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STARTLING Detective Adventures

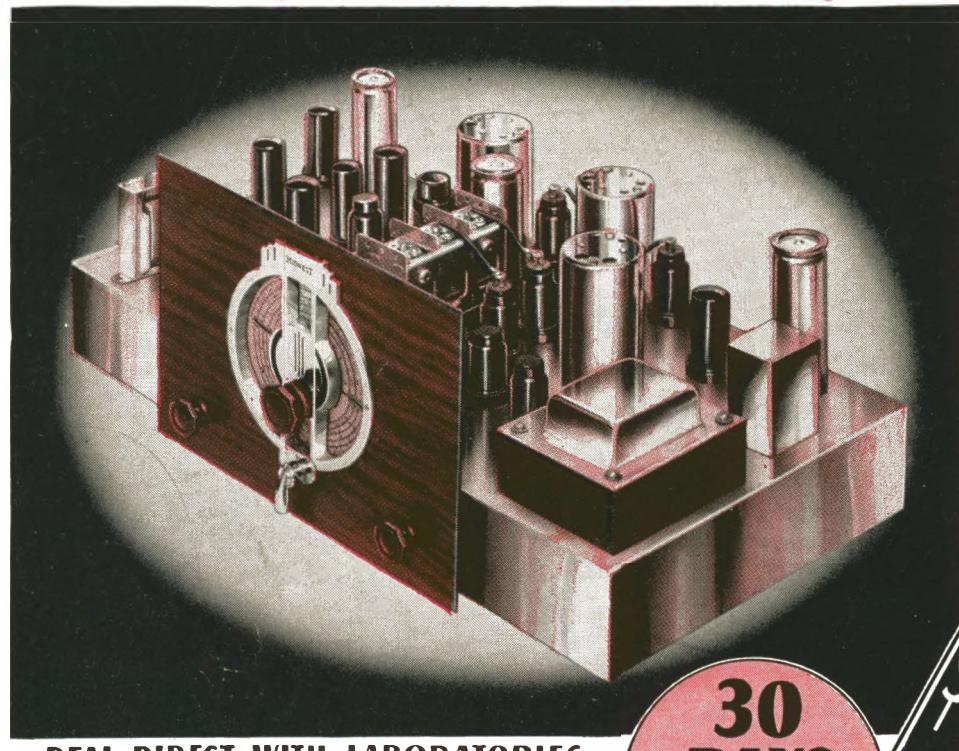
The FATAL
LOVE of
Indiana's
WALKATHON
BEAUTY

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CALIFORNIA'S Riddle of the WRONG CORPSE

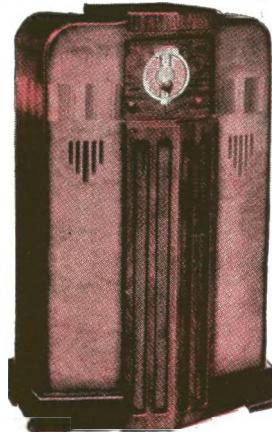
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Principals in one of the strangest crime mysteries of recent months, this youth and girl played tragic roles in a real life story of passion and crimson violence. For the complete, fascinating details of this fact detective classic, read March DARING DETECTIVE

ALSO

"The Law Said
I Killed My
Bride!"

From a prison cell a convicted man writes the amazing disclosures that make this Ohio love mystery a fascinating feature

LOOK FOR THIS COVER→



Daring Detective

Startling DETECTIVE Adventures

VOL. XVI

No. 92

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COMING

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"THE ENIGMA OF THE CHARRED CORPSE"

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The CHIEF'S Chair

SINCE Capone went to Alcatraz and Legs Diamond died with a skinful of lead, plenty of our more trusting citizens have cherished the fond notion that racketeering, as a crime issue, is deadlier than prohibition. In rebuttal whereof we cite the case of the now defunct Arthur (Dutch Schultz) Flegenheimer.

Schultz was one of New York's biggest big shots. He was always in the heavy money—controlled more rackets than he could count on his pudgy fingers. But the public heard little about him. Dutch shunned publicity and managed to steer clear of the courts.

Not long ago, however, as he was hiding out from a federal indictment at Newark, N. J., gang enemies put him and three henchmen on the spot. Then the truth came out, revealing some interesting figures.

During the six weeks before his death—while he was "hot"—Dutch collected more than \$800,000 from illegal sources.

The question is then raised, if Schultz collected this staggering amount while he was lying low, how much did he collect when he really worked at his trade? The answer to that may be found in a reliable estimate which placed his yearly "take" at \$6,000,000!

The rackets are not extinct in America. Every large city has its counterpart of the dead Schultz, civic leeches who fatten on blood money. And they will continue to prosper as long as grafting officials and conniving shysters are allowed to make bargain counters of our courts of justice!



Dutch Schultz

Showing proof of police determination to take no chances with desperate criminals, Edward Metelski (left) and Paul Semenkewitz, who recently made a daring escape from the New Brunswick jail, are pictured at Newark immediately after their capture in one of the most elaborate manhunts ever staged in the New Jersey district.

Bandit Busters—

Given authority to investigate robberies of national, federal reserve and federally insured banks, America's G-men have hung up another enviable record. According to a recent report issued by J. Edgar Hoover, the federal operatives have won convictions in 96.55 per cent of the robberies which have come under their investigation.

Since the G-men entered the bandit-catching field, bank stickups have been more than cut in half. During the last six months there were only 33 robberies compared with 75 for a similar period during 1934.

Good news for citizens and bad news for crooks! The G-men do not intend to rest upon the laurels won in the smashing of the kidnap gangs. *They have just begun to fight!*

Moronic Criminals—

STERILIZATION as a crime preventive is finding increasing favor throughout the country. A California reader has the following comments on this timely subject:

STARTLING DETECTIVE ADVENTURES' Anti-Crime Platform:

1. Stimulation of the full force of public opinion against crime.
2. Establishment of a federal school for scientific training of law officers.
3. Agreements between states for crime suppression.
4. Curbing of indiscriminate possession of firearms.
5. Curbing of activities of lawyer criminals.
6. Co-operation between federal and state law officers.
7. Orderly, lawful methods of dealing with industrial conflicts and racial antagonism.
8. Laws eliminating abuse of parole and pardon power and separating them from politics.
9. Opposition to undue dramatizing of crime or criminals in any publication or motion pictures.
10. Adoption by states of uniform, model codes of criminal procedure.



I firmly agree with Governor Futrell of Arkansas (Nov. SDA) in his statement that "A fourth conviction should bring mandatory sterilization and confinement for the rest of his natural life." I would make sterilization mandatory on the third conviction.

But I do not agree with him on capital punishment. I do not believe in capital punishment. I believe that sterilization and life imprisonment will take care of, by far, a large proportion of possible future murder cases. . . . I have made quite a study of this subject and I can prove that capital punishment is not a deterrent for murder or any other crime.—Geo. T. Loher, Jr., Oaklawn, Calif.

We believe, with Mr. Loher, that sterilization is the answer to the question of what to do with our criminal morons. And we have long been advocating life terms which carry no hope of parole.

"One Of The Best"—

A RECENT contest winner sings the praises of his favorite detective magazine and tosses the following bouquet to the Chief and his staff:

I have received the check for \$10. first prize in the Award of Honor contest, for which I thank you very [Continued on page 80]

"Treat 'em Rough"

"Make your town so hot for rats that they'll steer clear of it!" declares this two-fisted detective chief whose gang-busting methods have caused the underworld to refer to him as "Hardboiled" Carroll.

By CHIEF OF DETECTIVES JOHN J. CARROLL
Of St. Louis, Missouri

MANY times, I've been asked: "What's your idea in keeping crime down, Chief?" or: "How do you think society should treat known criminals?"

Well, I'm not a person to go into fancy rhetoric, defining in two dollar words some complicated, obscure phase of criminal psychology. My reply is brief: "Treat 'em rough!"

I might add: "Make your particular town so hot for rats that they'll steer clear of it!"

Simple, isn't it? Not at all what squeamish, pink-tea scholars of crime would advocate. But it's the *only* way to treat out-and-out crooks. Mercy? Vermin that would sweep a machine gun across a crowded street and kill helpless babies don't know the meaning of the word! Why should they expect it?

I've heard a lot lately about understanding "the criminal mind" and "treating the criminal like a sick child." It makes me sick. Back in the days when I was a patrolman we had several particularly tough districts which were almost impossible to bring under control. The element in those communities literally laughed at the law as long as we tried to "understand" them.

Then we decided to clean them up, once and for all. Bringing in smart-aleck hoodlums and locking them up night after night finally brought results. Afterward, when a patrolman walked those beats, he was respected, not laughed at. Feared? Yes, by known thugs; but welcomed by self-respecting citizens.

Use "Twenty-Hour" Law

OUR state officials have cooperated wonderfully with the police department in its endless battle with the underworld. Long ago, the "Twenty-Hour Law" was passed making it a misdemeanor for criminal characters to be caught loafing around taverns, pool-halls, etc. This law was a godsend, no less. Before it was passed, crooks with records a yard long could come and go as free as the air. They could plot and

pull robberies and stickups; they could enter the lucrative field of racketeering.

Brought in for questioning, their lawyers would have them out in a matter of moments. Oh, we caught lots of them and convicted them regularly.

But still, they were free to mingle and plot again and again.

Now that's all changed. Let any of my boys see a known mob congregating anywhere, anytime, and into the hold-over they go. A smart New York or Chicago crook breezes into town to give it the once-over, thinking to pick up a little easy money. He's spotted before he's here two hours, hauled down to headquarters, booked as a suspicious character and held for twenty hours.

Each of these rats receives his warning to get out of town; and it's not a gentle warning, either. If we catch him around the following day, back he goes to the hold-over for another twenty hours. And again and again—until he gets so jittery he shakes every time he sees a blue uniform or a pair of square-toed shoes. Our own element we treat the same as strangers—even tougher. And, as a result, the gangs are gone in St. Louis!

Other cities have the hold-over law, but the secret of the whole thing is rigid enforcement. We never rest from dragging in suspects. And, gradually, our work has lessened. If we were lax and allowed the shady lads to get the idea that we were soft, all our work would have been in vain.

Once a known criminal character is brought in on suspicion, no alibi he can give will aid him. The only alibi we want is that he'll get out of town when he's released the next day. It's not so easy on the easy-living boys. They wrinkle their expensive suits, and their soft bones ache from being deprived of a feather-bed to recline upon. After spending a night or two sleeping on an iron cot and being jostled into the morning line-up afterwards, they pine for the great open spaces beyond St. Louis.

I find this system, while admittedly hard-boiled, is nevertheless a sure cure.

It takes the glory of being a gangster away from young, adventure-struck kids. And it takes the profit out of crime for the more mature lads.

Crime originates, usually, when smart crooks meet in a saloon or pool-hall, or arrive from out of town. More than likely, the newcomers are on the lam from another job and have conveniently changed their place of residence until the heat is off. Soon, they try their hands at small jobs in their new headquarters, slowly working up to bigger things. Before you know it, another crime wave has broken.

Holdups, robberies, petty thefts begin to blossom forth, due to these gangs meeting and making connections. But grab the crook *before* he gets time to act—make life so miserable that he can't take a step without a policeman dogging his footsteps—and he'll soon change his mind about pulling jobs in *your* town.

Record System Important

A POLICE force, to be successful in battling crime, must have a good record system. We pride ourselves in having one of the most complete, up-to-date departments in the country. We have at our finger-tips, vast records concerning an enormous number of known criminals—whether behind bars or lately released.

I do not want to infer that I hound paroled boys who are trying to live down a past mistake and go straight. I can truthfully say that I have helped twice as many boys go back into society as self-respecting citizens, as I have placed behind bars. But an experienced cop can spot a professional crook a block away.

No, we don't treat known criminals with kid gloves in this town. We give them some of their own medicine to swallow—in a double dose! And, as can be expected, they can't take it. If every city and town in the United States would adopt a similar attitude, crime would be vastly discouraged. Make a study of known criminals—keep an up-to-date record system and—"treat 'em rough!"



John J. Carroll

The FATAL LOVE WALKATHON



Using psychology to trap his quarry, Sheriff Otto Ray, co-author of this story, solved the slaying of the walkathon beauty. Right, a scene on the famous Indianapolis speedway, only a stone's throw from the dance hall where the walkathon sweethearts first met.

WEARY couples moved mechanically around the polished floor of a dance hall in Speedway City, a suburb of Indianapolis, Indiana. Their faces were drawn, their bodies limp with fatigue. The walkathon was nearing its four hundredth hour and the contestants were beginning to show obvious signs of strain.

Through the open windows during the day came the roar of powerful motors being tested on the world-famous speedway, only a stone's throw away. By contrast, the nights were comparatively restful and quiet; but even the fresh spring breezes which swept across the arena offered no balm to tired bodies and flagging nerves.

Seldom has there been a stranger setting for romance; yet it was there that a boy and girl found love. Found Paradise in a self-imposed purgatory—echoed

the endless rhythms of the orchestra in the singing of their hearts.

As the spotlight singled out the youthful sweethearts and an announcer introduced them to the audience, the girl smiled wanly but radiantly at her partner. In the revealing light her blonde hair shone like finely spun gold; her blue eyes took on a deeper luster under their curling lashes.

The boy's face brightened. His shoulders lost their weary droop. Love was like an anodyne to Tommy Welshans. When Mary Ferguson Hamburg smiled at him he forgot that his body ached—that his limbs trembled—that his nerves were shrieking in outraged protest. He remembered the grilling hours only as an idyll of happiness.

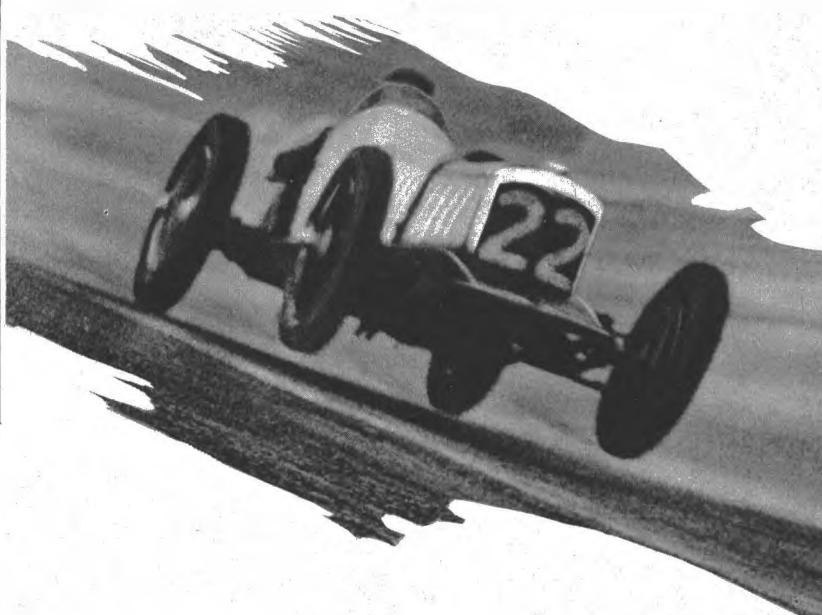
He drew her closer to him, thrilling at the touch of her warm young body. The girl returned the pressure, her heart

pounding tumultuously. "Bicycle Bess," as she was affectionately known, queen of the walkathon, knew that this time she was really in love. That other sordid affair of her early youth now seemed like a horrible nightmare.

"We've got to win this walkathon, Tommy!" she said. "We've got to! You don't know how much the money will mean to me—how important—how necessary it is to my happiness."

But the fates had other plans for the beautiful girl and her boyish lover. They did not win the contest upon which both had counted so greatly. And therein lay a greater tragedy than either knew. For although they parted with a pledge of undying love, the first snarl had occurred in the tragic skein that was slowly being woven into the crimson pattern of their lives.

Within two weeks Tommy had his old



OF INDIANA'S BEAUTY

*By Sheriff
OTTO RAY*

Of Marion County, Indiana,

As Told To
VICTOR P. RANKIN



Female contestants take a much-needed rest at one of the walkathon contests where the youthful lovers hoped to win the money which would insure their future.

job back with a taxicab company. Proudly, after his first night's work, he made his way to his sweetheart's home. Mary met him on the little side porch of her father's apartment. A summer breeze molded her gingham house dress about her body, revealing the soft roundness of her bosom and the alluring curves of her youthful figure. Warm color suffused her cheeks at the joy of seeing her lover. Tommy thrilled as their eager arms went around each other.

"Darling," he said, "I'm working now. I've come to take you home. Tell me you'll marry me today."

For one brief, rapturous moment she clung to him in passionate embrace; then, pulling away, she flung herself, sobbing, into a chair.

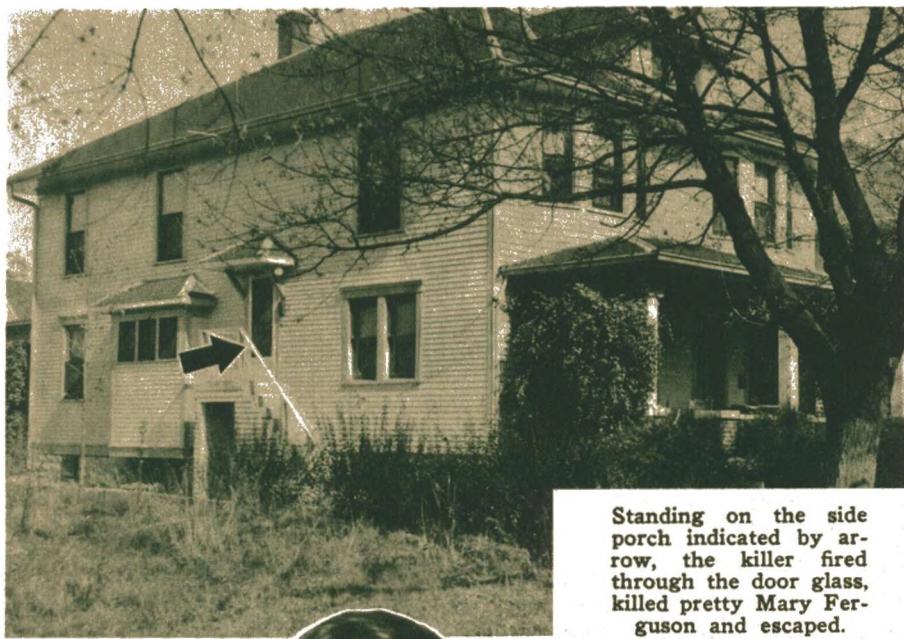
"I—I can't, Tommy," she sobbed. "Oh. I knew this moment would come and I have dreaded it so. I—I'm already married. But I haven't deceived you, Tommy. I haven't lived with my husband for four years but I can't marry you until I get a divorce. That's why I told you we had to win the walkathon—why it meant so much to me. I loved you and I couldn't have you until I was free."

But theirs was the kind of a love that would not stand separation. A week later Tommy Welshans again parked his car in front of the quiet Speedway City home that was destined to witness so many stormy scenes. This time she did not resist his pleading. She packed her suit-



VICTIM OF MYSTERY GUNMAN

Known as queen of the walkathons, beautiful Mary Elizabeth Ferguson found a royal consort when she fell in love with her partner, Tommy Welshans. But a mad slayer doomed their romance. Note the winged Cupid, symbolic trademark of the love that would not stay.



Standing on the side porch indicated by arrow, the killer fired through the door glass, killed pretty Mary Ferguson and escaped.



Judge of the Marion county criminal court which heard the evidence in the slaying of the walkathon beauty, Frank P. Baker is shown in his private chambers during one of the court recesses.

cases and left to make her home with Tommy and his mother. At least they could be together, she reasoned, under the same roof. Perhaps, between them, they could save enough money to get the divorce which meant their mutual happiness.

But both Tommy and his pretty sweetheart soon became discouraged at the slowness with which their savings grew. Lured by the hope of getting a large amount of money quickly, they turned again to the walkathon, undeterred by their failure at Speedway City. Together they hitch-hiked to Canton, Ohio—to Akron—from there to Cincinnati, to enter different walkathons. Always they were unsuccessful. They went on to Rockford, Illinois; to Louisville, Kentucky; to Vincennes, Indiana. Still fortune was unfavorable and Tommy was forced to return to his job with the taxicab company no nearer a divorce for his beloved than the day they met.

After their return from the profitless trip, Mary divided her time between her father's home and that of her lover. Apparently the youthful pair were still happy in each other's company—still deeply in love—still unaware of the looming tragedy which was shortly to wreck their dreams of happiness.

Looming Tragedy

WEEKS passed and spring came again to Speedway City. And again the powerful motors roared around the famous brick oval, bellowing their thunderous diapason of death. But this year "Bicycle Bess" was not vying for the favor of the walkathon fans. She was not in the spotlight when the racing motors sang their explosive symphony.

But within a week all that was changed. The name of Mary Ferguson was blazoned throughout the state. Her beauty was extolled; her walkathon exploits publicized. Recognition was hers at last. Not that it mattered to Mary Ferguson. She was dead—with an ugly bullet wound in her breast.

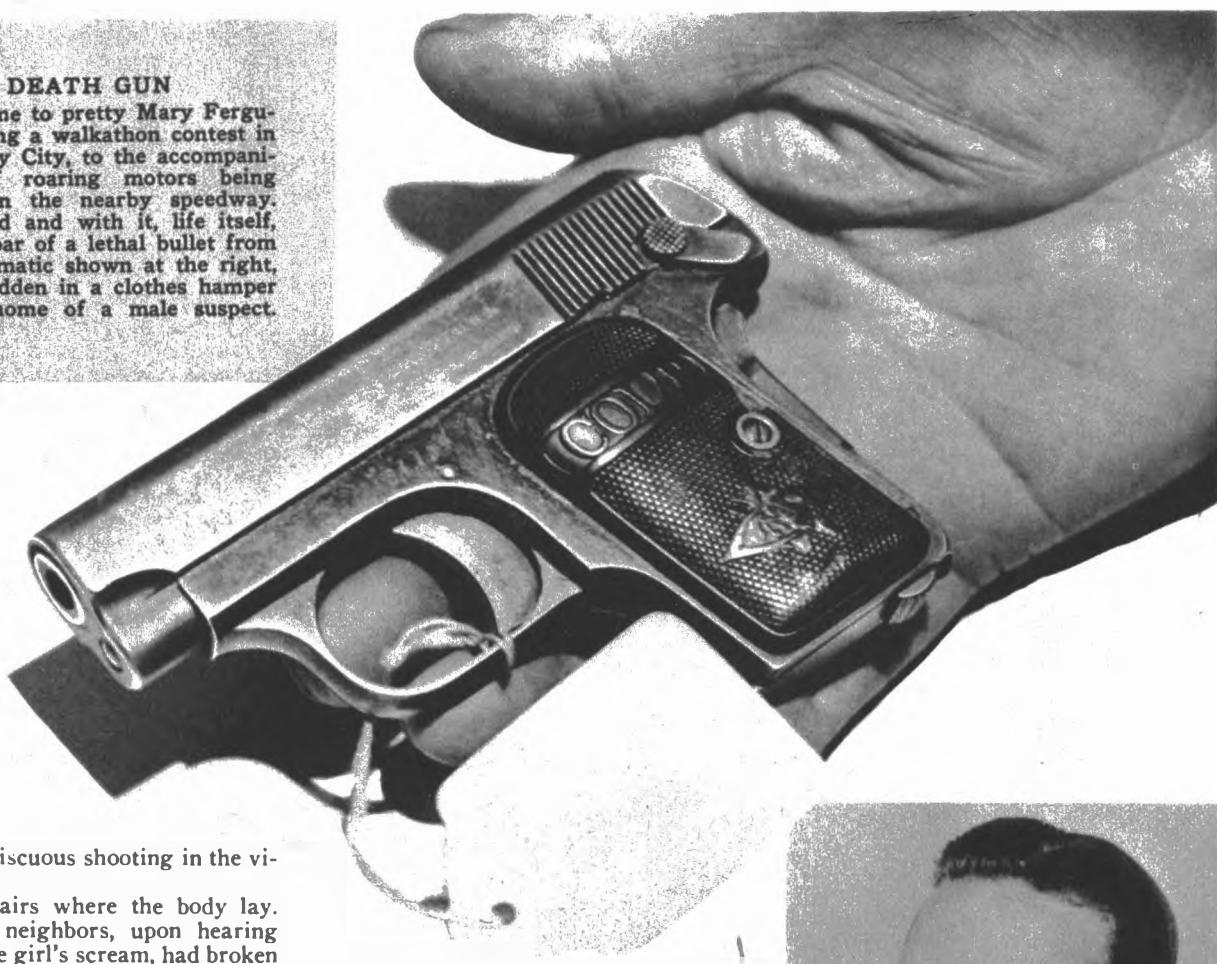
It was less than a week after the famous Speedway race—the morning of June 3, 1935—that we received a report of a fatal shooting at the Ferguson place at 4968½ West Fifteenth street. I assigned two of my best men, Deputy Sheriffs Gene W. Ryan and Ernest Medcalfe, to investigate and inform me whether the case was one of suicide or murder.

Deputy Ryan's report brought me hurrying to the scene a few minutes later. The bullet had been fired from outside, penetrating the door glass and a silk curtain before entering the victim's body. This point and the fact that there was no sign of a weapon eliminated the suicide theory. That meant that the dead girl had either been deliberately murdered or—remote possibility—had been fatally wounded by some accidental shot fired in the neighborhood.

This latter possibility was quickly dispelled. Questioning of several nearby residents who still lingered about on the sidewalk revealed no evidence of acci-

DEATH GUN

Love came to pretty Mary Ferguson during a walkathon contest in Speedway City, to the accompaniment of roaring motors being tested on the nearby speedway. Love fled and with it, life itself, to the roar of a lethal bullet from the automatic shown at the right, found hidden in a clothes hamper in the home of a male suspect.



dental or promiscuous shooting in the vicinity.

I went upstairs where the body lay. Kind hearted neighbors, upon hearing the shot and the girl's scream, had broken into the apartment in hopes of getting to her before the wound proved fatal. Finding her already dead, they had carried the body from the floor where she had fallen to a cot in the front room. I recognized Mary Ferguson at once from newspaper pictures. I had also seen her at different walkathons which I had investigated while a captain of Indianapolis city police. Even in death her face retained much of the color and radiance of youth. The bullet had entered the left side of the body just above the kidney ranging upwards toward the heart.

At this point Deputy Medcalfe came in with Benjamin Whitely, marshal of Speedway City. Whitely gave us the information that he had seen a tan Ford convertible coupe and a black Ford coupe with a rusty fender parked near the Ferguson home several times in the past two weeks. He was sure one of them belonged to the killer.

He had been called to the apartment several times, the marshal continued, to break up quarrels between the girl's sweethearts and her father. The latter did not entirely approve of his daughter's friends, particularly her walkathon acquaintances. There had been words, even hinted threats on occasion.

"Here are the license numbers of the two cars," the marshal concluded. "I was just going to phone them in to the radio dispatcher when your deputy caught up with me."

But I demurred at any hasty action. We were in no way sure that the killer had escaped in either of the cars. There

was no point in our embarrassing innocent parties by premature arrests. I believed that we had not yet exhausted all the investigative possibilities at the scene of the crime.

Neighbors See Killer

I BEGAN to question the neighbors. The people living next door stated that they had been sitting in their breakfast nook when they heard the shot. Looking through their window they had seen a slender youth in dark trousers and tan sweater walk rapidly through the Ferguson back yard toward the alley.

This discounted Marshal Whitely's opinion that the killer had driven away in an automobile. Had two rival lovers met at the Ferguson home? Had the bullet that had snuffed out the life of the popular walkathon beauty been meant for another? I pondered these questions as I continued my investigation.

A few minutes later Paul Ferguson, the victim's father, arrived. In the meantime I had learned considerably more about the trouble between him and the girl's sweetheart and was prepared to ask a few questions. I quizzed him about the threats of violence he was alleged to have made.

"I might have said something like that," he admitted slowly, "but the marshal took my gun."

I pressed him for an explanation of the tragedy.



Sweetheart of Mary Ferguson and her partner in various walkathons, Tommy Welshans found the grilling contests an idyll of happiness.

Ferguson's lips tightened. "I know who did this," he said. "It was Tommy Welshans. Mary and Tommy had quarreled over another fellow and she had come home to stay. She had promised me she wouldn't ever see him again."

The man burst into tears. There was no mistaking the sincerity of his grief.

Our course was obvious: Find Tommy Welshans and bring him in for questioning.

Waiting only until the arrival of the coroner and the ambulance, we took Ferguson with us and sped toward the city. Ferguson did not know Welshans' address but said he could direct us to the

house. Finally we pulled up at a modest home on South Missouri street.

In the meantime Deputy Ryan, detailed to check the supposed escape car and locate the missing husband, had been replaced by Deputy Ralph Green. I ordered him and Medcalfe to search the house thoroughly while I talked to Mrs. Welshans. She told me Tommy had been there earlier in the day but had left without saying when he would return. When I asked about their car she said it had been wrecked several days before and was still in the repair shop. Although anxious to aid us, she could throw no light on the morning's happenings.

By this time Medcalfe and Green had completed a fruitless search and we returned immediately to my offices at the jail. Calling the state automobile license department, I found that the number given me by Marshal Whitely had been issued to a brother of Tommy Welshans.

He verified his mother's statement that his car had been wrecked the previous week; but was unable to give us any information which might lead to his missing brother's whereabouts. Undaunted, I picked up Deputy Orville Bray and went to the parking lot where Welshans had formerly been employed. At a garage adjoining the lot we learned that we were about fifteen minutes behind our quarry.

Reasoning that his visit to the lot was for the purpose of getting a car, we checked the machines on the lot. License number M-55 was missing. The letter M denoted that the car belonged to a dealer. Tracing the plates, we learned that they had been on a black Chevrolet coach. We returned again to the office to broadcast the description of the missing car and organize a search.

In a short time Deputy Ryan came in with the report that he had contacted the husband of the walkathon beauty. He furnished unquestionable evidence that he knew nothing of the crime and had not heard from his wife but once since they were separated. These facts, coupled with the knowledge that Tommy Wel-

shans had evidently fled the city, strongly established his guilt in my mind.

I immediately called Chief Deputy Henry Miller and instructed Chief Jailer Charles Markey to call all day and night deputies and as many special deputies as were available. When Chief Miller arrived from my office in the courthouse I acquainted him fully with the facts of the case.

"Now," I said, "since Welshans has apparently fled the city, it is my plan to chase him right back into our laps, as it were."

Deputy Miller looked puzzled. "On this manhunt," I explained, "I am going to use a little applied psychology. This case is a little different from tracking down a gangster."

Organizes Manhunt

WHILE waiting for my deputies to arrive I instructed Chief Miller to have eight hundred descriptions of the fugitive typed ready for distribution among the searchers. Among the special details, assigned as they arrived, were plainclothesmen to his place of employment, his home neighborhood and every likely source of information concerning him. I next gave his picture to the three leading Indianapolis newspapers with a complete story of the details of the murder and the steps I was taking to apprehend him. It also carried a direct statement that I had over a hundred deputies already on his trail and that every peace officer in the middle west would be notified within five hours.

At this time County Prosecutor Herbert M. Spencer assigned Henry O. Goett, one of his most capable deputies, to assist in the investigation and preparation of evidence for the case. Leaving the legal details to Mr. Goett, I proceeded with the manhunt.

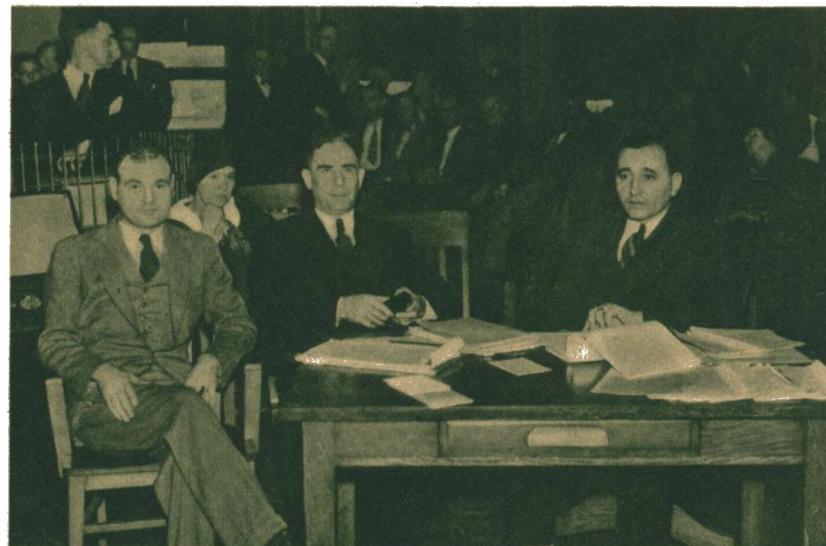
Presently one of my deputies brought in a report for which I had been waiting. Instantly

I sprang into action. The report said that Welshans had friends in both Louisville, Kentucky and Lafayette, Indiana and might go to either place. Requesting the state police to notify their operatives in that vicinity as well as the Tippecanoe county and city officers, I telephoned Louisville and Jeffersonville authorities and at 5:45 the following morning Chief Deputy Miller, Special Deputy John Hano and I were speeding toward the Kentucky city armed with several hundred descriptions, photos and copies of newspapers containing the story of the murder. At the larger towns along the way we supplied police departments, sheriff's offices and newspaper offices with descriptions, photos and copies of the story. At the small villages, filling stations and tourist camps we left descriptions of the fugitive and copies of the news story. At Jeffersonville and New Albany, Indiana we included taxicab companies, hotels, bus, steam and interurban railway stations in our routine search.

Jeffersonville city police had picked up the getaway car abandoned in an out of the way commons near one of the hospitals. Identifying it, we were now practically sure our victim was afoot.

We went directly to police headquarters upon our arrival in Louisville. In a short time reporters had the story of my visit and pictures of the fugitive.

The chief of detectives immediately ordered 550 prints of Welshans' photo made with his full description mimeographed on the back. These were presented to the officers at roll call and a number were sent to the state highway police and the sheriff's road patrol office. I was



In the hands of the men above lay the marshaling of evidence and the prosecution in the shocking slaying of the walkathon beauty. Left to right: James A. Watson, Sheriff Ray and Henry O. Goett.



then furnished with six detective teams with cars and from ten that night until four the following morning we scoured the city. Hotels, railway stations, bus stations, travel bureaus—all likely places were visited in spreading the fine meshed dragnet over the city and suburbs.

At four in the morning we went to our hotel for a half hour's sleep. At 4:30 I awakened Miller and Hano and after a bath, shave and breakfast, we were on the trail again. Around seven we finished and I turned the car toward Indianapolis. I had seen copies of the Louisville papers. They all contained Welshans's picture together with a brief story of the crime and our campaign to trap the slayer. It was part of my plan to let our quarry know of the tremendous odds against him.

The following morning the Indianapolis *Star* carried a second story on the case giving my plans for continued vigilance throughout the state. That story brought results. About nine o'clock a young man approached the jail entrance.

"I'm Tommy Welshans," he said. "The turnkey admitted him and hurried to tell me.

"I was expecting him," I replied. "Send him into my office."

A few minutes later I entered the office and spoke to Welshans as if nothing had happened. I was overjoyed that my plan of capture had worked so efficiently—that I had been able to use newspaper publicity to such splendid advantage—but I knew that until I had his confession my work was not done.

For a moment we sat in silence as I planned the best method of attack. The youth was pale and obviously under severe nervous strain. His hands trembled as he fumbled through his clothes for a cigarette. I handed him a cigar, held a match for him, waited until his smoke was drawing evenly and his nerve tension was lightened.

Then, without further prelude, I began to speak.

"Tommy," I said, "you've shown me you want to do the right thing by giving yourself up; now I want to do the right by you. You know, of course, that it will be much easier for you if you make a clean breast of the whole thing."

Tells Of Shooting

THE boy considered this briefly as conflicting emotions struggled for supremacy in his face. Then his jaw set in determined fashion. "Yes," he said. "Yes, I'll feel better if I tell you about it. I . . . I killed her." The last words came haltingly from his lips.

"Ever since I met Mary Ferguson at the Speedway City walkathon in May of last year I have loved her and wanted to marry her. I had given her an engagement ring and we planned to marry as soon as I had saved enough to get her divorce.

"Then I found out she had been running around with another fellow who had a very bad reputation. I told her what was wrong with him but she wouldn't listen to me. On the fatal morning I had been half crazy all night with thoughts of what Bess would suffer if she kept on with this fellow. I loved her too much to see her go through such a thing. I went to her house and rang the bell. She came down to the door, lifted the door curtain and dropped it again. Rage blinded me. The thought that she had

been expecting the other fellow and wanted me to go away burned into my brain.

"I've got to see her I thought, before she ruins her life. I remembered the gun I always carried. I whipped it out and fired through the door, thinking to frighten her into letting me in. I heard her scream. I gave up then and walked back through the yard and across the alley to Sixteenth street.

"Catching a bus I came home, packed my suitcase, stole a car and left town. Arriving in Louisville I bought Indianapolis papers and learned that I had killed Bess and that I was a hunted man with a price on my head.

"I had killed Bess! The thought haunted me. I didn't seem to care what happened to me—I don't care now—I have nothing to live for.

"That night I went several places where I was acquainted and they told me the law had been there looking for me. The next morning I bought Louisville papers and saw my picture in them and saw about your visit there looking for me. I decided the best thing I could do was to go home and give myself up before I was shot by some of those Louisville police. I'm sorry it happened. I loved Bess and had no intention of killing her."

The confession was typed and signed in the presence of Chief Deputy Miller, Chief Jailer Markey and myself. Needless to say I realized that the confession alone would not make a case. We had to have supporting evidence. Only taking time to swing my office back into its usual routine I called Prosecutor Goett and together we began a thorough recheck of the evidence and information gathered by my men in their three-day search.

From Sergeant Arch Ball, well known ballistics expert, we learned that the lethal bullet had been fired from a .25 caliber automatic pistol which had been subsequently found in the soiled clothes hamper

[Continued on page 61]

Below, the Marion county jail at Indianapolis, where the killer was held while waiting trial.



Crowds jammed the courtroom to hear the Ferguson case. Above, left to right: Roy W. Volstad, defense chief; the slayer; William G. O'Nan, defense attorney; Deputy Sheriff Ernest Medcalfe.



Co-author of this story, Oliver Parmer was paid \$10,000 in rewards for his capture of the border bandits.

By
OLIVER PARMER
Former Arizona Ranger
As Told To
KATHLEEN O'DONNELL



Bandits' greed claimed six lives in a series of murderous raids before the trail of Arizona's border terrorists was ended.

But the clue of five gold teeth finally led the Law to a crimson showdown, as related in this official story by a former Ranger who was there.



Blindly trying to escape the Law, the fugitives fled through desolate and rugged country such as that pictured at the left.

How We the

AS EARLY dusk of February 27, 1920, settled over the deserted town of Ruby, Arizona, a Mexican ranch-hand shivered and pulled his frayed mackinaw closer about him as he trotted past boarded-up houses, to a forlorn building of adobe and weathered wood. The ramshackle building, a relic of better days when the copper and silver mines of Ruby were working, now housed the post office, general store, and home of the brothers, John and Alexander Fraser, who eked out a precarious existence serving the needs of the meager population of the once prosperous Oro Blanco mining district.

The Mexican dismounted on the dusty street and tied his horse to a rail. A chill wind howled eerily through the mouldering desert town as he tried the heavy door. Finding it locked, he pounded. A shutter banged disconsolately somewhere nearby.

Receiving no answer he knocked again. The echo was his only response.

