

# REAL TRUE CRIME **DETECTIVE** STORIES®

\$17.95

Volume 7 Issue

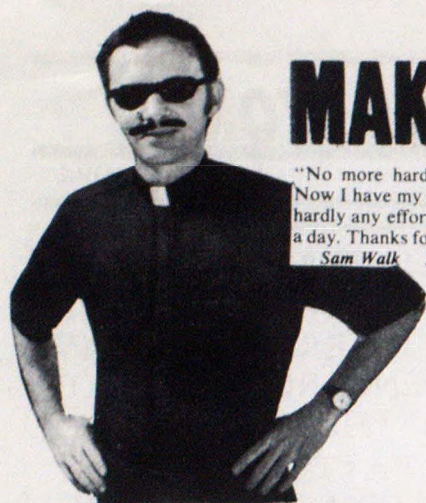


January 1984

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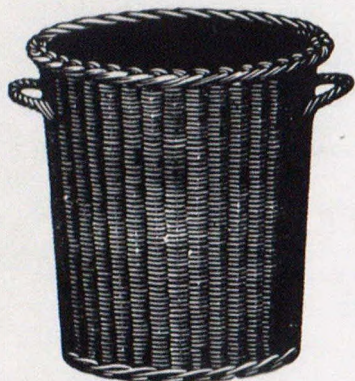
Sam Walk Prichard, Alabama

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THIS MAGAZINE IS  
PUBLISHED IN THE  
INTERESTS OF LAW  
ENFORCEMENT FOR  
THE CONTINUING  
BATTLE AGAINST  
CRIME AND THE  
CONTINUING  
SEARCH FOR  
TRUTH, JUSTICE,  
AND  
THE AMERICAN  
WAY!

PERHAPS, SOMEDAY,  
ESPECIALLY WITH  
THE PUBLISHING  
OF THIS  
MAGAZINE,  
THE RIGHTS  
OF EACH CITIZEN  
CAN BE  
FULLY PROTECTED.

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Butch Kowalski, PhD  
In Memoriam  
1933 - 1984



# THE READER'S ALWAYS WRITE

## GROW UP

I read with dismay your article in last week's edition, entitled, "The Mystery Behind The Death of Junior Sample." I have been--and always will be--a fan and supporter of the television program "Hee Haw." Granpa Jones, Aunt Minnie Pearle, Archie Campbell, George "Goober" Lindsay, Roy and Buck, and all of the cast has always been like family to me. Junior, I am proud to say, was no exception.

Normally, I appreciate the gratuitous violence found in your magazine. But why make up a story about a brutal murder, when you know as well as I do that Junior died of natural causes?

And why must you exaggerate Junior's fondness for ladyfriends and occasional heavy drinking, when you completely ignore the man's talents and career highlights? I read your story twice, and not once did you mention his most famous comedy routine—the slow—talking used—car salesman who had nothing but junkheaps for sale.

Junior's death saddened many, and I know that many of us will forever hold him in our hearts and prayers. Perhaps you gentlemen could see the error of your ways, and offer the Sample family a solemn, forgiving, "SA-LUTE!"

—Anne Meyers  
Boulder, Colo.

## WREN

Your extensive article about the life of the African wren was quite informative. Beautifully il-

lustrated, if offered a very thorough description of this fascinating animal.

Thanking you again for a wonderful accomplishment, I look forward to future issues of **Butch Kowalski's Animal Kingdom**. Thank you

—Paul Taylor  
Squirrel, Maine

## THREE CHEERS!

Thank God there is a magazine that looks out for the welfare and good-being of the John Q. Public citizen in this UNITED STATES of AMERICA. You guys are terrific!

By bringing the violence strewn about America to the attention of the lawmakers throughout this country, you are fulfilling a badly needed service. Now maybe citizens will stand up and be recognized, and join the NRA and show the bad guys that their days are numbered and make law enforcers wake up and smell the coffee.

Violence is rampant on our streets, and you sure prove that. Maybe now folks will realize that the real crime in this country is ignorance... ignorance of the threatening world that exists right underneath our noses.

—Davy Jones  
Levittown, L.I.

## OOPS!

The story you people wrote entitled, "He Busted Her Cherry, So She Busted His Face," was not entirely accurate.

I am the woman who was involved in that incident, and I found that the story is not only exaggerated, but also untrue. True, he raped me. True, I busted his face. However, and I state this for the record, I am not, nor have I ever been, an employee of Roy Roger's Family Restaurants. At the time of the incident, I was selling imitation plastic Mediterranean wall decorations at a May's Department Store.

I thought someone should set the record straight, and show that you guys don't always stand for the truth!

—Peggy White  
Whelton, OH.

