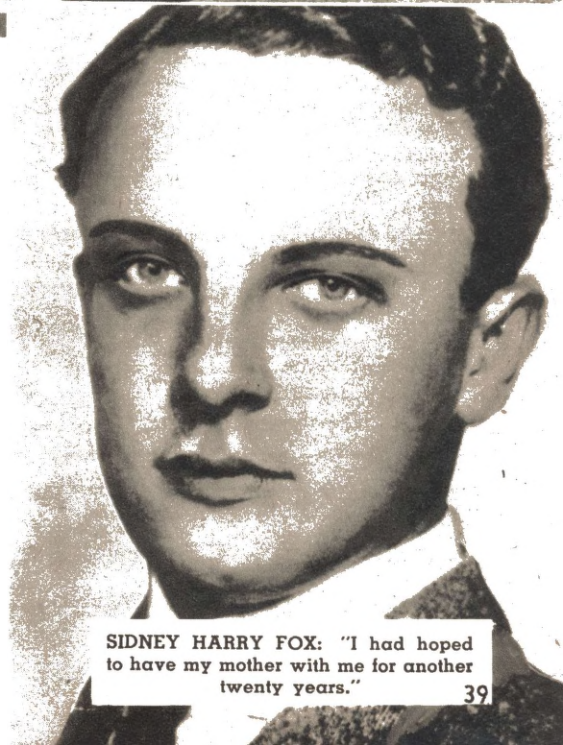
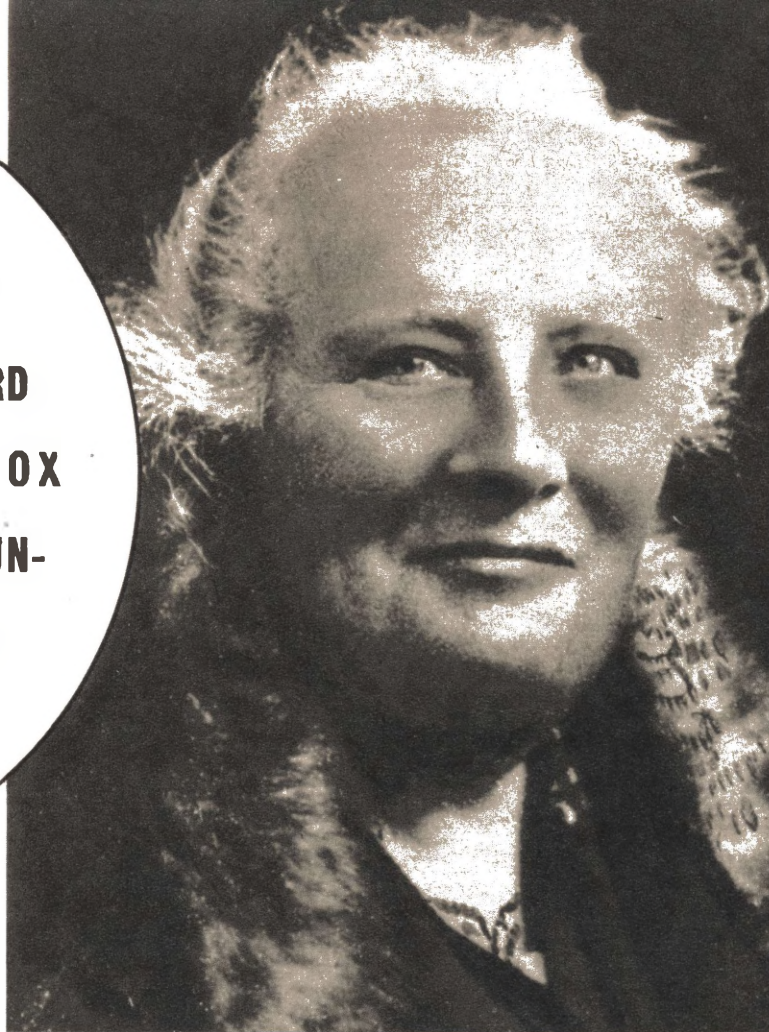
The next instant it occurred to him that the lobby had been equally deserted all evening, and he did not feel so philosophical. There had been only Mr. Hopkins, except for the short visit of Sidney Harry Fox. He had come down around ten o'clock, had a bottle of ale, and then

retired. After all, there had been nothing to hold him below. Only the boredom of an English resort hotel in off-season. Then, too, his invalid mother, Mrs. Rosaline Fox, was upstairs.

As he thought of Fox and his mother, Harding returned once more to the philosophical mood. True, the solicitude of a devoted son attending his afflicted mother cannot fail to excite feelings of warm sympathy, but Harding had never seen a son more attentive to his mother than was this keen eyed, good looking young man in his early thirties. Silver-haired Mrs. Fox, with her trembling hands and shuffling gait, could hardly move without assistance, but he was always at her (Continued on page 60)

MRS. ROSALINE FOX: She wanted her son to have the best of everything.

DUE TO THE ALERTNESS of a shrewd detective, the body of Mrs. Fox is exhumed and brought here for examination by the famous Scotland Yard laboratory experts.



SIDNEY HARRY FOX: "I had hoped to have my mother with me for another twenty years."

COMPLETE DETECTIVE

SQUEALED ON THE RED LIGHT BOSS

(Continued
from page 9)

In the glow of a single bulb shining in the small hallway I saw the dull glint of a revolver.

"O. K., kid," one of them said, "come across with the dough."

"I haven't got any."

"Don't kid me. You were just paid off a few minutes ago."

I handed over my bag and they fled. I ran out in the street after them my mouth open to scream but I choked it back. It was bad enough to lose the money without calling down the cops on my neck.

There was a blue Buick sedan parked at the curb. The driver honked the horn and waved his hand. It was the Boss.

I rushed up to him. "Do you see those two men running down the street? They just robbed me! Get them!"

"They did," the Boss said in a sympathetic voice. "Now isn't that too bad."

"Go after them," I half shouted.

By this time the robbers had disappeared around the corner of Columbus Avenue. I opened the door of the Boss' car and slid in wearily beside him.

"It was too late for me to do anything about it," he said. "Next time, why, I'll offer you protection, but I can't do that when you're not working for me any more."

I turned sharply in my seat, eyed the bland, smiling features of the Boss. Now I understood. It was the Boss's way of keeping me in line.

"You win, Boss," I said. "I'll stick with you."

"Good kid." He patted my thigh. "I'll see that those cheap crooks stay away from you." He dropped me off at my hotel and I said good night.

What happened taught me a lesson. From now on I'd keep my mouth shut. I'd play along with him and then suddenly drop out of the picture and that would be that. Meanwhile I tried to grab off as much dough as I could.

Another thing that was influencing my decision to get out of the racket was a fellow I had met at the hotel. He owned an automobile agency on Broadway. We got to be pretty friendly and finally came down to the point where I knew that if he asked me to marry him I would accept. He didn't know that I was a prostitute and I thought I'd wait until the racket was behind me before I told him. Even so I didn't think it would make any difference to him.

These were the thoughts that got me all set to quit, but what hurried it along was an incident that happened while I was working for Sadie the Chink.

A huge, burly man reeling under the effects of liquor staggered into the parlor. Three of us were paraded in front of him. The drunk's finger wavered in my direction. Sadie the Chink nodded her head at me.

As he staggered toward me I turned to the madam and said, "Not him. This guy is dead drunk."

"Sure he is," Sadie the Chink replied coldly. "If he wasn't drunk he

wouldn't be here."

That settled it. In the morning I walked out and never returned.

The following days were the happiest I had ever known. I was going straight now. I walked along the street with a light heart and my mind free from worry. I planned to take a trip back to Tulsa and visit my parents. I hadn't told my boy friend about my past as yet. I was only waiting until I got a little more courage.

Almost a month went by and one day as I was walking out of my hotel

"Oh, come on, let's make this a celebration."

I was about to turn it down when I felt something press against my back.

"Keep your mouth shut or I'll drop you in your tracks."

I froze.

"Move over into that car on the side."

I half turned my head, recognized one of the gunmen who had stuck me up that night at Birdie's. My heart pounded frantically as I climbed into the back seat. Charlie Hawkins got behind the wheel while the trigger-



"Whatever looks I have now will be shot in another two years—so I made up my mind that this was the time to get out."

I spotted Charlie Hawkins standing on the sidewalk. I tried to pretend that I didn't see him and as I walked off to the side he came after me.

"Are you trying to duck a friend?" he asked.

"Oh hello, Charlie, I didn't see you."

"That's different." He stuck out his hand and pumped mine enthusiastically. "Where have you been hiding?"

"I've quit the racket."

"Good for you."

I was walking down the street and he kept pace with me.

"Let me buy you a drink," he began.

"I've given that up too."

man got in beside me.

"What's this all about?" I asked.

"Nothing much," Charlie grinned, "only nobody runs out on the Boss."

Fifteen minutes later the car pulled up in front of a tenement house in Harlem. They hustled me up two flights of stairs, knocked on a door and a huge colored woman admitted us.

"I'm leaving her with you," Charlie said. "If she gets tough knock it out of her."

When the runner left the apartment the gunman flattened himself against the door, the right hand in his jacket pocket making a suspicious bulge. "When the customers walk in," he warned, "don't make me ruin

FACTS FROM OFFICIAL FILES

this suit."

This place was one of many run by the syndicate in Harlem which catered exclusively to a colored and Chinese clientele.

It's hard to describe what happened except that three days later when the gunman left I walked out into the street. I felt degraded to my very depth. All hope for reformation was forever blasted. The fight had gone out of me. I went around as though I had been drugged. I never saw my boy friend again—a man who I was sure was giving me an opportunity for security and respectability through marriage. He was now outside my province.

There was nothing left for me to do. I took to the streets again. It hardly effected me when the Vice Squad picked me up again and put me behind bars. This time I stayed there because my medical report showed that I was suffering from a disease.

Fine things, a happy home, marriage and children—these were things that had been my lifelong ambition. These were things I had been paying the supreme penalty for in order to buy. I didn't know that the price itself would take them forever out of my grasp. I hadn't reached my twentieth birthday and my life was a failure. I was broken in spirit and in body.

But the vice czar—the Boss of the New York syndicate, immune to punishment, still kept reaping a profit out of the bodies of his women.

What I didn't know at the time was that four vice squad men who couldn't be "reached" were on the trail of the syndicate. They were Sergeant Ryan, Plainclothesmen Harris, Reisinger and O'Connell. It was O'Connell who put taps on the Circle telephone number and for a month recorded stenographically everything that went over the business wire. He was on the witness stand for two days reading conversations like these:

Suzanne (Incoming Call): Hello, Boss, this is Suzanne. You have a place for me today?

Boss: Where were you last week?

Suzanne: On Seventy-first Street.

Boss: How did you like it up there?

Suzanne: It is too much; one o'clock in the afternoon to five-six in the morning.

Boss: Yeh, I know. Long hours. Take this address right away . . . West 80th Street, apartment number 201. That's all. Go there right away. Walk up one flight and you'll see the door.

Boss: (Incoming call): Hello.

Diana: Hello, Boss. Diana.

Boss: I was just going to call you. Take this address.

Diana: Well, listen; I can't go to work. I just came from the doctor.

Boss: Can't pass you?

Diana: No, not this morning.

Boss: All right. You take treatments and get in touch with me.

Diana: Okay.

Boss: (Incoming call) Hello.

Alice: What's the matter with you anyhow? This is Alice.

Boss: What's wrong with you?

Alice: Good God, listen. What am I hollering for? Since I know you, why the hell—

Boss: Don't get excited. I will send you a heavy one.

Alice: I don't want the peewees. For God's sake, I wouldn't—

Boss: All right; I will have to send you a big one and a little one.

Alice: Instead of sending me bigger, you send me smaller. I wouldn't even open up.

Boss: Where is she now?

Alice: I told her to come back in a half hour.

Boss: All right. I will send you two now.

Boss: (Incoming call) Hello.

June: Hello, Boss.

Boss: Who is this?

June: June. Who do you think?

Don't you know my voice by now?

Boss: June Snyder? You know, Pearl, you want to go in?

June: How is it?

Boss: Good as before.

June: Listen Boss, I want to make at least a hundred dollars. Listen, for two weeks I have been taking it with a smile on my face.

Boss: Yes, I know it.

June: I want to make at least a hundred or a hundred ten dollars, or something. How is Danny and Benny's?

Boss: No, he closed up. He only opened one day.

June: How's Pop's?

Boss: That place is so changeable; I don't know.

June: Give me something good, because I want to work before I go home. I am going away on a trip. I want something, you know. I had two very bad ones and I didn't say a word. I only worked two weeks; I was off three.

Boss: Take this address: . . . West 51st Street.

June: Who is it?

Boss: Take the address first. Vincent, A-1. You will make a hundred dollars there.

June: Are you sure I will make a hundred dollars?

Boss: If you don't make a hundred dollars, I will give you the difference. The doctor first.

June: Good night.

Boss: (Incoming call) Hello.

Sadie: Hello Boss, what's the matter? The package didn't show up.

Boss: Listen Sadie, will you take a small girl, very nice?

Sadie: Yeah.

Boss: Listen, you know what the trouble is. She don't like to be examined by the doctor. He fooled around with her once.

Sadie: How can I manage this? When he comes in I will put her aside some place and tell him I only have two.

Boss: Okay.

Sadie: All right; send her in.

Boss: All right.

It was easy to see that the packages the Boss was talking about weren't bananas. The police knew definitely that the bass voice at the end of the Circle telephone number was the vice czar of New York. But knowing it was only half the case. They still needed a witness who was fearless enough to get up on the witness stand and say: "That man booked me into a house of prostitution. He took part of my earnings."

It was Detective Hugo Harris who talked to me in the women's prison and who got from me the story of the syndicate's operation. How the Boss had three hundred girls in the chain, collected twenty percent of their earnings, ten percent of the madam's take,

ten dollars a week for bond money. This latter was supposed to go into a special fund for bail money and for attorneys.

He got from me a promise that I would testify for the State. Most important I told him the name of the Boss.

It was Nick Montana.

The trial was a sensational one. Every day the courtroom was crowded with curiosity seekers. I told my story—yes, I even gloried in the telling of it. The Boss kept his eyes fixed on me. Hate glared from them.

At the end of three and a half weeks the jury came in with a verdict. It was guilty!

Judge Cornelius Collins, senior Judge of New York's highest criminal court, called the defendant to the bar of justice. I'm giving you his exact words.

"I believe that the verdict of the jury in your case, Montana, is a triumph of justice. In my opinion you are without doubt the worst malefactor of your type who has ever come into this court. Your depredations were extreme in the acceleration and promotion of prostitution and of disorderly houses of this city going almost to an unbelievable extent. . . . Your conduct has excited not alone the authorities in New York, but has attracted as well the attention of the Department of Justice of the United States . . . I have had a wide and long experience with this type of case, both in Special Sessions and on this bench and I have never yet known a situation wherein the extent of the traffic was as great as that conducted by you. I am frank to say that if I had been told about it I would have regarded it as an exaggeration, but the proof in your case is positive.

"So far as sentence is concerned you have practically written your own. Twenty-five to fifty years in State's Prison." The Judge's gavel banged.

The State was grateful and turned me free. There I am. Shunned by decent people and despised by the underworld. I don't know where to turn. All I know is one thing—I've got to go straight. If I slip this time it's the end. Nothing can save me from the human dump heap. I'm going out into the world alone. Somehow, somewhere I'm hoping to meet someone who will understand—who will give me the chance I don't deserve.

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COMPLETE DETECTIVE

BLIND DATE WITH MURDER

(Continued
from page 13)

somebody who knew the garage well enough to commit murder there at a time a watchman was supposed to be on duty? Whatever the motive, why was the garage chosen for the crime?

"Seems to me," Gannon said, "the killer had a pretty good idea of the garage layout. Seems he knew how to avoid being spotted by the watchman. Either he's somebody who's been parking his car or truck in the place for quite a while, or he's somebody who's some kind of connection with the place. That's the only way I see it."

"And the only way I see it, too," Munchler added, rubbing his hard, stubborn chin.

"Until we're able to see the girl at the hospital," Burns said, "the thing to do now is to go back to the garage and see for ourselves whether Jefferson is telling the truth about not hearing anyone entering or leaving the place."

The three drove back to the garage. Gannon went to a fair-sized room in the back of the first floor, which contained evidence of Augustus Jefferson's nocturnal repast, while Burns and Munchler made their entrance through the side door and went directly to the upper level. There was no activity in the garage; it was easy to carry out the test.

Augustus Jefferson had told them the absolute truth. Gannon in no way was able to see or hear his partners enter the garage; nor was he able to hear anything when Burns shouted down to him.

Later that afternoon the medical examiner reported that the woman had not been criminally assaulted, although it was obvious such was the murderer's purpose. She had been mildly intoxicated at the time of her death, having drunk a large quantity of beer. Also, as revealed by examination, she twice had borne children.

Her clothes and purse, which had been well scrutinized by precinct officers at the morgue, bore nothing in the way of identification. A couple of dollars in bills, a few tiny handkerchiefs and a make-up vanity case were all that her purse contained.

"Nice how-do-you-do," Gannon mumbled. "No identification to make it worse. I can't wait until we get that gal in the hospital talking."

"Neither can I," Burns said, grinning wearily. "But patience sometimes does wonders. Maybe we'll get a break yet."

The next day the sleuths called at the hospital. Nothing of importance had been jotted down by the stenographers, who shared the twenty-four hour shift.

The girl was sitting up. Her blonde hair was combed out and fluffy and it enhanced the pallor of her pretty oval face.

"I don't know yet whether you're aware of it, Miss," Burns said, "but your lady friend is dead—been strangled. The doctors think you're well enough to talk to us, so here we are and ready to do a lot of listening."

"I'm not surprised that she's dead," the girl said weakly. "I only wonder that I'm still alive. They were mad—crazy, when we wouldn't do what they wanted." She covered her face with her hands and her slender body trembled.

"Look," Burns said sympathetically. "Let's begin from the beginning. Who's 'they'? And who are you, and who was your friend?"

"I—I don't know who the men are. That is, I don't know what their names are. They just called themselves Larry and Vince. They took us out last night to a show and for some beer."

"I never met them before until last night. Harriet—that's all I knew her by—lived in a rooming house next to mine on East 80th Street—and she asked me if I wanted to go out on a date with her and a couple fellows. I said yes, and we met them near 49th Street and Broadway around nine o'clock last night. They took us to the Paramount, then for something to eat and drink at a tavern up on 50th Street. We didn't leave there until after two. They took us to the Bronx in a cab. The man Vincent said he had his car parked in a garage there, and that we should get it and ride around for awhile. When we got there, he dismissed the cab and the two of them took us inside, through a side door. There weren't any lights or anything on. On the second floor, they suddenly went fresh on us. The younger guy, Larry, got me around the neck and waist and tried to pull me down. The other one got hold of Harriet. They tried to—"

The girl reddened and looked away. "You know what I mean," she finished. "Harriet and I started to scream. I saw Vince choke her, punch her and tear her dress. Then I got the same thing from his friend, the dirty, greasy little rat. I hope you get them and send them to the chair! Beasts like that ought to be exterminated—I mean it!"

"So far so good," Burns said. "Only you haven't told us yet what your name is, and how you come to meet your friend Harriet."

"Oh," the girl said, turning her eyes on the stenographer, whose pen was making cryptic little scratches in his pad. "My name is Ann Hanlin. I'm a dancer, but I'm out of work."

"Harriet was a waitress in a restaurant downtown, where I used to eat. That's how I got to know her. We weren't exactly friends, understand. She never asked me anything about my affairs, and I never asked her anything about hers."

"You knew, though, that she was married . . . had had a couple of children?"

"No, I didn't. She never said anything about it."

"All right. How about describing those two mugs? If we're to get anywhere, we've got to know what to look out for."

"Funny," the girl murmured, wrinking her smooth, white forehead, "that I can't picture those rats so well

now that I have to. The one that's called Vince is about my height, five feet seven inches, and kind of slender. He's got black greasy hair, a rather large nose and thin, mean lips. Come to think of it, there's one thing outstanding about him, if it'll help you, and that's his left eye. It twitches."

