

FROM WESTERN AUSTRALIA: "I Shot Little Ivy – I Must Have Been Mad"

HANGED AT CRUMLIN ROAD PRISON: Naked And Mutilated In A Belfast Street

TRUE DETECTIVE

FEBRUARY
2020

WORLD'S NO.1 TRUE CRIME MAGAZINE

**ARMY LOVERS
PLOTTED NEW
YEAR MURDER**



WILL BAMBER GO FREE?

**"New Evidence" Could Swing
Appeal In Family Slaughter Case**

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**Hertfordshire Horror
WIFE AND
HER LOVER
CONSPIRED
TO KILL BILL**



**THE DEADLY
MAN NICOLE
MET ON THE
PHONE**

**He Called Himself
Dr. Tombstone**



Barnsley's Wartime Fairground Murder



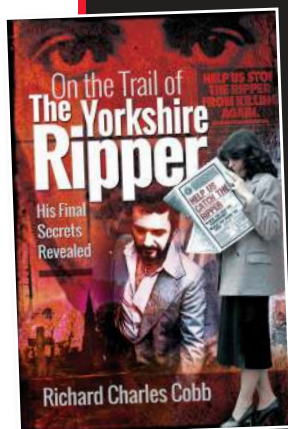
It's April 27th, 1960 – nearly 60 years ago – and future assassination victim Reverend Martin Luther King pulls up a four-foot cross – the symbol of the Ku Klux Klan – that had been burned on the front lawn of his home in Atlanta, Georgia, the previous night. Next to Rev. King is his two-year-old son, Martin Luther III.



Handcuffed black widow Dena Thompson leaves Lewes Crown Court in West Sussex on August 17th, 2000, after being found not guilty of attempting to murder her husband during a bondage sex game. Further investigations proved that the swindler had killed her previous husband – by poisoning his curry. For the full story, don't miss *What Makes Women Kill*, the new 33-case True Crime Library Presents bookazine, out on January 9th, priced £9.99. PA



February 1983: police with dogs search the back garden and adjacent waste ground at 195 Melrose Avenue, the former home of Scottish serial killer Dennis Nilsen. He was found guilty of six murders in October 1983.



TD COMPETITION: WIN ON THE TRAIL OF THE YORKSHIRE RIPPER

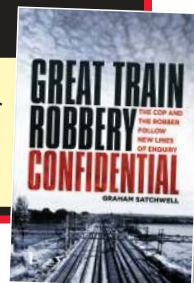
Peter Sutcliffe, The Yorkshire Ripper, remains the most infamous serial killer in British criminal history, yet the locations and circumstances surrounding his foul deeds remain a subject of confusion to this day – until now. Using ground-breaking new research together with the original police reports, newspaper descriptions and eye-witness testimony, author Richard Charles Cobb presents in *On The Trail Of The Yorkshire Ripper* what the publishers say is the truth about what actually happened.

To win a hardback copy of *On the Trail of the Yorkshire Ripper – His Final Secrets Revealed* (published by Pen & Sword True Crime; ISBN 9781526748768; £19.99) by Richard Charles Cobb, just answer this question:

All except two of Peter Sutcliffe's 13 murders took place in West Yorkshire. In which metropolitan county were the other two?

☐ Merseyside ☐ Greater Manchester ☐ Tyne and Wear ☐ West Midlands

Send your answer with your name and address to TD February competition, PO Box 735, London SE26 5NQ, or email truecrimedetective@truecrimelibrary.com, with the subject "TD February comp." The first correct answer out of the hat after the closing date of **January 28th** will win. The winner will be announced in the April issue. The winner of December's competition with the answer Glasgow is Margaret Barlow from Stoke on Trent. Well done – your prize of a paperback copy of *Great Train Robbery Confidential* by Graham Satchwell will be with you soon.



CONTENTS

Jeremy Bamber. Is he one of Britain's most notorious spree-killers, or the victim of a long-running miscarriage of justice? He'd like you to believe the latter, but is there really any basis for re-examining his conviction? Does his supposed "new evidence" hold water?



P6

The courts have still to decide. Certainly, if Bamber's conviction for the slaughter of five family members in 1985 were to be overturned, it would be a seismic event in the history of British murder cases. To understand just how seismic, though, you need to know the full story of the murders, the investigation, the trial and Bamber's subsequent attempts to prove his innocence. That, in a nutshell, is what you'll find in this month's *Crimes That Made The Headlines*. It's on page 6.

This issue's *America's Most Evil* focuses on a particularly bizarre and unsettling case, that of Charles Albright, known as "The Eyeball Killer." Our report opens with a pathologist examining the body of a murder victim and preparing to look at the condition of the eyes. Opening one stiffening eyelid, she's startled to see only muscle and gore – no eye. Moving to the other eye, she opens the lid and sees the same thing. "My God!" she exclaims. "They're gone!" Expect a fascinating look into the psyche of the killer who had to mutilate his victims in this way. It begins on page 14.

There's an Irish flavour to this issue, too, with part two of our new series *Hanged At Crumlin Road Prison* (page 24) plus a case that made headlines on both sides of the Irish Sea in its day but is little-known today: the *Strange Affair Of Mr. Boyd And The Phelan Brothers* (page 45).

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 40 for full details.**

- 2 Crime Photos/Competition
- 4 Army Lovers Plotted New Year Murder
Gary Fox
- 6 *Crimes That Made The Headlines:*
Will Bamber Go Free?
James Newbury
- 13 Your Letters
More of your views
- 14 *America's Most Evil:*
The Eyeball Killer
John Sanders
- 20 *Hanged In Australia:*
"I Shot Little Ivy – I Must Have Been Mad"
Matthew Spicer
- 24 *Hanged At Crumlin Road Prison – Part 2*
Matthew Spicer
- 29 Wife And Her Lover
Conspired To Kill Bill
Donald Carne



P14

- 32 The Deadly Man Nicole
Met On the Phone
Mark Davis
- 36 *Questions & Answers:*
Barnsley's Wartime
Fairground Murder
Matthew Spicer
- 41 *Execution USA*
Martin Chaffe
- 45 Strange Affair Of Mr. Boyd
And The Phelan Brothers
A.W. Moss

TRUE DETECTIVE FEBRUARY 2020

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EVERYTHING WAS set for the celebrations. The family had gathered, the food, drink and party decorations been taken care of, and already everyone was dancing the night away and having a good time.

It was New Year's Eve 2018 on Colfax Avenue, St. Joseph's Township, in Berrien County, Michigan. Normally nothing much happens among the Township's population of fewer than 10,000, most of whom work in the main town of St. Joseph, a few miles away.

But all that was about to change when a brutal, calculated murder happened on the very night when everyone was toasting the New Year.

Kemia Hassel, 22, was married to Sergeant Tyrone Hassel. They'd met when they were both soldiers stationed at Fort Stewart in Georgia. Tyrone had just completed a tour of duty in South Korea and was desperate to see their two-year-old son over the holiday season.

The couple had been going through a rocky patch in their relationship, and had talked about separation. Tyrone thought it was because they were spending long periods of time apart, but his wife's motives were far darker, more sinister. Kemia had met another soldier based at Fort Stewart while her husband was away serving his country.

He had joined the army in 2015 and was promoted in 2017. He was awarded the Army Achievement Medal,



Jeremy Cuellar lay in wait for Tyrone at the local WalMart

the German Army Proficiency Badge, and had completed his nine-month rotation in South Korea.

Her affair with her boyfriend, Jeremy Cuellar, 24, had been growing for months. During that period, they'd talked about having a future together. The one issue that stood in the way was Tyrone. Kemia still needed him – not so she could divorce him, but dead rather than alive. His life insurance policy was worth much more to her than anything she could get out of a divorce.

Kemia lived in Benton Harbor,

Case report by **Gary Fox**



Tyrone Hassel (above) had recently been promoted to sergeant, and after his tour of duty had returned eager to see his wife Kemia (right) and young son

near to Tyrone's parents' home in St. Joseph's. It was at the Hassels' home that the New Year party was to be held, as she only lived in a small apartment.

Tyrone had made plans for him and his wife to live in Georgia with his sister – which was something Kemia didn't want. They were due to arrange the move during a visit, set for January 2nd. But Kemia had no intention of going. She and Cuellar had decided that a New Year and a new life awaited.

At 11 p.m. on December 31st, 2018, Kemia called Tyrone and told him to bring some food and drink to the party. Minutes later, she told Cuellar that Tyrone was going to the local WalMart to buy provisions.

Cuellar was lying in wait in his Chevy Impala. He had parked his car at an abandoned area and cased the WalMart but decided not to go ahead with the plan because he feared a witness might see him shoot Tyrone.

Instead, he followed Tyrone back to his parents' house and called Kemia to tell her he hadn't gone through with the killing. She told him it had to be done that night. So when Tyrone got out of his car to carry the bags of food up the driveway, Cuellar pounced.

Tyrone Hassel was shot at around 11.10 p.m. His family, including Kemia, rushed outside after hearing the shots, but Cuellar, to Kemia's relief, was gone. Tyrone was rushed to hospital but was pronounced dead on arrival.

Detectives were certain this was not

a random killing and they soon zeroed in on Kemia. But it took until January 11th for her to be brought in for questioning. She was challenged about her movements and actions after her husband's death, as well as about the rumours that she and Cuellar had been having an affair.

At first she denied any knowledge of a plan to kill Tyrone. She even offered to take a lie-detector test. She did, and failed. She was then asked about internet searches she had made on her mobile phone, including "How to delete Snapchat," "Active soldier killed on New Year's Eve" and "What do I do after my house is paid off?"

Cornered, she admitted that she and Cuellar had planned to kill her husband



so that they could be together – and she could collect Tyrone's considerable life insurance from an Army death benefit. Military officials provide a \$100,000 death gratuity to next of kin when a service member dies on active duty, and life insurance for service members can also pay up to \$400,000 after a soldier's death. But she insisted that the murder plan was Cuellar's idea, and that she'd been forced into it.

She was arrested and charged with first-degree murder and conspiracy. Days later, she made a prison phone call to her mother in which she said, "I knew what was going on. I knew what was happening" – admitting she shared responsibility.

Cuellar's car had been caught on a Michigan licence-plate reader on the M139 less than three hours before the murder. He had also activated a new phone on New Year's day and it pinged a cell tower near his home in Hinesville, Georgia, while his old phone remained in Michigan.

He wouldn't talk to investigators

despite Kemia's damning words against him. He was also charged with premeditated first-degree murder, felony firearm, and lying in wait. In some states, a conviction on those charges would carry the death penalty for both defendants, but the state of Michigan has abolished the death sentence.

His lawyer, Edwin Johnson, said: "No one saw my client at the scene. He was going to give up on this. He wasn't going to do it, and there are several other suspects."

First to go on trial was Kemia Hassel in August 2019. The jury saw her videotaped confession after being questioned, and the affidavit she signed that she plotted to kill her spouse because he was becoming a burden on her romantic fling. Army colleagues testified that she and Cuellar were more than just friends, but none of them had thought they were planning murder.

It took the jury around an hour to find her guilty and she was sentenced to life without parole. At her sentencing, Judge Angela Pasula told her: "Ms. Hassel, the road to redemption is long and arduous, and you will spend the rest of your life walking it."

A month later, Cuellar pleaded guilty and was also sentenced to life without parole. Both he and Kemia were thrown out of the army with a dishonourable discharge.

Tyrone's father pulled no punches after the two killers were sent down. He said, "It's just like she's the devil. You know, listening and watching that tape of her confession in her own regular



Jeremy and Kemia went on trial separately – Kemia first, then her murderous lover

ARMY LOVERS PLOTTED NEW YEAR MURDER

They were all soldiers but while her husband Tyrone was serving abroad young mother Kemia decided that her affair with Jeremy was where her future lay. But divorce was no good to her – she wanted her husband's juicy life insurance policy payout to start a new life. So, as the year drew to a close...

tone, with no sympathy, just shocked me. My grandson now has no parents to raise him. How could she take my son's last name and then take his life? She doesn't deserve to have that name.

"She's a cold-blooded murderer, and

I'm glad she wasn't tried in a military court where she could have got the death sentence. I want her to suffer behind bars for the rest of her life. I hope every time she closes her eyes, my son taps her on the shoulder and

smiles.

"My son was loved and respected by everyone he met. But to her he was expendable – he was a cheque. His life was just a \$400,000 cheque."

CRIMES THAT MADE THE HEADLINES

The 1985 White House Farm Murders horrified the nation and made Jeremy Bamber, the young man convicted of the massacre, infamous. Decades later, and still maintaining his claims of innocence, he remains behind bars. Legal developments – and a new TV drama – are bringing the case to the public's attention once again

WILL BAMBER GO FREE?

“New Evidence” Could Swing Appeal In Family Slaughter Case

NEARLY 35 years have passed by since the murders happened. Britain is a different place, the mid-80s are a distant memory, but Jeremy Bamber retains his infamy as he continues to serve out a whole-life sentence for multiple murder. He maintains his innocence of the crime that sent shockwaves across the nation – as he did at his 1986 trial at

Case report by James Newbury

Chelmsford Crown Court when a majority 10-2 guilty verdict sent him down for life. And in recent newspaper reports his lawyers speak of renewed hope that what they believe to be a notorious miscarriage of justice will one day be recognised as such.

Will Bamber, now 58, ever go free? It seems unlikely. However, in October 2018 he and his legal team revealed that they were working towards securing an appeal on the grounds of the new evidence of a telephone call the convicted killer made on the night of the slayings. And in December 2018 his lawyers launched a High Court challenge to the Crown Prosecution Service (CPS) for what they described as its failure to disclose evidence which they claim would undermine the safety of his conviction.

Coincidentally, the case is back in

the public eye for another reason, too. *White House Farm*, a six-part dramatisation of the case, starring Freddie Fox as Bamber, is starting soon on ITV.

As Bamber's fight for freedom continues, his case hits the headlines once again and TV viewers prepare to be gripped by an account of the murder investigation, it's a timely moment for TD to revisit one of Britain's most horrifying multiple murders...

The scene was an old manor house pervaded by the stench of death. A dog pattered from room to room, sniffing at five bodies, bloodying its muzzle and whining uneasily.

And beyond the silent

house of horror in the lush farmland of Essex in those early hours of Wednesday, August 7th, 1985, a ring of armed policemen waited for dawn, in the belief that they were confronting a siege situation with an armed maniac loose in the manor.

It was not the first mistake they made that day. A whole catalogue of blunders was to follow, prompting the media to brand them The Clouseau Squad.

It was to take two amateur sleuths and a jilted woman to point them weeks later to the crime's apparent solution.

The drama centred on White House Manor, a farmhouse with 500 acres growing mainly wheat near the village of Tolleshunt D'Arcy. The drama's characters were the farm's owners Nevill Bamber and his wife June, both 61; their 25-year-old adopted son Jeremy, who worked on the farm for them, but lived a few miles away in a cottage at Goldhanger; their 27-year-old adopted daughter Sheila Caffell, a former London fashion model divorced from her husband; and the Caffells' twin sons, Nicholas and Daniel.

Sheila had a history of mental trouble, for which she had twice



Jeremy Bamber in the 80s – the judge at his trial described his actions as “pure evil”

been in hospital, and a drug habit. But there was no doubt that she loved her children. She had even given up modelling to be with them.

At about 3.30 that morning Jeremy telephoned the Chelmsford Police telling them that his father had just called him saying that Sheila was running amok with a loaded rifle. Then he heard a shot – and the line went dead...

The police told Jeremy to go to the farm and they would join him. A little later, backed up by an armed squad from the Force Support Unit, the police caught up with him. He didn't seem to be in any great hurry, driving to his father's aid at a steady 30 mph.

It would be best, he suggested, for the police to enter the house first, as he "didn't get on too well" with his sister.

So the officers surrounded the locked and darkened house and announced their presence over a loud-hailer. But there was no response. And Jeremy, who had told them that there was an arsenal of weapons inside, including his own .22 Anschutz semi-automatic rifle for rabbit shooting, commented that he hoped Bambi – Sheila's nickname from her modelling days – "would not do anything silly."

The police moved in as dawn broke over a ripe field due to be harvested that week – one reason Bambi had arrived at the farm only the previous day from her London flat. She had come to help.

The kitchen door was sledgehammered down and 10 armed officers rushed into the silent house. The kitchen was a shambles, with obvious signs of a fierce struggle. Between the fireplace and a chair in the lounge near the telephone was the corpse of wartime RAF pilot Nevill Bamber. He'd been beaten about the head and shoulders and shot. He had a bullet through one lip, another through the jaw, one in the larynx, another in the upper part of his body and – presumably last of all – four in the head.

Upstairs, on separate bunks in a small bedroom, lay the twins, shot in their sleep. Daniel, with five bullets in the back of his little skull, had been sucking his thumb. Nicholas had three bullets in his head.



Above, White House Manor where Nevill and June Bamber (left), Sheila Caffell (below) and her twin sons Daniel and Nicholas (right) were shot to death



In the master bedroom June Bamber lay sprawled near the door. But she had been shot first in bed, because there was blood on her pillow. As she'd tried to reach the door a hail of automatic fire had chopped her down. There were seven hits in all, including one each in the knee, arm, chest and neck, with a final *coup de grace* between the eyes.

Bambi lay nearby on her back in her

nightdress. Jeremy Bamber's .22 rifle was across her chest, the butt broken, its magazine and breach empty. She had two gunshot wounds in the throat, one of which had penetrated her backbone after severing the jugular vein up through her jaw into her brain.

She had two gunshot wounds in the throat, one of which had penetrated her backbone after severing the jugular vein up through her jaw into her brain

All the wounds were caused by .22 ammunition – the low-mass high-velocity little bullet does a vicious job, usually meandering around inside flesh, deflecting off gristle and bone and slicing a haemorrhaging canal as it goes.

With Jeremy's story of his father's phone call, his comments on his sister's instability, doors all locked on the inside and the rifle across Bambi's body, the police were already conditioned to looking at an "inside job" murder-suicide.



But nobody can shoot themselves in the brain and pull the trigger again, sending a second bullet through the backbone. Nor can they do it in reverse. Even if the spinal cord remained intact, the

shock impact of the bullet would throw the victim into deep shock and the rifle muzzle would be blown out of direct alignment by recoil from a brain shot.

Had the police spotted this immediately, Bambi would not have been reported by the media the next day to have slaughtered her own children and parents and then turned the gun on herself. Dubbing her a “crazed killer,” *The Sun* quoted police as saying that they believed Bambi, thought to be high on heroin substitute at the time, had gone berserk after a brainstorm.

Not to be outdone, *The Star* called her a “mass murderer” and “killer mother.” Even the more cautious *Daily Mail* on August 8th called her a murderess.

It was initially overlooked that her bare feet were spotlessly clean. Had she run amok while gunning down her family there would have been at least dust and probably bloodstains on them.

In all, 25 shots were fired from the gun, which had a 10-round magazine, meaning that it had to be charged three times. The gun was fairly new, its action stiff, particularly the spring inside the magazine. As you reach the eighth round in a reloading cycle, even with an old gun, it takes stiff pressure to thumb the bullets in. Bambi had long, carefully painted, brittle nails. They were not chipped, scratched or broken.

Even a policeman experimenting with the magazine later broke one of his nails doing it. Furthermore, Bambi had no trace of lead on her fingers from handling the ammunition, and no grease or gun oil either. Nor were there powder marks on her hands, arms and nightdress, as would surely have been the case for anyone firing the gun so many times.

Her father was six-foot-four, strong and muscular. How could a slender girl like Bambi, around five feet six inches tall, beat him up before shooting him?

Jeremy had told the police that his father telephoned him, then the line went dead. He said he promptly redialled his father's number, but it was engaged. But this was impossible. If Nevill Bamber had dropped the phone the call to his son would have remained connected, preventing Jeremy from making any calls until his father's receiver was replaced or two metered units had elapsed – 10 minutes at that time of night.

Scene-of-crime officers touched the



Below, Bamber looks sorrowful at the family funeral (above) for which the village of Tolleshunt D'Arcy turned out en masse



rifle without wearing protective gloves. And fingerprints from not only the gun but also the bodies were not taken until some time later.

Windows and doors had been locked, but a ground-floor window could easily

The blood on the silencer was from Bambi's group. How could the silencer have got back in the gun cabinet if it was on the end of the rifle when she shot herself?

be opened, and scratches on its catch matched those on a piece of hacksaw blade, lying in full view beneath it but not seen for what it was until two months later. And two days after the killing, as a gesture of sympathy to the grieving Jeremy, police cleaned out the house and burned some of the relics

of the crime, including bloodstained bedding, a mattress from the twins' room and a bedroom carpet.

At an inquest opened eight days later the police announced that Bambi's injuries appeared to be self-inflicted and a burial certificate was issued. Her body and those of her parents were cremated, so no further post-mortem could be carried out. The twins were buried later in London by their father.

Jeremy Bamber's clothes were not checked at the time for powder marks and traces of handling the gun. Nor were his fingerprints taken. But the most significant find of all in that house had come three days after the killings.

Two relatives, unhappy about the investigation, turned detective themselves. They did not believe Bambi capable of killing anyone – and certainly not her children.

The police had looked in the family gun cabinet in Nevill Bamber's study, but found nothing significant inside it. Bamber's relatives did, however. At the back of the cabinet, in a small cardboard ammunition box, they found a sound moderator – a silencer – for a .22 rifle. It had traces of red paint on it, similar to some in the room where Nevill Bamber had died. And there was blood on one of the sound baffle discs inside the silencer cylinder. They told the police immediately, yet this vital piece of evidence was not collected until two days later.

That was not all. In notifying the forensic science laboratory at Huntingdon of this find and sending it off for examination, the police forgot to add that there was a grey hair sticking to the silencer too – and it was lost somewhere, either in transit or examination. It had to come from either Nevill or June Bamber's head.

The discovery of that silencer blew an even bigger hole in the theory that Bambi had shot herself because with the attachment the gun would have been too long for her to point at her own head and pull the trigger. To do so she would have needed arms a yard long, and there was nothing to show that she had depressed the trigger with a toe.

Moreover, the blood on the silencer

was from Bambi's group. And how could the silencer have got back in the gun cabinet if it was on the end of the rifle when she shot herself?

Because someone else had committed the murders, the investigators reasoned, killing as silently as possible, but in faking Bambi's suicide, realised afterwards the impossibility of it with the silencer fitted. It was removed and hidden again...But whoever it was overlooked the blood inside it.

On August 16th, at the funeral of the Bambers and their daughter, the village of Tolleshunt D'Arcy turned out en masse to mourn them. Jeremy wept copiously, so overcome that he collapsed afterwards and had to be carried away to a car. But behind all the speculation his girlfriend was nursing a grim secret.

Meanwhile colourful stories began to circulate, sparked off by comments from villagers and Bambi's Maida Vale neighbours. The latter were to recall her screaming fits in the night, berserk behaviour and being carried away in an ambulance; quite a contrast to the smiling young mother who had waved to old friends as she trotted down the farm lane with her children to help in the harvest the day before the slaughter.

Then on September 9th Jeremy Bamber was charged at Chelmsford with burgling his own family's caravan site office and stealing £980 the previous March. He was refused bail, so was this a holding tactic so that police could chat to him on other matters?

By the following day Fleet Street was reporting the farm tragedy more cautiously, words like "believed" and "alleged" now slipping into the copy. But according to *The Mirror* on September 11th, Assistant Chief Constable Peter Simpson said: "At this stage, we have no reason to change our theory that Mrs. Caffell killed her family." The same paper also reported claims the same day that Bambi owed £40,000 to two notorious drug barons who were supplying her with cocaine to peddle among the jet set.

There were rumours of a hit-man gunning down the family, a mercenary killer, plus a massacre following a bungled Raffles-style country house robbery. And the drug barons were promoted by *The Star* to an international drug-peddling syndicate forcing Bambi to hawk drugs in the West End, making her "snap in an orgy of killing."

There were stories of a field being turned into a dropping zone for Dutch drug-smugglers in light aircraft and

mystery parcels of money being received in the village. And on September 17th *The Sun* reported that Jeremy Bamber was touting topless and full-frontal nude photos of his sister for a five-figure sum – with his life story thrown in.

Then on September 30th



Bamber in recent years. He maintains that his sister murdered their parents and her children before turning the rifle on herself

Bamber's girlfriend went to the police, and he was arrested at Dover, returning from a holiday in St. Tropez.

He appeared the next day at Maldon Magistrates' Court, toying with a pack of cards as he was charged with all five murders. His lawyer assured the court that his client was innocent. As Jeremy was remanded in custody, the villagers of Tolleshunt D'Arcy rallied round to bring in the White House farm harvest, there being no one left alive or at liberty to do it. And Bamber's girlfriend was given round-the-clock police protection.

When Bamber's trial began at Chelmsford on Thursday, October 2nd, 1986, Anthony Arlidge QC, for the Crown, told the jury how the claim of Bambi's suicide did not hold water. On the face of it, it might initially have seemed possible, particularly with

her mental state. But the discovery of the silencer stained with blood from her group made it impossible.

The prosecution alleged that on the night of the murders Bamber cycled to the farm, slipped into the house through a window, grabbed his loaded gun

which he had left there and fitted a silencer.

Then he shot his victims. First the twins, then Sheila and finally his parents. But he underestimated his parents' strength. His mother managed to crawl across the floor before she died, and his father staggered downstairs in a bid to raise the alarm. Bamber followed him, beat him with the rifle butt and shot

There were rumours of a hit-man gunning down the family, a mercenary killer, plus a massacre following a bungled Raffles-style country house robbery

him again before removing the silencer and returning to Sheila's body. There he put the gun in her arms and curled her finger round the trigger.

