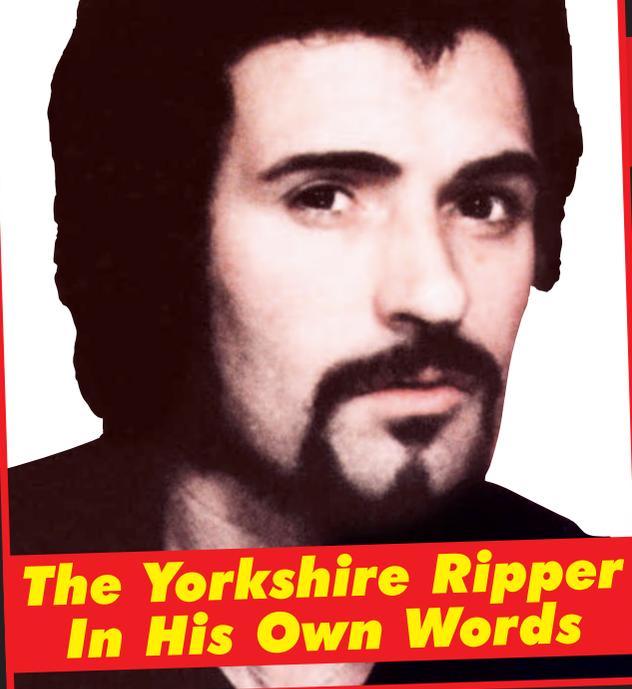


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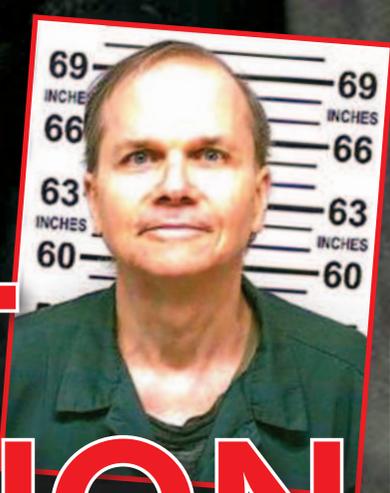
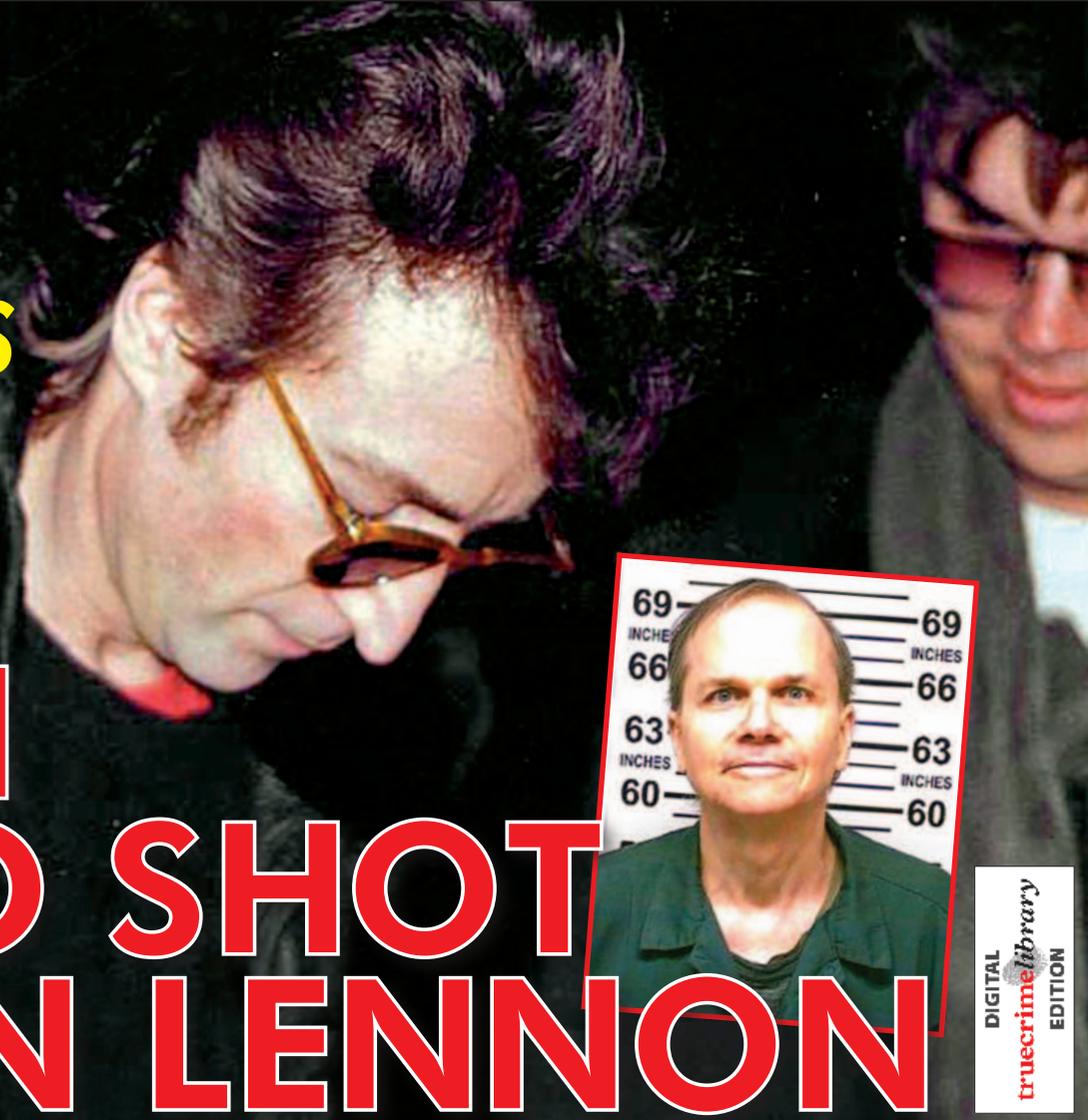
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**The Yorkshire Ripper
In His Own Words**

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PAROLE
AFTER
40 YEARS
FOR...**

**THE
MAN
WHO SHOT
JOHN LENNON**



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WAS SIMMERING
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do anything," he gloated**

**THE FOX'S
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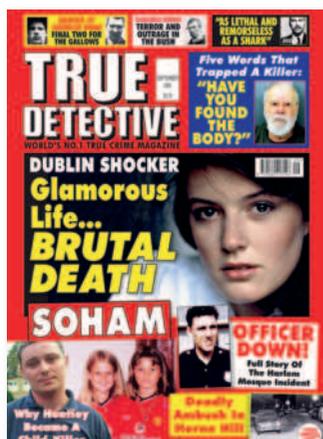
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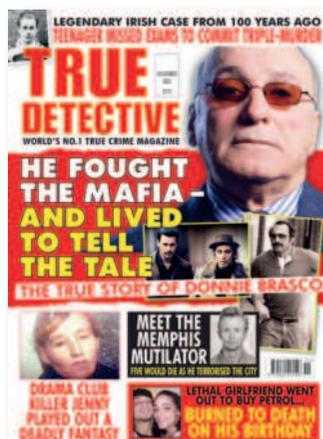
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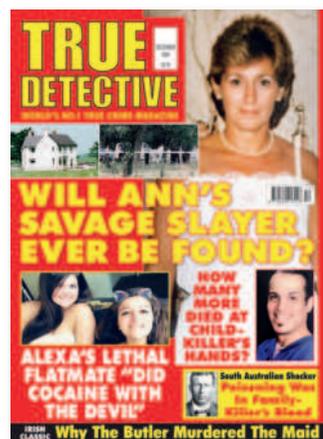
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Two brutal, senseless and, many would argue, avoidable murders from the end of 1980 feature in this month's edition – one victim was a world-famous musical icon, the other a bright university undergraduate. Both murders shocked Britain to its core. Former Beatle John Lennon's slaying at the hands of "deranged fan" Mark Chapman (above, right) outside the Dakota Building in Manhattan on December 8th, 1980, left millions of his fans reeling, devastated by his sudden, appalling demise aged 40. Lennon's death, coming so soon after his re-emergence following a musical hiatus, and at the hands of a fame-seeker, seemed particularly cruel. In *The Man Who Killed John Lennon*, on page 4, we recount the full story of Chapman.

Leeds University student Jacqueline Hill's tragic fate was to be the final victim of the Yorkshire Ripper. Returning to her halls of residence on November 16th, 1980, after a lecture, she was attacked by Peter Sutcliffe who battered and stabbed her to death. She was just 20 years old. Why did the Ripper kill so many? And how was he able to get away with it for so long? These questions are being asked again after Sutcliffe's recent death. Turn to *The Yorkshire Ripper In His Own Words* on page 10 for the full story.

Finally, to Knoxville, Tennessee, and a modern-day Thanksgiving horror story. Turn to page 16 and *America's Most Evil – Lisa's Head Was Simmering On The Stove*.

Enjoy the read – and let us know what you think!

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MARK CHAPMAN was a young man who thought he had a mission. Was it a saintly one, or a satanic one, he wondered? The question was causing a conflict inside him. Just before 11 p.m. on the chilly night of December 8th, 1980, he resolved the dispute in his mind.

It would be a satanic mission.

Afterwards he told a clergyman: "I've been going through a torment – a struggle between good and evil, between right and wrong. I just gave in."

The struggle that defeated him resulted in his cold-blooded murder of one of the world's most celebrated entertainers, superstar John Lennon.

In the late afternoon of that December day Lennon and his wife Yoko Ono left their luxury apartment block, the Dakota, in Manhattan, to go to a routine recording session.

A knot of fans on the pavement watched them as they stepped towards their waiting limo. In the small crowd was Mark Chapman, a scruffy, 25-year-old out-of-work security guard. Like the rest of the crowd, he was a Beatle fanatic. In his satchel were 14 Beatles tapes, and he was holding a copy of John and Yoko's latest album, *Double Fantasy*.

He pushed forward, fervently thrusting out the LP in front of Lennon. The ex-Beatle stopped, and signed the sleeve "*John Lennon, 1980*," before climbing into the limo.

As the car sped off to the studio, Chapman gasped, turned to a

photographer among the crowd, and cried out, "John Lennon signed my album. No one is going to believe me!"

Exalted, his mind in the stratosphere,

he hung around on the pavement for a couple of hours, then left. Later, mindful that the Lennons would be coming back, he returned to his post outside the Dakota. The limo drove up just before 11 p.m.

Chapman emerged from the shadows, allegedly calling out, "Mr. Lennon?" The ex-Beatle turned slowly. The potential assassin was already in full combat position, both hands gripping his .38. He fired four times from point-blank range.

Lennon staggered back, gasping, "I'm shot!" Yoko screamed, rushed to hold him, and cried, "Help me, oh, please help me!"

Chapman dropped the gun. The Dakota doorman ran up and kicked it away. The doorman said, "Do you know what you just did?"

"I just shot John Lennon," Chapman replied.

Lennon was bleeding heavily on the pavement when, within a couple of minutes, Patrolmen Tony Palma and Herb Frauenberger were on the scene. It is believed the pop idol's last words were, "Help me." The officers pulled him into their patrol car, started the siren and headed for the Manhattan Roosevelt Hospital. On the way Palma asked curiously, "Are you John Lennon?" The superstar was beyond speech.

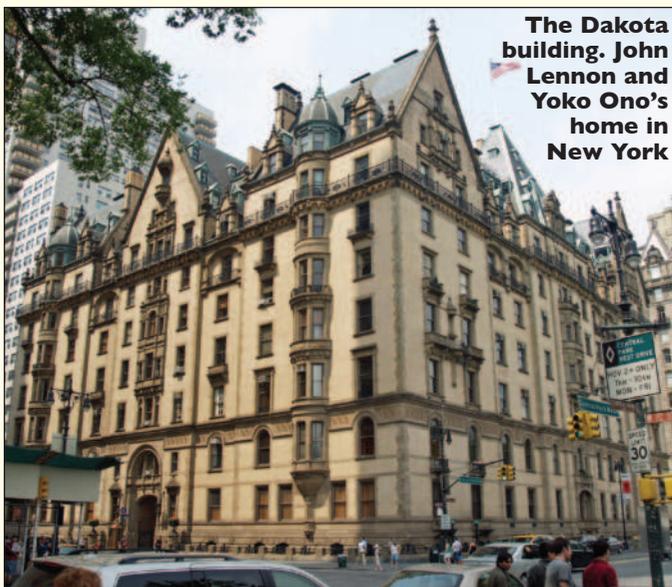
He could only moan through his pain.

Half a dozen surgeons worked on him frantically in the operating theatre. Their task was hopeless. Lennon was dead from the multiple wounds in his chest within minutes

of his arrival. Chapman had fired hollow-point bullets, which expand upon entering the target, severely disrupting all the surrounding tissue. Lennon's organs



Mark Chapman's mug-shots taken after his arrest



The Dakota building. John Lennon and Yoko Ono's home in New York

"I've been going through a torment – a struggle between good and evil, between right and wrong. I just gave in." Mark Chapman's "defeat" resulted in his cold-blooded murder of one of the world's most celebrated entertainers, John Lennon, 40 years ago...

By John Sanders

SHOT STILL NO

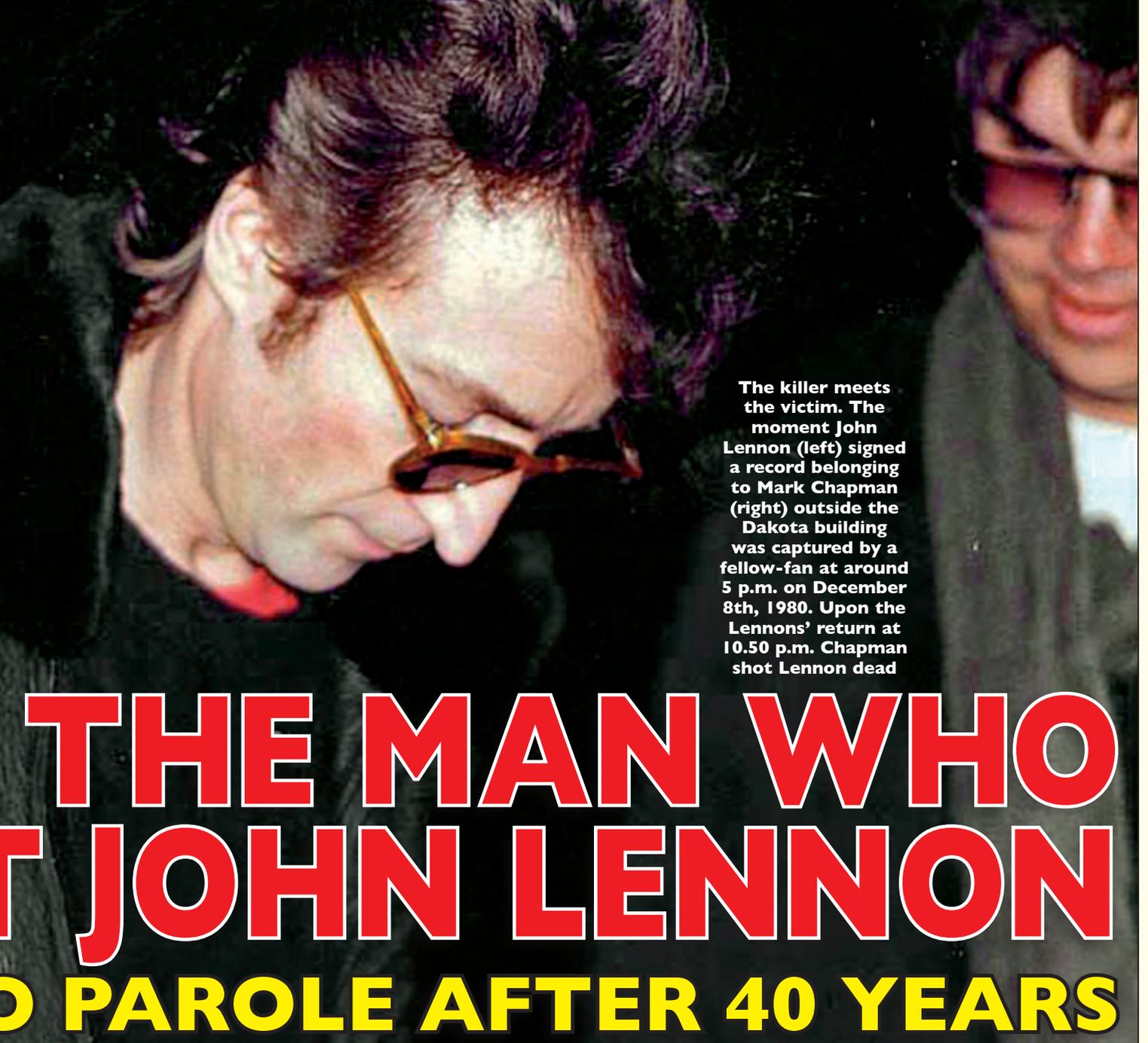
were virtually destroyed on impact.

Yoko Ono, crying "Tell me it's not true!" was taken to the same hospital and led away in shock after she learned her husband was dead. An aide later issued a statement on her behalf: "*John loved and prayed for the human race. Please do the same for him.*"

At the murder scene Chapman waited calmly for a second patrol car that would take him away to a prison cell. He sat on the pavement fingering a copy of J.D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye*. He would later claim that his life mirrored that of Holden Caulfield, the book's protagonist.

He appeared rational and unconcerned to the police officers. And satisfied, too. After all, he had achieved his ambition. The headlines he would make in a couple of hours' time would be as big as those of his idol John Lennon.

Within minutes of the first broadcasts of the news of the shooting, people began to gather in front of the Dakota, reciting prayers, singing Lennon's songs and burning candles.



The killer meets the victim. The moment John Lennon (left) signed a record belonging to Mark Chapman (right) outside the Dakota building was captured by a fellow-fan at around 5 p.m. on December 8th, 1980. Upon the Lennons' return at 10.50 p.m. Chapman shot Lennon dead

THE MAN WHO KILLED JOHN LENNON GOES ON PAROLE AFTER 40 YEARS

Singing stars found it difficult to come to terms with the murder. They were effusive in their praise for Lennon's generosity towards other showbiz people. Cilla Black, whose singing career was launched by Lennon, wept when she was told.

"My first reaction was that it was a sick joke," she said. "I was so upset I had to get away from people and went to my room."

Mick Jagger of the Rolling Stones was "shattered." Cliff Richard said: "John Lennon was one of the very few people who could really be called rock-and-roll greats." Billy J. Kramer, who owed his career to Lennon, said, "He gave me my first hit record. He played the tape to Brian Epstein and it went straight to No. 1 in 1963. That was how incredibly generous John was."

Paul McCartney said: "His death is a bitter, cruel blow. I really loved the guy. I can't tell you how much it hurts to lose him."

It took years for Mark Chapman to express any sort of contrition.

Preternaturally serene, he recalled in a BBC documentary several years after being sent to prison: "I don't remember aiming. I must have done, but I don't remember drawing a bead or whatever you call it. I just pulled the trigger steady."

His feeling at the time was "no emotion, no anger, dead silence in the brain."

Prosecutors, at a loss for a motive,

For most of his life Chapman was superficially a normally social individual and a camp counsellor who had a special rapport with children. But there were dark shadows in the corners of his life

opted for the old cliché: he did it to grab attention. This was just another of those incidents in that all-American preoccupation of getting 15 minutes of fame. But Detective Arthur O'Connor, who spent a lot of time with Chapman after the arrest, didn't see it like that.

"It's illogical to say he did the murder to make himself famous," he explained. "From the very start he didn't want to talk to the press. On the night of the murder I studied him intensely. He looked as if he could have been programmed. It's possible he could have been used by someone."

The two men who confronted each other outside the Dakota on that cold night in New York 40 years ago this month were both born into poverty but they grew up worlds apart from each other. One became world-famous, the other became nothing.

Lennon, born October 9th, 1940, was the son of a porter who deserted the family three years later. The father turned up on Lennon's doorstep after his



The scene of the shooting. Outside the entrance to the Dakota Building quickly became a makeshift shrine

son became a star – and had the door slammed in his face.

Lennon's mother Julia died in a car crash when John was 14. But before her death he had gone to live with his favourite aunt, Mrs. Mary Smith, whom he called Aunt Mimi. While still a teenager he went to Liverpool College of Art, where he met Cynthia Powell who was to become his first wife.

At the college he teamed up with friends to make music. One of them was Paul McCartney, and later George Harrison came on the scene. Ringo Starr joined their group much later.

The embryonic Beatles got going as a result of three big breaks. First they were booked as a £7-a-night act in Liverpool's Cavern Club, where they quickly had a loyal and enthusiastic fan base. Then they were booked at the Star Club in Hamburg, where their energetic stage act delighted a new body of fans.

After that, they were spotted by a local record store owner, Brian Epstein, who shrewdly identified their enormous potential and became their manager.

Their first single, *Love Me Do*, sold

100,000 copies and made the charts in 1962. The following year *Please, Please Me* became the first of 22 singles to sell a million copies.

"Beatlemania" was born, and it swept across the world. Radio stations from here, all around the globe and back, played Beatle songs. Girls screamed and fainted. Young men sported "Beatle haircuts" and wore "Beatle suits," which had no lapels. The big band sound of the first half of the 20th century was gone, and in its place were pop groups.

The Beatles towered above all the others. In their brief eight-year reign over the charts they were phenomenally successful, transforming modern music. They took America by storm in a way that no other British group has achieved before or since.

In this extraordinary story John Lennon was the chief mover – the arch-Beatle. Paul McCartney wrote many of the pretty tunes, George Harrison was the most gifted instrumentalist, Ringo Starr had mawkish charm. But it was Lennon who provided the Beatles' unique bittersweet quality, the haunting irony and sad humour, the questioning and protest that lay beyond the jingles.

The Beatles were making millions, but there were problems backstage. Always driven by personal demons, and living in the focus of global attention, Lennon sought refuge and relief in drugs – but his mind was nearly blown by the variety, quantity and strength. He said, "I went on LSD and I must have had a thousand trips." A long-time reliance on pep pills was compounded by regular cannabis use and experimentation with heroin and cocaine.

Lennon claimed he even smoked cannabis in the toilets at Buckingham Palace when the Beatles were waiting to collect their MBE medals from the Queen in 1965. Two years later he was fined £150 after a police raid on his home revealed a store of cannabis. He was back on drugs in the 1970s and spoke of being "stoned for a month or

two." He observed dryly: "God, it was terrifying."

The Beatles produced some of their best music in the late 60s, but they effectively split up in 1969. That was the year Lennon married Yoko Ono and dropped out of the limelight

In the early years of his solo fame Lennon was identifiable with the "Angry Young Man" brigade, which had been prevalent in the 60s. He was outgoing and outspoken, an expansive extrovert who was cocky and often irritating, particularly when he gave vent to quasi-political pronouncements that had no great depth.

But for the last five years of his life, he became the Howard Hughes of the pop world, locking himself away with his wife and their son Sean and living the exclusive life of a hermit – albeit in the centre of Manhattan.

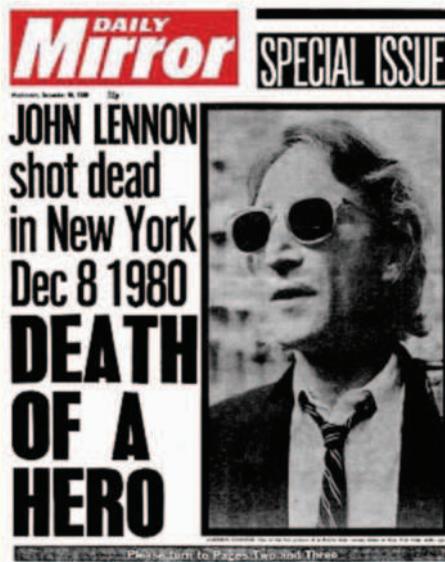
With £100 million in the bank and millions more arriving annually in royalties, he became in effect a house-husband, devoting his life to baking the daily bread and raising his son.

His brand of political activism hadn't made him popular with movers and shakers in America. The FBI had a file nearly 300 pages thick on him, revealing that he was under "constant surveillance." In late 1972, when the "surveillance" was at its height, he told humorist Paul Krassner, "Listen, if anything happens to Yoko and me, it wasn't an accident."

His apartment was watched, he was followed, and his phone was tapped. He was viewed as a dangerous radical who needed to be stopped.

The heat died down after 1976, but surfaced again in 1980. A few months later he was murdered. But a link between the US Government's dark powers and Mark Chapman is highly improbable. Conspiracy theorists have discussed the airline ticket found in Chapman's hotel room – a Hawaii-New York connection departing December 5th, three days before the murder.

But he had also bought a Hawaii-Chicago ticket with no connecting flight to New York. All his friends thought he was going to Chicago for a three-day



The case was so shocking that it was heavily featured in the newspapers of the day





The gun that shot John Lennon – a Charter Arms .38-calibre pistol. Below, the police move Chapman, his head covered, from the 20th precinct on the Upper West Side on December 9th

and youthful protest.

In December, 1975, while he was at high school, Chapman cockily told friends: “About five years from now one of us will do something famous.” The timing was spot on, although infamous would have been a more appropriate word.

He had already entered the drug scene. At the age of 13, he began a career tripping on LSD and mescaline, stoned on pot and heroin.

Three years later he suddenly kicked the habit. The reason, it seems, was that the

deeply committed Christian. Friends later highlighted the striking similarities between Gloria and Yoko Ono. Was this the point when Chapman saw himself as John Lennon?

He took shooting lessons, became a marksman, and found himself a job as a security guard at a luxury Honolulu apartment building. This was the job where, when he finally left, he signed himself out as “*John Lennon*.” That was two months before the shooting, a time when friends were noting a marked deterioration in his mental condition.