"The other one, Larry is about an inch or two taller. Also dark-haired and greasy. Got sallow skin and talks in a soft voice. The two of them were dressed in blue suits and dark overcoats and wore grey felt hats. Vince is about 28 and Larry about 25."

"Not a very helpful description," Burns commented, pursing his lips. "But that twitching eye business might do some good for us. Now, is there anything else you can recall? Anything about their jobs, where they hang out, where they live, who their friends are? Anything . . . anything at all."

Ann Hanlin shrugged her shapely shoulders. "Sorry. All we talked the whole night was a lot of drivel about movies and sports and exchanged some shady jokes. I don't remember them telling us a single personal thing. Where and how Harriet met them, I don't know."

Nothing more was to be gotten from Ann Hanlin, so the detectives left her. They went directly to the dead woman's boarding house, where they met the landlady, a strapping, buxom woman of forty, with short dyed hair and a high-blood pressure complexion. She recognized the dead woman's description immediately. "That's Harriet Hughes," she exclaimed. "Sure she rooms here."

When Burns told her of her roomer's death, she sagged into a chair and looked incredulous.

"How long was she rooming here?" Burns inquired.

"About a year. And a nice, jolly person she was, too. Optimistic and somewhat devil-may-care in nature."

"Did you know she was married and had a couple children?"

"I . . . well, I suspected she was married, but since she never told me anything about it I just minded my own business. Can't say whether I know whether she was a widow or divorced or separated."

"Hmm," Burns said disappointedly. "Do you know where she came from when she first came here?"

"No, sir, I don't. All I learned was that she was working in a restaurant downtown."

"Did she have any men calling on her, particularly a couple of dark-haired young men called Larry and Vince? One of them has a twitching eye."

"I'm afraid I can't help you, really. No men ever called for her here, and she never talked about any of them to me."

At Burns' request, the woman led them to Harriet Hughes' room on the second floor. It was a clean, generous sized room, decorated with a brown iron-posted bed and a few pieces of plain furniture. In the closet were two suitcases and a row of dresses,

FACTS FROM OFFICIAL FILES

undergarments, coats and shoes.

In a dresser drawer Munchler discovered a black purse, in which were several old letters and a faded snapshot of two small children. The letters were about six years old and bore a New York address. The short, pointed contents suggested that the writer, whose signature was missing, was Harriet Hughes' husband. No other letters were found.

Less than an hour later the investigators were face to face with the dead woman's husband in his apartment in upper Manhattan. A pleasant-looking business man, with a serious demeanor but friendly manner, he seemed profoundly shocked at the news of his wife's tragedy. Recovering, he admitted that they had been separated almost eight years, with the children in his custody. In that time they had never met. Who her company was and what she did was never brought to his attention.

Leaving Hughes, Gannon sighed wearily. "Now what? We talked to the Hanlin girl and all we got is a vague description of two mugs without any last names or addresses; we talked to the landlady and she knows nothing; we talked with the husband and he knows nothing. When the dickens are we going to find somebody who can give us a good sensible lead? By the time we get a break those greasy domed Romeos will be working their shenanigans on the dames in Bali Bali."

Burns laughed good-naturadly.

"Don't let it get you, Joe. They won't get far. We're going to pay a visit to the cab companies and find out which driver drove them to the garage. And we'll also try to find out whether any other cabbie picked the men up near the garage after the killing. It's a slim chance, but it might do the trick."

At the various cab company offices in Manhattan and the Bronx, the detectives left descriptions of Ann Hanlin and Harriet Hughes and their slick-haired assailants, with an order for all drivers who recognized them to report at once to Bronx Headquarters.

Not until late that evening, when the day and night drivers checked in and out at their respective offices, did anything come of the detectives' appeal. Two drivers, both, coincidentally, with the same company, recognized their fares of the previous morning.

To Lieutenant Burns one related that he had picked up two men and two women, whose descriptions matched those given by the detectives, in front of a tavern shortly after two o'clock and drove them directly to the garage in the Bronx.

The other driver declared he had been flagged by the two men at about three o'clock. They appeared to be out of breath as though they had been running. One of them snapped at him to drive them to Courtlandt Avenue, then a few minutes later ordered him to forget the address and drive them instead to Grand Central Terminal.

"You saw them enter the station?" Gannon inquired.

"Yeah, sure."

"Did you hear anything they might have said between themselves?"

"Not a thing. But they were gabbing about something, all right. I could see that in my mirror. They looked kinda scared, too."

Burns thanked the men and dismissed them.

"Down to Grand Central we go, boys," he said to Gannon and Munchler. "If they did take a run-out powder, we've got to find out to where. I don't like thinking that slimy Romeos like them are running around loose, thumbing their beaks at us. We must nail them, no matter how long it takes."

One ticket agent out of the many questioned remembered the pair, particularly the one with the afflicted eye. His memory had it that they purchased one-way tickets to Boston.

A teletype message, requesting the Boston police to be on the lookout for the pair and hold them on murder charges, went out at once from Headquarters in Centre Street.

The reply that came back 48 hours later smashed the detectives' hopes. "No trace here of men you describe," the message said.

In the days that went by without a



Detectives wanted to know how this car was brought into a public garage without anyone noticing it.

single scrap of information being uncovered, the investigators ran down every conceivable possibility that might lead them to the blind date Romeos. Truck drivers and car owners, who parked their vehicles at the garage, were all investigated in order to find out whether any one of them knew the attackers; residents all along Courtlandt Avenue and storekeepers, pool parlors and taverns in the vicinity of the garage were likewise checked. But the results amounted only to insurmountable impasse.

Were the lust-mad attackers of Harriet Hughes and Ann Hanlin to remain free to continue their sinister blind date practices? Were other innocent young women to suffer Harriet Hughes' fate for resisting them?

As the days and weeks went by Burns, Gannon and Munchler found themselves taken up with newer cases that demanded their complete attention. Thus, gradually, the case of Harriet Hughes and the blind date vultures slipped into the background to become part of New York's unsolved crime file.

It was months later, in mid-August, that the precinct stations in the Bronx began to receive complaints from young girls and women that certain streets were no longer safe to walk through. Boys and men, from hallways and parked cars, whistled after them, followed them and made disgusting hints and suggestions.

Radio police and plainclothesmen were immediately assigned to nab

the offenders. A few were caught and punished. Still the outrages continued.

One night, shortly after the first batch of arrests, a shapely young blonde girl of about 20 hurried into Bronx Police Headquarters and poured out a complaint that two men in a black sedan had tried to pick her up as she was walking in Pelham Street, and when she ignored them one man leaped out and hurled an obscene proposition after her.

"I was more angry and disgusted than frightened," she said indignantly, "and I swung around at him and told him if he didn't beat it I'd scream for the police. He leered at me, and told me he'd slap my face off if I did. But he didn't do anything. He went back to his car. I got a good look at him, though. He's dark-haired, sallow-faced and dissipated looking, with a long, sharp nose and a peculiar twitch in his left eye."

The complaint and description of the insolent masher arrested the interest of Lieutenant Burns and awoke a familiar picture in the back of his mind. It was, he was sure, the elusive murderer of Harriet Hughes.

The Lieutenant's fertile mind conceived almost at once a plan to snare the offensive Vince.

Checking through his report book, he obtained Ann Hanlin's address and telephone number. He called her and requested her to be at Headquarters early the following evening. Next, he called the girl who had just described the attacker and requested her appearance at Headquarters for the next evening.

At the appointed time, Ann Hanlin, completely recovered from her injuries and looking alert and lovely, met the Lieutenant in his office. When the other girl arrived, Burns came to the point at once:

"I think you two young ladies can help us put an end to these mashers, and at the same time help in the arrest of the man who killed Harriet Hughes. I'm certain that the man who bothered you last night, Miss Riley, is one of the men we want for the murder of Miss Hanlin's friend."

"But how do you want us to help you?" Miss Riley wanted to know. "I'd like to see those apes get it . . . but how?"

"This way," Burns said. "I want you and Miss Hanlin, if you will, walk through all the streets that have been mentioned in the complaints. I and my partners will follow you in an old private car that won't invite suspicion. Every time you two are accosted, we'll pull up and nab whoever bothers you. In this way, I hope, we'll be putting a stop to the offenses and at the same time we'll have an opportunity of getting our hands on Harriet Hughes' murderer."

Both girls agreed heartily to the plan.

Minutes later, Ann Hanlin and Elsie Riley were walking side by side in the direction of the affected area. A short distance behind them rode Burns, Gannon and Munchler in an old Ford sedan.

In Pelham Street, the detectives saw the girls stop at an alleyway. They saw Ann Hanlin turn backward and two men come between them.

Gannon spurred the car forward. The three detectives leaped from the car at the alleyway and seized the men in strong grasps and shoved them into the car. They were young men in

their early twenties and they protested lustily. They were driven to the nearest precinct and booked on disorderly conduct charges.

Once again that night the girls followed the Lieutenant's orders. This time the street in which Elsie Riley met the man with the twitching eye was visited.

The hour now was after 10 o'clock. Lights were few and the streets virtually clear of pedestrians and traffic.

Almost in the identical spot where Elsie Riley was accosted by the man with the twitching eye, the girls were suddenly confronted by two men, who stepped out of a parked car. One of them took the dancer's arm and said suggestively, "Whatta yuh say, kid?"

Ann Hanlin and Elsie Riley froze in their steps. Both of them recognized the man with the twitching eye.

"I know you," the dancer said, throwing off the man's hand. "You're the dirty pig who killed that waitress, Harriet Hughes." She looked at the man beside Elsie Riley. "And you—you're the dirty tramp who beat me

up in that garage. The cops want you too; you're in for it."

"That's what you think, Babe. You open your yap again and we'll give you the same thing all over again." His fingers locked on the girl's arm. She screamed painfully.

The police car, without lights, pulled up noiselessly to the curb.

"You bums are under arrest," Gannon exclaimed, grasping one of them by the shoulder. Burns and Munchler seized the other.

"We didn't do nothin'," the man with the twitching eye said. "We just was askin' these—"

"Cut it out," Gannon retorted. "We're not in the market for fairy tales. We've been memorizing your descriptions for the last five months. You're both wanted for murder of Harriet Hughes and the assault against this girl."

At Headquarters, the man with the afflicted eye identified himself as Vincent Zacchino, 27, of the Bronx. His companion was Laurence Clementi, 23, also of the Bronx. After an hour's grilling they both confessed to their

crimes at the garage. Zacchino admitted he had killed the waitress, but declared the act had not been premeditated, that he was drunk and had lost his head.

They had eluded the police in the five months by hiding for a month in a small town about 20 miles outside of Boston. The remainder of the time they had secluded themselves in The Bronx until they felt the pressure against them had deflated entirely.

District Attorney Samuel J. Foley, satisfied that there was no premeditation to the crime, permitted Zacchino to plead guilty to first degree manslaughter and Clementi to first degree assault.

On September 24, 1935 County Judge James M. Barnett sentenced Zacchino to from 5 to 10 years in Sing Sing, and Clementi to from two to four years in the same prison.

(The names Ann Hanlin and Elsie Riley are fictitious in order to protect the identities of innocent persons.)



KILL OR BE KILLED

*(Continued
from page 15)*

South Kenilworth in Berwyn, Illinois, a Chicago suburb, were Captain John Regan who had come over from Headquarters with Uniform Men Mitchell and Jirek. A moment later Sergeant Edward Trucksa and his partner, Charles Ruderham, roared up in their squad car. They later were assigned to the investigation.

They cleared away the crowd, sent Moravec to the Oak Park Hospital, pieced together the story from the excited wailing survivors. Then they went to work.

Ruderham discovered that a woman had been parked back of the stickup Chevy and Sergeant Trucksa ordered a canvass put out for her.

He picked up one more lead: A letter in the dead stickup man's pocket, unimportant in itself but addressed to B. Harrison, 5315 Crystal Street, Chicago.

At that address neighbors told Trucksa and Ruderham that the Harrisons—Mr. and Mrs. and two kids—had moved out to Berwyn, near Oak Park Avenue and South of Sixteenth Street. This looked like a long shot. But it was the only lead.

Back at Berwyn, it had started to rain a cold drizzle that turned into a downpour. Big Chief Joseph Pilot put on a canvass of the neighborhood to locate the Harrisons. The cops went from house to house asking everyone whether there had been any recent vacancies filled in the neighborhood during the past two or three weeks, and whether the families that had moved in had two kids. They tramped wearily through the miserable night for hours without a single rise until a nice looking woman in a dark wool dress came to the door of 2716 South Grove Avenue and started when Trucksa asked,

"Could you tell us where the Harrisons live?"

"I'm Mrs. Harrison," she said quietly. "What can I do for you?"

That woman was straight as a string. Wondering, frightened just the least bit, she showed the cops a picture of her husband. It was the dead bandit—sleek, well-groomed, long-faced, handsome, brown-eyed.

They told her that her husband had been hurt in an accident. They didn't take her to the morgue for fear she'd fold up; they took her to the Station. She answered up bravely.

Her husband, she said, kept irregular hours, was irregularly employed but had been making good money lately. She'd worried about his being late for dinner this night.

"Was your husband alone when he went out tonight?" Chief Pilot asked.

"No," she answered. "There were two men with him."

"What were their names?"

"I don't know. They just stayed at our house last night. They're friends of my husband. He introduced them to me, but I've forgotten their names. One of them limped pretty bad in his right foot and my husband told me he'd had some toes amputated."

"Please try hard to remember their names," Pilot insisted.

A little frown came on Mrs. Harrison's forehead.

"I can't do it," she said after a bit. "I do remember though that the man who limped had a name that ended in e-t-t-e, a sort of an Italian-sounding name. My husband just called the other man 'Al.' He carried a pistol. My husband told me that Al was a G-man. He said that Al had a big eagle tattooed on his chest and that sometimes he was called 'The Eagle'."

"Did you know where these men lived?"

"No."

Chief Pilot could see that that was about all they were going to learn from Mrs. Harrison. So he gave it to her straight. The woman didn't say

a word. She just looked straight ahead. She didn't break down or cry or anything. She just sat there tense and quiet.

At the morgue, she stiffened up when she saw the bullet wound in her husband's right temple. They took her back home. She cried then. In a dresser drawer, in Harrison's room, they found some cards bearing addresses: 4318 West Adams, 4144 West Adams and 4139 Wilcox Street.

The officers planned to leave a uniform man in the house in case the other two gunmen came back to get their clothes, which they had left the night before. There were no marks of identification in these garments.

Mrs. Harrison, anxious to help, said that she remembered her husband say the man with the limp had served a prison term out West somewhere. She said that Al appeared to be a powerful man—perhaps an athlete."

The cops went back to Headquarters. Trucksa called the Bureau of Identification and learned that Harrison had no record there. The cops were in a blind alley. How could they identify Al, alias The Eagle? Or the man whose name ended in "ette"?

They couldn't check those addresses until the next day, so Trucksa got in touch with Assistant Warden Robinson at Joliet Penitentiary. Robinson said they had the record of a man called Frank Perrette whose description fit Limpy. Perrette was a paroled convict. There was no description at Joliet that fit the other man wanted—The Eagle.

The cops figured they'd done enough work for one day. And they knew that someone was bound to be shot, whenever they caught up with those hoods. They had too much against them now.

Moravec died that night.

That made it a murder case.

Mrs. Harrison, on Sunday morning,

FACTS FROM OFFICIAL FILES

identified a Bertillon picture of Frank Perrette as that of Limpy, the man who had stayed at her home on Friday night. His address was listed as 4318 West Adams Street; that tallied with the address on one of the cards picked up at the Harrisons. Bureau of Identification men said parole officers were looking for Perrette.

"That," Trucksa said, "would explain why they stayed at the Harrisons instead of at his home on West Adams."

Ruderham agreed. But, as routine, they went to Perrette's West Adams address. They were pretty careful.



The Moravec Butcher Shop: Note the side door through which the killer escaped to a waiting car outside.

They knew that Perrette had a nervous trigger finger because of the way his gun had popped off during the holdup.

Perrette's name wasn't on the mailboxes in the entry. They pressed a button on the first floor. A nice looking elderly woman came to the door.

She said she was the landlady, that her name was Erckman, and that her daughter was married to Frank Perrette.

"They live in an apartment in the basement, but nobody's home now. Grace—that's my daughter—is over to a friend of hers."

The Perrette home was dingy and dirty. Ruderham found two addresses jotted down on a piece of paper:

Room 4144 W. Adams.

Car 4139 Wilcox Street.

The addresses jibed with those on the cards found at the Harrisons.

Mrs. Erckman said Grace was at Mrs. Evelyn Clark's home at 3817 Pine Grove Avenue, Chicago.

Grace Perrette was a stocky woman about 24 years old.

"What do you want?" she said in a harsh voice when Trucksa asked her if she knew where her husband, Frank Perrette, was.

"We just want to talk to him."

"Well," she said, placing her hands on her broad hips, "I don't know where he is and I don't give a hoot."

"Don't you know that he's wanted by the parole officers?" Ruderham asked.

She said, "He's never been in any prison."

"Hasn't he ever told you that he served time in Joliet?"

"That's a lie."

Ruderham clapped his hat on his

slicked-down, black hair and grabbed Grace by the arm.

"Come on girly," he said. "Probably you'll answer up a little nicer at Headquarters. You can help us a lot, you know, if you want to."

"Oh, go sail a kite," Grace said.

They took her to Headquarters, but she was more interested in kites than in their questions.

Ruderham suggested holding her as a material witness, but Trucksa disagreed with him.

"If she's on the loose," the Sergeant explained, "she'll probably contact her husband and in that way we may get a lead on him."

So they let Grace go.

A quick check at 4144 West Adams Street developed that the dead Harrison had used a room there as a hideout. On the off-chance that the other two hoods might show up, Trucksa put a man there.

That made three places they were watching—the Harrison home, the Perrette home and this room. It was like a game. The cops were going around uncovering possible hideouts and putting a watch on them so that they could clap down on the stickup artists when they ran for hiding. And when the break came. . . . Well, somebody was bound to be shot.

The two officers left the rooming house and went to 4139 Wilcox, a garage where they found a stolen car. Its owner identified Harrison as an acquaintance. The heistmen had lifted the radio from the car—a radio that would pick up police calls. That was important. There'd be trouble enough with those nervous-fingered dudes without having them tipped in advance by radio that the cops knew where they were hiding and were coming for them.

Chief Pilot ordered the information, particularly that concerning the radio, circulated over the police teletype system. Cruisers went out looking for the green Chevy.

But there were no new developments. The cops were up against a blank wall. What could they do next?

The case had gone stone cold. But on Monday morning Trucksa and Ruderham drove out to Joliet Penitentiary and looked over Perrette's record in detail. They noted that all of his mail while he was serving time

was addressed to or received from the vicinity of Broadway and Lawrence Avenues in Chicago.

That meant they'd have to put a canvass on in that area and concentrate the search for the wanted car and men there. It wasn't such a hot lead, but it was something to keep busy on. Sergeant Trucksa went out to the 38th Police District where he received the assistance of Officer McQuene. The 38th District is an area of apartment and rooming houses. It looked like a hopeless task.

It was all routine questioning whether two men, one of them wounded, had rented an apartment within the past few days or whether the two men answering the descriptions had been in the neighborhood. The cops had only the picture of Perrette to show as the identity of The Eagle was still a mystery.

Finally, discouraged, they called it a day. But Wednesday morning, McQuene phoned that he'd run across a hot lead and Trucksa and Ruderham hurried out.

McQuene said a Mrs. Jacober, the landlady at 4215 Kenmore, recognized a picture of Perrette. She said that Perrette and another man who looked like The Eagle had rented a room Saturday night at eleven o'clock. They paid two weeks rent in advance, but had ducked out the previous evening when some woman next door began shouting "Police," during domestic trouble.

"That sounds like hot stuff," Trucksa said. "Come on, let's go."

They went up to the room. They found two empty .38 caliber special shells and a .32 long, a cardboard carton of cotton gauze, some blood-stained towels, and some brown-stained pieces of paper with line drawings on them that looked like rough sketches of the Moravec butcher shop. All of this added up—Perrette had been wounded by Moravec just before he jumped into the getaway car. He probably had treated his wounds in this room.

