

JUNE 2018

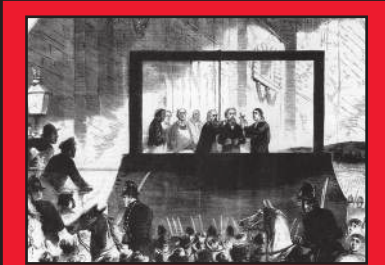
**MASTER**

**ELECTRIC CHAIR FOR  
THE FOUR-TIME KILLER**

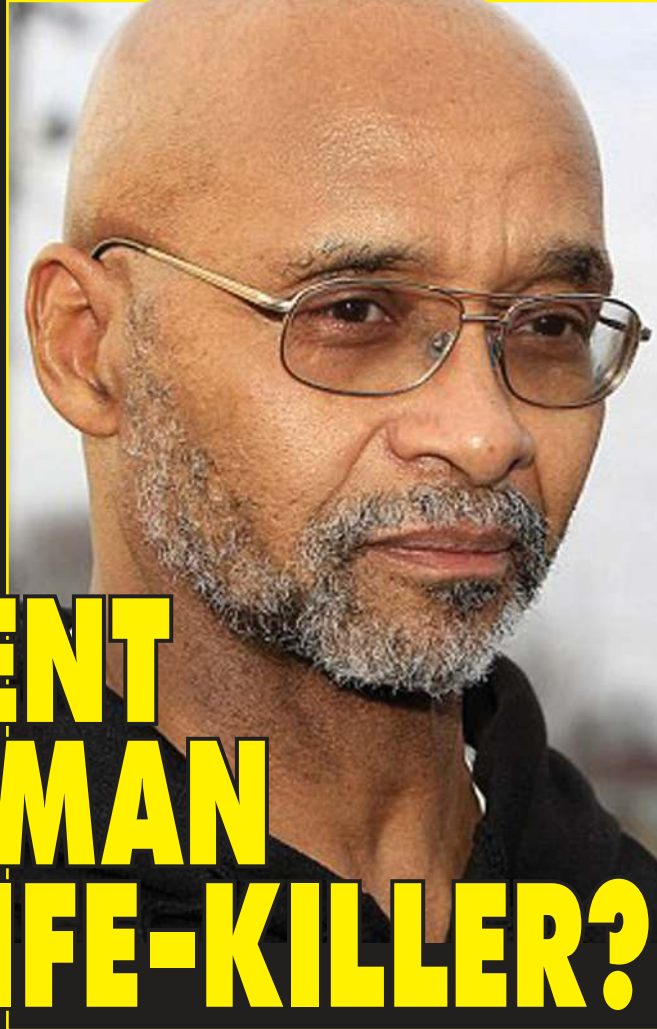


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# INNOCENT POLICEMAN - OR WIFE-KILLER?

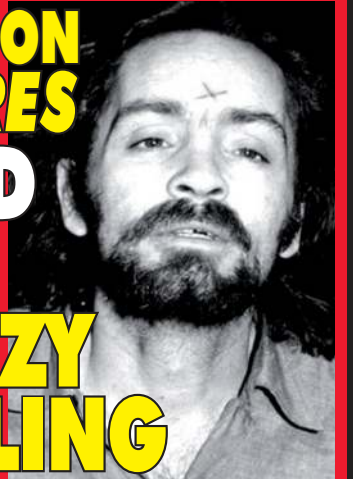
**60 YEARS  
ON...THE  
LAST MAN  
HANGED  
IN WALES**



# HUSBAND WHIPPED HIS WIFE TO DEATH



**THE MANSON  
MASSACRES  
SECOND  
NIGHT:  
A FRENZY  
OF KILLING**



**THE ANDREW STEWART TRAGEDY** Was This Scotland's Worst-Ever Miscarriage Of Justice?

# InsideMD

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June 2018

**T**wo key anniversaries in the history of the British justice system feature in this month's MD. On page 23, in *They Came To Watch The Hanging*, we take you back 150 years, to 1868, and the final public hanging in England, while on page 46 we travel back 60 years – to 1958 – and the case of Vivian Teed, *The Last Man Hanged In Wales*. Both are extraordinary accounts. On the gallows at Newgate in 1868 was Fenian bomber Michael Barrett, the Irish killer behind the Clerkenwell outrage which claimed the lives of a dozen innocent people and injured many more. Teed, meanwhile, was after cash when he knocked on the door of a sub-post office in a Swansea suburb – but he ended up with more than he'd bargained for...

Finally, don't miss part two of *The Manson Massacres*, on page 6, when justice finally catches up with the deadly Family.

*Enjoy the read!*

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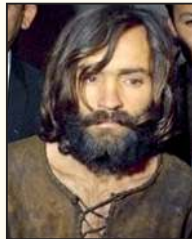
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Sixty years ago Vivian Teed went to the gallows – but did he deserve to hang?



# INNOCENT — 01



**Margo Prade (above) was shot and killed as she arrived at work on November 26th, 1997**

**W**HEN DOUGLAS Prade was freed from jail, all he wanted was what any man who had spent 15 years behind bars would want – a long shower, wear his own clothes, eat some nice food, reconnect with his family and get to know the six grandchildren he had never met.

Prade, a former Captain of the Akron, Ohio, Police Department, was given a life sentence for the murder of his ex-wife but released after improved DNA testing technology eventually proved he was innocent.

As he walked away from the Madison Correctional Institution in Columbus, Ohio, he told reporters: "I spent nearly all my jail time in the general prison population and it was hell on earth. Can you imagine what it's like for a police captain to be called wife-killer? I mean, it's one thing if somebody is guilty of something to be here, but to be not guilty and here is even worse.

"This is a new chapter in my life and I have no anger or bitterness. I'm just grateful to be a free man."

But just over a year after he celebrated his new-found freedom, Prade was back behind bars – where he remains to this day – after an appeal court ruled there was still enough circumstantial evidence to support the jury's guilty verdict back in 1998.

Today, the carousel of justice still goes round and round as lawyers debate what the next moves should be in the now

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# CENT POLICEMAN R WIFE-KILLER?

70-year-old's case. He has already been denied a new trial and his case is now being supported by the Ohio Innocence Project at the University of Cincinnati's College of Law.

**H**e was convicted of murdering his former wife Margo on the morning of November 26th, 1997, as she arrived for work at a medical practice in downtown Akron. She was shot six times in her car with a .38 Saturday Night Special revolver. CCTV footage from a next-door car dealership showed only the blurry figure of a man running away. Detectives estimated the man was no more than five-foot-nine tall. Prade is over six-foot-three. There were no witnesses, no fingerprints and the gun has never been found.

At his trial a forensic dentist said that a bite mark on Margo's arm, which had been made through her blouse and white lab coat, had been made by Prade.

However, a defence expert told the court the defendant wore dentures that because they were ill-fitting could not have

**Right, denied a new trial in 2016, Douglas Prade continues his appeal for justice. Below right, Douglas with Margo. Her murder came seven months after an acrimonious divorce from Akron police chief Prade**

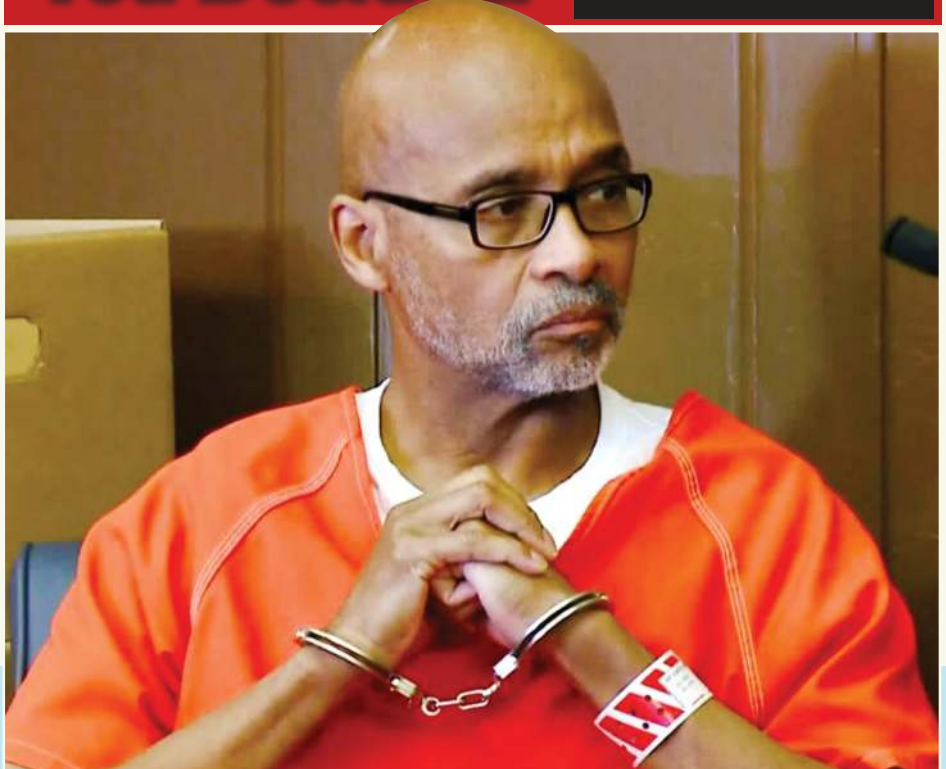
made the mark. Yet another prosecution witness said that there was no way he could be certain that Prade had made the mark but that it was consistent with his teeth.

At the end of the two-week trial – during which the court was given details of Prade and Margo's acrimonious divorce – the jury spent six hours deliberating before finding him guilty of aggravated murder. The veteran policeman, who had spent 30 years in the Akron police department, was sentenced to life imprisonment.

**E**xperts from the Ohio Innocence Project, aided by lawyers from the firm of Jones Day, successfully fought to have the male DNA found around the bite mark on Margo's lab coat tested. Using techniques which were not available in

*You Decide...*

Report by  
MARK DAVIS



MD "I Spent Nearly All My Jail Time In The General Prison Population And It Was Hell On Earth"

## Paul Donnelley's **MURDER MONTH** June

**M**urder of a wartime heroine... On June 15th, 1952, a woman was stabbed to death in the foyer of the Shelbourne Hotel at 1-3 Lexham Gardens, Earls Court, London. The man who wielded the knife stayed at the scene waiting for the police. "I built all my dreams around her," he said, "but she was playing me for a fool."

Known as Christina Granville, the woman was, in fact, Countess Krsytyna Skarbeck, a 44-year-old Pole who had worked for the Special Operations Executive during the Second World War.

She was captured and tortured by the Gestapo. In August 1944, she saved the lives of several spies by claiming to be the niece of General Bernard

Montgomery and said the German captors would suffer if the men were not freed.

After the end of hostilities she refused to become a "desk jockey" and was made redundant with a month's wages.

To earn a living, she worked on an ocean liner as a stewardess

in 1951. Another steward was Dennis Muldowney, 41, a slow-witted but obsessive man who fell in love with her.

Leaving the ship, he landed a job as a night porter at the Reform Club and in modern parlance began stalking her.

On the day she died, Krsytyna had spent the day chatting to chums in a Polish café near her hotel. One of them escorted her to the steps of the hotel where they stood chatting for a short while.

Hiding in the shadows of the steps leading to the basement was Muldowney. The brief chat was sufficient for him to act. He heard her tell her friend that she was leaving for Belgium on a brief holiday.

The friend departed and Muldowney rushed after Miss Granville and in the foyer plunged a knife into her chest and watched as she collapsed at his feet.

When her room was searched, police found her George Medal, her OBE and the Croix de Guerre. Several other heroes who came from both sides of the Iron Curtain attended her funeral.

**Dennis Muldowney was tried at the Old Bailey but his trial lasted just three minutes after he pleaded guilty and he was sentenced to death. He was hanged at Pentonville on September 30th, 1952.**



**Countess Krsytyna Skarbeck**



**Prade (above) was briefly released after new evidence was presented in 2013. The bite-mark evidence from his original trial (right) remains under intense scrutiny**

1998 a private lab carried out the test for free and found that the DNA did not belong to Douglas Prade. Prosecutors argued that the male DNA could have got onto the coat either before or after Margo was killed. Further testing on other parts of the coat found no trace of male DNA.

Judge Judy Hunter, sitting in the Summit County Court of Common Pleas, heard the new evidence and set Prade free on January 29th, 2013, declaring that if her decision was overturned he should be given a new trial. She said that much of the remaining evidence was "tenuous at best" and that testimony about the Prades' divorce was "entirely circumstantial and insufficient by itself."

Summit County Prosecuting Attorney Sherri Bevan Walsh issued a statement in which she said that Judge Hunter's findings were a "gross misapplication of the law." The statement added: "We have not seen any credible evidence that suggests innocence and we are taking all available actions to keep a dangerous killer off the streets."

Legal attempts to keep Prade in prison failed and he was allowed to go free.

Three months later, in March 2014, the Ninth District Court of Appeals overturned Judge Hunter's findings and said that even in spite of the new DNA test results the remaining circumstantial evidence supported the jury's guilty verdict. It reversed Judge Hunter's finding of innocence.

Within hours Prade filed a notice of appeal and a motion for an immediate stay of execution of the judgment. He also turned himself in to prevent a warrant being issued for his arrest but was released soon after when the Ohio Supreme Court issued a temporary stay of execution on the Ninth District Court's judgment while it decided whether to accept Prade's case.

**O**n July 23rd, 2014, the Supreme Court voted 4-3 not to hear Prade's appeal. Two days later, Judge Christine Croce, sitting at the Summit County Court of Common Pleas, sent him back to jail while he waited for a hearing to decide whether he should get a new trial.

It would be almost two years – March 11th, 2016 – before Judge Croce denied Prade the chance of a new trial. She held that he had "failed to demonstrate that the alleged new bite mark and eyewitness evidence establishes a strong probability that it would change the verdict had it been available and/or presented at trial."



She acknowledged that the DNA found on the victim's lab coat had not come from Prade but called the results "inconclusive" and said the material could have come from contamination.

Professor Brian Howe of the Ohio Innocence Project said: "Judge Croce's decision not to grant a motion for a new trial is on appeal now. The appeal has taken longer than normal because of an interlude where the parties litigated whether the Ninth District ever had the authority to review the exoneration order in the first place.

"In the meantime, Doug has remained in prison. He is stoic, as always, but every day he spends behind bars – especially given the state of the evidence against him – compounds the injustice done to him."

In the years since Douglas Prade's trial, bite-mark comparisons have come under increasing fire in America as pseudo-science. At least 11 prisoners convicted of murder or rape, largely as a result of bite-mark comparisons, have been exonerated, eight of them with DNA evidence. At least five other men were proved innocent as they sat in prison awaiting their trials.

Richard Souviron, a forensic dentist whose bite-mark analysis helped convict serial killer Ted Bundy in 1979, has said he is troubled by Prade's case, considering that the bite on Margo Prade's arm was made through two layers of clothing.

**"You can't make a positive match between a bite mark and a suspect to the exclusion of everyone in the world. It can't be done," he said.**

## A Cynical Misogynist Killer

*"The Artfulness Of The Long-Distance Swimmer"* (European Crime Report – March) is one of the most unusual murder cases I've ever read.

Daniel Di Pietro doubtless chose an older, wealthy bride as he assumed she would be grateful and happy to look after him. Like many cynical men, he wanted a nurse with a purse. The depths of his misogyny were revealed when he demanded numerous sexual favours whilst she was recovering from major kidney surgery – this could easily have caused her to suffer a bladder infection, the type most likely to cause complications with the kidneys. Indeed, patients are often told to avoid sexual intercourse after even the most minor of medical procedures as it increases the risk of infection. But H el ene was made of sterner stuff so her errant husband strangled her before trying to fake her death at sea.

C. Davis, Weston-super-Mare



Above, Daniel Di Pietro. Below, his victim H el ene Camilleri



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the early 1990s. DNA detection was available at this time. Killer Davies has had over 20 years of freedom when he should have been in prison. Maybe I'm missing something! What took Aussie cops so long to catch this child-killer?

Robert Bluck, Birmingham

## Tell Us About Rhonda

Has *Master Detective* ever featured the case of Rhonda Belle Martin who whilst a waitress in Alabama was convicted of murdering her husband by feeding him rat poison? During interrogation she subsequently also confessed to poisoning her mother, another husband, and three of her own children. Authorities were first alerted to the murders when she attempted to poison her fifth husband, who survived but was left as a paraplegic. She was executed in 1957 by electric chair.



Rat-poison killer: Rhonda Belle Martin

And what about British killer Harold Berry who in 1946 was arrested in connection with the murder of moneylender Bernard Philips? Berry was found guilty and sentenced to hang.

Cameron Camilla Boyle, Leicester

For an extraordinary Death Row interview with Rhonda Belle Martin see MD

October 2015. Copies are still available to buy via the back issues section of our website shop at [www.truecrimelibrary.com](http://www.truecrimelibrary.com) or by calling Forum Press on 020 8778 0514. As for Harold Berry, our sister magazine *True Detective* featured a full account of the case in its June 2017 edition – and copies are also still available.

## Cops Sentenced To Death

Captain Jack La Grange, 40, and Sergeant Robert van der Merwe, 30, were two South African policemen sentenced to death in 1988 (*30 Years Ago In Crime* – April) for killing Bennie Ogle and Peter Pillay. La Grange told van der Merwe that the two victims were ANC supporters. It was revealed that La Grange was in the pay of a local drug dealer and was "a licensed criminal in a police uniform." The hapless van der Merwe believed he was doing his duty by eradicating "extremists."



President P.W. Botha who issued the pair a reprieve

It was the first time white police officers had been given the death sentence in apartheid South Africa. Was this a turning point?

Not really – both were reprieved six months later by President P.W. Botha. La Grange's sentence was commuted to 25 years and van der Merwe's to 15 years. La Grange was released in 1991 having been reclassified as a "political prisoner" – so he only served three years. Even so, by the time of his release, South Africa had changed – Nelson Mandela waited patiently in the wings.

Andrew Stephenson, Newhaven

## Killer's Final Word?

*"I Cut My Mum's Head Off And Chucked It In The Clyde"* (*Scotland's Classic Cases*, March) got me puzzled. Who did shout "Cheer up!?" On page 31 the article stated that as McKay was led away it was shouted from the public gallery. But directly below is an image of a snippet from a newspaper which says it was McKay himself who shouted it to sobbing relatives.

Nevertheless, a good read, as was the excellent *All-Out War With The Mafia* article. I've read a lot about the Mafia but there was quite a bit of information here that I was unaware of.

John McClure, York

Well spotted, Mr. M. – we should have known that the discrepancy wouldn't get past our eagle-eyed readers! We're sticking with our version of events, though. Perhaps the local newspaper reporter simply misheard – certainly other accounts back up our version of events.

## Why So Long To Convict?

The Australian child-killer article *"Kylie's Killer Gets Life – 33 Years After Her Murder"* (April) had me wondering why it took 33 years to convict, with DNA being the primary evidence. From my reckoning, previously convicted and repeat sex-offender Gregory Keith Davies should have been caught in

## WIN THE AWFUL KILLING OF SARAH WATTS

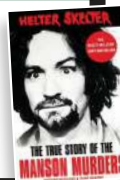
*The Awful Killing of Sarah Watts: A Story of Confessions, Acquittals and Jailbreaks*, by Mick Davis and David Lassman, recounts the shocking details of an 1851 murder on an isolated farm near Frome, Somerset – and the events that transpired from it. On Wednesday, September 24th, 1851, with her parents at market, Sarah Watts, 14, was alone at Battle Farm. Some time during the afternoon, an intruder battered, raped and murdered her. As the case gripped the nation, a London detective was sent to investigate. The result was that three notorious felons were arrested and charged. But with a huge reward on offer, were they really guilty or just hapless victims of others' greed? For the first time, this sensational story is told at full length, with the authors having meticulously researched newspaper accounts, court transcripts, prison records and eye-witness accounts.

For a chance to win a hardback copy of *The Awful Killing Of Sarah Watts* (published by Pen & Sword True Crime; ISBN 978-1-52670-730-7; £19.99) by Mick Davis and David Lassman, just answer this question:

Which of the following towns is NOT located in Somerset?

■ Shepton Mallet ■ Bath ■ Yeovil ■ Swindon

Send your answer, with your name and address, to MD June Competition, PO Box 735, London SE26 5NQ, or email [masterdetective@truecrimelibrary.com](mailto:masterdetective@truecrimelibrary.com), using the subject line "MD June comp." The first correct entry out of the hat after the closing date of **June 11th** will win. The winner will be announced in the August issue. The winner of the MD April competition, with the correct answer 2017, is John Aitchison of Saltcoats. Well done! Your prize of *Helter Skelter – The True Story Of The Manson Murders* will be with you soon.



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# THE MANSON MASSACRES

In Hollywood on the night of August 9th, 1969, five people were massacred by followers of Charles Manson, who claimed to be Jesus Christ and programmed them to kill for him. The pregnant actress Sharon Tate was one of the victims, as we recalled in last month's *Master Detective*. The next night the killers set out to slay again, this time led by Manson...

**P**ACKED INTO the same yellow and white Ford car used for the previous night's murders were Manson and six members of his so-called Family: "Tex" Watson, a 21-year-old college graduate and athlete; Linda Kasabian, 20, a blonde

Report by Brian Marriner

mother of one; Susan Atkins, 19, a former topless dancer; Patricia Krenwinkel, 18, an ex-legal clerk; Leslie Van Houten, the 18-year-old daughter of a middle-class family; and 16-year-old "Clem" Grogan.

Watson, Linda, Susan and Patricia had all taken part in the August 9th massacre; Leslie and Grogan were apprentice killers. Manson had a sword and a gun, the others had knives and bayonets.

After driving through the dark streets of Los Angeles, along Sunset Boulevard and out into the foothills of the city, at 1 a.m. the car stopped outside Oak Terrace, as 3301 Waverly Drive was known, in the Los Feliz district.

This was the home of Leno and Rosemary LaBianca. Both were wealthy and successful in their own right. Leno, 44, was president of the Gateway supermarket chain; Rosemary, 38, had her own retail business.

Manson creepy-crawled his way into the white single-storey house alone and made his way to the living-room, where he found Leno LaBianca in his pyjamas. Waving his sword at him, Manson told him: "Be calm. Sit down and be quiet." Manson then went into the

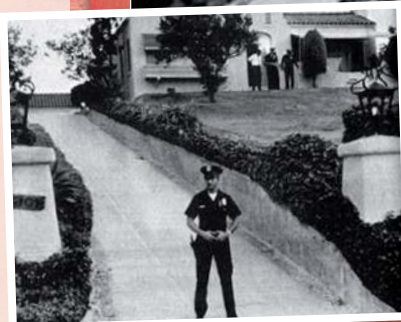


The victims Leno (left) and Rosemary LaBianca

## 3301 Waverly Drive: A crime scene



The LaBiancas' bodies were discovered inside the house by Rosemary's children almost 24 hours after the murders



Waverly Drive in Los Feliz was an upper-middle-class area - a long way from the secluded private estates of Hollywood - but the police at the scene (left) finally linked the crimes with Cielo Drive. Oak Terrace is still there (right) with a new number, 3311



## PART TWO: "IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR A CONFESSION IT'S N



Messages, this time written in Leno LaBianca's blood (top), echoing those at the scene of Gary Hinman's death and at Cielo Drive. The word WAR was carved into Leno's flesh after he had been stabbed 26 times



Another of Manson's phrases scrawled (incorrectly) on the refrigerator door. After the killing was over, a snack was prepared from the fridge



Rosemary LaBianca was stabbed a total of 41 times by her assailants (left)



bedroom with his gun and returned with Rosemary LaBianca, tying the couple together back to back with the two leather thongs he habitually wore around his neck. He asked for their money, and the couple handed over their wallets and cash. Manson thanked them politely, and then walked out of the house.

Going to the car, he told its occupants that there was a couple in the house tied up. They should go into the house but should not instill fear in them. They should kill them, do "witchy" things, and then hitch-hike back to the ranch.

Then Manson got into the car, shoving Linda Kasabian into the passenger seat, and drove away, leaving his crew to do the killing. He handed Rosemary LaBianca's purse to Linda, telling her to take out the cash, and then dump the purse "where it would be found by a black."

He was keen to have the murders blamed on blacks, to provoke race war.

The Family members Manson left behind went into the kitchen to select weapons. They chose a carving fork and knife. Rosemary LaBianca was forced to lie face down on her bed, her head covered with a pillowcase held in place by a noose made from the flex of her bedside lamp. Meanwhile, Tex Watson had pulled up Leno LaBianca's pyjama top and stabbed him four times in the chest with a kitchen knife, before using his own knife to inflict a further eight stab wounds to the victim's stomach.

NOT HERE. IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR REMORSE IT'S NOT HERE..."

LaBianca then bled to death, Watson holding a pillow over his face until he expired. He had been stabbed 26 times.

Leslie Van Houten held Rosemary LaBianca while Patricia Krenwinkel stabbed her. Because Rosemary made a noise and struggled, Watson rushed in and helped to stab her 41 times. Leslie, a former church chorister, stabbed the by now dead woman 16 times in the buttocks.

Now it was time for the “witchy” things. With his knife Watson carved the word WAR on Leno LaBianca’s abdomen. Patricia stabbed at the body with the carving fork, finally leaving it protruding from the stomach. It made her giggle, the way it twanged. A pillowcase was placed over LaBianca’s head and tied with lamp flex, before they used his blood to write “DEATH TO PIGS” on the wall. The word “RISE” was printed over a painting in the living-room, and Patricia wrote “HEALTER (sic) SKELTER” on the refrigerator door. The hungry killers then made themselves a snack from the contents of the fridge, and played with

The entire Family took turns torturing him, tampering with his mental state as if conducting an experiment. It took all night for him to die

the couple’s dogs amidst the gore.

The bodies were discovered by Rosemary’s son and daughter almost 24 hours later.