By the time he appeared in court to answer the murder charges, there were 12 outstanding warrants for his arrest, dating back to 1972. They were for offences including armed robbery, burglary, abduction, and possessing drugs.

Directly after the murder the

bespectacled killer arrived for a brief hearing at a hastily convened court. He was still wearing the blue serge trousers and fawn sweater he had on him when he was arrested.

Police precautions were massive. Fearing a revenge bid from one of Lennon’s grief-stricken fans, Judge Martin Rettinger had a metal-screening device placed at the court door to detect any concealed weapons.

In court, Chapman, who was smuggled in and out



Southern boy went to a fiery evangelical rally and discovered God. Included in the revelation apparently was an apostasy turning him against his first love – rock’n’roll.

Fellow-students were astonished to hear him break out into argument against the “perverse” influence of rock music. And up front for vilification in his diatribe were his former idols the Beatles, and Lennon in particular.

After college he became a YMCA coordinator working for refugees. It was then that he fell in love with Jessica Blankinship, a deeply devout Southern girl. It was a romance that didn’t last, for his world was beginning to fall apart. He failed a course to qualify him as a full-time YMCA co-ordinator, or missionary, and that was followed by his parents’ divorce.

He sobbed to friends: “My life has gone.” He fled to Honolulu where he twice tried to kill himself by stringing a hose from the exhaust pipe into his car and sealing himself in. On both occasions a passer-by broke in and rescued him,

He summed it all up to his friend and former YMCA mentor David Moore: “I’m a complete failure. I even failed at killing myself.”

But salvation was just around the corner in the form of a new romance. The girl was a Japanese-American named Gloria Abe and she too was a

of court in a tight security operation, still showed no sign of regretting his crime. He said nothing during the short hearing, and was remanded until January 6th, 1981, to a criminal psychiatric ward in New York’s Belle Vue Hospital.

Meanwhile, his lawyer Herbert Adlerberg said his client had “a great admiration for Lennon.” Mr. Adlerberg had found Chapman “coherent in some respects, but confused about other areas.”

On June 22nd, 1981, as his lawyer was finishing off six months’ work preparing Chapman’s defence, the killer suddenly decided to change his plea to guilty. His lawyer was perplexed and suggested he should think about it. But Chapman was determined. He said he was acting on instructions from “a small male voice” that spoke to him in his cell.

Chapman spent an hour in a court session behind closed doors trying to persuade Judge Dennis Edwards that he was sane enough to make a decision over how to plead. The judge said later he had taken this “very rare step” because he wanted to be absolutely certain that the defendant knew what he was doing.

There was another good reason for the judge’s concern. This was that Chapman had confided to him his own belief that he wasn’t sufficiently stable to withstand a long trial without suffering a nervous breakdown.

The judge accepted Chapman’s change

stay. In any event, despite occasional bouts of paranoia, no one can seriously believe that the US Government would organise the murder of an eccentric, ageing pop star, whose political activism often carried a high cringe factor.

So who was Mark Chapman, if he wasn’t a paid assassin? It’s too facile to write him off as a “deranged fan,” as has often been suggested. He was an ardent Beatles fan, like millions of others of his age. Months after the murder he announced that he killed Lennon to gain prominence for promoting the reading of *The Catcher in the Rye* – the novel he had with him outside the Dakota.

But he never exhibited any strong feelings about the novel until shortly before the shooting.

The book, cult reading in the 50s, tells the story of a mixed-up teenager named Holden Caulfield who has to undergo psychiatric treatment. Caulfield is revealed as a sensitive young man disturbed by growing up in a world he believes is full of adult phoneyes.

For a long time it was proposed that Chapman was experiencing a growing identification with Lennon – at one point even “re-baptising” himself as Lennon. He left his last job, for instance, signing himself out as “*John Lennon*,” then crossed out the signature.

For most of his life Chapman was superficially a normally social individual and a camp counsellor who had a special rapport with children. But there were dark shadows in the corners of his life.

He had been a mental institution patient and had twice tried to kill himself. Psychiatrists believed that almost certainly he would try to commit suicide again.

He was born in Fort Worth, Texas, in May, 1955, and grew up in America’s Deep South in a small town called Decatur in Georgia. In his childhood the sound of the Beatles was everywhere. The world was changing rapidly from ballroom dancing and the big band sound to hard rock, hard drugs, easy sex

of heart, which also spared Lennon's widow the ordeal of having to relive from the witness-box the night he was gunned down.

After the secret session the judge said there would be another psychiatric examination, and then sentence would be passed on August 24th, 1981.

During the month he was in custody before being sentenced, Chapman was held in isolation in New York's Rikers Island Prison. Other prisoners threatened to kill him and prison officers had to keep a suicide watch.

Now he told anyone who would listen that devils had forced him to kill Lennon. His behaviour became wild and irrational. He tried to tear out his hair – and when that failed he cut it short. He threatened to kill prison officers and in one outburst smashed up a TV set and a radio. He went on hunger strike until told he would be fed intravenously if he endangered his life.

On the 13-cell maximum-security row at Rikers Island he had only one fellow-inmate: Craig Crimmins, also a murderer, who killed a talented young girl musician. *Time* magazine reported shortly after Crimmins's arrival: "*Chapman no longer speaks to him. He is still furious that Crimmins called him 'a nut case.'*"

Crimmins described the prison conditions as "*appalling, the worst in the state.*" He wrote: "*Every day inmates are cutting each other with razor blades, inmates beating up officers, officers beating up inmates. Every single day wild things are happening here. I really don't blame the cons because it's the way they are treated.*"

"You treat someone like an animal, they will act like one. Could you picture killing someone over a packet of cigarettes? It happens here."

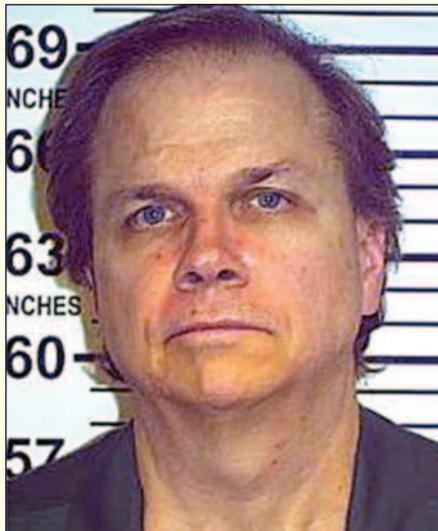
When Chapman finally arrived in court for sentencing he was wearing a bullet-proof vest, for fear of an assassination attempt by hysterical Beatles fans. Prosecutor Allen Sullivan told the judge: "He killed Lennon because he was available and because he was easy. He was interested in only what his little finger would do to bring him attention."

Mr. Sullivan said that Chapman's private conversations with the judge "amply demonstrated that he had knowingly, intentionally and of his own free will" taken the decision to ditch his "non-responsibility plea."

Giving evidence, psychiatrist Dr. Daniel Schwartz described Chapman as a schizophrenic with a narcissistic personality. As a boy of 10 he had difficulty in relating to his elders and instead "engaged in an imaginary world of little people." Chapman had told the doctor: "I have control over their lives. They treat me like a king."

As Chapman grew older, said the psychiatrist, he believed his mind was a computer. To help him make decisions in his life, red, green and yellow lights flashed on the computer.

But by August, 1979, the computer had been taken over by an imaginary government, and various committees



This 2012 photo of Mark Chapman shows a man marked by spending more than half his life in prison

now dictated his actions. In clinical terms, Chapman was now battling for his sanity. Through the turmoil, however, his idolatry for John Lennon never wavered. He tried to model himself on the superstar, and the closer he identified himself with Lennon the more he believed he was Lennon.

"In the end he considered he was the real Lennon and that John Lennon was a fake," said Dr. Schwartz.

His lawyer, Jonathan Marks, had an uphill battle on his hands. He said his client had changed his plea because of messages from God. He added: "When God came into it, my advice went out of the window. It has been virtually impossible for me to have any meaningful dialogue with my client since then."

The board claimed that releasing Chapman would "not be compatible with the welfare of society at large," and would "tend to deprecate the seriousness of the crime he committed, undermining respect for the law"

Referring to Chapman's bizarre interest in *The Catcher in the Rye*, he said: "The reason why Chapman shot John Lennon was because he wanted to promote the book and get everyone in the world reading it. He saw that as the special mission he had been assigned to.

"But the so-called messages from God have changed all that. My personal belief is that Mark Chapman is insane. And I believe that if the case had gone to trial we would have proved that."

Later Mr. Marks said, "Since that God message, he expressed to me for the first time during my visit to him in jail his feelings of remorse and sorrow for Lennon's family. He was also deeply

worried about threats that might endanger witnesses and members of the jury if there had been a full trial."

At the end of the submissions, Chapman was asked if he had anything to say before sentencing. He stood up and said, "I am going to read you a passage from *The Catcher in the Rye*." He opened the book and read out: "I have to catch everybody every day. That is all I do every day. I'd just be the Catcher in the Rye."

When he sat down again, the judge passed sentence of 20 years to life. This, he said, had to be seen as a deterrent to others.

Chapman was sent to Attica maximum-security prison near Buffalo, in the north of New York State, where he was refused involvement in inmate programmes and isolated from other prisoners throughout his incarceration because of concerns for his safety.

Under the terms of the sentence he became eligible for parole in 2000, but the New York State Board of Parole refused to free him. Since then, they have refused his applications a further 10 times.

At the time of his 2014 application the board claimed that releasing Chapman would "not be compatible with the welfare of society at large," and would "tend to deprecate the seriousness of the crime he committed, undermining respect for the law."

Lennon's widow remains staunchly opposed to his release and she once told the *New York Times*: "There are so many people out there who dislike him. It's safer for him to stay in jail."

Even after nearly 40 years of imprisonment the assassin continues to reveal small details from the night of the killing, and he continues to dispute media accounts of the murder.

He told the parole board in 2008, when his fifth appeal was rejected: "I don't recall saying, 'Mr. Lennon?' I think that was something the press elaborated on. That didn't happen. He didn't turn. I shot him in the back."

He told the board he was now ashamed and sorry for killing Lennon. He also revealed he had been offered a job on a farm in New York State if he were to be released. And he said he was seeking notoriety and fame at the time of the shooting to counter feelings of failure, but had since developed a deeper understanding of the value of human life.

The truth is, however, that the brief light of notoriety that sparked in Chapman's life is now extinguished. Forty years in jail is a long time. He has put on a lot of weight and has recently turned 65. Having been turned down for parole again in August 2020, he has little to look forward to other than his next parole opportunity in two years' time. Few believe the outcome of this will be any different.

Meanwhile John Lennon's 80th birthday would have been in October 2020. His memory and his work live on. Mark Chapman will eventually be forgotten.

YOUR LETTERS

Your Letters, PO Box 735, London SE26 5NQ
or email truedetective@truecrimelibrary.com (please put your address on emails). We pay £8 for any that are published

Horrors Of Serial-Killing Ex-Cop

Have you featured a fuller account of the case (“*Golden State Killer Pleads Guilty*,” *Execution USA*, October 2020) of former police officer Joseph DeAngelo’s dramatic fall from grace? If not, would you feature this story in future?

B. Waters, Inverness

No we haven’t, but he’s surely a prime candidate for our America’s Most Evil series. Would other readers like to know more about him?

Surely Rams Has Killed More

I was left aghast from all that happened in your mind-boggling case report “*How Many More Died At Child-Killer’s Hands?*” (December 2020). It flabbergasts me how intelligent people can be so easily duped by online dating. Why do they use it at all? The vast majority on it are probably nice people looking for love or company, but there’s an element on it who are predators looking for easy prey.

Joaquin Rams was the ultimate predator. Hera McLeod met this guy online, and from the off she knew there was something wrong with him. She even got a private detective to check him out. Despite hearing disturbing information about Rams, Hera went on to have a child with him. Rams was a down-and-out and wanted the easy life – and would do anything to get it. Hera took her child and ran. However, Rams wasn’t giving up that easily and demanded access.

Even with the police stating to the court that Rams was being investigated about his mother’s and a previous girlfriend’s deaths, the judge saw fit to grant him unsupervised custody of his son, Prince. I’ve seen better judgments at a dog show.

Life, even his own son’s and mother’s, meant nothing to this cold toerag. I am in no doubt that he is a serial killer, and would bet money that there are other murders out there committed by him. As for Hera, she made all the wrong decisions and paid the ultimate price. I also wonder what became of that “judge”? I’d have jailed him.

Michael Minihan, Limerick, Ireland

Why Police Chief Had To Resign

Robert Faherty’s piece on the death of corrupt labour boss Mossy Enright (“*Who Bumped Off Chicago’s Labour Racket Czar?*” – December 2020) shows Chicago’s Police Chief John Garrity in a positive light but later says Chief James



Serial killer Joseph DeAngelo at his sentencing hearing

Mooney took over the investigation, tactfully avoiding the reason.

Well, here it is – John J. Garrity was forced to resign in November 1920. Six months earlier, in an outburst of bravado, Garrity had promised the *Christian Advocate*, “I will rid Chicago of crime within six months or resign.” When he failed, Mayor Big Bill Thompson demanded he live up to his promise. Most likely, Thompson – once described as “the most unethical mayor in American history” – wanted to remove a thorn in his side.

During his time in charge, Garrity ended the Chicago race riots (1919) by imposing a lockdown (nothing new under the sun) and sending in the military. He also did his best to protect those poor Ziegfeld girls in his care. When Garrity heard the girls were forced to wear bathing costumes to promote Mack Sennett’s *Bathing Beauties*, he nobly inspected the Ziegfeld theatre himself. “You know, they just might catch cold wearing those things,” he said.

Andrew Stephenson, Newhaven

Fatal Crash Or Foul Play?

In what looked like a particularly bad car smash, a red Mini swerved off the road and hit a tree. The two people inside the car were both hurt: Raymond Cook, a nurse, and his wife June. Cook was not badly injured, but June, a teacher, died soon after being rushed to hospital. To investigators, something didn’t seem right. The car, although damaged, was not wrecked, and clearly hadn’t been going at great speed when it collided with the tree; so how did June suffer such dreadful injuries? Could it be that this fatal “accident” was anything but? If so, it would be great to read the whole story.

Stuart Davies, Barnstaple

No need to wait, Mr. D! A full account of the case features in True Crime Library’s 2020 bookazine Notorious Murders Of The 1960s. Copies, priced £9.99, are still available to

buy via the Specials section of our website shop at www.truecrimelibrary.com or by calling Forum Press on 020 8778 0514.

Hardly A Gentle Soul...

Your report “*Glamorous Life...Brutal Death*” (September 2020) dealt with the crime against Celine Cawley by her “gentle soul” of a husband. How does beating your wife and the mother of your child to death with a rock tie in with Eamonn Lillis being gentle? No woman or man – although statistically men are more often the perpetrators and women the recipients of extreme violence and murder – deserves to be beaten to death for being a nag. Had Celine been wielding a weapon at the time of the argument and been berating her husband then perhaps he could have claimed self-defence. However, he could also have removed himself from the situation, left the marriage and sought a divorce. He was fortunate not to be found guilty of murder.

Eamonn Lillis had a mistress and was in a clandestine relationship, so obviously was not happy in his marriage. Why then did he choose to stay? Could it be that he didn’t want to lose out in any subsequent divorce financially? Some might say that his religious beliefs meant divorce would be out of the question, but taking a life was apparently OK.

All couples argue, some dreadfully and cruelly, but there are other ways to resolve issues, including counselling etc. Maybe Celine would not have been willing to try such things. But was she even given the option?

Finally, of course, the other real victim in this case is a child left without a mother – and, whilst Eamonn Lillis was incarcerated, a child with no parents at all.

Violence in all its forms is monstrous but when used by a person with greater physical strength it’s one-sided and totally disproportionate.

G. McKnight, Harlow

Your Letters True Detective 9



Dangerous to know: Joaquin Rams



Wife-killer: Eamonn Lillis

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THE YORKSHIRE RIPPER IN HIS OWN WORDS

He was one of Britain's most notorious serial killers – a monster whose bloody reign of terror lasted for more than five years. But was he mad or simply bad? At his 1981 Old Bailey murder trial Peter Sutcliffe spoke from the witness-box – and jurors had the chance to make up their own minds...

When Peter Sutcliffe's death was announced on Friday, November 13th, 2020, once again we all wanted to know: why did he do it?

With Sutcliffe – unlike several of the more prominent British serial killers of the second half of the 20th century, who chose to remain silent – we at least have his version of the answer to that question.

Twisted, perverted and self-deceiving in equal parts, it

**Case report by
A.W. Moss**

makes queasy but fascinating reading. And we have Mr. Justice Boreham to thank for it. Without his determination we might never have heard Sutcliffe's story as he told it in court.

His efforts at self-justification range from the manipulative, via the mystifying, to the contemptible. As an example of truthfulness they're only intermittently useful. But as an insight into the mind of a monster they're unparalleled...

DURING HIS five-and-a-half-year reign of terror, Peter Sutcliffe, the notorious "Yorkshire Ripper," had killed at least 13 women and attempted to slay another seven. Some but not all of his victims were sex workers, and the mutilations some of them suffered were reminiscent of the horrors perpetrated in London's East End more than 90 years earlier by Jack the Ripper.

After Sutcliffe was caught he admitted his crimes, and the media learned that as psychiatrists had found him insane, the prosecution and defence had agreed a plea-bargain. The Crown would accept Sutcliffe's admissions of manslaughter, so it was assumed that instead of a trial-proper there would be a brief hearing followed by the sentencing. It would all be over in a day at the most, and there would be no chance to hear what Sutcliffe had to



Peter Sutcliffe – the bearded killer denied 13 murder charges

say for himself.

But those assumptions, made by lawyers and the press alike, failed to take into account the man who calls the shots: the judge. And Mr. Justice Boreham didn't like plea-bargains.

At first, however, everything seemed to be going according to plan at the Old Bailey on April 29th, 1981, when Sutcliffe, his black beard neatly trimmed, was escorted to the dock by four prison officers. On the court's exhibit table lay his weapons: eight hammers, two knives, eight screwdrivers and a hacksaw.

As expected, he pleaded guilty to seven counts of attempted murder but denied 13 murder charges, instead pleading guilty to manslaughter in each case on the grounds of diminished responsibility.

The Crown would accept the pleas, said the Attorney-General, Sir Michael Havers. "The general consensus of the doctors is that this is a case of diminished

responsibility, the illness being paranoid schizophrenia."

"Where is the evidence which gives the doctors the factual basis for these pleas?" asked the judge.

Sir Michael replied that he had questioned the doctors very closely, "and I and my learned friends were satisfied we have been told the truth."

"But where is the supporting evidence?" the judge pressed.

Sir Michael responded that he would feel unable to challenge any evidence called by the defence.

"I have very grave anxieties about Sutcliffe and his pleas," said Mr. Justice Boreham, asking for a detailed account as to why the prosecution proposed to accept them.

For the next two hours Sir Michael did his best to oblige, telling the court that Sutcliffe had told the doctors that he was acting on God's orders. But the judge was far from satisfied. It seemed to him, he said, that all the doctors' opinions were based solely on what Sutcliffe had told them, and this conflicted with what he told the police when he was arrested. He had said nothing to detectives about "being on a divine mission to rid the world of prostitutes."

"In statements to the police he expressed a desire to kill all women," the judge pointed out. "Is that not a matter which ought to be tested?"

It was a matter for a jury, he ruled. But no jury had been empanelled, and both the prosecution and the defence were wrong-footed. They applied for an adjournment to enable them to prepare their cases, and Mr. Justice Boreham gave them six days to get their acts together.

When Sutcliffe's trial began on May 5th, the Attorney-General did an about-turn. Having spoken less than a week earlier of his faith in what the psychiatrists were telling him, he now told the jury: "You will have to decide whether the doctors have been deceived by this man, whether he sought to pull the wool over their eyes or whether the doctors are just plain wrong. You will have to decide

whether as a clever, callous murderer he has deliberately set out to provide a cock and bull story to avoid conviction for murder.”

Sir Michael then told the jury what Sutcliffe had told the police. He intended to kill his first two victims, he had confessed, but they survived his attacks with a hammer because he was disturbed. The second woman owed her survival to a car approaching.

Describing the slaying of his first murder victim Wilma McCann, near her home in Leeds in October 1975, Sutcliffe told the police he saw her thumbing a lift, and when he picked her up she offered him sex for “a fiver.” But he couldn’t have intercourse in a split-second, he had to be aroused, and she taunted him, saying he was “f---ing useless.”

Enraged by this, he took a hammer from the toolbox in his car and followed her into a field. “She said, ‘Come on, get it over with.’ I said, ‘Don’t worry, I will,’ and I hit her with the hammer. She made a lot of noise so I took my knife out of my pocket and stabbed her about four times.” (In fact, Wilma had 15 stab wounds.)

In January 1976, again in Leeds, Sutcliffe stabbed his third murder victim, Emily Jackson, 50 times with a screwdriver in the area of her womb. “I pushed a piece of wood against her vagina to show how disgusting she was,” he recalled.

Of his fourth murder victim, Irene Richardson, killed in Leeds in February 1977, he said: “I used the hammer and a Stanley knife on her. As she was crouching down, urinating on the grass, I hit her on the head at least two or three times. I lifted up her clothes and slashed her abdomen and throat.”

In June 1977, again in Leeds, after stunning his sixth murder victim, Jayne MacDonald, with hammer blows to her head, he had stabbed her 19 times. Then he wiped his knife clean on her back, he told the police.

Six days after killing his seventh murder victim, Jean Jordan, in Manchester in October 1977, he had returned to her body and tried to cut her head off “to make this murder more mysterious,” he told detectives.

Then the court heard his account of the death of his ninth murder victim, Helen Rytka, an 18-year-old who had spent her childhood in one foster home after another, and who had the misfortune to meet Sutcliffe in Huddersfield in January 1978.

“She undid my trousers and seemed prepared to start sexual intercourse right away in the front seat of the car. It was very awkward for me to find a way to get her out of the car.”

He needed to do that, Sutcliffe explained, “because it would have left evidence.” So he was sane enough to know that the presence of forensic evidence of murder in his car would endanger him.

After failing to finish Helen off with hammer blows, he recalled, “I took a knife from the car and stabbed her several times



Sutcliffe leaving court under a blanket. His trial only took place at the insistence of Mr. Justice Boreham (below)



through the heart and lungs.”

“Now we come to another sad one,” Sir Michael continued, displaying a king-sized Phillips screwdriver. “Sutcliffe told the police he used this on Josephine Whitaker and Barbara Leach. That was after he had used his hammer to shatter their skulls, leaving the tell-tale pattern of golfball-sized indentations in the scalp. He used the round head of a ball-pein hammer.”

Josephine Whitaker was Sutcliffe’s 11th murder victim, killed in Halifax in April 1979; Barbara Leach, a university student,

“I took the hammer from my pocket, struck her on the head, and dragged her on to some waste ground...She was moving about so I hit her again”

was the 12th, slain in Bradford five months later.

“The last I did was Jacqueline Hill up at Headingley,” Sutcliffe had told the police, describing how he killed this 20-year-old student in November 1980. After spotting her walking along Otley Road, he drove past her, parked, and waited for her to pass. “I got out and followed. I took the hammer from my pocket, struck her on the head, and dragged her on to some waste ground...She was moving about so I hit her again. I pulled most of her clothes off. I had a screwdriver with a yellow handle and I stabbed her in the lungs. Her eyes were wide open and she seemed to be looking at me with an accusing stare. This shook me up so I stabbed her in the eye.”

The court was also told that Sutcliffe’s second alleged murder victim was Joan Harrison, killed in Preston in November 1969; Patricia Atkinson, slain in Bradford in April 1977, was the fifth; Yvonne Pearson, killed in Bradford in the following October, was the eighth; and Vera Millward, beaten to death in Manchester in May 1978, was the 10th.

After Sir Michael finished reading out extracts from the 16-hour statement Sutcliffe had made to the police, the court heard how on January 2nd, 1981, two officers on patrol in Sheffield had spotted Sutcliffe with a sex worker in a car displaying false numberplates, and he had been arrested and charged with theft.

In the witness-box, Detective Inspector John Boyle then described the most memorable interview of his career. Why, he had asked Sutcliffe, had he dumped a hammer just before his arrest, and a knife just afterwards?

“I think you’ve been leading up to it,” Sutcliffe had replied.

“Leading up to what?” Boyle asked.

“The Yorkshire Ripper.”

“What about him?”

“Well, it’s me!”

Three prison officers then gave evidence. One testified that Sutcliffe had told him, “I have been told by my psychiatrist that I will have to do no more than ten years to satisfy the public.” Another told the court he had heard Sutcliffe tell a visiting relative, “I am going to do a long time in prison, thirty years or more, unless I can convince people in here I’m mad, and then maybe ten years in the loony bin.”

A third warder recalled Sutcliffe “saying to me that the doctors considered him disturbed and he was quite amazed by it. Smiling broadly and leaning back in his chair, he said to me, ‘I’m as normal as anyone.’”

But was he? The doctors had all found him mad.

As the trial continued, on May 11th something happened which few expected. “I call Peter William Sutcliffe,” said his counsel Mr. James Chadwin QC.

Only those familiar with legal proceedings were aware that in directing the attention of the defence to a recent court case, Mr. Justice Boreham had intimated that he expected Sutcliffe to give evidence. In that recent case the judge had ruled that the defendant must himself tell the court what he had told psychiatrists. So Mr. Chadwin took the strong hint, and Sutcliffe went into the witness-box.

Questioning his client about his first slaying, the defence counsel asked: “Did you enjoy striking the blows you struck?”