Mrs. Jacober said that "L. Wallace" was the name under which the room had been rented.

The cops were talking to Mrs. Jacober when the mailman came up. He had a letter addressed to Mrs. L. Wallace. McQuene took charge of it. It was signed "Pigley."

Who was Pigley?

The Sergeant read the letter, Charlie and McQuene looking over his shoulders. Here is what it said:

Nov. 11, 1936

"Destroy this.

"I'm O. K. but won't be able to see you for some time.

"Your descriptions have been sent to Washington so be careful.

"Doctors and hospitals are being watched as they know about the shot.

"I was in Berwyn all day yesterday but we are home now. No one knows who Eagle is except his first name and description.

"Please be careful for my sake and take care of yourselves.

"It is known you have a car but not the kind or license.

"Don't get in touch with me unless absolutely necessary and keep away from your girl friend.

"The house was searched but I'll get everything back after this inquest today.

Love to you both

"Pigley."

Ruderham called Chief Pilot.

"Good work," the boss said. "I think those boys are keeping in pretty close touch with this Pigley person—and from the sound of the letter it sounds like Grace Perrette—and she'll learn that they've left. She'll tell 'em about that letter and they'll probably come back for it. It's too hot to leave around. If I were you I'd stay right on the job."

They took turns watching at the window. Their guns were ready. They knew that the show-down would come if the hoods drove up—there was bound to be a shooting match.

About 2:30, Trucksa saw Grace Perrette come walking up the street. Trucksa signaled McQuene and Ruderham and they came over to the window. They told Mrs. Jacober to let her in. They hid behind the door. Grace rapped.

To Mrs. Jacober, she identified herself as Mrs. L. Wallace, received the dope that Wallace had disappeared, and went up to the room. The cops followed on tip-toe. She had no suspicion that they were watching through a crack in the door while she ransacked that place. She looked all over, under the cushions of the chairs, the davenport, the bed, the mattress. Apparently she could not find what she was hunting for. Trucksa knew why—he had it in his pocket. He knew she was hunting for that letter.

She was just going to walk from the room when Trucksa pushed the door back and grabbed her arm.

"Hello Grace," he said.

She jumped and tried to break the Sergeant's hold. She couldn't.

"The last time we talked to you, you told us that you didn't know a thing about that Berwyn robbery and murder," Trucksa said.

"Just a bunch of snoops," was her only comment.

"That's enough out of you . . . Pigley," Trucksa said, and grinned. She got white in the face then. She knew he'd seen the letter.

Ruderham remained in the room in case Perrette or The Eagle returned. Trucksa put Grace in the squad car and started to drive back to Berwyn. But she still was giving them the old run around. Trucksa needed her a little to puncture her uppity attitude.

"You know you're on a one way ride, don't you, Grace," he said. "There's a little matter of a murder . . ."

That socked hard and she bit her lip. She didn't have one of her snappy comebacks for that one. Finally she broke.

"The Eagle's real name is Ellicock—Alfred Ellicock," she blurted.

"His family lives in the same building I do—in my mother's apartment building on the second floor."

After that she shut up like a trap.

Trucksa called the Bureau of Identification for information on Ellicock.

He had a record all right. He had been an ex-carnival performer—that explained why Mrs. Harrison thought he'd been an athlete. He'd been in the Army, had deserted and there was a charge against him for taking government property—his guns!

Chief Pilot sent a uniform man down to the Bureau to get a picture of the suspect. Mrs. Harrison identified him as the Eagle.

Moravec's survivors said he hadn't come into the butcher shop but canvass located Mrs. Tillie Slater, the woman who had seen the getaway car, and she identified Ellicock as the driver. That clinched that. All they had to do was catch the man and they hoped they were all alive after they'd done it.

Meanwhile, the uniform man of Mrs. Erckman's reported that a number of telephone calls were coming in there for Grace Perrette. Trucksa got in touch with the telephone company and the supervisor was able to tell that the calls had been made from public telephones in various parts of the city.

With the addresses of these stations, the cops plotted the route being travelled by the gunmen. North, West and South, then back again. They were circling the city, back and forth—always on the move. The teletype went into action. The net was spread.

But, hours later, the bandits had not been picked up.

It looked as though the cops had reached a stalemate in the case. They played one more trick: Released Grace under \$5,000 bond on Friday for bait. Trucksa and Ruderham took her home.

The theory was that with Grace at home, the calls from her husband would be completed and the cops would get a more definite check on just where he was staying.

Ruderham, Chief Pilot and Trucksa remained in the house throughout Friday night and Saturday morning. It was a long, dull wait with no relaxation of any kind. But finally, on Saturday morning, Mrs. Belle Christensen, Ellicock's sister, came to Mrs. Erckman's door in the afternoon and asked for Grace.

Grace, who had been warned, went with her down to the basement flat. Hidden, the cops followed.

"Have you heard from the boys?" Grace whispered. But she asked it loud enough for the cops to hear.

"Yes," Mrs. Christensen said. "They're at 1907 North Albany Avenue on the second floor. Frank wants to see you."

There it was! The information they had been seeking for almost a week!

At last they knew where the suspects were hiding. All that remained was to catch them. The cops scrambled away from the door.

They drove immediately to the Shakespeare Avenue Police Station in Chicago. Sergeant William Moffett and Officer Richard Bauman and Officers Henry Hansen and Stanley Tadych were detailed to go with the Berwyn men. Acting Captain Charles Pawlawski gave them five minutes to surround the place before he would call the uniform men. He said he'd have five squads on the job to back up the raiders.

One car went ahead to scout out the ground and the rest waited in the next block. The scout car reported that 1907 North Albany Avenue was a big, three-story, whiteface granite brick building containing seven-room flats.

As the officers planned the attack, the chill, November wind bit into their skins. All of them knew there was going to be shooting. Would all of them come out of it alive? They knew they were well-armed, well-

manned, that they were set to trim the Eagle's wings.

They decided to divide forces. Sergeant Moffett's detail cautiously approached the front door of the building. There was a small entry with a number of doorbells and mailboxes inside. It was one of those apartments that are opened by a buzzer from the owner.

Instead of pushing the button for the second-floor apartment, where the suspects were supposed to be hiding, Sergeant Moffett punched the third floor button. A woman called through the speaking tube. "Who is it?"

"It's the police. Open up, please. We want to get in."

The buzzer sounded and the lock clicked. On tip-toe they climbed to the second floor. Everything was quiet in the building. A heavy carpet deadened the sound of the officers' approach. One man stayed on the first landing. Moffett pulled out his revolver and the others did likewise. Then the Sergeant knocked.

The officers could hear footsteps. Would the gunmen inside start shooting as soon as they saw the police?

The door opened suddenly—not wide—but enough to see through. A broad-shouldered man stood just inside. It was the Eagle! Ruderham recognized him from his picture.

The Eagle saw the guns, tried to slam the door shut. But Sergeant Moffett had thrust his foot inside and was pushing his heavy frame against the door panels.

The man inside leaped back and the Chicago policeman almost fell to the floor as the pressure gave way. Quickly the men followed him.

The Eagle was not armed!

"It's the cops," Ellicock shouted over his shoulder and started to run to a bedroom. Two officers dived for him. The action was in split seconds.

Ellicock battled furiously, but was frisked and in handcuffs almost before he knew what had happened.

Sergeant Moffett and Charlie moved toward the dining room, taking advantage of furniture and the walls in case Perrette should let loose with a couple of bullets.

There was a woman sitting at the dining room table as the officers came in. It was Mrs. Christensen. Across from her, Frank Perrette crouched—he had just jumped from his chair. He was in his shirt sleeves. Everything had happened so quickly that surprise was still written on his face. He ducked behind the table, reached for his belt, and pulled out two pistols—an automatic and a revolver.

The roar of the guns filled the whole apartment. Perrette's pistols. The battle had started.

Mrs. Christensen leaped behind a chair and crawled across the floor and cowered near a sideboard, crying, "Don't shoot! don't shoot!"

Perrette was firing and backing toward the door. His retreat was not accomplished without great risk to himself. Moffett and Ruderham had ducked behind a table and were pumping bullets at the cowering gunman. The room was full of smoke and everything was in an uproar. Perrette, by some freak of luck, made the kitchen, where he slammed the swinging door and rushed across to

the back door that opened onto a scaffold-like porch with a flight of stairs leading to the ground.

Moffett and Ruderham were following as fast as they could without unnecessarily exposing themselves to the murderous fire.

"We'll nail him! We'll nail him!" Ruderham kept yelling.

Time seemed to stand still, but in that brief period the whole apartment had been wrecked. Furniture was strewn about and the table had been tipped over to provide shelter for the two officers who used it as a shield to approach the kitchen door. By the time they got there, Perrette was on a lower landing of the stairs, hugging the wall of the building, ready to fire any time that a head showed.

Would he escape? Would he kill whoever waited outside?

Chief Pilot, Tadych and Trucksa had come up the alley. They were plenty careful. They noted minutely every bit of cover, every avenue of escape. Then they stood together behind the big building and held whispered conference.

The Chief realized it first.

He was looking up at the building. He snapped, "We've got the wrong building. There's two buildings here—one in back of the other."

They all realized it then.

"What will—"

Then they heard the shooting in the apartment house up ahead.

"Head him off down there," they heard Moffett below.

Chief Pilot raised his gun.

"There he comes," Pilot shouted. "I'll get him."

Pilot's gun let loose with an awful blast. But he had to duck for cover when an automatic rattled. The Chief had missed!

Moffett and Charlie were firing now, but still Trucksa could hear someone else shooting. He could sense the direction by the sound of the shots. He knew the fellow was getting down the stairs. Would they get him before he came charging up the alley? It was "kill or be killed."

There was an areaway there—a sidewalk, which the Chief and Trucksa had crossed. The Sergeant figured the fellow, if he ran for cover, would have to duck up that sidewalk between the two buildings. Trucksa watched the top of the fence that projected into the alley.

"He got away!" Moffett shouted. "Watch for him out in the alley."

That's what Trucksa was doing—watching. Then he saw him—just his head and shoulders as he crouched along behind the fence. He caught a glimpse of the man's white face and black curly hair. It was Perrette. He saw the cop at almost the same moment and raised his gun and fired pointblank.

Trucksa felt the whip of his bullet when it tore at his coat. He jumped back under the cover of the garage corner and looked at his coat. There was a hole torn through it at just about his knees.

They were shooting from up on the apartment steps again, but as far as Trucksa could make out, they couldn't see their target. Had he run back up the sidewalk toward the house again?

The Sergeant had time to bring the shotgun to his shoulders the first time. Now he stuck his head around the corner cautiously. Then he heard a funny "click."

Quick as a flash he knew the fellow's gun was empty. Was it the revolver? How about the automatic he had seen and heard? Was it loaded? Could he reload behind the fence?

Trucksa had to take the chance. These things happened faster than thought. Abruptly he stepped out into the alley—into the open—and snapped the shotgun to his shoulder.

Perrette, livid-faced, hadn't realized yet that his gun was empty and was jerking his hands crazy-like trying to fire both guns. It looked like the automatic had jammed. Trucksa wasn't sure himself but what one of Perrette's guns was working as he squeezed the trigger on the twelve-gauge. Before he ducked again, he saw he'd hit the fellow. He whirled around as if someone had given him a terrific shove on the shoulder.

Had the Sergeant really hurt him? Was he out? Or was he down behind the fence loading up again? He still might be alive, crouched down there ready to plaster the cop if he came out in the open again.

Probably Trucksa had only winged him. Would he try to shoot through a crack in the fence?

Trucksa thought: Perrette's closer to the fence and can see more through a crack than I can from where I'm standing. The Sergeant didn't want to take any chance.

The shotgun was at his shoulder and he let her rip. He started at the top of that fence and swung the gun down to the spot where he thought

the fellow might be. The old Twelve-gauge roared and the fence was a mess of splinters. It was like someone whacking at it with a screwy kind of axe.

Suddenly it was quiet. There wasn't any noise at all—just the smell of burned powder. A piece of the board from the wrecked fence fell on the sidewalk. It made a flat sound.

Then, suddenly, there was a lot of shouting.

"You got him, Ruderham yelled. "You got him!"

Trucksa walked forward slowly and looked through the fence that he'd ruined. The killer bandit lay there in a heap. A little breeze ruffled his curly hair. He had dandruff.

The others came up and stood around looking at the dead man. The buckshot load had caught him in the right shoulder and had torn it almost away. It was an awful mess, but the man was dead.

The affair was all over except for a few clean-up details. None of the cops had even been wounded. Sergeant Moffett ordered an ambulance and had Perrette picked up and took Ellicock to the Shakespeare Station to book him.

In the dirty apartment of the Eagle, the cops found two undernourished children and two sawed-off shotguns—a .410 and a sixteen gauge. The gunstocks had been whittled away, making them queer-looking pistols. In the hideout on North Albany, the officers found a strange little note:

"Put all the money in a bag and you won't be hurt be quick and say nothing give this back."

It was the note that had been given Mrs. Moravec. Apparently it had been used time and again in a long series of holdups. It was soiled from much use.

Pilot and his men drove back to the Shakespeare Station, picked up Ellicock and took him back to Berwyn. Mrs. Harrison identified him. Mrs. Slater's testimony placed him on the scene. Before Justice Dennis J. Normoyle on December 4, 1935, he pleaded guilty. The public defender asked for leniency on the grounds that the Eagle had not participated in the actual shooting, but had only been driving the car. He was sentenced to seventeen years in the State penitentiary. He was the last of the gang. The others had got theirs.



NUDE BEAUTY

(Continued
from page 21)

man, the body of the girl must have been inside.

"I didn't argue with him, although I couldn't see why he would sell everything but a cedar chest and some other junk, so I paid him and had my truckmen call for the stuff the following day."

He paused, and then started again as if something important had suddenly dawned on him. "I bought a flat iron from him, and took it home

to my wife, since she needed one. My wife noticed some brownish stains on it and tried to wash them off."

Here was a definite clue to the possible weapon, for the autopsy report, brought in by Dr. J. Howard Ferguson, Onondaga County necroto-mist, indicated that a heavy blunt instrument had been used to smash the beautiful Laura's skull.

The cause of death was given by Dr. Ferguson as due to a compound

fracture of the skull. He also refuted the theory that the girl might have been pregnant.

Questioned at length, the two robust truckmen, William Kent and Fred Heffner, corroborated the story told by Bronstein. They said they drove to the West Colvin Street address and that the man described as Cassidy came to the door and let them in. They told how a woman had come to the door while they were

dismantling the furniture. She conversed with Cassidy for a few minutes.

The young woman was described as being rather attractive, blonde, and having a shapely figure.

When she departed, Cassidy looked over at the truckmen and asked: "Did you see that trick? How would you like to get dated up with her?"

The truckmen continued their work, paying no attention to the offer.

As they worked, Cassidy sat on the cedar chest, his legs sprawling, his arms crossed, and a broad smile on his face.

There could be little doubt but that Cassidy was the slayer of Laura Krenrich. But who was Cassidy? Why did he kill Laura? Certainly not for the proceeds from second hand furniture.

The information advanced by the truckers that Cassidy had sat like a grinning ghoul on what proved to be the casket of the slain beauty threw light on his character. That she was actually in the chest at that time was confirmed by the information in the necrotomist's report. It said that the corpse had lain on its side for several days before the chest was placed on edge. The lividity of the side of the body showed that the blood had hardened there when it was first placed into the chest. Subsequent movements failed to disturb the coagulated blood particles.

La Tessa, pictured in the police officers' minds as a possible suspect because he was the estranged husband, was now cleared as entirely innocent. Tom, the spurned lover, justifiably under the law's scrutiny, was also cleared. The many names mentioned in the love diary were still possible suspects. Who was the mysterious character called Cassidy? Certainly he was no burglar for that breed never lingers a moment longer at the scene of their crimes than is necessary. Cassidy stayed four days. If he were a friend of the slain girl then why didn't his name appear in the diary?

The wife of the police officer who found the body, being a neighbor of the slain girl, was questioned by Chief Rapp. She had seen the man described as Cassidy, on Tuesday evening. She happened to be sitting on the steps of the Krenrich home, when a cab pulled up and the man stepped out.

"As he approached me, he stopped short and in a sort of nasty tone asked me what I was doing on the stairs of that porch," Mrs. Nichols said. "I replied that I wasn't there for any special reason, that I hadn't realized that I was on the wrong steps."

Mrs. Nichols said that the man then apologized, explaining that he had been drinking too much and didn't know what he was saying.

"I didn't know who he was, but figured he was one of Laura's friends," she added.

"Have you any idea who this fellow Cassidy might be?" the Police Chief asked.

The woman stared at the ceiling, deep in thought. Then: "I haven't any idea, although once I saw him come up to Laura's place with her brother."

The description of the mysterious Cassidy given by Mrs. Nichols jibed with that volunteered by Bronstein and his truckmen. But his real identity still hung like a ponderous question mark over the heads of the investigating officers. Who was he?

What was his motive? And if he was the one who killed Laura, what did he use for a weapon?

Detective Brazell returned with the flatiron which Mrs. Bronstein had tried to clean. The brown spots were examined by the city bacteriologist, Dr. O. D. Chapman, who reported that the foreign matter was not human blood.

Twenty-two-year-old Henry E. Krenrich, the murder victim's brother, was now brought in.

Yes, he knew a man answering Cassidy's description. But his name was not Cassidy, it was Larry Gough.

The police officers listened attentively as he unfolded a story which, if Cassidy-Gough were actually the killer, has never been equalled in gall and audacity.

Young Krenrich said that on Wednesday afternoon, Gough called him to Laura's apartment. He borrowed ten dollars from the youth and asked him to see him off at the bus terminal. At the station, Krenrich related, Gough bought a ticket for Binghamton, saying he was taking that route for Washington, D. C.,



Lawrence Gough raises his shackled hands in response to his father's farewell wave.

where he was to join Laura who had gone there on business.

Having no reason to doubt Gough, Henry bought him a farewell drink in a nearby saloon and saw him off on the bus.

"What sort of baggage did he have?" Chief Rapp shot at the youth.

"Some valises and a golf bag."

Chief Rapp thought a second. The necrotomist had reported that a blunt instrument had fractured Laura's head. Could the killer have used a golf club as a murder weapon? It was possible.

Gough now had about a thirty hour start on the police. Chief Rapp knew that he must act fast if he wanted to make an early arrest. He dispatched Detective Captain Metzger to Binghamton, and flashed Gough's description over the nine-state teletype system.

Arriving in Binghamton, some eighty miles south of Syracuse, Metzger immediately contacted the police. They scoured the city and inquired at bus and train terminals, but to no avail. Gough had vanished into thin air.

In the meantime, Chief Rapp telegraphed the Federal Bureau of Investigation in an effort to ascertain if Gough had a criminal record. Almost

in no time a telegram came back informing the Syracuse police that Gough was married to a school teacher in Paducah, Kentucky, and had a daughter; that he had a record of three arrests, one on a fraud charge in Miami, Florida; and another for impersonating an officer in the same city, and still another in Tampa, on a similar charge. He served time on the latter two charges, but had been released on the first one.

While a nation-wide search was being instituted for Gough, Chief Rapp and District Attorney Mawhinney continued their investigation, trying to build up an iron-clad case against the suspect.

They called in members of Laura's family who told how Gough had spent Monday with them picknicking at Delphi Falls. This was the day after she had been clubbed to death and her still warm body stuffed into her "hope chest."

To prove Larry had been with them on Monday, they produced a group picture of those who had attended the outing.

Under a hand lens Chief Rapp easily identified Larry Gough. Kneeling in the front row of the group, and wearing a broad, angelic smile, he appeared the happiest of the group.

Further investigation clarified the relationship between Larry and Laura. They met at a Christmas party and had become very chummy that night. In fact, Dick, Laura's big moment at that time, felt jilted—as did the girl Gough had brought to the party.

Dick and another woman had lived with Laura at the West Colvin Street house, but late in January the other woman, who was known to them as Aunt Bessie, became ill and both Dick and she moved out. Larry, who had fallen madly in love with Laura, moved in.