Then he cycled home, the prosecution claimed, and at 3.26 a.m. phoned the police with his story of receiving a frantic call from his father. When he arrived back at the farm and the bodies were found, he began to weep and a





police surgeon offered him a cup of tea laced with whisky.

The court then heard that Jeremy Bamber had told his girlfriend how he could get in and out of the house easily, and a year before the

murders, he had told her what he had in mind for his family. Like wiping them out. She had later gone to the police and was to give evidence.

"From the beginning," she had said in her statement, "he [Jeremy] was trying to commit the perfect murder. His original plan was to drug them with drink, shoot them and set fire to the house, making it look as if his father had fallen asleep with a lighted cigarette. But he decided against this, because the insurance on the house was too low and a valuable antique clock would be destroyed."

Instead he decided to put the blame on Bambi. And at 10 p.m. on August 6th he telephoned his girlfriend and told her: "It's now or never!"

She told him not to be a fool. But at

He was asked, name by name, if he had killed his family. He paused, lower lip trembling. His response of "No" to each name was almost a whisper

3 a.m. he called her again before his call to the police, saying: "Everything is going well. Don't worry. Something is wrong at the farm. 'Bye, honey. I love you, lots!"

The morning after the killings, in the presence of police at his cottage, he embraced her, chuckled and said he should have been an actor. She had asked him later that day if he had truly killed his family. He said he had not, but had paid a mercenary to do it. Then, after a row with Bamber, who had been seeing other women, she had told her story to the police...

As the jury peered at photographs of the victims Mr. Arlidge agreed it was true that Bambi had been mentally disturbed and had claimed to be the Virgin Mary or Joan of Arc in hysterical late-night phone calls to her father. The jury gasped a little later too when Bamber's girlfriend told her story, hotly rejecting defence accusations that it was untrue, and adding that she had even tried to contact the spirits of the dead – that was why she had agreed to identify the bodies at Chelmsford mortuary.

"I wanted to find out the truth and ask Bambi's advice on what I should do," she explained, "because I believed Jeremy to be the devil incarnate." And



Above, the murder weapon used by the killer, with a silencer fitted. Below, Jeremy Bamber is driven away after his first trial



she had not told the police out of spite when Jeremy turned to another woman, but "because it was impossible to live with knowledge of those killings on my conscience. I could not cope with it – and it haunted me!"

Jeremy had told her to share some of his guilt. He had strangled rats to prove his ability to kill, creatures which had been slowed down because they ate marijuana he grew on the farm.

She felt bad about it all because a few months before the massacre he had spelt out why his family must die: his father was getting old; his mother was mad, a religious maniac, to be put out of her misery; Bambi was crazy too, unhappy and with nothing to live for; he thought the twins were emotionally unbalanced – and he wanted half a million pounds from his parents' will as sole survivor...

Asked why she had not gone to the police earlier, Bamber's girlfriend replied, "Initially I did not want to believe what I thought. I was scared to believe it. Jeremy said that if anything

happened to him, it would happen to me. He said that I could be implicated in the crime because I knew all about it."

Witnesses came and went, including Jeremy's uncle, who had been told by Jeremy once when talking of arming themselves as a precaution on the caravan site: "I can kill anybody, even my parents." And Home Office expert Glynis Howard lay on the floor in front of the judge with the silenced rifle between her knees to demonstrate how Bambi's shooting "suicide" was impossible.

But a consultant psychiatrist, Dr. John Bradley, told the court it was possible for Bambi to have slaughtered her family and killed herself to escape feelings of persecution by the devil. People suffering from paranoid schizophrenia often sought to end this by killing others they loved, then themselves.

Then Geoffrey Rivlin QC opened Bamber's defence. He referred to Bambi's psychotic delusions and mental derangement, including her morbid thoughts that the twins were reacting to evil forces within her and that the devil was taking her over.

"She became involved in complex ideas about the children, in particular having sex with them, doing violence to them, of suffering it at their hand. And she saw Nicholas becoming a woman-hater and a murderer."

She also had grandiose ideas about her connection with God and having Jesus at her side. Mr. Rivlin went on: "The defence is simply that Jeremy Bamber did not commit these killings. And the prosecution have to prove beyond reasonable doubt that he did."

In his own evidence Bamber said that, although they sometimes argued, he got on reasonably well with his sister. She had, he said, wanted to lead the CND and had claimed at various times that she was God, the Virgin Mary and Joan of Arc.

He was asked, name by name, if he had killed his family. He paused, knuckles whitening, lower lip trembling. His response of "No" to each name was almost a whisper. He had driven slowly to the farm, he said, because he did not wish to arrive first and possibly be shot down by police as an intruder.

He claimed that Sheila "wanted to be with God. She wanted to go to heaven. She wanted to take people with her and she wanted to save the world." And more was heard about his sister's problems from defence witness Dr. Hugh Ferguson, a consultant psychiatrist. He said that she had been almost incoherent when admitted to hospital in March 1985, after previous treatment in 1983. Her concept of evil emanated from her adoptive mother, who had caught her at 17 in a sexually provocative incident and called her "a child of the devil."

She had wanted to be exorcised in 1983. And if this were not possible, she

said she wished to die. He had warned her off drugs which would increase the risk of relapse. But in his final speech for the Crown, Mr. Arlidge said it was essential to Bamber “that whoever went into the house had in their minds that Sheila was mad. But his fatal mistake was his phone call to the police.”

For the defence, Mr. Rivlin asked the jury to consider how his innocent client had felt under false accusation. As for Bamber’s girlfriend, she had dripped poison steadily from her lips the moment she began giving evidence against him. In summing-up Mr. Justice Drake gave the jury three questions to ponder: did they believe Bamber’s girlfriend? Did they believe Bambi could have murdered her family and then killed herself? And did Bamber get a phone call from his father?

“If you are sure that his girlfriend is telling the truth, it follows that the defendant is telling lies. It follows that if you are sure that Sheila did not carry out the killings, it also follows that you must be sure that the defendant did so.”

It took that jury over nine hours to work it out. Finally, by a 10-2 majority they found Jeremy Bamber guilty of all five murders.

Sentencing him to life five times over and recommending that he serve at least 25 years, Mr. Justice Drake told him: “Your conduct was evil beyond belief ...I find it difficult to foresee whether it will ever be safe to release you into the community.”

Bamber remained composed throughout the sentencing, but after leaving the dock he broke down and wept.

Bamber has not been a popular prisoner. Child-killers seldom are. In 1996, by now at Long Lartin Prison in Worcestershire, he was involved in a number of incidents. Another inmate lunged at him and Bamber attacked him with a broken bottle, putting him in hospital.

Although his application for leave to appeal had been refused in 1989 and again in 1994, he didn’t give up, and in 1998 his lawyer persuaded the Criminal Cases Review Commission to investigate Bamber’s claim that the evidence on which he was convicted was flawed and untrustworthy.

The investigation was certainly flawed, prompting the Home Secretary to order an inquiry into how it was conducted. But what about the evidence? What persuaded the Commission to decide that the case should be reopened?

Remember that much was made at the trial of the evidence that a spot of blood found on the murder weapon’s silencer was of the same group as Sheila Caffell’s. So – the Crown argued – she could not have killed herself because the gun with the silencer attached would have been too long for her to have reached the trigger in pointing the rifle at her head.

But was the blood hers? DNA tests not available at the time of the trial, and

based on a blood sample from Sheila’s natural mother, were now reported to have found that the blood on the silencer wasn’t Sheila’s. And this meant that she could have shot her family, removed the silencer, and then shot herself.

With the help of a friend outside prison, Bamber set up his own website which focused on three issues: the prosecution’s allegations that he cycled across country to and from the crime scene to commit the murders; that he entered White House Manor through a toilet window; and that he fought with his father in the kitchen.

He claimed that such a cycle ride in darkness would have been impossible, and the police failed to test this themselves under the same conditions. He said that false evidence was given to indicate that he entered the house through the toilet window. And he alleged that the disarray in the kitchen – said at his trial to indicate a fierce

“Your conduct was evil beyond belief...I find it difficult to foresee whether it will ever be safe to release you into the community”

struggle – was in fact caused by the police raid at the house. He also said that no defence wounds consistent with a fight were found on his father’s arms or hands.

Bamber further alleged that since his trial there had been a police cover-up involving the destruction of evidence which could have been helpful to his defence in mounting an appeal.

Describing the night of the murders, he said that when police told him his family had all been found dead he did not believe it; and that at nights he would still awake from pleasant dreams about them, realise they were no longer alive, and cry himself back to sleep.

The Court of Appeal had to decide whether there were grounds for quashing his conviction as unsafe. The strongest card in his pack appeared to be the DNA evidence that the blood found on the murder weapon’s silencer was not his sister’s. But that didn’t prove that she shot the family and then herself.



Actor Freddie Fox as Jeremy Bamber in the ITV drama *White House Farm*

It showed that this was theoretically possible, but it raised other questions – such as, how probable was such a scenario? Would a deranged person running amok with a gun bother to fit a silencer, or even know how to fit it?

Nevertheless, the DNA evidence weakened the prosecution’s case. It meant that Bamber was convicted on evidence that in this respect was misleading. It was for the appeal judges to decide how great a role the blood spot played in securing his conviction.

In the event, the Court of Appeal rejected Jeremy Bamber’s second claim. And in July 2009 he lost his challenge to reduce his whole-life tariff to a 25-year minimum.

Following further unsuccessful appeals, in December 2012 Bamber and two other killers launched an appeal in the European Court of Human Rights against “whole-life” prison terms that give prisoners no chance of release. In July 2013, the court ruled in the killers’ favour, saying the sentence breached their human rights, and added that there had to be a review of the sentence and the possibility of release. However, Britain’s then-Prime Minister David Cameron said he “profoundly” disagreed with the court’s ruling and the court itself said it did not mean there was any imminent possibility of release.

Fast forward to October 2018 and Bamber’s legal team claimed that a police record of a telephone call proved that he was not at the crime scene at all.

Bamber had argued that two calls were made to police on the night of the murders, one from himself and another from his father, but the prosecution at his trial had alleged there was only one which was made by Bamber at 3.26 a.m. from the scene.

The new note was said to refer to a call, timed at “approximately 3.37 a.m.”, from Bamber. The note was said to come from an interview with a PC Myall, of Essex Police, during the Dickinson Inquiry into the force’s handling of the case.

Bamber’s lawyers argued that it showed he couldn’t have made the 3.26 a.m. call from the farm and returned to his home three miles away in Goldhanger to make the second call.

In December 2018, news emerged of Bamber’s High Court challenge to the Crown Prosecution Service.

According to *The Guardian*, the statement of facts and grounds lodged at the High Court maintained that the CPS had refused to follow directions made by the Court of Appeal in 2002 to disclose sought-after material. It also accused the CPS of rejecting a report by a ballistics expert appointed by Bamber, without instructing its own expert to challenge the claims.

So Bamber’s fight for freedom looks set to continue. Were he ever to walk out of prison a free man the nation would surely be every bit as shocked as it was by the massacre that put him behind bars.

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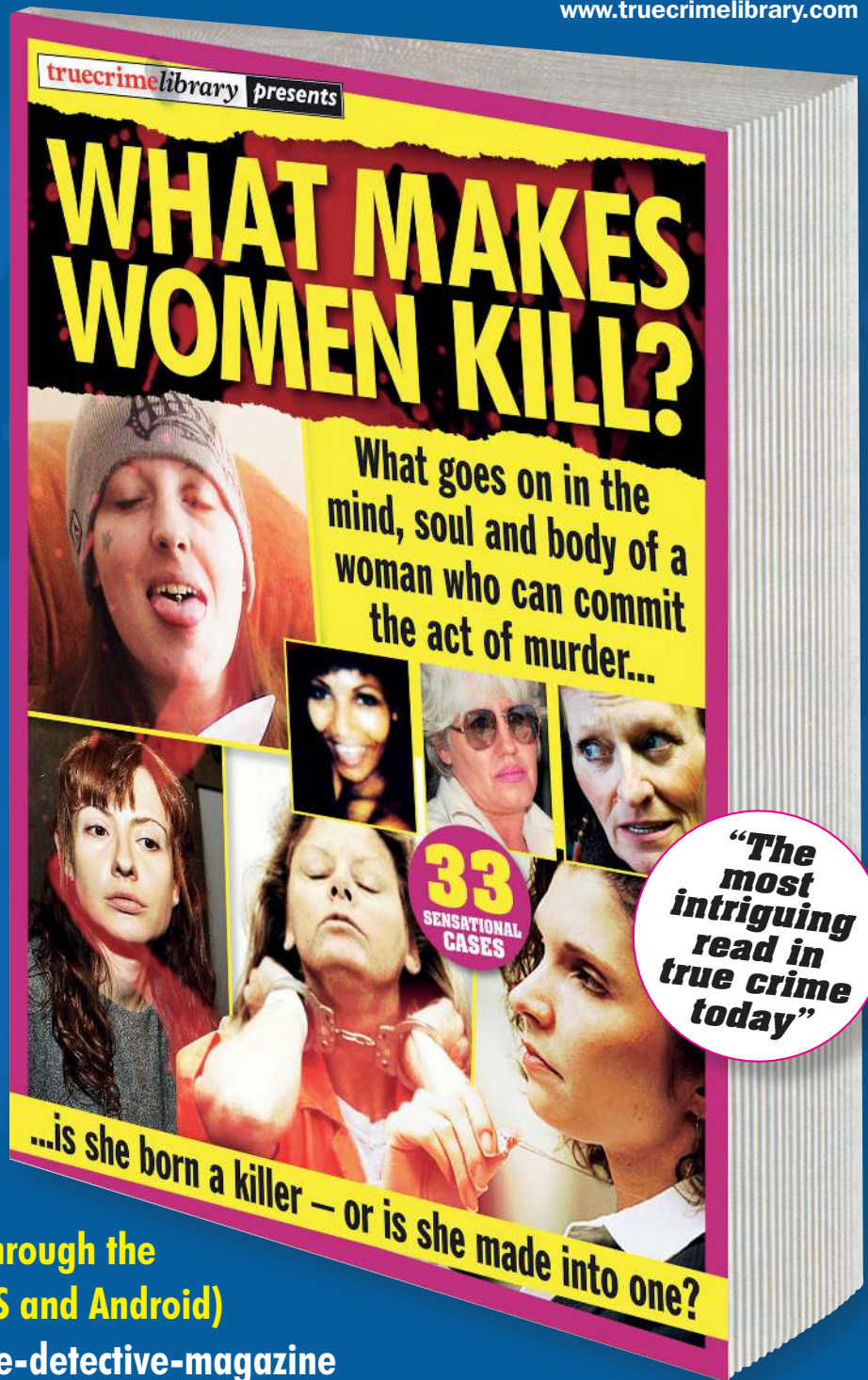
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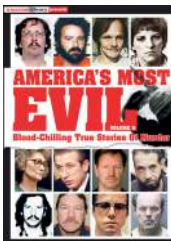
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Garda Killing Was No Murder

Since its foundation the Republic of Ireland has only lost 37 Gardai (Police). Most of these, if not all, died upholding the peace. One death is one too many. Having read your report (*"Irish Garda Murdered By His Brother Officer,"* January 2020), I find it appalling the way two Gardai, namely 22-year-old Daniel Duff and 36-year-old James Byrne, were paired together to patrol an area in my own county called Pallasgreen. They were ordered to do six months' patrol all at night. Both officers were armed. Deprivation of sleep took its toll and Duff and Byrne began to argue over silly things. This came to a crescendo five months into their appointment. After yet another argument Byrne, according to Duff, went for his gun. Duff reacted first and pumped two bullets into Byrne, killing him. He pleaded self-defence at his trial but was found guilty of murder and sentenced to hang. This was later commuted to life in jail.

It seems then that people came to their senses after the uproar from the public. There was great sympathy for Duff, and after serving only five years he was released. To me, both men's appointment was a form of torture, especially when armed. I feel great pity for Garda Byrne but I also believe Garda Duff should never have been convicted of murder.

Michael Minihan, Limerick

Was Mr. Hall The Double-Killer?

The double-murder mystery of the Reverend Hall and attractive Eleanor Mills, the choir singer, continues to intrigue (*"The Reverend And The Choir Singer"* – January). The Reverend's wife, Mrs. Hall, and her two brothers, Henry and William, were in the dock – but acquitted. The dramatic testimony of the dying but unreliable "Pig Lady" Jane Gibson – she claimed to have identified Henry at the scene – grabbed the headlines, diverted attention, but was not deemed strong enough to convict.

The article passed lightly over mild-mannered Jim Mills, church sexton and Eleanor's husband – yet he remains a strong suspect. Author Fran Capo wrote that Jim and Eleanor's



Life in jail: Garda Daniel Duff



Eleanor Mills – her marriage was in ruins

marriage was in ruins – Eleanor slept in the room upstairs with their two girls. Her love letters to the Reverend were discovered by her daughter and later sold by Jim to a newspaper for \$500. Jim discovered an article Eleanor trimmed from the *New York World* – An Episcopal Minister's View on Divorce – giving the church's blessing.

After they bickered over supper, Eleanor left. "Where are you going?" Jim asked. "Follow me and find out!" Eleanor taunted. Was that what he did? Was he unhappy with what he found? Did the worm turn? The next day, before the bodies were found, Jim bumped into Mrs. Hall at the church. She said the Reverend had not returned home last night. "Do you think they eloped?" Jim asked. The astute Mrs. Hall looked him in the eye. After a pause, she declared, "I think they are dead and can't come home."

Andrew Stephenson, Newhaven

Parent-Killer Had It Tough

Re: *"No Parole For Parent-Killer Nikki"* (December 2019): I think Nicole Nachtman had the rough end of the deal. I know personally what it's like to have a domineering parent and hostile relations. I know how it feels to have everyone against you and I sympathise, to a certain extent, with that young lady.

The more I read TD the more hostile I feel towards the workings of the law. Although all the lawyers I met in East Lothian were very polite and kind, that certainly wasn't the case here.

As regards *"The Photograph That Sent A Killer To The Gallows"* (December 2019), I think they shouldn't have hanged George Semini as his crime wasn't premeditated.

D.R. Alemadre, Dunfermline

Fiend Deserves The Very Worst

Re: *"Family Killer's Chilling 'To-Do' List"* (January 2020). I feel almost incoherent with horror/rage/pity after reading of Anthony Harvey's cold-blooded, premeditated slaughter of five people he should have protected the most – including three infant children – and then reading of his coolly withdrawing \$38,000 from wife Mara's bank account – all of this to escape the "tedium of his day-to-day existence."

Harvey cannot be reformed and "function in society." He fully deserved life without parole. Furthermore, he should be segregated and kept in

solitary confinement in perpetuity – not just for protection but to be denied the privilege of any social intercourse. He should not be allowed any stimulus at all in his cell – books, papers, radio, TV, computer. Prison officers should not speak to him beyond administering bare essentials of care – food, or escort to the showers. If Harvey is "blanked" this will dehumanise him. This fiend has forfeited the right to be classed as a human being. Let him contemplate the four bare walls of his cell for the rest of his life.

Recently, two people lost their lives to fanatic Usman Khan because by looking for the good in a person, they thought he had reformed. Leopards don't change their spots. They only disguise them.

B. Waters, Inverness

Portrait Of A Serial Killer

Just had to drop you a line about Francesca Morrison's fantastic report on Samuel Little (*"FBI: 'This is America's Most Prolific Serial Killer,'"* January).

She really got inside his head, and those of the brave investigators trying to piece together his murderous history.

What really struck me about Little was his artistic talent, as displayed in the rows of colour portraits of his victims. How tragic that he fell into a life of horrendous crime instead of capitalising on his undoubted ability.

Judging by your report we still have much to learn about Little's string of callous killings, and I hope Francesca Morrison will be writing a follow-up report to keep us informed.

Mrs. J. Vickery, Hornchurch

Police Got It So Wrong

It seems extraordinary to me that Jonathan Jones was ever charged by police with the murder of Vale of Glamorgan couple Harry and Megan Tooze, his then-girlfriend's parents (*"The Killer Who Came To Tea,"* January). What were the police thinking, their only "evidence" being a thumbprint on a saucer, which could easily have been left on an earlier occasion or after the murders, following his arrival from his flat in Orpington? I was very glad to read later in the story that Mr. Jones's conviction was eventually quashed. I only hope that one day the real killer or killers are finally brought to justice.

Peter Easton, Gosport



Forfeited the right to be treated as human? Anthony Harvey



Cruel and talented: Samuel Little



Domineered: Nicole Nachtman

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PATHOLOGIST Dr. Elizabeth Peacock studied the body stretched out on a blue plastic trolley in the morgue. The body wore only a bloodstained T-shirt, and there was more blood on its face.

The notes on the case said she was a hooker. Mary Ann Pratt, 33, had worked nights in the notorious Star Motel area in Oak Cliff, Dallas, where as many as 40 prostitutes charged up to \$50 for a “flatbed” – jargon for straight sex. She had been found dead by a bunch of kids, lying face down in the street in a nearby residential neighbourhood, on December 13th, 1990.

Among Dr. Peacock’s audience at this post-mortem was Dallas homicide detective John Westphalen, who, accustomed to this sort of scene, noted that the body had been knocked about by the killer. For the rest of it, though, it was all routine for Westphalen. Prostitutes got murdered fairly regularly, and this body had a gaping bullet wound in the back of its head. A .44-calibre bullet, the detective noted.

There were other routine checks for the pathologist to make. Were there other contributory facts to the cause of death? The pathologist went over the nude body painstakingly. She placed her hands on the dead woman’s face and prepared to look at the condition of her eyes.

She touched a stiffening lid and pushed it open. Startled, she saw only muscle and gore. There was no eye. Moving to the other eye, Dr. Peacock opened the lid and saw the same thing.

“My God!” she exclaimed. “They’re gone!”

There were no eyeballs, no tissue –

lot of practice on someone, or something, else.

FBI computer records were hastily searched to see if there was any data on a killer who cut out his victim’s eyes. There was none. Next to be called in were the criminal behaviour specialists. What did they have to say about it?

Their report was chilling. “Given the apparent ritual involved in the incident, the killer may have murdered purely for pleasure, taking the eyes as souvenirs to help him relive the erotic sensations of his violence,” it said.

“In the way of all such killers, eventually the vividness of his memory will diminish, along with the sense of power he has gained, and he most



Discovered by kids with a bullet wound to the head, Mary Ann Pratt’s body lay face down in the street

new patrol officers, John Matthews and Regina Smith, had been assigned to the notorious Oak Cliff area. Each morning they cruised down the main boulevard, herding the prostitutes back towards the Star Motel, a 40-room motel known as the “prostitute condominium.”

A few hours after the discovery of Mary Pratt’s body the two officers recognised Veronica Rodriguez, a brazen, charcoal-eyed hooker plying her trade. She would flag down potential customers even when she knew the cops were watching. They noted that she had fresh knife wounds on her neck.

“What happened to you?” Smith asked her.

“I almost got killed!” Veronica

“My God!” exclaimed the pathologist when she opened the dead woman’s eyelids. “They’re gone!” There was no tissue, nothing. The assassin must have gained his experience somewhere – this was not an operation taught in medical school



Case recalled by John Sanders

nothing. Mary Pratt’s eyes had been removed with surgical care, and not merely gouged out in anger by the killer’s thumbs. He had left hardly a mark on the lids. And since they were nowhere at the crime scene, he had apparently taken them away with him.

Investigators who received Dr. Peacock’s report next morning scratched their heads in bewilderment. They had hardly any clues on this case, and now they were being told that the killer was some kind of perverted freak – one whose perversion certainly none of them had come across before.

Dr. Peacock was dumbfounded. This was not an operation taught in medical school. Whoever did this must have had a

probably will seek to renew it. Hence, he could be prowling the streets, looking for an opportunity to kill again.”

As Detective Westphalen, a short, ruddy-faced cop who always had a wad of Red Man chewing tobacco parked permanently in his cheek, walked grim-faced out of the morgue, he knew he was in for a long haul.

“We’re going to need some good luck on this one,” he remarked in his thick East Texas accent.

He shook his head at the monumental task before him. Mary Ann Pratt’s killing was a “dumped body” case – one of the hardest types of murders to solve. She had clearly been killed in one place before being dumped where she was found. There were no witnesses to either the killing or the dumping, no murder weapon, little forensic evidence, no fingerprints, and apparently no motive.

Nearly three months previously two

spluttered. “A client raped me. I escaped, and ran to the house of a friend who happened to know the man who was trying to kill me.”