“No,” Sutcliffe replied.

“How did you feel about the physical act of striking those blows?”

“I found it very difficult, and I couldn’t restrain myself. I could not do anything to stop myself.”

“How could you not stop yourself?”

“Because it was God who was controlling me.”



Above, traffic cones flank the body of Josephine Whitaker, found dead in Savile Park, Halifax. Below, Irene Richardson’s body in Soldier’s Field, Roundhay



He had expected to be caught, but time and again he had slipped through the police net, and this proved, Sutcliffe said, that God was guiding him.

Mr. Chadwin asked if he was pretending to be mad.

“No,” Sutcliffe replied firmly.

“Do you think you are mad?”

“No.”

“Do you think there is anything wrong with you mentally?”

“Nothing serious at all, no.”

Rising to cross-examine, Sir Michael put it to Sutcliffe that when questioned about what he was doing in Sheffield the night he was arrested, he had “lied, and lied and lied again.”

“Yes,” Sutcliffe admitted.

“You had a ridiculous explanation about picking people up on the motorway?”

“Ridiculous, yes.”

“All to protect yourself?”

“The mission.”

“All to protect Peter Sutcliffe?”

“Yes.”

Sutcliffe had told the police that before killing Josephine Whitaker he had chatted with her, telling her, “You can’t trust anyone these days.”

“Can you think,” Sir Michael asked, “of a more horrible and cynical thing to say to someone you were just about to murder?”

“No.”

“Why did you say it?”

“Because I couldn’t trust myself.”

“You were trying to convince her she was safe with you?”

“Yes, in a sense.”

“Did God tell you to do that?”

“No.”

“It was a bit of private enterprise on your part, was it? Did God tell you to tell that poor girl to look at the church clock?”

“No.”

“It was a macabre piece of play-acting while you jockeyed into position. Did God help you with that?”

“Yes.”

There was nothing sexual in his actions, Sutcliffe claimed. But to gasps from the public gallery, Sir Michael held up the Phillips screwdriver with a shaft some 10 inches long. Positioning it to indicate that it had been used as a substitute penis, he jerked it up and down, saying that Sutcliffe had inserted it three times in Josephine Whitaker’s vagina.

“How,” the Attorney-General asked, “did you use this rusted old screwdriver that has been sharpened to a hideous point, to stab Josephine Whitaker through the same wound three times? To put the stab wounds in the vagina with no injury to the lips is unusual. How did you do it?”

“By moving it about,” Sutcliffe replied.

“Your case throughout has been: no sexual gratification, not doing it for lust

THE RIPPER’S VICTIMS



Wilma McCann



Emily Jackson



Irene Richardson

or anything like that. You talk about your mission and then, surprise, surprise, here's pretty little Helen Rytka and you have sex with her. Why?"

"I didn't have sex," Sutcliffe protested. "I entered her but there was no action. It was to persuade her that everything was all right. I had no choice – it was important to keep her quiet."

"Of course you had a choice," Sir Michael snapped. "God didn't tell you to put your penis in that girl's vagina. Did it occur to you that God is meant to be merciful and you were killing people in a painful way?"

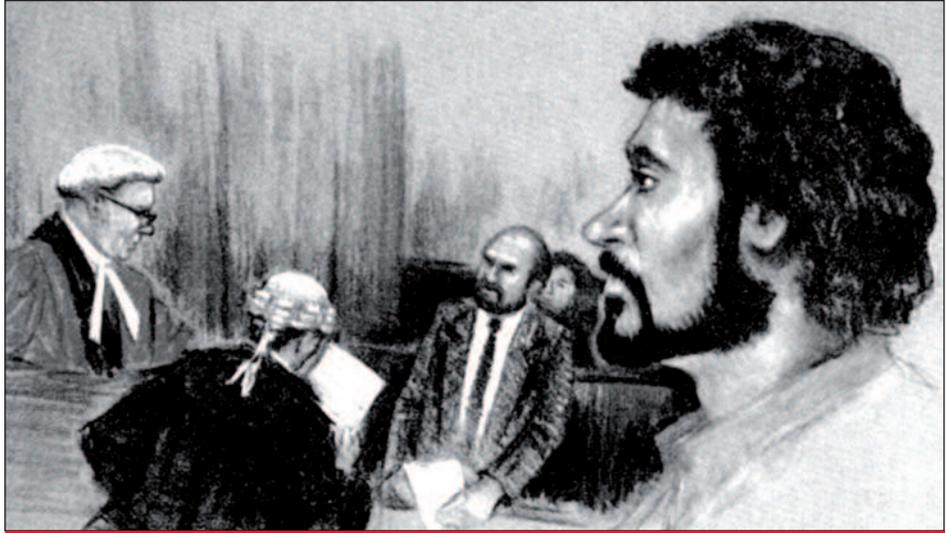
"I am quite sure that the way I killed them meant they never knew anything."

"You mean to say," said Sir Michael scathingly, "that your victims never felt anything as they were lying there, moaning, groaning, gurgling, a screwdriver in the eye, stabbed and one disembowelled?"

The defence then called the psychiatrists who had declared Sutcliffe mad. "I found that there was no suggestion that the accused is in any way sexually deviant," Dr. Hugo Milne told the court. The stabbings, he said, "had no sexual component...I have had the opportunity to spend many hours with the accused and there is little doubt that he is friendly and open in his manner and at no time did he withhold information."

Cross-examined by Mr. Harry Ognall QC, the doctor rejected the suggestion that Sutcliffe had fooled him. "Is this man pretending to be mad and has duped me and my colleagues," he said, "or am I, from my clinical examination, right in saying that he is a paranoid schizophrenic? As far as I can see, either he is a competent actor or I am an inefficient psychiatrist."

Paranoid schizophrenics, Dr. Milne added, were "extraordinarily cunning, extremely involved in premeditation and determined not to be found."



A contemporary sketch of Sutcliffe during his Old Bailey trial

"A very great proportion of normal criminals are also cunning, clever and anxious not to be found," Mr. Ognall pointed out. "That isn't the hallmark of a schizophrenic. It is the hallmark of a normal criminal."

Was the doctor satisfied, he asked, that he had all the necessary information at his disposal?

"Yes," the witness replied, but then had

"You mean to say, that your victims never felt anything as they were lying there, moaning, groaning, gurgling, a screwdriver in the eye, stabbed and one disembowelled?"

to admit that Sutcliffe had not told him of his arrest in 1969 in Bradford's red light district.

"So how can you possibly say that he has not withheld information from you, and has satisfied you that he has told the whole truth?" Mr. Ognall asked.

"I agree that he has lied to the police.

He could also have lied to me," Dr. Milne conceded.

Turning to the psychiatrist's claim that Sutcliffe's crimes had no sexual element, Mr. Ognall held up the Phillips screwdriver used on Josephine Whitaker. "How on earth," he asked, "are we to reconcile the pathologist's evidence of three stab wounds deep into the vagina with what you said? There is no doubt that this wicked agent was introduced with almost no injury to the external parts of the vagina. I suggest that indicates the most fiendish cruelty, deliberately done for sexual satisfaction. Do you agree?"

"It may be a most vicious and foul thing to do, but not necessarily for sexual satisfaction," Dr. Milne replied. "Mutilation of the genitalia for sadistic satisfaction would have to be repetitive, and there is no evidence that this man has attacked any of the other victims in this way. There is no evidence that he has in any way despoiled them or carried out any unnatural acts with them during the killings."

"What else could the attack with the screwdriver be but sexual?" Mr. Ognall challenged.

"It may have been sexual," the doctor conceded.



Patricia Atkinson



Jayne MacDonald



Jean Jordan

"What else could it have been? I will have an answer."

"I do not think it could have been anything else other than sexual," Dr. Milne admitted.

Pressing home his advantage, Mr. Ognall asked: "Did Peter Sutcliffe tell you there were no sexual elements in the attacks?"

"Yes."

"Well, that doesn't seem to be right, does it?"

"No."

"He deceived you. Why did he do that?"

"Perhaps he might have been very reluctant to talk about this because of what people might think of him," Dr. Milne suggested.

"He had admitted thirteen killings and seven attempted killings, but he thought he might be worse off because he stabbed one of them in the vagina? Is that a considered reply?"

"It is a considered reply," the doctor insisted. "He has said he never ever wanted to be seen as a sexual killer."

Sutcliffe never wanted to be seen as a sexual killer, Mr. Ognall suggested, "because if he put himself forward as a sexual killer, the divine mission goes out of the window. That's why, isn't it?"

In the witness-box the other two psychiatrists who had interviewed Sutcliffe fared no better than Dr. Milne under cross-examination. If Sutcliffe was a liar, one of them said, "then my diagnosis fails."

In his final speech for the prosecution Sir Michael asked the jury to decide whether the accused was "bad or mad," and the judge said much the same thing in his summing-up.

On May 22nd, six hours after they

retired to deliberate, the jury returned to say they could not agree a verdict.

Forty-seven minutes later they came back again to find Peter Sutcliffe guilty of 13 murders and seven attempted murders, by a majority of 10 to two.

Imposing 20 life sentences, Mr. Justice Boreham said he had borne in mind the danger that Sutcliffe would represent in the future and the terror he had inspired in Yorkshire.

"It is a population which to my knowledge does not lack fortitude. But I am left

in no doubt that women from a wide area were in deepest fear and I have no doubts too that their fear spilled over to their menfolk on their account."

Telling Sutcliffe that he would recommend that he serve at least 30 years, Mr. Justice Boreham added: "That is a long period, an unusually long period in my judgment, but I believe you are an unusually dangerous man. I express my hope that when I have said 'life



Remorseless to the end: Peter Sutcliffe

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Off With Her Head

Deadly Rachael Found In A Bloodbath - Literally



Hydrochloric Acid Didn't Do The Trick, So...

TERI KEPT MUM'S BODY IN THE BATH



RELEASED TO KILL AGAIN

KILLER CAUGHT BEFORE HE COULD BURY ANNA'S BODY



AWFUL CRIMES OF THE LAST WOMAN HANGED IN WALES



TOTAL RECALL, AUSTRALIAN STYLE

Justice Delayed When Son "Forgot" Mum's Murder



Dennis Didn't Kill Anyone...

Why Did He Spend 20 Years Behind Bars For Murder?



SCOTLAND'S CLASSIC CASES

WHEN EDINBURGH STALKER TURNED SLAYER



Christmas Eve Puzzler

Why Kill Kitty On Blackpool Beach?





Yvonne Pearson



Helen Rytka

imprisonment,' it will mean precisely that."

The jury's verdict showed they believed that Sutcliffe had duped the psychiatrists. He was not insane, he was just plain wicked, the jury had decided, and he was sent to Parkhurst Prison. Later, however, he was transferred to Broadmoor mental hospital. So were the doctors right after all?

In 1984, after a fellow-inmate at Parkhurst Prison on the Isle of Wight gashed him with a broken coffee jar, Sutcliffe was transferred to Broadmoor. It was there at art therapy classes he met Ian Kay, jailed in 1994 for the murder of a Woolworth's assistant manager in Teddington, south-west London.

"Sutcliffe said God told him to kill thirteen women," Kay said later, "and I say the Devil told me to kill him."

Kay planned to use a razor blade to murder the Yorkshire Ripper. But the plot was foiled when staff spotted that the blade was missing, and Kay handed it over, lying that he planned to commit suicide.

However, on March 10th, 1997, he went to Sutcliffe's room with a piece of flex and a pen and asked for an envelope. The Ripper turned to get one, and Kay attacked him, stabbing Sutcliffe in both eyes with the pen. Staff found Sutcliffe bending over the sink in his bathroom. "I can't see," he told them. "I think I'm blind."

As a result of the attack, Kay was ordered to be detained indefinitely under the Mental Health Act. Sutcliffe, blinded in one eye and with his other eye's vision impaired, sought compensation from taxpayers through the Criminal Injuries Compensation Board.

A target for other inmates wishing to make a name for themselves, he was also attacked by another inmate who tried to strangle him, and in 1998 he was moved to the old people's section of Broadmoor Hospital for his own safety.

In 2004 it was disclosed that Sutcliffe had diabetes, and in 2007 he was

assaulted by fellow-inmate Patrick Sureda.

A 2010 appeal for a minimum tariff to be set was dismissed by Lord Judge, who said: "Each of the attempted murders, as well as each of the murder offences, taken on its own was a dreadful crime of utmost brutality: taking all the offences together, we have been considering an accumulation of criminality of exceptional magnitude which went far beyond the legislative criteria for a whole-life order.

"Even accepting that an element of mental disturbance was intrinsic to the commission of these crimes, the interests of justice require nothing less than a whole-life order."

It was with an air of understatement

"I believe you are an unusually dangerous man. I express my hope that when I have said 'life imprisonment,' it will mean precisely that"

that the Court of Appeal judge concluded: "That is the only available punishment proportionate to these crimes."

Judged mentally fit to be returned to prison, Sutcliffe was transferred to HM Prison Frankland in August 2016.

He remained there, overweight, diabetic and in increasingly poor health, until he contracted Covid-19. Sutcliffe declined treatment and died at University Hospital of North Durham.

He remained remorseless to the end, never displaying any sympathy for his victims. His death, aged 74, offers the chance of some closure for those who survived attacks by Sutcliffe and for the families and friends of those who did not.

The Ripper's place in the annals of British criminal history is assured but few people, if any, will have mourned his passing.



Jacqueline Hill



Marguerite Walls

In addition to the 13 slayings with which he was charged, Sutcliffe admitted killing another victim, Marguerite Walls, at Pudsey in August 1980, by strangling her.



Vera Millward



Josephine Whitaker



Barbara Leach



When Cops Arrived At Thanksgiving House Of Horror...

LISA'S HEAD WAS SIMMERING ON THE STOVE

The killer was their only son, and he knew their patience was wearing thin over his continual demands for cash. He had to strike first – before they cut him off...

A MERICANS CAN be fanatical about Thanksgiving. They sit around the dining table with gravitas, eating the mandatory turkey, exchanging presents, and thanking God for their lucky stars and stripes.

The festival, unique to North America, commemorates the harvest supper held by the Pilgrim Fathers in 1621, their

Case report by Mark Davis

first year in the New World, after a devastating 12 months in which half of the original 100 pilgrims are said to have died. After that, things slowly got better.

In memory of those formidable pioneers Americans come together on Thanksgiving Day to reflect, unite and celebrate. Families travel the length and breadth of the country to be together and enjoy a family weekend that has far more meaning for them than Christmas, Easter or New Year.

The language, the culture, and the religion which was the key to the Pilgrim Fathers abandoning England initially spread north from their landing point on America's east coast. Boston was founded, Massachusetts was settled, and over the next couple of centuries their values reached out to the Deep South.

So it came about that in 2016 the



The pot on the stove in which the severed head of Lisa Guy (inset) was found

prosperous Guy family, true patriots all, sat down to their Thanksgiving dinner in distant Knoxville, Tennessee. As they piled into the turkey Joel, the only son of the family, told his three sisters that he was staying overnight with their parents, and on the following morning he planned to cook them a Thanksgiving breakfast.

His principal reason for staying on, he explained, was that his home in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, was too far to travel to. He had another reason for staying, too. Next day, instead of cooking

breakfast, he planned to cook mom and dad.

It is difficult to imagine what the Pilgrim Fathers would have made of it, if they were looking down from wherever. For before the Thanksgiving night was out Joel Guy Sr. and his wife Lisa had been butchered to death, dismembered, some body parts plunged into a home-made acid solution and others boiled on the kitchen stove until they were unrecognisable even as body parts.

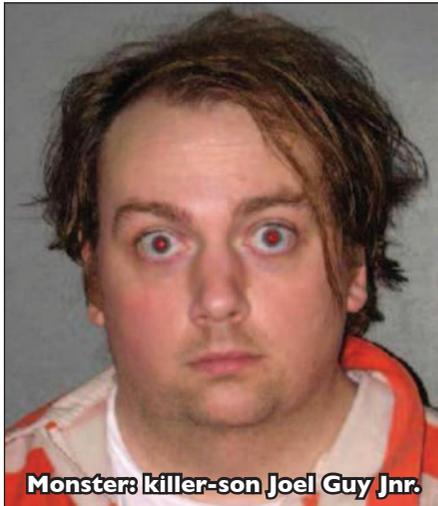
Neighbours, watching mouths agape at the coming and going of police cars

several days later, wondered what had turned the otherwise placid 27-year-old Joel Jnr., whose ambition was to become a plastic surgeon, into a monster masterminding the Thanksgiving family dinner from hell.

It began when Joel Snr., 61, and Lisa, 55, invited their four children for the celebrations in 2016. Following tradition, the event was held on the last weekend of November.

The parents, who had been married for 31 years, lived at 11434 Goldenview Lane, a two-storey home on a prize corner plot in a manicured suburb of Knoxville, Tennessee. That Thanksgiving weekend the stars and stripes flag fluttered proudly on their porch.

In fact, this was to be the family's last gathering together in that house, because two weeks later Joel and Lisa planned to move to his late mother's mountain home 90 miles away in Surgoinsville. That's where they would be for Christmas the following month, when there would be another family reunion. The Guys told neighbours:



Monster killer-son Joel Guy Jr.

“We’re really looking forward to the new surroundings.”

The Thanksgiving dinner went off without a hitch. That pleased mom and dad, because there could have been an uncomfortable scene. Like many families, the Guys had a few problems, and all were aware that the Guy family problems centred on Joel Jnr.

Joel had been living in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, for the past 10 years, but he had never actually made a living. His ambition was to become a plastic surgeon. He applied himself to his studies, but just drifted from one college to the next, like a rudderless ship. Fulfilment of his ambition was always in the far distance, and it never came any nearer.

The funding, of course, was done by his parents, who were now growing weary of his pleas for cash bailouts, more college courses at Louisiana State University, and rent money. They felt that at 27 their son should be making a living on his own without constantly relying on their handouts. Most parents would agree with them.



Above, a police car outside the murder house in Goldenview Lane, Knoxville. Below, bloodstains inside a room in the house



The problem was coming to a head as Thanksgiving approached. The Guys told their daughters; “It’s time for Joel to get off the gravy train. We’re going to cut him off and stop paying his bills.”

Was Joel aware of their intentions? If he were, that would go some of the way to explaining the horrific events that happened in the house in Goldenview Lane after the Thanksgiving dinner. In the event, that night no one around the table had alluded to Joel’s profligacy. The meal over, the three daughters, who all lived in Tennessee, said their goodbyes and went home.

In fact, Joel didn’t cook breakfast

The remains of Joel Snr. and Lisa were scattered throughout the house. Bits of their body parts were everywhere, some in a transparent acid solution

for his parents the next day. Instead, he cooked them. Nor did he leave that morning. He stayed on in the house for another three days, systematically turning it into what police later described as “a horrific, gut-wrenching and very gruesome crime scene.” Only then did he go back to his Baton Rouge apartment.

The day after Thanksgiving weekend, Monday 28th November, Lisa Guy didn’t show up for work. Her colleagues left several messages on her mobile and landline phones, none of which were returned. This was most unusual. Lisa was a reliable worker who was never absent without a previously stated reason. Her colleagues called the police.

When they arrived Lisa’s car was on the driveway. The mournful howling of the family dog locked in an upstairs bedroom was the only sound coming from the house. There was no sign of a forced entry.

After banging and knocking on the door for a few minutes they broke in, to discover a scene that would haunt them for the rest of their lives.

The remains of Joel and Lisa Guy were scattered throughout the house. Bits of their body parts were everywhere, some in a transparent acid solution deliberately designed to destroy all evidence of the terrible crimes that had taken place since the Thanksgiving dinner.

There were some signs of a struggle. The toxic scene was so spread out across the house that it took policemen in hazmat suits two and a half days to process all the evidence. They found Lisa's severed head in a cooking pot on the stove. They found the victims' limbs in 45-gallon containers filled with a corrosive substance that liquefied the remains. The stench of bleach and acid was everywhere.

Some of the officers were physically sick, vomiting from the sight of the dismembered bodies.

Investigators who later put together the killer's movements said they believed he worked alone, killing his parents sometime between the hours after the Friday night dinner and Saturday afternoon. He stayed in the house with their remains until Sunday, slicing, dicing, butchering, boiling and boning their corpses before driving back to Baton Rouge.

On the night of November 29th Joel Guy Jnr. was arrested outside his apartment and charged with two counts of first-degree murder. Next day the Sheriff's office called a news conference

"These kinds of crime are very, very rare," said Major Michael McLean, head of the sheriff's homicide department, in what sounded almost like an apology. "It figures in the less than one per cent of homicides in the US that involves mutilation or dismemberment."

In a tone of voice that sounded almost like despair he went on: "It's not something that we run across." And he added finally: "Usually there's a motivation behind it. But in this case we're not sure what it was."

The "motivation" though was beginning to appear through chinks in the investigation. Family members had already told the investigators about Joel Guy Sr.'s plans to scale back Joel Jnr.'s financial support. That wasn't leading anywhere for the moment, because, said Major McLean, "Joel Guy is unwilling to cooperate or answer any questions."

Every lead that might throw some light on why the mature student and family nemesis had butchered his parents seemed to run into a brick wall. There was no irrational behaviour from Joel Jnr. during the Thanksgiving dinner. There were no family rows that day. Everyone



Above, Joel Guy Jnr. at his trial – he wore a mask to protect himself from coronavirus. Left, his victims Joel Sr. and Lisa Guy in happier times



was delighted to meet each other when they came together.

There was no history of mental illness and Joel Guy

Jnr. had no criminal record.

No one knew what had driven this otherwise peaceful, if indolent, permanent student to kill so fiendishly. His sisters told police that he probably knew that their parents had a life insurance policy. But they were unsure of the details.

The details were soon forthcoming. The Guys had life insurance policies worth more than half a million dollars. And it emerged that Joel Jnr. knew he



A meat grinder found in the boot of the killer's car

was on the verge of being cut off from parental funding for his never-ending studies.

One thing was certain – these were not spur-of-the-moment killings. The only son had planned out the whole scenario with methodical cunning. He had accumulated a cocktail of corrosive liquid fire, hydrogen peroxide, sewer cleaner and bleach, out of which he had concocted a mixture into which he submerged the body parts of his mother and father.

The mixture caused "excessive decomposition," said Major McLean. "We were still able to identify Mr. and Mrs. Guy, but the decomposition made it difficult to determine the cause of death."

Investigators discovered more evidence

of premeditation when they examined handwritten notes found under the bed where Joel stayed in the guest room. The notes revealed the depth of thought and planning he had put into killing his parents.

Meticulously they detailed how he would slaughter them and dispose of their bodies. One note read: "Douse killing rooms and kitchen with bleach. Flush chunks down the toilet, not garbage disposal. Don't have to get rid of body if not forensic evidence."

Reconstructing the killings, police surmised that Joel Jnr. first attacked his father while he was alone in an upstairs room. Another note read: "Kill him with the knife. Clean up the mess before she gets home."

CCTV showed that Lisa had been out shopping at her local supermarket that morning. Her impending fate was also chronicled in a note: "Kill her with the knife," and then, the note went on, she was to be placed in the shower where he would "turn on hot water and point at her to get rid of forensics."

Another note, found in his backpack, read: "Turn heater as high as it goes to speed up decomposition." This was carried out dutifully. By the time the police broke into the home the thermostat read 90 degrees, the heat exacerbating the stench of bleach and rotting body parts.

Yet another chilling note read: "Get killing knives. Quiet, multiples. Get sledgehammer – crush bones. Bring blender and food grinder – grind meat."

The full extent of the horrific scene at the house in Knoxville wasn't revealed until Joel Guy went on trial in September 2020, charged with two counts of first-degree murder, three counts of felony murder, and two counts of abuse of his parents' home.

By this time nearly four years had passed since the killings. The delay in bringing the accused to justice was caused by a change of defence lawyers and their attempts to have mental health experts testify that Guy was temporarily insane when he murdered his mother

and father.

But Joel Guy never claimed he was insane. So what exactly was he? His neighbours in Baton Rouge told police he was quiet and reclusive. He had shared his apartment with a roommate for a time, but now he lived alone.

His relatives were asked about him. His aunt, Renee Charles, told a local newspaper: "I can't believe he was capable of such brutality. The family is totally shocked. It is one thing to stab someone, but to do all the other things he did, like dismembering his parents' bodies? It's unbelievable."

Shaking her head, and still in a state of incredulity, she added: "We were all going to meet up for Christmas. We were just fixing to be together again when this happened."

Finally brought to court, the accused, demonstrating no emotion, sat impassively next to his lawyer, wearing his face visor because of the global pandemic, as the events of the day after Thanksgiving were presented to the hushed courtroom. Prosecutor Leslie Nassios was unsparing with the details, describing every move, every event, in gory detail.

"I warn you that I will lead you through a trail of stomach-churning evidence in crimes on an elderly couple committed by their son who was not mentally deranged, but driven only by financial motives," she told the jury.

"The killer put Lisa Guy's body



Tools found by police in the murder house. Below, the killer's list of requirements for carrying out his horrific plan

sheeting, on the floor of the master bedroom upstairs.

