

# MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE

**NEW SERIES**

# true-crime

Detective Monthly

APRIL 2020



## PORN-ADDICT NEIGHBOUR STRANGLER JOANNA

**- Then Dumped Her Body In The Snow**



**How An Innocent Man Went To The Gallows, 70 Years Ago...**



## THE MAN WHO BETRAYED CAPONE

**...And How Scarface Took His Revenge**

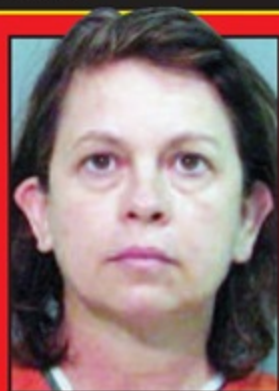


**Corpses Were Travelling Killer's Calling Cards**



## A DROP OF THE DEADLY STUFF

**Lana's Murder Method Defied Belief**



DIGITAL truecrimelibrary EDITION

**FOOTBALLER SHOT DEAD IN A SALFORD STREET**



## ABRAHAM, MARTIN – AND MARVIN

**O**N APRIL 1st, 1984, the day before his 45th birthday, “Prince of Motown” superstar soul singer and musician Marvin Gaye was shot dead by his father, Marvin Gay Sr., at their house in the West Adams district of Los Angeles...

Gaye and his father had shared a fractious relationship over the years – church minister Gay Sr. had been a stern disciplinarian and had a penchant for cross-dressing, yet was a judgmental critic of his son. Marvin’s career choice had earned his disapproval, and then the scale of his musical and financial success had added resentment to an already volatile mix.

Marvin Gaye was a troubled man at this time. A spell as a tax exile in Belgium had seen him finally control his spiralling substance addictions and reemerge on the music scene in 1983 with *Sexual Healing*, a huge hit. But returning to the USA to tour later that year he began to use cocaine again and became increasingly paranoid.

When the tour ended in August Marvin moved



Above, Marvin Gay Sr. in police custody after killing his son

in with his parents, at 2101 South Gramercy Place in the West Adams district of Los Angeles, to be close to his mother as she recuperated from surgery. The next six months were to prove a period of slow attrition as the two men attempted to avoid confrontation. On Christmas Day, 1983, Marvin gave his father a Smith & Wesson .38 Special pistol for self-defence.

On the afternoon of April 1st, 1984, Marvin attempted to intervene in a fight between his parents and began to struggle with his father, kicking and punching him.

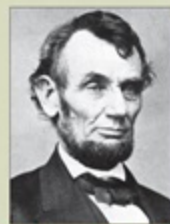
At 12.38 p.m. Gay Sr. stormed into Marvin’s

bedroom clutching the .38 pistol his son had bought and shot him, first – and fatally – in the heart and then, at point-blank range, in his left shoulder. Marvin was pronounced dead at 1.01 p.m. at California Hospital Medical Center.

Gaye Sr. was charged with first-degree murder, but his charge was reduced to voluntary manslaughter following diagnosis of a brain tumour. Marvin Gay Sr. was later sentenced to a suspended six-year sentence and probation and died in a nursing home in 1998.

**B**y a curious coincidence one of Gaye’s biggest hits – *Abraham, Martin and John*, recorded in 1970, was a tribute to the memory of four assassinated Americans, two of whom were also murdered in April.

The 1968 song, written by Dick Holler and first



President Abraham Lincoln

recorded by Dion, lamented the loss of four figures associated with social change in America: Abraham Lincoln, Martin Luther King Jr., John F. Kennedy and Robert F. Kennedy. The song was written in response to the assassination of King (in



Above, Marvin Gaye – shot with a gun that he had purchased for his father

April 1968) and Robert Kennedy (in June 1968).

Abraham Lincoln was assassinated by actor and Confederate spy John Wilkes Booth on Good Friday, April 14th, 1865, while attending



Martin Luther King Jr. assassinated

the play *Our American Cousin* at Ford’s Theatre with his wife. Booth was tracked to a farm in Virginia, where he was shot and killed on April 26th.

Martin Luther King Jr. was fatally shot by James Earl Ray at 6.01 p.m. on April 4th, 1968, as he stood on the Lorraine Motel’s second-floor balcony, in Memphis, Tennessee.

He died at St. Joseph’s Hospital at 7.05 p.m.

## WIN THE POTTERY COTTAGE MURDERS!

A psychopathic criminal on the run from prison. A family of five held hostage in their home. A frantic police manhunt across the snowbound Derbyshire moors. Just one survivor.

This is the definitive account of the terrifying 1977 Pottery Cottage murders that shocked Britain. Sole survivor Gill Moran has until now succeeded in preventing any written or dramatic accounts of the case. Now, in her 80s, Gill has finally given permission for her story to be told by Peter Howse – the former Chief Inspector who saved her life over 40 years ago – and Carol Ann Lee.

To win a hardback copy of *The Pottery Cottage Murders* (published by Robinson: ISBN 9781472143914: £18.99) by Carol Ann Lee and Peter Howse, just answer this question:

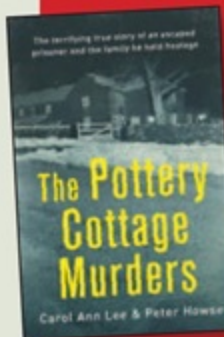
The Church of St. Mary and All Saints in Chesterfield, Derbyshire, is known for its famous...

- Ghost    
  Coffee Morning    
  Crooked spire    
  Summer fete

Send your answer to *True Crime* April competition, PO Box 735, London SE26 5NQ, or email [truecrime@truecrimelibrary.com](mailto:truecrime@truecrimelibrary.com), with the subject line “TC April Comp.” The first correct entry out of the hat after the closing date of April 18th will win. The winner will be announced in the June 2020 issue.

● The winner of the *True Crime* February competition with the answer Dr. Robert Knox is Sarah Forrester of Stoke on Trent. Well done! Your hardback copy of *Corrupt Bodies – Death and Dirty Dealing in a London Morgue* by Peter Everett and Kris Hollington will be with you soon...

● For *True Crime Library*’s report on the Pottery Cottage case, see *Master Detective Spring Special* – on sale now.





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# A DROP OF THE DEADLY STUFF

## Lana's Murder Method Defied Belief

**O**N AUGUST 30th, 2018, police rushed over to the house of the Claytons, a \$1 million property on the seafront in Gaston County, South Carolina.

Despite being almost overwhelmed by gas fumes, officers managed to battle through the house to find the unconscious but still living Lana Clayton. They also found several suicide letters around the house.

### Case report by Mark Davis

Clearly, she had attempted to take her own life.

Apparently distraught at the recent death of her husband, Steven, Lana had asked one of her friends to look after her dogs the night before.

"She was distressed and upset," said Lauren Stover. "She'd never asked me to look after the dogs before, and when I asked her if she was going away, she wouldn't tell me."

The fire department shut off the gas to the property, and neighbours were told to evacuate until the situation had returned to normal.

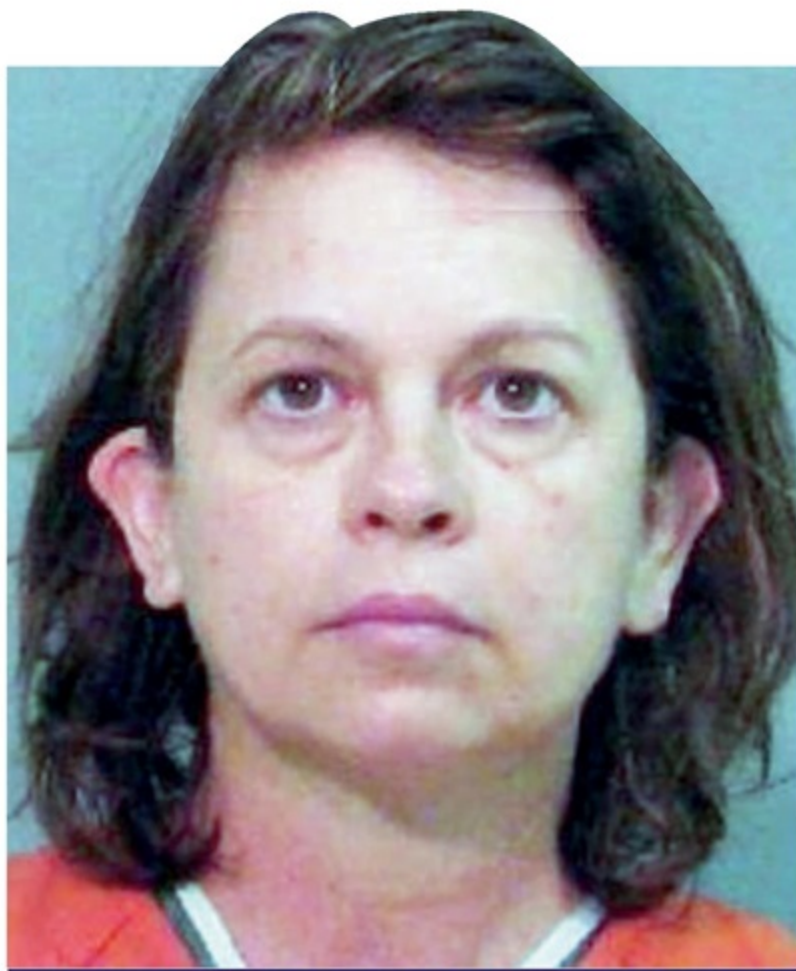
Lana, meanwhile, was taken to the Piedmont Medical Center in Rock Hill, where she eventually recovered enough to be allowed home.

But she never made it home.

As soon as they were able, local detectives arrested her for murdering her husband earlier that summer.

Steven Clayton seemed to be perfectly happy. At 67, he was retired and living in some comfort, having built and then sold a successful business in the 1990s.

He used his wealth to help his community, too. A one-time keen Greco-Roman



Above, husband-killer Lana Clayton – she attempted suicide. Right, Visine, her chosen poison

wrestler, he loved teaching the local children sports, and was well known as a generous benefactor and supporter of local kids' clubs and charities.

He was well liked in the community, even by his ex-wife – they were known to

As well as teaching bible classes, she was working as a nurse for the US Department of Veteran Affairs. "I've finally found a man I love – a man that loves me like I deserve to be loved," she posted on her Facebook page at the time.

**"All of us who knew Steve loved him. Everyone was shocked by his horrible death, and we all mourned together. He was a well respected man and everyone came to his funeral"**

get along just fine.

His wife was equally well liked. She'd been through some hard times, having been made bankrupt several years earlier, but before she met Steven, she seemed to have got her life back on track.

The couple enjoyed a very comfortable life. They travelled the world, enjoying luxuries such as fine wines and expensive works of art.

But everything would come crashing to the ground for them both in July 2018.

**W**hen Steven died suddenly on July 21st, 2018, the neighbourhood was stunned.

"All of us who knew Steve loved him," said Lauren Stover. "Everyone was shocked by his horrible death, and we all mourned together. He was a well respected man and everyone came to his funeral. The service was full of love and kindness, and even tears of joy. We were all shocked by losing him, but grateful to



have had the chance to have known him."

"Steven was a truly generous man," his obituary read. "His wide circle of friends was diverse. He enjoyed spending time in the company of gardeners and janitors, as much as he did with heads of industry and financial experts. He had no mere acquaintances, as everyone he befriended became part of his extended, loving family."

Steven's death seemed a complete accident. He was known to occasionally suffer from vertigo, so at first the fact that he had fallen downstairs made sense. After he had fallen, Lana, his wife, an ex-paramedic nurse, had sent him back to bed to rest while she mowed the lawn for him.

Lana told the police that



later she went upstairs to find Steven still in bed. She tried to turn him over to see if he was still breathing, but she wasn't strong enough.

So she went to Lauren Stover's house to get help. An ambulance was called and Steven was pronounced dead at the property.

The initial police report stated that at first the authorities believed "the event to be cardiac in nature, due to the physical evidence and the condition of the deceased."

However, Steven had no history of heart disease and at 67, wasn't that old to have simply keeled over.

Rumours swirled around the neighbourhood that the death wasn't an accident at all.

And a toxicology report confirmed it.

Lab results were clear that Steven had, in fact, been poisoned, and the police notified Lana that they would be coming back to ask more questions.

**B**izarrely, this wasn't even the first time Lana had been interviewed by police about her husband.

In 2016, she had gone voluntarily to the York Sheriff's Office to report that she'd shot her husband with a crossbow.

Lana claimed that early one morning, she had found the weapon and had tried to load it. She hadn't succeeded in doing so, and, frustrated with herself, she went back to the bedroom and set the crossbow down a side table.

Thinking that Steven was in the bathroom or elsewhere in the house, she had tried to take the weapon away but when she picked it up, it went off – and hit the sleeping Steven in the back of the head.

Using her experience as a paramedic, Lana had treated Steven's wounds and made sure he was alive before handing herself in to the police.

Despite the neighbours' suspicions that this was no accident, Steven insisted that all was well. He loved Lana and Lana loved him. In fact, he blamed himself – he had an assortment of other weapons, and he admitted that he should have locked it away, and not allowed Lana near it.

He also claimed that Lana



**Above, the Claytons on their wedding day. Below, victim Steven. Bottom, the couple's Gaston County home**

had always had trouble sleeping, even with the help of prescription medicines, and he often found her either sleepwalking or out of bed in the small hours.



The police, satisfied that all was well in the house, did nothing more.

Two years later, the police were much more firm in their actions.

The toxicology report was clear.

Steven had been poisoned by Visine, a brand of chemical called tetrahydrozoline, which

**"I just did it to make him feel uncomfortable. I never thought it would kill him. I never intended to kill him. He may have abused me emotionally, but I loved him"**

can be found in over-the-counter eyedrops. While it is perfectly safe in small doses, swallowing even a small amount can potentially cause seizures, induce comas and



stop someone breathing.

Lana knew about the report before her suicide attempt, because her house had been searched and detectives had removed several bottles of eyedrops.

Over the course of the previous few days, it seemed, Lana had been spiking Steven's drinks, slowly adding more and more Visine until it finally killed him.

What's more, she admitted doing it.

"I did impulsively put the Visine in Steven's drink," she said.

But why? Wasn't everything perfect between them?

Apparently not.

Steven, she claimed, abused her mentally and emotionally, and had done so for some time.

At the time of the crossbow incident, Lana claimed that Steven had mood swings, and had occasionally been abusive towards her. He would rant and rage and berate her, but he never hit her. She played the victim well, as, with Steven's insistence that nothing was wrong at home, the case had been closed.

Now, she was making the same claims again.

And, once again, she claimed that she never meant to kill him.

"I just did it to make him feel uncomfortable," she said. "I never thought it would kill him. I never intended to kill him. He may have abused me emotionally and physically but I loved him."

But this time, no one believed her.

**P**rosecutors were unsure as to whether to seek the death penalty for Lana. She was originally charged with murder but accepted a plea-deal, pleading guilty to voluntary manslaughter and tampering with a food or drug. When she came to court for sentencing in January 2020, they were nonetheless scathing about her behaviour.

"Having destroyed Steven Clayton herself, Lana Clayton comes to court trying to destroy his reputation," said Kevin Brackett, prosecutor for the 16th Circuit of the York County Criminal Court. "He's not here to say anything about that –



because she killed him.”

Brackett went on to detail Lana's lies and planning.

“Lana Clayton plotted to kill her husband because she wanted his wealth,” he asserted. “That is your motive. This was not on the spur of the moment, it was cruel and calculated and but for the vigilance of the lab testing procedures, she might well have gotten away with it.”

Lana destroyed Steven's will after she killed him, he added.

“She knew he was worth a heck of a lot of money and she wanted it,” he said. “If he died intestate, she would get it all.”

As she'd already admitted killing her husband, the case for sentencing revolved

**“She is a devious, vicious, manipulative monster. Don't be fooled by her. With her medical experience, she almost got away with it. She had already gotten away with the crossbow incident”**

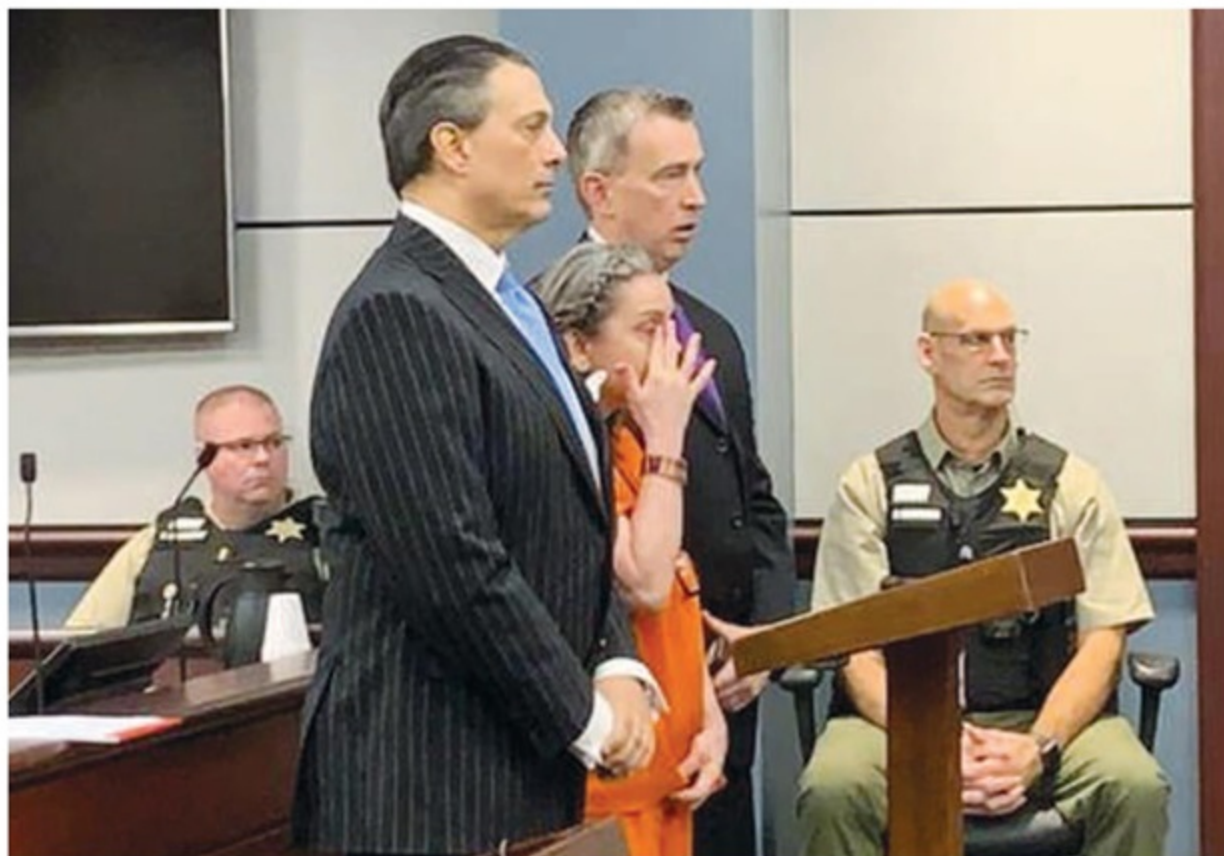
around mitigating factors and Lana's confession.

Her lawyer, Harry Dest, said that Lana had suffered ongoing abuse at Steven's hands, which led her to an impulsive choice that had left her suicidal and ashamed.

Dest painted a picture of Lana as a woman who had been serially wronged by the men in her life. Twice, once as a child and once in the military long before she met Steven, she had been raped.

“She had poisoned her husband with a small dose of Visine but did not plan to kill him,” Dest claimed. “Something did snap. It was too much for her to bear.”

“We believe it was one time, with no premeditation, and was done after multiple incidents of verbal abuse,” continued Dest. “Lana is not the greedy monster the prosecution has painted her to be. The two-year minimum sentence, and



**Above, Lana Clayton pleads guilty to voluntary manslaughter. She claimed she did not mean to kill Steven, seen below driving a boat in happier times**



no more than five years, is appropriate.”

Then those close to Steven had their say.

“She is a devious, vicious, manipulative monster,” said Rose Marie Clayton, Steven's sister. “Don't be fooled by her. With her

medical experience, she almost got away with it. She had already gotten away with the crossbow incident and I warned Steven, but he loved her and believed her story. And this is how she repaid him.”

Rose Marie finished even

more forcefully. “She should be locked away forever.”

Judge Paul Burch was the man who had to decide what to do with the competing claims.

“This case is the strangest I have seen in all my years on the bench,” he said.

“This one takes the cake as far as being bizarre. There's an old saying, ‘What a tangled web we weave, when first we practise to deceive.’ Ms. Clayton, you sure have tangled this one up.”

“That you have continued to blame your husband in this court concerns me,” Judge Burch added. “How can you maintain that you did this to teach him a lesson when it is obvious from the facts that you let him suffer for three days? You ignored him. You hid his phone so he couldn't call for help.”

Then he asked her the question that summed up most people's attitudes towards the case.

“If you were being abused, why did you not just leave him? The answer is you wanted his considerable wealth.”

He concluded in no uncertain terms.

“I don't believe anything you have told this court. Your only regret is that you got caught, not that you killed your husband.”

**She'll be regretting it for the next 25 years.**





# CHRONICLES OF CRIME

True Crime's monthly diary of criminal events day by day as they were reported in the national newspapers. This month, news from around the world in **February 2020**. Researched by Richard Sharpe

## February 7th PENSIONER'S KILLER JAILED FOR LIFE

REECE DEMPSTER, who sexually assaulted and murdered an elderly widow in her own north London home in a sadistic attack, has been jailed for life.

Victim Dorothy Woolmer, 89, was found dead with severe injuries at her home in Walthoeof Gardens, Tottenham, on August 5th last year, the Old Bailey was told.

Dempster, 23, from Haringey, had smoked crack cocaine before breaking into her house.

Dempster admitted manslaughter but denied murder and sexual assault. He admitted two counts of sexual assault by penetration.

The court heard that Mrs. Woolmer, who had been widowed two years earlier, died as the result of "multiple blunt trauma injuries."

Dempster is 6ft 3in tall, while his victim was 4ft 11in tall and weighed less than eight stone.

The killer, who was caught on CCTV fleeing the scene, had spent about seven hours in Mrs. Woolmer's home after breaking in through a back door on the night of August 3rd, the prosecution said.