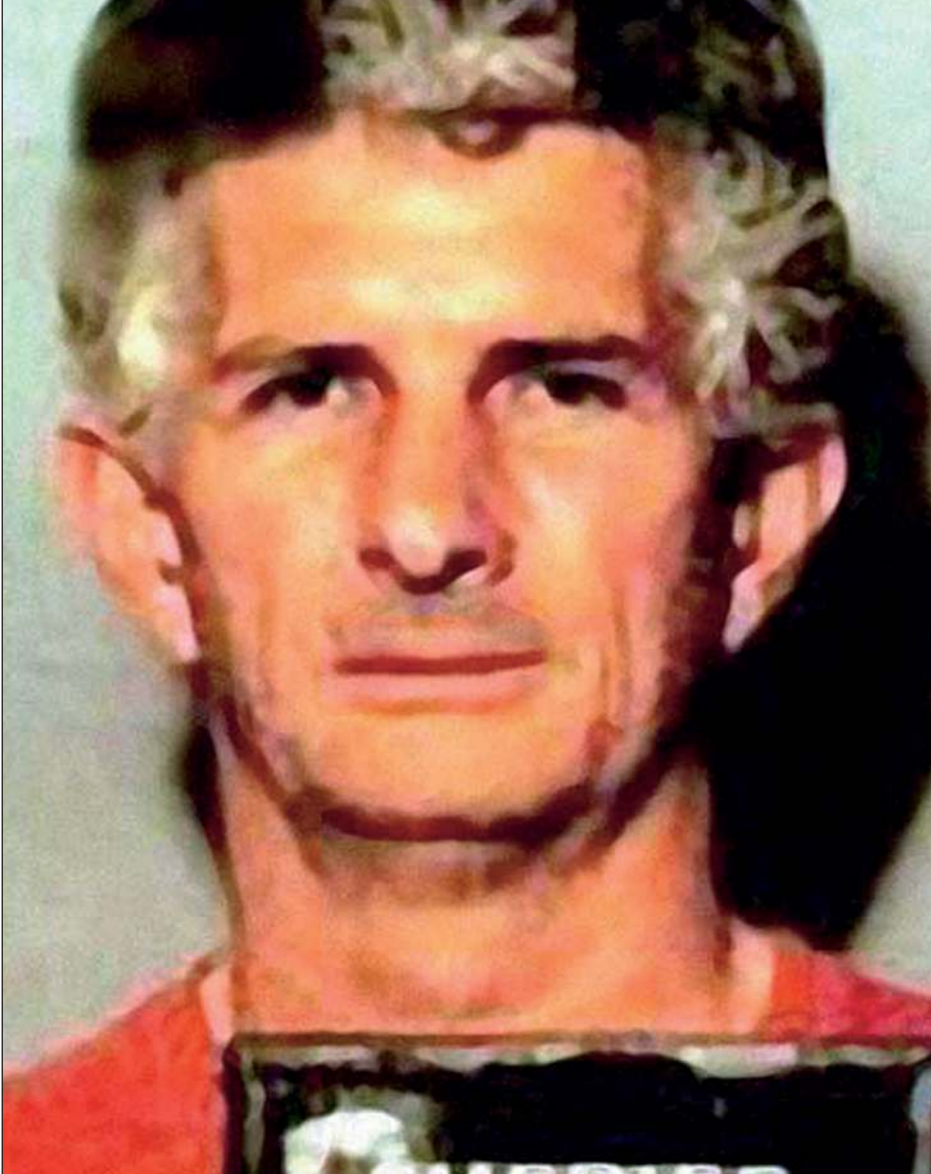
The two officers exchanged glances. Veronica was a notorious liar.

They saw her again two days later, sitting with a balding, middle-aged white man in the cab of a truck. The man told the officers who questioned him that his name was Axton Schindler, of 1035 Eldorado. Oak Cliff. Veronica shouted: “Don’t arrest him! He’s the man who saved me from the killer!”

Schindler was taken in for questioning. At the police station he said he hadn’t the faintest idea what Veronica Rodriguez was talking about. He was just giving her a lift to the Star Motel. He hadn’t protected her from any killer. He hadn’t even had sex with her.

The officers sighed. That was Veronica lying again.

THE EYEB



Friends of Charles Albright (above) were to ask, "how could someone so charming, so polite and so talented become a bloodthirsty sex monster"



Detectives discovered an unopened red condom beside the body of third victim Shirley Williams (above). She had been badly beaten, shot and dumped in a residential street

both white women, leading the black prostitutes to the false assumption that the killer was only after white girls. They saw the killings as a chance for them to get more business.

As the media men poured into Oak Cliff, Veronica Rodriguez had a story for everyone – a different story each time, of course. She was constant about one thing, though – she had been attacked. That caused Patrol Officer John Matthews to wonder if the lorry driver Axton Schindler might have had something to do with the killings.

On March 19th, a month after the discovery of Susan's body, Shirley Williams, a black prostitute, walked out

BALL KILLER

Two months after the discovery of Mary Pratt's body another dead prostitute, Susan Peterson, 27, was found at almost the same spot. The date was February 10th, 1991. She was nude and had been shot in the head, chest, and stomach. Her eyelids were closed.

At the morgue the same scenario unfolded. The pathologist opened one eyelid, then the other. The dead woman's eyes had been expertly cut out. As in the case of Pratt, there had been no bleeding, and only two small cuts.

As soon as the news broke, a media frenzy began. Patrol officers John Matthews and Regina Smith were particularly shaken – they knew Susan Peterson. She was a tough nut, able to cope with a dozen clients a night and to pick the wallets of most of them. She was the kind who would be permanently on the alert, so her killer probably knew her.

Mary Pratt and Susan Peterson were



Susan Peterson had also been shot in the head and dumped close to where the killer had dumped Mary Ann Pratt

of the Avalon Motel, where by day she worked as a maid before becoming a street worker at night.

Her body was found early the next morning, dumped on a residential street in Oak Cliff. There was an unopened red condom beside the corpse. She had facial injuries and a broken nose, probably from being punched, and she had been shot through the top of the head and in the face.

Her eyelids were closed, and at the morgue the pathologist confirmed that her eyes had been cut out. This time the killer must have been in a hurry, for he left the broken tip of his razor-blade knife embedded in her skin near her right eye.

Now terrified prostitutes, clutching suitcases with their few belongings, decamped from the Star Motel, and Oak Cliff became a ghost area.

One of them, Brenda White, a 17-year-old black girl, told the patrol

officers: "I've had enough of the game. I had to use my pepper spray on a guy who jumped on me the other night."

Asked for details, she recalled that a few days previously a station wagon had pulled up alongside her. A customer. He was a husky-looking white man with pepper and salt hair, cowboy boots and blue jeans.

She got into the car and she said, "Let's go to a motel. I'll direct you."

But the customer said, "No. I've got a place we can use."

White was instantly on her guard. She never allowed a customer to take her anywhere other than a motel used by other hookers. She told him to drop her off immediately.

"Suddenly a change came over his

face," she recalled. "It was like anger and rage mixed together." He let off a string of expletives about whores and tried to grab her. In a flash she unleashed her pepper spray into his face, giving her just enough time to vamoose.

Could this husky white man, evidently middle-aged, be Axton Schindler, Matthews and Smith wondered?

Next day they ran a computer check on Schindler, helped by an off-duty deputy constable named Walter Cook. They had Schindler's address – 1035 Eldorado, Oak Cliff. But when they keyed in this information, the owner of the property came up as someone called Fred Albright.

Axton Schindler apparently didn't exist in Oak Cliff.

They keyed in Fred Albright next,

and discovered that he also owned a property in Cotton Valley. That was the place where the bodies of the first two prostitutes were found. Were they getting somewhere now? They were not. After logging in more data the computer revealed that Fred Albright, whoever he was, was dead.

Baffled, Walter Cook and the two patrol officers stared helplessly at the screen. Then Cook said softly, "I wonder if this has anything to do with a man named Charles Albright."

When the two patrol officers looked uncomprehendingly at him, he said, "Let me explain. Several weeks ago I had a phone call from a woman who didn't want to identify herself. She said she had been a friend of Mary Pratt, and through Pratt she had met a man she briefly dated.

"He was a 'very nice man,' she told me, but he was fascinated by people's eyes. 'I also saw that he had a collection of razor blade knives.' I asked her for his name and she said, 'Charles Albright.'"

Fascinated, the officers logged in "Charles Albright." He turned out to have been born in 1933, which made him pretty middle-aged, and his address was 1035 Eldorado.

It was a matter of pure chance that Matthews and Smith had enlisted Walter Cook's help that day, and that Cook had

"I've known Charlie for 30 years. In all that time I think I would have seen his dark side slip out at least once"

heard of a man named Charles Albright. Now they were convinced that somehow Schindler and Charles Albright were connected.

The next step was to the criminal records office. Charles Albright had form in plenty – thefts, burglaries, forgeries, and a charge of sexual intercourse with a child. His mug-shot showed a handsome, well-built man with angular features and deep-set eyes, just like Brenda White had described.

And the next step after that was to visit John Westphalen in the Homicide Squad.

Westphalen listened to their story and he was impressed. The first thing to be done was to see if Brenda White identified a mug-shot of Charles Albright. She did. So too did Veronica Rodriguez – so much so that at sight of the picture she started trembling.

It was 2.30 a.m. and raining on March 22nd, 1991, when a team of police officers burst into 1035 Eldorado, waking Charles Albright with a start. If he was the serial killer they had come to arrest, they were about to find out he was unique in his field.

At 57, Albright defied the stereotype of the angry young lust-killer. He was a kind of Renaissance man. Fluent in French and Spanish, a first-class painter,

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a classical pianist and a student of Keats's poetry, he was a top softball player and regarded by everyone who knew him as a perfect gentleman.

His friends were to ask: how could someone so charming, so exceedingly polite and so talented suddenly decide in middle age to become a bloodthirsty sex monster? Their attitude was summed up by one of them: "I've known Charlie for 30 years. In all that time I think I would have seen his dark side slip out at least once.

"If he really was a psychotic killer, he couldn't have kept it secret all that time, could he?"

In fact, Albright had managed to keep quite a few secrets about his past. He was adopted when he was three weeks old by Fred and Delle Albright, who doted on him. As a teenager he learned taxidermy through a mail-order class. He found fake eyes too expensive, and instead used dark buttons, sewn tightly into the bird or beast.

At Arkansas State Teachers' College in Arkansas he was easily the school's most popular student, adding all sorts of new talents to his eclectic career. He was in the college football team, in the choir, president of the French club, manager of the yearbook – there seemed no end to his attributes.

He was also described as a prankster. There was a thin dividing line, however, between his japes and criminal conduct. When he was too bored to study, for instance, he sneaked into the school office, forged some report cards, and showed them off to his parents.

What followed was rather closer to criminality than to having fun for laughs. He broke into a church, and then broke into a store and stole a watch. After that he was jailed for a year for being a member of a student burglary ring that broke into three stores and stole several hundred dollars' worth of goods.

Back at college after serving his sentence the prankster came to the fore again. This time a friend studying a picture of a girlfriend suddenly realised that the photo had been doctored – the eyeballs had been changed with those of another girl from another picture. The mischief-maker was of course Charlie Albright, but no one then realised that this might be the genesis of a sinister horror story.

Albright was 36 when he began teaching high school science in Crandall, a small town near Dallas. The principal was impressed with his degrees and diplomas. He was also blissfully unaware that the new teacher had failed every exam he had taken, and that all the certificates were forged.

The students, though, loved Albright. He spoke to them in Latin, coached the football team, and impressed with his charm and virile good looks. They were truly sorry when he was kicked out for stealing school property.

All this was hushed up, and when he married a shy widow named Dixie she knew nothing about his past. She didn't



Described as the most popular student at Arkansas State Teachers' College (above), there seemed no end to Charles Albright's attributes

know either that he was a veteran of red-light districts all over Dallas.

To some prostitutes he was a regular trick. To others, like Susan Peterson, his second victim, he was even a sugar daddy, once even helping to bail her out of jail. There is also some evidence that he was a friend of his first victim, Mary Pratt, long before she became a prostitute, and when she turned to the streets he became one of her best customers.

When he wasn't with prostitutes he went from job to job, working as a designer for a company that built aeroplanes, as an illustrator for a patent company, as a carpenter, as a manufacturer of baseball bats, and even as a bullfighter in a Mexican border town.

When he saw a friend working in a beauty salon he promptly went off to a beauty school, got a beautician's licence, and then became a hair stylist, calling himself Mr. Charles.

He was an accomplished painter and

At the police headquarters Albright refused to confess to anything. He denied all the accusations

won prizes for his work. But when he did portraits he always left the eyes until last. Then he would spend as much time on them as he had spent on the rest of the picture.

He also had a night job delivering newspapers, a job ideally suited to his predatory excursions into the red-light districts. He had squandered most of his inheritance on prostitutes and with Dixie paying all the bills he said he needed some pocket money. He would go out about 3 a.m., deliver papers on an Oak Cliff route, and be back in bed by 6.15.

Albright's helter-skelter careers were interspersed with increasing crime. He forged cheques and shoplifted. While he was acting as a deputy minister in church and singing solo tenor in the church

choir, he befriended a choirgirl. He was 51 when the friendship brought him to court, charged with having "deviate sexual intercourse" with a girl under 14.

Albright inherited some low-rent property when his father Fred died, and one of his tenants was the truck driver Axton Schindler. The best property, Albright decided, was his father's old home, 1035 Eldorado. Schindler had lived in it for a short time, but now Albright moved him to another property and took over the house for himself and Dixie. He didn't bother, though, to change the name on the property rolls.

When the police called to arrest him in the middle of the night Dixie, tumbling out of bed in her nightgown, gaped incredulously at the flashing guns and handcuffs in the bedroom. Having no idea of her husband's past or present, she began to scream.

At police headquarters Albright refused to confess to anything. He denied all the accusations with the regularity of a Swiss watch.

The police virtually took 1035 Eldorado apart. They found carpenters' razor-blade knives, a copy of *Gray's Anatomy*, crime books, pistols and rifles, and red condoms like the one found next to Shirley Williams's body. But although they even used a high-tech machine that could see through walls, they didn't find what they were looking for – the missing eyeballs.

Albright finally faced prosecution only for the murder of Shirley Williams, which carried a life sentence. The Williams case was the strongest one, and if the prosecution lost that they would lose the others too. But the court ruled that the prosecution could refer to the other cases, based on the linkage.

Even so, by the time they came to court the prosecution had a case that seemed far from perfect. But they had some hairs – and hairs were to be Albright's undoing.

The forensic lab had been busy on hairs found on the bodies of the dead prostitutes, and they discovered that they were similar to hair samples taken from

Albright's head and pubic area. Hairs found in his vacuum cleaner matched the hair from the third prostitute killed, Shirley Williams.

Another prostitute, Tina Connolly, who said Albright was one of her regulars, claimed she never saw him cruise after dark, except for the night Shirley Williams disappeared. She took detectives to a secluded field where Albright used to take her for sex. There they found a yellow raincoat, just like the one Shirley was last seen wearing, and a blanket. Hairs on the coat and blanket matched Albright's hair.

It was, riposted Albright's defence lawyer, a case founded on circumstantial evidence of the most dubious quality. He blamed Axton Schindler for the killings. Unfortunately, Schindler left town the week of the trial, but in any event there was no evidence to connect him with the case.

None of the hairs found on the dead prostitutes could be linked to Schindler. Photos of the two men were shown to dozens of prostitutes. None recognised Schindler, but many recognised Albright. And Schindler was a lorry driver with banana fingers, eminently unsuitable for delicate eye surgery.

Among the prostitutes willing to give evidence was Mary Beth, who was in prison. She told police that she knew Albright and didn't much care for him.

On December 13th, the same night that Mary Pratt was killed, Mary Beth was



When questioned during an interview Charles Albright (above) said he had no complaints about prison life and was reading two books a week

standing outside a motel. Suddenly a man grabbed her and put a knife to her throat. He forced her into a car, slapping her face. She tried to struggle but couldn't fight him.

She remembered he drove her out to a field and threw her on to a blanket there. He kept hitting and punching her.

Next, she said, he opened a case and she saw he had a collection of metal cylinders with sharp pointed blades attached to them. He reached for one and used it to cut open her blouse. He then discarded the blade and got another one

to make another cut. At that point she passed out from fear, and when she came to he was gone.

Another prostitute, who had been with Albright and Susan Peterson, the second victim, testified about how he picked them up together one night and beat them severely. He handcuffed the witness and beat her with an electric cord for half an hour.

Special Agent Judd Ray told how the police had analysed the links in the three murders. He said: "What was interesting to us was the method in which the victims' body parts were taken. In my professional opinion, it's doubtful that you would have more than one person that deranged living in this city."

Prosecutor Toby Shook warned the jury: "Don't underestimate Albright. During this trial he has grown much smarter. If he ever gets out of jail he won't make the same mistakes again."

Albright never testified. Throughout the trial he sat quietly in his chair, shoulders hunched, like a weak, humbled figure.

Behind the mask he was supremely confident. Both he and his lawyer were convinced they would get a not guilty verdict. That view must have been infectious, for when, on December 18th, 1991, the jury returned with a guilty verdict and a life sentence, Dixie collapsed from shock and disbelief. Albright's lawyer said: "It's always a miscarriage of justice when an innocent man is convicted."

Albright was later interviewed in prison. He said he wasn't complaining about the life there. He was reading two books a week on the American Civil War, and making notes for a book he planned to write on the wives of Civil War generals.

He was busy working as a carpenter in the prison woodwork shop, coaching the prison softball team, and writing letters. Almost as an aside, he said: "I've never touched an eyeball in my life. I think the boys in the forensics lab cut out those eyes. I think they were told by the police, 'We want some sort of mutilation.'"

From his cell he sent a letter to *Omnii* magazine asking for a back copy of its first issue because there was a painting on the cover he liked. First published in October, 1978, the magazine had a cover that was deeply revealing. It shows a solitary human eye, a window into the soul, staring out from a dark page, as if floating in space. The eyelid is closed to the top of the eyeball; the eyelashes are curved like half-moons.

Legend tells us that Oedipus tore out his own eyes after the sin of sleeping with his mother. It has been suggested that Albright was a kind of perverted Oedipus who tore out the eyes of women for committing the sin of sleeping with men.

That won't do, though. Sleeping with men is what many women choose to do, and most women and most men don't regard it as a sin. The secret is locked somewhere in Albright's mind. So far he isn't saying, but he does have the rest of his life in jail to think about it.

B

THE WORLD'S WORST KILLERS

Lizzie Andrew Borden

• United States

LIZZIE BORDEN was actually acquitted at her trial for the hatchet murders of her father Andrew and his second wife, Abby Durfree Gray, on August 4th, 1892, in Fall River, Massachusetts, yet the story remains alive in popular imagination that Lizzie murdered her parents.

Following money and property arguments between the wealthy father and his two daughters by his first marriage, Emma and Lizzie, tensions were high in the Borden household during 1892. While Emma was away in early August, her father and step-mother were struck with a vomiting bug which Mrs. Borden confided to friends she believed was the result of poison.

Lizzie's maternal uncle came to stay at the house, and went into town with Andrew Borden on August 4th. Andrew returned alone and lay down in the sitting-room to rest.

Lizzie woke the maid from her

nap with the news that her father had been killed, his head crushed and face hacked with an axe or hatchet where he lay in repose. After the arrival of the doctor, Abby's body was found in a bedroom. She had been murdered by the same means. Under his existing will Andrew's \$500,000 estate went to his daughters, not his wife's heirs. Lizzie was arrested on August 11th, 1892, and brought to trial in a blaze of publicity.

Thanks largely to the incompetence of the police she was acquitted, but no other suspect was ever arrested or tried. The case is still a matter of discussion and argument.



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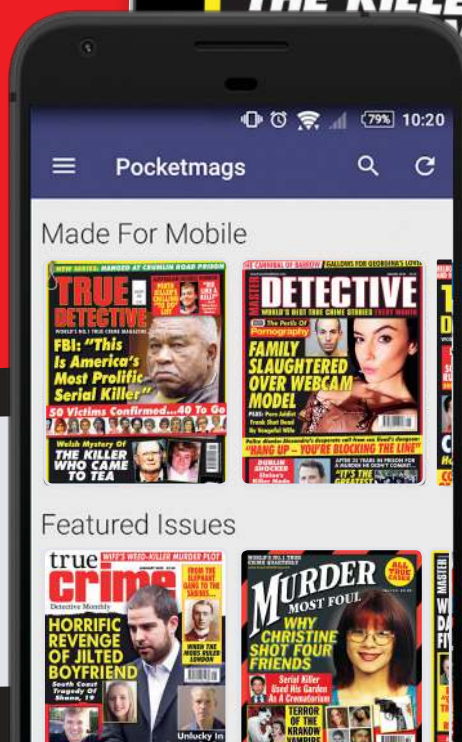
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HANGED IN AUSTRALIA

"A DREADFUL STORY" "I Shot Little Ivy" Must Have

WHEN 12-YEAR-old Ivy Lewis woke up in her bed in Darkan, Western Australia, that hot February morning in 1928 she had a quick start of excitement. Today was the day she was going to take her neighbour, six-year-old Violet, to school for the first time.

Ivy could still remember her own first day at school seven years ago: the half-mile trudge down the dusty track to the old, tin-roofed building and the mixed feeling of excitement and awe as the other chattering children overwhelmed her. Now it was Violet's big day, and Ivy was charged with seeing her through it.

Ivy hurried through breakfast, or rather she laughed her way through it, because she was a girl known always for doing her best to cheer up other



people. She was the youngest of a large family and looked older than her age; as a result she had always felt at ease in the company of older people.

Her other siblings were already married, and the family's essentially rural life had had its share of tragedy. A brother had been killed by a blow from a pickaxe in a farming accident, while another brother was disabled for life when he injured his foot in another farming accident.

These thoughts, though, were far from her mind when she skipped out of the house on to the dust track and turned in the direction of Violet's house. It would be fun to walk down the dust track with someone, to explain the fun of learning and the mysteries of school life.

Then, as her friend's mother met her at the front door, came a surge of



Ivy Lewis, 12, the victim. She left her family home (left) but failed to reach the bush school (right) that morning

disappointment.

"We've decided she's still a bit too young to start school yet," her mother said. "We're going to leave it for a week or two."

Watched by her little friend, standing in the doorway and shyly waving a tiny starfish hand, Ivy trudged off down the dust track alone. She quickly threw a veil over the setback. All her other friends would be at the school. There would be much to talk about.

That day the sun rose hot and glaring over Darkan – the name is from an Aboriginal word meaning Black Rock. By four o'clock in the afternoon the spent heat was beginning to cool. That was the time when Ivy came home for her tea.

At 4.30 her mother went anxiously to the door. As she shaded her eyes to survey the dust track there was no sign of Ivy. She set off anxiously, expecting to meet her daughter on the way.

But Ivy still wasn't there.

Reaching the school, Mrs. Lewis went up to schoolmaster William Bridson. "Ivy hasn't come home yet," she said. "What's been keeping her?"

Mr. Bridson was surprised. "Ivy hasn't been at school today," he said



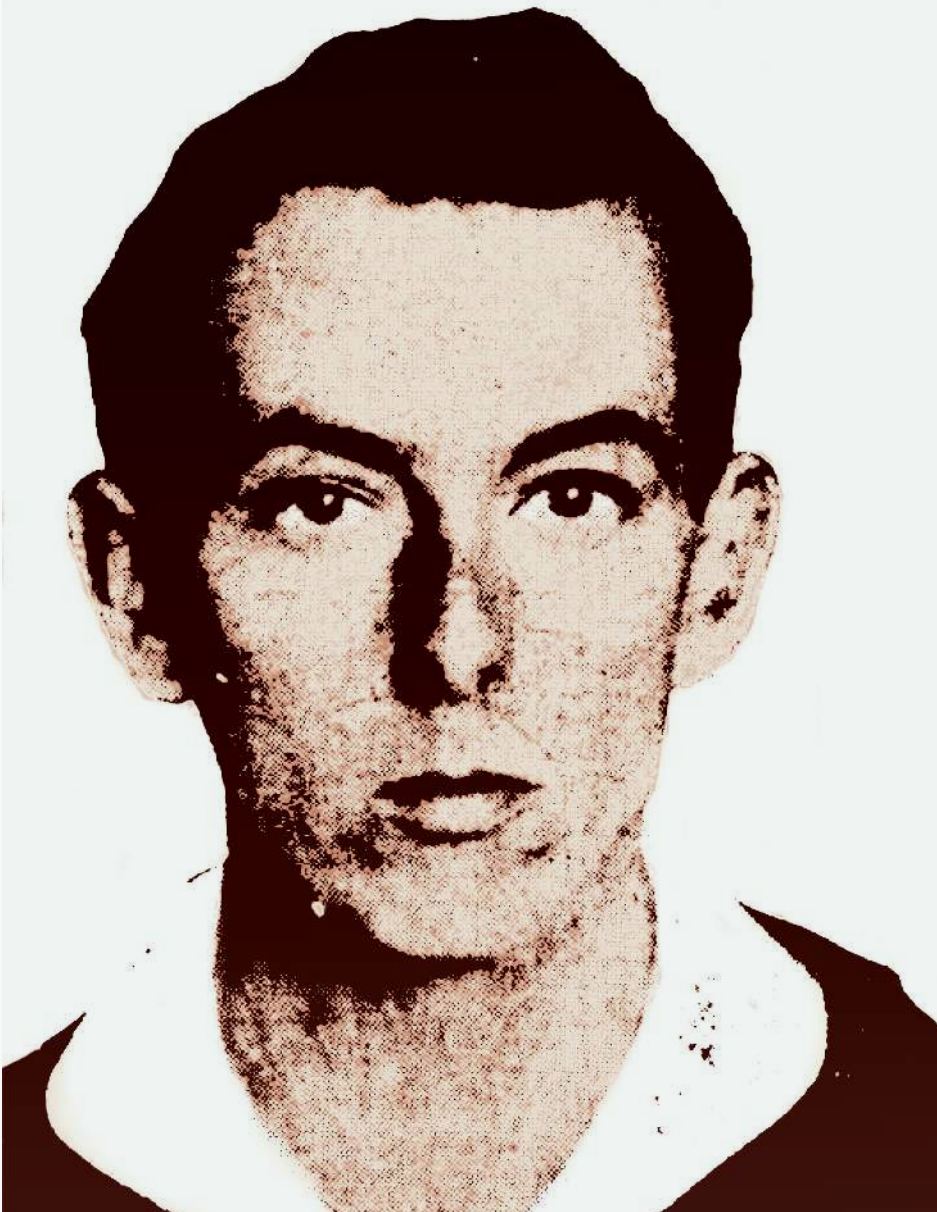
softly. Mrs. Lewis felt a chill run down her spine. Schoolmaster and mother exchanged mile-long looks, and then the schoolmaster said, "Perhaps we'd better go to the police."

Within an hour the bush was alive with search parties. With them, directing operations, was an Aboriginal police-tracker. Right through the night they searched for the little lost girl, to no avail.