"The boys must have gone to Nogales for the day," he muttered to himself. Stepping to a window, he cupped his hands about his eyes and peered in through the failing light.

"Madre de Dios!" he exclaimed for he could discern that the safe was wide open and its contents scattered. Without further investigation he leaped on his horse and galloped to the ranch of John Maloney, justice of the peace.

He panted out his story.

John Maloney, a stalwart old Indian fighter and peace officer who had yet to meet his match for courage, strapped on his .45 Colt, grabbed his Stetson, and called in his vaqueros.

"*Vamos!* Let's go," he cried. "The post office has been robbed!"

Later Maloney and his men pulled up their laboring horses in front of the building and walked briskly to the door. Lanterns were being lit when suddenly, almost like an echo, a low moan, faint but unmistakable, emanated from the building. A sensation of horror swept over the group.

"My God, what was that?" Maloney asked grimly.

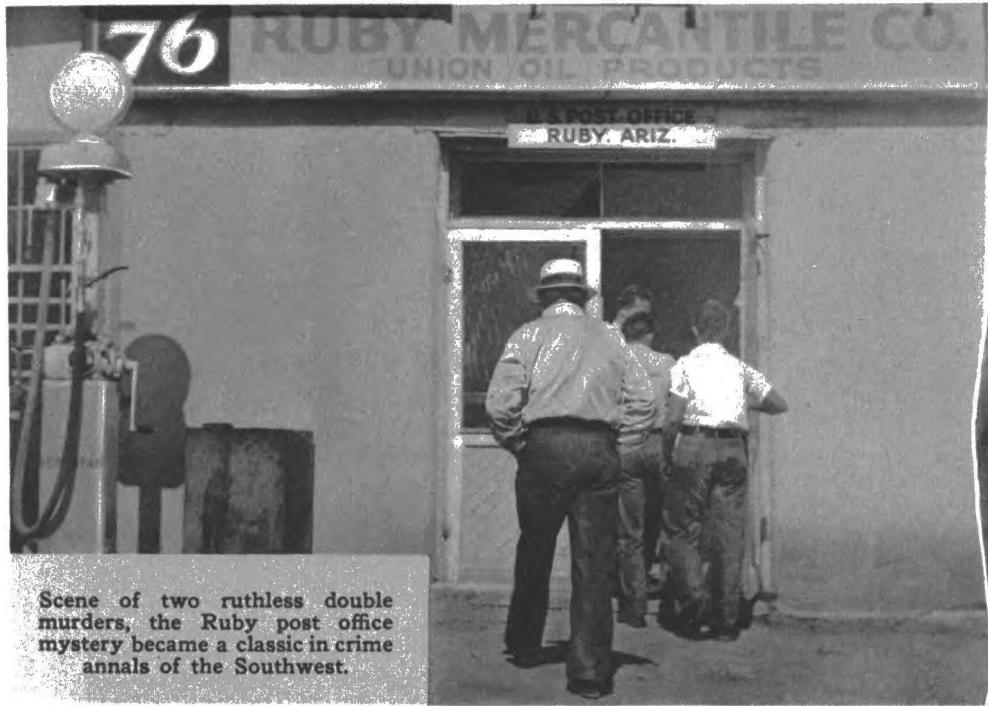
One of the vaqueros crossed himself and murmured a prayer.

The cry came again, this time lower and long drawn out. Scarcely audible, it seemed inhuman!

"Quick! Break in the door," ordered Maloney, drawing his gun. The men complied and, stepping over the broken door with lanterns held high, they glanced around the room. Sure enough there was the yawning safe. Maloney gasped and his face blanched for by the counter lay the crumpled form of Alexander Fraser. An agonized moan drew their attention to the doorway leading to the living quarters. There lay the tortured body of John Fraser, his life's blood oozing from a ghastly head wound.

Beads of perspiration glistened on Maloney's forehead. This was no suicide pact, no accidental shooting. It was plain robbery and murder.

The telephone, the only one in Ruby,



Scene of two ruthless double murders, the Ruby post office mystery became a classic in crime annals of the Southwest.

Trapped DEADLY BORDER BANDITS

had been torn off the wall and its wires cut.

"Gutierrez, take my horse and ride hard to Nogales. Get Sheriff Earhart and an ambulance."

At this time there were no autos in Ruby. Nogales, forty miles away, was the nearest town.

Double Tragedy

SO IT was that in the early hours of dawn I was drawn into the investigation by Sheriff Ray R. Earhart, for I was the Arizona Ranger in the Oro Blanco district. With three deputies we drove to Ruby as fast as road conditions permitted.

Although we were prepared for the sight of death we were appalled at the

grisly scene within the post office. Alexander was dead. A bullet had entered his back, coursing to the front, and a second had penetrated his head. This unquestionably had caused instant death.

John had been shot through the left eye and the bullet had passed through his skull. He was still alive but unconscious. We placed him in the ambulance and sent him to a Nogales hospital. He was our one hope of learning just what had happened. But our hopes in this direction were blasted when he died en route to the hospital without regaining consciousness.

It was evident to us that more than one man was responsible for these murders for Alexander had been shot twice and by weapons of different caliber. The absence of powder marks on the clothing

John Maloney, stalwart old Indian fighter and peace officer, was justice of the peace at Ruby. He was the first official to be notified of the Fraser killings.



and skin of the victims indicated that the fatal bullets had been fired from a distance.

Gunplay was not uncommon in Arizona where, due perhaps to the lingering spirit of the Old West, men often faced each other and shot it out. But this was different. Alexander Fraser had been shot in the back in cold blood after he evidently had complied with the demands of the killers by opening the safe.

As to the characters of the Fraser brothers I learned much from Justice Maloney and others whom I questioned later. They had lived in Ruby for a number of years, were unobtrusive, well liked, and had no known enemies. They were especially kind to the Mexican peons in the district, often extending them credit for food. Seldom, indeed, had a crime seemed more cold-blooded.

Was there something in these men's past that brought on this killing? Was

there some document hidden in the safe? Did the Frasers recognize the intruders and were the Frasers killed to prevent identification?

"There's a curse on that building," one old timer told me.

"How's that, Dad?" I questioned.

"Old Tio Pedro died years ago. He predicted evil for the occupants of the post office 'cause it was built over an old padre's grave."

From Maloney I learned that the Tio Pedro superstition was common among the poorer Mexicans.

I made a close examination of the premises for clues but found nothing tangible. Beans in a pot on the stove were charred and a pan of biscuits in the oven were burned black showing that the Frasers were in the act of preparing their evening meal when they were interrupted and struck down.

The clang of the school bell within a stone's throw of the post office suggested a possible source of information. I went to the school and had a chat with the teacher.

"On my way home at about four o'clock," she said, "I passed two strange Mexican vaqueros eating apples at the old adobe ruins just above the post office."

"What did they look like?" I asked eagerly.

"They were typical vaqueros. One had a long drooping black mustache, the other a heavy beard. Their horses were grazing over in back of the ruins."

Clue Of The Cigarettes

WITH this as a lead, Maloney and I hurried over to the ruins in search of clues. We found two sets of fresh footprints in the dust, the deep heel marks indicating that they had been made by men wearing the customary high-heeled cowboy boots. In a corner we found three apple cores and five cigarette butts. A curious thing about two of the cigarette butts was that the smoker, in putting them out, had broken the end off between his thumb and two fingers.

Back at the post office I found another of these broken cigarettes and also a box of apples which indicated that the strange Mexicans had visited the store prior to the murders. The shooting had not taken place before four o'clock because the teacher and her pupils declared they had heard no gun reports during the day.

We were unable to gain further information about the vaqueros as no one else had seen them.

Late that afternoon a prominent rancher of the Oro Blanco district reported that two of his best saddle horses and eight head of cattle had been stolen during the night. Thinking there might be some connection between the murders and the cattle rustling we drove over to this ranch. We obtained horses for our posse and, picking up the cattle rustlers' trail, trotted out into the barren wilderness after them. The fugitives were traveling fast, driving the cattle before them, confident that they could cross the border at some deserted point and be safe in Old Mexico by daylight.

At this time Mexico was not recognized by the United States and consequently there was no treaty of extradition in effect, so that once across the border a criminal was perfectly safe. Although we were two days behind the bandits we kept on in the hope that they had been delayed in their efforts to smuggle the rustled cattle across the line.

The following morning deputy sheriffs and civilians from Pima, Cochise, and Santa Cruz counties, armed with the descriptions of the stolen stock, searched mountain gorges and hidden gulches of the Oro Blanco district while the immigration officers and U. S. troops from Nogales patrolled the border.

Our posse rode over tiresome hills veined with ore bodies of great richness, across dry washes flecked with gold, a land of vast distances, beauty, wealth, and opportunity where Spaniards of Coronado's day marched over from Mexico in quest of the fabulous seven cities of Cibola. We did not get sight of the rustlers.



Left to right, Deputy Sheriff R. Q. Leatherman, Placidio Silvas, Manuel Martinez and Sheriff Harry Saxon, all of whom played important roles in the Ruby drama.



In the ruins of an abandoned adobe shack, pictured above, a Ruby school teacher reported to officers that she saw two suspicious looking vaqueros on the afternoon of the post office robbery and double slayings.

In the months that followed the investigation went on with Sheriff Earhart flooding the country with circulars describing the post office killings. Many suspects were rounded up by able officers but no charges were made. Cattle rustling continued in the Oro Blanco district and an occasional Mexican bullet whined across the line.

A New Postmaster

A YEAR later found the Ruby post office in charge of young Frank Pearson, a native of Texas. Pearson was married and the father of a pretty four-year-old girl, Margaret. He purchased the stock in the store from the Fraser heirs and was assisted in his duties by his wife, Myrtle.

That year, 1921, the rains were few and water holes dried. Hundreds of cattle died because of the drouth.

The Pearsons grew lonely for even John Maloney went away for the summer leaving them eight miles from an habituated house. So Mrs. Pearson sent for her younger sister, Elizabeth Purcell, and also her husband's sister, Irene. It was the first time the two girls had been away from their homes.

The girls helped Myrtle Pearson with the household tasks and she and her husband had more time to ride out over the brown hills. The morning of August 26 gave promise of another stifling day in the post office. The Pearsons had their breakfast at seven o'clock and at eight Pearson opened the office as was his custom. Shortly thereafter, leaving

the girls in charge, the couple mounted their ponies and rode out over the surrounding hills.

From Ruby Mountain they looked down toward Mexico, the land of mañana, of romance, and of other, more sinister, things when suddenly Pearson's horse picked up his ears and braced his forelegs stiffly. Down below on the trail several vaqueros were galloping toward the post office.

Pearson's face beamed. "There is going to be business in the store and the girls may need us."

"I'll race you back," Myrtle cried, spurring her horse.

They raced across the mesa in the balmy morning air avoiding clumps of cactus and scrub oak. They reached home breathless and radiant, with flushed faces. The vaqueros were leaving as they drew up.

Myrtle and her sister retired to the living quarters with little Margaret. Irene began straightening the shelves; Pearson was sweeping the floor. The door opened. Two vaqueros reentered the store and strode to the counter.

"Tobacco," they ordered.

As Pearson turned his back to reach for the tobacco the Mexicans exchanged significant glances.

The next instant two guns roared. Irene screamed. Pearson staggered, drew his gun from under the counter and fired three wild shots at his assailants. Then death stilled his trigger finger.

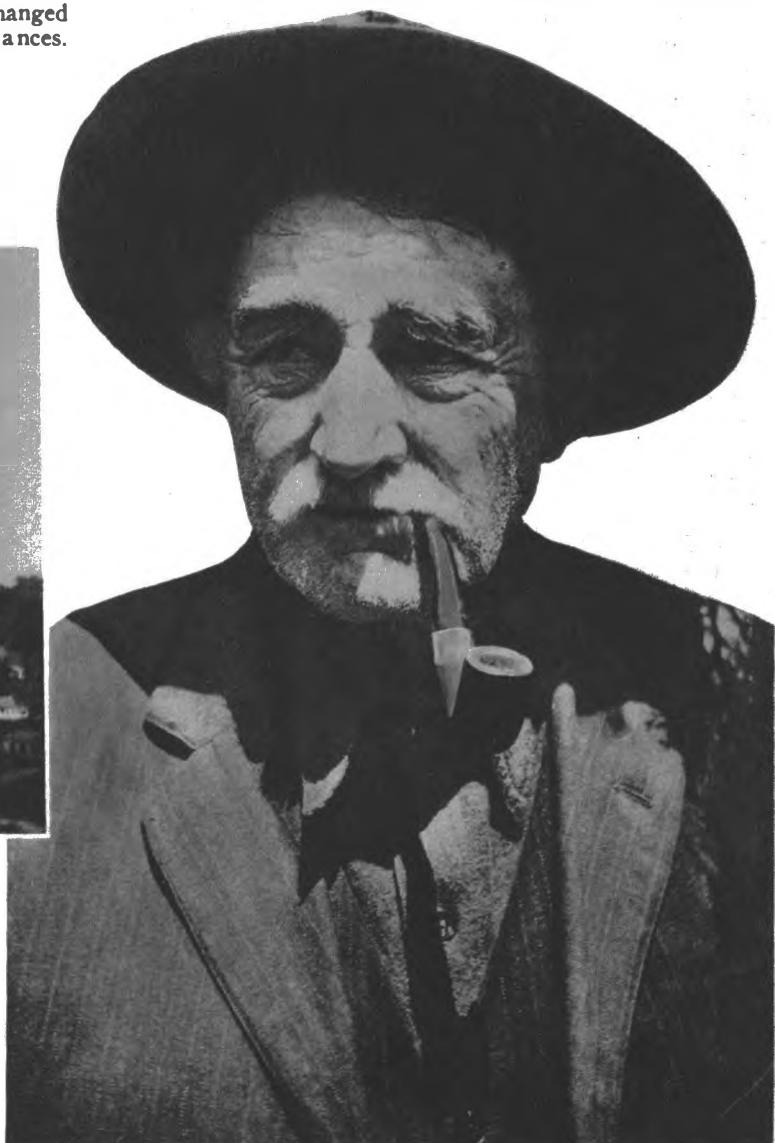
The killer with the drooping black mustache, leering evilly at Irene, waved his smoking gun at his companion and ordered him to get all the "gringo's dinero" (money).

A Second Murder

SCREAMING at the top of her voice, Irene ran back into the rear of the building. The bandit pursued her, waving his pistol wildly. The blood froze in her veins. She stumbled. He caught her, grabbed her by the hair and dragged her across the room.

"Stop! For God's sake, stop!" Myrtle shrieked running into the room. The mustachioed one glanced up and avidly appraising Myrtle's trim matronly figure roughly flung Irene aside. Then something else attracted him as Myrtle Pearson opened her mouth and screamed—the glint of five gold-crowned teeth!

He sprang up, clutched her arms fiercely and brought the muzzle of his



Above, the town of Ruby as it appears today. From an almost abandoned mining town it blossomed into a thriving community with the increased price of precious metals.

Grizzled Ben Daniels, fearless Rough Rider with Theodore Roosevelt, as sheriff of Pima county, led a posse to capture the Ruby bandits.



Placido Silvas, ruthless Mexican desperado, was identified as one of the Ruby terrorists.

.45 down hard on her head. She collapsed, groaning. The killer stood up, as if enjoying the situation, and aimed at her helpless body writhing in agony on the floor.

Bang! Blood spurted from a wound in her neck. The fiend jerked her head around by the hair and, forcing her mouth open, calmly knocked out the gold crowns with the butt of his gun!

While this mutilation was taking place little Margaret appeared in the doorway, her eyes wide with stark terror. Irene grabbed her before she could betray her presence. Together they rolled under a couch, where they remained unnoticed.

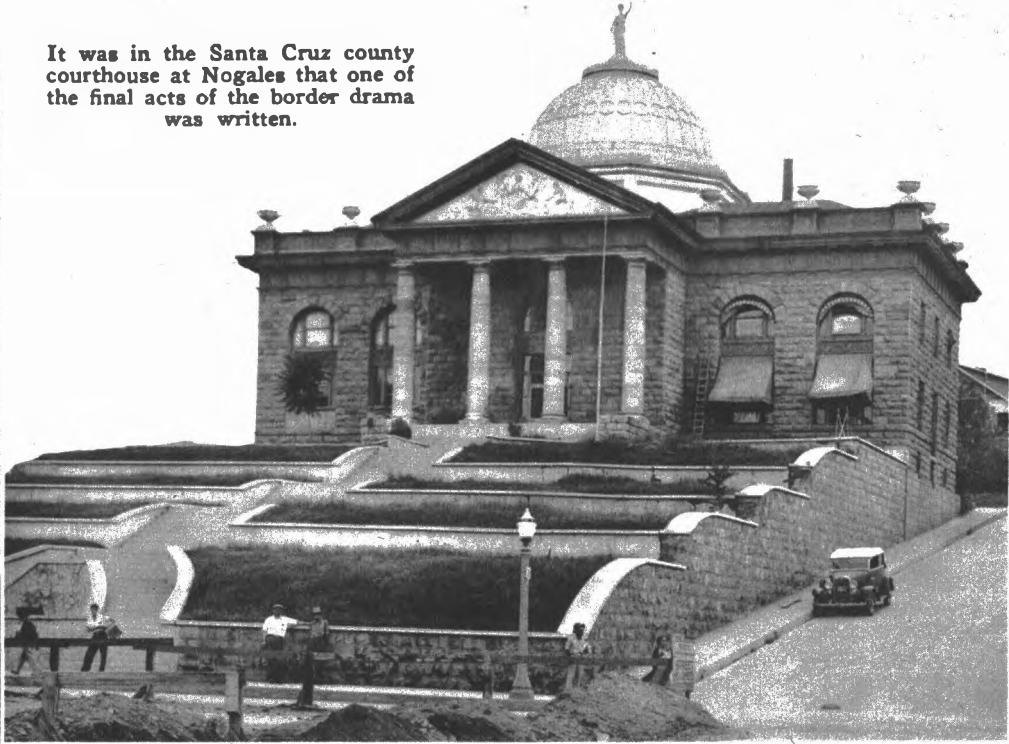
Elizabeth in the meantime crawled behind the counter and obtained Pearson's shotgun. But the mustachioed one was quick as a cat. There was another flash from his gun! An agonized scream! The shotgun clattered to the floor and Elizabeth slumped behind the counter.

The killer seeing the bleeding and mutilated form of Myrtle Pearson twitching in agony on the floor bent over her. There was another roar. Her body stiffened, the twitching stopped.

The bandits shot open the safe and went through its contents.

Money, stamps, post office money orders were pocketed. They helped themselves to all groceries they could carry from the store's shelves. They tore the telephone from the wall and walked out into the corral where they stampeded the Pearsons' horses by beating them with sombreros, howling like coyotes and firing their pistols. Jumping on their horses they were off. The echo of racing hoofs beat back and forth through the hills with taunting madness to the girls left in the house.

It was in the Santa Cruz county courthouse at Nogales that one of the final acts of the border drama was written.



Irene and little Margaret crawled from beneath the couch uninjured. Irene revived Elizabeth who had fainted. Her arm was bleeding where a bullet had grazed it. Frank and Myrtle Pearson were dead.

The girls surveyed the shambles. They cried, dried their eyes and cried some more. With the telephone wires cut, the horses turned out, there was no way of summoning aid. Business was so quiet it might be days before some passerby came along.

The two girls, still in their 'teens, and little Margaret suddenly were faced with heavy responsibilities. They couldn't stay where they were, with the dead eyes of their loved ones staring at them.

Summon Aid

KEEPING and hysterical, the girls stumbled over a dusty desert trail in blazing heat of noonday to the ranch of their nearest neighbor eight miles away.

"The Ruby post office has been robbed and the postmaster and his wife murdered in cold blood," was the word brought to Nogales that afternoon.

With Sheriff George White, successor to Earhart, and three deputies I arrived at the scene of the crime just as the sun was sinking behind the topmost peaks of the Ruby Mountains. Chairs were overturned in the store, drawers were pulled out, papers scattered, the safe rifled, blood spattered on the floor, and boxes, bottles and canned goods strewn about.

Pearson lay behind the counter in a pool of blood with two bullets in his back—stiff in death. His wife's lifeless body lay sprawled on the floor. Her skull was fractured, a bullet had entered her neck and ranged downward, another had entered her left temple and come out at the back of the head. Her jaw was broken, her lips horribly mashed and lacerated.

Many of her teeth had been knocked out but they were not on the premises. I turned from this shocking sight resolved to do my utmost to bring to justice the fiends responsible for this mutilating atrocity.

White's lips were set in a thin hard line, his face was pale with fury and I knew that he was as determined as I. He knew what I was thinking—Pearson shot in the back like Alexander Fraser and almost on the same spot where the latter had expired some eighteen months previously. The safe open, its contents scattered, the telephone torn from the wall as before.

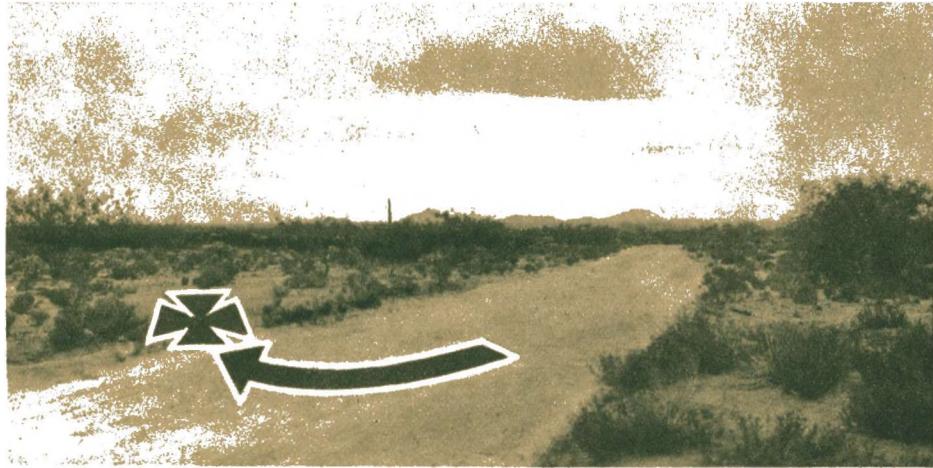
Were the same persons responsible for both double murders? Was robbery the motive? It seemed that old Tio Pedro's legend was still working.

A quick search of the building revealed nothing further so I rode through somber scatterings of mesquite beneath a blanket of brilliant desert stars to the ranch house where the girls had taken refuge. I wanted to know what light they could throw on the case.

They related the grim details of the murders. Their descriptions of the killers checked with that of the men the school teacher had seen on the afternoon of the Fraser killings.

Posse Take The Trail

NEWS of this latest atrocity at the Ruby post office spread rapidly through the Oro Blanco district. Peons in the vicinity crossed themselves and spoke darkly of old Tio Pedro's superstition. Two Mexican women came forward. One told how on the morning of the killing she had watched several vaqueros pass her place en route to the post office. The other woman recalled seeing some vaqueros pass her house on the trail to Sonora. The latter de-



On a lonely highway near Continental, at the spot indicated above, Sheriff George White and Deputy L. A. Smith, of Santa Cruz county, met violent deaths at the hands of murderous prisoners.

clared their horses were heavily packed.

Grim visaged ranchers from far and near snatched up their rifles and saddled their horses to search the border country for these merciless killers.

During the following weeks all the hectic madness and frantic energy of the Old Frontier were present. Days in the saddle and nights beneath the stars were the order of the day. Cars were of practically no value in the search. The country was too difficult and there were few roads. Posse rode over the parched desert and into the cool reaches of the mountain passes searching, searching. An airplane was chartered from the army post at Nogales to fly over this district in an attempt to get sight of the bandits. It was the first airplane ever used in Arizona for a manhunt.

Offer Bandit Reward

A REWARD of \$5,000 dead or alive was posted for each of the murderous outlaws. This added zest to the quest.

I had a hunch the men were safe in Mexico. Acting on this, White and I slipped away and crossed the line into Sonora, where we conferred with the Mexican officials. Although there was still no extradition treaty between our countries these officials assured us of their fullest personal cooperation.

True to their word, on September 6, 1921, Sheriff White received a communication from General Calles Plank, commander of the Mexican army in Sonora to the effect that his soldiers had forced two Mexican desperadoes out of a cantina where they had boasted of robbing the Ruby post office.

Thankful for this hot tip, though we did not know who these desperadoes were, White, four deputies and I lost no time in getting to the designated place in the wild desolate country north of Saric, Sonora. We picked up tracks where two men had crossed the border into Arizona. The next two days found us winding in and around sage brush and up through the rough timbered Pina Blanca Mountains and across Bear Valley where, amid the bristling cholla and brown grease

wood, shifting sands had obliterated all trace of our quarry. Again we returned to Nogales without our men.

During the ensuing fall and winter months we ran down dozens of tips. Suspects were picked up on suspicion in Tucson, Los Angeles and El Paso. But they weren't the men we sought.

"There's one thing certain," White declared as we later conferred on the case. "The men we are after may be hiding in the mountains of Sonora awaiting their chance to strike again. But while there's still a chance that they're on our side of the line we've got to keep after them."

By April, 1922, we had almost given up hope of ever apprehending the murderers, when there came a peculiar twist of fate. One of White's deputies happened to be in a cantina in Sasabe, Sonora, a town thirty-five miles southwest of Ruby. He was standing at the bar when he overheard the bartender bargaining with a customer.

"Sell you all of them for three pesos."
"No, I've only got two pesos."
"Guess I'll keep them."

The deputy glanced around casually to see what was being sold. He paled when he saw five gold teeth lying on the counter. Five gold teeth, the same number that the murderous bandit had knocked from Myrtle Pearson's pretty mouth! Gold teeth were rare among Mexicans. There was a possibility that this was a hot clue.

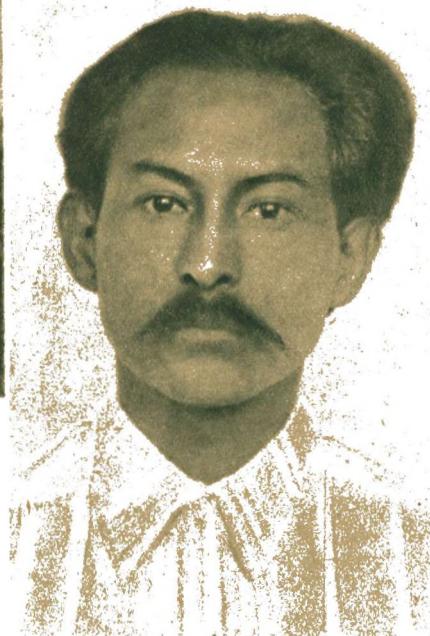
"Where did you get these?" the deputy asked.

"Oh, a feller by the name of Manuel Martinez sold them to me last fall. I had 'em put away and just ran across them the other day and decided to sell them." He grinned and leaned over confidentially: "I only paid sixty-five centavos for them."

Sixty-five cents Mex! The price of double murder! The deputy paid the astonished bartender his price and shuddered as he pocketed the teeth.

After examining the teeth, White and I were positive that Martinez was the man we wanted. Here was a break at last.

I had known Martinez by sight for years and also knew that his boon companion



Manuel Martinez, identified as one of the post office killers, paid with his life for a career of crime.

was a man named Placido Silvas whose family lived in a shack in the Oro Blanco district.

I saddled up my horse and poked over to the Silvas place to pick up what information I could. I went alone so as not to arouse suspicion. Several months before I had questioned this same family, who were of the peon class, but they apparently had known nothing of the murders.

Trap One Suspect

WHEN I reached the Silvas place, I noticed three horses saddled and tied outside. This indicated the presence of at least as many men inside. I chatted with a little girl and she told me Placido was in the house. A bold course now seemed wisest—to take them by surprise.

I flung open the door and leveled my two six-shooters at the five occupants before they had time to realize what was up. I singled out Silvas, a brown-eyed, black-bearded youth.

"You are coming with me to appear before Justice Maloney. You were in on that Pearson killing," I told him.

Silvas paled.

"Caramba! I no do nothing bad."

"Ah mi hijo—my little boy," his mother wailed.

"If any of you try to stop me, I will kill Placido," and I slowly fingered my guns.

It was a dramatic moment as I was alone and taking a dangerous man to jail from the bosom of his family. His two brothers were armed and glaring fiercely at me. I snapped handcuffs on his sturdy wrists, took all their guns, and edged out the door. Leading Silvas to his pony. I snagged his wrists to the saddle horn. I forced his brothers to unsaddle their

Grim-faced, heavily armed deputies, pictured at the right, returned from their manhunt with their quarry, indicated by arrows, in shackles. Below is a close-up of the death trap at the Arizona penitentiary through which one of the border bandits dropped to his death.



horses and turn them out of the corral. I decided to avoid the highway on the way back with my prisoner in order to forestall an ambush, so we took out across the silent wastelands and skirted the foothills, breaking our own trail. I glanced back frequently and listened carefully for sounds of pursuit. There were none and I got my man to Ruby late in the afternoon of April 29, 1922.

"This is Placidio Silvas," I told Maloney. "He is one of the bandits in on the Pearson killings."

"Smoke?" Maloney passed him a sack of tobacco and brown paper. Silvas deftly rolled a cigarette.

Puff! Puff! He was perfectly calm.

"Are you a Mexican citizen?" Maloney asked pointblank.

Silvas looked up, surprised. He broke his cigarette in two and threw it on the floor grinding it with his booted heel.

"I was born on this side, 'way up in the Pina Blanca Mountains," he answered.

Maloney and I looked down at the cigarette butt and exchanged knowing glances. We took Silvas before the Mexican women who had declared they had seen vaqueros pass their places the morning of the Pearson killings. They identified Silvas as one of the vaqueros. He was charged with the murder of Frank Pearson in Santa Cruz county. Because he had so many friends of the outlaw class we turned him over to Sheriff Ben Daniels of Pima county for safekeeping.

On May 10, the Oro Blanco ranchers and sombreroed men from Sonora packed the Santa Cruz superior court where Placidio Silvas went on trial for his life.

I was in the court room listening to the evidence when I received a tip that Martinez was hiding in the Pina Blanca Mountains. I quietly selected a posse and slipped away. As I was thoroughly familiar with these mountains, I placed an ambushed guard at all the principal springs and passes and tried to pick up Martinez' trail.

Strikes Bandit Trail

AFTER two days in the saddle without results, I was poking along under the blazing sun and cursing our luck when the sound of rifle fire echoing through the hills jerked me to attention. I immediately started in the direction of the sound.

I came across the fresh trail of a horseman in mad flight. I followed it and caught sight of my quarry just as he disappeared over a sharp bluff. He had also caught sight of me. The chase led down an arroyo which spread out into a valley. I was gaining on him when suddenly his horse stumbled and fell. He was thrown over the horse's head. He got up and tried to run. It was Martinez!

"*Las manos arriba!*" I commanded sharply.

He stopped and complied, raising his

hands slowly. I removed his heavy .45 and slipped on a pair of handcuffs. The injured pony in the meantime had struggled to his feet but was groaning in pain. I found he had stepped in a rut and broken his leg.

"Martinez, I know you were in on the Pearson killings and I aim to get your confession," I told him grimly.

His dark face flushed.

"Why did you kill them?"

"*Quien sabe?*" he grunted with a characteristic Mexican shrug of the shoulders.

"You will *sabe pronto*," I challenged. Slipping my lariat around his neck, I tossed the other end over the limb of a cottonwood tree, tied it to the pommel and mounted my horse.

My bluff worked. With a wild expression on his face my captive began uttering a flow of words, incoherent at first, which were to shock two countries.

"Speak English," I commanded.

"*I kill Señora Pearson for the teeth of gold.*"

And the man with the drooping mustache went on confessing how he and Silvas had divided the loot upon reaching their hideout in Saric, Sonora.

Two of the posse rode up at this point and we fired six shots in rapid succession, the signal for the possemen to gather. We took turns riding double with Martinez until we reached the first ranch where we obtained a horse for him.

The capture created quite a lot of excitement in Nogales. It was sensational as the Silvas jury had been out two hours. Martinez was immediately booked for the murder of Myrtle Pearson. Feeling ran high. Silvas' counsel permitted the county attorney to call for the dismissal of the jury. The county attorney pushed the Martinez case because, for the moment, the evidence against him was more complete.

I left immediately for Saric, Sonora, where the murderous desperadoes had divided their loot. I wanted to gather up the loose ends of the case to obtain some evidence to substantiate Martinez's oral confession which I felt sure he would

[Continued on page 73]

The CASE of the STINGY GANGSTER

FINLEY, the mounted cop, gave his horse a friendly slap with a gauntleted hand and rode into Gallows Lane.

The little sorrel never liked that part of the beat. In fact, Finley didn't care much for it himself. Not that he'd ever seen anything there in the black hours before dawn. But the old people told strange tales about it—pointed out the bare knoll above the swamp land where pirates hung until they rotted in the old Colony days.

Gallows Lane was destined to acquire another sinister title in the days of "the racket" and "the ride." It was to become notorious as the "Bandits' Burying Ground"—the desolate lowland where the Delaware and the Schuylkill rivers meet, the place where gangsters dumped their dead.

Tragedy In Gallows Lane

AND Finley, leaning forward to pat the neck of "Carrots," the little red police horse, was riding straight into the first as well as one of the strangest of these sordid tragedies. He had no premonition of it. There was nothing in his surroundings to indicate anything unusual. The rutty road was dour and forbidding under a threatening April sky just beginning to be visible. It had rained yesterday and would probably rain again before his trick was over at 8 o'clock that morning. He was glad he had his poncho rolled and strapped to the pommel of his saddle. The red police horse picked his way across Penrose Ferry road and paced on slowly down Gallows Lane.

"What's eating you this morning?" Finley said. "You act like you're seeing things."

The red horse had shied so suddenly that a less expert rider would have lost his seat. The pointed ears flared back and the animal stood trembling. Finley spoke to it, patted the sleek neck, touched a spur to the red flank. But the sorrel could not be urged to take another step along Gallows Lane.

Finley dismounted. He threw the reins over his shoulders and drew the long nightstick that hung by the saddle. As

By
LAWRENCE FLICK, Jr.
and
MACKENZIE GRIFFIN

DEATH SHROUD

Because he used only half of a blanket as a shroud for his victim, a stingy gangster-killer sealed his own doom when clever detective work matched it with the remaining half found in the murder house. Photo shows a coroner's deputy examining the incriminating blanket at the Philadelphia Bureau of Identification.



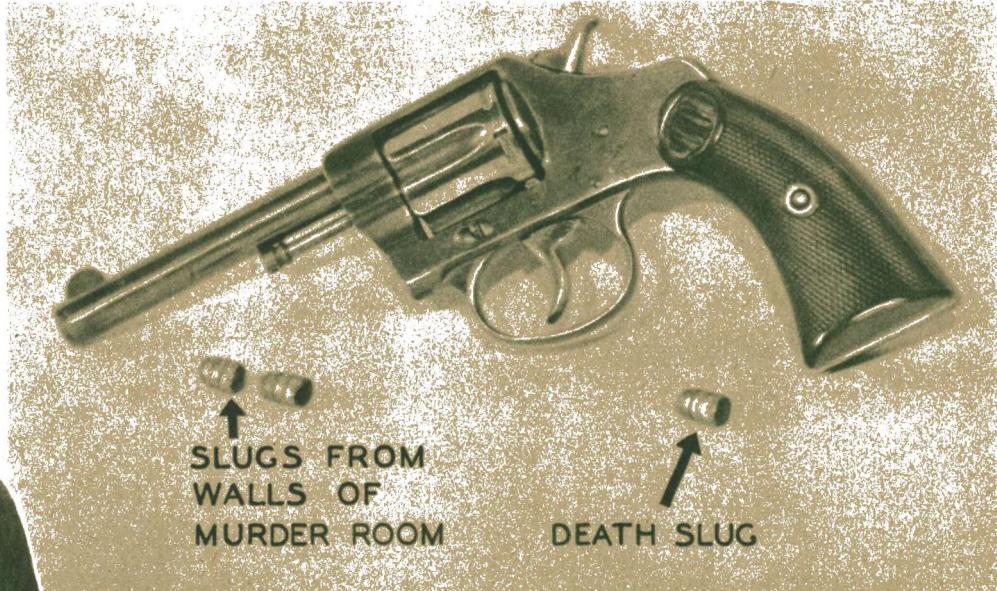
Covered by a strange shroud—only half a blanket—the body of a nameless man lay in a Gallows Lane ditch.

But that shroud identified the victim, solved the case and trapped Philadelphia's stingiest killer.

Found in Gallows Lane, the gun shown at right was identified as the death weapon. Test bullets fired through it bore riflings similar to the lethal slugs.



Feared by the underworld for his long sentences but respected for his fairness and efforts to help repentant men go straight, Judge John Monaghan heard a story from the lips of a paroled convict which helped solve the Gallows Lane mystery.



long as the policeman led the way Carrots followed him like a dog. Finley scrambled through the roadside weeds, poking them, beating them apart with the long nightstick. He searched the rank undergrowth on the east side of Gallows Lane. Nothing there. He tried the west side, starting up a dry ditch. He hadn't far to go. Carrots snorted and pulled back. In the bed of the ditch lay something under a blanket. A worn shoe stuck out at one end. The sorrel horse was tugging at the bridle rein. Finley found a scrub oak a little distance away and tethered Carrots securely. Then he went back to his grim job, pulled off the old blue blanket that shrouded the figure in the ditch.

The man was dead, all right. There was a dark, dry stain on his shirt, the hallmark of murder. He had been a big man, powerfully built, maybe 35 years old. Someone—friend or foe—had straightened the sprawled legs, had crossed the arms and laced the thick fingers together. And within the dead hands—grim gesture—had been placed a funeral bouquet of pot herbs. In later days, when "the racket" had acquired a code and sign-manual, killers sometimes put a penny in a dead man's hands. But these were pot herbs. They puzzled Finley, as they were destined to puzzle many a detective for many a day. Thyme, parsley, a leek, sweet marjoram, three little dried red peppers . . . no one ever really knew what they meant. But in the end they helped solve the crime, for they focused public attention upon it, fixed in people's minds small facts they might otherwise have forgotten.

Peter Sheller, of the old Philadelphia Murder Squad, was on the job before the body was removed from the roadside ditch.

Finley, who had galloped off to the nearest telephone to summon aid, was still on duty when "Old Pete" arrived. Dawn had broken at last over the marshes and a lemon-colored sun was pushing through the clouds. It wasn't going to rain after all. Overnight the

mud had stiffened but hadn't quite frozen. There was only a thin scum of ice over the shallow puddles.

Finley had found some tire tracks off to the side of the ditch. The soil there had a good bit of clay in it and whoever drove up there had left a pretty plain visiting card in the marks made by the tires. The young policeman pointed them out to Pete Sheller, who had ridden down to Gallows Lane in the police patrol that would take the body to the morgue. One of the coroner's men had come along.

Photographs Tire Prints

SHELLER examined the tire tracks before he even looked at the body. The clever technique of making paraffin molds of tire tracks was not yet invented. But Sheller had brought along a police photographer, who snapped the indentations from every angle. The burly murder squad detective measured them accurately, their width and depth. The car had evidently stopped close to the spot where the body lay. The indentations in the mud were deeper there and the ground was tracked and trampled. There were half a dozen distinct heel prints. These, too, were photographed.

Pete Sheller—he's still a detective, in charge of records at headquarters—was at the height of his fame in those days. He had scores of solved mysteries to his credit. He possessed the gift of combining patient, methodical, old-fashioned police methods with brilliant flashes of deduction that often enabled him to "cut across lots" and catch up with a criminal. No one ever stamped him; and it was not until he was satisfied with his inch-by-inch scrutiny of the heel prints and tire tracks that he turned to the body itself. And then, before ever he pulled back the blue blanket, he spread a newspaper by the feet of the corpse and got down on his knees to examine the scuffed and well worn shoes. When he was done he made a few notes in a small red morocco book.