Sentencing Dempster to a minimum of 34 years behind bars, Judge Mr. Justice Edis told him his victim had died "an unimaginably dreadful" death.

The judge added: "You seem to have killed her for pleasure in your drunken state; the murder involved sexual or sadistic conduct.

**"You are a very dangerous man."**



Above, Reece Dempster. Below, Dorothy Woolmer



## February 8th DOUBLE-MURDERER HANGED HIMSELF

LABOURER Russell Steele killed his Colombian girlfriend before raping and killing her teenage daughter and then hanging himself, an inquest in County Armagh was told.

The bodies of mother and daughter Giselle Marimon-Herrera, 37, and Allison

Marimon-Herrera, 15, were discovered in an apartment in Newry on March 7th last year, along with that of Russell Steele, by police. They had all been reported missing.

Ms. Marimon-Herrera died from asphyxiation and



Dead: killer Russell Steele

suffocation and Allison died due to manual strangulation and suffocation.

Coroner Joe McCrisken called the deaths of the mother and daughter "barbaric."

**The killings were an impulsive act carried out by an individual with a history of aggression and violence, the coroner added.**

## February 8th DOCTOR JAILED FOR SEX ASSAULTS ON PATIENTS

AN ESSEX GP who carried out 90 sex assaults on female patients has been jailed for a minimum of 15 years.

Manish Shah assaulted 23 women and a 15-year-old girl while working in London, carrying out invasive examinations for his own gratification.

The Old Bailey heard he

used the film star Angelina Jolie – who had a preventative mastectomy – and the late former reality TV star Jade Goody, who died of cancer, as examples to frighten patients about their



Master of deception: Manish Shah

health.

Judge Anne Molyneux described Shah as a "master of deception who abused his position of power."

"You made up stories which got into heads and caused panic," she said.

Shah, from Romford, convinced his victims to have unnecessary checks between May 2009 and June 2013.

## RAPIST PHOTOGRAPHER LOCKED UP

### February 9th PREDATORY PHOTOGRAPHER

Paul Brown, 41, who raped women during fake casting sessions in his studio and kept a "black book" marking them out of 10, has been locked up for 21 years.

Married Brown, of Okehampton, Devon, ensnared up to 90 potential models during pornographic shoots at his studio in Dartmoor, Devon, promising the women the footage would be sent to a modelling agency. But it was in fact solely for his own sexual gratification, jurors at Exeter Crown Court were told.



Paul Brown – found guilty of six counts of rape

Brown was jailed after being found guilty of 15 counts of rape and six counts of voyeurism.

Most offences took place in his studio and Brown's business called Model South West featured heavily in the case.

The court was told that he got his victims to sign a non-disclosure agreement before carrying out the photoshoots and kept thorough records of his sexual activity with the models in a little black book and photo album.

The book shows some of the women described only by their nationality alongside a score out of 10.

Brown, who was caught after an investigation dubbed Operation Happen, has been described as one of the most prolific sex offenders in the history of Devon and Cornwall Police.

### February 11th INSTRUCTOR SHOT DEAD AT FIRING RANGE

UKRAINIAN TEENAGER Veronika Motorina was taken into police custody after allegedly shooting dead her instructor at a firing range. The 18-year-old is accused of killing Igor Smolyaninov, 64, in the city of Poltava.

According to reports in the local media, Veronika visited



The Object 7.62 firing range

the Object 7.62 shooting gallery after having a row with a boyfriend.

She was witnessed shooting at targets with a Glock pistol then with an AK-74

assault rifle. At some point she reportedly requested a Margolin pistol and was given one by the instructor. She was said to have then pointed the gun at the instructor and shot him in the head and heart.

Mr. Smolyaninov was pronounced dead by paramedics at the scene. [● more Chronicles on page 47](#)



## HERO TURNED KILLER

Michail Onufrejczyk was born in Poland and served in two world wars. In the First World War he was wounded twice and decorated; and in the Second he won nine medals for gallantry, serving with the Free Polish Army, which was stationed in Britain but saw action in many theatres of war, notably the battle for Monte Cassino in Italy.



**Michail Onufrejczyk: nine medals for gallantry**

In 1945 he was discharged as a warrant officer and, like many Polish soldiers who had fought for Britain, Onufrejczyk settled in this country. He joined the Polish Resettlement Corps in Wales, an organisation dedicated to helping Poles find homes and jobs. He himself became a farmer in Carmarthenshire. A laudable and praiseworthy life so far, indeed; but

somehow this brave and selfless man became a killer. Does *True Crime* have a full account?

**Stuart Davies, Barnstaple**

*We can help you there, Mr. Davies. Michail (sometimes Anglicised to Michael) Onufrejczyk's case last appeared in TC back in June 1992. So we'll prepare a full report for a near-future issue.*

## NIGHTMARE SCENARIO

I have to admit I thought Raymond Lazarine (*"Sleepwalking Into A Nightmare,"* March) was totally guilty of murdering his wife Deborah at their home in Texas in 2013. Lazarine claimed he was sleepwalking when he shot Deborah. The fact was that it was daytime and he emptied the revolver of six bullets, without missing a shot, to end his wife's life.

Lazarine was a very jealous man who often binged on drink and drugs and in the past, in front of his children, had threatened to kill Deborah. Without doubt, he deserved his 75 years in prison. However, I am also of the opinion that sleepwalking does indeed occur and very rarely can result in death. There is much to learn yet of this phenomenon.

As for your case report *"I Killed A Lot Of Girls. I'm A Serial Killer"* (February), you ask: "Did Mark Riebe kill over a dozen girls?" My reply to that is yes. I also watched Piers Morgan interview Riebe on TV and I was left in no doubt that Riebe did indeed kill perhaps more than a dozen



**Mark Riebe and Piers Morgan**

girls. One got glimpses into his past during the interview and you could almost see into his soul where the badness of his youth manifested itself.

Riebe was into drugs big-time at that time and once he'd had his first kill the rest came easily, to furnish his evil way of living. Also, he told detectives things about the murders

# WORLD'S MURDER S

Reading *Reprieved!* (March) I noticed the very short sentences served for murder by Maggie McAuley (three months) and Irene Coffee (five months) – though the wartime circumstances no doubt warranted compassion. Were these the shortest-ever sentences served for murder – not including deaths in custody?

Another contender for that title would come from 1884. Tom Dudley, Edwin Stephens and cabin boy Richard Parker were shipwrecked when the *Mignonette* sank off



the Cape of Good Hope, set adrift in a lifeboat. When Parker fell into a coma, the others killed and cannibalised him to survive. Dudley and Stephens were sentenced to hang but, after some legal calisthenics, in fact only served six months.

The world record must surely belong to the four defendants in the Massie trial (Hawaii, 1932). Local boxer Joe Kawahawai was falsely accused of rape by sultry socialite Thalia Massie. Joe was abducted by Thalia's husband, Lt. Thomas Massie, and three associates who beat Joe and shot him, bound and in



25 years ago this month... True Crime magazine, April 1995

**ALL OUR YESTERDAYS**



# SHORTEST SENTENCES?

cold blood, four times. Bizarrely, amidst racial tensions, the four were sentenced to ONE HOUR, to be served in the Governor's office.

I wonder if TC has ever covered this astonishing case?

**Andrew Stephenson, Newhaven**

*In fact we have in-depth accounts of both the Massie and the Mignonette cases. Would other readers be interested in seeing them in these pages?*

*By the way, this issue marks the final episode of Reprieved! Now that it's finished, please write and let us know what you thought – and whether you'd like to see more case histories of killers who cheated the executioner in TC.*

*This is also a good place to mention that Memoirs Of An East End Copper was squeezed out of this issue – but will be back for a final, fascinating episode next month.*



Left, Thalia Massie and Joe Kawahawai. He died after she falsely accused him of rape. Far left and below, desperate straits for the survivors of the Mignonette – so desperate that they ate the cabin boy



that only the killer could know. I firmly believe we will hear a lot more from serial killer Mark Riebe. Remember, he is only 56 years old.

**Michael Minihan, Limerick**

## KILLER WHO WASN'T

I read the story about Andrew Mallard (*Tragedy Of The Perth Killer Who Wasn't*) in November's issue. It's awful that people are still being wrongly convicted in this day and age. Obviously police are under pressure to make an arrest, but it should not be at the expense of an innocent man. I hope that Andrew's family have got some compensation for having to go through hell for 12 years. The only upside I can think of is that they got to know he was happy before he died.

**E. White, Isle of Man**

## THE MYSTERY REMAINS

Has *True Crime* magazine featured the 2016 discovery in Forest Gate, London, of the skeletal remains of a man's body in a



Who was he? The Forest Gate victim

disused factory? The man had died from blunt-force trauma to the skull, was thought to have been between 29 and 35 and most likely came from the Indian subcontinent.

It was discovered through post-mortem analysis that he had been murdered at some point between 2003 and 2006. The physical remains were found in a sleeping bag and had been partially wrapped in a bin bag. Blood that was subsequently matched to his DNA was found in a first-floor room in the factory, and this led detectives to believe that was where the murder took place.

**Cameron Camilla Boyle, Leicester**

*We're aware of the case but haven't yet featured it in TC – would any other readers like to see a report on this puzzler? To the best of our knowledge the latest development came last year, when police released a picture of a reconstruction of the dead man's face in the hope that he could be identified.*

## STILL MISSING AFTER 51 YEARS

Hello, I would like to ask if you have featured the missing young Hobart, Tasmania, woman Lucille Butterworth. She was last seen at a bus stop in 1969 and has never been heard of since.

I was living there and was 15 at the time, and despite desperate searches and police enquiries, she was never found, although a man was suspected of her murder. I would love it if you could feature this story in your magazine.

**Mildred Whittaker, via email**

*We have a report on file and will be glad to present it soon in TC. Watch this space...*

## VIOLENCE AGAINST POLICE

Police officer Stuart Outten was attacked last August by a man with a two-foot-long machete on the streets of East London. He had stopped Muhammad Rodwan, a 56-year-old motorist, for driving a van that had no insurance. PC Outten suffered horrific injuries which included being repeatedly stabbed, and sustained a fractured skull. The crime was caught on the officer's bodycam as he fought for his life before managing to subdue the attacker with his taser.

The case recently came to court and Mr. Rodwan was found guilty of wounding with intent to cause grievous bodily harm but acquitted of the more serious charge of attempted murder. The jury only found out after the verdict that the defendant had a violent past which had also involved a machete attack on two men, one of whom had nearly lost a hand.

I understand that the courts are trying people for specific crimes and not their pasts. However in this case surely this harrowing attack on an unarmed policeman, filmed in graphic detail, should have been sufficient to bring in a guilty verdict. I have seen the whole video, as the jury must have, and wonder how they arrived at their decision. Whether this was Mr. Rodwan's first crime or the latest in a long line, it was clearly attempted murder, surely? The sentence imposed for the wounding conviction was 16 years.

As a society we must ensure that our police officers are protected by the law and ensure that those who commit crimes of extreme violence against them feel the full force of it.

**Gaynor McKnight, Essex**

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**T**HEY WERE an odd mismatch, he an illiterate van driver, she bright enough to hold down a responsible job at a swish Mayfair hotel. After their marriage, they rented the top-floor flat in a dingy little three-storey house in London's Kensington. Had

**Case report by  
William Kendal**

they moved anywhere else, few would ever have heard of them. But 10 Rillington Place was destined to become one of the most notorious addresses in British criminal history, and the young couple would be part of its story.

They were a bit of a mystery to the other tenants – elderly Mr. Kitchener on the first floor, and on the ground floor middle-aged Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Christie. Beryl Evans came from a respectable background and was a pretty, 18-year-old telephonist at Grosvenor House. In contrast, her 23-year-old husband Timothy was a puny little Welshman working all hours to scrape a living. He was also a congenital liar with a violent temper, so what on earth did Beryl see in him? This puzzled all who knew them, but it was nothing to the mystery that would soon enshroud them.

After their wedding in September 1947, they lived in Kensington with Evans's mother. Then Beryl became pregnant, so in March 1948 the couple moved to Rillington Place, furnishing their two rooms on hire-purchase. Their daughter Geraldine was born in the following October, and the ensuing year was punctuated by violent rows between the couple, Evans once threatening to throw his wife out of the window. But they visited his mother once a week, and Christie photographed Evans's step-sister holding the baby, with the parents on either side.

Then on Thursday, November 10th, 1949, Evans asked for his wages a day early, saying his wife had gone on holiday to Brighton and he wanted to mail her the money. It was by no means the first time he had asked to be paid in advance, and he was sacked.

That evening he told his

# How An Innoce The Gallows,

*One of the best arguments against capital punishment is: "What if we hanged an innocent man?" In the first part of a new series, we visit 10 Rillington Place to answer that question...*



**Timothy Evans is escorted off a train in London shortly after giving himself up to police in Wales**

mother that Beryl and the baby had gone to stay with her father in Brighton. The next day he saw a furniture dealer, arranging to sell him the flat's contents, and when it was collected the following

Monday and he was paid for it, the dealer asked him to write on the receipt the address to which he was moving.

"I don't write very well," Evans replied, "so will you

write down the address where my wife has gone and where I am joining her?" Then he gave the dealer a false address in Bristol, where he said he had found employment.

In the early hours of the following morning he boarded a train for Cardiff, and went to his aunt's house in Merthyr Vale, his birthplace. Beryl and the baby had gone to spend Christmas in Brighton, he told his aunt, and he remained in Merthyr until November 21st, when he went back to London. Two days later, he called at 10 Rillington Place, and had a short conversation with Christie. Then he returned to Merthyr.

Evans's mother and sisters had heard nothing from him or Beryl for more than two weeks, and they were worried. The Christies told them they knew only that Beryl had gone away with the baby, so one of the sisters sent a telegram to Beryl's father in Brighton. He replied that he had not seen her since November 5th, when he was in London.

On November 29th Evans's mother received a letter from his aunt. He had lost his job, the aunt wrote, and since November 15th he had been staying with her in Merthyr by himself.

"I don't know what lies Tim have told you down there," his mother wrote in reply. "I know nothing about him and I have not seen him for three weeks and I have not seen Beryl or the baby for a month."

Evans had assured the dealer who bought the contents of the flat that there were no hire-purchase payments still to be made on the furniture, but his mother had learned that he was in

## MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE



# nt Man Went To 70 Years Ago



Above, the body parts of Beryl and Geraldine Evans are removed from Rillington Place. Above right, top to bottom, murdered mother Beryl and her baby daughter Geraldine

arrears with the instalments. "Ask Tim what he have done with the Furnicher (sic) he took from his flat," her letter continued, "there is some mistry (sic) about him you can tell him from me he don't want to come to me I never want to see him again as long as I live...he is like his Father no good to himself or anybody else...his name stinks up here everywhere I go people asking for him for money he owes them I am ashamed to say he is my son..."

When his aunt read the letter to Evans at breakfast on November 30th, he shrugged

it off. But he was sufficiently upset to be unable to finish the meal, and that afternoon he went to Merthyr Tydfil police station.

"I want to give myself up," he told a detective constable. "I have disposed of my wife. I put her down the drain."

"Do you realise what you are saying?" the constable cautioned him.

"Yes, I know what I am saying. I can't sleep and I want to get it off my chest."

Evans then made a statement, saying that around the beginning of October Beryl told him she was

pregnant again.

"She told me she was about three months gone. I said, 'If you're having a baby, well, you've had one, another won't make any difference.' She then told me she was going to try and get rid of it. I turned round and told her not to be silly, that she'd make herself ill.

"Then she bought herself a syringe and started syringing herself. Then she said that didn't work, and I said, 'I'm glad it won't work.' Then she said she was going to buy some tablets. I don't know what tablets she bought

because she was always hiding them from me. She started to look very ill, and I told her to go and see a doctor, and she said she'd go when I was in work. But when I'd come home and ask her if she'd been, she'd always say she hadn't.

"On the Sunday morning, that would be the sixth of November, she told me that if she couldn't get rid of the baby she'd kill herself and our other baby, Geraldine. I told her she was talking silly. She never said no more



about it then, but when I got up Monday morning to go to work she said she was going to see some woman to see if she could help her."

Evans went on to say that while he was making his rounds in his van that day, he stopped at a transport café where a man gave him some "stuff" in a small bottle, telling him it would "fix" his wife's pregnancy. He put the bottle in his overcoat pocket, and when he arrived home that evening Beryl asked him for a cigarette. "I told her there was one in my pocket, then she found this bottle in my pocket and I told her all about it."

On his return home the following night the flat was in darkness, he said, and he found Beryl lying dead



in bed. In the early hours of the next morning he got her downstairs, opened the drain outside the front door, pushed her down it head-first, and then closed it.

"I never went to work the following day," he said. "I went and got my baby looked after. Then I went and told my governor where I worked that I was leaving. He asked me the reason and I told him I had a better job elsewhere."

The police in London were alerted, and it took the combined efforts of three officers to lift the manhole cover outside 10 Rillington Place. Beryl's body was not in the drain, and when Evans was told this he claimed, "I said that to protect a man called Christie. It is not true about the man in the café either. I'll tell you the truth now."

He then made a second statement to detectives at Merthyr Tydfil police station. "As I was coming home one night, that would be about a week before my wife died, Reg Christie, who lived on the ground floor below us, approached me and said, 'I'd like to have a chat with you about your wife taking these tablets. I know what she's taking them for, she's trying to get rid of the baby. If you or your wife had come to me in the first place I could have done it for you without any risk.'

"I turned round and said, 'Well, I didn't think you knew anything about medical stuff.' So he told me he was training for a doctor before the war. Then he started showing me books and things on medical. I was just as wise because I couldn't understand one word of it because I couldn't read.

"Then he told me that the stuff that he used, one out of every ten would die of it. I told him that I was not interested, so I said goodnight to him and went upstairs.

"When I got in, my wife started talking to me about it. She said that she had been speaking to Mr. Christie and asked me if he had spoken to me. I told her that she wasn't to have anything to do with it. She turned round and told me to mind my own business and that she intended to get rid of it and she trusted Mr. Christie. She said he could do the job without any trouble at all.



**Above, Beryl Evans holds her daughter Geraldine. Right, the body of Beryl Evans, found in the wash-house doubled-up and wrapped in material. Geraldine's body was found nearby, fully clothed with a man's tie around her neck**

"On the Monday evening [November 7th] when I came home from work my wife said that Mr. Christie had made arrangements for the first thing Tuesday morning. I didn't argue with her. I just washed and changed and went to the KPH [Kensington Park

**"I could see that she had been bleeding from the mouth and nose and from the bottom part. She had a black skirt on and a check blouse"**

Hotel] until ten o'clock. I came home and had supper and went to bed.

"She wanted to start an argument, but I just took no notice. Just after six I got up the following morning to go to work. I had a cup of tea and a smoke and she told me, 'On your way down tell

Mr. Christie that everything is all right. If you don't tell him, I'll go down and tell him myself.'

"So as I went down the stairs he came out to meet me and I said, 'Everything is all right.' Then I went to work.

"When I came home in the evening he was waiting for me at the bottom of the staircase. He said, 'Go on upstairs, I'll come behind you. It's bad news. It didn't work.'"

Evans said he asked Christie where Beryl was, and Christie replied that she was lying on the bed and the baby was in the cot. He went into the bedroom, lit the gas and saw that the curtain had been drawn across the window. He pulled back the eiderdown covering his wife, and saw that she was dead.

"I could see that she had been bleeding from the mouth and nose and that she had been bleeding from the bottom part. She had a black skirt on and a check blouse and a kind of light blue jacket on."

He fed and changed the baby, Evans said, and then asked Christie how long Beryl had been dead. Christie replied, "Since about three o'clock."

"Then he told me," Evans's statement continued, "that my wife's stomach was septic poisoned. He said, 'Another day and she'd have had to have gone to hospital.' I asked him what he had done but he wouldn't tell me. He then told me to stop in the kitchen and he closed the door and went out."

Mr. Kitchener was in hospital, and when Christie returned about 15 minutes



later, according to Evans's story, he said he had forced the door of the old man's flat and put Beryl's body in there.

"I asked him what he intended to do and he said, 'I'll dispose of it down one of the drains.'"

Evans claimed he told Christie it was foolish to try to get rid of the body, and Christie replied, "Well, that's the only thing I can do or otherwise I'll get in trouble with the police." Then Christie left, telling him to go to bed and to go to work the next morning, and he would get someone to look after the baby.

The next day Evans got up at 6 a.m., his statement continued. He fed and changed the baby, put her back in her cot, and Christie told him he would go in and feed her during the day. Evans wanted to take Geraldine to his mother, he said, but he didn't because Christie told him that would arouse suspicion straight away. Christie also told him he knew a couple in East



Acton who might care for the baby, and he would go and see them.

That was on the Tuesday, and when he came home from work on the Thursday night, Evans said, Christie told him that the East Acton couple had called and collected the baby. "I then asked him how did he dispose of my wife's body. He said he put it down one of the drains."

When Evans's second statement had been taken, the police in Notting Hill were contacted again, and the next day – December 1st – they checked his vacated flat, finding a stolen briefcase and some newspaper cuttings about the "Torso Murder" of Stanley Setty. The yard and garden of the house, they noted, showed no evidence of recent digging.

Detectives also interviewed the Christies and Evans's mother who told them, "I know my son has a very vivid imagination and is a terrible liar."

Back in Merthyr Vale, Evans's aunt told the police that when he returned from London on November 23rd he said he had seen Beryl. He told her she had walked out of the flat, leaving Geraldine, whom he had placed in the care of some people in Newport.

This was the first the police knew of Evans's visit to London during his stay in Merthyr. He was questioned further, and said he had forgotten to mention that he was in London on November 23rd. He had gone back there to ask Christie where Geraldine was, he said, and Christie had advised him to let her settle down for three weeks before going to see her.

He had also forgotten to mention, he said, that he had helped Christie to carry Beryl down the stairs to Mr. Kitchener's flat. Christie was "puffing and blowing" with exhaustion, and they put Beryl in the kitchen. "That's the truth," Evans said, "and that's the last time I saw her body."