DRY OF LUST AND BLOOD"

Little Ivy – I ve Been Mad"

Case recalled by
**MATTHEW
SPICER**



The child killer didn't appear to have any sexual designs on the girl – but this was one of those cases where appearances could be cruelly deceptive...

John Milner. The Harrogate-born farm worker was considered "erratic" by locals in Darkan

Next morning the schoolchildren were interviewed. What light could they throw on the disappearance of their friend? Quite a few of them ventured to make a suggestion. There was a man who had been seen quite a few times near the school. He carried a gun, and his name was John Milner. He worked at Rodways, a local farm.

Intrigued, the police pulled him in. At once they noticed blood on his shirt. How did that happen, he was asked?

"I got into a fight with a big roo," Milner said.

Oddly enough, guns and bloodied clothes were so common in the outback that there was nothing really to be suspicious about. Milner was an Englishman – he had come over to Western Australia from Harrogate in North Yorkshire – and he seemed harmless enough. He wanted to join the search for Ivy, and everyone agreed to that.

Those who knew Milner thought he was an oddball. He worked on a farm owned by Henry Rodway just outside Darkan, and by coincidence this was the same farm where Ivy's family worked – in fact, Milner had recently been working alongside her father, Albert Lewis. That meant that he saw Ivy most days, although he rarely spoke to her.

He had a reputation as a hard and skilful worker, but it was off-duty that he was thought to be strange; "erratic" was the word used by Darkan farm folk. He was a hypnotist, and he was fascinated by the idea that he could control people's minds.

He also read novels such as the exploits of "Deadwood Dick," a fictional American cowboy and adventurer, which were then thought to be "daring."

Milner lived in a camp on the Rodway farm with fellow-worker Horace Mephram, who was also English. When Mephram woke up at eight o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, February 28th, the

day Ivy went missing, he remembered that Milner had been out and that he returned just before nine o'clock "in a very agitated state."

There was blood on Milner's hands and on his shirt. He blurted out: "Two dagoes attacked me." Dagoes in this context would have been immigrant Italians. "Let's get the horses and chase them off the farm."

Mephram went to fetch a horse and was away some time. When he returned at 10.30 he noticed that two of the farm's guns were missing, and there was no sign of Milner. When he saw his colleague later that day Milner was clearly under the influence of drink – something Mephram had never seen before.

Next day police came to interview Milner, who subsequently joined the hunt for Ivy.

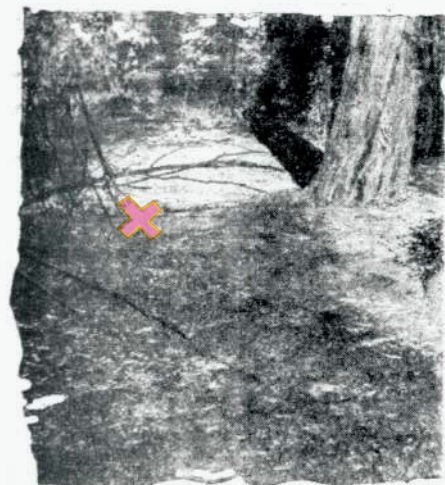
Ivy's dad, Albert Lewis, told the police he'd been working in a field when he saw his daughter on her way to school. "She was less than 200 yards from me, skipping along the track without a care in the world," he said. "When she was close to the school I saw Milner just a few minutes behind her. He seemed to be running."

When he discovered in the evening that Ivy hadn't come back from school he joined a search party. They searched through the bush until 3 a.m. and then resumed again at daylight.

Milner was in the same search party as Mr. Lewis, who asked him if he had seen Ivy the morning she disappeared.

Milner said, "No, I haven't." Mr. Lewis, somewhat distraught, retorted: "You must have seen her. She was only a little way ahead of you."

Milner replied: "She might have been on the road, but I didn't see her." Angrily, he added: "Do you know they



are blaming me for this?"

Mr. Lewis was taken aback. "What do you mean?" he asked. The policemen in the search party noted the conversation and separated the two men. The search party moved on to the spot where Milner claimed he had fought a kangaroo, but there was no trace of any such fight.

A dozen yards on from there the search party came to a large granite rock, bearing unmistakeable signs of blood spatter. There were tracks from the road to the rock, as if someone had been walking, and there were heels leaving

from anyone passing along the track. It was naked except for the left shoe and a wisp of clothing around the shoulders. The body was bruised and covered with blood. The top of her head had been shot away; her face was shredded and almost



Top, the murder scene and bloody rocks (marked with X) where Ivy (above, in local swimming pool) was murdered. Left, the spot where her body was found, some 20 yards from where she was killed, is marked

drag marks. The searchers fell silent, aware that they were closing in on a terrible tragedy.

At this point Milner was walking ahead of the party. A policeman shouted at him, "Get off the track, I am following it."

Milner turned, and his next words sent a frisson through the other searchers. "I might as well own up," he said. "I shot the girl. I must have been mad. I will show you where the body is."

He led them another 60 yards into the bush and pointed to a thicket of prickly poison, a few hundred yards way from the school.

"She's in that bush," he said.

Ivy's mutilated body lay on its back in the middle of the thicket, well hidden

unrecognisable.

Big black bruises, revealing signs of a terrible struggle, covered her arms. There were blood-smeared wounds all over her limbs, and she had been raped.

A few feet away from her body the searchers found her underclothes. Her top clothes were missing, and it was presumed her killer had taken them with him to wash away the stains of his terrible crime.

Not so far away they found her school bag, stained with blood, and then her hat.

A policeman produced handcuffs and clamped them on Milner's wrists before he was led away. After he was locked in a cell, police began inquiries that took in everyone who knew the English killer.

Henry Rodway, owner of the farm where Milner worked, said he had gone on a business trip to Perth three days before the murder, leaving Milner with a double-barrelled shotgun and 12 cartridges with which to shoot rabbits.

"He was becoming somewhat odd," Mr. Rodway recalled. "He didn't do the jobs he was asked to do and was wandering about, rather aimlessly. He asked me for money, saying he hadn't got any, which wasn't true."

"I had seen him like this once before, about two years ago. At that time I was so concerned I wrote to his mother advising her to recall him to England. But he slowly improved."

After killing Ivy, Milner had caught a train without buying a ticket. He was found by the guard in a toilet and escorted off at the next station. He then walked back to Darkan. On the way he called at a doctor's surgery and told the doctor that his heart was bad and he didn't have long to live.

Dr. Reginald Maltby, who carried out the post-mortem, told the police: "Death



Above, left to right, Crown witnesses at the trial: Charles Fisher, Sydney Trickett, Ruben Moule, John Dawson, Albert Lewis (father of victim Ivy), William Bridson and Horace Mephram outside the court

was due to a gunshot wound in the head. She was also struck on the head, shoulder and hand by a hard, angular object, and she had been raped."

There were a number of cuts and bruises on Milner's hands and arms. "I am clear in my mind that these were not caused by a struggle with an animal," Dr. Maltby said.

The accused was otherwise "healthy and mentally normal." After his arrest he was nervous and agitated in custody, but he soon settled down and ate and slept well. He enjoyed reading, and seemed quite unconcerned about his predicament.

Milner appeared in the dock at Perth in a murder trial that was to last for only two days. Short and slim, he ran lightly up the steps from the cells to the dock, and stood rather awkwardly holding the dock rail as the charge was read out.

The Crown prosecutor told the jury they would hear "a dreadful story of lust and blood." After a long sexual assault culminating in rape, Ivy was still alive when Milner finally ended her life by shooting her behind the right ear.

Albert Lewis said that although Milner had once taken Ivy to the cinema, he had never shown any inappropriate interest in the little girl. Mr. Lewis had known Milner for six years and always considered him "a gentleman."

Milner's defence lawyer pleaded that his client was "morally insane," and called Henry Rodway, his farmer-employer, whose evidence was nothing if not startling.

"When I was a young man I was a medical student," Rodway told the court. "I saw a number of insane patients and I consider that I am always able to sum up a man's mental condition.

"The reason I went to Perth three days before this murder was that I wanted

to consult my lawyers to see whether I could have Milner examined for mental illness." How much weight could this farmer's testimony carry with the rural jury? Not much, if the prosecution had its own way. They called two experts for rebuttal, and both declared Milner was quite sane, pointing out that the accused man dragged the girl from the dust track to a place behind the big granite rock,



John Milner. His odd behaviour had been noted by those around him – but they intervened too late to prevent the tragedy

which would conceal him from anyone approaching along the track.

He struck her with a stone to stop her screaming for help before shooting her and then making an attempt to hide her body – all of which was clearly intentional, well thought out and not the

work of an insane man.

The jury took just 12 minutes to find Milner guilty of murder. Asked if he had anything to say, he mumbled, "I did nothing intentional."



The child's flower-strewn grave in the local cemetery

The judge told him, "You have been found guilty of one of the most brutal murders that I have had come under my notice." After the death sentence was intoned, Milner turned and without any sign of emotion stepped lightly down to the cells.

He declined to appeal and in the death cell he revealed that his father had died in a lunatic asylum at Northallerton, in north Yorkshire.

On execution day, Monday, May 21st, 1928, at Fremantle Prison, he was given a shot of morphine and a glass of whisky. A witness recalled: "As he shuffled to the gallows he appeared as white as a ghost. He tried to walk firmly, but was seen twitching around the mouth. As the trap-door opened he fell and died instantaneously."

John Daly • 1876

NAKED AND MUTILATED IN BELFAST STREET

SHE WAS NAKED. She was dead. Her face was battered almost beyond recognition. And at first nobody could imagine how her corpse had got to the Belfast cul-de-sac where it was found on the pavement. It was 5.30 a.m. on September 15th, 1875, when the body was discovered in Bathurst Court, off Durham Street. Although the woman's head was covered with blood, there was no gore on the ground. So it seemed that she had been killed elsewhere and then carried to the court and dumped.

Impressions left on her skin suggested she had been brought in a sack to where she was found. But that didn't explain how this had been achieved unobserved in that busy area. There were usually



Belfast at the time of John Daly's execution – the first to be held inside the prison rather than in public

people about, even in the middle of the night, quite apart from patrolling policemen whose station was just around the corner in Divis Street.

The woman's legs had been left fully exposed, and an old shawl and part of a skirt had been thrown over her head and torso. There were two gaping wounds in her forehead, her skull had been split open and she had two deep cuts in her neck. Her hands had been beaten so severely that they had swollen to twice their normal size.

The police soon learned the victim's name from 13-year-old Annie Whiteside, who came forward to identify her as her neighbour in Humphrey's Court. She was Margaret Whitley, 46, a charwoman employed by a local cobbler and nicknamed "Snowball" because of her

yellow complexion.

Officers were informed that Margaret Whitley had last been seen drinking in a number of pubs with her niece Mary Daly, and her niece's 45-year-old husband John, who earned his living driving a coal-cart. The three had subsequently gone to Daly's home in Durham Street.

Police went to the house but nobody was there, and on gaining entry they found the victim's clothes. A bunk-bed was saturated with blood and a heavy, bloodstained, broken wooden stool lay nearby.

There was no blood on Margaret Whitley's clothes, and it was surmised that she had been murdered while sleeping naked in bed, her body then being carried to where it had been found

only a few doors away.

The staircase was also smeared with blood, and in the front-room the officers noted the presence of several potatoes. One apparently had been found pushed into one of the victim's wounds, as if to staunch the flow of blood.

A hunt was immediately launched for the Dalys. It transpired that John Daly had gone to work as usual that morning, and at 8.30 a.m. he was arrested in Great Victoria Street. When he was searched his shirt was found to be heavily bloodstained.

"I haven't seen the woman this six months," he said when questioned about Margaret Whitley. "I wouldn't let her near my house. She's a drunken woman, leading my wife to drink."

A few hours later Mrs. Daly was found wandering with two of her children in a brickworks near Dover Street. Taken to Divis Street police station, she said she knew nothing of her aunt's murder. Asked why she had not been at home, she told the police that her husband had turned her and her children out of the house the previous night. One child was about six, the other was 18 months old and totally blind. All three looked half-starved, and Mary Daly said they had spent the night at lodgings in Boundary Street.

She told officers that her aunt had been drunk for the previous four days. She explained that Margaret Whitley had frequently called at the Dalys' home, annoying John Daly who felt she was interfering in his marriage.

The police were subsequently to learn, however, that earlier in her marriage Mary Daly had strongly suspected her

HANGED AT CRUMLIN ROAD PRISON

Part 2

husband of having an affair with her aunt! At that time he had spent night after night at the home of the woman he was now to be accused of murdering.

Later that day John Daly appeared before magistrates at Belfast's police court. Charged with Margaret Whitley's murder, he appeared unruffled. Spectators saw a stout, dark-haired, middle-aged man of medium height step into the dock to listen calmly to the evidence against him.

His 11-year-old daughter Margaret told the court: "My father was drinking yesterday. About half-past four I brought him home. He first came to his own door and then ran away. I went after him and brought him home.

"He went upstairs to a bedroom. I went with him. My aunt, Margaret Whitley, was also upstairs. She was lying on the bed almost drunk. She was dressed in her usual clothes. My father told her to rise up. She refused.

"My mamma was out and did not come home until the evening ... I saw my father strike Margaret Whitley on the feet with a stool. My mamma was downstairs at that time, but I believe she was upstairs before that as my father struck her. I did not see my father strike my aunt on the head."

The broken, bloodstained stool was then produced and identified by the girl as the one she had seen her father wielding.

Margaret Whitley's illegitimate 15-year-old daughter Annie then gave evidence. She testified that on learning shortly after 6 o'clock the previous evening that her mother was lying blind drunk at Daly's house, she went there and knocked repeatedly.

After a long time, "John Daly came down. He had no shirt on him but I think he had trousers. I asked if my mother was there, and he said that neither my mother nor my aunt was

a.m. when he went to work. He claimed that blood found on his clothes had come from a cut he had received on his forehead the previous day.

No evidence was offered against his wife, who was discharged. Daly was remanded in custody.

At his two-day trial before Mr. Justice Fitzgerald at County Antrim Assizes in March 1876, the prosecution claimed that Daly's neighbours had heard no suspicious noises coming from his home on the night of the murder because he had killed his victim while she slept.

His defence counsel, Dr. Boyd, sought a verdict of manslaughter. Daly had told him he had killed Margaret Whitley when she provoked him by plucking some hair from his head.

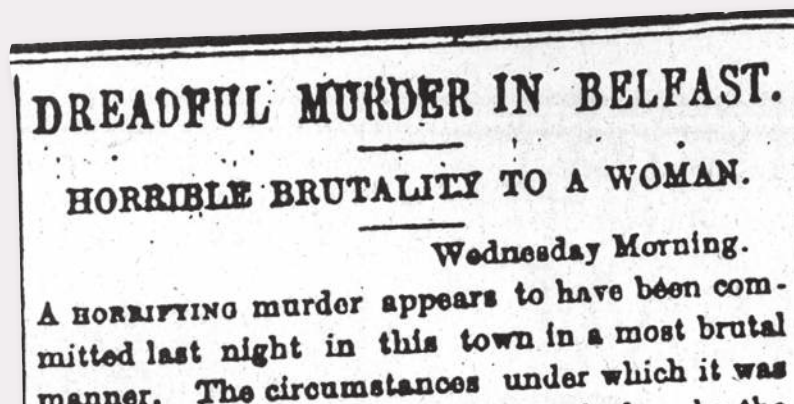
But when Dr. Boyd claimed that Daly had been insane due to drunkenness, the judge interrupted. He told the jury that in a case of alleged murder, drunkenness was an acceptable defence only if it could be proved that the killing was accidental. He went on to point out that there had been no evidence to suggest that Daly was mentally abnormal.

On March 22nd, after a brief retirement the jury returned to convict John Daly of murder. During his trial he had been rebuked for turning in the dock to hiss at spectators in the public gallery. Now he wrung his hands but said nothing as he was sentenced to death.

His solicitor's petition for a reprieve was unsuccessful, and Daly himself seemed indifferent to his fate. He told his mother and his wife that he wanted to die.

There had been nothing about him to suggest that he would make history, yet he achieved that distinction on April 26th, 1876, when he became the first man to be hanged inside Belfast's Crumlin Road Prison in an execution from which the public were excluded because public executions had ceased in Britain and Ireland in 1868. Though it was not publicised at the time, the hangman was Thomas Askern, assisted by an Irishman called George Smith who is probably the "Smyth" referred to in press reports at the time.

In any case, Daly's execution was no split-second affair. Ironically, the man who welcomed death took more than a minute to die. He swung on the rope for about 70 seconds before his death-tremors ceased. At last his shoulders stopped quivering, his legs became motionless. For Askern and Smith/Smyth, it was perhaps just as well that this was a non-public execution.



there. He said if I came back there to waken him out of his sleep he would charge me. I then went away. Daly was not very drunk."

Although Annie told the court that her father was dead, gossips speculated that he might be very much alive. Was he the man now standing in the dock?

Asked by the presiding magistrate if he had any questions, Daly said that he had been alone at his home from 7 o'clock the previous evening until 5.10

THE HANGING OF JOHN DALY

As recorded by the Belfast Weekly Telegraph, April 29th, 1876. "A quivering of the shoulders, a scarcely noticeable movement of the legs, and all was over"

THE DREAD sentence of the law was carried out this morning. Admission was gained to the jail at 7.30, but no view of the convict could be obtained until 10 minutes till 8. When first viewed by those having gained an entrance he was sitting quite collectedly, with not the slightest tremulousness, engaged with the Sisters of Mercy, who were administering counsel in his last moments. He was then confined in a cell convenient to the scaffold, the passage from which led thereon without any ascension by stairs.

"Before being brought to the scaffold, H. H. Bottomley, Esq., asked him if he had anything to say. He replied, in an unfaltering voice, that he had nothing, except to thank the governor and jail officials for their kindness to him during his incarceration.

"This morning he went to bed at 20 minutes to 3 o'clock and slept soundly until 5.30, when he was aroused by a warder as he had previously desired. He took his supper heartily the previous night, but no breakfast this morning. He engaged in devotional exercise immediately after he was awakened, and, from a few minutes past 6 until he proceeded to the scaffold, he was attended by two nuns. He walked quite composed to the altar this morning, and entered heartily into the service.

"From half-past seven, crowds collected opposite Prince Arthur Terrace and in the field adjoining, from which places a view could be obtained of the top of the scaffold. The crowds dispersed after the black flag was hoisted.

"On the drop a large weight was placed to make the fall more certain. An iron handle projected from the scaffold, which had simply to be pulled to one side to remove the bolt.

About three minutes to eight the executioner entered the cell, when he was pinioned, and in a few minutes he emerged.

"Father Hamill joined the procession at the cell door, and the convict walked with a firm step between a warder and the clergyman. Two warders followed and the executioner brought up the rear. Above the scaffold, resting on supports, was a beam running above the middle of the drop. On this the rope was plied round several times. It consisted of hemp about an inch and a half in diameter.

"He walked on the scaffold without any quivering and quite resolved. Standing on the drop his height seemed about 5 feet 8 inches, and broad in

proportion, of a rather short make, and of a wiry build. He was quite strong – not emaciated. On the drop his legs were tied by a stout leather strap. A cap formed of white linen was drawn over his face, and then the rope was adjusted; the knot was placed at the back of his left ear.

"During the time of the procession and when strapped, devotions were conducted by the clergyman, and the dull, scarcely audible voice of the convict through the face covering could be heard by an acute ear. When on the drop about a minute the bolt was drawn. He fell a distance of between 5 and 6 feet. There was a quivering of the shoulders, a scarcely noticeable movement of the legs, and all was over. Death resulted in about 70 seconds from when the bolt was drawn.

"The executioner's name is Smyth, a resident of Belfast."

Arthur McKeown • 1889 THE CELEBRITY EXECUTIONER

COINCIDENTALLY, the second man to be hanged "privately" at Crumlin Road jail also had a stormy love-life. Arthur McKeown had fancied Mary Phillips ever since she was 15. She showed no interest in him, however, so he married another woman by whom he had a son.

McKeown nevertheless continued to want Mary, although he had given her up as a lost cause. Years passed, and then when she was in her late 20s she began to display an interest in him at last. Surprised and delighted, McKeown left his wife and moved in with Mary at her home in Belfast's Robert Street.

He took his son with him and Mary bore him two children. Although theirs was only a four-roomed terraced house, McKeown established a small shop in it, also running what amounted to an



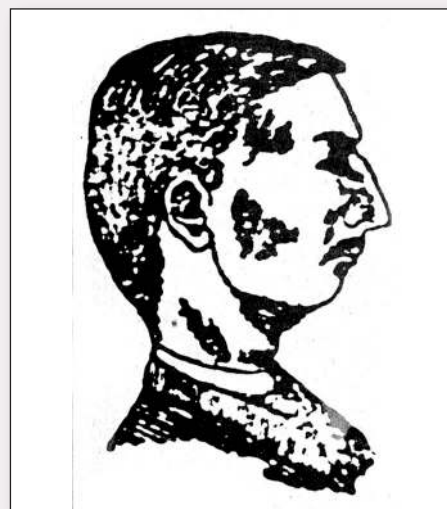
Mary Phillips

all-night cafe.

Seven years passed happily enough, but then in 1888 McKeown began to become suspicious and jealous. He accused Mary of "playing around," and ordered her to promise she would neither look at nor talk to younger men. She refused this demand, so he beat her so severely that he was sentenced to six months in prison.

Upon his release in August, 1889, he returned to Robert Street ready to beat Mary again at the slightest provocation. His temper wasn't improved when he learned that she had taken the three children on holiday in July at a cost of £8.

After further beatings she left him for several days. Late in the evening of August 24th he went to the home of another woman where he found Mary sitting in the kitchen. He ordered her to return home with him because their



Arthur McKeown

children were ill. He also said he'd been hearing stories about her behaviour while he'd been away, and he was going to establish the truth of them face to face.

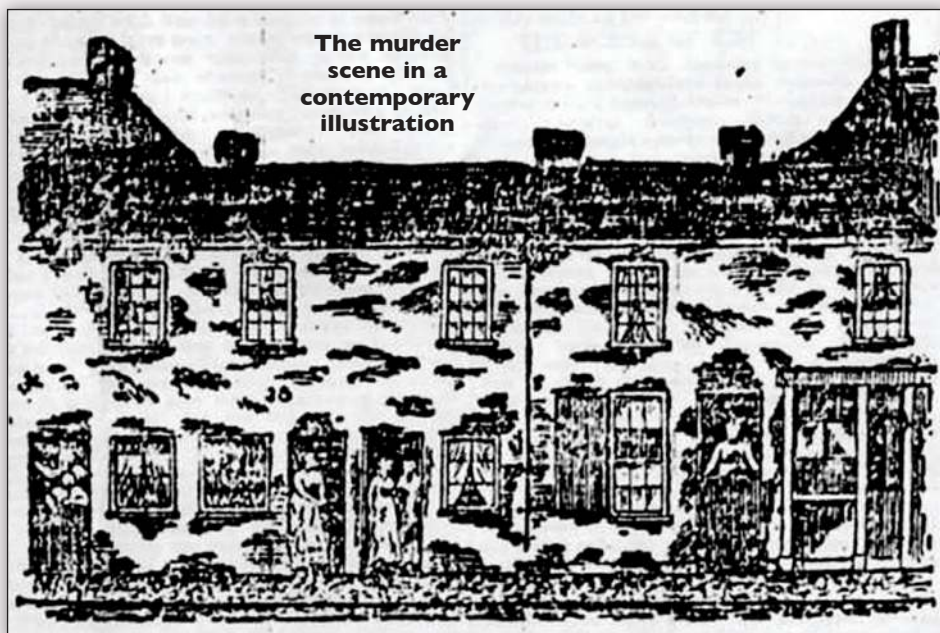
She refused to accompany him, saying she didn't want to be murdered. He then punched her repeatedly in the face in the presence of two women witnesses.

Each blow drew blood. Telling Mary that she would come with him even if he had to take her home in pieces, he then dragged her out of the house and took her back to Robert Street.

Shortly after midnight one of McKeown's neighbours, Mrs. Margaret Crommie, was standing on the street corner a few doors away when he came out and called to her, saying that Mary was either dead or dying.

"I asked him where she was," Mrs. Crommie was later to say. "He said, 'She is in the house. Should I go for a doctor or tell the police?' I said, 'There is the police.' Two of them were on the other side of the street, so he went and told them."

The officers accompanied McKeown to his home, where they found Mary Phillips lying dead on the floor of a downstairs bedroom, her head resting in



a pool of blood on a pillow. One of her children was still asleep in the bed.

At Mary Phillips's inquest the next day the court heard that she had nine broken ribs, numerous face-wounds and severe bruising on much of her body. She appeared to have been punched, kicked and attacked with a blunt instrument and she had numerous internal lesions. Her death had been caused by a haemorrhage and general collapse.

Charged with her murder, McKeown was tried before Mr. Justice Holmes on December 15th, 1888. He pleaded not guilty.

Constable John Douglas testified that McKeown complained that Mary Phillips was forever borrowing money from him, and he regarded this as robbery.

