

TRUE DETECTIVE

AUGUST
2018

WORLD'S NO.1 TRUE CRIME MAGAZINE

WHERE DID KILLER UNCLE HIDE DANIELLE'S BODY?

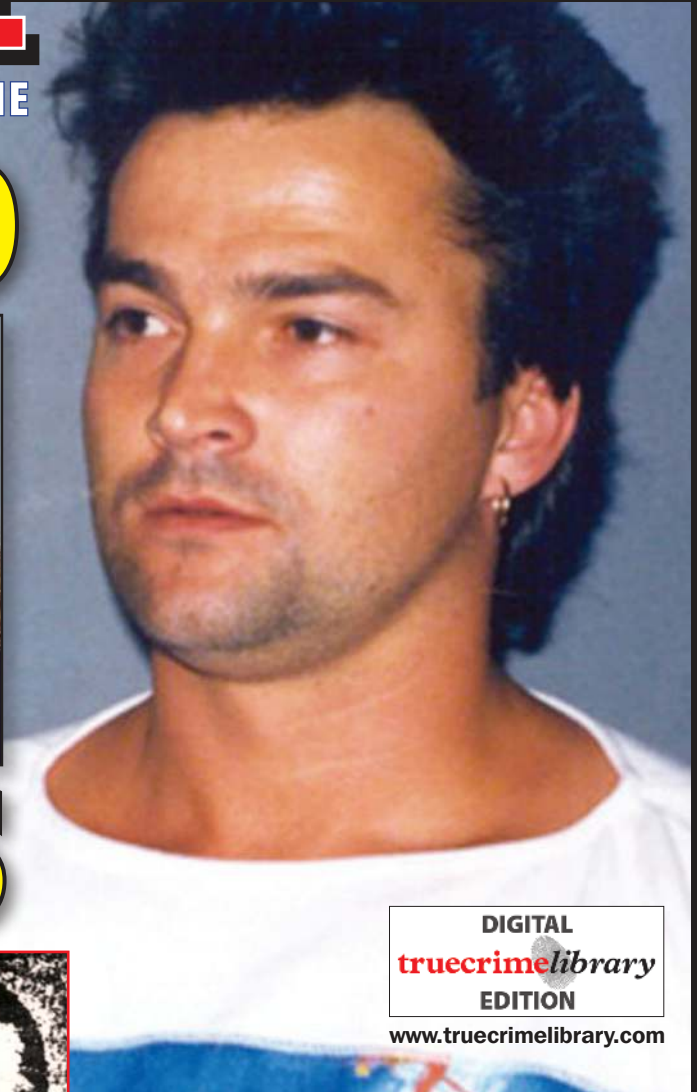


LIVERPOOL'S MURDEROUS HYPNOTIST

LYNCH MOB ON THE LOOSE IN READING



Double-Killer Arrested While Watching The World Cup

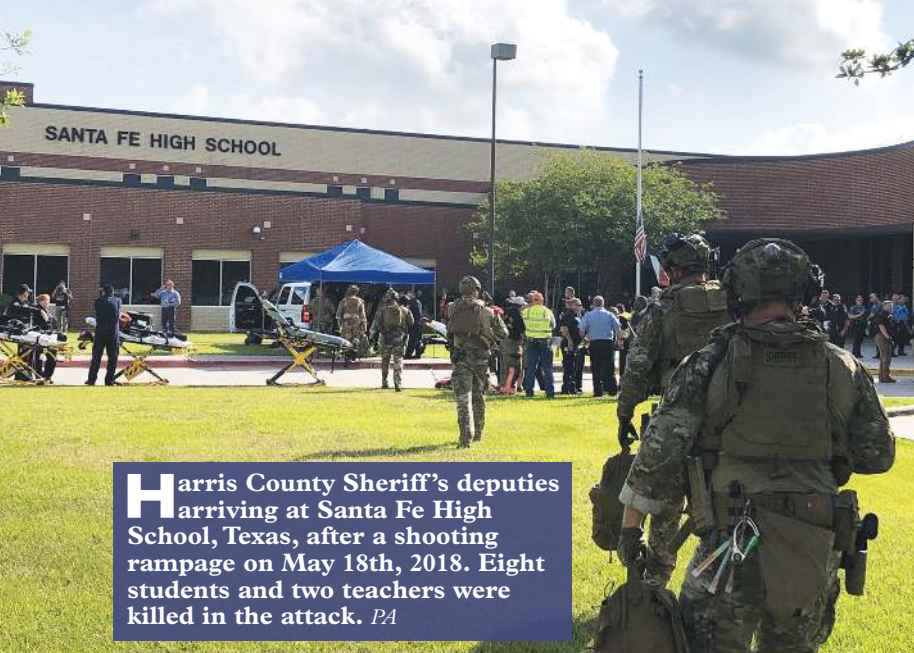


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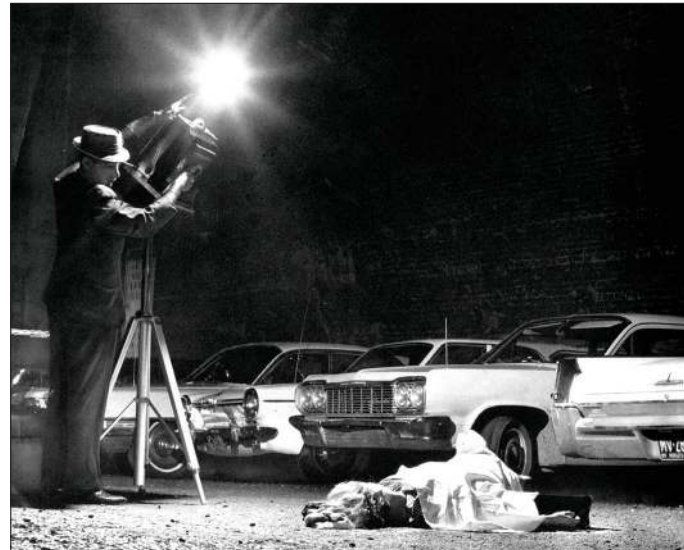
DUBAI KILLING OF AN ENGLISH WIFE



FIVE ON THE GALLOWS IN ONE DAY



Harris County Sheriff's deputies arriving at Santa Fe High School, Texas, after a shooting rampage on May 18th, 2018. Eight students and two teachers were killed in the attack. *PA*



A photographer takes a picture of the victim of a shooting in a car park near Times Square, New York, in May 1964. Victim Joan Wilson had stopped to chat to a friend when a single shot from a .38-calibre gun killed her. Her killer was a disgruntled man called Roy Nagle who shot poor Joan at random after failing in his plan to kill his ex-wife in Queens.

TD'S CRIME PHOTOS

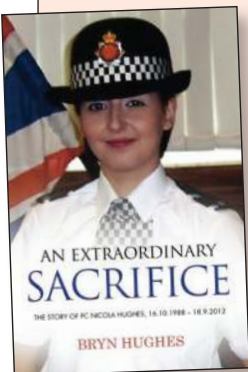


Suspected wife-poisoner Harold Greenwood outside Kidwelly police station on June 17th, 1920. He would later stand trial for murder. Read the full story in the new edition of our sister magazine *Murder Most Foul* (109), out on July 26th. *PA*



Scotland Yard's Detective Chief Superintendent Jack Slipper snoozing on the plane on his return from Brazil to London in February 1974. Next to Slipper is an empty seat – which the Yard's man had hoped would be taken by Great Train Robber Ronnie Biggs, whom he had tracked down but was not able to extradite.

TD COMP: WIN *An Extraordinary Sacrifice*



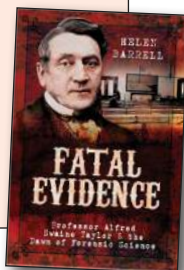
On September 18th, 2012, PC Nicola Hughes and her colleague PC Fiona Bone were shot dead by a psychopathic criminal called Dale Cregan who had lured the young police officers to his doorstep by making a bogus 999 call. The crime shocked the whole of Britain. While Cregan serves life sentences for the murders with a recommendation that he should never be freed, Nicola's father Bryn, a former prison officer, constantly relives his memories of the day he lost his daughter. Now Bryn – who set up a charity in his daughter's name – has told Nicola's story, from the joy of her birth through to the terrible circumstances of her death at the age of just 23, as well as the challenging aftermath...

For a chance to win a paperback copy of *An Extraordinary Sacrifice* (Mereo Books, £8.99; ISBN 978-1-86151-397-7) by Bryn Hughes, just answer this question: In which Northern English city did Dale Cregan's infamous double-murder take place?

- Sheffield Liverpool Manchester Leeds

Send your answer with your name and address to TD August competition, PO Box 735, London SE26 5NQ, or email truedetective@truecrimelibrary.com, with the subject "TD August comp." The first correct answer out of the hat after the closing date of **July 28th** will win. The winner will be announced in the October issue.

The winner of June's competition with the answer Rugeley is Ann Bell from Belfast. Well done – your prize of a paperback copy of *Fatal Evidence* will be with you soon.



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“When I was with him, it was as though I was under some sort of spell,” recounted one of the victims of master seducer, hypnotist and heartless killer Joseph Clarke (right). “I couldn’t help myself,” she added. “I used to find myself feeling sleepy when he looked closely into my eyes, as if my senses were swimming. I couldn’t resist him because he made me feel I didn’t want to. I’d do anything he suggested. I gave him money whenever he wanted it. I was quite ready to leave home and go away with him.” Fortunately, she was able to break the spell Clarke had over her. Others weren’t so lucky. In *Liverpool’s Murderous Hypnotist*, on page 16, we offer the full, extraordinary story of the Norfolk-born 1920s criminal who operated between England, America and Canada. Don’t miss it.



P16

Crimes That Made The Headlines – Where Did Killer Uncle Hide Danielle’s Body?, on page 8, takes us back to 2001 when 15-year-old Essex schoolgirl Danielle Jones disappeared and hundreds of volunteers joined the search to find her. Tragically, the youngster’s disappearance subsequently became a murder inquiry – but the one man who knew what had happened to her was remaining tight-lipped. Last year, hopes were raised that a renewed search for Danielle’s body would finally solve the mystery. Sadly, it wasn’t to be and the agony must go on for her long-suffering parents.

Finally, with football fever still ongoing, don’t miss *Double-Killer Arrested While Watching The World Cup*, on page 43. Dave Verbist knew it was time to quit Spain – but fortunately the Spanish authorities were on to him.

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

● **Order a True Detective subscription for the crime buff in your life – or for yourself. See page 46 for full details.**

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“HE IS the biggest teddy bear I know,” said a friend of Francis Matthew. Well, Winchester-educated Matthew, 60, may have seemed like a teddy bear to outsiders. But one wonders if, inside his marriage, he may have been, well, perhaps a little more overbearing.

Since graduating in Arabic & Islamic Studies at Exeter University, Matthew had specialised in the Middle East. He worked in Dublin and Brussels for Lafferty Group and EMAP. For five years, he worked for *The Economist* on targeted publications before he became editor of the respected English-language *Gulf News* in Dubai from 1995 to 2004.

For the next few years he worked on special projects for the parent company Al-Nisr, including the launch of *Xpress*, a free weekly tabloid aimed at expat communities in the Emirates.

This led to a position as editor-at-large for *Gulf News* and a respected commentator on Middle East affairs.



Francis and Jane Matthew had married in 1985 in Chippenham, Wiltshire

Without a word, Matthew walked into the kitchen and picked up a hammer. Returning to the bedroom, he walked up to Jane, put his hand over her mouth and hit her twice on the head, crushing her skull...

DUBAI KILLING OF



Jumeirah, where the Matthews lived, is one of the most exclusive – and expensive – residential areas of Dubai in the United Arab Emirates

He would often appear on television as one of those “experts” who tell viewers what they should think about things.

Fluent in Arabic, Matthew produced two coffee-table books on the Emirates – *Building a Nation* and *The Rise of a*

Nation. Altogether, his was a spotless and respectable career that spanned three decades. In his smart suits, silk ties and headgear adjusted at a slightly rakish angle, he was every bit the English gentleman abroad.

With his wife of 30 years, Jane, 62, Francis Matthew lived in the expensive Jumeirah area of Dubai in a three-bedroomed house. But their occupation was coming to an end. According to Matthew, they were in

debt.

Jane was unhappy. As prominent members of the expat community in the Emirates, she may have felt they had a position to maintain. Francis belonged to the Dubai Offshore Sailing Club and London-born Jane was an English-

Could Jane's brutal murder have been a moment of madness in an otherwise exemplary life?

such a situation.

None of the neighbours had reported any noise or anyone running from the scene, nor racing away in a vehicle. The Sri Lankan gardener had noticed nothing out of the ordinary as he tinkered through the day in his



**Case report by
Donald Carne**

The flashpoint between Francis (left) and Jane (right) came during an argument about money

unending fight to produce blooms from the desert.

In fact, Matthew was the only person ever in the frame. And indeed, when he was arrested and removed to the police

AN ENGLISH WIFE

language teacher.

After they had dinner on July 3rd, 2017, the unpleasantness over the move erupted into a row about money – and not for the first time since their 1985 marriage in Chippenham, Wiltshire. Jane called her husband “a loser,” he later said, and declared, “It’s your job to provide.” She shoved him in anger and retired to the bedroom.

Without a word, Matthew walked into the kitchen and picked up a hammer. Returning to the bedroom, he walked up to Jane, put his hand over her mouth and hit her twice on the head, crushing her skull.

When it was over, he stood wondering. What should he do?

Instead of owning up, Matthew decided he would cover it up. He scattered a few things around the house to make it look like a robbery. In terms of lateral thinking, it wasn’t particularly ingenious.

The next day he went to work as normal. He disposed of the hammer in a rubbish bin. Then, late that afternoon, he returned home to “discover” his wife had been the victim of a home invasion.

Matthew raised the alarm. The Dubai police arrived at 5.45 p.m. Perhaps the most modern, best-educated force in

the Middle East, they were not fooled by his claims of a robbery gone wrong – where had they read that before?

There was nothing missing from the home and the safe was untouched. Bearing in mind that his wife had been killed in a traumatic attack, Matthew appeared surprisingly composed. “He was very calm, and showed no sign of shock at all,” said an officer.

There was no blood on his clothing. But wouldn’t a husband’s natural first reaction be to rush to your wife and check for signs of life? It would be hard to avoid getting covered in blood in

There was nothing missing from the home and the safe was untouched. Bearing in mind that his wife had been killed in a traumatic attack, Matthew appeared surprisingly composed



The Dubai Court of First Instance where Francis Matthew faced trial for murder in March 2018

station, he soon admitted he had struck his wife – “but I didn’t mean to kill her.”

Nirmala Janssen is a qualified lateral thinking instructor from the Edward DeBono Institute. She had worked with Matthew on the launch of *Xpress*, and commented: “Francis was amazingly devoted to his family, especially his son who recently left university.

“Jane was a lovely woman. She was always nice, always very polite, and

“When my client knew his wife had died, he was in denial at first and then his imagination created this robbery story”

friendly. And Francis is a man who is loved by everybody.”

Could Jane’s brutal murder have been a moment of madness in an otherwise exemplary life?

The stakes were high. Dubai maintains the death penalty for murder – and technically for a wide range of other offences too. In practice, though, executions there are rare – only six in the last decade.

In March 2018, the Dubai Court of First Instance prepared to issue judgment. As is normal in Dubai, the defendant – Matthew – was not in attendance. The prosecution argued for a verdict of murder and a death sentence. What else could it be, they asked?

An Egyptian forensic expert told the court that bruising around Jane’s mouth showed she had been held with a hand



Dubai retains the death penalty for murder and a number of other offences but executions are rare – only six in the last decade

clasped over the mouth, presumably to stop her calling out. That seemed a cold-blooded act.

Matthew’s lawyer Ali Al Shamsi would have none of it. He argued for a reduction of the charge from murder to physical assault leading to death. He presented a document from friends and family of Matthew, asking that he not

be tried for murder.

Mr. Al Shamsi told the court that Matthew had suffered a moment of “temporary insanity,” saying: “Premeditated murder means previous planning and criminal intent, which my client didn’t have. A man who had already planned to travel back home to the UK along with his wife for their son’s graduation and for her parents’ anniversary certainly did not previously plan a murder nor did he have any intent to end his wife’s life.”

Mr. Al Shamsi said Matthew’s attempt to cover up the crime was a sign of his mental turmoil. “When my client knew his wife had died, he was in denial at first and then his imagination created this robbery story,” he said.

Without indicating that he agreed with the defence argument, Judge Fahd Al Shamsi accepted the plea of physical assault leading to death – manslaughter. He sentenced Matthew to 10 years, followed by deportation.

A close relative of Jane’s said the family were unhappy at the sentence and hoped it would be changed in appeal. He noted that, with good behaviour, Matthew could be released in seven years.

“We believe the facts clearly demonstrate that this crime was a deliberate act,” a family statement said. “In the defendant’s own version of events, he collected the murder weapon, a hammer, in the kitchen and carried it down two corridors of the house to the bedroom. There was time for him to consider his actions – instead he delivered two hammer blows to the front of Jane’s head.”

Had Jane been killed in a moment of “temporary insanity” or was it a deliberate act? How long is temporary? The court has made its position clear, but what would be yours? Write or email (address opposite) and let us know.

THE WORLD’S WORST KILLERS

Priscilla Ford

• United States

PRISCILLA WAS born in Berrien Springs, Michigan, on February 10th, 1929. Despite only having a high school education, in 1957 Priscilla put her 140 IQ to use, teaching in a one-room school house in Dowagiac.

Priscilla’s bizarre behaviour was first noted by family and friends in 1970, and her son, returning from the army in 1972, reported that she was an alcoholic suffering religious delusions. Priscilla moved to Reno in 1973 and committed herself to the Nevada Mental Health Institute, where she was diagnosed as a passive-aggressive personality, prone to hysterical episodes. After she was arrested for trespassing in 1974, Priscilla’s 11-year-

old daughter, Wynter Scott, was placed in a foster home by social workers.

She began a restless existence, seeking help to get her daughter back and shifting between

mental hospitals in Buffalo, New York and Blackfoot, Idaho, where she was diagnosed with paranoid schizophrenia.

By May 1980, in Maine, Priscilla was making threats to a lawyer that if she wasn’t assisted she would “drive across the state and kill everybody she saw along the way.”

After stopping over in Reno on her way to San Francisco, on November 27th, Priscilla drove her 1974 Lincoln into the Thanksgiving Day holiday crowds along the gambling strip on South Virginia Street, killing six people and injuring 23. She referred to the people she hit as “just pigs, animals let out in a wild place.”

Eventually judged competent for trial, she pleaded not guilty by reason of insanity in August 1981. Found guilty on March 20th, 1982, she was sentenced to death and said, “I would like to be left alone to die in peace.” From Death Row in Ely, Nevada, she launched numerous appeals, all of which failed.

A heavy smoker, she died from emphysema on January 29th, 2005, at the Southern Nevada Women’s Correctional Center, at the age of 75.



Got a suggestion for the **World’s Worst Killers**? Write to us at True Detective, P.O. Box 735, London SE26 5NQ, UK or email truedetective@truecrimelibrary.com

YOUR LETTERS

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

Warwickshire Murder Mystery

Have you ever featured the pitchfork murder that happened in 1945, in the village of Lower Quinton, just south of Stratford-Upon-Avon? No one was ever charged over the murder, and it was put down to witchcraft.

An item of the deceased's turned up, years later, on his doorstep.

I would like to read about the case in your magazine.

Alan Wilson, Stratford-Upon-Avon

Great idea, Mr. W. Watch out for a full account of the case in a future edition.

Stranger Dating Dangers

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread" was definitely the warning behind two of your features in the July issue. Molly McLaren got involved with the unstable Josh Stimpson after hooking up with him via a dating app ("*Slaughter In A Chatham Car Park*" – July). She took a huge risk in meeting up with someone she knew nothing about. At least with conventional online dating sites one can correspond for weeks and pick up clues about the other person's personality.



Tragic victim: Molly McLaren

When she tried to end their romance he stabbed her to death.

Similarly, Dennis Nilsen's victims ("*Nilsen – The Full Horrific Story*" – July) went home with him within hours of meeting in various gay bars. They hoped to enjoy sex but instead were strangled before he used their bodies to fulfil his necrophiliac desires.

Sadly, today's pattern of casual sex is causing numerous problems. Cases of syphilis and gonorrhoea have increased by more than 20 per cent in the past year, especially worrying as the former can be passed from mother to child. We've also had cases where men with AIDS have knowingly infected their partners (a crime which can lead to a substantial jail sentence), thus subjecting them to a lifetime of medication with debilitating side-effects.

C. Davis, Weston-super-Mare

Matricide Over The Years

Seeing the charming photo of Anthony Baekeland, the Bakelite heir, in the arms of the mother he later killed in their kitchen in Chelsea (*TD'S Crime Photos* – July) reminded me of other celebrity matricides from the past.

Nero, of course, killed his mother Agrippina because she claimed he was mad – thus proving her point perhaps

– but more recently, Jim Gordon, 37, drummer with Derek & the Dominos (and before that, the Everly Brothers, Nashville Three and Nancy Sinatra) hammered and stabbed his mother to death in 1983. He remains in a secure psychiatric hospital in California.



Hammer attack: Jim Gordon

Tim Roman, 25, beat to death actress Susan "Wasp Woman" Cabot, 50, in 1986. Susan, who made the gossip columns buzz when she was King Hussein's honey in the late 1950s, was said to have swarmed towards Tim with a barbell in a screaming fugue. Convicted of involuntary manslaughter, Tim was given three months' probation. He died in 2003.

Eton-educated King Dipendra, 29, of Nepal was raised to the throne when he massacred nine members of the Royal family, including his mother, in June, 2001. He reigned for three days in a coma before he died from a self-inflicted gunshot wound to the head. Five years later, Nepal wiped its hands of the monarchy and became a republic – hopefully, setting a precedent.

Andrew Stephenson, Newhaven

And On That Same Subject...

In your case report, "*Did Jeffrey Murder His Mother?*" (*TD Summer Special 2018*), you ask: is Jeffrey Pyne guilty or innocent of murdering his mother Ruth Pyne in the garage of their Michigan home in May 2011? Ruth Pyne was a sick person. She was both bipolar and a paranoid schizophrenic who became violent when she missed her medication, which she often did.

It is a fact that she made life hell for her husband Bernie and children Jeffrey and Julia. She was even arrested for trying to strangle Jeffrey and had a major dislike for his girlfriend. Ruth was undoubtedly possessive of her son, and her religious beliefs, which included no sex before marriage, would surely have created more tension in a home that was already a powderkeg.

However, I fully agree with the jury that found Jeffrey guilty of murder and I also think Judge Leo Bowman was correct in sentencing him to 20 to 60 years in jail, which was the maximum.

I have no doubt that Jeffrey loved his mother, but I think the pressure was



Danger to society? Jeffrey Pyne

too much for him and he snapped. He should have admitted his crime and I am certain the powers that be would have seen to an outcome his family sought.

Jeffrey's innocent plea also makes me believe he is a danger to society.

Michael Minihan, Limerick

Parents Killed By Son

Have you ever featured Brian Blackwell who killed his elderly parents in Melling, Liverpool, in 2004, then left them there to take his girlfriend on holiday to America?

Lindsey Copeland, via email

It's some years since we looked at this tragic case – so watch this space!