Despite the graffiti link between the Tate and LaBianca murders, and the fact that no valuables had been taken, the police did not connect the two sets of killings. However, the detectives who had earlier arrested the Family member Robert Beausoleil for the murder of Gary Hinman saw the link.

Passing on their suspicions to the officers investigating the Tate/LaBianca murders, they pointed out that the words “POLITICAL PIGGY” had been found written in Hinman’s blood at his murder scene, but the tip was dismissed out of hand.

On the day of the LaBiancas’ funeral the police raided the Spahn ranch where the Family were based and arrested 26 people as suspects “in a major auto theft ring.” Although many stolen cars and weapons were found, and Manson was arrested in possession of stolen credit cards, the Family were quickly released because the warrant authorising the raid had been misdated and was legally invalid. After this, Manson began moving his followers to the Barker Ranch he was renting in Panamint Valley.

One of them, Kitty Lutesinger, the young pregnant girlfriend of Bobby Beausoleil, was being sought by officers

investigating the Hinman murder. They were unaware of her connection with the Spahn ranch or Manson, and her mother had her listed as a runaway. Kitty, in fact, was sitting in jail, having been arrested during the raid on the ranch. Now, along with all the others, she was released to go back to the Spahn ranch, which was found to be in a shambles, with doors kicked in and all the dune buggies and weapons removed. Manson simply ordered more to be stolen.

He was arrested again on a marijuana charge, but analysis showed it was not marijuana but some harmless weed, and he was released from custody after about three days, on August 26th. That night he had the stuntman living at the ranch, Donald “Shorty” Shea, 40, killed.

While Manson had been locked up, Shea had been doing his best to have him thrown off the ranch, saying he would lead them all into serious trouble. When Manson heard about this he was furious. Shea was already out of favour because he had married a black dancer. Now he was bad-mouthing Satan, as Manson now called himself.



**Donald “Shorty” Shea**

First Manson fell on his knees before Shea, begging him to stop spreading dissension within the Family. Shea refused to promise anything, and so had to die.

The entire Family took turns torturing him, tampering

with his mental state as if conducting an experiment. It took all night for him to die. Eventually his body, allegedly chopped into sections, was buried in the desert. His clothing was ceremonially burned, his car driven away and abandoned...but Family member Bruce Davis left a fingerprint on the vehicle.

**O**n September 1st a young boy found a Buntline Special revolver with a broken walnut grip in brush near his home. It was handed over to the police, who filed it and forgot it. Not until December, when the boy phoned them to remind them about the gun, would the police remember the revolver and appreciate its significance as a weapon used in the Sharon Tate murder.

On October 12th officers raided the remote Barker Ranch, where most of the Family were now living, some 30 or 40 in all, along with seven newly stolen dune buggies. Tex Watson, appreciating that everything was coming down around their ears, had fled the ranch on October 2nd and gone to Texas, where he lived with his wealthy family until his cousin, the sheriff of Collins County, arrested him for murder, at the end of November. Only the Family members

Lynette “Squeaky” Fromme and Patricia Krenwinkel remained at the Spahn ranch to take care of its elderly owner, George Spahn.

Only four-wheel-drive vehicles were able to get to the ranch in the police raid, and some of those sustained damaged axles. Officers were amazed to find the school bus parked there. Manson had driven it across the mountains, his followers saying he had levitated it over the huge boulders and rocky peaks. The



**Prosecutor Vincent Bugliosi appeals for information on the unusual Buntline Special revolver used in the Cielo Drive killings**

officers didn’t believe this, but they were certain that the bus was there to stay: it couldn’t be driven out. Its empty shell remains there to this day.

The raid had been precipitated by Manson’s discovery of an earth-moving machine, a \$30,000 Clark Michigan skip loader, parked on one of the trails he used. It had already dug two deep holes, and Manson was convinced that the excavations had been made so that his dune buggy would crash into them. In a rage, he ordered his followers to strip the vehicle of everything usable, and then set fire to it.

This caused the Death Valley Rangers, who owned the machine, to pursue the arsonists. Tracks found near the burned-out vehicle indicated that dune buggies had been used, and these were followed by the Rangers and the California Highway Patrol for three weeks, before they located the Family. But for that, Manson’s followers might have lived on in the desert for years. As one officer said after the raid, “You could hide the Empire State Building out there and no one would find it.”

While the police were moving in on the ranch, two pregnant girls, Kitty Lutesinger and Stephanie Schram, crawled out of some brush and begged to be rescued. The raiding force routinely advised Los Angeles Police, and detectives who had been seeking Kitty for months to question her about the Hinman case drove 200 miles to interview her.

She told them she had heard Manson tell Bobby Beausoleil and Susan Atkins to





**Twenty-six were arrested at Spahn ranch on August 16th, 1969. Police held staff like Juan Atkins (far right) and bikers from the Straight Satan's gang as well as the Family members (Manson second left)**

go to Hinman's house to collect money. Afterwards she had heard Susan telling other Family members about stabbing a man in the legs. When Susan was eventually questioned, she confessed to having been in the house when Bobby killed Hinman. She was booked on suspicion of murder and detained.

During the raid police found most of the look-outs fast asleep. Among the first to be arrested were Susan Atkins and Leslie Van Houten – who gave a phoney name. Inside the ranch house, Patricia Krenwinkel was also arrested.

Most of the girls were nude, and showed their contempt for the arresting officers by urinating on the ground in front of them. At the end of the first day, 10 women and three men were chained together and marched a long distance to reach police vehicles, chains clanking in the night.

The following day officers had the stolen vehicles towed away while they continued to search for more suspects. During the night Manson, who had been away, had re-entered the Barker Ranch with Bruce Davis. Officers found the pair's truck abandoned. Then they raided the Barker Ranch and seven more of the

Family were found – but no Manson. "Where's Jesus?" a deputy sheriff asked. He went into an apparently empty shack and looked around with a candle. Beside the toilet in the bathroom he spotted a cabinet with hair protruding from it. He pulled the hair and a

small man came tumbling out. Smiling, the uncoiling figure said: "Hi – I'm Charlie Manson."

Bruce Davis was arrested along with him. Items found in the shack included a "death list" of 34 names of prominent people to be murdered, Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, Steve McQueen and Frank Sinatra among them.

Manson was charged with arson and car theft, and booked as "Manson, Charles M. also known as Jesus Christ, God." Most of those arrested were released on bail, including Patricia Krenwinkel, but Manson and his most



prominent members were held in custody on the arson charge.

Even now, detectives did not make the connection between the Manson Family and the Tate/LaBianca murders, and investigations of the crimes continued independently of each other. But something Kitty Lutesinger had told detectives investigating the Hinman murder had stuck in their minds. She said Susan Atkins had talked of stabbing a man in the legs, which the police knew didn't tally with the Hinman case but matched the injuries inflicted on Voityk Frykowski, one of the Cielo Drive murder victims. Could Susan have been talking about the Tate massacre? The detectives felt that Tate investigators ought to be told of this lead. The information was passed to them, but they didn't follow it up for 11 days.

Meanwhile, Susan Atkins – otherwise known as Sadie Glutz – began bragging to two fellow-jail inmates, call girls Ronnie Howard and Virginia Graham,

about the Tate/LaBianca killings. She gave horrifying accounts of how she had stabbed Sharon Tate and others, and had climaxed while doing so.

She said she had dipped a finger in Sharon Tate's blood, and had tasted it, saying: "To taste death and yet give life! Wow – what a kick!" The two call girls, facing jail sentences for parole violations, lost no time in passing this on to detectives in exchange for lighter sentences. And so the Manson Family connection with the Tate/LaBianca murders was finally made.

Family members talked, and piece by piece the damning evidence against Manson and his followers was assembled.

Meanwhile, Bobby Beausoleil was being tried for the Hinman murder.



**Inhabitants at the ranch were rounded up (left), as were an extraordinary number of firearms and weapons (above), and a door inscribed with Manson's catchphrases (far left) was also discovered**

Evidence was heard that he told his victim: "Society doesn't need you. You're a pig. You don't deserve to live. You should thank me. I'm doing you a favour."

Susan Atkins was told by her lawyer that unless she made a full confession and co-operated with the police she would face the gas chamber. She took the witness-stand on December 5th and told what happened on the night of August 9th.

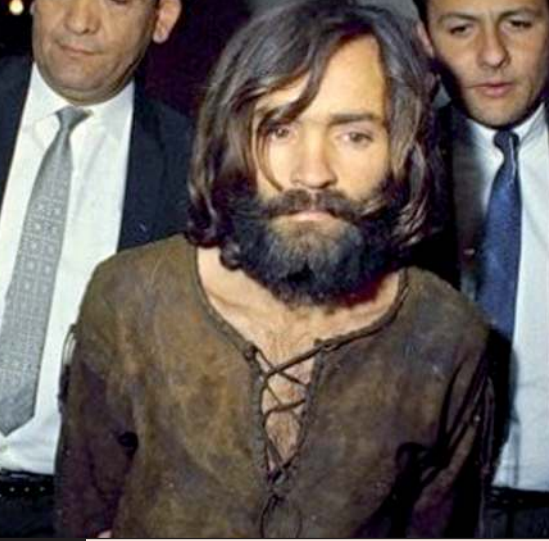
Describing the murder of Sharon Tate, she said: "I went over and got Sharon and put her in a headlock. She didn't fight me. I just held her. 'Woman, I have no mercy for you,' I told her..."

The prosecution had made a deal with the witness. In exchange for her testimony, they would not press for the death penalty at her subsequent trial.

As a result of her evidence, she, Manson, Watson, Patricia Krenwinkel, Leslie Van Houten and Linda Kasabian were all indicted for murder.

The subsequent "Manson trial" was to proceed without Tex Watson. He had suffered a mental breakdown and was unfit to plead. His trial did not take place until August, 1971, when he was convicted on seven counts of first-degree





**Manson after his arrest at the Barker ranch where he was booked by police as “Charles Manson, Jesus Christ, God”**

murder. During his trial he said that Manson had told him “to kill everyone in the house as gruesome as I could.”

The Manson trial began up on the eighth floor of the Hall of Justice, with Judge Charles Older presiding, on June 15th, 1970. It was to last for nine and a half months and generated 28,354 pages of transcript, at a cost of more than \$1 million.

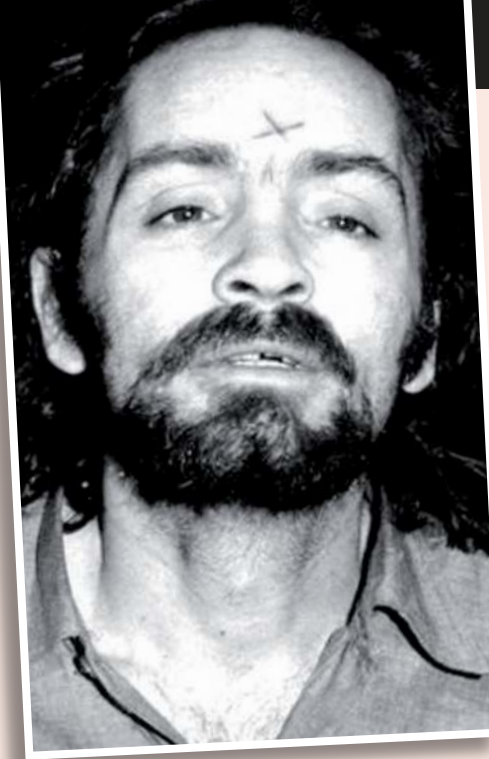
The macabre circus to come was prefaced by Manson playing up to his demonic status in the media – and straight into the hands of the prosecutor Vincent Bugliosi. A gasp of horror passed around the court as the defendant emerged with a bloody cross scratched into his forehead.

Bugliosi, whose case against Manson depended on the jury believing that, if the diminutive, barely literate ex-con was not literally the murderer of the victims at Cielo Drive/Waverly Drive, he was an evil manipulator of his acolytes, capable of programming them to slaughter innocent people. If the watching world expected a monster and the prosecution needed one, Manson seemed set on giving them one.

He said nothing on the first day after the trial’s preliminaries had been completed, but he slipped a written message to a reporter, explaining the cross on his head. It read: “I have X’d myself from your society. You have created the monster. I am not of you or from you. I am not of your world...My faith in me is stronger than all of your armies, governments, gas chambers, or anything you may want me to do...Your courtroom is man’s game...”

The following day his co-defendants, Susan Atkins (who had retracted her earlier testimony), Leslie Van Houten and Patricia Krenwinkel, also appeared in court with Xs scratched on their foreheads – Xs which would later become inverted swastikas.

When Manson shaved his head, the girls shaved their heads. Outside the court a group of Manson girl followers sat with their heads shaved for the entire duration of the trial, kneeling on the pavement by day, sleeping in cardboard boxes and bushes by night, waiting for their “Jesus”



to be released to them.

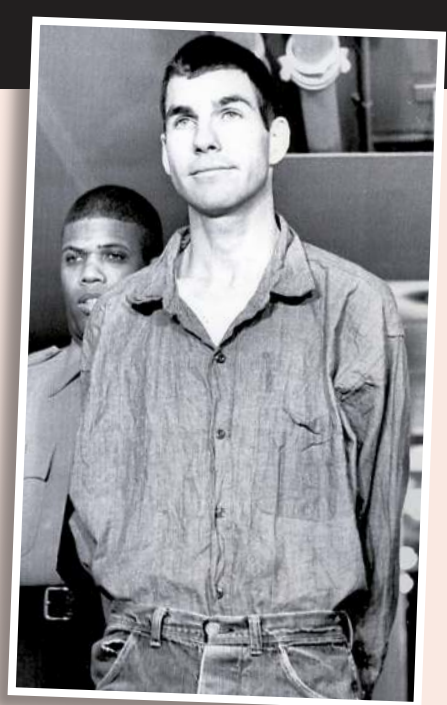
They believed that no court could ever convict Manson. Sandy Good told reporters: “We have been here for months and we can be here forever. The city is not going to last that long. He’ll be out. They’ll all be out. There’s a revolution coming.”

Bugliosi quickly set out to ensure that Manson was perceived as the focal point and initiator of the carnage, asking the jury: “What kind of diabolical, satanic mind would contemplate or conceive of these mass murders? What kind of mind

## Items found in the shack included a “death list” of 34 names of prominent people to be murdered

would want to have seven human beings brutally murdered?

“We expect the evidence at this trial to show that defendant Charles Manson owned that diabolical mind. Charles Manson who, the evidence will show, has had the infinite humility to call himself Jesus Christ. Charles Manson, ladies and gentlemen, is a frustrated guitarist-singer, a vagrant wanderer, pseudo-philosopher and a megalomaniac who coupled



**While Charles Manson (left) played up in court to the accusations of evil against him, the trial of Tex Watson (above) was delayed by his nervous breakdown**

delusions of greatness with a thirst for power and intense obsession with violent death.

“But most of all the evidence will show him to be a killer who cleverly masqueraded behind the façade of a peace-loving hippie. Everyone in the Family was slavishly obedient to him; he always had other members of the Family do his bidding for him; and eventually they committed the seven Tate/LaBianca murders at his command.”

Without Manson’s conviction, Bugliosi continued, the trial would be “like a war crimes trial in which the flunkies were found guilty and a Hitler went free.”

The prosecutor told the court: “Besides Manson’s passion for violent death and his extreme anti-establishment state of mind, the evidence of this trial will show there was a further motive, which was almost as bizarre as the murders themselves. Charles Manson derived his apocalyptic views about a black-versus-white uprising from the Bible’s Book of Revelations, and as an avid follower of the Beatles, he thought they were speaking to him from across the sea through lyrics of their songs.”

Bugliosi revealed that the principal prosecution witness would be Mrs. Linda Kasabian, who was also indicted for the murders but expected to be granted immunity.

Despite glares from the defendants

**Family members attended the trial united by their conviction that Manson would be freed**



**Susan Atkins, Patricia Krenwinkel and Leslie Van Houten at a court appearance. The testimony of Linda Kasabian (below, with Vincent Bugliosi) was instrumental in ensuring their conviction**

and their frequent interruptions and giggles, Linda gave her evidence firmly and clearly for 17 days, telling the court how she had been present at both sets of murders.

When Susan Atkins mouthed at her, "You're killing us," Linda replied in a whisper: "I'm not killing you. You've killed yourselves."

The trial became a circus. Sometimes Manson would turn his back on the judge, and the girls would follow his lead. Often he made shouted protests and was taken from the court. On one occasion the judge told him: "If you don't stop I will have you removed."

Manson replied: "Order me to be quiet while you kill me with your courtroom? Does that make much sense? Am I supposed to lie here and let you kill me? I am a human being. I am going to fight for my life one way or another. You should let me do it with words. I will have you removed if you don't stop. I have a little system of my own."

With that he leapt the 10 foot over the defence counsels' table towards the judge, threatening to cut his head off as he was restrained. The judge reputedly wore a pistol under his robes for the remainder of the trial.

In August 1970 the newly elected President Nixon, himself a lawyer who should have known better, appeared to pre-judge Manson, saying that he was guilty. The press immediately headlined this: **MANSON GUILTY, NIXON DECLARES**. A jubilant Manson flashed the front page of the newspaper at the jury to try and get a mistrial, but it didn't work. Not one juror noticed...

Manson then issued a statement: "Here's a man who is accused of murdering hundreds of thousands in Vietnam who is accusing me of eight murders."

There were death threats against various lawyers and witnesses. The judge had an armed guard at his home. Linda Kasabian had to be kept in solitary confinement for her own protection, and Ronald Hughes, defence lawyer for Leslie Van Houten, vanished halfway through the trial and was found dead in a remote California creek.

Both Tex Watson and Linda Kasabian testified that Manson had ordered the killings. Another Family associate, Spahn ranch hand Juan Flynn, described Manson's



programming of his followers through sex. He said that to get rid of inhibitions, Manson got his girls to have oral sex with each other, as well as with male members of the Family.

In a rambling statement lasting 80

"I have killed no one and I have ordered no one to be killed. I don't place myself in the seat of judgment. I may have implied that I may have been Jesus Christ"

minutes, Manson said: "I never went to school so I never grewed up in the respect to learn to read and write too good, so I have stayed in jail. And I have stayed stupid and I have stayed a child

while I watched your world grow up..."

Of his girl co-defendants, he said: "These children that come at you with knives, they are your children. You taught them. I didn't teach them."

As for the murders, he said: "I have killed no one and I have ordered no one to be killed. I don't place myself in the seat of judgment. I may have implied on several occasions that I may have been Jesus Christ, but I haven't decided yet who I am or what I am. I was given a name and a number and put in a cell and I have lived in a cell with a name and a number. I don't know who I am. I am whoever you make me..."

"Now you want to kill me. Ha! I'm already dead - have been all my life."

In his final speech to the jury, Bugliosi said that Manson was like a chameleon, changing with the background and with a different mask for everyone.

"To put it bluntly, Charlie is a phoney and a con-man, but he is polished and sophisticated in the practice of his trade... He is surely not going to display his true face that commanded the brutal killings at the Tate house... Behind that sweet,

**Sharon Tate. The court was horrified by the graphic details of her murder - and that of her unborn child**



innocent face of a sadistic diabolical murderer who sent his robots to commit murder."

Bugliosi said that Manson's "three heartless, bloodthirsty robots" - Tex Watson, Susan Atkins and Patricia Krenwinkel - had perpetrated what was "perhaps the most inhuman, horror-filled hour of savage murder and human slaughter in the recorded annals of crime. As the helpless victims begged and

screamed out into the night for their lives, their life blood gushed out of their bodies, forming rivers of gore. If they could have I'm sure Tex Watson, Susan Atkins and Patricia Krenwinkel would have gladly swum in the river of human blood and with orgiastic ecstasy on their faces..."

Paul Fitzgerald, counsel for Patricia Krenwinkel, rose and said, "Mindless robots cannot be guilty of first-degree murder." He should have left it at that. Instead,



he tried to tear down the credibility of the prosecution case – and lost his own best defence.

**A**fter taking 10 days to reach decisions on all the charges, the jury found all the defendants guilty on all 27 counts of first-degree murder and conspiracy to murder.

In the penalty phase of the trial, which ended on April 19th, 1971, Susan Atkins, Patricia Krenwinkel and Leslie Van Houten confessed to the murders in tones of rejoicing rather than remorse.

Susan Atkins told of killing Sharon Tate: “I don’t know how many times I stabbed her...She begged for the life of her baby and I told her, ‘Shut up I don’t want to hear it’...I didn’t relate to Sharon Tate as being anything but a



**Above, the body of Charles Manson in his coffin prior to a funeral service held in March 2018. Left, Manson’s last mug-shot**

store mannequin...She just sounded like an IBM machine. She kept begging and pleading and begging and I got sick of listening to her so I stabbed her.”

When the death sentence was announced for all four defendants, Manson shouted: “You people have no authority over me...Half of you ain’t as good as I am.”



Patricia Krenwinkel told the jury: “You have just judged yourselves.”

Leslie Van Houten said: “You blind, stupid people. Your children will turn against you.”

“Better lock your own doors and watch your own kids,” warned Susan.

All four were put on California’s Death Row to await their date with the gas chamber, but it was not to be. On February 18th, 1972, California revoked the death penalty, and life sentences were substituted.

In other trials, “Clem” Grogan, Bruce Davis, Manson and Susan Atkins were brought back to court for the murders of Gary Hinman and Shorty Shea. The judge recommended that Susan Atkins should “spend her entire life in custody.”

Asked what terms the Family members would serve, Bugliosi said: “The average incarceration in California for first-degree murder is ten and a half to eleven years. Because of the hideous nature of their crimes and the total absence of mitigating circumstances, my guess is that they will all serve longer periods; the girls

fifteen to twenty years, the men – with the exception of Manson himself – a like number. As for the leader of the Family, my guess is that he will remain in prison for at least twenty-five years, and quite possibly the rest of his life.”

The story, however, was far from over. In 1971 other members of the Family were engaged in a shoot-out with the police when they attempted to rob a gun store to get weapons to free Manson by hijacking an airliner and demanding his release. And in 1975, Lynette “Squeaky” Fromme pointed a gun at US President Gerald Ford in an attempt to get Manson a new trial.

Speaking about her continuing commitment to Manson, she said: “Well, you know when people around you treat you like a child and pay no attention to the things you say, you have to do something.” She refused to participate in her trial, was sentenced to life and immediately threatened the judge. She spent the next 35 years in prison, being

“You better not let me out because I might kill a whole bunch of people. If I got out I’d feel obligated to get even”

quietly released in August 2009.

Manson subsequently made a TV appearance. “If you’re looking for a confession it’s not here,” he told his interviewer. “If you’re looking for remorse it’s not here...”

In 1982 he was put in a maximum-security cell following reports that he was planning an escape by means of a home-made hot-air balloon, and in 1984 he was badly burned when another prisoner set him alight following an argument. Fellow-inmates smothered the flames.

When he appeared before a parole board in 1986 and made a plea to be freed, he was asked what he would do if he were released. “I would probably join the revolution down south somewhere and try to save my life on planet Earth,” he replied. “I might go to Libya. I might go to see the Ayatollah. I might even go to France and catch someone I’m upset

with.” This was taken as a threat to attack Roman Polanski, Sharon Tate’s film director husband.

Appearing on television again in 1987, Manson said: “I haven’t done anything I’m ashamed of. Maybe I haven’t done enough. Maybe I should have killed four, five hundred people.”

In 1989 he told a parole board: “You better not let me out because I might kill a whole bunch of people. If I got out, I’d feel obligated to get even.”

In more recent years Manson lost interest in the parole system and televised hearings that once provided him with diversions and distractions and, after an eleventh rejection in 2007, he was not eligible to apply for parole again until 2012. When that date came round, remorseless Manson didn’t appear and the California parole panel “could find nothing good as far as suitability” for him being released from Corcoran state prison. His next parole hearing was scheduled for 2027, and speculation that he would die behind bars proved correct in November 2017.

All of the other main protagonists convicted of murder remain incarcerated, except for Steve “Clem” Grogan, who was released in 1985 in exchange for the location of Shorty Shea’s body at the Spahn ranch, and Susan Atkins who, stricken by a brain tumour, unsuccessfully campaigned for compassionate release on medical grounds. She died of natural causes on September 24th, 2009. Leslie Van Houten, now 68, was recommended for parole but in January 2018 Governor Jerry Brown denied the request. “Even today, five decades later, [Leslie] Van Houten has not wholly accepted responsibility for her role in the violent and brutal deaths of Mr. and Mrs. LaBianca,” Brown wrote in his parole denial decision. “These crimes stand apart from others by their heinous nature and shocking motive.”

**On his death, the tiny, grey-haired Charles Manson was more infamous than ever. His name is a synonym for evil, and the murders he ordered remain as vivid and prominent in living memory as the assassination of President John F. Kennedy. The vast cult of morbid fascination surrounding him still shows no sign of abating.**

More fascinating material  
from MD's archives...

# 30 YEARS AGO IN CRIME

June 1988

## Killer's gay lover faces alibi charge

THE gay boyfriend of self-confessed child killer Vic Miller was yesterday accused of giving him a false alibi.

June 30th, 1988

# M-WAY MOTHER IN DEATH MYSTERY



2/6/88 by WAYNE FRANCIS

MYSTERY surrounded the death of motorway mother Marie Wilks last night after her body was found in a field.

Marie, 22, who was seven months pregnant, may have been killed by a hit and run driver, police believe.

She was discovered in a cospice at the side of the M50 less than three miles from where her car broke down on Saturday. Her husband Adrian, 27, collapsed sobbing when detectives told him that she was dead.

A policeman answering the door at the family home said: "They are all deeply upset and still suffering from shock."

As a pathologist carried out a post mortem to find out how she had died detectives had still not ruled out the possibility that Marie was kidnapped, murdered or even committed suicide.

Marie left her 13-month-old son Mark and sister Georgina, 11, in her Marina Coupe as she went for help.