ACE INVESTIGATOR
Veteran of the murder squad, Detective Peter Sheller, above, first sensed the importance of the blanket clue which cracked the case.



Tire tracks found at the death scene told sleuths that it was a gang killing. Why? At right, a coroner's deputy examines the telltale marks shortly after the victim's body was removed.

"Anything hot?" asked the coroner's deputy. Pete grunted something non-committal—he was no hand at hasty conclusions. Then he turned in his methodical way to the old blue army blanket, worn so thin in places the warp showed through. He felt the texture between thumb and finger and straightened up, the edge of the blanket in his hand. He stood looking at it a long minute, whistling under his breath.

"I think we've got something," he said at last. "I'll bet you a quarter cigar Doc Wadsworth will only find one bullet in this guy."

"What's eating you?" demanded the deputy coroner. "Did you find a bullet hole in the blanket?"

"Nothing like that," returned Pete. "But this stiff was croaked by a stingy bird that wouldn't waste a second bullet. Can't you see that for yourself?"

"All right, Sherlock, I'll bite. Why was he so stingy? All I see is a poor stiff that got his, with a dirty old blanket spread over him when he doesn't need it. Looks like it had bugs in it, if you ask me."

"It's not a blanket at all," said Sheller. "It's only half a blanket. And if you'll look at the edge, you can see it's just been hacked off. The guy that did this trick was too stingy to waste a whole blanket on the man he killed."

"All blankets ain't double blankets," the deputy coroner observed sententiously. "Let's make it snappy. This damp ground makes my corns hurt."

But Sheller wasn't to be hurried. He

spread his newspaper again to get down and examine the bunch of withered pot herbs in the dead man's fingers.

"This," he said, "is one of those cock-eyed clues that I don't care for much. Maybe they mean a lot and maybe they don't mean a thing, but we got to run 'em out. We'll put this hunch of posies in a paper bag."

No Identifying Clues

A FEW persons had gathered but the patrol crew kept them back. The section of southwest Philadelphia where the body was found has always been a desolate one, thinly settled. But the rumor of the tragedy had spread about. Sheller waved his arm to the crowd.

"Come on over and take a look," he said. "Maybe somebody knows this guy." But they all shook their heads. "All right," said Sheller finally, "let's get going. I'll ride the wagon as far as City Hall."

Dr. William Wadsworth, celebrated autopsy expert and authority on ballistics, made a post mortem examination that very day. It was unmistakably a murder. A single bullet had entered the right breast, cut diagonally across and ripped one of the large blood vessels, to lodge in the big muscles of the left shoulder. It was a heavy, old-fashioned lead bullet of .38 caliber. It had been fired from a revolver, not an automatic.

Death, it was decided, must have taken place the night before the body was found. There were no other marks

except a few superficial bruises. The victim was a powerful man, used to working with his hands. But there was nothing else to reveal his identity. No one came forward to identify the body lying in the city morgue. The victim was an unknown who had come to his death at the hands of an unknown by a gunshot wound—and the coroner's jury so found. Every big city has many cases of the kind on its books. Many of them are never solved.

But Pete Sheller was interested in this one. The odd circumstance of the blanket somehow stuck in his craw. It didn't seem right that this poor devil couldn't even be given a whole blanket to cover him.

The detective reported to his chief: "I think I can crack this, but maybe it's going to take time."

"You'll get paid for your time," his chief laughed.

So Sheller went to work. He counted up his clues. There was the clue of the pot herbs, which he set down mentally as a "phoney," though some of the other detectives on the murder squad argued it was the most important of the lot.

There was the clue of the tire marks: the clue of the shoes; the clue of the blanket.

"I've licked cases that were thinner than this one," he said. "To begin with, I think this is a gangster murder. The victim was dead when they brought him there. He was killed in a private house, probably in a fight. And the man who killed him was so close-fisted he gave him only half a blanket."

"Maybe," the captain joked, "he wasn't mean at all, but charitable. Maybe he spared the dead guy half the only blanket he had. Maybe he's shivering under it right now. But where do you get this gang stuff?"

"Well, now, look," Sheller argued. "He was brought there—I checked on his shoes. It was clay ground and there were heel prints in it. But there wasn't a bit of clay on any part of the dead man's shoes except the backs of the heels—he'd been dragged and his heels had made parallel scratches on the ground."

"And there was a car parked off the road nearby. It must have been parked there some minutes, for the tires had sunk in. They weren't flivver tires, either. They were big, new tires, or almost new. The tread made a clear track; I got photos and measurements of it. Now the dead man was roughly dressed; he wasn't out with any banker friends who drove a swell, big car. But it was a big car with good tires. And right now most people who wear old clothes and drive heavy cars with good tires are in the booze racket. Maybe it wasn't a swell car, but it was a big car that was expensive when it was new. I measured the wheelbase from the tire marks. It was the kind of a car the booze runners buy and fix up. New tires are the only kind

of life insurance most of them can get."

"Maybe you're right at that," said the captain. "But you don't even know who the dead guy is."

"That's where you're wrong, boss," said Sheller with a grin. "I got him cased this morning. We took his fingerprints in the morgue and Bodkin, the record man, ran 'em down for me. It took a couple of days to make sure. But we got him identified. I'm going out to find his folks right now."

Identifies Victim

SCORE one for Peter Sheller—he was right. The murdered man was Howard "Dutch" McLaren, who lived near 57th and Pine streets. He wasn't a real crook, but he had some friends who were considered "smart money" boys. Dutch was only a small-timer, but he had been in the hands of the police. They had his fingerprints, measurements and his photograph. Harry Bodkin, veteran police photographer and record expert, brought Sheller the whole layout and the identification was verified by McLaren's intimates.

But Pete Sheller was still miles away from a solution of the murder mystery. The victim's comings and goings at home had not been noted particularly

and there was no information to be found there. But Pete spent a couple of days coasting around the neighborhood. He found a lot of people who knew McLaren, a likeable chap. He learned the names of McLaren's daily associates. And finally somebody said they had seen McLaren at a christening party down in the old Gray's Ferry section two days before the body was found.

That sounded pretty good. Christening parties have been known to wind up in a fight. Pete went to see the proud father of the baby boy. Sure, McLaren had been there. But he left before the party was over. He went away with a couple of friends. The baby's father didn't know who the friends were but some of the other guests might. They did. Pete got the names and addresses. He learned something else. Somebody knew where the crowd went. It was to a house in the 1300 block on Webster street, also in South Philadelphia.

Pete Sheller was at one of those cross-roads which often loom up in the detection of crime. He had been asking a lot of questions here and there and round and about. He had the names of half a dozen men who had been seen with Dutch on the night which he now concluded was the night of the crime—the night of the christening. He'd have to revise his



THE STINGY GANGSTER

Parsimony trapped this man when he murdered Dutch McLaren and covered his body with only half a blanket. How was he brought to justice?

Through efforts of the Philadelphia record department the Gallows Lane victim (left) was identified as Howard (Dutch) McLaren, a small-time Philadelphia gangster.

time schedule a little, and that stumped him for a while. He'd been given a definite date for the christening—the baby's father had looked at the calendar on the wall in his kitchen.

But Dr. Wadsworth had been positive the victim was murdered the night before the body was found, whereas the date of the christening was two days before. Maybe Dutch had been kept prisoner somewhere overnight and next day—that happens often enough in gang murders. Pete Sheller checked back. He paid another visit to the house where the christening took place, and astonished the baby's mother by asking to see the calendar on her kitchen wall. She wondered why he laughed and thanked her effusively.

"My dear woman," he said, "your calendar is a month behind—this is April, not March." The discrepancy in date was accounted for—checking the dates against the days of the week, there was a two-day difference between the corresponding days in March and April. So Dutch McLaren had been killed the night of the christening party or early the next morning.

With the date fixed and the names of

the victim's probable companions known, Sheller had to decide whether or not to "spread the old drag net," and bring in every possible suspect. Sometimes that works; because if one won't talk, another will. But sometimes, too, there are habeas corpus proceedings which spoil your plans. You can't produce any real evidence, your prisoners are released and when you do get the goods on them, they may make themselves hard to find.

Pete decided he wasn't ready yet. He felt in his bones that he could learn something more about the crime and get a clearer index to its perpetrators by plugging along a while longer. There was the address on Webster street. He'd like to look around there a bit.

He did, but not as a detective. It wasn't hard to get in. He simply borrowed a sanitary inspector's badge, pinned it on his vest, and knocked on the door. An elderly woman answered. Pete put on his best smile.

"I want to look over your drains," he told her. "Division of Sanitation—here's my authority." He showed his badge. "You needn't be alarmed," he assured the woman. "We've got to look things over every so often. You know, the city

doesn't want people to get sick just because the drainage is bad."

"I wish you'd get after the landlord and make him paper a couple of rooms," the woman said.

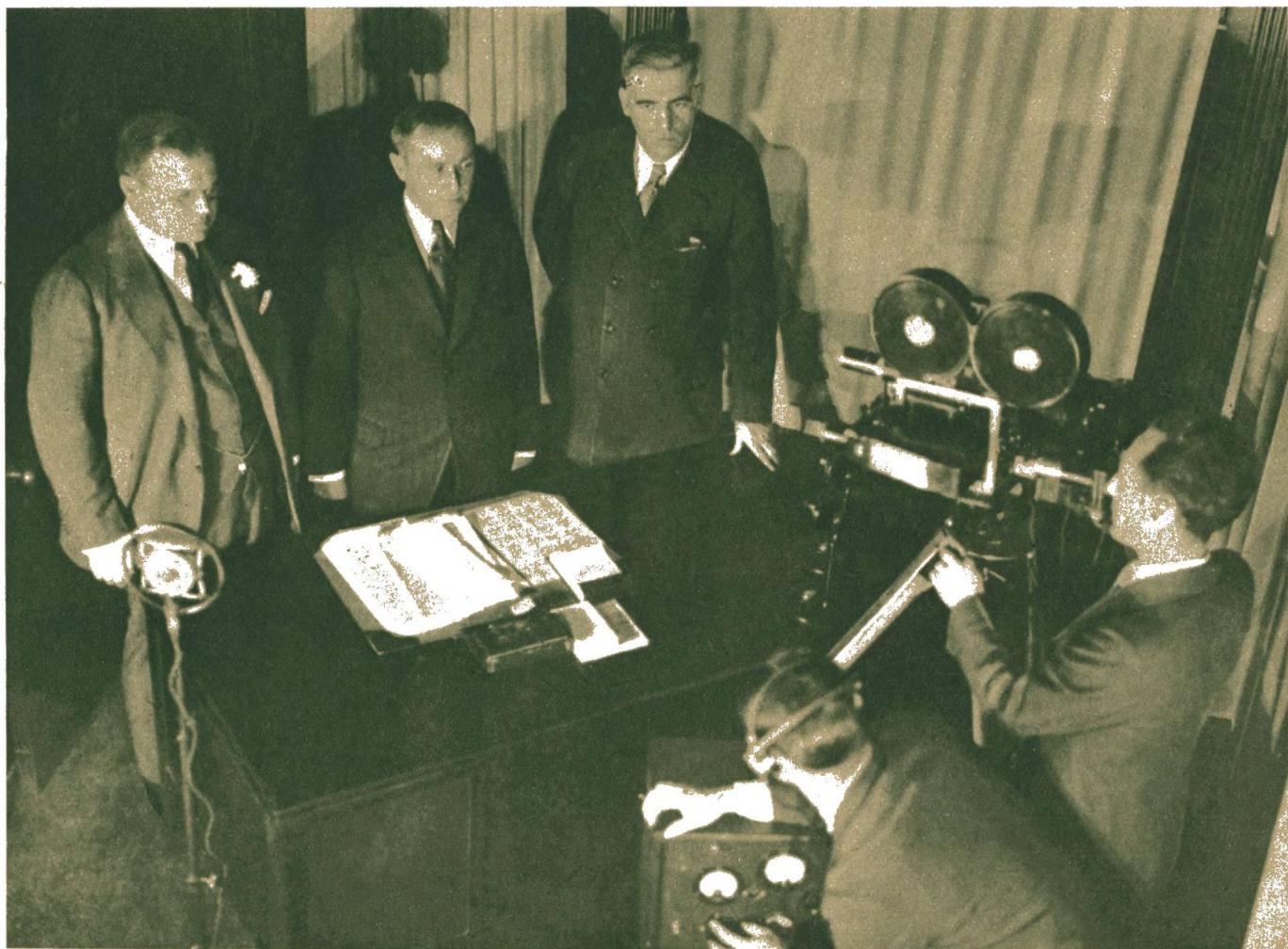
"Well, that's not quite in our line," said Pete, "but I might use my influence. I'll just take a look around."

He began with the cellar, flashing his electric torch around. It was just an ordinary cellar and he found nothing of interest. He worked his way upstairs methodically. It wasn't a very large house and most of it was let to roomers—all men. The elderly woman guessed they all had jobs or something; they weren't around in the daytime anyway.

Seeks Blanket Clue

THE bedrooms were what Pete Sheller really wanted to see. He was still after that blanket. Luckily the weather hadn't turned warm, as it does sometimes in Philadelphia in April. There were still blankets on the beds. Pete turned down the counterpanes in each room, had a look at the blankets and tucked the covers back again. The third room he

[Continued on page 62]



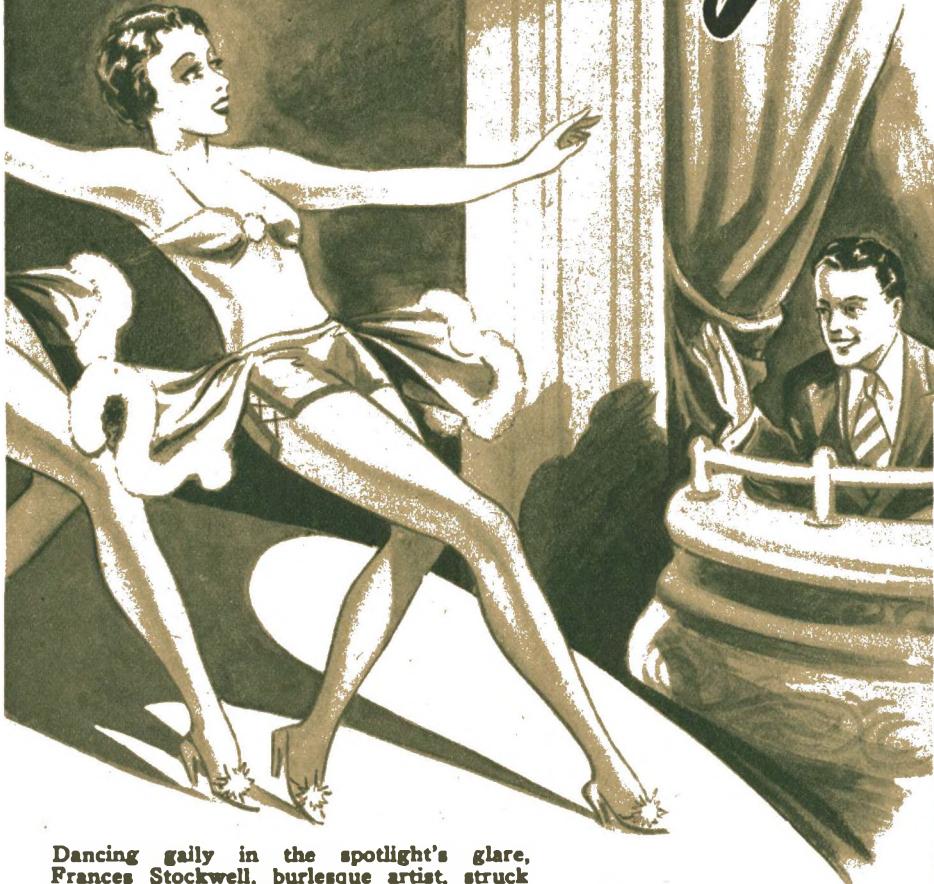
PRESERVE TALKIE RECORD OF GALLOWS LANE MURDER

Pressing a microphone and a movie camera into service, officials made a talking picture record of the case of the stingy gangster and its solution. Left to right: Lemuel B. Schofield, Director of Public Safety; Judge John Monaghan; Pat McKewen, Chief County Detective.

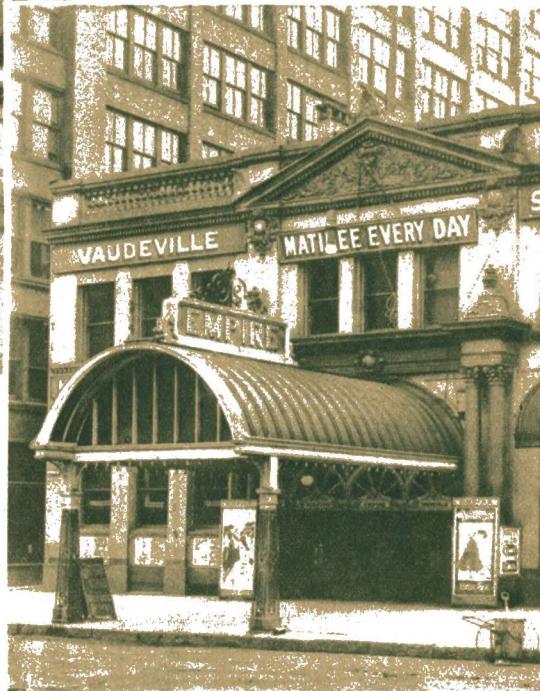
Solving Ohio's

Detectives stared in amazement at the weirdly tattooed body of the girl on the morgue slab.

But those bizarre designs were to name the victim, ultimately trap her slayer and solve one of Cleveland's strangest love crimes.



Dancing gaily in the spotlight's glare, Frances Stockwell, burlesque artist, struck up a stage-box flirtation which had a fatal climax. At right, Cleveland's old Empire theater, long since demolished, where the dancer made her final appearance before Death rang down the curtain.



By JACK HEIL

THE beauty chorus of the French Frolics was frolicking. In the glare of the footlights of one of Cleveland's burlesque theaters a score of scantily clad girls were going through all the gyrations calculated to thrill the tired business men in the baldheaded row and the other male patrons who crowded the house.

Twinkling toes and flying heels. Slim, nearly nude bodies weaving sensuously to the barbaric rhythms of the orchestra.

Outside, the late January wind whistled and the mercury dropped; inside, temperatures were rising and so was the blood pressure. The usual assortment of stage door Johns were picking their favorites and hoping against hope that they'd be able to recognize them in their street clothes.

It was Saturday night—the last show.

The girls would have to catch the train for the next stand within a couple of hours after the final curtain, but even that couldn't dim the ardor of the admirers in the audience.

Dance followed dance. Each a little more daring than the last. The usual double entendre blackouts and boudoir scenes. All intended to fire the imaginations of the spectators if there was anything left to imagine.

Stage Door Johns

HARDLY had the final curtain dropped than the alley leading to the stage door began to fill with hopeful Johns seeking to get a little better acquainted with the erstwhile near-nude beauties who had thrilled them.

As the girls filed out, most of them on

pleasure bent and open to a fair proposal, they coupled up with the favored stalkers. Frances Altman Stockwell was one of these. Frances was easy to look at both on and off the stage. Her trim, lithe figure and its sinuous undulations had attracted more than one pair of eyes during the show.

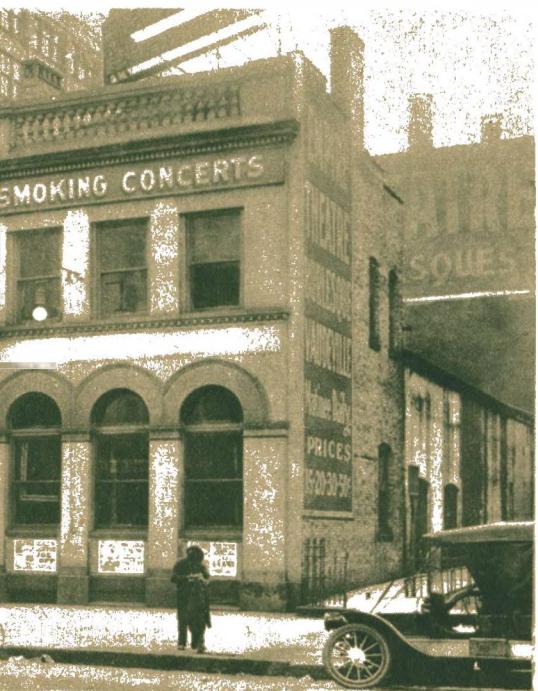
A little party until train time? Sure! Why not? After all, two performances a day and rehearsals are work. But she'd have to go to the hotel and pack up first. That was agreeable to her companion. He had visions of helping her pack in the privacy of her room.

But upon their arrival at the hotel, her escort met his first disappointment. She insisted that he remain outside while she went in to check out and pack her baggage.

"It'll only take a minute and then we'll go places and do things," she told her companion, then disappeared. Impati-

STARTLING DETECTIVE

ENIGMA of the BURLESQUE DANCER



ently the man waited. At last, when he began to fear that she had given him the run-around she joined him and away they went. Just the two of them.

About two hours later the members of the troupe boarded their train for Detroit. They arrived singly and in pairs. Some of the girls lingered in the darker spots of the old Cleveland terminal, exchanging final caresses with their escorts. No one paid much attention to who got on and who didn't.

The train sped through the night to the Michigan metropolis where the French Frolics opened with a Sunday matinee. . . .

Snow was falling Sunday morning and three neighborhood youngsters were sledding in the neighborhood of 2252 East Fifty-fifth street in Cleveland. In the street and in the vacant lots. Suddenly the coasting stopped.

"Look!" cried Morrie Fiebert, one of the youngsters. His companions, Harold Rosenwasser and Harold Goodman, abandoned their sleds. "There's someone lying there in the snow!"

SLAIN BURLESQUE DANCER

Deepest mystery shrouded the slaying of attractive Frances Altman Stockwell, burlesque dancer. For a time even her name was unknown; but her curiously tattooed body furnished a clue which solved the strange enigma.

Slowly and cautiously the boys approached.

"It's a girl!" ventured young Goodman.

"Looks as though she was asleep," added Rosenwasser.

"Maybe she's dead," suggested Fiebert. "Let's call somebody."

The lads ran for the street. Two men were passing.

"Hey!" they yelled in chorus. "Come here, quick! There's a dead woman back there."

The men bent over the still form.

Suddenly an interrupting voice boomed from the back porch of the nearest house. "What's going on back there?" It was Christ Solon, proprietor of a rooming house, attracted by the strangers in the yard.

"Better call the police right away and ask questions afterward," one of the men shouted. "You've got a dead woman here."

Solon lost no time. He called the police instantly and about fifteen minutes later

Detective George Matowitz, now chief of the Cleveland police department, led the homicide squad to the scene.

Surveys Death Scene

MATOWITZ noted that the girl was lying on her left side, her head pillowled in the crook of her left elbow. Her ankles were slender, shapely and silken clad. She wore a brown suit dress; a floppy, wide-brimmed picture hat, somewhat awry; a short tan coat of plushy material and tan pumps. A lavender silk bag, clutched in the stiffened fingers of her right hand, completed the ensemble.

She was in her twenties and extremely attractive even in death.

About her throat Matowitz thought he detected the telltale marks of a strangler's hands. The right side of her face was bruised.

While the detective was making his examination, his companions kept everyone at a distance. The footprints in the snow might furnish a clue and Matowitz

proceeded to examine them carefully.

"We made those ourselves," the two men spoke up. "There wasn't a print around when we came up except those of the kids."

That February 1, 1920, had dawned cold and clear. Then snow had come, fluffy flakes falling for an hour or more before the coasters had discovered the body.

"Then the body was undoubtedly placed here before the snow began to fall," Matowitz observed. "Call the coroner."

He turned his attention to the hand, cold and stiff, but still dainty, that held the handbag. Gently but forcibly he pried open the carefully manicured fingers and released the bag.

"I'd say she was killed sometime before daybreak," Matowitz told Detective Fred Butcher. "Killer probably brought the body out here and left it."

"There was a fight," he continued. "See this."

Butcher observed what appeared to be bits of skin tissue and dried blood under the polished fingernails of the girl's right hand. A wisp or two of hair—short and masculine in appearance, light brownish in color.

"She put up a battle," Butcher agreed, "but the battle didn't take place here."

Matowitz and Butcher emptied the bag. They found a pair of gloves, two keys fastened to a tag bearing the number 404, a small nail file, shell-rimmed glasses, a

One of the first officers on the scene, Detective George Matowitz, now Cleveland's Chief of Police, played an important part in the investigation of the mystery.



IDENTIFIED SLAIN DANCER

Spurred by police difficulties in identifying the victim, a reporter visited a hotel patronized by theatrical people and located pretty Billie LaMonte, another actress (above), who recognized the slain girl and aided police in the manhunt.

California's RIDDLE of the WRONG CORPSE

When a hitch-hiker was murdered by the roadside—apparently slain by gunfire from his own car—police faced a baffling problem.

But the dead man's fingerprints unraveled the weird tangle, solved a daring holdup and brought a fugitive slayer to the gallows.

By
**ROBERT
SOTHERN**

BIG guns roared and thundered. Their muted bellows welled and echoed through the vault-like blackness of San Francisco's Orpheum theater in a strident symphony as three thousand patrons sat enthralled at the war scenes flashing across the screen.

Huddled in the shadows of a narrow passageway near the theater office, two men listened to the cannonading and grinned at each other.

"So that's *All Quiet on the Western Front*, eh?" one said. "Pretty smart work, Bill, planning to pull this job while those movie guns were making all that noise."

The other chuckled.

"Yeah," he said. "I've seen the picture four times and I timed those battlefield scenes to the minute. The noise lasts half an hour. That ought to give us plenty of time. And if we have to do any shooting, well . . . you'd never hear it above the racket from those Big Berthas."

He fingered his revolver in the darkness and looked at the glowing dial of his watch.

"You know, Cliff," he said, "I always figured this theater was a pushover if it were done at the right time. There ought to be plenty of cash tonight and . . ."

He stopped short, interrupted by his companion's whispered warning.

"Sh-h!" the other said. "I hear someone coming! Let's get behind the turn, here."

They vanished from the passageway just as a door opened and bathed the cement walls with a soft, dim light. William Wagnon, manager of the building, came in from the theater lobby preceded by two friends, Miss Patricia Croll and Wilford Yager.

"Well," Wagnon said, "we've had a full house all week. You can't beat these war films for drawing them in. By the way, now that you've seen the rest of the theater, I want to show you the penthouse."

"Oh," Miss Croll broke in, "is this how you get to it?"

Wagnon nodded.

"Yes, this is a secret tunnel built by a former owner and it leads right to the



SCENE OF SLAYING

Thumbing rides along this highway, near Sacramento, a hitch-hiker was slain by a motorist-gunner and fell at spot indicated, left. Police were puzzled when it appeared that the victim was the owner of the car from which the shots had come.

house on top. It's very convenient. I'll go ahead and lead the way."

He walked down the passageway until he reached the turn. Then, with a suddenness that brought a frightened cry to the girl's lips, the two bandits jumped from their hiding place and leveled guns at the startled trio. The theater throbbed with the muffled beat of the movie barrage and there were none to hear the gunman's sharp commands.

"Stick 'em up! Line up single file and walk up to the office! If there's any monkey business there'll be a little gunfire that isn't on the program. Step forward, now!"

A Daring Holdup

REALIZING that resistance was futile, Wagnon shrugged and raised his arms. He went up the stairs to the next floor, followed by his two guests and the armed raiders. At the office door he paused, as if waiting for further orders.

"Okay," one of the gunmen said softly. "You knock on the door now and tell 'em it's you, that it'll be all right for 'em to open up."

Wagnon rapped on the wooden panels. "Who's there?" a voice demanded from within.

"Mr. Wagnon," the manager replied. The door swung open and the bandits



Above: Charles Wurz, left, theater director, and Joseph Frazier, treasurer, illustrate how they were held up and made to open the vault when a bandit pair raided San Francisco's Orpheum theater, left, and escaped with \$3,000 in loot.



quickly herded their prisoners inside. There were three men already in the office, Charles Wurz, theater director; Joseph Frazier, the Orpheum's treasurer and Thomas F. Cohen, representative of United Artists. They stared open-mouthed at the gunmen and backed away from the menacing revolvers until they were against the wall.

A moment later Frazier was forced to open the safe, in which he had just placed the night's receipts—\$3,000 in paper money and coin. The cash was in small canvas sacks and one bandit stuffed them into his overcoat pocket while the other guarded the five men and one woman. Then, just as they were ready to

leave, there was a loud knock on the door.

"Who's that?" Wagnon asked.

"Officer Harrington."

The bandits were livid with rage.

"What's he doing here?" one of them snarled in an undertone.

"Why . . . he . . . that's the guard for the money," Wagnon explained lamely. "He goes along with us to the bank."

The bandit cocked his gun and glared at Wagnon.

"Well, he's not goin' tonight," he said crisply. "Tell him to come in. We'll take care o' him, too."

Wagnon cautiously opened the door and Officer Harrington, caught off guard, was forced to walk in and line up with

the others. One of the gunmen took his service revolver and transferred it to his own pocket.

"You'll get it back, copper," he said tauntingly, "but not tonight."

Make Safe Getaway

AMOMENT later, just as the theater reverberated with the pounding crescendo of the battle scene on the screen, the two bandits waved their seven prisoners into a closet, carefully locked the door and retreated into the tunnel. They had not been gone two minutes when Officer Harrington, smashing the closet door, raced down the passageway and into the street where his partner, Officer Edward Hahn, was waiting in the police escort car.

"Ed!" Harrington cried. "We were stuck up in the theater! Did you see anyone come out this door?"

Hahn shook his head.

"No, I haven't seen anyone. I was just about to come up and find out what was delaying you."

Harrington wheeled and retraced his steps.



Lieutenant James Malloy (standing) and Officer G. R. Harrington, of the San Francisco police, study reports of the theater holdup which was to have a strange climax.



Sought as the driver of the death car from which the hitch-hiker was killed, this man proved to be the victim. The weird puzzle of identities was solved when fingerprints proved that he was Clifford Andrus, ex-convict.

"Watch this door, Ed," he said. "I'm going around to the front entrance."

The officer quickly crossed the lobby and spoke to attendants at the doors. They were certain that no one had left the theater in the preceding fifteen minutes which seemed to indicate that the bandits were still inside the building. An alarm was flashed to headquarters and soon the theater was surrounded with armed men. Wurz, Wagnon and Harrington stood at the only regular exit for the next two hours, vainly scanning three thousand faces.

Finally the house was empty and the police gave up the vigil.

The next day, on April 16, 1934, in a mail box at Main and Folsom streets, a postman found Officer Harrington's gun wrapped in one of the canvas money sacks. It was without fingerprints and the bullets had been removed. Meanwhile Frazier and Wurz went to police headquarters where they spent long, weary hours poring over identification photos of known criminals.

"It's pretty difficult," Frazier said, "to be positive about these pictures. The bandits were unmasked, but they tried to cover the lower part of their faces with one hand. I've gone through a thousand of these already, it seems, but I haven't seen a familiar face."

"All right," one of the detectives said, "let it go for today. Come back tomorrow

and we'll show you some more photos."

That night, at precisely the same time, Frazier and Wurz each received an ominous telephone call in which a hollow-voiced speaker threatened them with death if they persisted in helping the police solve the crime. The calls were traced to pay phones in outlying districts without result and the two theater men, undaunted, returned to the Hall of Justice the next morning. It was Frazier who, after an hour of silent study in the photo library, finally looked up with eagerness in his eyes.

"Gentlemen," he said, staring at a picture in his hand, "I think I've found something . . ."

The Lone Hitch-Hiker

SACRAMENTO, the California state capitol, lies in a sweeping, verdant valley far below the frowning white peaks of the Sierras.

Beyond the northern rim of the city is the Auburn highway, a white ribbon of road curving upward toward the pine-crested foot-hills and the Nevada border. And there, on the morning of April 20, a young man trudged along the steaming pavement, carrying two suitcases and berating the burning sun.

He stopped at frequent intervals and crooked his thumb in the hitch-hiker's familiar symbol. But passing cars ig-

nored his plea and finally, mopping his brow, the man reached Russell's Camp, two miles past the city limits. He put down the suitcases and sat on them with an expectant air, flagging each passing machine with the hope that some generous motorist would provide a lift.

He had been there some fifteen minutes when a small sedan, with one man at the wheel, came slowly around the bend. The driver, peering at the hitch-hiker as he passed, suddenly stepped on the brakes and the car stopped with a jerk.

"Hey, you!" the driver shouted at the waiting man. "Come here!"

The hitch-hiker, leaving his suitcases for a moment, ran eagerly toward the sedan. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hedges, owners of the auto camp on the other side of the road, saw him approach and chat with the stranger through an open window. Suddenly, as they watched, the driver whipped out a gun and aimed at the other man.

"No . . . no!" the hitch-hiker screamed in a panic of fear, "not that . . ."

The motorist grinned and calmly pulled the trigger. Two shots echoed in the still morning air—two slugs ripped human flesh and the hiker, staggering and clutching his stomach, fell to the pavement glassy-eyed. The Hedges, staring in horror at the scene, saw the driver step from the car, gun in hand. He looked at them defiantly, picked up the dying man's suitcases and drove away.

"Bill!" Mrs. Hedges shouted at her

husband. "Get the license number of that car!"

"I have it already," he said quietly, "8-H-6167."

The wounded hitch-hiker was gasping for breath when Mr. and Mrs. Hedges, running across the road, raised his head and felt the sagging pulse in his wrist.

"Who shot you?" Hedges asked.

"I . . . I don't know," the man whispered. "Please . . . get me out of here."

Hedges lifted the bleeding stranger, carried him to the camp across the highway and then communicated with the office of Sheriff Donald Cox in Sacramento. Fifteen minutes later a city ambulance reached the scene and took the now unconscious victim to the Sacramento Emergency Hospital.

Death claimed him that night.

He died without revealing his name or explaining the murderous attack on the road.

Constable Jack Garibaldi and Deputy Sheriff Charles Ogle, who were assigned to the case by Sheriff Cox, lost no time in visiting the scene of the shooting. There, Hedges described the murderous attack and gave them the license number of the killer's car. They obtained a description of the gunman and hurried back to Sacramento to flash teletype warnings to all sections of the state.

The State Bureau of Motor Vehicles revealed that license 8-H-6167 had been assigned to a Chevrolet sedan registered

in the name of William Call, 419 Belvedere street, San Francisco. Ogle reported his findings to Sheriff Cox and another teletype message was directed to San Francisco's police headquarters.

Please send detail to 419 Belvedere street your city and search for William Call that address. He is suspected of murder here. If found, please hold and wire.

"That will cover the San Francisco end," Sheriff Cox said. "He can't get very far unless he abandons the machine. Now, what about the dead man?"

"I was just going over to the morgue," Ogle replied. "We haven't looked in his clothes yet."

"All right, Charlie," Cox said. "Let me know what you find."

Examine Victim's Effects

ATTENDANTS in the mortuary had already emptied the man's pockets when the officers arrived. Various articles were laid out on a table, including a wallet containing a considerable sum of money.

"Hm . . . this fellow had a lot of cash for a hitch-hiker," Ogle observed. "I wonder—"

"Here's an automobile contract and a driver's license," one of the attendants interrupted. "They were in his coat pocket with some other papers."

Ogle picked up the documents and glanced at them casually until, with a start, he saw the signature on the contract.

"Why, this paper is signed by William Call!" he exploded. "Look, Jack, that's the man we're looking for! Wait a minute! I've got a hunch."

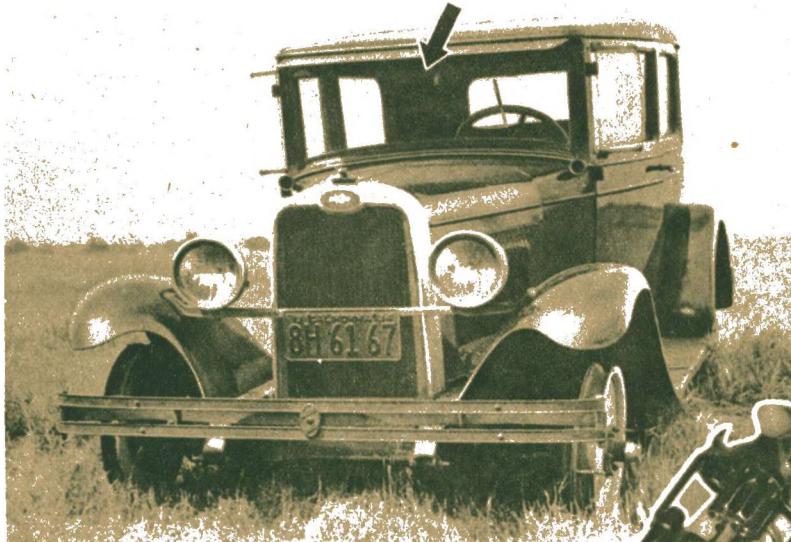
He fumbled in his pocket and found a slip of paper bearing the license and motor numbers of the Chevrolet driven by the killer. He compared them with the numbers on the contract and looked at Garibaldi in bewilderment.

"There's something funny about this, Jack," he said. "These motor numbers are alike!"

"You mean . . . ?"

"Yes," Ogle nodded. "This man was murdered with gunfire from his own car! In other words, the dead man is William Call!"

The two investigators returned to their office with conflicting theories. Perhaps, [Continued on page 66]



DEATH CAR

Stripped of its tires and wiped clean of fingerprints, the death car was abandoned near Sacramento. But the killer was careless. He left a single print on the rear-view mirror (see arrow) which spelled his ultimate doom.



Chief investigator in the baffling case, Deputy Sheriff Charles Ogle, right, was largely instrumental in solving the riddle of the wrong corpse and identifying the fugitive roadside slayer.

Colorado's MOUNTAIN the MYSTERY



Co-author of this absorbing story, Charles Vavak, later city marshal of Saguache, Colo., was boss of the lumber camp when Eric Brouillet mysteriously disappeared.

By
CHARLES VAVAK
(*Above*)
City Marshal, Saguache, Colo.
As Told To
ELIZABETH JOLLEY DYER



Photo above shows a typical scene at the Vavak camp, located high on Cochetopa mountain. The camp was plunged into terror when it was reported that Brouillet had gone insane.

HEADY with the tang of early morning, a fresh breeze swept the face of Cochetopa mountain. The dawn mists swirled, lifted, were finally dissipated as the sun drew itself above the rocky ramparts to the east.

It was a perfect morning, I reflected, as I surveyed my sawmill camp on Mill Creek, high in the mountains of southern Colorado. At that elevation—nearly 10,000 feet—the air was like an elixir in the blood. The pungency of the wooded slopes filled the nostrils. It was good to be alive.

Yet that bright and cheerful morning of August 16, 1927, was to be the prelude to one of the darkest tragedies that Colorado has ever known. Red ruin was to sweep down upon our isolated camp. The brightness of the mountain dawn was to be blotted out by the fearful shadow of an axe-man gone suddenly amuck. The breezes that swept the serrated hillsides were to whisper ominously through the giant trees. And the burden of their chilling refrain was a sinister chant of death...

My camp consisted of some fifty-odd lumberjacks and mill workers and their families who lived in crude lumber shacks and tents. I operated the sawmill only during the summer months.