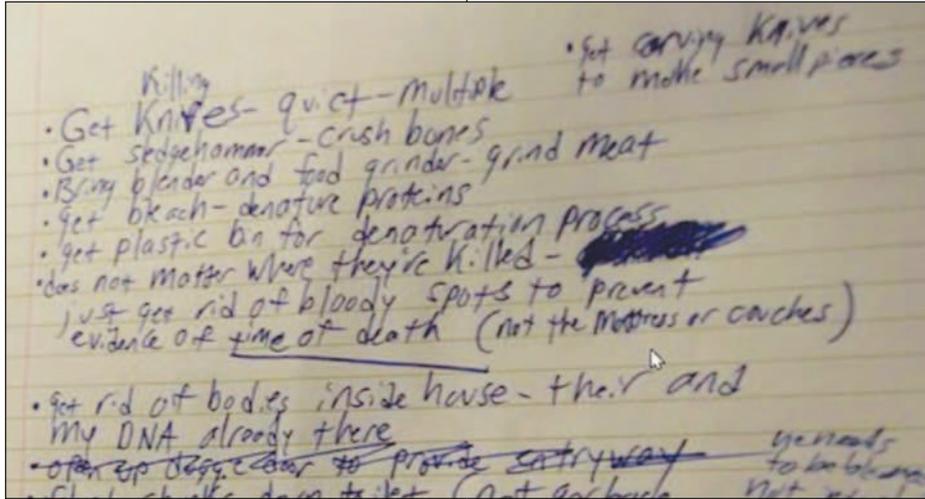
Dr. Hawes said the body parts were immersed in containers filled with corrosive chemicals – one of them was sewer cleaner – in order to dissolve their flesh and liquefy all the remains. The chemicals had reduced Mr. Guy's head to a skeleton and had melted the front of the torsos of both victims.

Joel Guy Snr.'s hands were discovered on the floor of the exercise room. His arms were severed from the shoulder blades and his legs had been removed from the hips. Lisa's head was found in a

They had to attend therapy evaluations and psychological assessments before they could return to duty.

A gory journal found at the house and written by Joel Guy suggested a clear motive of why he wanted his parents dead – because, prosecutor Nassios explained, "the tap was about to be turned off."

Officers who attended the crime scene, including Major McLean, gave evidence. In total the state called 27 witnesses. Guy, by contrast, chose not to give evidence on his own behalf and did not present any witnesses.



parts in one container and Joel Guy Snr.'s in another, and then he covered them with corrosive substances and left them there to liquefy into some sort of diabolical stew of human remains. This was the family dinner from hell, the most monstrous crime I have had to deal with."

Giving evidence, Dr. Amy Hawes, the forensic examiner who performed post-mortems on both victims, said that the couple probably died within a few seconds to a few minutes, from dozens of stab wounds.

Their arms and legs were then cut off, and Lisa was decapitated. The arms and legs, she said, were found in two large blue plastic tubs, placed on plastic

pot of liquid boiled on the kitchen stove in chemicals that included peroxide, bleach and rubbing alcohol. Her head had been "broken off" from the top of her spine.

In total, the couple had been stabbed more than 70 times in the head, neck, chest, buttocks, abdomen "and pretty much everywhere else."

One of the officers on the case, Detective Jeremy McCord, said: "It was the most horrific thing I have encountered in my 20 years of police work. I still have nightmares about that house of horrors. I guess I'll live with that day for the rest of my life."

Most of his colleagues went outside to vomit. Afterwards they went on leave.

"It was the most horrific thing I have encountered in my 20 years of police work. I still have nightmares about that house of horrors"

So the court never heard whether the killer was remorseful or whether he regretted his actions, but a glimmer of what might have been in his mind was revealed when he asked his lawyer to file a motion requesting the death sentence. This, however, was rejected; the state had never pursued it as a death penalty case, and the decision had to come from them.

Joel Guy showed no emotion as his three sisters, Michelle Tyler, Chandiss Fink and Angela Crane, made their statements. "We were a blended family," Angela said. "Dad was my best friend and Lisa was the best stepmom in the world. She'd do anything for us. I will never be able to forgive. I rest easy knowing today that justice is done and that God is OK with my decision not to forgive someone who murdered my parents."

Impassive as ever, Joel Guy sat in his chair sipping water as he was sentenced to what amounted to life behind bars without parole.

CRIMES THAT MADE THE HEADLINES

Wearing a mask and armed with a sawn-off shotgun, the burglar-turned-rapist known as the Fox spread terror across the south of England in 1984. His vile sex attacks – fuelled by watching porn films – had become more violent and increasingly disturbing...

The Fox's Trail Of Terror

TO MOST of us the fox is a cunning hunter noted for his indiscriminate, wholesale slaughter of chickens. But to the residents of Bedfordshire, Buckinghamshire and Hertfordshire in the mid-1980s, he was something else altogether. "The Fox,"

Case report by Martin Lomax

as the media dubbed him, was a burglar-turned-rapist who terrorised the three counties, prompting the police to launch a £200,000 hunt for him, and causing frightened householders to form vigilante groups and bar their windows.

He was well into his one-man crime wave in the summer of 1984 as he drove around in the early hours of a Friday morning, along the deserted streets of Edlesborough, Buckinghamshire, his eyes studying each home speculatively as he cruised slowly by. He was not afraid of police patrol cars, although the area was swarming with officers seeking him. He felt reckless and invincible, excitement coursing through his veins. The moment he saw the bungalow, he knew this was the one. The lights were on – in normal circumstances, a deterrent to the average burglar, who fears contact with the occupants. But this

was no average burglar...

He parked his car well off the road, hidden from casual view, then donned his garments almost ritually, like some warrior going into battle. The hood fashioned from a trouser-leg, with holes cut for his eyes; the leather gauntlets, the housebreaking implements – and, finally, the weapon. The sawn-off shotgun was cocked and loaded. He felt its strength pass into him as he picked it up.



Seven-month rape spree:
Malcolm Fairley

Moving silently, he approached the house, moving close to the lit windows.

The doors were locked, of course, but there was always the carelessly left-open window in the summer. He felt no fear or qualms of conscience. One might as well try to convince the fox that it is wrong to raid the chicken-coop. What he was doing felt right. He was a hunter – and his prey was in sight...

Imagine the scene, if you can. Try to feel the terror felt by the victims. Try to conceive of having to live the rest of your life with the horrific and degrading memories of what was to follow etched into your brain, as if by acid.

An 18-year-old girl, her 17-year-old brother and her 21-year-old boyfriend were alone in the bungalow. It was 2 a.m., and the girl and her boyfriend were dozing, her brother was playing records.

Suddenly, a terrifying apparition, stood before them – a man of average height, but wearing a dark-green hood, so that he looked like an expressionless robot. The fact that he had no face – just slits for eyeholes – made him doubly sinister. But far more menacing was the shotgun he held rock-steady, pointing at them.

As they gaped in disbelief, he gave curt orders in a northern accent. The girl was forced to tie up the boys with electric flex. Then she was taken to her bedroom and left bound on her bed, spreadeagled, a pillow over her face. The man left her for a while, calmly going to the kitchen to get himself a drink. When he returned to her bedroom, it was to rape her.

Much worse was to follow. The family dog was brought into the bedroom, in the apparent hope that it might get sexually excited. When that failed the boys were brought to the girl's bedroom at gunpoint, and ordered to have sex with the girl. In fear of imminent death, both



Above, crowds gather to see the blanketed figure of the Fox led from Dunstable magistrates' court. Below, a police officer poses in front of the Fox's tools and holds the crude hood used by Malcolm Fairley

youths simulated the act.

Afterwards, the hooded man raped the girl again, before going downstairs to watch video films and pour himself drinks. When he left it was with £90 he had stolen from the house.

The two teenagers' parents were away on holiday. They would later demolish the bedroom with their bare hands, as if to exorcise the evil which took place there. And that was only one of well over 100 crimes committed by the hooded rapist known only as the Fox during his seven-month lust spree.

The long hunt for him was to test police forces to the full and prove beyond doubt the value of the modern forensic laboratory. Long before the Fox was run to earth, the police were to know everything about him, except his name. The girl who suffered so dreadfully at that bungalow in Edlesborough had been incredibly courageous and intelligent. She did nothing to give the hooded rapist an excuse to kill her – she had the boys to consider. If the rapist killed her, then he would certainly kill all three of them, to leave no witnesses. So she had remained in control, never calm, but at least submitting quietly.

And she was alert at all times, her brain absorbing every detail. She was later able to give the police valuable information, including the fact that the man had a slight stammer, had soft, almost gentle hands – and the important fact that he was left-handed. From his other rape victims, the police were able to establish his blood group, height and build, his approximate age – and, of course, that



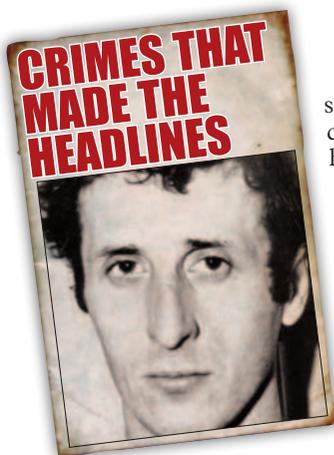
giveaway northern accent.

They were later even to learn the colour and make of his car, but the hunt was to be complex and frustrating, as the Fox doubled back on his tracks.

Between March and September 1984 he struck repeatedly in five counties, mainly in the triangle formed by Tring, Leighton Buzzard and Dunstable. He committed at least 147 crimes in this period, raping young and old alike, often forcing his victims to perform perverted sexual acts. The blank hooded face and

the menacing sawn-off shotgun were enough to induce terror in all who came into conflict with him.

The first real trace of the Fox surfaced on April 11th, 1984, after he broke into what he thought was an unoccupied house at Linslade, Bedfordshire. He was doing what he had done for years – carrying out his profession of small-time burglar, which had led to several prison sentences including a 30-month stretch completed in October 1982. In the north, he was too well-known to detectives,



so now he had decided to try his luck in the south. Here he could indulge his passion for prowling around in the night, breaking into people's homes and pawing through their possessions,

without fear of detection. He was not known to the local police, and he thought people in the south were soft...

But the house he'd picked on was not empty. In a bedroom he found a 74-year-old widow asleep. The temptation to give vent to his repressed lusts was too much. Hiding his face with a glove, he woke her by shining a torch in her face, then put a hand under the bedclothes and twice tried to indecently assault her. But she fought him off with such ferocity that the Fox fled. Only he wasn't the Fox yet. He lacked a hood – and, most importantly, a weapon. He resolved to equip himself properly in future for his new trade – that of rapist. He had a record for petty theft and burglary. A long record. But in all those years, there had never been any element of sex or violence in his crimes. He was about to change all that.

In the weeks that followed, he broke into houses and robbed them – but left behind one distinctive clue. A pattern, a modus operandi, which would help the police pinpoint the crimes as the



Edlesborough, the Buckinghamshire village where the Fox attacked an 18-year-old girl, her boyfriend and her brother

He coolly waited for the owner, a 35-year-old man, to return home and then greeted him with the shotgun thrust into his chest. The victim was tied up, blindfolded, and then subjected to a homosexual assault. When the hooded man left the house, he was aware that he was changing. He had discovered, in his own words, that “The gun is king – I can do anything.”

Whenever he broke into a house, his first action was to cut the telephone wires. Then he would lay out items suitable for tying up his victims. Ties, belts, dressing-gown cords – all would

led to the press calling him the Fox.

Inexplicably, he left the house before the husband and wife returned, but he took more than £100 in cash. Two hours later, he broke into another house in the area. This time, there was a struggle with the male occupant, the gun went off, and the man was shot in the hand, losing a finger as a result, but courageously chasing the Fox from the house.

It was at this point that police from the three neighbouring forces of Bedfordshire, Hertfordshire and Thames Valley decided to co-ordinate their activities to capture him. A team of

The temptation to give vent to his repressed lusts was too much

officers from the three forces was formed to carry out the operation codenamed “Peanut.” The Fox had left nuts he took from the first house at the house where he fired the shotgun.

Detective Chief Superintendent Brian Prickett was placed in charge of the team. As information about every previous attack was collated, it became obvious that they were hunting one man – a loner – and that some burglaries without a sexual element were also his work. In other words, they were hunting a burglar who had turned rapist, and as a burglar, he would probably have a record. The criminal record office at Scotland Yard provided information on all burglars from the north in the appropriate age and height bracket. While this would not guarantee the capture of the Fox, it was a routine elimination task which had to be done. There were hundreds of men who had to be traced and questioned – in all the computer came up with 3,011.

With police organising searches of the target areas and saturating them at night with patrols, the Fox struck again on July 6th, breaking into a house in



The men who led the hunt for the Fox. Detective Chief Superintendent Brian Prickett (left) alongside the Chief Constable of Bedfordshire, Andrew Sloan

work of the same man. He would locate photograph albums, then lay out pictures of women from them on a table, as though for his private inspection.

On May 10th he broke into a house in Cheddington, Buckinghamshire, and found it unoccupied. But the owner was obviously due home soon. Food had been left out in the kitchen, where the refrigerator hummed softly in the darkness. A search of the house revealed £300 in cash – but, more importantly, two guns, one of them a shotgun. And cartridges. He was already wearing his hood, and now he had a weapon.

he left handy. On June 6th, during a burglary in Tring, he collected yet another shotgun, together with cartridges. On June 9th he broke into a house near Leighton Buzzard, with the intention of forcing a husband to watch while he raped the wife. Nobody was at home, but he made himself comfortable for their return, fashioning a “hide” from a blanket strung over a couple of chairs, so that he could watch television without fear of the light from the screen being seen from outside the house. He also helped himself to an anorak and a packet of peanuts, and the building of the hide

Linslade and finding a newlywed couple there. After tying them up he indecently assaulted the wife, who screamed so loudly that he fled.

But he seemed to be having the luck of the devil. The police surrounded many villages discreetly, with undercover officers hidden in selected houses, with the permission of the owners. But wherever the police were, the Fox struck elsewhere, as if he had an uncanny instinct for danger. On July 10th he broke into a bungalow at Leighton Buzzard, entering through a window of a bedroom where children lay sleeping. He bound and gagged the parents, then raped the wife, forcing the husband to

her face, tore off her nightdress, and raped her.

Before leaving he washed the woman's body to remove any saliva traces or hair samples. He also cut a large square from the bottom sheet of the bed, which he took with him to remove any sperm traces and hence the possibility of his blood-group being detected.

But when he returned to his car he became careless. He left behind a glove, his mask, the piece of sheet, money in a carrier-bag – and, most important of all, beneath a mound of leaves he concealed his shotgun, possibly fearing roadblocks and car searches.

The day following the attack, when

search of the area turned up the mask, glove, shotgun and piece of sheet, plus £38 in the carrier-bag. And on bushes which the car had scuffed, tiny particles of paint were recovered. They were sent to car manufacturers, from whom police learned that this particular paint, harvest yellow, was used only on the Allegro.

The police search of the scene was covered with an elaborate security screen. They thought it very likely that the Fox might return to collect his hidden loot, and they did not want to scare him off. There were no press leaks, nothing appeared on television, and officers staged a bogus motorway accident, cordoning off a section of the northbound carriageway of the M18 with cones and having ambulances parked there, while police in white coats searched the area. A hairbrush taken from the last victim's home was later recovered.

Another important clue came when a lorry driver remembered seeing a yellow Allegro reversing out onto the



The shotgun (above) and the mask (below) were key to the terror spread by the Fox. When they were discovered along with other items including a glove (right) the police knew they had made a major breakthrough

watch.

Then came his most horrific attack to date – in the early hours of August 17th, when he forced the Edlesborough victims to commit sex acts.

“It was chilling because you knew straight away that he would kill without hesitation,” the girl said later. “I thought we were going to die. I knew I would be raped. When he left the room I lay there wondering what it would be like to be shot in the stomach, then I heard the sound of the kettle boiling.”

The Fox was brewing tea.

Two days later he headed north to visit his elderly mother in Newcastle. As he drove up the M18 near Rotherham the lights of a small village attracted his attention. He drove across the hard shoulder and into a wooded area, where he uprooted a small sapling to hide the reflection of his windscreen from passing traffic. With his car concealed behind bushes, he fashioned a mask out of a pair of dungarees, and, taking his shotgun, walked to the village of Brampton-en-le-Morthen.

He broke into the home of an accountant and his wife, again entering through a bedroom window where children lay sleeping. Then he bound and gagged the parents before ransacking the house. That done, he returned to the couple and tied the woman's legs apart. One foot he shackled to the bed, the other to her husband's leg. When the Fox indecently assaulted her, she resisted fiercely. So he rammed the shotgun into



officers were able to view the crime scene in daylight, an alert policeman noticed tracks leading across a field. Police were thus able to follow the route the Fox had taken to the village. A withered sapling led them to the spot where the car had been concealed, and plaster-casts were taken of tyre prints. A



hard shoulder at that spot – and at the relevant time. He even remembered part of the registration number – enough to be certain it was from the Durham area. Hypnosis, however, failed to dredge the remaining numbers from his subconscious.

An infra-red camera able to take pictures in the dark was left focused on the copse where the Fox had hidden his car. Sound sensors, capable of picking up the movement of a rabbit, were installed, while policemen watching from a discreet distance used binoculars fitted with light-intensifiers enabling them to see in the dark.

But the Fox did not return, so the trap was not sprung. He remained in the north for another couple of days and when he returned south he did not stop to retrieve his shotgun, which was cocked and loaded.

The night after his attack at Brampton,



The home of the Fox in Kentish Town

he broke into a house at Peterlee, County Durham, where he tried to rape a woman at knifepoint. She fought him off, biting his hand. He punched her in the face and fled. Later that same night, he broke into another house in the area, but was chased out by a woman and her 21-year-old daughter.

After the fiasco in the north, the Fox headed south. On September 9th he broke into a house in Milton Keynes, carefully laid out his ropes, and woke his sleeping victim. But instead of being cowed by his knife, the woman fought back, refusing to obey his commands. He was forced to thrust at her with the knife. On the third attempt, he cut her stomach. When she cried out in pain, he fled.

While he was national news, causing panic in the triangle in which he operated, at police headquarters in Bedfordshire the Fox was simply a bulky file without a name on its cover. All the clues had been assembled, until police knew him intimately: everything except his name. But, in fact, they did have it on their computer. He was one of 300 men with criminal records who spoke with a northern accent, all of whom had to be interviewed and eliminated from the inquiry.

On September 11th, 1984, two junior officers were sent from Dunstable to carry out an RTE – routine trace and eliminate inquiry – on a man living in north London. Detective constables Dick Henkes, 31, and Nigel Tomkins, 23, were issued with second-class railway warrants for the journey, as it was not considered important enough to merit use of a police car.

As they turned into Oseney Crescent, Kentish Town, they saw a man washing a harvest-yellow Allegro. He was the man they had come to interview, and he took them into the flat he occupied with his wife and three children. His account of his movements was unsatisfactory, and both officers had a gut-feeling that he was the Fox.

He was taken out to his car. Marks on its side showed it had been scuffed

against bushes. A search of another car he owned revealed dungarees with a leg missing. It had been used to make a mask. And when Henkes asked the suspect to remove his wristwatch from the car, he took it with his left hand and strapped it onto his right wrist – the typical action of a left-handed man. He was taken into custody.

Commenting on the arrest, Superintendent Prickett recalled the steady build-up of clues, pointing out: “Each one by itself did not count for much. But, put together, they were most significant. When this man was seen, it was like looking at a reflection in a mirror. Every time the Fox committed an offence, more evidence became available. When our two detectives went to London and found this man, they immediately recognised him from the clues we had built up. We knew everything about him, except his name. When he was brought into Dunstable police station, everything fitted into place. The evidence against him was so strong that he admitted everything very quickly.”

The news of the capture of the Fox was flashed to every police station in the deadly triangle where the hooded rapist had operated. He was Malcolm Fairley, aged 32. And his interrogation revealed



Conducting a routine check of names on the police computer led detective-constables Dick Henkes (left) and Nigel Tomkins to catch the Fox

information and attitudes which stunned even hardened detectives.

It transpired that watching pornographic video films had turned Fairley from a burglar into a rapist, fuelled with a desire to turn fantasy into reality. When asked why he had done such terrible things to the three Edlesborough victims, he calmly replied that he had seen it on video. One senior officer said: “He told us bluntly that he had seen films showing objects being

used on women, how he had seen animals being used – and had also seen all sorts of things involving group sex. What happened at Edlesborough was because he just wanted to find out what all this group sex was like.”

Fairley told the police that during the months committing rapes, he still made love frequently to his wife. But he appeared to feel no guilt.

Prickett asked him if he now felt any remorse. “I asked him, what did he think about the women he had just raped? He misunderstood me, saying: ‘Well, I thought she was good – just great.’” When asked if he felt sorry, Fairley replied: “Yes – I’m sorry I’ve been caught.”

His lack of emotion in describing his crimes amazed detectives. One officer said: “It was as if he had just gone into Woolworths to buy something – and then walked out.”

Background information revealed that Fairley was born in Sunderland in 1952, the youngest of a family of nine children. At school, he was educationally sub-normal and spoke with a stammer, which prompted classmates to bully him. He made no friends and spent most of his spare time alone, camping out in a tent on the hills overlooking the council estate in which his overcrowded home was situated. He soon drifted into a life of crime, moving south in February 1984 to live in a lodging-house until his family could join him. Within weeks, he was breaking into houses and making headlines.

On February 26th, 1985, he stood in the dock at St. Albans Crown Court, flanked by five prison officers, and staring impassively ahead as the prosecutor Mr. John Alliot QC listed his catalogue of crimes.

He said that Fairley had committed offences between March and September 1984, and was also asking for 68 other crimes to be taken into consideration.

Mr. Justice Caulfield told Fairley that he had “desecrated and defiled men and women, old and youthful, in their own homes, which you then pillaged.” Commenting on the hard-core porn videos which had influenced Fairley, the judge added: “You are a decadent advertisement for evil pornographers. They will want to forget you as one of their worst casualties.

“There are degrees of wickedness and depravity beyond the capacity of condemnatory description. Your crimes fall within that category, crimes for which there is no exculpation, crimes which left your victims in utter terror and with lifelong burdens of frightening memories.”

Fairley was then given six life sentences for rape and aggravated burglary, plus various sentences of imprisonment including two of 14 years for burglary.

Thirty-five years later, and his spell of infamy a distant memory, Malcolm Fairley, the Fox who had proved so elusive, remains behind bars.