Chief Supt David Cole said: "We are still treating this as suspicious but are now investigating the possibility

June 21st, 1988

## Korean murder

MELBOURNE: Forensic scientists believe the remains of a Korean man, allegedly murdered, part-eaten and sexually disfigured, may be buried near a South Melbourne warehouse. The finding of bones at an old warehouse in Normanby Road followed an inquiry by detectives into the finding of a penis in a women's toilet block at Flinders Street railway station last month.

Meanwhile, the Melbourne Magistrate's Court has been told that a man with a history of psychiatric illness stabbed another man to death, cut off the victim's penis and then cooked and ate part of the corpse. David William Philip, 31, of no fixed address, was charged with murdering Kyung Bup Lee, a 43-year-old Korean, also of no fixed address, on May 4.

June 27th, 1988

## CHILD KILLER EXECUTED

Child-sex killer Arthur Gary Bishop, 37, who said he was "ready and anxious to die" for murdering five boys, executed by lethal injection in prison at Draper, Utah. Execution was 99th in U.S. since 1976.

June 10th, 1988

## Teacher killed listening to music in park

A TEACHER was sexually assaulted and strangled as she listened to church organ music on her personal stereo in a park, police said yesterday.

Mrs Pushpa Bhatti, 55, of Orchard Avenue, Southall, a mother of three young children, was last seen at 5.10am on Sunday when her husband, an airline cleaner, left for work.

Mrs Bhatti, 5 ft tall and slightly built, was listening to her stereo to prepare for an examination in church music yesterday.

A detective said: "It is possible that the music prevented her hearing the attacker."

Mrs Bhatti was reported missing when she failed to arrive at St John's Church, Southall Green, for a service at 10am. Her body was found in undergrowth in Southall Park by a passer-by. The body had been seen at 9 am by a walker who thought it was a dummy.

A police spokesman said that Mrs Bhatti's attacker must have been heavily bloodstained. The infant school teacher had suffered severe head wounds, possibly inflicted by a broken bottle.

A black foldover purse, a small amount of cash, family photographs, letters and two gold bangles were missing from the body but the motive was not thought to be robbery, he added.

June 14th, 1988

## Charges in blaze riddle

DETECTIVES in Western Australia have arrested a man in connection with the mysterious death of a London down-and-out.

Clive Freeman (45) was picked up by police at a house in Boddington, 100km south-east of Perth.

Southwark police want to question him about the death of 49-year-old Alexander Hardie, of Glanville Road, Brixton.

### Gutted

The badly burnt body of Mr. Hardie was found in the gutted remains of a flat in Chiltern Grove, Deptford, on April 14.

Mr. Freeman appeared at east Perth Magistrates' Court on Friday charged with murder and arson and was remanded in custody for two weeks.

Det. Insp. Tom Smith, based at Southwark, said he would be seeking the extradition of Mrs. Freeman within the next four weeks.

June 7th, 1988

## 'Friend shot pop star'



PETER TOSH:  
Watching TV.

JAMAICAN reggae star Peter Tosh was shot dead by a man who had been to his house many times, a court was told.

A witness, whose identity is secret under Jamaican law, testified at the start of a trial of two men accused of killing Tosh.

The witness said that one of the defendants, Dennis Lobban, was a friend of Tosh and a frequent visitor to his home in Kingston where the singer and six others were shot last September.

14-6-88  
June 14th, 1988

Tosh and Wilton "Doc" Brown died almost immediately and DJ Jeff Dixon died several days later. Four others, including Tosh's long-time companion Andrea Brown, were injured.

Lobban, 30, a labourer, and taxi driver Steve Russell deny murder. Police are searching for a third suspect.

The prosecution witness said that on the night of the killings, the group was watching television when they heard a knock on the door.

### Gunpoint

Someone went to answer and returned at gunpoint with Lobban and two other men who demanded money.

The killings began when one gunman threatened to kill Tosh with a machete he found in his bedroom, the witness said.

A member of the group tried to intervene but was shot in the head, then the others were shot.

Tosh had recently returned from the United States

## Bamber murder appeal delay

Jeremy Bamber, 27, the wealthy farmer's son serving a life sentence for murdering five members of his family, had his application for leave to appeal against conviction adjourned yesterday because scientific evidence was not available.

Three Appeal Court judges in London "reluctantly" postponed Bamber's application to a later date.

June 10th, 1988

## 'Poet' executed

Edward Byrne, 28, described by the defence as a sensitive jail-house poet, died in Louisiana's electric chair yesterday for robbing and murdering a petrol station cashier. It was the 100th execution since capital punishment was re-instituted in America 10 years ago.

June 15th, 1988

## IN BRIEF

### Killer reprieved

LITTLE ROCK: Arkansas Supreme Court stayed the execution of Ronald Gene Simmons, scheduled to die next week for killing two people during a Christmas rampage that left 16 people dead, including 14 of his relatives.

June 21st, 1988

## Oldest killer is dead

CHILD killer George Watson, believed to be the oldest man to face a murder trial in Britain this century, has died in prison aged 82.

Watson, from Portobello, Edinburgh, was jailed for life at the Old Bailey in 1985 when 79 for the stab murder of seven-year-old Kirsty Bryant.

He had snatched her in Kingston, Surrey, where he was living.

He had 73 convictions dating back 60 years and had spent 50 years in jails.

Watson was recently found to have cancer. He died in Parkhurst Prison hospital on Thursday.

June 18th, 1988

# EUROPEAN

## CRIME REPORT

# HUSBAND WHIPPED HIS WIFE TO DEATH

**Her marriage torment ended with 80-plus lashes with a leather belt joined to a computer cable. Her injuries were so deep that a police doctor thought they must have been caused by a knife**

**I**N A scene that must have been reminiscent of a medieval torture chamber, a husband used a whip made of a leather belt and a computer cable to lash his young wife to death, a court in northern France was told.

The wife, Halima Aghouiles – pretty with long hair and a beguiling smile – was a Christian raised in Algeria, who fled with her parents from the Islamic regime in Algeria to seek refuge in France.

The family settled in Mantes-la-Jolie where, one day in 2005, Halima had a chance boy-meets-girl encounter with a Muslim man, named in court only as Mustafa B, in a shopping mall. She was 18, and that meeting was her first step along a road that was to lead to her brutal and agonising death.

When she fell pregnant her parents were aghast. They were Christians, and were anxious to normalise the situation. They reckoned their beloved daughter had picked a bad bargain in the marriage stakes, but they felt their new grandchild must have a father.

A senior French police officer described Mustafa, nine years older than Halima, as “one of those people we policemen frequently meet in working-class areas.” He went on: “They are abusers of drugs and alcohol; they are violent and they claim to belong to a form of Islam they have invented for themselves.”

Halima converted to Islam and



**Victim Halima Aghouiles. She was a mother of four children but her marriage to Mustafa B. had become a nightmare**

wore the veil. She gave birth to a baby daughter, and thereafter in quick succession to two more girls and a son; at 25 she had four children. During that time her parents had no contact with her. Because they were Christians, they were not allowed to see their grandchildren.

Occasionally, however, she did see her sisters, although she never told them anything about the nightmare that her married life had become.

Her father Djemaa Aghouiles said: “We knew she was unhappy because

her trademark smile, ever present, had vanished.

“Her husband has no education, no job, and no home. I lost my daughter when she married that man. We had no idea what was happening, but we could feel it. She said nothing, just to protect us.”

Halima lived reclusively with her young family in a flat on the 11th floor of a tower block. She knew her husband was seeing other women; that he planned to take a second wife. She hid her bruises and her tears under her burka, determined to keep her misery to herself.

Some of her distress still seeped out. It was noticed by social security employees, who urged her to make an official complaint. Halima was ready to follow their advice, but she pulled out, terrified of reprisals.

On Tuesday, July 24th, 2017, a confident Mustafa swaggered into the main police station in Mantes-la-Jolie to tell a story that defied all belief.

“I was at the mosque when seven men, five blacks and two Arabs, burst into my apartment,” he said. “They forced my wife to drink something and then raped her and our three little daughters.”

“My wife refused to give me any more details, which I regarded as a betrayal, so I struck her with a belt and a computer cable.”

What he omitted to say was that he and his children had kept company with Halima’s body for three days, during which he kept silent about the “atrocities.”

Police hurried to the apartment and discovered a scene they described as unbelievable. Halima’s body lay on a bed, with a cushion over her face.

Wheels from the lethal whipping she had suffered with the belt and computer cable were so deep that a police doctor thought at first they must be stab wounds. The buckle of the leather belt was twisted by the ferocious impact of the blows.

Under the glare of scientific examination, the apartment corroborated the story. Everywhere there were signs of blood, revealed by special products. There was evidence of blood on all the walls, on the ceiling, all over the floors, in almost every room, washed away meticulously before the detectives' arrival.

Mustafa B was brought to answer for his butchery to the assize court at Versailles in October 2017. He did not look at his victim's relatives, crowded into the public accommodation, choosing instead to shade his eyes with his hand.

Before blown-up photographs of the savagery he inflicted on his wife were shown to the court on two giant screens, the court president warned those present that what they were about to see would be very disturbing. Halima's parents left the courtroom.

Those that stayed saw pictures of

**“It is my conviction that his wife had found out that he was sexually molesting his little girls. She threatened to leave him and take the children with her, and that was the reason for his behaviour”**

a flayed and bloody body, the face unrecognisable. They lowered their heads, and wept. The least affected was Mustafa. He didn't so much as glance at the screens. Instead, forever covering his eyes with his hand, he looked around the courtroom.

When it was his turn to speak, he stuck to his story.

“My neighbours saw these seven men come into my flat while I was away,” he said. “I wanted to know who they were.”

“So to find out you beat up your wife?” he was asked.

“I don't know how to explain it to you.”

He was told that the police doctor's report said that Halima was whipped more than 80 times. Did she cry out, did she bleed?

“I don't remember,” Mustafa said. “I was hitting her like a madman. She vomited. I took her to the shower. Then I gave my little boy a bottle. When I went back into the bedroom she was asleep. I gave her some tarts to wake her up. I also gave her some medicine and

some fruit.”

The president asked him: “Did you have sex with her after beating her?”

No, he replied. That was a story he told police to prove to them that he and his wife were on affectionate terms. He added: “She was my wife, so I couldn't have raped her.”

A lawyer asked him where he habitually kept the leather belt he used to whip Halima. “It hung on the wall,” he replied. “It was a decoration.”

The court was told that after intensive investigation the police had failed to find any of the seven aggressors alleged to have gone to the flat while Mustafa was at the mosque. The divisional police commissar told the magistrates: “It is my conviction that his wife had found out that he was sexually molesting his little girls. She threatened to leave him and take the children with her, and that was the reason for his behaviour.”

Mustafa's lawyer protested. “I am outraged by this suggestion!” he declared. “It has already been decided that there is no ground for prosecution on this allegation.” And the court chose to ignore it.

If the defence were justified in their outrage, why then did Mustafa kill his wife with such ferocity? Did she threaten to leave him for some reason? That's a question which it seems will never be answered.

Some questions seemed designed to suggest he was planning to flee from France after the murder. It emerged that on the Monday following the attack, while Halima lay dead on her bed, Mustafa phoned the Algerian consulate. Why did he do that, he was asked?

“It was only to cancel a meeting about my passport.”

But his wife was dead in the flat, he was reminded. “I was a fool. I was frightened I might have to go to prison.”

When it was suggested that he only went to the police under pressure from one of his brothers, Mustafa protested that wasn't true. He went of his own volition. “If I had wanted to, I could have got rid of the body,” he said. “No one would have known I had gone to Algeria.”

The court was told that the four little children of the marriage were now in care. The three girls refused to have anything to do with their father. The boy, the youngest, was traumatised by his mother's horrific death, but was having psychiatric treatment.

Perhaps the toughest task in court fell to the two defence lawyers. One said, “Since my client gave Halima some medicine and fruit, he couldn't have had the desire to kill her.” The other said: “You have witnessed the downfall of a fragile man.”

**What to do with a savage like Mustafa B? The court's answer was 30 years in prison. He was also deprived of all his parental rights, and his name was put on the sex offenders' register.**

**The battered wife clung desperately for her life to the window sill. Four storeys below, a crowd gathered and calmly took photos of her final agony**

## **NIGHT OF HORROR IN THE PLACE OF FRIENDSHIP**

**W**E HEAR a lot these days about poverty being the cause of deprivation and how, despite it, very poor folk come together in communities to help each other out, to share their problems and turn smiling faces to the world.

Well, that apparently doesn't happen in Montreuil.

This is a working-class district on the eastern side of Paris, and people who



**Victim Mariama Kallo – her body was left on a Paris pavement**

go on holiday to Paris generally steer clear of Montreuil. It is the most densely populated region of the city, with the largest Malian population in France, and the crime rate is high. The social housing, in sky-high blocks of uniform grey, adds to the absolute drabness of the place.

It is called for some obscure reason the Place of Friendship, although this is all part of the fairy-tale propaganda employed by the political folk who run the Skidrow-sur-Seine suburbs of Paris. Recent events show that the last place you should be looking for a friend in France is Montreuil.

Our almost unbelievable story takes us to the Rue Salvador Allende, which was home to Mariama Kallo, 32, and her husband Syla Lansana, who is 50 and hails from Guinea.

● Continues over page



**Blood marks can still be seen under the fourth-floor window from which Mariama fell to her death after being stabbed**

The couple were well known in Montreuil, but that was only because of the appalling noise they made in their tiny flat in the Rue Salvador Allende. Night after night Mariama could be heard across the *cité*, shrieking and shouting, crashing and banging, in furious non-stop rows with Lansana.

As the couple traded insults, *à tue-tête*, the rest of the apartment block held its breath and stayed silent. The couple were rarely seen, but their tumult made them much feared.

Once a brave neighbour did venture forth to intervene. He knocked on their door during one particularly furious row, hoping to negotiate some peace. It was opened by Lansana, holding a hammer. The neighbour fled.

Another time Mariama was seen at dawn lying in the stone corridor outside

### **Mariama twisted and turned and called agonisingly for help. No one fetched a blanket or anything that could break her inevitable fall**

her flat, having been put out of doors by her husband. And despite this being the Place of Friendship, no one said anything.

The couple were the typical neighbours from hell, and Mariama was the typical battered wife. Surely something would finally break in this tortured relationship? It did – on December 29th, 2017.

It happened when Mariama, overwhelmed with hate and rage, picked up a kitchen knife and threw herself on Lansana. She didn't stand a chance from the start. He was twice her weight and almost a foot taller. Even so, she fought desperately, not for the first time, of course, sending the furniture flying and the plates crashing.

The knife was quickly knocked from her hand. Lansana now had it and was directing his blows methodically. Mariama was on the floor, screaming. Although Lansana was cut several times, Mariama was soon seriously injured.

Unable to retaliate further she lay exhausted on the floor and heavily

bleeding from stab wounds. Calmly he seized hold of her and dragged her to the open window. She had just enough strength to twist and grasp the sill; still screaming, she hung there by her fingertips, four stories up, her feet thrashing wildly for some support that wasn't there.

A crowd, alerted by the noise, quickly gathered below. Mariama twisted and turned and called agonisedly for help. Her blooded finger marks could clearly be seen below the sill. No one fetched a blanket or anything that could break her inevitable fall. Instead, some took out their phones and calmly photographed her desperate agony.

Someone did think to call the police, but it was too late. Unable to keep her grip, Mariama fell and with one last agonised scream plunged to her death on the concrete below.

While the crowd drifted away the police covered the body with a blanket and went to interview Sylva Lansana. They found him stripped to the waist, covered in blood, and the apartment in a state of total disarray.

Next day another crowd of onlookers came to gawp at the death scene. In the light of day they could still see the bloody finger marks below the sill of the fourth-floor window. Unbelievably, there was something else for them to gawp at. The body of Mariama Kallo still lay covered on the ground where it had fallen. It had lain there all night – no one had thought to take it away.

How could that have possibly happened? Those with an interest in carrying away dead bodies immediately began to accuse each other. The mayor's office accused the *préfet's* office. The police accused the fire brigade and vice versa. No one wanted to shoulder responsibility for the corpse abandoned on the pavement.

Finally, at the end of the morning, Mariama's pathetic remains were uplifted and taken to the morgue. Sylva Lansana was arrested and charged and the crowd melted away to seek out some new diversion in the Place of Friendship.

**In the end there was of course the traditional gathering of solidarity for Mariama – flowers, banners, that sort of thing. Such displays of "grief" are commonplace in France. This one, though, looked very much like an after-thought.**

## **When he was six years old his evidence condemned a young salesman to the guillotine. He grew up to become a killer himself, and now he is accused of cutting the throat of another victim while still on parole for his first murder**

**I**N ALL the history of crime there surely cannot be a murder trial witness who has had such a chequered career as Jean-Baptiste Rambla. Or, as he was better known for years in France, "P'tit Jean."

When he was six years old, in 1974, P'tit Jean's photograph was on the front pages of every newspaper in France. He peered over the ledge of



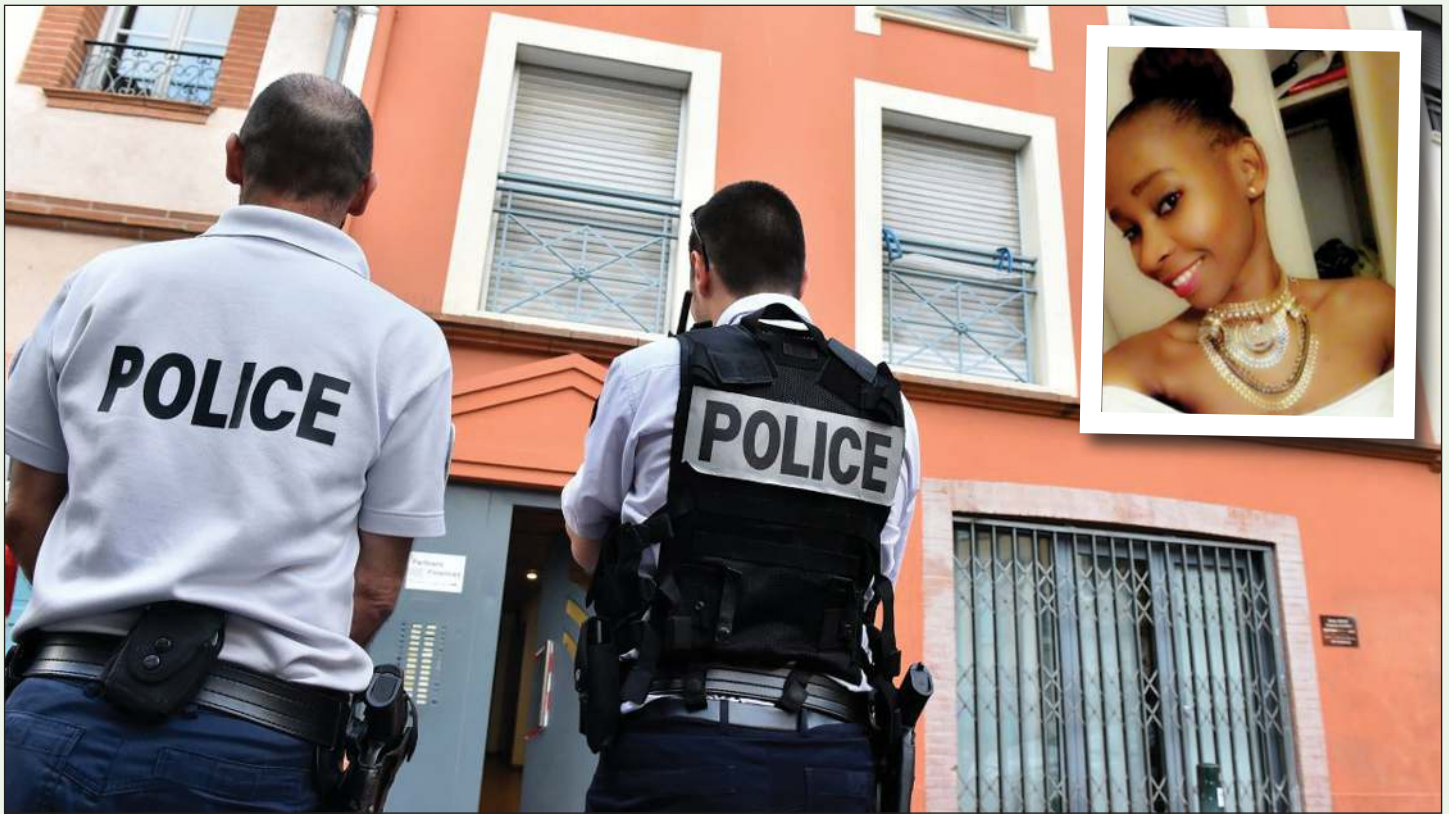
the witness-stand in a murder trial at Aix-en-Provence and, pointing at the dock, declared the prisoner was the same man who had kidnapped his eight-year-old sister Marie-Dolores, later found murdered.

P'tit Jean's evidence was vital for the prosecution. Largely because of it, the man in the dock, 21-year-old salesman Christian Ranucci, was found guilty of the murder of Marie-Dolores and guillotined.

And since that day jurists in France have wondered whether Ranucci did in fact kill the little girl, and whether the six-year-old witness was in fact telling the truth, or telling it the way he had been told to tell it.



# “P’TIT JEAN” IS CHARGED WITH MURDER – AGAIN



Left, convicted killer Jean-Baptiste Rambla. Above, police in Toulouse outside the home of suspected second victim Cintia Lunimbu (inset, above). Below right, Rambla’s first victim – and former boss – Corinne Beidi

When the spotlight was turned off and P’tit Jean returned to normal childhood, he grew up forever tortured by two images – the image of his little sister being carried off by the ogre Ranucci, and the image of that same Ranucci, headless on the guillotine because of the evidence he had given in the assize court.

Was it all too much for him? He was never able to settle for very long in a job. He abused drugs and achieved nothing. Then, 30 years after his starring part in the courtroom, P’tit Jean, now grown up, stood in the dock himself accused of murder. His victim was his boss at the time, Corinne Beidi, whom he strangled after a violent row about his wages.

He was found guilty, and when the judge sentenced him he could at least count himself luckier than Christian Ranucci, the man he sent to the guillotine. He was given 18 years’ imprisonment.

Eighteen years? Well, not quite. In fact he was freed on parole after serving only 12 years. So, still on parole, we find him living in an apartment in the Rue Federica-Montseny, in Toulouse. It’s July 27th, 2017, and he’s idling away in the Place des Tiercerettes, in the centre of the city.

“I was walking aimlessly, and I just

pushed open the door of an apartment block,” he recalled. “I climbed the stairs to the fourth floor. I knocked on the door on the left. No one answered.”

That turned out to be a lucky break for the flat tenant, who had just left to do some shopping. It was tragic for her neighbour, though. This was Cintia Lunimbu, who was from Angola, and had moved in only three weeks previously.

“So I rang this bell on the right,” Rambla went on. “I had never met this woman who answered the door. I hit her in the face. She didn’t have time to cry out before I took out my knife.”

Rambla blandly told the court that he cut Cintia’s throat where she stood. Covered with blood, he took a shower and tried to clean up the murder scene. Then he left a message on Cintia’s mobile, making believe that what had happened was a burglary that had gone

**“I had never met this woman who answered the door. I hit her in the face. She didn’t have time to cry out before I took out my knife”**

wrong.

Finally, he said, he closed and locked the door with the keys she had left in the lock, took the next train back to Marseille and bunked down at the flat of one of his sisters at Six-Fours, a



nearby seaside village. He was arrested there 10 days later.

This was Rambla’s story, and the fact that it was probably only half true casts more doubt on his ability to tell the truth about anything, perhaps for instance in the case of Christian Ranucci, guillotined on his evidence.

# ??MDCRIMEQUIZ??

1. What kind of car was famously used by US serial killer Ted Bundy (right)?



- Dodge Polara
- Ford Mustang
- Chevrolet Impala
- Volkswagen Beetle

2. What was the name of Moors Murderer Myra Hindley's brother-in-law (right) who witnessed the 1965 murder of Edward Evans by Ian Brady and subsequently informed the police?



- David Jones
- David Smith
- David Brown
- David Green

3. In which year did Myra Hindley die – while still behind bars – of respiratory failure?

- 1999
- 2000
- 2001
- 2002

4. What name was given to the unknown serial killer who claimed six victims in Louisiana from May 1918 to October 1919?

- The New Orleans Butcher
- The Louisiana Ripper
- The Axeman of New Orleans
- The New Orleans Devil

5. Who was the hangman who dispatched infamous British serial poisoner William Palmer (right) at Stafford Prison in 1856?



- William Calcraft
- George Smith
- James Billington
- James Berry

6. Palmer's life story was told by which author in the 1957 novel *They Hanged My Sainly Billy*?

- Graham Greene
- Robert Graves
- William Golding
- Angus Wilson

7. What name was given to the German Nazi-era serial killer and rapist Paul Ogorzow (right)?



- The Butcher of Berlin
- The S-Bahn Murderer
- The Railway Killer
- The Beast of the Tunnels

8. What dubious honour is held by child-killer Louise Masset?

- The last woman to be executed at Newgate Prison
- The youngest woman ever executed in Britain
- The tallest woman ever executed in Britain
- The first person to be executed in Britain in the 20th century

9. In which city did the criminal Patrick Carragher (right) twice commit murder, the second leading to his execution in 1946?



- Dundee
- Aberdeen
- Glasgow
- Edinburgh

10. In the grounds of what type of building was three-year-old June Devaney murdered by Peter Griffiths at Blackburn, Lancashire, in 1948?

- A prison
- A school
- A hospital
- A college

11. In what type of terrain in Cheshire, in 1983, was the skull of a woman discovered, which, although it was not the victim's, led to a confession by Peter Reyn-Bardt (right) that he'd killed his wife Malika years before?