On December 2nd officers returned to 10 Rillington Place to make a thorough search. Nothing of significance was found in the house, and the search moved on to the backyard. The door of the wash-house would not open, and Mrs. Christie told the officers



**Above, Reg and Ethel Christie. The wash-house was not used as such, Ethel told officers. Below, a policeman stands outside 10 Rillington Place**

that the wash-house was not used as such, but she used the tap inside to rinse out her slop-pail. The lock was faulty, she said, the door locking itself when

closed, but the catch could be pushed back with a piece of metal, which she fetched. A detective applied it, and the door swung open while Christie looked on, his hands



pressed into the small of his back to relieve the pain of his fibrositis.

The wash-house was so dark inside that the officers had to use a torch. They saw some pieces of wood propped against the sink, and when a detective groped behind the wood he felt something soft. The wood was removed, and the beam of the torch revealed a bundle wrapped in a blanket and a green tablecloth secured with sashcord.

Mrs. Christie was called, and was asked if she knew what was in it. She'd no idea, she said, and she'd never seen it before. The bundle was pulled out, the sashcord was loosened, and a pair of feet drooped out.

The Home Office pathologist Dr. Donald Teare was immediately summoned, and Beryl Evans's father was sent for. Her baby daughter's body was found under a pile of firewood in a corner of the wash-house, with a tie knotted tightly around her neck.

Dr. Teare's autopsies found that both mother and daughter had been strangled, Beryl probably with a rope, abrasions on her neck indicated. She had also been struck in the face. She was in her fourth month of pregnancy, and there was no evidence of interference consistent with attempted abortion, apart from slight bruising in her vagina.

That night Timothy Evans was brought to London, unaware that the bodies had been found. At Notting Hill police station he was shown two piles of clothes – Beryl's, along with the blanket, green tablecloth and sashcord, and Geraldine's, together with the tie, which he picked up, tears welling in his eyes.

The strangled bodies of his wife and daughter had been discovered in the wash-house at 10 Rillington Place, he was told, and these were the clothes found on them. "I have reason to believe," Chief Inspector George Jennings continued, "that you were responsible for their deaths."

"Yes," said Evans.

Beryl was "incurring one debt after another," he said in his third statement. "I couldn't stand it any longer, so I strangled her with a piece of rope and took her down to the flat below the same night, knowing it was



empty.

"I waited till the Christies had gone to bed, then I took her to the wash-house after midnight. This was on Tuesday, 8 November. On Thursday evening after I came home from work I strangled my baby in our bedroom with my tie, and later that night I took her down into the wash-house after the Christies had gone to bed."

As Evans signed the statement, Jennings would later say, he said, "It's a great relief to get it off my chest. I feel better already. I can tell you the cause that led up to it."

He then made a fourth statement, saying that Beryl was always complaining about how poorly he was paid and the long hours he worked. He borrowed £20 to pay one of her debts, worked overtime to clear others, and then discovered that she was also in arrears with the rent and the hire-purchase payments. They had a series of quarrels over this, Beryl telling him she was "going to pack up and go down to her father in Brighton."

On the evening of November 8th she "started to argue again, so I hit her across the face with my flat hand. She then hit me back

**"We were both in bed, and we were startled in the middle of the night by a very loud thud. It was very dark and I couldn't see anything there"**

with her hand. In a fit of temper I grabbed a piece of rope from a chair, which I had brought home off my van, and strangled her with it."

After he completed the statement, Evans was charged with his wife's murder. "Yes, that's right," he replied. He said nothing when he was charged with the baby's murder.

Moments after he appeared before magistrates on December 3rd, his mother said she'd seen him and he'd told her, "I never done it, Mum, Christie done it. Tell Christie I want to see him. He's the only one who can



**Timothy Evans with his stepsister, holding baby Geraldine, and his wife Beryl, photographed by Christie in the garden of 10 Rillington Place**

help me now."

His mother later said she went to see Christie that evening. He refused to talk to her and called the police.

While on remand, however, Evans repeated his confession to Brixton Prison's medical officer. But when he was about to appear before magistrates again on December 15th, he retracted his confessions, telling his solicitor that Christie was the killer.

**W**hen his trial began at the Old Bailey on January 11th, 1950, he was charged only with Geraldine's murder, the Crown assuming that in this case the defence could not claim provocation, which might be argued for the murder of Beryl.

After Evans pleaded not guilty, his statements admitting his daughter's murder were recounted by the prosecutor, Mr. Christmas Humphreys.

Christie was the Crown's main witness, and he told the court he last saw Beryl and her baby on November 8th.

"At some time did you hear something in the night?" asked Mr. Humphreys.

"That was at midnight on the 8th, or round about midnight," Christie replied.

"We were both in bed, my wife and I, and we were startled in the middle of the night by a very loud thud. We listened for a few seconds and didn't hear anything, and I gradually knelt up in bed and looked through the

window which overlooks the yard. It was very dark and I couldn't see anything there, so I went back and we laid down, and shortly after that I heard some movement which appeared to be upstairs."

"What sort of movement?"

"As though something was being moved, something heavy was being moved. I listened to that for a very short time, I suppose, and I went off to sleep, and I don't remember anything else after that."

He next saw Evans the following night, Christie continued.

"Could you keep your voice up?" asked the defence counsel, Mr. Malcolm Morris. "It is extremely difficult to hear."

"I have a quiet voice," Christie replied. "It is the reaction of gas poisoning in the last war."

He went on to say that his wife asked Evans, "Where's Beryl and the baby?"

"What was the answer?" asked Mr. Humphreys.

"He said, 'Oh, she has gone away to Bristol.' My wife said, 'She never told me she was going,' and he replied, 'She didn't tell my mother either, and she was very much surprised. But she said she would write.'"

Christie said that on the following evening Evans told him, "I've packed in my job."

"What was he going to do?" Mr. Humphreys asked.

"I asked him, and he said, 'Well, I have got prospects of a job in Bristol and I may be

going down at the weekend, and if the job comes off, then I shall settle down there.'"

"How did he seem in his manner then?"

"Well, he seemed extremely angry, upset, really wild, as though he had had a terrific row, I should imagine. He looked that way."

When Evans came home the next night, Christie continued, "my wife said, 'Have you heard from Beryl?' and he said, 'She has phoned me. She is all right. She is going to write to you.'"

"Anything about the furniture?"

"He mentioned that he proposed to sell his furniture, get rid of his furniture, because he could not take it down to Bristol."

"Did he say when?"

"At the weekend. He said he was going to see somebody."

"Did the furniture go?"

"Yes, the furniture went on Monday the 14th. Mr. Evans on the Sunday morning told me that he was expecting a man to come down from the furniture people and make an offer."

"Did the furniture go on the Monday?"

"The furniture went on the Monday, and shortly after the furniture went, I should say about a quarter of an hour, Mr. Evans came downstairs to the hall and called. He was carrying a rather large suitcase, and he said he was going down to Bristol then and he also told me that he had received sixty pounds for



the furniture, and he held out his hand and showed a roll of notes in his hand."

"When did you next see him?"

"On the 23rd, the Wednesday, nine days afterwards. I was just getting ready to go up to my doctor's at about twenty past or half-past five, I think, and my bell rang, the front door bell. I answered the door, and Mr. Evans was stood in the doorway. He said, 'I've just come straight down from Wales - I've come from Paddington Station. I've not seen anybody, I've come straight down here.'

"I asked him in and I said, 'What on earth are you doing here?' He said, 'Beryl has walked out on me and I couldn't find a job, so I've been to Bristol, Cardiff, Birmingham and Coventry, and back to Cardiff and couldn't find a job.' I said, 'Well, what you should have done was settled down somewhere, paid for rooms, accommodation, for a period of time, and the money you had, that sixty pounds, would have kept you going till you got a job.'

"He said, 'Well, I've had to spend a lot on travel.' I said, 'How much have you got left?' He said, 'About a couple of pounds,' and so then I told him what I thought he had done with the money. He seemed anxious to get away, and he said he was going straight back to Wales, and as he was going in the same direction as my doctor we went out together. We got on a 7 bus from Cambridge Gardens, and I got off at Portobello Road to see my doctor, and he proceeded on the bus to Paddington and I did not see him again."

"You were under medical treatment at the time?"

"Yes, and still am."

"Still are; you are not too well. What were you doing during the war, Mr. Christie?"

"I was a police officer during the war."

"For how long?"

"From 1st September, 1939, to September, 1943."

"So for four years you were in the police?"

"Yes."

"You are rather a sick man now?"

"Yes."

"You said something about your voice and gas," said Mr.

Justice Lewis.

"Yes. That was in the first war. I was in the 1914 war."

Cross-examined by Mr. Morris, Christie said he did not know a couple in Acton and had never told Evans that he did. Shown the tie found knotted round the baby's neck, he said he saw it at the police station when he was taken there to identify clothing belonging to Beryl and her daughter. The tie was not his, and he didn't recognise it.

"Did you say anything to the police about that tie to connect it with Evans?"

"I think I did say I had seen Mr. Evans wearing a striped tie, but I could not say whether this was the one or not."

"You meant by that, did you, that you associated Evans, at least vaguely, with the tie?"

"Well, there was no other thing to do, unless it was one of Mr. Kitchener's and he was not in at the time."

"Were you working on the assumption that that tie which you were shown at the police station belonged either to Evans or Kitchener or you?"

"It must have done."

"That was the assumption on which you were working, was it?"

"Up to a point, yes."

"And you said to the police that it did not belong to you?"

"Yes."

"That it could not belong to Kitchener, or roughly that. That is what your mind said, at any rate?"

"Yes."

"And that you had seen Evans wearing a striped tie?"

"Yes, I had seen him wearing a striped one."

"You are wearing a striped tie now, are you not?"

"Yes."

"What was the point in telling the police you had seen Evans wearing a striped tie if you could not say whether it was that tie or not?"

"I was asked at the time if I noticed what type of ties Mr. Evans used, and I said at the time I know that I had recognised him wearing a red one very frequently, but I had seen him wearing a striped one, but what the striped one was I could not recollect."

"I see. Just hold that tie up for a moment, will you. You say you had seen Evans

wearing a striped tie?"

"Yes."

"That is not very obviously striped, is it?"

"Not a great deal, no."

"Well, Mr. Christie, I have got to suggest to you, and I do not want there to be any misapprehension about it, that you are responsible for the deaths of Mrs. Evans and the little girl; or, if that is not so, at least that you know very much more about those deaths than you have said."

"That is a lie."

In response to further questions, Christie said his wife had told him that Beryl was pregnant and was taking pills to procure an abortion, and he advised Beryl to stop taking them as she was looking very ill.

Mr. Morris suggested that Christie told Evans he wished to talk to him about his wife taking the pills.

"I did not say that, but I did have a chat with him," Christie replied.

"And was that chat about his wife taking those tablets?"

## **"Mr. Christie, I have got to suggest to you that you are responsible for the deaths of Mrs. Evans and the little girl"**

"Yes."

"Did you say to Evans something to this effect: 'You know what she is taking them for, she is trying to get rid of the baby?'"

"Yes."

"Did you go on to say, 'If you or your wife had come to me in the first place I could have done it for you without any risk?'"

"No, no, definitely not."

He had told Evans that the pills appeared to be seriously affecting Beryl, Christie said, and Evans told him he would look for them and destroy them if he found any.

Mr. Morris asked: "Do you remember him saying to you, 'I didn't think you knew anything about medical stuff, or something to that effect?'"

"No."

"I suggest to you that he did, and that you said you had been training to be a doctor before the war."

"No, that is nonsense."

He had St. John

Ambulance certificates for first aid hung up in his front room, and Evans had seen them, Christie said. He also had an old St. John Ambulance Brigade handbook containing diagrams of bones, but he had never shown it to Evans.

Then how, Mr. Morris asked, did Evans know "you had a book with diagrams of the human body in your flat?"

"Well," Christie replied, "it might have been obvious."

"Do you know that Evans cannot read or write?"

"I did not know that till about a month ago. He told me when he went away he would write to me."

As the cross-examination continued, Christie gave conflicting evidence as to the last time he saw Beryl Evans. Challenged about this, he said he was confused because he had been in severe pain all night and had hardly slept.

"Mr. Christie," said the judge, "would you be more comfortable sitting down giving your evidence?"

"I think I would, my lord."

"Then you may. Are you still suffering from fibrositis?"

"Yes, very badly."

The defence counsel put it to Christie that on the evening of November 8th he told Evans, "It's bad news; it didn't work," meaning an abortion had failed; and that he then went up to Evans's flat with him, saw Beryl's dead body, and carried it down to Kitchener's flat with Evans's help.

Denying this, Christie said he was ill that night and went to bed early, his wife preparing some milk food for him, and taking it to him. He was in such pain from the fibrositis in his back, he said, that he could scarcely bend. "I had to crawl out of bed, and if I wanted to pick up anything off the floor I had to get on my hands and knees to do it."

He also denied offering to feed Evans's baby. "I never fed it," he said. "I don't know how to feed a baby, as a matter of fact. I have no children of my own."

"You are not, are you, a man of good character?" said Mr. Morris

"Well, I have had some trouble," Christie replied, admitting under further questioning that he had served three concurrent prison sentences for



stealing postal orders, had been bound over for false pretences, had served another prison sentence for theft, had also been convicted of stealing a car, and had been jailed for six months for malicious wounding. But he denied he had told Evans he had procured abortions for a number of young women.

Re-examined by Mr. Humphreys, he confirmed that he had not been in trouble with the police since 1933.

His evidence was then corroborated by his wife Ethel. She told the court that when Evans called on November 23rd she heard him talking to her husband.

Mr. Humphreys asked: "Did you hear him inquiring about the welfare of his baby, Geraldine?"

"No."

"Did you hear him mention the baby at all?"

"No."

In the witness-box, Evans denied being in any way responsible for the deaths of his wife and daughter. Asked by his counsel why he had said he put Beryl's body down a manhole, he replied: "Well, that is what Mr. Christie told me he was going to do with the body."

Evans then went on to repeat the allegations he had made against Christie in his statements. He said that when he returned home from work on the night of November 10th, he asked Christie where the baby had gone. "He told me that the people from East Acton had collected her."

"Did you ask him anything about your wife's body?"

"No, sir."

Mr. Morris asked: "Did Christie give you any advice as to what to say if you were questioned about your wife and child?"

"Yes, he told me to tell people they had gone away on a holiday."

Questioned about what was said when he saw Christie on November 23rd, Evans told his counsel: "He asked me what I was doing in London. I told him I had come up to find out about my daughter, and he told me my daughter was perfectly all right."

"Anything more?"

"I asked him when I could see her, and he said in about two or three weeks' time."

"Did he say why he suggested you should wait for two or three weeks to pass

before you saw her?"

"Yes, he said to give her time to get settled in."

"Was there any point in your journey to London other than to find out how your baby was?"

"That was the only reason I come to London, sir."

It was "to protect Mr. Christie" that he had told the

police he had disposed of his wife's body, Evans testified.

"At that time," Mr. Morris asked, "had you any reason to believe that any harm had come to your daughter?"

"No, sir."

Why had he replied, "Yes, sir," when Chief Inspector Jennings told him he had reason to believe he was

responsible for the two deaths? "Well," Evans told his counsel, "when I found out about my daughter being dead I was upset and I did not care what happened to me then."

"Were you very fond of her?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was there any other

## CONVICTIONS QUASHED

**T**wo masked men raided the Cameo Cinema in Wavertree, Liverpool, during the last performance of the movie *Bond Street* on Saturday, March 19th, 1949, and shot dead manager Leonard Thomas, 39, and his assistant, John Catterall, 25, before making off with the takings.

A prostitute, Jackie Dickson, gave police a tip-off. As a result officers spoke to Charles Connelly, 27, a petty criminal who came up with an alibi.

Jackie Dickson was living in Manchester with James Northam, 23, who told police he was involved in planning the robbery, along with Dickson, Connelly and labourer and petty criminal **George Kelly**, 27.

"Kelly committed the murders while Connelly was the lookout," Northam claimed. At their trial in January 1950 Kelly and Connelly protested their innocence. The evidence against them was given solely by people with criminal records, and after 13 days the jury failed to agree. At a second trial Connelly pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to 10 years for robbery. That probably prompted the jury to decide Kelly was guilty of the murder. He was sentenced to death and hanged on March 28th, 1950.

Fifty years later the case was re-examined after the discovery of a statement made by a man named Donald Johnson who had admitted the murder. His statement was never admitted at the Kelly trial.

**As a result George Kelly's conviction was overturned. The investigation was too old to be reopened, leaving no doubt that the wrong man was hanged.**



**George Kelly - wrongly hanged for murder**

**I**n June 1952 **Somalian Mahmood Mattan**, 28, was convicted of murdering pawnbroker Lily Volpert in Tiger Bay, Cardiff. The father of three was arrested within hours of the murder in March 1952 and found guilty at Glamorgan Assizes in Swansea four months later. An appeal was rejected and he was executed in September 1952.

His widow always maintained that the case was tainted by racial prejudice against the couple's mixed marriage.

In 1997 the case was referred to the Criminal Cases Review Commission and then to the Court of Appeal, which heard new evidence that vital information about another Somali man had not been presented to the court. Mr. Mattan's defence team were also unaware that four witnesses had failed to pick him out at an identity parade.

In addition, the jury had not been made aware that the Crown's main witness was a police informer who had been paid for giving evidence.

**In 1998 Lord Justice Rose quashed the conviction and said that it was a matter of "profound regret" that Mr. Mattan had been hanged.**

**O**n the night of November 2nd, 1952, **Derek Bentley**, 19, and 16-year-old Christopher Craig broke into a warehouse in Tamworth Road, Croydon, south London. Bentley had a knife, and Craig was armed with a revolver. They were soon spotted, police arrived, and on the flat roof of the building Bentley surrendered to a detective.

Meanwhile, from behind a lift-housing on the roof Craig shouted defiance, shooting at every movement. One shot grazed the detective's shoulder and another killed 42-year-old Police Constable Sydney Miles. Craig, his ammunition exhausted, then jumped off the roof, fracturing his spine.

Both youths were charged with the constable's murder, and at their Old Bailey trial they were convicted.

Craig, too young to be executed although he had fired the fatal shot, was sentenced to be detained at Her Majesty's pleasure. Bentley, who had offered no violence, was sentenced to death. He was alleged to have shouted to Craig, "Let him have it, Chris," the prosecution claiming this was an incitement to shoot, the defence contending it was advice to hand the gun to the constable.

**There was no reprieve, despite impassioned appeals, and Bentley's execution by Albert Pierrepoint and Harry Allen on January 28th, 1953, provoked a public outcry. Bentley was posthumously pardoned in 1998.**



reason why you said 'Yes?'"

"I was frightened at the time."

"Why were you frightened, or what were you frightened of?"

"Well, I thought if I did not make a statement the police would take me downstairs and start knocking me about."

Mr. Morris then asked Evans about the statement in which he told the police he had strangled Beryl with a piece of rope and Geraldine with a tie.

"Had you in fact got any rope in your flat?"

"No, sir."

"Is it your tie which is Exhibit 3 in this case?"

"No, sir."

He was telling the truth in that statement when he referred to his wife's debts, Evans said, but he was lying when he said he strangled her and the baby. He was upset on learning that his daughter was dead, and didn't know what he was saying.

Cross-examining him, Mr. Humphreys asked: "Is it true that on five different occasions at different places and to different persons you have confessed to the murder of your wife, and to the murder of your wife and child?"

"I have confessed it, sir, but it is not true."

"Is it right you have confessed it five times in different places and to different persons?"

"Yes, it is."

"Are you saying on each of those occasions you were upset?"

"The biggest part of them, sir. Well, I was not upset on the five, but on the last one I was."

"If you were not upset on the five, why did you sometimes confess to wilful murder if you were not upset, unless it was true?"

"Well, I knew my wife was dead, but I did not know my daughter was dead."

"What had that got to do with it?"

"It had a lot to do with it."

"Is that a reason for pleading guilty to murder, because you are upset because your daughter is dead by some other person's hand?"

"Yes."

"Is it?"

"Yes."

"I see. Let us look at those occasions. It is you who

voluntarily go to the police on the 30th November after having read to you a letter from your mother to your aunt?"

"That is right."

"It was because in the letter your previous lies were exposed that you decided to go to the police, was it?"

"It was not because of the lies."

"Why then did you suddenly go to the police?"

"Well, I was getting worried about my daughter."

"Are you saying that seriously to the jury, that you go to the police and confess to murder because you are worried about the whereabouts of your daughter?"

"With great respect," Mr.



Morris interposed, "there was no confession of murder. He said, 'I have disposed of my wife. I have put her down the drain.'"

"It sounds very like murder," said the judge.

Mr. Humphreys then told Evans he had made an allegation of murder "against a perfectly innocent man."

**Evans had told so many lies that even if he were now telling the truth, it was no surprise that the jury didn't believe him**

"My learned friend has no right to say that," Mr. Morris objected. The remark, he complained, was based "on the assumption that his witness is innocent and my witness is not. My friend has no right to incorporate

that into a statement. He can say, 'And now you make an allegation that Mr. Christie has done it,' but he cannot describe Mr. Christie as a perfectly innocent man."

"Why not?" asked the judge.

"Well, it can only be done for the purpose of prejudice, in my submission."

"I crave leave not to have to believe that everything the accused says is true," said Mr. Humphreys, moving on to get Evans to say that three of the statements he made to the police were untrue.

"Would it not be right to say," he asked Evans, "that you are a person who is prepared to lie or tell the truth at your own convenience?"

"Why should I tell lies?" Evans replied. "My life is at stake here."

Moving in for the kill, Mr. Humphreys asked: "Can you suggest why Mr. Christie should have strangled your wife?"

"Well, he was at home all day," Evans replied lamely.

"Can you suggest why he should have strangled your wife?"

"No, I cannot."

"Can you suggest why he should have strangled your daughter two days later?"

"No."

Timothy Evans had told so many lies that even if he were now telling the truth, it was not surprising that the jury didn't believe him. After only 40 minutes' deliberation they found him guilty of his daughter's murder, and he was sentenced to death.

Christie burst into tears on hearing the verdict, but Evans said nothing. His appeal was dismissed, and on March 9th, 1950, he was hanged at Pentonville Prison.

Even as Evans went to the scaffold, there were doubts about the verdict. There had been medical evidence before the court, for instance, that someone had attempted to have intercourse with Beryl Evans after she died. Meanwhile two bodies lay in shallow graves in the garden at Rillington Place - the bodies of John Christie's first two victims. He is thought to have killed at least eight.