In winter the camp was covered with ten feet of snow and my workers lived at Saguache, twenty miles south, a small town at the northern edge of the San Luis valley.

It was about time to pull the steam whistle which would call the men to their work. I was tinkering with the donkey engine when Lonnlie Edgar, a lumberjack who had been at my camp for eight summers, approached me with a surprising announcement.

"My partner didn't come to camp last night," he said simply.

Lonnlie Edgar was a tawny, raw-boned fellow about fifty, not talkative but a good woodsman, one of the best I had. His laconic declaration brought me to my feet instantly.

"You mean Eric Brouillet didn't return to camp last night?"

"That's what I mean," Edgar replied. "Poor old Eric didn't come back."

I was puzzled. In fact, I could scarcely believe the man's words. There might be any number of reasonable explanations why a city worker should not return home at night. But at my isolated sawmill camp it was different. There was no place for a lumberjack to go at the end of the day except back to camp. What could have

SWEETHEARTS and of the MISSING WOODSMAN

Terror gripped an isolated sawmill camp high in the mountains when Eric Brouillet disappeared.

For he had apparently gone mad.

An axe-wielding maniac threatened the camp!

But a strange farewell note was to solve the riddle of the vanishing woodsman and reveal one of Colorado's most bizarre love triangles.

happened to the stalwart woodsman? "Eric worked with you yesterday, didn't he?"

"Only until noon," the lumberjack choked. Grief-stricken, Lonnie Edgar turned away from me momentarily, awkwardly brushing away the tears which trickled down his bronzed cheeks. These actions filled my mind with forebodings, yet I must confess that I was ill-prepared to hear the strange story which fell brokenly from the lips of Lonnie Edgar.

The Missing Woodsman

THE previous day, Monday, August 15, Lonnie and Eric had worked side by side felling and trimming trees about a mile and a half up the mountain from camp. As I well knew, the two men always worked together, for they had formed a partnership and cut timber for me on a contract basis. For several years the two lumberjacks had been inseparable companions.

At noontime, Lonnie revealed, he and Brouillet sat down in the shade and ate their lunch. Calloused hands covered with sweat and grime reached for sandwiches which were consumed in silence. They always ate their lunch without conversation, Edgar said, but this day his partner was brooding, almost sullen.



The mystery of the woodsman's disappearance was solved when officers were led to the spot marked by the crossed logs shown above and made a startling discovery.

When Brouillet had finished his sandwiches, he rose to his feet, wiped his hands upon his thighs. An unnatural expression came over him. There was a wild, almost insane look in his eyes. He began laughing hysterically. Edgar observed his actions with grave concern. Suddenly Brouillet swept his old felt hat from his head, and cried:

"I'm through! I'm quitting—I'm getting out the easy way!"

"Come to your senses, Eric," Lonnie said. "You know you're not quitting. Why, this fall we're going to be in a better fix than we've ever been."

Brouillet did not respond in words. Instead he burst into the raucous laughter of a maniac. Then, without a glance at his partner, he set out through the trees, hatless, his huge arms swinging from side to side as he followed a determined course up the side of Cochetopa mountain.

"He acted like a crazy man," Lonnie Edgar said; "seemed looney as a squirrel. I sat there for a while where

we had our lunch. Pretty soon it was time to go to work—and still no sign of Eric. I called out several times but Eric didn't answer."

When Edgar quit work that night at six o'clock, he said that he was considerably worried because his partner had not returned. For more than an hour he searched for Brouillet but the search was hopeless. The cushion of pine needles made it impossible to follow a man's trail. Brouillet, apparently demented, had been swallowed up in the heavy forest of Cochetopa.

Maniac Threatens Camp

A MADMAN of terrific strength, an axe-wielder, was loose in the vicinity of our camp! What havoc his distorted mind and primitive brawn could accomplish with an axe if he should attack the camp of unprotected women and children while the men were at work! My blood chilled at the thought.

"What about Mrs. Brouillet?" I asked.



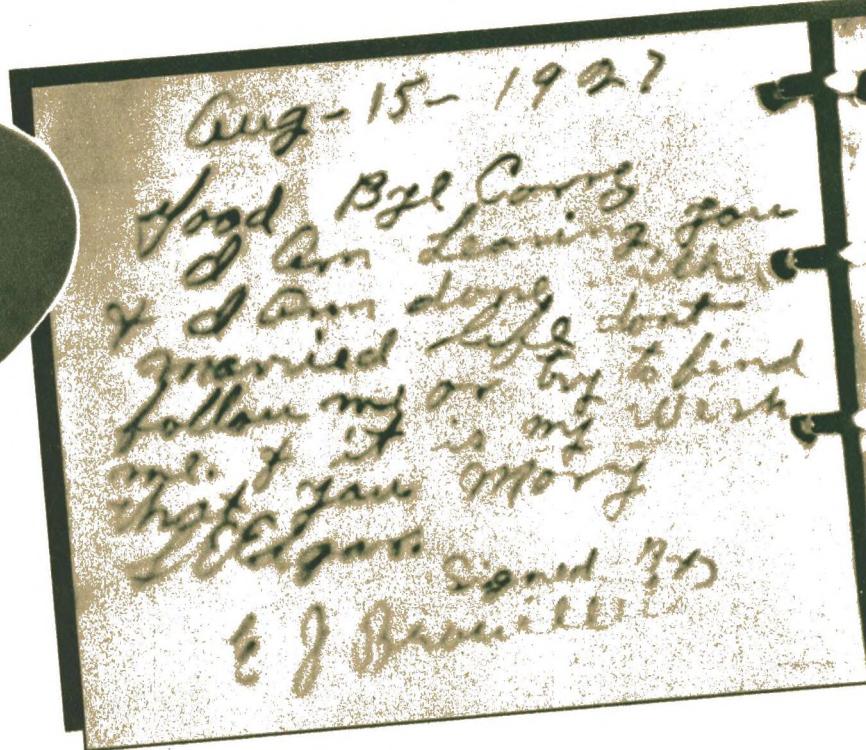
"Have you told her? What does she think?"

I rather shrank from the thought of having to explain to her myself of the apparent tragedy which had befallen her husband. Caroline Brouillet was a kindly old soul, white-haired, a grandmother. With stoic fortitude she had borne the rigors and the hardships of the life which we were forced to live at camp. This would be a shocking blow.

"Naturally I told Mrs. Brouillet," Edgar said, "'cause there wasn't nothing else I could do, seeing as Eric didn't come home with me last night. I tried to make it easy on her, so I said, 'Biddie, Eric has left you. He has gone away.' She looked at me curious-like for a moment, then she seemed to realize what had really happened. 'Poor old Eric' was all she said."

Plans Course Of Action

AT THAT time I was not an officer, but I was boss of the Mill Creek camp and I felt a certain responsibility toward the workers who were in my employ. My first duty, I decided, was to notify Sheriff Ed Paul at Saguache. If necessary, I decided that I would pull every man from his job to comb the forests of Cochetopa until the missing woodsman was found. I knew that Brouillet, tramping over the rugged,



FAREWELL NOTE

The strange farewell note above (reproduced in the text) gave officers their first lead toward cracking the riddle. What aroused their suspicions?

Partner of the missing man, Lonnie Edgar, left, a lumberjack, gave officers information which solved the mystery.

trackless country in the region of Cochetopa, could not live long without food. Not Brouillet, the madman. Even though he was powerful as an ox, he would soon die of hunger and exhaustion. Then there was the terrorizing thought that he might attack the camp.

I turned to Edgar decisively. "I'm going to town for the sheriff," I said tersely.

"You keep the men here at camp. Remember, no one is to leave camp until I get back. And keep your eyes open!"

To my surprise the lumberjack cried pleadingly: "Please don't go for the sheriff, Charlie!"

"Why not?" I rasped. "Maybe you don't realize it, but there's trouble ahead. Plenty of trouble." I turned to go but Lonnie caught up with me, clutched my arm.

"Think of his wife, Charlie," he said. "She's suffering enough already. It would be embarrassing to bring the sheriff here now."

"Embarrassing nothing!" I exclaimed impatiently. "Old Eric is out there on the mountain and we're going to find him!"

"Maybe I should have told you before," the lumberjack answered, fumbling in his pocket, "that Eric left a fare-

well note to his wife." He handed me a small, leather-backed notebook. It was the time and record book in which Lonnie Edgar and Eric Brouillet kept their partnership accounts. Frankly I was dumbfounded as I read the farewell message which old Eric had written to his wife. It said:

Aug-15-1927. Good Bye Carry. I Am Leaving you & I Am done with Married life dont follow me or try to find me. & it is my Wish that you Mary L. E. Edgar. Signed By, E. J. Brouillet.

"Now you can see for yourself," Edgar said when I had finished reading, "why it would be embarrassing for Mrs. Brouillet to have the sheriff investigate—at least for a little while. I think Eric has got sore and wanted to leave the old lady. I wouldn't be sure, but I think he was just pretending to be crazy."

Balks At Notifying Sheriff

THE note threw an entirely new light upon the strange disappearance of the lumberjack yet I insisted that Sheriff Paul should be notified. Edgar quickly countered that "it would be much better all the way 'round to wait at least a few days" before calling the officers.

"Can't you see the spot I'm in?" he argued. "Eric has asked me to take care of his old lady—yes, marry her. Of course we're partners and I'd do anything for Eric—he knows it, and he expects me to take care of her. And I'll do it, too."

"But don't you see that Eric has got sore and like as not will be back in a few days? Darn it, Charlie, I believe I've got this figured out right and I want you to promise you won't tell the sheriff."

I had confidence in Lonnie Edgar's judgment so I agreed not to notify the sheriff of Brouillet's disappearance for "at least a week." He seemed relieved, expressed gruff thanks and headed up the canyon with his lunch pail. I pulled the whistle which sent the men scurrying to their work at the mill and in the woods.

Ponders Missing Man's Fate

MY MIND was a long way from my work that morning. I chewed upon the perplexing case of the missing lumberjack. For some unexplainable reason I was seized with a spell of uneasiness. Presently I dropped my work and went to the Brouillet cabin. I felt that Grandma Brouillet would set my mind at ease.

My friendship with the Brouillet family reached back about eight years to the time when I had first gone into the milling business. The first summer that I opened my lumber mill on Cochetopa mountain Brouillet and Edgar had come to me for jobs. Both men were well along in years so I gave them employment on a contract basis.

Caroline Brouillet previously had been married to Harry Stoddard, a prominent cattleman of the San Luis valley. Upon his death she was left alone to operate the extensive Stoddard cattle interests. But hard times and low prices soon depleted the Stoddard herds. While the widow was desperately attempting to save her ranch and cattle from the mortgage companies, Eric Brouillet

came to her as a ranch hand. She was impressed with his earnestness and hard work. "He can manage the ranch just like Harry used to," the widow told her neighbors. Saguache county neighbors were not surprised when the widow and Brouillet married.

But hard luck dogged the trail of the newlyweds and they soon left the ranch to make a new start. Brouillet had been faithful to her in their futile effort to save the ranch; and now Mrs. Brouillet, once the proud hostess in the big ranch house in the San Luis valley, was faithful to Eric Brouillet who could find no other employment than as a lumberjack.

Lonnie Edgar had known Brouillet long before the latter's romance with the widow Stoddard. Lonnie and Eric had prided themselves in being called "old bachelors;" between the two men had grown a comradeship which each had often expressed "didn't have room for womenfolk."

A Happy Trio

YET when the partners came to my lumber camp, they seemed contented and happy because a woman was around. Grandma Brouillet was a good house-keeper and, uncomplainingly, was ever showering little attentions upon her husband and his partner which made living in their two-room shack at the remote camp more comfortable and endurable.

Mrs. Brouillet was clearing away the breakfast dishes when I entered the shack. I could see that she appeared worried but she was a proud old lady and at once pretended that everything was going along as usual. She assured me that nothing really serious had happened to Eric.

"Don't you worry about him, Mr.



Once the mistress of a lordly ranch house, Caroline Brouillet willingly endured the rigors of the lumber camp to make a home for her husband and his partner.



Home of the Brouillels at the sawmill camp, the interior of the rough shack, left, furnished startling testimony to Charles Vavak when he went to console the woman who had been abandoned by her husband.

Vavak," she said kindly. "He's been discouraged, terribly discouraged. And he gets upset so easily. Men are just like little boys, I suppose—they have their pouting spells and soon enough they go on as usual. Eric will come back. He's left me before"—she sighed wearily—"but usually it lasts only a few days."

I told her that I was much more alarmed than she was about Eric, that I had thought of sending word to the sheriff in order that an official search party might be organized. Quickly she discouraged this suggestion as had Lonnie Edgar. My latent suspicions were even more thoroughly aroused.

Why were they both so adverse to my calling the sheriff to conduct a search for the missing man? Was it possible that they did not want him to be found?

A Surprising Discovery

WHILE the old lady was talking persuasively and I was searching my mind for an answer to these questions, I casually scanned the single adjoining room, the room where Lonnie Edgar slept on a bunk which was nailed

against the side of the wall. It was then that I received a paralyzing shock.

Lonnie Edgar's bed had not been occupied on the preceding night! There were no quilts, no bedding of any sort, upon the straw mattress that covered Lonnie's bunk!

The wider bunk in the kitchen which Mr. and Mrs. Brouillet usually occupied had not been made up that morning. The bed showed plain indications of having been occupied by two persons. Both pillows were indented. Meaning what? Undoubtedly Lonnie Edgar and Grandma Brouillet had occupied the same bed!

Even now, years after the disappearance of Eric Brouillet, I cannot adequately describe the feelings which raked my soul on that quiet August morning on Cochetopa mountain. But I repressed my feelings as best I could. Soon I took my leave of Grandma Brouillet after she had made me promise that I would not notify the sheriff of her husband's disappearance "for at least a week, so it will give Eric a chance to make things right."

I tried to go about my work but a restless hour was as much as I could stand. On the pretext that I had to go

to town to repair a piece of mill machinery, I jumped into my truck and drove straight to the sheriff's office in Saguache. It was the fastest drive on mountain roads that I have ever made in my life.

I was out of breath and excited when I burst into the office of Sheriff Ed "Slim" Paul. I did my best to tell a coherent story of what had happened that morning at my sawmill camp. Sheriff Paul listened intently.

Paul was especially interested in Brouillet's farewell note. I did not have the note with me—I had given it back to Lonnie Edgar—but as well as I could recall from memory I told the sheriff what the farewell note contained.

"How positive are you that Brouillet wrote the note?" the sheriff inquired critically.

"That's a peculiar thing," I explained. "Eric signed the note all right, but the message itself was written by Lonnie Edgar." I was familiar with the handwriting of both men and I knew that I was not mistaken on this point.

Sheriff Paul apparently was speculating upon a possibility which had already occurred to me. He asked me if



DEATH WEAPON

Keen as a razor, this double-bitted axe took the life of Eric Brouillet. Under-Sheriff W. J. Werner is shown examining the weapon.

Called into the case by Vavak, Sheriff Ed Paul, veteran Colorado peace officer, left, solved the mystery by brilliant detective work.

When the car below stalled at Hodding creek, right, the mystery of the missing woodsman reached its climax. For mud clinging to a shovel revealed that the tool had been used elsewhere than at the point where the car had bogged.

Keeping watch on the camp, Vavak saw this car driven away on a mysterious nocturnal mission. What was the significance of that strange ride?



the missing lumberjack had been acting normally during the past few days—if I had observed any actions on his part which might indicate that he was “losing his mind” or that he was contemplating suicide. I responded in an emphatic negative.

“My idea,” I added, “is that Brouillet has killed himself and I believe Lonnie Edgar knows it. Why else would he sleep with Grandma Brouillet, unless he knew that Eric was out of the way?”

“If it’s a case of suicide,” answered the sheriff, “how do you explain the missing quilts?” That was a point I had forgotten about momentarily. If Brouillet had gone mad or if he had committed suicide there was no explanation for the missing quilts. Perhaps, we decided, Brouillet had wanted to “leave his old lady” as Lonnie Edgar had confessed to me, and the partners had entered into a conspiracy to facilitate Brouillet’s plan. That theory would account for the missing bedclothes.

Before I left Paul’s office he instructed me to observe closely the actions of Lonnie Edgar and Grandma Brouillet at the camp and to report to him if Eric did not return within three or four days.

Back at camp that evening I had my wife call on Grandma Brouillet to find out if she would not like to sleep at our cabin until her husband returned. Mrs. Vavak explained that it might cause gossip if the woman stayed in her own cabin alone with Lonnie Edgar during the absence of her husband.

Grandma Brouillet pooh-poohed the idea. “Eric will be home any time,”

she said, “and he’ll want things in order when he comes. And Lonnie, he needs me here until Eric comes back.” No mention was made of the bunk which had been denuded of its bedclothes.

A Curious Incident

THE following morning, Wednesday, I made an extraordinary observation. When Lonnie emerged from the Brouillet shanty ready for work, he was freshly shaven. This incident lacked significance until I recalled that on the preceding morning Lonnie had shaved for the first time in weeks. A clean-shaven face two mornings in succession! He offered a striking contrast to the stubble-faced men of the camp. The gangling woodsman reminded me somehow of a rooster vying for the attentions of a hen.

Wednesday night came—forty-eight hours since Eric Brouillet had vanished mysteriously. The slight alarm which Mrs. Brouillet had expressed on Tuesday morning was now completely gone. She went about her work singularly gay, cooking, washing, and sewing for her husband’s partner. Even morose Lonnie seemed in better spirits than usual.

After supper Wednesday night Lonnie and Grandma Brouillet climbed into the partners’ automobile and drove away.

My first hunch was to follow them, but on second thought I concluded that they were undoubtedly going for a “joy” ride which was none of my business. By midnight they had not returned. At four

a. m. I jumped from bed. Still they had not returned.

Nervously I waited. At 4:30 they came trailing in, afoot. I was maintaining a sharp lookout or I never would have seen them in the dim light of the foggy, rain-laden dawn. Moving stealthily they tried to slip to their cabin unseen by skirting the pine trees.

When Lonnie saw that I was up earlier than usual and had observed them, he came directly to me and explained the all-night trip.

“Mrs. Brouillet wanted to go over to Poncha Pass,” he said, “to tell some relatives that Eric had deserted her. We got stuck down the canyon crossing Hodding creek. I worked most of the night trying to get the car out.”

He asked me if I would drive down with my truck before breakfast and pull his machine from the mudhole. I agreed and we set out for the stalled car.

I noted at once that the machine was off the main road to my camp—that it was headed in on the old road which leads from Brown’s Canyon. The car had lodged in Hodding creek-bottom only a few yards from the intersection with the camp road. The location of the car puzzled me. Lonnie had told me only a few minutes before that they had gone to Poncha Pass, which certainly would not call for turning off on the blind road into Brown’s Canyon.

“Thought you went to Poncha Pass?” I inquired warily.

“No,” he replied, “I said we figured on going there, but the late start changed our minds. We went over into Brown’s Canyon to get a camp stove that used to be in an old deserted shack.” He explained that they didn’t get the stove because it was no longer there.

A rainy night for an exploration trip!

While Lonnie was fastening a chain hitch to the truck I took a mud-covered shovel from his car and dug my fingers into the mud to clean the blade. Curiously I gazed at the mud in my hand.

[Continued on page 68]



Stealing a quantity of dynamite, Idzy Rutkowski embarked on a crimson death harvest to prove his toughness. But the youthful cop-hater lost his battle of retaliation.

Idzy Rutkowski was smart—he admitted it—and he hated cops.

So he set out to show them up with a campaign of terrorism.

Here are the amazing details of his weird plot, a plot that doomed Idzy and proved that, after all, he was just a punk.



Three lives, including that of a little girl, were lost in the final explosion of Milwaukee's week of terror. Officers are shown searching the ruins for other bodies.

Harvest

IDZY RUTKOWSKI hated cops. He hated them so violently that for a week he held the entire city of Milwaukee in a grip of terror; for a week he laughed at the cops and taunted them; for a week he was a big-time criminal with a price of \$10,000 on his head.

And then, as he planned his biggest coup, something went wrong. The horrible death harvest which he intended to reap in the ranks of his enemies and scores of innocents was to be a truly gigantic undertaking. But it failed—and with its failure Idzy, the cop-hater, was doomed.

Idzy was one of those kids known to the police as "punks." He had a petty police record of purse snatching, box car burglaries, automobile thefts and traffic violations. But each time he was ar-

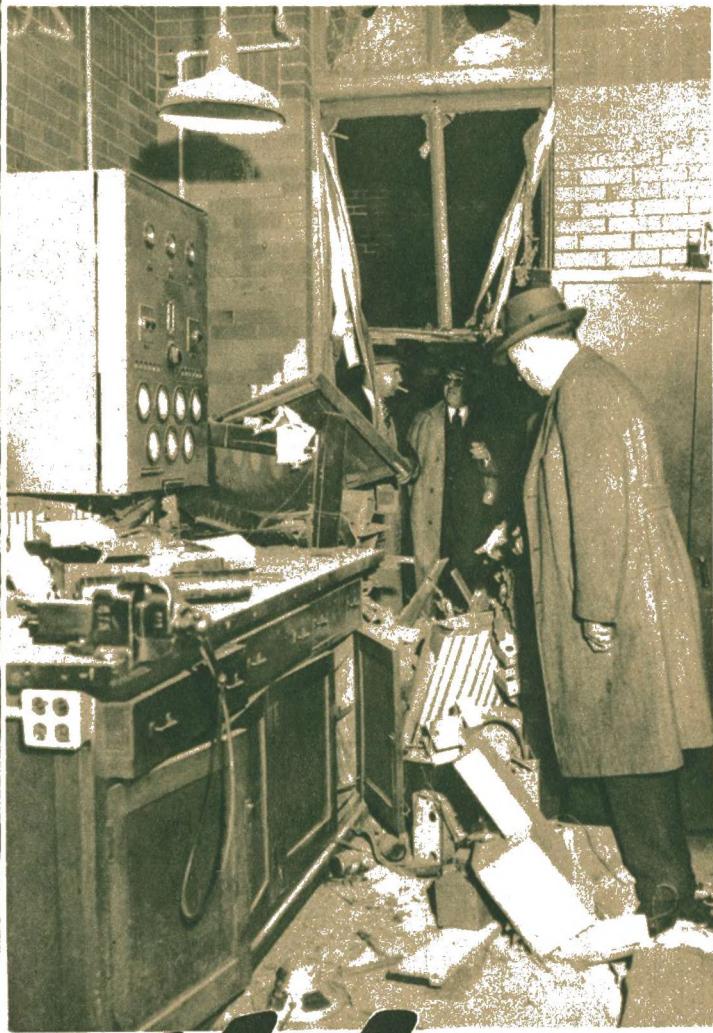
rested he managed in some way to be freed, either by discharge or by winning probation. In consequence he came to feel that he was smarter than the police; he resented being picked up and questioned.

He didn't have a job. Some of his days were spent at the beach at Estabrook park, where a crew of CCC workers were making improvements which involved the use of dynamite. A cache of the explosives was kept in a vault in the park. Idzy, with the help of at least one other boy, managed to pry open the door of the vault and escaped with two boxes of dynamite, fuse and fulminate caps.

A few weeks later Idzy began his career of terrorism.

Early in the evening of October 26,

THE AMAZING ENIGMA OF



of Death!

By C. W. VONIER

1935, the exclusive village of Shorewood, a suburb of Milwaukee, was rocked with an explosion. Dynamite had been placed under a sewer outside the village hall. The explosion tore a gaping hole in the basement wall of the building, shattered windows, wrecked the porch of the colonial building and broke glass in neighboring homes. Fortunately, the hall was empty when the blast occurred and no one was injured.

Police blamed disgruntled WPA workers. That was an affront which Idzy could not overlook. His warped brain had built up delusions of outlaw grandeur. He fancied himself a master criminal. He was determined to show

the town that it was up against a more sinister force than a mere dissatisfied relief worker.

On the following night—a Sunday—Idzy struck again. Dynamite bombs were set off at two widely separated banks—the Citizens branch of the First Wisconsin National bank in North Milwaukee, and the East Side branch of the same bank eight miles away. Again there were no injuries. The rear wall of the North Milwaukee bank was wrecked, windows were shattered in the banks and in nearby homes and the fronts of eight automobiles were demolished. But the vaults of the bank were untouched.

Bits of the fuse left at the scene of the explosions—the two banks and the

Shorewood village hall—definitely linked the outrages to a single gang and to the looting of the Estabrook park dynamite dump.

Two federal investigators were called into the case and Idzy became a big-time criminal—in his own estimation. Milwaukee police, however, contended that the dynamitings were the work of amateurs and plunged into the case determined to halt the terrorists before they could strike again.

Meanwhile the city waited apprehensively for the next blast. The first three had occurred at widely separated points. There appeared to be no pattern in the plot. A village hall and two banks had been the objectives; they were situated

WISCONSIN'S MAD BOMBER

far apart; there had been no evident attempt at robbery. Unless it was a plot of radicals, expressing hatred of law and financial institutions, the explosions didn't make sense. And even that was not a tenable theory. Police were inclined to blame cranks.

The Mad Bomber

AND had officials known it, they were very close to the truth. For Idzy was a crank, possessed of twin obsessions: He hated police and was cursed with an inferiority complex. Thus the senseless dynamitings served the double purpose of making the police look foolish and flattering his ego because of the attention they attracted.

Now Idzy was truly happy. He had the whole police force after him. Even the government was on his trail. And Idzy had them all fooled. He read the admission of Chief Jacob C. Laubenheimer that his department was without a clue. He heard theories expounded of cranks, of communists, of malcontents among the relief workers as perpetrators of the outrage; but never a finger of sus-

picion was pointed in his own direction. And in the meantime, Idzy was preparing the most colossal joke in his repertoire—a monstrous jibe at the hated cops.

The first move came in a false alarm on the upper East Side. Fire apparatus responded and found a package attached to the alarm box. It contained a message scrawled on a postcard, a dynamite fuse, eight feet of dual wire and two wires of the type used for blasting.

The message read:

"Take no serial numbers. Be careful. Danger. Price—go up."

On the other side was a picture of a skull and crossbones and the figures:

50,000	in 100s.
25,000	in 50s.
10,000	in 20s.
5,000	in 10s.
5,000	in 5s.
5,000	in 1s.

But that wasn't all of Idzy's great joke. The climax was still in preparation. It came on Hallowe'en night, 1935.

It was a rainy, blustery night and police were out in force, trying to re-

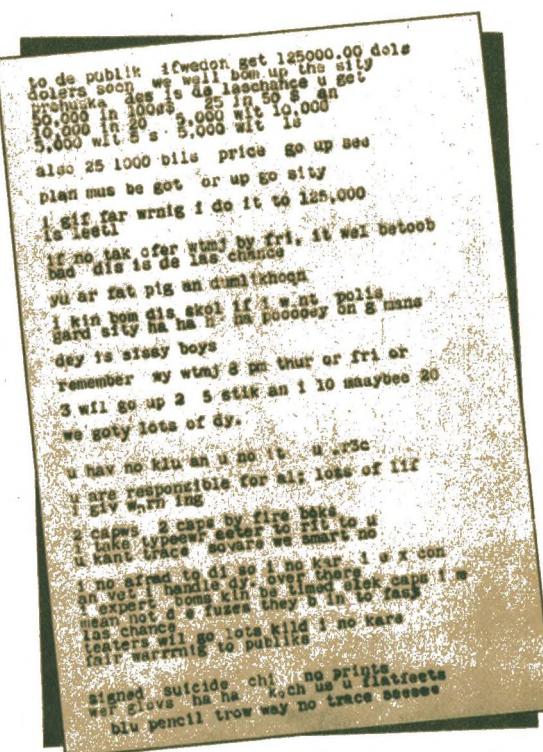


strain the Hallowe'en pranks of Milwaukee's youngsters. And they were still maintaining a guard about the city's banks and public buildings. Since Sunday the city had waited for another outbreak of the dynamiter, who had used only a small portion of the explosives he had stolen from the park dump.

At 6:47 that night a false alarm was sounded at a midtown box. A few minutes later came another from a box a few blocks away; a third, a mile away, ten minutes later. And while apparatus converged upon the call boxes, Idzy struck. A tremendous roar was heard and the wall of the North side police station caved in!

Bombs Police Station

THE dynamiter had invaded the very precincts of his enemies. The explosives had been placed against the rear wall of the station house, where the police garage housed several cars. Three officers had just left the garage and entered the kitchen of the station. Again no one was hurt; but three police automobiles were wrecked and the telephone service was put out of commission, hence



WEIRD NOTE

His egotism mounting beyond the realm of reason, Idzy Rutkowski wrote this weird note of warning shortly before the final job which was to climax his mad career of death and terrorism.

Left to right, Chief of Police Jacob G. Laubenheimer, Sergeant John M. Niederkorn and Chief of Detectives Frank Prohaska examine bits of debris found in the remains of the garage destroyed by Idzy's last infernal machine.

STARTLING DETECTIVE

it was several moments before the alarm could be sounded.

In the meantime, Idzy was on his way to carry out further details of his latest outrage. He headed for the West Side station, which houses the Milwaukee police department's short wave radio station. The telephone connections at the North Side station had just been repaired and the alarm sounded when Idzy's second bomb exploded and tore through the radio test room in the rear of the West Side station!

Standing in the doorway between the radio test room and the garage, a policeman was thrown to the floor and three other officers in the garage were showered by the flying debris. But again, miraculously, there were no injuries. A new police ambulance was damaged, a wall of the building was wrecked and radio test apparatus was injured. But the broadcasting station itself escaped undamaged.

A woman living near the police station told of seeing an automobile drive into the alley in the rear of the building; but she could give police no clues to the car nor any description of its occupants.

Idzy was reveling in his role of cop-baiter. In his escape he passed the fire

apparatus and the squad cars he had set in motion. This, indeed, was balm to his ego. No longer could anyone accuse him of being only a "punk." He guided his car through the confusion of official traffic with ill-contained delight.

Net Slowly Closes

IDZY might not have felt so well pleased had he known that the police net was slowly closing around him. As yet, of course, there was no clue to his identity; but police had noted a peculiar fact. The five explosions had occurred in almost every part of the city except the South Side. They began to center their investigation in that section.

A raid of several pool halls netted more than forty prisoners but failed to uncover a clue to the dynamiters. Several thousand war veterans offered their services to track down the terrorists.

Idzy's ego became swollen to bursting proportions. To the city editor of a

Milwaukee paper he telephoned a boastful threat on the noon of the day following the police station bombings.

"There'll be more bombings if they don't do what we want!" came the warning.

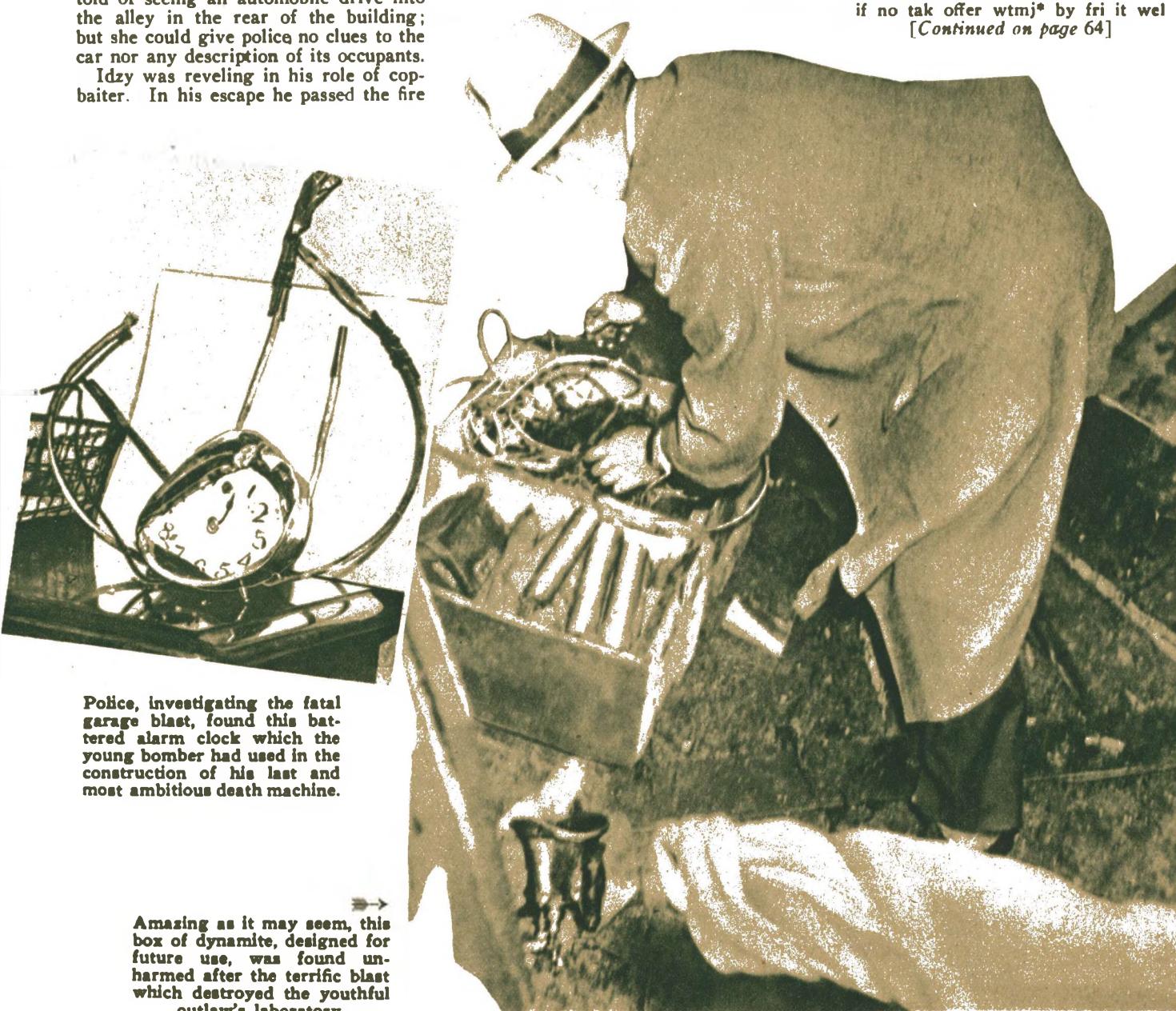
Two other warnings were dispatched to the police. One was left in the Palmer street school with a piece of dynamite fuse, the other was sent to Captain Robert Sandow, No. 2 Precinct station, on the South Side.

The note to Captain Sandow warned merely: "You are next."

The other, received by Detective Captain Frank Prohaska, was a typewritten gibe at the police. It read:

"to de publik if wedon get 125000.00
dols dolers soon we will bom up the
sity prohaska des is de laschance u
get 50,000 in 100s \$ 25 in \$50 \$ an
10,000 in 20 5,000 wit 10 \$\$\$ 5,000
wit 5s 5,000 wit 1s also 25 1000 bills
price go up see plan must be got up
or up go sity. i gif far wrning i do
it to 125,000 is leetl
if no tak offer wtmj* by fri it wel

[Continued on page 64]



Police, investigating the fatal garage blast, found this battered alarm clock which the young bomber had used in the construction of his last and most ambitious death machine.

Amazing as it may seem, this box of dynamite, designed for future use, was found unharmed after the terrific blast which destroyed the youthful outlaw's laboratory.

The CRIMSON of the



Alfred Volckmann, young shopkeeper of Greenville, N. Y., anxious to aid the police, gave the first clue to Helen Glenn's movements when he reported that the girl had bought a lollipop at his store the night she disappeared.

THE rays of the setting sun struck softly across the ancient stained glass of the village church. The reddish beams flickered across a face in the gloom, picked out the figure of a youth standing near the altar rail, violin and bow in hand.

The youth raised the violin. His bow danced lightly over the strings. The altar throbbed to the melody evoked by his flying fingers and the youth swayed dreamily to the rhythms he had wrought.

But although the setting was peaceful and the youth's demeanor was serene, there was murder in his heart. Blood lust gripped him—wild, disordered fancies filled his brain which had no place beneath that hallowed roof.

Tomorrow?

Yes—tomorrow would do. The bow caressed the strings, the music became a sensuous wail, and in mind's eye he saw crimson splashing from white skin, glistening on his blade. When the sun was gone from the church windows, the instrument ceased its song. And the youth,

licking his lips, lowered the violin and went out into the night where no light would mirror the smouldering horror of his eyes.

Prelude To Death

JUNE had come with gay promise for Helen Glenn. School would soon be out, and the Catskills, the ripe, sweeping hills just beyond Greenville, New York, beckoned to youth with summer's warm vacation hours.

It was June 26, 1935, and commencement exercises were to be held that night at the Greenville Central School. Helen Glenn had long looked forward to this evening. She would be wearing her new white party dress and she would receive an award for perfect attendance.

But now it was still afternoon, and there was yet time for a walk, down the narrow village street to the green hills that cradled the little town. The girl's parents, the Reverend and Mrs. Ernest Glenn, were away from home, attending

The awful shadow of murder shrouded the peaceful Catskills when the pitiful body of little Helen Glenn, victim of a sadistic attacker, was found sprawled in a creek bed.

But the shadow was lifted when grim manhunters questioned a suspect and found a vital flaw in his story which solved the shocking mystery.

By
DEAN S. JENNINGS

a church conference in a nearby town. But Mrs. Ella Hoose, a family friend, was staying at the parsonage to watch the other children.

"Oh, Mrs. Hoose," Helen said, "I'm going down by the pond to look for Ernest. He's been playing down there and he should come home soon."

"All right, Helen," the woman said. "But don't be long. Remember, you have to be at the school early tonight."

The girl laughed.

"Don't worry, I'll be back soon."

She went out, eyes bright, her dark hair gently tossed by the soft summer wind. Gaily she walked away from home—into the arms of death!

The sun had long since slipped down behind the emerald ridge to the west when Ernest Glenn, a tired little boy with grimy hands and tousled hair, came back to the parsonage alone. Mrs. Hoose saw him close the door, and said:

"Why, Ernest, where is Helen? She went out to look for you."

The boy shook his head.

"I don't know, ma'am. I didn't see her anywhere."

Unaccountably alarmed, Mrs. Hoose hurried to the telephone and called several neighbors. None knew the girl's whereabouts; but one woman had seen

CRIME Catskills



Setting out to join her brother at play, little Helen Glenn, above, fell into the hands of a human beast and became the victim of a shocking crime.

← Hours of painstaking search were brought to an end when the body of Helen Glenn was found in the shallow waters of Basic creek, as shown at the left.

Helen walking in the direction of Norton Hill, not far from the edge of town. Another hour passed . . . two hours . . . and Helen Glenn had not come home to slip into the little white dress. Not many blocks away the schoolhouse blazed with light, echoed with laughter and song, then was dark and silent again.

Helen Glenn had not received her prize.

And thus, on a gentle summer night, began the strange case of the missing student. But there were none, among these placid villagers, who foresaw the horror to come; none to sense that a benevolent killer walked among them, harboring a dreadful secret in his twisted brain.

Police Begin Search

IT WAS late, on this June night, when the village police answered Mrs. Hoose's frantic call and started a belated hunt for the girl.

Searching parties were quickly organized, with a group of Greenville Boy Scouts taking one direction and a party of citizens headed by Donald K. Mabee of the Greenville School in another. Meanwhile others notified Sheriff H. Clay Ferris of Greene county and Sergeant J. Walter Wheeler of the New York State Police at Jefferson Heights.

Both men sped to Greenville. Soon the dew-damp knolls beyond the town swarmed with human fireflies whose shouting voices were ghostly echoes of the little gnomes who led Rip Van Winkle, stumbling dreamily, along similar mountain paths, long, historic years before.