A Man Driven To Despair

I don't believe there were "good guys" or "bad guys" in the tragic story "*Would They Hang Adelaide's Murderous Old Soldier?*" (June). Without in any way condoning Harold Box's actions, I think he was a man driven to despair and insanity by his impoverished, seemingly hopeless circumstances, and burdened by debt that had gone out of control. The Brown brothers ran a legitimate money-lending business and supplied vehicles on instalment plans, which they repossessed, again legitimately, if payments were not kept up to date. Harold Box failed to maintain his payments on a bicycle obtained from Browns and inevitably it was repossessed. Without the bike, gone were his chances of finding work as it was his only means of transport.



Burdened by debt: Harold Box

In times of austerity it is the poorest and weakest who suffer, and are more vulnerable, and vulnerable people are the perfect target for exploitation.

Sadly, money and the lack of it ended two lives – those of Lance Brown and Harold Box.

Anne Nicholl, Strabane

Polish Killer Struck On Jersey

I read recently in the news that a spree killer called Damian Rzeszowski, who killed his wife, children and others in St. Helier, Jersey, in 2011, had died in prison. I believe he was originally from Poland and his wife's affair apparently sparked the massacre.

Have you ever covered this case in your magazine?

Peter Easton, Gosport

The case hasn't previously featured in TD. Would other readers like to know more about it?

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CRIMES THAT MADE THE HEADLINES

When Essex schoolgirl Danielle Jones vanished in June 2001, hundreds of volunteers joined police in the search for the missing 15-year-old. As a murder probe was launched, the net closed in on a relative, obsessed with teenage girls, who'd done nothing to help find her...

SHE WAS a bit of a rebel against her parents' authority, so when 15-year-old Danielle Jones disappeared on Monday, June 18th, 2001, it was thought at first that she might have gone off in a huff.

A fortnight later, however, there was still no sign of her. She had vanished while on her way to school from her home in East Tilbury, Essex, and her

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

father Tony Jones, a 40-year-old tailor and dry-cleaner, made an emotional appeal through the media as more than 600 volunteers joined the police in their search for her.

"I would like to make a plea to Danielle and ask her if she reads this to just come home now," he said. "We are so desperate to get her back. If anybody knows where Danielle is or has seen her, will they please let the police know? If anyone is holding Danielle, please let her go."

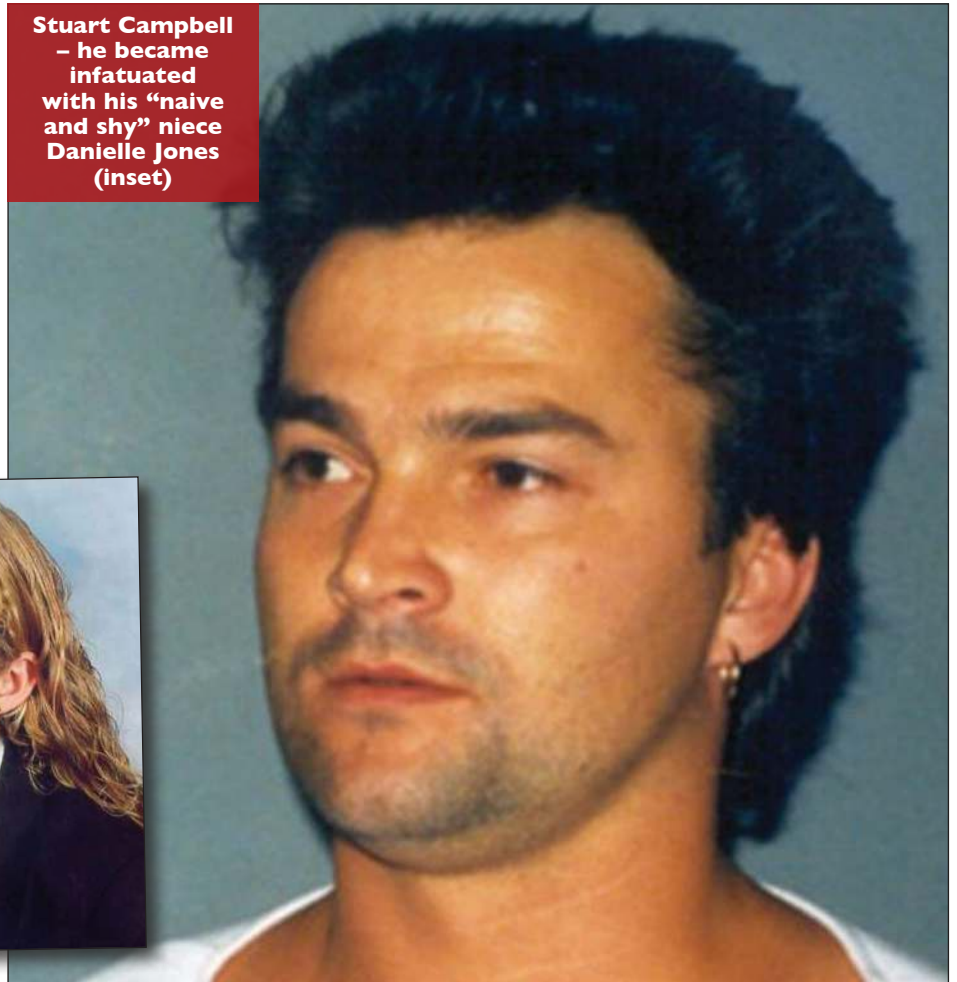
Five days after she disappeared, her uncle, Stuart Campbell, a 43-year-old self-employed builder living at Stifford Clays, near Grays, Essex, had been arrested on suspicion of abduction. He had been released on bail after two days' questioning.

Danielle had vanished while walking to catch a bus to her school in Stanford-le-Hope, and at the time of her disappearance a girl matching her description had been seen getting into a blue Ford Transit van near her home. A white man aged between 35 and 45 was at the wheel of the vehicle.

Seven hours later a text message had been sent from Danielle's mobile phone, but the police refused to disclose what the message said or to whom it was sent.

On August 17th, two months after Danielle was last seen, officers began digging at a building site in Grays,

Stuart Campbell
– he became infatuated with his "naive and shy" niece Danielle Jones (inset)



WHERE DID HIDE DAN

five miles from her home. They were concentrating their search on a small number of houses under construction, and on the same day Stuart Campbell was rearrested and bailed again, this time on suspicion of murder.

Then on November 14th he was

remanded in custody when he appeared before Chelmsford magistrates. Casually dressed in black, he spoke only to confirm his name and date of birth when he was charged with Danielle's murder. No family members attended the four-minute hearing.



Police searching for missing Danielle Jones on Parsonage Common, near East Tilbury, Essex, following her disappearance on June 18th, 2001. Her 43-year-old uncle, Stuart Campbell, was arrested five days later on suspicion of the schoolgirl's abduction and later charged with her murder

The investigation continued, and on Saturday, March 16th, 2002, the decomposing remains of a young woman were found wrapped in a tarpaulin in a reservoir at the Blue Circle Cement works near Dartford, Kent, five miles across the Thames from East Tilbury. Danielle's parents were informed of the discovery, while detectives tried to identify the body.

Danielle's mother had by now come to terms with the realisation that she might never see her daughter again. "It is the most important thing in the world to us to say goodbye to Danielle and to put an end to it for her and everyone involved," she said. "I would be over the moon if she walked through the door, but in reality that is not likely."

Tuesday, October 8th, 2002, he denied Danielle's abduction and murder.

Because he was her uncle, the prosecution claimed, the "naive and shy" girl was unable to escape his attentions when he became infatuated with her. At first she was flattered by his interest, but she later rejected his advances. And at the time of her disappearance she was seen arguing with a man in a blue van similar to Campbell's own vehicle.

"It is no coincidence that this defendant owned such a van, and you can be sure he abducted Danielle that morning and took her to his home address, where he probably intended to take pictures of her," the prosecutor Mr. Orlando Pownall QC told the jury.

the store's entrance, and mobile phone records showed that he was in East Tilbury at that time and then later in Thurrock.

"Although the manner in which Danielle met her death and the reason why he killed her is uncertain, you can be sure that he and he alone is responsible," said the prosecutor. "There is a wealth of direct and circumstantial evidence that demonstrates his guilt."

Although Danielle's body had not been found, her blood had been detected on a pair of stockings found in Campbell's loft. The bag in which the stockings were discovered also contained handcuffs, contraceptives, lingerie, lip gloss and photographic equipment.

D KILLER UNCLE DANIELLE'S BODY?

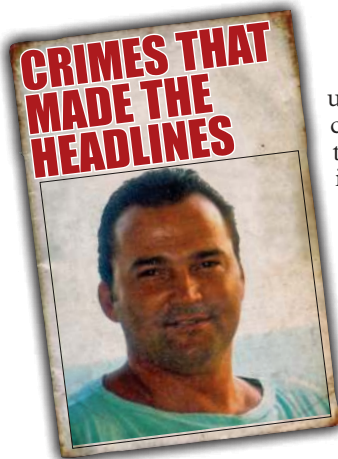
Two days after the discovery of the body near Dartford, the police announced that it was not that of Danielle.

When Stuart Campbell's trial began at Chelmsford Crown Court on

Campbell's alibi for the morning Danielle vanished was a trip to a builder's merchants in Rayleigh. He had claimed he set off at 7.20 a.m. and returned home at 9.20 a.m., but neither his van nor his car were recorded on the CCTV footage of a camera overlooking

The prosecutor claimed that the presence of Danielle's blood on the stockings indicated that she had either been photographed wearing them, or an attempt had been made to make her put them on.

"However much some may



understandably cling to the hope that Danielle is alive, there can sadly be no doubt that she is dead," Mr. Pownall continued. "The fact that her body has not been found is no bar to a prosecution for murder.

It is the prosecution's case that her uncle, Stuart Campbell, is responsible for abducting his niece and killing her. The Crown allege that he was sexually



Danielle – she had grown tired of her uncle's advances and was ignoring his text messages

attracted to Danielle immediately preceding her disappearance, and it is clear that she had grown tired of his advances."

Her coolness towards her uncle was illustrated by the fact that her last text message to him before she vanished had been sent on June 3rd, a fortnight before her disappearance. He had texted her twice in response, but she hadn't replied.

The court heard that Campbell had a 15-year history of luring schoolgirls to his home, where he photographed them in varying states of undress. To make his approaches plausible he proffered business cards naming his company as Cinderella's, an agency specialising in glamour and fashion photography, and he offered to produce portfolios which the girls could use if they wished to become models. He lay in wait for them outside their schools and in shopping malls, and he also snapped them from a window of his home as they went to and from school.

"The defendant said he was a photographer and would like to take pictures of them. He told them to bring some clothes with them such as school uniforms. He had an abiding passion for girls in school uniforms," said Mr. Pownall.

Several women had come forward to tell the police how Campbell had photographed them when they were schoolgirls, one of them saying that he had got her to pose topless on a bed, wearing stockings and suspenders. Another had refused to put on an all-in-one black bodice, and had angrily walked out when he asked her to hitch up her skirt and pull down her bra straps.

Mr. Pownall went on to say that Campbell also indulged his obsession with "Lolitas," cheerleaders and schoolgirls, by devoting hours to surfing internet sex sites. He spent three hours doing this the day before Danielle vanished, and "one of the girls whose pictures he downloaded bore

MAKE A BREAK

F W G P G S P N R B P C U N X F N F
 D I N C O N S I D E R A T E Q N B E
 C I I C I D V J N C J P B S B G W U
 A N N E B S I T C F Q L O M E N S H
 T Q I D O G O R I K A B R A Y I D V
 U Z T I K N L V T F M N S S D R H U
 O J O C V D E Y P Y O E T H M E B Y
 M E L I M I N A T I O N A I Q F G G
 B G L R S B T R T I C S L N C L N W
 M L I T O B R A S C L K Q G A I I Z
 E F U A K O D A B C A I P J K P D H
 H A G R R I M G W A N N T O X M A E
 N T T F U S A D Y L I W H S C V R E
 L A Z Q G F O Z A L M C P I O K G G
 J L I A A A I N S O I O B C A H E Q
 T L C A R D C E I U R S C A R E D T
 C Y D E F I N K M S C B I Z Y Y S Z
 W E X C U S E R U P T E D Q F J R K

It's TD Wordsearch time! Can you find these 30 crime-related words hidden in the grid above? They can run across, up/down or diagonally, either forwards or backwards. Solution on page 50. Good luck!

ERUPTED
 NILSEN
 DIRTY
 PENTONVILLE
 LIQUIDATION
 FATALLY
 DIYARBAKIR
 BROADMOOR
 FRATRICIDE
 GUILLOTINING

ELIMINATION
 CRIMINAL
 CALLOUS
 HAVOC
 PILFERING
 HOSTILITY
 KNIFED
 INFANTICIDE
 ARSONIST
 VIOLENT

BORSTAL
 EXCUSE
 INCONSIDERATE
 CHOKING
 SCARED
 SMASHING
 BRAWL
 PICKPOCKET
 DEGRADING
 GACY



The builder's merchants in Rayleigh where Campbell claimed he was at the time of Danielle's disappearance. Neither he nor his van was picked up by the security camera (circled)

an extraordinary likeness to Danielle. Indeed, when Mrs. Jones was shown black and white copies of these pictures she wondered whether it was her daughter. Is it a coincidence that the day before her disappearance he was downloading pictures of a girl who bore a remarkable likeness to Danielle?”

Campbell’s fixation with young girls was further demonstrated by his two marriages, Mr. Pownall added. He had become obsessed with both his first and second wives when they were teenagers; and when his second wife became heavily pregnant he transferred his attentions to his “immature and timid” niece.

“As in the case of others before her,” said Mr. Pownall, “Danielle might have thought there was nothing wrong with the attention the defendant was paying towards her, and she might have had an innocent teenage crush on him which he did everything to promote and encourage.

“It is clear that he would openly seek to charm and beguile young girls in a manner that points irresistibly to him behaving in the same way towards Danielle. But there was a difference. Danielle was a relative. She couldn’t get away. She was available. She has since disappeared and is therefore not in a position to describe how her uncle behaved towards her. It is suggested by the Crown that he was grooming her.”

Campbell had regularly picked Danielle up from her school bus and driven her the short distance home. He had also kept a special diary logging all their contacts, and had sent her an inordinate number of text messages, one of them beginning, “Hi sexy legs.”

While she was away on holiday with her family he let himself into her home, using keys he had secretly cut while doing building work there. He stole photos of her and left two notes for her in her bedroom, one of them reading: “Hi Princess, in case u missed my last note I thought I’d pop in another to let u know I do miss your smile. XX”

Campbell was so infatuated with Danielle that he appeared to be “oblivious to or unconcerned by the fact that it was obvious to others that his affection went way and above what was normal,” Mr. Pownall claimed.

Danielle’s father had begun to notice that Campbell occasionally touched her inappropriately as she walked past, and she had at first responded with affectionate and sometimes risqué text messages which did not indicate “a normal, healthy, uncle-niece relationship.” Six weeks before she vanished, Campbell had called her mobile phone 27 times in one day, receiving replies 17 times.

On one occasion at the end of April 2001, Mr. Pownall told the jury, Danielle had arrived home with a flustered Campbell who said she’d had “a funny turn” at his house. He told her mother he’d found Danielle apparently



Above, Stuart Campbell’s blue Ford Transit van in which he abducted Danielle. Below left, the bag found in Campbell’s loft at his home which contained handcuffs, contraceptives and lingerie. Below right, stockings with Danielle’s blood on them, and lip gloss discovered in the same bag



asleep in a chair, and he had panicked, but had eventually managed to rouse her.

“It felt like I was being strangled,” Danielle interjected, and her mother later saw what looked like bruises on her daughter’s neck.

“Such marks, you may feel, are consistent with Danielle trying to remove something from around her neck,” Mr. Pownall told the jury.

“He would openly seek to charm young girls in a manner that points to him behaving in the same way with Danielle. But there was a difference. Danielle was a relative. She couldn’t get away. He was grooming her”

Furthermore, a scrap of paper bearing notes about chloroform and a stun gun had been found at Campbell’s home. He had claimed he proposed to research them, but the prosecutor asked: “Does that bear a moment’s scrutiny?”

The court also heard that Campbell claimed that Danielle had sent him a text message which he received on his

mobile phone the day she disappeared, and she had sent him another the day after.

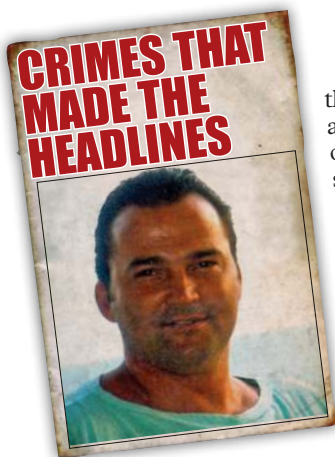
The first message said: “HI-YA STU WOT YOU UP I’M IN SO MUCH TROUBLE AT HOME AT MOMENT. EVONE HATES ME EVEN YOU WOT THE HELL HAVE I DONE Y WON’T YOU JUST TELL ME. TEXT BCK PLEASE DAN XXX”

The second message read: “HI-YA STU. THANKS FOR BEING SO NICE, YOU ARE THE BEST UNCLE EVER. TELL MUM I’M SO SORRY LUVYA LOADZ DAN XXX.”

Mr. Pownall pointed out that Danielle usually used lower case lettering, but the two messages were in capitals. He told the jury they must consider whether the messages were sent by Danielle of her own volition, or on her abductor’s instructions, or by Campbell.

“If Danielle had been abducted, why did she choose to send the defendant two text messages and none to her many friends and family who were repeatedly texting her, desperate for news of her whereabouts? Why would the person who abducted her have allowed her to text her uncle in the terms used?

“It is the Crown’s case that an examination of the cell sites involved in sending text messages shows that Danielle’s phone was in the same area as



the defendant's and was turned on and off shortly before the defendant sent a message to her. It is clear that he had her phone. It was he who sent the messages to himself which he showed the

family and the police in the hope that they would deflect suspicion and buy time."

Throughout the first day of his trial Campbell remained impassive as he made copious notes. On the second day the jury were taken to retrace Danielle's steps, visiting the various scenes featured in the evidence. They were told that although she was late leaving



Above, a photo issued by police showing the spot where a girl fitting Danielle's description was seen. Below left, one of the notes Campbell left Danielle while she was away on holiday

untouched."

Danielle's mother wept as she recalled her last sight of her daughter setting off for school. Campbell too burst into tears as she told the court, "I saw her walk out the door."

In response to the prosecutor's questions, Mrs. Jones confirmed that Danielle was wearing a black blazer with



Danielle – the court heard that at the time of her disappearance a witness had seen a girl resembling her arguing with a man, telling him to leave her alone

a lion emblem on the pocket, a white shirt, grey skirt, white socks and black Kicker shoes. She was carrying a black Kookai bag, her blonde hair was in a pony tail and there was nothing unusual in her manner.

Describing Campbell's obsession with her daughter, Mrs. Jones recalled an occasion when he had become annoyed when Danielle wouldn't show him a text message she had received. He had tried to grab her mobile phone, saying, "Is that from your boyfriend?"

Mrs. Jones told the court that a few hours after Danielle disappeared

Campbell phoned saying he'd received a text message that she was in trouble at home.

"I remember telling him she would not have bunked off school. He said he was sure she would be back before it got dark."

The jury were told that Campbell had not offered to join the search, and he later confronted one of Danielle's school friends, claiming that one of them knew more about his niece's disappearance than she would admit.

He had claimed that he had acted as an intermediary because Danielle did not get on with her parents, but Mrs. Jones said the family got on well apart from occasional minor rows.

After two more days' evidence had been heard, however, Mrs. Jones was reduced to tears again when Campbell's counsel Mr. Michael Borrelli QC read the jury a letter Danielle had written to her. It indicated dissension in the family's home in the months preceding Danielle's disappearance.

After a row Danielle had written to her mother: "I am really sorry for what I have done and how I have treated you and the things I have said to you. I have been thinking about what I have done and I know you won't be able to forgive

"Danielle did not run away. She had everything to live for. You can, sadly, be sure that she didn't voluntarily leave home and that she is now dead"

me. I am going to really change and be different. I know I have said this before, but this time I mean it.

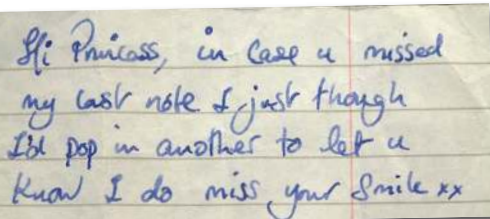
"I am sorry for lying to you, but I have learned the hard way because all my friends have got the hump with me. Thank you for all you have done for me...I am just asking for one more chance. I am really sorry and I love you. Lots of love, Dan. PS: I will try with Dad."

Mrs. Jones said the letter was written after Danielle had been forbidden to go to a friend's party, and had lied when asked if she had told the friend.

In response to the defence counsel's questions, Mrs. Jones conceded that there had been arguments in her home arising from Danielle's "stropky" attitude, which she said typified most teenagers.

On October 15th, the day before what would have been Danielle's 17th birthday, her father told the court that in the six months preceding her disappearance Campbell had begun "coming on strong" towards her. "We saw a change in the way he behaved. He said things like, 'You are very pretty.' Dan appeared to like that. It made her more confident."

Asked by the prosecutor if he had



her home for school on the morning she disappeared, she doubled back on herself, making her walk to the bus stop longer than necessary.

Her 12-year-old brother had seen her turn and retrace her steps, and Mr. Pownall asked: "Why wouldn't she take what was naturally the quickest route? Could she have known from the moment she left her home that she could come by someone who would abduct her? Did she have a seventh sense? Was she anticipating the defendant might be there? Because, we submit, he most certainly was."

The court was told that at the time of Danielle's disappearance a witness living in a nearby block of flats had seen a girl resembling her, arguing with a man and telling him to leave her alone.

Mr. Pownall then referred again to the two text messages Campbell claimed he had received from Danielle within hours of her disappearance. A professor of English had found significant differences in the messages' style, compared with the messages Danielle had sent previously. The questionable messages included the phrase "at moment," whereas Danielle would have typed "at the mo;" and the letter "y" was used for "why," but Danielle did not use that abbreviation.

When the trial resumed the next day Mr. Pownall told the jury: "Danielle did not run away. She had everything to live for. You can, sadly, be sure that she didn't voluntarily leave home and that she is now dead. She did not have a passport with her, and the four hundred pounds in her bank account remains

seen any physical contact between his daughter and Campbell, Mr. Jones replied: "The only contact I saw was he would put his arm around her – over her shoulder."

Mr. Borrelli asked why, if there had been improper contact between Campbell and Danielle, he had not objected.

"I wanted to be one hundred per cent sure," Mr. Jones replied. "I didn't want to cause a big row in the family. If you look at it as an uncle-niece relationship, it's very hard to say, 'Hold on, this is not right, or that's not right.' You can cause an awful lot of upset and nothing will come of it."

He said that the day after Danielle disappeared he told Campbell that the police were hoping to find her mobile phone by tracing the signal. Campbell looked worried and hurried off.

When he went to see Campbell again the next day, "Stuart came to the door. He said, 'I thought you were the boys in blue,' and laughed. He appeared jittery. He didn't want to look at me. It wasn't normal."