Four years later, Christie was in custody, charged with murdering his wife Ethel. Before his Old Bailey

trial he made a statement to the police in which he confessed to having killed Mrs. Evans. But, he said, he had nothing to do with the baby's death. His statement contradicted what he had said at Timothy Evans' trial three years' earlier. There, as a prosecution witness, he had denied killing Mrs. Evans. Asked at his own trial if he had killed the baby Geraldine, Christie replied, "No."

The Judge, Mr. Justice Finmore, pressed him: "If you were not lying about the baby at the Evans trial, why did you lie about Mrs. Evans?"

Christie replied enigmatically: "Well, I was accused of killing both of them."

A rapid inquiry into the Evans case was conducted between Christie's conviction for the murder of Ethel and his hanging. It decided that there had been no miscarriage of justice in the Evans case.

But the public clamour suggesting Evans had been wrongly hanged would not go away. Two books, both demolishing the case against Evans, added fuel to the controversy. Finally, in 1966, Evans was granted a free pardon by the then Home Secretary, Roy Jenkins. This followed another committee of inquiry into the Evans case chaired by Mr. Justice Brabin.

The judge reported: "It is now impossible to establish the truth beyond doubt, but it is more probable than not that Evans did not kill his daughter, for whose murder he was tried, convicted and executed."

That wasn't quite the end of the saga, however. In January 2003, the Home Office admitted that "the conviction and execution of Timothy Evans for the murder of his child was wrongful and a miscarriage of justice" and that there was "no evidence to implicate Timothy Evans in the murder of his wife. She was most probably murdered by Christie."

**A later attempt by Evans's family to have his conviction finally quashed were rejected by the Court of Appeal on grounds of cost. Since then they have had to be content with his 1966 pardon.**



LONGWOOD LANE



Flowers left at the scene at Longwood Lane, Failand, where the body of Joanna Yeates was discovered on Christmas Day 2010. Left, killer Vincent Tabak. He had been watching porn before he struck

# PORN-ADDICT NEIGHBOUR STRANGLLED JO

## – Then Dumped Her Body In The Snow

**W**HEN HER doorbell rang a week before Christmas at Flat 1 the owner, 25-year-old landscape architect Joanna Yeates, thought it must be her neighbour. She was right. What she didn't know was that he had come to kill her.

The neighbour, Dutchman Vincent Tabak, lived at No. 2,

the next-door ground-floor flat to Joanna's at 44 Canynge Road, Clifton, Bristol.

Jo's boyfriend was away visiting his family in Sheffield at the time, and Vincent Tabak's girlfriend was at an office party. What no one knew at that moment was that Tabak was a heavy

viewer of online porn, including violent content that included women being choked.

Alone in his flat a few hours before ringing Jo's doorbell, he had logged on to a pornographic website, downloading several images of an attractive blonde woman pulling up a pink top

to expose her breasts.

Now, with those images and other depraved sex fantasies inflaming his mind, he was on the doorstep of his attractive blonde neighbour.

Jo probably knew only by sight the six-foot-tall man standing there. Their separate flats were two of



six apartments in a big, converted Victorian building so they nodded to each other when they passed in the common ways. She may even have seen him passing her kitchen window that December evening.

Perhaps she briefly smiled at him. When she heard the doorbell perhaps she thought he was stopping by for a Christmas drink. But no such idea was in his mind.

As soon as Jo opened the door it was evident from later forensic analysis that he attacked her right there in her hallway. Tabak's muddled story of what happened next can therefore have been only total fabrication.

"I got the impression she wanted to kiss me," he said. "She had been friendly. I panicked and put one of my hands over her mouth. I said something like, 'I'm sorry. Please stop.' I wanted to calm her down. I can't believe I did that. I was not thinking straight."

In fact, Tabak beat her horrifically, inflicting 43 injuries on her body, including a fractured skull, broken nose and extensive bruising before he pinned her down and strangled her in what the prosecution at his trial suggested was a targeted sex attack.

Prosecutor Nigel Lickley QC said: "Death was not instantaneous. He might have let her go, but did not. He knew she was in pain and struggling to breathe."

When Jo's boyfriend Greg Reardon returned from his weekend away on Sunday evening he found no trace of her, yet all her personal items, including her winter coat, keys and mobile phone, were still in the flat. This, and the fact that she hadn't let him know where she was going, was completely out of character.

He reminded himself that when he had arrived in Sheffield that Friday night he tried to phone the flat but there was no answer. He sent a text: "Made it OK. Good traffic. Car wouldn't start. Had to get a neighbour to start it. OK now. Did you have a good time in the pub?"

There was no answer to that either.

Greg knew she had been



**A policeman stands outside the building where both Joanna Yeates (below) and her killer lived**

looking forward to his return. She had even mentioned to friends that she was a bit



nervous about being on her own that weekend. Greg sensed that something was wrong. That night – it was now Monday – he phoned

the police and reported her missing.

Arriving at the converted Victorian building a few minutes later, the police began knocking on doors. On one of those they knocked on was Vincent Tabak's.

"I heard nothing suspicious over the weekend," Tabak told them.

Just the way he said it aroused the suspicions of Detective Inspector Joe Goff. "I felt there was something wrong," he said.

There were not many potential clues, though. One was a Tesco receipt for a pizza that Jo had bought on the Friday night after she'd left friends at a pub. But there was no trace of the pizza packaging.

CCTV footage showed that after leaving the Tesco store she bought a couple of bottles of cider and walked home. A local priest was the last person to have confirmed seeing her that evening.

The police began a massive search operation that took in the Bristol

Downs and the Avon Gorge. There were radio and TV appeals for information. But it was now only a matter of hours to Christmas 2010, and most people's attention was naturally focused on the festive season.

On Christmas Day a couple out walking their dog in the snow, about three miles from where Jo lived, spotted her body at the side of the verge along Longwood Lane, Failand. It was frozen stiff, and almost completely covered in snow, and it looked as if the killer had tried unsuccessfully to heave it over a quarry wall.

It was fully clothed, apart from her pink top which was raised to expose her bra – an

**"Death was not instantaneous. He might have let her go, but did not. He knew she was in pain and struggling to breathe"**

image chillingly reminiscent of the images on Tabak's computer.

The investigation dragged on past Christmas and the focus suddenly moved away from Vincent Tabak. The reason for that was that the police had fastened on to someone else who had nothing to do with the case. Christopher Jefferies, landlord of the Victorian converted house where Jo lived, also lived alone in one of the six flats there.

Mr. Jefferies was a former teacher at a public school. Now, as landlord of the six flats in Canynge Road, he suddenly came under the police spotlight.

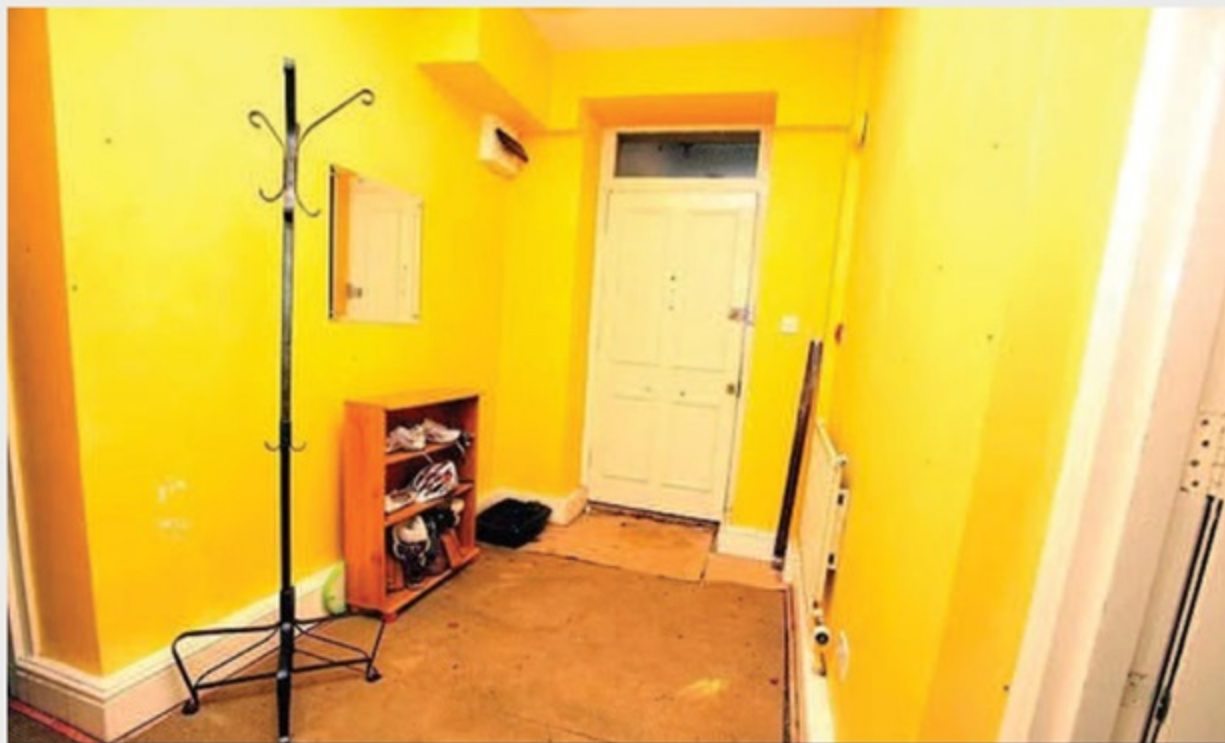
The unfortunate Mr. Jefferies, who had not a blot on his escutcheon, was arrested on December 30th and questioned by detectives for two days before being released without charge, on condition of police bail, which meant that he could not return to his home.

This was an alarmingly poor piece of police work. The police had got the wrong man, delaying the investigation, causing anguish, and then not realised their mistake until



still more damage was done.

The investigation continued but by now some newspapers, having decided that Mr. Jefferies was Jo's killer, splashed his picture all over their front pages. Their bogus story was then picked up by the European press, which also began hounding the blameless landlord.



Above, the hallway where police believe the attack began. Left, Joanna Yeates' landlord Christopher Jefferies. Below left, a side door of the flat

Meanwhile, Vincent Tabak was acting the complete innocent. With the focus on Mr. Jefferies, Tabak felt safe – too safe for his own good, as it happened. He had returned briefly to his home

the Netherlands to get his statement.

He told her that he really didn't know Jo Yeates. She and her boyfriend Greg moved into Flat No. 1 at the beginning of October

Jefferies, he told the British detective.

But Detective Thomas, who spoke to Tabak for six hours, was deeply suspicious of him.

"He could remember

he first spoke to the police. He also seemed deeply interested in the forensic investigations. It seemed to the detective that even when she made allowances for his inquisitive mind, he wanted



Above, Joanna Yeates with her boyfriend Greg Reardon. Below, a missing poster issued by police

country, the Netherlands, to spend the New Year celebrations with his family.

With him was his girlfriend, who knew nothing about his crime. They watched TV news showing the arrest of Christopher Jefferies, and it was at this point that Tabak made a fatal mistake. No doubt exuberant that the hunt had moved away from him to an innocent man, he decided to phone the police with more "information." As a result Detective Constable Karen Thomas went to

2010, and on November 6th he left on a business trip for America, returning on December 11th, six days before Jo was killed.

Who did Tabak the killer think had killed Jo Yeates? Why, no one other than her landlord, Mr.

that Chris Jefferies' car was parked on the driveway of the block of flats in Canynge Road where he lived, in a particular position the evening before Jo went missing, and next morning the car was facing in the opposite direction," DC Thomas said.

Tabak's version of what happened differed from the story he told when

to know too much about what they were doing.

Then when she suggested that he should provide a DNA sample and fingerprints so that he could be eliminated from the inquiry he appeared concerned before he agreed to cooperate, and gave a mouth swab.

That DNA sample put Tabak firmly in the frame of suspects, as he must have known it would. Back in the UK after the New Year festivities, he expected to be arrested at any moment.





Home again in Flat No. 2 he waited for the police to come, and when they didn't he drank heavily and swallowed sleeping pills. He even contemplated jumping off the Clifton Suspension Bridge, he said later.

They came finally on January 20th, to tell him that his DNA linked him to Jo's body. Even then he wasn't prepared to give up. "Perhaps the laboratory that took the sample was insecure," he suggested. And even more preposterous: "Perhaps a scientist may have been paid to set me up."

When Jo's parents made an emotive plea on television not to shield the killer and prolong the family's misery, a "sobbing woman" phoned the police anonymously and tipped them off about Tabak.

So who was "the sobbing woman"? The police, mindful of the ordeal the innocent Mr. Jefferies had endured at the hands of some newspapers, wouldn't say. But speculation mounted that she was probably Tabak's girlfriend.

A woman who had been at a dinner party with Tabak and his girlfriend a couple of weeks after the murder recalled that when the conversation turned to the case Tabak seemed perfectly calm. He even commented that, "someone would have to be a totally detached, crazy person to be able to act normally after doing something like that."

After the dinner the woman told other guests that she felt nervous about walking home in the dark. Tabak immediately offered to accompany her on the walk.

When the brazen Dutchman was arrested a work colleague in the architecture firm where he was employed as an engineer said, "We're all stunned. He seems like a decent bloke."

Some months later, in October 2011 the "decent bloke" stood in the dock at Bristol Crown Court facing trial for killing Jo Yeates. He denied murder, but admitted manslaughter.

Tabak held his head in his hands as Jo's boyfriend, Greg Reardon, dressed in a dark suit, told the court about the plans he and Jo had made for the weekend



**A store CCTV image of Joanna Yeates carrying shopping home on the night she was murdered**

she was murdered. While he spent the weekend away his girlfriend was going to relax, do some baking and look after their cat Bernard.

He was set to arrive back on Sunday, December 19th, so that he and Jo could watch the final episode of the TV show *The Apprentice* together.

Before he set off for the

**"I was realising something was wrong. At the very best she had been locked out with all her stuff in the flat. I rang round her friends to try and find out where she was"**

weekend he saw Jo at her workplace for the last time, on the Friday. They met in the lobby to say goodbye. "We had a kiss and a cuddle," he told the court.

Mr. Reardon said he grabbed a bite to eat on his walk home and had to get help starting Jo's Ford Ka car for the trip to Sheffield from his landlord, Chris Jefferies, and a neighbour.

After he arrived in Sheffield he tried phoning Jo's mobile phone and their landline at 10.35 p.m. There was no reply, nor was there when he texted her.

He called her twice on Saturday, at lunchtime and in the evening, and again there was no reply. He returned to Bristol on Sunday, arriving at Clifton just after 8 p.m. Jo's boots were in the middle of the hallway and several coats were strewn on the floor. One of the lounge lights and the hall light were on.

He told the jury: "I immediately thought she had been quite lazy, or had gone in a rush and not tidied up." He went around the flat, putting things back in place, ate an Asda frozen pizza and drank an opened bottle of cider in the kitchen. He said Jo would sometimes open drinks and leave them.

At 9 p.m. he rang her mobile, only to hear it ringing in the flat. "I found it in the pocket of her white jacket. I had a certain level of stress. I really didn't know what was going on. I tried to keep myself calm and thought she had gone out for the evening and forgotten her phone.

"I was worried because it was cold and she wasn't

wearing her warm jacket. I thought it was possible she had gone to a friend's house to watch *The Apprentice* in different clothes."

Continuing to tidy up, he found her blue rucksack and, rummaging through it, discovered it contained her spectacles, sunglasses, wallet and keys as well as her stripy top.

"I panicked," he said. "I was realising something was wrong. At the very best she had been locked out with all her stuff in the flat. I rang round her friends and my friends in Bristol to try and find out where she was."

He was also aware that the cat was affectionate to him, his cat litter was old, and he was hungry. Rubbish in the bin had not been added to since the Friday. He also found Jo's earrings, which she normally put on her bedside table. One was on the bedroom floor and the other under the duvet.

After calling Jo's parents at 12.36 a.m. on the Monday, he called police nine minutes later and reported Jo missing. The court heard that in those early hours he went with police to Tabak's flat next door but didn't join in the police conversation with him.

Detective Constable Karen Thomas said Tabak initially claimed he hadn't left his flat that Friday night. And implying that Mr. Jefferies was the murderer, he also told her he had seen the landlord's car facing in different directions on the night of the murder.

Describing the interview with Tabak in the Netherlands, DC Thomas said the suspect was "overly interested" in the forensic examination of Jo's flat and in particular why police hadn't taken away her front door.

Tabak also said that he had gone out twice the night Jo disappeared, in addition to collecting his girlfriend from her party, contradicting what he had told the detective before.

"I immediately thought it was strange," DC Thomas said.

The first hint of the Dutchman's account of what led to Jo's death came when the prosecutor read out Tabak's defence-case statement summarising events to the best of his



knowledge.

The defence statement said: "The two were facing each other. He put one arm around her back, at the middle of the back. She screamed. He put his other hand over her mouth and the screaming ceased. He moved his hand from her mouth and the screaming continued. He then put his hand around her throat, which had been the hand around her back.

"He held it there for about 20 seconds. He applied no more than moderate force. He didn't intend serious injury. The action killed Miss Yeates. He accepts it was unlawful."

Tabak told the same story when he gave evidence on his own behalf. But Home Office pathologist Dr. Russell Delaney said that owing to the injuries Jo had received to her neck, it was his opinion that the killer used two hands to strangle her. He agreed that he could not rule out the use of one hand.

The pathologist told the jury he would have expected Jo to struggle, but it was not "scientifically possible" to determine the length of time that the fatal sequence of events lasted.

Referring to evidence of there being a scream, pause, scream and then noise he told the court: "I can't determine at what point in that sequence of events the neck compression was occurring."

Tabak's courtroom story was that Jo invited him into her flat and made a flirtatious remark as they chatted in the kitchen, which encouraged him to make a pass at her. He said she then screamed, and to stop her he gripped her throat with his right hand and put his left hand over her mouth. After about 20 seconds she slumped to the floor, lifeless.

Police and prosecution disbelieved this account of events. They believed this was a sex attack and that Tabak derived a thrill from the act of strangling Jo, from having her at his mercy and under his control.

It was suggested he might have been spying on Jo and may have found an excuse to knock on her door that night.

The attack, believed to have begun in the hallway,



**Joanna Yeates – victim of a horrific attack**

which was found in a chaotic state, might have moved on to the bedroom, where Jo's earrings were found. According to the prosecution

**"You proceeded to strangle her, intending in my judgement to kill her. This was an evil act committed against a vulnerable, unsuspecting young woman"**

there was a delay of more than an hour before the killer put her body into the boot of his car and drove away. "Something," it was

suggested, might have occurred during that hour.

Tabak said he didn't remember all that had happened. Experts found a sample of his DNA on Jo's chest, but they couldn't say where it came from.

Tabak spent two days in the witness-box telling his side of the story. After Jo's death he bundled her body into the boot of his car before going shopping to Asda, where he bought beer and crisps. He also texted his girlfriend saying he was bored.

He agreed with the prosecutor that after the killing he researched the internet for the difference between murder and manslaughter, and for the definition of sexual assault. But how did Jo come by her 43 horrific injuries, he was asked? He had no answer to that.

## **A CONVICTED SEX OFFENDER TOO**

**I**n 2015, following his conviction for Jo Yeates' murder, Vincent Tabak admitted possessing 145 indecent images of children. Teen and prepubescent girls' images were found on his laptop during the investigation into the murder in January 2011.

A senior policeman commented: "Although he's serving a minimum tariff of 20 years' imprisonment, we felt it was crucial Tabak was brought to justice for possessing



**Indecent images – Vincent Tabak**

indecent images of children, so the full nature of his offending is on record."

It wasn't so much amnesia as simply dodging the questions. "He is a clever young man who thinks he can play a clever game," a senior police officer said.

**T**he court heard that on the fatal Friday evening Jo was in The Ram pub in Park Street, Bristol, where she bought a pizza in a supermarket, and the two bottles of cider from an off-licence. She arrived back at her flat at about 8.45 p.m.

Moments later guests heading to a party in a nearby house heard two screams.

After Greg Reardon called the police on his return from Sheffield, Tabak was briefly interviewed by police, and then interviewed again on December 23rd when his flat was searched to determine that Jo wasn't there. Tabak later joked to friends that the police must have thought he had her stashed in a drawer.

Tabak and his girlfriend, who is the daughter of a Harvard-educated lawyer, then left Bristol to spend Christmas at the Cambridge home of her parents. Despite the wild goose chase after Mr. Jefferies, the net was closing in on the Dutchman – but another 20 days went by before he was charged with murder.

The Bristol jury returned a 10-2 majority guilty verdict and Tabak was sentenced to life imprisonment with a minimum term of 20 years.