Even if it was their intention to wed, this would have been impossible for both were still married.

As soon as the teletype message had circulated about the country, and the news of the murder had run the gamut of news channels, calls from persons with "tips" on where Gough was hiding, began to pour into Police Headquarters. As in many such cases, amateur sleuths and reward-seekers are always ready to thrust themselves into the limelight by startling disclosures about a hunted criminal, especially one wanted in a sensational murder case. These merely hindered the search.

On June 5th, 1938, Gough reached St. Louis, Missouri. He stayed in the shadows in an effort to keep out of sight but this attracted attention to him and two detectives picked him up on suspicion.

"Who are you?" one of the plain-clothesmen asked. "You're a stranger here, aren't you?"

The shabbily attired Gough, unshaven and bedraggled, acted nonchalant. "Being a stranger is no crime," he countered.

The detectives searched him, then pulled him in for vagrancy.

The following morning, as is customary in large cities, the vagrants, sheltered for the night, were released from the jail. Among them was Larry Gough, wanted in Syracuse, New York, for the murder of Laura Krenrich.

But on June 8th, two days after Larry had slipped out of St. Louis, Chief of Police W. E. Bryant, of Pa-

ducah, Kentucky, ducked into his office to escape the terrific heat which was beating down on the streets of the southern city.

A heavy man, he had poured his mammoth frame into a chair, when his phone rang. The Chief lifted the receiver.

"If you're looking for Larry Gough," the voice came, "you'll find him at the corner of Broadway and Sixth Street." There was a click as the informant rang off.

The police chief lost little time getting to his car. As he piloted it into Sixth Street, Chief Bryant saw Gough standing on the corner. He leaped to the pavement and, gun in his hand, moved up to the fugitive.

"Get 'em up!" he ordered.

Gough looked surprised.

"I'm arresting you for the murder of Laura Krenrich," the chief said.

There was no fight left in the killer and he submitted.

Informed of Gough's capture Chief Rapp and District Attorney Mawhinney chartered a plane and flew to Paducah.

In his cell, Gough was loquacious, answering all questions put to him

by the Syracuse officials.

In a formal statement, signed by him, he said: "I, Lawrence A. Gough, make the following statement concerning the murder of Laura Krenrich without any promise of immunity on the part of the officers of Paducah, Kentucky. This statement can be used against me in any court of justice where I may be prosecuted for any charge that may be brought against me.

"On the night of the murder we played cards and after the game broke up I felt kind of nervous and irritable and asked Laura for a drink from a bottle of whiskey she had, and she gave me the bottle. Then, after I had drank practically all of the bottle of whiskey, she asked me to do certain things and I became temporarily insane at the time; and I do not remember the time that it happened. She laid down on the bed and I hit her over the head with the iron pipe out of a drawer in the kitchen and put her body in the cedar chest.

"Then I got really drunk. I bought several bottles of whiskey. I went on a party with some . . ." He explained that he sold the furniture to finance

his getaway.

Returned to Syracuse, Gough was charged with first degree murder, and secured John Wright, widely known Syracuse attorney, to defend him.

Attorney Wright demanded that Laura's diary, which he claimed would give an insight into her true character, be handed over to the defense.

The District Attorney's office refused to make this crimson diary a public record, and after a series of meetings between the prosecuting and defense attorneys, Gough was permitted to plead guilty to a second degree charge.

His plea for leniency was disregarded by Judge Frank P. Malpass, who sentenced the killer to serve fifty years to life for the murder.

While Gough is paying for the moments of passion with virtual imprisonment for the rest of his natural life—Laura's love diary, the little book of recorded sins has been closed forever—by members of the District Attorney's office "in fairness" to the memory of Laura Krenrich—and perhaps to those many who played a big part in her wild life.



DON'T LET ME BURN

(Continued from page 23)

series of D.D. 5s were sent to Police Headquarters. Here the Bureau of Identification assorted the information, checked it with the modus operandi file, learned that this killer had pulled his 54th A. & P. store hold-up and his second murder.

All were clueless crimes except the last, for he had left his blood-stained cap on the scene. It was traced to the Amsterdam Hat Store but the owner could not remember the sale.

What the police had was infinitely more valuable than physical clues. There were at least a dozen witnesses who could positively identify the killer and on a basis of their descriptions an artist drew a composite portrait of him. This was turned over to Inspector Joseph Donovan and his department checked it with the criminals on file in the Rogues Gallery. It was a tedious task but in the end a detective pulled out a photo filed under number B87551. The man's record showed an arrest for auto theft. His name was George Hayes.

Of immediate importance was to discover whether this Hayes had ever worked for the A. & P. Since the killer had limited himself to that chain of stores and since he seemed familiar with their routine it was assumed that he was an ex-employee.

Detective William Cook contacted the officials of the grocery chain, learned that Hayes had been discharged eighteen months ago.

Arrested at his mother's home in Brooklyn, Hayes was taken to Police Headquarters where he was placed in the line-up. Twelve eye witnesses to the Fitzpatrick murder were sent for to look over the collection of prisoners.

Unerringly twelve fingers pointed at Hayes. There was no doubt in the minds of any of them. They couldn't forget that face. Clerks working in other A. & P. stores were sent for

and they likewise identified Hayes.

The city heaved a sigh of relief. At last the master crook was behind bars.

Assistant District Attorney Saul Price questioned the suspect, warned him that anything he might say would be used against him. Hayes promptly made a full denial of any complicity in any stick-up.

"Where were you on the night of the murder?" Assistant District Attorney Price asked.

"I was out on a party with my brother."

The brother was questioned the next morning and when he was asked what he did on the night of the murder he stated that he hadn't left the house at all!

Still later in the day an elderly woman showed up. A close friend of the family she swore that Hayes had spent the entire night at her house, taking care of a sick friend! These alibis, which misfired, made guilt more certain.

Detective Cook searched through Hayes' home and found a blue lumberjack, which, when shown to the eye witnesses, was identified as the garment worn by the fleeing killer.

No further evidence was needed. The case was placed before the Grand Jury and they handed up an indictment charging the prisoner with murder in the first degree. He was put in a cell in Tombs Prison while the State completed the airtight case which had already started him on the road to the electric chair.

In a prison where every hardened criminal swears he is innocent, Hayes' pleas fell on deaf ears and thus as each passing day brought him closer to the end he became more and more frantic.

Exactly two months later a young, thin-lipped, hard-faced gunman pushed into the Automat Cafeteria on 72nd Street, shoved his gun into the side

of the cashier, warned her to fill the sack he carried.

Patrolman Thomas Morrissey, happening to pass by and seeing the incident, rushed in with drawn gun. At the sound of approaching footsteps the stick-up man spun around, but the officer was too fast for him. Using the barrel of his gun as a black-jack he crashed it down on the robber's head. That ended the fight.

The patrolman relieved his prisoner of the shiny, nickel-plated, .32 calibre revolver, slipped a pair of handcuffs on his wrists.

Following a hearing at Magistrates Court the prisoner, who gave his name as John Farley, was placed in the Tombs to await trial.

It was one of those coincidences which, if it occurred in the movies, would be called far-fetched. This time it really happened, for one of the persons to whom Hayes ranted against the fates which placed him in the shadow of the electric chair was Farley.

"Doesn't it mean anything to you?" he raved at the new prisoner. "They want to burn me. I had nothing to do with that man's murder."

"Aw, pipe down," Farley grunted.

"But I'm innocent."

"Of what?"

"Murder."

"What are you talking about anyway?"

"They say I killed a clerk in an A. & P. store, but I didn't. I tell you I'm innocent."

Farley burst into gales of laughter. Hayes couldn't see anything funny in the situation and he said so sharply. His fellow prisoner quieted down.

"I know you're innocent," he said soberly.

Hayes seized at the one person in the entire prison who professed to believe his innocence. "You think so?" he asked eagerly.

"I am positive of it."

"For God's sakes, man, if you know something, help me. *Don't let me burn,*" Hayes pleaded almost hysterically. But—how can you be so sure when about a dozen people are all swearing that I'm the guy that killed him?"

"Because I did it myself!"

Was Farley telling the truth? Or was he, quixotically, confessing a crime he did not commit in order to shield Hayes?

The police found out very quickly. The .32 calibre revolver taken from Farley during the abortive stick-up of the Automat was sent to Sergeant Butts, ballistics expert for the New York Police Department. Butts fired a test slug into a bale of cotton, recovered it and placed it under the microscope alongside of the bullet which killed Fitzpatrick. The lands and grooves were identical. This was the

murder gun. Also, when Farley had been arrested, the grey Stetson he wore had the initials M. H. punctured



A gunman with a sack entered this automat cafeteria and ordered the cashier to "fill it up" for him.

on the sweat band. The hat was identified by Max Harris as being his.

That's all there was to it. Farley was quickly convicted of murder and the judge "threw the book at him."

Hayes was completely vindicated. Twelve abashed witnesses offered sincere apologies to the man they had almost sent to the electric chair.

"You know, it's a funny thing," Hayes told Assistant District Attorney Price as he was freed, "every night in my cell I prayed that I'd be brought face to face with the real killer. Sometimes I used to see him standing in front of my cell and when I didn't see him I saw the electric chair and then when my prayers are actually answered I didn't even know it."

Picture on left is that of Killer, John Farley. . . . The other is that of George Hayes, an innocent man who almost paid the penalty for another's crime.



SEX LURE FOR MOBSTERS

(Continued from page 29)

"The bulls," he said convincingly. "They knocked over our racket. We beat them out of town by twenty minutes."

Slowly, the color began to come back into Rose Halpern's cheeks. Her eyes widened again. "No foolin'!" she said, her voice still icy with the fear that had gripped her. "You had a run in with the cops?"

Renzelman shook his head dolorously. "It was a run in and a run out," he said. "They're still looking for us."

Rose Halpern laughed. It was hysterical laughter. It was as if her tightly drawn nerves had suddenly sprung back into place. She laughed till great tears rolled out of the corners of her eyes, smearing the mascara in streaks of black down her rose tinted cheeks. When she spoke again, relief was in her voice. She was speaking naturally now.

"Well, I'm a sap!" she said. She slapped Hammond on the back and laughed again. "I'm the biggest sap that ever made a mountain out of a goose pimple."

Renzelman looked at Hammond. He made that look seem as blank as possible. "What's eating her?" he asked slowly. "What's the matter with this dame?"

Rose Halpern looked at the detectives. She smiled. "You'll never guess why I came to Canada," she challenged, good naturedly.

Hammond tried not to mirror his excitement in his eyes. "I'll bite," he said. "Why did you come to Canada?"

"Why?" Rose Halpern's painted lips twisted up into a grin. "Why?" she said again. "I was afraid of you guys. That's why."

Renzelman's face was a mask. "Afraid of us?"

"Sure," the girl said. "You had me thinking you were a couple of cops yourself."

The two men looked at each other. "You what?" asked Hammond, incredulously. "You thought we were what?"

"Cops!" Rose Halpern laughed. "That's what's so funny. I thought you guys were cops and it turns out that the cops chased you out of town."

That's a swell one for you. Me thinking you birds were a couple of bulls!"

Renzelman began to laugh. He had good reason to. His loud guffaws were infectious. Soon the three of them were laughing together.

The Ford Hotel Orchestra began to play soft dinner music. "Look," Hammond said to the girl. He pointed to his feet, encased in smart, patent leather shoes "Just to prove that those aren't flat," he said, "what do you say we do a little stepping? Bill here can order up a real banquet to celebrate our reunion."

In the weeks that followed, Renzelman, Hammond, and Rose Halpern were inseparable companions. They rode horseback, danced, dined, went for long drives around the Montreal countryside. The detectives finally succeeded in banishing all traces of suspicion from the girl's mind. To her, they were a couple of swell sports out for a big time.

One day, late in March, the girl and her two detective escorts were sitting in the lobby of their hotel. A page boy came over to the trio and handed Renzelman a telegram. The detective tore open the envelope in full sight of his companions and proceeded to grow more elated with every word that he read. When he was done, he passed the wire to Hammond who also registered surprised pleasure at what he read.

"Good news?" Rose Halpern asked.

"You bet," Renzelman told her.

"The boss will be here on the First!"

Rose Halpern arched her eyebrows quizzically. "The boss?" she asked.

Hammond glanced over his shoulder furtively. When he spoke it was in a whisper. "Do you think we can trust her, Bill? Should we let her in on it?"

Bill Renzelman looked at the girl. He allowed his eyes to narrow in quick scrutiny. "Sure," he said at length "She knows a lot about us already."

"The boss is Jim Capone," Hammond said evenly "Big Shot Al's brother. We're doing a little job with him and he's coming out here to talk it over."

The girl regarded her companions with new interest "Al Capone's brother?" she echoed incredulously. "Say! You guys must be big time!"

For the remaining few days in March, the detectives made capital of the intended visit of their boss. They took every possible occasion to inform the girl that Jim Capone was handsome, that he was a spender, that any girl he "took a shine to" could write her own ticket to a life in the lap of luxury. Rose Halpern listened avidly to every word that was said. She took in every detail of the word pictures Renzelman and Hammond skillfully painted.

When Rose Halpern dressed for the party that was to celebrate Jim Capone's arrival in Montreal on the evening of April 1st, 1930, she should have reflected that April Fool's day was not quite over. But private detectives Hammond and Renzelman had been so successful in priming their quarry for the big night, that April Fool's jokes never entered her mind. She was thinking only of one thing, and that was the urgency of making a good impression on Jimmy Capone.

Resplendent in a low cut, revealing evening gown, Rose Halpern entered the dining room. She was met by Harry Hammond. Her eyes swept the salon anticipatively. She saw Renzelman sitting at a table with another man.

"Is . . . that—?" she began, flutteringly.

The detective nodded. "It's the boss," he said.

The girl snapped open her vanity case and took one last look at her carefully enhanced features.

Capone and Renzelman stood up as Hammond advanced with the girl. Rose Halpern greeted Renzelman warmly and then turned to the tall dark stranger expectantly.

Jim Capone was dressed impeccably. He was dark and handsome. When he smiled an acknowledgement of Hammond's introduction of the girl, Rose was more than ever determined to make a good impression.

"You fellows have been holding out

FACTS FROM OFFICIAL FILES

on me," Capone said to Renzelman and Hammond. "If you had told me about Rose being here, I'd have come to Montreal a lot sooner."

Under the steady barrage of Jim Capone's compliments, the girl's hopes bloomed. Capone's eyes never left her own. All his remarks were directed at her. He was suave, sophisticated, subtle. It was easy to see that her success with him had exceeded her wildest dreams.

Before the party was over, champagne flowed like water and Capone's attentiveness to the girl became more and more intense. Hammond finally brought the conversation around to a discussion of business.

"Not now," Capone said. "We don't want to bore the lady."

"Go right ahead," Rose Halpern returned. "You don't have to be afraid to talk in front of me."

"No," agreed Renzelman. "Rose is O.K. She knows how to keep her mouth shut."

Capone's eyes were narrow slits. "How do I know that?" he asked. "I don't like to talk about my work in front of dames."

"Please," Rose Halpern said desperately. She wanted to make Capone feel that she was worthy of his trust. "I'm O.K. I hate to think you don't trust me."

Jim Capone smiled. "All right," he said. "As a matter of fact, I might even be able to use you in this 'deal' of mine. But no tricks, you hear? No talking."

He then outlined a vague scheme concerning the establishment of a rum running syndicate on the West coast. "California," he said, feelingly. "That's the country. Hobnobbing with the movie stars. Taking it easy on the sand while the sound of the waves sings you to sleep. Could you go for that, kid?"

Rose Halpern was listening to him, spellbound. "Gee!" she breathed. "You bet!"

"There'll be a couple of guys we'll have to get rid of," Capone continued. "We'll have to get them out in the street and give them a going over. You may be able to help us there."

"Sure," Rose enthused. She was willing to agree to anything that would win for her the favor of this handsome man who could make her life a paradise with the things his money could buy. "It'll be easy," she said. "I've done that kind of work before."

Capone looked at her sharply. "Quit kidding," he said. "When did you ever work a racket like that?"

Rose Halpern, her lips unsealed by the champagne and her desire to prove herself helpful to Capone, plunged on. "I did, Jimmy. No foolin'. I'm the girl who put Jacob Rothenberg on the spot back in February. I telephoned him and got him to walk through a picket line in front of his shop so that a couple of the boys could hop him. No kidding, Jimmy. I really did it."

Capone seemed interested. "You mean that business where this rich guy—what's his name—was killed?"

"Sure," Rose went on. "Jake Rothenberg. I got that guy to walk right into a trap. I did it to some other big shots, too. Tell him, Bill." She pleaded with Renzelman. "You were in stir with Sonny Rosenberg. He told you about me. Prove it to Jimmy, here."

"She's right, Jim," Renzelman said. "Sonny Rosenberg was telling me

about it."

"Sure," Rose said, "Shapiro and Green who ran the strong arm squad used to pay me regularly for jobs like that. I used to call guys up and then Lipke and Curley and Irv Ashkenas would jump them when they got them out into the street. Take me with you, Jimmy. Let me go to California with you."

"We'll see," Capone said evenly. "There's plenty of time yet."

Throughout April and May of 1930, Rose Halpern was courted by Jim Capone. He paid her every compliment. She was his constant companion. She spoke to him freely; told him of her exploits in crime, how she had lured various men to beatings by hirelings. One day, Capone told her that he had to go back to the states.

"I'm going to Chi', first," he said. "Some business for my brother Al. Tell you what, kid. I'll get in touch with you in a few days and then we'll meet and start out for the Coast."

A few days later, Rose Halpern re-



JACK DRUCKER: A bench warrant charging him with the murder of Irving Ashkenas, has been issued. UP TO OCTOBER 15, 1940, HE HAS NOT BEEN APPREHENDED.

ceived a telegram from Jim Capone. "I've got to be in New York for a couple of days, honey," it read. "You meet me on the corner of Seventh Avenue and 14th Street at 10:30 on Thursday Morning, June 5th. After that, it's California here we come."

Rose Halpern kept that appointment. She was waiting on the corner of 14th Street and Seventh Avenue at the designated time. She scanned the ranks of passers-by eagerly . . . hardly able to wait the arrival of the Big Boss, who was to take her with him to the West Coast paradise they had planned together. She glanced at her wrist watch, much the same as she had done a few short months before as she waited for the appointed

time to make the telephone call that lured Jacob Rothenberg to his death.

The hands of the little watch finally indicated 10:30 and Rose Halpern looked up to find Jim Capone, smiling and handsome as ever, hurrying through the crowd to her side.

"Hyah, honey," he said. "Been waiting long?"

"It felt like ages," she whispered, her voice hoarse with emotion. "I thought you'd never come."

"Well, kid," Capone said, "in about thirty minutes, we'll be on our way."

"Got the tickets?" Rose Halpern asked.

"Right in my pocket," her companion answered. He patted his pocket confidently. Suddenly he frowned. He slid his hand into the pocket and drew out a long, white envelope. "What do you know about that?" he asked. "I nearly forgot!"

"What's the matter?" the girl asked.

"This dough," Capone said. He indicated the envelope. "I have to pay off some monkey in the D.A.'s office. I was so excited about meeting you that I clean forgot about it." He squeezed her hand reassuringly. "The D.A.'s office is right around the corner," he said. "We can walk over there and deliver it now."

"Sure," Rose Halpern said. "Only . . . let's hurry."

Still smiling, Jim Capone opened the door to the private office of District Attorney Crain. With one hand, he held Rose Halpern's elbow lightly, in the other, he held the long, white envelope. Once in the office, he advanced with the girl to the desk and placed the envelope on the glass desk top.

"Here you are, Chief," the tall handsome man said. His fingers tightened on Rose Halpern's arm. "Here's the evidence you needed on that Rothenberg case. And here's the little lady who's going to be your material witness!"

Speechless, Rose Halpern looked from the face of the D.A. to that of her companion. Crain slid the many paged report out of the white envelope. He smiled. "Nice work, Inspector Canevari," he said.

Rose Halpern's eyes blazed. She fought to tear herself from the detective's grasp. "You—you—" Her words were lost in a spluttering outburst that ended in a racking sob. The door opened behind her. She wheeled and opened her eyes wide. Private detectives Harry Hammond and William A. Renzelman had entered the room.