Further evidence of disharmony in the Joneses' home was heard on October 22nd when two of Danielle's school friends testified that three months before she disappeared she broke down in the school toilets and talked of suicide. She'd had a row with her mother, and said she would run away to live with her granny.

Both witnesses added that they didn't believe that Danielle seriously intended to take her own life.

The court was also told that a few days before she vanished Danielle had shown her best friend a sexy letter she had received from a soldier she had met on the internet. He asked her to send him pictures of herself naked and "a pair of your knickers, worn, please."

Her best friend told the court that Danielle had told the soldier she was 17, and she treated his email as a joke. She had spoken to him by phone the night before she disappeared, but her friend said she was sure that Danielle had not gone to meet him. Asked why she was so certain, the witness replied: "Because I know she wouldn't."

It later emerged that the soldier had been traced and eliminated as a suspect.

Another schoolgirl testified that Danielle had seemed fed-up with her uncle's attentions. "The last time I recall him picking her up was about a fortnight before she disappeared. She groaned when she spotted him. I think she was embarrassed by it."

Danielle had told Campbell that she was going to some shops with her friend, but he followed them in his blue van, tooting his horn. When they came out of a shop they found him waiting, and Danielle left her friend and walked to his van.

A 12-year-old boy told the court that three days before Danielle vanished he saw a blue van pull up beside her as she was walking near her home, and



Under arrest – Stuart Campbell (above left) is held by a police officer outside his home near Grays, Essex. Below, two of the killer's mobile phones

he heard Danielle and the van's driver shout at each other.

The jury then heard the evidence of a woman living in a flat a few streets from Danielle's home. The witness said that she looked out of her bedroom window on the morning Danielle disappeared and saw a girl resembling her description. The girl was struggling and arguing with a man who looked like Campbell. She was shouting, "No, no, go away! Leave me alone," and she called the man a pervert.

Mr. Pownall asked the witness if she thought the man and the girl had met before.



"I thought they were very well known to each other," she replied, "because I wouldn't stand an argument like that with someone I didn't know."

She thought the girl was at risk, the witness added, but she didn't intervene because she wasn't dressed.

The defence counsel wanted to know why she didn't call the police. "I've asked myself that same question," she replied.

A witness who lived a few miles from Danielle's home told the court that he and his wife were walking their dog shortly after 8 o'clock on the morning Danielle vanished.

"As we walked I noticed a blue van parked near to a fence, facing out towards the road. It was about four hundred yards away. As we got half-way along, it pulled out. There was a young lady in the passenger side. She was sitting as close to the door as possible. She was looking towards me as the van was coming. It was as if they had been rowing and then you can't get far enough away from someone."

The girl was wearing a white school-style blouse, but no tie, jacket or seat belt, and she had blonde shoulder-length hair. The van was driven by a man.

The witness said he first learned that a schoolgirl was missing from East Tilbury four days later. When he saw pictures of Danielle he didn't think she was the girl he had seen, but when he was shown photos of Danielle with her hair down he changed his mind and thought she was the girl in the van.

His wife told the court: "It was odd the way she was sitting – on the edge of the seat against the van door. She had tearful eyes and looked upset."

When forensic experts examined Campbell's diary, the court was told, they found that the words "An accident – panic" had been erased from the entry for April 30th, 2001, the day Danielle fainted in his lounge.

The jury heard a tape-recorded interview in which he was asked to explain the erasure. "No comment," he replied.

The interrogator suggested that Campbell had erased the words to conceal that he had been trying to take photos of Danielle or to have sex with

her. Campbell made no reply.

In what was believed to be the first time a language expert had been called to analyse text messages in a murder case, the court heard the evidence of Professor Malcolm Coulthard. He drew the jury's attention to the spelling of the word "what" as "wot" in the text messages Campbell claimed Danielle had sent him after she vanished. The professor pointed out that in her text messages Danielle usually spelled the word in question as "wat."

The court later heard that Campbell had deleted 2,105 pornographic pictures from his computer a few hours before Danielle disappeared. Campbell had used file-wiping software which could not be accidentally started up and removed images stored on the hard drive, a police computer expert testified.

Mr. Borrelli opened the case for the defence by calling a woman witness who had seen a girl resembling Danielle in Grays library several hours after the teenager vanished.

She said the girl was weeping in the toilets. "I said, 'Has it been a bad day?' and she replied, 'Something like that.'"

Cross-examined by Mr. Pownall, the witness said she could not remember whether the girl wore teeth braces, as Danielle did. She also agreed that the bag the girl was carrying did not resemble Danielle's, and her clothes did not match Danielle's school uniform – she was not wearing a jacket or tie, and her skirt was black or very dark.

"But her hair, her build, the shape of her face and her skin tone were very similar to Danielle's," the witness insisted.

Campbell had decided not to give evidence, and in his closing speech to the jury Mr. Borrelli claimed that Danielle could still be alive. "It is quite possible," he said, "that this girl simply decided not to go to school, simply decided not to go home."

Reminding the jury of the witness who believed she had seen Danielle later that day, he claimed: "This raises a perfectly reasonable hypothesis that suggests she may well not have been the victim of a crime when she set out at eight o'clock that morning. The fact that after the 19th Danielle's phone was no longer registering proves maybe that her battery was dead but – we hope – it doesn't prove that she is."

"Unless you are sure that Mr. Campbell was in East Tilbury on the morning in question, you cannot be sure he is guilty of these crimes. He did not do it, and the prosecution cannot prove he was there to do it."

The jury were unimpressed. After seven hours' deliberation on December 19th, they found Stuart Campbell guilty of kidnapping and murdering his niece. He showed no emotion on hearing the verdicts.

Sentencing him to life imprisonment for the murder and a concurrent 10 years for the abduction, Mr. Justice



Campbell – no response to the pleas of Danielle's parents

McKinnon told him: "You have been a blatant, deceitful and thoroughly dishonest smooth operator for many years, oblivious of the effect on others of your creeping into the affections of young girls. You have done a truly terrible thing which has caused widespread horror and disbelief. I can confidently say there is not a shred of mitigation in this case. You are no stranger to violence and started in crime at a young age. You merit the description 'dangerous.'"

If the jury had returned a verdict of manslaughter, the judge told Campbell, he would have asked for psychiatric reports with a view to imposing a life sentence.

"Having kidnapped your niece, probably on the pretext of taking her to school, you took her to your home. There you murdered her and somehow

"You have done a truly terrible thing which has caused widespread horror and disbelief. There is not a shred of mitigation in this case. You merit the description of 'dangerous'"

disposed of her body without trace. Precisely what happened may never be known. Now you are the only one who knows what actually happened and thus far you have kept your cards very close to your chest.

"You were obsessed with her. That is obvious. For reasons known only to you, you decided to kidnap her on her way to school when she was running late. You desperately wanted to photograph her, which is your particular perverse interest which focuses on schoolgirls in the fourteen to fifteen-year-old age bracket. You are quite unable to control your impulses in this area."

The police believed that Campbell had raped Danielle, and had then strangled her to stop her telling his wife and her parents. Now that the 11-week trial was over, they were able to reveal that his criminal record had begun when he was 12 and he had snatched a

12-year-old girl's handbag in Thurrock. At 16 he was convicted of causing actual bodily harm after he fired an air rifle at another youth. Two years later he was jailed for four years for mugging a 16-year-old girl he had been stalking. He held a knife to her back, threatening to kill her, indecently assaulted her, gave her two black eyes, kicked and beat her as she lay on the ground, and then ran off with her handbag.

The jail sentence ended his first marriage, and he was in trouble again in 1989 when he was convicted of taking away a 14-year-old girl without her parents' consent and photographing her. He held a knife to her throat when she tried to leave, but she escaped when her screams roused another person sleeping in his flat. He was given a suspended one-year sentence, and told everyone that he had been acquitted.

What Danielle's parents wanted to know was the whereabouts of their daughter's body so that she could be properly laid to rest.

"Please tell us where she is," her mother begged Campbell, who left the dock without speaking.

The police had searched 1,500 sites without success, and they promised to keep looking. "We will go to speak to Campbell, and if he co-operates it will be fantastic. If not, we will go back again and again," said a senior police spokesman.

"I drive past fields and wonder if she is lying there," said Mrs. Jones. "I can't bear the thought of her lying all alone in the dark. Danielle didn't like the dark."

"There'll be no closure until Danielle is found," said Mr. Jones. "We are just hoping that now there has been a verdict, Stuart might come forward and say, 'Yes, I would like to tell you where Danielle is.' We cannot grieve properly until we know where she is."

Sadly, no word was forthcoming from the killer in prison interviews with the police. In 2004 Campbell launched an unsuccessful appeal against his conviction, and a year later an inquest held into Danielle's disappearance recorded a verdict of unlawful killing.

Fast-forward more than a decade to May 2017 and the story of the tragic teenager was back in the news again when it was reported that after receiving "new information" Essex and Kent police were searching a garage block in Stifford Clays. It was then revealed that "suspicious activity" at the site had, in fact, also been reported to police at the time of Danielle's disappearance but police hadn't acted on the tip-off. Danielle's long-suffering parents visited the search site. However, no discovery was made using ground-penetrating radar.

At the time of writing, Stuart Campbell maintains his silence, perhaps because to reveal Danielle's whereabouts would be to confess to a crime he cannot admit even to himself.

THIS SUMMER'S BEST TRUE CRIME STORIES...

...and where to find them

■ **HIS WIFE** and son stood in the bathroom staring at the naked body of Lanny Horwitz (left) as it twitched and gurgled in the pool of crimson water brimming over splintered tiles and glass. Blood was pumping from gunshot wounds to his arms and torso, but most conspicuously from the gaping red hole



that had once been his mouth.

Not content with merely killing him, Lanny's murderer had shoved the gun between his lips as he cried out in agony.

Crime of passion or cold-blooded execution? Find out in this year's *True Detective Summer Special*...

■ **WHEN JEFFREY** Pyne was charged with bludgeoning and stabbing his mother Ruth (right) to death in the garage of their Michigan home in May 2011, the case bewildered many people – from seasoned lawyers and legal commentators to family, friends and the community that even now continues to support him. He was sentenced to 20 to 60 years in jail.



Read his story in *True Detective Summer Special* and see what you think. Is he innocent or guilty?

■ **WHY DID** it take so many years to solve? – the murder of an attractive young Australian woman living in London and going about her shopping for a dinner when she was ruthlessly abducted...and was she naive to advertise selling her car in the window of the car itself, inviting approaches from strangers who could be dangerous?



Learn how Janie Shepherd's (above) vicious killer stayed one step ahead of the police for so long in *True Detective Summer Special*.

■ **"HOW YOU** disposed of her body must remain a mystery. It will serve no purpose for me to speculate as to what happened, but all the indications are that you burnt at least a part of her in the woodburner."



The horrific story of the ex-abattoir worker (above) and the little girl he abducted...in *Master Detective Summer Special*.

■ **SUNDAY BREAKFAST** was a leisurely affair at Mrs. Bryan's small boarding-house in County Durham. The house in Parker Terrace, Ferryhill, catered for working men and, as Sunday was their day off, the meal was unhurried, with time for conversation.

"I had a strange dream last night," Mrs. Bryan remarked as she served breakfast on Sunday, February 12th, 1928. "And it was about you," she told one of her lodgers.

"Well, if it was about me it must have been a nightmare," laughed William Byland Abbey, a 31-year-old cashier at a local bank.

"Yes," Mrs. Bryan continued, "I dreamt you were attacked at work and murdered!"

Tragically, that nightmare would come true...find out how in *Master Detective Summer Special*.

■ **ON THE DAY** before her 16th birthday Yvonne Blower told Billy McDonald she didn't want to go out with him again. The next time their paths crossed was in the mortuary of Blackburn's Royal Infirmary...

Read "The Butlin's Beauty Queen Murder" in *Master Detective Summer Special*.

■ **IN THE** SPRING of 1986 a cruel, perverted maniac (right) struck terror into the hearts of sick and elderly folk in south London...



Full astonishing case report in *Master Detective Summer Special*.

■ **DOING NINE** life sentences for nine murders, Pee Wee (below) couldn't resist just one more – and this while he was in a maximum-security penitentiary. It was a step too far – a step that finally took him to the chair... find out how in *True Crime Summer Special!*



■ **SUMMER RUST** (below) dreaded the sound of his key in the door. She knew there'd be a battle. But it was one she had to win. The children sensed her fear, and wanted more cuddles than usual before bedtime.

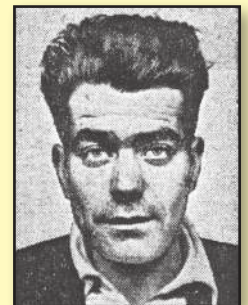


She loved the way they snuggled up on the sofa together in their fleecy pyjamas, falling asleep one by one. Three-year-old Evynn was the first to

nod off, then Teagin who was a year older, and finally the twins Kirsten and Autumn who were seven...

Find out what happens next – in *True Crime Summer Special*.

■ **THE CROWD** jostled to read the execution notice pinned on Leicester Prison's gates. Dennis Goodger stood apart from them, alone with his thoughts. There seemed nothing exceptional about this man in his brown bib-and-brace overalls and brick-dust-encrusted boots; nothing to link him with Joseph Reynolds (right) who had just gone to the scaffold.



But Dennis Goodger had a strong personal interest in Reynolds's execution. "I'm the luckiest man alive in the world today," he told a reporter. "I'm the one Reynolds really intended to kill."

And this was true...To find out why, read *True Crime Summer Special*.



How to make sure you don't miss out on this year's Summer Specials: see page 51

Whether it really was hypnotism, or some other less fanciful means that gave him his power, Joseph Reginald Victor Clarke was certainly a master seducer at the tender age of 21. And to prove his prowess there were broken-hearted women on both sides of the Atlantic.

When an assize court's spectators witnessed the end of his short but colourful career they were looking at living proof that a little knowledge can be a dangerous thing. Clarke's hypnotic know-how and the success it brought him with women had been more than dangerous. For one family the outcome had been lethal.

As he stood in the dock at Liverpool Assizes in 1929 on trial for his life, he must have reflected that none of this would have happened if he had stayed in his native Norfolk. Soon after his birth in King's Lynn, Clarke's parents had separated and he had been put in the care of an aunt. When he was 16 the aunt died and his mother wrote to him from her new home in Virginia, asking him to join her.

Setting up a wireless-repair business, he told them, had absorbed all his capital and he was temporarily without money...so could they tide him over?

Through her influence he got a job as a pantry-boy at Princeton University. This could be his first step on the ladder to success, his mother told him. Joseph Clarke thought so too, especially when a professor of psychology sought his assistance in conducting some practical experiments in hypnotism.

Could this, Clarke wondered, be a short-cut to the success his mother had envisaged? He watched the professor carefully and then practised what he had learned, trying out his sketchily acquired knowledge on some of the girl students. The sequel was a scandal which cost him his job.

Joseph Clarke wasn't unduly worried. Thanks to his new-found ability as a hypnotist, he believed, he need never work again. He would simply use his power over women to prise their money from them.

The snag was that none of the girls he knew had much cash, so he had to dupe several at a time in order to make a living.

Was he any good as a hypnotist or was he just kidding himself? Fair-haired and slightly built, he had a clean-cut, scholarly appearance and his belief in his newly acquired power gave him



Liverpool's waterfront – it was from here that Clarke sailed to New York

LIVERPOOL MURDER HYPNOTI

self-confidence, which was half the battle. Evidence of his hypnotic ability was later to come from one of his victims.

"When I was with him, it was as though I was under some sort of spell," she said. "I couldn't help myself. I used to find myself feeling sleepy when he looked closely into my eyes, as if my senses were swimming. I couldn't resist him because he made me feel I didn't want to. I'd do anything he suggested. I gave him money whenever he wanted it. I was quite ready to leave home and go away with him."

"Why didn't you?" she was asked.

"By chance, I found out he was making up to a couple of other girls."

That was her salvation. The spell was broken.

To keep the cash flowing, Joseph Clarke had also become an eloquent writer of wheedling letters. "Oh, girl," he wrote to another softhearted victim, "can you imagine wearing the same underclothes for six weeks with never a change? Or not having a bath for three weeks? Or sleeping in a nook in the wall of a warehouse with a sack for mattress, sheets, blankets and counterpane? If

you could help me out again this week, I should be eternally and truly grateful."

Predictably, the money was forthcoming. Who wants a boyfriend with BO?

Following his sudden departure from Princeton, Clarke went to Halifax, Nova Scotia. There the disgraced pantry-boy posed as an author and artist and became engaged to the daughter of a well-to-do businessman. The trouble was that his financial need made it necessary for him to cultivate numerous women simultaneously. His prospective father-in-law learned that Clarke had been seen with several other girls, and that was that.

The suitor was shown the door, but his fiancée was still in thrall to him... and still a soft touch. Borrowing money from her, Joseph Clarke boarded a boat for England. But it was as Reginald Kennedy that he disembarked at Southampton and swiftly infatuated a shop assistant. From her meagre wages she managed to give him some money. He told her that a good job awaited him in Liverpool and as soon as he found his feet he'd send for her.

As other victims were to discover,

most of Clarke's stories had an element of truth in them, small though it was. He did go to Liverpool, but not to work. Instead he busied himself writing letters – to the girl in Halifax, the conquest in Southampton and another sweetheart in New York.

Setting up a wireless-repair business, he told them, had absorbed all his capital and he was temporarily without money... so could they tide him over?

Week after week, the girl in Southampton dutifully sent him whatever pennies she could spare. Then one of them dropped out. She received word that he was not using her hard-earned money to establish his business so that she could join him. He was spending it on other women.

No money accompanied her next letter to Liverpool. The brief note dismissed him for the liar he was.

Caught out in such a situation, most

Joseph Reginald Victor Clarke led an extraordinary life as a ladies' man and a heartless killer between England, America and Canada



Joseph Reginald Victor Clarke. He set out to use his "powers" to control women

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By William Kendal

men would have been too ashamed to reply. But not Joseph Clarke. Seeming almost to revel in his villainy, he composed a response which he clearly enjoyed writing:

"My dear girl, it seems something of a mockery to do so, but I feel I must write to you to say how truly sorry I am for the wrong I have done you. I have returned the wonderful kindness of your heart with a brutal indifference and the noble devotion of your love with a duplicity it is impossible to describe..."

Adding insult to injury, he went on to imply that he had done her a favour. She should be grateful to him for teaching her a lesson: "Never trust anyone and never place your affections in anyone but those who have proved their unvarying and undying love to you...If you will, let me love you, but never love me."

He had cared for her, he continued, "but not so thoroughly as you believed. Many things have happened to me in Liverpool, perhaps to my eternal sorrow, perhaps to my eternal enlightenment. I've met here the only girl I ever really and truly loved, but she is as brutal and callous towards me as I have been to

you. That is justice. Still, I love her with all my heart and soul, and that love has been and will continue to be my undoing. Forget the love that returned pain. The man who betrays and spurns a woman is a cur and that am I.”

The kick he seemed to get out of fantasising in such letters was ironic, for the fantasies he wove on paper paled into the commonplace when compared with what he was up to in reality. The writing of that last letter to the Southampton shop girl coincided with his simultaneous courtship of four sisters, convincing each that she was the only woman in his life.

His wooing of all four was probably not so much a hedging of bets, more a reflection of the fact that he wanted money from the whole family. And not content with that, he also “borrowed” an engagement ring from the same source.

This came to light when the girls’ mother noticed a familiar ring on her youngest daughter’s third finger.

“Where did you get that?” she asked.

“Reg gave it to me,” the girl replied. “Why?”

“That ring belonged to your granny,” said the mother grimly. “I keep it in my jewel box, so he must have stolen it.”

“That can’t be true!” cried the daughter, snatching her hand away.

“We’re going to be married!”

“We’ll see about that,” said her mother.

It transpired that it wasn’t only the ring that Clarke had taken. He’d also borrowed the eldest, 22-year-old daughter’s birth certificate, presenting it at Birkenhead registry office on notifying the registrar of his intention to marry the 17-year-old sister.

This was too much for the hypnotic Lothario to explain away. He was banished from the house, but that wasn’t the last his “fiancée” saw of him.

Walking home alone, she was startled when Clarke suddenly appeared from nowhere and grabbed her. Thrusting his face close to hers, he hissed menacingly. “I’m not giving you up!”

“No, Reg!” she cried, trying to break away. “Leave me alone! It’s all over!”

If he couldn’t have her, he told her, then nobody would. And taking a pyjama cord from his pocket, he looped it round her neck.

“Police!” shouted the girl as she felt the cord tighten across her throat.

Now it was Clarke’s turn to be taken aback. His grip on the cord slackened and the girl ducked out of the noose and dashed off down Prince’s Boulevard, leaving him standing apparently stupefied.

Why wasn’t he prosecuted? Why did the girl and her family lay no complaint with the police? They dreaded publicity. They had a horror of scandal. Clarke had been frightened off in that last, abortive encounter, they felt. He wouldn’t trouble them again.

They were right. He latched on to someone else. The four sisters and their mother were not to know that if they’d reported Joseph Clarke to the police, they might have saved a life.

His faith in his hypnotic powers undiminished. Clarke continued to cruise the city in search of more girls to bewitch. Experience had taught him that there were plenty of victims with more money than sense.

If it hadn’t rained on that fateful day in 1928, Mary Fontaine would have been spared a tragedy. As it was, she took shelter in a shop doorway.

“Fine weather for ducks!” said the young stranger who joined her.

They exchanged further pleasantries. Before long they had exchanged names.



The only known picture of Alice Fontaine holding a younger Mary

She was a 19-year-old shorthand typist. He was Reginald Kennedy, he told her. He was a wireless operator on a liner plying between New York and Liverpool.

That sounded better than his actual job – Joseph Clarke did indeed work from time to time on a ship out of Liverpool, but not as a “sparks.” He helped out in the ship’s galley.

The rain stopped. The conversation continued.

“Would you like me to see you home?” he asked.

She didn’t mind, said Mary.

By the time they reached her door in Northbrook Street, Princes Park, they’d

arranged to meet again. More progress was made before they parted. Clarke was introduced to Mrs. Alice Fontaine, Mary’s 47-year-old widowed mother.

Further contact with the young man Mary had met in the rain came when the postman delivered a letter posted in New York. It was well written. Joseph Clarke was not without skill with a pen. He chose his words carefully, words calculated to produce a desired effect.

Mary was pleased to hear from him. It was an engaging, chatty letter. She passed it to her mother, who remembered that nice young man who had seen her daughter home. The letter made a further favourable impression, and before long this was followed up by a visit. He’d just got back from New York, Clarke told the Fontaines. Now he intended to start his own radio business in Liverpool and he was looking for lodgings.

Mother and daughter looked at each other. They had a spare room.

As the Fontaines’ lodger, Clarke wasted no time in getting his feet firmly under their table. They called him “Teddy Bear” and he soon charmed a loan of £20 out of Mrs. Fontaine – he needed the money, he explained, to build a radio which he could sell for a profit.

Joseph Clarke had had a good run with the Fontaines’ money, but it couldn’t go on forever

Further loans followed to help him overcome various difficulties he said he was encountering in establishing his business, and Mrs. Fontaine also waived his rent while he got started.

Months passed. None of the money was repaid. Clarke continued to enjoy free board but there was little evidence of the business he claimed to be starting. Mrs. Fontaine began to get tetchy, asking Teddy Bear why he didn’t get a job.