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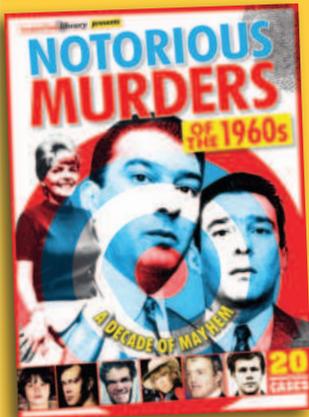
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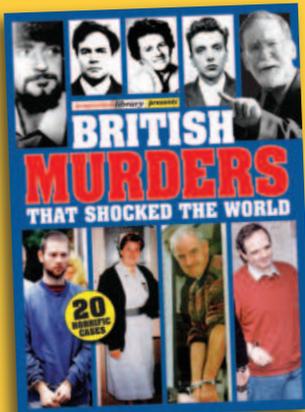
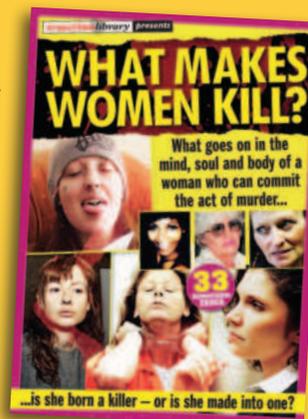
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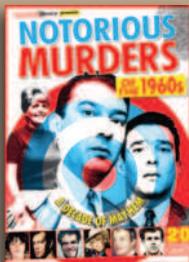
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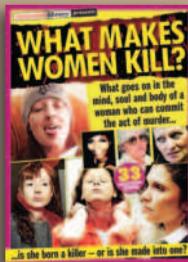


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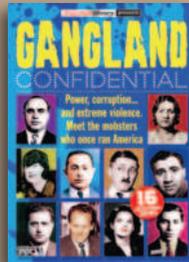
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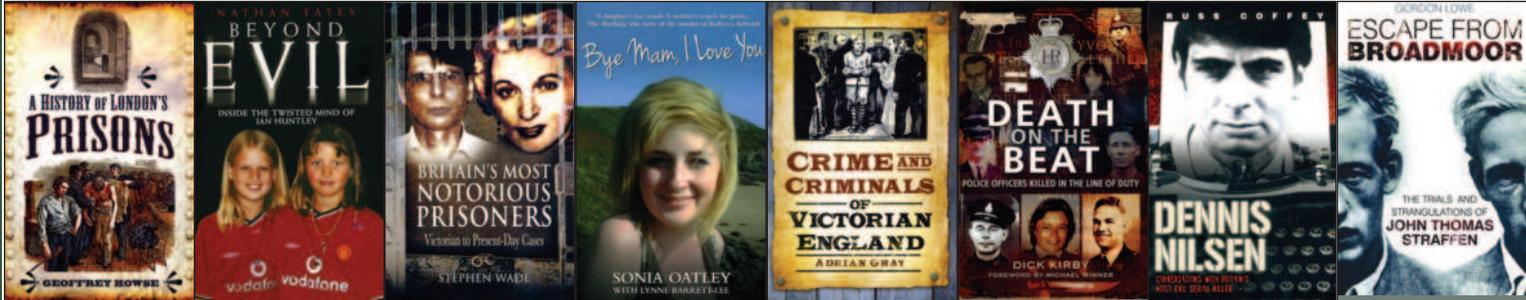
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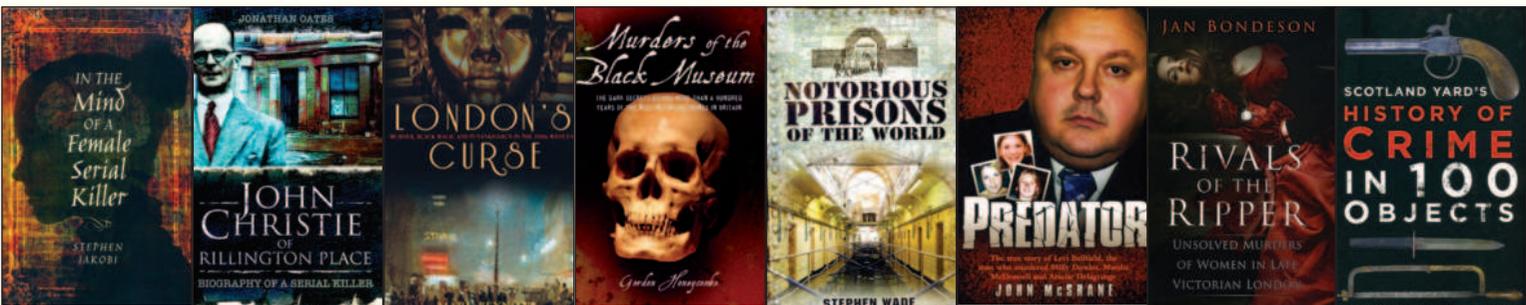
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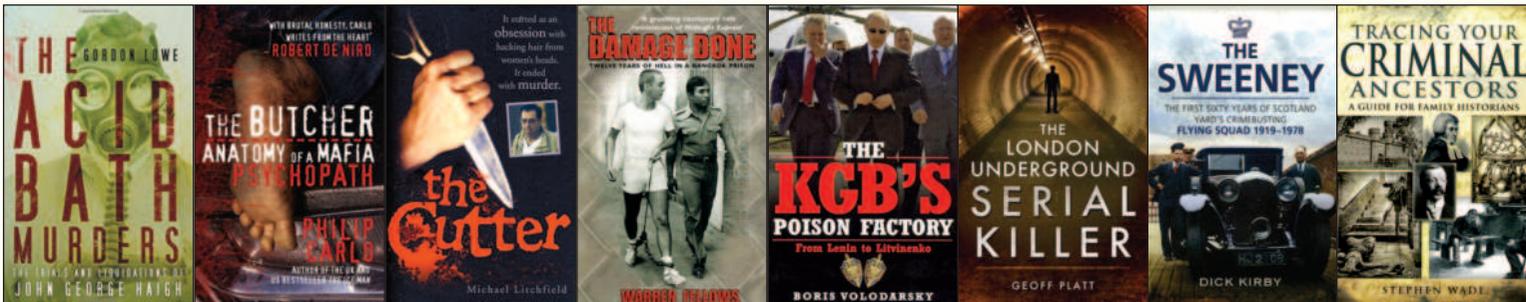
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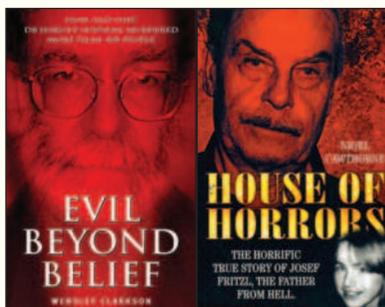
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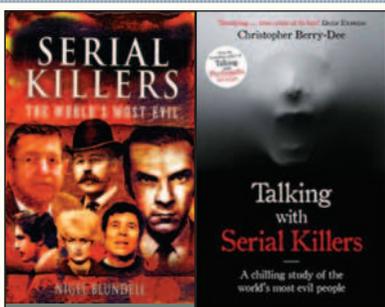


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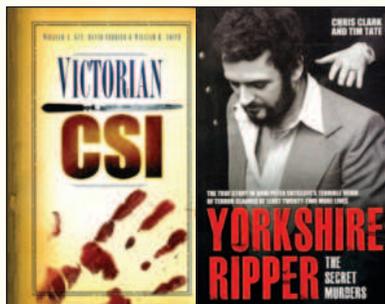
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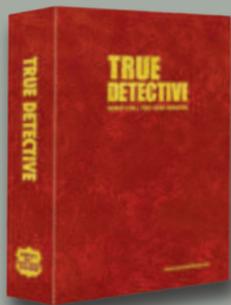
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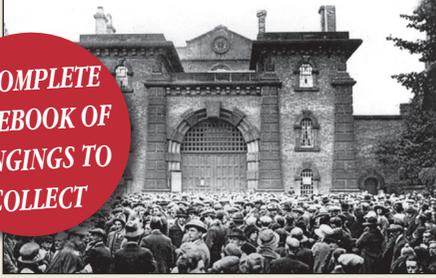
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28. & 29.

HISTORIC THUMBPRINT

There was nothing unusual about Thomas Farrow's paint shop in Deptford, south-east London, but it was destined to make history.

He lived in a flat over the shop with his wife Ann, and on the morning of March 27th, 1905, he was found battered to death in the parlour. Mrs. Farrow had also been attacked. She lay unconscious in bed, and died from her head injuries four days later.

Below, Alfred (left) and Albert Stratton. Their murder trial was Britain's first to feature fingerprint evidence. Right, Alfred Heal. A shock awaited him following his murdered girlfriend's post-mortem



A cash box had been forced open, and a thumbprint it bore was compared with those of everyone known to have handled it. None of their thumbprints matched the one on the box.

Two men had been seen hurrying away from the shop in the early hours of that morning, and their descriptions matched two local petty criminals, **Alfred Stratton**, 22, and his brother **Albert Stratton**, 20. Alfred's mistress told detectives that both men had been out all that night, and that when Alfred returned he had painted his brown boots black, destroyed his jacket and given away the trousers he had been wearing.

The brothers had now disappeared, but they were soon traced, arrested and fingerprinted. Alfred's right thumbprint matched the one on the cash box, but fingerprinting was in its infancy, and at the Strattons' Old Bailey trial for murder the judge advised the jury to treat the thumbprint evidence with caution and not to convict on that alone.

There was also evidence that two masks used by the brothers had been found at the crime scene, and both men were found guilty and sentenced to death.

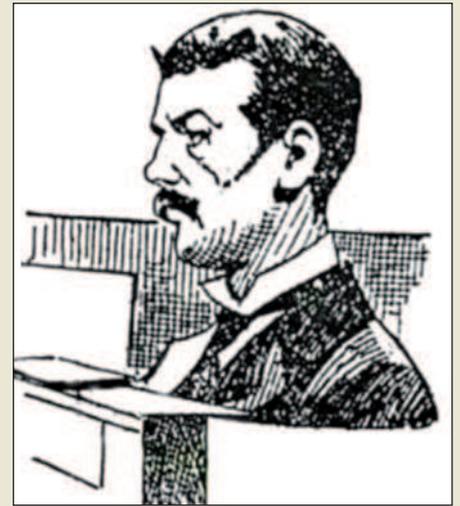
Blaming each other, they went to gallows on May 23rd, 1905, to be

hanged together by John Billington, Henry Pierrepoint and John Ellis. This was Wandsworth's first double execution, and the brothers' murder trial was the first in Britain to feature fingerprint evidence.

30.

A DEADLY SUSPICION

Alfred John Heal was engaged to Ellen Goodspeed, who lived next door to him in Westmacott Street, Camberwell, south-east London. He was 22, she 24, and despite her denials Heal became obsessed with the suspicion that she'd had sex with a previous boy friend. Wherever Heal went with her, they seemed to bump into this previous man in Ellen's life. This was hardly surprising as he lived



nearby, but it further inflamed Heal's jealousy.

He lived with his parents and sister, and on April 27th, 1905, Ellen spent the evening chatting with them in their kitchen. Heal had little to say, and his sister and parents eventually retired for the night, leaving him and Ellen alone together.

An hour later, Ellen ran screaming into Mr. and Mrs. Heal's bedroom. Blood was gushing from a wound in her throat, and she was rushed to hospital.

"She has not been true to me," Heal told his mother before police took him away.

He was charged with attempted murder, and as Ellen began to recover he wrote to her from his prison cell, apologising but repeating his conviction that she had lost her virginity.

By MATTHEW SPICER

WANDSWORTH'S DAYS OF HANGING • PART 4

In hospital, Ellen's recovery was reversed by an infection. She died on May 7th from inflammation of the brain, caused by her infected throat wound, and Heal was duly convicted of her murder.

A post-mortem found that she died a virgin, and it was with this chastening knowledge that Heal went to the gallows on June 20th. John Billington and John Ellis were the hangmen.

31.

SOPHIE'S LAST WALK

On the evening of September 10th, 1905, 18-year-old Sophie Lovell



Frederick Reynolds. If he couldn't have Sophie, nobody would...

was strolling down Willow Walk in Bermondsey, south-east London, with her new boy friend Henry Lambourne. A month earlier she had ended her relationship with 23-year-old **Frederick Reynolds**, and as she and Lambourne walked on they realised that Reynolds was following them.

Sophie's reaction was to ignore him, but Reynolds wanted a confrontation. If he couldn't have Sophie, he had decided, nobody else would. Quickening his pace, he walked up to her as she turned her back on him. The next moment he knocked her to the ground, drawing a knife and slitting her throat. "I have sworn to do it and I am doing it!" he shouted as Lambourne tried to stop him.

In response to Lambourne's cries for help, two men ran out of the Alcot Arms, only to find that Sophie was dead. Reynolds had vanished, but not for long. He gave himself up to the police 45 minutes later, admitting Sophie's murder.

At his Old Bailey trial he was sentenced to death, and on November 13th, 1906, he was hanged by Henry Pierrepont and John Ellis.

32.

TWO MURDERED BY MISTAKE

At 53, **Richard Brinkley** was a personable, good-looking carpenter. So it was perhaps not surprising that

Johanna Maria Louisa Blume, a 77-year-old widow, responded favourably when he cultivated her acquaintance. She owned the home she shared in Fulham with her granddaughter, and it was this house that prompted Brinkley's interest in her.

One day in April 1907 he handed Mrs. Blume a folded sheet of paper, telling her he was collecting signatures for a trip to the seaside. She signed the paper, and so did Reginald Parker and Henry Heard. Like Johanna Blume, they thought they were putting their names down for the outing, but Brinkley had something quite different in mind.

Having obtained the three signatures, he unfolded the paper and above them wrote out a will purporting to be Mrs. Blume's. It left him all her property, and it ended with her signature, followed by those of Parker and Heard as "witnesses."

Mrs. Blume died two days later, and Brinkley promptly claimed her house, producing the "will" naming him as the sole beneficiary. But her granddaughter was suspicious. She decided to contest the will, and consulted a solicitor who asked Brinkley to prove its validity.

The document's two "witnesses" would be questioned, Brinkley realised. So they must die before they could be approached, he decided, and on April 20th he began with Parker, visiting him at his lodgings in Churchill Road, Croydon, on the pretext of buying a dog.

He took along a bottle of stout, which he opened and placed on a table, offering Parker some and taking a swig himself. Then at Brinkley's request Parker went to get him a glass of water, leaving him alone with the opened bottle which was left on the table when they went out to look at the dog.

In their absence, Parker's landlord Richard Beck came in with his wife

Richard Brinkley (below) killed two with poisoned stout – but not the two he intended. Julius Wammer (above) shot at two, but missed one



Elizabeth and daughter Daisy. On seeing the stout, they sampled it...with fatal results. It had been laced with prussic acid, and Beck and his wife died that night. Their daughter also collapsed, but recovered a few days later.

Brinkley was arrested and charged with her parents' murder, which he denied when he appeared at Guildford Assizes.

Parker and Heard, the two unwitting witnesses to the forged will, were Brinkley's intended victims, the court was told. Instead, the Becks had been killed by prussic acid Brinkley had obtained by saying he wanted it to destroy a dog.

And Mrs. Blume? Her death was apparently due to natural causes, no poison having been found when her body was exhumed.

Convicted and sentenced to death, Brinkley was hanged by Henry Pierrepont and John Ellis on August 13th, 1907.



33.

A FATAL CHAIN REACTION

His gold chain meant a lot to **Julius Edward Wammer**. He was a 43-year-old Norwegian seaman, and on July 2nd, 1909, he was shocked and enraged when he suddenly realised the chain was missing. He had just been out with two women, and they must have stolen it, he concluded.

Five days later he met up with them again, and shortly before midnight on July 7th he took them to a fish shop in London's Waterloo Road, telling them to choose what they wanted.

Twenty-five-year-old Cissie Archer was looking at the crabs when Wammer suddenly drew a revolver and shot her. She collapsed and died after screaming and running out into the street.

Meanwhile Wammer turned his gun on the other woman, but his shot missed, the bullet hitting the fishmonger in the hand. And when Wammer pulled the trigger again in a second attempt to shoot the woman, the revolver jammed and two men in the shop grabbed him and overpowered him.

He did not mean to injure the fishmonger, Wammer told the police. He just wanted to kill the two women.

At his Old Bailey trial for Cissie Archer's murder, he claimed he was too drunk at the time of the shooting to form the intention to kill. But the prosecution countered that he had brooded over his missing chain for nearly a week, planning what he intended to do.

Found guilty and sentenced to death, Wammer was executed by Henry Pierrepoint and William Willis on August 10th.

34.

"SIX INCHES OF STEEL"

"You have got what you asked for," said **Thomas William Jesshope**, 32, looking down at the body at his feet as a police sergeant cautioned him. "You got me the sack last week."

The scene was the Empire Music Hall in Coldharbour Lane, Camberwell, where Jesshope had been employed as a fireman. On March 26th, 1910, he had been dismissed for drunkenness, and for this he blamed John Healey, the theatre's 43-year-old carpenter and stage-hand.

As the premises were being locked up for the night on March 28th,

A plea of insanity couldn't prevent **Thomas Jesshope (right)** paying for the murder of **John Healey (inset)**

the caretaker Charles Gray heard Healey cry, "Help me, Charlie! He's stabbed me!"

Then as Gray went to get Healey a glass of water, he saw the sacked fireman loitering near the stage-door. "Have you done anything to Jack?" he asked.

"Yes," Jesshope replied, "and this is the knife I've done it with."

A few minutes later, a friend who knew of Jesshope's dismissal saw him standing outside the theatre. "Have you found another job yet?" the friend asked.

"No, I shan't do any more work," Jesshope told him. "I have just given Jack six inches of steel."

At his trial for Healey's murder, his counsel sought a verdict of guilty but insane. Jesshope's family had a history of epilepsy, the court was told, and he'd had a severe fit about 10 years ago.

But the jury were unimpressed. They found Jesshope plain guilty, his appeal was dismissed, and on May 25th, 1910, he was hanged by Henry Pierrepoint and William Willis.

Jesshope was the last to die on Wandsworth's original gallows. During 1911 a new execution shed was constructed, attached to the prison between E wing and F wing, by the condemned cell at the centre of the main prison. Wandsworth has been through many changes since then, but the execution shed's brick outline can still be seen.

35.

"I MUST HAVE CUT HER HEAD HALF OFF"

As a crew-member of a ship plying regularly between London and Goole,

Arrowed left is the location of Wandsworth Prison's second gallows, traces of which can still be seen (below). First to die there was Frederick Thomas (right)



Ernest Eckhardt saw little of his wife Harriet, and this suited her and her 38-year-old lover **Frederick Henry Thomas** very well. They made the most of Eckhardt's absences, but it was not long before he learned of the affair.

To put a stop to it he asked his



friend Bruno Koch, a German seaman, to keep Harriet company when he himself was away. Koch was only too pleased to oblige, and within hours of Eckhardt's departure on August 16th, 1911, he was sharing Harriet's bed.

He was there the next two nights as well, and to stop Thomas paying his usual visit Harriet sent him a letter saying her husband was still at home.

But Thomas was suspicious, and in the early hours of August 19th he went to Eckhardt's house in Greenwich, south-east London, and knocked on the door.

Fearing that Eckhardt had returned unexpectedly, Koch and Harriet got out of bed and went downstairs, Koch



hiding in the kitchen while Harriet opened the front door.

Koch then heard the voice of a man, followed by the sound of him going up to the bedrooms, coming down and then apparently leaving. But Koch couldn't be sure that the man had left, and it was past 7 a.m. before he ventured out of the kitchen wondering why Harriet had not returned to him.

At the foot of the stairs he saw the reason. She lay dead on the floor, her throat savagely gashed. A note scribbled on a postcard nearby expressed the writer's wish that she and her lover had enjoyed their last evening together.

Koch promptly called the police, who questioned Eckhardt as the prime suspect. At the time of his wife's murder, he turned out to have been midway between Goole and London. But he had plenty to say, telling the police to see Frederick Thomas.

Admitting his guilt, Thomas told detectives to go to his home in Brunswick Road, Poplar, east London. They would find his confession on the mantelpiece, he said, and they did.

"I must admit I have murdered the woman I love," he had written. "I have done it because I knew Bruno Koch was there...I made one slash at her throat with the razor and I think I must have cut her head half off."

In a police cell he removed a hidden razor from his boot, cut his own throat, and was rushed to hospital where he slowly recovered.

At his trial his defence of insanity failed, and on November 16th, 1911, he was hanged by John Ellis and Thomas Pierrepont.

36.

A ONE-EYED KILLER

As if losing an eye in an accident at work were not bad enough, 33-year-old **Sargent Philp** also lost his job and his family.

In June 1912 his wife Rose left him, taking the youngest of their five children with her and joining her mother and sister at their Morby Road home in south-east London. In the following month she took out a separation order, rejecting Philp's pleas for her to return to him.

A week later he left their other four children at his mother-in-law's home, and on July 25th he called there again. Rose was out, and he told her mother he would rather hang than pay his wife in compliance with the separation order.

Rose was there when he returned the next day. He'd found work, he told her excitedly, again asking her to rejoin him. But Rose was unimpressed. She'd had enough of lodgings, she told him, and she wouldn't come back to him unless he had a house.

A house! She might as well have asked for the moon. Philp, too, had finally had enough. He took a knife from his pocket, stabbed her and then chased her into the house next-door



Sargent Philp. He was prevented from slitting his own throat, but still became the hangman's victim

where he cut her throat in the kitchen.

As he moved to slit his own throat, two neighbours seized him and disarmed him. "I told you what I would do and I have done it!" he told Rose's mother when she appeared on the scene.

At his trial Philp's defence of insanity failed, and on October 1st, 1912, John Ellis and Thomas Pierrepont hanged him.

37.

A TOUCH OF ESPIONAGE

They didn't know it at the time, but Thomas Pierrepont and his assistant hangman Robert Baxter were making

Robert Rosenthal, the only First World War spy to go to the gallows in Britain



history. The execution they carried out on July 15th, 1915, was unique. Their prisoner **Robert Rosenthal**, 23, would be the only First World War spy to go to the gallows in Britain.

His exposure followed the interception of a letter he sent from a Copenhagen hotel to a high-ranking German naval officer in the Netherlands. Further investigation revealed that Rosenthal had also sent several coded telegrams from England, reporting the movements of shipping.

Arrested in Newcastle while trying to leave for Bergen, he knew the game was up when his telegrams and letter were placed before him. He was a spy, he confessed, and at his trial at the Guildhall in Westminster he was convicted and sentenced to death.

38.

"I DIDN'T HALF GIVE HER A GASH"

She prepared his meals for him, tidied up for him, and from time to time shared his bed at the Mina Road boarding house in Walworth, south-east London, where they were fellow-lodgers with separate rooms.

She was Alice Anderson, a widow; he was **George Marshall**, a barman. Both were 45, and at the Duke of York pub where Marshall worked in Bagshot Street he told his employers that he and Alice were engaged.

It was she who had introduced him to their landlord Thomas Warner, who on the evening of July 3rd, 1915, called at the Duke of York for a drink and found Marshall looking agitated.

On returning home, Warner retired for the night. He heard Marshall come in half-an-hour later, and shortly afterwards the lodger called out, "Mr. Warner, I want you up here a minute."

When the landlord joined Marshall in his room, the lodger asked him: "Don't you think a man has been on this bed?"

Warner replied that he couldn't say, and then Alice came into the room. "Don't take any notice of him," she said to the landlord, who took this as his cue to go back to bed.

But he wasn't there long. Ten minutes later he was disturbed by a series of thuds, and on going to investigate he saw Alice sprawled at the bottom of the stairs, stabbed to death.

"I didn't half give her a gash," Marshall told the constable who responded to Warner's call for help. "I meant to do it, the wicked cow."

Alice had been seeing other men, he claimed, and he had stopped her turning the place into a "knocking shop."

At his trial for her murder he claimed provocation, but it soon became clear that he hadn't launched his attack in the heat of an argument. The court was told that Alice was lying on her bed when he stabbed her and she staggered to the top of the stairs, only to collapse

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CORONER'S ORDER FOR BURIAL.
(To be issued only upon an inquest being held.)

I, the undersigned, Coroner for the **COUNTY OF LONDON**
of _____
Do hereby authorise the Burial of the Body of Arthur H. V. de Stamir
late of 65 Tottenham St - Tottenham N16 2BS
aged about 26 yrs which has been viewed by the Inquest Jury. Marlowe
Witness my hand this 12th day of Feb 1918
[Signature] Coroner.

SEE NOTICE ON OTHER SIDE.

Though his real name was Stamrowski, it was as Arthur de Stamir – or even in some accounts as Victor de Stamier (below) – that the hapless robbery-killer was hanged and buried

and topple down them.

Found guilty and sentenced to death, Marshall was hanged by John Ellis and George Brown on August 17th, 1915.

39.

SNARED BY A WATCH

Some killers are caught through their own stupidity. Arthur Harold Victor Stamrowski, 28, alias Arthur de Stamir, was one of them.

On December 11th, 1917, a London pawnbroker called the police, saying he believed that articles a man wanted to sell him were stolen. The pawnbroker had asked the man to come back later, so officers laid in wait for him.

The man was Stamrowski, and a few hours later that day he returned with silver plate stolen from a home in Streatham, south-west London.



He was arrested, and a search of his rooms produced an old watch and a mackintosh, both stolen a month earlier from Winkfield Lodge, Wimbledon, south-west London.

During that robbery the 58-year-old householder, Captain Edward Tighe, had been beaten with a poker, receiving injuries from which he died five days later. The watch and mackintosh were all that was stolen, the intruder having apparently been disturbed before he could take anything else. The mackintosh was stolen, detectives believed, solely to conceal the killer's bloodstained clothes.

Stamrowski's failure to get rid of the two incriminating items cost him his life. On January 10th an Old Bailey jury found him guilty of Captain Tighe's murder, and he was hanged by John Ellis and George Brown on February 12th, 1918.



George Marshall. He claimed provocation but it became clear that he hadn't acted on the spur of the moment

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HANGED IN AUSTRALIA

History records Martha Rendell as a torturer and murderess who put two girls and a boy slowly to death. But was she one of the most ruthless killers the history of Australia has known, or is there reason to believe she was innocent of the horrific crimes she went to the gallows for?

"STOP!" Martha Rendell cried. "We have seen enough, you have seen enough." Taken aback, the doctors unasily downed their tools in the middle of their autopsy.

Remarkably, the body being examined was that of Martha's son, 14-year old Arthur Morris.

Arthur had died 10 days earlier, on October 8th, 1908, and everyone who knew both Martha and Arthur thought they were mother and child.

But the reality was that Martha was actually his stepmother.

And Arthur wasn't the first of her stepchildren to have died. He was actually the third.

Nine-year old Annie had died in July 1907, followed by eight-year old Olive a few months later in October and Arthur just over a year later.

So three children from one family had died in barely 15 months, and no one thought there was anything suspicious.

No one, that is, except 13-year old

The Last Woman Executed

George, who with his eldest brother William, 17, two brothers who had tried to run away to live with their birth mother a few months afterwards, in May 1909.

And it was George's vociferous complaints about Martha that would lead to a truly sensational trial in Perth, Western Australia, which found her guilty of murder.

But was she as evil as the papers painted her, or the victim of a shocking miscarriage of justice?

Not long after the start of the 20th century, 29-year old Martha Rendell left the South Australian capital of Adelaide and headed west to Perth.

On the surface she was hoping to restart a life that had gone badly awry in the previous few years.

She had left home in 1887 to assert her independence, but quickly became entangled in a number of brief

while Morris had told his wife, Sarah, about his relationship with Martha, she still joined him in Perth.

Nevertheless, it was clear which woman Morris preferred, and soon he left Sarah for Martha, apparently after hitting his wife.

This time, though, it was official, sort of – while the courts gave Morris custody of his five youngest children, and the couple moved into a run-down cottage, they never actually married because under Australian law at the time, Morris couldn't divorce his wife.

So when the details of the couple's affair became public knowledge, it was considered scandalous.

As a result, they moved to East Perth, where the residents were known for having a more cosmopolitan outlook, and took rooms close to the railway station in the city centre.

Martha Rendell and Thomas Morris may have thought they were being



Even if commonplace turn-of-the-century poverty, the complexities of human relationships and social stigma provided the framework for the tragedy, they did not excuse the neglect and cruel abuse Thomas Morris and Martha Rendell inflicted on the children in their care

romances with older men, from which she'd had three children.

But she quickly abandoned them to the poor-houses and found herself a job as a servant for a well-to-do family in the city.

Then she became well known for conducting an affair with Thomas Morris, a married carpenter with nine children of his own.

Morris was clearly unhappy about his situation, because he was first to head for Perth – on his own, with neither Martha nor his wife, Sarah, and their children.

But Martha followed Morris and restarted their relationship.

Things didn't start well, though. For

allowed to live in peace, but things were soon to erupt in spectacular fashion.

First of all, in order to keep up the facade of a married couple, they did their utmost to prevent the children from seeing their natural mother.

The pair would soon become notorious for the harsh treatment they meted out, treating the children with callous brutality. Both Martha and Morris would be seen beating them, often and hard, especially if the children asked about or said they had seen Sarah, who became effectively cut off.

But Martha quickly began to tire of her domestic life. The children were told to call her "mother," but she wanted away from the responsibility of caring

ed In Western Australia



Case recalled by
JAMES NEWBURY

for a family.