But the night was stern. It gave no clue, no tiny footmarks on the wet brown earth, no wisp of clothing or other poignant spoor. At last dawn broke softly in the verdant dales and the heart-weary searchers went their homeward way to sleep a bit, then roam the brush again. They took the trails with no thought that murder's sign might meet them there. Rather it was supposed that Helen Glenn had met with some accident . . . a broken leg, perhaps; a swirling mountain creek whose rush of blue would drown her cries.

It was with these thoughts in mind that Sergeant Wheeler and Sheriff Ferris began a systematic search.

First they drained the tiny village pond, a muddy, shallow puddle where youngsters waded in hot weather. But there was nothing on the slimy bottom except a few frogs croaking and blinking at the sun.

Resort swimming pools, patronized by vacationing New Yorkers during the season, were carefully examined. Empty

buildings in and near Greenville were searched from cellar to roof. The woods and wild brush throbbed with the alien sound of human voices, calling.

"You know, I don't think she got very far," Sergeant Wheeler said to Sheriff Ferris later in the day. "I'm going to take some men and start at the parsonage. Someone must have seen the child at that time of the day. It wasn't dark. . . ."

"All right, Walter," Ferris nodded. "Meanwhile I'll get in touch with the police and sheriffs of the other counties."

Wheeler and Lieutenant Garry Sager of the State Police, acting on a hunch, went first to a large lot just beyond the village where the tents and gay banners of a small traveling circus rippled in the wind. Sergeant Wheeler approached the owner and described the missing child.

"I understand she was seen standing in front of the main tent last night," the officer said. "I want to look around the place a bit."

"Why certainly," the owner agreed. "I'm sure you won't find her here."

He led them behind the big top and showed them through the gaudy circus wagons in which the troupe traveled. But there was no sign, no single clue to indicate that Helen Glenn might have wandered among this painted clan of clowns, perhaps to be lost in their anonymous community.

Wheeler and his men retraced their steps to the village, questioning residents and storekeepers en route. But it was not until the officers reached a small grocery store operated by Alfred Volckmann that they obtained any information.

Find First Clue

"**W**HY, yes," Volckmann said in response to their query. "I saw Helen Glenn yesterday afternoon. She came in here to buy some candy."

"What time was that?" Wheeler asked eagerly.

"It was about 6:30," the young grocer answered. "She left here and went up toward Norton Hill."

"Hm—that's funny," Sergeant Wheeler said half aloud. "I wonder what she was headed that way for?"

The troopers thanked Volckmann and walked down the road toward the hill until they came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Augustine. There they heard the girl's name again. The couple startled Wheeler with the statement that they had heard a strange cry, a child-like squeal of fear, near their home the night before.

"Did you investigate?" asked Wheeler.

"Yes," Augustine said. "We went out and looked around. We even went to a neighbor's house to see if their baby was crying, but they were mystified, too."

Wheeler was thoughtful for a moment.

"I think," he said slowly, "that we are getting somewhere."

The troopers left the Augustine house and went on to the farm of Paul Austin, who, after chatting with them a moment, mentioned some unholy sounds he had heard the night before.

"It was about half past nine," he said. "I was standing outside the house when

I heard the cries. They were terrible . . . blood-curdling, as though someone were being tortured. Of course, it might have been some wild bird, down there in the swamp. . . ."

"Wait!" Wheeler interrupted. "The swamp! Maybe that's it! That's the place to look next, even if it is a couple of miles from town. Let's go!"

Basic creek flows sluggishly away from Greenville, a shallow, pale thread in the bright pattern of the woods. It seeps into the moss-grown banks, drowns the brown earth until the soil swells to swampy mud. Here and there, deeply rutted, little dirt logging-roads run through the creek and are lost in the grass.

Tragedy Revealed

IT WAS in this area, on the afternoon of June 28, that searching parties tramped across the soggy ground, beating the wild grass with sticks and looking for any telltale clue. One group, led by Troopers O'Neill and Merkel, was composed of James Giery, John Zivilli, and LeRoy Lawyer, all of the little village of Westerlo, who had volunteered to help in the search.

They followed the erratic course of the creek until, about two o'clock, they were more than two miles from Greenville, in a desolate, thickly wooded hill region. Suddenly, in a tone that startled and shocked his hearers, one of the men cried out:

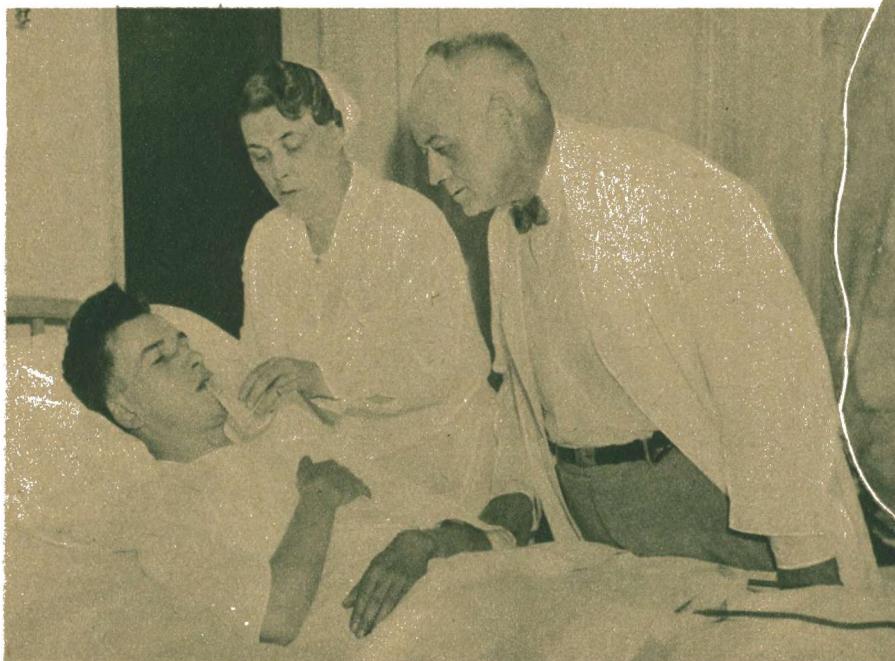
"Look! Look . . . there . . . in the creek bed."

Stumbling across the yielding marsh, the others reached his side and stared down, where the creek flowed idly in its earthen bed. And they knew, looking at the thing lolling and rocking in the dark wash, that Helen Glenn would never laugh again.

She was lying on her back, nude, a pitiful white flower in death. Across her face, neatly folded, was the play dress in which she had left home—a mask someone had placed there to hide the fear in her eyes. One hand rested in the water, the other was pressed against her breast.

It needed no second glance to tell how Helen Glenn had died.

Beneath her hand was a jagged gash, an appalling wound which at first glance appeared to have pierced the child's heart, causing instant death. Her body was covered with bruises, her brown hair was matted with grass and mud. The stunned searchers backed away from the still body



CONFESSED SLAYER TAKES POISON

Following his confession, the slayer of Helen Glenn attempted to end his life with poison. He is shown being treated by hospital superintendent Alice E. LeGallais and Dr. Lyle B. Honeyford, former coroner.



STARTLING DETECTIVE



CORONER EXAMINES DEATH SCENE

Threading through the underbrush of a swamp some distance from the village, searchers found the body of the missing girl. Above, Dr. Mahlon H. Atkinson, Greene county coroner, views the scene shortly after the shocking discovery.

and shouted to other groups wandering through the woods.

"We've found her," they cried. "This way . . . by the creek!"

A hundred feet away, with a party of friends, was the child's father, the Reverend Mr. Glenn. He heard the alarm and started running toward the spot, only to be dissuaded by his companions.

"Don't go," they pleaded. "Perhaps it would be better . . . to return to the village."

The unhappy father nodded and turned away, knowing there was nothing he could do. The tragic news, carried through the woods in relays, soon reached Greenville and a waiting group of officers headed by Sheriff Ferris. Dr. Mahlon H. Atkinson, Greene county coroner, was notified at the county seat in Catskill. He sped to the scene with District Attorney John C. Welch.

"Well, Doctor," Welch asked after the coroner had made a preliminary examination, "what does it look like?"

Dr. Atkinson, kneeling by the body in the swampy grass, pointed to the child's chest.

"Somebody pushed a terribly sharp knife right through her," he said. "It probably severed the aorta. But it doesn't look as if the crime was done here, because there is practically no blood on the skin and none on the grass. She may have been killed somewhere else and carried to this spot."

"Yes, that's what I thought," Sheriff Ferris broke in. "Things are too neat here. That dress was deliberately folded over the face and the grass hasn't been trampled down."

Even as he spoke, officers carefully examined the ground around the body for footprints, the weapon, or other clues which might lead them to the monster whose vicious hand had created violent death in the peace of the woods. But



John C. Welch, district attorney of Greene County, displays the cruel, thin-bladed knife which took the life of little Helen Glenn after she had been assaulted.

there was nothing . . . nothing but the still form of the child.

Coroner Atkinson and others gently lifted Helen Glenn and carried her to a waiting ambulance. Late that afternoon, in an undertaking establishment at Catskill, Dr. Atkinson and Dr. Arthur Wright of Albany performed an autopsy which revealed the ghastly perfection of the killer's deed.

The Coroner's Report

WHOEVER did this," Dr. Atkinson reported to Sheriff Ferris and Lieutenant Sager, "used a very sharp knife, a butcher's knife perhaps. It took tremendous strength, for the blade had been pushed entirely through the body until its point struck the backbone."

"Tell me, Doctor," one of the men asked, "had she . . . was there any sign of attack?"

The coroner nodded gravely.

"Yes . . . she had been criminally assaulted. Incidentally, she did not move after that cruel blow, because all the blood was in the upper part of the abdomen. As

you know, there was no visible blood at the scene; therefore, the killer must have knifed her at some other spot and carried the body to the creek, or else used a cloth to absorb the spurts."

Lieutenant Sager shuddered.

"Well . . ." he said grimly, "this is one murder that won't go unsolved. . . ."

That night, with the whole of Greene county still stunned by the shock of the murderous crime, the manhunters gathered to compare notes, to plan the next step in the search for the fiend of the hills. It was obvious from the first that the slayer was someone living in the village or nearby.

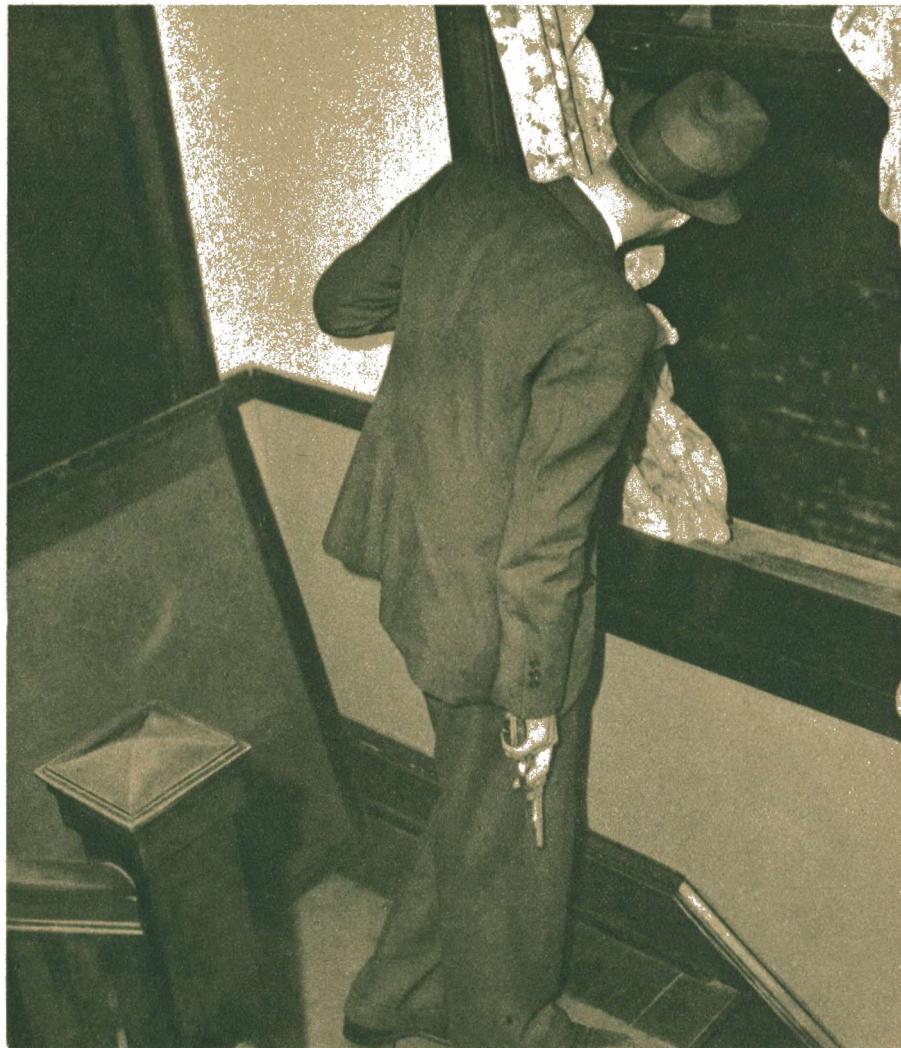
The officers checked over the events of the day, read once more the reports of conversations with friends and neighbors of the Glenn family. They reviewed the stories told by Volckmann, the grocer; Mr. and Mrs. Augustine; and Austin. Of the three, Lieutenant Sager recalled, Volckmann was the only one who had actually seen the little girl alive.

"I think we'd better check over these points with those people again tomorrow.

[Continued on page 78]

On the Scarlet Trail

Five men died under the guns of a scrawny killer before he fell into the hands of the law. But prison could not tame Midget Fernekes. Ceaselessly he plotted to escape—and after bomb plots and armed force had failed, succeeded by staging the most audacious walk-away in penal history and resuming a career which led to an amazing climax.



Determined to end the elusive killer's mad career, sleuths investigated each new tip and laid countless traps to capture him. Above, a detective is shown on the stairway of one of Fernekes' reputed hideouts, ready to welcome the bandit with hot lead.

CONCLUSION

STAGING a one-man reign of terror that swept from New York to Illinois, a diminutive gunman looted scores of banks, blasted his way out of countless police traps and left a trail of death in his wake.

Five men died under the killer's flaming guns and still he kept his freedom. Gradually, however, manhunters were drawing a net around the elusive fugitive. He had been identified as Henry J. (Midget) Fernekes. He had been traced to Chicago—to the lodging house of Mrs. Anna Beauchamp. And Lieutenant Michael Naughton, head of Chicago's "Scotland Yard" division, was hot on his trail.

An intercepted telephone message furnished the final tip-off. Accompanied by Detectives Andrew Aitken and Arthur Murphy, Lieutenant Naughton cornered Fernekes at a reading table in the Chicago public library.

Capture Midget Slayer

WARILY the detectives closed in on the killer, guns drawn. Fernekes rose. His black eyes blazed with hate. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, his hands stole toward the twin automatics holstered beneath his arm pits.

For a few tense seconds lives hung in the balance as Fernekes weighed his chances. But it was suicide to resist.

He raised his arms above his head, shrugging his shoulders in a gesture of futility. Instantly the detectives seized him, snapping handcuffs on his wrists and taking away his guns.

During those drama-filled moments pandemonium had gripped the library reading room. Two score persons, frightened by the display of weapons, had overturned tables, knocked books to the floor and upset book cases to get out of bullet range.

Once the initial excitement was over, Fernekes took his capture calmly. He smiled and joked with Naughton but would tell him nothing of interest. "I'll get Clarence Darrow to defend me in court," he boasted, "and he'll get me out of this." He would not say a word about his many crimes.

With Fernekes closed up like a clam, Lieutenant Naughton turned to Mrs. Beauchamp, already in custody, for information. What he learned convinced him that the Midget had been captured in the nick of time.

Mrs. Beauchamp led detectives to the

STARTLING DETECTIVE

By RAY BRENNAN

of Chicago's MIDGET KILLER

basement of her lodging house, helped them to pull away a few loose boards from the floor and pointed to a packing box about the size of a burial casket. "Look in there," she said, "and you'll find his arsenal."

In the box were forty sticks of dynamite, eight revolvers and automatics, four shotguns, three automatic rifles, gas masks, smoke bombs, nitroglycerin and T. N. T. Experts declared the explosives would have been sufficient to blow up half of Chicago's downtown district.

On the basement floor only an inch above the box of high explosives, a maid employed by Mrs. Beauchamp had been practicing tap dancing for weeks—unaware that she was risking being blasted into eternity along with the entire neighborhood.

Reveals Robbery Plans

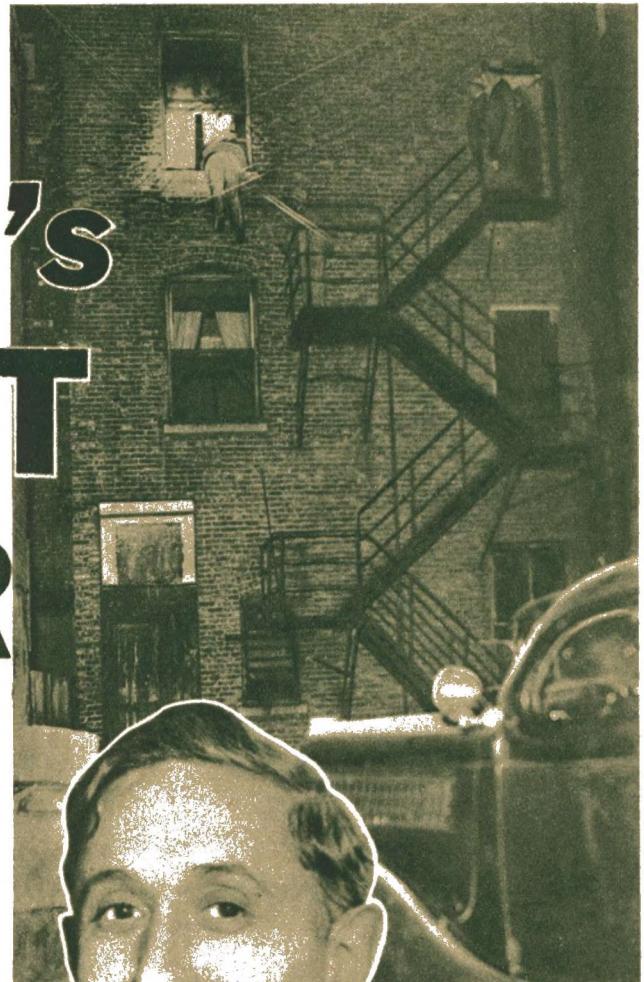
MRS. BEAUCHAMP also revealed to Chief of Detectives Schoemaker that the Midget had been drilling ten men for a \$5,000,000 bank robbery, teaching them marksmanship and rehearsing them in their duties.

Fernekes and his men, she said, intended to enter the bank equipped with gas masks and carrying ammonia tanks. The scheme was to release the ammonia gas, render everyone in the bank unconscious except the bandits, grab the money and flee. The Midget's getaway cars were equipped to drop bombs that would tear up the streets as they sped away, making pursuit impossible.

Although she was in deadly fear of her life, Mrs. Beauchamp also showed a hiding place in which the Midget had secreted diagrams—showing floor plans, location of vaults, exits and guard stations—of four of the city's largest banks. He planned to rob them all, she said, get

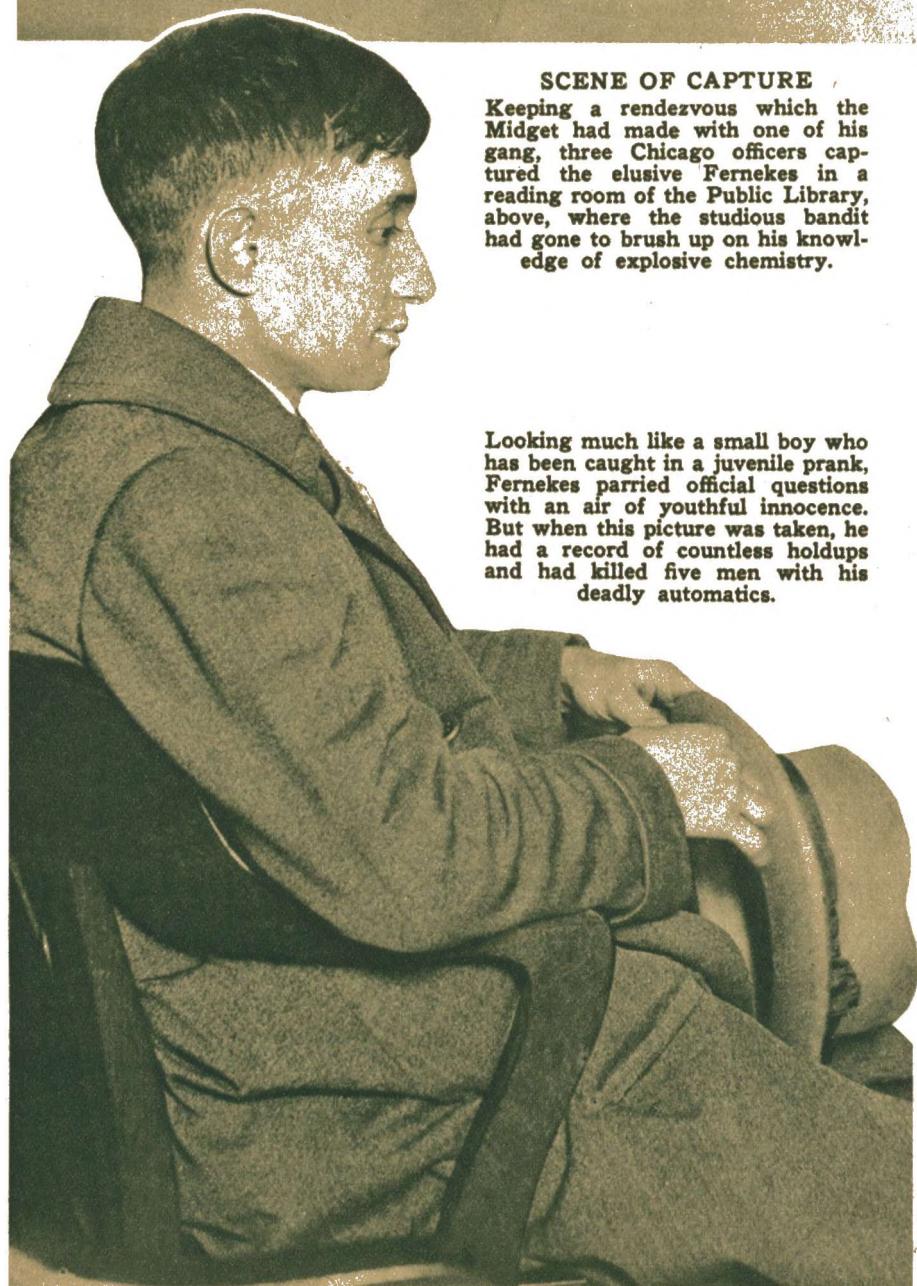
At right, above, Chicago police stage a night raid on Fernekes' lair on North State street. Note detective climbing through window, while others prepare to join battle from fire escape landing.

An intercepted phone message furnished officers with the tip-off which trapped Midget Fernekes, right, without a struggle.





SCENE OF CAPTURE
Keeping a rendezvous which the Midget had made with one of his gang, three Chicago officers captured the elusive Fernekess in a reading room of the Public Library, above, where the studious bandit had gone to brush up on his knowledge of explosive chemistry.



Looking much like a small boy who has been caught in a juvenile prank, Fernekess parried official questions with an air of youthful innocence. But when this picture was taken, he had a record of countless holdups and had killed five men with his deadly automatics.

about \$20,000,000 in loot and flee to South America with his share.

Mrs. Beauchamp promised to tell more, particularly about Fernekess' associates, and to testify at his trial—but she never did.

On June 4, 1925, only a few weeks after Fernekess' capture, she was found dead in the kitchen of her 22nd street house. The door and window crevices were packed with cloth and six jets of the gas stove were open. A coroner's jury returned a verdict of suicide.

"What else could she do?" Fernekess asked wryly, when informed of the tragedy. Police interpreted that remark as a warning for others who might talk of the Midget's misdeeds.

For several weeks after his capture, Fernekess was carefully guarded in the detective bureau at headquarters while three states bickered over his custody. New York wanted him for two killings in the Pearl River fiasco. Pennsylvania wanted him for killing two policemen while fleeing from Pearl River.

Chicago kept him and on July 16, 1925, he was convicted of the daring \$13,000 robbery of the Inland Trust and Savings Bank, despite alibi testimony that he was in Valparaiso, Indiana, at the time of the crime. The Midget was sentenced to imprisonment in Joliet for from ten years to life.

Public opinion seethed over the fact that such a man—named for at least five murders and perhaps \$1,000,000 in bank robberies—should get off with such a light term. The press rained invectives on the heads of officialdom. New York and Pennsylvania sneered.

On Trial For Murder

IN THE midst of the uproar, Fernekess was brought back from Joliet to stand trial for the murder of Michael Swintowski, a building and loan association official, slain in a Chicago robbery. Named with him for that killing were Danny McGeohegan and John (Red) Flannery.

Back in the old Cook county jail, a gray and desolate mass just across the Chicago river from the loop, Fernekess was a model prisoner. With \$100,000 reputedly hidden away outside, he went about his tasks of scrubbing and laundering like the most lowly prisoner.

Fernekess financed the trial for himself, McGeohegan and Flannery, but he might as well have saved his money. All of them were convicted and sentenced to be hanged in the stone-flagged courtyard of the jail. They settled down to await the execution date, two months away.

It was the afternoon of Sunday, July 25, 1925, and all was quiet within the jail. Visitors were not allowed on that day and the prisoners were permitted to walk in the corridors for exercise. Guards lolled at their ease, as there was little to do when there were no outsiders in the jail.

The prison clock pointed to 3 p. m. when there came a roaring explosion that could be heard for blocks. From the side of the jail at the second floor level spurted

a geyser of mortar, bricks, splintered steel and smoke.

Jail sirens wailed. Alarm bells sounded. Hundreds of prisoners, deafened by the blast, set up a wild clamor of shrieks and yells, fearful that the crumbling old structure would crash in upon them. Guards in corridors and bullpens were besieged to free the inmates in the face of the peril.

Out into the street poured a score of guards with repeating shotguns to surround the walls from outside. Ten squads of officers raced to the scene from police headquarters. With fifteen deputies on motorcycles leading the way, Sheriff Peter M. Hoffman rushed to the jail from his home in suburban Des Plaines at sixty miles an hour through dense traffic.

There were no less than ninety-two desperate inmates, many of them murderers, in the jail at the time, awaiting trial, execution or transfer to Joliet. Authorities dreaded the thought of what might occur if they succeeded in a mass escape attempt.

Bomb Plot Fails

INSPECTION showed that only a thin steel panel which the explosion failed to shatter had prevented the plot from being successful. Except for the panel, a large section of the jail wall had been blown away.

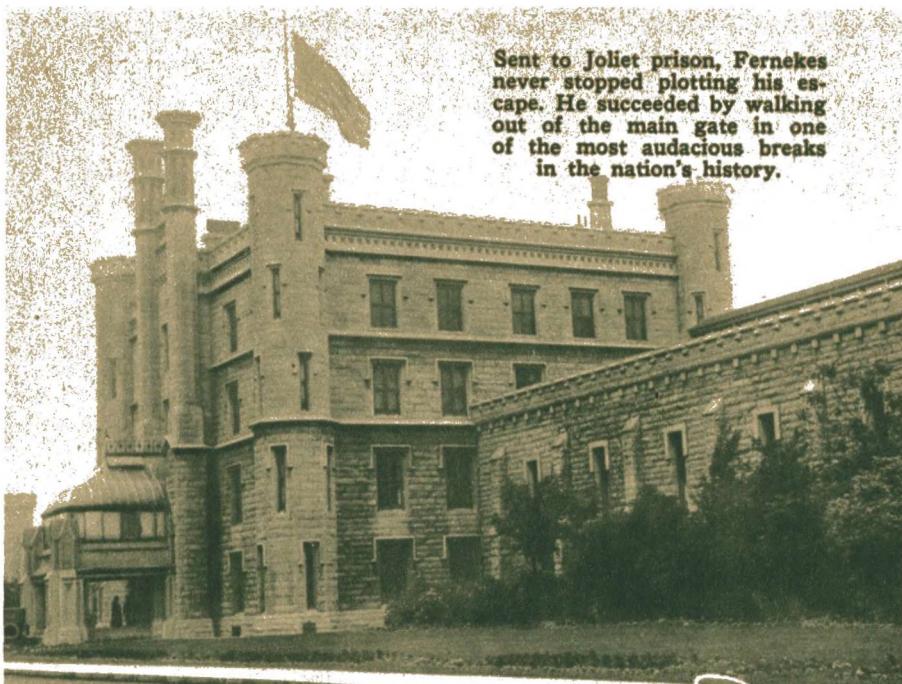
It didn't take long, after the howling inmates had been locked up and quieted, for Sheriff Hoffman and other investigators to learn who had perpetrated the plot. They were suspicious of Fernekess immediately, and an inspection of his cell convinced them that he was responsible for the attempted jailbreak.

Although closely guarded, Fernekess had used his spare time in jail to construct a powerful bomb. In his cell was found a handful of powder and a cup of paraffin that had been recently heated.

While in an exercise corridor with four other prisoners and a guard that Sunday afternoon, the Midget had contrived to run up a stairway to the second floor, dash fifty feet along a hallway, place the bomb, wrapped in two blankets, beside the wall and ignite the fuse.

Then he had returned to his own corridor. When the bomb exploded, he ran back to the second floor. Discovering that the blast had not completely shattered the wall, he had slipped back in the confusion and meekly entered his own cell.

Nor was that the first time Fernekess had gotten bomb material into a cell. Captain John Stege revealed that while the Midget was locked up at the detective bureau a few months previously, a



Sent to Joliet prison, Fernekess never stopped plotting his escape. He succeeded by walking out of the main gate in one of the most audacious breaks in the nation's history.



For his part in the Swintowski killing, engineered by Fernekess, Danny McGeohagan, center, received a life sentence. He is shown with bandit John Gorman, left, and Sergeant De Mont of the state police after his capture in a bank raid.

bottle of nitroglycerin, three dynamite percussion caps, a steel saw and a razor had been found in his cell.

Despite the fact that he had failed to escape Fernekes appeared elated over his success in smuggling in the tools and explosives. He laughed at the chagrin of guards and declared, "I'll crawl out through a keyhole if you leave me alone long enough."

Although he was criticized at some length following the explosion, Sheriff Hoffman refused to resign, pointing out that there were 800 prisoners in the outmoded institution and only a score of guards to watch them.

Hinting that he might make charges involving high persons, the sheriff said significantly, "Fernekes should have been hanged for murder a year ago. It isn't my fault if justice isn't done."

Three weeks passed, the investigation quieted down—then Fernekes gave another demonstration of his ingenuity and determination to escape the noose.



With five other prisoners, Fernekes sawed through the bars of a cell—using a saw that never was found—and entered Corridor No. 3. Accompanying him were Danny McGeohegan, Matthew Siewert, cell-mate of Danny; Gus Peterson, awaiting trial for robbery; Tom Sullivan, under a life sentence for murdering a Joliet guard during an escape, and William Burns, robber.

Overpower Guard

SILENTLY they crept up to the fourth tier. Guard Harry Berger was seized from behind, choked so he could make no outcry, knocked unconscious by a blow from a shoe and stripped of his uniform.

Guard Richard Ickler, who had not noticed the escape, suffered the same fate a few seconds later as the prisoners began making their way down to the first floor, the main floor—and freedom. All was going well when Siewert, elated at the success so far, said, "We'll make it for sure!"

Fernekes hissed for silence, but it was too late. Guard Harry Brown, a negro,

heard the remark from his post on the first tier. Courageously he ran up the stairs, faced the escaping men and ordered: "Line up against the wall! I've got a gun and I'll shoot every one of you!"

Sullen and muttering, the desperadoes backed away. Guard Brown sounded his whistle and aid arrived to help return the six inmates to their cells. Then Brown revealed that he had faced the situation without a weapon. A desperate bluff but it had worked!

Meanwhile appeals to the higher courts brought delays in the execution of Fernekes and his pals. During this time Fernekes was not idle. Again he attempted to escape—once being found with a steel saw and file in his cell—once discovered wedged in a ventilator, into which he had climbed while waiting in a bullpen for an appearance in court.

So fearful did Sheriff Hoffman become that the Midget might engineer a wholesale break that he assigned guards day and night about the county jail and caused traffic blockades to be set up in the vicinity to halt automobiles during the hours of darkness. Fernekes was allowed no visitors except his lawyers.



Swooping down upon the University State Bank, Chicago, a bandit gang staged an abortive raid which resulted in the wounding of four persons in a loot-less holdup. Witnesses identified Fernekes as the gang leader.

Weeks of patient sleuthing finally brought about the re-capture of the elusive killer, Fernekes, after his sensational escape from Joliet. At left, some of the officers instrumental in trapping him. Standing, left to right: Lieutenant Frank Reynolds, Captain Daniel Gilbert and Sergeant Harry O'Connell. Seated, Fernekes at left and State's Attorney Thomas J. Courtney.

After Fernekes had kept jail authorities in a dither for weeks, during which his execution was three times postponed, the Illinois Supreme Court consented to review his case.

The result of the hearing was a blow to Cook county prosecutors. The higher court threw out the conviction and ordered a new trial on a number of legal technicalities. Fernekes whooped with joy and danced a jig in his cell, stopping to thumb his nose at the guards and declaring he would live longer than any of them.

Shortly Fernekes was taken to Joliet to serve his ten-year-to-life term for the Inland bank robbery. There he became a highly trusted prisoner and a valued furniture worker in the rattan shops. Authorities decided not to bring him to trial again for the building and loan holdup murder, as much evidence and many witnesses were unavailable after so long a time. McGeohegan and Flannery, however, were convicted a second time in the killing and given life sentences.

Searching the Midget's clothing, officials found a poison vial cleverly hidden in a secret pocket in the waistband of his trousers. What was its ultimate significance?



Hated throughout the underworld and possibly fearing retaliation, Fernekes authored the purported will above and had it witnessed by guards at Joliet.

It was May 25, 1927, when Fernekes began serving his Joliet sentence. He had no future except the prospect of spending the rest of his life in jail or facing possible execution. He knew that although he might be paroled by Illinois in twelve years, New York and Pennsylvania would have officers waiting at the gates to arrest him for murder.

Eight years passed behind the gray walls of Joliet and the public forgot Midget Fernekes. He was a dim figure of the past, a man discussed only by policemen as they repeated old tales of murder and robbery in their station houses and wondered why such a clever brain as Fernekes' should have turned to crime. . . .

On August 3, 1935, Guard Captain A. L. Anderson was making a routine inspection over the Joliet courtyard. Walking toward the administration building he saw a slender man dressed in a gray suit and cap. He was wearing dark glasses.

"Who is that fellow?" Captain Anderson asked a nearby guard. The man shook his head. "Probably a lawyer or relative to see an inmate," the captain

concluded, as he watched the stranger enter the administration building.

In the building, a clerk was on duty in the visitors' room, where convicts may talk through wire mesh to persons allowed to see them. He hardly glanced up as a slip of paper bearing the name of a convict was placed on the desk.

An Audacious Scheme

FOR a minute the clerk rummaged through his files, then turned to tell the visitor—the man in the gray suit and dark glasses—that he had made a mistake. "The man you want to see has been transferred to the new prison at Statesville," the clerk said. "Take your slip there and present it."

The slender man, and by this time the clerk noted that he was slight in stature, appeared momentarily puzzled at this information. He asked directions to the new prison and then inquired with a smile, "How do I get out of this place? The same way I came in? I wouldn't want to be kept here, you know."

Joining in the little man's grin, the clerk described the shortest route to the



main exit from the prison, then pressed a button to notify guards at intervening gates that they should allow the visitor to leave the prison.

Down the corridor, through the door, across the courtyard and through prison buildings the little man walked, smiling politely as guards swung open iron gates for him and saluted. Soon the last gate clanged behind him and he was on the outside, where he hopped into a small sedan and drove away.

When the day's work was ended in the rattan shops, a guard noticed that Midget Fernekes wasn't among those who filed out. "He's probably in the infirmary," the guard concluded. "He said he wasn't feeling well this morning."

There was a thorough checkup of prisoners, as always, at 9 o'clock that night. It was then that guards began wondering where the Midget could be. He wasn't in his cell. He wasn't in the infirmary. He wasn't anywhere on the grounds.

Fernekes had escaped! He had made good his boast that no jail could hold him. He had been the mysterious "visitor" in the gray suit!

Over the entire nation a great hue and cry arose. No longer was Fernekes the forgotten criminal. All too well did the public recall that he was a vicious killer and murderer. Authorities, particularly

[Continued on page 63]

I Covered the BATTLE of

Stealing a truck and smashing it through gates of the Massachusetts state prison, five desperate convicts make a play for freedom.

Here is the dramatic story, told by a reporter who was right on the scene of battle!

THE city editor of the *Boston Globe* turned from the telephone and jerked out a staccato order in my direction.

"Charlestown state prison. Don't know what's up. All police cars ordered over there. Hop on it!"

I dashed for the elevator with my overcoat on my arm. It was a bright, sunny morning, December 3, 1935, but it was cold. I grabbed a taxi. "State prison," I ordered the driver.

The prison is only about ten minutes by cab from the office of the *Globe*. On the way over I wondered what had happened. Had there been a fire, a break, or perhaps a killing inside the walls? I looked in the sky for a trace of smoke but none was visible.

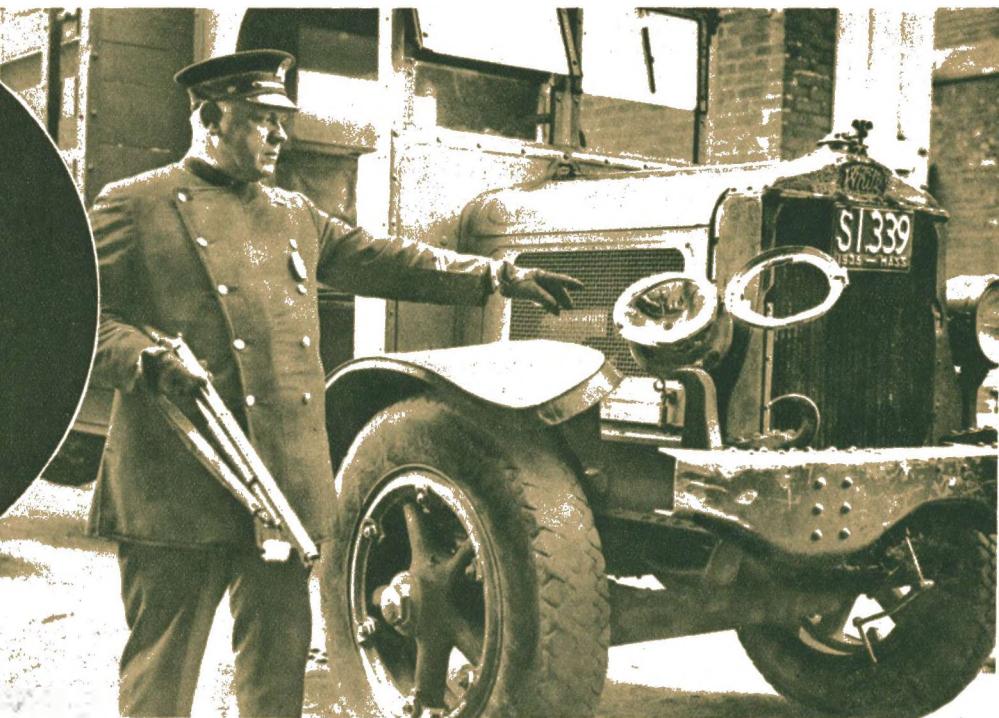
The cab pulled up outside the gate in a swarm of patrolmen. I scribbled a note on some copy paper for the cab driver—he had to get paid somehow, and naturally I had no money—and hurried into the warden's office.