Joseph Clarke had had a good run with the Fontaines’ money, but it couldn’t go on forever. Exposure came sooner than he expected, due to his own carelessness. Mrs. Fontaine was already suspicious about the letters that arrived for her lodger, all addressed in handwriting that looked feminine.

Mary too was uneasy. By now she considered herself engaged to Teddy Bear, but those letters kept coming and curiosity prompted her to read one which her lover had received from Canada and had left lying around.

Its contents sent her reeling. Writing from Halifax, Nova Scotia, the female correspondent referred to money she’d been sending Clarke. She regretted that she was unable to enclose any this time, and made it clear that she expected him to return to Canada before long and marry her.

Mother and daughter were outraged. Joseph Clarke's gravy train had hit the buffers. Upbraided with harsh words that he couldn't deny, he was promptly kicked out.

Oddly, however, the transatlantic con-man felt ill-used. Instead of slinking away, congratulating himself on having sponged on the Fontaines so successfully and for so long, he now began to bombard them with indignant, offensive letters, some of them libellous and obscene. Mrs. Fontaine reacted by going to the police, voicing her concern that her former lodger might attempt to

so long that we told each other our names, and he said he was the wireless operator on a big liner sailing between Liverpool and New York.

"We agreed to meet again and did so. He wrote to me from America. I still thought he was a wireless operator, but I subsequently found out that he was only the pantry-boy."

She went on to say that Clarke had then lodged at her home and they had been engaged until the discovery of a letter from a girl in Canada who clearly considered herself his fiancée.

"My mother complained to the police

sitting-room door open and close. Then someone came along the landing towards my bedroom. I thought it was my mother and I went to open the door.

"Clarke walked in, saying, 'I want to speak to you.' I told him, 'You had better speak outside my bedroom.' But he pushed his way into my room, put his two hands on my shoulders, and looking straight at me said, 'You know how much I love you. That's why I am going to do this.'

"Then he seized me by the throat and pushed me towards the fireplace. I succeeded for a second in tearing



Above, the Fontaines' bedroom where Mary (right) was preparing for church before she was confronted on the landing by Clarke. Far right, the bedroom after the attack



molest young Mary.

"Leave it with me. Mrs. Fontaine," said Detective Sergeant Tomlin. "I'll make some inquiries."

It didn't take him long to discover that the Reginald Kennedy known to the Fontaines was in fact Joseph Clarke, a man known to be on intimate terms with numerous young Liverpool women. And it didn't take Clarke long to become aware that he was being investigated. Well, he knew who to blame for that.

Seething with rage, he went quietly to the Fontaines' home one Saturday night and hid in their cellar. The following morning he emerged looking wild and dishevelled, to confront the startled mother and daughter.

What happened next was graphically described by Mary at Liverpool Magistrates' Court on November 13th, 1928. In the dock was Joseph Reginald Victor Clarke, charged with Mrs. Alice Fontaine's murder.

Describing her first encounter with the prisoner, Mary told the court: "While I was taking shelter from the rain in a shop entrance one night, he stood alongside me and we began to talk. The rain lasted

and asked that he should be prevented from seeing me," Mary continued, "but he persisted in his attentions. When my mother and I went to Wales for our summer holidays this year, he even wrote me letters and love poems. And he once sent me seven telegrams in one day.

"On Saturday, November third, we were given to understand that he was sailing to America. But the following morning he came out of the cellar looking tired, as though he had been out all night.

"I left him downstairs with my mother, who was getting him a cup of tea, and I went upstairs to dress for church. I had just finished dressing when I heard the

his hands away from my throat, and I screamed for my mother.

"You need not call for your mother," he said then. 'I have killed her.'

"He seized me by the throat again and I fought desperately, but he managed to pull me to the floor. He seemed to have his knees on both sides of me and he pressed my throat with his thumbs, his fingers resting on my temples.

"He pressed me a long time and I became unconscious. While I was slowly recovering I realised there was a cord round my neck. When he saw I was coming round he seized me by the hair and banged my head on the floor.

"I then got the idea that I would jump from the window into the street and try to attract help that way. I tried to get to the window but he pulled me away. Then I saw what looked like a file in his hand. He drew it across my throat but I wrenched it from him.

"After a further struggle he sat down on the bed, saying, 'Oh, what have I done?'

"He seemed exhausted. I sat down beside him and told him, 'You haven't done anything, Teddy Bear' – that's the

name mother and I called him by.

"It occurred to me that I should try and soothe him in order to try and get away from him, I said, 'Let's go and find my mother,' but he replied, 'You must not go to her – she's dead.'

"Gradually, I edged towards the door while he was still trying to dissuade me. I ran downstairs, opened the front door and rushed out into the street. As I ran, a man who was passing caught hold of me and took me into a shop.

"I remember the cord was still around my neck when the police arrived and I was taken away to hospital."

According to Clarke's subsequent statement to detectives, the cord was a length of electric wire. But newspapers reported that it was a pyjama cord, and the reporters' information would have come from detectives at the scene and witnesses who saw Mary run from the house with the cord still round her neck. So was the cord the one used in Clarke's earlier bid to strangle his former 17-year-old girlfriend?

At about 11 a.m. passers-by had seen Mary dash from her home, smartly dressed but bleeding from a throat wound and crying, "Save me! Save me!"

Clarke had been at her heels, his clothes covered with blood. Seeing others in the street, he had stopped and asked them. "Have you sent for a policeman?"

Then he had gone back into the house, where a neighbour had found him



The sitting-room where the strangled body of Alice was discovered

standing in front of a mirror, combing his hair. Alice Fontaine's strangled body lay face-downwards in the sitting-room, her feet on a chair, her torso between the seat and a wall.

Clarke had told the police: "I am twenty-one years of age and I am of no fixed occupation, I have been going to sea as a pantry-man. Since April of this year I have been carrying on a little business as a wireless engineer.

"An hour ago I had no more idea of committing murder than anyone else. I

don't know how it happened, but Mrs. Fontaine was talking to me about getting on and making good. She was saying that I should get a job and make a decent home for her daughter.

"I can't tell exactly what happened then, but I suddenly put my hand round her throat and threw her over the arm of a chair.

"She just said softly, 'Oh, Teddy Bear.' That is the name she used to call me.

I just pressed her throat quite hard for about a minute and she stopped breathing. We were alone in the room at the time.

"She had just brought me a cup of tea. The cup and saucer are still there. I'd been wandering about all the previous night. I came to the house about nine-thirty.

"I asked a man standing close by to call a policeman. I stood in the doorway until a policeman arrived"

"I had lodged with Mrs. Fontaine since about the beginning of June. Mrs. Fontaine had become unfriendly because I could not pay my way. She has been really good to me all the time. She lent me money and tried to do her best to help me get along.

"When Mrs. Fontaine was dead I went into the bedroom to Miss Fontaine. I asked her if she still loved me and she replied. 'You know I always did.'

"I told her, 'I have killed your mother, and because you have turned me down I'm now going to kill you.'

"I gripped her by the throat and she screamed and struggled fiercely. She disarranged all the furniture in the room, but I eventually got her under control.

"Her lips turned black, but all of a sudden she revived and struggled even

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THE WORLD'S **WORST** KILLERS

Andre Thomas

• **United States**

THOMAS HAD a long history of mental illness before he killed three. He began hearing voices when he was nine and attempted suicide soon after. Raised by an alcoholic father and a mentally ill mother, he soon began abusing drugs and alcohol. After dropping out of school he worked, fathered Andre Jr., and married Laura. They eventually split and Laura had a daughter by another man.

Thomas's increasingly erratic and bizarre behaviour reached a horrific crescendo on March 27th, 2004, when he stabbed his estranged 20-year-old wife Laura, Andre Jr., now four, and Laura's 13-month-old daughter to death at her home in the small city of Sherman, just north of Dallas.

He told authorities he used a different knife to murder each member of his family, so he didn't "cross-contaminate" their blood and



"allow the demons inside them to live." He cut out the children's hearts and a piece of Laura's lung, and then stabbed himself in the chest.

Placing the organs in his pockets he walked to his house and called his now-dead wife's parents to leave a voicemail before turning himself in to the police and making a full confession. Five days later, he removed one of his own eyes with his bare hands. Despite being diagnosed with schizophrenia, after 45 days in a secure facility he was ruled fit to stand trial, and was convicted of murder on November 3rd, 2005. He was sentenced to death

and moved to Death Row where he attempted suicide.

On December 9th, 2008, Thomas removed his left eye and ate it, which he explained was to prevent the government reading his thoughts. He remains incarcerated at the Jester IV Unit in Fort Bend County, Texas. He does not have a scheduled execution date.

Got a suggestion for the **World's Worst Killers**? Write to us at True Detective, P.O. Box 735, London SE26 5NQ, UK or email truedetective@truecrimellibrary.com



Left, the front door to the Fontaines' house where Mary (above) ran out screaming, pursued by Clarke

more fiercely than ever. I thought her screams would have attracted the whole street.

"There are some pieces of electric light cord upstairs, one of which I tied around her throat. She began to gasp for breath just like her mother had done. Then I suddenly realised I was killing her.

"I had in my pocket a shoemaker's knife, which is upstairs. I cut the cord around her throat and tried to bring her round. She screamed afresh. Then I cut her throat.

"She seemed to go quiet for a time. Then she recovered again. She caught hold of me by the hand and said, 'Let us sit on the bed, Teddy Bear. You know I love you. Why have you done all this?'

"I said, 'I thought you meant to give me up.' She said, 'How can you think that? I love you still. Let us go and see mother.' She was still holding me by the hand. I said, 'For God's sake, don't go now.'

"She said, 'You must, Teddy Bear, and tell her you are sorry.' She let go of my hand and went downstairs.

"She went towards the living-room on the ground floor. She then ran out into the street before I could stop her. I went to the doorstep. She had vanished. But I could hear her screaming.

"I asked a man standing close by to call a policeman. I stood in the doorway until a policeman arrived."

Committed for trial at Liverpool Assizes. Clarke rejected the advice of his counsel, Mr. Basil Nield, who urged him to plead insanity when he appeared before Mr. Justice Finlay on February 3rd, 1929.

"Do you plead

guilty or not guilty?" asked the clerk.

"Guilty," Clarke replied firmly, surveying the court through horn-rimmed glasses.

There was a moment's silence while the judge looked at the prisoner.

"You thoroughly understand," he asked Clarke, "that you are pleading guilty to a charge of wilful murder?"

Clarke nodded.

"And you thoroughly understand what the only sentence can be which follows that?"

"Yes, my lord."

"You have thoroughly thought it over and understand?"

It seemed almost as if the judge wanted the prisoner to change his mind, but the reason for this careful questioning was later to become apparent.

"Yes, my lord," Clarke repeated.

The black cap was placed on the judge's wig and Joseph Clarke was sentenced to death.

"And may the Lord have mercy on your soul," Mr. Justice Finlay concluded.

"Thank you, my lord," said Clarke, turning smartly to descend the steps from the dock to the cells below.

The murder trial had lasted just four and a half minutes – one of the shortest on record.

With time for reflection and his execution approaching, however, Clarke had a change of heart and decided to appeal.

Mr. Nield told the appeal judges, Mr. Justice Avory, Mr. Justice Rowlatt and Mr. Justice Horridge, that his client now felt he should not have confessed. He had only done so in order that the proceedings could be completed as quickly as possible, sparing Mary Fontaine the ordeal of hearing all the evidence. Clarke now realised he had acted unwisely in ignoring his counsel's advice, and he therefore retracted his confession and asked for a retrial.

The appeal court heard that Clarke had been examined by the medical officer at Walton Gaol and by a panel of psychiatrists appointed by the Home Secretary. All the experts had found him to be sane.

Mr. Justice Avory noted that since the trial Clarke had learned that medical evidence showed that Alice Fontaine had not died as a result of his attack, which had merely accelerated her imminent death from natural causes. Her lungs were in a badly diseased condition and she had died from asphyxiation through causes beyond her assailant's control and unknown to him!

But this, the judge ruled, provided no answer to the charge. Clarke had confessed. Mr. Justice Finlay had given him ample opportunity to change his plea, and there was nothing to justify the Court of Appeal interfering with Clarke's conviction. The appeal was dismissed.

A crowd of 200, mostly young women, gathered outside Walton Gaol at the time of Joseph Clarke's execution on the morning of March 29th, 1929. It had been reported that he had told Mary Fontaine in a final interview that he would go to his death bravely, and he was now said to have kept his word. He had stood calmly while Pierrepont pinioned him, and had then walked firmly to the scaffold.

It was surmised that several of the girls waiting outside the prison had been dupes of the young man with hypnotic eyes. An officer emerged to post a notice beside the prison gate announcing that the execution had taken place. The crowd pressed forward to read it.

The stark words were the final chapter in a story laden with irony. The hypnotist had been his own victim. It was Joseph Clarke, not the girls he bewitched, whose life had been spent in a trance.

DEAD WIDOW SENSATION.
ACCUSED MAN'S AMAZING STATEMENT IN COURT.
Vivid Account of Tragedy.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

CONDEMNED CELL AS A STUDY.
YOUNG PRISONER REGRETS HIS PLEA OF GUILTY.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

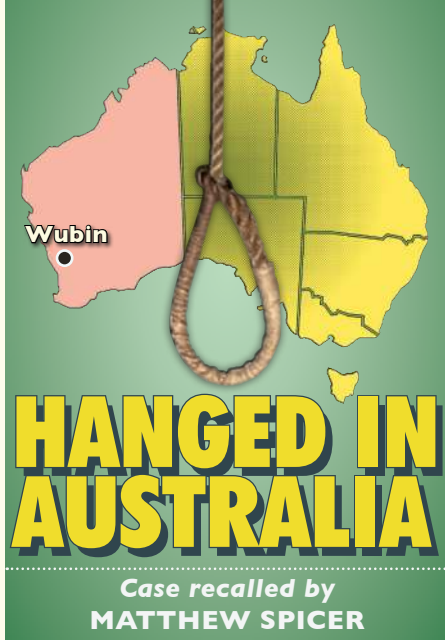
LIVERPOOL, Thu. Converting his condemned cell into a study Joseph Regina... tor Clark has worked night and day on the statement of his... of appeal against the

HYPNOTIC YOUTH'S MURDER CONFESSION
WITHDRAWN TO SPARE FEELINGS OF VICTIM'S DAUGHTER.
DEATH SENTENCE TO STAND.

The withdrawal of a confession which he said he made to assist "another person than himself" was the ground...

...errow I had unintentionally brought to and dear. A further reason was because the counsel appointed to my defence proposed and insisted on a plea of insanity as my defence. This I could not possibly countenance as, although I admittedly lost my head when I committed the assault on the dead woman, there

Press cuttings on the dramatic case



FLORA SMITH fetched the freshly baked scones out of her oven, put a couple of them on a tray with a jug of tea and told her eight-year-old daughter Elsie: “Take your Dad’s tea down to the paddock.”

Elsie hurried off with the tray. She was back quicker than snap.

“Dad’s not there,” she said.

Flora, perplexed, surveyed the scene from her kitchen window, as far as the horizon incised on the shimmering blue sky. Husband Harold was supposed to be down at the paddock, with the tractor and their hired man, Clifford Hulme. “Where the devil is he then?” she muttered to herself.

The paddock was half a mile from the farmhouse; the Smiths’ settlement farm was a 5,000-acre spread at West Wubin, nearly 200 miles north-east of Perth in Western Australia. Here, in 1928, the isolation was vast – this was about as lonely as you could get in a civilised

“He’s as dead as a door. His head is as flat as a board,” he said with a bluntness that stunned her

country. It was home to Farmer Harold Smith, his wife Flora, and their three children, Elsie, Bonnie, six, and baby Peggy, who was only 11 months old.

Flora couldn’t hear the tractor but, as she watched, a thin plume of smoke rose from a distant field in that direction. From out of the smoke she saw Clifford Hulme coming towards the farmhouse, carrying a rifle.

Flora went to the kitchen door and on to the terrace. “What’s wrong, Clifford?” she called. “Where’s Harold?”

For answer the hired hand jerked his thumb over his shoulder. “He’s done what he said he’d never do – turned the tractor over on himself.”

A wave of panic welled over Flora. “Did he strike an anthill? Is he hurt?”

She reeled back as Hulme nodded nonchalantly. “He’s as dead as a door.

His head is as flat as a board,” he said with a bluntness that stunned her.

Not fully understanding what the hired hand meant, she began to weep.

“Are you sure?”

“Yes. His heart has stopped.”

The two girls had now walked outside to join their mother. They asked why she was crying. She didn’t know why, she said, anxious not to upset them. She added, bewilderingly, “Daddy has hurt his foot.”

Hulme said: “You should go back inside, while I go to the Mortons to get help and bring his body back to the

Hearing her cries, Elsie and Bonnie came running, and tried to protect their mother. Hulme hit them both, knocking them to the floor. Flora screamed: “Don’t touch the children!”

As if he hadn’t heard, Hulme grabbed the two girls, holding them by their throats with both hands until they were unconscious. Then, he took a length of rope from his overalls’ pocket, tied Flora’s feet, and knotted a handkerchief around her mouth.

“That will keep you quiet,” he jeered.

He picked her up in his arms, carried her into the bedroom and threw her



The scrub roller which was being used by Harold Smith on June 22nd, 1928, when he was murdered by Clifford Hulme

house.” The Mortons were the Smiths’ nearest neighbours, 10 miles away. Hulme took her arm gently and led her back into the kitchen.

“Perhaps I’ll have a cup of tea before I go,” Hulme said. Flora filled the kettle, rattled cups, silently choking back tears, so as not to alarm the children. Hulme drank his tea standing up, as if there were no time to lose. He was strangely silent.

Wretchedly, Flora said, “Could you take a blanket down to Harold, to cover his body up?”

“When I’ve had another cup of tea,” he said. He went out to the terrace to smoke a cigarette. Then he turned round and, without warning, struck Flora in the face, a blow so vicious that it sent her sprawling.

Her head swimming, she got to her knees, but he knocked her down again. Now it flashed across her mind – something more than a tractor accident had happened to her husband. Fear was choking her. She screamed: “My God, Clifford! What have you done to Harold?”

Hulme was bland, emotionless. “I’ve shot him,” he said. With that, he hit her again and again, so hard that he smashed her false teeth, sending them spinning across the floor.

on to the bed. Inside the turmoil in her mind she could hear the baby crying as it crawled along the kitchen floor. Hulme went into the kitchen, picked up the baby, hit her a couple of times and then choked her.



Flora Smith. Her appalling ordeal at the hands of her attacker horrified the court

Right, Clifford Hulme. He was hired to work on the remote farm owned by the Smith family

One of the children stirred; he held her throat again until she was still.

Frantic, and hysterical with fear, Flora managed to untie her bonds. She was climbing off the bed when Hulme arrived back in the bedroom.

“You got up!” he said, as if amused. “I’ll soon settle you!”

He took another piece of rope and tied her feet to the bedposts. Satisfied that she couldn’t escape, he went back into the dining room where the two older girls were. Harold Smith had left a club, used for killing kangaroos, on the mantelpiece. Hulme picked it up and smashed it down on Bonnie’s head. The child went limp.

Hulme went outside and walked around the house. Twilight was merging into darkness, so he lit the kerosene lamps and took one back into Flora’s bedroom. He flicked her apron over her head and used scissors to cut off her skirt.

Flora, weeping copiously, pleaded with him to stop.



A Long Night Of Terror In West Wubin **“HE MUST HAVE BEEN** **THE DEVIL INCARNATE”**

The hired hand had murdered her husband, raped her, and beaten up her children. Now he was gone, but almost certainly he would come back – and then what would happen to Flora?

“You won’t need these clothes where you’re going,” he replied. Then he removed his trousers, climbed on top of her, and raped her.

There was no fight left in Flora. She prayed for her ordeal to end. Hulme got up from the bed, pulled on his trousers, and carefully placed an eiderdown over her half naked body.

“You must not catch cold,” he said gently. If Flora had any other thoughts in her head at that moment other than her terrible plight, she might have guessed she was in the company of a violent and unpredictable madman.

She could hear baby Peggy crying in another room. “Please bring her in here,” she begged softly.

Hulme carried the child in and put her in the cot alongside her mother. He put on an overcoat and hat and said: “I’ll let

you live. The madness has passed. I’ll go to Dalwallinu and give myself up.” The complete absence of feeling in his voice suggested he might be just going out for a walk.

“Please untie me first,” Flora begged.

“No. I won’t do that.”

“What have you done to my girls?”

“They are stunned, that’s all.” Next moment he was gone.

An hour later Elsie recovered consciousness. She crawled into her mother’s room and cut the ropes binding her. Bonnie was lying in a pool of blood in the dining room. She had a fractured skull, a massive head wound, and eyes that were so swollen as to be unrecognisable.

Flora pulled herself up from her bed, put her children on their beds and

dressed their wounds. Overwhelmed by fear and delayed panic, she wondered how long it would be before Hulme returned, and what would happen then. There was a rifle in the kitchen. She loaded it and sat down with it beside the main door.

Night had already fallen, but she dared not sleep. All through the night she waited, the rifle across her knees, ready to shoot to kill at the slightest intrusion.

Occasionally she tended to the children. Bonnie was still unconscious, blood seeping from a gash in her skull. Flora herself was suffering badly from the beating Hulme had given her. She made some tea, and at dawn, when there was still no sign of the hired hand, she gave the children breakfast before locking them in the farmhouse. Armed with the rifle, she walked down to the paddock.

There was no sign of Harold's body – just his hat. Puzzled, she decided to walk to the Mortons for help, but she lost her way and returned to her children in the farmhouse.

At about the same time Constable Henry Rowbottom was in the police station at Dalwallinu, a dozen miles from the Smiths' farm, when Clifford Hulme came into the yard.

Rowbottom knew Hulme. The hired hand was an Englishman who had come out to Australia on an assisted passage about five years ago. A decent young fellow, he'd never been in any trouble. Like most of his compatriots Hulme was a single man, part of an ideal work force on the Western Australian wheat farms that had been carved out of forestry land.

Rowbottom knew Harold Smith too. Smith had taken advantage of the opportunity when the new land was opened up. He employed Hulme to help clear the wild bush; the farmer and his hired hand got on well to the point where Hulme was one of the family. He slept in a tent in the grounds of the farmhouse.

Constable Rowbottom's eyes narrowed when he saw Hulme crossing the yard. What would bring the farm hand this way so early?

The constable called out, "G'day,

"About five o'clock something seemed to go wrong in my mind. I get funny at times. I pointed the gun at Smith and pulled the trigger. He had his back to me at the time"

mate. How's things? You're early."

"I've got some news for you," Hulme said. "I shot Smithy."

The constable stayed silent, wondering if he had heard correctly. Then he said, "Oh, yes. When did this happen?"

"About five o'clock last night."

"You're sure he's dead?"

"Too right. I shot him in the back."

Rowbottom said slowly, "You'd better come into my office."

Hulme sat down and made a statement. It said:

"I was born in Leeds, England, and I'm 29. I've worked for Harold Smith for five months. He and his wife have always treated me all right and there was no ill-feeling between us.

"On June 22nd I was working with an axe and I had Smith's gun with me also. I loaded it in the morning before starting work. Smith was working on a tractor. About five o'clock something seemed to go wrong in my mind. I get funny at



A press photograph of Clifford Hulme (left) and fellow-worker Norm Cook cutting salmon gum poles for F.H. Broomhall's machinery shed in 1928 – shortly before he became a murderer

times. I pointed the gun at Smith and pulled the trigger. He had his back to me at the time.