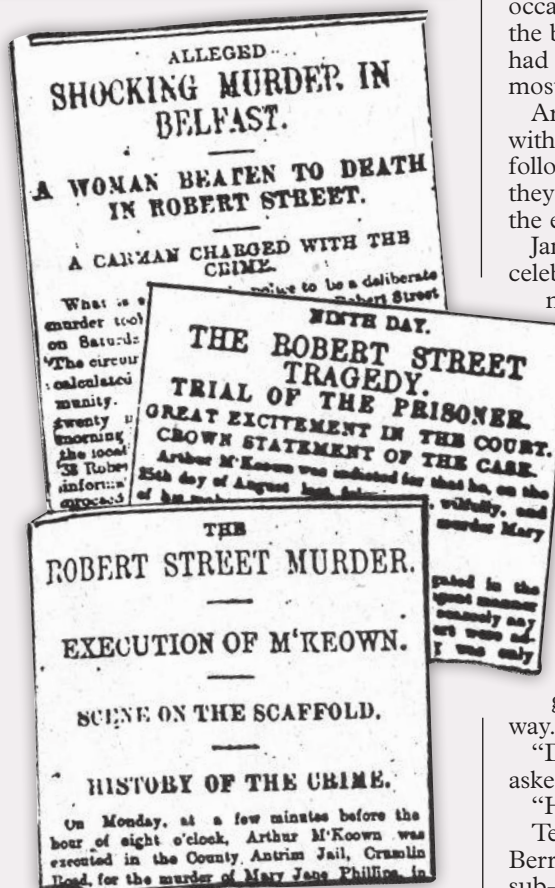
"As you know, Berry carried out a great number of executions in England, and he stated that he was never required or asked to appear before a jury yet"

Douglas observed that his hands appeared to have been recently scrubbed, but his shirt-cuffs were speckled with blood and there was more blood on the rest of his clothes. He seemed sober, although he smelt of whiskey as if he had just had a quick drink.

There were a few other traces of blood on his shirt, but when a search was made a shirt saturated with blood was found hidden under a mattress.

McKeown had said, "I suppose she was drunk and fell out of bed. You don't accuse me of foul play, do you?"

In a statement made to the police he had said: "About a quarter to twelve I awoke and found her lying on the floor. Getting no reply, I called on Mrs.



Crommie who told me it was best to fetch the police...

"When I went to bed there was a pint of whiskey on the drawers. When I awoke I found that about three glasses were left in it."

Mrs. Crommie told the court: "I knew the prisoner for twenty years. I know he is a very nervous man. He has suffered a great deal with his children. They were always very delicate and he had nobody to do anything for them. Mary Phillips had several times been away before. I often tried to send them to school and insisted on her keeping sober, so as to send them to school. If she had kept sober all would have been right."

Dr. William Graham, who had conducted a post-mortem examination, testified that none of Mary Phillips's wounds had been accidental, and they had not been self-inflicted.

Seeking a manslaughter verdict, McKeown's defence counsel claimed that the attack had been made in the heat of a domestic argument and had not been premeditated.

But the jury thought otherwise, and in sentencing McKeown to death the judge set the execution date for January 14th, 1889.

Lord Londonderry raised a petition for a reprieve, claiming that McKeown was insane and that capital punishment was barbaric. But no reprieve was forthcoming.

James Berry from Bradford was the hangman, accompanied by his assistant. Also with him was his son, a boy of about 11.

A new scaffold had been built for the occasion, and Berry said it was one of the best he had seen in Ireland where he had carried out numerous executions, mostly in the south.

Arthur McKeown's despatch went without a hitch, but at the inquest which followed, the jury were piqued when they learned that they were not to meet the executioner.

James Berry was by now a huge celebrity, making the pages of newspapers and journals.

"There are a great many here who are anxious that Berry should be produced," said one juror.

"Do you know where he is?" the coroner asked the prison's deputy governor.

"I have no idea."

"You could not recall him?"

"I have no power over him."

"A request might effect the purpose?"

"I have not the slightest idea where he is. I was only too glad to get him away – even out by the back way."

"Did he go out by the back way?" asked a juror.

"He did."

Telling the jury that he had given Berry permission to leave, the county's sub-sheriff said: "As you know, Berry carried out a great number of executions in England, and he stated that he was never required or asked to appear before a jury yet."

"In the carrying out of a sentence," said another juror, "it would be more satisfactory if the jury heard from the lips of the man who takes away the life of his fellow-man the means whereby he took away that life."

The coroner did not agree. It was the evidence of the medical experts that mattered, he said. "I think there is no precedent or custom by which the public executioner has ever to attend the inquest on the deceased."

"I don't think it would be a bad job to introduce it," replied a juror, obviously

keen to meet an A-List personality of his day.

"I protest against this custom of the executioner being smuggled out of the back door of the prison," said another.

As they couldn't see Berry, what about the rope? The jury asked to examine it. Again they were to be disappointed. It was Berry's personal, tried and tested property and he had taken it with him.

Earlier, having inspected the hanged man's body, the jury had asked why McKeown had a black eye.

The prison medical officer explained: "The rope came round the right side of the neck, and came up at the left, and the blood in the large veins would be more or less stopped which would produce the contusion of that part."

Determined to glean at least one more experience from their outing, the jury



Left, hangman James Berry – a celebrity of the day whom one of the coroner's jury wanted to meet. Below, one of Berry's lantern slides showing a model playing the part of the condemned man



then asked to inspect the condemned cell.

"It is against the rule," said the deputy governor, "but three or four of the jury may come." The cell, he explained, was in effect two cells converted into one, measuring 14 feet by seven.

"Is this a room kept for murderers or for gentlemen prisoners?" asked a juror.

"Not at all," the deputy governor replied. "It is a room I would sleep in myself." It was comfortably furnished, he said, and it was heated by hot water, as it had a fireplace and a fire had been lit for McKeown. "Anything he asked for he got. Anything he fancied he got."

The prison's medical officer told the jury: "Immediately after his sentence the prisoner was greatly depressed, and he got an ounce of brandy every three hours for thirty hours. Then he got two bottles of stout and three ounces of whiskey every twenty-four hours up till the refusal of a reprieve.

"From that day he got two bottles of stout and five ounces of whiskey every twenty-four hours. He got tea and toast and bacon and eggs for breakfast, tea and toast for supper, and mutton chop and beefsteak alternately, with vegetables and potatoes, for dinner. He got half an ounce of tobacco daily."

So Arthur McKeown's lifestyle during his last days had compared favourably with conditions at his home in a Belfast slum...apart from his appointment with the hangman.

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WIFE AND HER LOVER CONSPIRED TO KILL BILL

ATTRACTIVE MOTHER-of-three Angela Taylor, 51, had already fallen out of love with her ageing husband, farmer Bill Taylor, 69. The couple had separated in April 2015.

Two years later, Angela struck up an affair with rugged curly-haired digger driver Paul Cannon, 52. Still on speaking terms with Bill, Angela persuaded him to allow Cannon to live on the farm estate rent-free, whilst she carried on the affair behind his back.

Case report by
Donald Carne

The affair exploded with a passion fuelled by sex and vicious messages – more than 25,000 in six months, or around 200 messages every day – many of which focused on ways to kill Bill.

“I want to get rid of that poisonous ****...” Angela wrote. “Make love to you on his kitchen table with your ***** soaked in blood with him tied to a chair so he had to watch. Then send him to hell.”

Angela was a very angry woman. Bill had refused her a divorce, which could mean a wait of five years under current law.

The messages grew fiercer and more frequent:

“Might just fill his house with petrol and toast the **** while in his bed.”

“You read my mind.”

Or...

“What are you doing?”

“Just watching *Kill Bill* 2 – lol.”

“One would be nice.”

And...

“He needs to be put down. He gets what he deserves and I get a beautiful wife.”

In March 2018, Angela filed divorce papers. Bill Taylor was greatly upset by



Above, Angela Taylor and Paul Cannon whose affair was fuelled by sex and vicious messages. Below, Hertfordshire farmer and murder victim Bill Taylor. Background, the River Hiz where his body was found

this latest move. He wrote a “love letter” to Angela asking for a reconciliation. “Let’s let bygones be bygones,” was the message. “Let’s remember the good times we had.”

“Her response was duplicitous and calculating,” John Price QC would later tell a court. “She said she would return to live with William Taylor if he signed over half his property to her. This was despite him having signed over property worth well in excess of £1,000,000 when they separated in 2015. The truth was that she hated William Taylor and she and

Paul Cannon were already plotting to kill him.”

On June 3rd, 2018, a relative took Bill, the millionaire owner of Harkness Hall,

Gosmore, Hertfordshire, out for a meal. It was a few days before the farmer’s 70th birthday. As the twilight settled in a mauve blanket over the fields, the grandson returned Bill to the Hall at 9 p.m.

It was the last time Bill Taylor was seen alive by anyone other than his killers.

“He needs to be put down. He gets what he deserves and I get a beautiful wife”

In the next few days, Cannon sold a Suzuki 4x4 owned by Bill for cash. The vehicle later re-emerged in Bulgaria. Cannon deleted the messages on his phone – but of course they can be recalled. Angela disposed of her phone, but copies of her messages were on Cannon’s phone. They referred to Bill in



the past tense when talking to others.

Eight months later, an angler found Bill's decomposed remains standing upright, waist-deep in mud, in a secluded part of the River Hiz near Gosmore. The land was owned by Angela. Nearby were a bottle of Baileys, a teacup from the Hall, the remains of a corn cob and some items relating to Bill's tinnitus clinic.

Was he murdered? The remains were in too poor a condition to determine the cause of death, but Angela Taylor and Paul Cannon were charged on the basis of their venomous text exchanges.

They were brought before Judge Michael Kay QC at St. Albans Crown Court in October 2019.

The jury was told that the defendants had tormented Bill after he confronted them about their affair. They drove their cars at him, shouted abuse and set fire to his Land Rover.

Bill and Angela had met in 1992 and married five years later. Prosecuting, John Price QC told the court that Angela first filed papers for divorce in April 2014. In response, Bill settled two properties on her – Dog Kennel Farm and Mill Farm – in 2015.

When Angela told him in March 2018 of her determination to follow through on a divorce, Bill was upset. "He was not reconciled to the idea of a divorce and would not agree to it. He made it clear he wanted her back. She was not interested."

Forensic pathologist Dr. Charlotte Randall said a possible fracture to Bill's hyoid bone might be linked to strangulation. There was no other obvious cause of death, due to the advanced state of decay.

In a telling message, Cannon had written to Angela, "We need to get together soon and sort out a plan. We have got to get him out of the picture very soon darling."

In his defence, Cannon dismissed the messages as a fantasy he shared with Angela. She would, he claimed, get "hot" when he talked like that. "I would say 'I want to get rid of him,' and I knew it excited her. I know she finds this stuff arousing. The sex becomes more intense."

"What was your motivation in exchanging these extreme messages with Paul Cannon?" Jennifer Dempster QC, defending, asked Angela.

"I was drinking quite a lot and he was sending me texts and I was sending them back. They were quite meaningless messages. It was just talk that we had cooked up to vent."

Michael Magarian QC, defending



Above, police near the River Hiz spot where the decomposing body of Bill Taylor was found. Left, police searching the area. Below, Harkness Hall, Bill's home

Cannon, said there was a banal answer to what happened – suggested by the teacup and the bottle of Baileys. "Mr Taylor may have gone to that spot like a picnic almost, and got stuck in the mud by himself." It was a warm summer's evening during the heatwave of 2018 – had he fancied a night-time stroll?

What of the texts?

"Some people express themselves more extremely than others," Mr. Magarian said. "Death threats are common currency in society today. They don't describe a coherent plan to murder."



Judge Kay instructed the jury of eight women and four men to consider all the possibilities. "Suicide has been mentioned. There is some evidence that [Mr. Taylor] was prone to depression and this was made worse by family squabbles and his tinnitus. Accidents or natural causes, like a heart attack. There is evidence that the area he was found was known to be boggy; machinery and people have got stuck there.

"You also have to consider when and

why Mr. Taylor chose to walk to the river and climb over the barbed-wire fence with a bottle of Baileys and the cup – is that in fact what he did? Or has there been an amateurish attempt to make the scene appear as if there has been a suicide or accident?"

On hearing the verdict of guilty, Cannon, dressed in a dark suit, shook his head. Angela sat motionless and stared ahead of her into the abyss of life in prison.

Judge Kay sentenced Paul Cannon and Angela Taylor to a minimum of 22 years. "There is an old adage which is peculiarly applicable to this case: money cannot buy you happiness," he said.

The exact circumstances of Bill

"There is an old adage which is peculiarly applicable to this case: money cannot buy you happiness"

Taylor's death were still unknown. "Only Paul Cannon and Angela Taylor know what happened that night," the judge said. "The evidence suggests that, having been lured out of his house, William Taylor was attacked in the farmyard and killed there by means of strangulation or suffocation. His body was then taken to the spot where he was found deposited upright in the mud."

As to motive, Judge Kay suggested, "The primary reason may have been simply the extent to which Angela Taylor, in particular, loathed the very sight of William Taylor and felt that she could never be rid of him."

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Stories from the pages of True Detective, Master Detective, True Crime and Murder Most Foul

THE DEADLY MAN MET ON THE PHONE He Called Himself Dr. Tombstone

SAD, LONELY, unloved. That was the fate of Nicole Lovell. As she cast her mind back over her life she thought to herself, what a waste it has all been! This conclusion was all the more remarkable because she had just reached the age of 13 years.

Like many vulnerable schoolgirls Nicole saw the answers to her problems in the online world. Locked inside her smartphone was the passport to romance

She stroked the keys, logged into apps and flitted from site to site. How she yearned for romance – for the loving arms of a boyfriend!

It was of course a fantasy world, an illusion she was chasing. But have pity for poor Nicole on the threshold of her teens. She had already had to fight some tough battles.

Diagnosed with liver cancer as a child, she had survived a transplant and now had to live on immune-suppressant medication for the rest of her life – and how long might that be? She had also survived Non-Hodgkin's cancer – or at least she was in remission.

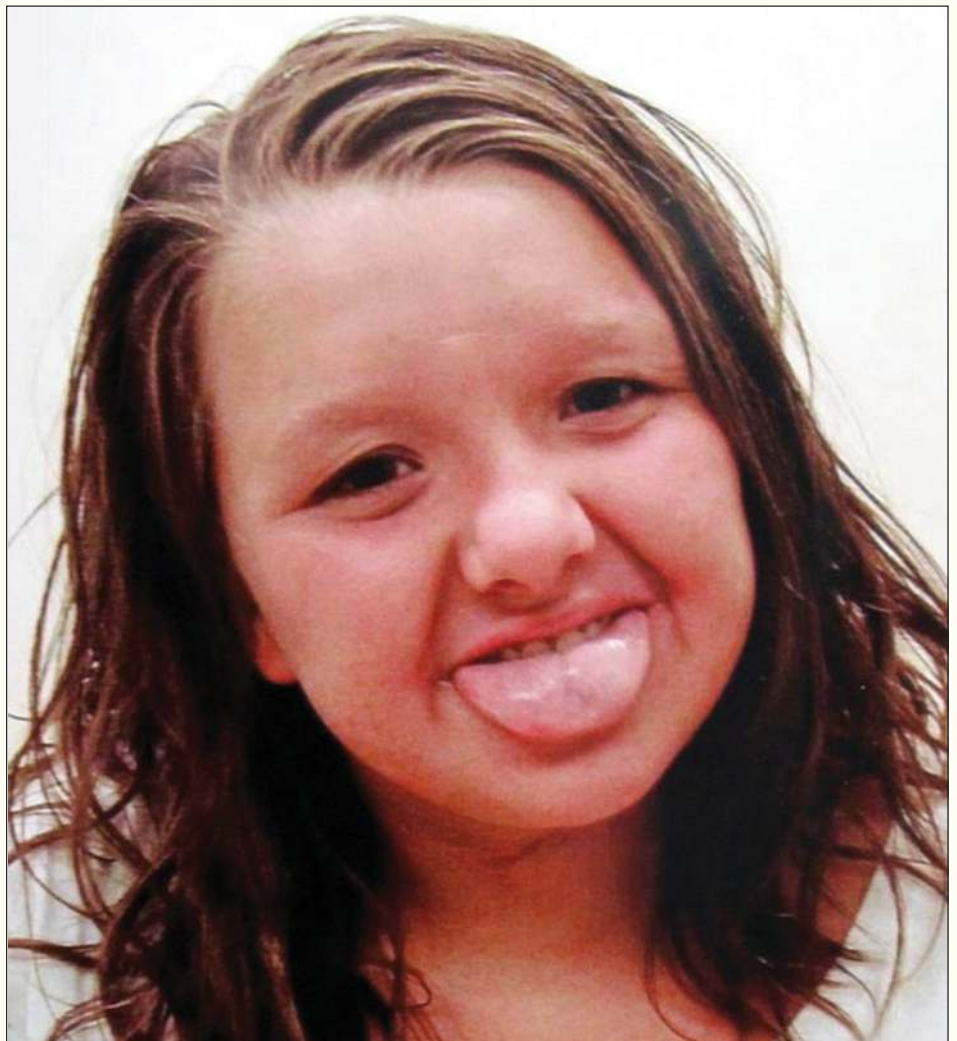
Bullied at school because of her frailty, and having few friends in the real world, she lived her life online, gossiping about boys and romance, sharing images and sending flirty messages.

Now, alone in her bedroom and hovering over a dating site, her hand quickened. There was a man out there. He was 18, he said, and he introduced himself only by his username. They talked, and then sealed their friendship with a “side hug,” promising further meetings.

Next day at school Nicole told her friends: “I met an older man online. He’s older than any of us. He’s ever so nice.”

The schoolgirl and the teenage man exchanged messages on Kik, a free instant-messaging app similar to Snapchat, where you are only identified by your username. The real name of Nicole’s correspondent was David Eisenhower and his username, chillingly, was Dr. Tombstone, the name by which Nicole knew him.

There were more meetings – and at nighttime underneath Nicole’s bedroom window. The last one was just after midnight on January 27th, 2016, when



Thirteen-year-old Nicole Lovell had overcome grave health issues and bullying, and used her phone for entertainment and friendship

Nicole climbed out of her bedroom window to meet the man she hardly knew but thought she was in love with, and he took her off to the woods.

Next morning her distraught mother, Tammy Weeks-Dowdy, opened the curtains in Nicole’s bedroom at their home in Blacksburg, Montgomery County, West Virginia, found the bed empty and called the police. They discovered that Nicole had left a solid lead. On her bedroom wall she had

written notes of the user names and accounts she used on Kik.

The FBI then put out what they call an emergency disclosure request to Kik. They wanted access to Nicole’s personal account – and that was how they discovered that in the last two days of her life she had been messaging “Dr. Tombstone.”

Using an IP address provided by Kik, investigators traced the screen name to Eisenhower, an engineering freshman student at Virginia College of Technology.

N NICOLE IONE mbstone

Case report by
Mark Davis

The frail schoolgirl lived in the online world, yearning for romance, for the loving arms of a boyfriend. Then a teenager crossed her path – a monster suffused with evil...

Two days after Nicole went missing, Eisenhower was picked up by police at his dormitory and taken in for questioning.

As the police arrived, his roommate Jeremy Basdeo walked in on the scene. He said: "I went to my room and I saw the door wide open. I turned round and was quickly marched out by the FBI and the Virginia State Police. They said, 'Don't worry, this is nothing to do with you, it's not about you. It's about your roommate.'"

Basdeo remembered Eisenhower's behaviour on the night that Nicole vanished. It was really odd, he said. "He put on boots, but it wasn't raining; it just wasn't the weather for boots. He just looked really odd and nervous.

"But I let it go. If the guy wanted to wear boots even though it had stopped raining hours earlier and the ground was dry, let him wear them. I wasn't his fashion consultant.

"As well as that, we had lectures the whole of the following morning, which meant that we had to get into college very early. Whenever that happened on our timetable, David, who took his studies very seriously, would either stay in and get an early night, or if he did go out he was always back pretty early. But on that night he didn't get back until around two o'clock in the morning.

"Then there was the knife. I told the

cops he kept a knife in our room, and usually left it on his desk. But when the cops showed up the knife wasn't in its usual place. In fact, although they looked everywhere in the room they couldn't find it."

At police headquarters Eisenhower readily admitted he had been exchanging messages with Nicole for some time, and they had met at least once before the night she went missing.

Had he seen her on that fatal night, he was asked? Yes, he had talked to her outside her house. But he didn't know what happened to her after their conversation.

That was left for the search parties, involving hundreds of volunteers, law enforcement officers, police divers, and sniffer dogs, to find out. After three days combing a wide area they found Nicole's crumpled body dumped in a shallow ditch just across state lines on a North Carolina highway as vehicles sped past.

The body was 90 miles from Nicole's home. She had been stabbed all over and her life ended when her throat was cut.

Faced with the physical evidence,



"Dr. Tombstone" proved to be an 18-year-old college student: David Eisenhower

Eisenhower confessed and was charged with abduction and murder. He seemed an unlikely criminal – the last man in the world who you would think would abduct and murder a 13-year-old schoolgirl. He was achieving A grades at his college and had never been in trouble with the law before.

As well as a star student, he was a successful athlete, and president of the college debating society.

Former classmate Dorothy Callahan said of him: "He was a very celebrated student. He always had straight As. He was also very self-assured and cocky. He was like, 'Yeah, I'm David Eisenhower. I was just on the local news. Look at me, I'm a big deal.'"

Teachers and a friend from his time in high school in Washington testified that other students would have Eisenhower do their homework for them. They said he was socially awkward and struggled to understand the perspective of others.

But, they added, Eisenhower never demonstrated cruelty, and he always tried to do the right thing.

"He didn't pick up on the normal social cues that everyone else seemed to just know," said Kathryn Stoothoff, a former



Authorities search a duck pond close to the area where Nicole's body was eventually discovered

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teacher.

As investigators continued to question Eisenhower they became more and more intrigued. For it was evident that he was trying to implicate someone else in his murder plot...

This was a fellow-student at Virginia Technical College, 19-year-old Natalie Keepers. She was known as a quiet, hard-working student who wanted to follow in her father's footsteps and become an engineer. Although she too seemed to be an unlikely suspect, she was also brought in for questioning, and subsequently kept in custody.

"Unbelievable" was how Natalie Keepers' former boyfriend Mark Jenkins described her arrest. "You could never believe Natalie would do anything bad, let alone be involved in something like this."

Natalie told the police: "I never met or spoke to Nicole, but I helped David Eisenhower load her body into the boot of his car."

Both the accused insisted they were not present when Nicole was killed. But Natalie told about the preparations they made together in the days leading up to the murder, implying that this was a long-thought-out killing.

Natalie said they bought a shovel at Walmart. Then they selected a secluded location and drove past Nicole's home to stake out the area. Hours before the murder Eisenhower returned to

Natalie Keepers' dormitory room on the sprawling Virginia Tech campus.

Natalie gave evidence at a preliminary hearing during which she revealed that when police arrived at her room to interrogate her, she sent Eisenhower a text saying simply, "POLICE." She also disclosed a mental health condition she had struggled with at university, but she did not address any matter relating to Nicole's death.

The police theory was that she knew more than she was prepared to say. They hypothesised that she had lured Nicole from her home with a promise of a hot date with an older boy. On that basis the judge refused her plea for bail; she would remain in custody segregated from the other inmates because she wasn't "street smart."

For those who knew Nicole Lovell, the anger at her death remained undimmed. Her schoolteacher, Jane Vance, told the press: "We bonded over our love of animals. Nicole was such a brave girl, having survived what she'd been through."

"At one point during her fight with cancer doctors gave her only a one per cent chance of survival."

District Attorney Pamela Casey said Eisenhower may represent a new kind of predator. "Sometimes it's the people we least expect. They could be your next-door neighbour. They can stay hiding behind their phone, just like your own child could be doing."



Natalie Keepers. The 19-year-old student seemed an unlikely accessory to murder

In court Nicole's mother, Tammy Weeks-Dowdy, was in tears, saying, "I go to bed at night hoping everything was a nightmare," she said.

The two students were given separate trials in 2018; Eisenhower was first to appear in court. On the fourth day of his trial in February, after prosecutors told the court that there were traces of Nicole's blood and her DNA in the boot of his car, he entered a "no contest" plea to the charges against him – first-degree murder, abduction and concealing a body.

Before signing the deal, prosecutors revealed a number of conversations he'd had with Natalie Keepers. In one message he told her he had "a little problem, because I couldn't keep it in my pants."

In another message to a friend he said he needed to hide a body.

At first, Eisenhower's lawyers tried to blame Natalie Keepers. Eventually they accepted the deal, which at least gave their client a chance of being free again one day. It was going to be a long wait, though, Eisenhower was sentenced to 50 years in jail followed by 15 years' probation.

Eisenhower spoke in court before the judge's decision, saying more than just "yes" or "no" for the first time publicly since his arrest.

Reading a statement, he said, "I'm sorry for the pain my actions have caused Nicole Lovell and the members of her family. It is my deepest regret, and I'm aware my actions have consequences. Nothing can ever undo what has been done, and for that, I am deeply, sincerely

U

THE WORLD'S **WORST** KILLERS

Howard Unruh

• United States

UNRUH BECAME the first spree-killer of the post-war age after his 20-minute rampage, known as the "walk of death," on Tuesday, September 6th, 1949, in East Camden, New Jersey. But despite killing 13 and wounding three he was never found competent to stand trial.

Unruh, a World War II army veteran, served in Italy, Austria, Belgium, France and Germany. He was a good soldier who kept to himself but on his return from the war in 1945 his behaviour became increasingly bizarre.

Decorating the house with military regalia and firearms, he became fervently religious, taking to the streets to quote scripture. In the period preceding the slaughter Unruh meticulously recorded run-ins with local teens and his neighbours' comments in his diary with the chilling addition – *retal.* (retaliate).

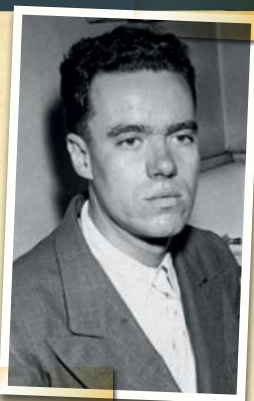
The spree was triggered by a

prank one Monday night. "When I came home last night and found my gate had been stolen, I decided to kill them

all." He got up on Tuesday, took his Luger pistol, and set out to find his tormentors.