"Hello," greeted Renzelman, blandly. "This looks like another reunion."

Fire darted from Rose Halpern's eyes. A torrent of frenzied, abusive speech burst from her lips. "A frame!" she shrieked over and over again. "A dirty, lousy frame!"

But a few minutes later, when she calmed down, the girl confirmed the statements in Special Investigator Eugene S. Canevari's report. Her confession implicated important officials.

On November 26th, 1930, a jury of her peers found Rose Halpern Rosenberg guilty of being an accomplice to the killing of Jacob Rothenberg. Both she and Irving Ashkenas received sentences for manslaughter carrying a maximum penalty of fifteen years imprisonment.



UNMASKING THE THRILL SLAYER

(Continued
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hadn't been ravished. Murray rushed to the hospital, but he left disappointed. Miss McConnell was unable to identify her murderous assailant. He attacked her from behind, and one factor alone had probably saved her life. She had worn a heavily framed hat, braced with heavy strands of hair coiled in thick pugs.

Investigation revealed the bloody axe as a product made by the Underhill Edge Tool Company, Nashua, New Hampshire. Inspector Murray noted with special interest the cutting edge of the axe, dulled and nicked by long usage. A second factor which Murray wasn't prone to overlook was the square-head nail driven into the helve, replacing the accustomed wedge. The remainder of the day was spent in routine questioning of a number of suspects who, after establishing proven alibis, were subsequently released.

The second mysterious attack on June 19th, piling atop the first one, left Inspector Murray bewildered. Near the corner of Newton and Chester Streets, Sigra Gustavson of 121 Magazine Street, heard the silent, ominous patter behind her. It was about 10:00 p.m. She sensed danger—for as she made a half-turn and a scream ripped from her throat, the foam-drooling monster mouthed horribly as he rained blow after blow upon the helpless girl until her agonized screams for help dwindled into broken groans before she finally lapsed into merciful oblivion.

Near the body of the second beautiful victim, Inspector Murray found a fourteen-inch iron bolt, square and heavy. Several bits of greasy cotton waste snarled around the threads, convinced Murray that, after comparing the similarity of the two attacks and the lethal weapons, this was no work of an ordinary robber. Both victims were young, beautiful. They had been attacked in two radically different sections of Cambridge. Murray couldn't conceive a connection. There simply didn't exist a plausible motive. At the hospital, Murray was informed that Miss Gustavson would recover. She had been saved from certain death in the very same manner in Katie McConnell's case. Although she had momentarily regained consciousness, the gentle questioning of Murray failed to bring any clue of identity to light.

A WEEK later, Inspector Murray called the members of his detective bureau into his office. "You men," he rasped, his eyes hard, "were assigned one definite mission. I said I wanted results. So what have we got?" His eyes scorched them. "I'll tell you—nothing. Go over your ground again, dig into any criminal with access to the type of weapons used. We've got to uncover a clue!"

A solemn and determined group of detectives marched out of Murray's office.

It seemed, however, that the best efforts of Inspector Murray and his able crew of sleuths were doomed to

failure. The Phantom attacker was as elusive as his cognomen implied. The failure of the police turned the public into a barking bloodhound, clamoring for action. The newspapers put the police in the frying pan, and as resultless days elapsed, Murray fumed and fretted. He was doing his job the best he could.

The third brutal and bloody attack occurred on August 10th around 9:45 p.m. when, a passerby, nearing the corner of Berkely Street, was suddenly scared motionless by a long-drawn-out scream of terror. As the passerby dashed around the corner to Craigie Street, he almost stumbled over a dark object sprawled amidst a spreading pool of blood on the sidewalk. Ten minutes later Inspector Murray and his men were at the scene. The victim, Ella Murphy, was rushed to the hospital in a critical condition.

Inspector Murray swore softly when he found the weapon used; a V-shaped angle iron which weighed a good three pounds. It was gory and slippery with blood; the Phantom's calling card, in each case, leaving his murderous weapon behind.

Murray checked his notes. The beautiful victims of the Phantom had not been ravished! Then what, Murray asked him perplexedly, was the Phantom's motive? Panic ripped through staid and respectable Cambridge like a raging hurricane. The streets, after dusk, were practically deserted. Women preferred the sanctuary of their homes.

THE FACTS, so far described in minute detail, were to acquaint the reader with what transpired prior to the Phantom's advent into Somerville. I had been promoted to an Inspector, and eager to prove that my spurs were won the hard way. I had followed the accounts of the mysterious attacks in Cambridge rather closely. Cambridge and Somerville are backdoor neighbors and being an interested outside spectator, I never imagined that within a short space of time I'd be enmeshed in a whirlpool of diabolic murder horrors.

Several weeks after the attack on Miss Murphy, I was making out my daily report in my office when Lieutenant Eugene Carter of our department walked in. Carter waded into the Cambridge case without preamble.

"You know, Tom," Carter said, "we've been pretty darn lucky that the Phantom hasn't paid us a visit. From the way I've judged him, I doubt if he'd drop out of sight. His silence may be the blow-off of an unexpected spurge—"

"You're very encouraging," I remarked drily. "I'll tell you one thing; if the Phantom comes to Somerville, we'll be ready for him."

Carter grinned, walked out.

I tackled my reports, but I couldn't concentrate. My mind kept wandering back to Lieutenant Carter's words. Three attacks in a row, and the victims were young women with no companions. The time was invariably between nine-thirty and ten-thirty in

the evening. The victims had been attacked unawares, the lethal weapon left behind. In my estimation, at this stage, that wasn't coincidence. One man was responsible for the attacks! There were the different types of weapons used and the fact that they were left behind. That betrayed the attacker as a vain and conceited person; and the more I mulled over Carter's words that the Phantom would strike again, I could see where his vanity, inspired by the fact that he got away with it three times, would inspire him to break loose again.

As I kept pace with developments, the root on one significant fact lurked deep in my sub-conscious. If the Phantom slugger had struck a shade harder, the cases might have been murder instead of assault.

But were the Phantom's intentions, on starting out, to assault or to murder?

The answer to that wasn't long in forthcoming!

MISS ANNIE GABRIEL hurried home along a dark section of Columbia Street in Cambridge. It was the night of September 3rd, around 9:30 p.m. Suddenly she heard a slight rustle behind her! She threw a frightened glance back as she broke into a frantic run. She had a vague glimpse of a dark, sinister figure with one arm upraised. She eluded the Phantom. There had been no pursuit. She was so scared she couldn't speak. Accosting a man, she gasped out her story. When the Cambridge police arrived, they searched the neighborhood. But the Phantom had vanished. Annie Gabriel was unable to furnish a description.

Hardly had the attempted assault upon Annie Gabriel cooled down when the Phantom struck again. Miss Jeanette Marshall of Brookline was found unconscious on a secluded residential street, her skull fractured terribly. The time of the attack was placed at 9:55 p.m.

Public sentiment, by now, had reached the exploding point. And as the days progressed, the list of women victims of the Phantom lengthened with unbelievable swiftness. Dreaded horror rode rampant over Greater Boston, shrouding the greatest New England metropolis with a black cloud of terror. Where would the Phantom strike next? The police were on pins and needles trying to fathom the answers to their own questions. The public clamor for action grew, reaching an unholy din. A group of young men organized a patrol to scout the streets after dusk. This, however, produced no results; outside of scaring the wits out of several young women who dared to venture out.

The Phantom, as yet, hadn't invaded Somerville—but if he ever did, I swore I'd move heaven and earth to put a stop to his murderous career. I had been puzzled as to the Phantom's real purpose. Was it mainly to attack or did he go out with murder in his heart? I believe I had the answer.

I reached the definite conclusion that the Phantom was not a physical giant. If a large man wielded such a weapon as an axe, a heavy iron bolt or any other weapon with considerable leverage, he'd have instantly killed all his victims by crushing their skulls with the first blow! A study of each individual attack showed that the phantom had struck several blows, inflicting frightful scalp lacerations with skull fractures, whereas, such a weapon in the hands of a big man would have resulted in instantaneous death!

I checked the exact nature of the wounds at the hospital where the victims had been cared for and my mental picture was that of a man short in height, light in weight and slender.

For obvious reasons, I kept these ideas pretty well to myself. My views were radically different from the general conception of the Phantom as seen through the eyes of the public and the police.

Another idea I worked on was the tabulation of each weapon the slugging used in his nefarious exploits. If and when he invaded Somerville I would immediately seek a suspect who had access to all this miscellaneous assortment of iron bludgeons.

THEN THE unexpected occurred. A big, powerful Boston hoodlum, Bill Soderquest, was captured in the act of assaulting a woman in downtown Boston. However, no clues or evidence were available to implicate him with the Phantom assault cases; nor did this single case of attempted assault bear any of the striking characteristics involved in the Phantom affairs around Cambridge. While many considered Soderquest the badly wanted Phantom, the police could only fasten one assault charge on him, and after a quick trial, Soderquest was sentenced to twenty years in the State Prison.

I knew that Soderquest wasn't the real Phantom! But I wasn't in a position to interfere. Soderquest was convicted of the one assault crime, of which he was guilty, and the real Phantom must have chuckled with glee when he noted in the newspapers that the public was finally convinced that the gray walls of the State Prison housed the dreaded Phantom.

On the night of October 3, the Phantom struck silently and swiftly. And, he came to Somerville to do it, thus launching me officially on my first big case!

The Phantom committed murder this time!

Around 10:30 that night, the 3rd, Miss Agnes McPhee, employed as a maid in the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hathaway at 31 Chester Street, was returning to her employer's home after taking a short walk. She had complained of a terrible headache so Mrs. Hathaway suggested a walk.

The cure for her headache was death!

John Henderson, a wealthy North Cambridge carriage manufacturer, out for an evening stroll came across the body of the unconscious young woman. He ran to the nearest house, told of his ghastly discovery. A man was instantly dispatched to notify our department. By the time we arrived on the scene, that particular area of Chester Street was mobbed. Seeds of suspicion formulated in many minds. "The Phantom!" a man cried. Somewhere, a woman screamed.

A man stumbled over something near the body. He called out. I went over and picked it up. It was an iron furnace shaker, smeared with blood! The trade-mark of the Phantom! The ambulance arrived. Miss McPhee was identified by Mr. Hathaway, her employer. Twenty minutes after Miss McPhee arrived at the hospital, we received word that she had died without regaining consciousness. Murder! We combed the neighborhood, desperately seeking some clue that might lead us to the capture of the murderer.

Miss McPhee's hunting case watch and neck chain were missing, and her chatelaine bag had been roughly torn from her belt. This suggested a robbery motive. But, there was another factor to consider. Agnes McPhee was young, attractive and with an abundance of feminine appeal. She had many male admirers. Was jealousy the motive? A passion crime? And further information secured from the neighbors bore a skeleton foundation for this theory.

Our attention then, focused on a young man of distraught appearance who had been seen in the Chester Street neighborhood several evenings prior to the murder of Miss McPhee.



The arrow points to the house where Chief Damery trapped a murderous marauder.

This particular young man had rung doorbells, inquiring for a "Miss Mc-what's-her-name" and whom he described eloquently and who's description tallied exactly with that of Miss McPhee.

At last we were confident we were getting somewhere; that we'd pick up where the other police departments left off, and crack the Phantom case in short order.

However, it seemed that whatever answers this young man received regarding the girl he sought, he took no stock in them. He swore that she lived around Chester Street somewhere, and that he'd find her. We established the fact that he had lurked near the Haskell house. And that death had brutally snuffed out Miss McPhee's life in front of 10 Chester Street!

The following morning, working in close cooperation with Lieutenant Carter, we eventually found Miss McPhee's chatelaine bag in a yard near the North Cambridge line, which is adjacent to Somerville. It was empty.

"Offhand," Carter mused, "this looks

like a plant, Tom. We know this guy has been looking for Miss McPhee, so he meets her last night. He kills her in a fit of passion. He's smart, maybe. So he takes her bag and watch to make it look like murder in the process of robbery. To make us believe this, he chucks the bag where we'll find it for sure."

I appraised Carter silently. "Well," I said, fondling the bag, "in that case, our best bet then is to check back on Miss McPhee's male admirers. Somewhere, I'm quite sure, we'll cross the trail of the man guilty."

"Right," agreed Carter shrewdly.

Back at headquarters, I examined the latest weapon of the Phantom. It was a furnace wrench from which the "T" handle had been broken, with a weight of three pounds, and worn smooth by constant use.

That particular weapon, then, must have come from a cellar where it had been in constant use. But where? If it had been stolen, would its owner miss it? In view of the circumstances, would he report the theft to the police? If the furnace wrench could be traced, it might develop into a valuable lead.

Investigation revealed that the wrench had been made at a foundry in Middleboro, Massachusetts, for Green & Company, a Cambridge heating concern, special for a certain type of furnace installed in thousands of homes in Cambridge and Somerville. Greater Boston newspapers cooperated with me and published a photo of the furnace wrench. No single person made any report of a missing furnace wrench! Did the silence of ownership as to the wrench indicate that the Phantom was a respectable citizen, somebody influential and above the breath of suspicion?

Lieutenant Carter was busy trying to locate the strange young man. I had an accurate description of Miss McPhee's missing watch prepared, circulated it to all police and pawnbrokers throughout New England. We did, however, discover that the murdered woman was engaged to marry a police officer in East Boston. As previously stated, she had numerous ardent admirers, but to our disappointment, we found nothing in her life to suggest a motive for such a vicious murder.

I covered the Chester Street neighborhood again. This time I seemed to have struck pay-dirt. I came across several men who had spotted a man leaving that vicinity, walking rapidly toward Massachusetts Avenue, within a few minutes of the murder of Miss McPhee. Their stories, individually, were somewhat conflicting, but dissecting them and putting two and two together, I drew a mental picture that suddenly clicked. Curt Raft!

Before the Phantom invaded Somerville, that is if he ever did, through the tabulation of his lethal weapons that I kept, I'd be able to trace him! And Raft was a chore man who had access to every type of weapon used by the Phantom! He had a record, scrapes with women, and I also had arrested and convicted him for larceny at places where he worked.

Lieutenant Carter and I lost no time in rushing to apprehend Raft. But Raft had disappeared, vanished the same night that Miss McPhee had been slugged to death! Were we, at last, on the right trail? Working feverishly under desperate pressure, Carter and I literally combed Raft's known

haunts, questioned his closest friends. We established conclusively that Curt Raft had been in the Chester Street section of Somerville the night of the murder.

We questioned Raft's wife. She admitted that Raft had sent her six dollars right after the brutal death of Miss McPhee. Carter and I exchanged glances. Here was something important. Was that money taken from the slain girl's bag? Further interrogation of Mrs. Raft revealed that she hadn't seen her husband since the day of the murder. She had been informed by several of her husband's friends, who had seen him after the murder, that he had "acted mighty queer" and had told them:

"I've got to blow town, boys; the bulls are after me!"

We sought to apprehend the missing man by enlisting the help of police departments throughout New England. I began to experience doubt. The picture of the set-up was somewhat doubtful—not in keeping with the way I had figured the case. Raft was a young man of 23 with a height of five feet and ten inches and weight of 180 pounds. And I knew he was exceptionally strong. That made me revert back to my earliest suspicions as to the Phantom. Raft, much to my discouragement, didn't fit my Phantom.

New suspects were picked up and questioned continually. Every possible clue was rigidly investigated. The mysterious young man who had hounded Chester Street looking for his "Miss What's-her-name" vanished. We couldn't find a trace of him. The terrific tension of working rigidly on the case began to tell on us. I felt the strain, but to slow up, might prove disastrous.

October rolled around, and our street patrols hadn't ceased. We scouted the area between West Somerville and Harvard Square, Cambridge, the hunting grounds of the Phantom. A man suddenly appeared behind a young woman hurrying home, and she let out such a scream of terror which drew us to her side instantly. We took this man to headquarters at once. He fitted the description of the distraught young man who had been looking for his "Miss What's-her-name" in the vicinity of Chester Street.

"Look here, gentlemen," he protested earnestly. "I swear to God I'm not the damnable Phantom. I'm looking for my sweetheart. You've got to believe me. Her name is really Jane McLeod. We had a foolish quarrel, and she moved out here to live. I'm trying to find her; I've got to find her. I've got to ask her to forgive me. You see, I work during the day, and I spend my nights looking for her. I spoke to that girl tonight, wanting to know if she could help me. Can't you understand? I've got to find my sweetheart."

That, considering the seriousness of the matter, was a mighty strange story with a very believable ring of truthfulness. The young man was on the verge of tears. We held him and checked his story. And we actually found his sweetheart, they patched up their differences, and if I'm not mistaken, they now have a family.

On the night of October 19th, the Phantom struck again. The victim, pretty Jane Ladell, was attacked on Coolidge Avenue in Watertown, which adjoins Cambridge on the west. The approach of citizens interrupted the

attack, and without doubt, saved Miss Ladell's life. The Phantom escaped! No identity!

I nursed a new idea. The Phantom was generally pictured as an inhuman monster attacking women for a deeper motive than that of robbery. Twelve of his victims were domestics, daughters of humble families. Another angle uncovered was the fact, that only a few minutes after he murdered Agnes McPhee, an extremely wealthy woman possessing valuable jewelry and money had left a neighbor's home on Chester Street in Somerville. She passed the exact spot where the murder occurred, and the Phantom lurking in that vicinity, hadn't even molested her! Why? It was thus that I built up a theory that the Phantom gratified a strange lust by attacking servant girls. In view of this, I wanted to check certain specific angles, but the rigid pressure of my routine work prohibited this to scant intervals.

Things quieted down somewhat, and then on the evening of October 28th, the Phantom struck once more in Somerville. Mrs. F. H. Steniford was brutally beaten on Medford Street. While investigating this particular case, we received word from the Reading (Mass.) police, that Miss Mary Meyers had been murdered by the Phantom. His lethal weapon had been a heavy rock left beside the body of the victim. And on the following night, the slugger stalked silently back to Somerville, and battered to unconsciousness Mrs. W. H. Whitney as she was passing through Sycamore Street near her home.

Our investigation netted us a baffling blank.

On November 1st, the Phantom struck in Belmont. Miss Clara Morton, a beautiful young woman employed at the McLean Hospital, an institution for mental patients in the Waverly section of Belmont, was the victim. An attendant found Miss Morton's body in the hospital grounds. Her skull had been crushed by blows with a short iron bar. Miss Morton was rushed to the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, where she died without regaining consciousness.

The Morton girl had been robbed. Her month's pay and a new gold wrist watch were missing. A description of the watch was sent out to all Greater Boston pawnbrokers.

What had happened to Curt Raft? There wasn't a trace of the man, but I was confident that if Raft was the Phantom I'd have been tipped off long ago. Raft was too well known to escape unobserved.

The following day I was the recipient of a piece of news that changed the whole complexion of the case. It was bizarre and fantastic. I couldn't believe my ears when Lieutenant Carter told me.

"Tom," he said, "the Cambridge and Boston Police expect to have the Phantom in tow within twenty-four hours! They have strong reasons to believe that he is the son of a rich and prominent Boston family and a former patient in the McLean Hospital. He once had a jam with a servant girl and he's been sour on them ever since. He was seen around the hospital last night! Our contemporaries, with a bit more evidence, will prove that he's the man."

I had nothing to say.

The next day I was pretty busy circulating to the police and pawnshops the movement and case serial numbers of Miss Morton's stolen

watch. However, my thoughts weren't on my work, and the routine of the regular channels took the matter off my hands. After what Lieutenant Carter had told me, I was keyed up to the expectancy of the final climax, betting long shots with myself as to the outcome, and the ultimate test of my theories and conception of the Phantom.

On the following Tuesday morning, a group of police officers from different departments, in whose jurisdiction a Phantom attack had been committed, went to the Henry Mason Mansion at 39 Newbury Street, in the exclusive Back Bay district of Boston. They arrested Alan Gregory Mason, Harvard graduate and club man, son of the wealthy founder of the Mason & Hamlin Company, manufacturers of organs and pianos. They accused Mason as the Phantom.