- Wooded
- A peat bog
- Rocky
- Grassland

12. Which human body tissue tends to outlast all others after death, thus providing important clues in cases of murder?

- Hair
- Teeth
- Nails
- Skin

13. "I've got to start eating at home more," said which infamous US serial killer?

- David Berkowitz
- Richard Ramirez
- Jeffrey Dahmer
- Albert Fish

14. In which area of Surrey did the last authenticated fatal duel in England take place in 1852?

- Epsom
- Guildford
- Englefield Green
- Esher

15. What sentence was handed to writer Oscar Wilde (left) in 1895, following his conviction for gross indecency?

- Two years' imprisonment
- Two years' hard labour
- Deportation to Australia
- Five years' imprisonment

16. Which Bruce Springsteen song was inspired by the murderous 1958 actions of US teenagers Charles Starkweather and Caril Fugate (right)?



- Born to Run
- Nebraska
- The River
- Born in the USA



Above, Christian Ranucci whose fate was sealed by the testimony of Jean-Baptiste Rambla – seen above right, with his father during a police interview. Right, Marie-Dolores Rambla, Jean-Baptiste's sister, who was kidnapped and murdered at the age of eight

On parole, Rambla had been employed by a company repairing TV sets – a company that also employed Cintia Lunimbu. The police believe he knew her, and that he premeditated murdering her. In any event, it was established that Cintia was not the kind of person who would have opened her front door to a stranger.

At his lodgings police found a Taser gun, which he bought several days before Cintia was murdered. "I bought it to protect myself," Rambla told

**Police believe Rambla knew Cintia, and that he premeditated murdering her. She was not the kind of person who would have opened her front door to a stranger**

police. "I was threatened once when I came back to my flat."

True or false? If it were true, he knew he was obliged to report the threat to his parole officer. That didn't happen. But back in 2004, when he was arrested for the murder of his boss Corinne Beidi, he piled lie upon lie before he was finally proved guilty.

As he waits in solitary "for his own protection," Cintia's relatives are seething, pointing out justly that if he

## Quiz Answers

1. Volkswagen Beetle 2. David Smith 3. 2002 4. The Axeman of New Orleans 5. George Smith 6. Robert Graves 7. The S-Bahn Murderer 8. The first person to be executed in Britain in the 20th century 9. Glasgow 10. A hospital 11. A peat bog 12. Teeth 13. Jeffrey Dahmer 14. Englefield Green 15. Two years' hard labour 16. Nebraska

# THE MAN WHO CAME BACK FROM THE PAST



hadn't been allowed parole so early into his sentence, their kinswoman would still be alive. All this must leave the relatives of Christian Ranucci wondering about the lethal evidence six-year-old "P'tit Jean" gave at Ranucci's trial in 1976.

The execution of Ranucci at the notorious Baumettes Prison in Marseille was a particularly brutal business. Protesting his innocence, he was held in the jail for four months after being condemned, and was led to believe that the evidence against him was inconclusive.

Then, at 4 a.m. on July 28th, 1976, he was suddenly pulled from his sleep, and taken out to the courtyard where in the half-light he saw for the first time the mobile guillotine that had just been secretly erected to execute him. His last-minute protests were in vain. His last words to his lawyer who had been summoned were, "Réhabilitez-moi" – Clear my name.

**If Jean-Baptiste Rambla is found guilty of killing Cintia Lunimbu on July 27th, 2017, it will be his second murder. Might it then be time for President Emmanuel Macron to revisit the evidence Rambla gave against Christian Ranucci, with a view to granting a pardon?**

**I**MAGINE WHAT might happen if one day your doorbell rang and on the threshold was a former lover from the distant past. Someone you hadn't seen for a couple of decades, who had come to renew your acquaintance.

How would you react? With astonishment, embarrassment, delight, or with a surge of memories recalling an idyllic love affair?

Nathalie Lahaye had such a visitor. At 47, still pretty, smiling and seductive, she had since been married to someone else, and she had a teenaged son and a busy life. Then one day in October 2017 she answered the ringing doorbell at her home in Walcourt, Belgium, and there was this phantom from the past.

It was her former boyfriend, a man we'll call Jean Dubois.

They'd had a fling 15 years ago, but she broke it off because of his jealous nature. Anyway, she decided, he wasn't her type – attractive, yes, but he was into drugs and stolen cars and he'd already spent a bit of time in prison.

Now he was in his 50s and, he explained, had recently found a place to live in Walcourt, not far from Nathalie. Strange coincidence!

"It's an apartment over a bric-a-brac shop," he told her. "I'm getting some help from social services. Fancy a drink?"

Nathalie wasn't sure. She didn't have the heart to say no, and she wasn't even sure whether she wanted to say no anyway. She went for a drink with him, and during the next few weeks they had more drinks together. She cooked him a couple of meals, listened to his stories,

**"I think I'll put an end to it. I'm seeing him tomorrow and I'll tell him it's off"**

tried to give him moral support.

Possibly she even lent him a bit of cash, because they were seen together at her bank.

He hadn't changed. He became abusive, demanding, manipulative. She confided in a long-standing male friend that she was feeling threatened by Dubois. "I think I'll put an end to it," she said. "I'm seeing him at the Brasserie de l'Aigle tomorrow and tell him it's off. I'll let you know what happens."

Tomorrow was Thursday, November 23rd, 2017. Nathalie parked her Peugeot 206 outside the brasserie and inside she sat at a table with Jean Dubois and talked things over. "I've got my life to lead," she told him. "You will have to sort yourself out without me in future." There were no raised voices, no

**He hadn't seen the pretty Belgian woman for 15 years. Now he wanted to renew their friendship...**



**Victim Nathalie Lahaye – she lived in the Belgian town of Walcourt**

visible signs of distress as Nathalie went back to her Peugeot.

A couple of hours later another motorist noticed the Peugeot parked in the town centre. The woman driver was sitting at the wheel, apparently asleep.

The motorist knocked on the window. "Are you all right, madam?" he asked.

There was no reply. The motorist called for help from the Brasserie de l'Aigle. The staff recognised the woman driver: Nathalie. They opened the car door – there didn't seem to be any sign of injury, apart from a tiny mark near her nose. But when they touched her she fell on her side.

She was clearly unconscious, and an ambulance whisked her to hospital. There they discovered what had happened. Nathalie had been shot three times – once by her nose (hence the tiny mark) and twice in the chest. She was already dead when she was found in her car.

A suspect? There was only one. Jean Dubois – the ghost who had come out of her past. "Yes, I shot her," he is alleged to have said. "But I didn't mean to kill her."

**Dubois had a criminal record, but he had never shown any violence before that night in the town square. He is now locked up and awaiting trial.**

**Join us next month for further astonishing European cases**

# MURDER IN YOUR VILLAGE

Story by  
MATTHEW SPICER

**S**EEKING MISSING persons is all in a day's work for the police, but the search launched by the Warwickshire Constabulary on February 16th, 1886, was unusual. They were looking for one of their own.

The first sign of anything wrong came at midnight on February 15th, when Constable William Hine failed to rendezvous with his sergeant at their prearranged meeting place in the village of Fenny Compton.

A 29-year-old father of three, Hine was the son of a police inspector. He was popular in the village, where he lived with his family, and he was last seen alive at 10 o'clock on the Monday night he disappeared.

At 9 p.m. he had left his home to begin making his rounds. Shortly before 10 he looked in at the George & Dragon pub to see that all was well before he moved on to The Wharf Inn near the Oxford Canal, where he waited a few minutes until closing-time, and then a few minutes more to ensure that everyone was making their way home. As the constable left, the landlord Joseph Hardman said "Goodnight" to him, but did not notice in which direction he went.

Back at Hine's home, his wife Emily was not overly concerned when he did not return in the early hours. She knew he was to be on duty at Warwick Races later that day, and she thought he must have gone straight there.

But there was no sign of him at the race-meeting, which was still in progress that afternoon when Hine's truncheon was found in a field 300 yards from his home. The next day his battered police helmet was found in a ditch bordering another field. There was blood at the scene, traces of a struggle, and Hine's bloodstained penknife was found seven yards away, its small blade open.

A start had already been made on dragging the canal and, as the search continued, villagers told detectives that no strangers had been seen in the district on the Monday night, and no disturbance had been heard by residents living near the field where Hine's helmet was discovered.

As he was powerfully-built and more than capable of looking after himself, it was speculated that he had been taken by surprise, an assailant attacking him from behind. Originally from Shipston-on-Stour, he was regarded in the force as a model police officer and had been in Fenny Compton for 18 months.

**O**n February 24th, Constable Henry Lowe, drafted in from Warwick, was supervising the dragging of the canal about three-quarters of a mile from the

## THIS MONTH: FENNY COMPTON, WARWICKSHIRE



**Above, The Wharf Inn. The landlord was the last man to see PC Hine alive, on February 16th, 1886**

supposed crime scene. At 1.45 p.m. the equipment encountered an obstacle which was thought to be vegetation, until a policeman's greatcoat came to the surface. It had been pulled off Hine's body, which was then promptly hauled to the towpath and taken to the nearby Wharf Inn, where an inquest was held two days later.

Superintendent George Hinde had led the inquiry, and he now became the first witness at the coroner's court. He had last seen Hine three days before he disappeared, he told the jury. The constable had gone to Stratford-upon-Avon to be measured for a new uniform, and he had appeared to be in good health and happy in his work.

Dismissing any question of suicide, the superintendent said that Hine was happily married and had no money worries. On February 12th he had withdrawn £30 in gold from Lloyds Bank in Stratford, depositing it the next day in the savings bank at Fenny Compton.

When his body was searched, his pocket-watch was found to have



stopped at 11.06, but a watchmaker who examined it had observed that it was nearly run down and might have stopped at that time anyway regardless of its immersion.

The superintendent went on to say that Hine's handcuffs and whistle were also found on his body, together with his pocket book, its entries offering no clue to explain his fate.

Dr. Thomas Elkington then told the court that he had been called to examine the body when it was recovered, and had subsequently taken part in conducting a post-mortem. He said that Hine had received a number of face wounds and a stab to his neck caused by a sharp instrument, possibly his own knife. He could not have inflicted the stab wound himself, and he must have been held down and "stuck" like a pig, the stab being delivered in the most skilful manner possible. If an accomplished anatomist had set out to kill a man, the doctor said, he could not have done it better.

The body had been held still for the wound to drain, so as to leave no trail when the victim was moved. The corpse displayed none of the ordinary signs of drowning, and this indicated that Hine was either dead or unconscious when dumped in the canal.

Replying to a question from a juror, Dr. Elkington said that Hine could not have walked any distance after receiving the neck wound.

Mr. Henbeck, a surgeon who assisted at the post-mortem, supported the doctor's conclusions. The symptoms of death by drowning were entirely absent, he said. In his opinion, Hine was stunned first and the neck wound that killed him, severing the jugular vein, was delivered afterwards. Had the constable been conscious at the time, the wound would not have been so neat. It would have been larger and ragged.

**T**he Wharf Inn's landlord, the last man known to have seen Hine alive, told the court that the officer had spent no more than 10 minutes in the house on the night in question. At the landlord's invitation, he ate a sandwich before going outside where he walked up and down and examined a butcher's trap parked by the inn. He was apparently checking to see that the owner's name was on it. Then he re-entered the inn at about 9.55, remaining there until the house was cleared, and finally leaving at three or four minutes past 10, wishing the landlord "Goodnight."

Answering a question from the jury's foreman, the landlord Mr. Hardman said there had been a cattle sale in the village that day, and while the constable was not in the habit of taking food in the pub, on sale days he would have a sandwich and a glass of ale.

**Left, the victim, Constable William Hine. The 29-year-old father-of-three was a model officer**

A page from the *Illustrated Police News* depicting the discovery of the body in the Oxford Canal



# LAST ORDERS AT THE WHARF INN

*Who Murdered Constable Hine?*

There was no disturbance in the house that night. Some of the customers were "a little jolly," but they were not drunk. He did not hear Hine speak to anyone in the inn, which was always busy on sale days, Mr. Hardman said.

The last witness was the man who found the constable's helmet. He was a butcher, Arthur White, and he said that Hine had told him he had been threatened by a man named John Plester. The court was then told that Plester was not local, and the police had been unable to find any trace of him.

Summing-up, the coroner, Mr. T.R. Couchman, said the medical evidence showed that Hine's death was violent. Then after a few minutes' deliberation, the jury returned a verdict of wilful

murder by some person or persons unknown.

The case made headlines again on March 12th, when a 23-year-old canal boatman, Samuel Mountford, was arrested in Dudley and charged with being an accomplice in Constable Hine's murder.

The police were acting on information received from Mrs. Alice Corbett, who had met Mountford at a lodging-house in Dudley. According to her account of their conversation, Mountford had said: "Goodbye, Alice. I shan't be here much longer in this country. I shall have to do a scamper, for I am mixed up in that Warwickshire job – the policeman's murder – and there is one more in it, so it's sure to come out."

Mrs. Corbett had told her husband of this, they had gone to the police, and Mountford's arrest followed. Then in his presence at the police station, Mrs. Corbett repeated what she alleged he had told her. He protested that all he had said was that he was leaving the country before he lost his job.

He was remanded in custody when he appeared before Dudley magistrates, and subsequent inquiries established that he had stayed in Fenny Compton as he had relatives in the area. He convinced the police of his innocence, and at his next appearance in court he was released.

**There were no other suspects, and Constable William Hine's murder remains unsolved.**

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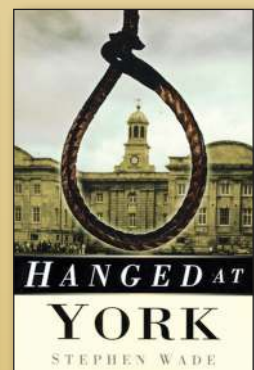
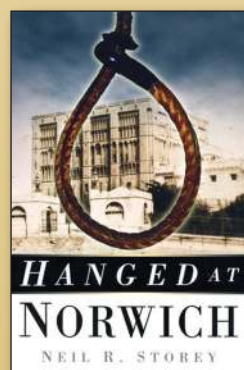
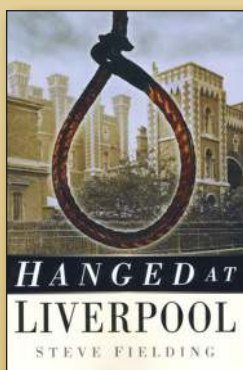
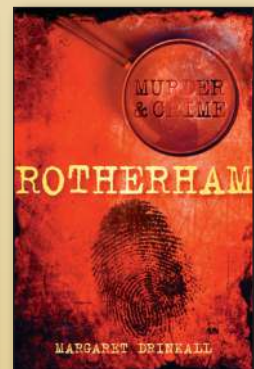
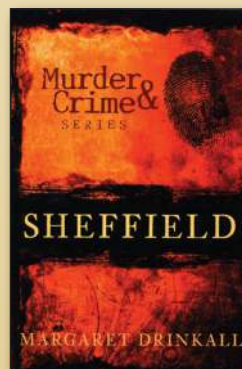
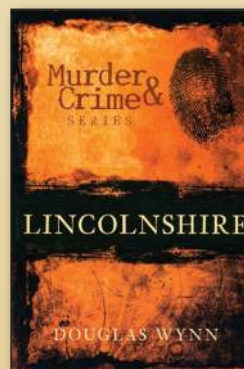
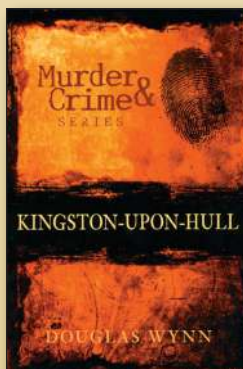
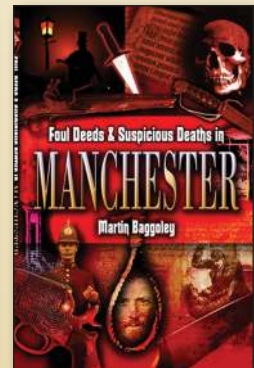
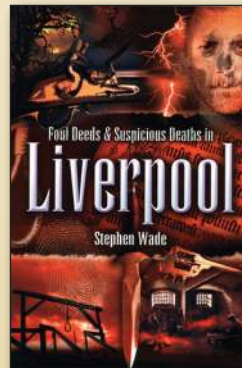
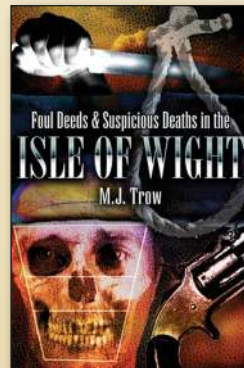
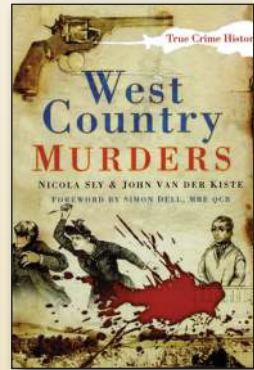
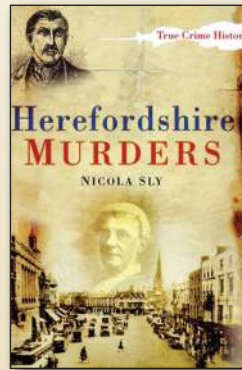
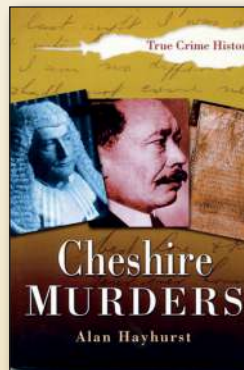
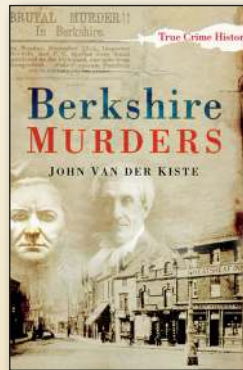
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150  
Years Ago

# CLERKENWELL BOMBING LED TO FINAL PUBLIC HANGING

THEY CAME  
TO WATCH  
THE HANGING

*Britain's Last Days Of  
Public Execution*

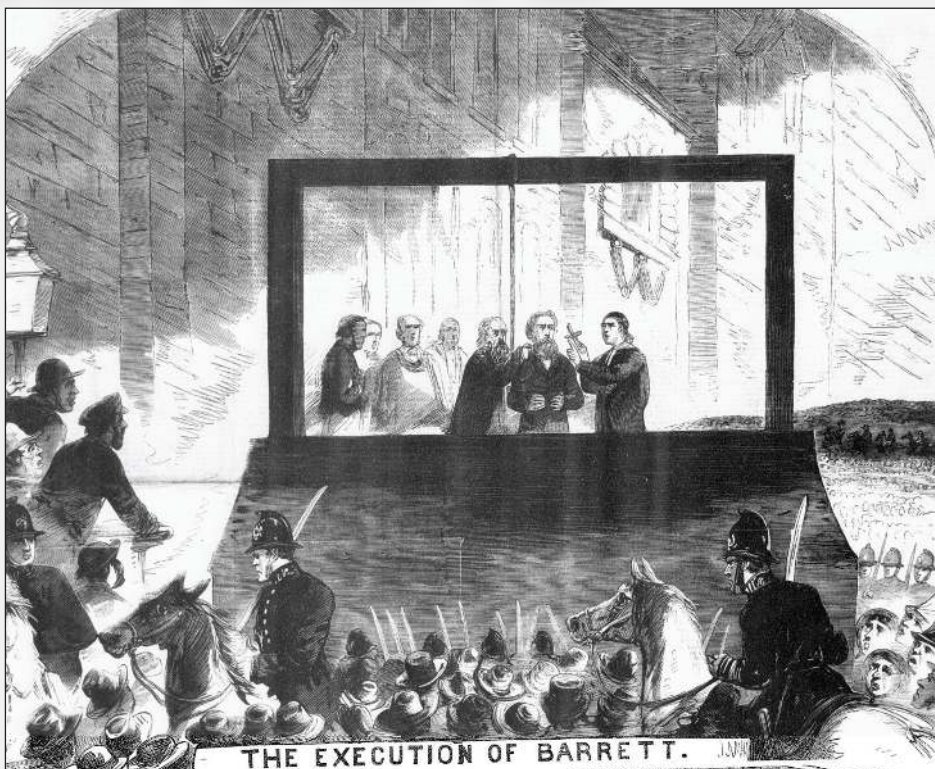
**In 1868 – exactly 150 years ago – an Irishman whose actions claimed the lives of 12 people and injured many more became the last man to be publicly hanged in Britain.**

**By James Reed**

**A** CROWD had been gathering all night and by a few minutes before 8 o'clock on the morning of May 26th, 1868, had become immense, occupying a large part of the area to the west of St. Paul's Cathedral. In all the narrow streets surrounding London's Newgate Prison people stood crammed shoulder to shoulder.

Windows and roof-tops above them were packed to capacity, the well-to-do having paid up to 20 guineas each for the privilege of gaining a grandstand view of the proceedings. Some of them had come from as far away as Birmingham and Manchester to spectate at that most gruesome of entertainments, a public execution.

The Industrial Revolution and the dawn of the Age of Reason had done nothing to diminish the English public's appetite for public hangings. Indeed, the technological advances of the Victorian age had been harnessed to facilitate the easier attendance of the working classes at these popular



**Above, an illustration depicting the execution of the culprit. Below, a remarkable photograph capturing the aftermath of the atrocity**

events. For the previous 15 years or so, the newly formed railway companies had been running special excursion trains to towns staging executions of notorious criminals.

The executions themselves were boisterous and festival-like occasions, with even the humble apprentice-boys

traditionally being given a day off to see the hanging. Soft-drink vendors circulated among the crowd, comic songs were sung, sermons delivered, speeches made and pockets picked. Whole families would camp out overnight to secure an unobstructed view of the scaffold.

However, the execution that was about to occur would be the last ever to take place publicly. Within a few days the Capital Punishment Within Prisons Bill was to receive the Royal Assent and from then on, all executions in Britain were to be conducted in private, behind prison walls.

Michael Barrett was a 27-year-old Irish labourer who had been sentenced to death. The court had found him guilty of deliberately causing an explosion, a couple of weeks before

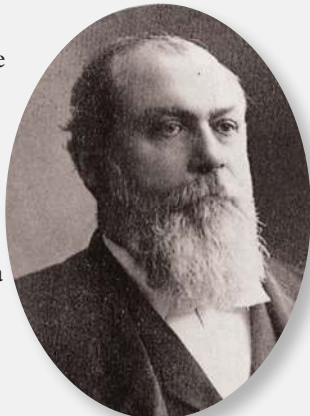


MP Massacre In 19th-Century London

Christmas 1867, that had claimed the lives of 12 people and wounded 120 more.

To understand this crime it is necessary to know a little of Barrett's background. Michael Barrett was a Fenian, one of a secret society founded in America in 1858, dedicated to the overthrow of British rule in Ireland.

Throughout the 1860s, the Fenians waged a ruthless guerilla campaign against the British forces in Ireland, including assassinations, bombings and instigating riots.



In the summer of 1867, a leading Fenian wanted for murder was arrested in Manchester. As he was being taken to court for the preliminary hearing, the prison van in which he was travelling was ambushed by a well-organised group of armed men. Shots were fired and a policeman killed. Two of the men arrested for complicity in this attack, Joseph Casey and Ricard O'Sullivan Burke, were transferred to London in case any attempt was made to free them by armed force.

They were lodged in the Clerkenwell House of Detention, which at the time stood a little to the north of Clerkenwell Road. It has since been demolished and a school built on the site. It was a grim forbidding place. The prison buildings and adjacent grounds were entirely surrounded by a massive brick wall, 25 feet high and over two feet thick.

Casey and Burke proved to have useful friends in London. Every day, cooked meals were brought to the prison for them. They were delivered by a 30-year-old English woman, Anne Justice. The authorities made discreet enquiries and discovered that she was living with an Irishman suspected of being a Fenian sympathiser. Their home was frequently visited by Irish expatriates, many of whom were thought to be Fenians.

As autumn turned to winter, rumours that an attempt was soon to be made to "spring" Casey and Burke reached the governor of Clerkenwell Prison. A watch was set on Anne Justice and her friends, some of whom had rented a room in Woodbridge Street, overlooking the exercise yard of the prison. Extra guards were drafted in and on December 12th the police received a tip-off that an attempt would be made to rescue the two Fenian prisoners while they were in the exercise yard the next day.

**F**riday, December 13th, 1867, dawned grey and overcast. It was to be an unlucky day for many of those



**Corporation Row in recent years. The rented Woodbridge Street home of the bombers was on the top floor of the second house to the right (arrowed). Left inset, Ricard O'Sullivan Burke, one of the prisoners the bomber wished to free**

who lived in the shadow of Clerkenwell Prison.

Between 3.30 and 4.00 p.m. the prisoners were allowed, under the watchful eyes of the warders, to pace around the exercise yard. Only a stout wall separated them from Corporation Row and Woodbridge Street. However, due to the state of alert that day, the men were allowed to exercise in the morning instead of the afternoon and then were locked up for the rest of the day.

**The barrel exploded with devastating force. The blast was heard all over London, witnesses describing it as sounding like a discharge of artillery**

At about 3 o'clock, a warder noticed Anne Justice talking to a man in Corporation Row, just beyond the prison wall. They seemed to him to be behaving furtively so he went to fetch another officer, thinking that this might be part of the escape plot about which they had been warned. But when he returned, Anne and the man had gone.

Later that afternoon, another warder saw Anne Justice. This time, she was looking out of the window of a house in Woodbridge Street, which overlooked the prison yard. He counted five men in the room with her, and they all seemed to be gazing anxiously towards

Corporation Row.

At 3.45 p.m. a horse and cart stopped in Corporation Row, near the junction with Woodbridge Street. Two men unloaded a barrel which they placed against the prison wall. One of the men crossed the road to where a group of boys sat smoking and talking. He produced two fireworks, one of which he gave to the boys. Having begged a light, he returned to the barrel, put the lighted firework in it and ran for his life.