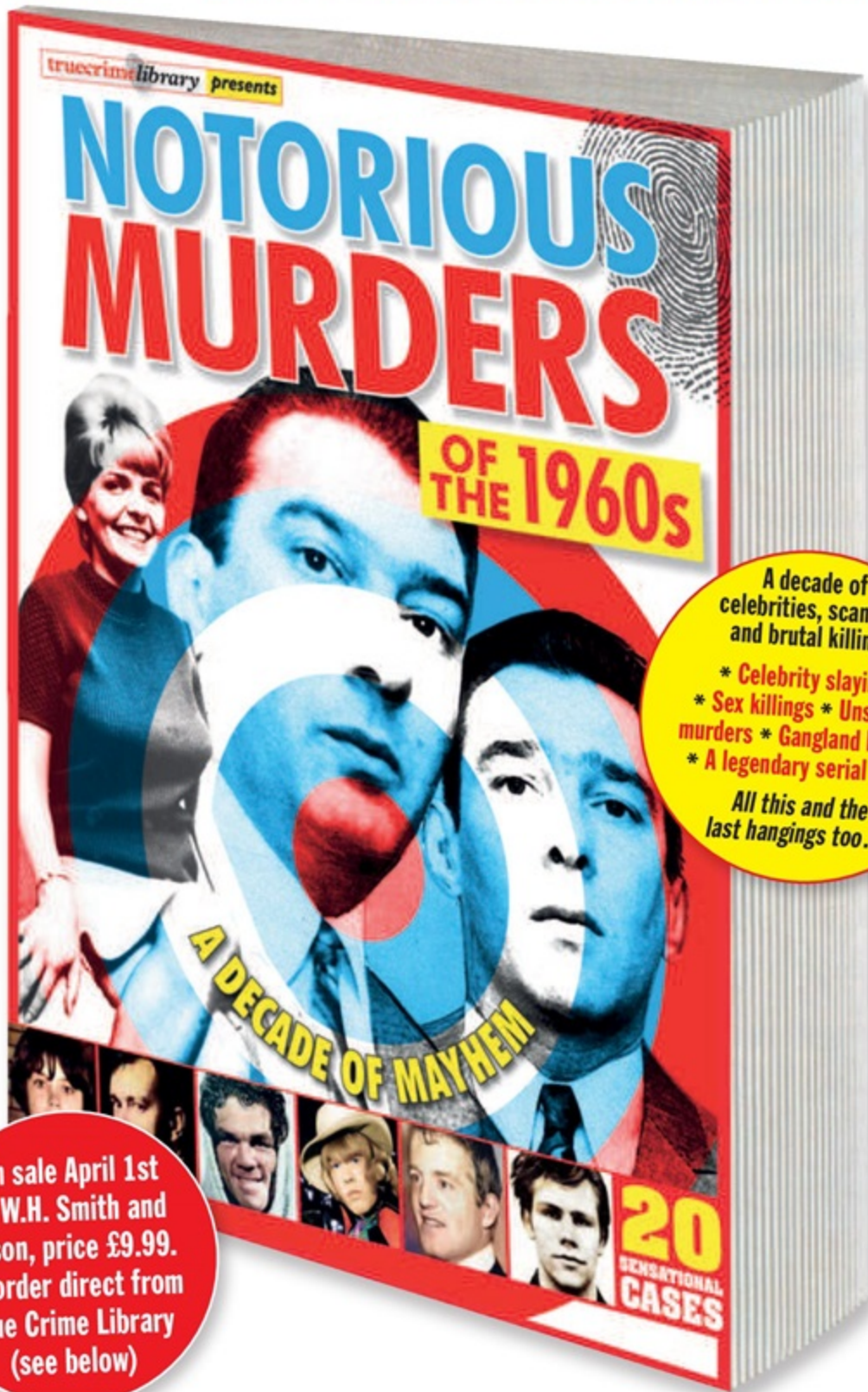
The judge, Mr. Justice Field, told him: "When you entered Miss Yeates's flat you did not even know her name and had had virtually nothing to do with her. You proceeded to strangle her, intending in my judgement to kill her. This was an evil act committed against a vulnerable, unsuspecting young woman in her own home."

After the trial Detective Chief Inspector Phil Jones praised Jo's parents.

**"Their ordeal is every parent's nightmare," he said. "They have shown great courage, patience and dignity throughout. The man who killed their daughter will be behind bars for a considerable time, but they will have to face each Christmas with the memory of a daughter taken from them."**



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# Corpses Were Travelling Killer's Calling Cards

**Y**ou will go to prison for the rest of your life," the judge told Patrick Dils when the jury announced their verdict... guilty of the double murder of two little boys.

The crime, in April 1986, had shocked France. The victims were schoolboys Cyril Beining and Alexandre Beckrich, both aged eight, and their killer had savagely beaten them to death with a rock alongside a railway line at Montigny-les-Metz, in eastern France.

It took another 16 years for the justice system to discover that it had got it all wrong. The killer wasn't Patrick Dils. When the truth came out at last, and he was released, blameless of both crimes, in 2002, new inquiries had already begun into a new murder suspect. He was Francis Heaulme, a man so steeped in serial killing that it's difficult to work out just how many life sentences he was already serving.

If, as a court would have to discover in 2007, Heaulme killed the two boys, his trial for their murders would hardly matter. For he was in prison for the rest of his life, and he appeared to be totally unconcerned about the luckless Patrick Dils.

"Yes, I was at Montigny-les-Metz," he is reported to have said in his vague, halting voice when he was pulled from his cell in June 2006 to answer preliminary inquiries. "I saw the two boys, but I only turned over their bodies."

The fact that the corpses bore all the hallmarks of a typical Heaulme killing was lost on him. Most

**Serial killer Francis Heaulme's travels left grieving relatives all over France. After he was locked up for life he was suspected of two more murders**



**Francis Heaulme. Raised in an abusive household and suffering from a rare genetic syndrome, he became a senseless and savage killer whose ruthlessness would help him evade capture**

significantly, Heaulme killings were completely senseless and without any real motive.

Francis Heaulme endured an unhappy childhood. Born in Metz in 1959, he was raised in a council apartment by a father who when he wasn't beating up the rest of the family (besides his mother, Heaulme had a

sister six years his senior) was chasing after other women in bars and bistros.

To punish his misdemeanours, his father tied his wrists behind his back with wire and hung the wire over a hook high on the wall of the cellar. Heaulme took revenge on any animal he could find, burying it alive.

At 16 he was six feet tall and with his slim build and long arms, stooped, giving an ape-like impression. Despite his height his features developed a distinctly feminine look. Later doctors were to diagnose a little known genetic fault called Klinefelter's syndrome, caused by the presence of an extra feminine gene. Mocked by his peers, the gangling, woman-like youth became a secret drinker, but none of his deficiencies, it seems, prevented him becoming a bricklayer.

Heaulme's mother died in 1984, when he was 25, and he guarded her corpse with the ferocity of a wild animal, refusing to let the undertakers come near it. Not long after they had finally persuaded him to let her go to her grave, his father brought his latest girlfriend to live in the house.

Heaulme was in despair. His sister was married, his mother dead and he hated his father. Three weeks after his mother's funeral he packed a few things in a rucksack and set off on his bicycle. He had no idea where he was going.

In fact, he didn't go very far that day. In the centre of Metz he met a colleague from the building trade, Joseph Molins. They went off to a bar and when they had had a few drinks Molins said: "I've got my car outside. Let's go for a spin."

They got as far as the city limits when a girl standing outside a baker's shop thumbed them down. Lyonnelle Ginestre, 17, had just finished work and was in a hurry to get home. "I didn't like the look of her," Heaulme was to say later. "I thought she seemed a bit like a hooker."

The car stopped and Lyonnelle got in. No one knows exactly what happened next but a couple of days later her body was found in woods at Montauville. She had been stabbed and then strangled.

No blame can attach to the local police for not apprehending the killer, because Heaulme spent the next few years of his life constantly on the move. He never stayed more than a few days anywhere, doing a day's work on a building



site and then moving on. In this way it is believed he wandered right across France. The longest times he stayed anywhere were when he voluntarily entered psychiatric hospitals, where he was diagnosed as schizophrenic.

Nonetheless, police in various *départements* were getting to know him. This was because of his habit of regularly mutilating himself, and then going to the police to complain that someone had attacked him. Before they had much chance to ask questions he was off again.

At night he slept in dosshouses. He made no friends, told no one where he had come from or where he was going. Among the drifters with whom he occasionally kept company he was always the silent one.

**“The corpses bore all the hallmarks of a typical Heaulme killing...completely senseless and without any real motive”**

He was with some of them on May 8th, 1986, in Perigueux when Laurent Bureau, a national serviceman on leave, came by. Bureau, 19, got into conversation with the group and an argument started between him and one of them, named Didier Gentil. The dispute was something to do with money and when it got violent someone hit the young soldier.

Nearby was a gymnasium that was scheduled to have been the venue of a gymnastic competition that night. But the competition had been cancelled, so the place was deserted. Heaulme and Didier Gentil dragged the soldier into the empty hall, tied his hands behind his back, and raped him. When they had satisfied their lust he was strangled and his head smashed open with a fire extinguisher.

In December 1986, the



**The gateway to holiday fun: 10-year-old Joris Viville (inset) was standing here at the entrance to the Prairies de la Mer campsite when Francis Heaulme pounced**

nomadic killer was back in Metz, checking in at a centre for alcoholic detoxification. The cure wasn't very effective, because on December 29th he was spotted fairly drunk in a café with two other drunks, Philippe Elivon and Michel Magniac.



**Above, Alexandre Beckrich, and right, Cyril Beining**

The three men drank all night and at 5 a.m. staggered into Magniac's car. That was the moment when 26-year-old Annick Maurice, on her way to the early shift at her supermarket job on a bitterly cold morning, thumbed a lift. When she saw the state of the occupants of the car she refused to get in, and fled down the road. Heaulme and

Elivon gave chase, brought her back to the car and strangled her. Her remains were found months later, on April 27th, 1987, hidden under bushes less than two miles from the centre for alcoholic detoxification.

Heaulme abandoned his companions and set off across France again. At the beginning of 1989 he turned up in the psychiatric unit of the Hospital Fontonne, in Antibes. This hospital

maintains several mobile homes at a campsite at Grimaud, a picturesque village 30 miles west of Antibes, for the use of its out-patients. One of those patients in the spring of that year was Francis Heaulme.

Not far from Grimaud is Port Grimaud, a Mediterranean holiday and camping centre that attracts thousands of British campers and holidaymakers every summer. On April 5th, 1989, at the gateway of the upmarket camping site Les Prairies de la Mer, which is opposite a busy roundabout, 10-year-old Joris Viville, who had just arrived at the camp with his parents, was playing on his own.



**Behind this embankment in Montigny-les-Metz, the bodies of two children were found in 1986**





**Laurence Guillaume (left) was only 14 years old when she was murdered, while Lyonnelle Ginestre (right) was 17 when Heaulme picked her up**

Joris was reported missing at 8 p.m. and campers began a search. Police were called in and the hunt went on all night. At daybreak 400 police officers were searching the area around the campsite. Their worst fears were confirmed two days later when the little boy's clothes were found under a road bridge.

On April 22nd, 17 days after Joris went missing, two British holidaymakers found his body hidden in bushes a few yards from a main road. He had been raped and stabbed 80 times, probably with a screwdriver. His body had been partly eaten by animals.

For the next four years police inquiries led nowhere until a reconstruction of the boy's disappearance was shown on French TV, in a programme similar to Britain's *Crimewatch*. A woman and her daughter living at La Garde, near Port Grimaud, saw the programme and went to the police with an intriguing story. Statements were taken and the two women went home, expecting to be called very quickly before the judge responsible for the inquiry.

When nothing happened, they talked to a journalist and subsequently their story appeared in the newspaper *Nice Matin*. This is what the mother said:

"On Sunday morning, April 9th, 1989, my daughter and I went for a drive, taking a picnic with us. We ate at midday and continued our journey an hour later. About 1.15 p.m. we saw a man on a

deserted road. He appeared to be unwell, and his clothes were all crumpled.

"My daughter was driving and stopped the car, despite my protests. She asked the man if she could give him a lift. He got into the car and I noticed a gate on the right. I know now that this was the place where the body of the missing child was found.

"We drove off and I turned to ask him where we could drop him off. He replied, 'Gassin.' [Gassin is an upmarket tourist village above St. Tropez, a few miles from Port Grimaud].

**The two bandits jumped out, one of them carrying the baby from the back seat as a hostage. One bullet hit the baby – another killed one of the bandits**

"He didn't seem to me to be quite normal. He was in a distressed state. His face was livid and he didn't speak. When we got to Cogolin he made a sign for us to stop. He got out and went into a bar opposite where we had parked. I don't know why, but we decided to wait for him.

"He came out of the bar almost at once and got back into the car. We drove towards Gassin. I tried to engage him in conversation but he refused to speak.

We arrived in Gassin but he refused to get out of the car. My daughter gave me a desperate look. I was becoming frightened. I asked him finally where we could leave him and he replied 'Ramatuelle.'" [This is a village closer to Grimaud than to Gassin, so they would then have had to drive back for some of the way].

"We were frightened and it seemed to take us an eternity to reach Ramatuelle. When we arrived we made sure to stop the car where there were plenty of people about. I got out and opened the door for him, and he left without any trouble. We have never stopped thinking about that frightening afternoon four years ago."

Was that mystery man Francis Heaulme? It is extraordinary that the two women picked him up only yards away from where the body was found. But perhaps it's even more extraordinary that they have not been asked to identify him through photographs.

A month after little Joris was murdered, on May 14th, 1989, Aline Pérès, a 49-year-old nurse, was found dead on a beach at Brest, 600 miles from Port Grimaud. Her killer had stabbed her first in the neck, then in the heart, then in the stomach. For supercop Jean-François Abgrall, an expert in criminal psychiatry, this was a crime without motive.

Nearby there was a down-and-outs' refuge, and the spot where Aline's body was found was known to be one of their haunts.

On June 19th Abgrall heard that police colleagues in nearby St. Clair were questioning Francis Heaulme on a matter unrelated to Aline's murder. He went to meet Heaulme, who had no idea at that moment that the supercop was investigating the murder on the beach.

Abgrall knew that the method of killing Aline was a method taught in the army – but Heaulme had been exempted from military service. He also had an alibi. He was in a heart hospital in Quimper on the day of Aline's murder. They had even taken his temperature at the exact time she died.

Against all the evidence, against all advice from his superiors, Abgrall was convinced that Heaulme was involved in Aline's murder, despite his alibi.

By sheer persistence, he discovered that if a patient was absent from the Quimper heart hospital, the duty nurse who came to take his temperature



**Victim Aline Pérès. Her body was found on a beach**

simply wrote down the temperature reading currently showing on the patient's thermometer. That put a big question-mark over Heaulme's alibi.

In August Abgrall was called south to Avignon, where the body of Jean-Joseph Clément, 60, a former Foreign Legionnaire, had been found minus his trousers in bushes. Clément's skull had been fractured by blows from a rock, and the crime scene was quite close to a down-and-outs' refuge.



On the day of this murder, August 7th, Heaulme was actually under surveillance by the police, but he was free to come and go. Questioned, he denied killing Clément, but his alibi, that he was moving from one village to another at the time, couldn't be verified.

Heaulme is a man who is generally vague, uncommunicative, and when he speaks he mumbles incoherently. But this time he left a clue. "I know what I know," he said. "It was the Gaulois who did it."

Who was the Gaulois? He shook his head. Just

schoolboy found her naked body. At this point there was nothing to relate Heaulme who, as usual, vanished into thin air, to the killing of Laurence Guillaume.

The supercop Abgrall had mean-while gone to Brittany in search of the mysterious "Gaulois," who, he reasoned, must be another down-and-out. Painstakingly, he questioned down-and-outs who knew Heaulme. One of them was able to put a name to the Gaulois – Philippe. Another dug out an old, faded photograph of Philippe, a

He was no longer drinking and every Sunday he attended church on the arm of his lover.

The day after Christmas that year the Gaulois was arrested at Bourges. Abgrall hurried to interrogate him. "What do you know about the murder of Aline Pérès on the beach at Brest?" he asked the suspect.

"She was sunbathing," the Gaulois replied. "I was with Heaulme and we started walking towards her. He bent over her, grabbed her by the throat, and told me to clear off. I did just that. I was

two men kept each other company, and that evening Heaulme stabbed the old pensioner to death. As was his custom, Heaulme immediately moved off – this time back to Bischwiller in Alsace, where, two days later, Abgrall arrived to interview him.

This time Abgrall tried a different tack. He took on the guise of a friend, and invited Heaulme to lunch at the local gendarmerie canteen. The ploy worked. Heaulme suddenly became excited and poured out the story of how he had killed Aline Pérès on the beach. Then he went on to describe how he beat Jean-Joseph Clément to death with a "a big stone which I used to smash his head."

Arrested and locked in a cell, Heaulme was overwhelmed by visiting gendarmes from all over France – all trying to discover what he knew about the local murder they were investigating. "The interviews and the paperwork went on for months and months," said one gendarme.

Heaulme was finally locked up with his life sentences in January 1994. He said nothing about Patrick Dils, who was to serve another eight years before DNA testing proved that he could not have killed the two little boys for whose murder he was serving life. When he was released police looked again at the double-murder – and then they started thinking about Francis Heaulme.

In June 2006, he was brought from his cell to face an interrogation by an examining magistrate. Heaulme was indicted for the murders of Cyril Beining and Alexandre Beckrich.

In December 2007, Heaulme received a dismissal for the double-murder, due to the lack of sufficient evidence against him.

**Meanwhile he spends much of his time in his cell drawing pictures. Almost always they are pictures of galloping horses and yachts in full sail. No doubt a psychiatrist would interpret them as yearning for freedom. For Francis Heaulme, though, that would be merely wishful thinking.**



**As a senior detective in the French Police Jean-François Abgrall (left) was known for his psychological insight – but capturing Heaulme (right) would demand all his skills**

the Gaulois, he said. All of which suggested that he *was* involved in the murder, but that he had an accomplice. But there was no proof, so he was released.

Moving on, never stopping anywhere more than a day or two, Heaulme finally reached Metz again. On May 7th, 1991, he appeared at a village fete in eastern France, where he met Michel Guillaume, 19, and Guillaume's 14-year-old girl cousin Laurence. Heaulme and Guillaume got into Guillaume's car and followed Laurence on her scooter.

Suddenly the car accelerated and knocked the teenager flying. The two men pulled her into the car, stripped her, and Guillaume raped her while Heaulme stabbed her. Next morning a

man with long hair and a big moustache.

Early in December 1991, Abgrall learned that Heaulme had settled down in the town of Bischwiller in Alsace. The still undetected serial killer had morphed into a sort of respectability – he now had a job in social services and was living with a woman named Georgette.

**Heaulme is a man who is generally vague, uncommunicative, and when he speaks he mumbles incoherently**

terrified, in a state of real panic."

Armed with some real evidence at last, Abgrall set out for Alsace. While he was travelling, Heaulme decided to hit the road again, and in the first week of January 1992 he came to Boulogne.

There he fell in step with a man named Jean Rémy, 65, living in Amiens in northern France, and much depressed by the recent death of his wife. Rémy had a traveller's tale to tell. He had set out earlier that day from Amiens to meet a friend in Le Touquet, but had fallen asleep on the train and woken up in Boulogne.

Completely lost, and wondering how to get back home, he was wandering through the port when Heaulme met him. The



**I**N THIS, our final selection of murderers who escaped the gallows, we visit the tales of a Royal Navy seaman saved by a popular petition, a spurned lover, a father who thought he was being merciful, a suicide pact gone wrong and other killers who, unlike their victims, avoided paying the ultimate penalty.

**MOTIVES LOST IN DRUNKENNESS**

In 1945, hundreds of thousands of ex-servicemen were waiting to be demobbed from their roles in the Second World War. Many came back with horrific trauma, both physical and



Above, James Palmer upon his reprieve in 1946 and below, his victim Maureen Branagan



mental, and no one can really tell how much it affected their characters and subsequent actions.

**James Palmer** (33), who was a Seaman in the Royal Navy, was travelling to Neston in Cheshire on December 17th, 1945. On the bus beside him that day was Maureen

Branagan. They got chatting and Maureen gave him a cigarette. Then, as they parted, she invited him to meet her at the Red Lion Inn the following evening.

The next day, Palmer was officially demobbed, and in the evening, after enjoying some celebratory drinks with friends, he went to keep his date with Maureen. Once again, they found themselves on the same bus, so they went to the Red Lion, and stayed there till closing time. When they left, Palmer said later, they were both drunk.

They went to a quiet road called Wood Lane where they had sex, but the following morning Maureen was found strangled, with numerous bruises on her head and neck. As there was money left in her purse, the police



Left, pregnant victim Joyce Harrison and right, her secret lover Frederick Fullard. He believed he was the father of her unborn child

**DENIED THE CHILD WAS LOVER'S** Twenty-six-year-old Joyce Harrison was married and living at Croft Street, Lincoln, when she fell pregnant.

However, all was not well with the apparently happy

Assizes in November, claiming insanity. However, the court was having none of it. In his summing-up, Mr. Justice Byrne told the jury that whether through hatred or jealousy,

# REPRI HOW THEY DODG

decided that robbery hadn't been the motive.

All the recently demobbed men were recalled to their ships, and Palmer was soon recognised as the man seen chatting with Maureen on the bus and in the pub. He was arrested and charged with murder.

At first, Palmer denied that he and Maureen had had sex. But at his trial in Chester he finally admitted it, saying that although she'd initially consented, she began screaming and struggling, and finally her body went limp. The jury found him guilty of murder but with a strong recommendation to mercy. He was sentenced to death.

As Palmer had never been in trouble before, a petition to save him was signed by thousands of people, the view being that he'd had no intention to kill. His sentence was commuted to life in March 1946 and he was released in early 1955.



The body of Joyce Harrison in the cornfield where she was found

couple, as Joyce was having an affair with 25-year-old **Frederick Fullard**. When he found out about the pregnancy, she denied it was his and refused to leave her husband for Fullard. In a jealous rage, on July 10th, 1948, Fullard lured her to a cornfield where he strangled her with a scarf.

Fullard pleaded not guilty to murder at the Lincoln

someone killing another without contemplating the consequences did not mean they were insane. The jury found Fullard guilty of wilful murder and sentenced him to death.

Two days before he was due to hang, however, he was reprieved and given a life sentence instead. He was eventually released from prison in May 1957.



**BECAUSE SHE SPURNED HIM**  
Ernest Hockley and May Cooper were both just 20 when they worked together at the CWS Butter Factory in Belle Isle, Leeds. May was a clerk and Hockley a labourer packer.

They were friendly with each other and had gone to the cinema together a few times, but May didn't want to take things any further.

On March 14th, 1949, May went to the factory kitchen to wash some crockery. Hockley happened to be there and the two rowed. Hockley completely lost his temper and stabbed May 17 times.

At Hockley's subsequent trial for murder, Leeds Assizes heard that shortly before it happened, Hockley had seen May talking to



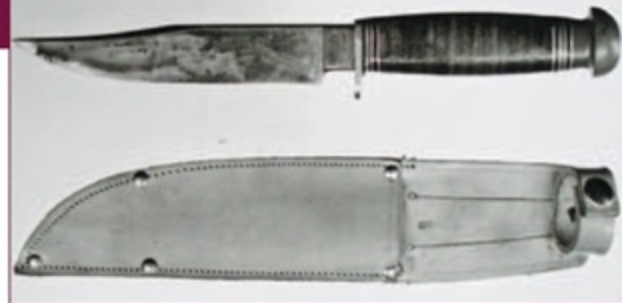
**Ernest Hockley upon his release in 1958**

**Laughlan Williams** was 21 when, in June 1948, she was posted to Klagenfurt in Austria. There she met 35-year-old Monty Williams, a Company Sergeant Major, and just a few months later,

in his quarters, with two stab wounds – one to his shoulder and the other to his heart. Margaret was charged with his murder and returned to England.