She also feared that the secret of their unmarried status would be found out, and the poverty of her life began to wear her down.

She could have chosen to have the children taken in by the Children's Protection Society, which had recently been founded.

But the charity was already known for being particularly intrusive. It wanted to know everything about a family, and she feared that being unmarried and not the children's birth mother would count against her, and she would remain stuck with her family.

So she soldiered on until, a year later, diphtheria struck East Perth. It quickly became rife throughout the city.

Although there had been no suspicions about the first two children, when Arthur died, an autopsy was held

One by one, Olive, Annie, George and Arthur fell seriously ill. Neighbours claimed they could hear the terrible grating and rasping as the children gasped for breath.

James Cuthbert, the family doctor, visited often and regularly commended Martha for her devotion to nursing her children, often at the expense of her own health.

But despite Martha and the doctor's best efforts, nine-year old Annie was the first to die, on July 28th, 1907. Her death certificate read that she died from "*epilepsy and cardiac weakness.*"

Then, less than a month after Annie had passed away, Olive, George and Arthur were diagnosed with typhoid.

Olive failed to recover, and after suffering from vomiting, diarrhoea and an undiagnosed condition of the throat, she died on October 16th. Her death certificate read that she had passed away as a result of "*haemorrhage and typhoid.*"

Almost exactly a year later, on October 8th, 1908, Arthur died, just shy of his 14th birthday.

WAS MARTHA EVIL ...OR INNOCENT?

Although there had been no suspicions about the first two children, when Arthur died, an autopsy was held.

It was at this autopsy, which Martha was astonishingly allowed to attend (how many of us today could attend the post-mortem of our own children?), that she made the fateful cry for the doctors to stop what they were doing, as everyone had seen enough.

The cause of Arthur's death was subsequently recorded as "*ulceration of the bowels, haemorrhage and cardiac failure.*"

No one made any comment (officially, at least), that three children from the same family, all of whom were well past infancy, had died within the space of just 15 months in the same household.

Each time one of them passed away, Morris would tell the undertaker that Martha was their mother, so no one raised any alarms.

A year passed, a period during which life returned to a sort of normal at Robertson Street.

Then in May 1909 first eldest son William and then George tried to run away to live with their natural mother, Sarah Morris. Tragically, she had no idea about the deaths of the three other children. In fact, so removed was she from the boys that at first she didn't recognise William.



Above, Morris family physician Dr. James Cuthbert

However, the two didn't get to stay with Sarah for long. When he saw that the boys were missing, Thomas Morris raised the alarm with the police.

George was found relatively quickly, but that soon became a major problem for Thomas and Martha. George told police that Martha had murdered his siblings, and that Arthur said she had

She would swab the child's throat with small doses of hydrochloric acid, claiming that this was medicinal. As a result, the throat would inflame until the child could no longer eat and would thus starve to death

been "painting his throat" with spirits of salt, or hydrochloric acid.

George said that the reason he had fled now, rather than at any point before, was because Martha had wanted to coat his tonsils with "syrup" and that she had served him with "bitter" cups of tea.

He added that since the death of



The family doctor and her partner concurred in their opinions that Martha (above) had been a diligent and attentive nurse to the children when they were gravely ill with typhoid – but was it really typhoid?

his brother and sisters, he had been in deep fear for his life, telling police that Thomas had been Martha's accomplice in the killings.

The web of lies at the heart of the Morris/Rendell household, and their "immoral" relationship, was starting to close in on them.

Not long after this incident, Sarah Morris reported her husband to the police for failing to keep up his maintenance payments.

Thomas and Martha Rendell were quickly arrested, but Martha insisted on her innocence.

However, suspicions about her

L

THE WORLD'S WORST KILLERS

Madame Delphine LaLaurie

• United States

MADAME DELPHINE LaLaurie was born around 1775. After her first two husbands died under mysterious circumstances, the Louisiana socialite married a young physician and set up in an opulent mansion at 1140 Royal Street in New Orleans's French Quarter.

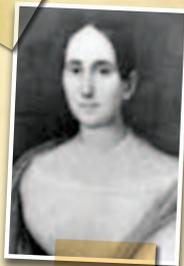
Delphine ran the home with the assistance of numerous slaves but, even by the standards of other households, her slaves lived a pitiful existence – brutally mistreated and liable to disappear, never to be seen again. In one report a 12-year-old slave girl named Lia died after falling from the roof of the mansion. She had been hiding from her whip-wielding mistress who was trying to punish her for brushing her hair clumsily.

Despite the dark rumours that circulated, Delphine LaLaurie remained a part of city life. But in April 1834, a fire at her mansion exposed the true depths of depravity inside 1140 Royal Street. The rescuers and firefighters discovered bound, emaciated and

horribly tortured slaves, in the attic of the house. Reported as "seven slaves, more or less horribly mutilated... suspended by the neck, with their limbs apparently stretched and torn from one extremity to the other," who claimed to have been imprisoned there for months, the tale eventually became an infamous litany of macabre torture conducted by the mistress of the house.

A 70-year-old woman found chained to the kitchen stove admitted to starting the fire in a desperate attempt to escape. A mob of locals soon invaded and ransacked the LaLaurie mansion but its sadistic mistress Delphine had fled, allegedly to Alabama and then Paris where she died, according to local records, on December 7th, 1849.

The LaLaurie mansion was restored in the late 19th century and its alleged haunting remains at the centre of many ghost stories in the city...



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behaviour were heightened when it was discovered that she'd been buying large quantities of spirit of salts, especially while her children had been ill – though none after their deaths.

Thomas told police that Martha had been “a perfect jewel in the house when the children were ill.”

George, on the other hand, told officers that Martha had told him that if he was asked what the hydrochloric acid was for, he was to say that it was for cleaning around the house.

And he made it clear, backed up by his brother William, that this was plainly untrue.

Martha's home and its contents were put up for auction to pay for her defence.

But the scandal of the case was such that an angry mob ransacked the house instead, even taking the auctioneer's hat. In the process they probably also destroyed what could have been crucial evidence in the case.

In the end, only £10 was raised.

In the meantime, the children's bodies were exhumed and reexamined. Diluted hydrochloric acid was said to have been found on the throat tissue of each child, but the government expert wasn't exactly clear about that, recording: “The summary of my research, therefore, is that while affording no proof of the use of hydrochloric acid, it, on the other hand, reveals no facts inconsistent with such use.”

So had it been used or not?

As was the custom at the time, Martha Rendell and Thomas Morris were charged with just the one murder, in this case that of Arthur. The police chose Arthur because George had also claimed that Arthur had to sleep in a different room from them, effectively isolated, while they were told it was



The Morris' neighbours heard the children's cries of anguish: Mrs. Georgina Carr and Mrs. Burgess attend the Perth trial to give evidence



Surviving brothers William (left) and George with their mother Sarah

to protect the other children from the “germs.”

The trial began in Perth on Tuesday, September 6th, 1909.

The court was crowded with spectators, mostly women, many with babies in their arms.

Each morning, Martha would enter the dock wearing a large black hat with a veil over her face, which she would throw back over her hat at the start of proceedings.

The prosecution's case was that Martha had repeatedly put something in the children's food that would give them a sore throat. She would then swab the child's throat with small doses of hydrochloric acid, claiming that this was medicinal.

As a result, the throat would inflame until the child could no longer eat and would thus starve to death.

It was a hideous, painful and deeply distressing way for anyone to die, let alone a small child who trusted Martha implicitly.

Arthur, being the oldest and thus the most developed physically, took longer to succumb, and so George's testimony was crucial to the case.

His evidence was so clear and direct, prosecutors said, that if it was false, he must be going into the witness-box with the avowed intention

of committing perjury, and knowing full well what the consequences would be – that he would be sending his stepmother, and his father, to their deaths.

For the prosecution, the most important part of George's evidence was that he had been asked by Martha Rendell to get spirit of salts. He said the acid was put into a cup and, with a brush, taken into Arthur's room.

He then heard Arthur cry out, complaining that he was in great pain and that his teeth were getting loose.

George also said that Arthur knew he was being given hydrochloric acid because he recognised the smell.

But George wasn't the only one to claim he heard Arthur in pain.

Mrs. Georgina Carr, a neighbour, also said she heard Arthur call out “Murder! Police! Save me, Mrs. Carr!”

As for a motive for all this, the prosecution would not say in court what they thought it might be, only that they were convinced the children had been tortured by their stepmother.

Despite failing to spot any signs that the children had been tortured, or to speak out about their suspicions that something may have been amiss, the doctors who had tended the children during their illnesses were asked only a few accusatory questions by the defence.

The fact was that their forensic analyses had found no absolute, unmissable evidence of poisoning with hydrochloric acid. Nor were they aware of its use in any other cases.

However, even though Martha's actions were seen as trying to hide what she had been doing, the doctors had agreed not to take any further action, possibly because they had failed utterly to repeat the symptoms the children had suffered in experiments they conducted with rabbits and guinea-pigs.

Indeed, their explanations for their failures became increasingly outlandish, as did their intimations of Martha's ability to disguise what she'd been accused of doing.

After this, the defence called no witnesses.

The local and national press had throughout called Martha a "scarlet woman" and, almost inevitably, a "wicked stepmother."

Her defence claimed that such reporting had clearly prejudiced her trial. But although the judge told the jury to put the press's comments out of their minds, he simply did not agree that the coverage had damaged the defence in any way.

And he also dismissed the defence's claim that Thomas Morris had kept a small amount of hydrochloric acid in a bottle marked "poison" for cleaning around the house.

In his summing-up the judge said that there had been no suggestion that Thomas Morris had administered anything to the children. In fact, the case against him was simply that he had been there, knew what had been happening and somehow helped

One neighbour told Inspector Mann that he often peeked in the windows to see Martha standing in front of the screaming victim, rocking back and forth as if in ecstasy

her to carry out her crimes.

In other words, he was a willing accomplice.

The judge spent two and half hours summing-up, and the jury took three hours 45 minutes to acquit Morris of all charges.

The tension had clearly taken its toll on Morris, and he left the dock with great difficulty.

Martha Rendell, however, was going nowhere.

She alone now faced the charge of murder, and there was never any real doubt about the verdict.

The trial had lasted 14 days. In his final remarks, the judge condemned Martha as a "moral deformity" before sentencing her to death. He claimed that throughout the trial he had been astonished by her demeanour, calling her an extraordinary woman.

Martha was clearly very agitated, looking anxiously about the court, but otherwise displaying little emotion.

Afterwards, Thomas Morris kept himself close to a group of police officers, partly for safety, and partly to avoid being seen at all.

But as Martha was being led away, he stepped forward and kissed her. They exchanged a few quiet words, embraced and kissed passionately before the police intervened and Martha was taken into a van, which sped away.

Morris tried to follow, but soon disappeared down a side street. The couple's final meeting would be in the condemned cell.

It had been nearly 40 years since a woman had been sentenced to death in Australia.

So the issue around Martha Rendell was about her execution, rather than any question of her innocence or guilt.

The conservative elite and their government representatives supported the death penalty, while the Labor party vehemently opposed it, especially for a woman.

A small but vigorous group took up Martha's case, to try to save her from the gallows. A group of Labor politicians, her lawyers, some press reporters and her prison chaplain, the Reverend Thomas Allen, presented petitions and led deputations to the state government.

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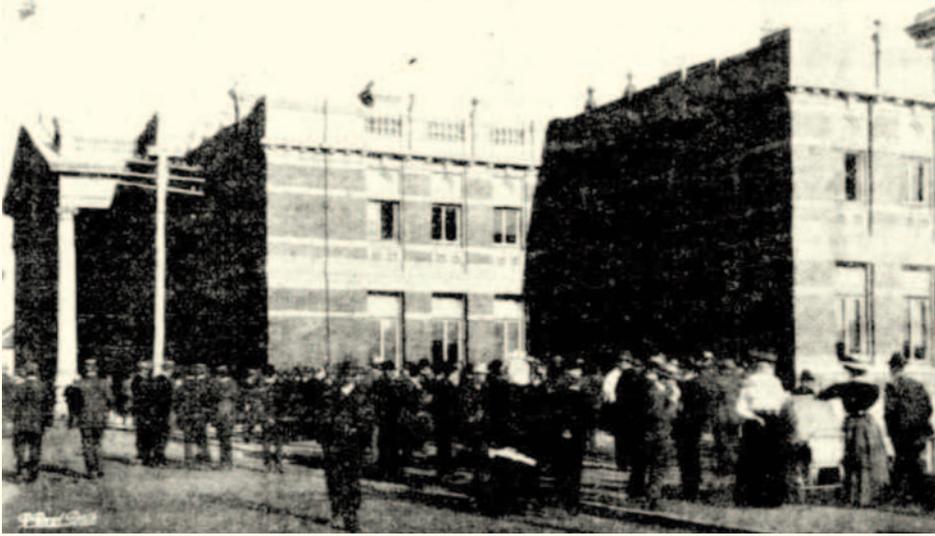
Before Torrio, Before Capone, There Was...



COLOSIMO

Sex After Murder Daughter And Boyfriend Plotted Monstrous Mom's Death





The crowds awaiting the verdict outside the Supreme Court in Perth

But to no avail.

On the eve of Martha's execution, Thomas Walker, a Labor MP, gave a rousing speech in parliament in which he claimed passionately that "execution goes with savagery, not civilisation. If this woman is guilty, then let her suffer life."

Incredibly, Walker had a homicidal past of his own – as a youth in Canada, he had caused the death of a man who had been seriously burned during a seance, and after he had fled to Australia he accidentally shot a clergyman in Sydney in 1892 during a drunken row.

However the government had a police report on the case to use as further evidence of Martha Rendell's character and behaviour.

It said she had beaten and abused her children, both physically and sexually. She once beat Annie so savagely that the poor girl couldn't walk afterwards, and Thomas Morris would sometimes join in.

Inspector Harry Mann, who was in charge of the investigations, said she "delighted in seeing her victims writhing in agony, and from it derived sexual satisfaction."

One neighbour told Inspector Mann that he often peeked in the windows to see Martha standing in front of the screaming victim, rocking back and forth as if in ecstasy.

Others claimed to have witnessed her touching herself sexually at the same time, and George had also told police that he saw her laughing about the children's

"Deliberately and callously, she slowly did to death two little girls and a boy, the children of a man whose affections she had taken from his wife. She paid the penalty in Fremantle Jail"

illnesses.

While none of this sensationalist reporting affected Martha Rendell's guilt one way or the other, it helped to reinforce her "wicked stepmother" image, so that when her execution came few mourned her passing.

On the eve of her execution, she asked the Reverend Allen to issue her final statement.

"After the trial, reviewing all that was said and done, and in spite of the mental anguish which I have suffered through being found guilty of murdering Arthur Morris, and the accusation that I had done the same to the other two children, and the solemn appeals made by my spiritual adviser (Rev. T. Allen) to confess, in order to receive the mercy of God through Jesus Christ, and that I might be fortified on the gallows with the courage that I had made a clear statement to man and God, I most solemnly wish to state that on this, the last morning of my life, I am innocent before God and man of having done anything that injured the children in any degree.

"The spirits of salts were never used by me on the children. If I had done it, I would confess. I believe it would be contrary to my most solemn convictions to profess to man to be innocent when before God I should be found guilty, which would be to me dying with a lie on my lips and a crime on my soul unconfessed – unforgiven."

She ended her statement with this final plea: "I pray to God to give me grace to forgive those who have falsely sworn my life away."

She was hanged on Wednesday, October 6th, 1909, at Fremantle Prison.

No one from the press was allowed to witness the execution, but officials who were there said that she walked calmly to the scaffold, guided by two female prison officers as she had been blindfolded beforehand.

She was heard to say nothing but a small prayer for her children.

Was she truly guilty of murdering them? Was her final statement simply another show of defiance from an unrepentant child-killer?

By modern standards, her trial was clearly prejudiced from the start. The prosecution failed to prove conclusively that she had used hydrochloric acid in the manner she was accused of, and the reports of her beating her children, while supposedly witnessed by many, do not prove her guilty of murder.

Nevertheless, something and someone had clearly ended those children's lives in the most horrific and painful manner. Initially, the doctors had agreed that the children had suffered from typhoid – the disease was rife, and both children and adults were dying of it in frightening numbers.

So the doctors were fully aware of what the disease looked like and what it did.

But under the glare of the prosecution, those same medics changed their story to claim the children had, in fact, been murdered.



Martha protested her innocence until she went to the gallows at Fremantle Prison

And if not by Martha, then whom?

Either way, the police inspector who investigated the case remained absolutely convinced of her guilt. Nearly 25 years later, he published an article about the case in the *Perth Daily News*.

"Martha Rendell: torturer and murderer," it said. *"How two girls and a boy were slowly put to death – Martha Rendell was one of the most ruthless killers the history of Australia has known. Deliberately and callously, she slowly did to death two little girls and a boy, the children of a man whose affections she had taken from his wife. She paid the penalty in Fremantle Jail...after one of the most sensational trials in the history of our courts."*

Whatever the truth, Martha Rendell was the third, and last, woman to be executed in Western Australia.

Even today, it is said that the prison has a ghostly illusion on one of its windows that can only be seen from the outside – that of Martha Rendell, as she watches over the prison for evermore.



Herbert Walter Mason ordered Houghton not to see the girl again, either on or off duty.
 "I will get him for this," Houghton told three fellow-soldiers, but they didn't take him seriously.

CORPORAL THOMAS Houghton was fed up and far from home. He was 23, and serving with the Royal Army Service Corps in Suez. His home was in Ripon Street, Hull, and he was fed up because the Greek girl he fancied didn't fancy him.

She was 20-year-old Miss Iro Hadjifoti and worked as a typist at

Above, a Hull newspaper with pictures of Houghton and his mother recalling her tragedy. Right, Corporal Thomas Houghton. His rejection by a civilian worker at the army camp and resentment towards Captain Mason boiled over into carnage



Devastating Telegram

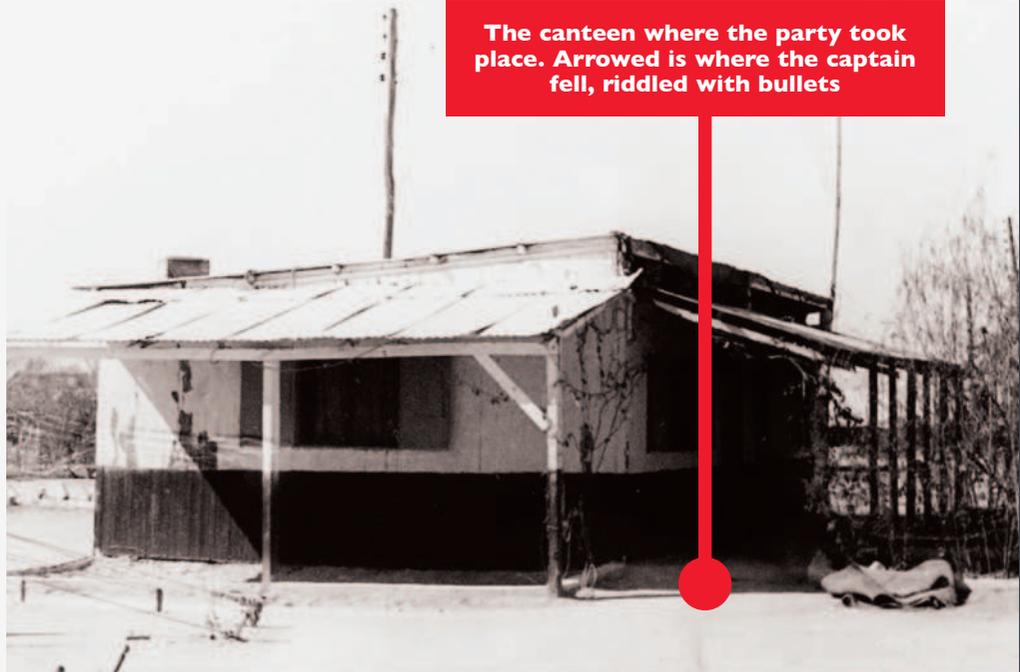
"YOUR SON IS SENT"

Houghton's camp, where his duties included driving civilian employees to their homes in Suez. Miss Hadjifoti was one of his passengers, and he had become infatuated with her although their acquaintance was slight. He hoped to make her his wife one day, he wrote home to his sister, and in November 1951 he proposed marriage. But Miss Hadjifoti turned him down.

Shortly afterwards, she ceased working at the camp due to increasing tension between the Egyptian and British Governments. The Egyptian authorities resented the British forces' control of the Canal Zone, and were pressing for them to withdraw. British troops were frequently ambushed, and the Greek Government had advised its citizens to leave Egypt because of the deteriorating situation.

On February 6th, 1952, however, Miss Hadjifoti returned to her work, and on February 8th she complained to an officer about Houghton's unwanted attentions. As a consequence, Captain

The canteen where the party took place. Arrowed is where the captain fell, riddled with bullets



Aftermath of the birthday party with bullet holes in the door and walls



... To Widowed Mother "SENTENCED TO DEATH"

The following evening, his unit held a party at their canteen to celebrate the birthday of one of the civilian staff. Officers and senior non-commissioned officers attended, women including Miss Hadjifoti were there by invitation, but Houghton was not present. He was in the cookhouse, where a temporary bar had been installed, and he was drinking with other soldiers, some of whom were singing.

At about 9.45 p.m. Sergeant Page went to the cookhouse, told the party to break up, and Private B. Davies left the bar to go back to his tent. On the way, he looked into the canteen and saw Captain Mason dancing with Iro Hadjifoti. So instead of continuing to his tent, he went back to the cookhouse and told Houghton, "I saw your ex-bird in there."

"She's no girl friend of mine," Houghton replied. Then he went to the canteen, peered through a window, saw Iro dancing with the captain, and continued to his tent, where he picked



Captain Herbert Walter Mason, who was rushed to hospital and died shortly after midnight

up his sten gun – a light machine-gun – saying he was "going to get" Captain Mason. Another NCO, Corporal Carter, took the gun away from him.

Houghton appeared to calm down, and Carter left the tent with other soldiers, with whom he stood outside talking.

Houghton was starting to make his bed when he saw his sten gun, picked it up, looked for its magazines, and fitted one to it.

"Where are you going?" asked Private Jenkins.

"Shut up, or you will get it first!" Houghton shouted, repeating that he was going to get the captain. Then he stormed out of the tent.

"Get out of my way, I am going to the canteen," he snapped at the group outside.

Corporal Carter tried to disarm him and was promptly shot, but not seriously injured. Continuing to head for the canteen, Houghton fired single shots as he went, hitting

Private Otway-Smith in the arm. Then he returned to his tent for more ammunition, and Private Jenkins ran towards the canteen to warn Captain Mason, meeting him on the way with Sergeant Page. The two had heard firing and were coming to investigate.

Jenkins spoke to Captain Mason, and as Houghton approached them the sergeant and the private dropped to the ground, but the captain remained standing. "Come here, Houghton! Put that gun down and come here!" he shouted.

Sergeant Page tried to grab Houghton's feet, but Houghton



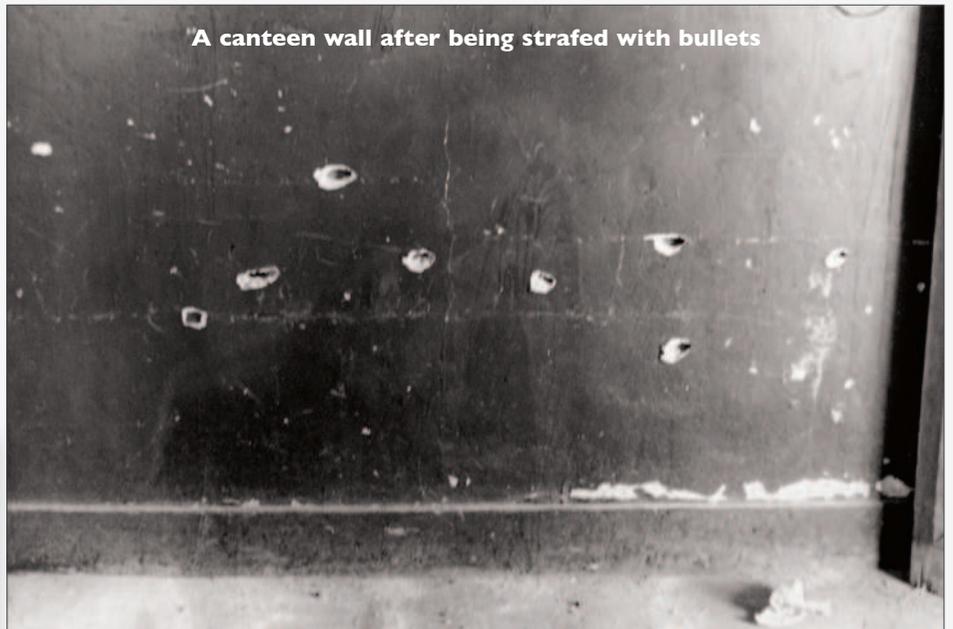
Mason's widow Kathleen. Upon Houghton's appeal for clemency she was quoted in the *Sunday Pictorial* (June 1st, 1962): "I can only say that he deserves to die"

jumped over him. There was a burst of automatic fire, and Captain Mason clutched his stomach and staggered back towards the canteen, where he collapsed on the veranda. Meanwhile Houghton had reached the canteen, where he was confronted by Company Quartermaster Sergeant Becket who demanded the gun. In reply, Houghton shot him in both legs. Then he fired more shots through the canteen door, and at Captain Mason as he lay wounded on the veranda.

The rampage ended when a sergeant inside the canteen fired a single shot at Houghton with a pistol. The bullet struck Houghton's boot, the impact knocking him over, and he was overpowered and taken into custody.