"He fell off the tractor. I went to him. He was unconscious. The tractor stopped of itself. I returned to the house, changed my clothes, and walked to Wubin. I caught a train from there to Dalwallinu, had breakfast at the hostel and gave myself up."

Noticeably, he did not mention that he had raped Flora or severely injured the Smith children.

Rowbottom was understandably stunned. Wubin, part of his beat, was a backwater with a crime rate not much higher up the scale than a pub punch-up.

"We'd better go back to the farm," he said thickly.

"I'd rather not," Hulme said "You go. You'll find the rifle in the kitchen and you'll find Smithy near the roller."

Rowbottom locked him up and summoned another policeman, Constable Doig, and the local medic, Dr. Colin Anderson. The three men drove to Wubin, where the doctor attended to Flora and the children before they went down to the murder scene.

Harold Smith had been shot twice. One bullet went through his back and his heart; the second through his right forehead. Hulme had also cleaved the farmer's head with an axe.

Back at Dalwallinu the news had travelled fast. An angry crowd gathered outside the police station, demanding that the police hand over Hulme for a lynching. Rowbottom managed to calm them while Hulme was removed to safer

custody. Over the next few weeks the condition of the children stabilised.

Day after day the Australian press was ablaze with the story of Flora's suffering. Wisely, she went to ground, and made her first public appearance since the night of horror at the inquest on her husband on July 20th.



The inquest drew a significant crowd, each and every day – but due to the nature of the crimes women were not admitted to the proceedings

Still frail, she was so traumatised after her ordeal that the coroner cleared the public from the court, so as to make her evidence easier for her. Several times she almost broke down. Hulme seemed unaffected, avoiding eye contact with her throughout her evidence.

In a verdict that was inevitable the inquest found Hulme guilty of murdering Harold Smith.

On August 7th, 1928, he was brought to trial, where he pleaded not guilty. A guilty plea would have automatically made him a candidate for the gallows, but by pleading not guilty he could claim

CLIFFORD HULME'S CALMNESS
Sits Unmoved in Court
WHILE TERRIBLE TALE IS TOLD

While the dreadful story of the Wubin murder and outrage was being unfolded at the Coroner's Court, a young man sat behind the solicitor's table and kept his eyes on the Coroner.

In appearance there was nothing different about him from perhaps a dozen men of his own age in the public gallery. He seemed just an ordinary young man moderately interested in what was going on.

But he had, in fact, a close and terrible concern in the case. For the man was Clifford Hulme, who stands charged with the wilful murder of Harold Eaton Smith and of the dreadful things which are alleged to have followed the killing of the unfortunate farmer.

Hulme has no prominent features, but he has for the fraction of a second, and when Mrs. Smith, in falling over there is the sign of weakness.

TO BE HANGED ON MONDAY WEEK NEXT

insanity, and therefore hold that he was not responsible for his actions.

Again Flora was the principal witness, but because her story was now so well known, all eyes were on Hulme, who to sustain his insanity plea had perforce to give evidence on his own behalf. How, Australians wondered, could he ever account for what he did to the Smith family?

On that fatal occasion, he said, he was working close to Harold Smith, "when suddenly red and yellow light flashed in my eyes."

"I dropped the axe I was using, grabbed the rifle and pulled the trigger, but I don't know why. The next thing I remembered was sitting by the roadside 16 miles away, drinking water out of a wheel rut.

"I tried to reason things out. I heard a voice say, 'You've shot Smithy, you've shot Smithy!' I went to the police station and saw Constable Rowbotham."

He did not remember seeing Flora after the shooting, or going back to the farmhouse. But when he was on the road, he realised he must have been back to the



In court Hulme (as illustrated above in contemporary newspapers) pleaded not guilty, in the hopes of escaping the gallows on an insanity plea

house because he had changed into his best clothes.

And the rape, and the assaults on the children? He remembered nothing about them.

Crown prosecutor Albert Wolff made short work of this. Hulme had told Constable Rowbotham exactly where he had left the rifle after he shot Smith, and where Smith's body lay. How could he remember these things, and nothing else?

"I sometimes have funny turns," Hulme said. "Once I found myself alone in the bush and I didn't know how I got there." For good measure, he had a relation on his mother's side who had died in a mental home.

During the First World War, he said, he tried to commit suicide by shooting



Hulme (above) seemed to have adapted admirably to his life in Australia – but he had brought both a troubled recent past (including a suicide attempt) and insanity in his family history

himself while serving with the British Army in Egypt. He did not say why, and there was no further explanation.

The defence produced an impressive psychological witness, a Dr. Bentley who insisted Hulme was insane at the time of the murder. The doctor said he had examined Hulme on three occasions and

was convinced he was not responsible for his actions.

He gave three reasons for this. First, there was no motive for the attacks on the children; second, an unnecessary amount of violence was used against Harold Smith, especially in hitting him with an axe after he was dead, and third,

unnecessary violence was later used against the children, as if Hulme were in some sort of frenzy.

The doctor explained that the memory loss could be as a result of blackwater fever, a severe form of malaria from which Hulme had suffered, which was frequently followed by bouts of amnesia.

Dr. Bentley's evidence was rejected by Dr. Kerr, medical officer at Fremantle Prison. He thought Hulme was faking his insanity. "It is impossible to say categorically that he was insane at the time of the crimes," he said.

Chief Justice McMillan, summing-up, told the jury: "I have listened in this court to many horrible tales, but never one to equal this in the horror of its details of deliberate killing, brutal rape, and

unspeakable cruelty to children."

Hulme, he said, was apparently well respected in the district, but had suddenly become a monster. But the absence of motive did not necessarily indicate insanity; many murderers had been convicted and hanged for motiveless crimes.

If it could be proved that there was a motive it would go a long way to disproving the insanity plea. The rape was not a motive for the crime; rather it was the result of a sudden, unpremeditated temptation.

The jury had only to decide whether Hulme was insane at the time of the murder. If he were, he would spend the rest of his life in a mental hospital. If he were not, he would be sentenced to death.

But the judge added: "If Hulme were



Clifford Hulme, originally from Leeds, went to the gallows without making an appeal

sane when he did this act, he must have been the devil incarnate."

After a trial that lasted less than eight hours the jury decided that Hulme was the devil incarnate, for they found him guilty and sane. There was no appeal, no protests, no petitions. Clifford Hulme, from Leeds, had set out for a new life in Australia, and had suddenly run out of friends.

His last words almost suggested that he knew he was a reviled man. When he was sentenced to hang at Fremantle Prison on September 3rd, 1928, he said, in reply to the habitual question, "I have nothing to say, thank you."

No journalists were admitted to the hanging, but one witness representing the public was selected to watch the proceedings and issue a statement afterwards. He rose to the occasion as best he could within the limitations of his literary talent:

"There was a breath of spring in the air and spring warmth in the sunshine as the party entered the gloomy gallows room, and the brightness without contrasted ill with the scene within.

"The chaplain, who had been with the young man from early in the morning, intoned the final prayers. Hulme stood, a slim, slightly stooped, pathetic-looking figure in the centre of the platform. But he made no move, no twitch of nervousness or of terror.

"An adjustment of ropes by a man who had no mask and then a pause and signal. Within a space of seconds Clifford Hulme was no more concerned with this world. And so closed a dreadful episode, a revolting passage in our history of criminal events."

CLIFFORD HULME'S CALM END
Goes Quietly to the Gallows
AND MAKES NO STATEMENT
 Without a murmur of protest or pleading, Clifford Hulme slipped out of the world at the Fremantle Gaol on Monday morning at two minutes past eight o'clock.
 No similar happening within those old walls has been so devoid of attendant interest.
 Hulme slept fairly well during his last night on earth, and was quiet and composed when the group of solemn black men entered his cell.
 "I have nothing to say thank
 For the first time in the memory recent hangings at the Fremantle there was no curious group outside the gates. Nor were there any petitions for reprieve, any last minute
 actions for reprieve, any last minute

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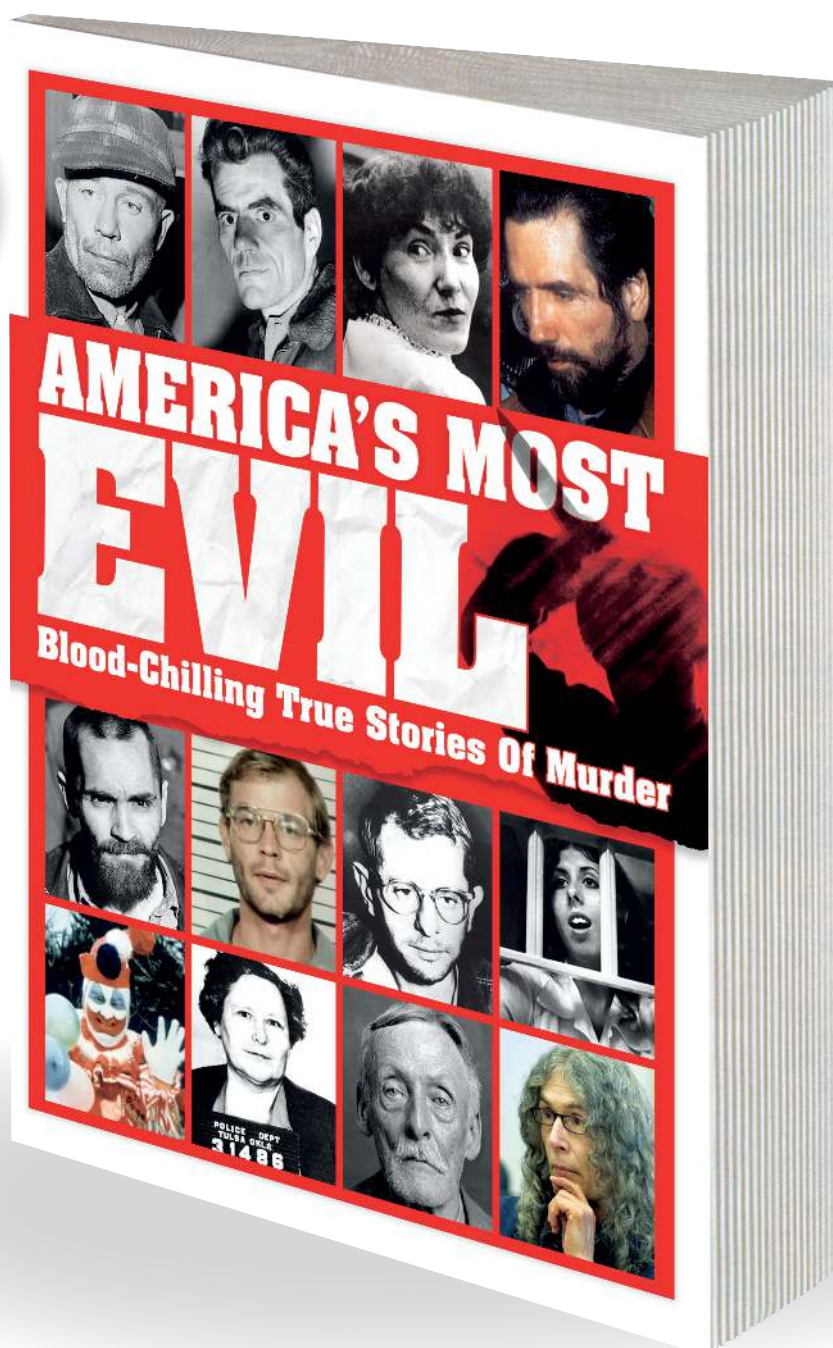
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IN THE SUMMER of 2002 the Gulf coast of Florida was enjoying its usual sunshine, and the morning of July 18th was a good time to savour the cooling off-shore breezes. So three men set out in a boat to do a little light fishing in Estero Bay, near the town of Fort Myers, unaware that they were about to make a gruesome catch.

It was Bill Hooper, a retired dentist, who saw something floating near them. "We'd just set off from dock when

Case report by Chris Coplans

I saw something near the jetty by a row of beach houses," he said later. "I thought it might be some driftwood or something that had fallen off a passing cruiser. When we got closer, my heart started pounding."

Their discovery was a partially clothed body floating face-down, which police reports would later describe



as the corpse of a white female of indeterminable age, killed two to four days earlier by four gunshot wounds to her chest. One bullet had drilled through her right hand on its way to her heart as she tried to protect herself, and the police spent almost a month interviewing locals and putting up posters in an attempt to identify her.

A missing-person tip from the woman's niece and subsequent dental examination ultimately revealed the body to be that of Hattie "Fern" Bergeler Moringiello, a 57-year-old former aerospace worker at Cape Kennedy and the wife of Donald Moringiello, 64, a retired aeronautical engineer.

Yet he had not reported her missing. His first contact with the police was nearly a month later, on August 14th, when he returned home to find detectives searching his beach house.

When they confronted him with the missing-person posters they found there, he said he was planning

When the body of a woman was found floating in the sea off Florida's Gulf Coast, police needed a tip-off from her niece to identify her. As for her husband, he hadn't even reported her missing...



Bespectacled killer Donald Moringiello in court. Inset below left, his tragic spouse Hattie Bergeler Moringiello

KILLER HUSBAND KEEP HIS GOOD

eventually to file a report of his wife's disappearance through his attorney.

"Twenty-nine days, and the husband never once expressed concern about his wife's absence," Detective Jim Briers said later. "What does that tell you? The first thing he said to me was, 'I suppose you're here because of my wife.'"

"About twelve beach houses border Estero Bay in that area, and the current flows out to the bay. Moringiello lived in one of those houses."

When Hattie was found, she had a white, king-size, fitted bedsheet over her head. A rope tied round her neck was secured by two heavy cinder blocks. Her bare feet had been carefully placed through a hole in a third block, and her ankles were bound with more rope to stop the block falling off. She was wearing green cotton shorts and a white floral print shirt, as depicted in

the posters displayed nearby.

A neighbour, Alice Platje, told the police she would have recognised Hattie's favourite gardening outfit in the posters and would have phoned immediately. But she never saw the posters, and neither did the family living on the other side of Moringiello's home. The posters – or fliers, as they are called in the US – disappeared shortly after the police put them up, and were found when officers raided his house.

Earlier that day detectives received a call from Hattie's niece Lori Siebert, phoning from her home in Mobile, Alabama, distraught over a conversation she'd had with Moringiello.

She said he'd told her Hattie had gone off in her car on July 15th, after the couple had a row about his plans to go to Connecticut to see his children from a previous marriage.



Clockwise from top left: the gun used to kill Hattie; the victim's sheet-draped body on the jetty shortly after it was recovered; cinder blocks used to tie down the body; the Moringiellos' home. Background image – Estero Bay

BAND COULDN'T GOOD WIFE DOWN

“He told me he expected Aunt Hattie would drive up to Hartford and join him, but she never showed up,” said Lori. “He said he got back to Florida and was concerned as she wasn’t there. But he said he didn’t want to alert the authorities because she was an adult and had her own money and her own vehicle. He didn’t seem that bothered at all.”

Searching Moringiello’s home, the police seized rope from a dresser drawer in the couple’s bedroom and photographed the bed, noting it had a new king-size fitted sheet. In the back garden they found cinder blocks of the same shape and size as those tied to Hattie. One of them had white paint and a black tar-like substance on it, similar to that found on the blocks that had failed to anchor Hattie to the sea floor.

Large sections of the carpet in the

house had been removed and cleaned, and were propped up near fans for drying. Samples of the carpet later tested positive for Hattie’s blood.

Crime scene technicians also sprayed Luminol – a chemical that reveals

A rope tied round her neck was secured by two heavy cinder blocks. Her bare feet had been carefully placed through a hole in a third block

blood when used in conjunction with fluorescent lighting – throughout the house. The tiled floor in the sunroom glowed bright from bloodstains, and

more swabs of blood were collected from the washing-machine and a glass coffee-table.

Then divers searching the seabed near the jetty recovered a .38-calibre semi-automatic handgun. It was registered to Moringiello, and ballistics tests later proved it to be the weapon used to kill Hattie.

Meanwhile, the suspect gave the investigators what seemed to be the biggest break of all. Four days after Moringiello’s arrest, Torre Fulcher, an inmate at Lee County Jail, contacted detectives with information about his new cell-block companion.

Fulcher, 26, had been arrested in 2000 on heroin trafficking charges, was looking at a life sentence, and was not averse to sharing what he knew in return for some kind of a deal. He said Moringiello had admitted murdering his wife, making the confession during

a conversation with Fulcher and two other inmates after an evening meal.

According to Fulcher, Moringiello said he'd become fed up with his wife's demanding ways. But he couldn't divorce her, he explained, because of their standing in the community.

The investigators learned that he was chairman of his local community resources advisory board, and Hattie

worked in the butterfly garden at the local prep school, where she was fondly known as "The Butterfly Lady." Furthermore, both were Rotarians, served on fund-raising committees of various charities, and were volunteers with a local sea turtle preservation group.

Before Moringiello's trial, the court received more than a dozen letters from prominent local residents describing him as a man of integrity. His family and friends wrote to local



Moringiello and Hattie in happier times

newspapers extolling his virtues, and his defence attorney was a former mayor of Fort Myers.

But Fulcher said Moringiello had told him his marriage was a sham, but he couldn't end it without ruining his reputation. And in another jailhouse chat, Fulcher claimed, Moringiello said that after shooting Hattie he put her in his 22-foot pontoon boat and dumped her in the bay, thinking the police would never find her because he'd weighed her down. Puzzled as to how her body had surfaced, he surmised he hadn't knotted the ropes he'd used correctly, or they must have broken because they weren't strong enough.

Although he'd kept quiet about his wife's disappearance for nearly a month he was apparently unable to keep his mouth shut once he was behind bars. As well as talking to Fulcher, he confided in Cory Perry, 36, who had a long criminal record and had been given a 30-year sentence for sending hoax anthrax letters to President George W. Bush after 9/11.

Perry told detectives he'd received \$1,000 from Moringiello to feed jurors a story that would create enough doubt in their minds to prompt them to acquit him. Cryptic letters implied that Moringiello's son Doug had sent Perry money on his father's behalf in 2002 and 2003. When the cash dried up, Perry reneged on their supposed arrangement and spilled the beans.

Doug Moringiello, a 38-year-old

"Luminol revealed five droplets of blood near a sliding door that led to the backyard. There were also droplets in the master bedroom"

heroin addict, had died on November 25th, 2003, from an overdose. He'd had a troubled life, having attempted suicide in his teens and spent time in mental hospitals and drug rehabilitation centres. He was one of his father's three children from a previous marriage, and it was common knowledge that he and his stepmother Hattie didn't get along.

After Hattie disappeared, Alice Platje saw Doug at the wheel of his stepmother's car, which she thought strange because Hattie had told her he wasn't allowed to drive it or even visit her home if no one was there.

A few months after his death, his sister Marie Gomez came forward with new information. She recalled that in the summer of 2001 Hattie told her she feared for her life and was keeping a gun to protect herself against Doug.


"Because of her horrible ending, the conversation suddenly became vivid in my mind and I felt it had to be told," she told the police.

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Detective Monthly

DEATH ON THE RAILWAY

Double-Murder At Little Kimble

DIANA'S DEADLY DIVORCE



Gun Instructor Was Her Secret Weapon



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THEY MET ON THE GALLOWES: "I've Come To Finish You," Scorned Husband Told Florence

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When Donald Moringiello's trial for murder began in August 2004, the prosecution seemed to have a strong case. There was the evidence found in his home, his alleged jailhouse confessions, his failure to report his wife missing, the recovery of the murder weapon he owned, and the motive of a marriage gone sour.

But his attorney Wilbur Smith tore the testimony of Fulcher and Perry apart, calling them "relentless opportunists and accomplished liars, willing to tell any story you want to hear as long as there's something in it for them, be it a reduced sentence or publicity. Mr. Perry is a master manipulator who preyed on my client's desperate hope that he might have information worth paying for that would lead to his wife's real killer.

"The police jumped to conclusions before examining all the evidence. They get a search warrant, and within three



hours he's arrested. Have they looked at his unfortunate son Doug or any other suspects? No.

"Then there's the question of why my client didn't report his wife missing. As far as Mr. Moringiello was concerned, his wife wasn't. She was an independent woman, doing her own thing, living her own life. The prosecution are making as if he knew she was missing the whole time, but he didn't consider her missing and she'd travelled on her own before."

As weeks passed with no word from her, the defence attorney said, Moringiello believed she was planning to divorce him, and this explained why he was thinking of calling a lawyer.

"When he realised maybe she is missing, and he's seen the fliers, before he can do anything he turns the corner to his own house and the police are there."

The defence attorney went on to grill Dr. Harry Balke, a forensic scientist, about small droplets of blood found in Moringiello's home. Balke said the scene had been cleaned up, and it was therefore difficult to make the assumption that Hattie was shot in her home. "Luminol revealed five droplets of blood near a sliding door that led to the back yard. There were also droplets



Above, Moringiello's mug-shot. Left, a view to the bay from inside the couple's home

in the master bedroom and the washing machine," he told the court.

Smith seized on the small amount of blood found in the house, saying the shooting couldn't have occurred there. But Balke said there was a distinctive smear pattern associated with the droplets in the sunroom, indicating a clean-up effort by the killer. "The clean-up would have happened soon after the bloodshed," he said. "If it was dry, it would not have wiped and smeared."

Smith argued that there was so little blood, no expert could definitely conclude that someone had been shot four times in the house, dragged out and dumped in the sea. Balke conceded

"We cannot pinpoint where in the home the shooting happened, but it does not matter. Hattie was the kind of woman he couldn't keep down, pun intended"

that he couldn't be certain.

Smith then asked Ken Fulton, a marine unit officer, how he found the murder weapon.

"As I was coming out of the water I literally stumbled upon it," said Fulton.

"I bet you wish they were all that easy," Smith commented, with a knowing glance at the jury.

Turning to the cinder blocks in Moringiello's back yard that appeared to be identical to those found with Hattie, the defence attorney asked Laura Taylor, a forensic paint analyst, if blocks such as those used to weight Mrs. Moringiello could be found anywhere.

"I found that the pigment characteristics in two different types of

acrylic latex paint were consistent with the pigment characteristics of the paint found on the blocks recovered at the residence," the witness replied.

Smith asked: "Does that mean that the blocks found with the victim had to come from the victim's home?"

"In all probability, yes."

"Probability is not certainty, is it?"

Smith's tactics paid off. The proceedings ended in a mistrial after the six-man jury deadlocked five-to-one in favour of acquittal, their foreman later citing the lack of evidence tying the murder to Hattie's home.

But for the sixth juror holding out for a guilty verdict, Moringiello would have walked free. Instead he was kept in custody and a retrial was ordered.

When it began in July 2005, neither Perry nor Fulcher were called to testify. Otherwise the evidence was the same.

In her final speech to the new jury, Assistant District Attorney Betty Biffi said: "Twenty-nine days that nobody noticed Hattie Bergeler Moringiello was missing, twenty-nine days to clean-up. Twenty-nine days is not bad for your first murder. But the defendant had trouble keeping his story straight when it began to crumble.

"He told police his wife packed a bag, took a green minivan and was never seen again. In the meantime he caught a flight to Hartford. But initially he said the two started off for Hartford in separate cars and he lost her on the way. And had Lori Siebert not reported her aunt missing, he never would have. And what about the three fliers found in his home, when only one was distributed for each house?