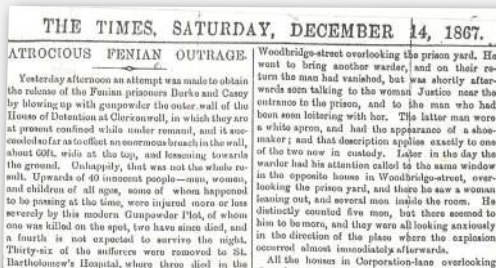
A few seconds later, the barrel exploded with devastating force. The blast was heard all over London, witnesses describing it as sounding like a discharge of artillery or a clap of thunder. A 60-foot stretch of the prison wall disintegrated, the front of a row of houses collapsed, and 60 people were buried alive in the rubble.

Five of those people were killed outright, and within a week another seven had died of their wounds. More than 120 were injured, their injuries ranging from cuts and bruises to torn-off arms and legs.

As the smoke cleared, a group of men ran to the prison wall to look at the damage. Guards at the prison, mistaking them for Fenian attackers about to rescue Casey and Burke, fired warning shots over their heads. In retrospect it is fortunate for the Fenian prisoners that they had not been exercising at the time. The explosion, clearly intended only to breach the wall, would have killed them on the spot.

Troops were called in to guard the prison and throughout the night police and the fire brigade worked to rescue those buried in the remains of their homes. Anne Justice and two companions were arrested at once.

On her first night in custody, Anne tried to hang herself. The two men arrested with her, Timothy Desmond, aged 46, and Jeremiah Allen, 36, were identified as having rented the room





in Woodbridge Street. All three were charged with murder.

As the sun rose over London the next day, the extent of the destruction could be seen. Every building in Corporation Row had been severely damaged. A row of four stone houses that had been closest to the blast was almost completely destroyed. All the windows within a radius of 200 yards or so had been blown out. Tiles and chimney-pots had been dislodged from roof-tops as far away as a quarter of a mile.

Ironically the only building that was not damaged was the prison itself. Apart from a few broken windows and the destruction of a section of the perimeter wall, it had emerged unscathed from London's first terrorist bombing.

It was obvious from the start that Anne Justice had known nothing of the plan to detonate a bomb. She had clearly guessed that something illegal

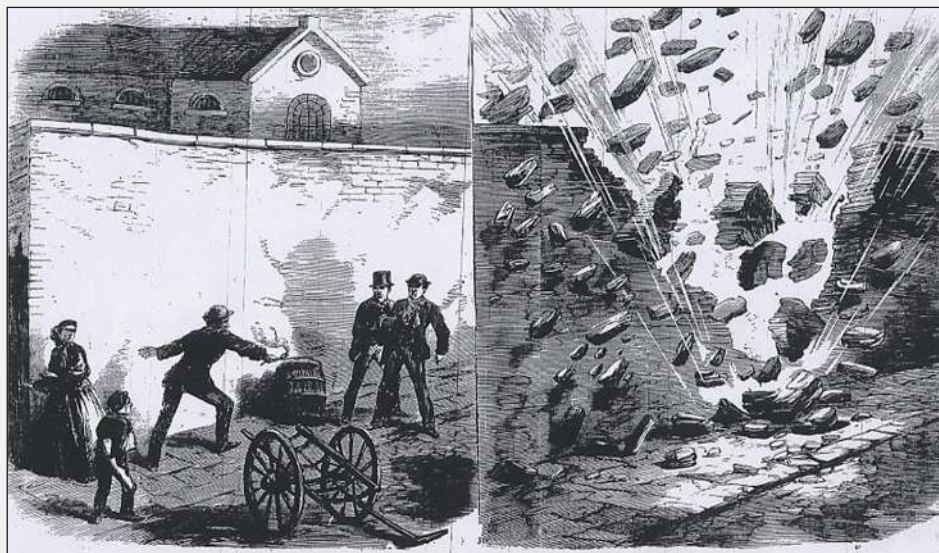
Barrett among the Irish community in Glasgow.

**I**t was not until January 3rd, 1868, that the police were able to find and arrest Barrett in the Scottish city. He was staying at the home of James O'Neil who was also arrested for murder.

At the beginning of the sensational trial, five accused stood in the dock, but Michael Barrett alone remained at the end to hear the Lord Chief Justice sentence him to death.

The first to leave the dock was Anne Justice. The case against her had been extremely flimsy, and had the crime been a less spectacular one she would probably not have been charged in the first place. In the event, the jury decided to acquit her without even hearing the defence case. She left the dock free, but in tears.

Next to be acquitted was James



**Contemporary illustrations depicting the bombing and explosion at the Clerkenwell House of Detention**

had been planned, but her "friends" had not thought it wise to discuss the matter freely in her presence.

Finding herself charged with murder, she did all that she could to assist the police. She told them that a man named Michael Barrett had arrived from Glasgow a couple of days earlier and that her companions seemed somewhat in awe of him. Desmond and Allen, eager to remove themselves from the shadow of the gallows, confirmed what she said and, keen to ingratiate themselves further with the authorities, suggested that they start looking for

**The Clerkenwell bomb had caused so much outrage that somebody would have to answer for it. Barrett's defence was that he had been in Glasgow on the day of the massacre**

O'Neil. He had been charged solely because he had given Barrett a room for a week or two. Lord Chief Justice Cockburn listened to his defence submissions and directed the jury to deliver a formal verdict of not guilty.

Timothy Desmond and Jeremiah Allen had struck a deal with the prosecution, who evidently feared that the great show trial of the Fenians was about to collapse completely. In exchange for a promise of immunity, they turned Queen's Evidence and testified that the whole affair was Barrett's doing. They said that until the moment the bomb exploded they had not the least idea of what was intended. Before they left the court, the prosecution had withdrawn the charges against them.

Barrett's counsel, Baker Greene, put up a valiant fight in his client's defence, but it was a hopeless case. The Clerkenwell bomb had caused so much outrage that somebody would have to answer for it.

Barrett's defence was that he had been in Glasgow on the day of the massacre. The description of the man

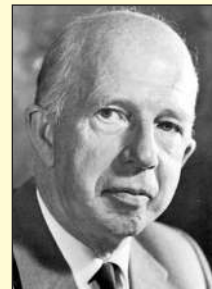
## **MURDER MONTH**

### **June**

#### **Fire covers up double-murder...**

The fire began in the early hours of June 10th, 1971. The house was one of the nicer ones on St. Lucia in the West Indies. The neighbours rang the fire brigade but by the time the conflagration had been extinguished the house had been razed.

As the fire was investigated, the bodies of the house's occupants – James and Marjorie Etherington – were found in what remained of a downstairs bedroom. After an examination by the local pathologist the couple were laid to rest on the neighbouring island of Barbados.



**Called to St. Lucia: Professor Keith Simpson**

Initially, the police wrote the blaze off as accidental. It was only when an investigator from the insurance company began looking around that evidence of arson was uncovered. A piece of plastic hose had escaped the blaze and reeked of petrol. A car in the nearby garage had its petrol tank open.

The St. Lucia police thought that the case was too complex for them so they asked Scotland Yard for help. Professor Keith Simpson, the Home Office Pathologist, came out to be told that three men had been brought in for questioning.

They were named as Stephenson Florius, 29; Jean-Baptiste Faucher, 26, and Anthony Charles, 17.

"If I get any real trouble on the island, I bring those three in," the police chief said. "If they haven't done it, then they always know who has."

Florius had a burned neck and arm. Both he and Charles had scratch marks indicating that they had been in a fight. The trio admitted robbing and tying up the Etheringtons, who ran a banana plantation from the house. But they denied attacking the couple or starting the blaze.

The corpses were exhumed for a closer examination and it was discovered that James Etherington had suffered blows from a blunt instrument. He had been alive when the fire started.

The three men were charged with murder and at their trial three months later, in September 1971, Faucher said that the Etheringtons had been burned to death because, otherwise, Florius said, electronic records of their thoughts could be recovered.

**The trio were found guilty and Florius and Faucher were hanged at Castries Prison, St. Lucia, on Wednesday, May 10th, 1972. Charles was reprieved because of his age and because he was educationally sub-normal.**

who had detonated the bomb was of someone over six feet tall – Barrett being only five feet six – but this was refuted by two warders from the prison and one of the boys to whom he had spoken in Corporation Row and the landlady of the house in Woodbridge Street. All put him definitely in the vicinity when the bomb had gone off. Evidence was also given that he was a specialist in explosives, and the police in Ireland suspected him of belonging to the Irish Republican Brotherhood.

After hearing an impartial summing-up, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. Upon being asked if he had anything to say before the death sentence was passed, Barrett made a memorable speech.

He said. "If it is murder to love Ireland more deeply than life, then indeed I am a murderer. If it should please the God of justice to turn to some account, for the benefit of my suffering country, the sacrifice of my poor, worthless life, I could by the grace of God ascend the scaffold with firmness, strengthened by the consoling reflection that the stain of murder did not rest upon me."

He spoke calmly, without notes, and even Lord Chief Justice Cockburn seemed impressed. A number of women in the public gallery were reduced to tears and by the end of his speech one or two had actually fainted. Sentence of death was then pronounced and Barrett was removed to the condemned cell in Newgate Prison, which then stood on the site of the present-day Old Bailey.

Before his execution a special commission was appointed to look into his claim that he had been in Glasgow at the time of the explosion. It was, as *The Times* remarked, tantamount to a



A painting of police surveying the scene following the explosion, described in *The Times* newspaper as an "Atrocious Fenian outrage"

second trial. It came to nothing. The witnesses who had claimed to have seen Barrett in Glasgow on the day of the outrage were all Irish republicans and therefore hardly unbiased. The commission visited Glasgow and Clerkenwell, re-examining all the evidence. They concluded that there

**"If it is murder to love Ireland more deeply than life, then indeed I am a murderer"**

had been no miscarriage of justice, and that the law had to take its course.

On May 26th, the appointed day, Barrett rose at 6 o'clock. A Catholic priest stayed with him until the end. Shortly before 8 a.m. William Calcraft, the hangman, came

to Barrett's cell to pinion him. Calcraft was by this time a doddering old man who had been public executioner for almost 40 years.

Outside the cell four warders waited. They escorted the condemned man to the press room, where they were joined by the sheriff and under-sheriffs. The prison bell tolled and Calcraft led the solemn procession through a small side door that took them out to the scaffold. As they emerged into the pale early-morning sun there were cries among the crowd of "Hats Off!" This was not a sign of respect, but simply a desire to have a better view. In the windows overlooking the black-painted gallows, well-dressed men and fashionable women trained binoculars and opera glasses on the scene below them.

Calcraft went up the steps first and began preparing the rope. He was followed by the priest and then Barrett, escorted by two warders. As Barrett stepped into view beneath the gallows, cheers from the crowd were immediately drowned by hisses and cat-calls. They slowly died away until there was utter silence.

Barrett stood, his face pinched and pale, as Calcraft pulled a white hood over his head and placed the rope around his neck. Turning to the hangman, Barrett asked him to loosen the rope a little, which was done. Then Calcraft pulled the lever. As Barrett fell through the trap-door, the crowd gave an almighty roar, part scream and part groan.

A large number of the crowd remained for another hour in order to watch Calcraft cut down the body. There were jeers and cries of, "Come on, body-snatcher, take away the man you killed."

Executions continued in Britain for almost a century more, until 1964. Crowds would still gather outside the prisons during an execution, waiting to read the official notice of execution posted on the prison gate.

**But no more did executions offer festivals of ribald entertainment. Michael Barrett's hanging marked an end of an era.**

## NOOSE FOR SCOTS CHILD-KILLER

Dressed in a red cape just like Little Red Riding Hood, nine-year-old Thomasina Scott was walking through a wood near Cummertrees in Dumfriesshire on her way to do some shopping for her mother when she was seized by Robert Smith, 19, a labourer, who robbed, raped and strangled her with a bootlace.

Looking up from the little girl's still-warm body, Smith saw a woman in the distance. Had she seen him attack the little girl? Without a second's thought, he chased after her, threw her to the ground, raped her and tried to murder her. Somehow the woman managed to escape.

An organised posse of about 60

local men, some on horseback, set out to track down the teenage killer. They found him in a lodging-house in Dumfries. He was arrested, convicted of Thomasina's murder, and hanged outside Dumfries Prison on Tuesday, May 12th, 1868 – two weeks before Michael Barrett.



Illustrations of killer Robert Smith carrying out his crimes

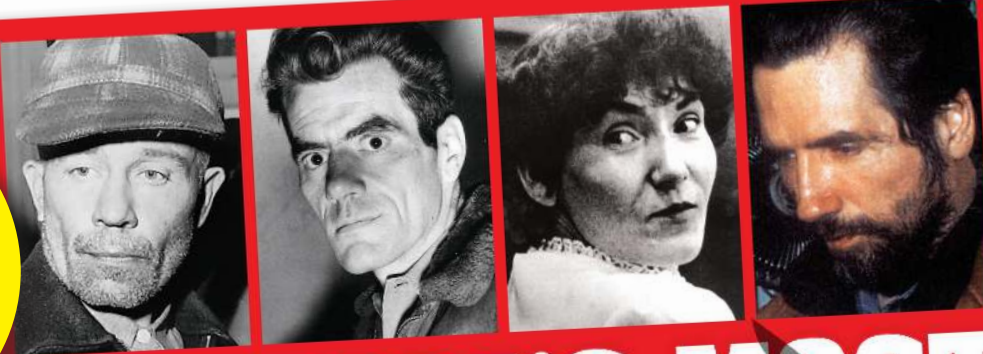
The new law prohibiting public executions was due to come into force on May 29th, but the Home Office insisted that Smith's hanging must take place in public.

A large police presence reduced the audience to about

500, who watched Smith become the last man to be publicly hanged in Scotland.

**Prepare to be shocked at the evil men – and women – do...**

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# US EXECUTIONS THE FORGOTTEN DECADE

**R**ichard Dare didn't have a lot going for him after he and his wife split up. He found lodgings in a cheap town centre hotel while she moved back in with her parents and younger brother.

But perhaps there was a chance – just a chance – that he could persuade her to give their marriage a second chance.

It might not have turned out too badly – if she had shown a little interest in the idea. No commitment, but maybe just a few words of mild encouragement or thoughtful concern.

Richard had gone to the Albert family home late one Friday morning and found his estranged wife Patricia alone. He outlined his thoughts, but she insisted on a divorce. Perhaps she should have left it at that. Instead she told him that she was pregnant with another man's child – and that she planned to make her husband pay her support.

Dare retorted that the baby was clearly not his – they had not had

their temples. A length of cord had also been tied around the throat of young William. It was clear, from the condition of the clothing of both men, that they had not been involved in a struggle.

Ted Albert, a big man who appeared to be in robust condition, was wearing the uniform of a city bus driver. Young McCormick wore a short-sleeved shirt and slacks. Their pockets had been turned inside-out, as if they had been searched for money.

Little evidence of violence could be found in either of the bedrooms,



**All seemed peaceful outside the Albert home. Yet slaughter on a truly chilling scale had been going on inside**

# ELECTRIC CHAIR FOR THE FOUR-TI

any children – and, in a burst of rage, he struck her with a water-jug. She screamed. And that was the start of an horrific day of mayhem and murder at the family home in a suburb of Oklahoma City in early August, 1960. It was a long, vicious day from around noon to the early evening.

A close family friend raised the alarm. She had phoned the Albert house in the south-west of the city and had then driven round to check before reporting her concerns to the police.

It was a hot Saturday evening and the duty officer sent a couple of detectives, Ed Waggoner and Bob Purdue, to check out the situation, telling them: "Shouldn't take you more than 20 minutes."

Waggoner was on to headquarters some 15 minutes later: "We've found four people in the house. They're all

dead. They've all been murdered."

Two of the victims appeared to have been strangled, while the other two appeared to have been shot by a killer who had also ransacked the house. "You'd better send everything you can spare on this one," he said. They steadily uncovered a story of raw violence and apparently senseless mass-murder.

Detective Lieutenant E. B. Meals, Chief of Homicide, studied the carnage all around him. Two of the bodies, identified as the remains of Mrs. Virgie Albert, 58, and her daughter Mrs. Patricia Dare, 24, lay side by side in a front bedroom. The bodies of Mrs. Albert's 60-year-old husband Ted and the couple's grandson William McCormick, 17, lay side by side in a back bedroom. All four bodies had been neatly covered with bedspreads.

Both dead males had bullet wounds in

## *The Women W*

although there were bloodstains on carpets and, in a corner of the living-room, a 22-calibre rifle was propped against the wall. Lieutenant Meals gave it a sniff and concluded that it had been fired within the last 24 hours.

After a careful study of the scene, Meals reckoned that all four had been killed in that room – although, for some reason as yet unknown to the investigators, the bodies had been dragged into the bedrooms and covered with the bedspreads.

Mrs. Dare's body bore some evidence of violence about the head, where she seemed to have been struck by a sharp



**Above, Richard Dare. Even after being tried and sentenced, the four-time killer cheated justice for three more years. Right, murder investigators study the rifle used to kill two of the four victims in the Albert home**

***His voice tensed.  
“We’ve just found  
four people inside.  
They’re all dead!”***

McCormick, was a good boy, who hadn't had it easy as a youngster. His parents had divorced and he had grown up living with various relatives.

For the summer months, he had got a job as an orderly at a city hospital. The pay was modest but it covered room and board. He usually spent the week at the hospital and his weekends at the home of his grandparents.

Patricia Dare, the Alberts' daughter, was twice married, childless – and separated from her second husband Richard Dare, a carpenter. Neighbours thought she had been living with her parents for about a month.

The woman who had first asked police to investigate told them that Richard Dare had always shown great affection for other members of the Albert family – especially for young Bill McCormick. She found it hard to believe that Dare would have reason to harm any of them.

They never kept much money around the house and Ted Albert never carried



# ME KILLER

## ere Strangled...The Men Shot Dead

**Part  
16**

instrument, possibly the broken glass on the floor. But the other three victims appeared to have been slain without offering any resistance whatsoever.

Nevertheless, it was clear that someone had put up a terrific struggle in the living-room. Who? Had another person managed to escape the massacre? Was there only one killer? And, if so, what had he – or she – been searching for?

There was no money in the home. Wallets and handbags were empty or missing. There was no indication of forced entry, so how had the killer got into the house? Did he have a key? Or

had he been admitted by one of the victims? Both possibilities suggested that the killer probably knew his victims.

The distraught friend who had called the police said that Virgie and Ted Albert had lived a quiet, modest and happy life together. Bus driver Ted was nearing retirement. He usually went to work at 8 o'clock each morning and returned home around 7.30 p.m.

Mrs. Albert, afflicted with a mild form of arthritis, would rarely go out, except perhaps to the local shops. She maintained few close friendships, other than with the family.

The Alberts' grandson, William

much cash with him. Young William earned very little as a hospital orderly, so it was not thought likely that he would have had much money on him. Patricia Dare might have had a few dollars as she worked occasionally as a waitress.

No one had seen anyone around the house since Friday afternoon. One woman said she saw a car drive into the Albert driveway around 5 o'clock on Friday afternoon. Two young men got out of the car. One of them, she said, went into the house without knocking. The other one walked down the street.

She didn't know whether this youth had returned. If he had, she didn't see

him. However, she was positive that the car now in the driveway was the same one she had seen drive up on Friday afternoon. A hasty check of the licence number of this vehicle disclosed that the car was registered to young McCormick. The rifle belonged to Ted Albert – and it was usually kept out of sight.

The bodies of the four murder victims were removed to a hospital for post-mortem examination as a search was begun at once for Mrs. Dare's husband, to see whether he could shed any light on the mysterious deaths. Detectives also called at the hospital, where young Bill McCormick had been employed.

According to his supervisors, McCormick left the hospital at 4 p.m. on Friday in the company of another boy who also worked there as an orderly. This youngster was found at the home of his parents. His ready smile faded when he learned that his friend Bill had been murdered at his home. He told detectives that Bill had given him a ride as far as his grandparents' home on Friday afternoon – and he had walked the rest of the way to his home.

His face suddenly paled as he realised how close he had come to sharing young McCormick's fate. "He waved at me as

### ***He drove around trying to decide if running away was what he really wanted to do now***

he walked on to the porch," the lad said. "He called out, 'I'll see you tomorrow.' Then he went inside."

Shortly before 1 a.m. later that night, Richard Dare, the estranged husband of Patricia Dare, was found at a downtown hotel. He was 27 years old, a slightly-built man, almost frail, with hazel eyes that studied the detectives with shocked disbelief when they told him about the murders. He broke down and sobbed heavily. Then later, having recovered some composure, he went with officers to headquarters to assist the investigators.

While waiting for Dare to arrive at headquarters, Homicide chief Meals conferred with pathologists concerning their preliminary post-mortem findings. Their report disclosed what must have been eight unbelievably horrendous hours in the Albert home, with a killer possessed by an intense hatred and a determination to destroy every person who entered the home that day.

The pathologists determined that the four victims had died – one by one – from about noon on Friday to about 8 o'clock that night. It was almost 24 hours before their bodies were discovered.

Mrs. Dare was the first to die, they said. She was strangled at about noon

by a killer whose powerful hands had twisted the Venetian-blind cord tighter and tighter around her throat until she lost consciousness. But Patricia had fought for her life. Her fingernails were broken, as if she'd clawed desperately at her assailant. The wound on her forehead had been made by a piece of broken glass, but it was only superficial. The young woman had not been sexually molested, but pathologists discovered that she was pregnant.

Her mother, Virgie, was the second to die. She had been strangled at about 4.30 p.m. There was no evidence that she had put up a struggle, suggesting that the killer may have come up on her from behind.

William McCormick was the third victim. He had died shortly after 5



**Among those who died so violently were Virginia "Virgie" Albert, 58 (left), and her husband Ted (right) who was last to be killed**

o'clock, about the time he was known to have entered the house. His death was caused by a .22-calibre bullet in the brain. He had died instantly. The wound in his left temple bore no traces of powder marks, indicating that the gun had been fired from a distance of several feet. The cord around his neck had been placed there after the youth was shot, as if the killer had wanted to make doubly sure he was dead.

Ted Albert was the last to die. His death, too, was due to a .22-calibre bullet in the brain. The pathologists said he died instantly, with death occurring between 7.30 and 8 p.m. on Friday. The bullet wound in his temple, near his left ear, was also free of powder burns.

Meals could not bring himself to believe that robbery had been the primary motive behind the multiple tragedy. If it had, why would the killer have remained in the house some eight hours after murdering his first victim?

Why had he killed three more? Why did he wait until Mr. Albert arrived before he left the house?

Meals hoped that Richard Dare might be able to supply some of the answers to these questions when the young man was ushered into his office at 2.30 a.m. on Sunday, August 7th. Instead they were quickly on the hunt for another suspect – an armed robber, not long out of jail...

Dare said he had not seen his wife for two weeks, but he had talked to her on the phone on the Friday morning at the Albert home. That call had been made at 9 a.m. from the office of the lumber yard where he was employed as a carpenter.

He said he had attempted to effect a reconciliation with his wife. But she told him she did not want to see him and indicated that she was not interested in ever seeing him again, except in the divorce courts. After she hung up, he told his boss that he needed to take the rest of the day off.

"I started to go over to see Patricia," Dare said. "I was thinking that, if I could talk to her face to face, I might be able to get her to change her mind." As he drove towards the Albert house, however, he realised that even a direct meeting with his wife, in her present mood, held little promise of salvaging their marriage.

Instead, he said, he drove to his room, and packed his suitcase, having decided to move to where he might begin a new life. After packing his suitcase, however, he drove around the city for several hours, trying to decide if running away was what he really wanted to do.

Finally, he started driving south and arrived in

Ardmore, 100 miles from Oklahoma City, at about 5 o'clock on Friday afternoon. He saw a friend and spent the night in a motel there.

On Saturday morning, he realised that running away would not solve his problem, so he returned to his room in Oklahoma City. He had spent the rest of the day wondering what he should do.

Why did he and his wife separate? Dare said it was due to an unfortunate combination of circumstances. They'd been married for eight years, and for the most part it had been a compatible marriage. But Patricia had desperately wanted children – and she once accused him of being physically unable to father them for her. Most of their quarrels stemmed from this subject, Dare said.

However, this was not the reason they had separated. According to Richard Dare, he and his wife had split because of a man named David Tyler, "who

had become my wife's lover." He went on to describe Tyler as a man who had promised Patricia much more than children. His way of life offered her adventure and excitement, elements that were absent from the life of a carpenter's wife.

David Tyler, Dare added bitterly, was a criminal. He said he had been arrested on an armed robbery charge only three weeks before. He'd also heard that Tyler's arrest came after a quarrel with Patricia. He suspected that Patricia might have tipped off the police about Tyler's criminal activities – he thought



**Above, Patricia Dare and soldier husband Dick soon after their marriage. She died as violently as her beloved parents. Right, teenager Bill McCormick wasn't supposed to have died, said his killer. He evidently made an error in coming home too soon**

he'd talk about the first few days he was here. He said he'd get even with her if he ever got out. We figured it was all just big talk. He didn't look like a killer."

Each new item of information about David Tyler seemed to strengthen the case against him. Clearly, he had a motive – and it was the first motive to appear in the case which made any sense. Tyler's release from the county jail only a few hours before Patricia Dare was murdered was too much of a coincidence to be left at that. Furthermore, the frantic search of the Albert home for money was



she might have done this in a moment of anger following the quarrel.

A check of David Tyler's police record lent considerable weight to Richard Dare's story. The Robbery Detail disclosed that it had arrested Tyler three weeks before as an armed robbery suspect – and that his arrest came as a result of a tip received from a Mrs. Patricia Dare.