The 13 victims included three children. Police used tear gas to smoke Unruh out of his apartment, "I'm no psycho. I have a good mind," he told them as he emerged. His last recorded statement, made to a psychologist, was "I'd have killed a thousand if I had bullets enough."

Diagnosed as paranoid schizophrenic, Unruh spent the rest of his life at Trenton State Hospital, where he died on October 19th, 2009, aged 88.



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@truecriminallibrary.com

and forever sorry.”

What was driving David Eisenhower? What was the motive behind his barbaric act? One clue was offered by Bryce Dustin, who met Eisenhower for the first time on a gaming site. Their relationship lasted for six years, although they never met.

“He kept coming to me for advice, especially about girls,” Dustin said. “He talked about one young girl in particular that he had found out was under age. He feared he might have got her pregnant. He told me she had said if he didn’t become her boyfriend she would expose him.”

Dustin advised Eisenhower to “play it cool,” to stop communicating with her, and if he ignored her she would soon go away. “Now I realise he didn’t take my advice, and instead took matters into his own hands.”

Eisenhower’s defence team had tried in vain to show that the person who was really to blame in this case was Natalie Keepers. Witnesses testified on Eisenhower’s behalf that he was easily

A DIGITAL ROAD MAP TO MURDER?

AUTHORITIES HAVE been concerned for some time that the Kik app used by David Eisenhower and Nicole to communicate with each other is dangerous because parents cannot reliably prevent anonymous strangers from contacting their children, if they use it.

Tammy Weeks-Dowdy, Nicole’s mother, said that whenever she checked Nicole’s phone she saw the Kik app.

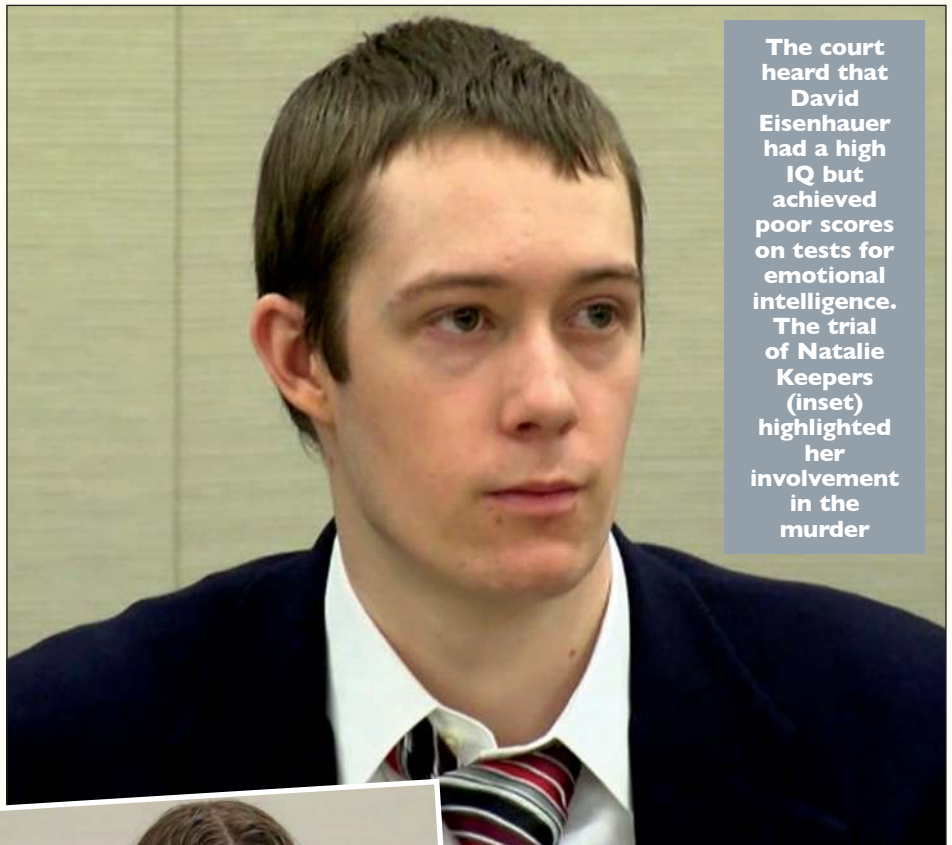
“I never looked, because I had heard that kids can communicate anonymously without their parents knowing. I just made Nicole delete it, uninstall it. Now I realise she reinstalled it without me knowing.

“I needed to check her phone every day, but like many parents I didn’t.”

Commenting on the FBI’s approach to Kik for information about the calls Nicole was receiving, Kik spokesman Kevin McCloud said: “We respond to multiple emergency requests under our Emergency Disclosure Request Policy. We release certain account information to law enforcement agencies for cases that involve imminent threat of death, loss of security or serious physical injury to anyone.”

While trying to distance itself from emerging publicity surrounding the Eisenhower case, McCloud pointed out that Kik had made an updated guide available for parents on its website.

“We are trying to educate all users, parents and teens,” he said, pointing out that other networks operated in a similar manner.



The court heard that David Eisenhower had a high IQ but achieved poor scores on tests for emotional intelligence. The trial of Natalie Keepers (inset) highlighted her involvement in the murder



influenced by others.

Two mental health professionals testified that Natalie orchestrated the crimes, and said that Eisenhower would not have wanted to kill Nicole without Natalie’s influence.

Psychiatrist David Schneiderer said he believed Natalie was a psychopath. “She was the mastermind, the driver of the process. I think she found someone she could manipulate.

“Eisenhower has a hard time making decisions when he doesn’t have guidance and clearly defined objectives.”

Neuropsychologist Joette James told the court that she thought Eisenhower had autism spectrum disorder. She believed Natalie Keepers had an ability to influence him. “He has an IQ of 123, which is in the top six per cent for his age, but he achieved very low on tests for emotional intelligence.”

Natalie Keepers was tried seven months later, in September, and was found guilty of being an accessory before the fact of first-degree murder. Her defence claimed that a combination of mental disorders made her prone to being easily coerced and manipulated in

an effort to please other people.

“She never thought Eisenhower would kill Nicole, but she loved being part of the plan,” her lawyer told the court.

But the prosecutor, Patrick Jansen, said: “Nicole was going to die that night and Natalie Keepers helped plan her murder. This was weeks in the making. She could have pulled out at any time, but she didn’t.”

Natalie was sentenced to 40 years’ imprisonment, plus five years’ probation.

“We all suffer with the loss of this little girl,” said the prosecutor. “I hope the justice system can provide some resolution, but the system is incapable of healing this loss for Nicole’s family, friends and the community, who will never look the same way at their children again.”

Outside the court Nicole’s mother said that the proceedings hadn’t given her closure. “I’m just numb right now. It’s not real,” she said.

Nicole’s father now has post-traumatic stress disorder and struggles with depression. “It was just a horrible crime, and there’s nothing that will happen in the courtroom that will ever fix it,” he said.

The defence lawyers showed pictures in court of Nicole with family members from her early childhood up to a few weeks before her death. Her mother said in tears that it wasn’t just images like that which make her day-to-day life difficult. “Everything reminds me of Nicole,” she said.

She added sadly: “I was blessed to be Nicole’s mother, to be her friend for 13 years. We fought every fight together. She was an inspiration to us all.”

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

During wartime the citizens of our nation attempted to keep some semblance of normality in their everyday lives. Travelling fairs still traversed the country, lovers still met to pursue their romances – and murders, driven by jealousy, were sadly still a part of life even in the midst of such turmoil **H. MacDonald** from Birmingham remembers just such fairs and asked if we had details of a needless murder that occurred in 1943 and resulted in the execution of 21-year-old Trevor Elvin – despite 30,000 putting their names to an appeal for clemency...

Here is our case report by **Matthew Spicer**

DESPITE THE war, the folk of Barnsley were determined to enjoy their visiting fair, which in the first week of May 1943 was held between the Wellington and Wire Trellis hotels near the Yorkshire town's market.

Shortly before 9 a.m. on Tuesday, May 4th, Mrs. Anne Tuby, the fair's manager, left her caravan and went to make her daily check that everything was in order. The dodgems were just inside the entrance, enclosed by sheets of corrugated iron, and when Mrs. Tuby saw what appeared to be some empty sacks near the cars she thought an intruder must have entered during the night.

Concerned that someone might be sleeping rough, she summoned the help of three men setting up stalls

Hospital, where in one of her pockets the police found a bus ticket that had been issued that morning. So she hadn't been in the fairground all night.

A further search of her clothing produced a driving licence which identified her as Miss Violet Wakefield, a 20-year-old Land Army girl whose home was in the nearby village of Cudworth. She did not regain consciousness and died that afternoon.

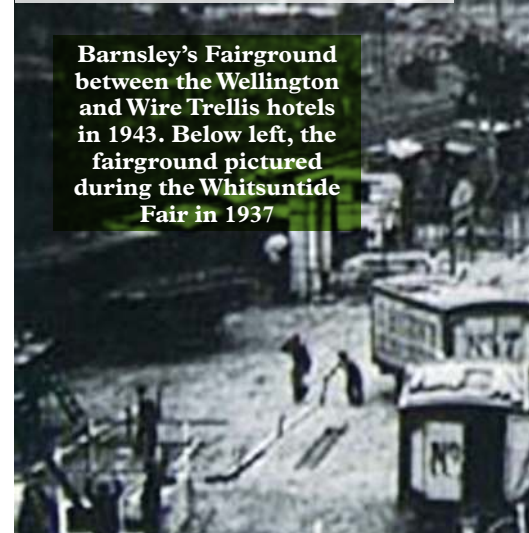
The assistance of Scotland Yard was requested and Detective Chief Inspector Peter Beveridge and Detective Sergeant Albert Webb soon arrived from London. The local police had already learned that Violet had joined the Women's Land Army the previous February. Each morning she had caught the 7.25 bus from

with Robert Oakes, a lorry driver who had given her a lift back to Barnsley on her last night alive.

The police had also learned that Violet had a 21-year-old boyfriend, Trevor Elvin, whom she had met while working at a Barnsley glassworks where he was employed. He had now disappeared, and a search at his Grove Street home, where he lived with his mother, produced the missing part of the head of the hammer found at the crime scene.

Elvin had been seen meeting Violet at a bus stop in Barnsley at 7.45 a.m. and then walking with her towards the fairground. She had not been seen again until she was found unconscious, and between 8.50 and 8.55 a.m. Elvin

Barnsley's Fairground between the Wellington and Wire Trellis hotels in 1943. Below left, the fairground pictured during the Whitsuntide Fair in 1937



in the market. They found that the "sacks" were an unconscious young woman lying face-down in the darkened entrance – the corrugated iron was there to stop light showing after dark and violating the blackout regulations.

As the men's eyes adjusted to the gloom they saw that the woman seemed to be in her early 20s. She was wearing a Women's Land Army uniform, and appeared to have serious head wounds. The police and an ambulance were called and, when she was moved, a haversack and a bloodstained hammer were found beneath her. Half of the hammer's head was missing.

She was taken to the town's Beckett

The police and an ambulance were called and, when she was moved, a haversack and a bloodstained hammer were found beneath her. Half of the hammer's head was missing

Cudworth to Barnsley, and then the 8 o'clock bus to Cawthorne, a few miles north-west of the town. There she drove a tractor on a farm, working

had been seen hurrying home. He arrived there just before 8 o'clock and, according to his mother, he went out moments later, saying he'd be back in a minute.

The hunt that was launched for him was soon over, ending that night with a phone call to Barnsley CID from a policeman in Blackpool. It transpired that shortly after 11 a.m. Elvin had called on an uncle in Otley, saying a friend had given him a lift there from Barnsley and he was going to Leeds. He also told his uncle that he wanted to buy Violet a present, but he'd come out without money.

The uncle gave him a pound, and Elvin was next seen at about 6.30 p.m. in Blackpool. He was standing

As the men's eyes adjusted to the gloom they saw that the woman seemed to be in her early 20s. She was wearing a Women's Land Army uniform, and appeared to have serious head wounds...



Above, Land Army girl Violet Wakefield. She had not been seen since meeting her boyfriend at a bus stop in Barnsley



BARNSELEY'S WARTIME GROUND MURDER

outside the premises of another uncle, a caterer, who asked him what he was doing there. "I don't know. I can't remember," Elvin replied, and began crying. This so worried the uncle that he took him to the police station for advice. Asked by Constable Walmsley why he had come to Blackpool, Elvin said, "I've had a row with my girl."

Walmsley advised the uncle to find his nephew lodgings for the night, and he did so. Later that evening, the constable saw a newspaper report of Violet Wakefield's murder, and he immediately telephoned the police in Barnsley. After speaking to Detective Chief Inspector Beveridge, he went to the lodgings where Elvin was in bed, and took him back to Blackpool police station to await the arrival of the two

Scotland Yard officers. Three photos, two letters and a diary were found in Elvin's possession, and they told the investigators much of what they needed to know.

One of the letters was to Violet's parents. "You may think I am a rotter taking Vi away from you," Elvin had written, "but it is for the best. She used to tell me Bob was bow-legged, bald, and about 40 years old, but during a bit of talking we settled things up a bit.

"First of all she told me what had happened between her and Bob. Then I told her one or two things I knew she had owned up to, and they were one of the lowest tricks you can find in the town. Why was she finishing at 5.30 and not getting home while eight or 8.30? You did not know nothing, but I got to know

something which I could not stand."

To his own parents Elvin had written: "Don't think that I am lowering your good name by doing this to Vi. She is the only one in this world to look to. I have done everything in my power to let her have what she wanted, but she told me this holiday what had been going off with her and Bob. Her mother told me I was jealous of Bob, but if she had known as much as me she would have murdered her.

"Well, give my love to all I know. Goodbye, Mum and Dad, not forgetting my Granma which I know it will be a shock to her. But Granma, can't you see she has done the dirty on me, one of the lowest ways in the world? - With all my love, Trev. (One of the silly boys out of thousands)."

On the back of one of the

photographs Elvin had written a note to his brother: *"Dear Jack, I am sorry I have had to do this, but it's the only way out. I have never done wrong while I have been going with Violet, bless her, but after what she told me I had to do it. She has told me nothing but lies since she has been with Bob."*

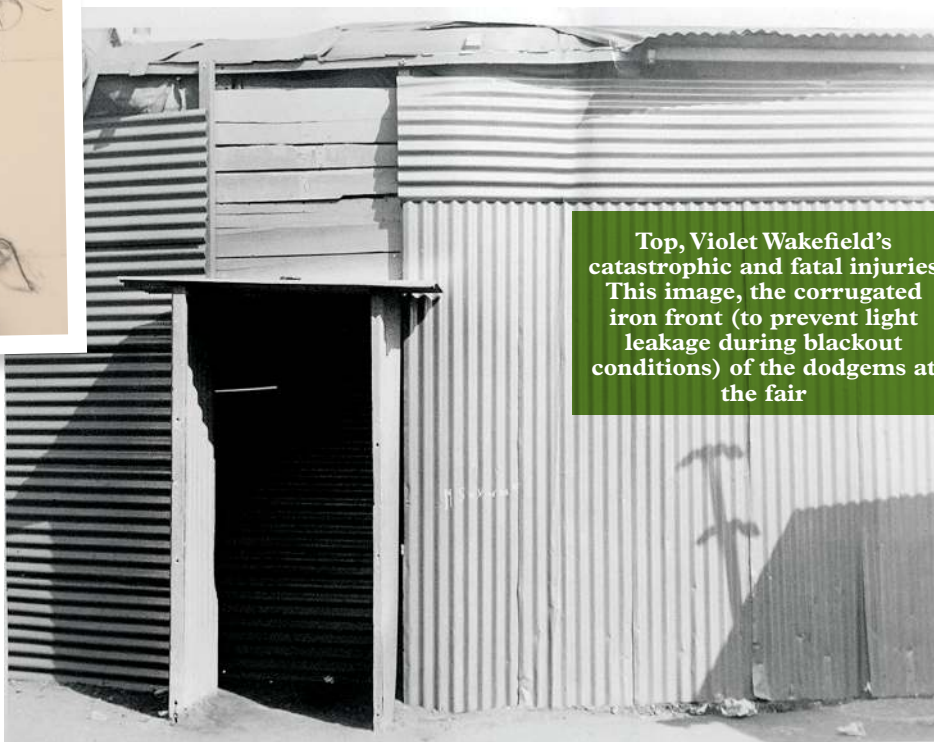
On the back of a photo of Violet he had written: *"Dear Vi, You've told me everything tonight about you and Bob. I can't believe it is true. Goodbye, goodbye, darling. Hope to be with you soon."* At the bottom of the photograph another note said: *"Dear Violet, Please accept ring and photo from me, as I will not need them in future. Well, I only hope you find someone in your way as good as I have been. Remember me to all at 27. - Trev."*



In his diary, one of Elvin's entries said: *"I am sure Violet is in love with Bob, but he will never win her. I am not jealous of Violet, but she has just changed from good to worse."*

The Scotland Yard officers duly arrived in Blackpool to collect him, and in the early hours of May 5th he was taken back to Barnsley. He fell asleep on the way, and on waking told them: *"My head is clearer now and things are coming back to me. I saw Vi yesterday morning at the bus and we walked together as far as the Wire Trellis. I can't remember anything more until I found myself on the front at Blackpool."*

On arriving at Barnsley police station he made no reply when told he would be charged with murder. In a statement made later he said he and Violet had planned to marry. *"I told her I would give her an engagement ring and it was agreed that we should get engaged on Easter Saturday. When I saw Vi on Good Friday she was still keen on getting engaged on the following day and we had arranged to buy the ring, but when I met her on Easter Saturday she said she had no more feeling to get married and did not want to get engaged. We had a few words about this but nothing serious, and I told her that if she did not want*



Top, Violet Wakefield's catastrophic and fatal injuries. This image, the corrugated iron front (to prevent light leakage during blackout conditions) of the dodgems at the fair

to be engaged I could not make her.

"We continued to see each other and on Easter Sunday I asked her if she had any other fellow on her mind. She told me she had none, but I thought she was too friendly with a man, Bob, who worked on a lorry

She was bleeding profusely from injuries to her head and her hat lay nearby, its cord torn away at one side and with several holes in the bloodstained crown

with her. On many occasions I would go to her house about half-past six in the evening to see Vi as that was her usual time for getting home, but often I waited until half-past eight or 9 o'clock.

"I spoke to her about this and asked her where she had been, and she told me she had been talking to Bob. This upset me very much and we had several tiffs about it. The last of these tiffs was on Monday evening last."

Elvin's statement went on to say that he arranged to meet Violet at the top of Pontefract Road at 7.50 a.m. the next day to give her some cigarettes. *"I went straight home feeling depressed and down. Everyone was in bed and I sat down and wrote notes to Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield, my mum and dad, my brother Jack, my sister Gladys, and one to Vi. All these notes were found on me by the police at Blackpool. When I wrote these notes it was my intention to clear out of it and forget all about Vi..."*

"When I got up next morning I made up my mind to frighten Vi when I saw her, and before I went out I put a hammer in my raincoat pocket. I got the hammer from the top of the cellar steps. It had a broken end. I met Vi as arranged and she asked me for the cigarettes. I told her I had none and she said, 'I will get somebody else to buy me some.' I asked her who the somebody else was but she did not reply.

"We walked together to the Gas Nook. When we got to the Wire Trellis, which is opposite to the fairground, I showed her the hammer. I don't remember anything after this until I was on a bus."

On May 6th Elvin was remanded in custody by Barnsley magistrates, and on the following day the inquest on Violet Wakefield was opened and

adjourned.

The West Riding County Council pathologist Professor P. L. Sutherland told the coroner that Violet had been struck at least 17 times on the head with a heavy blunt instrument. This had fractured her skull, severely injuring her brain. The wounds could have been caused by the hammer found at the scene, and Violet also had an injured hand which she had probably raised to protect herself.

Mrs. Tuby said she heard no

“There was a complete slice of his life which was a blank to him. A complete blank which had been wiped out during which he would not know what he was doing”

scream at the fairground at the time in question, and Constable Albert Turton testified that on being called to the scene he saw Violet lying on the ground near the dodgems. She was bleeding profusely from injuries to her head, and her hat lay nearby, its cord torn away at one side and with several holes in the bloodstained crown.

After a five-and-a-half-hour hearing on June 8th, Elvin was committed for trial. This took place at Leeds Assizes on July 12th when he pleaded “not guilty,” his counsel Mr. Geoffrey Streatfeild KC intimating that the defence would be insanity.

To this end, Mr. Streatfeild asked Professor Sutherland if it would be correct to say that the attack on Violet was carried out “in an appalling frenzy.” The professor said it was “certainly an appalling outburst of violence.”

Elvin’s mother told the court that he was “one of the best” and had never been violent. But in the past six months he’d had increasingly bad headaches, she said.

Another defence witness, Professor W. MacAdam, of Leeds University, said that Elvin’s loss of memory was consistent with a well-recognised type of mental disorder.

“Assuming that is correct,” said Mr. Streatfeild, “and that the accused suffered a blackout, in what mental state would he be?”

“He would be in a state in which he did not know what he was doing,” Professor MacAdam replied.

“There was a complete slice of his life which was a blank to him?”

“A complete blank which had been wiped out during which he would not know what he was doing.”

For the prosecution, Dr. F. H. Brisby, the medical officer at Leeds’s



Above, Violet’s damaged hat and right, blood on the steps. Inset, the inside of the damaged and bloody hat



Above left, a bloodstained haversack lies in the entrance to the dodgems. Above right, seen from the opposite direction, the haversack in the foreground and Violet’s hat at the top of the image

Armley Prison, said that Elvin seemed to be very highly strung, and a type who would not stand up very well to stress. The doctor said he attributed Elvin’s inability to recollect the events at the fairground to a repression of a very painful episode.

In his concluding address to the jury, Mr. Streatfeild asked them to return a verdict of “guilty but insane.” But after 50 minutes’ deliberation, they found Elvin plain guilty.

Collapsing when Mr. Justice Tucker sentenced him to death, he cried out “mother!” as warders half-carried him down the steps to the cells.

On August 25th his appeal was dismissed, and in discussing the case with his advisors the Home Secretary, Mr. Herbert Morrison, was told that police inquiries indicated that Violet had had no relationship with Robert Oakes. And there was no evidence that she had been seeing other men.

After examining Elvin in the death-cell, two doctors reported that he was sane, and there was no reprieve despite a petition for clemency signed by 30,000 people. They included a local MP, the Mayor of Barnsley

and the chief magistrate who had committed Elvin for trial.

On September 10th, 1943, the killer was hanged by Tom Pierrepont and Henry Kirk.

Recalling the case 15 years later, Scotland Yard’s Detective Sergeant Webb described the frightening drive across the Pennines from Blackpool to Barnsley with only dimmed sidelights because of the blackout, and the sheer drops at the roadside. He said that during the journey the officers stopped for a break, and he took Elvin for a stroll. As the two looked at each other, he sensed that Elvin knew this would be his last taste of freedom.

Webb also recalled a Barnsley detective inspector telling him that a convicted but reprieved killer was in the public gallery, listening to the evidence during Elvin’s trial. The inspector had pointed the man out, saying he had served “the usual thirteen or fourteen years” of a commuted death sentence. He was Charles Ward, who at the age of 19 had murdered his father at Ackworth in 1928.

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News and updates from October 2019 • Researched by Martin Chaffe

“HOLLYWOOD RIPPER” CONDEMNED TO DEATH

STATE DEATH PENALTIES

CALIFORNIA: After eight years on remand, **Michael Gargiulo**, 43, known as the “Hollywood Ripper” or “The Boy-Next-Door Killer,” has been convicted by a Los Angeles jury of two counts of first-degree murder with special circumstances and one count of attempted murder after a defence of insanity was rejected. In the penalty phase the jury recommended his execution.

In February 2001, Ashley Ellerin, 22, who was about to go on a date with up-and-coming actor Ashton Kutcher, was stabbed 47 times and nearly decapitated in her Hollywood Hills home. In December 2005, Maria Bruno, 32, was said by prosecutors to have been butchered in her El Monte apartment complex where Gargiulo, an air-conditioning maintenance man, also lived. She had been stabbed multiple times and her breasts were cut off.

In April 2008, Michelle Murphy, 26, survived after being stabbed in her Santa Monica home.

Gargiulo was indicted in 2011 when two viewers came forward as witnesses after watching a TV programme called *48 Hours Mystery*.

Gargiulo also faces a murder trial in his native Chicago, Illinois, for the murder of 17-year-old Tricia Pacaccio who was stabbed six times on the porch of her home in August 1993. Cold case DNA testing matched his blood from the scene to blood he left at Michelle Murphy’s home after cutting his hand.

Gargiulo’s attorney was disappointed with the death sentence, arguing, “You don’t kill people who are mentally ill. It’s just a matter of humanity. There’s a different kind of punishment for the mentally ill. It’s called life without parole.”

The prosecutor countered that Gargiulo was married, had a family and knew the difference between right and wrong. He ingratiated himself with young local women, then returned with a knife to kill and mutilate them.

ARIZONA: LIFE BEHIND BARS FOR SEX-KILLER

Joel Escalante-Orozco, 44, has dodged the needle after six years on



Killer Michael Gargiulo in court. Insets, clockwise from top left, murdered Ashley Ellerin, stabbing survivor Michelle Murphy and murdered Maria Bruno

Suspected Gargiulo murder victim Tricia Pacaccio

Death Row. He had been condemned to die by a Phoenix jury for the sex-murder of Maria Garza-Rivera in March 2001.