On the way I was passed by Eddie Costello, the *Globe's* regular police reporter. We went up the granite steps together. There were spots of blood on the stones.

The office was in a hectic state.

"We don't know a thing yet," said a police captain. "All we can say is, two convicts got away and two have been shot."

I went back outside. The cops didn't



Officer Edward J. McGillicuddy, of the Boston police department, inspects the heavy truck which was employed as a battering ram by convicts in their attempted break through the prison gates.

know anything. They had just reached the scene. Squad cars kept arriving. Sirens were squalling everywhere. A crowd of idlers had already gathered.

"There's the truck over there," I heard somebody say.

"Truck" didn't mean anything to me. As I walked along I saw trucks parked everywhere, their drivers rubbering around. I took another look at the layout of the prison.

Nation's Oldest Prison

CHARLESTOWN, the Massachusetts penitentiary, is the oldest in the country. It was finished in 1805, laid out on five acres of land adjoining what were then marshes of Charles river. (George Washington had been dead only four years when construction was started.) The main building has a big granite rotunda, topped by a cupola. Inside the high brick walls are a number of semi-isolated brick buildings, erected as additions to the first structure. In one of these buildings the prisoners make the registration plates used on Massachusetts automobiles.

Along the front of the prison runs

Austin street, the approach to Prison Point bridge. This bridge, half a mile long, carries a road over the Boston and Maine railroad yards from Charlestown, now part of Boston, to Cambridge.

The tracks lead directly beneath one wall of the prison. Usually the yards are a maze of parked freight cars. It was so this day.

Just across the bridge approach from the prison there is a cobblestoned area, thirty yards wide and half a mile long. On the left side of the area, looking from the prison, is a row of two-story warehouses. On the right side is a railroad siding and a row of one-story brick buildings housing the potato market.

I crossed the street from the prison side and looked over the wall. Below me were a group of patrolmen, armed with riot guns. Fire apparatus was beginning to arrive. It looked like the center of operations. I went down there, around by the incline.

Under the bridge were two ten-foot wooden gates. Their hinges looked battered, but I didn't know why. When I saw those officers with their riot guns I remembered that a cop down in Brockton one day, playing with a shotgun, put

By DONALD B. WILLARD

Of the *BOSTON GLOBE*

CHARLESTOWN PRISON



Police stand guard at the gateway where, only a short time before, prisoners lustng for freedom smashed their way through, shattering heavy gates after seizing a truck driven by a non-convict prison employe.

a charge through the ceiling of the station house, right over the lieutenant's head. I kept one eye on the guns.

Some of the reporters were gathering in a knot, talking to some officers. I was listening in when somebody spoke to me. "I saw 'em come out," said a voice.

I turned around and saw a boy about twenty. He looked bright.

"Swell! Come over here and tell me about it."

We went up in a corner by the bridge abutment. Down in front of us the fire apparatus was still arriving and the police had begun to push back the crowd.

The boy was Joe Young. He lived in Watertown and he worked right beside the potato market. He was an eye witness.

"They came running out this gate," he said. His eyes were as big as stratosphere balloons. "One of the guards was stabbed over the eye. He was an awful sight. The blood was running down all

over his face. He was shooting at the men."

"How many escaped?"

"Seven, I saw. Five of 'em ran down towards the potato market, two over toward the railroad yards. The guards yelled to them to halt. One of them just put his hands in the air, over his head, and kept running. Bullets hit him and he went down. He's dead, I guess. They took him back inside."

"How many shots were fired?"

"Twenty-five or thirty, I'd say. There were about seven guards chasing them. Some of them tried to grab a truck in the potato market."

That was Joe Young's story, but it was not entirely accurate, as I discovered later. Joe was so excited he saw seven escaping convicts, whereas there were actually five. He saw two men run towards the yards where none went. And he saw seven guards where there were not more than three. But he did pretty



Caught off guard by the murderous quintet, Lewis D. Richards, civilian truck driver, died as a result of their attack.

well, at that, human perceptions being as fallible as they are. Neither you nor I would have done any better.

I asked Joe Young about the truck which the convicts tried to grab.

"Right down here," he said. "I'll show you."

I'd have done better to stick around the prison, it turned out, but I went with Joe Young.

Three hundred yards from the prison gate, down in the potato market area, was a big canvas-topped truck.

I found the driver. He was a young chap, dressed in rough clothes. He had no hat on, but not a black hair was out of place.

"What's your name?"

"Babe Wilson," he said. "I used to be a fighter."

He looked it. His eyes and skin were clear, showing that his condition was still pretty good. His nerves were all right, too.

"What happened?" I asked.

"There were five of them," he told me. "They had knives. They didn't look like home-made knives, either. They looked like regular knives. One of 'em had a gun."

It took a few questions to get Babe's story. Finally it boiled down to this:

"I was just backing into the platform here, just barely moving. Bill Mahoney was sitting beside me in the cab. All of a sudden three of the guys jumped up on my side of the cab. One got on Bill's side. One was on the back of the truck.

"One of the guys held a gun on me, and another one held a knife over the back of my neck.

"One of 'em said, 'Drive fast or I'll kill you!' So I stalled the engine. I turned the key off, leaving it in gear. I got out, sort of pushing one of the guys out of the way. Bill pushed aside the guy on his side of the truck.

"Then I got out of the way. The convicts got inside the cab and tried to start the engine. They couldn't.

"By this time a guard had come up. He was standing by the platform at the tail of the truck. The convicts got out and ran around the truck. The guard shot at them with a revolver.

"He was about sixteen feet away, but he was winded from running and his aim was bad. He didn't hit any of them. He fired four times, then the guys ran away down the area."

I hurried to a phone and called the office. I still didn't know how many convicts had escaped. Joe Young saw seven; Babe Wilson, five. Later on, it turned out that Babe saw five where there were only four.

Somebody mentioned Jack Carp. I

went to see him. He was a provision dealer, a husky chap with a mustache. "What happened?" I asked him.

"A salesman over here was just getting into his automobile, outside the Suffolk Grocery company. Two guys ran up to the car and pushed him out. He battled with 'em. My father said to me, 'Let's get at 'em.' I ran over there.

"I smacked one fellow on the chin and he went down on the cobbles pretty hard. I was going after him again when the other guy came at me with a knife. I let him get up then. The two ran away, around the corner. There was a railroad cop there, with his gun out. He held the gun on them and we got them in an automobile and took them back to the prison."

Check Fugitives' Route

I WENT back up the area. Half way between Carp's place and Wilson's truck I bumped into John N. Barstow, another provision man. Barstow said he saw two of the men in prison gray dive under a parked freight car, over across the areaway. I went over.

Some men were standing around. It seemed that any number of people had seen the break.

"They ducked right under here," said one, pointing out a place in the middle of the box car. "They then climbed up the loading platform on the other side and ran through the old brick warehouse into the yards."

I took a look at the steel end of the freight car. Guards had fired at the fleeing convicts. On the steel I counted seven marks where bullets had knocked off rust. Some marks were eight or nine feet above the ground on which the convicts had been crawling. According to my army of eye witnesses, the range was about a hundred yards.

I went back to the prison. The crowd

outside was getting bigger and police cars were still arriving. The fire apparatus was still on the job.

The warden's office was full of detectives, police, officials, guards and reporters. Everybody was trying to make out a casualty list.

The dead convict was Philip Naples, they said. He had been in the prison only a month but he had done time in New York. He was thirty-two years old, and was facing a sixteen-to-twenty-year rap for assault with intent to rob.

The second death victim was Lewis D. Richards, a truck driver and a civilian employe of the prison. He was twenty-eight.

Edward J. Shaughnessy, a guard, was the man with the stab wound over his eye. Michael O'Donnell, another guard, was being treated for a clout on the head. William McDonald, a trusty who had done twenty-five years of a life stretch for murdering his wife, had also been knocked on the head.



BREAK FOR FREEDOM FAILS

Serving a rap of sixteen to twenty years for assault with intent to rob, Philip Naples gambled his life against a chance for liberty—and lost.



END OF THE TRAIL

Philip Naples, one of the escaping felons, managed to get safely outside the prison walls but his freedom was short-lived. Bullets caught up with him and he died at the spot pictured at the left.

Soon after noon the Commissioner of Correction, Arthur T. Lyman and the warden, Francis J. Lanagan, held a press conference.

"Five escaped," said Lyman. "One, Naples, is dead. William P. McManus is badly wounded. Three others were recaptured. It happened at 9:30. At 10:45 it was all over. There was some yammering in the prison when McManus was brought in but it quieted in a minute or two."

Then Lyman proceeded to give thumbnail sketches of the five. They were all long-terminers, all desperate men.

First he sketched the career of Naples, committed from Worcester on November 7, 1935. Then he gave the histories of the other four:

"William P. McManus, twenty-seven, of Falmouth street, Boston, was sentenced June 21, 1929 from New Bedford on three different counts, to serve from 21 to 24 years for a series of burglaries and armed robberies.

"Charles C. O'Brien, twenty-eight, also lived in Boston. His criminal career started when he was fifteen. He has had ten appearances in court. He has served terms in the Lyman School (a reformatory) and the reformatory at Concord. He was sentenced in Boston in 1934 to serve 18 to 19 years for armed robbery.

"Frank Joyce, alias Moriarty, alias 'Turkey' Joyce, twenty, came from Roxbury. He's been in court twelve times since he was nine years old. He was sentenced for robbery while armed, 10 to 15 years; for armed robbery, 9 to 15 years; and for carrying a revolver, $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ years. He escaped from Norfolk prison colony in 1933 and was recaptured.

"Edward McArdle, twenty-four, was doing two concurrent sentences, one of eight to ten years for five counts of armed robbery, another of the same length for six counts of intent to kill.

Slug Truck Driver

"RICHARDS was unloading the truck near the plate shop when these fellows came running out and one

of them hit him at the base of the skull with an iron bar. He fell down dead. Shaughnessy and O'Donnell, two guards, were also struck.

"The five men jumped into the truck and drove it along the east side of the prison, past the Cherry Hill section, then along the west side. The wounded guards ran after them.

"They drove the eight-ton truck through the trap, under the bridge, smashing the wooden gates off their hinges. They knocked off both sets of gates.

"As they drove out the second set, they had to stop. Another truck, waiting to come in, was blocking the way. They jumped down and ran. We got them all back, with the highly efficient assistance of the police. Naples was shot dead and McManus is wounded. And we need a new prison."

I went back to the office, where I sent out for a sandwich and wrote for a couple of hours. But there was more to the story. The prison officials hadn't known what happened outside the walls. Eddie Costello called in. He said:

[Continued on page 76]



Another long timer, William McManus (above), lost in his desperate escape attempt. The law's bullets cut him down shortly after he got outside prison walls.

Recaptured and marched back to a cell, Frank "Turkey" Joyce, pictured at right between two husky officers, was considered one of the most dangerous of the quintet of jailbreakers.



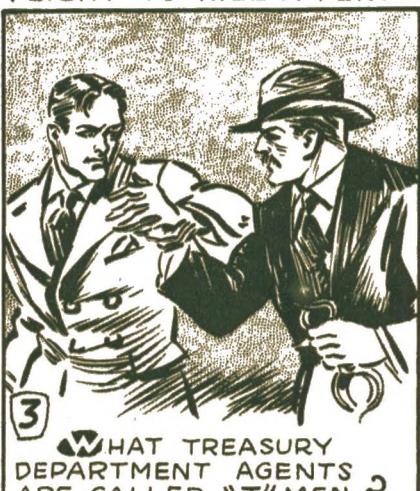
THE THIRD DEGREE

BY TERRY GILKISON

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF CRIME STATISTICS AND DETECTION METHODS.



1 WOULD A BULLET SHOT FROM AN ORDINARY PISTOL OR RIFLE HAVE FORCE ENOUGH ON ITS DOWNWARD FLIGHT TO KILL A PERSON?



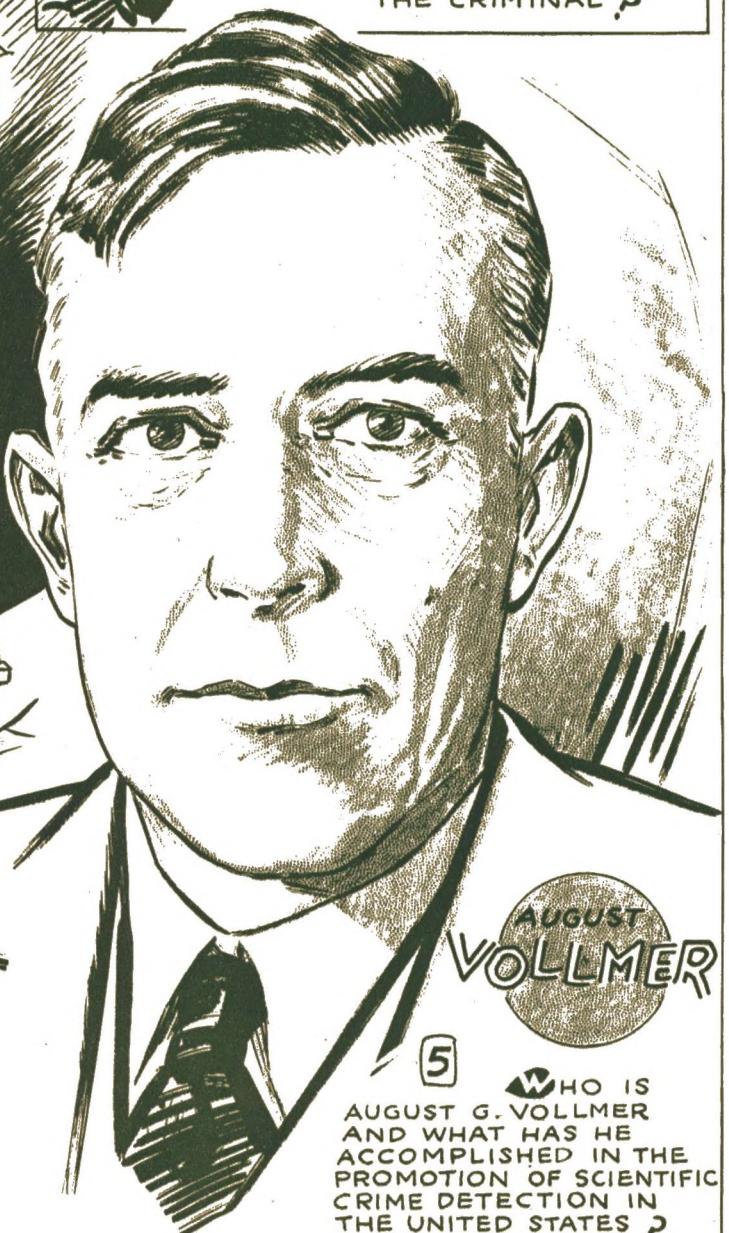
3 WHAT TREASURY DEPARTMENT AGENTS ARE CALLED "T" MEN?



4 HOW MANY ARMED CRIMINALS ARE THERE IN THE AMERICAN UNDERWORLD?



2 WHAT IS THE MOST DIFFICULT CRIME TO TRACE TO THE CRIMINAL?



AUGUST
VOLLMER

5

WHO IS AUGUST G. VOLLMER AND WHAT HAS HE ACCOMPLISHED IN THE PROMOTION OF SCIENTIFIC CRIME DETECTION IN THE UNITED STATES?

Solving Ohio's Enigma of the Burlesque Dancer

[Continued from page 29]

whoever she may be, has been exceedingly intimate with one or more sailors. That seems to be the only way to explain this unusual exhibition.

"W. B. Stockwell probably is a sailor; and he ought to know something about this girl, his name being where it is. Find W. B. Stockwell."

Thousands and thousands of gobs had been and were then being mustered out of service following the World War. Pea jackets were common on Cleveland streets. Finding W. B. Stockwell was going to be a job. But there wasn't anything else to do.

For the next twenty-four hours detectives questioned countless sailors and ex-sailors without result. By Monday the afternoon papers were featuring the case and the necessity for finding someone who knew the girl.

Identify Dead Girl

IT WAS around noon Monday that curiosities drove Jack Bowers and Victor Cohen down to the morgue to have a look at the dead girl. Bowers was manager of a burlesque troupe and Cohen likewise was a theatrical man.

"I know the girl," Bowers told Inspector Sterling after a glance at the body. "It's Frances Stockwell. Yeah, she was a show girl."

Immediately detectives and reporters, armed with photos taken on the morgue slab, began scouring the theatrical district to find some one to add details to Bowers' identification.

They found Joe Leavitt, manager of another burlesque outfit. He supplied the missing information.

"She joined up with us in Hoboken last October," Leavitt explained.

So far so good. Hoboken? Plenty of sailors there.

"She stayed with the show until we

played Wilkes-Barre. Then she jumped to The French Frolics."

"Was she ever known as Frances Altman?" asked Inspector Sterling.

"Yes," replied Leavitt. Then, as an afterthought, "She must have been here last week with the Frolics. They're in Detroit now."

Sterling got Inspector Amos Kunkel on the wire in Detroit.

"The French Frolics, a burlesque outfit, is playing Detroit," and then he explained the circumstances. "Check the company and get hold of her baggage."

Ken Watson, now a Washington correspondent, was doing police for the *Press* at the time and if there was anything that Watson preferred to a first class murder it was a massacre.

While Detectives Matowitz, Butcher, John Skala, Herman Burkhardt, Harry Brown, Jack Gilmore and a score of others were chasing down leads, Watson played his own hunch.

He highballed for a hotel popular with burlesques and uncovered a dreamy, doll-faced girl named Billie LaMonte. Billie was a show girl herself. And if face and figure counted, Billie should have been in the "Follies." She had been lying over in Cleveland the preceding week waiting for the arrival of Leavitt's company.

Watson rushed her to the morgue. One glance.

"It's Fran!" she shrieked, collapsing into the arms of the reporter. It was an hour before she recovered her composure.

"A sailor must have killed her," Miss LaMonte insisted. "Find the sailor she was out with Saturday night. I saw them together after the show. She came upstairs in the hotel and got all dolled up. I warned her about missing her train but she was happy and hilarious. That was the last I saw of her."

Detectives also learned that before leaving the hotel the girl had checked out of the hotel and had her belongings taken care of with the troupe baggage.

The night clerk at the hotel recalled the arrival of Frances Altman after the show.

"She settled her bill and went out," he said. "I think she met some chap outside but I didn't pay any particular attention."

Detectives learned from him that several telephone calls had come in for Miss Altman and that when he reported them to her she suggested that he inform the caller that she had checked out.

Charles Ashby, night waiter in Downing's restaurant, insisted that he had seen the chorus girl with her escort Saturday night.

"Sailor, me eye," he remarked disdainfully. "She wasn't with a sailor. She was with a man in street clothes. I'd know him again if I saw him."

Either Billie LaMonte or Charles Ashby was wrong.

Inspector Kunkel reported from Detroit that of course Frances Stockwell was missing; that no one in the company could throw any light on the killing; that examination of her trunk had shown nothing but some letters from Stockwell.

"She and this man Stockwell seem to be on bad terms," Kunkel told Detective

Matowitz over long distance. "From the letters it appears that he was a sailor stationed near Philadelphia. They fell for each other and were married but, judging from the letters, the marriage must have blown up. Better look him up."

Disclose Autopsy Report

FORTY-EIGHT hours had passed since the discovery of the body. The police had quizzed scores of possible suspects but no progress had been made.

It was Tuesday morning that Coroner Zoul announced the finding of the autopsy.

"Strangulation did not cause death," read the report. "There was a blood clot near the right temple, indicating a blow but this was not the cause of death. She died of exposure."

Inspector Sterling read the report Zoul handed him.

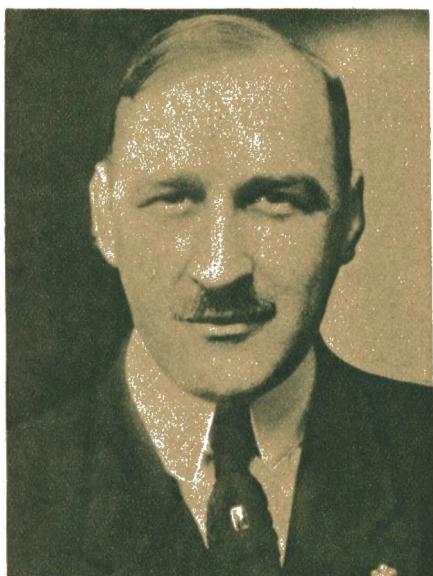
"Well, I'll be blowed," he exclaimed. "You don't suppose," he added sarcastically, "that she committed suicide and then clawed herself about the throat, do you? Maybe she took poison and just went out there to die."

"There are some symptoms of poisoning," Zoul replied. "We're having the internal organs examined."

But the poison theory blew up and the verdict remained death from exposure.

Detectives Gallagher and Richley rounded up a sailor who seemed to answer the description Billie LaMonte gave and once more the actress stepped into the center of the spotlight. The suspect admitted knowing the dead girl and admitted that he had been out with her. But he insisted it was on Friday, not Saturday night.

He couldn't explain his whereabouts on Saturday night, however, and into the lineup he went. And out there in the dark



Coroner William Zoul was the first to discover the tattoo clues which ultimately led to a solution of the strange case.



Now retired, Detective Harry Brown received the lion's share of the credit for cracking the death mystery.

before the screen was Billie LaMonte. With Billie was a cafe owner from the Fifty-fifth street neighborhood who had told police he believed the girl had been in his place Saturday night with a sailor escort.

It didn't take the cafe man long to decide that he had been mistaken. Billie LaMonte had a little more difficulty because she couldn't make up her mind. But she couldn't identify the suspect either, and back to a cell he went while detectives tried to shake his story.

The dead girl's brother arrived in Cleveland Wednesday from Philadelphia to assist in the hunt for the murderer. He gave police a detailed description of the much-sought W. B. Stockwell and verified the fact that the man had been a sailor.

And he told police very definitely that the sailor-suspect, then in custody, was not Stockwell.

"At one time they were very much in love," he told Sterling. "They married. But their happiness was short-lived. In about two months they quarreled and separated."

But Altman could throw no light on the present whereabouts of Stockwell.

While the hunt for the missing ex-sailor-husband was redoubled Detectives Brown and Gilmore played a hunch. They decided to go back to the scene of the crime and start from the beginning.

"The body was found right here," Brown explained when they arrived at the scene of death. "Coroner says she died of exposure. There was a bump on her head.

"That makes it look simple. Some one took her out after the show. He may have tried to take her to some joint around here and she refused. He hit her. Probably kayoed her and left her here. He may have taken her to his room. Maybe she resisted. He hit her. Then he had to get her out of the room.

"Now it's a cinch that the man didn't carry an unconscious girl very far without someone noticing him. Let's start with the nearest house."

That was Christ Solon's rooming house.

Question Roomers

ONCE more the roomers were interviewed—all except one. Frank Whited had been missing for a couple days. He was an ex-soldier subject to epilepsy and his absence, as a rule, didn't mean anything because he usually wound up in a hospital.

But up in a third floor cubby hole under the eaves Brown and Gilmore ran into a former well-to-do Clevelander who was temporarily down on his luck. He had suffered business reverses and rather than let his friends know of his predicament had chosen to drop out of sight temporarily.

He didn't seem inclined to talk and above all things wanted no notoriety. But Harry Brown was a clever operative. He preferred to use brains to the third degree. It wasn't long before the man was talking.

"What time did you get up Sunday morning?" Brown asked. The detective was standing at the dormer window looking down into the back yard at the spot where the body was found.

"The commotion downstairs when they found the body awakened me," he replied. "I had been awake during the night and slept late."

"Sick?" asked Brown.

The man shook his head. "These partitions are so thin that you can hear just about everything that goes on in the rooms up here. That dizzy duck next door came in and awakened me. I must have been asleep for some time when I heard him walking around in his room. I thought I heard him talking to someone."

"Who's the dizzy duck?" Brown queried.

"Guy named Whited," he replied. "Ex-soldier. Guess he was shell-shocked. Any-way, I dozed off again. Then something roused me. My neighbor was still up. I don't know what time it was. He was drunk, I guess, because I heard him stumble and he must have fallen down. But you fellows aren't interested in all that."

"Bet you were sore enough to smack him down," Brown remarked sympathetically. "Hear anything else?"

"I thought I could hear him breathe. Sorta gasping. Then I heard him go out. I was tossing about in bed and after a while I heard him come back. Then I must have gone back to sleep."

"Where's this dude now?"

"I don't know. I haven't seen or heard him for a couple of days. But say, what's all this got to do with the girl's murder? I don't know anything about that."

Brown and Gilmore went through Whited's room, but his army training must have stuck. His quarters were spick and span and ready for inspection.

Whited described Whited as being of medium height and build, blond with blue eyes and shaggy, light-brown hair.

"Haven't seen him since Tuesday

when he complained of being ill," Solon volunteered.

Immediately Brown started a canvass of the city hospitals.

Then came the report from Indianapolis police that W. B. Stockwell had voluntarily come to headquarters there with the information that he had just learned that he was being sought in Cleveland. Stockwell told a straightforward story, offered to assist police in any possible way and was completely exonerated of any complicity in the case.

Locate Missing Lodger

MEANWHILE City Hospital reported the entry of Frank Whited on the preceding Tuesday. Brown and Gilmore rushed over. They began quizzing the attendants.

"Come to think of it," an interne spoke up, "he's been raving something about killing a girl. We didn't pay any attention. History shows shell-shock and we figured he'd read about the murder and it preyed on his mind."

Brown and Gilmore brought Whited to Central Station. The former was more determined than ever to vindicate his theory and his judgment but in attempting to question Whited he soon discovered that he had set himself an almost impossible task.

The detective sensed immediately that abrupt methods would simply aggravate the man's stubbornness. So Harry Brown and Frank Whited smoked cigarettes and talked about the war and women and many other things, murder always excepted.

Whited was sent over to the county



"I now sentence you to imprisonment for life, without the hope of pardon, and grant you a new trial."

jail. At the time I was covering the jail for the *Press* and having the freedom of the cells and cell blocks under Sheriff Ed Hanratty, I lost no time in getting acquainted with Whited. We reminisced about France, the Argonne, the war in general and our individual experiences.

I learned that a high explosive shell had landed near him in the Argonne. The fragments had missed him but not the concussion.

We talked of women, the demoiselles of the A. E. F., chorus girls and burlesque shows. He showed a liking for the latter.

Four days passed and a goodly part of each was spent with Whited and Brown in more or less interested conversation about this and that while his fellow sleuths got a laugh out of Brown's determined efforts. The detective spent no small sum on cigarettes, magazines and similar luxuries for Whited.

It was late the following Tuesday afternoon that Gilmore was chatting with Whited while Brown was temporarily away.

"You can help us clean up this girl's murder," Gilmore spoke up suddenly. Whited shrugged.

"Here, take this pencil and paper with you," Gilmore suggested to Whited as he was leaving, "and when you're sitting around over there tonight write down everything you know about the murder."

Later I found Whited in the cell and the pencil and paper caught my attention.

"Writing a letter to your sweetheart?" I asked.

Whited grinned.

"No," he remarked carelessly. "I'm going to write down the story of how I killed that chorus girl."

"Quit your kidding," I replied.

"I'm not kidding," he answered and told the story.

The Slayer Talks

HALF an hour later Whited was back in the detective bureau repeating his tale before half a dozen detectives while Harry Brown and Jack Gilmore stood in the background grinning.

"Sure, I killed her; but I didn't know it," Whited spoke up. "I flirted with her during the show and then picked her up afterwards. No, I wasn't wearing a pea jacket.

"We went out and had a drink and then I took her out to the house. I slipped her up to the room. I was giving her a little lovin' when she started an argument with me. I thought she was after my dough and when she started battling with me I grabbed her. By the throat, I guess. She began clawing me and I socked her with my fist. Her head must have hit the bed when she fell.

"She was quiet then, so I picked her up and put her on the bed. I waited, wondering what to do. I knew the landlord would throw me out if he found out I had a woman in the room. Early in the morning I picked her up and carried her down the back stairs. I left

her down on the ground because I thought she'd come out of it and get back to her hotel. That's all there is to it."

The scratches on his face seemed to substantiate his story.

Whited was indicted for first degree murder. While awaiting trial he gave me two or three versions of the happenings of that Saturday night and Sunday morning.

He was tried twice. The first hearing resulted in a mistrial when Whited—he had had several fits in the jail—threw a fit that was a masterpiece right at the feet of the jurors. He stiffened out, frothed at the mouth and snapped lead pencils in two with his teeth as fast as deputies could jam them in.

The second trial found him insane and he was at once committed to the Ohio State Hospital at Gallipolis.

I think he spent something like a year, possibly two years, there. His health improved. His mind must have.

At least he engineered a cunning escape and a successful one and to this day no trace of Frank Whited has ever been uncovered.

Unless he is dead, Frank Whited is at large today in some community, perhaps a respected, successful and influential citizen.

Look around you! The murderer of Frances Altman may be your neighbor! His picture and description are printed on page 29 of this magazine. If you see this man, report to the nearest authorities.

The Fatal Love of Indiana's Walkathon Beauty

[Continued from page 13]

in the Welshans' bathroom by Deputy Gilbert Thomas. In the warehouse adjoining the home we found evidence of extensive pistol practice with the same gun. We questioned Marshal Whited further about the frequent quarrels at the Ferguson apartment.

Then we began to interview the young couple's mutual friends. According to them, there had been considerable friction between the youthful lovers. Once the girl had gone to stay at the home of a friend and Tommy had tried to bring her back, threatening bodily violence if she didn't accompany him. They finally made up, she returned and left again. "I'll just beat her up and then forget her," he had said. Later: "It's a good thing I didn't see her last night—I had two guns with me." Then had come that fatal Sunday when he had finally found her at a friend's house and she had refused to go back with him. He had beaten her until the friend had ordered him from the house; then Tommy had drawn his revolver and waited outside for some of the family to appear.

This, we learned, was Tommy Welshans' attitude toward the tender, beautiful girl he said he loved. In his way, I think he did—passionately loving, heartily hating her, telling himself he would forget her when he knew it was impossible. He had pretended not to care when she was the one thing he wanted above all else. He had killed her in a fit of rage when he found he had driven her from him by his own inordinate selfishness and jealousy.

On October 9, 1935, Thomas Warren Welshans went on trial for the killing of his sweetheart before Frank P. Baker, judge of the Marion county criminal court. The defense was conducted by Roy W. Volstad and his associate William G. O'Nan, two of the most brilliant young criminal lawyers in the city. Mr. Goett was assisted in the prosecution by James A. Watson, veteran of many famous murder cases.

Marshal Damning Evidence

THE prosecution proceeded in rapid fire order to bring out the damning evidence of premeditation collected throughout the weeks of painstaking labor. The defense subjected the testimony of each new witness to a grilling cross examination. Even Sergeant Arch Ball, ballistics expert, was questioned for nearly an hour on many of the highly technical points of forensic ballistics. Sergeant Ball, however, proved himself a veteran of the witness chair as well as the laboratory. He answered every question clearly, concisely and in manner understandable to the lay members of the jury. He left firmly instilled in their minds that there was no question but that the gun held by the defendant had written the final chapter in the love story of pretty Mary Ferguson Hamburg.

A low murmur ran through the packed courtroom as Mrs. Lillian Welshans, mother of the defendant, was called to the witness stand. The plain, little

woman who had sat with her son through the long days of the trial walked slowly to the witness stand and was sworn. Hers was a love story of a different kind, a story of mother love that had persevered through years of hardships—which still endured even in the face of defeat.

The arguments of the case consumed an entire day. Mr. Watson opened for the state. He was followed by Mr. Volstad for the defense, leaving Mr. Goett to conclude the state's argument.

"I loved Bess and wanted to marry her," began the prosecutor. The packed courtroom grew tense and quiet; even the blasé reporters leaned forward to catch every intonation of the low, vibrant voice. "I loved my china doll but I wouldn't say daddy, so I smashed it!" From this on through a detailed recounting of the evidence he ripped the defense in scathing terms. "This trusting, beautiful girl might easily have been one of your own daughters, ladies and gentlemen of the jury," he concluded, "and the newly filled grave in that quiet country churchyard makes a silent appeal to the power of justice vested in you as jurors of the state of Indiana!"

In less than two hours the jury returned a verdict of guilty and fixed the sentence at life imprisonment. The jury was polled by counsel for the defense and dismissed by the court. On October 25, 1935, less than five months after he had slain his walkathon sweetheart, Thomas Welshans was formally sentenced to life imprisonment in Michigan City state prison.

The Case of the Stingy Gangster

[Continued from page 25]

tried had a blue army blanket on the bed under a white one. He almost missed it. He pulled back the covers, breathing a bit faster than usual.

He had clicked! He'd know this blanket out of a dozen; it was the twin of the worn pall which had covered the corpse in the ditch by Gallows Lane. He ran his fingers down the edge. The blanket had been hacked along one side, as if with a not very sharp clasp knife. He stripped the blanket off the bed and folded it up. As he did so the elderly woman came padding in, noiseless in her slippers. She looked at him and cried: "What are you doing? I'll call the police!"

Pete put down the blanket and grinned.

"I've got another badge madam," he told her. "Take a good look at it. I'm a detective—from the murder squad."

The woman sank into a chair. "I didn't murder anybody," she wailed.

"O. K., madam, I didn't accuse you, did I? Just sit there and keep quiet. I'm busy."

Sheller paced up and down the room, poking in corners, squinting at the walls. He noticed a lighter patch of wall-paper, and looked around for a picture that might have covered it. There was a picture, a chromo of a little girl in her nightie kneeling by her bed saying her prayers, a St. Bernard dog on guard. Under the picture was the word "Safe."

"Safe, my eye," muttered Sheller. "I'll just take a look and see what's being kept safe by that chromo."

Behind the picture Sheller found a single hole drilled in the wall. He got down on his knees and examined the floor. A bit of plaster was scattered on the carpet close to the baseboard, where it had fallen from the wall. Sheller got out his knife and probed. In the end he was forced to cut the plaster away and dig through a splintered lath into the studding. But he dug out a .38 caliber lead slug.

The murderer wasn't so stingy after all. He'd wasted at least one bullet. Sheller searched every inch of the room. In all, he dug out two shots that had gone wild.

With the blanket under his arm and the slugs in his watch pocket, Sheller went back to headquarters, after warning the woman not to talk. Just to make sure he telephoned to the nearest district station house and had the place watched, with instructions to the desk sergeant that no one was to be allowed to leave after entering.

Sheller had his groundwork well laid. He knew now where the murder took place. He knew when it took place. But he didn't know why, nor who was the murderer. It was one of those jobs which confront every detective occasionally—a long job of questioning witnesses, most of whom are unwilling to tell the little they know.

It should have been easy to find out who was in the house that night, but it proved to be just the reverse. A lot of people had been there. The room had no lodger in it; but the door wasn't locked and anyone could have entered.

Sheller finally got the names of every person who had been in the house the night of the murder. And after he had asked a lot of questions without much result he began to check on automobiles. Several automobiles had stopped there that night. He learned the names of their owners. He checked up, not on the owners, but on the tires. And in a down-town garage he finally found a big car with tires that matched the mud-prints in Gallows Lane. The chase was getting hotter. Next for the men who had been in that car that night.

Sheller arrested three: "Bucky" Haige, who borrowed the car from someone else and used it that night; a man named Ogden and Matt "Skinny" Borrow. Haige, Sheller learned, was a recently paroled convict.

The detective felt certain these men could explain the murder; that one of them committed it. But they were a tight-lipped crew. They didn't know a thing about the shooting. Sure, they knew Dutch. Good old Dutch was a friend of theirs. But they didn't bump him off. They'd seen him that evening, but so had twenty others. He must have left and stepped into something. They didn't know anything about any blanket or any bullet.

And—just to make it tougher—Sheller had not been able to find the gun.

He questioned them, of course; but they wouldn't talk. In the end he had to

let them go. He hadn't a thing on any of them that would interest a grand jury. He could make life miserable for the three by calling them in for repeated questioning—and he did that. But they were three complete clams.

Trail Of The Death Gun

SELLER turned temporarily in another direction—to find the murder gun. He almost took the house on Webster street apart but it wasn't there. Then, desperate, he went back to Gallows Lane. He had looked the ground over pretty carefully the day Dutch McLaren's body was found. Now, aided by half a dozen other detectives, he fairly raked it.

And the raking process brought results. Every good detective must be allowed the benefit of a coincidence—if that is the right name for it—now and then. One of the detectives kicked at what he thought was a bit of coal. It turned out to be a black vulcanite butt of a .38 Colt!

Sheller took it to the basement of headquarters, fired a bullet through it into a keg of sand and got Dr. Wadsworth to compare the pellet with the slug retrieved from Dutch McLaren's left shoulder. Dr. Wadsworth's double microscope, superimposing one bullet image over the other, showed the rifling marks were identical. It was the murder gun.

Tracing a weapon is a long business at best. At that time there was no Witkin Firearms Act in Pennsylvania forbidding the sale of revolvers to anyone who cannot show a permit from the police. They could be bought by any crook—and were—in any pawnshop. But Sheller was determined to go through with it and trace that gun if he had to follow it through the pawnshops of half a dozen states to the manufacturer.

He set the machinery in motion and then got busy along other lines. He turned for aid to Judge John Monaghan, greatly feared by the underworld for his long sentences, yet respected for his fairness. The judge had a peculiar interest in the case. He was the man who sent Bucky Haige to jail. He was the man who had recently put Bucky on parole because he had been a good prisoner. And in doing so Judge Monaghan had put the fear of the law into the convict's heart.

"If you ever dare come before me again—well, just watch out," Monaghan had warned.

"Judge, I promise you on my word of honor I'm going straight from now on," Bucky swore.

So Sheller turned for help to Monaghan. Perhaps the judge could "break" the suspect, make him talk.

The detective was admitted to the judge's chamber. He told his story.

"So you see, Judge," he concluded, "we're up against it pretty hard. Now if you could just talk to Bucky Haige—"

A tipstaff rapped on the door.

"Your Honor," he said, "they've got a fellow called Bucky Haige outside. They brought him up to see you. He says you



"Didn't I tell you that a few decorations would make you forget this was a cell?"

gave him his parole and he's got something to tell you."

Judge and detective stared at each other. The jurist turned to the tipstaff: "Bring him in but wait about two minutes," he ordered. Then, to Sheller: "Get behind that screen over there."

Bucky came in twisting his cap in his hands. When he was alone, as he thought, with the judge, he blurted out: "Judge, your Honor, I ain't in on this play. They got a bum rap against me this time. It wasn't me bumped Dutch McLaren off. It was Skinny Borrow did it."

"I don't want to hear anything about the murder," Judge Monaghan told his almost hysterical visitor. "But I advise you, as a friend and a judge, to go to the police and tell them everything you know. You see, I am taking you at your word. I'm still believing in your promise to go straight."

Bucky Haige did go to the police, and he told his story to the man who had been listening behind the screen.