Subsequent investigation of Tyler had resulted in an armed robbery charge being filed against him. But it was later dismissed, for the robbery victim had been unable to identify him positively as the armed bandit in question.

Tyler, officers now learned, had been released from the county jail on Friday morning, only three hours before the savage murder spree began in the Albert home. And suspicion of Tyler mounted still further when police interviewed two men who had shared the same cell with Tyler in the county jail.

"He was pretty bitter towards some broad who he said had ratted on him," one of the prisoners recalled. "That's all

characteristic of Tyler's speciality – robbery.

The search for Tyler quickly assumed state-wide proportions. He could not be found at the homes of his relatives in Oklahoma City. His friends said they hadn't heard from him since his release from jail. No one at any of his known hangouts could suggest where he might have gone. No one knew for certain whether he had money, a car – or a gun.

Following a tip-off Detectives Waggoner and Purdue were rousing David Tyler from a deep sleep in a friend's city apartment at dawn on the Sunday. The man shook his head groggily and appeared to be dazed by the questions the detectives fired at him.

He immediately said, however, that he knew absolutely nothing about Patricia Dare's murder. "I don't know what you're talking about!" he snapped. "Murder is too strong for me! I wouldn't kill anybody – although I'd like to sometimes!"

Tyler freely admitted that he could not remember exactly where he had

## MURDER MONTH June

**Threesome leads to double-murder...**A motorist was on his way through the New Forest near Cadnam, Hampshire, when he saw a man leaning on the bonnet of his car. It was June 17th, 1956. The man had a stab wound in his stomach, measuring four inches.

He told the passing motorist he had witnessed a murder – "a fight between two women." The motorist flagged down another car and the injured man, Albert Goozee, was taken to hospital. He was a labourer and former merchant seaman, who was 33.

The police discovered near the remains of a picnic the bodies of two females – Lydia Leakey, 53, from Parkstone, Poole, Dorset, and her 14-year-old daughter Norma. Mrs Leakey had stab wounds and had been hit with an axe. Her daughter had been stabbed in the chest and stomach.

Nearby, a fire was still burning and there was tea in an aluminium teapot and warm water in a tin kettle. The knife used in all the stabbings was found in Goozee's car.

Interviewed by the police, Goozee revealed that in January 1955 he had moved into the Leakeys' home as a lodger. Mrs. Leakey shared one bedroom with her daughter. Her one-legged husband had his own room and Goozee occupied the third bedroom.

Soon Goozee and Mrs. Leakey became lovers and she moved into his room, returning to the room she shared with her daughter just before her husband's alarm clock sounded.

Norma fancied her mother's boyfriend and sometimes enjoyed threesomes with the two adults although she never had penetrative sex with Goozee.

In December 1955, he joined the Army on a 12-year service contract and was posted to Catterick in North Yorkshire. Mrs. Leakey wrote to him daily and asked him to return to her.

He refused whereupon she said she would tell the police that he had had sex with Norma, then 13. Determined to be reunited with her lover, Mrs. Leakey gave him the money to buy himself out of the Army.

Their affair resumed and Norma insisted on joining them whenever her mother and Goozee had sex. On that fateful day in mid-June the three went for a picnic. Goozee gave various accounts of what happened that day but it seems that he murdered his lover and her daughter and then tried to commit suicide.

**Convicted of murdering Norma, he was sentenced to death but the court ruling was later commuted to life in prison.**



**The bodies of Lydia and Norma Leakey**

been on Friday or Saturday. He claimed he had been on a monumental drunken binge ever since getting out of jail on the Friday morning. He thought he'd spent Friday night in a downtown hotel, but he couldn't remember where the hotel was, or its name. Neither could he remember arriving at his friend's apartment.

Tyler was arrested and escorted to headquarters, where he was booked on suspicion of murder. Detectives began attacking his alibi at once. They were confident that his flimsy yarn would be disproved in their subsequent investigation. Yet, by mid-morning, they were to change their minds.

A report from an unexpected quarter caused them to concentrate their investigation on their first suspect whose alibi was breaking down. Richard Dare,

police discovered, did not arrive in Ardmore at 5 p.m. on Friday. A check with his friend there disclosed that he didn't arrive there until midnight!

"He woke me up when he got here," the friend explained. "He said he'd just driven down from Oklahoma City – and that he'd been in a fight with a man who worked with him. There was blood on his shirt."

The friend added that Dare had borrowed a fresh shirt from him. He left his bloody shirt there, with instructions to "throw it away in the garbage."

In his interview with Meals, Dare had never said a word about having a fight, or about a bloodstained shirt. It was also obvious now that he had lied about the time he arrived in Ardmore.

Meals sent a couple of detectives to the hotel where Dare roomed to bring



**Sheriff's officers scoured hills, woods and gullies for the killer. He finally surrendered at the farmhouse (right), having hidden with a gun only 30 feet from manhunters**

him in for an explanation. But he had disappeared. The porter confirmed he had driven off about 3 p.m., carrying a suitcase.

A description of Richard Dare's car was broadcast to all state police officers and a tip-off led them to the home of a relative, who lived on a small farm near Blanchard, a small trading centre about 50 miles south-west of Oklahoma City. Dare's car was found at 2 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, disabled and abandoned, in a ditch a little over a mile away.

At 10 o'clock that night, Richard Dare surrendered. Under cover of darkness, he slipped down from a tree where he had concealed himself and within sight of his relative's home. He walked out with his hands high above his head.

"I am Richard Dare!" he called out. "I want to give myself up!" Then he handed police a .38 revolver. He told them: "I've killed only the people I was mad at. There was no reason to kill any more."

Dare was taken to police headquarters,

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**THEY MET ON**  
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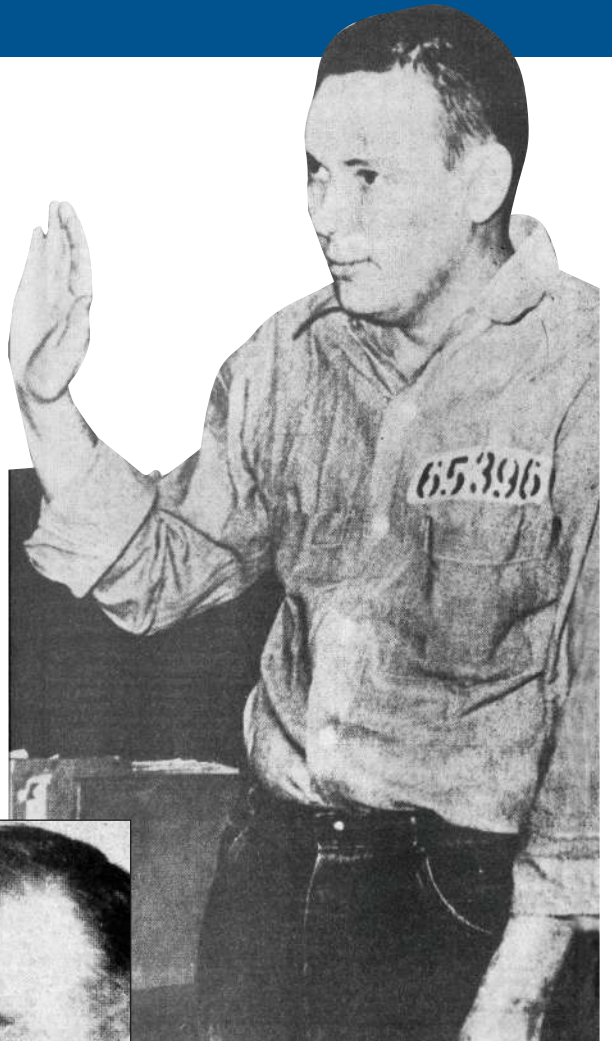
Albert became hysterical and, to keep her from screaming, he choked her until she lost consciousness. Then he tied a cord around her neck and twisted it "until I knew she was dead."

After killing his mother-in-law, Dare said, he decided to wait and kill her husband when he came home from work. He said he blamed Ted Albert for not persuading Patricia to return to him.

He had not planned to kill young Bill McCormick, Dare claimed. But the youth had to die, because he came into the house. He shot McCormick almost as soon as he entered the home. He said the boy "never knew what hit him."

Then, while waiting for Mr Albert to come home from work, Dare said, he searched the house for money. He said he was already thinking of a plan to shift suspicion on to David Tyler and, at the same time, provide him with an alibi.

When his



**It was a life-or-death issue when Richard Dare (above), grown chubby on prison fare, faced a pardon-parole board. But Oklahoma's Governor Henry Bellmon (left) had the last word**



where he dictated a statement, which he later signed. In it, he admitted killing his wife, her parents and young William McCormick.

Dare said he went to the house at 11 o'clock on Friday morning and found his wife Patricia alone there. He said he tried to effect a reconciliation, but she still insisted on a divorce. She told him, Dare said, that she was pregnant and he would have to pay support.

Dare retorted that the child was not his. In a burst of rage, he said, he struck Patricia with a water-jug. She screamed, so he tore a bit of cord from a Venetian blind and choked her until she quit struggling. He decided to wait until Mrs. Albert returned home before calling the police.

During that wait, he said, he dragged Patricia's body into the bedroom and covered it with a sheet, "because I didn't want to look at it." When Mrs. Albert arrived home, about 4 o'clock, the confession continued, Dare told her that he'd killed Patricia and that he wanted her to call the police. But Mrs.

father-in-law arrived home, Dare shot him as he entered the front door. Ted Albert fell, then tried to get up. He recognised Dare and tried to speak before he collapsed and died. After arranging the bodies in the two bedrooms and covering them, Dare said, he locked the house and left. He drove to Ardmore, told his friend that he'd been in a fight and that he had hurt a man very badly – and might need someone to vouch for him, if there was trouble later.

Dare said he left his friend's home and spent the night in a motel, then returned to Oklahoma City on Saturday afternoon. He decided to flee, he said, after realising that he'd made a fatal mistake in telling the officers of his arrival in Ardmore at 5 o'clock, instead of at midnight on Friday.

Throughout his shocking recital of this murder spree, Dare reiterated several times: "I never meant to kill anyone."

At his trial in May, 1961, Richard Dare pleaded not guilty by reason of insanity. After hearing all of the

evidence, however, the jury of seven women and five men duly returned a verdict of guilty of the murder of Ted Albert, the only charge on which he was tried. The judge imposed a sentence of death in the electric chair.

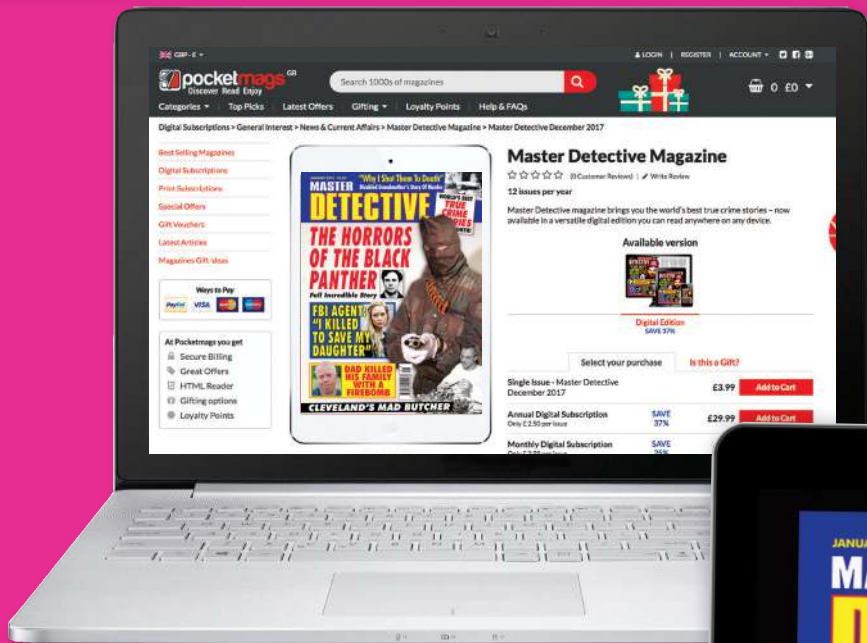
Dare's execution was delayed by the usual appeals – and his case became an issue with anti-capital punishment groups rallying to the cause. However, they encountered a very vocal opposition, with citizens' groups throughout the state clamouring for an end to delaying tactics and insisting that Richard Dare should pay for four murders.

The controversy reached major proportions when the state's Pardons and Parole Board announced that it had recommended a commutation of Richard Dare's death sentence to life imprisonment. On May 29th, 1963, however, Oklahoma's first Republican Governor Henry Bellmon issued a lengthy statement on the matter, the gist of which was that he had refused to accept the recommendation of the board to commute Richard Dare's death sentence.

**Richard Dare would never again have an opportunity to murder anyone. He was 30.**

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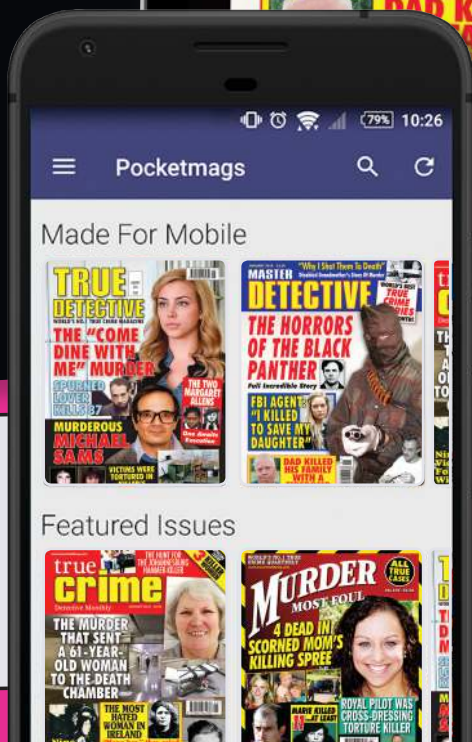
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# THE ANDREW STEWART TRAGEDY

## Was This Scotland's Worst-Ever Miscarriage Of Justice?

### SCOTLAND'S CLASSIC CASES

WHEN GLASGOW'S new city jail and courtroom were opened in 1814 and the infamous Tolbooth had its doors closed for the last time, there were many Glaswegians, among them politicians and church leaders, who felt that the modern structure, sitting majestically in the north bank of the Clyde, would

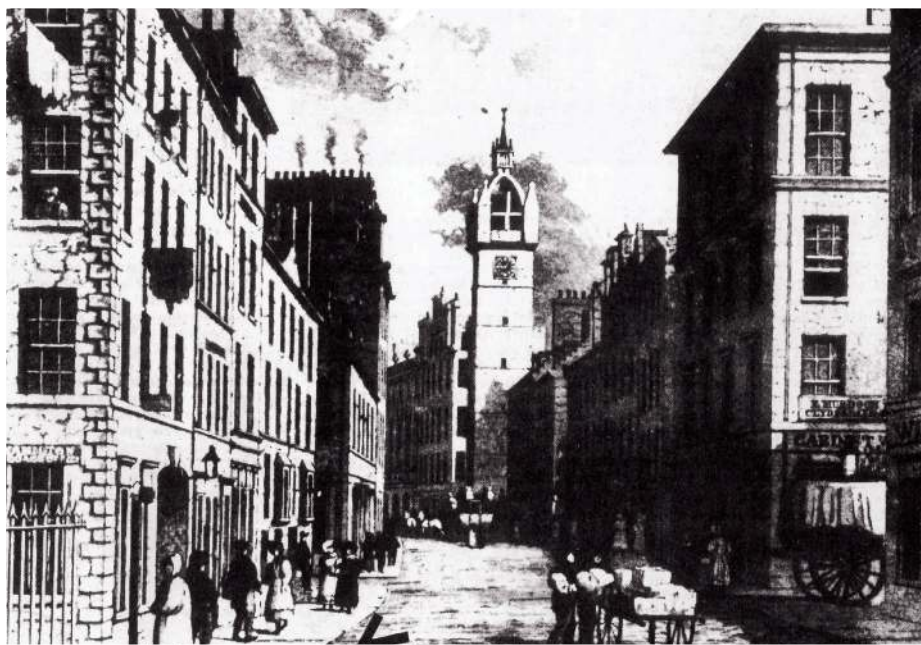
By John Bonner

encourage an equally progressive change in Scotland's sometimes barbaric judicial system. The new jail was an impressive building, with accommodation for 100 prisoners, mainly in the basement. On the first and second floors were the courtrooms and offices.

To the immediate left of the jail, facing the wide expanse of Glasgow Green, was the execution area, where as many as 100,000 people would gather to witness the hanging of Dr. Edward Pritchard in July 1865. Prior to the construction of the new jail, condemned prisoners were executed outside the Tolbooth at Glasgow Cross.

In August 1814, when the first of the prisoners, manacled together in groups of four, were transferred from the dark and dingy confines of the old jail to the new, leading figures in a growing civil liberties campaign in the city were confident that the transfer marked a major step forward in their attempts to introduce a more humane element in courtroom administration. It was a confidence totally misplaced, however, for 12 years after the close of the old Tolbooth, Glasgow was to witness the very worst aspects of Scotland's dispensation of justice.

The first steps taken in what was to be one of Glasgow's most memorable cases were taken in August



Gallowgate, from near Charlotte Street, looking towards Glasgow Cross. The incident between Andrew Stewart and Filippo Testti occurred at the left foreground of the street

1826, when a young man named Andrew Stewart travelled the few miles from his home in Bridgeton to the centre of Glasgow. Stewart earned his living as a weaver, working from his home – and the reason for his journey was to deliver a consignment of fabric to his employer, a trip he made every other Saturday. Stewart, a bachelor,

**As he tried to pull away, the stranger gripped his hand all the more tightly. Stewart again attempted to wrench himself free**

lived at home with his parents. Being a popular lad, he mixed well with the other weavers when they gathered in the city every fortnight.

On such occasions he, along with the other weavers, received payment

for the work completed and was also given his worksheet for the following two weeks. The regular routine was for the weavers to retire to the nearest pub and, over a few ales, discuss the events of the previous fortnight. Stewart was an honest, clean-living man who, but for the few mutchkins of beer he felt obligated to sup with his fellow-workers every other Saturday, was virtually an abstainer.

He looked forward to the fortnightly meetings, for he otherwise socialised very little, his time being devoted almost exclusively to his work. Both his parents had jobs, so what he earned from weaving was his own, except what he gave his mother for his keep. As a result of that comparative opulence, 20-year-old Andrew was spared the inevitable temptation of crime which pervaded the crowded ranks of Glasgow's impoverished youth.

Unfortunately, the routine of Saturday, August 6th, deviated to a degree that was to lead to a most tragic

conclusion. Whereas Stewart usually stayed with his friends until 8 o'clock, then made his way home to Bridgeton, he found the conversation and general companionship on this occasion particularly enjoyable. He drank much more than usual – indeed, more than he could adequately handle – and failed to notice the hours slip by. It was well after midnight when he and the two other remaining weavers staggered out of the pub and made their way towards Charlotte Street, where one of the weavers lived. It was decided that Andrew would spend the night there and then make an early start for home next morning.

The three tipsy weavers, in high spirits, sang loudly as they headed unsteadily down High Street towards Gallowgate. The inebriated trio could be described as merry at best, noisy at worst. But in no way were they aggressive or causing annoyance. They seemed absorbed only in their own company and concerned solely with reaching their destination.

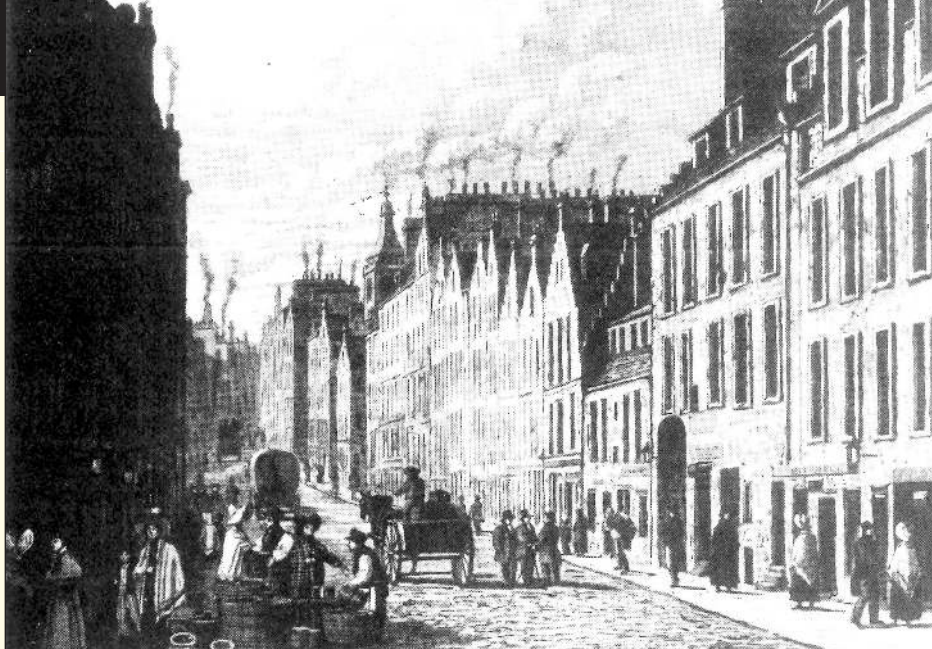
As they turned into Gallowgate, Andrew excused himself from his friends and cut into a narrow passageway to relieve himself. He was there only a minute, but in that time the two other weavers, having continued on their way at a slower pace, were about 50 yards ahead. Andrew Stewart stepped out to catch up with them. After covering only a few yards, however, he collided with a man who had suddenly emerged from a darkened doorway – and who was clearly as intoxicated as himself.

After the initial surprise of the collision, young Andrew steadied himself and asked the stranger if he was all right. The reply he got was uttered by an obviously foreign tongue. Only then did Andrew take notice of the man's appearance – small in stature, tanned skin, oily hair, expensively dressed – plus an overall appearance conveying that he was certainly not a Scot.

With a smile, the weaver offered a handshake to the stranger before continuing on his way – an offer which was quickly accepted. In an elaborate gesture of friendship, the man gripped Andrew's hand tightly and smiled broadly as he put his other arm around his shoulder. Andrew interpreted the action as that of a man wanting nothing more than companionship, but he could understand very little of what he was saying.

His only intention was to catch up with his friends. But as he tried to pull away, the stranger gripped his hand all the more tightly. Stewart refused the offer of a drink and instead, with greater force, again attempted unsuccessfully to wrench himself free of the foreigner.

There was a surprising number of people about in the area at that time of the morning, either standing idly in their own doorways, or making



**Horses and carriages running up Glasgow High Street – as they would have done in Andrew Stewart's days in the city**

their way home. Gradually, a few of them were drawn to what they took to be a fight developing between two drunks. Hearing his friends calling for him, Andrew Stewart reacted with an uncharacteristic burst of anger and, in a despairing effort to free himself, swung a punch at the stranger. As the man fell back, hitting his head on the ground as he did, the act of aggression was spotted by a patrolling constable, who called out to Stewart to stay where he was.

Instead, Andrew took to his heels, running in the direction of his two friends, who joined him in his flight. The trio ran into Charlotte Street, then into the enshrouding blackness of Glasgow Green, where they quickly lost

### **Stewart reacted with an uncharacteristic burst of anger and, in a despairing effort to free himself, swung a punch**

the pursuing constable. They waited for over an hour, moving furtively about the Green. Then, when all seemed quiet, they made their way to the home of one of the weavers. In the morning, a fatigued and bleary-eyed Andrew Stewart returned to his home in Bridgeton, unaware of the true outcome of his impulsive action.

When Constable Morrison gave up his chase of the three men and returned to Gallowgate, he found the man whom Andrew had assaulted still lying in the road. With the assistance of some onlookers, Morrison helped the injured man to a nearby house where, in the improved light, he examined him for cuts or bruises. But for a slight swelling around the mouth and back of the head, however, the man appeared unmarked. What was evident and noted by Morrison was the strong smell of drink from the man's breath and his glazed expression.

The constable also learned from those who had helped him that, within a minute of the assault on the foreigner – and while he was still on the ground – two men had jumped on the fallen man and robbed him of everything of value in his possession. His helpless condition had been quickly exploited by two unprincipled opportunists who happened to have witnessed the incident. Lying drunk in Glasgow's Gallowgate after midnight was not the ideal situation for an apparently wealthy foreigner to be in.

The victim, it transpired, was a looking-glass manufacturer named Filippo Testti, who had arrived in Scotland from his native Italy two years earlier. Owner of a small but prosperous business in Glasgow's east end, Testti had experienced some trouble in mastering the English language, but his jovial manner and obvious business acumen made him a character of note in the city. He was a well-known figure in some of the city-centre pubs and, when in reasonable sobriety, attracted company easily. But it was noticeable that, as the night went on, he would become increasingly short-tempered.

During the previous two months, Testti had been using the services of a prostitute named Agnes Leech. And as the investigation into the assault and robbery proceeded, it was learned that she was being used by a gang of thieves to gain information about the Italian's habits, with a view to robbing his premises. Although that was at first considered to lack significance, by an amazing coincidence there surfaced a direct connection between the gang and the robbery. Totally ignorant of their victim's identity, two members of that same gang were responsible for robbing Testti in the early hours of that Sunday morning!

On the evening of August 7th, police interviewing those who witnessed the incident were given the name of one of the men seen running

from the scene. That night, officers went to a house in Charlotte Street and questioned a weaver named Andrew Todd. Todd, fearful of the consequences and anxious to divorce himself from any involvement in such a serious incident – one he admitted having very little recollection of – gave them the name of the man they were after. Next morning, three constables went to Bridgeton and arrested Andrew Stewart. The young weaver listened in astonishment as he was charged with assault and highway robbery – a capital offence.

Andrew Stewart tried to explain to the disinterested officers what really took place – or at least as much as could he remember of it. But despite his protests of innocence and the pleas of his weeping parents, he was taken from his home and incarcerated in the city jail.