## PRISON

I am in prison for life. It's very lonely, and it's very depressing. Each week, however, I look forward to receiving your magazine. Most magazines give very little coverage to violent crime—at least not in the wonderfully graphic way that you do.

You guys are graphic, and I like that. In fact, if I could get out of prison I'd like to try many of the things you write about. You have a great way of glamourizing and glorifying violent crime, and I want you to know that it's appreciated.

Violence is an interesting way of life, and I hope that your stories can inspire others to use their stored violent energies. I regret that I myself will never have that opportunity.

Dwight Washington  
Rikers Island



**A REAL Story About A  
REAL Detective. REALLY.**

# **THE INSATIABLE APPETITE OF THE HUNGRY WHORE**

**by TURK RYDELL**

It was just one of those lazy, hazy summer evenings that reeked of a fetid odor, like the mens room at Yankee Stadium and moldy cat tuna. Business had been a little slower than usual; so Detective Rodney Long Lay stretched out on the floor in his undershirt, listening to a ballgame while sipping a warm, flat Bud. Life is good, he concluded.

"*Entrez-vous*," he muttered in the broken German that he had learned while doing time at Riker's Island.

As the door squeakingly opened, first slowly, then quickly, then slowly, then quickly again, and so on and so forth for about 20 minutes, a change in his testosterone level, followed by a jubilant erection of his penis made him come to the startling, albeit pleasurable, conclusion that the mystery person who had harkened at his doorstep was a woman, the most voluptuous, curvaceous, buxom, scintillating woman he had ever seen.

He quickly rushed all of the men at the urinals out of the room. Working out of a stadium bathroom was a great way to lower overhead, but it sure had its disadvantages.

Long was a loner who had placed an ad in a local newspaper offering his services as a private detective. The money he would make would be used to pay for a long-awaited circumcision. He explained this

to his client, disgusting her in his effort to make small talk.

Long then asked the woman to state her case. Her name was Priscilla Blakely, and her case was quite unusual.

"You see, she had an identical twin sister who had become an employee of the oldest profession," said Long in a court a few months later. "At the same time, her affluent father became ill, almost to the point of death. The problem was this: Priscilla's parents confused her, a virgin-  
(continued on next page)

**Long later admitted in court that they had engaged in sexual intercourse for about twenty minutes.**



# Hungry Whore

(continued)

white, saintly angel, with her identical twin sister, Mary, a sleazy slut. And unless Priscilla could set her parents straight, she would be taken out of her father's will."

Ms. Blakely then gave him a portfolio containing medical records--she and her sister's thumbprints, dental records, blood types, *et al.* There were also photos of Mary Blakely in the nude, prompting Long to immediately begin his investigation.

That night, on November 8, 1973, he spotted Mary Blakely working on a street corner. Her pimp was nowhere to be seen; this was his chance.

Long made her an offer. She accepted.

"We walked into a decrepit three-story flat. Her 'office,' unlike the building it was in, was lavishly furnished with all the essentials -- a bar, a bathtub, and a bed," said Long.

Long prepared some drinks in an attempt to get her fingerprints on a glass. After about 20 minutes, he came to the conclusion that he couldn't get fingerprints. "Must have been because of her confounded gloves," he deduced.

"Mary made her way over to the bed, and took off her wrap," Long said, "revealing a set of knobs, each of which required its own zip code. I knew what was going to follow."

Long later admitted in court that they had engaged in sexual intercourse for about twenty minutes. Their sex was interrupted, however, by a sudden

blow from Mary.

"She had bitten me where I lived," Long explained.

As he writhed in pain, he noticed through the corner of his eye the portfolio that Priscilla Blakely had given him; it was protruding from his jacket. He removed Mary's dental records from the portfolio, and compared them to the cavernous indentations on his penis. Having no success in the comparison, he checked Priscilla's dental records.



**Rodney Long, the intrepid, hard-boiled detective who risked all to clear his client's name.**

Ironically, Long learned that he had just had sex with his client.

Confused, Long approached Priscilla Blakely, shielding his crotch with his hands.

"I needed the business," she told him matter-of-factly. "And besides, I fulfilled my obligation," she continued, pointing to his newly-

circumcised penis.

Long, appreciating this revelation, decided to terminate their contract "in style," and jumped on her. The "investigation" took on a new meaning.

A trial, in which Priscilla Blakely demanded a fee from Long for preforming the circumcision, was later dropped for lack of evidence. ●



Stop being a 90-lb. weakling! Build your body up with Charles Atlas! What's this ad doing here? Who knows, we advertise everywhere! So why not here!

## CLASSIFIEDS

### Services

**BROWN DETECTIVE AGENCY**, 13 Rover Avenue. Leroy "Encyclopedia" Brown, President. No case too small. 25¢ per day plus expenses. Box 13A

**HARD—BOILED DICKS?**  
We wouldn't touch that line with a ten foot pole.

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★ 24 HOUR SERVICE  
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An actual photo of the unconscious part of your psyche!