"He tells Lori Siebert that Hattie tossed the gun in the water because she wasn't comfortable with guns. Then he tells investigators that she carried the gun for protection and took it with her the night she walked out on him.

"We accept we cannot pinpoint where in the home the shooting happened, but it does not matter. Location in some contexts is important, but not in this one. Hattie was the kind of woman he couldn't keep down, pun intended."

Producing a photograph of Hattie's bloated body in her gardening clothes, the prosecutor concluded: "What's Hattie telling you? 'Don't believe my husband's story. I would never have left my house in the middle of the night in gardening clothes, with no bra and no shoes. Don't let Donald get away with this. Don't let him walk out that door a free man.'"

The jury didn't. They found Donald Moringiello guilty of second-degree murder, and he was jailed for life.

"Thank God for that one juror in the first trial," said Lori Siebert. "He held out when the others were pressuring him to vote for an acquittal. It can't have been easy, but my aunt deserved justice. She certainly didn't deserve her fate."

SAMUEL MORTLOCK had come into Reading to do some business. When he got off the train his eye was caught by a crowd milling around outside the police station. He crossed the road to see what the fuss was about.

The people were gathered around a photograph of the body of a baby boy pinned up on the notice board. The legend said that the dead child had been recently fished out of the River Thames. Did anyone have any knowledge that might help with inquiries, and if so, would they step inside and speak to the desk sergeant?

Samuel Mortlock studied the photograph intently. For him, one baby was very much like another. But he had a feeling that he knew who this child was.

He didn't go straight into the police station because he wasn't absolutely sure. But that evening, back at his office in Henley, he started an investigation.

Mortlock was the Master of the Henley Union Workhouse, and although workhouses were both loathed and feared by the respectable poor, in this year of 1858 a new enlightenment was seeping into managerial attitudes towards the poor – they were less and less thought of as victims of their own folly and more as unfortunate folk who hadn't had the breaks others had enjoyed.

“I fell in love with him and became pregnant. I was at my wits' end, wondering what to do”

One such manager was Samuel Mortlock. Although Charles Dickens might not have recognised him, Mortlock had genuine sympathy for the folk forced by circumstances to live in his workhouse. And one such incumbent was Mary Newell.

That evening, August 11th, 1858, Mortlock went through his register, spoke to his assistants and next morning he took the train again to Reading and called in at the police station.

Pointing to the photograph outside, he said, “I'd like to see that baby. I think I might know who he is.”

He was taken to the morgue and having satisfied himself about the baby's identity he made a statement, in which it was clear that he was genuinely solicitous for Mary's welfare.

“The child is Richard Newell,” he said. “His mother, 22-year-old Mary Newell, was admitted to my workhouse on January 11th this year. She was pregnant, but she refused to give any details about the father.

“She gave birth to baby Richard on May 7th and stayed at the workhouse for another three months. On August 9th she told me that she had decided to leave to go and live with a cousin, Mrs Julia Backhouse, who had offered her accommodation for herself and baby



LYNCH MOB ON THE LOOSE IN READING

Part Five **River Of Death** *Murder, Mystery And The River Thames*

Richard.

“I asked her about the father of the child again, but she refused to say anything more than that he worked in a shop in Reading. She left the workhouse early in the afternoon.”

Mortlock was able to give the police the address of Mary's next-of-kin, in this case her mother, and a routine visit by PC David Pitts established that far from living with cousin Julia, she was back home living with her mother at Ipsden.

“Where is your baby?” PC Pitts asked her.

“I left him with a nurse,” Mary replied.

“And where is this nurse?”

Mary stuttered. She was evasive and confused. Constable Pitts, who knew of course what had happened to baby Richard, told her, “I don't believe you and I am going to arrest you,” whereupon Mary cried out, “I was forced to do it!”

PC Pitts took her to Reading police station, through the door where the



photograph of baby Richard was still pinned up, and she made a statement.

“I am responsible for my son's death,” she said. “I got employment in service at Wallingford in 1853 and became friendly with a man named Robert Francis, who ran a poultry shop in Friar Street, Reading.

“I fell in love with him and became pregnant. I was at my wits' end, wondering what to do. I told Robert Francis about my state, but he didn't want to know. He said he couldn't help

me because he was now walking out with another woman. In desperation, I went to live at the workhouse in Henley.”

There, as everyone knew, she had given birth to Richard, and three months later she decided to go back to Robert Francis and present him with his baby. His reaction hadn't changed. On sight of Mary he walked out of his shop and did not come back that day. Mary, who waited hours for his return, was forced to leave when staff closed the shop in the evening.

With nowhere to go, and carrying her baby, Mary walked towards King's Meadow, near the River Thames. On the riverbank she stripped the baby down to his nappy, tied a small bag around his waist and filled it with stones.

The child lay on the riverbank close to the water, kicking his feet into the air. Suddenly he rolled over and into the water. Mary turned away and went back

ON THE READING



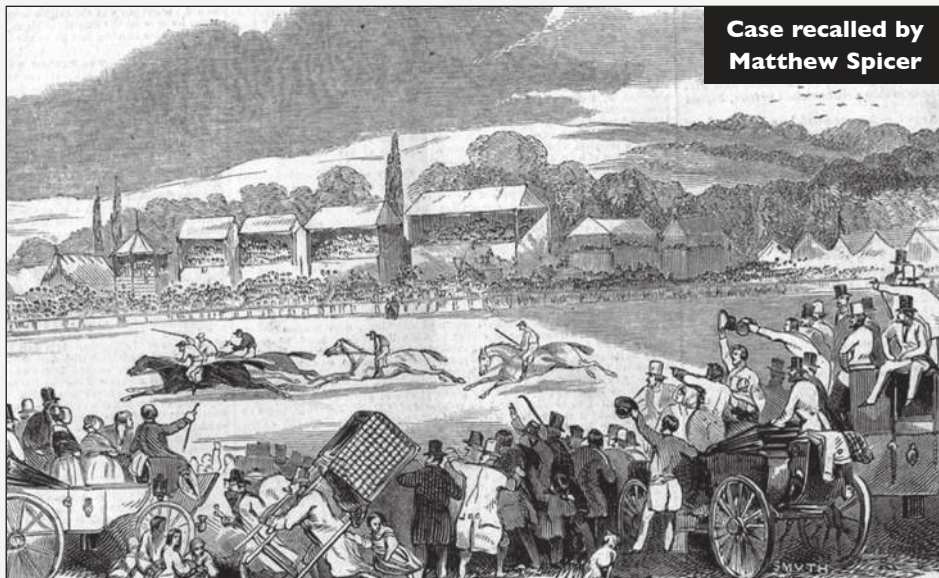
Inside a Victorian women's workhouse

to her mother's house.

Next day Charles Duffield and Francis Shepherd, two labourers, went cray-fishing at King's Meadow. Duffield saw something pale flashing in the river and, imagining it was a fish, edged closer. Then he discovered that it wasn't a fish, but a baby's hand.

The two men pulled the body on to the riverbank. Duffield went for a policeman while Shepherd guarded the lifeless body of little Richard Newell.

At the post-mortem it was established



Case recalled by
Matthew Spicer

Horse racing on King's Meadow around the time baby Richard was drowned

His girlfriend would go to the gallows because their baby was drowned, while he looked like getting away with it. But a different kind of justice was waiting for him – out on the street where the avengers wanted his blood

that death was due to drowning – the lungs showed that the boy had been placed in the water while he was still alive. The baby had been well fed and looked after during his brief life.

Mary Newell was brought to trial at Reading Assizes on December 22nd, 1858, charged with infanticide, a crime committed by desperate single mothers and more prevalent in Victorian times than it should have been.

In such circumstances society

generally condemned and ostracised the mother, while shrugging its shoulders metaphorically at the father: poor chap, he must have been led astray. But that didn't happen in this case. What happened here was extraordinary.

Robert William Francis strutted into the witness-box to tell his story. He first met Mary when she was in service. When she told him she was pregnant he couldn't do anything about it.

“I was seeing someone else and I was about to get engaged,” he said. “She came into my shop in the evening of August 9th asking for money. I told her I couldn't make any contribution to the child's welfare and left the shop on business. I forgot about her – actually, I didn't want to see her again.”

The court listened in silence, keeping its thoughts to itself. Before the end

A large crowd was waiting for his exit and as he strode along the street they surged after him, hissing and booing

of the day Francis would come face to face with justice – but justice of a very different kind. First, though, Mary had to be dealt with.

The jury took only 20 minutes to find her guilty of infanticide, but they added a strong recommendation for mercy. Even so, the mandatory death sentence had to be passed, leaving the unfortunate prisoner in a dead faint.

As she was carried down to the cells Robert Francis stepped up again with a request. “This case has put me out of pocket,” he told the clerk of the court. “I claim my rail fare and various other incidental expenses. I've lost a day's work and have had to travel from Wallingford.”

The clerk listened in astonishment. “You will get nothing” he replied. “I might add that you ought to be ashamed of your conduct.”

Francis, clearly annoyed, stomped out of the court. He obviously had no idea of the anger he had caused and the depth of feeling against him. Outside the court he quickly found out.

A large crowd was waiting for his exit and as he strode along the street they surged after him, hissing and booing. They tracked him along Friar Street to the railway station, occasionally hurling handfuls of mud at him.

At the station the mob turned sinister. After Francis bought his ticket they rushed into the booking office, seized him by the arms and dragged him into the road.

Emboldened, someone shouted, "Let's duck him!" Someone else yelled, "Roll him first!" With no further ceremony Francis was pushed over and rolled along in deep mud until he was covered from head to foot.

At this stage a middle-aged man stepped out of the crowd, brandishing a pistol. He pointed it at Francis's head declaring, "I should murder you with this!" Instead he fired into the air, shouting: "The villain has been punished as he deserved."

Francis was now in a state of absolute panic. Escaping from the crowd, he fled into the station waiting-room, pursued by the mob. A policeman arrived on the scene but for some unaccountable reason refused to intervene. The mob recaptured their fugitive and dragged him along the road outside the station in the direction of the Flying Horse pub in Caversham Road.



Fisherton House Asylum where Mary Newell was sent in 1859

Escaping from the giant's grip, he waded through the stream and crawled up on the opposite bank.

He had now reached a meadow near Greystriars Road where he began to run, as best he could given his saturated clothes, towards the main Oxford Road.

The mob wouldn't give up. They chased after him, caught him again and threw him bodily into a sewage ditch from where, surrounding him, they refused to let him emerge for another 15 minutes.

The ringleaders meanwhile conversed and decided they should drag him to the River Kennett in the town centre and throw him in for "a good clean-up." Accordingly he was pulled out of the sewage ditch, and pushed and prodded

he was bruised and kicked and cut, saturated to the skin, and smelt like the sewage with which he had been in close contact. He was also trembling with fear.

He was given some items of clothing and cleaned up by police officers much more kindly disposed towards him than the raging Reading mob outside.

He was also given some money – he had lost all his cash in the rampage – and taken to the railway station to catch the 6.30. But accompanying policemen thought it unwise to leave him there waiting for the train, because the crowd was still hanging around, so he was put in a cab for Wallingford.

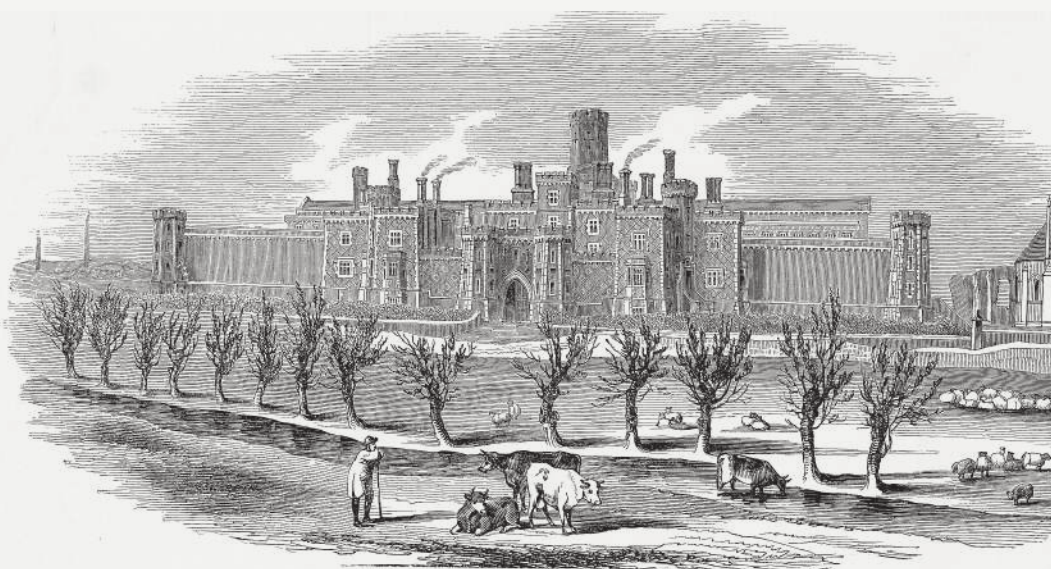
For Robert Francis, this was a day he would never forget for the rest of his life, and he must have thought he was lucky to get away with his life. Later, Mary Newell also got away with her life – but she still had to pay a heavy price for her transgression.

Unusually, her trial jury's mercy recommendation was upheld. Home Secretary Spencer Walpole commuted her sentence to life imprisonment, a week after the trial, "on account of the heartless and cruel conduct she experienced from her seducer Francis."

The local newspaper reported: "The poor woman, since her conviction, had become perfectly resigned to die, and had conducted herself in a manner that indicated a deep sense of her awful position. The intimation that her life would be spared was received with feelings of emotion and gratitude."

A life sentence in a Victorian prison was hardly cause for much gratitude. She was sent to serve her sentence at Reading Prison, but she hadn't been there too long before her mind gave way and she was judged insane.

In February 1859, after being briefly transferred to Millbank Prison, she was sent to Fisherton House Asylum, a home for mentally ill criminals. In March 1865 it was thought she was well again and after being transferred to several prisons she was eventually released in November 1868, at the age of 32, having served 10 years in various institutions.



An illustration of Reading Prison in 1844

Railings on the opposite side of the road prevented pedestrians from falling into a muddy, smelly stream below the embankment. The mob lifted Francis and hurled him over the railings, expecting him to fall head first into the stream. Instead he rolled over a couple of times and stopped himself just in time from getting a ducking.

That didn't satisfy the baying mob. A giant of a fellow walked down the embankment, seized Francis by his coat collar and pushed him into the water.

along the road. But by the time they reached St. Lawrence's Church the police intervened. In a sorry state, Francis was led away by an inspector to the safety of the police station.

Thus ended the Reading mob's day. Observers were convinced that if the police hadn't arrived when they did, it would have become a fully-fledged lynching.

At the police station Francis presented "a sad and forlorn experience." His clothes were ripped,



EXECUTION USA

News and updates from April 2018 • Researched by Martin Chaffe

BONDAGE-OBSESSED KILLER HOGTIED STUDENT VICTIM



Police at Worley's property. Left, the killer in court. Below, inset left, tragic Sierah Joughin



STATE DEATH PENALTIES

OHIO: A FULTON County jury in Wauseon has recommended the execution of **James D. Worley**, 58, for the aggravated murder of a 20-year-old woman.

In July 2016, Sierah Joughin, a student at the University of Toledo, went for a ride on her bicycle but didn't ever return. Her dead body was found in a cornfield

three days later, hogtied in a shallow grave. She had not been sexually assaulted but had choked to death on a plastic gag pushed into her mouth.



Sierah had been run off the road and then taken to his barn where Worley had a well-equipped secret dungeon. The police thought at first that they were dealing with a serial killer but no other victims were found. Worley denied the crime but was linked to it by DNA after police started to search his property, which was just a few miles from the abduction and burial sites.

In the sentencing phase Worley's lawyers called a psychiatrist who said the killer suffered from several disorders – he was paranoid, anti-social, narcissistic with a compulsive obsession for bondage pornography, and was also dependent on marijuana. When he was a child his drunken father beat

his mother. The prosecution countered by saying that many people have Worley's problems but do not choose to commit murder. Worley had also previously served three years in prison for attempting to abduct a woman in 1990 and was suspected of murdering a prostitute in 2000.

ALABAMA: TEEN'S KILLER HEADS FOR DEATH ROW

Peter Capote, 24, has become the second man sentenced to die by a Colbert County jury in Tuscumbia for the capital murder of a 19-year-old man. **Benjamin Young**, 30, was also condemned to die in February 2018, and a third man, **Thomas Hubbard**, 33, is awaiting a capital trial.

In March 2016, Ki-Jana Freeman was shot dead and another youth, Tyler Blythe, 17, was wounded by 15 shots fired from an assault rifle into their vehicle at an apartment complex. The apparent motive was a burglary committed by the two youths involving the theft of a TV and an Xbox from an apartment belonging to Hubbard.

In the sentencing phase, Capote's lawyers called clinical psychologist Marianne Rosenzweig, who said that he was born addicted to cocaine because his alcoholic mother used the drug.



Condemned to death: Peter Capote

He had grown up in a physically and verbally abusive household where his mother had two husbands and multiple boyfriends. The prosecution countered that Capote was not what his life made him. He was what his choices made him and there had to be consequences to his actions. He had never shown any remorse and did not care whom he hurt.

ARIZONA: NO EXECUTION FOR MENTALLY IMPAIRED INMATE

Kevin Artice Miles, 49, has dodged the needle after 25 years on Death Row. The Arizona Supreme Court has upheld the ruling of a trial judge that Miles suffers from neurological and mental impairments and is ineligible for execution.

In December 1992, Miles and two 16-year-old boys carjacked 40-year-old Patricia Baeuerlen at gunpoint after she had stopped at traffic lights in Tucson. After driving her out into the desert, one of the boys shot her through the heart with a .45 handgun. After the killing, Miles withdrew cash using her bank cards and then drove to Phoenix to go shopping where he



Above, Kevin Artice Miles. Below, Levi Jackson



exchanged Christmas presents, which the victim had bought for her children, for other goods. The boy who pulled the trigger, Levi Jackson, was also sentenced to death but this was later commuted to life due to his young age. He is still serving the sentence but the US Supreme Court has ruled that juvenile killers must have at least the possibility of parole. The other boy, Ray Hernandez, was convicted of second-degree murder and given a minimum 17 years but served 20 after being convicted of aggravated assault in prison.

CALIFORNIA: LIFE BEHIND BARS FOR GAY SLAYER

James Andrew Melton, 65, who spent 25 years on Death Row, will serve life without parole following a second retrial. A federal judge overturned his conviction in 2007 because jailers at the remand prison, before and during his trial, had medicated him to the point where he could not participate in his defence or understand what was going on.

In 1980, Melton and his lover Johnny Boyd had met in prison in San Luis Obispo and concocted a plan to rob elderly gay men whom they would meet via ads in gay magazines. Boyd was released shortly before Melton and met 77-year-old Anthony DeSousa who had recently come out as gay after the death of his wife. After Melton was released, Boyd set up a meeting at the Disneyland Hotel in Anaheim for sex but Boyd was arrested for an unrelated matter three days prior to the rendezvous.



Off Death Row after 25 years: James Melton

Melton went on his own and bludgeoned Mr. DeSousa before strangling him with the electric cord from a mirror, making off with valuables and his car. After Melton was caught in the car and charged with the crime, the principal prosecution witness who sent him to Death Row was Johnny Boyd. Boyd died from AIDs in 1992, but transcripts from his testimony were used at the first retrial in 2014 which ended in a hung jury, 10 to two in favour of guilt. However, the jury this time unanimously convicted Melton.

The prosecution decided not to seek a death sentence again, knowing that, at his age, it would probably never be carried out.

CALIFORNIA: FREED AFTER 25 YEARS ON DEATH ROW

Vicente Figueroa Benavides, 68, has been freed after spending 25 years on Death Row at San Quentin. The California Supreme Court (CSC) overturned his conviction for the November 1991 rape and murder of

NAIL-BOMBER, 83, GOES QUIETLY

EXECUTED APRIL 19th, 2018:

WALTER LEROY MOODY, 83 • Lethal injection • Alabama



MOODY

Moody was the oldest inmate to be executed in the US since the death penalty was re-instated in 1976. He may also be the oldest or second-oldest in US history as the only other known record of someone as old as 83 was a black male called Joe Lee who went to the electric chair in Virginia for murder on April 21st, 1916. However, he would have been born into slavery when record keeping may not have been very accurate.

In December 1989, Moody constructed and posted four nail bombs which took the lives of two people. Federal appeals Judge Robert Vance, 58, was in the kitchen of his home in the town of Mountain Brook, Alabama, on a Saturday morning when he opened his parcel. The blast killed him instantly and his wife was seriously injured. Two days later in Savannah, Georgia, a black civil rights attorney, Robert Robinson, was also killed. Two other bombs were defused – one at the Jacksonville, Florida, branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP) and one at the federal appeals court in Atlanta, Georgia.

After Moody was caught, US prosecutors applied for a venue change and he was put on trial 900 miles to the north at the US District Court in St. Paul, Minnesota, where in 1991 he received life in prison for bombing and civil rights offences. He could not be sentenced to death because the federal death penalty was not restored until 1994. He was later extradited to Alabama state custody where he was sentenced to death in 1996 for murdering the judge. The prosecutors said that Moody, a qualified lawyer, held a grudge against the federal courts because he had been convicted of building a pipe bomb in 1972, which he had intended to send to a used car dealership. But before he could mail it, his common-law wife had been badly injured when she opened it. Due to this conviction, he was barred from practising law. The prosecution claimed in 1996 that the bombs sent to Mr. Robinson and the NAACP were a smokescreen to disguise his actual grudge against the federal courts.

Moody's execution was delayed for two hours by a vain appeal to the US Supreme Court, and on the gurney he kept his eyes shut and refused to respond to the warden when asked if he would like to make a final statement.

his girlfriend's 21-month-old daughter, Consuelo Verdugo, and prosecutors in Kern County have declined to retry him. The CSC ruled that he had been convicted on false evidence after several medical experts who testified at his trial in 1993 recanted their evidence. They said at the time that the girl's injuries were caused by a sexual assault but now say that they were not allowed to see the girl's full medical records or autopsy reports. One said, having seen them, that the possibility that a sexual assault was the cause was "absurd." The girl's bowel, duodenum and pancreas were split in half. The CSC concluded that there was extensive evidence that Consuelo suffered profound injuries while in Benavides's care, but in the absence of sexual assault, how those injuries were



Convicted on false evidence: Vicente Benavides

caused or any motive was less than clear and the jury had no opportunity to properly assess the case due to the false evidence.

FLORIDA: TEEN'S KILLER AVOIDS EXECUTION

An Orange County jury in Orlando has unanimously rejected a death sentence for Haitian native **Sanel Saint-Simon**, 47, after convicting him of the abduction, aggravated child abuse and first-degree murder of his girlfriend's 16-year-old daughter.

On August 1st, 2014, the badly decomposing body of Alexandria Chery was found in woodland near the Osceola-Polk county line three days after her mother reported her missing. A pathologist could not confirm the cause of death although there were skull fractures and multiple stab wounds.



Life in jail: Sanel Saint-Simon

The victim's blood was found all over Saint-Simon's apartment, on his trousers and in his Pontiac car.