He was the janitor in an apartment block who broke into her home and raped her before stabbing her and cutting her throat. She was later found in her bath, with the shower still running, and her three-year-old son had been in the apartment at the time of the killing. After the murder, Orozco fled to Mexico but he was detained by the FBI in Idaho in March 2007 on immigration charges. After records were checked, it was discovered that he was wanted for the murder in Arizona and another in Mexico.

Two years ago the Arizona Supreme Court threw out his death sentence, following a US Supreme Court (USSC) ruling that jurors had been unconstitutionally misled in the sentencing phase. After convicting him, the jurors had to decide whether to sentence him to death or life without parole. The prosecutor argued for a death sentence, saying that if the law regarding life sentences without parole in Arizona ever changed, he might one day win parole and then kill someone else.

The USSC ruled that the possibilities of future laws could not be taken into account. Instead of a sentencing retrial, Escalante was offered and decided to accept life in prison without parole or appeal.



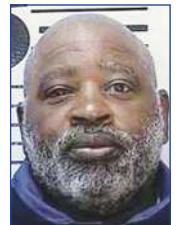
Off Death Row: Joel Escalante-Orozco

CALIFORNIA: SERIAL KILLER FOUND DEAD IN CELL

Serial killer **Anthony McKnight**, 65, was pronounced dead on October 17th about half an hour after being found unresponsive in his Death Row cell at San Quentin.

In August 1987 he was sentenced to 63 years for a series of rapes and attempted murders of prostitutes in the Oakland and Emeryville areas near San Francisco. However, it was not until DNA technology was used that he also became the prime suspect in the killings of two teenage girls and three young women in East Bay.

At his Alameda County trial in 1988 he was convicted and condemned to die for all five murders committed during a three-month period in 1985. Betty Stuart, 22, had her neck slashed on September 22nd. A week later, 17-year-old Diane Stone had her throat cut. In early October, Talita Dixon, 13, was stabbed to death. The body of Monique Davis, 18, was found bludgeoned to death on December 9th. The same cause of death was diagnosed for Beverly Bryant, 24, who was found in the grounds of an elementary school on Christmas Eve. McKnight was arrested in January 1986 but prosecutors, before DNA, could only link him to the living victims.



Died on Death Row: Anthony McKnight

FLORIDA: HIRED KILLER AVOIDS DEATH SENTENCE

A hired killer who murdered a law professor employed by Florida State University has been spared by a Leon County jury of 10 women and two men in the state capital Tallahassee. **Sigfredo Garcia**, 37, had earlier been convicted of the first-degree murder of 41-year-old Dan Markel who was shot twice in the head in his garage in July 2014.

The prosecution's case was that Garcia had been approached by an on-off girlfriend called Katherine Magbanua, 35, who was having an affair with a periodontist called Charlie Adelson. He was the brother of Mr. Markel's ex-wife, Wendi, who was involved in a bitter custody battle with him for their children.

Garcia was sentenced to life without parole but Ms. Magbanua faces a retrial after the jury could not agree on her guilt. Another man involved in the conspiracy, getaway driver Luis Rivera, is serving 17 years in exchange for a second-degree murder conviction and his testimony against the two accused. Prosecutors have not charged Charlie Adelson and his mother, Donna Adelson, with any crime due to insufficient evidence.

In the sentencing phase, prosecutor Georgia Cappleman argued for death because the crime was cold, calculated and done for financial gain. The defence argued successfully that Garcia had been manipulated by Ms. Magbanua and the jurors took only 35 minutes to reject a death sentence.



Spared by the jury: Sigfredo Garcia

FLORIDA: PREGNANT-GIRLFRIEND KILLER

An Orange County jury in Orlando has recommended life in prison without parole for one-eyed killer **Markeith Loyd**, 44, after convicting him of the first-degree shooting murder of his three-months-pregnant 24-year-old girlfriend Sade Dixon, in December 2016. He also shot and wounded her brother.



Life in prison: Markeith Loyd

EXECUTION METHODS

● The Ohio Governor Mike DeWine has been forced to delay two more executions due to non-availability of lethal injection drugs. The execution of **James Galen Hanna**, 69, scheduled to die on December 11th, 2019, for murdering a cellmate in 1997 by stabbing him in the eye with a paintbrush handle before bludgeoning him with a padlock



Left to right, James Galen Hanna and Kareem Jackson

inside a sock, has been rescheduled to July 16th, 2020. At the time of the murder he was serving life for robbing and stabbing to death an 18-year-old male store clerk in 1978. **Kareem Jackson's** January 16th execution date has been moved back to September 16th, 2020. Jackson, 45, was condemned to die 22 years ago for the March 1997 shooting murders of two men during a drugs rip-off in Columbus. It would appear that if the federal government had found a source of Pentobarbital for its executions in December and January, it had not yet decided to channel the drugs to state correctional departments.

JEALOUS KILLER DENIED CLEMENCY

EXECUTED OCTOBER 1st, 2019:

RUSSELL EARL BUCKLEW, 51 • Lethal injection • Missouri



BUCKLEW

In March 1996, Bucklew, consumed with jealousy, drove in a stolen car to the Cape Girardeau County trailer home of Michael Sanders, 27, who was cohabiting with Bucklew's ex-girlfriend Stephanie Ray. Mr. Sanders saw him arrive, picked up a shotgun and ushered four young children into a bedroom, but Bucklew immediately shot him in the lung causing him to bleed to death. He then handcuffed Ms. Ray and drove off with her, raping her later on the back seat. By this time the police were in pursuit and he was arrested after a gunfight in which he and a state trooper were wounded. While on remand, Bucklew escaped from a county jail and bludgeoned Ms. Ray's mother with a hammer.

The United States Supreme Court (USSC) stopped Bucklew's execution with just hours to spare on May 21st, 2014, and asked the federal appeals court in St. Louis to look at whether his condition of cavernous haemangioma could cause a torturous death. The court eventually rejected the claim, and Bucklew was reset for execution on March 20th, 2018, but at the last minute the USSC stepped in again when 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. However, in 2019 the USSC rejected the appeal again because they did not believe his lawyers and Bucklew had also not suggested an alternative and available method. Governor Mike Parson denied clemency and Bucklew was strapped to the gurney in an elevated position at around 6 p.m.

After the Pentobarbital was injected, he took one deep breath and became instantly unconscious. Death was pronounced at 6.23 p.m.



Left to right, murdered Sade Dixon and alleged victim Lt. Debra Clayton

Loyd's attorneys claimed that he suffered post-traumatic stress disorder due to a horrible childhood when he had been kidnapped, robbed and beaten. The prosecution countered unsuccessfully that his disorders were personality-based and narcissistic and that there was a lack of evidence of psychosis during the murder.

However, Loyd is not out of the death penalty woods as he will stand trial in 2020 for allegedly murdering a policewoman, Lieutenant Debra Clayton, 42, in January 2017, following a manhunt lasting a month. She had tried to arrest him after spotting him in the car park of a Walmart store. He was arrested nine days later at an abandoned house when his left eye was irreparably damaged by an officer's boot while resisting arrest.

Loyd later made a claim of police brutality but the officers were cleared, claiming, with some justification, that they feared the killer was about to shoot at them as they crawled along the floor.

FLORIDA: COUPLE'S KILLER FACES LETHAL INJECTION

A Largo jury in the court of the Sixth Judicial Circuit of Florida serving the counties of Pinellas and Pasco has recommended a lethal injection for Puerto Rico native **Reynaldo Figueroa-Sanabria**, 47, after convicting him of two counts of first-degree murder. He virtually assured himself a death sentence after sacking his lawyers before the sentencing phase and offering no mitigating evidence. He said that he did not want to beg for mercy because he was innocent and did not want his family dragged into the

proceedings.

In April 2013, Figueroa-Sanabria robbed and murdered John Travlos, 75, and his partner Germana Morin, 74, on their houseboat which was moored at the Loggerhead Marina in St. Petersburg. He was a handyman who had befriended the couple after being employed to paint the boat, but broke in during the night and tied the couple up after forcing them to open a safe to hand over jewellery and cash. He then cut Ms. Morin's throat from ear to ear and stabbed Mr. Travlos 11 times in the chest.

After the murders he rang his girlfriend to pick him up, pawned the gems and deposited cash into a bank. He then purchased a satnav and hired a car and started to drive to his brother's home in New York state but was arrested on the way in North Carolina.

GEORGIA: CLERK'S KILLER WINS STAY OF EXECUTION

After 22 years on Death Row, Ray Jefferson Cromartie, 52, was eight hours from his scheduled execution at 7 p.m. on October 30th when the Georgia Supreme Court (GSC) issued a stay. The court wanted to hear oral arguments concerning whether a judge made an error in signing Cromartie's death warrant two weeks earlier when he still had an appeal pending before the GSC.

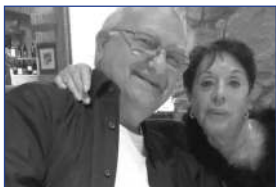
In April 1994 Cromartie and an accomplice, Corey Clark, robbed a Thomasville convenience store and shot 50-year-old clerk Richard Slys twice in the head with a .25 pistol. Unable to open the cash register, the killers escaped with 24 cans of beer. Three days earlier, Cromartie is also believed to have shot a delicatessen clerk in the throat with the same gun, severely wounding him. Cromartie has also been arguing in federal court that DNA testing would prove he was not the triggerman, but his claim at the US 11th Circuit Court of Appeals in Atlanta was rejected a few hours before he had been scheduled to die. Corey Clark and getaway driver Thaddeus Lucas testified against Cromartie, received prison sentences and were later paroled.

NORTH CAROLINA: NO MERCY FOR PRISON WORKERS' KILLER

The first of four men to be tried for murdering four prison workers



Above, Reynaldo Figueroa-Sanabria. Below, left to right, victims John Travlos and Germana Morin



during an escape from the Pasquotank Correctional Institution has been convicted and condemned to death by a Dare County jury in Manteo. In October 2017, **Mikel Edward Brady**, now 30, from Vermont, was serving 24 years for the attempted murder of a state trooper whom he had shot in the face in 2013. Brady and his three accomplices tried to escape through the prison's loading dock attached to a sewing plant, but were all caught trying to scale security fences. However, by this time they had brutally killed their victims with hammers, screwdrivers, scissors, and a club studded with nails. The murders were recorded by surveillance cameras and the films were shown extensively during the trial.

The victims were the sewing plant manager Veronica Darden, 50; correctional officers Justin Smith, 35, and Wendy Shannon, 49; and maintenance mechanic Geoffrey Howe, 31. The prosecutor said that if the jury had returned a life sentence it would have meant an "open season" on correctional officers.

In the penalty phase, Brady's attorneys had unsuccessfully tried to elicit mercy, claiming that he had a tumultuous childhood and had been diagnosed with bi-polar and post-traumatic stress disorders. Those awaiting trial include **Wisezah Buckman**, 31, serving 32 years for murdering a co-worker and wounding another in 2014; **Jonathan Monk**, 32, a former soldier serving 16 years for knifing and slashing a superior officer's wife 15 times in her home in 2011; and **Seth Frazier**, 35, serving seven years for burglary.

OHIO: SPREE-KILLER GETS HIS DEATH WISH

George Brinkman, 47, who was given three death sentences in Cleveland, Cuyahoga County, in November, has been given two more death sentences in Canton, Stark County. He again pleaded guilty and waived a jury sentencing, telling the three-judge panel, "No excuses. Give me death." He had murdered five people during



Condemned to death: Mikel Edward Brady



Top right, killer George Brinkman. Above left to right, victims Rogell John, Kylie Pifer, Susanne Taylor and Taylor Pifer



a two-day spree in June 2017. A mother and her two daughters were killed in their North Royalton home. Susanne Taylor, 42, had her throat cut; Kylie Pifer, 18, was strangled with a telephone cord and Taylor Pifer, 21, was smothered with a pillow. Afterwards, the bodies were placed in the mother's bed. There was no known motive for the murders but the mother and murderer had been friends since their schooldays.

The following day in Stark County Brinkman killed Rogell John, 71, and his wife, Roberta, 64, who were found shot dead in their home. The victims knew Brinkman who used to house-sit their home while they were on holiday.

OHIO: DOUBLE-KILLER CONDEMNED TO DEATH

A Cuyahoga County jury in Cleveland has recommended the execution of **Matthew Nicholson**, 30, after convicting him of two counts of aggravated murder. In September 2018, he confronted his older girlfriend about text messages on her mobile phone which led him to believe that she was two-timing him. Following a row in which her two teenage children, Giselle Lopez, 19, and her brother, Manuel, 17, tried to intervene, Nicholson, a security guard working at an office of US Homeland Security, fetched his .45 pistol and shot them both in the back multiple times. Manuel died at the scene with eight bullet wounds and his sister died later in hospital from four bullets.

Nicholson was arrested after a four-hour stand-off with a SWAT team. He claimed unsuccessfully in the guilt phase that the victims had tried to grab his gun and he had shot them out of fear for his life. He did not testify in the penalty phase but his lawyers claimed that his father verbally and physically attacked his mother every day and he witnessed his father choking her unconscious on two occasions. The defence said that Nicholson had no previous convictions but the prosecution countered that a previous girlfriend had been too scared of him to report his violent abuse. The prosecutor, Anna Faraglia, told the jury that Nicholson had made a conscious decision to gun down two human beings in their community and he had done it without remorse.



Remorseless: Matthew Nicholson

TENNESSEE: STUDENT'S KILLER OFF DEATH ROW

Leonard Jasper Young, 74, from Mississippi, has dodged the needle, following 17 years on Death Row. He had been condemned to die for the November 1999 murder of Hilary Johnson, 24, a graduate student at the University of Memphis. She was carjacked near her apartment in Shelby County, robbed and stabbed to death and her body dumped in dense woodland near Highway 64. Young was arrested nine days later and confessed,

leading police officers to her body.

Two years ago the Tennessee Supreme Court ruled that Young's lawyers had performed poorly in the penalty phase, offering no mitigation, and ordered a rehearing. The Shelby County District Attorney-General, Amy Weirich, was prepared to seek a death sentence again, but the victim's family wanted closure and an end to the seemingly endless appeals. Young, whose age meant he would have probably died before being executed, agreed to accept life in prison without parole.



Life in prison: Leonard Jasper Young

TEXAS: EXECUTIONS OF FOUR CONDEMNED HALTED

The executions of four men who were due to die in October 2018 were halted for further consideration. **Randall Wayne Mays**, 60, was scheduled to die on October 16th for the May 2007 shooting dead of two sheriff's deputies who had been called to a domestic disturbance. A judge wanted to hear claims from Mays' attorneys that a forensic psychiatrist found him to be suffering from schizophrenia, believing that the only reason for his execution was his renewable energy design which threatened oil companies. He also believes that the guards are pumping poison into his cell via the air vents. Mays' execution was also stopped in March 2015 for a sanity hearing but a judge later ruled that he was competent.



Top to bottom, Randall Wayne Mays, Randy Ethan Halprin and Ruben Gutierrez

The Texas Court of Criminal Appeals (TCCA) stopped the execution of **Randy Ethan Halprin**, 42, who was scheduled to die on October 10th. He is one of two surviving members of the "Texas 7" prison escapers who murdered a police officer on Christmas Eve, 2000. His lawyers claim that Halprin, who is Jewish, suffered discrimination because his trial judge was anti-Semitic. Judge Vickers Cunningham was allegedly overheard shortly after the trial describing Halprin as "a ****ing Jew" and "goddamn kike." At the time of his escape from prison in 2000, Halprin was serving 30 years for torturing his baby by burning its tongue with cigarettes after breaking several bones.

Stephen Barbee, 52, who was scheduled to die on October 2nd for murdering a pregnant ex-girlfriend and her seven-year-old son, received a stay in September over the question of whether his trial lawyer coerced him to plead guilty. Then a week before **Ruben Gutierrez**, 42, was due to die on 30th October, a stay was issued over a clerical error in his death warrant. He had also survived two previous dates of July 31st, 2019, and September 12th,

2018. In 1998, he and two accomplices punched and kicked in the head of an 85-year-old woman during a burglary before stabbing her multiple times in the skull with a screwdriver.

TEXAS: REVENGE-KILLER SUFFERED DEPRESSION

The life of **LaMelvin Dewayne Johnson**, 41, has been spared by a Fort Bend County jury in Richmond after it had convicted him of a triple-murder at a car-wash in September 2013. Johnson had apparently taken revenge after being sacked, shooting the owner, Harvey Simmons, 34; his uncle, Johnny Simmons, 59; and another employee, Donntay Borom, 18. The victims were executed with a pistol and Harvey Simmons was shot multiple times while incapacitated on the ground.



Triple-murderer: LaMelvin Dewayne Johnson

The prosecutor had described Johnson as a "lifelong victim factory" whose chosen lifestyle was violence. The jury agreed that he was a continuing threat to society but said there were statutory mitigating factors which prevented them from passing a death sentence. The defence argued that he had suffered a poverty-stricken, chaotic childhood and he often witnessed his father beating his mother and was himself beaten when he tried to intervene. He had a history of depression which was not treated until after his arrest.

TEXAS: FAMILY-KILLER TO FACE EXECUTION

A man who travelled from San Diego, California, to Texas to kill six members of his ex-wife's family has been condemned to die by Harris County jury in Houston. The panel had rejected an insanity defence in the guilt phase and rejected the defence's arguments for a life sentence in the penalty phase based on claims of mental illness.

In July 2014, **Ronald Lee Haskell**, 39, who had lost possession of his four children to his wife, Melanie Lyon, in a custody battle went to the home of her sister, Katy Stay, 33. She was at home with her husband Stephen Stay, 39, and their five children. After bursting in he shot the couple in the back of the head along with Zach, four; Rebecca, seven; Emily, nine; and Bryan, 13. Cassidy, who was 15 at the time, survived by playing dead after being grazed by a shot to the head. After the killings Haskell drove off looking for other family members but was arrested before he could find them. Haskell's lawyer told the jury that he heard voices that told him to kill the family. They should consider "compassion and forgiveness" rather than the "hate, anger, fear and vengeance" proffered by the prosecutors.

The female prosecutors, Kaylynn



Six victims: Ronald Lee Haskell

Williford and Lauren Bard, told the jury, "How cold and vengeful do you have to be to take the life of a four-year-old?" They added that the issue here was not his mental illness but his personality. He was a "manipulative, selfish, narcissistic, blame-shifting monster."

FEDERAL DEATH PENALTIES FLORENCE, SOUTH CAROLINA: BANK ROBBER SENTENCED TO DEATH

A jury in US District Court for South Carolina at Florence has sentenced to death **Brandon Council**, 34, for murdering two women during a \$15,000 robbery of the CresCom Bank in August 2017. Bank robbery has been a federal crime since the 1930s which gives US prosecutors the right to seek the death penalty if anyone is murdered during its commission. Council, from North Carolina, was shown by a surveillance camera shooting teller, Donna Major, 59, in the arm and chest as she held up a sheaf of papers in front of her face as if to protect herself. He then followed manager Katie Skeen, 36, to her office, where she had fled to hide under her desk, and shot her between her eyes.

The prosecutor, Nathan Williams, argued that Council deserved to die because he decided to kill everyone in the bank for easy money. "He did not have to kill anyone. He killed everyone."

The defence said Council had a troubled childhood and was raised by a grandmother who died when he became a teenager. He had been remorseful and cooperated with the police when he was arrested.

CAROLINA: NAVAJO INDIAN WINS STAY OF EXECUTION

One of the first five federal executions since 2003 appears to have been chalked off already, after a three-judge panel of the US 9th Circuit Court of Appeals in San Francisco voted by two to one to issue a stay for Navajo Indian **Lezmond Mitchell**. He was set to die on December 11th for carjacking and murdering a 63-year-old woman in 2001, stabbing her 33 times and slashing the throat of her nine-year-old granddaughter before crushing her skull with rocks. Mitchell lived on the same reservation as the victims in New Mexico, who were found dead in Arizona.

The court wanted to hear claims of racially biased jury selection.



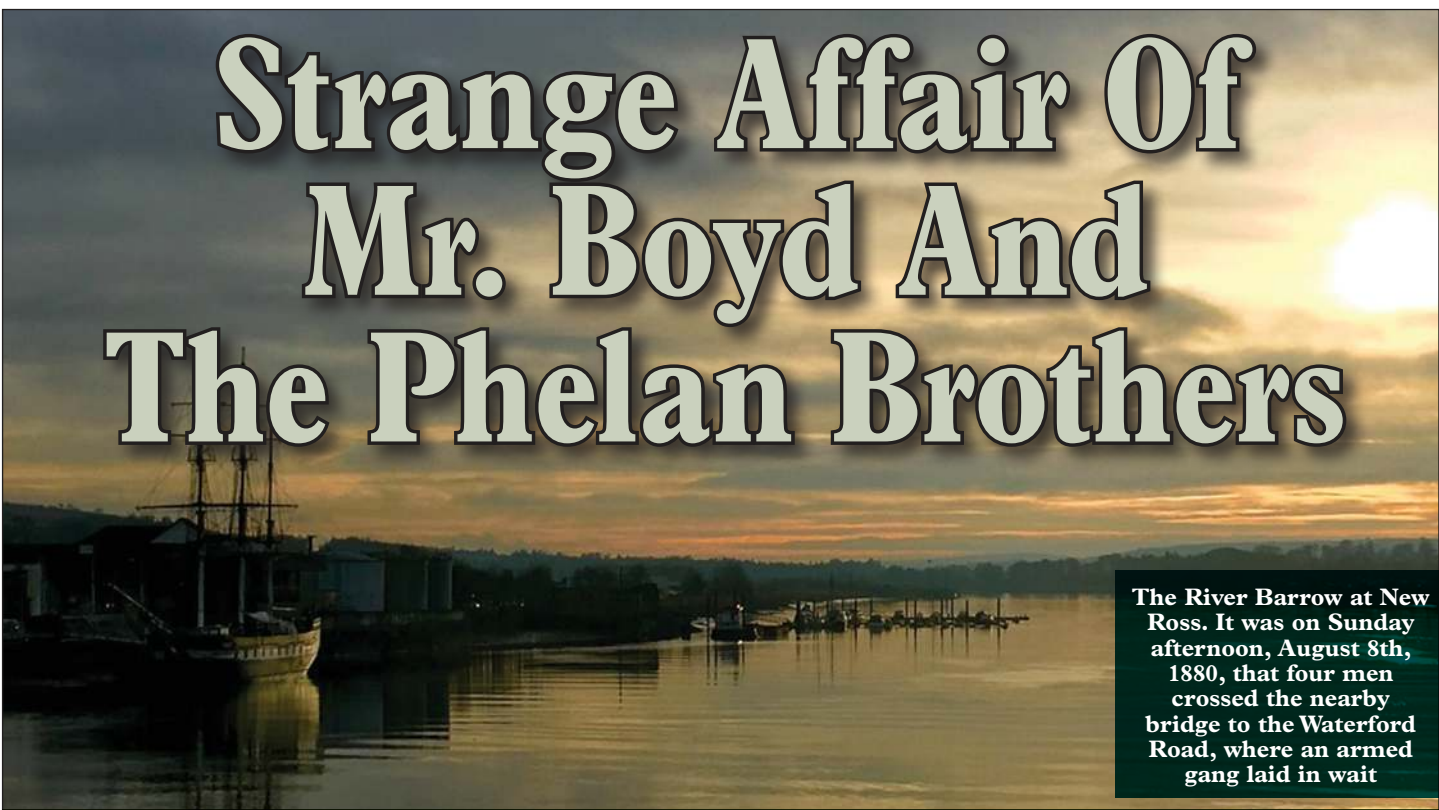
Above, Brandon Council. Below, victims Katie Skeen and Donna Major



Two victims: Lezmond Mitchell

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

Strange Affair Of Mr. Boyd And The Phelan Brothers



The River Barrow at New Ross. It was on Sunday afternoon, August 8th, 1880, that four men crossed the nearby bridge to the Waterford Road, where an armed gang laid in wait

The murder made headlines on both sides of the Irish Sea, prompting questions in the House of Commons. By A.W. Moss

FOR ONE reason or another – and there were several to choose from – Mr. Thomas Boyd was not everyone's favourite. As a solicitor, he was the Crown prosecutor for County Tipperary. As a landlord, he had disgruntled tenants. He was also in dispute with a widow who claimed his family was trying to evict her from the farm she rented from another landowner and ship her off to America.

But then, landlords and lawyers specialising in prosecution are seldom popular. In the eyes of many locals, Mr. Thomas Boyd was just another of the oppressors, and until August 8th, 1880, few outside the district had heard of him. What happened then, however, was to make headlines on both sides of the Irish Sea, prompting questions in the House of Commons.

At about four o'clock on that Sunday afternoon, Thomas Boyd was being driven in his trap along the road from New Ross, Wexford, to Waterford, heading for a farm he owned near his home at Chilcomb, County Kilkenny. With him were three young men: his sons Evans and Charles, and his nephew Gladwell Boyd who was holding the reins.

Suddenly, they were startled to see three men appear in the road. The trio wore masks cut from off-white canvas ticking. More canvas covered their clothes, for they also wore coats and leggings cut from ticking, and at first Thomas Boyd took them to be mummers. But they were brandishing rifles with fixed bayonets.

Approaching the horse and trap, which had come almost to a standstill, the men thrust their guns towards Thomas Boyd and his companions. Evans Boyd, confronted by a bayonet only inches from his mouth, struck out to push it away. At that moment, all three rifles were fired. Evans sustained a leg-wound. His father was shot in the shoulder, saved from more serious injury by his nephew who, handing him the reins, had used his whip to knock up the rifle trained on his uncle.

One bullet struck him in the back, another ploughed straight through him. Charles collapsed in the trap, blood pouring from his wounds

Twenty-year-old Charles Boyd was less fortunate. One bullet struck him in the back, another ploughed straight through him and was later believed to have caused a second, superficial wound suffered by his father.