SEND \$6.00, NAME, ADDRESS, SEX, HEIGHT, COLOR HAIR, EYES, BIRTHDATE & SMALL PHOTO

IDENTIFICATION SYSTEMS DEPT. 39



***SLASHED, MAULED,  
AND HURLED  
TO HIS DEATH!***

**A LATE NIGHT  
AT  
THE OFFICE  
LEADS TO  
THE MURDER OF**

(continued on next page)



# REAL TRUE CRIME DETECTIVE STORIES' PUBLISHER!



**Publisher Butch Kowalski, PhD: Before...**

**by PETE KING**

At 9:00 P.M., the elderly cleaning woman entered the office. "Goodness, Dr. Kowalski," she said to the man behind the desk, "don't you ever go home to your family?"

"Not as long as good people throughout this land find themselves un-informed, Mrs. Vladitovsky," the man replied. These would be his last known words.

Her work in the office completed, the elderly Russian immigrant left to continue her

everyday routine. Nothing in the office had seemed unusual to her; nothing could have serv-



**...and after.**

ed as a clue to the horror that was to follow. Butch Kowalski, PhD, publisher, crusader, and beloved family man, was alone.

But not for long.

What happend next is not completely clear. "We're not completely clear on what happend next," says Police Inspector Nick O'Thyme. "But we





***In their mad desire for Dr. Kowalski's death, the murderers killed several innocent security guards, crushing them beneath ventilator shafts.***

have definite evidence showing that a team of Ninja assassins, a group from the death cult of Kaili, and a dancing bear were involved. Somebody sure wanted him dead."

It is not hard to imagine what must have happened that night. Dr. Kowalski must have been sitting behind his desk, working frantically to meet a deadline; perhaps he was writing yet another of the editorials for which he was so famous. Then, suddenly, unexpectedly, the window must have burst inwards, spraying shattered glass through the room. As the glass fell to the floor, Dr. Kowalski would have found himself facing a room filled with no less than twenty-five assailants, brandishing swords, knives, and claws.

(continued on next page)

**...the window...burst inwards...Dr. Kowalski... found himself facing a room filled with no less than twenty-five assailants, brandishing swords, knives, and claws.**



# Slashed, Mauled, and Hurled

(continued)

Perhaps he was stunned for a moment.

Dr. Kowalski was known as a man of action and a martial arts expert. Perhaps under normal circumstances, he could have defeated his attackers. But his enemies had shrewdly thrown the odds in their favor by drugging Dr. Kowalski's coffee earlier that evening. Dr. Kowalski probably fought off a number of his attackers before succumbing to the drug's ef-

fects. But in the end, drugged and severely outnumbered, Dr. Kowalski fell to his foes. He was found the next day--stabbed repeatedly, mauled, and thrown thirty-seven stories to his death.

Who could have been responsible for this dastardly crime?

"Like any good investigative journalist, Dr. Kowalski was not a man without enemies," Inspector O'Thyme says. "We've got a list of possible suspects, but it's so long that it could take years to track down the mastermind behind this whole thing."

Butch Kowalski, PhD, was a fine man, and it is especially poignant that he has died by violence, though he had long campaigned for peace. He shall be missed. ●

## DRAW "ROCCO"



"Rocco" is wanted in three states for several murders, rapes, and assaults. Let him help you test your talent as a police sketch artist.

You may win one of several two-year scholarships to the Famous Police Sketch Artists School, Inc.! And who knows? If your drawing is good enough to lead to an identification and arrest, you may be the target of "Rocco's" bloody vengeance when he gets out!

To enter, simply draw "Rocco" in any size except like a tracing. Send one copy of your drawing to us, and carry a second copy around to sleazy bars in your area. Winners will receive two-year scholarships to the Famous Police Sketch Artists School, Inc.

Famous Police Sketch Artists School, Inc.

21 Washington Pl.--Box 80  
New York, NY 10003

I think my drawing's good enough to send "Rocco" to the slammer for a long, long time.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
Blood type \_\_\_\_\_

## REWARD

A reward will be offered for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the person or persons responsible. The police are doing all they can, but it's just not enough. For this reason, we are turning to you, our readers. If you have any information regarding the murder of Butch Kowalski, PhD, please send it to the following address:



**I KNOW WHO KILLED BUTCH**

**21 Washington Pl.--Box 80  
New York, NY 10003**





# FOR MEN ONLY

## COMMAND THE POWERS OF THE BABYLONIAN RABBIT!

Dear Friend,

The Rabbit is nature's most potently sexual animal. It enjoys a reputation of great sexual prowess. Everyone knows how rabbits multiply. **AND NOW WE OFFER YOU THE SEXUAL POWER OF THE BABYLONIAN RABBIT.**

The great Babylonian society flourished thousands of years ago in a land know as the Fertile Crescent. They didn't call it the Fertile Cresent for nothing.