In making their sentencing decision, meaning he will spend the rest of his life in prison, the jury found true the two aggravating factors of sexual abuse and murder by a person responsible for the child, but said that prosecutors had not proved beyond a reasonable doubt that the murder was cold, calculated or especially heinous. The prosecutor had argued that to show mercy to Saint-Simon would be to forsake justice, but the defence countered that "justice was tempered by mercy. Never to breathe air as a free man would be punishment enough."

MISSISSIPPI: NEEDLE AWAITS DOUBLE-KILLER WOMAN

Lisa Jo Chamberlin, 45, could be one of the next women in line for the needle after the full *en banc* federal appeals court in New Orleans overturned, by nine votes to five, a grant of *habeas corpus* issued by a three-judge panel. The panel had

voted two to one to uphold a ruling by a Mississippi federal judge who ordered a retrial because some potential black jurors had been rejected by prosecutors due to their race. However, the full court ruled that there was insufficient proof that prosecutors had been influenced by race and that not enough deference had been paid to the decision by the Mississippi Supreme Court to uphold the verdict.

Lisa Jo Chamberlin and her boyfriend, **Roger Lee Gillett**, 45, both from Kansas, were sent to Death Row by separate juries in Hattiesburg in 2006 and 2007. In March 2004 they murdered Linda Heintzelman, 37, and her boyfriend Vernon Hulett, 34, in order to steal drugs and money. The victims were stabbed and bludgeoned before being transported several hundred miles to Kansas where they were dismembered and stored in a freezer on an abandoned farm.

In her confession, Lisa Jo Chamberlin said she wished she had fed the victims to hogs because the bodies were discovered by Kansas police officers looking for drugs. Gillett and Mr. Hulett were cousins who grew up together in Kansas.

MISSOURI: CONDEMNED KILLER'S CASE GOES TO SUPREME COURT

The US Supreme Court (USSC) has



Above, Lisa Jo Chamberlin.
Below, Roger Lee Gillett



KILLER TARGETED GANG RIVAL

EXECUTED APRIL 25th, 2018:

ERICK DANIEL DAVILA, 31 • Lethal injection • Texas



DAVILA

Davila was put to death for murdering a 48-year-old woman and her five-year-old granddaughter in April 2008 while targeting a rival gang member. Annette Stevenson, 48, was the mother of the gang member and Queshawn Stevenson was his daughter. The two victims were in a group of people standing on the porch of a house where a birthday party was being held for the girl. Davila suddenly emerged from a car and pumped eight bullets from an assault rifle into the group, killing the two females and injuring four other people.

Davila tried to avoid a capital murder charge, saying that he only intended to kill the rival, Jerry Stevenson, and that the killing of his mother and daughter was a terrible accident. In the absence of an accompanying felony, if he had only killed Jerry Stevenson the murder would not have been a capital crime in Texas. However, the prosecutors persuaded the jury at the trial in 2009 that Davila had said under questioning that he was trying to get "the guys on the porch" and "the fat dude," so his intention was, in fact, multiple murder, so it did not matter in law if he had incompetently hit unintended targets.

On the gurney, Davila said: "Yes, I would like to say nephew, it burns, huh. You know I might have lost the fight, but I'm still a soldier. I still love you all. To my supporters and family, y'all hold it down. Ten toes down right. That's all I got to say."

decided to hear the case of **Russell Bucklew**, 49, a Missouri Death Row inmate who claims his medical condition could cause a torturous death if he were injected with Pentobarbital. The USSC stopped Bucklew's execution on May 21st, 2015, and asked the federal appeals court in St. Louis to look at whether Bucklew's condition of cavernous haemangioma could cause a torturous death. The court eventually rejected the claim, and Bucklew was reset for execution on March 20th, but his lawyers claimed that the blood-filled tumours in his throat had enlarged and could either burst when the barbiturate was injected, causing him to choke to death on his own blood, or the weight of the tumour could close his airway and suffocate him before the anaesthetic had set in.



Fears over medical condition:
Russell Bucklew

Under USSC precedent, Bucklew must suggest a viable and available alternative to the method proposed by Missouri and has suggested nitrogen gas hypoxia. The case will be heard in the autumn and Bucklew must prove to the court that his proposed gas method will substantially reduce the possibility of suffering. Bucklew is awaiting execution for raping his ex-girlfriend and stabbing to death her boyfriend in front of her and their children. While awaiting trial,

he escaped and beat his ex-girlfriend's mother with a hammer.

OHIO: LIFE WITHOUT PAROLE FOR AGGRAVATED MURDERER

A Butler County jury in Hamilton, after six hours of deliberation, has rejected a death sentence for **Michael Greivous**, 25, after convicting him of two counts of aggravated murder. Judge Greg Stephens immediately sentenced him to life in prison without parole. On July 24th, 2016, a relative of Greivous called Kalif Goens was murdered during a gang shoot-out in a bar in the town of Hamilton, in which eight people received bullet wounds. One of the injured was rival gang member Orlando Gilbert, and Greivous put a \$10,000 contract on his head. On August 3rd, Gilbert and another man called Todd Berus, both 25, were in a Ford Mustang in the town when a black truck pulled alongside



Above, Michael Greivous.
Below, left to right, Zachary Harris, Tony Patete and Melinda Gibby



and opened fire killing them both. The two hit-men, **Zachary Harris**, 25, and **Tony Patete**, 24, pleaded guilty at an earlier trial to avoid the death penalty and were sentenced to life without parole. **Melinda Gibby**, 36, who drove the truck, testified against the three men and received a minimum 30 years.

TEXAS: LIFE WITHOUT PAROLE FOR COP-KILLER

A penalty-phase deadlock by a jury in Jourdanton, Atascosa County, means life without parole instead of a death sentence for **Shaun Ruiz Puente**, 36. He had been convicted of the capital murder of San Antonio Police Department officer Bobby Deckard, 31, in December 2013.

Puente was being driven in a getaway car by his girlfriend, Jenevieve Ramos, following a robbery when they were pursued at speeds of up to 100 miles per hour by a patrol car. Puente fired a number of shots through the back window with a 9 mm handgun, hitting the police officer in the forehead from a range of about 200 yards. A ballistics expert said that from that range it was a "one-in-a-million shot." The officer died 13 days later in hospital, leaving a wife and two children. After firing at other officers the two felons fled on foot into the brush by the side of the highway but were eventually caught by

a police dog team.

The District Attorney, Audrey Louis, argued that Puente deserved to die because of the number of shots he had fired. He had robbed four businesses in the space of two weeks and had violently abused two former wives. The defence lawyer, Anna Jimenez, argued that Puente had a childhood of poverty, abuse and neglect and as an adult he was a low-functioning sixth grade dropout and methamphetamine addict. She conjectured afterwards that some of the jurors may not have thought Puente would be a danger in prison, as a remand prison officer testified that Puente had been co-operative and had stopped violently resisting authority when imprisonment had stopped his drug abuse.

Jenevieve Ramos, 28, is also awaiting



Above, Shaun Ruiz Puente. Below, his victim Bobby Deckard



trial for capital murder but is virtually guaranteed to avoid a death sentence.

TEXAS: CHILD-KILLER CONDEMNED TO DEATH

A Tom Green County jury in San Angelo has condemned to death **Isidro De La Cruz**, 27, for the capital murder of his former girlfriend's five-year-old daughter in September 2014. De La



Above, handcuffed killer Isidro De La Cruz. Below, his five-year-old victim Naiya Villegas

Cruz had spent a year in prison for attacking his former girlfriend, Tanya Bermea, beating and choking her unconscious. Five days after his release he got drunk and entered Ms. Bermea's home where he slit the throat of



the five-year-old, Naiya Villegas. She died in an ambulance while on the way to hospital. In the sentencing phase of the trial, the jury of eight women and four men found that De La Cruz was a continuing threat to society after hearing about his violent history and testimony from jail guards that he was caught with makeshift knives and escape plans while awaiting trial. A prosecution psychiatrist said that De La Cruz was a narcissist who killed the girl out of revenge.

A defence neuropsychologist said that De La Cruz had experienced a "perfect storm" caused by drinking 21 beers, mixed with anger and depression caused by a childhood learning disability which developed into an antisocial disorder.

More news from Death Row and beyond in next month's issue

M

THE WORLD'S WORST KILLERS

Blanche Taylor Moore

• **United States**

BORN IN North Carolina

on February 17th, 1933, Blanche

was the daughter of P.D. Kiser, an alcoholic

Baptist minister who forced her into prostitution to pay off his gambling debts.

She married James Napoleon Taylor in May 1952, gave birth to two daughters and worked her way up to head cashier at the Kroger supermarket in Burlington. Taylor drank and Blanche had numerous affairs. In 1962, she began an affair with Raymond Reid, 27, the new assistant manager.

During a September 1966 reconciliation her father died – a heart attack triggered by chronic emphysema. Blanche's mother-in-law Isla Taylor died on November 25th, 1970, of natural causes. Her husband James came down with the flu and died on October 2nd, 1971, immediately after Blanche had brought him some ice cream. Blanche



and Ray Reid were finally together.

On Easter Sunday 1985 she met divorced Reverend Dwight Moore, 51. Ray Reid fell ill in early 1986, and died in October. Blanche persuaded his sons to forego an autopsy and pocketed a hefty sum.

Blanche and Rev. Moore were hitched on April 21st, 1989, but within a week he was hospitalised. Tests at North Carolina Memorial Hospital on May 13th showed his body contained 20 times the lethal dose of arsenic.

The exhumation of Reid's arsenic-riddled body preceded that of James Taylor, and Blanche was arrested for first-degree murder on July 18th. Traces of arsenic were also found in the bodies of Blanche's father and mother-in-law but no charges resulted.

She went to trial in Winston-Salem on October 21st, 1990, and was found guilty on November 14th, the jury adding a recommendation of death three days later. She was sentenced to death by lethal injection on January 18th, 1991, but thanks to the automatic appeals process, aged 85, she remains on Death Row, still protesting her innocence.

Got a suggestion for the **World's Worst Killers**? Write to us at True Detective, P.O. Box 735, London SE26 5NQ, UK or email truedetective@truecrimelibrary.com

Death Secrets Of The Masked Marvel

IN THE days before our collective pop culture became populated with supermen in brightly-coloured costumes, protecting us from the forces of evil, we used to rely on the two-fisted heroes of pulp fiction. “They walked in shadows, these denizens of the night – they defended their honour and knew wrong from right.”

Everyone had their favourite – Dick Tracy, Doc Savage, The Shadow, Domino Lady, The Spider, Black Bat, and many others. But for some, the greatest hero of them all was the



Masked Marvel.

Masked Marvel, who worked for Worldwide Insurance as an undercover agent, was created for *Keen Detective Funnies* in 1938 and lifted for a 12-part movie serial in 1943 by the prolific Republic Studios. Endlessly repeated, these adventure serials were still entertaining British children at Saturday morning cinema well into the 1960s.

Underneath the cunning disguise of a black mask, David G.G. Bacon, 29, real name Gaspar Griswold Bacon Jr. – played the role of Masked Marvel with a verve and enthusiasm that kept his young fans glued to their seats.

“Is this the end of Masked Marvel?” they asked at the end of each episode as our hero found himself in one sticky situation after another: trapped above a flaming inferno; unconscious aboard a sinking ship; plunging down a vertical

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Cameron Camilla Boyle from Leicester wrote in to ask: “Have you ever covered the unsolved 1943 killing of actor David Bacon, who was in *The Masked Marvel* series?”

We’ve haven’t previously featured the case Ms. B. – so it’s high time we put that right! Bacon’s shocking demise, as a result of a mysterious stabbing, left Hollywood stunned. And, as a murder investigation got under way, detectives soon discovered that the actor was every bit as mysterious as the character he portrayed. For all our readers, here’s our case report by **Donald Carne**



Left, tragic actor David Bacon. Above, Bacon (left) as the Masked Marvel

lift shaft – you get the idea.

They needn’t have worried – Masked Marvel always returned from the dead the next week at the same time in the same cinema.

Little did these innocents sucking their orange drinks and munching their popcorn know that David Bacon kept more secrets beneath his black mask than just his true identity.

Bacon had finished filming the epic

“A man in blue denim shorts and with the upper portion of his body bare staggered about 15 feet from the car. Blood was streaming from a wound in the left side of his back”

serial, which he felt had humiliated him and would probably ruin his career, at the end of August 1943. In it he played Bob Barton, revealed in the final episode as Masked Marvel.

The production had seemed jinxed from the start. Almost everyone was injured at some point during the filming – except David Bacon himself. “I’ll probably get hurt going home in the car,” he joked.

On September 12th, Lorraine Smith, who lived on Harrison Street in a rural area of Los Angeles, watched as a maroon-coloured right-hand-drive British-made car moved east along Washington Boulevard, close to the intersection with Thatcher Street – not far from Venice Beach. The car narrowly missed a telephone pole, swerved into a field and stopped.

"I saw the little car wavering along the street," she said. "First it nosed into the curb on the south side of the street. Then it went diagonally across the street, over the north kerb and into the bean field." She thought she'd seen a man and a woman in the car.

A neighbour, Wayne Powell, ran to the car after it crashed. "A man in blue denim shorts and with the upper portion of his body bare staggered about 15 feet from the car," he said. "Blood was streaming from a wound in the left side of his back.

"I knelt beside him," Powell continued. "He whispered 'Please help me' two times and then he died. He was just lying there between two bean stacks, kicking and squirming. I told



Above, a LA Police crime lab official holding the bathrobe found in Bacon's car. Left, a morgue photograph of Bacon. Right, the crew-neck sweater found in the car. Below, a crowd gathers around the victim's vehicle as the actor's corpse is carried away

had caught her attention. "The driver appeared to be naked," she said. "There was a companion sat next to him. He appeared dark-clad."

Her story was partly supported by David Roberts, who had seen the car at a service station. He told officers he thought he had seen a man and a woman in the car. He didn't mention whether the driver was naked. "I saw them pass at 4:30 p.m. Sunday, driving toward the beach, and return about 35 minutes later. The man was about five feet four inches and dark complexion."

The car belonged to David Bacon's new wife, Austrian-born singer Greta Keller, 40, who was five months pregnant – the baby, sadly, would be stillborn. She told police that Bacon had left home at between midday and 2 p.m. "I wanted to go with him," she said. "But after consulting our physician by telephone, it was decided it would be better for me to stay home.

"He didn't take the dogs with him," Greta added. "He always took our three cocker spaniels when he was actually going swimming."



him to lie still and save his energy. Before he died, I asked him who had done it but he couldn't say."

Bacon had been stabbed with a stiletto-like knife, deep in the side, that punctured his left lung. "He was struck without warning as he leaned forward in the car, possibly to close a door," the *LA Times* reported. Had he stopped to

"I knelt beside him. He whispered 'Please help me' two times and then he died. He was lying between two bean stacks, kicking and squirming. I told him to lie still and save his energy"

pick up a hitch-hiker and been stabbed, the police mused? Friends confirmed that Bacon often stopped to give people lifts.

The interior of the car was soaked in blood. A bathrobe or beach robe was found inside the vehicle. "The various parts of the interior bore many fingerprints, all Bacon's," said an AP press release. "The upholstery was smeared with blood and there were a few smears on the steering wheel."

Dr. Frank R. Webb, the county autopsy surgeon, said that Bacon's wound would have been fatal eventually, but he could have survived for 20

minutes with such a wound. The knife was never found.

"Officers said Bacon's shorts were dry, indicating he had not been in the water, but said some sand clung to them as though he had been lolling on the beach," the AP report continued.

Robbery did not appear to be a motive as Bacon's wallet and expensive rings were untouched. One further clue was a sweater with blond hairs found in the car. It was too small to fit Bacon and was described as a "crew-neck type knitted for Navy and merchant marine seamen." Three little feathers were found on the sweater; did the owner work at a poultry farm or in a rural setting, police wondered?

A third witness, Mrs. B. Watterson, then dropped a bombshell. She had passed the car just before the crash. It



David Bacon came from a "Boston Brahmin" family, steeped in wealth and history. He had graduated from Harvard, where his father was on the Board of Governors. His grandfather had been the ambassador to France and his father remained a Lieutenant Colonel in the US Army and had served in the Massachusetts Senate. Silver spoons don't enter into it.

During his pre-war Harvard days, Bacon had taken part in musical comedies for the theatrical society, often playing the role of a female in drag. He would spend summer on Cape Cod where he met James Stewart and Henry Fonda, sometimes sharing digs with them.

Despite his gregarious personality, Bacon had secrets. "In 1939, Bacon was arrested for contributing to the delinquency of a fifteen-year-old newsboy. David admitted the offence and sentence was suspended on his



Above, the mystery apartment rented by Bacon in Laurel Canyon. Far right, detectives studying Bacon's coded diary. Right, Bacon's wife Greta Keller. Below, a cutting showing Greta soon after Bacon's slaying

promise to leave California for three years," said a United Press report.

The newsboy, Curtis Larsen, said Bacon had made improper advances towards him, when Bacon opened the door to his Venice home, dressed in only a pyjama top. "He invited me upstairs to see his paintings," Curtis said. "He said he was an artist at MGM and he wanted me to see his work. Instead, when we got upstairs, he..."

Another secret was the code Bacon used for his diary. Police cryptologists were unable to crack it. "The diary,

The "tenant" had stayed at the apartment for four days and was revealed to be Glenn Shaum, a good-looking young man who had responded to an ad from Bacon for a gardener

with its personal secret code, was found yesterday by Detectives Harry Fremont and Lloyd Hurst in the Hollywood hilltop home of Bacon's widow, beautiful Greta Keller, European concert singer," the *LA Times* said.

UP added: "She never was permitted to examine it, but knew that it was kept in the movie actor's bedroom." Entries in the same code were found in his telephone book.

And there was a third secret. On August 31st, 1943, less than two weeks before his death, Bacon had rented a



studio apartment in Kirkwood Avenue, Laurel Canyon, from Dr. Charles Hendricks. Bacon had said he wanted it "for a friend."

Dr. Hendricks said, "I thought at first it was for a woman but later learned the tenant was to be a man."

The "tenant" had stayed at the apartment for four days and was revealed to be Glenn Erwin Shaum, 20,

Police Hunt Killer of 'Masked Marvel'



a good-looking young man who had responded to an ad from Bacon for a gardener.

Shaum, a navy deserter, was living with his wife when he responded to the advert for a live-in post. He said Bacon had employed him but then cancelled the deal four days before he died. Shaum's wife confirmed that he was with her on the day Bacon died.

Greta confirmed that the studio apartment was to be used to house a gardener but said she had been surprised at David wanting to rent it as there was a trailer at the back of their home which would have been suitable for the gardener.

Police discovered that Bacon often visited Venice Beach alone, which also surprised Greta. She said he would never take her there and she had never wanted to go there.



It was wartime and the mystery of the Masked Marvel went cold within a month. There were a couple of crank confessions and a blackmail hoax but nothing of any substance.

Greta would continue to perform on the cabaret circuit both in the States and in Europe until her death in 1977. Her voice can be heard on the soundtrack of *Cabaret* (1972). She never remarried.

As for the killing of David Bacon, observers will draw their own conclusions from the scant information but a possible scenario might be that Bacon had engaged in an assignation in his car, which may or may not have been welcome to the recipient and may or may not have been with someone he knew. An argument ensued, a stabbing, the killer got out of the car and Bacon – not realising how badly hurt he was – drove off along Washington Boulevard and died.

By that reckoning, someone had got away with murder.

In the fantasy world of the adventure serial, the Masked Marvel always returns in the next episode – but in real life, the plunge of a stiletto blade six inches deep became the final act in the screenplay of a life.

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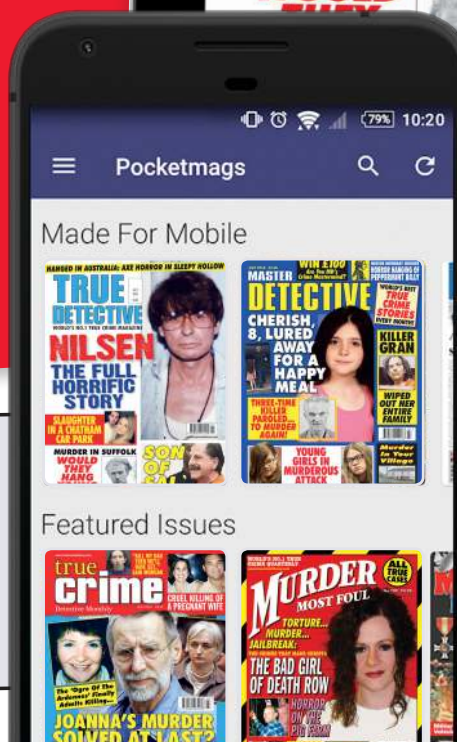
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DOUBLE-KILLER ARRESTED WHILE WATCHING THE WORLD CUP

Spanish authorities had marked Belgian Dave Verbist down as a sex offender. Soon they would be left wondering whether he was a serial killer too

It's 6.30 a.m. and firefighters crash through the door of the second-floor apartment on Calle Barcelona in the heart of Madrid.

Fire and smoke engulf them as they knock over furniture in their efforts to reach the bedroom. Water continues to pour in through the window as their colleagues seek to flood the building.

Case report by Andrew Stephenson

On the bed, they see the body of a woman. Their trained eyes recognise the bed as the source of the fire and the condition of the body tells them she has been doused in an accelerant – olive oil perhaps.

An autopsy will later confirm that the woman was dead before the fire began – strangled by a cable pulled tight around her neck. The body is too badly damaged to determine whether there had been a sexual assault.

Ane Strande Jensen, 26, from Zealand in Denmark, had been in Spain for just 10 days. Her employers had rented the apartment for her to give her time to find her own accommodation whilst she participated in their graduate programme. Ane, an international marketing specialist, was a graduate of Copenhagen Business School.

Officers at the scene noted that Ane had slept with an eye mask and earplugs



Above, “psychopathic” killer Dave Verbist. Top left to right, victims Ane Strande Jensen and Montserrat Mendez Muciente

and the door had not been forced. That suggested her killer had had a key – and yet surely Ane had not been in Madrid long enough to have passed a key to anyone?

There were other ways, of course, to be in possession of a key. Earlier tenants may not have returned keys; people in other apartments may have had a key handed to them to look in on pets for previous occupants – and then there were the agents for the apartment and their employees. Officers soon began to realise that apartments are not as secure as you might think.

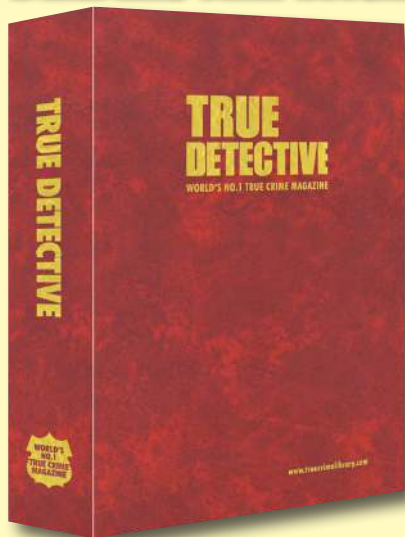
In the end, though, they didn't have to look far.

Dave Verbist, 33, from Boom near Antwerp in Belgium, had taken up the post of caretaker on March 1st. He had keys to all the apartments run by the agency.