At her trial at the Old Bailey in September 1949 before Mr. Justice Streatfeild, she told how she met her husband and her version of their unhappy marriage. She didn't truly love him and had only married him out of pity.

Her defence barrister, Mr. Christmas Humphreys, asked if she liked men in general. Margaret admitted that she had always been more attracted to women than men, "but I did not know there was anything wrong with it until a girl



**The murder weapon used by Ernest Hockley**

they were married, she still wouldn't.

On July 4th, the couple had returned to their quarters the worse for drink. Another argument about sex began and Margaret announced she would sleep on the divan. The

# EVED! ED THE HANGMAN

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**Tim Leech**



some other men in a friendly way, and that might have sparked his anger.

Pleading guilty on April 28th, Hockley was sentenced to death. Although he didn't appeal, he was reprieved on May 16th. He was finally released in June 1958, and died in 1996.

**FOUND STABBED IN HIS CHAIR**  
WRAC Private **Margaret**



**Private Margaret Williams and right, her husband Monty**

in April 1949, they were married at West Lothian in Scotland.

Both went straight back to Klagenfurt, and moved into the married quarters at the YMCA there. The marriage was not a happy one, however, and the pair argued frequently.

On July 4th, 1949, Monty was found dead in a chair



I fell in love with told me all about it some time ago. I have tried hard to fight against it and that was one of the reasons I got married."

Margaret said that she and Monty had come to an agreement that they would not have sex until she truly loved him, and the arguments were mostly about the fact that, although

argument continued until she said that she was leaving Monty. He slapped her, so she grabbed a knife and said "You big pig, I'll knife you if you come anywhere near me." He laughed at her and slapped her again so, as promised, she stabbed him twice. He staggered across the room to his chair, where he died.



Margaret was found guilty of murder with a strong recommendation to mercy. She didn't appeal, but was reprieved almost instantly. She was transferred to the Scottish Prison Service to be near her parents and was released exactly a year later.

#### KILLED BY MOTHER'S FRIEND

In August 1949, Alwyn Ward left her three-year-old daughter Marion playing with her neighbour's daughter at Avenue Road, St. John's Wood, London. Alwyn went to the shops for a few minutes, but when she returned, Marion was nowhere to be seen.

None of the neighbours had seen or heard anything, including the mother of Marion's playmate, 29-year-old **Nora Patricia Tierney**.

Three days later, Marion's body was found in a bombed-out building, Langham Court, on the same street. Her head had been



**Nora Tierney. Her victim's head had been battered in with a hammer**

battered in, probably by a hammer, and the only clue was a woman's shoe print.

When Nora Tierney was questioned by police, they found her hostile and uncooperative. On being asked to provide certain bodily samples, she broke down and said that her husband had killed the child. But he was quickly cleared and eventually Nora was charged.

She was tried at the Old Bailey, where she claimed insanity as her defence. The

jury needed just 12 minutes to return a guilty verdict, and she was sentenced to death. Her appeal was dismissed on November 14th, 1949, but after a panel of three Home Office doctors examined her, they concluded that she was indeed insane.

On November 21st, she was transferred to Broadmoor.

#### FEARED FOR SON'S FUTURE

In 1949, **Charles Hall's** wife died and left him to care for their son John, 20, who had severe learning difficulties.

In the years after his wife's death, Hall became increasingly neurotic, and despite having no symptoms, was convinced he was dying from cancer.

In October 1953, fearing that if he died, John would be left unable to survive, Hall ran a rubber tube up to



**Left, Charles Hall and right, his 20-year-old son John whose murder some regarded as a mercy killing**

John's bedroom and gassed him as he slept.

At Leeds Assizes in November 1953, Charles Hall pleaded guilty to his son's murder.

Mr. Justice Sable asked the defence counsel if he had fully explained the implications to his client.

"Yes," replied Mr. Drabble, QC. "I have, and he fully understands the consequences."

The judge then condemned Hall to death. But his crime was regarded as effectively a mercy killing, and just one week later he was reprieved. He spent just under a year in prison before he was released in November 1954.

#### THE FAILED SUICIDE PACT

In 1953, **Brian David Cass** was a 23-year-old married man with two children. Joan Imson was also 23, and she



**Prison photograph of Brian Cass in 1954**

was also married, with three children.

They met when Cass called at her home as her insurance agent, and they began an affair.

In November 1953 they ran off together, leaving their respective families behind as



they headed to Bolton. They soon ran short of money, though, and eventually they returned to their native Kent. Cass moved back in with his wife and children, but Joan took lodgings in Boxley Road, Maidstone, and they continued to meet.

In June 1954 Joan lost her job and fell behind with her rent. On June 28th, the couple decided to commit suicide together. They blocked up the bottom of the kitchen door with one of Joan's dresses and turned on the gas taps.

They were found lying on the floor. Despite the strong smell of gas, the taps had all been turned off. Joan was dead, and Cass was unconscious. He later said that he had turned on the gas taps but turned them off again when Joan was sick. He could remember nothing after that.

As the survivor of a suicide pact, Cass was charged with murder, and at Maidstone Assizes he was sentenced to death on December 1st.

He didn't appeal, but he was reprieved two weeks later and served three years in prison, before being released in November 1957.

#### BLACKMAILED INTO MURDER?

In the summer of 1956, 32-year-old **Albert Goozee** took lodgings with Mr. and Mrs. Leakey at their home in Parkstone, Poole, Dorset. Also living there was the Leakeys' 14-year-old daughter, Norma.



**Above, Albert Goozee. Right, his victims, Norma (top) and Lydia Leakey**

Thomas Leakey was a frail, weak-willed man who had had a leg amputated some years before. He and Lydia slept in separate rooms, and within a fortnight, Albert and Lydia were sleeping together.

It didn't take Norma long to cotton on, and she began to blackmail them, saying she would "tell papa unless..."

Soon, Norma's demands moved on from just a few sweets or some records to asking to share the bed with Albert and Lydia. She then demanded that he made love to her, too, which Albert refused point-blank.

However, although he promised to find somewhere new to live, he didn't move out and the three-in-a-bed situation continued, with Norma merely a spectator.

On Sunday, June 17th, 1956, the trio drove to Bignall Woods in the New Forest in a new car that Lydia had bought for Albert. Later that day, a blood-covered Goozee stopped a passing motorist and admitted killing the two women. Sure enough, their bodies were found in



a clearing, stabbed to death and covered in a blanket.

At his trial at Winchester, Goozee admitted sleeping with Lydia, but vehemently denied that he had so much as touched Norma. It seemed he was right when a post-mortem showed she was still a virgin.

His story was that while he was having sex in the woods with Lydia, Norma crept up behind them and hit her mother in the head with an axe. He knocked out Norma in self-defence, but then Lydia stabbed him with a knife before stabbing Norma. He wrestled the knife



from Lydia and stabbed her, also in self-defence. As a result of this bloodshed, the two women died while he survived.

The jury didn't believe a word of it and returned guilty verdicts. Mr. Justice Havers then sentenced Albert Goozee to death.

His appeal was dismissed on January 14th, 1957, but on January 25th, four days before he was due to be hanged, he was granted a reprieve and began a life sentence. His reprieve came courtesy of a change in the law under the Homicide Act (1957), which came into force in March that year.

Goozee was released in 1971, but was sent back

to prison several times for various offences, including two charges of sexual offences against girls aged 12 and 13.

He was finally released in his 80s, and died in an old people's home in Leicestershire on November 11th, 2009. In total he had spent 37 years in prison.

#### THE MURDEROUS MALTESE MAFIA

Twenty-nine-year-old **Philip Louis Ellul** was part of the infamous Maltese Mafia, who were heavily involved in organised crime in London during the 1950s.

Thomas Smithson, 26, was another London criminal, and he fell foul of the Maltese gang at the time.

On June 25th, 1956, Ellul and two other men smashed their way into Smithson's room in a Kilburn house which was also a brothel.

"You've wanted me for some time, haven't



Above, Philip Ellul in 1956 and below, Thomas Smithson



you?" sneered Ellul and shot Smithson in the arm. Smithson swore revenge, so Ellul shot him again, this time killing him.

The three Maltese men were caught by Scotland Yard and were charged with murder at the Old Bailey. While the other two were acquitted, Ellul was convicted of murder and sentenced to death. In his case, the jury had recommended mercy due to provocation.

That wasn't what saved him from the rope, however. Like Goozee he was a



Thomas Delahunty



Above, the body of Margaret Daniels (inset) in her bed in the house she shared with Catherine Birch (right)

beneficiary of the change in the law under the Homicide Act (1957).

Ellul was reprieved on October 8th and spent 12 years in prison before being released in July 1968. He didn't escape completely, though – he too was murdered, in 1974, in a San Francisco gangland hit.

#### HIS VOICE GAVE HIM AWAY

It's often said that when someone is blind, their other senses can be heightened. Whatever the truth may be, a murderer was caught because he spoke to someone who was blind – and she later recognised his voice.

On Monday, August 13th, 1956, **Thomas Patrick Delahunty** burgled the home of 52-year-old Margaret Daniels in Harlesden, London.

He strangled his victim before making off with his booty, but as he tried to leave he encountered Catherine Birch, who shared the house with Daniels.



Because Catherine was blind, however, Delahunty thought he'd get away without being recognised.

His mistake was to say "It's all right, luvvy" as he passed her.

Delahunty may have thought he'd got away without leaving any trace, but the police soon caught him – and when he was asked to speak to Catherine Birch, she instantly recognised his voice.

Delahunty admitted his crime and at the Old Bailey in October 1956 he was found guilty of murder and sentenced to death. He



was reprieved the following month because of the change in the law, and first released on licence in 1965.

However, he was sent back to prison on two further occasions and was back in prison right up until 1978. He died in January 2014.

#### AFTER YEARS OF ABUSE

On August 26th, 1956, 65-year-old Frank Rumbold was found in his bed at home in Kingsbury Episcopi near Yeovil, Somerset. Several days earlier, he had been shot in the head, and his wife



**Victim Frank Rumbold (far left) and his wife Freda (left)**

**Freda Rumbold** was the main suspect.

"He had beaten me about," Freda said in her statement to police. "He is a perverted sex beast at the full moon and I have to protect myself. We had a struggle and the gun went off. I never shot at him."

At her trial at Bristol Assizes, Freda stuck to her story of her husband's brutality throughout her cross-examination by the prosecution, claiming that the whole affair was an accident. Her defence urged the jury to offer a manslaughter verdict at worst, but after five hours they returned a verdict of guilty of murder.

Freda was sentenced to death by Mr. Justice Havers, but on December 17th she was reprieved, spending nine years in prison before being released on October 23rd, 1965.

● For a full report on the Freda Rumbold case, see the new *True Crime Spring Special*, on sale now!

#### THE "MERRY WIDOW"

**Mary Elizabeth Wilson** had already been married three times before she and her lodger, John Russell, became lovers at her house in Hebburn, County Durham. All three of her husbands had died, the last, Ernest Wilson, 76, in November 1957.

When Russell died, too,



**Mary Wilson**

the police finally thought something might be up. The bodies of Ernest Wilson and Mary's second husband Oliver Leonard, 76, who had died two weeks after the wedding on October 3rd, were exhumed and the pathologist discovered

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**May issue on sale at W.H. Smith and all good newsagents from April 2nd or see the offer on page 46**

**The Wandsworth Dog-Track Murder**





they'd been poisoned by phosphorus. So the bodies of Mary Wilson's first husband, John Knowles, and Russell were also exhumed.

Lo and behold, both had also suffered from phosphorus poisoning.

Before she was arrested for their murders, however, Mary Wilson sold her story to the *News of the World*.

"People are saying I caused the deaths of four men," she began, "three of them my husbands and the fourth my lover. It's all lies. I have never harmed any man in my life. They are calling me the Merry Widow of Windy Nook. Rubbish. I am 66 years old and all I have to live on is two pounds a week old age pension. How can people be so cruel?"

At her trial for the murders of Leonard and Wilson at Leeds Assizes in 1958, she didn't give evidence. But her defence claimed that the two men were taking sexual stimulation tablets containing phosphorus and that they died from heart failure.

The jury refused to believe it and convicted Mary Wilson on both counts of murder. She was sentenced to death.

However, her age and sex were on her side. She was reprieved in June 1958 and moved to Holloway Prison, where she died from natural causes on December 5th, 1962.

#### CAUGHT HIM RED-HANDED

**David Lancelot di Duca** (21) was a Royal Navy steward serving on the HMS *Tyne* when he was on shore leave, drinking in the Ship and Castle in Portsmouth, on February 1st, 1959.

He told some shipmates he was drinking with that he knew where he could get some money, and left the pub at 2 p.m.

He then broke into a flat at the Seagull Hotel on Western Parade in Southsea, occupied by a dealer named Henry Mullins, 66. Mullins was known to carry large amounts of cash around, and sure enough di Duca discovered a large roll of banknotes in the flat.

David di Duca himself was quickly discovered, too, and he was spun around by Mullins. The two men faced each other for a few seconds before di Duca punched Mullins in the stomach, then, as Mullins fell onto his bed, di

Duca smashed him over the head with a washbasin.

After returning to his ship, di Duca told two of his mates that he had "filled someone in," gave them six pounds each, and kept the rest for himself.

Mullins's body was found on his bed. Although he had a fractured skull, the pathologist said that death was caused by Mullins effectively drowning in his own blood.



#### SHOT BY JEALOUS HUSBAND

In the early 1960s in Stockton-on-Tees, 35-year-old Richard Cook had a year-long affair with Elsie Black. Both were married to other people, and when Cook confessed to his wife, she took him to see Elsie Black to end things.

The three agreed they would never speak of it again, and that the best thing was for the Cooks to



Above, Edgar Black. He became enraged over his wife's affair with Richard Cook (below)



Left, David di Luca. Above, Henry Mullins' body lays on his bedroom floor. Circled is the 17lb washbasin used on him with deadly force

David di Duca's fingerprints were found all over the flat, and he was soon arrested and charged with the murder.

At his trial at Winchester Assizes, he claimed he had acted in self-defence, as Mullins had a reputation for violence. He also claimed that, as he was drunk at the time, he didn't know what he was doing.

The jury disagreed and found di Duca guilty of murder, though with a recommendation to mercy. He was due to be hanged on June 11th, 1959, but he was reprieved two days beforehand and remained in prison for almost 17 years before being released in 1976.

leave Stockton forever. They moved to Rumney, in Wales, where they began a new life together.

But in June 1963 37-year-old **Edgar Valentine Black** learned of his wife's affair and was enraged. He drove to Cardiff, bought a shotgun and cartridges, and a hacksaw to shorten the barrel.

Two days later, he knocked on the door of the Cooks' house, and when Richard opened it, Edgar Black blasted him in the stomach at point blank range. Black dropped the gun and fled, while Cook died two hours later.

Black was arrested by police in Nottingham the following day, and was taken back to Cardiff to face justice.

At his trial in Swansea,

Black's counsel claimed a defence of provocation. But in his summing-up the judge told the jury that the delay between being told about his wife's affair and shooting Cook meant that Black had been determined to carry out the murder.

After just 35 minutes, the jury returned a guilty verdict and Black was sentenced to hang.

However, he was reprieved and then spent 15 years in prison before being released in December 1978.

*Edgar Black's case marks the end of this selective series of 140 cases chosen from the 700+ reprieves in the 20th century. Death sentences continued to be passed in Britain until capital punishment was abolished for murder in November 1965, the last person to hear the order that he be executed being David Chapman, sentenced to death just days before the new law came into force...*



# Doctor Injected His Lover With HIV

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asktruecrime

**J**ANICE TRAHAN finally felt that she was making a fresh start in her life. It certainly wasn't before time. She had been through her share of trials and tribulations in the last few years.

After a turbulent 10-year affair marked by the trauma of three abortions and bouts of ill-health, she finally had some cause for optimism. She had endured numerous threats and hollow promises from her married lover in that time.

Now the mother-of-two from Lafayette, Louisiana, seemed at last to have made the break.

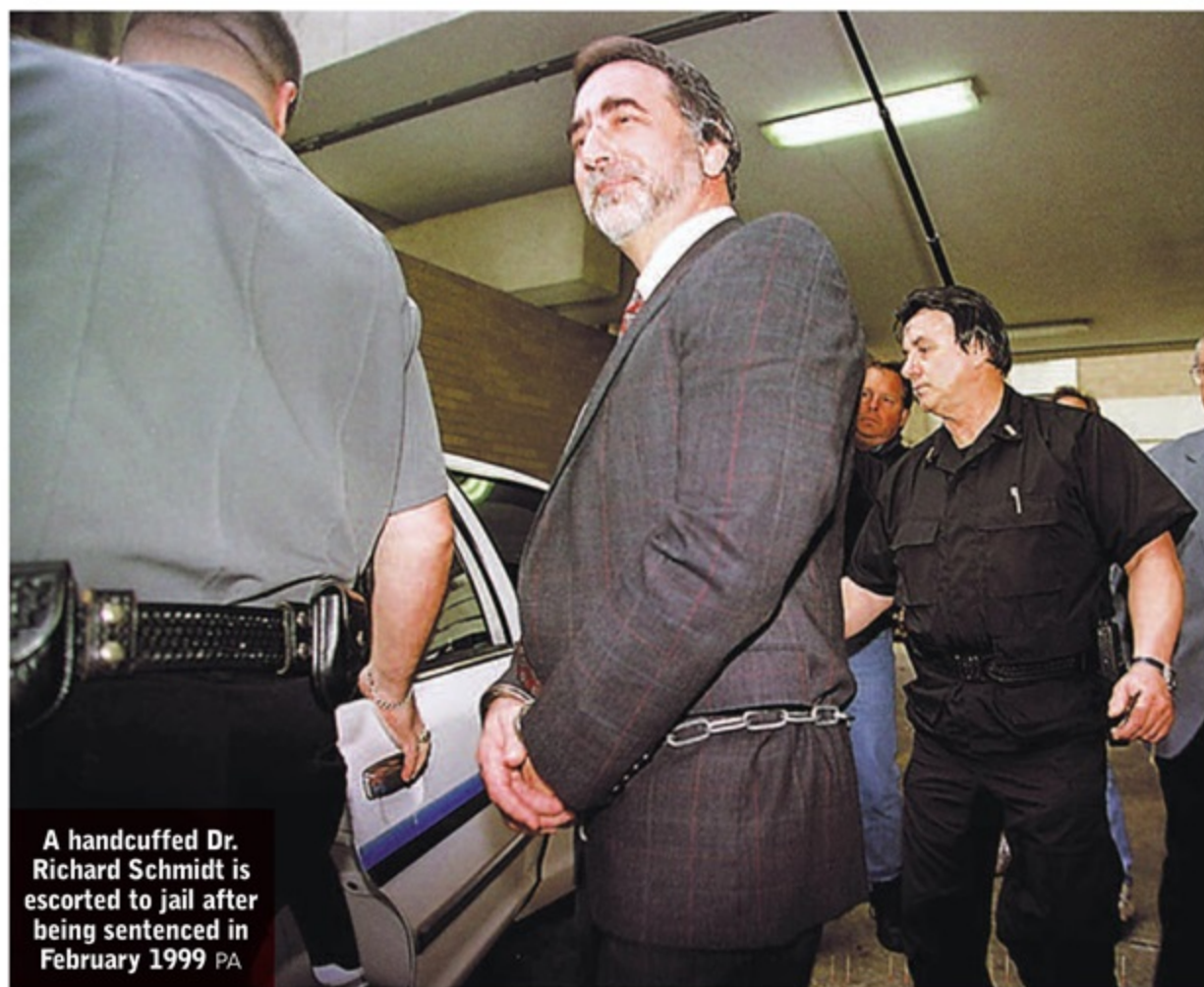
Yes, she had been feeling a bit sick recently – but she put it down to the stress and strain of coping with the break-up of a relationship and the anguish she had suffered for many years because of it.

The dull pain behind her eyes had been her first symptom. At the time it started she joked to her new lover that it was a sign of getting old; maybe the pain was there because she needed glasses.

But the pain didn't go away, and it turned out to be nothing to do with her eyesight. When she went to the doctor for tests he couldn't be sure either, but decided to take blood samples and send them to

**Lesley Driscoll from Seaford wrote:** Have you ever covered the case of Dr. Richard Schmidt and his lover Janice Trahan? On the night of August 4th, 1994, the married doctor let himself into her home and injected her with the HIV virus. The pair had had a tumultuous 10-year affair and during one of their many break-ups he'd told her, "If you leave I'll drive you to suicide, and I'll make sure that no man will want you."

This disturbing case from 1990s Louisiana, US, has never previously featured in TC – so it's time to put that right! For all our readers, here's our case report by **Chris Andrew**



A handcuffed Dr. Richard Schmidt is escorted to jail after being sentenced in February 1999 PA

the laboratory for a variety of tests.

It had been a beautiful, mild winter's morning in January 1995 when Janice made the short trip to the surgery. She had a new boyfriend now, Jerry Allen, and they were both looking forward to the future together.

On the day that Janice would never forget she sat in the surgery for about 10 minutes with her arm inside Allen's. They were talking about taking a holiday to California, their first together, and laughing about how they couldn't afford

to, but they were going to anyway.

It was then that Dr. Wayne Daigle walked in and invited them both to come into his surgery. Janice could tell straight away that her holiday plans might have to be shelved. It was the look on the doctor's face, the way he leaned forward in a concerned and engaging manner. She was a nurse, she knew about these things.

He gently delivered news which there is no good or easy way to break. Janice had registered positive for HIV, the virus that at that time would likely lead to AIDS.

But, were that possible, worse was yet to come. When Janice, then 32, tried to figure out how she might have contracted the disease she could only find one explanation.

She told Captain Jim Craft of the Lafayette Police that she believed she had been deliberately injected with the deadly virus by Dr. Richard Schmidt.

He had been her lover for more than 10 years, as well as being the father of her young son, Jeffrey. He had at various times in that period also been Janice Trahan's physician.



“Richard made a lot of promises to me over the years,” she would subsequently testify in court. “But he kept just one. He swore that he would kill me!”

If the attraction between Dr. Schmidt and Janice would ultimately turn deadly, it started more simply.

The affair began in the spring of 1984, when they were both working at the Lafayette General Hospital. Dr. Schmidt, a powerful and successful man, was a supposedly happily married gastroenterologist with a thriving practice and three loving children.