He accused Skinny Borrow of shooting McLaren after a fight. Skinny



Anxious to aid police, Bucky Haige, paroled convict, told an amazing story which cleared up the Gallows Lane murder.

was no physical match for the burly Dutch. According to Bucky's story, Skinny fired only after he had been knocked down twice. It was just a row, Bucky protested. The police accepted his story—with a few reservations. A good policeman has his own "pipelines" to the underworld, and stories, true and false, filter through them. The wise boys said there was a row about "chiseling" in the bootleg racket, and Dutch got in the way of a bullet.

Skinny Borrow was brought to trial and convicted of murder in the second degree. He was sentenced by Judge Eugene V. Alessandroni to six to twelve years in the Eastern state penitentiary.

Pete Sheller had solved another murderer.

"What about the pot herbs?" his chief asked him the day Skinny was sent up.

"All they did," said Pete, "was to season the dish. But that blanket now . . . if it hadn't been for that torn blanket—well, who knows?"

(To shield the identity of an innocent person, the name, Ogden, used in this story, is not actual, but fictitious.—The Editor.)

On the Scarlet Trail of Chicago's Midget Killer

[Continued from page 53]

in Illinois, began anticipating a new crime wave headed by the Midget.

Governor Henry Horner rushed home from a Wisconsin vacation, promising that no one would be spared—that anyone found to have aided the killer-bandit in his escape would be punished thoroughly.

Three questions were uppermost in the governor's mind. He wanted to know, first, how the civilian garments—gray suit, cap and glasses—had been smuggled to Fernekes; second, whether guards had been bribed; third, what persons on the outside had aided him by having the getaway automobile waiting outside the main gates.

Not one of the questions were answered. It never has been explained how Fernekes engineered the most audacious and simple walkaway in the history of Joliet.

Launch Giant Manhunt

UNMATCHED in the crime records of Illinois was the hunt that was started for the Midget. Highway officers, city police and sheriffs joined in an interlocking organization to catch Fernekes. A \$1,000 reward was offered immediately by the state.

Authorities were confident that the tiny fugitive would remain for the most part in Illinois. They reasoned that the Midget would prefer to remain in his home state. Seizure elsewhere might mean being taken to New York or Pennsylvania for a murder trial. The worst that could happen to him in Illinois would be return to Joliet.

Assigned to the case in Chicago was Chief Investigator Daniel Gilbert of the state's attorney's office, who delegated Sergeant Harry O'Connell to the job of running down the countless clues that flowed unceasingly into his office.

Chief Gilbert and Sergeant O'Connell

were impressed with one phase of the state inquiry into the Midget's Joliet escape. It had shown him to be a financier of no mean stature, having dabbled in the stock market by correspondence and to have disclosed bank deposits to prison officials in doing so. Fernekes was likewise reported to have cash variously estimated at from \$60,000 to \$600,000 hidden away in safety deposit boxes and hiding places in Chicago at the time of his capture in 1925.

Sergeant O'Connell was uncertain about the hidden wealth, but he did know, by virtue of the state inquiry, that Fernekes had a number of bank accounts, including two in Chicago and one in San Francisco. O'Connell arranged to have these accounts carefully watched.

Three months passed after the Joliet escape. Fernekes was reported seen here, there and everywhere. His photograph was identified by witnesses as the leader of a bandit gang that wounded four persons and escaped without loot in an attempted robbery of the University State Bank in Chicago. His hand was seen in a Chicago and Alton roundhouse holdup in Stickney, a Chicago suburb. The railroad loot consisted of acetylene torches which might be used in opening bank vaults.

Such reports were investigated thoroughly by the sergeant, but they brought no results. If the man involved were Fernekes he was far away before police arrived at the scene.

August and September passed and October was half gone before Sergeant O'Connell received what he considered his first real clue in the Fernekes hunt. It came from the San Francisco bank in which Fernekes had a deposit of \$125.

The bank had received a letter from the Midget asking that the \$125 be mailed in the form of a cashier's check to Louis A. Kuklinski at 2225 West Erie street in Chicago.

O'Connell advised the bank to send the check as requested, then set up a watch on the Erie street address. It was a vigil that he was destined to keep for many days.

From parked automobiles, from a nearby grocery and from the alley the sergeant and relays of detectives watched for the fugitive. Knowing the Midget's habits well, they were confident he would not live there himself, but was using the place only as a telephone rendezvous with some go-between who had received the \$125 check.

Get Underworld Tip

FROM an underworld source they learned that Fernekes had grown a luxuriant mustache and walked with a limp. For such a man they watched, confident that Fernekes would some time relax in caution and visit his go-between. Telephone wires were tapped, but the listeners heard nothing more than neighborhood small talk.

Before long the watchers noticed an individual who was undoubtedly the man who had obtained the \$125 check. He apparently lived in the house, frequently entering and leaving it and riding about in a small, 1931 model sedan. O'Connell hesitated to seize him, however; it would probably serve no better purpose than to alarm the Midget and send him into even deeper hiding.

Finally, after conferring with Sergeant O'Connell, Chief Gilbert decided it was time to strike. The decision was reached mainly on the theory that the watched house was in a residential district and continued presence of detectives might arouse comment. That might result in their quarry fleeing the neighborhood.

"We'd better grab him and see what he knows before he gets wise and skips," Gilbert reasoned. "Questioning him may reveal something about the Midget, and

if we wait much longer we may not be able to catch anyone."

On Monday, October 28, 1935, Chief Gilbert accompanied O'Connell when he took up his station in a parked car half a block from the Erie street address at 8 a. m.

They did not wait long. Within half an hour the suspect walked out the door, entered the 1931 car and drove away. The officers followed at a discreet distance while the car made a tour of the neighborhood. The driver returned to the house, carrying a newspaper he had purchased on the drive and disappeared for an hour.

Then he came out, entered the car again and drove northwest. Into the suburb of Des Plaines he chugged along, pausing meticulously for each traffic light, and never exceeding the speed limits, while the officers followed.

"I'll bet right now he's on his way to visit Fernekes," Chief Gilbert told the sergeant.

But he was wrong, for the driver swung around a block and drove back at the same modest pace to Erie street, never stopping on the way. Apparently he was just out for a breath of air.

As they approached the house that had been watched for so many days, Chief Gilbert made a quick decision. "We'll arrest him when he stops in front of the house," he told Sergeant O'Connell.

Pulling up beside his car as he parked the detectives seized the man as he alighted. The prisoner made a few half-hearted objections, but seemed more surprised than angry. "You've got me wrong," he said. "I'm Louis Kuklinski and I haven't done anything wrong. I work at the Western Electric Company."

An Amazing Discovery

IGNORING his objections, the officers took their prisoner to the detective bureau at 1126 South State street. There a police expert took the man's fingerprints and carried them to the bureau of identification to be checked.

He was back in a few minutes, eyes popping.

"Hey!" he shouted to Chief Gilbert. "That guy is Fernekes!"

Fernekes! But where was the mustache and limp of which the officers had heard? Fernekes didn't have any. The underworld report that he had adopted the disguise was a false one, probably started by the Midget himself.

It didn't seem possible, but it was. The suspect was Fernekes. He admitted his identity when Chief of Detectives John L. Sullivan, walked into the room a few minutes later, started with surprise and said, "Hello, Midget! So they've got you at last!" Sullivan had remembered Fernekes' features from an early encounter.

With his identity established, the Midget was rushed to State's Attorney Thomas J. Courtney's office. He was searched carefully, even to a secret inside pocket which contained two \$20 bills. The pocket was beneath his belt and cleverly concealed in the lining of his trousers. No weapons were found, which may have accounted for his surrender without resistance.

Nor were there any weapons in his Erie street room, where he had lived since a short time after the Joliet escape. There police found Kuklinski, an honest, law-abiding citizen. They learned that Fernekes had used the man's name without Kuklinski's knowledge, even to obtaining the \$125 bank check from Kuklinski's mail. The latter had no knowledge of the identity of his roomer and was completely innocent of any connection with the fugitive killer.

After a few preliminary questions, Fernekes was locked up in the new county jail. Prosecutor Courtney decided that a more thorough interrogation could wait until morning. He wished to have guards from Joliet in attendance in an effort to clear up the prison break that had caused such a furore.

Arrangements were also made for a show-up the following night at which the Midget was to be taken to the detective bureau to be viewed by witnesses of robberies and killings.

A guard was maintained in front of Fernekes' jail cell during the night. Sergeant John Barry was on duty there the next morning. Lying on his cot, back toward the door, the Midget appeared to be sleeping. Still the sergeant did not relax his vigilance. He knew that Fernekes might be playing 'possum, waiting for a chance to try an escape. He watched the prisoner narrowly.

Suddenly the Midget reeled to his feet. Froth appeared on his lips and his eyes rolled grotesquely. He made a strange gurgling sound and collapsed on the floor.

Sergeant Barry shouted for a jail guard to open the door. He ran to the prisoner's side, at the same time calling for Dr. Edward Niles to be summoned from the first floor of the jail.

The Midget's eyes were glazing and he seemed in a stupor when the doctor arrived. A stethoscope showed faint heart action. Was this another ruse by which the wily killer hoped to escape?

Guards carried Fernekes to a waiting patrol wagon and a dash was started to the Cook County Hospital. Fernekes moaned and appeared only half conscious. Then he seemed to rouse himself and a flickering grin passed over his face.

"There'll be no show-up for me tonight," he whispered. "This is my last day on earth."

Then he slumped back and died!

A post mortem told the story. Fernekes had swallowed potassium cyanide in his cell. Faced with unending penitentiary days, he had decided to take his own life. He had come to realize at last that he could not beat the law.

Examination of the Midget's clothing answered the riddle of where he obtained the poison. In the secret pocket beneath his belt, officers found a tiny vial—emptied of its death-dealing potion. It had been overlooked in the search of his clothing. He probably had carried it for weeks in anticipation of arrest.

Midget Fernekes had again escaped from the law. But it was a hollow victory. He had won freedom—lost his life.

Harvest of Death!

[Continued from page 43]

(*WTMJ is a Milwaukee radio station.)

Saturday night came. It was just a week after the first bombing at the Shorewood village hall. The city waited tensely. Still nothing happened. And then on Sunday afternoon came Idzy's super-effort.

A Ghastly Death Trap

SHORTLY before three o'clock on November 4, the city was shaken by a tremendous blast. A mighty roar rocked the South Side of the city. A sheet metal garage burst into fragments. Walls were ripped from a nearby home, killing a small girl and seriously injuring two others in the home.

Police investigated, probed the ruins. And then, in a little while, the truth appeared. The dynamiter, manufacturing his greatest bomb, was a victim of

his own deviltry. The death he was preparing for scores of innocent people struck him down and saved the lives of his intended victims.

With him he took his most intimate friend, Paul Chevaneck, 16 year-old hero worshiper and probable accomplice in the reign of terror. Experts estimated that 100 sticks of dynamite had exploded; but, by some miracle, 28 other sticks were found intact.

The tin garage where Idzy had hatched his diabolical schemes was utterly demolished. Nothing was left of it except the ground on which it stood. Idzy and his chum were literally blown to bits; only shreds of clothing were discovered which made identification possible.

The typewriter which he stole from the school after writing the threat to Captain Prohaska was found in his room, together with the loot of several petty

betoob bad dis is de las chance yu ar fat pig and dumb khoqn i kin bom dis skol if i want polis gard sity ha ha ha ha pooey on g mans day is sissy boys remember wy wtmj* 8 pm thur or fri or 3 wil go up 2 5 stik an i 10 maaybe 20 we goty lots of dy u got no glu an u no it u are responsible for al; loss of lif i give warning

2 capws 2 caps by fire boks i take typewr eeter to rit to u u kant trace sovare we smart no i no afraid to di so i no kar i e x con an vet i handle dy. over there i expert boms kin be timed elek caps i mean no de fuzes they be into fast las chance teaters wil go lots kild i no kare fair warning to publis signed suicide chi no prints wer gloves ha ha ketch us u flatfeets blu pencil trow way no trace seesee."

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burglaries. And bit by bit, investigators obtained from acquaintances of Idzy Rutkowski the bizarre reason which drove him to endanger the lives of hundreds of citizens—his unreasoning hatred of the police.

The last bomb of Idzy's designing was intended to accomplish greater destruction than any of the five previous death machines. Bits of an alarm clock found in the debris and the amount of dynamite on hand led police and explosive experts to conclude that he had been fashioning a time bomb of extraordinary power.

The explosion which killed Idzy and Paul also took the life of innocent 9-year-old Patricia Mylarnek, whose home was demolished. Nine other persons were injured when debris from the garage was hurled over a wide area. Property damage was estimated at more than \$75,000.

In his boastful note to Captain Prohaska Idzy was not entirely accurate. The police did have a clue. It was a tenuous one but it led directly to Idzy's door; and it is possible that the mad bomber only anticipated the hated cops by a few hours.

At the very moment of the explosion, detectives were seated in the home of John Masing, questioning his 16-year-old daughter, Mary, concerning threats made to her by two of Rutkowski's friends.

Mary had discovered that Idzy's gang was driving a stolen automobile and intended to inform the police. To prevent her from divulging this information the youthful hoodlums warned her:

"If you open your mouth, we'll bump you off."

One of these warnings came just after the Shorewood dynamiting, she told the detectives.

Acting on this and other information, police later arrested the two boys in question and sent them to the reform school. No evidence was ever disclosed to connect them with the dynamitings; but it is certain that questioning them would have undoubtedly led police to Idzy's lair.

Discover Getaway Car

A MONTH after the spectacular end of Idzy and his youthful companion, another twist of the dynamiter's grotesque humor was revealed. William Schossow, a South Side delicatessen dealer, who had rented a garage to a youth, became worried about the delinquent payments and told police.

Officers broke into the building and discovered an automobile equipped as a police squad car, containing four deadly bombs. The car was also equipped with two rifles, two shotguns and four different sets of license plates, including those of a police squad car. The lad who rented the garage had given a false name and address; but Schossow's children said he resembled young Chevaneck and they also volunteered the further information that the car had not been moved from the garage for weeks.

Police believe the pseudo squad car, known to have been used in the bombings of the two police stations, was kept hidden in the Schossow garage when not being used on the errands of

destruction. The finding of the car explained how the terrorists had escaped so easily from the scene of the dynamitings. With the police siren wide open, and the police radio informing them of the progress of the hunt, they had roared through the traffic to safety.

The find also solved the mystery of the theft of a police squad car on October 22 from the West Milwaukee police station. The machine was discovered hours later on a lonely road, stripped of its siren, red spotlight, radio and license plates.

First word that the mad bombers were using such a car came on the night of the police station bombings. Questioning of people in the vicinity revealed that an automobile, siren open and red light flashing, had raced away from the scene of the explosion when no police car was known to be in the vicinity. The terrorist was clever—but not clever enough.

For a terror-filled week, Idzy Rutkowski was a fancied big shot; but he died in a death trap of his own designing. He thought that he was bigger than the law. That delusion cost him his life.

They buried Idzy and his satellite in the same grave and the city of Milwaukee breathed more freely. Again it had made good its boast—the city without a big-time criminal or racketeer uncaged—the city with the most enviable record for crime apprehension in the country.

(For the protection of innocent persons, the names John and Mary Masing, used in this story, are not actual but fictitious.—The Editor.)

California's Riddle of the Wrong Corpse

[Continued from page 33]

Ogle reasoned, William Call had quarreled with a friend and the latter had stolen his car. But why was Call out on the highway? Was the meeting mere coincidence? And what was in the suitcases that the murderer should risk capture to pick them up? Ogle was more puzzled than ever when a message came through from San Francisco that Call had never lived in the Belvedere street house, that he used it only for a mailing address and that his home was somewhere in Sacramento.

Finally, Ogle went back to the morgue and took the dead man's fingerprints. He turned them over to Charles Schumacher of the State Bureau of Criminal Identification and waited patiently for a report. That night Schumacher called him on the telephone.

"Well, Charlie," he said, "I've found a record on those prints."

"Yes?" Ogle said incredulously. "Whose are they?"

"The man is Clifford Stanley Andrus," the expert said. "He's a Canadian and has a record in Phoenix, San Francisco and several other cities."

"Boy, that's great!" Ogle exclaimed. "Many thanks. I'll get in touch with Phoenix right away."

Ogle wired authorities in Arizona and asked them to airmail prints and photographs of Andrus—a request that brought a speedy reply. Then, armed

with the pictures, Ogle personally canvassed all Sacramento hotels, hoping to find someone who would remember the man. But it was a futile hunt and the deputy was once more on the blind side of the riddle.

Clifford Andrus was dead—beyond doubt; but who, then, was William Call? Was the name just an alias used by Andrus—or was it the mysterious Call who snuffed out a human life with a gun? Ogle found the answers the next day when the murder car was located in a barren field near the Del Paso Country Club, not many miles from Sacramento.

Find Slayer's Car

THE tires had been stripped from the machine and the driver had carefully wiped the entire car to obliterate telltale finger marks. But he had been careless—as murderers will—and had forgotten a single print on the mirror above the dashboard. Ogle saw it, sharp and clear on the glass—the damning clue that would, one day, wrap the noose around a killer's neck.

In the police laboratories that night the solitary print told its story.

It identified the mysterious William Call as William Zirbes—bandit, thief and white slaver—a man whose face was familiar in the underworld haunts of Sacramento.

And now, for the moment, we turn back to San Francisco where Frazier and Officer Harrington had definitely identified the two bandits who staged the holdups in the Orpheum theater.

"Here are the pictures of the two men," they told Captain of Inspectors Charles Dullea a few days later. "We found them in the identification bureau."

Harrington laid down the photographs and Captain Dullea glanced at them sharply.

"Why, say!" he exclaimed. "These men are involved in a murder case at Sacramento!"

Harrington whistled.

"A murder case?"

"Yes," Captain Dullea said. "One of them shot and killed the other. We had a circular on it today. William Zirbes and Clifford Andrus . . . I wonder if there's any connection between the two crimes?"

The next day, in Sacramento, Deputy Ogle received a full report of the theater robbery from Captain Dullea's office. He learned that Zirbes and Andrus had been seen in the theater frequently, that they had obtained a complete floor plan of the building from a discharged usher.

"And, that's all right, Jack," Ogle said to Constable Garibaldi, "as far as we've gone. But I still don't know any more about the murder now than I did before."

Garibaldi was silent for a moment. "Well, Charlie," he said finally, "Zirbes had friends here in Sacramento. He might have told them something."

"Hm—that's not a bad idea," Ogle said thoughtfully.

They left the sheriff's office and, by a process of elimination, eventually reached the home of Jan Winters, a lumberman who had befriended Zirbes. "I knew Bill would get into a jam some day," he said.

"Did he talk to you about Andrus?" Ogle asked.

"Yes," the lumberman admitted. "He did. He told me he was going to kill him. It was just a few days after that theater robbery. Bill came here looking for Andrus. He said Andrus had run out on him with the loot from the robbery and even stole a suit of clothes."

"No honor among thieves, eh? And the suit—that explains why Andrus had Zirbes' driver's license in his pockets."

"I knew there'd be a killing," he added. "But Bill was wild with rage and he wouldn't listen to reason. He went out of here, climbed in his car and started East, figuring Andrus would head for his old hangout in Chicago. I guess it was just unlucky coincidence that they met on the highway. By the way, where is Zirbes now?"

Ogle frowned. "I wish I knew. . . ."

End Of The Trail

A YEAR passed and William Zirbes had apparently vanished. Then, on April Fools' Day, 1935, a seedy, unkempt man wandered into a large Chicago department store. It was raining and the lake wind whipped the raindrops across the streets in chilling, drenching gusts. The man looked furtively at the crowds milling through the aisles and then, with a swift movement, lifted a new umbrella from a rack and started for the door.

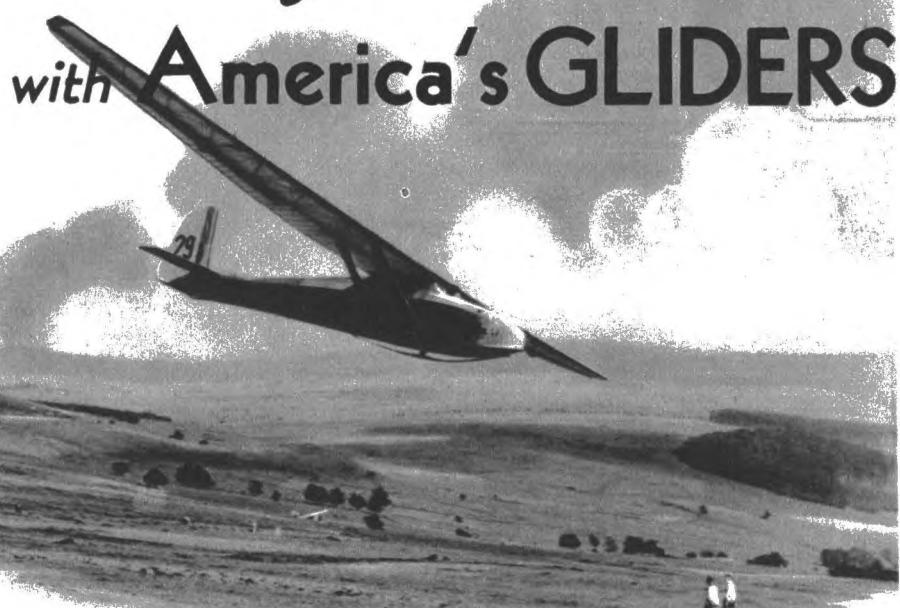
Suddenly he heard a sharp voice. His feet froze to the floor.

The thief trembled, turned and faced the store detective. He grinned sheep-



Wanted for the slaying of Andrus in the roadside murder, William Zirbes evaded police for months; but an ironic twist of fate was to deliver him into the law's hands.

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ishly at first, looked down at the umbrella. He saw a price tag: "Special \$1.84." Then he laughed, a hollow mirthless whine that dribbled from his lips and lost itself in the hum of the store. William Zirbes had reached the end of a sordid trail.

He was brought back to Sacramento and there, in mid-July, was tried for the killing of Andrus. Zirbes fought desperately, claiming he was a victim of mis-

taken identity—but he had forgotten that Mr. and Mrs. Hedges saw him fire the shots; he had forgotten, too, the damning print on the mirror of his car. The extreme penalty was demanded and, on July 18, the jury found Zirbes guilty of murder in the first degree—without recommendations for mercy.

Zirbes promptly appealed the sentence and his execution was automatically postponed, pending action by the state

supreme court. But in the event that clemency is denied and the sentence is upheld, William Zirbes will stumble from the little death cage at San Quentin prison, wearing a neat, somber suit of black. Perhaps, as he staggers the thirteen steps leading to eternity, he will wonder what went wrong.

(In fairness to an innocent person, the name, Sam Winters, used in this story, is not actual but fictitious.—THE EDITOR.)

The Mystery of the Missing Woodsman

[Continued from page 39]

I scraped two distinct kinds of mud from the shovel! The outer layer was the black mud of Hodding creek. The other was a coarse, brownish mud high in humus.

I put a sample of the brown mud into my pocket and began digging in front of the wheels. Casually I asked Edgar, "Did you get stuck more than once last night?"

"Nope," Lonnie answered, "just this once."

Later that morning after the men had gone to work, I drove like mad to the sheriff's office at Sagauge.

"Old Eric is dead," I announced breathlessly, "and he has just been buried! Last night Lonnie and the old lady put him away."

Eagerly Sheriff Paul listened to what I had learned about the lovers' all-night mystery journey. He examined the sample of mud which I had recovered from the shovel.

"You can't track the car," I said, "because of the rain, but that mud specimen will lead us to Eric's grave."

I hoped that Paul would want to return with me to the camp but he said that the time was not yet ripe. "Tomorrow morning I'll come up," he said. Then he added, "We'll set a trap—give Lonnie a little rope. If his game isn't on the up and up he'll hang himself." Then we laid our plans.

Spring Trap On Suspect

ON FRIDAY morning Lonnie Edgar again emerged from the Brouillet cabin shaved clean as a city slicker. Instead of letting him go to work as usual I detained him at the mill, explaining that I needed extra help to repair a wagon. The wagon was directly in front of the Brouillet cabin. A few minutes before nine o'clock I launched a carefully planned conversation with the lumberjack.

"There's something I've been wanting to tell you, Lonnie," I began. "It's about that promise. I thought it was the right thing to do so I went to town last Monday and told Sheriff Paul about Eric."

Lonnie Edgar's face purpled with anger as I continued: "I hope there are no hard feelings, but I felt it was my duty. At the same time I wish old Ed Paul would get through snooping around my camp. He's getting on my nerves."

"You mean Sheriff Paul has been here at the camp!" cried the man.

"Haven't you seen him? He's been peeping 'round here every day. I thought you knew, Lonnie, that he's been trail-

ing you—everyone else knows. What strikes me funny is that he didn't give you a lift when you got stuck in the mudhole the other night."

"You mean he followed us *that night!*" Anger and fear blazed from the lumberjack's shiny face.

"Sure he did," I said. "I think they dug up the body yesterday!"

The lumberjack's body tensed as if he were about to spring at my throat like an animal. An oath burst from his lips.

At that moment Ed Paul walked into the clearing in the middle of my camp of shanties and tents. He came directly toward us, unarmed, casual. Furtively Lonnie Edgar glanced toward the yawning door of the Brouillet shack twenty feet distant. A high-powered rifle was hanging on the wall. It was an electric moment but Lonnie did not move from his tracks.

The sheriff veered from his course to examine a yard-wide hole beside the shack where tin cans, ashes and other refuse had been dumped. He probed into the trash with a stick, recovered more than a half dozen charred metal

buttons from a man's jumper. He dug deeper and retrieved an almost new lunch pail with the initials "E. J. B." scratched across the top.

I responded to the sheriff's greeting but the old lumberjack glared challengingly and merely grunted. Sheriff Paul went straight to the point of his shrewd attack.

"Edgar," he said, "you might just as well know the truth. For a while I thought that you had murdered your old pal, Eric. Now I see where I was mistaken. Brouillet committed suicide. Then like a fool you lost your head and buried him without notifying officers. Am I right?"

As if bewildered, Lonnie Edgar was silent for a full half minute, then he said: "I guess I did lose my head, sheriff; but I was the last man seen with Eric and I thought I'd be blamed."

He was a picture of dejection. Grandma Brouillet was peering through the window of the shack watching every move that we made.

"You almost got yourself into trouble, Edgar," the sheriff said quietly. "Now let's have your story as to just what

The Third Degree

Answers to Picture
Questions on Page 58

1 Although it has been generally believed that a falling bullet would have force enough, on its downward flight, to kill a person, recent tests at the Ballistics Station of the U. S. Army, Daytona Beach, Fla., offer proof to the contrary. Results of the tests were: (1) A bullet shot normally, point first, will descend base down, point up. (2) The shot from pistol returned in 39 seconds; rifle in 58 seconds. (3) As a bullet dropped to the earth a tiny eruption of sand showed the watchers where it had fallen. No slug was found completely buried in the soft sand. Therefore it was estimated that a falling bullet would not, if it were to strike a person, inflict a serious wound.

2 According to the recently compiled statistics of the Bureau of Investigation, Department of Justice, U. S. A., automobile stealing is the most difficult to trace to the criminal.

3 "T-Men" or Treasury Department agents include members of the seven divisions whose duties it is to enforce

Federal laws. They are: The Secret Service, Bureau of Narcotics, Coast Guard, Alcohol Tax Unit of the Internal Revenue, Customs, Alcohol Tax Bureau, and the Intelligence Unit of the Internal Revenue Department.

4 Attorney General Cummings reports that late statistics place the number of armed criminals and thugs in the U. S. at about 588,000. This is about twice the number of soldiers and sailors in the army and navy.

5 August G. Vollmer, who has been police chief of Berkeley, Calif., since 1905, and one of the leading authorities on criminology in the U. S., is world famous as the "West Coast Nemesis of Criminals." Vollmer has played an important part in the promotion of scientific crime detection and prevention. He was the first to use radio in police work—the first to solve cases with the lie detector and was requested by the government in 1929, to psycho-analyze and "Vollmerize" the police force of the nation.

happened last Monday." At Lonnie's request we withdrew several rods from the cabin.

Describes Death Scene

THE two men had finished their lunch where they had been felling trees, Edgar said, when Brouillet dictated and then signed the farewell note to his wife. Suddenly Brouillet had been seized with a "crazy streak," and had fled through the trees up the mountain side. Then a wild cry of agony . . . a gurgling sound. Lonnie said he rushed up the mountain about a hundred yards, there to find the body of his partner in a pool of blood, throat slashed from ear to ear. An old pocket knife, stained crimson, was lying near the body.

"I was scared and didn't want Mrs. Brouillet to know," the lumberjack continued, "so I carried Eric's body across the ridge into Brown's Canyon. Monday night, Tuesday night—I carried him on my back over the mountain." He shuddered. "Wednesday night I guess you saw what happened. Biddie and me drove up Brown's Canyon on that lower road and buried him. I told her Eric committed suicide after we got there."

He surrendered Brouillet's farewell note at the request of Paul who carefully examined the signature and the last message of the doomed man. His shrewd gray eyes studied the lumberjack.

"There's one other thing I must have in order to complete my records on this case," he announced reflectively. "You'll have to show me where you ate your last lunch with Eric, the exact place where you found his body, and then take me as near as you can along the very tracks that you made when you carried the body to its grave. Think you can do it?"

He pondered for a moment then replied, "You bet I can."

They set off together. Edgar led the sheriff up the mountain side to the place where he and his partner had felled trees on Monday forenoon. No indications of a struggle. No signs of blood.

Had Lonnie told the truth about his partner, after all?

They went on to the spot where the lumberjack said that he had found Eric dead by his own hand. No indications of a struggle there. Furthermore, there were no bloodstains upon the mat of pine needles covering the ground! Strange, if Brouillet had cut his throat from ear to ear . . .

Hard climbing, up, higher. The crest of the jagged mountain, 10,000 feet high. Two silent men, one hesitating and wary as a fox, the other following, watchful as a hound. Down from the summit they made their way, into Brown's Canyon toward a hidden grave. To the bottom of the canyon . . . around a rim of willows that bordered a forty-acre grass clearing known as Brown's Park.

Before either of the men realized it they were at their destination. An ancient, grassless sawdust pile, level with the ground. In the center of it two rotted logs, forming a cross.

Lonnie Edgar gasped, stopped dead in his tracks. The log cross was *intact!* The grave had not been disturbed! Suddenly he knew that he had been tricked. He whirled upon the officer with a guttural curse, mouth agape like a mad dog. There was menace in his blazing eyes.

He Stumbled over a MAN-EATER



in the Dark . . .



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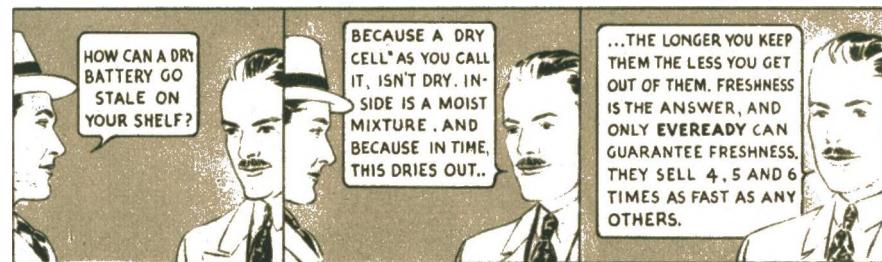
"It was a black, moonless tropic night, but I trudged along the familiar jungle path in the dark with assurance. It was the path from my time-keeper's shack to the house where I slept. Without warning I stumbled and fell headlong. There was a hissing noise followed by a sharp click. I scrambled to my feet and reached for the Eveready Flashlight in my belt . . . Within three feet of me was a huge thrashing alligator, his jaws snapping like castanets.

"If my light had failed at that moment, if it were

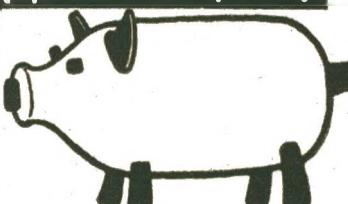


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woman

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Romantic STORIES

ON SALE FEB. 10

"Thanks, Edgar," drawled Sheriff Paul. "Now don't make a false move or I'll get you."

Evidently Lonnie Edgar believed the quiet-toned sheriff who stood there, unarmed. Suddenly his rigid body became a rag. He crumpled to his knees beside the telltale log cross over the grave of his partner.

The grave scene had been timed more accurately than Paul had expected. Within a few minutes Under-Sheriff W. J. Werner, who had walked up to Brown's Canyon with a shovel, joined the two men. The officers spaded methodically as Lonnie Edgar wept uncontrollably. Soon the cramped quarters of the grave disgorged a body wrapped securely in quilts and blankets. The cadaver was stretched out upon the rotted sawdust of what had once been Teller's Mill.

A Shocking Sight

SHERIFF PAUL gazed in horror as he pulled the covering from the body. Eric Brouillet's neck was a gaping wound, revealing the cartilage and vertebrae. The body had bled white. The sheriff noted that the wound was a clean slash, undoubtedly effected with one vicious stroke—not with a pocket knife but an axe!

After ten hours of grilling at the Saguache county jail Lonnie Edgar confessed. He said he loved his partner's wife; he wanted her all to himself. He had to get Eric out of the way. In broken sobs he confessed that he and Grandma Brouillet had been intimate for years.

After he and Brouillet had finished their lunch on that fatal Monday noon, he said that he crept up behind his partner and felled him with a crushing blow on the head. Then he had cut Brouillet's throat with one quick stroke of his razorlike axe. He spent hours cleaning up the blood.

That night, he said, he carried Brouillet's body across the mountain into Brown's Canyon. On Wednesday night he and Grandma Brouillet buried the body. She held a lantern while Lonnie dug the grave.

His explanation of the farewell note hoax was that Brouillet had written his signature on a blank page in the partnership account book at Edgar's suggestion about ten days before the crime. "If I go to town alone sometime," Edgar had explained cunningly to his partner, "having your signature might help to do our business." Brouillet agreed, and unwittingly forfeited his life. Edgar had written the farewell note above his partner's bona fide signature.

Hoping to throw suspicion from his trail, the murderer's diabolical mind conceived the prize sentence of the note which said, "It is my wish that you marry Lonnie Edgar."

At the October, 1927, term of Judge Jesse Wiley's district court, Lonnie E. Edgar was found guilty as charged of first degree murder and sentenced to life imprisonment in the state penitentiary at Canon City. Trial on similar charges which had been lodged against Mrs. Brouillet was postponed by the court until the following June because the defendant had suffered a nervous collapse.

District Attorney James P. Veercamp reduced the original charges to accessory after the fact to which Grandma

Brouillet pleaded guilty. She was sentenced to one year in jail. Previously she had confessed to Sheriff Paul that she had assisted in the burial of her husband, but emphatically denied, as did Edgar, that she had plotted with her lover to murder her lumberjack husband.

The Sheriff's Deductions

THE confessions of Edgar and Mrs. Brouillet struck me like a bombshell, and no less amazing to me was the shrewdness of Sheriff Paul in bringing the baffling disappearance to a quick climax. The sheriff explained his strategy to me as follows:

When I first informed him that the lumberjack was missing, he deduced that Brouillet was a murder victim because the farewell note did not signify to him that Brouillet had "left his old lady" or that he had committed suicide. He concluded that the farewell note was simply too dramatic for a lumberjack to write if he merely wanted to shake off his spouse. Furthermore, contrary to the psychology of a suicide, the note had admonished the wife to make no attempt to find him.

The fact that both Mrs. Brouillet and her lover had pleaded with me not to notify officers "for at least a week" bolstered the murder theory and suggested to the sheriff that the pair were playing for time to get Eric's body out of the way. Paul guessed that they would attempt to transport the body out of Mill Creek district for secret burial. Acting on this hunch, for two nights he guarded the intersection of Mill Creek road and the Cochetopa mountain state highway, expecting to catch the suspected murderer red-handed. If Paul had guarded the road three miles farther up the canyon, his ruse would have succeeded.

When I reported the all-night mystery trip to the sheriff on Thursday morning, he saw that his plan to get possession of the "theoretical" body had been foiled. He guessed rightly that the heavy rain Wednesday night had obliterated all trace of the pair's eerie mission in Brown's Canyon, hence he set a trap, giving "Lonnie some rope so he can hang himself if he needs to be hanged."

His first job, he knew, was to find Brouillet's body. The fact that the old lumberjack was dead, a murder victim, became a firm conviction with Paul when he first examined the farewell note on Friday morning. He observed a detail which, I frankly confess, had escaped my notice. The signature was considerably older and obviously had been written with a different pencil than the main body of the note.

The clue of suspected grave mud which I had scraped from the murderer's shovel was considered by Sheriff Paul as an ace in the hole. If his second ruse to trap Lonnie Edgar had failed, he would have used the grave mud clue to find the unknown grave as a prospector seeks to find the mother lode after a high grade piece of "float" has been discovered. An excellent clue it was, but to follow it intelligently would have meant expert search parties—and a heap of taxpayers' money.

Fortunately, it wasn't necessary. Clever detective work on the part of Sheriff Paul saw to that. And Lonnie Edgar himself unwittingly was the chief agent in solving Colorado's most bizarre love triangle.

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How We Trapped the Border Bandits

[Continued from page 20]

repudiate at the trial. I found the camp site where Martinez said it was. The most important evidence I found there was a book of money orders taken from the Ruby post office. This clinched the confession.

Guilty Of Murder

ON MAY 16, 1922, Martinez pleaded not guilty in the Santa Cruz county superior court, but there could be but one conclusion, because despite the defendant's frantic denials and his numerous alibi witnesses, the state had the testimony of the two Mexican women and there was the horrible truth told by Irene and Elizabeth on the stand. On May 18, after deliberating only forty minutes, the twelve jurors found Martinez guilty of murder in the first degree without recommendation of mercy.

That night I went to his cell in the presence of witnesses to get him to aid the prosecution in the Silvas trial which was scheduled to start the next morning. Although he had confessed to me that Silvas was his partner, he had since maintained a sullen silence as to the identity of his companion.

"Silvas told me where you were hiding," I began, hoping to start him talking.

He shot a furtive glance over his shoulder as though half expecting to meet the accusing eyes of one of those he murdered.

"Why not tell us who was with you?" I urged.

His black eyes snapped but he did not speak. I clung doggedly to the in-

terrogation and finally aroused his anger when I continued to dwell upon the fact that Silvas had not attempted to help him.

"Si," he said finally, "We were together. We kill many gringos in the hills for their money."

He recounted a list of their depredations along the Arizona border which amazed the county attorney. After he had finished he became calm and with a more satisfied look upon his face said, "Maybe now Dios will let me sleep."

The Silvas trial was started on May 19. The defense placed its strength in character and alibi witnesses. Martinez's testimony came like a bombshell. He declared that Silvas had been his partner in crime for several years, that he had always claimed his share of the loot and what was more important still that he had fired one of the shots at Pearson.

The jury was unable to reach a decision. The balloting was reported to have shown eleven for conviction and one for acquittal from the very start. The jurors were dismissed and another trial ordered for Silvas.

This third trial lasted twenty-one days and went on record as the longest criminal trial ever held in Santa Cruz county. After hours of battling, during which the ballots showed eleven for conviction and one for acquittal, Silvas was found guilty of murder in the first degree with recommendation of mercy.

On July 12, Martinez and Silvas appeared in the courtroom for sentencing. For their complicity in the Ruby post office atrocity, Martinez was sentenced to be hanged on August 18, 1922, while Silvas was sentenced to life imprisonment in the Arizona state penitentiary.

"The crimes of which you have been convicted are perhaps the cruelest ever committed in Arizona," said Judge W. A. O'Connor. "Let the punishment that awaits you serve as a warning to others who may contemplate the commission of similar crimes."

Judge O'Connor commended the work done by officers and citizens in this case and I was awarded \$10,000 for bringing the desperadoes to justice.