Seven bullets had been pumped into Captain Mason, who was rushed to hospital and died shortly after midnight.

Houghton was charged with murder, and when his court-martial began at Fayid on



A canteen wall after being strafed with bullets

March 26th, 1952, he pleaded "Not guilty," Mr. Percy Grieve, a barrister flown out to represent him, submitting a defence of insanity.

Houghton was "a decent man, a friend to his friends, who had suddenly turned into a raving lunatic," Mr. Grieve claimed, seeking a verdict of "guilty but insane." He told the court that Houghton had done good work, but had suddenly become "some sort of wild beast."

Throughout the court-martial, Iro Hadjifoti was referred to as "the girl in blue," the prosecutor Lieutenant Colonel G. McCulloch saying that Houghton was "very considerably attracted" to her.

The prosecution alleged that Houghton had subsequently run amok, killing Captain Mason with a burst from his sten gun after declaring, "I want Mason."

The court heard that Houghton had claimed that Iro had promised to marry him, but she denied this on March 28th as his trial continued.

Second Lieutenant J.R. Wagner told the court he heard shooting outside the canteen. He then saw Houghton fall into the room, where he was pinned down by a sergeant, struggled for a moment and then calmed down.

"I stood over him," Wagner testified, "and he said, 'I know I will swing for this.'"

He also heard Houghton say, "I should like to put a magazine through Sergeant Smith as well."

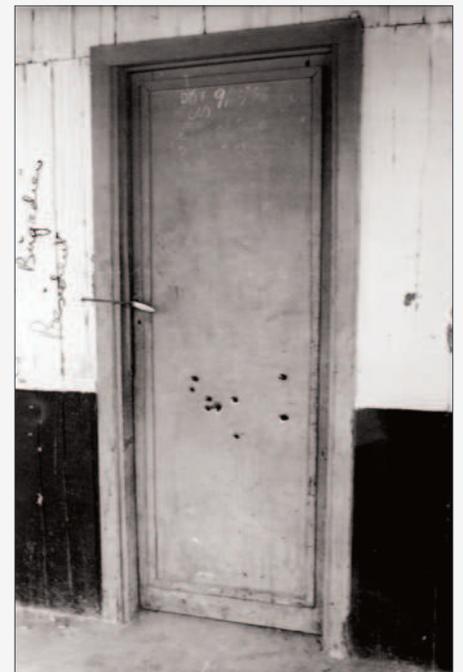
Summing-up at the end of the three-day proceedings, the judge-advocate, Mr. F.H. Dean, said that the defence had conceded that Houghton suffered from delusions about his supposed relationship with "the girl in blue." There was no evidence that they had ever gone out together or that there was any "intimate passage" between them.

Mr. Dean went on to say that Captain Mason's order to Houghton

to stay away from the girl had evidently made a big impression on the accused's mind. "Do you think," the judge-advocate asked the court, "that Houghton had erected in his mind a romantic fantasy about his relationship with this girl, and told his friends about her?"

Houghton had already declared that Captain Mason was an officer whom he disliked, so what was the effect on his mind when the captain told him to have nothing more to do with the girl? It was evident, Mr. Dean said, that 24 hours after Captain Mason spoke to Houghton, the warning was "still rankling in his mind."

There was evidence that on the night of the party Houghton had been drinking, his face was flushed,



Above, bullet holes in the door from the exterior

and he had thrown a bottle at a wall, the judge-advocate continued. But witnesses had testified that Houghton was not drunk.

Mr. Dean added that Private Davies, who had rushed to tell Houghton he had seen the captain and the girl dancing together, “would regret to the day of his death what he did.”

An army psychiatrist had told the

the court found Houghton guilty of murder, and he was sentenced to death.

Within hours, back in Hull, Houghton’s widowed mother, who had not seen her son for two years, received a telegram on the stroke of midnight. Telegrams had been dreaded during the years of the Second World War, but by the 1950s they were



Miss Iro Hadjifoti – referred to as “the girl in blue”



The canteen, photographed after the shooting. Four soldiers were wounded – one fatally

court he was unable to determine whether Houghton was insane or in a jealous rage at the time of the shooting. But Mr. Dean said witnesses had testified that Houghton had said, “I have got Mason,” and “I have already killed three and have not finished yet.” So he knew he had shot three people and was aware of what he was doing.

And while he was being taken away, Houghton had told a Military Police sergeant, “I will hang for this, but I did it for her sake. It was her I was thinking of.” So he knew what he had done was wrong, and that he would be punished for it. He had also told a Military Police lance-corporal, “You think I am mad, but I am as sane as any of you. I know I shall swing for this, but at least I shall die happy because I know he will not have her.”

After 47 minutes’ deliberation

widely used to send greetings or family messages. “I wonder who this is from,” she muttered to herself opening the folded sheet of paper.

Then, stunned, she began to read. “Your son is sentenced to death,” it informed. Was this a joke? No, it was from the War Office. That night she cried herself to sleep.

With the shocking news confirmed she did all she could to save him from the gallows. Her story was told in the newspapers. “I’ll never believe Tom did it in cold blood,” she vowed. She launched a petition, backed by the city’s lord mayor, and more than 40,000 signed it. Her MP then took it to the War Office.

After the War Office and the British Embassy in Cairo announced that there would be no reprieve, on June 22nd Houghton’s mother made her way by train to London en route to Egypt for a

last emotional meeting with her son.

Twenty-four hours later, she was on her way home.

Then at dawn on June 24th, 1952, Thomas Houghton was hanged at Fayid by Albert Pierrepoint, Britain’s principal executioner, assisted by a staff-sergeant and a sergeant of the Military Police.

And Iro Hadjifoti? At Houghton’s former camp in Suez, she was on duty as usual.

His mother pleaded with the War Office for her son to have a proper burial, and after consulting its senior chaplains the army conceded an unusual exception to its general rule for the interment of criminals.

Then in accordance with his mother’s wish, Thomas Houghton was buried in consecrated ground in the British military cemetery near Fayid.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Reader W.O. Healey of Leicester got in touch to ask:

“Has TD ever featured the American serial killer Robert Zarinsky, who spent much of his life in psychiatric institutions? It was believed that he had murdered between two and 10 people.”

*Mr. Healey’s question provoked a good deal of interest, so we present a new report on the case by **Donald Carne...***

IT WAS August 9th, 1969, Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey. Two girls were strolling by the bay, south of New York, in the summer sun.

“Hey, jump in! I’ll give you a ride.”

Twelve-year-old Darlene Curren and Donna Johnson turned to look at Robert Zarinsky, 29, as he pulled up alongside them in his 1961 ragtop Ford Fairlane Galaxie Sunliner. They could barely keep a straight face.

The chubby guy, almost middle-aged, looked 10 years out of date in his mutton-chop whiskers and slicked-back hair – like Elvis gone to seed.

“Gee, thanks, but no thanks,” the girls said. They switched direction and tried to leave the loser behind. As they did so, they could feel his eyes burn through their backs like sunlight focused by a lens and were forced to endure a wall of profanity as they walked away. What a creep! Sensible girls, they took his number.

Two weeks later, Robin Spangenberg and Lydia Hardie likewise refused to ride. They noted the make of the car.

Two days after that, on August 25th, 1969, sweet, shy Rosemary Calendriello, 17, stepped barefoot from her home in Atlantic Highlands to buy a lemon

popsicle at the local store. She promised her nervous mom she would return right away. What risk could there be to a sensible girl in the middle of a bright, warm, lazy summer’s day on the Atlantic seaboard?

Four teenage boys later said they’d seen Rosemary in a convertible, next to a guy with distinctive mutton-chop whiskers. The car pulled away from outside the bowling alley and that was the last time anyone, other than her killer, saw her alive or dead.

“Are you sure it was Rosemary?” an officer asked.

“Sure I’m sure,” Tom Gowers, one of the boys, said. “Atlantic Highlands is a small town. I wouldn’t know everyone by name, but I’d know their faces.” In fact, Tom lived across the street from Rosemary.

“It was strange to see Rosemary in that car,” added David Low, another of the boys. “To the best of our knowledge, Rosemary didn’t have any boyfriends.”

Mikey Hazeltine, a third boy, lived next door to Rosemary. “She’s very quiet, timid, home-bodied, protected a lot by her parents. I saw that she was in the car. It was very strange. She wouldn’t take a ride with me downtown unless she

was with my little sister.”

The fourth boy, David’s brother, Darren, commented, “We were just wondering how come she was in that car with a guy.”

Smart kids, they took down the licence number. “Mutton-chop whiskers? Convertible?” An on-the-ball cop remembered the report made by Donna and Darlene and cross-checked the number.

Officers paid Robert Zarinsky a visit.

Searching his convertible proved an eye-opener. The inside door handles had been removed, so any passenger was locked in. They also found a pair of women’s panties, some hair-grips and a ball-peen hammer – but no sign of Rosemary.



Zarinsky was sentenced to life imprisonment for the 1969 murder of Rosemary Calendriello, 17

His Killing Career Spanned Decades



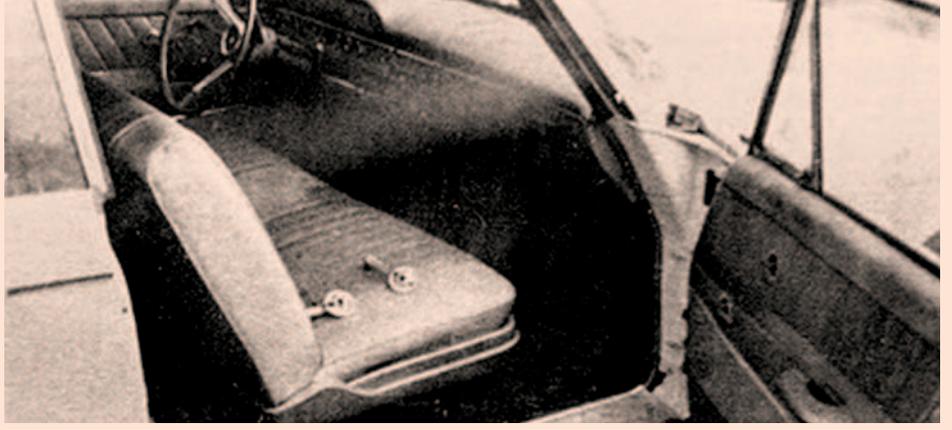
There was more – a hair found on the hammer, forensics said, didn't belong to Rosemary but to another girl – blonde Linda Balabanow, 17. Linda had disappeared from Union County, further north from Atlantic Highlands, opposite Staten Island, five months earlier.

Did they have a serial killer on their hands? At least they'd found Linda's remains – she was fished out of the Raritan River shortly after she vanished, an electric cable wrapped around her neck.

The District Attorney's office hesitated. All they had was a hair on a hammer – but nothing directly to connect Zarinsky to Linda or Rosemary's death. Zarinsky admitted he might have given Linda a ride sometime. He liked to give girls a ride and talk – no law against that.

While the DA's office continued to hesitate for the next five years, a third body turned up. Ann Logan, 19, was found raped and strangled in Linden, Union County, in 1973. Were there others in between – unaccounted for?

After Ann, in early 1974, two more victims surfaced – best friends Joanne Delardo, 15, and Doreen "Donna" Carlucci, 14. The girls were kidnapped together, bound, and their bodies found in Manalapan Township.



When police impounded Zarinsky's car, after the disappearance of Rosemary Calandriello, they discovered the latch was missing from the inside of the passenger door

"We have to get this guy Zarinsky off the streets," a prosecutor said.

"The evidence is flimsy."

"Arrest him anyway."

An investigator, Sergeant Sam Guzzi, was relieved to hear that. "I was spooked, I can tell you. I was dealing with someone who I knew had killed four people, who had been declared criminally insane and who knew the name of the street where I lived – and I was standing between him and jail."

In fact, Zarinsky's guilt wasn't such a sure thing. Facing the charge of abducting and killing Rosemary on the strength of four eye-witnesses, he might have got away with it – if he'd kept his mouth shut.

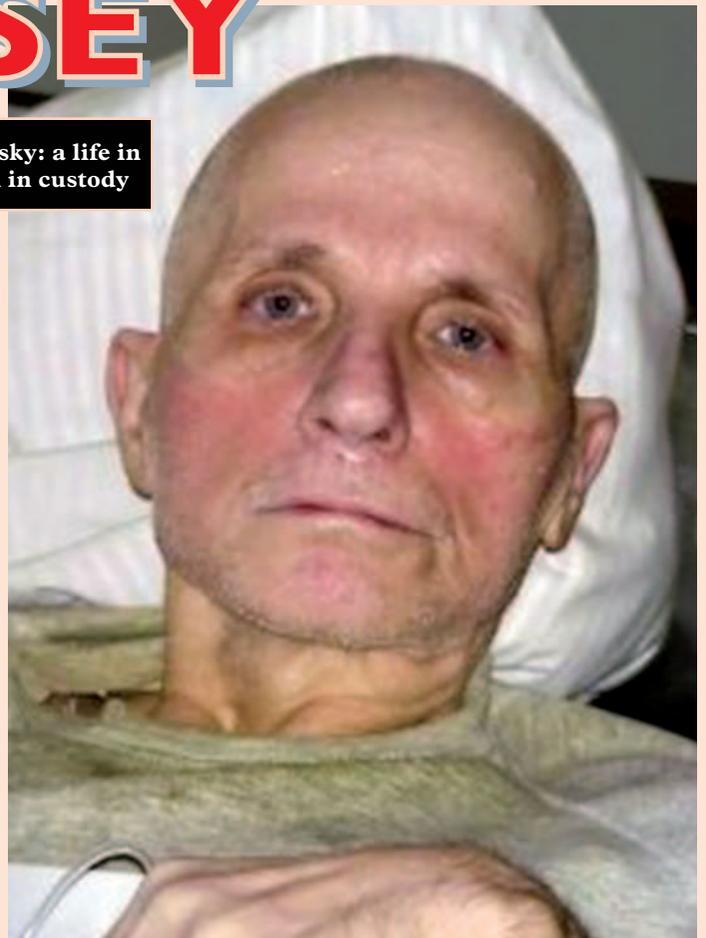
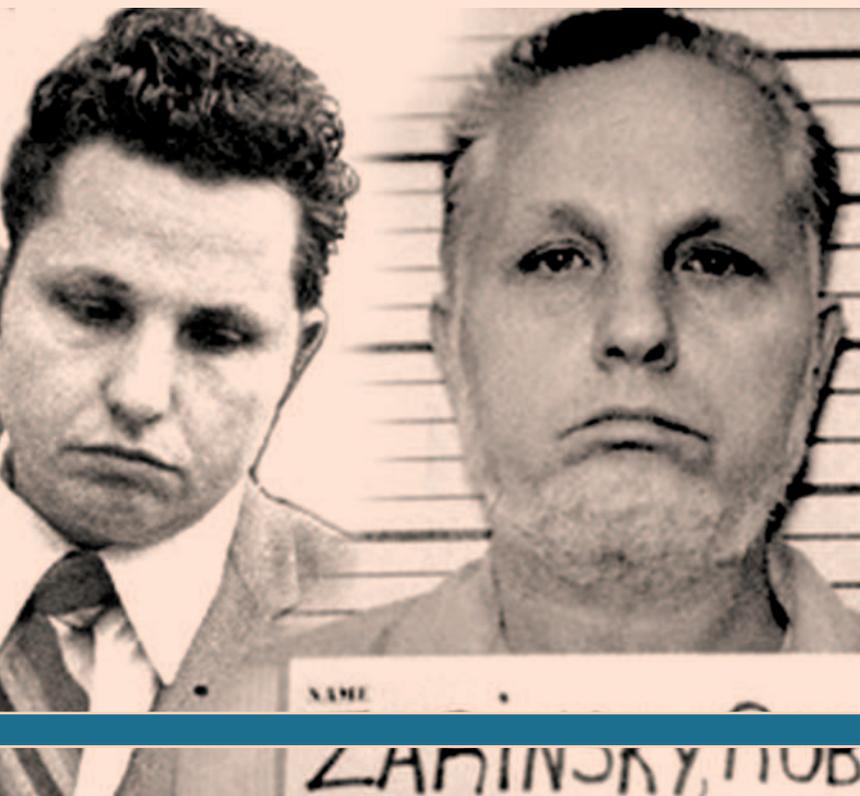
But while he was in jail awaiting trial, he bragged to other cons about how he could make bodies disappear in the ocean by weighing them down with a block-and-tackle. To gain credit on their own charges, three of the cons testified. That was seven witnesses in the frame.

Zarinsky continued to fight his corner. Due to take part in a line-up, he was told not to touch his mutton-chop whiskers and goatee beard – but Zarinsky knew what was coming. He gained access to some hair remover and took them off before the witnesses could identify him.

Zarinsky had a wife,, Lynn. Dominated by her husband and ferocious mother-in-law, she told the court the panties found in the

BEWARE OF THE NEW JERSEY DEVIL

Below, Robert Zarinsky: a life in crime – and a death in custody



convertible belonged to her – and that Zarinsky had been at home the day Rosemary vanished – all day. But her testimony was to no avail.

Robert Zarinsky was found guilty of Rosemary's murder in April 1975 in a Monmouth County Court – the first time in New Jersey a conviction was obtained without a corpse. He was sentenced to life imprisonment.

"Liars! They're all liars!" he yelled as he was taken away. As his head vanished from view, he was heard to call, "Goodbye!"

With no physical evidence, no further cases were pursued – so no justice for Ann, Linda, Joanna or Donna.

The story might have ended there if Zarinsky hadn't been so greedy. In 1998 he engaged in a legal wrangle with his sister, Judith Sapsa, over his mother's inheritance in 1998.

Bizarrely, the killer had a case. The inheritance was rightfully his but Judith was siphoning money from the account.

"I needed it to cover medical bills," she later said. "My husband, Peter, needed a heart transplant. I was in recovery from cancer."

Faced with a charge of fraud, Judith spilled the beans on an incident that occurred in 1958. She told of how Robert had burst into the family home late one night with the news that he'd killed a cop, Officer Charles

Berniskie, while he was with his cousin Theo "Teddy" Schiffer.

"I shot a cop," Zarinsky said. "I got pissed off 'cause he shot Teddy."

Zarinsky and Theo were both wounded – Zarinsky in the thigh and Theo in the side. Zarinsky's mother removed the bullets with tweezers, a tongue depressor and disinfectant. They were lucky.

Zarinsky's father, Julius, was angry but Veronica, the matriarch of the family, was adamant. "Nobody's to know of this," she declared. So it remained a secret for 40 years.

Robert, Judith said, was always his mother's favourite. Veronica turned a blind eye when her son physically abused his younger sister. "Don't hit her in the face," was all she'd say.

A weightlifter packing 200 pounds, the short, arrogant youth declared himself a Nazi as a teen – even though his father was Jewish. He abused his father by pushing tomatoes in his face.

Zarinsky formed a gang – the Panthers. It was the start of what was to

become an army in his head. He called himself "Lieutenant Schaefer, leader of the American Republican Army."

The gang torched cemetery plots and lumber yards, and liked to hurt animals. His sister remembered Robert ripping the wings off a bird. Then they upped the ante and started raiding gas stations.

"He seeks to gain status and prove his masculinity by association with delinquent groups," a psychiatrist said when Zarinsky was assessed at Trenton State Psychiatric Hospital in 1961. He was acquitted of robbing a gas station on the grounds of criminal insanity.

Things grew rather more serious later that year when Zarinsky was accused of



Joanne Delardo of Woodbridge was murdered in 1974

attacking Sharon Kennedy. He was said to have assaulted her in Atlantic Highlands before driving her home. Was that the beginning of his career as a sex-driven serial killer?

In 1999, after Judith told all, Theo Schiffer admitted his own part in the aborted burglary of the Miller Pontiac dealer in Rahway in 1958, and served just three years in exchange for providing testimony against Zarinsky. All at once, the oldest cold case on the New Jersey books was closed.



Doreen "Donna" Carlucci: killed in 1974

Robert Zarinsky was now 61, and faced his second murder trial in 2001. Problem was, all the physical evidence from the case had been lost – 50 years is a long time. The evidence of two aggrieved family members turned out not to be enough to secure a conviction, and Zarinsky was found not guilty – even though Teddy was already serving time for the same incident. Many of the jury said he was guilty in their eyes but not "beyond reasonable doubt."

It wasn't over yet. In March 2008, Zarinsky was indicted for the 1968 murder of Jane Durrea, 13, of

Keansburg, up the coast from Atlantic Highlands. He came out fighting. "I most certainly was not involved in it, as I was not involved in the numerous other allegations made against me over the years," he said.

"I've been waiting for this day for so many years. I have always believed it was Zarinsky," said Joan Conway, Jane's sister, convinced the killer had been found.

Even so, justice for Jane proved elusive. Shortly after the grand jury indictment, before he could face a court for a third murder, Zarinsky faced a challenge of a different kind. He died from fibrosis of the lung on November 28th, 2008.

But the coda to Zarinsky's infamy was still to come. In 2016, after 51 years, DNA evidence linked him conclusively to the murder of bright-eyed Mary Ann (Agnes) Klinsky, 18, raped and beaten to death in 1965 in the New Jersey area.

"She was a young girl in high school – she did all the regular things kids did," said her sister-in-law, Margaret Klinsky. "She had many friends and would have graduated that year. We're glad it's solved. It still doesn't bring her back, that's all."



Robert Zarinsky listens as his sister and cousin testify against him in 2001

Convicted of one murder, assigned to another, acquitted but strongly suspected of a third – it seems likely Zarinsky was responsible for even more. Those in the frame include Linda Balabanow, Jane Durrea, Joanne Delardo and Doreen "Donna" Carlucci – but also the unsolved cases of Jeanette DePalma, Ann Logan, Mary Ann Pryor and Lorraine Kelly.

Who knows if there are even more yet to be discovered?

"Let me tell you something. Back then, when we prosecuted him, we were convinced beyond a doubt that he was a serial killer," John T. Mullaney, former assistant prosecutor of Monmouth County, said. "We knew he had killed Rosemary. We also knew he had killed the two from Woodbridge (Joanne and Donna), though I couldn't prove it. I also knew he killed Linda Balabanow, though they wouldn't try it in court."

"Either one person committed all these crimes," agreed criminologist Jesse Pollack, "or the other option, which is a lot scarier, is that you have multiple killers operating in the same area at the same time with the same M.O."



EXECUTION USA

News and updates from September 2020 • Researched by Martin Chaffe

DNA Match Nabs Suspect In 40-Year-Old Murder

STATE DEATH PENALTIES

CALIFORNIA: The Fontana Police Department in San Bernardino County believe they have got their man for a murder 40 years ago. In July 1980, 18-year-old Michelle “Missy” Jones was found raped and murdered in a grapefruit orchard. This year biological evidence collected from her body and stored for four decades was tested at a laboratory using advanced DNA techniques.



Above, suspected killer Leonard Nash. Below, Michelle Jones



The man in the frame, after his DNA on the national criminal database matched the samples, is **Leonard Nash**, 66, who was tracked

down to Las Vegas, Nevada, and is now awaiting extradition to California. He will face a charge of first-degree murder with death-qualifying special circumstances.

ALABAMA: CONDEMNED MAN GETS CHANCE OF PAROLE

Christopher Dewayne Revis, 42, has dodged the needle after 14 years on Death Row for robbing and murdering a man in Marion County. He had been facing a retrial after his conviction had been thrown out by a judge because two jurors had discussed the case during lunch in violation of the trial judge’s orders. The prosecution has allowed Revis to plead guilty to murder rather than capital murder and his new life sentence will allow for the possibility of parole some time in the future.



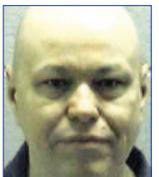
Robbery-murder: Christopher Dewayne Revis

In February 2004

Christopher Revis, his brother Jason Revis, now 39, and uncle Eddie Revis shot Jerry Stidham in the chest with a .22 rifle and cut his throat while trying to relieve him of cash and drugs. Jason Revis is currently serving a life sentence while Eddie Revis died in prison while serving life without parole.

GEORGIA: TIME RUNNING OUT FOR DEATH ROW VETERAN

Virgil Delano Presnell, 67, has just lost his penultimate appeal at the US 11th Circuit Court of Appeals in Atlanta and could be one of at least 10 men executed in Georgia next year. But what makes his case extraordinary is that he has been on Death Row for an eye-watering 44 years.



Child-killer: Virgil Delano Presnell

In May 1976 he abducted two girls aged eight and 10 while they were walking home from their Cobb County school near Atlanta, raping both of them and murdering the eight-year-old. He was sentenced to die in August 1976 and came within months of going to the electric chair in 1992 before his death sentence was thrown out by the same federal appeals court due to unconstitutionally “egregious comments” by the prosecutor in the penalty phase. He had told the jury amongst other things that any mercy shown to Presnell would be just the sort of sickly sentimentality and false humanity which had recently been so harmful to society.

However, the sentencing rehearing in 1999 resulted in another jury saying that Presnell deserved to die. It has taken a further 21 years for the state and federal courts to uphold that verdict.

ILLINOIS: FREEDOM FOR KILLER WHO GREW UP IN SQUALOR

Governor J.B. Pritzker has granted clemency to **Renaldo Hudson**, 56, releasing him from prison after he had served 37 years for first-degree murder. He had originally been sentenced to death for killing a neighbour, Folke Petersen, 72, during a burglary in June 1983, stabbing him more than 60 times and torching his apartment in an attempt to hide forensic evidence. He claimed to have been drunk



Granted clemency: Renaldo Hudson

NO MERCY FOR NURSE’S SEX-KILLER

EXECUTED September 22nd, 2020:

WILLIAM EMMETT LECROY, 50 • Lethal injection • Federal



LECROY

Lecroy was condemned to die in US District Court for northern Georgia at Gainesville in March 2004, for the carjacking-related murder of 30-year-old nurse Joann Lee Tiesler.