Much later that same day, Lieutenant Carter told me that Alan Gregory Mason was short, slight, and foppishly dressed. And I took it all in, saying nothing, but thinking. . . .

The police, frankly, expected a complete confession from Mason. They were disappointed. Mason had been taken to the State Police Headquarters at the State House in Boston. He was in the custody of Chief Wade of the State Police. Mason's wealthy relatives and powerful friends rallied to his aid. A famous criminal lawyer was retained for Mason. In the interim, Mason was charged with murder, arraigned in the lower court and held without bail for the grand jury.

Alan Gregory Mason was the target of public wrath. He was detailed a heavy cordon of police to protect him from the wrath of the public that clamored for his blood. Boston newspapers went wild over the most sensational story of the century. Public relief was almost unbelievable. Had the Phantom, finally, been snared? Witnesses identified Mason, numerous, as the man seen stalking the districts where fiendish attacks had been perpetrated. He was accused flatly, literally speaking, as the Phantom!

I had plenty opportunity to study Mason closely. And after I did, I had a headache trying to figure out quite a few perplexing questions that didn't make sense. Why would a rich man like Mason stoop to snatch jewelry and money from a poor girl? Why had none of these things been found in Mason's possessions in his home? Why had the best efforts of the police failed to place Mason's access to any of the weapons used in the attacks?

And I believed I had the answers!

With the aid of the Boston police, we inaugurated a more intensive investigation among the pawnshops. And we found two of the watches in a West End pawnshop! One had been stolen from Miss McPhee when she was murdered on October 3rd, and had been pledged for a dollar on October 14th. The other was stolen when Miss Morton was murdered on November 1st and had been pledged for four dollars on the evening of November 4th, after Alan Gregory Mason had been arrested and locked up!

The proprietor, Joseph Nemser, said the watches had been brought in by a "little, light colored negro about twenty years old." Nemser produced cards on which the negro had written his name and address as to both transactions. One said: "Samuel Jones, 23 Grove Street," and the second, "James Miller, 23 Greenwich Street."

The pawnbroker wasn't of much help. However, he informed us he would recognize the negro if he ever met him again. With detectives from Cambridge and Boston, we scoured the negro districts. All possible sources known to police were squeezed for information. No dice. Naturally, the names and addresses on the cards were false. But on the strength of those cards, I brought the real phantom to justice!

Studying the cards, I was struck by the peculiar fact that the negro had used the number "23" both times in the fake addresses. Both streets were spelled with "G" and had an "r" for a second letter. It stood to reason, being a negro, he'd be familiar with the names of streets in the negro districts of Boston and Cambridge. A street directory of Boston and Cambridge revealed that streets spelled with a "G" were brief, but those beginning with "Gr" were many. I copied the "G" streets, giving special attention to number 23 on each, and all numbers in the "20's."

This somewhat unorthodox, but logical trail led us eventually to 26½ Grigg Street in Cambridge, and there we found the little, light-colored negro that fitted Joseph Nemser's description to a T. His name was George

Leo Orange Perry, a wise-guy mulatto, five feet two inches with the puny body of a weakling. The handwriting on the pledge cards were his. And Nemser identified him.

Perry denied all knowledge of Phantom crimes. Cunning and devilish shrewd, he projected a yarn into falsified reality by asserting that Mason had given him the stolen stuff to pawn. He even picked Mason out of the police line-up as the man. But that didn't prove a thing. Obviously Perry had seen pictures of Mason in the newspapers. The State decided to hold Perry as material witness to testify against Mason!

I wasn't through yet!

I wanted more evidence against Perry and I was determined to get it! He was the Phantom, not Mason. Perry, with his flashy clothes, green tie with imitation mother of pearl, and his conceit fitted my mental picture of the slugger made over four months ago. It didn't take long to discover that he was known to be "skirt-batty." At the age of fifteen he had attacked a white woman. He had a mania for white girls, but they repulsed him, even his pretense of Cuban birth fell through. He was, however, a popular figure among the dusky maidens with loose morals and

no inhibitions.

Perry never worked in his life, yet he continually flashed money. Right after the slugger attacks! I recovered presents he had given to colored girls, and which proved to be the property of the slugger's victims. The evidence piled up pretty fast against Perry. In Perry's home, I found bloodstains on some of his discarded clothes, and more loot taken from his victims. Also, an assortment of iron bludgeons.

Alan Gregory Mason was completely exonerated. On November 11, 1902, Perry was held on a charge of first degree murder. No longer was Perry the jaunty and cocky young mulatto who had terrorized Greater Boston for four agonizing months, so that he might splurge his ill-gotten gains from his nefarious career on dusky women. As the date of his trial drew near, Perry broke down and confessed. He had slugged and killed alone, partly for financial gain, but more for the exhilarating thrill of superiority in slugging and killing white women.

The story doesn't end there. Perry's health broke, and on the eve of his trial, he died in his cell. Alan Gregory Mason's physical and mental health broke much later after the terrible injustice he suffered. It proved too much, and Mason died!



PUPPETS OF PASSION

(Continued from page 33)

"It was a big mistake, my marrying Louise. I should have married you. I don't love Louise. You're the only girl I love."

"Then why don't you divorce her and marry me?" said Freda.

That, however, could not so easily be done. The senior Beattie had learned of his son's resumption of the illicit affair and he was in a towering rage about it.

"This is an outrage, suh!" he thundered. "You must send this woman baggage packing and apologize to Louise on yo' knees!"

"But if I don't love Louise—"

"She's yo' lawful wedded wife, suh. You vowed to be faithful to huh. You've broken that vow." Then the elder Beattie added a threat that sank deep into the young man's mind: "If you don't do as I say, suh, I will disinherit you!"

Young Beattie left, sorely troubled. There was a downward droop to his full-blown lips, a frustrated look in his long dark eyes. He was, innately, a sensualist, and he knew he could never be satisfied with his cool, reserved wife. Only the warm, pulsing Freda could satisfy him. . . . Pondering his problem, he saw a way out. It was a shocking way, and probably, in a saner moment, he would have put it aside in revulsion; but now, so overwhelming was his passion for his adolescent mistress, he decided to take it.

He looked up his cousin, Paul Beattie, and told him he wanted a shotgun.

Paul asked: "What do you want with a shotgun, Henry?"

"Never mind," said Henry. "Get it for me." Then, after a moment's thought, he added: "I want to shoot some crows."

Paul Beattie, who was always somewhat dominated by his cousin, got the shotgun and gave it to Henry without asking any more questions.

That was on the evening of July 18, 1911.



Penitentiary and grounds at Richmond, Va. Cross mark shows location of death chamber.

Henry put the shotgun in the back seat of his expensive new automobile, ate a leisurely dinner at a Richmond hotel, then telephoned his wife. He learned she had gone to her Uncle Thomas Owen's country place near Manchester, taking the baby with her. He called her there and said:

"I'm driving out, honey, to take you for a ride. I'll be there before nine o'clock."

Then he went back to his car and started out the Midlothian Pike toward Manchester.

At a lonely spot, within a mile or so of her uncle's home, he stopped and got out. He took the shotgun from the back seat and hid it in the grass behind a tree stump near the roadside. Then he drove on.

It was after ten o'clock when he reached the Owen place and his wife had gone to bed. He awakened her, apologizing for his delay, and said:

"Get your clothes on, dearest, and come for a ride. It's a perfect night."

Louise, who suspected her husband's faithlessness, had sobbed herself to sleep; but now, cheered by his contrite manner, she joyfully slipped on a robe over her negligee and, chatting happily, hurried outside with him to his new automobile.

Like most early models, it had a right-hand drive and no top, and when she snuggled against him in the high front seat she looked up at the stars and said:

"Everything's going to be all right now, dear."

"Yes; everything's going to be all right now," he said, and started the car down the Midlothian Pike in the direction from which he had come.

As the heavy machine rumbled along, he kept his eye on the roadside, and when he drew near the lonely spot where he had hidden the gun he slowed down and said:

"I think something's wrong with the motor. I'd better stop and have a look at it." He stepped down to the ground, then held his hand up to her. "You will have to get out, too, Louise. The tools are under the front seat cushion."

She placed her hand in his and sprang lithely down beside him. He



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looked about in the darkness and motioned to the tree stump, a vague blur in the starlight.

"You can sit over there, my love, while I tinker with the motor."

He led her to the shadowy stump, and she sat down and again lifted her gaze to the sky.

"Let's both sit here," she said dreamily, "and look at the stars and talk about each other."

He had moved around behind her and was down on hands and knees, pawing through the grass.

She moved her head sidewise and looked at him over her shoulder. "What are you looking for, Henry?"

"This," he said, and stood up, with the shotgun clubbed in his hands.

And then, before she could utter more than a startled cry, he swung the butt of the gun against the back of her head. She pitched forward on her face. Almost unconscious, she tried to stagger to her feet; but he pressed the muzzle of the gun against her cheek and pulled the trigger, and she collapsed on the ground, mortally wounded.

He picked her up and carried her back to the car. She was dead before he put her inside.

He went back for the gun, and when he returned to the car she was slumped across the front seat. He sat down on her body, swung the car around and started back to her uncle's home. He stopped to hide the gun in a clump of underbrush, and drove on, still sitting on her body.

A little later, her uncle was awakened by a frantic pounding on the front door; and when he looked outside he saw young Beattie wildly waving toward the car and crying as if in a frenzy of grief:

"Louise has been killed!"

Becoming coherent, he explained the tragedy thus:

"We were stopped by a big bearded man with a shotgun. He ordered us out of the car. When I started to drive on, he fired. The discharge

struck Louise and killed her. The man ran. I drove back as fast as I could, holding Louise with my left arm. I don't know who the man was or what he wanted. I never saw him before."

This, substantially, was what young Beattie told the sheriff of Chesterfield County and the detective chief of the Richmond police, and both believed he was telling the truth; but a private detective who had arrived with them—a quiet young man named Luther L. Scherer—was not so easily fooled.

With disarming casualness, he asked: "You say you supported your wife's body with your left arm when you drove back home?"

"That's right," replied young Beattie.

As they started down the pike toward the spot where he said his wife had been killed, the sheriff said in an aside to the amateur sleuth:

"What was the point in that question?"

"Oh, nothing," said the young detective—"except there's no blood on the left sleeve of his coat, but plenty on the back of his coat and the seat of his trousers."

"Proving what?"

"Proving, it seems to me, that he didn't have his arm around his wife, but was sitting on her body."

Beattie led them to a spot well beyond the place where he had killed his wife and told them that was where she had been shot to death. The sheriff called out his bloodhounds to track down the mythical bearded man and the alarm was spread throughout the countryside; but the young detective, Scherer, was unimpressed by all this.

Doing some private investigating on his own, he found the tree stump where the young woman had been murdered and noted the bloodstained grass; and later, without divulging his find to young Beattie, he questioned him again and soon had him entangled in a mesh of contradictory statements.

It was all up with young Beattie now. Blinded with passion, goaded by frustrated desire, he had committed a clumsy crime and clumsily had tried to lie out of it. Caught now, in the web of his own falsehoods, he could not extricate himself.

Violently screaming, "I didn't kill her!" he was arrested and taken to the county jail. His blonde mistress was also placed in custody, though she readily proved an alibi. On the night of the murder, when Beattie did not call for her, she had picked up another man and spent the evening with him.

The shotgun was found by a country Negress, and Paul Beattie came forward to say he had bought it for his cousin.

Still protesting he was innocent, the young murderer was indicted and brought to trial.

The prosecution learned that Freda and her illicit lover were exchanging love notes in jail and so did not call her as a witness, but they put Paul on the stand to have him testify:

"After Louise was killed, my cousin said to me: 'I'd give a million dollars if I hadn't done it!'"

Then Henry took the stand in his own defense to scream at the jury:

"I didn't kill her! I swear I didn't!"

But the jury didn't believe him. They found him guilty on the first ballot and condemned him to forfeit his life for his crime.

On the chill gray morning of November 24—while his blue-eyed blonde Lorelei was flitting away—he sat in the electric chair and said: "I am guilty."

A moment later he passed into eternity, repeating the words of the priest:

"May God have mercy on my soul!"

(For obvious reasons the name Freda Stanton used in this story is not real but a fictitious one.)



PHILANDERING PHILADELPHIAN

(Continued
from
page 37)

prised when Detective Munshower came forward with a small penknife and more or less gently cleaned his—Atkins—nails and carefully put the scrapings in an envelope and wrote Atkins' name on the outside.

"That's all, Atkins. For today, anyway," said the district attorney. "Oh, but get us a photograph of Mrs. Atkins. Somebody will stop for it. And you stay at home—we'd like to know where to find you if we want you."

This was agreeable to Atkins. It was arranged he was to identify the body of his wife on the way home.

It was now three o'clock. That talk with the husband had lasted five hours. And not much information at that. Now the telephone on his desk rang. It was Coroner Winslow Rushong on the wire.

"I've just got the autopsy report from Dr. Simpson," he said. "The woman died between one and two o'clock Tuesday afternoon. Of an internal hemorrhage. Also she had been drinking heavily—no food in her, only

alcohol."

But it was his last words that came as a complete surprise. "She was not assaulted immediately before death," the autopsy report read.

No assault! That was puzzling. Unusual, under the circumstances. This detail, so out of focus in the picture, promised to play an important part in the development of the tragedy.

With the dead woman identified and located in Philadelphia, it meant that Captain William Engle of the Homicide Squad would have a hand in the investigation. And so it was arranged. Detective Thomas F. Costello, as soon as he could get a photograph of the dead woman, was to visit taprooms near the Atkins home. And Montgomery County Detectives Rankin and Gleason would cover all drinking places in and around Horsham.

A couple of long distance calls to Durham, North Carolina, the original home of the Duke family, gave District Attorney Smillie the address of


ex-husband John Cicero Angier in Baltimore. And a short telephone talk with Angier, apparently much surprised at the news, was followed by an appointment to meet that same evening at Norristown.

A little digging cleared up the connection between this ex-husband of Ethel Atkins and the Duke family. There had been two Duke brothers, Benjamin and James Buchanan, founders of the tobacco dynasty. Benjamin had married Sara Pierson Angier, daughter of Malbourne Angier, Mayor of Durham, North Carolina. This Miss Angier had been a sister of John Angier's father, so, by marriage, Benjamin Duke was his uncle.

Benjamin Duke had two children, Angier and Mary. Both had married into Philadelphia's Biddle family. But both couples had long been divorced. Mary Biddle's ex-husband was the American Ambassador to Poland when that country had been invaded by the Nazis. Angier Duke, divorced by the

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But the Duke tobacco millions had not played much of a part in the Angier family. This John Angier was now working for a tin company in Baltimore. He had had a succession of somewhat similar jobs.

That evening at 10:30, John Cicero Angier, accompanied by former Deputy State Attorney James N. Lafferty of Philadelphia, arrived at District Attorney Smillie's office in Norristown.

Briefly the young man, now deep in his thirties, outlined his life with his first wife.

"We met in Philadelphia, were married in 1921," began Angier. He was then working for a construction company engaged in building Eastern penitentiary at Graterford. They had had three children. Returning home one night in May, 1929, he found his wife had gone. She was with friends in Logan, he learned, but refused to return to him.

In June of that same year, 1929, Mrs. Ethel Angier had filed suit for divorce. But the suit was never pressed.

In March, 1938, Angier himself had instituted suit for divorce in Philadelphia's Common Pleas Court No. 4 on grounds of desertion. But Mrs. Ethel Angier, as the respondent, could not be located. In May of the same year a new subpoena was issued. Mr. Lafferty had been his lawyer, the master had been Charles E. Kenworthy. Only this year, April 12, 1940, had the final divorce decree been granted!

District Attorney Smillie looked his surprise.

"Did you know that back in 1935 your wife married James Atkins?" he asked.

Angier shook his head. "I've never seen nor heard from Ethel since the day she walked out on me in 1929," insisted Angier.

"But Atkins says you met her in Philadelphia this Spring, slapped her face," Smillie told him.

That was a lie, returned Angier. If Ethel had told him that, she had made up the story. He had been in Philadelphia in March in connection with the divorce. But he had not seen the woman!

Ethel Angier, during their separation, it turned out, had been living her own life. His mother had taken the three children. On July 4th, 1935, she had met Atkins, married him two months later. Applying for a license, she had used her maiden name, even stating she had never been married before. Their twin boys had been born in 1937.

Then she had been bigamously married to this fellow Atkins. But there was no reason to think that this Angier had ever heard of James Atkins or of his relationship to Ethel.

Besides, John Angier gave the district attorney a detailed account of his movements for Tuesday, the 24th.

the day Ethel Atkins had met her death. He had been in Baltimore the entire time.

That completely exonerated the ex-husband! It placed him beyond the slightest suspicion. Ethel's story of having seen him, of having her face slapped, had been pure fabrication.

Interest, for lack of a better objective, now centered on Atkins himself. What had been his relations with his wife?

Various members of the family of both Ethel and James Atkins were approached. Mrs. John Fisher, sister of the dead woman, knew nothing of Ethel's movements, of any friends she might have met. After that Saturday morning she had left her home.

Nor did Mrs. John Atkins, her sister-in-law, who lived north on Opal Street, know anything of her wanderings.

"I did know that she occasionally went off for a few days," admitted Mrs. John Atkins. "She'd just go off, and come back when she was ready."

But to the best of her knowledge Ethel hadn't disappeared since last January. This September excursion had been her first that year.

Opal Street neighbors of the dead woman, questioned by detectives, added, however, a new note.

"The twins were always neat and clean," said one woman. "Mrs. Atkins was a good housekeeper, and a good wife except when she went off."

Men never came to the house during the husband's absence, neighbors were certain. But they said the couple did quarrel occasionally. You could hear them when the windows were open. Only this last Friday, the night before Ethel Atkins left home, they had quarreled.

Moreover, only last week Mrs. Atkins had proudly shown a neighbor a diamond ring, given her, she said, by her husband for having been on the water wagon since New Year's. But the Friday quarrel had followed the celebration of this gift in a tap-room.

Atkins was summoned to Norristown again.

"It wasn't quarreling those folks heard," he insisted. "My wife was almost deaf. I don't hear so well myself. And sometimes we both had to talk real loud."

Atkins' alibi for the week-end had already been gone into. He had worked as usual on Saturday. Sunday he had been home all day looking after the twins. Monday and Tuesday, ditto. Neighbors could alibi his presence in the Opal Street house the entire day. They had seen him with the children, gossiped about the absence of the wife.

And James Atkins, husband, was completely exonerated as a suspect.

Very little headway had been made, come Friday the 25th. Detective Costello, in his rounds of the taprooms in the neighborhood of Opal Street, had found only one bartender who recognized the photograph of Ethel Atkins. This was William Black of the Elwood Taproom at Dauphin and Amber Street.

But he had seen her on Friday evening. And it turned out that both Mr. and Mrs. Atkins, accompanied by the newly-arrived Uncle Titus Bearmore and another woman, had stopped in for a glass of beer. Other visits drew only planks.

But District Attorney Smillie told reporters besieging his office he hadn't given up hope.

"Assistant District Attorney Benjamin Scirica leaves for Washington today," the district attorney told reporters. "He's taking with him the club with which Mrs. Atkins was beaten, the iron bed end, her clothing and the frame of the window through which we are convinced her attacker entered the house in order to unbolt the back door for the woman."

Also scrapings from under the dead woman's nails had gone on to Washington.

"You're asking the F.B.I. to analyze the scrapings and to examine the other articles for fingerprints?"

Smillie nodded.

The window frame had been quite a puzzle. The right pane was broken half of the glass falling inside, the rest on the porch. Between glass and frame of the untouched left pane a spider web was found intact.

"Whoever climbed in that broken window pane must have been slim and wiry," commented the district attorney, "else he would have broken that web."

Every effort to find fingerprints on the second floor had been unsuccessful. Both club and bed-piece had been too smeared with blood. Marks on the wall had been made by Mrs. Atkins. But probably the murderer, climbing through the broken window pane, had left prints on the frame. And the F.B.I., it was hoped, would be able to bring out these latent prints, invisible to the naked eye.