Charles collapsed in the trap, blood pouring from his wounds. His father whipped the horse and drove on to the nearby farm that had been his destination, Evans shouting "Murder!"

Gladwell – the only one to escape injury – had fallen from the trap, and

now ran across fields to New Ross to raise the alarm and to fetch a doctor. After following the trap for a short distance, the attackers jumped a ditch and made off towards Shanbough graveyard.

News of the assault spread swiftly, and police were soon on the scene. Evans's cries had been heard, but those living nearby said they had assumed he was shouting at his dogs. Acting Constable Thomas Byrne said he had rushed out of his father-in-law's cottage nearby, but his wife had clung to him, preventing him from pursuing the assailants.

While Charles Boyd was taken by stretcher from the farm to his home, Chilcomb Lodge, officers searching the scene found three cartridges in the road, two loaded and one spent. In a ditch they discovered some scraps of canvas, a brandy bottle and a whiskey bottle with a label bearing the name of a Rostercon publican. A double hedge and ditch bordered the road, and it was in this that the attackers had concealed themselves.

It was believed that the men had intended to kill Thomas Boyd and his sons, and had not expected Gladwell Boyd to be with them. The father, who was in his late 50s, was assumed to have been the principal target. The discovery of the bottles prompted the investigators to suspect that had the attackers not been drunk, they would have carried out the shooting more competently, holding the horse while they killed the Boyds one by one.

In a nearby barley field the police recovered the three rifles, which were later identified as having been stolen two years earlier in a raid on an army barracks 200 miles away at Dunmore, County Galway.

Charles Boyd, who had been studying at Trinity College, Dublin, to become a barrister, died at 1.30 a.m. the following day. An autopsy found that he had died from gunshot wounds to his chest and back, one of the bullets having penetrated his lungs.

The police recovered the three rifles, which were later identified as having been stolen in a raid on an army barracks

Meanwhile, information received by the police had led to the arrest of a number of Shanbough villagers, including the brothers John and Walter Phelan, whose elder brother, James Phelan senior, was a farm tenant of Thomas Boyd. Also arrested was the brothers' sister Anastasia Phelan, who was said to have been seen waving a red handkerchief as if to signal the approach of the Boyds in their trap.



FATAL OUTRAGE IN NEW ROSS, I.

In Parliament, when questions were asked about the outrage, the Chief Secretary for Ireland said that some Enfield rifles had been sold there before his party came into office, but he had

since put a stop to this.

In and around New Ross, speculation about the motive for the attack centred upon the plight of the widow who said she had been harassed by the Boyd family, although she was not one of the tenants. She was a Mrs. Doolan who lived near Jamestown, and she told a reporter her story.

When she fell into arrears with her rent following the death of her husband, she said, Evans Boyd had stepped in and paid the owner's agent half the money owing, in return for her providing grazing for the Boyds' beasts.

Evans Boyd had subsequently paid her full year's rent for her, but he took in return much of the farm's produce, several beasts, her two carts, and two ploughs and a harrow, so that she could no longer till the land.

"He then wanted me to sell the horses off the land," she said. "I did not know it then but I know it now very well that the whole thing was managed to get me out of the place and off to America or Zululand."

She had responded by turning the Boyds' animals off her land, but the pressure increased, with Evans Boyd making further suggestions that she should emigrate and offering inducements for her to do so. When she refused to go, he sent in bailiffs who were unable to produce their authority when she demanded it. More bailiffs subsequently arrived, but with neighbours' help she had managed to keep them off the farm and they had not returned since.

Far from owing Evans Boyd money, she claimed, she had been deprived by him of the equivalent of double, if not treble, the rent he had paid on her behalf.

The dispute had reached its climax

C

THE WORLD'S **WORST** KILLERS

Richard Francis Cottingham

"THE TORSO KILLER"

• **United States**

RICHARD COTTINGHAM led a perfectly normal life. He had been a star high school athlete; now he was a computer operator, married with three children, and living in Lodi, New Jersey. But between 1977 and 1980 he tortured, killed and dismembered at least six women, using a kit kept in his business briefcase comprising handcuffs, gag, dog collar, knives, a replica pistol, and bottles of prescription sedatives.

Maryann Carr was the first victim on December 16th, 1977, her body dumped outside a seedy motel, the Quality Inn in Hasbrouck Heights, just over the George Washington Bridge from Manhattan.

Prostitute Helen Sikes went missing from Times Square in January 1979. Her body was dumped with her head almost severed. Her legs were discovered a block away.

On December 2nd, 1979, New York firefighters found two headless, handless corpses in a burning 42nd Street hotel

room. The missing parts were never recovered.

On May 5th, 1980, police found another prostitute, Shelley Dudley, dead under a bed in a room at the same motel where Maryann Carr's body had been found. She had been beaten and strangled, her nipples almost bitten off.

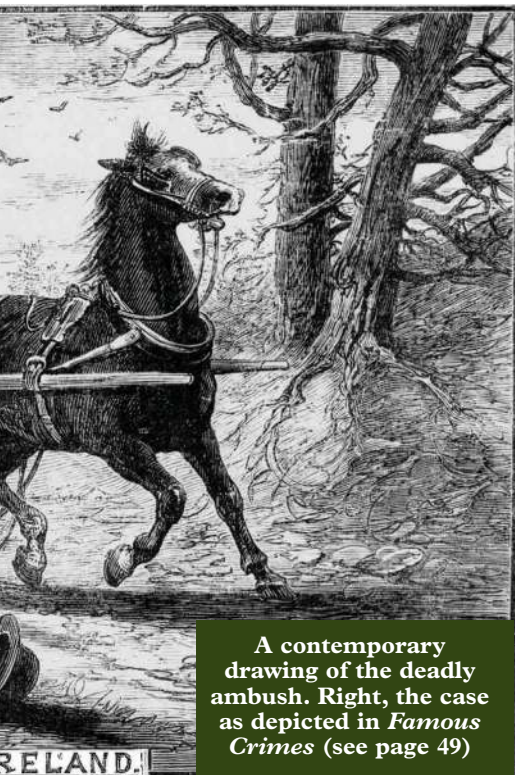
The burning body of another prostitute, Jean Reyner, was found murdered in a Times Square hotel on May 15th. She had been stabbed to death and her breasts sliced off.

At 9 a.m. on May 22nd, police responded to a report of a woman screaming at the Quality Inn. They met Cottingham, who was waving a replica gun, as he left his unscathed victim-to-be, and arrested him.

With the torture kit and a "trophy" room at his house with victims' belongings confirming his guilt, Cottingham was sentenced in 1981 to 173 to 197 years, with 75 years later added. He remains in New Jersey State Prison in Trenton.



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



during the week before the shooting...

Thomas Boyd, however, seemed to point an accusing finger in the direction of his own tenants. Claiming that the attack was agrarian, stemming from a movement which was pressing for the redistribution of landed property, he said he had bought his estate 10 years previously. Those tenants whose rents had been raised had been compensated by an allowance of 25 per cent, given partly in lime and partly in seed. Tenants whose rents had not been raised received no allowance.

Yet another Phelan brother, 19-year-old James Phelan junior, was arrested, but when the case came to trial, some 10 months later, just two defendants faced the charge of murdering Charles Boyd. They were John Phelan and his brother Walter, 23. It was decided to try Walter first, and on appearing before the Queen's Bench at Dublin on June 27th, 1881, he pleaded "Not guilty."

Opening for the prosecution, Mr. James Murphy QC said that after Thomas Boyd purchased his estate, all the land was revalued. Some of the rents were consequently increased. Only five tenants had objected, and Walter and John Phelan were the brothers of one of them. Mr. Boyd had been on good terms with the rest of his tenants.

When the attack on the Boyds took place, Evans Boyd, far from being paralysed with terror, had recognised two of the men despite their disguises. "I know two of them, if not the third," he had told his wounded brother. And before six o'clock that evening he had procured the arrest of John and Walter Phelan.

He had recognised Walter's voice, hearing him growl during the attack, "Not one shot!"

Walter and John Phelan lived with their brother James Phelan junior and in their house police found two caps similar to the ones used for disguise, and some cartridges. At Richard Phelan's farm nearby they found canvas ticking corresponding with that worn by the attackers.

Mr. Murphy said that he trusted the outcome of the trial would let assassins know that they could not escape justice simply by assuming a disguise. It was easy to recognise someone you knew, however he changed his appearance. His height, gait, voice and the way he

"I thought it was some friendly thing. I never dreamt of anything hostile until I looked up and saw, to my horror, that he had a gun, and on top of the gun a bayonet"

carried himself would identify him...

The day before the murder, Walter Phelan had bought a bottle of whiskey corresponding with the bottle found in a ditch at the scene of the attack.

The crime had been committed in broad daylight on a road where there were likely to be many people around. And it would not have been attempted, said Mr. Murphy, by persons who did not expect to have a safe place of retreat close at hand, whether or not their attack succeeded. Furthermore, it would not have been attempted without many people knowing of the assailants' intentions. The security of their retreat

was assured because they knew nobody was likely to molest them or to interfere with the "good work" they had in hand.

Thus, getting rid of their disguises and rifles was no problem, and they were able to appear a few moments later, engaged in their customary Sunday occupations, Mr. Murphy concluded.

Virtually the whole village, he seemed to be suggesting, was a party to the conspiracy.

Four witnesses, Robert and Mary Brazill, Patrick Carroll and Tom Doyle, told the court that John Phelan was playing cards with them at the home of James Phelan senior at the time of the murder. All the witnesses admitted that they had themselves been held in custody, suspected of complicity in the murder, but had later been released.

Thomas Boyd said that when he bought his estate, five of his 30 tenants refused to enter into new arrangements. They included Richard Phelan and James Phelan, the brother of Walter and John Phelan.

Asked what had first attracted his attention on the road, he said: "A person in disguise. He appeared to me at first to be a person who was dancing, but he might have been lame...I thought it was some friendly thing. I never dreamt of anything hostile until I looked up and saw, to my horror, that he had a gun, and on top of the gun a bayonet."

The man was then joined by two more, Mr. Boyd continued. After the shots were fired, he said, "I beat the horse as well as I could," and the three men began pursuing the trap. "I called

them 'You murdering villains!' I could be heard a mile off."

Admitting that he could not identify any of the men, Mr. Boyd said: "I did not look at them for a quarter of a second. If you ask me who I believe the first man was, I would tell you I believe he is listening to me now."

The spot which the attackers had used as a hiding place for their ambush was known as "The Cave," the court was told by Thomas Boyd's elder son, Evans. It was covered with bushes, he said. "There is an opening at the end of that place, from which any person concealed there could see people coming from Ross."

"I saw a man coming out from the ditch with a yellowish description of covering about him as a disguise, and he had a gun in his hand. He had a mask on his face, which was tied with a string in a bow, and over the mask, on his head, he had some sort of dirty calico. There was a bayonet fixed on the gun. I first saw him as he came out of the entrance to the ditch or cave. He went on jumping sideways towards Shanbough. Two other men came out of the ditch dressed in the same way, just as the horse's head came up to the cave."

"The first man crossed over in front of the horse, and the next thing I saw was the gun up to my father's face, the bayonet almost touching him."

"I struck the bayonet down with my left hand. The gun went off, and the shot went through the legs of my trousers at the knee"

Evans Boyd went on to describe how he left his seat in order to knock the bayonet from his father's face. When he returned to his seat he saw one of the men with a gun to his shoulder, "pointed towards my brother. That man was one of the two who came out of the ditch when the horse came up. He discharged the gun. The third man was running behind. He presented a gun and bayonet towards my stomach, and as he did I raised my right knee, and he raised the bayonet to my lip and struck me with the top of it in the lip."

"I struck the bayonet down with my left hand. The gun went off, and the shot went through the legs of my trousers at the knee. A few seconds after that I knew that my brother was wounded."

The last shot, directed at himself, had been fired by Walter Phelan, who said "Not one shot," Evans Boyd continued. "I had known him for twelve years and was in the habit of speaking to him constantly. After he said, 'Not one shot,' I said, 'No, and not one will fall off this car.' I was not aware then that my brother Charles had been shot."

Dublin in the 1880s. The murder trial was held in the city



Cross-examined by Mr. C. H. Hemphill QC, defending, Evans Boyd said: "I was laid up ill for eleven months, and was not able to walk about. On the morning of the occurrence I was not at all well. We consequently did not go out to drive until somewhat late in the afternoon..."

"Did you know the man who fired at your brother Charles?" asked Mr. Hemphill.

"Yes. He was John Phelan."

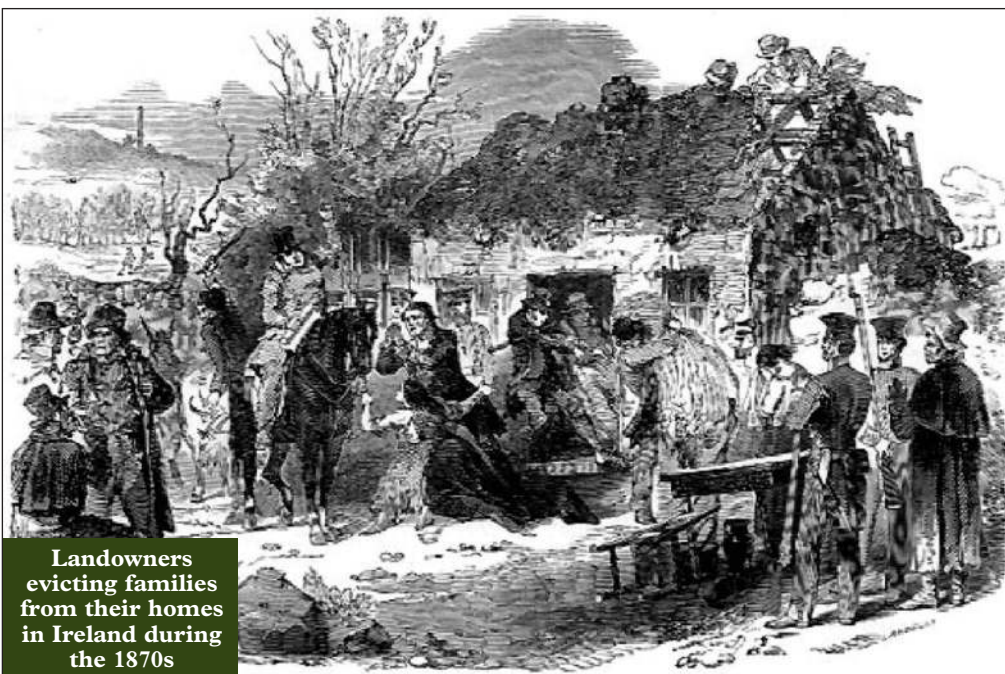
"Were you quite cool on this evening?"

"Yes, I was perfectly calm and collected. I may say that I was so weak I could not get excited."

Mr. Hemphill put it to him that when some people he met on the road told him the Phelans had been arrested, he had said: "It is all no use. These are not the parties at all."

"I did say 'These are not the Phelans at all,'" Evans Boyd replied. "I had first asked, were they the Phelans of the Cross-roads, and some of them said, 'No, of the Church-yard,' and I said that was wrong, they were not the Phelans at all."

A Kilbrahan farmer, John Dalton, said that he had been in a lane near the scene of the crime when at about 5 p.m. on August 8th he had seen two men dressed in white clothes. They



Landowners evicting families from their homes in Ireland during the 1870s

subsequently reappeared in dark attire, and neither was Walter or John Phelan. A third man, whom he did not know, then joined them.

Acting Constable Byrne told the court that when he asked Evans Boyd if he knew his attackers, Boyd replied that he did not, as they were masked to the ground.

A newspaper reporter, Hugh Mahon, of the *Wexford People* and the *New Ross Standard*, said that on hearing of the dispute involving Mrs. Doolan, he had interviewed Walter Phelan about her allegations, and had been with him on the day of the shooting from

If Evans Boyd were correct in naming John Phelan as the killer, all those who said they were playing cards with him at the time of the murder were perjurers

12 noon until between half-past three and four o'clock, when he parted with him at Phelan's home at Shanbough cross-roads.

Johanna Phelan, Walter and John Phelan's sister-in-law, said that she had been attending to her turkeys when she heard shots and saw three men in white on the road. They went into a cornfield. Walter Phelan was at that time going to see some horses about half a mile away, and she afterwards saw him return with them.

Mr. Peter O'Brien, defending, reminded the jury that, according to the prosecution witness Evans Boyd, it had been John Phelan who had shot Charles Boyd, yet it was Walter Phelan who was now on trial.

He pointed out that it had not been

Kilkenny today. Many of those arrested on suspicion of murder were locked up in the town's gaol



until August 13th that the police had found the canvas ticking in a barn. If the Phelans were guilty, would they have left such tell-tale evidence around, knowing that the police were searching every nook and cranny?

Challenging the evidence of Evans Boyd, he said that the witness had been suffering from a spinal complaint, a disorder which above all others might affect the nervous system or the brain. If Evans Boyd were correct in naming John Phelan as the killer, then that could only mean that all those who said

they were playing cards with him at the time of the murder were perjurers. The court had also heard evidence that when Evans Boyd was told who had been arrested, he had said it was the wrong Phelans.

And when the Phelan brothers were arrested shortly after the murder, Mr. O'Brien continued, the police themselves had admitted that there was no sign that the two men had been drinking.

Mr. Hemphill pointed out that the ticking which had been found at Richard Phelan's farm had not been

Strange Claims Of The Penny Dreadful Report

In *Famous Crimes*, a penny illustrated paper published almost 120 years ago, a report of the Boyd/Phelan case is interesting as much for its discrepancies as its facts. The journal maintained that Evans Boyd "was a helpless invalid, totally unable to use his limbs. But on seeing his brother fall...sprang up, stared wildly about him, and then jumped off the car and ran quickly towards the assailants." In his evidence Evans Boyd told of his disability but we can find no reports of him making a



miraculous recovery and chasing the attackers. Perhaps the affair with Mrs. Doolan showed him in such a poor light that the account of his heroism was to redress the balance to English readers.

Another strange claim made by the journal recalls the Phelan brothers' triumphant return home after their acquittal. As the train approached Ballywilliam, it recalls, "One of them opened the door of the carriage in which they were riding and jumped out."

After being taken home, the article states, he was found to be hopelessly insane and was committed to an asylum. We cannot find any record of this in the newspapers, but was it written to account for the fact that Walter Phelan returned home a broken man after 10 months' incarceration before his trial? The newspaper *The Nation* reported:

"Their long imprisonment has told on both men, and Walter had scarcely reached his home at New Ross when he was stricken down with brain fever. There is some fear that his mind may give way, and after all he was subjected to while in prison, it would not be surprising if it did."

discovered in the house, but in an open barn where any stranger or tramp could have left it.

Replying for the prosecution, Mr. W. Ryan QC said it had been suggested that the men who attacked the Boyds were strangers. But would strangers know the Boyds' movements, and be so familiar with the neighbourhood that they would be able to choose such an ideal place for concealment as that used by the attackers? Then there was the discovery in Richard Phelan's barn of the canvas ticking which exactly fitted that cut out for the attackers' disguises. This disposed once and for all of the claim that the assailants had been strangers.

Before the murder, Walter Phelan had seen a reporter, telling him that Evans Boyd had treated Mrs. Doolan badly, Mr. Ryan continued. This indicated his feelings towards the Boyd family. And it made no difference whether or not Walter Phelan had fired the fatal shot. If

he had taken part in the attack, then he was guilty of murder.

His alibi fell to pieces because it placed him within five to ten minutes of the time and place of the murder, and it did not prove that he had not had the opportunity to take part in the attack.

Referring to John Phelan's card-playing alibi, Mr. Ryan said it was significant that not one of the players had got up when the shooting was heard, and not one had asked what had happened. They hadn't asked, because they knew. The card-party had been "got up" to provide John Phelan's alibi.

Turning to the evidence of Acting Constable Byrne, who claimed Evans Boyd said he had not recognised the attackers, Mr. Ryan told the jury they should have no difficulty in believing Mr. Boyd in preference to the policeman, who was under suspension for neglect of duty and had been fined £4 for lying to a superior.

Summing up, the Lord Chief Justice told the jury that they had to decide whether they should believe the prosecution's witnesses or the witnesses for the defence. They couldn't all be telling the truth, because their evidence was irreconcilable.

The judge dismissed the evidence of the bottles found in the ditch, saying there was nothing to connect them with the accused. But he found it extraordinary that when the police informed the card party that Mr. Boyd had been shot, none of them had made a move or even suggested going in pursuit of the attackers. From this it might be inferred that the news was no great surprise to them.

After retiring for less than an hour, the jury returned with a verdict of not guilty, which was welcomed with swiftly suppressed applause.

Both Walter and John Phelan remained in custody overnight, however, because there was still a charge pending against Walter Phelan for attempting to shoot one of the Boyds, and his brother remained charged with Charles Boyd's murder. But when the court resumed the next day, both prisoners were released.

Meanwhile, there had been cheering in the streets when a telegram

The judge dismissed the evidence of the bottles found in the ditch, saying there was nothing to connect them with the accused

announcing the verdict arrived in New Ross. The New Ross Brass Band and Fife and Drum Band turned out "as they would at an election victory," it was reported, "and marched through the town playing triumphantly."

Tar barrels were sent for and ignited in celebration, although the police prevented the crowds from lighting any near Thomas Boyd's residence.

But Walter Phelan's homecoming was not a happy one. Shortly after his return after nearly 10 months in prison, he was taken ill with brain fever, was reported to have become deranged, and was admitted to hospital. John Phelan kept a low profile, spending most of his time in his home...

In Dublin, *The Nation* newspaper commented: "No one who had followed the evidence with any attention could believe that the accused were guilty of the murder. In many important points the charge broke down completely, and no honest jury would ever dream of convicting the two men as the case stood."

Readers, what do you think? Write to us at the address on page 3.

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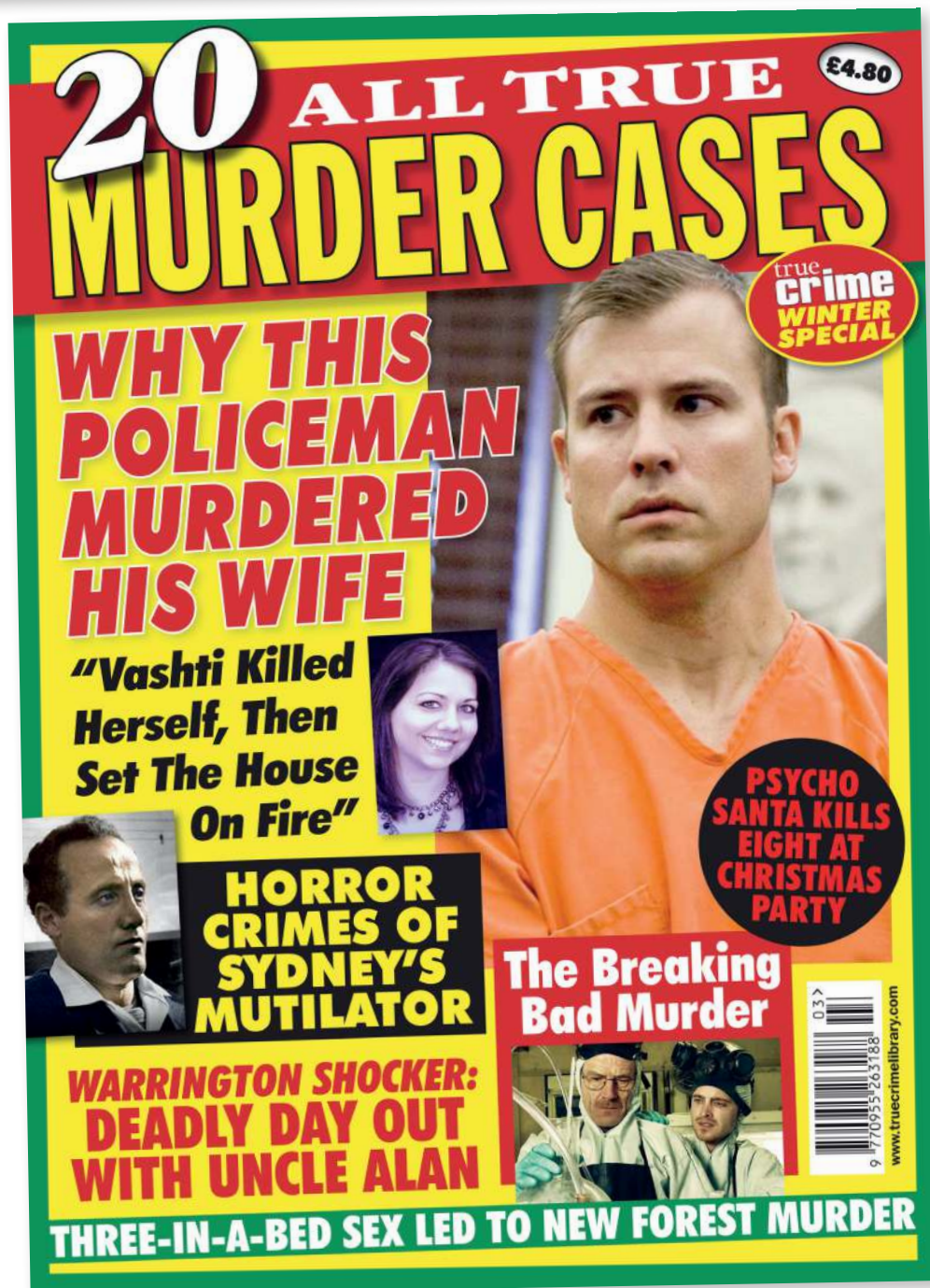
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