Later that day, as a result of additional information conveyed to them, police arrested two men – George Buckley and James Dick – and charged them also with assault and robbery. Dick and Buckley, well-known criminals, had been instantly recognised by many in the Glasgow Cross area that particular night. They had recently been suspected of conspiring with other ne'er-do-wells in a number of break-ins in the city centre. Although the items stolen from Filippo Testti were listed as a gold watch, a gold chain, three gold seals, a gold watch-key, a silk handkerchief and £2. 11s in cash, the only items recovered were the watch from Dick and the chain from Buckley. Both men profusely denied all knowledge of the assault or robbery, claiming that they had purchased the items in good faith from a stranger that very morning.

The immediate conclusion drawn by the investigating officers was that Andrew Stewart had acted in collusion with the other two accused. They put it to him that his role in the crime had been to assault Testti, then draw any intruding policeman or citizen away, while his cohorts robbed the injured victim. Stewart, who vehemently denied the robbery charge, admitted to the assault only as an act of self-defence. Incredibly, police managed to locate a witness who claimed to have seen the weaver going through the pockets of the man he had assaulted.

Harbouring a grossly slanted view of the crime, police were happy to accommodate the theory that Stewart had conspired with Buckley and Dick in the robbery, then concentrated their efforts in strengthening that idea. Dick and Buckley truthfully informed the officers that they did not know Stewart and had never laid eyes on him. But since they were denying their own involvement with the same vehemence, their claim was contemptuously dismissed. Police also discounted statements made by the other two weavers, who verified that Stewart



**Top, a map showing the route Andrew Stewart and his companions took from the tavern in Glasgow High Street, where Stewart stayed the night. Above, Charlotte Street as it was in the 1820s**

had been drinking in their company since the early evening of August 6th, deducing that the two men, by their own admission, were close friends of the accused – and in a drunken condition on the night in question.

**Officers concluded that Stewart had acted in collusion with the other two accused. His role had been to assault Testti, then draw policemen away**

Thus, their testimony must be of a biased, if not unreliable, nature.

The same investigating officers later persuaded Constable Morrison to change his original statement, in which

he said that Stewart had punched Testti, then immediately fled the scene. And even greater, more blatant, distortions were to emerge. When inquiries were made into Testti's movements that evening, it was discovered that he had been drinking heavily in the company of several policemen, first at a house in Bridgeton, then later at a police station, where he sent out for – and paid for – further bottles of whisky. Yet at the trial of the three men, the Italian would declare, without challenge, that he was “as sober as I am today” at the time he was robbed.

**S**tewart, Dick and Buckley were tried together on September 26th, the opening of the Autumn Circuit. When Filippo Testti was called to give evidence, he claimed that, before he was knocked down, he had felt Andrew Stewart's hand in his pocket. In an excited manner, he tried to elaborate further, but his testimony became increasingly unintelligible and it was necessary for a translator to be called.

In all, 18 witnesses were called. And while there were many who stated that they saw Stewart first assault

Testti, then Dick and Buckley rob him, the prosecution failed dismally to prove any connection between the young weaver and the other two accused, or that he had played any part in the robbery, despite the perjured testimony to the contrary of a witness who was eventually discredited by Stewart's lawyer.

But it was the closing speech by the presiding judge, intended as a guide to the jury, which had the greatest bearing on the outcome of the trial – and the destiny of Andrew Stewart. Prompted by an incredible interpretation of the law, Lord Stonefield informed the jury that Stewart needn't have physically robbed Mr. Testti to be found guilty of the crime. It was, the judge proclaimed, enough that his assault on the victim had been instrumental in the robbery taking place.

The judge finished at 10 p.m. – and the jury retired for the night. Exactly 12

hours later, they filed back into court and announced their verdicts. Sitting in court that day was the famous Glasgow historian, Peter McKenzie, who in later years expressed his opinion of what he described as “a most shameful episode in Scottish legal history.”

He went on: “The 15-member jury, by a narrow majority, condemned the man they ought to have acquitted – and acquitted the man they ought to have condemned. There were three prisoners. By a majority of eight to seven, the jury found the case against George Buckley (a well-known street prowler) not proven. He was, therefore, dismissed from the court and exulted in his escape. But by a similar majority, they found James Dick guilty of the robbery – and Andrew Stewart guilty of the assault and robbery, or accessory



The imposing Glasgow High Court building in recent years

art and part (a Scottish legal term to denote aiding or abetting a crime). They well knew what the result of that verdict would be as regards Stewart, but

they coupled it with a recommendation to mercy. Dick was sentenced to be transported for life, while Stewart was doomed to be executed on Wednesday, November 1st, 1826, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 4 p.m.

“A petition for mercy on Stewart’s behalf was sent up to the Home Office. And if ever a petition for mercy in this world deserved to be attended to, it was surely in the case of this man.”

Also sentenced to die on that November 1st was a young Irishman named Edward Kelly, condemned for robbing an old man of £108. He was kept in the adjoining cell to Stewart at the city jail. Although neither would lay eyes on the other until they emerged simultaneously from their condemned cells on execution day, they were keenly aware of each other’s presence and eventually managed to establish communication by calling messages to one another when the prison guard was out of earshot.

Up till almost the last day, Stewart, his family and even staff at the jail expected word from the Home Office in London that his sentence would be commuted to transportation. Dozens of letters were sent by Stewart’s relatives.

**With unbelievable callousness, London politicians failed even to acknowledge receipt of the petition – or the letters sent by Stewart’s relatives**

And the petition, organised by the Rev. Marshall, the condemned man’s minister, had been signed by hundreds of people in the Bridgeton area, as well as many of Andrew’s weaver colleagues. When the news reached him of the growing support for his cause, Andrew’s spirit was lifted greatly. From early October, he exuded an air of genuine optimism.

But as the days passed and each London mail coach arrived in Glasgow with no word of a reprieve, Stewart became more distracted. His parents were on hand in Nelson Street on October 30th when the London mail coach pulled in – the last arrival from the capital before execution day – and learned the shattering news that the Home Office had failed to forward a communication of any kind. With unbelievable callousness, London politicians failed even to acknowledge receipt of the petition – or the letters sent by Stewart’s relatives.

When Andrew was informed by the prison governor, he took the news very badly. For 24 hours, devoid of dignity and composure, he wept continuously, calling out for his mother and father. By 10 a.m. on execution day, a degree of numbing acceptance of his fate,

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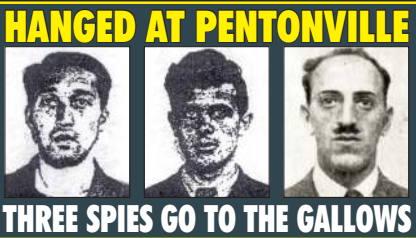
## HANGED IN AUSTRALIA AXE HORROR IN SLEEPY HOLLOW



## SLAUGHTER IN A CHATHAM CAR PARK



## AMERICA'S MOST EVIL SON OF SAL No Shopkeeper Was Safe...



## HANGED AT PENTONVILLE THREE SPIES GO TO THE GALLOWS



## WOULD THEY HANG YOUNG JAMES? MURDER IN SUFFOLK



## "I SAW MY HUSBAND'S KILLER DIE IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR"

ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSAGENT FROM JUNE 7TH OR SEE THE OFFER ON PAGE 45

coupled with comforting assurances from the Rev. Marshall, was having a more calming effect on the condemned man.

Then he and Edward Kelly were taken out of their respective cells at the same time. And for the brief moment they came face-to-face, the only expression they exchanged was one of mutual terror. They were taken to a room at the front of the prison, where they offered final mitigation to their Maker. A Catholic, Kelly knelt in front of a priest, while Stewart, a Protestant, was on his knees facing his minister, the prisoners' lips moving continuously in silent supplication.

Outside, many thousands had gathered to witness the double-execution. Among the crowd was Stewart's mother, sitting at the foot of the gallows, a most pathetic figure, her tear-stained face directed upwards at the hideous construction that would shortly take her son's life. Time and again, she was urged to leave that terrible scene. But she refused, insisting that she had to stay to comfort her son. Her torment was further heightened when she was informed of the *Glasgow Courier's* unjustified attack on her son's character. In an editorial that morning, the newspaper had passed its own fabricated assessment of the condemned man's lifestyle – "...a good-looking person, who led a life of vice, wickedness and debauchery."

At 11 a.m., the condemned prisoners emerged from the prison, escorted by six guards, the priest and minister, the prison chaplain and led by Sheriff's Officer David Hardie. At the rear, almost unnoticed as usual, was city hangman Thomas Young. Stewart and Kelly, their arms pinioned tightly behind them, looked pale and frightened, their warm breath clouding the cold morning air as they walked towards the gallows. As they neared the steep wooded steps, Mrs. Stewart jumped quickly to her feet and pushed between the guards.

"My son, my son! Oh, good God, my innocent son!" she wept, her arms outstretched in an attempt to offer her son one last embrace. She was roughly pushed back into the crowd by the guards, who were jeered and cursed for their show of callousness. Mrs. Stewart pushed forward again and called out to her son. Before mounting the steps, young Stewart turned to his mother and mouthed the words: "God bless



**The city jail and courtrooms as they were at the time of Andrew Stewart's trial**

you." He wore an expression of the most abject misery. "Andrew, Andrew, my son!" his distraught mother called out. "May God in heaven receive you into his ever-loving arms!"

On the scaffold, the two men were placed back-to-back on the trap-door. Then Young pulled a hood over each head. Their legs were tied – and then a noose was fixed around each man's neck. Just before the drop, the doomed pair were seen to clasp hands, as though each was seeking comfort in the other's dreadful situation – or perhaps clinging in desperation to a most fragile,

**"My son, my son! Oh, good God, my innocent son!" she wept, her arms outstretched in an attempt to offer him one last embrace**

short-lived relationship.

When the lever was pulled and the bodies above fell through, Mrs. Stewart emitted a high-pitched scream and collapsed almost underneath her suspended son. Edward Kelly died slowly and painfully, but Andrew Stewart hung motionless following the drop. After half an hour, the bodies were cut down and taken back into the jail. The crowd had dwindled from thousands to a few dozen, and Mrs. Stewart had been assisted to her home to nurse the most painful lifelong memories.

In Glasgow, the execution would be discussed for a few more days. Within a week, however, few people would even remember the names of the two men who'd died. The topic would resurface briefly at a later date, when the avenging Justiciary came to town and a few more unfortunate wretches were doomed to the gallows.

**Certainly there would never again be any less deserving of such a fate than Andrew Stewart.**

## MURDER MONTH June

**R**elease of a killer rapist... Zoe Wade, a 42-year-old spinster, liked to keep her own counsel. Shy and timid, she rarely invited anyone into her council flat in Bradford.

On June 13th, 1984, her naked body was discovered in her home. She had been raped and strangled and Ajax cleaner had been poured over her body in a bid to prevent any forensic evidence linking her killer.

In fact, police were pretty certain who her killer was. In January 1982, a neighbour, James Pollard, 23, had broken into her flat and assaulted and raped her. After the attack, he had told her, "Don't call the police or I will kill you."

Bravely, she did go to the authorities and, at Leeds Crown Court, Pollard



**Zoe Wade – raped and killed by her neighbour**

was jailed for 4½ years for rape. Shockingly, he was freed after just 16 months.

In the time since the attack, Miss Wade retreated further into her shell and shunned the company of all men. Understandably, she was terrified that Pollard would seek revenge, and asked the local council to rehouse her away from the flat where the attack happened.

Not only was Miss Wade let down by the council, she was let down by the Parole Board who did not inform her that Pollard was being released.

Pollard now broke into her home and killed her. Clothing fibres from Miss Wade's outfit were found on his clothes and Miss Wade's handbag was discovered in the gents in the pub across the road. Pollard's fingerprints were all over it.

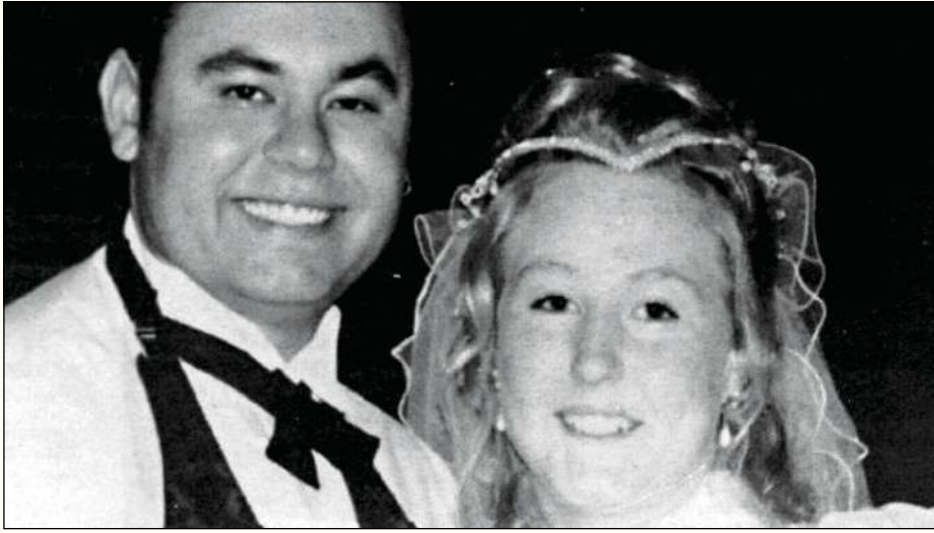
When questioned by police, Pollard said that he had visited Miss Wade because she had not replied to a letter he had allegedly sent her from prison offering an apology for raping her. He claimed that she had died accidentally. He also said that she had invited him into her flat and voluntarily removed all her clothes.

Charged with her rape and murder, Pollard went on trial at Leeds on February 5th, 1985. It took the jury 80 minutes to return a verdict of murder and say that he was guilty of rape.

**The judge told Pollard: "In my view, you will remain dangerous for many years to come," and on February 9th sentenced him to life imprisonment.**

# SHALLOW GRAVE

**Their marriage was short and turbulent and ended with... would take more than 20 years for her killer to finally**



## New South Wales Shocker

Left, Jodie and Steve Fesus on their wedding day. The marriage lasted three months

**MD** "OK, I Know I Strangled Her. It Wasn't Vicious. No Way"

**T**HE DAY after burying his wife by Seven Mile Beach, New South Wales, Steve Fesus, 27, felt hungry. He decided on pizza and ordered delivery from Pizza World. Later the same day, his hunger satisfied, he informed police that his wife, Jodie Melissa Fesus, 18, was missing.

It was August 13th, 1997.

A month later, officers received an anonymous phone call that led them to Jodie's remains on the camping ground by the beach south of Wollongong. She was clad in a nightdress. There wasn't much left of her – not much to work with.

Fesus, a security officer, must have felt he had got away with murder as the weeks, months and years ticked by. But times change and in 2013, the Unsolved Homicide Team, a cold case unit, reopened Jodie's file. A week later, Steve Fesus was charged with



Above, the spot where Jodie's body was discovered after a tip-off

Date parents separated or previously married or de facto?	11/18/97	11/18/97	1/1
Do you get maintenance/child support for this child?	Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No <input type="checkbox"/>
Has maintenance/child support for this child changed?	Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No <input type="checkbox"/>
Is the other parent still living?	Yes <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> No <input type="checkbox"/>	Yes <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> No <input type="checkbox"/>	Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No <input type="checkbox"/>

The disputed social security application question answered by Steve Fesus – "Is the other parent still living?" (in yellow box) – corrected from "No" to "Yes"

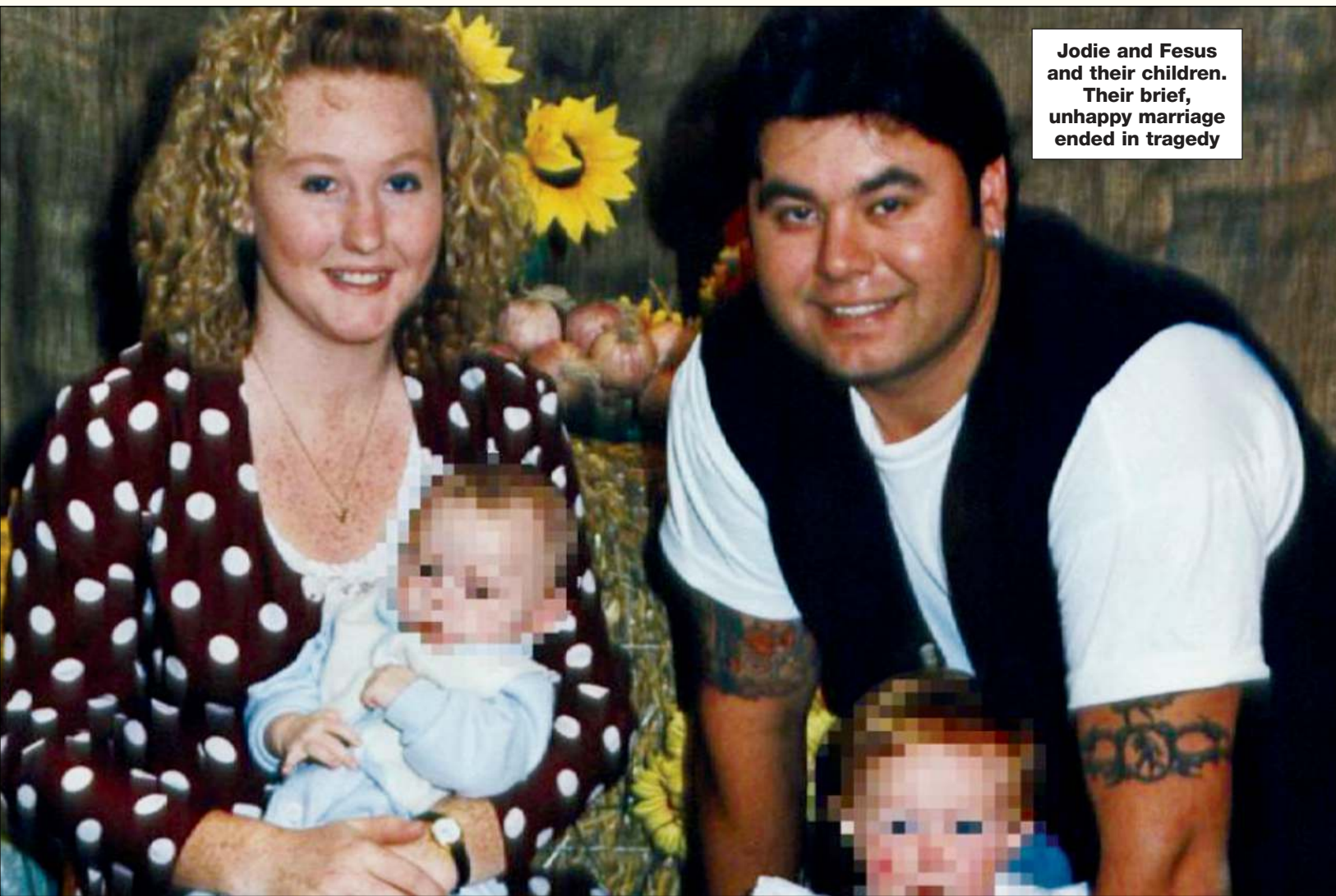




# E FOR JODIE, 18

**Teen bride Jodie's disappearance. It may be jailed for her brutal murder...**

Report by  
**DONALD CARNE**



**Jodie and Fesus and their children. Their brief, unhappy marriage ended in tragedy**

Jodie's murder.

Fesus's first trial, in December 2015, ended in a hung jury and the second, in October 2016, was aborted when Fesus became ill and required surgery.

A year later, Fesus was brought before Justice Peter Johnson at the NSW Supreme Court for an eight-week trial.

Crown Prosecutor Greg Smith said Fesus and Jodie's three-month marriage was unhappy and riddled with abuse. They hadn't had sex since their marriage. They accused each other of having affairs. Jodie told a friend, "I've had enough, I'm leaving him."

Fesus and Jodie had a massive row at a friend's house on August 11th. Some concerned friends went to see Jodie at the couple's Shellharbour home on the 12th to see how she was.

**On August 25th, 1997, Fesus went to a social security office to see if he could claim the single parent payment. On the application form, it asked: "Is your wife still living?" He ticked "No." When this was queried, he said, "Oh, sorry" – and changed it to "Yes"**

But Fesus said she wasn't there.

The prosecution argued that Fesus had choked or strangled Jodie in their home in a continuation of the earlier argument, probably at around 10 p.m.

**T**he pair, who had met when Jodie was 16 and pregnant, liked to play-wrestle, the suggestion being that Fesus had knocked Jodie out with a sleeper or choke hold. "This is when they are mucking around," Mr. Smith said – but that night, the wrestling turned deadly serious.

Fesus's young step-daughter and son were in another room, probably asleep. Fesus, the prosecution said, had bundled Jodie into the back of his station-wagon and driven her to the beach, probably leaving the kids alone at home. He had buried Jodie under cover of darkness in the soft sands of



**Steve Fesus in 2015. His first trial ended with a hung jury, and a second attempt was abandoned after he became ill**

the national park.

As the next day unfolded, Fesus thoroughly cleaned his car and home, met Jodie's friends at the door, ordered pizza and spoke to a woman he knew on the phone. It was late in the day when he called the police to report Jodie missing.

On August 25th, 1997, Fesus went to a social security office to see if he could claim the single parent payment. On the application form, it asked: "Is your wife still living?" He ticked "No." When this was queried, he said, "Oh, sorry" – and changed it to "Yes."

His application was rejected, so he returned to Jodie's remains and partially uncovered them, then made an anonymous phone call to the police. On September 14th, he returned to the social security office, announced Jodie's remains had been found, and had his application approved.

Before Jodie's remains had been identified, Fesus turned up at the local morgue and asked if he could see his wife. He wanted to know if she had been strangled.

He also asked whether his fingerprints would be on her neck if he had rolled over on top of her in bed.

The most compelling evidence was a series of tapes of interviews with Fesus, stretching back to 2000. In a tape from December of that year, Fesus says that he and Jodie sometimes got on like a house on fire, but at other times she could be "catty, violent and like she was PMSing all the time." He described himself as her punch bag.

"She would hit me," he said. "What do you do? I just stood there and took it." He recalled an argument about a washing machine in a shopping precinct. "She said, 'Enough, I'm going to leave you.' So she got her own little way once again," he smirked.

In a video appeal that followed Jodie's disappearance, a reporter is seen asking Fesus, "What do you say to members of the public that may actually think you did it?"

"They can come and talk to me," he replied. "I have got nothing to hide at all. It is a hard loss, a very hard loss but that's just the way it is."

**"Although they may have difficulty accepting it as a fact, the offender murdered Jodie and has deceived the children since then as to what, in truth, happened to their mother"**

**T**he most telling tape came from an interview on July 3rd, 2013...

Fesus: All right. I strangled her. OK, I know I strangled her. It wasn't vicious. No way. It wasn't nothing like that, you know, what you see in movies.

Interviewer: What did you cover her



**Finally jailed in 2018, Fesus was given a 22-year sentence, with a minimum of 16 years to serve**

up with?

Fesus: Scrub trees, branches, kicked it over and then got a fallen tree branch as a broom.

Interviewer: I know we touched on it before, but we're being completely honest with each other now?

Fesus: I am right now. What I'm saying to you right now is it, that's it.

Later, Fesus retracted the

confession. His lawyer said it had been made under duress; Fesus had been upset at everything being raked over. He had always maintained his innocence and continued to do so.

The defence argued that it was the social security officer and not Fesus who had made the error on the payment application. They pooh-poohed the idea that Fesus had returned to the beach to uncover Jodie. "That would be an incredibly risky, foolhardy idea."

Nevertheless, Steve Fesus was found guilty of murdering his wife.

**I**n February, 2018, more than 20 years after Jodie's death, Fesus, now 47, was sentenced to 22 years with a minimum period of 16. "The murder was callous and selfish and deprived Jodie of her adult life and her children of their mother," Judge Johnson said.

He was concerned about Fesus's children. "Although they may have

difficulty accepting it as a fact, the offender murdered Jodie and has deceived the children since then as to what, in truth, happened to their mother."

Fesus showed no emotion as the sentence was read but, as he was led away, he turned to wave at his children. They had been loyal to their father throughout the lengthy process, one writing to the court to say, "I know he couldn't do anything like this. I know he wouldn't do anything like this."

Outside the court, Jodie's father said the trial had driven a wedge between the families. "Jodie was murdered and we have lost kids that are still

alive," he said. "How would you like your grandkids to walk past you and they don't acknowledge you?"

**Jodie's mother added that at least the verdict had brought some comfort: "After 20 years it's bittersweet – it'll never bring her back but it's given our family some satisfaction that the justice system does eventually work."**



**Victim Omar was a dedicated member of Crown Heights Full Gospel Assembly (above) in Brooklyn, New York. His funeral was later held there**

It was noon when Omar Murray, 37, a Jamaican-born ironworker, returned home on Sunday, February 24th, 2013. A devoutly religious man, Omar was in a peaceful state of mind.

As he entered his home in Lott Avenue, Brooklyn, a tall young man walked up to him. Omar smiled and was about to say, "Hi there," when he was shot three times in the chest. The young man, who had used Omar's own gun, walked past Omar and continued on his way.

Omar stumbled a few steps forward and collapsed in the hallway. His wife Alishia Noel-Murray, 25, screamed and locked herself in the bedroom with her 10-month-old baby. She dialed 911 and said there was an active shooter in the building.

This had the effect of delaying the entry of the paramedics until their safety could be assured. Omar died a few hours later at Brookdale University Hospital. He and Alishia had been married for just three years.

Alishia, a visiting nurse, had connections to the Caribbean too. Although both her separated parents now lived in Brooklyn, her father had arrived originally from Grenada and her mother from Guyana.