It didn't surprise officers to find Verbist's fingerprints at the scene. He had been the one to carry Ane's bags from the taxi and to show her around,

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Above, Calle Barcelona, Madrid. Ane was strangled in a second-floor apartment above a bar. Below, the 2014 World Cup match between Spain and Chile which her killer was watching when he was arrested by police

after all. But when they ran his prints through their database, their eyebrows shot up in alarm.

In May 2013, Verbist had been arrested for a sexual assault on a Cuban woman in Las Palmas, Gran Canaria. The woman had escaped his clutches

“I have to leave the country because I’ve done some very bad things,” Verbist told a friend. He said he’d strangled Ane with a mobile phone charger cable

and filed a complaint. It had not been taken further but his name had been added to a list of sex offenders.

Looking deeper, they discovered Verbist had lived in Girona in Catalonia and on Gran Canaria in the Canary

Islands, where he had worked as a waiter, before moving to Madrid. He was in the process of securing a divorce and had a 10-year-old son.

Dave Verbist, in short, was a person of considerable interest in this investigation. But what other proof could be found of his involvement in Ane’s murder?

It was now they had one of those strokes of luck that dedicated police officers deserve from time to time. A friend of Verbist said the pair had got drunk together a couple of nights earlier. During their rambling conversation, Verbist had said, “I have to leave the country because I have done some very bad things.”

He went on to say he had strangled Ane with a mobile phone charger cable and had “overcooked her.” He ended by saying cryptically, “I left the pot behind.”

It was June 18th, 2014, when Verbist was arrested at La Boca bar on Victor Hugo Street near his home



TD 0818

in Madrid. The bar was packed with people watching Spain lose 2–0 to Chile in the World Cup and his arrest went unnoticed.

He chatted amiably with officers at the station and talked of his childhood. His father, a former seaman, had abused him, he said. His mother, once an escort, now lived in the Canary Islands. As a child, he had drifted between institutions.

As his story unfolded, he confessed to killing “the Danish girl.” He said he had consumed several beers and cocaine that evening and it had all blurred into a night of madness.

Ane’s autopsy showed no sign of a sexual assault. So the most likely explanation seemed to be that Verbist had strangled her as she slept.

Verbist had one more surprise in store

He had dismembered Montse’s body into eight parts with a machete. He had then distributed the parts around the city. “I dumped some parts in the forest,” he said

for police, however. He now confessed to killing another woman, Montserrat Mendez Muciente, 40, when he lived in Girona. He and “Montse” had met in a bar and later she turned up at the apartment he shared with a roommate. Montse was in sales. On the night she died, Verbist had drunk too much and they had both taken cocaine.

Montse liked to be choked during sex, Verbist said, and he had pushed down on her – but on this occasion, he had pushed too hard and she died. “I didn’t mean to kill her,” he added.

In fact, Verbist said, he had been so shocked at what he had done that he had dismembered Montse’s body into eight parts with a machete that he had bought on the internet and kept under his pillow. He had then distributed the parts in and around the city. “I dumped some parts in the forest,” he said. Montse’s skull was later found where he said he had left it.

His roommate, he continued, had helped him to clean the apartment because he was worried what the owners



Above, police searching for body parts of victim Montserrat. Inset, her smiling killer. Below (centre), Verbist in court during his murder trial



might say about the mess. But he had refused to help Verbist dismember Montse or dispose of her parts.

Verbist had told Montse’s two adult daughters that she was working away from home for the company. But when they couldn’t contact her by phone, they had reported her missing.

He’d had such a hard time talking himself out of that situation, he said, that in Ane’s case he had decided it would be better to destroy the body by fire.

He also said he had committed sex crimes in Belgium. “I have a lot on my conscience,” he said. This led to speculation that he might already be – or might have been about to become – a serial killer.

Prosecutor Antonio Gil told the court in Madrid in June 2016, “No one deserves to die like this. The accused beat Ane in the face, choked her and burned her corpse.”

For the defence, Francisco Chamorro asked the court to consider Verbist’s mental health at the time of Ane’s death – and his dependence on drugs and alcohol.

A month later, Dave Verbist was sentenced to 15 years for Ane’s murder plus an extra 10 years for arson, making a total of 25 years. Judge Ignacio Yllera told him: “Although the court has been told that you suffer from a number of recognised psychopathic character traits, they do not prevent you from being able to understand the consequences of what you did – nor can they be used to excuse it.”

On the last day of his trial before Judge Yllera and nine jurors in Madrid, Verbist had said he wanted to apologise to the family of his victim. He said that every day he tried to make sense of his crime. “I am ashamed and repentant. I have no idea why I did it. I am angry with myself,” he confessed.

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London's Pentonville Prison. In the 20th century it saw 120 hangings, 105 of them for murder. In this fascinating series T.J. Leech brings you details of them all

IN PEACETIME they would have led unexceptional lives and died in their beds, but now the world was at war, they had been recruited for espionage, and captured enemy secret agents were hanged or shot. Since 1939 13 spies had been executed in Britain, and in March 1944 the 14th was about to go to the gallows...

81.

INVISIBLE INK SPY SNARED

Oswald John Job, 58, was the Bromley-born son of German parents, and since 1911 he had lived in Paris. When France was occupied by the Germans in 1940 he was detained by the Nazi authorities and sent to a number of internment camps, the last at St. Denis where he spent three years. As he had grown up in Britain he could speak fluent English, and when this came to the attention of his captors they realised he could be useful. He was approached by the German secret service and agreed to go to Britain as a

spy, with orders to send his information in letters written in invisible ink.

The letters were to be addressed to his fellow-former internees at St. Denis, and were to be sent in the names of their friends and relatives in England. Neither the internees nor their relatives and friends were to be aware of the use that was being made of their names, and the letters would be intercepted by the German authorities at the camp and passed to the secret service. Job was also supplied with a code in which he was to receive instructions from his Nazi masters.

German agents escorted him to the Spanish frontier, and on November 1st, 1943, he arrived in the UK by air from Lisbon, posing as a British subject who had escaped from German custody in France.

The British authorities were suspicious. Secret writing material was found concealed in the hollows of keys in Job's possession, and after several sessions of interrogation he admitted that his "escape" had been arranged by the Germans, and that his mission had been to

Oswald Job. He had secret writing materials



INVISIBLE INK TRAITOR HANGED AT PENTONVILLE
Came Here in Disguise to Report on Bomb Damage and Morale

A German spy, who came to Britain to report on bomb damage and public morale, was hanged at Pentonville Prison to-day.

He was a British subject, Oswald (or Oscar) John Job, born in London of German parents. Secret writing material hidden in the hollows of keys was found on him.

He was convicted under the Treachery Act 1940, after a trial before Mr. Justice Stable and a jury at the Central Criminal Court on January 21, 25 and 26 this year, and was sentenced to death.

His appeal to the Court of Criminal Appeal was heard by Mr. Justice Humphreys, Mr. Justice Lewis, and Mr. Justice Cassels on February 23 and was dismissed. Job was represented by counsel both at the trial and at the Court of Criminal Appeal. The proceedings in both courts were held in camera.

The Home Office announcement of his execution as a German Secret Service agent says that Job was born at Bromley on July 4, 1885.

A Complete Failure
 Job was sent to this country by

supply them with information about bomb damage and the British public's morale.

Under the Treachery Act 1940 he was charged with entering the United Kingdom with intent to assist an enemy, and at his trial, held in camera at the Old Bailey, he claimed he had accepted the Germans' offer merely as a means of escape and had no intention of spying.

His initial persistent denial of any connection with the German secret service negated his story, however. He was convicted and sentenced to death on what Mr. Justice Stable described as "the clearest possible evidence," and on March 16th, 1944, Job was hanged at Pentonville by Albert Pierrepont, assisted by Harry Kirk.

82.

SPY'S INSANITY PLEA REJECTED

Three months after Job's execution, another spy went to Pentonville's gallows. **Pierre Richard Charles**

Neukermans,

28, was a Belgian Army officer until he was invalidated out in 1938. When his country was overrun by the Germans in 1940 he tried to cross into France, but found the frontier closed and returned to Brussels to assist in his father-in-law's grocery business.

He was subsequently recruited by the German secret service, and after training in sabotage and the wireless transmission of coded messages he was taken to Spain

by German agents.

On July 16th, 1943, he flew to the UK from Lisbon, claiming he had escaped from occupied Belgium and had come to Britain to help the allies. He had been assisted in his escape, he said, by two men, one named Louis, the other Georges.

120 WERE HANGED AT PENTONVILLE • PART 9

He was released after interrogation and obtained employment in a Belgian Government office in London. But on February 2nd, 1944, he was rearrested, and under further questioning he admitted he was a German agent.

The Louis and Georges he had mentioned earlier were Louis Debray and Georges Hollevoet, German agents well-known to British Intelligence, and Neukermans admitted he knew they were acting for his spymasters in Brussels.

At his Old Bailey trial the defence did not deny that he had committed acts of spying, but called evidence in a bid to obtain a verdict of guilty but insane.

Dr. W.H.B. Stoddart told the court that Neukermans had disorders indicating a mental disease, but under cross-examination he said he did not consider him to be legally insane. The plea of insanity was not pursued, and Neukermans was convicted and sentenced to death by Mr. Justice Macnaghten.

Neukermans's appeal was dismissed,

Britain in wartime heard a lot about such spies as Job and Neukermans – so much, in fact, that *Picture Post* magazine gently poked fun at the whole affair

NAZI SPY HANGED: FORMER BELGIAN OFFICER

THE Home Office announces that a German Secret Service agent was executed at Wormwood Scrubs Prison this morning. He was Pierre Richard Charles Neukermans, a Belgian subject, born at Waarbeeke, Belgium, on May 1, 1918.

He was convicted under the Treachery Act, 1940, after a trial before Mr. Justice Macnaghten and a jury at the Central Criminal Court on April 28 and May 1 this year, and was sentenced to death. He appealed to the Court of Criminal Appeal, and his appeal was heard by the Lord Chief Justice Mr. Justice Oliver and Mr. Justice Birkett on June 8, and was dismissed. Neukermans was represented by counsel both at the trial and at the Court of Criminal Appeal. The proceedings in both courts were held in camera. Neukermans is the 15th spy to be executed in Britain during this war, and the second this year.

EX-ARMY OFFICER

Neukermans was sent to this country by the German Secret Service to get information about military matters and

After his arrival here by air from Lisbon on July 16 last year Neukermans was interrogated and gave an account of his experiences while in Belgium, and of his escape to the peninsula.

He claim to have made two attempts to escape from Belgium. On the first occasion he had been assisted by a certain "Louis" who, with a man he called "Georges," had arranged his journey to Paris.

TRAITOR - UNMASKED

Neukermans was given leave to land in this country, and, being found medically unfit for the Belgian Army, he subsequently obtained employment as a clerk in one of the Belgian Government offices here. A few months later Neukermans was detained and re-interrogated. He then admitted



Pierre Neukermans, a Belgian spying for Germany. Doctors pronounced him sane

but as he had attempted suicide while in custody, two doctors were appointed to examine him and his medical history.

They concluded that he was sane, his claimed disorders having been assumed to support his plea of insanity, and he was hanged by Albert Pierrepoint and Alex Riley on June 23rd, 1944.

83.

NEW ROLE FOR MATCHSTICKS

The third and last secret agent executed at Pentonville in 1944 was another Belgian, 27-year-old Joseph Jan Van Hove, who flew into Leuchars airport, Fife, from Stockholm in February that year.

He had escaped from Belgium, he said, in order to join the Belgian forces in the UK, and he stuck to this story until April 7th when he admitted that the Germans had sent him to spy. From his pocket he produced two matchsticks designed to write secret messages, the second concealed in a razor handle.

At his trial before Mr. Justice Hallett at the Old Bailey, Van Hove denied spying for Germany while in Sweden, but admitted sending letters to the German agent from whom he received his instructions. He also admitted that his mother was receiving his pay for his services as a spy.

He said he had no intention of carrying out his mission in Britain, but he was found guilty and sentenced to death.

Dismissing his appeal, Mr. Justice Oliver observed that in saying he had not intended to spy after concealing for weeks that he had been sent for that purpose, Van Hove had adopted the last resort of every spy caught in Britain.

There was no reprieve, and on July 12th, 1944, Albert Pierrepoint, assisted by Steve Wade, gave the

five-foot-one, nine-stone secret agent the long drop of eight feet eight inches.

84.

THE "CLEFT CHIN MURDER"

An 18-year-old Welsh girl and an American GI featured in the next case that had its sequel on Pentonville's scaffold.

At 16, Elizabeth Marina Jones had married a Welsh soldier, but had not lived with him since their wedding day because of his violence. She herself, however, was no angel. She had spent time in an approved school after her mother complained she was beyond control, and the school's headmistress described her as "the prostitute type," saying she encouraged other girls to be the same.

In 1943 she moved to London, calling



WELL, WHO HAD THE RADIO SET, ANYWAY?

You remember those German Spies they caught? You remember their radio set? It seems to have changed hands a lot. All the papers show it in the hands of someone different.

TWO German spies came to England with a little radio set. By day, they pretended to hate in words and quarters. By night, they hoped to transmit valuable information to Germany through the little radio set. They believed they would soon be loved by Nazi troops. They believed their task would be short. The first was wrong. The second was right. They were quickly caught, convicted, executed. But what happened to the little radio set? Almost every London daily paper photographed it. We reproduce their photographs on this page. Each one shows the set in the possession of someone different. What we want to know is, who did have the radio set, anyway?

Daily Mirror

All the girl was a mysterious hand. Whose could it be?

Daily Sketch

The "Nazi spies executed. This was their radio," said the "Daily Sketch." And they show it in the possession of a pretty girl.

PICTURE POST



herself Georgina Grayson and working in West End night clubs as a dance hostess and stripper. In Hammersmith, where she lodged, she met **Gustav Karl Hulten**, a Swedish-born 22-year-old GI who was absent without leave and posing as an officer. The two took to each other immediately, and embarked on a crime spree.

In their third violent offence, they gave a woman a lift in a truck Hulten was using. Hulten struck the passenger twice with an iron bar and throttled her until she lost consciousness, Elizabeth helping him by holding the victim's legs. Then they robbed the woman and dumped her.

Their rampage continued, and in Hammersmith Road on the night of October 6th/7th, 1944, they got Edward Heath, a private hire car driver, to take them to the Great West Road, where Hulten shot him in the back and Elizabeth rifled his pockets as he lay dying. That done, they dumped his body in a ditch at Staines, Middlesex, where it was found the following morning.

Then an electrician's apprentice found a discarded wallet and handed it in to the police. It contained documents which established the dead man's identity, and an alert was issued for his missing Ford car.

Late in the evening of October 9th, a constable saw it pull up outside a house in Fulham Palace Road, Hammersmith. He telephoned for backup, and Hulten and Elizabeth Jones were arrested shortly afterwards when they left the house and got into the car.

Hulten claimed he was Second



Above, Karl Hulten and right, Elizabeth Jones. Below, an unruly crowd outside Pentonville on the morning of Hulten's execution



Lieutenant Richard John Allen. A loaded automatic pistol, its safety-catch off, was found in his pocket, and the couple were charged with Heath's murder.

The American authorities waived their right to try Hulten by court martial, and by the time the couple's trial began at the Old Bailey the media had dubbed the case the "Cleft-Chin Murder" – the victim's chin had a hollow, like that of Hollywood star Robert Mitchum.

Seeking Elizabeth Jones's acquittal, her counsel claimed she was in fear of Hulten and had acted under duress. A manslaughter verdict was sought for Hulten, who claimed he had not intended to shoot or cause grievous bodily harm.

In the witness-box, Elizabeth said that Hulten had told her he was a professional gunman, and had threatened to shoot her if she disobeyed his orders. She was unwillingly involved in the robbery, she said, and any interference on her part would not have stopped it.

Why hadn't she sought police protection? She had no answer, and Hulten denied he had terrorised her. It was she who suggested robbing the private hire car driver, he said, and Heath's death was due to the gun being discharged accidentally.

The pair's stories were rejected by the jury, and both defendants were convicted of murder and sentenced to death.

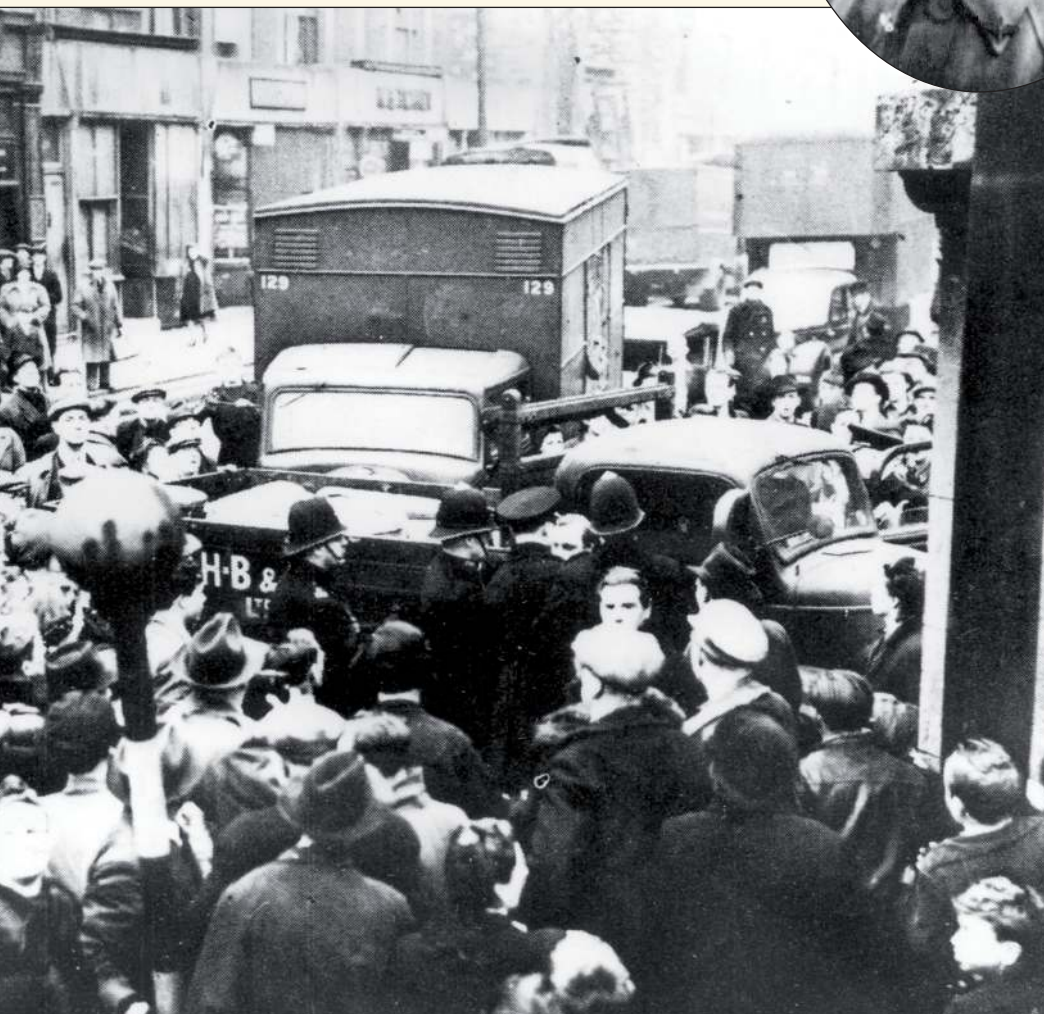
Their appeals were dismissed, but Elizabeth Jones's sentence was commuted to life imprisonment.

"In her case," the Home Secretary said, "I am influenced by age almost wholly but also to some extent by her sex and the effect on public opinion of the execution of a girl just over eighteen. But her crime is very grave, and had it not been for her age it is highly probable that I would have decided 'no interference.' In these circumstances I leave it on record that in my opinion her imprisonment should be for an effective period of not less than twelve years."

There was no reprieve for Hulten, and on March 8th, 1945, he was hanged by Thomas Pierrepont and Henry Critchell. Elizabeth Jones was released in January 1954.

85., 86., 87., 88. & 89. THE QUINTUPLE EXECUTION

Some seven months passed with no further executions at Pentonville. Then the prison became the scene of Britain's biggest multiple execution for more than 60 years. The last time five men had gone to the gallows for a single crime was in 1883, when five Irish nationalists were hanged for Dublin's Phoenix Park murders of Lord Frederick Cavendish, Ireland's Chief Secretary, and his Under-Secretary, Thomas Burke.



Sixty-two years later the five men awaiting execution at Pentonville were German prisoners of war, part of a group who had been moved to a POW camp at Comrie, Perthshire, following an unsuccessful escape attempt at a camp in Wiltshire.

The group believed that someone in their midst had betrayed them in their escape attempt, and their suspicion focused on Wolfgang Rosterg, a 35-year-old sergeant-major. They held their own court martial, and on December 23rd, 1944, they found Rosterg guilty while he slept soundly in his bunk, unaware of what was happening.

As soon as their verdict was reached, he was dragged from his bed, kicked, beaten on the head with an iron bar and hauled to the latrines, where a rope was thrown over a beam and he was hanged.

When Rosterg's body was found, the possibility of suicide was dismissed by the camp's doctor when he saw the extent of the dead man's injuries. An

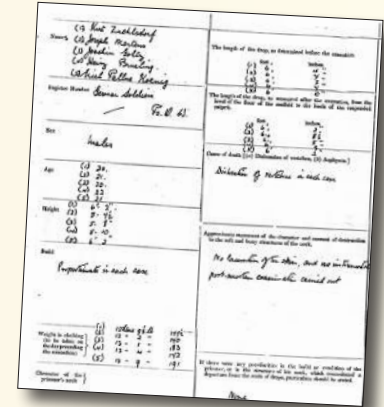


investigation was launched, and eight men were charged with the sergeant-major's murder.

At their 11-day court martial, held

at London's POW "cage" at 6-8 Kensington Palace Gardens, they admitted putting Rosterg on trial, and six of them were convicted of his murder and sentenced to death. One of them was subsequently spared the gallows, his sentence commuted to life imprisonment.

Then on October 6th, 1945, Kurt Zühlsdorf, 20, Josef Mertens, 21,



Joachim Goltz, 20, Heinz Brüling, 22, and Erich Pallme-König, 21, went to the scaffold. Albert Pierrepoint was the hangman, assisted by Steve Wade and Harry Allen.

90. & 91.

A SECOND POW CAMP MURDER

On March 24th, 1945, three months after the murder at Comrie, a similar incident occurred at a POW camp near Sheffield, when Gerhardt Rettig, 25, was beaten and kicked to death by fellow-prisoners.

A close friend of Rettig witnessed the murder, and he told the camp's authorities that Emil Schmittendorf and Armin Kühne were responsible, together with two others, Heinz Ditzler and Jürgen Kersting.

At their court martial at Kensington Palace Gardens in August 1945, all four denied involvement, but Schmittendorf, 31, and Kühne, 21, were convicted and sentenced to death. Ditzler and Kersting were acquitted.

On November 16th, 1945, the two condemned men were hanged together by Albert Pierrepoint and Alex Riley.

Solution to Wordsearch on page 10

F	W	G	P	G	S	P	N	R	B	P	C	U	N	X	F	N	F
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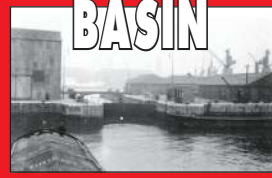
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