The autopsy over, Mrs. Atkins' funeral was arranged for Saturday afternoon. At seven o'clock Friday evening the house was opened to let friends, relatives and neighbors view the remains. Visitors came in a steady stream, crowding into the narrow hall, pushing on into the front room on the ground floor where the coffin rested. At one o'clock James Atkins decided, though quite a crowd was still standing outside the house, waiting its turn, to close the door. Within, members of his family and a few friends remained to give a few words of consolation to the widower.

In this group was an elderly man whom nobody knew. He had been noticed, returning time and again to the coffin, scanning the features of the dead woman. The battered face had been carefully patched up by the undertaker, its bruises and scratches covered over. In her coffin, Ethel Atkins had become again an attractive looking woman. Gone were all the scars of the struggle that had cost her her life.

Now the elderly man edged his way to James Atkins.

"I think I ought to tell you I met your wife around town on Monday," he told the husband.

Those who listened in on the conversation could hardly believe their ears. Here were the police of both Philadelphia and Montgomery County looking for those who had been with or had even seen Mrs. Atkins over the week-end. And here this man had walked into the Atkins home and volunteered the information.

James Atkins hurriedly put in a telephone call to the police station. And Detectives Alexander Starret and James Lennon hurried over. They took the elderly man to an upstairs bed-room for questioning. Again and again they made him repeat his story. At last convinced he knew what he was talking about, they decided to take him to the station house.

Here telephone calls were put

through to City Hall. Detective Costello was called from his home; Detective Sergeant McDermott came from City Hall. And Assistant District Attorney Edward Duffy of Norristown, putting up in Philadelphia for the investigation, was roused from his bed.

Again and again the man was asked to repeat his story. It was possible he was a show-off, anxious to edge into the publicity surrounding the murder. But his account never varied. And by 3:30 his audience was convinced he was speaking the truth.

"I met this Mrs. Atkins in Brennan's taproom at the southwest corner of Broad Street and Susquehanna Avenue on Monday. I ran into her again, at another place, Tuesday. She left with two men."

This was as close to the murder hour, until about noon on Tuesday, the police had been able to trace Mrs. Atkins' wanderings.

Reporters who hurried Saturday morning to Captain Engle's office at City Hall were given little information. Engle admitted holding a man, in protective custody only. There was no charge against him, none planned. But he had given them a good line on two men who, it was now suspected, had been with Mrs. Atkins Tuesday morning.

Headquarters buzzed. That afternoon reporters caught District Attorney Smillie coming in for a conference. Hadn't he any news for them, they begged.

Smillie smiled. "Mr. Scirica is back from Washington," he told them.

"What did he learn there?" they eagerly asked.

"Just what we expected," was the cryptic reply which, the reporters agreed, wasn't any help to them in writing their story.

Later in the day, Captain Engle vouchsafed a little more information.

"You can say detectives of the homicide squad and from Montgomery county are covering every taproom and club where liquor is sold north of Arch Street to Olney Avenue and west of Broad Street," he told reporters. "I guess there are about seventy to eighty of them."

That meant a three-mile square area! Some job, that.

During the day telephone calls came in from the detectives scouting the taprooms. They found the trail of one "Whitey." He and another man had been seen with Mrs. Atkins early Tuesday morning. Another woman had been in the party but only for a short time. The three had covered quite some space; they had a car with this "Whitey" driving.

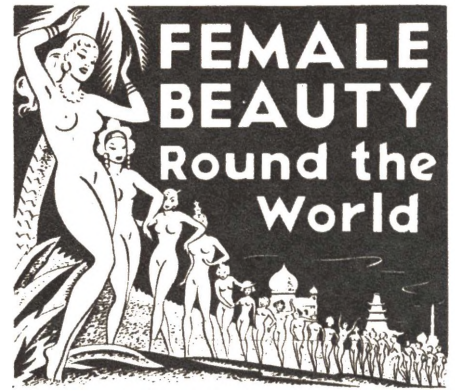
But who was "Whitey?" They got a description of the man, thirtyish, slim, good-looking, very blond. With big ears. His friend was much taller, also much younger. No one knew his name.

Neither man, taproom bartenders were fairly certain, had been around since that Tuesday. Nor did a feverish examination of records show any criminal by the name of White.

It was close to six o'clock Saturday when the detectives got their first break. "Whitey" was only a nickname. They didn't have his real name. But they had learned this man was a short-order cook in a diner somewhere in North Philadelphia!

The search was on. In his office, Captain Engle waited. With him was District Attorney Smillie.

It was close to eleven o'clock Saturday night when Detectives Thomas



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Costello, Adam Sadorf and Harry Rankin walked into the Glenwood Diner, at the corner of Broad Street and Cumberland Avenue.

Filling an order for fried eggs was a stocky young man, so blond his hair had a whitish tinge. His back was to the detectives.

"Whitey," called Detective Costello softly.

The man turned around. "We're from headquarters," Costello told him. "Captain Engle would like to have a talk with you."

The man seemed to heave a sigh of relief. "I've been expecting you," he told the detective as he started to untie his apron.

As he folded it and put it under the counter, Whitey turned to the waiter. "Take care of the counter for an hour or so," he told the latter. "I've got a little business to attend to."

Half an hour later Whitey was having his talk with Captain Engle.

According to a confession he later signed under the name of William J. Earnest, he and a friend, Dick Brady, had picked up Mrs. Atkins in a club on 20th Street near Montgomery Avenue, early Tuesday morning.

With them at the time was another woman, a friend of Brady's. She, however, had left them shortly afterwards.

Then the two men and Mrs. Atkins, whose name they never knew, had started on a tour. They had stopped at the Chauffeurs Club, Broad Street and Glenwood Avenue; at the Young Men's Republican Club on South Penn Square near 15th Street, and the Entertainers' Club at Juniper and Cherry.

They had had several drinks in each place, said "Whitey" Earnest. "After leaving the Entertainers' Club, I decided we would go for a ride in the country," he went on. "I was looking for a secluded spot."

"What made you think of Horsham?" he was asked. "You seem to have gone in a direct line for it."

"Up to 1938 I lived there with my mother," explained Earnest. "I knew Jim Brady's farmhouse, too. It was lucky it was vacant Tuesday. So I stopped there."

Brady, after a look inside, had gone back to the car. Together he and Mrs. Atkins had mounted to the second floor.

"When we got to the second floor," according to his confession told his enthralled audience, "she said she was tired, and stretched out on the floor. I felt tired, too, and I lay down, too."

Earnest paused. A man in that in-

tensely interested audience mumbled to his nearest neighbor, "Still I don't see why he had to beat her up."

"Wait," answered his neighbor. "We'll get the motive yet. Give him time."

"Something she said irritated me," went on Earnest finally. "Something she said made me awful mad."

Another pause. Now several comments broke the silence.

"Guess she turned him down," said one man.

"Imagine it," added another, "At the last minute, refusing to pay up. That must have been a jolt. No wonder he saw red."

"I guess I lost my head," the confession continued. "She grabbed a curtain rod and tried to strike me with it. I grabbed it from her and hit her over the head with it and ran into the next room."

Earnest seemed to find it difficult to remember the details.

"He wasn't taking no for an answer," muttered some one in that audience.

She ran after him, said Earnest. They began to struggle. Now the iron bedstead end fell over and hit Mrs. Atkins, again on the floor. He picked it up, he said, put it against the wall. She got to her feet, tried to hit him again. He got the iron end from her, hit her over the head.

Suddenly he decided he'd had enough. The woman wanted to come along. But he ran quickly down the stairs, jumped into the car and, with Brady, drove off. Later he dropped Brady at his home on Warnock Street near Cambria. Then he had gone to his own home on 17th Street, below Diamond, to bed and to sleep.

He had a wife and two children. But the children were out of doors, playing. His wife was at work.

The few bloodstains on his shirt, he washed out before he went to bed.

This was not the first time "Whitey" had been in custody. His police record began in September, 1921, when, at 16, he was arrested on suspicion of larceny of an automobile. He was discharged.

In 1925 he was arrested again, this time on a reckless driving charge, and was fined \$7.50. The third and fourth arrests occurred in Jersey City in 1926 when, on March 13th, he was arrested as a disorderly person, and two days later, was charged with stealing a rented car from Philadelphia. He was held in bail of \$1,000 but the records showed no disposition of the case.

In 1934, Judge Harry S. McDevitt gave him a three months sentence

when Earnest plead guilty to a theft charge, and in 1937, Judge Frank Brown gave him another three months term when he was arrested for attacking a twelve-year-old boy. This was a morals charge.

"The detectives did a first-class job," Captain Engle told reporters. "They found a man Mrs. Atkins met in a taproom at Broad and Susquehanna on Saturday morning. He left her the following morning. They located two others she was with on Sunday and Monday, up to the time she met Earnest and Brady."

All had had first-class alibis for Tuesday and were completely exonerated.

And in his confession, Earnest completely cleared his friend Dick Brady from any part in the fight that ended with Mrs. Atkins' death.

After the hearing in City Hall on Monday morning, William Earnest was handed over to the Montgomery County authorities.

"Even if he denies his confession, which does not seem likely," District Attorney Smillie told reporters, "we have more than enough evidence to convict him."

Those gray hairs, salvaged from under Mrs. Atkins' nails, had turned out to be a silvery blond. Latent prints on the broken glass from the window pane had come up clear in the laboratories of the F. B. I.

Though it was officially admitted that Richard Brady had taken no part in the attack on the dead woman, the state was holding him as an accessory after the fact.

ON MONDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 30th, 1940, less than one week after the murder, both prisoners were arraigned before Justice of the Peace Harvey Slingluff of Horsham. More than twenty-five persons crowded into the front room of Slingluff's home. Neither Earnest nor Brady said a word as the charges were read.

The trial, said local officials, will be held before the end of the year.

One more interesting detail, though not directly connected with the case, was brought out by local historians. Thirty-five years ago Mrs. Sarah Bearmore, grandmother of Mrs. Atkins, was killed by Robert Kirkpatrick for whom she worked as housekeeper in Chester. Kirkpatrick was convicted and hanged.

If there is anything in the superstition that all things come in threes, murmur those who believe in such signs, who will then be the third woman in this unfortunate family to meet a violent death?



DIABOLICAL AFFAIR

(Continued
from page 39)

side, thoughtfully anticipating her every want and administering to her comfort.

When they had arrived at the Metropole on October 17, six days before, Fox tenderly guided her to a chair before going to the desk to register, and Miss Hopper, the clerk on duty at the time, had instantly been impressed by his thoughtfulness as a son. He did not want rooms overlooking the sea, he said, because he was afraid his mother would be cold, and

she was still more sympathetic toward him when he explained that he and his mother had been visiting the graves of his three brothers who had been killed in the war. They were en route from France to their home in Lyndhurst.

"Mother is pretty well wearied by the trip, and I thought it best for her to break the journey with a few days here by the sea," he said, as Miss Hopper prepared to assign them connecting rooms, Sixty-six and Sixty-

seven. "And, oh yes—about our baggage; it will be along from Dover in the morning."

"That is perfectly all right, Mr. Fox," Miss Hopper informed him, with a smile. "I am quite certain your mother will be comfortable here. Anything we can do—"

It was the following morning that Harding had met the young man and, like Miss Hopper, he, too, had been immediately impressed by his charm of manner and attentiveness toward

his mother.

"Mother does not feel as well today as I expected she would," Fox told him. "I wonder if you could recommend a good physician. I don't think it is anything serious, but then—"

Harding nodded understanding. "Yes, yes, of course," he said, quietly. "There is Dr. Austin—Dr. Cecil Austin. He is very capable and well thought of here in Margate. I will call him for you, Mr. Fox, if you wish."

Dr. Austin had prescribed a tonic for Mrs. Fox and now, five days later, she was quite herself again. That evening, in fact, after Fox's return from a quick trip to London, mother and son had had dinner together in the hotel dining room, and she had been in splendid spirits, laughing merrily at her son's witticisms. When they finished, Fox had ordered a half bottle of port, which they took to their rooms with them.

"Mother feels so much better that we will be leaving for home in the morning," the son told Harding, as he tenderly escorted her through the lobby. "I wish you would have our bill ready then."

Harding was thinking these thoughts as he stood waiting to turn over the office to the night man. Suddenly, from the floor above came the frightened cry of "Fire! Fire!"

And then young Fox, his face white, and clad only in his underclothing, appeared on the landing. "Fire!" he cried again. "Fire! Fire! Where's the porter?"

Instantly, Hopkins was aroused from his reverie behind the pages of the London evening newspaper. He leaped to his feet and sprang toward the stairs. He took them two at a time until he reached Fox. Harding was close at his heels.

"Where is it, old man? Where?" the traveling salesman exclaimed, grasping Fox by the arm.

The young man turned and ran back up the stairs from where he had come. Hopkins kept right beside him.

"Down there!" Fox cried, pointing. "My—my mother's in there!"

Hopkins saw smoke seeping from under the door of Room 66. He dashed along the corridor, grasped the door knob, and threw open the door. A cloud of thick, choking smoke billowed out, sending him staggering backward, gasping for breath.

Quickly, however, he whipped a handkerchief from his pocket and tied it around his mouth and nostrils. Then, he dropped to his knees and started crawling into the smoke-filled room.

Fox wrung his hands in the corridor and cried, "Oh Mummy, Mummy!"

The room was dark. Hopkins had difficulty seeing where he was going. The only light was from a tiny red bulb that burned on the far side. At best it gave off small illumination, but with the swirling smoke it was of no value at all.

Hopkins found the bed and crawled along beside it. Suddenly something struck against his head. He recognized it as a woman's bare leg. Mrs. Fox was sprawled at the foot of the bed, her legs dangling over the side. Hopkins spoke to her, but there was no reply. Then, he picked her up and stumbled out of the room with her clutched in his arms.

Eager hands accepted the prostrate form as Hopkins emerged, for the shouts of "Fire" and the attending commotion had aroused all the guests of the hotel, and they had hastened

to the scene. Two men hastily carried Mrs. Fox to another room and placed her gently on a bed.

Her son, his face drawn, and with tears in his eyes, dropped to his knees beside her and reached for her frail, withered hand.

"Mummy—Oh Mummy," he cried again, his voice breaking.

But there was still no response from the pale-as-death, little, old lady.

Fox looked up, dazedly, a startled, uncomprehending expression on his face.

His cry of "Mummy" was repeated. This time it was almost a wail.

Then, just as Dr. Austin, summoned

clothing had been placed upon it. They had been burned by the flames. Only the charred remnants remained. He saw also that the pillow from the dead woman's bed was on top of a nearby cabinet, and his eyes did not overlook her false teeth in the wash basin. Probing further about the room he found the cap, tin foil and tissue wrapping from a half bottle of port in the waste basket. Lastly, he saw that the connecting door between Room 66 and Room 67 was closed.

Then, he sought young Fox to find out what he could tell of the terrible happening. The young man had now revived, but he was still greatly



THE FAMOUS BRITISH TOXICOLOGIST and laboratory sleuth, Sir Bernard Spilsbury (holding can) is shown here with other officials at the exhumation of Mrs. Fox.

by Harding, arrived on the scene, he fainted.

A speedy examination was sufficient to show the Doctor that Mrs. Fox was dead, while a more detailed one revealed to him that her body neither showed signs of having been touched by the fire nor were there any physical marks upon it.

"Died of suffocation and shock," he said, briefly, turning to Harding. "Not a bit surprising; she was old and frail, you know. The very sight of the fire—awakening out of a sound sleep and seeing it—might have been enough to kill her."

"Poor woman," the hotel manager said, shaking his head, sadly. Then he nodded toward young Fox, who was regaining consciousness. "A terrible blow for him," he continued. "He idolized his mother. They were inseparable."

Meanwhile, Margate firemen had extinguished the fire, actually a very slight one, in short order. Something had set the carpet under an upholstered chair on fire, and the carpet and the stuffing of the chair had produced a heavy smoke.

"Probably a draft swept part of this newspaper up against the flame of the gas logs and started it," one of the firemen said, picking a section of a London newspaper up from the floor. "Such accidents will happen."

But even though an accident an inquest would now be necessary, because of the death of Mrs. Fox, and so a careful survey of the room in which the tragic affair had occurred was made by Inspector Palmer of the Margate Police.

He noted the position of the burned chair, some distance from the fireplace, and the fact that Mrs. Fox's

shaken. He broke down and cried when Inspector Palmer commenced asking him questions.

"I—I can hardly believe mother is gone," he faltered.

"There, there; take it easy, son," the Inspector said, reassuringly. "I know it is frightfully hard on you, but—well, there will be an inquest tomorrow, you know, and there are certain things I must find out. Perhaps you better tell me in your own words just what happened."

Fox suppressed a sob and said, "Yes—yes, of course. I'll endeavor to help you all I can."

"Splendid, lad," said the Inspector. Fox smiled, faintly.

"Mother retired about 9:45 and asked for an evening paper," he said. "I lit the gas fire and asked if I should wait up and turn out the light. She said, 'No.' I retired at ten-forty-five and went to sleep."

"I was aroused about an hour later by what I thought was a window rattling. I got up and noticed a smell of fire and went to her room to see where it came from."

"I found the room full of smoke. I saw a light where I thought the gas logs would be. I entered the room, but was driven back by the smoke."

Inspector Palmer nodded, gravely.

"Was your mother undressed when you left her?" he asked.

"No."

"She was accustomed to read a paper in her bedroom?"

"Yes."

Again the Inspector nodded, gravely. "Do you know if she undressed in front of the fire?"

"I really don't know," young Fox replied.

"Did she smoke, Mr. Fox?"

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The young man shook his head. "No. In fact neither of us did," he said.

The Inspector continued with his questions.

"Was she a light sleeper?" he wanted to know.

Again Fox shook his head. "She was a good sleeper, Inspector." Then, he asked a question, "By the by, did you find mother's handbag. It had about twenty-four pounds in it; I cashed a check in London yesterday drawn by Mother on Lloyd's bank."

"I believe the handbag was taken possession of, Mr. Fox," Palmer answered, "but there was nothing in it."

Now Fox frowned. "That's queer," he said. "What do you imagine happened to the money?"

"I have no idea, Mr. Fox," the Inspector replied, stiffly. Then, he questioned the young man about his profession.

"I am independent," Fox told him. "My permanent address is Lyndhurst, Hampshire. We had been in France, Mother and I, you know, and were on our way home."

He flicked a tear from his eye.

The inquest the next day was pure routine. Mr. Hopkins, Mr. Harding, Dr. Austin and Inspector Palmer gave their testimony, and the jury quickly handed down a verdict of accidental death, from suffocation and shock.

The remains of frail, little, silver-haired Mrs. Rosaline Fox were made ready for shipment to Great Fransham, Norfolk, her birthplace, for burial, and it seemed that the curtain had been rung down upon the tragic happening which forever had separated an invalid mother from her ever-attentive and considerate son.

"I had hoped to have her with me for another twenty years," Fox sorrowfully told Miss Hopper when, upon leaving for Great Fransham with the body, he explained how the twenty-four pounds in his mother's possession must have been destroyed by the fire, and asked that the hotel bill be sent to his solicitor.

But this was not the end of this strange case of mother-love and devotion. Other chapters were to be written. They might never have been, however, had it not been for the alertness of a minor clerk in the office of the Cornhill Insurance Company, at 31 Berry Street, London. A brief newspaper account of the inquest at Margate attracted—and held—his attention. It set forth that Mrs. Fox had succumbed at 11:50 o'clock on the night of October 23, and he had good reason to remember the name, for only the day previous to her demise he had received payment for a 24-hour extension on an accident policy insuring her for 2,000 pounds. The payment had been made by her son, Sidney, who was also the beneficiary, and the extension would have expired at midnight of the twenty-third—just ten minutes after the invalid woman was found dead.

The clerk pondered the situation. It might merely be a coincidence, and then again—

At any rate, he brought the matter to the attention of his superiors, and they in turn wondered whether it was one of those strange, and often unexplainable, coincidences which play such an important part in life, or whether it indicated something sinister.

Then, they checked back on the policy. They found it was one of those day-to-day accident policies, so pop-

ular among the English poorer classes, and that it had been in effect for some time. Premium payments had always been made by young Fox, sometimes for a period of a month or more; on other occasions on a day-to-day basis.