He was popular with his patients, and had an admirable bedside manner. The nurses would sometimes make fun of his comb-over hairstyle to cover his receding hairline, but his charm made him a popular figure with the female members of staff as well as his patients. Certainly the 36-year-old doctor from nearby Metairie, Louisiana, apparently looked just fine to the then 21-year-old Janice, a married nurse with an infant son.

While the other nurses would laugh about his hairstyle and his chat-up lines, Janice found herself strongly attracted to Schmidt. And the doctor wasn't slow to show his amorous intentions towards her either.

“At first everyone thought he was a really good guy,” said Elias Brasseaux, who was married to Janice's older sister Becky. “He was the perfect gentleman, polite, attentive and charming. He didn't seem to have a bad side to him at all.”

In time Janice, the youngest of four children whose father was a struggling bricklayer, divorced her husband Keith and moved out of their mobile home and into an apartment with her son, Justin.

Schmidt continued to live in considerably more opulent surroundings with his wife Barbara and their children, but from the outset of his affair with the young nurse he considered himself to be very much part of her family. He would join Janice regularly for dinner, often having Sunday lunch at home with his family and then having another meal



Janice Trahan – she said her married lover Dr. Richard Schmidt treated her like “a chattel”

with Janice, later on in the day.

“Schmidt told us many times that he wanted to have children with Janice,” said her sister Becky. “And that he would definitely be leaving his wife to set up home with her. After a while I'd just hear the same old story, with the same old excuses as to why he couldn't yet get a divorce, but that one day he and Janice would be living together.”

The weeks turned into months and into years. By 1989, Janice later told the police, she had become pregnant by him three times. Each time, she said, he persuaded her to have an abortion.

Whenever she brought up the subject of seeing other men Schmidt reacted with anger and threats. Although

he was happy to lead a double life, wanting the best of both worlds, he made it clear to Janice that she should always be available for him, even at the shortest notice.

At a hearing in 1996 she testified that, “He was a very intimidating man. He was obsessed and jealous. He treated me like a chattel even though he was maintaining the pretence of being happily married.”

“While I had to be at his beck and call, he only put me first when it suited him. He was controlling, volatile and manipulative, and because I loved him and was scared of him, I let him get away with it for many years.”

The relationship was summed up by Schmidt's attorney, Michael Fawer, who told the court, “their affair was one in which each

party wreaked emotional havoc on the other.”

At one point, according to Janice, Schmidt vowed that he would make sure that no other man would ever want her.

Her sister Becky recalled, “I remember how terrified Janice was. She told me many times that he would end up killing her, and possibly himself as well.”

When Janice did finally start seeing other men in an attempt to prise herself away from Schmidt's spell the doctor tried to intimidate her boyfriends as well as her.

According to Gene Guidry, a salesman who dated Janice for a couple of months in 1990, Schmidt called him several times on the phone, once at two in the morning, and in a threatening tone made the suggestion that Guidry stop seeing Janice.

“He was telling me she was his possession and that he didn't want anyone else playing with it. I told Janice to go to the police, but she said she couldn't. She said he was only behaving that way because he still loved her.”

In effect Janice remained, as the doctor said, in his possession. With his promises, as well as his loving pleas and violent threats, he kept persuading her to take him back. Lies and intimidation would be followed with presents for their son and money for Janice. Even the humiliation of the doctor's refusal to let her put his name on their son Jeffrey's birth certificate in March 1991 didn't do the trick.

“I was a weak woman,” Janice would later tell the court. “I was taken advantage of because I always kidded myself into thinking that one day he would come and stay with me for ever.”

“I loved him and I wanted us to be a family. I was prepared to wait because I wanted Jeffrey to have a full-time father, not one who sneaks around when he can get away from his wife.”

By the summer of 1994 even Janice realised that her fantasy world was never going to happen. She no longer felt she could live her life to fit in with Schmidt's timetable.

She began seeing Barry



Lafayette, Louisiana, at night



Bleichner, and Schmidt responded by taking an apartment on a short lease to convince Janice he was serious about them living together. Less than three months later, after she had stopped seeing Bleichner, Schmidt was back at home with his family, and Janice was left on her own again.

Though the lovers broke up for the last time in July of that year, Schmidt continued to stop by at Janice's home twice weekly to administer shots of Vitamin B12 for her, and to see his son. She had been having these shots for years, after being diagnosed with a vitamin deficiency. Schmidt still had a key

to her apartment, and drove over on the evening of August 4th. It was an unbearably hot, muggy night, and Janice had gone to bed early with her son. As she lay on the bed with Jeffrey beside her she thought she heard Schmidt's car pull up outside. She was too hot and tired to get up, but she

wondered why he had arrived much later than usual. She heard him whisper something as he walked through the bedroom. The room was dark, Jeffrey was tossing and turning, the bedcovers thrown to the floor. In the faint light that came from the bathroom she could see him standing over her with a syringe and telling her it was time for another vitamin B12 shot. Janice offered her sleepy protests, but she didn't want to wake Jeffrey. It had taken



Schmidt's 90s mug-shot. He has always maintained his innocence

hours to get him to sleep. She waved Schmidt away with her hand, the injection could wait until the next day. It was only a vitamin shot, not life or death. As it turned out, however, deadly was precisely what it was. As she rolled on to her side Janice felt a needle prick into her left arm. Schmidt leant over and stroked Jeffrey's hair and then quietly made his way down to the front door. He had only been in the house for a few minutes. When Janice woke the next morning she wasn't sure whether she had dreamt that the doctor was in the bedroom the night before. When she saw the fresh pinprick on her arm she knew that he had. That vitamin shot would, it seemed, turn out to be Janice's death sentence. When the deadly doctor eventually went on trial Assistant District Attorney Keith Stutes told the court that the syringe Schmidt used was the equivalent of a loaded revolver. In the six months between Schmidt giving Janice the injection and her being diagnosed with the HIV virus, she had slowly felt her life was becoming more orderly. That was until the day she was told that

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she had been awarded the apparent death sentence.

According to the prosecution, the injection contained blood tainted by both HIV and the virus that causes Hepatitis C, which Dr. Schmidt had drawn earlier that week from two different patients.

In support of his case Stutes introduced a notebook logging all the blood samples taken by Schmidt's staff. The only two that did not have stickers showing that they had been sent to labs for testing were drawn on August 2nd, 1994, and then another the next day. They were taken from Leslie Louviere, a Hepatitis C patient, and then from Donald McClelland, an AIDS patient.

Then Stutes presented a pair of medical experts who testified to the similarities between genetic material from Janice's HIV-infected blood and that of the deceased McClelland. The chances of Janice being contaminated with the AIDS virus from any other source were shown to be well-nigh impossible.

Despite the defence's attempts to challenge these conclusions by producing their own medical experts as witnesses, and Barbara Schmidt's testimony that her husband had been at home on the evening of August 4th (although she admitted she couldn't account for his whereabouts for about half an hour when she took her regular evening bath), the jury were convinced of Schmidt's guilt.

His legal team did not help matters by trying to portray Janice as a woman of loose morals, who was not afraid to try out different sexual partners, implying that she could have contracted the virus from any number of casual affairs.

In summing-up, Stutes told the jury, "Do not be deceived by the fact that Janice Trahan is sitting here today. Do not think that somehow this can all resolve with a happy ending. Schmidt has sentenced this woman to death.

"Some of you might think it would have been more humane if he had just shot her or given her an overdose. He didn't care about the suffering she was going to endure after he injected her.



Above, victim Janice Trahan (left) in recent years with her husband Jerry Allen. Below, the Elayn Hunt Correctional Center where Schmidt remains incarcerated

He just didn't want to get caught.

"This brave woman will leave the court today facing an uncertain future. Every day she lives will be a precious one. To my knowledge she is one of the only walking murder victims, sentenced to die by a cruel and callous man who had

**"He destroyed many lives, not to mention his own. He was eaten by jealousy and revenge. This woman was the mother of his son"**

decided that if he couldn't have her, then no one else would."

It took the jury only four hours to return with a guilty verdict of attempted murder and deadly assault in January 1999.

As she left the court a

tearful Barbara Schmidt told reporters, "My husband does not have it in his heart to do something like this. I know he is innocent."

One juror admitted he was relieved that the rest of the jury felt the same way he did. "I believe Dr. Schmidt is a very disturbed individual," he told *The Advocate* newspaper in Baton Rouge. "I am not surprised he didn't take the stand; he would have incriminated himself even more.

"He destroyed many lives, not to mention his own. He was eaten by jealousy and revenge. He must have planned it for months. I can't believe that he didn't stop to think about what he was going to do. This woman was the mother of his son."

Since February 1999, when he received the maximum sentence of 50 years' hard labour, Schmidt has been behind bars.

The doctor, who was struck off in March 1999, "doesn't say very much" reported Lafayette police captain Gary Hawkins. "He just reads all the time."

Like his fellow-prisoners, Schmidt was allowed only 50 minutes with visitors each



week. Every Tuesday night either his wife or one of his three children turned up to visit him.

Dr. Schmidt steadfastly maintained his innocence throughout. When the case first came to public attention he put advertisements in several newspapers saying, "The allegations that have been made are totally untrue. I will continue to serve my patients and honour my oath as a doctor for as long as I can."

Married since March 1996 to Jerry Allen, a manager of an oil-production company, Janice continued to work when her health permitted as a manager at Lafayette General Hospital.

"I have good days and bad days, like everyone else. The thing is my bad days are a lot worse than most other folk," Janice said.

"I have to be strong for my children and my husband, but it is difficult sometimes. I still wonder if I am not partly to blame for what happened.

"No one deserves to have this kind of death sentence imposed on them. My only fault was that I loved Schmidt enough to let him ruin my life. Now I have to take just one day at a time. After what he did to me, what else can I do?"

Schmidt appealed his case multiple times, mostly on the basis of allegedly flawed phylogenetic evidence. In 2000 the Louisiana Court of Appeals denied his request, finding that the circumstantial evidence was enough to eliminate reasonable doubt even without the science. Two years later, the US Supreme Court declined to hear his case, offering no comment for its decision. The Louisiana Supreme Court denied another appeal in 2005.

Schmidt and his lawyers continue to fight the verdict, though they appear unlikely to succeed.

**He remains behind bars at the Elayn Hunt Correctional Center in St. Gabriel, Louisiana, and is not eligible for early release until 2023.**

**Got a crime question? Don't hesitate to ASK TC at the address given on page 34**



# Footballer Shot Dead In A Salford Street

**T**HE SURGEON had to work fast: the young woman on the operating table at Salford Royal Hospital had been shot in her left breast, the bullet lodging near her spine. And she was seven months pregnant.

It was 10.30 a.m. on May 16th, 1953, and the patient was 25-year-old Mrs. Rose

**Case report by  
Matthew Spicer**

Marie Waddington, the mother of a four-year-old son. Two hours later, a second operation revealed severe injuries to her stomach. Her baby was born prematurely and died the next day after doctors fought to save its life.

On the same day a Home Office pathologist conducted a post-mortem on a man who was shot with Mrs. Waddington – a young man well-known to football fans in the north-west of England, for he was William “Billy” Robinson, Accrington Stanley FC’s left fullback. Shot twice in the stomach, he had died shortly after he was taken to hospital.

A 27-year-old bachelor whose good looks made him a pin-up for his club’s female fans, he lived with his mother and younger brother in Chorlton-cum-Hardy, south Manchester. Shortly before midnight on May 15th he was walking down Deane Street, Salford, with

**He was a talented footballer with a seemingly bright future. But when Accrington Stanley’s Billy Robinson stepped out with another man’s estranged wife his life came to a sudden, brutal end...**



**Above, William “Billy” Robinson – he was a pin-up for fans. Background image, the club’s Peel Park ground**

Mrs. Waddington when both were gunned down.

Who was the gunman? Just minutes after the victims were taken to hospital, Mrs. Waddington’s estranged husband phoned the police. He had been seen talking to his wife, from whom he was separated, and to Billy Robinson just before the shooting, and he told detectives he was responsible.

“I don’t mind swinging,” 31-year-old John Waddington told police when they arrived at his Deane Street home to arrest him. “It is my son I am sorry for,” he continued, unaware that his wife was still alive. “He has no mother now, and probably no father soon.”

A service revolver lay on Waddington’s kitchen table. Told that his wife was being treated in hospital, but the

man who was shot with her had died, he said: “To be quite honest, if my wife lives I don’t mind. It is just unfortunate.” He made no reply when he was charged with Billy Robinson’s murder, and said, “Nothing whatsoever, sir,” when he was charged with his wife’s attempted murder.

**P**leading not guilty when his trial began at Manchester Assizes on July 30th, 1953, Waddington was said by Sir Noel Goldie QC, prosecuting, to have spoken to his wife and Robinson, who he did not know, and then to have returned to his home for the revolver with which he shot the couple.

Mrs. Waddington’s father, Mr. William Shearer, told the court that just after the shooting his son-in-law told him, “I have shot your daughter.”

“He gave me eight pounds, saying that this would help me to look after the little boy,” Mr. Shearer testified.

Questioned by Miss Rose Heilbron QC, defending, he agreed that Waddington was passionately fond of his wife and devoted to his child. But the marriage was unhappy almost from the start, Mr. Shearer said, adding that he disapproved of his daughter’s behaviour in keeping late hours and going out alone.

The court then heard that Waddington, a jig and tool designer, had served in the Royal Navy in the North and South Atlantic from 1942 to 1946, rising to the rank of chief petty officer.

In the witness-box, he said he married his wife in April 1948 and they split up four months later. “The next time I was to live with my wife was in February,





**Above left, the corpse of Billy Robinson, showing one of the gunshot wounds that killed him. Above right, the murder scene at the corner of Deane Street and Cedar Street in Salford, Manchester**

1949. Before we came together she told me she had been unfortunate enough to conceive another man's child."

He still wanted a reconciliation, he said, and when the child was born he regarded himself as the father and the boy was registered in his name. "I extracted a promise from my wife that no one should know the truth. I told her not to tell her parents about it."

His marriage was still not successful, he said, for his wife always wanted a good time and began to seek her own amusement and entertainment, seldom returning home before midnight. She often complained that she was too tied down by marriage, and after a quarrel she went to see her parents and, probably in revenge, told them her child was not his son. "But I am still very fond of my wife," Waddington told a hushed court.

Moving on to the night of the shooting, Waddington said that on seeing his wife in the street with Robinson, he asked her to return to him. When she refused, he left her talking to Robinson and went to get his revolver, intending to intimidate her to return home. The next

thing he could remember was being in the road with Robinson's hands round his throat.

In response to a question

### Billy Was Skilful – And Popular With Team-mates

**"I**t is difficult to realise that Billy Robinson is dead," wrote the football correspondent of the *Accrington Observer*. "He was a grand player and extremely popular with his team-mates. Though not big – he was only five feet six inches tall – he was full of guts, had the skill, too, and was remarkably fit.

"He took a tremendous interest in physical development, and often, on long journeys to away matches by coach, he could be seen studying books on physical culture and massage."

**A former Stockport and Chesterfield player, Robinson had intended to become a masseur when his football career ended.**

from the judge, Waddington said he did not know that the gun had gone off. "I have been asked about it, but it just does not register. Obviously, it must have gone off."

He was unaware that Robinson had been shot, Waddington said, until the police told him. "I only thought I had laid him out while we were fighting."

Seeking a manslaughter verdict, Miss Heilbron told the jury that Waddington was devoted to his wife and child, and at the time of the shooting he must have been "in something of a frenzy." Although well-spoken and articulate, he had been unable to find the right words to describe his emotions during "those fatal seconds on the night of the tragedy."

"You have heard from the lips of Mrs. Waddington's own father words no daughter would ever want her father to use about her," Miss Heilbron continued. "He obviously thought her conduct was deeply deplorable. It is invidious to have to say these things, particularly about a woman who was herself badly injured in this shooting affray."

After an hour's deliberation, the jury cleared Waddington of murder but convicted him of manslaughter.

Sentencing him to five years' imprisonment, Mr. Justice Lynskey told him: "I am prepared to believe that you committed this offence at a time when you were not in full control of your



faculties. But this is a serious crime, and people who use guns must be made to realise that it is not permissible or tolerable even under extreme provocation."

**Tall and dark-haired, John Waddington showed no emotion as he was sentenced. With remission, he served just over three years in prison.**





**E**DWARD J. O'HARE always carried in his wallet a card on which was printed a poem about the uncertainty of life. The poem, which would be called corny by any literary critic, went like this:

*The clock of life is wound but once  
And no man has the power  
To tell just when the hands will stop  
At late or early hour.*

*Now is the only time you own  
Live, love and toil with a will*



This report by  
**Ray Brennan**

ability to sway juries and get acquittals for the shady characters he defended. The nickname stuck to him all his life.

A fellow with get-rich-quick ambitions, Artful Eddie latched on to a part-interest in the patents on the mechanical rabbit – the device which consistently outruns the greyhounds at dog-racing tracks.

The robot cottontail was a highly valuable property, and became more so as dog-tracks sprang up in a number of states. Every greyhound racing promoter had to pay O'Hare a percentage of profits for use of the patented rabbit, and the profits were big.

Al Capone decided to open a strictly illegal dog-racing track, Hawthorne Park in Chicago, in the mid-1920s, and he called in Eddie as

**If there was anyone whom Al Capone (left) trusted it was his lawyer, Edward J. O'Hare (above). But O'Hare wasn't in the business to make friends. He was in it for the money alone...**

# The Man Who Be... ...And How Scarfac

*Place no faith in time,  
For the clock may then be still.*

It took the Capone mob 10 years to get around to fixing O'Hare's clock, but the usual thorough job was finally done.

His obituary provides proof, with the utter finality

of the graveyard, that a stool pigeon – mobdom's all-inclusive term for an informant – can't fly with vultures.

O'Hare became a victim of one of Chicago's most sensational murders, and the crime is still carried on the

police records as unsolved.


O'Hare grew up in St. Louis, Missouri, worked his way through law school and became known as a mighty slick operator in the police courts.

They called him "Artful Eddie" as a tribute to his

technical and legal adviser.

Although greyhound racing was against Illinois law, Capone managed to keep Hawthorne running long enough to make himself about a million dollars until an Illinois Supreme Court decision finally closed it.





The life of "Fast Eddie" O'Hare came to a brutal end

# Artful Eddie O'Hare Betrayed Al Capone and Took His Revenge

Capone became a great admirer and, he thought, a close friend of Artful Eddie. O'Hare dressed correctly, knew how to conduct himself in the best society, and had a college education. All those things vastly impressed the blubbery, boorish gang boss.

What Al wasn't smart enough to realise was that O'Hare was too shrewd to trust any criminal. When Artful Eddie associated with a criminal, he had one objective in mind – to make money, not friends.

After the law knocked out

dog racing, Capone switched with agility to the nags. He went into horse racing at Sportsman's Park, a Chicago half-mile oval. That was a legal activity. Since Illinois laws barred racketeers from racing, Capone installed O'Hare as nominal

head, or "front man," for Sportsman's, and gave him a minority interest.

In 1929, Capone began having Frank J. Wilson trouble. Wilson, later to become chief of the US Secret Service, was at that



time Uncle Sam's greatest income-tax sleuth, and out to put the scar-mugged gang tycoon in prison. Nobody, least of all Capone, doubted that he could do it.

As the investigation proceeded, it became apparent that there was an informant in the Capone ranks. Somebody was handing Wilson inside tips on Capone income and its sources.

Al's suspicious eye focused on Alfred J. "Jake" Lingle, an enterprising *Chicago Tribune* reporter. Lingle had been serving as a well-paid liaison man between the syndicate and certain politicians and police officials.

Lingle knew a lot about Capone's affairs, and the gang leader suspected that the reporter was tipping off the income-tax sleuth in the hope of being rewarded with 10 per cent of any fines and penalties collected.

Anyway, Lingle had his brains blown out one afternoon in the gloom of a pedestrian underpass beneath Michigan Avenue at Randolph Street.

The Lingle murder may well have been Capone's biggest mistake. At any rate, the killing caused a great public outcry – and inside information kept right on leaking into Wilson's ready ears.

Capone next suspected – and rightly so – A. L. Shumway and Fred Reis, a couple of gambling-house employees who knew entirely too much about Al's multi-million-dollar finances.

Shumway and Reis were blabbing their throats dry to Wilson, and Capone offered his hoods \$25,000 each for the murders of the pair.

Again the big-shot gangster was foiled. The mysterious tipster got word to Wilson, and the two star witnesses were whipped into protective custody and sent on a Mediterranean cruise, pending Capone's trial.

Driven by now into fits of howling frustration, "Scarface Al" decided the only way out of his prison peril was to have Wilson murdered.

Capone reasoned that any one of about 40 persons close to him might be feeding information to the tax agent. Instead of killing off all the 40 possible informants, it would save

ammunition, expense, bloodshed and public furore to cut off the pipeline by putting Wilson himself in a casket, he figured. After that was done, the informant would be afraid to go near

on murdering his way out of his troubles. He concentrated instead on fixing the jurors who would hear his case.

His agents bribed the money-hungry men on the panel, and terrorised

the timid. Enough of them were reached for Capone to become confident of an acquittal or at least a hung jury.

Capone had double-crossed the prosecution – but now came the triple-cross.

The ever-busy informant from within the Capone organisation gave the word to Wilson, and he passed it along to the prosecutor, George E. Q. Johnson, and the judge, James H. Wilkerson.

At the last moment, the judge cast out the panel that had been tampered with and brought in a new one. After that Capone was a gone gangster. He was convicted and sentenced to 11 years.

Before Capone rode off towards Alcatraz, where syphilis was to rot away his brain, he gave specific orders on how his racketeering empire was to be directed, and by whom.



**With Capone out of the picture the power shifted in gangland and well-respected – and feared – men like (clockwise from top left) Murray "The Camel" Humphreys, Frank "The Enforcer" Nitti, Louis "Little New York" Campagna and Paul "The Waiter" Ricca all took major roles in the new era**



Frank "the Enforcer" Nitti, Al's chief lieutenant, became overall boss, with such hoodlums as Murray "the Camel" Humphreys, Jack Guzik, Charlie Fischetti, Paul "the Waiter" Ricca and Louis "Little New York" Campagna as advisers and department heads.