**Alishia and Omar had been married for three years (above) and were living in a Lott Avenue home (right). Her actions eventually put her on trial in Brooklyn Supreme Court (below)**



New York's finest moved quickly and the very next day arrested three young men who seemed to have money to burn. Dameon Lovell, 29, told officers that the mastermind behind Omar's death was none other than Alishia. Lovell said he and Alishia were lovers, but it wasn't love that had driven them to kill – it was Omar's fat insurance policies that added up to \$900,000.

The hit-man was a hoodlum called Kirk Portious, 25, and the final member of the gang was getaway driver Dion Jack, 22.

Ten days later, a funeral service was held for Omar at his church, the Crown Heights Full Gospel Assembly of God Church. Alishia sat in the front pew



chewing gum. She dabbed her eyes with a tissue. "To see her sitting there with her crocodile tears makes me sick," Omar's uncle told the *New York Times*. "We know she killed our Omar. Where is the justice?"

Some justice came in three years later in June 2016 when both life insurance companies refused to pay out – and Alishia was told she would face trial on a charge of first-degree murder.

In a plea-deal in March 2017, Dameon Lowell pleaded guilty to second-degree murder. He received a sentence of 15-years-to-life and agreed to testify against Alishia. He revealed that there had been a previous attempt to shoot Omar. On that occasion the gunman had missed, so they had turned to Kirk Portious, who seemed more reliable.

Two months later, Alishia faced the Brooklyn Supreme Court on a charge of first-degree murder. Kirk Portious stood

*Her husband Omar was insured for a tempting \$900,000. She tried poisoning him – but when she found a hit-man who would do the job for \$3,500...*

# ALISHIA ARRANGED AN ASSASSINATION

Case report by Andrew Stephenson

trial at the same time and venue – but with a different jury.

“She didn’t care about Omar, only herself – he was a \$900,000 cheque,” Assistant District Attorney Emily Dean told Justice Neil Firetog and the court. Alishia, Ms. Dean said, had financial problems and had grown tired of her husband. The solution to both problems was staring her in the face.

Alishia had first tried to kill her husband in October 2012 by poisoning his food but he recovered in hospital, Ms.

**“The man who murdered her husband is sitting right there and this whole trial she acted like it was nothing. She showed no remorse, no emotion”**

“Did you plan or orchestrate the murder of your husband?” Alishia’s lawyer, Wynton Sharpe, asked.

“Under no circumstances. No, I did not,” Alishia replied. She said that on the day Omar died, she had heard him talking outside their door.

“I couldn’t make out what he was saying,” she said. “Right after that I hear three pops – almost like someone put a balloon under their shirt and popped it. I called him on his phone and he didn’t answer. I called again and he didn’t answer so I called 911. I locked the bedroom door. I was scared. I was very scared.”

Wynton Sharpe argued that Lovell was the killer. He had turned informer on Alishia and Portious to make it easy on himself. “He’s lied to everyone from the beginning,” he said. “He wanted this new lifestyle and Omar was the one in the way.”

Alishia had admitted she had slept with Dameon. “She knows that means she has been unfaithful but that doesn’t make her a killer.”



Dean continued. She had been angry to discover he had slept with a prostitute.

“He said, ‘I’m sorry,’ and confessed he was with a prostitute,” Alishia explained. “I asked him if he was with one before and he said, ‘No.’”

After the poison had failed to work, Ms. Dean said, Alishia began to see more of Dameon Lovell and they hatched up a new plan. Portious agreed to pull the trigger for a fee of \$3,500 with a deposit of \$500. It seemed a bargain.

It took more than a year to conclude the evidence against Alishia. In that time, she had married again, in September 2014. She admitted she had taken out insurance on her new husband, Jose Abreu.

Jose, it seems, had also treated Alishia badly. He had slept with another woman and had a child with her.

“When you thought Jose was cheating on you, you reached out to his baby’s mother, correct?” asked Ms. Dean.

“Yes,” Alishia replied

“In that email you tell her, ‘Jose is a liar and a cheater and we are both too good for him,’ correct?”

“Something along those lines, yes.”

It was unclear whether Alishia had taken out insurance on her husband before or after she discovered he had been unfaithful to her.

**Above, Kirk Portious, the \$3,500 assassin employed by Alishia, used a gun belonging to Omar (right) to shoot him as he arrived home. Alishia (below) moved on, remarrying in 2014**



The jury failed to believe in Alishia’s innocence. As the guilty sentence was read, she stood impassive, seemingly unconcerned. Three weeks later, she was sentenced to life without the possibility of parole – a fate shared by hit-man Kirk Porteous.

In his victim impact statement, Omar’s brother said, “The man who murdered her husband is sitting right there and this whole trial she acted like it was nothing. She showed no remorse, no emotion.”

**“With their premeditated and callous actions, these two defendants forfeited their right to remain part of our society,” said Acting District Attorney Eric Gonzalez. “They planned and carried out the heinous and cruel execution of an innocent man for nothing more than pure greed.”**



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MD0618



# MDforum

Your Questions, Answers & Updates

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Hector McDonald of Walton-on-the-Naze writes: "On a visit to Swansea I was told about a post office robbery (the building is still there!) and murder that sent Vivian Teed to the gallows. He was the last man to be hanged in Wales – 60 years ago this year! Have you covered the story?"

**We have – but not for some time. Given the significance, it's a good time to present it once more...**

**F**FORESTFACH postmaster William Williams peered out into the drizzly Friday evening of November 15th, 1957. It had been a long day behind the counter, and he was looking forward to putting on his slippers, heating up some lamb stew, and listening to *Friday Night Is Music Night* on the wireless.

He bolted the side door at 6 o'clock, said a cheery goodnight to the two ladies who worked with him, and shifted a sack of parcels ready for the postman to collect. A few minutes later, local trader Owen Davies called round with a message, and at 6.35 p.m. the postie picked up the parcels.

Seventy-three-year-old Williams had always been conscientious about keeping the premises orderly, and decided to sweep up the back room before knocking off for the day. He was planning to retire and sell up and recently he had had workmen in to do some repairs. They had left the place dusty.

Coughing in the damp night air, and pausing to flex his aching back, he grabbed the broom from outside the back door, gave the floor a quick brush, and propped the broom back in its place. The lights were all turned off when he heard a knock at the side door.

**Above, Fforestfach Post Office. Below, behind the counter. The killer ransacked draws but the safe was intact. This led police to believe it was not the work of a professional thief**

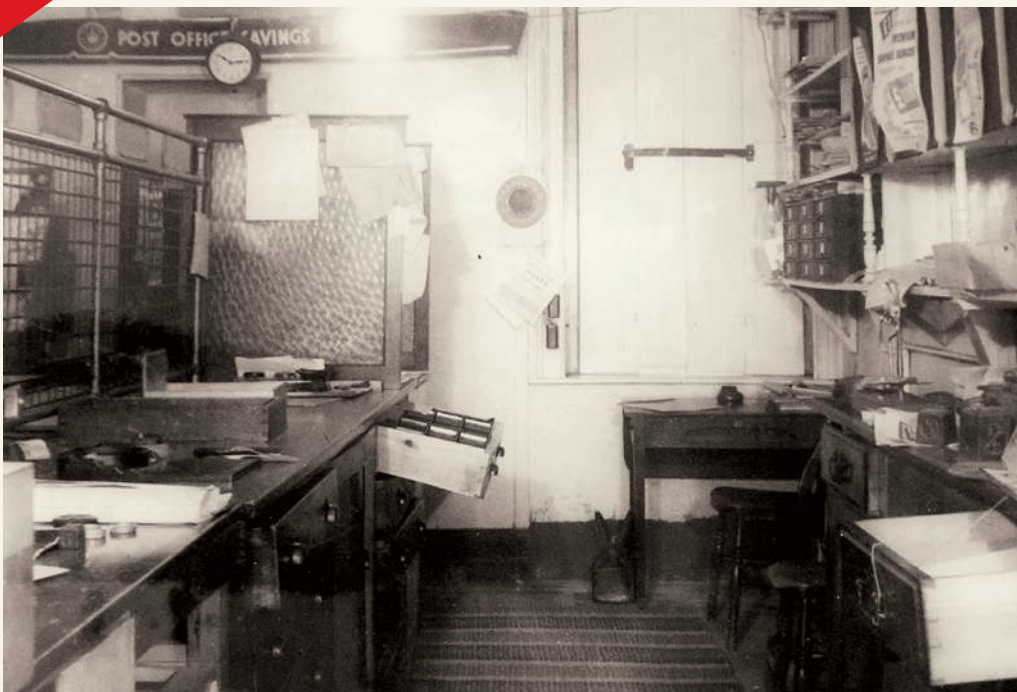
He recognised the young man standing there as one of the workmen – a loudmouth often ridiculed by the other labourers for his cocky claims and comments.

"Hello, boyo! You left something behind?" asked Williams.

Shock froze Vivian Teed for a few seconds. He hadn't expected to find the old man there. The lights were off. So what was he still doing at work well after seven?

Panic gripped him. He couldn't think straight. What should he say? Should he just leave? What about all those plans of his?

Something snapped in his brain. He pulled a hammer from his pocket and pushed past the postmaster, bringing the weapon down with furious force on Williams's skull.





The first blow stunned him, and he staggered against the wall, an expression of pain, terror and bewilderment on his face.

Teed felt as if every second of anger stored up through his 24 years was erupting like some grotesque volcano, and he struck Williams again and again and again with such force that the shaft of the hammer split – the hammer he had

**The body of William Williams in the hallway. On the mat on the far right is the broken shaft of the murder weapon**

stolen from Williams two months earlier.

Blood, bone and brain matter spattered the walls and stuck to the weapon. But Williams was still moaning when Teed rifled through his pockets for the key to the safe. All he found was the post office door key which was useless to him because no cash or valuables were left outside the safe.

After rummaging along the counter in the dark, Teed left the dying postmaster and fled empty-handed.

The streets were quiet as Teed trudged

**“I’ve done that Fforestfach job. I hit the man. I couldn’t find the safe keys and he was coming to, so I left him and didn’t take anything. I was wearing socks. One was ripped, so I might have left my prints”**

# THE LAST MAN HANGED IN WALES

**Sixty years ago this month Vivian Teed was hanged for the murder at the Fforestfach post office near Swansea. Did he deserve to hang, considering the jury could not at first agree?**

head down against the wind and rain. In 1957, Fforestfach was still a hamlet three miles from Swansea. Today, it’s the site of Swansea West Industrial Park, and the Chocolate Factory the tourists flock to.

Still shaking, Teed made his way to the Cwmbwria Inn. At closing time, he and a friend went to a local café for chips. It was here that Teed bragged: “I’ve done that Fforestfach job. I hit the man. I couldn’t find the safe keys and he was coming to, so I left him and didn’t take anything. I was wearing socks. One was ripped, so I might have left my prints.”

“You must be frigging barmy,” said the friend in disbelief. Teed had a reputation for violence and a string of convictions to prove it, but he was also known as a compulsive liar. So the friend thought no more about Teed’s boasts – until he heard about the postmaster’s murder.

**N**ext morning, Margaret John arrived for work at 8.40 a.m. as usual at the post office. The rain had given way to a sky so brilliantly blue it seemed the wet weather had rinsed it extra clean.

She knocked on the side door. When

## MURDER MONTH

### June

**L**oan murderer... Two young boys went into woods at Easthampstead near Bracknell on June 28th, 1964, to look for fishing bait. Instead, they found the body of a man with his head covered in a towel. The body was awash with maggots that had stripped the body of much of its flesh.

The post-mortem examination showed that the man had been dead around 10 days and had been killed by a blow to the throat. The corpse was identified as 42-year-old Peter Thomas, unemployed and with form.

Thomas was living on the dole in a bungalow at Lydney, Gloucestershire, even though he had inherited £5,000 from his father in 1961.

Going through his papers, police learned that on December 11th, 1963, he had loaned £2,000 to William Brittle for six months and charged him 12½ per cent interest. The loan was due for settlement on June 16th, the approximate date of Thomas's disappearance.

Brittle had taken the loan for an agricultural investment on a lease on a property in Wiltshire, a smallholding near Salisbury and some poultry houses.

When the police questioned him, he claimed that the loan had been repaid from money that he had won on horses along with a £25 late fee. However, when police visited local bookies, no one could be found who recognised Brittle.

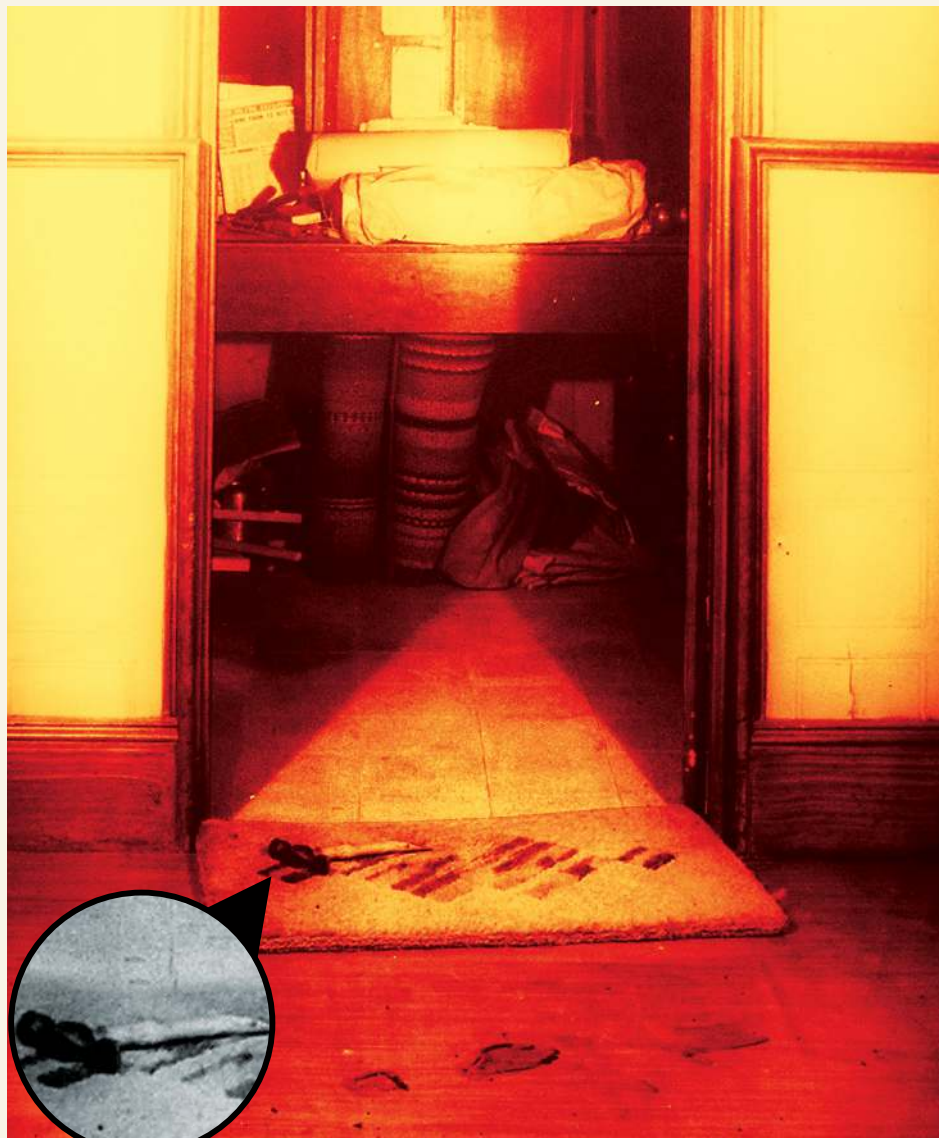
Bloodstains on the coat worn by Brittle were of little use because the two men had the same blood group. Police believed that Brittle had gone to Lydney to kill Thomas rather than repay the money he owed.

Brittle then, according to the police theory, put the body into the boot of his car and took it to where it was found. However, it was all supposition and the investigation came to a halt.

Four months later, a man named Dennis Roberts came forward to say that he had seen Peter Thomas on June 20th, which would mean that he could not have been killed by Brittle on June 16th.

The Director of Public Prosecutions decided that there was no case to answer. However, when the coroner's inquest was held, it named William Brittle as the murderer of Peter Thomas.

**Brittle appeared at Gloucester Assizes in 1965. Two more witnesses came forward to say that they had seen Thomas some days after the death date. Brittle chose to not give evidence on his own behalf. The jury decided that he was guilty and on May 21st, 1965, he was sentenced to life behind bars.**



**Above, on the threshold mat the broken hammer (inset), surrounded by bloody footprints. Right, at the back door stands the broom Teed held whilst talking to William Williams prior to the attack**

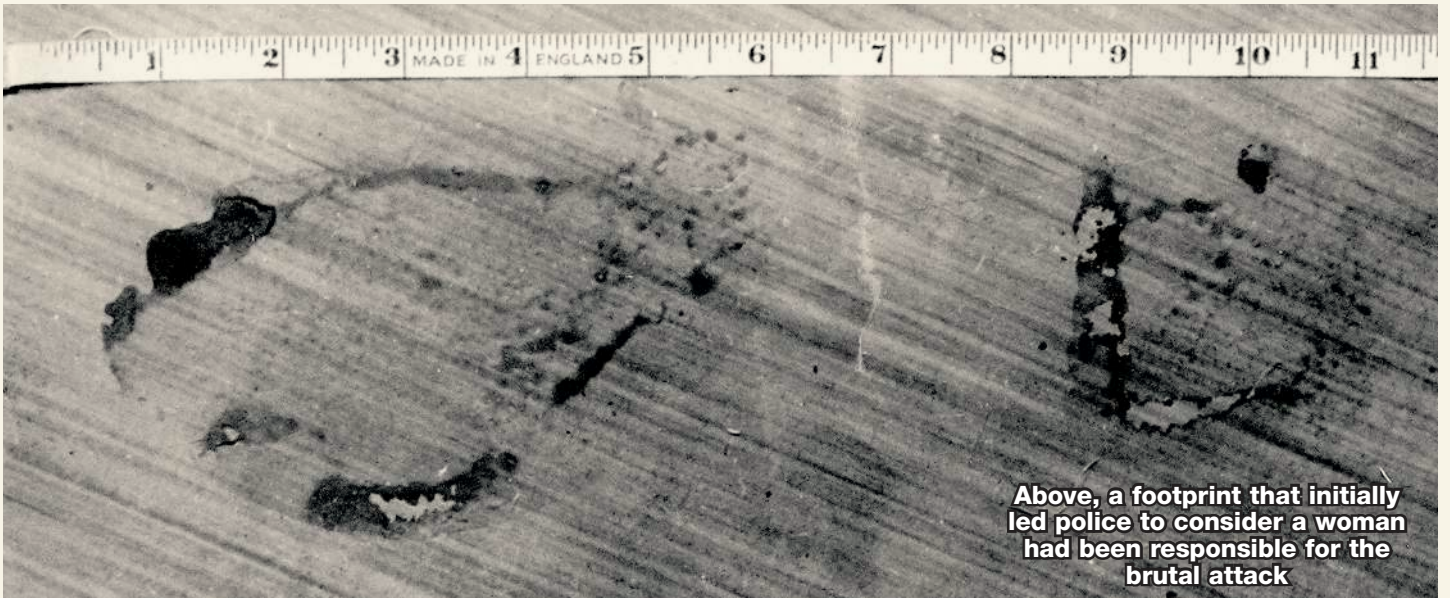
no one answered, she peered through the letterbox and saw that the hall light was on. This was odd as Williams was thrifty and never wasted electricity. The front of the shop was shut, which was also unusual, so she squinted through the letterbox again. This time she saw him lying on the floor.

Heart thumping, she ran to the police station, returning with a constable and a sergeant who smashed down the kitchen door. They found William Williams's body surrounded by bloody footprints, with pools of blood between the kitchen and the hall. The angle of blood splashes on the walls indicated that he had been hit repeatedly where he had fallen.

There was no forced entry, and detectives suspected that the postmaster must have known his assailant and admitted him to the premises. Time of death was believed to be about 8 p.m., and because the safe was intact they







ruled out the possibility of a professional criminal.

A trail of blood led from the post office to a crossroads where there was a bus stop, but no one had seen a passenger boarding a bus with bloodstained clothing.

What puzzled detectives were the footprints leading from the rear of the post office through an alley and out onto the village high street. They had been made by size six shoes – surely too small for a man?

**W**hile the community of Fforestfach was still reeling from the shock of the killing in their midst, the *South Wales Evening Post* headlines for Monday, November 18th, read: “Was Postmaster’s Killer A Woman? Size six footprints baffle Scotland Yard investigators.”

Detective Superintendent George Miller told reporters he was by no means certain that a man had been involved in this horrible crime.

What he was interested in, however, was builders who had recently been working at the post office and would have been on friendly terms with Williams.

But, before he could begin to explore this line of inquiry, a local man came forward and identified one of the workmen as the killer. It looked as though



that the charge should be reduced to manslaughter.

“When Teed committed this crime, he was suffering from an abnormality of the mind which substantially impaired his mentality,” said Mr. F. Elwyn Jones QC.

“Teed is an aggressive psychopath, and psychopaths are driven to deeds of violence which are as uncontrollable as a tidal wave.”

Dr. Marshall Fenton, senior medical officer at Cardiff and Swansea Prisons and a witness for the prosecution, told the court: “Teed is not suffering from any abnormality. While in prison the defendant appeared friendly, played chess, obeyed all orders and showed no sign of aggressive behaviour. His

**The side door where the attacker entered the post office**

behaviour on the night of November 15th was simply that of a violent criminal.”

A medical officer from Swansea Prison also testified that Teed was not suffering from a mental abnormality, simply an aggressive personality that could prompt him to become violent when faced with the slightest provocation. This did not mean he was insane.

Summing-up for the prosecution, Mr. William Mars-Jones QC said that Teed was a cruel killer who had bludgeoned an elderly man to death to escape being caught during a robbery.

Concluding for the defence, Mr. Jones asked whether a “normal” person would brutally murder an elderly man and then confess it to a friend, let alone advertise the crime in advance.

Mr. Justice Salmon instructed the jury: “Remember, it is for the defence to prove abnormalities of the mind.”

After two and a half hours, 10 men and two women jurors returned to the hushed courtroom to report that one of them felt the prosecution had failed to disprove that Teed was mentally impaired.

the size six shoes had left a false trail.

The contact said that Vivian Teed – unemployed since the post office building job had ended – was living in a bungalow in Manselton, Swansea, with his pregnant girlfriend, and had bragged about the “dead cert” Fforestfach raid he planned to carry out. He even named the night of the robbery.

The police moved swiftly. Teed was arrested on Monday – only three days after the murder. He made a full confession that evening.

As Teed admitted that his purpose had been robbery, he was charged with capital murder in the course of furtherance of theft. If convicted, he would face a mandatory death penalty.

**A**t his trial at Glamorgan Assizes in Cardiff in March 1958, the defence accepted the validity of Teed’s confession, but claimed he was suffering from diminished responsibility and

## THE KILLER WORE SIZE SIX SHOES



**By KEN ROGERS**  
**T**HE man who battered old William Williams to death in his sub-post office at the week-end was wearing **SIZE SIX SHOES**, police believe.  
 Far near the body in the passage-way behind the locked front door of the shop at Fforestfach, Swansea, were four perfect impressions of shoes that size.  
 “The footprints started in the middle of the footway along the passage and left a bloodstained trail to the door.  
 From the door in a rear by one step there was a trail of blood spots.  
 On the pavements outside a rubber stamp were fifty more blood spots.  
 The Friday night killer who would have been injured when Williams, 75, fought for his life, may have passed outside the shop to plan his escape.  
 Then, it is believed, he sought a bus to freedom.”



MISS MARGARET JOHN

Mr. Williams's sub-post

Police Plea

Such information can be

“But the onus of proving diminished responsibility is on the defence,” the judge reminded them.

When they returned again after several hours, he was clearly irritated and declared: “It makes for great public inconvenience and expense if jurors cannot agree owing to the unwillingness of one of their number to listen to the arguments of the rest.”

One hour later, they were back, finding Vivian Teed guilty of capital murder. Mr.

“There was no sign that anything had happened. No notices were posted, and watchers merely turned to each other and said: ‘It’s all over’”

# Sonales

## Evening Post

### TEED, HAMMER KILLER, GOES TO THE GALLOWS

No scenes at the jail as Prisoner 9936 is hanged

VIVIAN FREDERICK TEED, 24-year-old murderer of Forestfach sub-postmaster Mr. William Williams, was executed at Swansea Prison, Oyster-mouth-road, at 9 a.m. to-day.

Although under a new rule no notices were posted on the main gates of the prison announcing that the execution had taken place, the Home Office

**A contemporary cutting records the new stripped-back regulations surrounding executions**

Justice Salmon duly sentenced him to death.

Teed’s appeal was dismissed the following month, and his execution was scheduled for 9 o’clock on the morning of May 5th at Swansea.

In the words of the local newspaper: “It was a morning of grey skies and light rain. Three-quarters of an hour before the hanging was due to take place, a few men gathered at the entrance to the prison, but were shoed across the road by two police officers. Apart from passing traffic, people on their way to work, and children going to school, it was quiet outside the prison.

“Ten minutes before the appointed time, there were only five men and two women loitering about. Then residents in nearby houses were seen standing in their doorways as if anticipating something. Small knots of hushed people stood on the wet pavements.

“The rain had stopped. The stream of traffic into town had increased. Passengers on the Mumbles train cast curious glances at the prison as they rumbled by. Workers in an office directly opposite the prison stood at the windows looking out.

“The seconds ticked slowly towards 9 o’clock. For a few minutes afterwards, the couple of dozen people stayed on, then drifted away. There was no sign that anything had happened. No notices were posted, and watchers merely turned to each other and said: ‘It’s all over.’”

**Ironically, Vivian Teed – the killer with the loud mouth – never knew he had made history by becoming the last man in Wales to be hanged.**

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