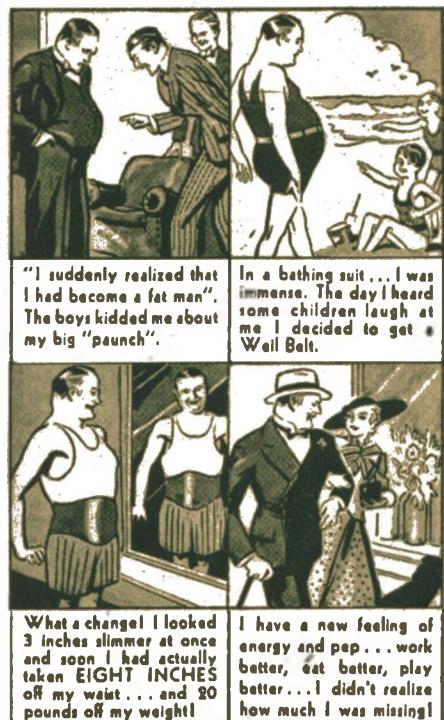
Threaten Jail Delivery

NOW Martinez was a Mexican citizen and there was considerable feeling among his countrymen that he should not be executed by this country. Then there existed among some classes of uneducated peons a secret grudge held against all Americans based on the fear that the United States would ultimately conquer Mexico and place its people in servitude.

By noon a group of friends of the convicted men had gathered in front of the county jail. As the day wore on the crowd grew, some of them cursing and muttering imprecations. Sheriff White realized an attempt at jail delivery would be made and, taking no chances of losing his prisoners, he sent for a detachment of U. S. troops from the post. With the appearance of the soldiers the crowd

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melted away and the situation immediately cleared.

At eleven o'clock the next night White and Deputy L. A. Smith quietly loaded the prisoners into a touring car to take them to the state penitentiary at Florence. The late hour was chosen so as to forestall any possibility of an ambush.

"Better come along, Oliver," White invited.

"No," I replied, "I've got to get some sleep."

Noticing that my handcuffs were heavier than White's, I suggested that he use mine.

"Thanks. I'll have the irons back to you tomorrow," he said as he threw the car in gear and started north toward Tucson. Smith sat at his side. The two Mexicans were shackled together in the tonneau.

"It's raining," I remarked to a newspaper man who was always on hand.

"Yeah, and it's the thirteenth of the month," he replied.

"That's so, and this is the last of the Ruby drama."

"But it's not over until Martinez is strung up," he argued.

There was no hint of tragedy on that nocturnal ride, yet the warm July rain that pattered down on the car top beat a dirge of death.

Br-r-r-rug. Br-r-r-rug.

The telephone was ringing in the Tucson home of Ben Daniels, sheriff of Pima county and former Rough Rider with Theodore Roosevelt.

Muttering to himself he glanced at his watch and saw that it was one o'clock in the morning. Whatever his thoughts were when he jerked the receiver down, they faded into oblivion when the speaker's voice was recognized as that of his deputy, Dave Wilson.

"Ben, I just got a call from Canoa Ranch that between there and Continental there's a car in the ditch and probably trouble."

Daniels was wide awake now.

"I'll be right over," he shot back, "Get Lou Tremaine, Carmen Mungia and Pat Sheehy and I'll pick you up."

Find Scene Of Tragedy

THE deputies were standing in front of the courthouse when Daniels pulled up. After a half-hour of bouncing over rough gravel roads, Daniels stopped abruptly. He and his men got out and went over to a wrecked car by the side of the road. They shuddered in horror at the spectacle revealed by the beam of a flashlight.

Two bodies lay near each other, sprawled on the ground beside the overturned car. Daniels bent down to get a better view of the blood-covered faces. The features of the victims were distorted by expressions of horror. Their skulls were caved in.

Daniels jerked erect and gasped in astonishment.

"It's Sheriff White and his deputy, Smith."

"Smith's still breathing," someone said.

But White was dead, his left hand clutching a pair of handcuffs and his right lying over a .45 Colt.

"This is no accident," Daniels declared. "Those head wounds are the result of a beating."

"Mungia, let's get Smith to the hospital. The rest of you boys wait here. I'll get the coroner and notify Nogales."

The shocking news of Sheriff White's death was relayed to me and, hastily collecting a dozen deputies and a pair of trained dogs, I set out for the scene of the tragedy. We were a grimly determined group for we knew that Silvas and Martinez were at large again.

Two hundred feet from the wreck we found the place where the prisoners had jumped from the moving car. Nearby was a blood-stained wrench.

We could visualize the crime. The Mexicans had a wrench—perhaps it had been cached in the car by some of their friends. The officers, believing their prisoners to be securely manacled, must have relaxed their vigilance. There was a short vicious swing with the heavy wrench and the sickening crunch of steel upon bone. White was reaching for his gun when he received the death blow. While the car was still in motion the Mexicans leaped out and scrambled away. The car careened to the side of the road and turned over, throwing the two officers to the ground in the position they were found.

The dogs would not take the scent. We believed this to be due to the rain which had long since stopped. There was nothing to do but wait for daylight.

The early light of dawn found us hot on the trail. The tracks told us that the men were still handcuffed together and that they were in full flight heading east toward Helvetia, a deserted mining camp in the heart of the Santa Rita Mountains. We followed the trail for ten miles on foot before we obtained horses. Then the trail led over the mountains toward Ruby and we lost it.

Deputy Smith Dies

MEANWHILE, Deputy Smith died without regaining consciousness and as news of the third double murder spread through the country the rage of the people rose. Volunteer posses of officers and civilians poured into Continental from Pinal, Pima, Cochise, and Santa Cruz counties and they were detailed by Daniels to scour the desert and guard the roads.

The warden of the state penitentiary brought the bloodhounds to the point where we had lost the trail, but they could not take the scent. For the second time dogs refused to help us!

Harry Saxon, pioneer cattleman whose record as an officer and mountain tracker is without equal in Arizona's history, was appointed sheriff to succeed White. He brought a large volunteer force of dry farmers and Indian scouts with him to join in the manhunt.

Five days after the escape there were seven hundred men enlisted on perhaps the most extensive manhunt in the history of the entire Southwest. There were five days of endless searching under the merciless desert sun! With the coming of evening, men gathered in groups and horses were hobbled to graze by members of sweaty, disgruntled posses. Saddles, saddle bags and blankets were dumped around the campfire. The smell of sizzling bacon and boiling coffee filled the air. A mellow crescent moon looked down.

On the morning of the sixth day as the sun rose higher and higher in the sky, my men moved steadily south over drifting sand and through blistering wind. At high noon I met Harry Saxon. He was resting his horse in the shade by a deserted mine.

"Just picked this up." He handed me a blood-stained file.

"They've cut the handcuffs," I declared, "and they must be in this neighborhood."

Saxon was tense as he rode along the canyon's edge. Then in the foothills of the Tumacacori Mountains his horse suddenly snorted and kicked up his forelegs.

Saxon looked curiously ahead. He could discern some object under a stunted oak. *It was a bloody human foot!* He shoved back the brush and peered closer. There lay Martinez and Silvas side by side raving with thirst and grown reckless with exhaustion! They had dodged from bush to bush over seventy miles of broken country filled with Spanish bayonet. An amazing feat of stamina and endurance.

The End Of The Trail

WE FLASHED the word of Saxon's find to the various posses and three hours later he and R. Q. Leatherman jogged into Nogales with the bruised and slobbering Martinez and Silvas.

That night Saxon whisked his prisoners off to the penitentiary where Silvas was to spend the rest of his days and Martinez was to be hanged on August 18.

But on August 18, Martinez was granted a last minute stay of execution so that his case could be reviewed by the state supreme court. This tribunal dismissed the case because of the delay in filing the appeal. The year 1922 dragged by and 1923 came in. Martinez had been held at the penitentiary during

all this time. He was now returned to Nogales and Judge O'Connor sentenced him to be hanged on May 25, 1923.

Martinez still had friends and relatives on the outside who worked unrelentingly for commutation of the death sentence. There was the formal intervention of President Alverno Obregon of Mexico who made a plea to Governor George W. P. Hunt to save Martinez because he was a Mexican citizen. This bold appeal gave the case an international aspect. But Governor Hunt and the Arizona Board of Pardons and Paroles refused clemency to the condemned man.

Exactly twelve hours before execution time the attorneys representing Roberto Quiroz, Mexican Consul at Phoenix, obtained a writ of habeas corpus in Pinal county on the allegation that Martinez was to be executed without due process of law.

The supreme court intervened, quashed the writ, and declared Pinal county in error. But the execution date had passed. Again Judge O'Connor sentenced Martinez to die on August 10, 1923.

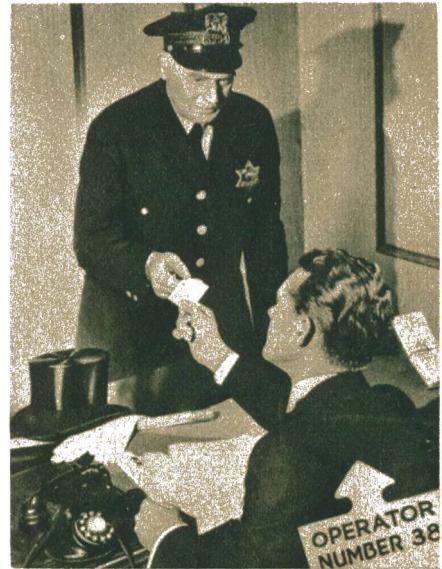
The gray dawn of Friday, August 10, came. Manuel Martinez knelt in silent prayer before a priest and received the last rites of his church. For the rest of Arizona that dawn gave promise of a bright sunny day but for Martinez it was the pay-off for his murderous salutes in banditry.

Warden R. S. Sims entered Martinez's cell and touched him on the shoulder saying, "It is time."

Martinez heaved a deep sigh, stood erect, whipped off the gay bandana from his throat and walked down the corridor to stand squarely over the trap. He was

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calm and collected, threw his shoulders back, brushed his black mustachio and the black cap was slipped down over his head. The hemp noose was adjusted and the trap was sprung.

Martinez was dead! He had paid his debt to society and his name was written to the Ruby postoffice enigma.

Ruby, once drenched in blood, stamped out the threat of bandit raids by petitioning the U. S. War Department for protection. Today there are mounted U. S. Customs officers and a deputy sheriff there. Prices of metals have gone up and Ruby is again one of the liveliest mining camps in the Southwest.

I Covered the Battle of Charlestown Prison

[Continued from page 57]

"Here's how the Boston police got McManus and Turkey Joyce. The fugitives ran down through the yards to Shed Ten, just over Millers River. (A branch of the Charles.) The shed is built on piles. They climbed in underneath and stretched out on some timbers. The tide was going out or they couldn't have stayed there.

"Anyway, Deputy Superintendent John M. Anderson heard they were in there and he went over with a party of cops and guards. They looked in—it was kind of dark in there—and they saw 'em hiding. So they yelled to 'em to come out, then chucked in seven tear gas bombs.

"Then Patrolman Martin P. Kelly went in. He heard a little splash, and he thought they were down in the mud and water. But he looked up and he saw McManus.

"Stick your hands up!" Kelly said to McManus. "I can't," McManus answered, "I'm hanging on with both hands."

"So Kelly puts his gun away and goes over to help McManus down. He puts his hands up under McManus' shoulders, and McManus puts his hands on Kelly's shoulders.

"But a prison guard, Edward J. Fields, looks in. It's pretty dark in there and Fields thinks McManus is fighting with Kelly. So Fields fires.

"The slug goes right past Kelly's ear and through both of McManus' lungs. Kelly was pretty lucky; McManus wasn't. He's done.

"Joyce was about ten feet away. He came out by himself, with his hands up, crying from the gas. They gave him the bum's rush back into the prison."

Questioned about his part in the capture, Patrolman Kelly told the following story:

"I saw a crowd around Shed Ten throwing gas bombs, so I squirmed underneath. I heard some splashing around and I yelled an order to come out. I saw a face for a moment, then it disappeared; but I could still hear a fellow breathing.

"I unholstered my gun and told the man to come out again. He agreed in a weak voice.

"He couldn't put up his hands very well, though, and still come out, because he was in a hole with water in it and needed his hands to climb out. He said he had no weapon on him, so I went over and put my hands under his armpits to help him out.

"He dropped his hands on my shoulders to help and then I heard something go crack and I sort of felt something fly past my ear and strike him in the chest. McManus said, 'They got me.'"

They had him, all right. McManus

was taken to the prison infirmary. Officers from the Charlestown station went in to question him, but he wouldn't talk. That evening he died.

Witness Describes Attack

PERHAPS it was as well for him that he did. According to the story of Bill McDonald, the trusty, it was McManus who swung the iron bar on Richards' skull.

"I was lifting a carton off the truck," said McDonald. "Richards' back was turned to me and he had one foot on the running board of the truck. I saw McManus hit him at the base of the skull with an iron bar.

"Richards fell to the ground and I jumped off the truck so that I landed with both heels on McManus' neck and shoulder blades. He fell forward on the ground on his face and hands.

"Then I was struck from behind by somebody I did not recognize and I heard some one shout, 'Give it to him, O'Brien!' I went down on my knees and fell across the cane that Guard O'Donnell had been carrying before he was slugged.

"I came up with the cane in my hand and I knocked McArdle down and rushed to the guard room. I fell across the threshold of the door in my hurry to give the alarm."

That was about all of the story that



Edward McArdle, 24, a member of the desperado band, was recaptured.



Serving eighteen years for armed robbery, Charles O'Brien climaxed a long criminal career by participating in the break. He was recaptured.

came in that afternoon; but as it stood, the story was sensational enough. It was the worst break in all the 130 years of the prison's history. Everybody assumed that McArdle, Joyce and O'Brien, the three surviving convicts, would go to the electric chair for first degree murder—the killing of Richards in the act of escaping.

But there was another sensation, although it didn't develop until late in the evening.

Medical Examiner William J. Brickley examined the body of Richards. He found that the truck driver had a compound fracture of the skull—and also a bullet in his heart. The explanation of the bullet came from the Commissioner.

After the brutal attack on Richards outside the plate shop, the five convicts took the truck. Some got up front and

some in back. Those in the front seat took Guard O'Donnell along for a shield. Those in back lifted Richards' limp body and took it along for the same purpose.

By the time they had driven around to the trap the alarm had been given and the prison siren was screaming. A guard, on duty at the trap, fired at the tail of the truck and put a revolver bullet through Richards' chest by accident.

At first there was a question whether Richards was dead before he was shot. It was an important question, because on it hung three murder charges. Presently, however, prosecuting officers came to the conclusion that although Richards might have been fatally injured by the iron bar, he was nevertheless alive when the bullet hit him. Therefore the guard, who fired the fatal shot, was absolved of all blame, and the district attorney of Suffolk county prepared to seek indictments charging only attempted escape and assault with intent to kill. Beyond doubt the three survivors will receive long additional sentences, but they will not have to face murder raps.

The detective who caught McArdle and O'Brien, after their tussle with Jack Carp, was Lieutenant Thomas F. Devine of the Boston and Maine railroad police, who happened along by chance. When he covered the convicts with his pistol they surrendered meekly, even though they were unaware that he is a crack shot. O'Brien, when recaptured, had a slight bullet wound in his left leg, probably received in the first blast of fire from the pursuing guards.

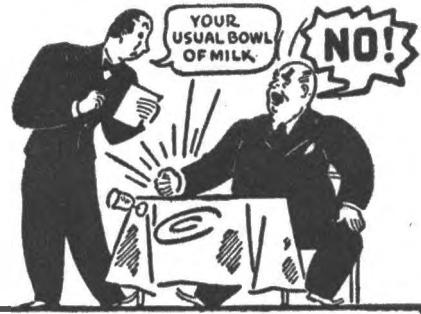
Police Mobilize Quickly

NEARLY two hundred Boston police arrived on the scene within ten minutes after the first alarm, mobilizing according to a plan worked out several years ago. Radio summoned or warned all cruising cars in the city and suburbs. Even had there been a general uprising among the 885 prisoners, enough force to quell it quickly was available. And the sudden deploying of so many officers



Boston police officers, heavily armed, responded to the riot call from Charles-town prison and aided in rounding up the escaping outlaws.

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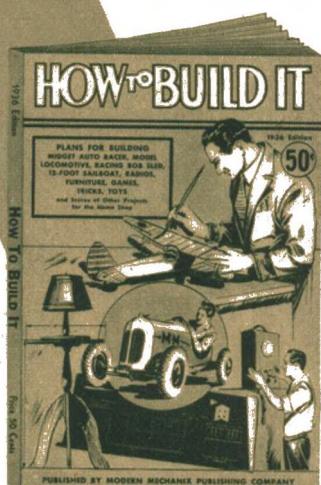
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around the prison was a guarantee that the fugitives could not get far.

Eight years ago Massachusetts opened a huge prison colony plant at Norfolk, thirty miles out in the country from Boston. Norfolk is one of the best prisons in the world. To it are committed, after a brief stay in Charlestown, the less hardened offenders. In Charlestown remain the really desperate criminals, the murderers who are innately vicious, and the gunmen. Charlestown is a bad place. Its sanitary conveniences consist of a bucket in each cell, and it has often been described as a fire trap.

Prison reformers have been trying to

have the Charlestown prison torn down. Back in the 1880s they almost succeeded. Naturally, no one was surprised when, on the very afternoon of the break, Governor James M. Curley declared he would ask an appropriation of \$2,000,000 for the construction of a new prison.

But Massachusetts penal authorities are not sure they have heard the end of Charlestown and its inmates. A few days after this unsuccessful break they had to transfer Bill McDonald, the trusty, to the Norfolk prison colony. Because of the fact that he had helped the guards, his life was no longer safe from his infuriated fellow inmates.

The Crimson Crime of the Catskills

[Continued from page 47]

row," Sager suggested. "That child vanished somewhere between the grocery and Basic creek, and by a process of elimination we'll find out where."

Two theories, meanwhile, were under consideration.

It was suggested first that the Reverend Mr. Glenn might have had enemies who would seek revenge by kidnaping or killing the girl; second, that some moron, accidentally meeting the child, had attacked her and then committed murder to keep her from exposing his wrong.

The first possibility had many loopholes, but the second was more plausible, and it was with this thought in mind that the state troopers took up the trail the following morning.

Find Suspicious Evidence

LATER in the day, after hours of patient investigation and questioning of Greenville citizens, Lieutenant Sager and his men were confronted with these startling facts:

1. Helen Glenn had purchased some candy in a village confectionery.
2. Volckmann's grocery store, shoppers reported, was closed between the hours of six and seven, an unusual occurrence.

Therefore, the investigators reasoned, Volckmann had lied!

If Helen Glenn had bought candy in one store, she would not have made a similar purchase at Volckmann's. And if the store was closed, how could Volckmann have talked to her in the shop at 6:30 p. m. as he said? Lieutenant Sager and Sergeant Wheeler exchanged significant glances.

"You know, Garry," Wheeler said, "I think we'd better find out a little bit more about this young fellow."

"Yes," Sager agreed, "I'm very curious, very . . ."

But if they expected anything sensational in their investigation of the mild-mannered youth, the two officers were vaguely disappointed. They learned that he was the son of a wealthy New York business man whose home was formerly in Greenville. Residents of the village spoke highly of the youth, mentioned his fine education, his ability to play four or five musical instruments, his politeness.

"Well," one citizen said, "I suppose

he's a little quiet, and different from most fellows his age. But he comes from a fine family. I know he's never been in trouble before and it's pretty far-fetched to think he knows anything about this."

The man's argument had logic but Sager and his troopers were strangely unconvinced. They were familiar with the foibles of human nature, the twisted channels sometimes followed by the brain. Regardless of the reason, the youth had lied; yet, despite their suspicions, they must proceed with caution.

On Friday morning Lieutenant Sager went to the grocery, accompanied by Sergeants Wheeler and William Flubacher and Trooper Fred Knight. Young Volckmann greeted them pleasantly.

"Any news yet?"

Lieutenant Sager shook his head.

"No . . . not a thing. We thought perhaps you might have some ideas."

Volckmann flushed.

"Well . . . I . . . I have. But I'm only an amateur detective anyway . . ."

The investigator's eyes narrowed.

"You . . . you're a detective?" he echoed. "Well, that's fine. Maybe you'd like to come along and help us on this thing."

The twenty-year-old grocer beamed.

"Why, say, that'll be fine! Wait just a minute. I'll close up the shop."

He took off his apron, locked the door, and went out with the four men. They headed for the swamp and Volckmann, his nostrils afire like a bloodhound scenting the trail, chattered gaily, offering his theories about the crime. Lieutenant Sager encouraged the youth to talk, flattered him, gradually led him to the spot where crime had been uncovered.

"Look!" Sager shouted suddenly. "That's where we found the girl!"

Suspect Keeps Cool

VOLCKMANN'S eyes went wide as he stared at the ground. But there was no other emotion on his sallow face, and Sager, watching the youth's placid muscles, felt a pang of disappointment. He had somehow expected a more striking reaction, a flush of guilt perhaps, an involuntary cry. Yet there had been nothing. And now Volckmann, on his knees, was examining the creek bed with the studied nonchalance of the professional sleuth.

"Well, I think . . ." he began.

"Oh, never mind," Lieutenant Sager said lightly. "Let's go back."

They started walking slowly away in thoughtful silence. Sager, behind the youth, suddenly found voice.

"Say, young fellow," he said, "I thought you said Helen Glenn came to your store about half-past six and bought some candy?"

Volckmann, running a thin hand through his long, black hair, looked up.

"Sure, that's right."

Sager frowned.

"Then how do you account for the fact that half a dozen neighbors said your store was closed at that hour?"

Volckmann raised his eyebrows.

"Oh, well," he drawled. "I guess it must have been later then."

Sager was nettled, but masked his exasperation with a tolerant smile. But he was more convinced than ever that the aesthetic youth with the delicately carved lips, the high brow, the nervous, feminine fingers, was concealing something. "Listen, young man," he said crisply. "I want you to come along with us and answer a few more questions."

Volckmann went willingly and for two hours Sager and Wheeler prodded him with questions until finally they were boldly accusing him of the crime. But Volckmann, a study in indifference, parried their verbal thrusts and denied any connection with the vicious killing. It was, apparently, a futile proceeding. But Sergeant Flubacher, an artist at interrogation, a man who had once obtained confessions from Anna Antonio, Sam Faracci, and Vincent Saetta that sent them to the electric chair in a previous New York murder case, was persistent. He took Lieutenant Sager aside and whispered:

"Let me have him alone for twenty minutes," he pleaded. "I'll find out what he knows."

Volckmann's Nerve Breaks

SERGEANT FLUBACHER led the youth into another room of the troopers' headquarters at Jefferson Heights, near the county seat. Twenty minutes later he emerged, leading a strangely changed Volckmann—a white-faced, shaking youth biting his lips.

"He did it, all right!" Flubacher snapped. "He's confessed!"

"He did?" Sager exploded. "Well, let's get him down to the district attorney's office right away!"

"Wait a minute," Flubacher broke in. "He'd better see a doctor first . . . he said he's taken poison!"

"Poison, eh?" Sager said, unimpressed. "He looks all right to me . . . well, it won't take long to find out."

They bundled the youth into a car and rushed to District Attorney Welch's office at Catskill. Welch, listening to the troopers' sensational revelations, lost no time in calling Dr. Lyle B. Honeyford, former county coroner and leading physician of the district, and Dr. William M. Rapp.

"I wish you and Coroner Atkinson would examine the boy," Welch told them, "and find out just how serious his condition really is."

"All right, John," Dr. Honeyford said, "we'll have a talk with him and make an examination."

A few minutes later the three doctors returned and reported that Volckmann was not suffering and that they had given him an antidote.

"Well, doc," Welch asked Dr. Honeyford, "do you think it's safe to have him talk?"

The physician grinned.

"Certainly. He's all right now."

Thus, surrounded by troopers, physicians, and other awed listeners, Alfred Volckmann began his amazing, sickening tale—the most revolting story of lust and violence ever unfolded in the staid halls of the Greene county courthouse.

The Youth's Confession

"I . . . I've just got to get this off my mind," the boy said in a monotone. "Anyway, Helen Glenn came into my store about six o'clock and asked to buy a lollipop. I said I'd show her something if she would come upstairs with me.

"She started up the stairs and I locked the front door. When I got up there, I gagged her with a piece of cloth I tore from a hanging in the store and tied her to the bed with a rope. Then I . . . well, you know what I did. She became unconscious and just then I looked out the window and saw someone coming up the street. I ran downstairs, unlocked the door.

"Several customers came in during that time and it was about 9 o'clock when I closed up. I went home, sneaked out and came back to the store. She was still unconscious. I carried her downstairs, lifted her into my car, and drove off toward Cairo."

"Did anyone see you?" Welch broke in.

The youth shook his head.

"No . . . I don't think so. Well, I drove down to the creek, carried Helen down the old road, and laid her in the water. She was nearly dead anyway, I guess, and I decided it would be best to kill her. I put a flashlight on a nearby rock so I could see, took out a long butcher knife and shoved it into her breast. She . . . she gave a loud gasp and blood spurted out. I placed the knife handle against the hollow of my hand and gave another push until it was down deep."

Volckmann paused a moment and licked his dry lips while Welch and the others perspired with the cold horror of the crime.

"Well," he went on calmly, "I pulled the knife out, drove back to the store and burned the rope and the gag in a stove."

"Wait a minute," the district attorney said, "what did you do with the knife?"

"Oh, that?" Volckmann answered. "It's still down at the store. I left it there and went home to bed, but I guess I didn't sleep very well. The next morning I bought some iodine in a drug store at Cairo and mixed it with some lysol I had. I diluted the stuff with water and drank it. It made me sick for awhile but I wanted to do away with myself.

"Later on I started to jump out the window at the store, but I . . . I didn't think it was high enough to kill me."

Welch was unimpressed.

"You lost your nerve, didn't you?" he said.

Volckmann hung his head. "I guess so . . ."

From Music To Murder

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could create beautiful songs on his violin one night and could murder a helpless child with fiendish thoroughness the next. It was a macabre coincidence that he had often played in the very church where Helen Glenn's father preached. In fact, not long after he was lodged in a cell at the county jail, the slayer asked for a radio set.

"There's a church program I always tune in," he said blandly.

Perhaps his seeming unconcern was a sham, a cloak he wore to shield the writhings of his soul. For Alfred Volckmann cracked when he was visited by District Attorney Donald Grant of Otsego county, a family friend.

"Why did you do it?" Grant asked.

"Oh, I don't know . . . I don't know . . ." Volckmann sobbed.

Still, there was a certain amount of cold reasoning behind his dubious remorse, because during the night Volckmann turned to his guard, Trooper Claude Bulson, and asked:

"How much can they give me for this?"

"Oh, possibly from 20 to 35 years," Bulson replied, softening the blow.

The youth, trembling, stared dully at the white jail wall and pushed away a plate of food that had been brought to him not long before. And so it went, a long succession of hours in which, chameleon-like, he was alternately a sniveling repentant and unemotional image.

In the days that followed Volckmann was taken to the Catskill General Hospital where, under the care of Dr. Honeyford, he soon recovered from whatever ill effects were caused by the poison. There were, meanwhile, faint whispers of lynch law that might bring a swift and violent climax to the case, but the wild talk died down when the Reverend Mr. Glenn, with the dignity and pride of his calling, said:

"The Scripture says: 'An eye for an eye, a tooth for tooth.' If justice is al-

lowed to take its course, amends will be made without public demonstration. The spirit among the people here is strong and I implore them to be quiet. I'll do my part toward this end."

And that is the story of the horror in the hills.

Preparations For Trial

THERE is only one more event to record . . . the arraignment of Alfred Volckmann before Justice Laverne Smith in Catskill . . . a dramatic moment when, confronted with the inexorable processes of the law, he cried:

"I want to plead guilty . . . I did it! I did it and I ought to hang! Turn me loose, let the people of Greenville do what they want with me . . . I deserve it!"

"The law," District Attorney Welch said acidly, "does not allow such a plea now."

Volckmann flared into sudden anger.

"Well, I want to plead that way," he said stubbornly.

They led him away, mouthing fury. In the days that followed, Volckmann led his inquisitors back to the store, showed them where he had bound Helen Glenn, gave them the knife, re-enacted the crime step by step—and went back to jail to forget himself in music.

With the presentation of the evidence amassed by investigators a grand jury indicted Vockmann for the murder of Helen Glenn and he was held in the Greene county jail at Catskill to await trial.

Volckmann later repudiated his earlier stories—apparently regretted his impulsive confession of guilt. But it was too late. He could not turn back the clock of time; could not nullify his own words. As District Attorney Welch observed sagely:

"The written confession is a difficult thing to forget—or to banish from existence."

The Chief's Chair

[Continued from page 5]

much. I have been a reader of **STARTLING DETECTIVE ADVENTURES** for a long time and think it is one of the best detective magazines published. For the price of fifteen cents I get a detective magazine equal to any that I can buy for twenty-five cents. I like "The Chief's Chair" and think that your anti-crime platform is the very thing needed. I am a constant reader of **STARTLING DETECTIVE** and always expect to be.

—H. B. Andrews, Portsmouth, Va.

Thank you, Mr. Andrews! And rest assured that future issues of **STARTLING DETECTIVE ADVENTURES** will be even more interesting and informative than in the past.

Unlucky Days—

WEST coast papers recently carried a curious story—the criminal saga of Arthur D. West, who killed a fellow

soldier, Raymond V. Lockwood, on Friday, October 5, 1934.

He was convicted of murder on Friday, January 25, 1935; and on the following Friday, February 1, the date was set for his hanging—Friday, April 19. His appeal to the State Supreme Court was rejected on Friday, September 27.

About three months later, on Friday, December 13, he mounted the thirteen steps to the gallows, plunged through the trap and was pronounced dead thirteen minutes later.

Superstitious folk may read an ulterior significance into this curious coincidence of days and numbers. It strikes us that every day is an unlucky day for the individual who tries to beat the law.

More About De Aoun—

COMMENTING upon our story, "Blasting New Jersey's Boudoir Bandit" (Nov. SDA), an interested reader has the following sidelights to

throw upon the career of Vincent De Aoun:

In reading the above story I find that you have omitted valuable facts in the case. The Canandaigua, N. Y., police were on three occasions responsible for the arrest of this man. . . . His arrest was brought about by our alert officers, Henderson and Hogan, the first being mostly responsible for his apprehension this year, 1935.

While patrolling in a prowler car this spring, Henderson observed Vincent De Aoun going north on Main street and gave chase. De Aoun increased his speed and fired several shots, none of which struck their mark. That was the real beginning of the end of this case in my estimation, for in no time the entire state was on the lookout.—O. E. Ford, Canandaigua, N. Y.

We are only too glad to give credit to the alertness of Officer Henderson and to the spirit of cooperation between New York and New Jersey officials which ended the infamous De Aoun's career.

Rat Islands For Rats—

IF THE suggestions recently laid before Attorney General Cummings by Colonel C. A. Seoane of the army signal corps are adopted, criminal rats may soon find themselves caged in a prison with a fitting name. For Colonel Seoane proposes to turn the Rat islands, off Alaska, into a penal colony.

Several factors favor the proposal. The Rat islands are near the end of the Aleutian group, more than 1,000 miles from the Alaskan mainland. Thus the danger of escape is eliminated. Guards would be unnecessary. Maintenance costs would be slashed since, except for a minimum supply of foodstuffs and incidentals, the prisoners would be expected to provide their own sustenance. The islands are suitable for raising blue foxes, sheep and goats; and fishing is good in the Japan current which washes the islands.

Banishment of our underworld rats to the Rat islands without hope of pardon, parole or escape, strikes us as an excellent idea. And there is always the hope that in a self-governed colony, freed from caging bars, the lawbreakers may reform, find the rehabilitating influences which seem to be lacking in our local system.

“Bad Blood Somewhere”—

IN THE course of duty, police hear many incredible stories. None is more fantastic than that which recently fell from the lips of Rocco Marano, 30-year-old killer of Orange, New Jersey.

“I just shot my father dead,” he told Policeman John Harrington. “He’s lying in a gutter over here.

“He told my mother he was going to cut off her head and eat her heart. I

believed him because he served 15 years for killing one woman.

“There must be some bad blood somewhere,” he continued naively. “While papa was in prison his brother killed his wife and baby. And a few years ago someone cut off papa’s mother’s head.”

Yet in numerous quarters agitation is still strong against sterilization!

Crime’s “Youth Movement”—

VARIOUS “youth movements,” laudable but innocuous, have swept America during the past months. In the hullabaloo attendant upon these juvenile excursions into politics and public life, another phase of youthful activity has been almost completely ignored—the activity of youth in crime.

Of the arrests reported to the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Washington during the first three months of 1935, the largest single age group was reported in the 19-year bracket. Next in line was the 22-year group, then 21, 23, 18, 24 and 20. When the 25-year mark was passed, there was a gradual decrease in the number of arrests.

These figures merely confirm what criminologists have long known—that America’s real crime problem lies not in checking the activities of the so-called hardened criminal but in curbing the criminal impulses of the youthful offenders. Wayward boys and girls have thrown down a peremptory challenge. Parents and social agencies must supply the answer.

Restore Death Penalty—

FOR almost thirty years capital punishment has been outlawed in Kansas. Not long ago legislators decided to restore it as a penalty for first degree murder.

This action is certain to revive the old argument over legal execution. We cannot see why the taking of a life by the state—a proceeding marked by scientific dispatch—should be considered more reprehensible, more shocking to the senses, than the original slaying.

Murderers deserve scant consideration. Whether they kill in the heat of passion, or as a result of cold-blooded premeditation, the fact that they have killed immediately brands them as dangerous, anti-social types unwilling to abide by the accepted norms of human conduct.

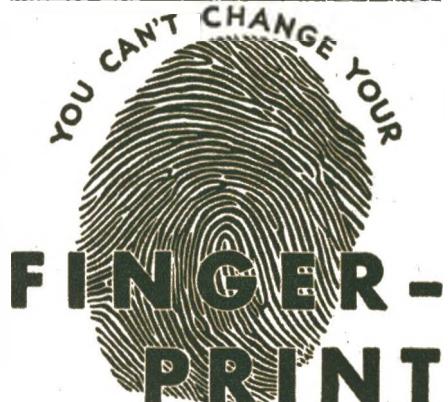
Society is best served by the permanent removal of these persons. If legal death is too strong a pill for moralists to stomach, then life sentences should be imposed which mean all that the term implies—confinement behind the bars for the rest of the slayer’s natural days—with no possibility of parole.

PATENTS

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Virginia's CURFEW CRIME

His bleeding head showing marks made by the heel of a woman's slipper, Trigg Maxwell, 52-year-old Virginia blacksmith, was found lifeless on the floor of his Blue Ridge Mountain home. Police promptly took into custody Maxwell's daughter, Edith, pretty 21-year-old mountain schoolteacher.

Questioned, the comely daughter admitted striking her father with her shoe when he attempted to punish her for staying out past the traditional 9 o'clock mountain curfew hour.

"I had been out with a friend, Raymond Meade," she told District Attorney Fred B. Greear. "When I returned around midnight, my mother met me at the door and told me that my father had been drinking and was angry because I had stayed out so late. When my father saw me, he came after me with a knife. He threatened to lay a hand on me, and I hit him with a shoe."

Girl Is Convicted

AT THE trial, held in the little mountain town of Wise, near the Virginia-Kentucky border, friends of the slain man told how the young teacher had returned from normal school in the lowlands a changed and "sinful" girl. She now flouted all the traditions of the mountain code; wearing lipstick, staying out past 9 o'clock, and daring to disobey her father. Acquaintances of the girl testified that she had often quarreled with her father, and had several times threatened to kill him. Upon this testimony, the prosecution built its charges of first degree, premeditated murder. Attorneys for the young defendant countered the accusations with a plea of self-defense.

The jury of mountaineers—all men, and many of them fathers themselves—returned a verdict of guilty against the "sinful" teacher who had dared to flout the code of the mountains. Judge H. A. W. Skeen, presiding at the trial, pronounced sentence—25 years in Virginia's state penitentiary at Richmond.

Since the trial, which attracted nationwide attention, thousands of women and fair-minded men have written offering funds to fight the verdict. Former Senator R. P. Bruce, who became head of Edith's staff of lawyers after the trial, attempted to get a new trial on the grounds that the victim was not killed from the blows of the slipper, as alleged, but died of apoplexy brought on by excessive drinking and a fit of ungovernable temper.

As this is written there is no indication that the girl's fight for vindication will succeed. But, if it fails, it is safe to predict that the public clamor for clemency will go on. Seldom has a case attracted so much attention from citizens everywhere.

Here, in tabloid form, is the sensational story of a crime that has attracted attention from coast to coast—the case of pretty 21-year-old Edith Maxwell, Virginia schoolteacher, who was convicted of slaying her drunken father because he objected to her keeping late hours.



Edith Maxwell, shown above, was convicted of slaying her father with a slipper when he tried to whip her for staying out past 9 o'clock.



At right, the blue-eyed schoolteacher as she appeared while attending normal school, where she learned the "sinful" ways that shocked her father.

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"My Chevrolet certainly runs smoother, has more power and snap to it since I put the Vacu-Matic on."—J. H. Nelson, Minn.

"On my Dodge 8 I am getting 6 more miles per gal., with more power and pick-up, which is all anyone could ask."—Lee D. Esty, Calif.

"I have twelve Vacu-matics on cars now, and they all show an increase in mileage. The car owners are very well pleased."—Fred Taylor, Okla.

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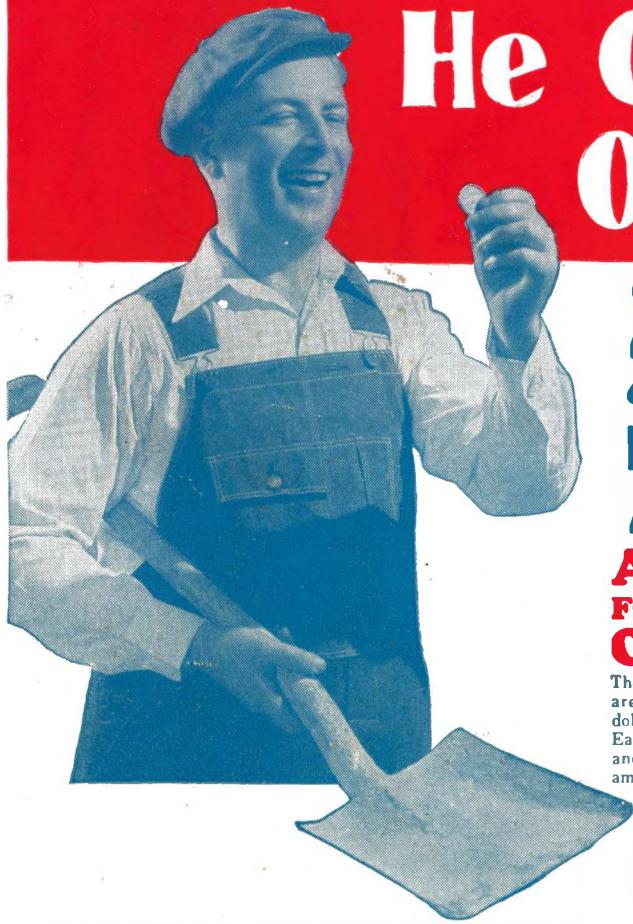
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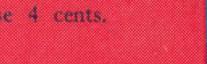
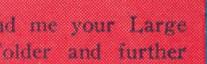
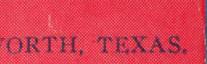
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