The name of Nitti is one to be remembered in this story on the O'Hare mystery, incidentally. In Artful Eddie's

any tax agent.

Capone arranged, therefore, for an ambush crew to kill Wilson as he left his hotel, the Sheridan-Plaza, on Chicago's North Side.

Once more there was a leak. Wilson stole out of the hotel through a back door and thereafter directed the investigation from a hideout. The hired killers were never able to get close to him.

As his federal court trial drew near, Capone gave up

**The brazen assassination of the newsman Jake Lingle (right) took Capone's lawless rule into public scrutiny**





trust was placed Sportsman's Park, plus certain Capone track holdings and real estate in Florida.

O'Hare took over 193,000 shares in Sportsman's and was given full authority. Johnny Patton, called The Boy Mayor of Burnham because he opened up the West Side Chicago suburb for Capone gambling houses and brothels, held 211,000 shares in the track.

Prosperity soared for Artful Eddie even during the Depression years. He was kept busy counting the money Sportsman's brought in, and he also had dog tracks in Florida and Massachusetts. His wealth passed a million and continued climbing.

He maintained office headquarters at the Chicago track, and visitors there often remarked on the shapeliness,

Her name was Miss Annette Caravetta. Her friends called her "Toni." She opened O'Hare's mail, answered his telephone calls and handled his appointments. "Knows more about my business than I do," O'Hare often said.

In the autumn of 1939, the date for Capone's release from Alcatraz drew near.

At the same time, O'Hare seemed to grow nervous. He had a fine home in suburban Glencoe, but he seldom went there. Instead, he stayed in hotels, a different one practically every night. On November 9th, he left his office above the grandstand at the track in mid-afternoon, and drove towards the Loop in his Buick coupe.

At the intersection of Ogden Avenue and Rockwell Street, the clock

as a Capone-style murder, but nobody could prove anything.

Miss Caravetta, the person who knew most about O'Hare's business affairs, was interviewed at length by investigators. She spread her hands in a gesture of helplessness and said in effect that she didn't know anybody in the whole wide world who might want to kill her employer.

The newspapers speculated that the killing might have some relation to Capone's approaching release from prison. Still no proof. Among the questions that couldn't be answered were:

1. What was the motive for O'Hare's murder?
2. What did O'Hare do, if anything, to warrant being

mysterious income-tax informant within the Capone mob – the tipster who had reported everything from the threat to Shumway and Reis to the fixing of the jury – had been Eddie O'Hare!

Artful Eddie, admired and trusted by Scarface Al, had been the man who betrayed him. To O'Hare, Irely gave full credit for the conviction of the most notorious criminal of the time.

The third question – "How did the Capone mob get the information on which O'Hare's death warrant was based?" – is still unanswered on the official books.

Now, let us skip to 1943, the year the clock stopped for Frank "the Enforcer" Nitti. He had continued to reign as supreme head of the Capone mob even after Al, a paresis wreck, had been released



**The wreck of the black 1939 Lincoln-Zephyr coupe O'Hare was driving on Wednesday, November 8th, 1939, when the mob finally took their revenge. O'Hare died instantly**

wit and efficiency of his private secretary, whom O'Hare had hired a number of years after Capone went to prison.

"She's cute enough to star on Broadway, and she's the world's best secretary to boot," O'Hare agreed.

stopped for him.

A sedan chased him for a few blocks at 75 miles an hour. He tried desperately to get away, but couldn't. Two blasts from a shotgun killed him. His car crashed into a lamp-post.

Everybody recognised it

marked for death?

3. How did the Capone mob get the information on which his death warrant was based?

The first two of those questions were answered by Elmer Irely, Federal Bureau of Internal Revenue top man.

Irely revealed that the

from prison.

Nitti, in 1943, faced almost certain conviction and imprisonment for a \$3,000,000 labour-racket shakedown of the Hollywood movie industry. With that gloomy prospect, Nitti killed himself.





The suicide of Nitti, biggest man in Chicago crime, was a sensation. The police questioned his widow, Annette, a shapely, attractive woman. They didn't recognise her – but a reporter who had worked on the O'Hare murder had sharper eyes.

She was the former Miss Toni Caravetta...

She was the former secretary to Eddie O'Hare...

She was the person who knew more about O'Hare's

affairs than he did...

A short time after the murder of O'Hare, she had become the bride of Nitti, Capone's successor...

The reporter asked her if she remembered O'Hare's poem, and she quickly quoted for him the last two lines: "...Place no faith in time, for the clock may then be still."

**The reporter wasn't certain, but he thought he saw a faint hint of a smile on her lips...**



**W**hy did Nitti kill himself? Well, when Al Capone took an enforced holiday in Alcatraz, Nitti became titular head of the business – but Paul Ricca was the real leader. Ricca used Nitti's fearsome name as a terror tactic against various film moguls. While Capone languished in prison, his empire flourished, until federal investigators succeeded in getting information which put both Nitti and Paul Ricca in the frame.

Who gave them that information? If Eddie O'Hare was the informant in this case, his goose was cooked, because his efficient secretary was in love with Frank Nitti.

A lot happened

in 1939, the year Capone was released from prison. Edward O'Hare was murdered, and Frank Nitti took himself a wife who knew as much about O'Hare's business as O'Hare ever had.

Based on information received, there was enough evidence to indict Paul Ricca and Frank Nitti. At a meeting of the top leaders of the mob, Ricca ordered Nitti to plead guilty and take the rap for them all. The prospect of returning to prison terrified Nitti – a reaction which made him a logical candidate to seek mercy from the prosecution by confessing, and naming all the others.

"Frank, you're asking for it," Ricca raged at him – and Nitti recognised the words for the death sentence they were. The next day he shot himself in the head.

Annette "Toni" Caravetta Nitti pictured above in mourning after her husband's suicide (right). After her time as Eddie O'Hare's last secretary, she had married newly-appointed mob boss Frank Nitti...



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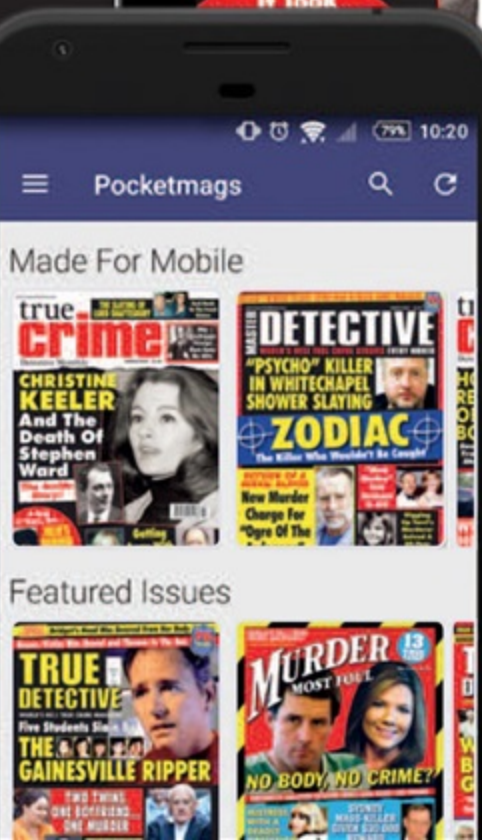
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## SOLDIER KILLS 29 IN SHOOTING RAMPAGE

### February 11th

THAILAND WAS in shock after a disgruntled soldier went on a shooting rampage in the city of Nakhon Ratchasima. Twenty-nine people died of gunshot wounds before the suspect, named as Jakraphanth Thomma, was shot dead by the security forces.

According to Thai authorities Thomma killed his commanding officer Colonel Anantharot Krasae, the colonel's mother-in-law and another soldier before stealing weapons from the military camp. He escaped in a Humvee-type vehicle.

The 32-year-old suspect then continued his attack on the streets and in a shopping centre where he was eventually cornered all night and finally shot dead.

Thomma, who was believed to hold a grudge over a property deal, shot more than 50 other people who survived the rampage,



Above, soldiers at the scene. Inset above right, a selfie taken by the suspect during the rampage. Below, the suspect caught on CCTV as he enters the shopping centre



according to reports.

He posted on his social media accounts during the attack, with one post on Facebook asking whether he should surrender.

The suspect had earlier posted an image of a pistol with three sets of bullets, along with the words "it is time to get excited" and "nobody can avoid death."

Thailand's prime minister Prayuth Chan-ocha said the rampage was the first of its kind in the nation's history.

**"It is unprecedented in Thailand, and I want this to be the last time this crisis happens,"** Mr. Chan-ocha said.

him in the head before fleeing the scene with a mobile phone.

Humberto was rushed to hospital but died the next day.

The community of the Municipal Institute of Art and Culture of Puebla joined local residents, friends and government authorities in sending condolences to the victim's family.

**The dead man's relatives appealed for financial support to bury him as they didn't have the funds to pay for his funeral.**

of crimes including psychological violence, and sexual violence and sexual slavery of the 49-year-old woman identified only as Morella, prosecutors said.

According to reports, Salazar had lived for years with another woman and his daughter in a building across the street from where Morella was held.

### February 18th MASS KILLER COULD FACE EXECUTION

JAPANESE PROSECUTORS have called for suspected mass killer Satoshi Uematsu to



Above, accused Satoshi Uematsu in police custody. Below, the crime scene in Sagamihara



be given the death penalty for allegedly murdering 19 disabled care home residents.

Former care home employee Uematsu, 30, did not dispute his involvement in the 2016 stabbing rampage during his first court appearance in January in Yokohama.

But his lawyers entered a plea of not guilty, saying their client was suffering a "mental disorder" linked to his use of marijuana.

Prosecutors say Uematsu was capable of taking responsibility for the attack, adding that the rampage was "inhumane" and left "no room for leniency."

Uematsu had reportedly said he wanted to eradicate all people with disabilities in the attack at the Tsukui Yamayuri-en centre in Sagamihara, south-west of Tokyo. He claimed people with disabilities "only create unhappiness."

Besides the 19 people killed, 26 people were injured.

Uematsu's beliefs shocked Japan, raising questions about whether others might hold similar views.

● more Chronicles on page 50

### February 13th

#### MEXICANS SHED TEARS FOR A POPULAR CLOWN

A POPULAR children's entertainer involved with charitable organisations was shot dead by a robber as he tried to defend a mother and her baby in the Mexican city of Puebla.

Clown Humberto Rojas Landa, 51 – known as Doctor Tickling – died after being shot in the head at a restaurant in the city.

According to witnesses, a gunman burst into the premises planning to rob customers.

The victim, who who



Tragic clown: shooting victim Humberto Rojas Landa

cheered up sick children by giving them laughter therapy, reportedly tried to defend a woman and her son and hit the robber with a water jug.

But the gunman blasted

an apartment building.

The case has shocked residents of the city of Maracay near the capital of Caracas.

Salazar was also accused



Sex slave charge: Matias Salazar

### February 14th

#### "WOMAN WAS SEX SLAVE FOR 31 YEARS"

VENEZUELAN PROSECUTORS have charged a man with keeping a woman as a sex slave for more than three decades.

Matias Salazar, 56, is alleged to have sexually enslaved a woman whom he held captive for 31 years in



**W**HEN ADELLE Jensen went missing in 2015, her estranged boyfriend told her family she had run away and left behind her toddler daughter. They didn't believe a word of it.

When the authorities in Minneapolis, Minnesota, looked into what at first was considered a missing-person case and found evidence that suggested she was dead, he told them Adelle, 25, had committed suicide. They didn't believe a word of that either.

They knew something was badly wrong. But not in their worst nightmares could they have suspected that Adelle's dismembered body parts had already been scattered, as if at random, across the city of Minneapolis.

But suspecting foul play was one thing. Proving that Adelle was the victim of a cold-blooded, brutal murder was to prove a long, painful and arduous road that lasted for four years for her grieving friends and family.

Adelle was last seen alive in downtown Minneapolis at 2.30 a.m. on November 18th, 2015. She was with her boyfriend Joshua Dow on the night of her disappearance. Dow, 31, was also the father of their two-year-old daughter.

At the time he said he and his brother had gone to the Downtown Cabaret that night, and after the club closed they'd seen Adelle walking down the street. He said they asked her to get in the car with them and go back home, but she refused, saying she wanted to be on her own. She was never heard from or seen again.

Adelle and Dow had lived together until a few weeks before her disappearance. She had taken their daughter and moved in with her parents, David and Cinda Jensen in Carver County, Minnesota, after Dow allegedly assaulted her.

She had recently been awarded a degree from the Dunwoody College of Technology, and was working as a radiology technician while saving up to get her own apartment and enrol her daughter in kindergarten.

"This was not a girl who would just disappear to start a new life somewhere else," said Detective Bill Bowes, who first investigated the

## Parents' Anguish At A



**Adelle Jensen was a responsible, loving mother with a degree embarking on a career at the time her ex-partner alleged she committed suicide**

## "We'll Never Be Able to Find Her — There Are Pieces

case. "She had no criminal record, no drug or alcohol issues, and was a loving, caring mother to her daughter, with a career in medicine awaiting her. She wasn't some crack-head kid with no family support living on the wrong side of the tracks. We all felt something bad had happened to her."

**A** few days after Adelle disappeared, Dow was arrested on suspicion of murder. The arrest happened after Dow's brother, who lived with him in his Minneapolis apartment, said he had been awakened by the sound of a gunshot at around 5 a.m. Dow told his brother he'd dropped

a gun and it had gone off accidentally. The brother went back to sleep.

Later that day Dow's brother woke up and found a friend, now deceased, helping his brother remove a bloodstained sofa from the apartment. Next to be moved was Adelle Jensen's body, wrapped in plastic



# Adelle's Murder

similar to the plastic used in the storage warehouse where Dow and his brother worked.

Mobile phone triangulation from the nearest tower showed that Dow had gone to the warehouse at 7.20 a.m. that day, November 22nd. Dow told his brother that Adelle had taken her own life. He then held a gun to his brother's head and told him he would kill him if he wouldn't help him move the body, clean up the apartment and go along with the story that Adelle was missing.

The three men loaded the sofa into the friend's van. Dow's brother got rid of the .38-calibre revolver Dow had said Adelle used to kill herself, which was eventually recovered. Dow put her wrapped-up body in a box and taped it shut, and he and his brother painted over the blood-spattered walls at the apartment.

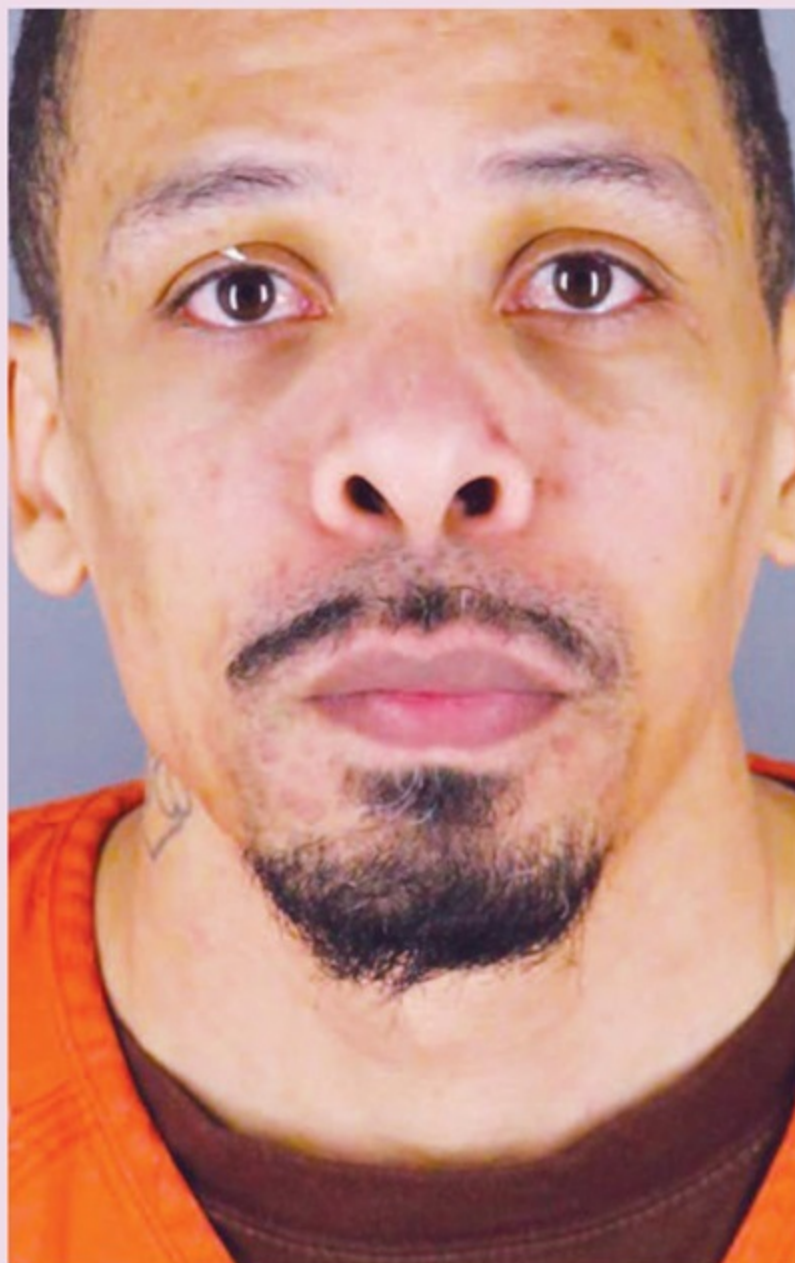
They moved the box to a storage locker at the warehouse a day later, after Adelle was reported missing by her concerned family. Police went to the warehouse and, although they couldn't find a body, they could smell the stench of decomposing flesh. Dow later cut Adelle into pieces and scattered her body parts all over the city.

One of Dow's workmates at the warehouse had seen him there, washing off plastic sheeting and putting boxes on a forklift, on the morning of November 22nd. About 20 minutes later another co-worker saw Dow pushing

he decided to get rid of the body – piece by piece.

Dow had researched rubbish collection times, disposed of Adelle's remains at rubbish dumps across the city and threatened his

Case report by  
**Mark Davis**



**Joshua Dow. Adelle was seen with the father of her child on the last night of her life. His unconvincing statements soon saw him arrested and charged with murder and numerous other offences**

He was sentenced to eight years and still serving time when, in May 2019, he was additionally charged with second-degree murder in Adelle's case. Her family had never given up in trying to get justice for Adelle.

Re-interviewing Dow's brother and other witnesses, investigators tried again to find Adelle's remains. In total, authorities searched up to 100 tons of rubbish, but her remains were never found. Meanwhile the District Attorney's office looked again at the case and found new digital evidence and statements Dow made to others in the past few years.

This time Joshua Dow was charged with murder, and in a plea agreement, pleaded guilty to second-degree murder in November 2019. Dow, who had been scheduled for release in February 2020, was given a 20-year sentence.

Dow apologised to Adelle's family in court, but the Jensens weren't buying it. "The guy's incapable of telling the truth. He'll say whatever it takes to minimise his impact," said David Jensen.

"Our grand-daughter, whom we have adopted, will grow up without a mother, and we have lost our daughter. Adelle's little girl has started asking about why her mommy isn't around. She asks, 'Did mommy eat something that was bad?' Just for a moment can you think of how this innocent question can rip your heart out? Think about the haunting truth she is going to have to learn some day.

**"Dow is solely responsible for taking**

## **able To Bury Our Daughter Of Her All Over The City"**

a box from the forklift in the loading dock towards a Chevrolet pick-up truck – and the truck matched the description of the one Adelle had rented for Dow's brother so she could move the rest of her possessions out of the apartment prior to her disappearance.

When police interviewed

Dow he said he had tried to break up with Adelle and she was so upset that she shot herself while sitting on the sofa. He said he thought she "was going to get the last word by sending him to prison for her death," and he also didn't want their daughter to know her mother died by suicide, so

brother and mother's lives to back up his story.

The initial arrest had been for murder, but Dow was instead now charged with second-degree assault with a dangerous weapon and interference with a dead body, as well as an unrelated drugs charge.

away a beautiful young soul from God's world. We will never be able to give her a Christian burial. When she left home to go and live in Minneapolis, one of the last things she told me was 'Dad, I'm going to be all over this city.' Alas, that is now true.

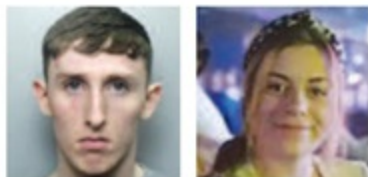


## TEENAGE RAPE-KILLER JAILED FOR LIFE

**February 19th**

A TEENAGER who raped and murdered a youth football coach while on drugs has been jailed for life at Stafford Crown Court.

Megan Newton, 18, was found strangled and stabbed to death at her bedsit in Fletcher Road, Stoke-on-Trent, on April 20th last year.



**Killer Joseph Trevor and victim Megan Newton**

Joseph Trevor, 19, of Trentham, pleaded guilty to her murder and two additional charges of rape.

Megan had offered him a place to stay because he couldn't face going home.

Trevor left Megan's battered, naked body on the bed before leaving the flat two hours later.

Trevor was sentenced to 21 years and 65 days for murder and eight years for two counts of rape, to run concurrently.

## EX-COP LOCKED UP FOR WIFE'S MURDER

**February 20th**

FORMER POLICE inspector Keith Farquharson is facing life behind bars after being found guilty of murdering his wife in Aberdeen.

Sixty-year-old Farquharson claimed his wife Alice, 56, died by accident, following a struggle in bed on August 29th last year. In fact, he had smothered her. Mrs. Farquharson was found to have suffered "mechanical



**Killer Keith Farquharson and his wife and victim Alice**

asphyxia." A pathologist concluded that her neck had been compressed and that bruises on her face were consistent with gripping.

Former traffic officer Farquharson, who retired from the police a decade ago, told the High Court in Glasgow he had put his hand over his wife's mouth to stop her screaming.

However, the jury found him guilty of murder, following a five-day trial.

Farquharson had admitted having affairs with three women and said his wife did not trust him. The couple had been married for 33 years and had three children.

After her death the killer initially claimed he heard a noise while in the shower that morning, then found his wife lying in the room. However, he later admitted that he'd been lying.

Detectives initially treated the victim's death as "non-suspicious," but the findings of a post-mortem examination eventually led to the death being treated as murder.

Farquharson was due to be sentenced on March 23rd.

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