The latter fact appeared to definitely explode any theory that Mrs. Fox's death was anything but accidental.

Nevertheless, English insurance companies, like those of the United States, are constantly on guard against fraud, and so the matter was turned over to William Charles Crocker, famed British sleuth and nemesis of many an insurance swindler, for investigation.

At the very outset of his probe, Crocker discovered that the Cornhill policy had not been the only one held by Mrs. Fox. She had been insured for 1,000 pounds by the Ocean Accident Guarantee Corporation, and this policy, like the other, had been extended for twenty-four hours and would have expired at midnight of October 23. However, here again the records showed that the premiums had been paid for varying periods, sometimes by the month, sometimes by the day.

Crocker wasn't satisfied. He turned his attention to Sidney Harry Fox and unearthed a whole series of amazing revelations.

Fox was neither a man of independent means, as he had informed Inspector Palmer, nor did he have a solicitor, as he had told Miss Hopper. In fact, he was a thief and a forger, whose only assets were a plausible and ingratiating manner and a gift of mimicry which enabled him to pass himself off as a man of education and position. When he had money, invariably obtained through his wits, he was able to indulge himself in London's West End, and almost always passed himself off as the Honorable Sidney Harry Fox. But the truth of the matter was that his father, who was dead, had been a railroad switchman and his mother often worked as a charwoman.

He commenced his criminal career as a lad of twelve when he was caught stealing 15 shillings from a charity collection. Later he became a page boy in the home of Sir John and Lady Constance Leslie. He served in this capacity for three years and was dismissed after stealing the family silver and inveigling the entire life savings of an elderly house maid.

When the war broke out he became a cadet in the Royal Flying Corps. In Brighton on a furlough, he posed as the grandson of Sir John Leslie and succeeded in cashing a worthless check for fifty pounds.

He was arrested at a West End Club, where he was living as Lieutenant Fox and receiving mail addressed to the Honorable Sidney Harry Fox, and sentenced to three months at hard labor. In 1919, he served nine months at hard labor for forgery, and the following year six months for defrauding store keepers.

Despite his criminal ways, this fact always stood out, however—he was his mother's favorite and there was a strong bond between the two. When he was in prison she supported herself as a charwoman, but when he was free she always lived with him, and he was constantly attending to her wants.

In 1927, Mrs. Fox struck up a friendship with a middle-aged woman who was the widow of a captain in

the Merchant Service. The two took a flat together in Southsea, and Fox obtained employment in an insurance company there and lived with them.

Furthermore, he made love to his mother's middle-aged friend and insured her life for 3,000 pounds. His wooing was so successful, in fact, that she eventually made her will in his favor.

And then one night she awoke and found her bedroom full of gas. Fortunately for herself, she was able to crawl out of bed, raise a window and call for help.

The reason for the gas-filled room and the near-calamity was never satisfactorily explained. In the first place, it was lit by electricity, although there was a gas tap hidden under a chest of drawers. This tap had been turned on and it seemed quite inconceivable that it could have been done by accident.

Especially in view of the fact that Fox knew about the tap, and was the first on the scene when his benefactress cried for aid.

There was no proof against him, however. Nevertheless, she had her suspicions. She quarreled with him and ordered him to leave. He left—and took her jewels with him. When he was finally caught by the Portsmouth police, he was sentenced to fifteen months imprisonment for the theft.

While he served his sentence his mother was taken care of by a charitable organization, spending most of the time in an infirmary because of ill health. But as soon as he was released, she joined him again and he commenced a spree of defrauding hotels.

Crocker followed the trail of these hotels to the Metropole, in Margate. By now he knew definitely that mother and son had never visited the war cemeteries in France, and that their baggage, which young Fox had told Miss Hopper would be on from Dover "in the morning" was nonexistent. He learned also that Fox had inquired about the size of his bill on the morning of October 22, and the excuse he had made for going to London that day was to cash a check to pay it. It was the same day, the insurance sleuth recalled, that the two accident policies had been extended.

It seemed monstrous to Crocker that any man, even a professional criminal, would murder his own mother, a helpless woman, in order to swindle an insurance company. And all along the trail he had followed building up the sordid picture of the young man's background, he had found continual attestation, even on the part of people who had been defrauded by him, of Fox's love and devotion for his feeble, old mother. All felt, as did Miss Hopper and Harding, that they had never seen a son more wrapped up in his mother and more attentive to her every requirement than Sidney Fox.

It did not make sense to Crocker, but nevertheless he could not drive from his mind certain questions which were constantly cropping up to plague him. They were questions which had not been asked at the inquest and which, as he thought about them, became more and more sinister.

For example, he wanted to know what could have caused the fire in Mrs. Fox's bedroom.

Also, he remembered that the door connecting rooms 66 and 67 had been closed when the firemen extinguished the blaze in the former, although Fox

had stated he had rushed into his mother's room and been driven back by the smoke.

"Why," Crocker wanted to know, "did not Fox leave the door open so that the smoke could escape when he knew his mother could suffocate from the fumes?"

He shook his head, grimly. He did not have the answers.

"It is beyond me," he said to himself. "It is a matter for Scotland Yard."

Chief Inspector George W. Cornish, one of the Yard's "big four," drummed his fingers lightly on his desk. Then, he looked up at Detective Inspector Hambrook, who stood before him in answer to his summons, and said, briskly:

"The insurance people think there is something irregular in that case down at Margate—the one where the old lady died in the fire at the Hotel Metropole—and want us to look into it. On the surface of things, I am not convinced. It appears to have been an accident pure and simple, despite the fact the dead woman's son has a pretty unsavory record. The doctor examined the body thoroughly and gave suffocation and shock as the cause of death. His report shows there were no marks of violence on the body and that the woman wasn't burned. The answer seems obvious enough. However—" He shrugged—"you better do some investigating."

"Yes, Sir," Hambrook replied. "At once, Sir."

"And take a fire expert with you," Cornish instructed. "Turn up everything you can. Don't overlook a thing. These insurance people get pretty good hunches occasionally."

Accompanied by a fire expert, who had had thirty years' experience, Detective Inspector Hambrook boarded a train for Margate. He found Room 66 at the Metropole in virtually the same state it had been after the fire was extinguished, and the fact pleased him no little. Immediately, his keen eyes, long trained in investigative matters, noticed there was a strip of carpet in front of the fireplace and that there was not a sign of scorching upon it.

"Strange," he mused, more to himself than to the fire expert who stood beside him, waiting for instructions. "Now how did the fire travel from the stove to over here?" He took two quick strides across the room to the spot where the carpet was burned, and where the upholstered chair had stood. "And still not burn the carpet on the way. That's one we'll have to answer."

Then, before going further into the question, he made a quick, but thorough, examination of the room, and pushed into the adjoining one. When he returned his face was grim. He held an empty half bottle of port and a small half-filled can of gasoline in his hand.

"Found these two in the cupboard," he said, and then, more briskly, "let's get down to work."

It was dark when Hambrook and his assistant finished, but in the meantime they made all manner of tests.

Working on the theory that Mrs. Fox's clothes, hung over the upholstered chair, had caught fire in some manner and then dropped to the carpet and started it burning, they tried it out.

Undergarments such as worn by Mrs. Fox were set on fire while they

hung on back of a chair, but in each instance the flames traveled upward. It was only when Hambrook knocked them off that the burning garments fell on the carpet, and even then they did not set it on fire.

"Let's see what will burn that carpet," the Detective Inspector said.

They tried burning paper and obtained no results. The same was true when they used a blazing merino vest, burning horsehair, and lit a roll of cotton wool and placed it on the carpet. It was only when a half pint of gasoline was added to these objects that the fire kept going and holes were burned in the carpet.

"We're getting somewhere now," Hambrook declared, and immediately found himself faced with a quartet of baffling questions. They were:

Had the fire been deliberately started?

Had Mrs. Fox been drugged beforehand?

Why had Fox taken a half-bottle of port to his mother before she retired that fatal night?

Had he doctored it with narcotics?

Hambrook did not attempt to answer any of these questions. Instead, he telegraphed Chief Inspector Cornish, "Much dirty water here."

Scotland Yard now pushed the investigation further. It decided to have the body of Mrs. Rosaline Fox exhumed, and have Sir Bernard Spillsbury, famed British toxicologist and laboratory sleuth, make a post-mortem examination. Sir Bernard's services were particularly desired because of his great experience with poisons and their effects.

So, on November 9, 1929, seventeen days after Mrs. Fox had breathed her last, workmen erected a canvas sheet about her grave at Great Fransham, Norfolk, and within it set up a derrick and tackle. Outside a police guard stood. Two men with spades retired behind the screen. An hour and a half passed before the rope in the tackle commenced to vibrate. Shortly afterward, the earth-stained casket was pulled up and transferred to a nearby school house, where Sir Bernard had set up a temporary laboratory.

An examination of the vital organs of the dead woman revealed no trace of drugs or poisoning, although a moderate amount of alcohol was found. Then the famous scientist put his finger squarely on the cause of death.

It was suffocation.

Hambrook's expression clouded when he heard the decision. It seemed to dispose of the murder theory.

But Sir Bernard Spillsbury has never been one to accept a post-mortem condition. He has always looked for its cause.

"What," he now asked himself, "could have been the cause of suffocation?"

He reasoned that carbon monoxide would have been generated by the fire, and he knew well enough that one of the curious results of carbon-monoxide poisoning is that it changes the color of the blood to bright pink. But a quick examination showed him that the color of Mrs. Fox's blood had not changed. Later spectroscopic tests proved the blood was free from carbon monoxide.

Again he reasoned the dead woman must have breathed smoke if she had been alive when the fire was burning, and he knew that smoke consists of

minute particles of soot which would be deposited on the linings of the air passages.

Following up this reasoning, he took scrapings from the air passages of the corpse and examined them under his microscope. But no sooty deposits were revealed.

Continuing his dissection, he discovered that Mrs. Fox was a veritable treasure-house of clues in other respects, as well. At the back of the larynx or wind box there was a bruise, and there was still another one at the back of the tongue on one side. They were very tiny bruises, both of them, but the tiniest things achieve a surprisingly loud and convincing voice when conversing with a laboratory sleuth through the barrel of a microscope. In this case these bruises virtually shouted, "Manual Strangulation," and Sir Bernard had the answer as to how frail, silver-haired Mrs. Fox had died of suffocation.

She had been throttled to death.

Her infirmity would have made it impossible for her to offer any strong resistance. And the firm grip of the murderer's hands on her windpipe would most certainly have caused the bruise at the back of the larynx.

But Sir Bernard was puzzled about the tiny bruise on her tongue.

"Could it possibly have been produced by accidental pressure on the poor woman's gums during efforts to resuscitate her?" he asked himself, and quickly decided it would not have been.

At the same time, he realized that the teeth of the lower jaw pressed violently upward by a hand around the neck would almost certainly produce such a condition. In doing so, he saw clearly, the teeth would have been dislodged, and in view of the difficulty of replacing them, the circumstances surrounding their presence in the wash-basin of room 66 instead of shattering his theory, appeared to stamp it unmistakably as the truth.

Then he thought of the pillow on the cabinet by the bed, and its presence there seemed equally significant to him. Even the most amateur strangler, he realized instinctively, might be expected to find it inconvenient, something tending to bring the victim's chin so close to the chest as to interfere with the proper arrangement of the hand around the neck. To pluck it away would be only the work of a moment, and what, Sir Bernard asked himself, could be more handy for its reception than the cabinet beside the bed.

"Contrary to what her son told Inspector Palmer of Margate," he later told Scotland Yard, in reconstructing the crime, "Mrs. Fox was a light sleeper. It would have been exceedingly annoying to him if she awoke as he was about to convert her from a bothersome old invalid into a realizable asset. Port is an excellent soporific, you know, and hence Fox obtained the half bottle.

"The little ruse worked admirably. The old lady consumed it and was doubtless suitably grateful for her son's tender thoughtfulness. He helped her to undress and saw her to bed, and then, after fortifying himself with a few drinks, he stole back into her room an hour or so later, strangled her and then set the fire with the gasoline he carried with him.

"In the strangling process he was

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Attained Age at Death	Natural or Ordinary Accidental Death Amount	Auto Accidental Death Amount	Travel Accidental Death Amount
1-40	\$1000.00	\$2000.00	\$3000.00
41-50	750.00	1500.00	2250.00
51-56	500.00	1000.00	1500.00
57-62	300.00	600.00	900.00
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somewhat inconvenienced by the pillow but, he pulled it from under her head and put it on the cabinet. Her false teeth, too, were hopelessly disarranged, but finding it impossible to get them into position again he simply left them in the most natural manner in the wash-basin."

Fox was arrested in Norfolk and charged with the murder of his invalid mother. Immediately at the Hotel Metropole and other places where the pair had stayed there was a chorus of disbelief.

"Him murder his mother. Why, the police must be balmy."

Opinion was that the police were a bungling lot of nincompoops. "Why, anyone with any sense could see no two people could have been crazier about each other than Sidney Fox and his mother."

But the public had reckoned without Sir Bernard Spilsbury.

Sidney Fox went on trial at Lewes courtroom, scene of many famous English murder trials, on March 12, 1930, and when he did Sir Bernard brought into court a model of the human mouth, showing part of the air passages, the jaw and the tongue, and demonstrated very effectively how the two tiny bruises—the clues to the diabolical crime in Room 66—had been caused.

"You know the gravity of the case and the responsibility that rests upon you?" Attorney General Sir Henry Curtis, who headed the prosecution, asked.

"I do," replied Sir Bernard.

"Have you or have you not, any doubt of the cause of this woman's death?"

"None." The famed laboratory sleuth spoke slowly and reluctantly. "After weighing all the facts I can come to no other conclusion."

The defense called medical experts, Professor Smith of Edinburgh University, and Dr. Bronte, famous witness in English murder trials, among them. They challenged his conclusion, but every effort made to shake his evidence was without effect. He pushed aside the claim that the bruise on the larynx might have been a mark of putrefaction with an emphatic, "No."

It was extremely vital, of course, for the defense to cast doubt on Sir Bernard's contention that Mrs. Fox was dead or at the point of death when the fire started. J. D. Cassels, attorney for the defense, therefore suggested that the deduction that Mrs. Fox had not breathed smoke would have been more convincing if examination had been made of the mucous lining of the nose.

"No," replied Sir Bernard, "every person has a deposit of soot in the nose."

But still Cassel came back with more argument. He emphasized the point that the hyoid bone, a fragile, brittle bone in the neck had not been fractured.

"Would it have strengthened your opinion if the hyoid bone had been broken?" he demanded.

"It would have been more evident," Sir Bernard replied, calmly.

Cassels smiled, gleefully. He thought he was making headway, and now he put a question which would have floored most medical experts.

"How many cases of manual strangulation have you had in your experience," he demanded, "in which the hyoid bone has not been fractured?"

But Sir Bernard was ready for the question. He said he could not give exact figure, but he had particulars with him on six cases—and one of the victims had been the same age as Mrs. Fox, 63 years old.

Still another suggestion of the defense was that Mrs. Fox might have died from heart failure on finding the room on fire, but the famous British laboratory sleuth could not agree on this as explanation of why no carbon-monoxide had been absorbed.

"I once had a case of a woman of 51 who died in bed from carbon-monoxide poisoning," he said. "She was a cripple and bedridden, and was taken from her bedroom one night when the room was full of smoke, and was found dead. She had smoke in her air passages, and even a smell of smoke in her stomach. She had a patch of fibrosis and disease of the coronary artery. In spite of that disease of the heart, she survived in the smoke long enough to take in carbon-monoxide."

Still the defense thought it had its trump card to play as far as Sir Bernard was concerned. The fact that there were no marks of violence on Mrs. Fox's body, especially fingerprints or bruises on her neck, puzzled Cassels. He wondered how the famous criminologist could reconcile his contention of manual strangulation with this fact.

Sir Bernard's expression did not change. But very calmly he explained that fingerprints or bruises are caused by the leakage of blood from tissues beneath the skin as a result of injury from pressure. However, he pointed out, dead persons do not bleed, and if the pressure of murderous fingers is maintained until their work is definitely accomplished, the neck they grip will bear no trace of assault whatsoever.

The defense was finished with Sir Bernard. It tried to show that Mrs. Fox had once been insured for 4,000 pounds and still her son had made no attempt to murder her, and failed because Crocker, digging still deeper into Fox's past, had unearthed testimony that hurt the contention.

Stuart K. Danforth, manager of the Norwich branch of the Eagle Standard and Dominion Insurance Company, which had insured Mrs. Fox for 1,000 pounds for a period ending sometime in the Summer of 1929, was called to the stand as a rebuttal witness.

"Did Fox ask any questions in regard to the risk covered in the policy?" Attorney General Curtis asked.

"Yes, he asked exactly what was meant by accident."

"Did he mention any particular form of accident?"

"Yes, he asked whether, if his mother was drowned in her bath, that would be an accident within the meaning of the policy."

"Anything else?"

"Yes he asked whether the policy covered poisoning by food in a restaurant?"

"What did you tell him?"

"I gave a general reply. I told him it was not my business to give a legal definition, but so far as drowning in the bath was concerned a question of health might arise and it would not be an accident."

Fox took the stand, but he made a poor witness. His replies were halting and evasive. His story was that when he opened his bedroom door that communicated with his mother's room he

was beaten back by the flames, and that he closed the door before he ran downstairs for help.

"Fox, you closed the door," charged Curtis.

"It is quite possible I did."

"Can you explain why it was that you closed the door instead of flinging it wide open?"

"My explanation is that the smoke should not spread into the hotel."

Attorney General Curtis eyed him sourly.

"You preferred then to have your mother smother in the room rather than let the smoke spread into the hotel," he said, sarcastically. "Is that what you decided?"

"Most certainly not," returned Fox.

Curtis took another tact.

"Were you heart-broken at your mother's death?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"Quite stricken down when you heard she had died?"

"I do not think it is necessary to ask," Fox answered, curtly.

Curtis ignored the tone.

"You went to see your mother's body?" he continued with his questioning. "That was in truth the most solemn moment of your life?"

"Yes, it was."

The Attorney General paused in his questioning and eyed the prisoner with a look of disdain.

"And then," he proceeded, "just out of your mother's bedroom did you not proceed to tell Inspector Palmer that your mother had 24 pounds in her bag and that the money was missing?"

"It—it was some time later," the prisoner faltered.

"It has been said," remarked Justice Sir William Rowlatt in his charge to the jury, "that Fox would have come into more money if his mother had died months before. It is one thing to plan this kind of a crime, another thing to find the opportunity for it. The nerve might fail, you know."

He paused. Then, he continued, "It is not suggested that there was any evidence that he showed any hatred toward his mother. It may be possible, however—so curious is human nature—he was willing to treat his mother with kindness until he found it necessary to destroy her."

The jury deliberated little more than fifteen minutes. The verdict was "Guilty" and Sidney Harry Fox was sentenced to die on the gallows.

"I never killed mother, my Lord," Fox cried, shakily. "I am innocent."

But outside in the streets of Lewes the crowd, which had heard the verdict and knew he lied, shouted, "Shame! Shame!"

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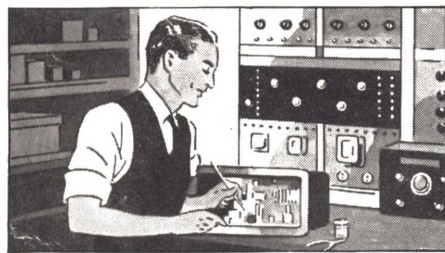
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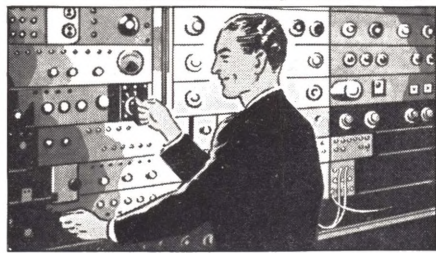
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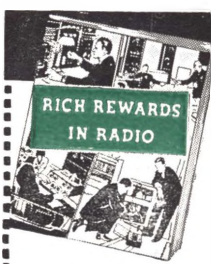
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