In October 2001, after breaking into her home while she was out shopping, he waited for her to come back and bludgeoned her with a shotgun as she walked through the door, before tying her hands behind her back. He then raped and strangled her with an electrical cord before cutting her throat and stabbing her five times in the back. After that he urinated and defecated on her body before stealing her car.

He was arrested in Minnesota while trying to cross into Canada. Lecroy had previous form for child molestation, statutory rape, burglary and aggravated assault. He also claimed to believe that the victim was a witch who had put a spell on him while she babysat him as a child, but she would have been only 10 years old at the time.

Lecroy’s lawyers were unsuccessful in arguing that the stealing of the car was done after the sex-murder in her home, meaning that there was no federal crime of carjacking and that the offence should have properly been tried in a Georgia state court.

His execution was delayed three hours by an unsuccessful last appeal to the US Supreme Court, claiming that his rights were violated by lack of access to his principal attorney, who has a heart condition and could not travel to see him during the Covid-19 pandemic.

President Trump had denied a clemency request based on the effect on Lecroy’s family of losing another family member. His brother, a Georgia State Trooper, was murdered during a routine traffic stop in 2010.

Lecroy’s last words at Terre Haute federal penitentiary in Indiana were to say that he had posted his last statement to Sister Barbara Battista, his spiritual adviser, who read from a prayer book in the execution chamber. Lecroy was pronounced dead at 9.06 p.m.

on half a bottle of brandy and to have smoked marijuana joints laced with cocaine.

In January 2003, former Governor George Ryan emptied the state's Death Row, commuting all the sentences to life. During his time in prison, Hudson had learned to read and write, mentored other prisoners and gained a bachelor's degree in Christian studies.

He was said to have grown up in conditions of squalor after his mother left home when he was one year old. When he was seven, his twin brother Ronald fell to his death down a flight of stairs. When he was 15, an elder brother, William Hudson, went berserk with a gun, wounding Renaldo and several other family members, two fatally. He is still serving his life sentence.

INDIANA: "EXECUTE ME OR I'LL KILL MORE"

Tommy Holland, 45, a prisoner currently serving life without parole for two murders, has invited Madison County prosecutors at a pre-trial hearing to seek the death penalty against him for a further murder inside prison. He is accused of the murder of Clifford Baggett, 28, who was knifed to death at the Pendleton Correctional Facility in August 2019.



Death wish: Tommy Holland

Against the advice of his counsel, Holland said that he would carry on killing unless he was sentenced to death. Holland is also a suspect in a number of other murders in addition to the two people he shot dead during robberies of a supermarket and petrol station in 2003.

LOUISIANA: FOUR-TIME KILLER DIES ON DEATH ROW

A quadruple-killer from DeSoto Parish who was condemned to death in 1995 died from natural causes on September 28th following a long illness. In July 1994, **James S. Baldwin**, then 36, used a pump-action, sawn-off 12-bore shotgun to kill his estranged wife

Elizabeth Baldwin, 33. She was at the Wood Springs home of a man called Judge Woodfin, 35, and two other men, Volley Grimsley, 53, and Rocky Baggett, 44.

All the victims were hit in the torso but Mr. Woodfin was also shot in the head. At his trial Baldwin unsuccessfully claimed that he acted in self-defence and his lawyer claimed that it was a big shock that the jury had found him guilty of murder in the first degree.



Wife-killer: James Baldwin

MISSISSIPPI: FREEDOM AFTER SIX TRIALS FOR QUADRUPLE-KILLING

Curtis Giovanni Flowers, 50, has been tried six times for a quadruple-murder and been convicted and sentenced to death on four occasions, but each conviction was overturned. In June 2019, the US Supreme Court ruled by seven votes to two that prosecutors had struck potential black jurors purely on the grounds of race.

However, Judge Joseph Loper of the Fifth Judicial District, in an agreement with Mississippi Attorney-General Lynn Fitch, has ruled that a seventh trial would not be in the interests of justice, meaning that Flowers, who was released on bail last January, is a free man. He said afterwards:

"Today I am finally a free man from the injustice that left me locked in a box for 23 years. I've been asked if I ever thought this day would come. I have been blessed with a family that never gave up on me and with them by my side, I knew it would."

His lawyer, Rob McDuff, said that the case against Flowers never made



Finally free: Curtis Giovanni Flowers

sense. He was 26 with no criminal past and nothing to suggest he could commit such a crime. The case had been flawed from the start, he said, and tainted with racial discrimination.

The prosecution's case was that after being sacked and having his pay docked by the Tardy Furniture Store for repeatedly damaging merchandise, he returned in July 1996 with a .38 semi-automatic pistol and shot four people through the head. The victims were the owner Bertha Tardy, 59, and employees Carmen Rigby, 45, Robert Golden, 42, and Derrick Stewart, 16. They said that Flowers left bloody footprints and had gun residue on his hands. Witnesses placed him near the scene of the crime in the town of Winona in Montgomery County.

NORTH CAROLINA: DEFUNCT ACT GETS THREE OFF DEATH ROW

The North Carolina Supreme Court (NCSC) has reduced the death sentence of three killers to life in prison without parole using the defunct Racial Justice Act (RJA) to rule that their death sentences were tainted by the prosecutors removing black candidates from the jury pool. The RJA had been passed by Democrats in 2009 but



Left to right: Tilmon Golphin, Quintel Augustine and Christina Walters

was repealed by Republicans in 2013. However the NCSC ruled this June that the 2013 repeal could not be retroactive.

The three originally had their death sentences reversed in December 2012 leading to nearly eight more years of litigation. **Tilmon Golphin**, 42, used an assault rifle to murder two white police officers at close range – State Trooper Ed Lowry, 47, and

US SUPREME COURT NEWS

● On September 18th, US Supreme Court (USSC) Justice Ruth Bader-Ginsburg, 87, died from pancreatic cancer. Before her funeral, she lay in state at the Capitol, the first Jew and first woman to do so. She had been appointed in 1993 by President Bill Clinton and was one of the four liberals on the court.

She was an implacable foe of the death penalty and once said during a speech that if she were "Queen" she would abolish it, obviously conceding that the issue was really a matter for democracy. During her time in office, she helped to abolish the death penalty for the intellectually disabled, minors under 18 years of age and rapists of children, as well as stopping or delaying many other executions. She also helped to stop the sentencing of juveniles

to life in prison without parole, giving them hope of eventual release. She was on the losing side regarding appeals against various lethal injection protocols.

Judge Bader-Ginsburg would have retired in 2016 if Hillary Clinton had won the presidential election, but Trump's victory meant that she had to try and hang on "for dear life" in the hope that a Democrat would win in 2020.

On September 26th, President Trump nominated as replacement on the USSC 48-year-old Amy Coney-Barrett, currently



Above, Ruth Bader-Ginsburg. Below, Amy Coney-Barrett



serving as a Justice on the US Court of Appeals for the 7th Circuit in Chicago. She was appointed to this post by Trump in 2017. She is a devout Catholic with seven children, two of whom are Afro-Caribbean adoptees from Haiti. Although the Catholic church is vehemently against the death penalty, Ms. Coney-Barrett does not believe that it is unconstitutional.

Trump had the numbers in the Senate to achieve confirmation of her appointment, which would create a six to three conservative majority, but the Democrats in the House of Representatives threatened to impeach him again to delay the process until Joe Biden took office, should he win. The Democrats also said they might increase the number of Justices on the court to 11 in an attempt to redress the political balance.

END OF ROAD FOR CARJACKING KILLER

EXECUTED September 24th, 2020:

CHRISTOPHER ANDRÉ VIALVA, 40 • Lethal injection • Federal



VIALVA

In June 1999, a white married couple from Ottumwa, Iowa, pastor Todd Bagley, 26, and his wife Stacie, 28, who were church youth ministers, were on holiday in Texas when they stopped to use a payphone at a Killeen convenience store in Bell County. Here they ran into a gang of thugs consisting of Christopher Vialva, 19, Brandon Bernard, 18, and three other youths: Tony Sparks, 16, Christopher Lewis, 17, and Terry Brown, 17.

They agreed to give the youths a lift, but they were forced at gunpoint into the boot of the car and driven around for six hours while the gang used their credit cards to steal cash and pawn Stacie's wedding ring. They were finally driven to a remote area of the Fort Hood US Army base where the boot was opened and lighter fluid was poured over them. As they sang "Jesus loves us!", Vialva shot both of them in the head and Bernard set them off fire. An autopsy revealed soot in Stacie's lungs meaning that she was burned alive.

After the gang were arrested Vialva and Bernard were tried, convicted and condemned to death in US District Court for western Texas at Waco for carjacking and first-degree murder on federal land. Bernard remains on Death Row and has also exhausted all his appeals. Sparks received a 35-year sentence, Brown and Lewis 20 years each.

Vialva unsuccessfully requested mercy from President Trump, claiming that he would be able to spread God's word if spared.

On the gurney at Terre Haute, referring to his victims' families, he said: "Father...heal their hearts with grace and love." He finished with: "Father, I'm ready." After injection of the Pentobarbital, death was pronounced at 6.46 p.m.

Cumberland County Deputy Sheriff, David Hathcock, 57 – in September 1997; **Quintel Augustine**, 43, murdered a black police officer, Roy Turner, 32, walking the beat in Fayetteville in November 2001; and **Christina Walters**, 42, a Lumbee Indian, shot dead two white women at random in Fayetteville. Tracy Lambert, 18, and Susan Moore, 21, were gunned down as part of an initiation into the Crips gang in August 1998.

OHIO: MOTHER-KILLER WINS PAROLE

Jeffrey Hill, 56, has been paroled from prison after serving 28 years. He was originally sentenced to death in 1992, but three weeks before his execution date scheduled for March 3rd, 2009, then-Governor Ted Strickland followed an eight-to-zero recommendation of the parole board to commute his sentence to a minimum 25-year life sentence.

Hill had been condemned to die in Hamilton County for robbing and stabbing to death his own mother, Emma Hill, 61, in March 1991, in her Cincinnati apartment in order to get money to buy crack cocaine. He later returned to the home and stole more money when she was lying dead.

Hill, who had expressed remorse, was reported to be "very happy" when informed by the prison governor that his death sentence had been set aside. All of his family had opposed the execution.



Stabbing murder: Jeffrey Hill

OREGON: DEATH FOR GERMAN STUDENTS' ATTACKER

Jeffrey R. Williams, 59, died on September 21st while receiving end-of-life care at the Oregon State Penitentiary following 31 years on Death Row.

In September 1988 he and an accomplice, David Lynn Simonsen, now 52, picked up two female German hitchhikers near the state line with California. Unna Toxen, 24, from Osnabruck and Katherine Reith, 22, from Wattenscheid, both students at Marburg University, were taken to a remote area, raped and tied together at the wrists. Williams then handed a sawn-off shotgun to Simonsen who blasted the two women in the head. Their naked bodies were later found by a secluded logging road near the town of Coquille.

Last year the Democrat-run legislature in Oregon voted that a crime such as this was insufficiently heinous to warrant a death sentence, which is now reserved for terrorist murders of two or more people, intentional murder of children under 14, murder while in prison for another murder and the murder of on-duty police and prison officers. The legislature was unable to abolish the death penalty outright, because it is enshrined in the Oregon constitution and would require a referendum to abolish it.

Simonsen was also sentenced to death and is still appealing his conviction and sentence. The new law was not



Above, Jeffrey Williams. Below, David Simonsen



retroactive, but the Governor is currently maintaining a moratorium. The last execution in the state was in 1997.

TENNESSEE: TRIPLE-KILLER DODGES NEEDLE

Rickey Hull, 38, has pleaded guilty to three counts of first-degree murder in exchange for life without parole after a plea-deal was agreed with the Shelby County District Attorney in Memphis. He was arrested shortly after gunning down his employer, Iraqi immigrant Kamel Alabes, 52, and another employee, Marcus Anderson, in their tyre shop with a .22 rifle in December 2018. Mr. Alabes, who had fled from Saddam Hussein's Iraq 20 years earlier, left behind a wife and four children.



Life without parole: Rickey Hull

After he was taken into custody, Hull was also linked with the fatal shooting of Milton Edmondson, 49, who was felled by a bullet to the head with the same gun while walking along a street about a month before the double-murder.

TEXAS: DNA TEST EXPOSES DOUBLE-KILLER

The McLennan County Sheriff's Office in Waco was investigating the sexual harassment of a large number of female estate agents, who had been receiving lewd messages and threats to rape their children. Eventually they identified and arrested a suspect, **Andy Castillo**, 57, who lived in Lubbock, 300 miles away.

Before he was transferred to Waco, the Lubbock County Sheriff's Office took a DNA sample and now believe they have solved two of their cold cases. Cynthia Palacio, 21, was found semi-naked and strangled on a country road in July 2003. Her murder is being linked by DNA to the strangling and bludgeoning of prostitute Linda Trevino Carbajal, 21, in April 2004, also dumped along a road. She had actually been a roommate of Ms. Palacio.

Castillo will face a trial for capital murder in the next couple of years.



Suspect: Andy Castillo

TEXAS: HEART ATTACK ON DEATH ROW

On August 26th, **Bill Gates**, 70, died from a heart attack after 19 years on Death Row. In December 1999, a friend found the naked body of 41-year-old Elfriede Gans in the bathtub of her Houston apartment. A post-mortem showed that she had been raped, strangled and smothered. Gates had recently been paroled after serving six years in California for robbery, assaulting a peace officer and possessing an offensive weapon in prison. He had been in and out of prison since the age of 13.

Gates might have been executed in 2013 but a US



Death-Row veteran: Bill Gates

Supreme Court ruling in another case, regarding the quality of the defence in the punishment phase, caused continuing delays. Gates's lawyers had not investigated his childhood and the alcoholism of his mother which may have caused him to suffer foetal alcohol syndrome.

TEXAS: THREE STAYS FOR RAPE-KILLER

Carlos Trevino, 45, has survived his third execution date this year due to the Covid-19 pandemic. Judges have now delayed dates of March 11th, June 3rd and September 30th. He will now survive until at least next spring as a new date will be set at a hearing on March 5th. Trevino was condemned to die 23

years ago for his leading role with three accomplices in the gang-rape and murder of 15-year-old Linda Salinas who was stabbed to death in a park in June 1996. His lawyers are now claiming that his trial lawyers failed to present evidence of foetal alcohol syndrome and emotional and physical abuse by his mother.



Pandemic delay: Carlos Trevino

TEXAS: CHARGED WITH 46-YEAR-OLD MURDER

Following the reopening earlier this year of a murder case dating back to February 1974, police in Fort Worth have arrested

77-year-old **Glen Samuel McCurley** and charged him with the capital murder of 17-year-old cheerleader Carla Walker. She was abducted from her boyfriend's car at gunpoint outside a bowling alley and found dead in a ditch a couple of days later. She had been drugged with morphine, raped and strangled.



Above, Glen Samuel McCurley. Below, his alleged victim Carla Walker

The police say they homed in on McCurley after DNA samples preserved on the victim's clothing matched the DNA of relatives of his on a genealogical database. McCurley had been questioned in 1974 during an intense investigation, because a magazine from a .22 Ruger semi-automatic pistol found in the bowling alley car park matched a gun which he was known to have purchased, but he claimed it had been stolen six weeks before the murder. McCurley told them he had not reported the theft because he should not have had the gun due to a short period of imprisonment for car theft in 1961.



JAPAN DEATH PENALTY

TOKYO: The Supreme Court of Japan has upheld a decision last December by the Tokyo High Court (THC) to commute the death sentence imposed by Saitama District Court in March 2018 on Peruvian national **Vayron Jonathan Nakada-Ludeña**, 34. The THC had ruled that he was suffering from schizophrenia when he stabbed to death six people during a spree between September 14th and 16th, 2015. His victims, who were all killed in their homes, were a couple in their 50s, an 84-year-old woman, a 41-year-old woman and her two daughters, aged seven and 10.



Above, Vayron Jonathan Nakada-Ludeña. Below, his brother Pablo Nakada-Ludeña

At the trial, the prosecution accepted that he was mentally ill, but the court decided that he knew right from wrong and that his "cruel and inhumane acts" deserved the noose.

His brother, Pedro Pablo Nakada-Ludeña, now 47, is Peru's worst serial killer, dubbed "The Apostle of Death" for killing 17 people between 2000 and 2006. He actually confessed to killing 25, but proof was lacking for eight of the cases.

He is serving 35 years in the psychiatric ward of Lurigancho Prison in Peru after being acquitted of murder due to paranoid schizophrenia. He claimed that God had told him to rid the world of homosexuals, prostitutes, drug addicts and criminals.



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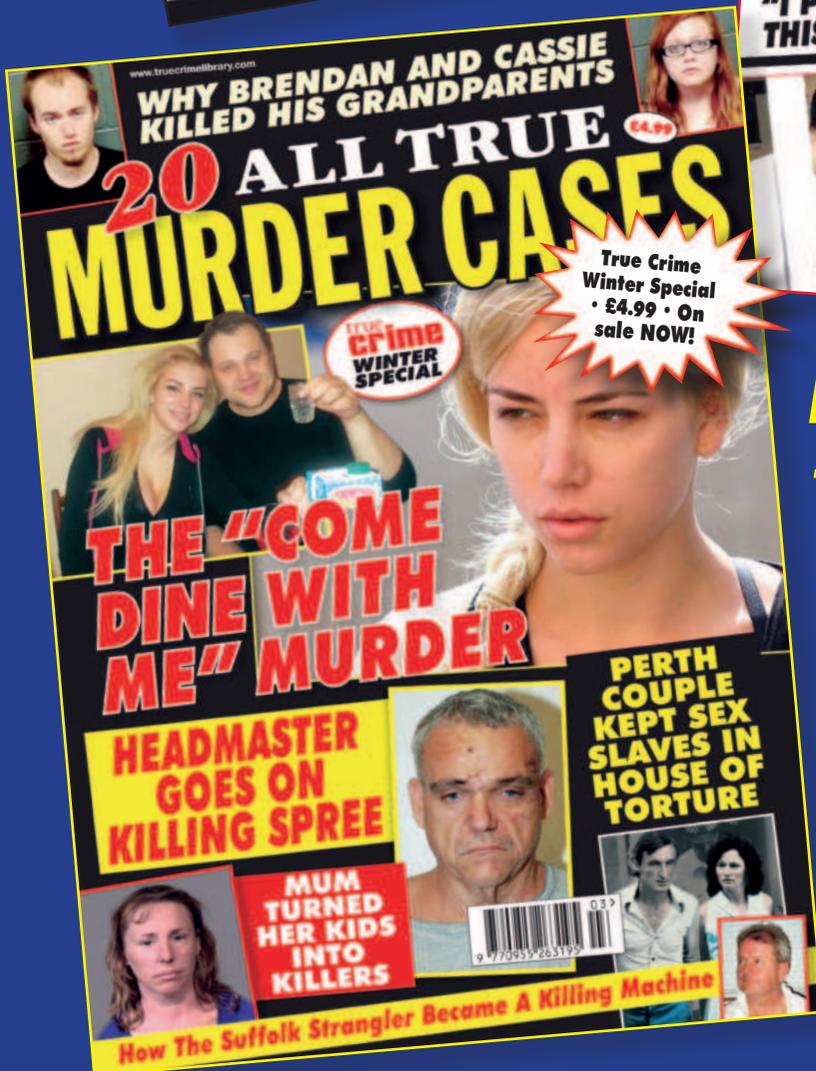
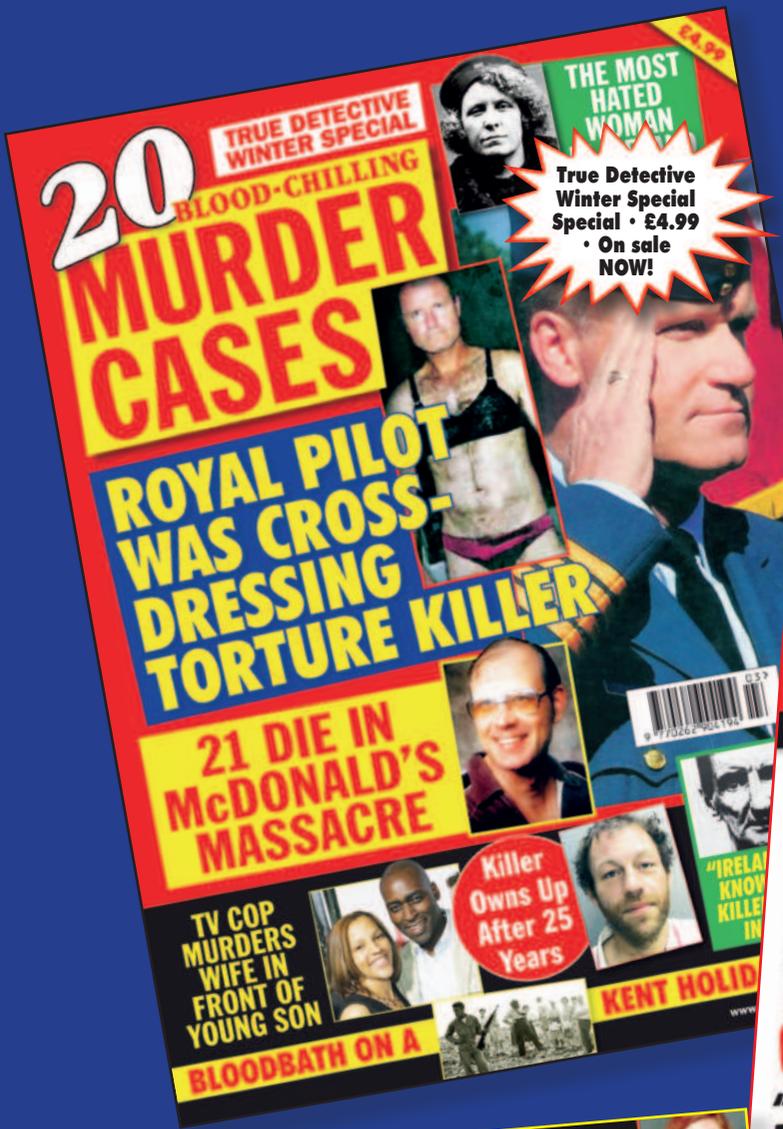
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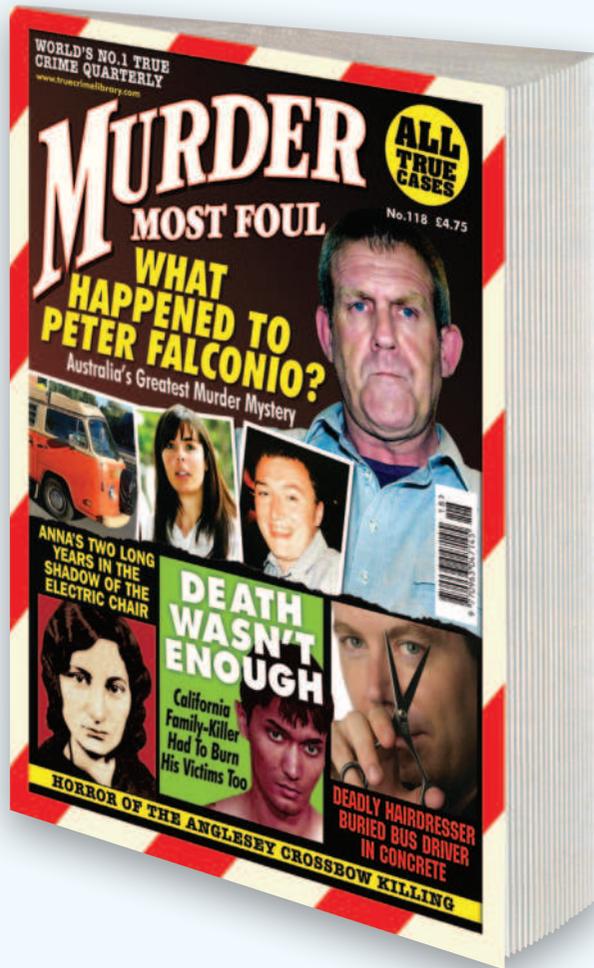
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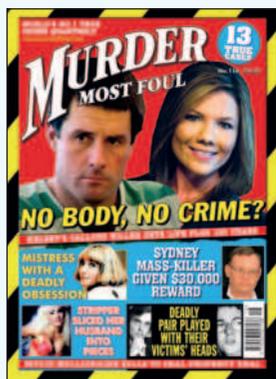
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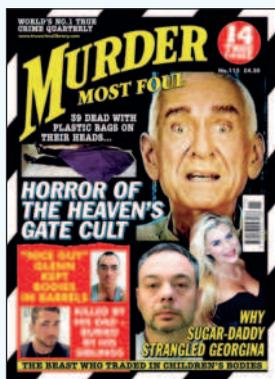
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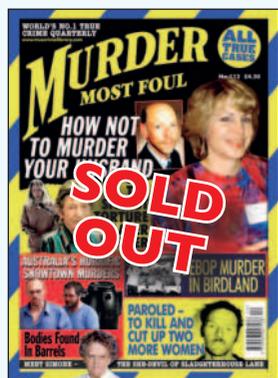


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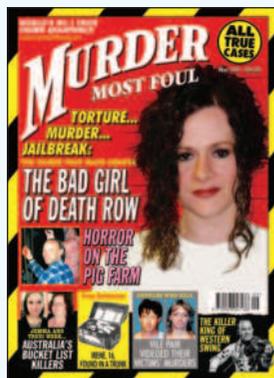
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