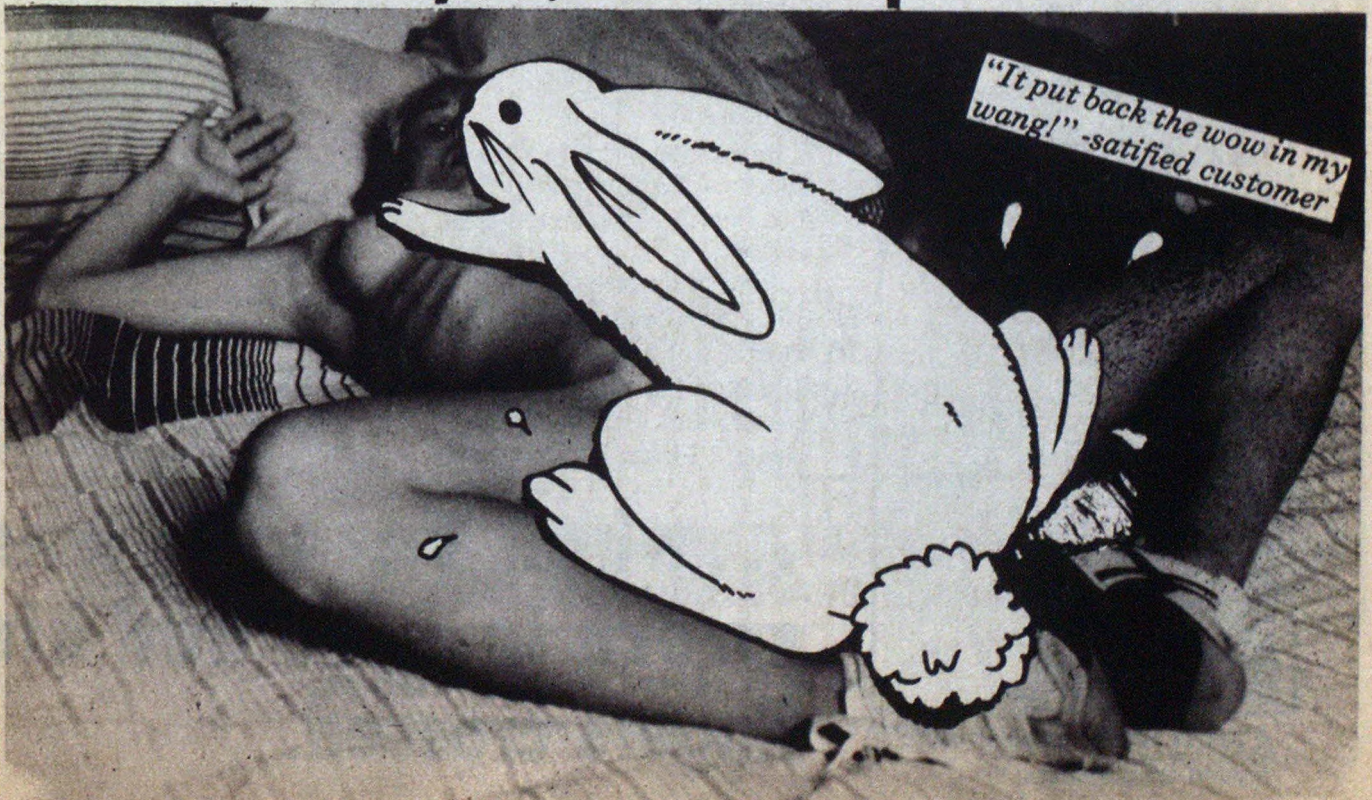
Two years ago, a group of scientific researchers from a major British University, embarked on a quest for remnants of a lost Babylonian city near the prehistoric Tigress and Euphrates rivers. There they found the remains of a prehistoric drug store. But more importantly, they found an unbroken vial containing the secret sexual powers of the Babylonian Rabbit. We brought this vial back to our labratories, and analyzed and reproduced it, Bringing You The Secret Of The Babylonian Rabbit.

*Yes Mr. Rock, I want to discover the potent sexuality of the Babylonian Rabbit. Send me*

\_\_\_\_\_ 6 doses for \$9.99  
\_\_\_\_\_ 12 doses for \$18  
\_\_\_\_\_ 48 doses for \$54  
\_\_\_\_\_ 84 doses for \$69  
\_\_\_\_\_ 144 doses for \$99.99

*Make check payable to Cash and send it, along with your name and address, to Hippity Hop, Whambam Road, Intercourse Pa. 69696.*

*Caution: overdosage may make you too powerful for your partner.*





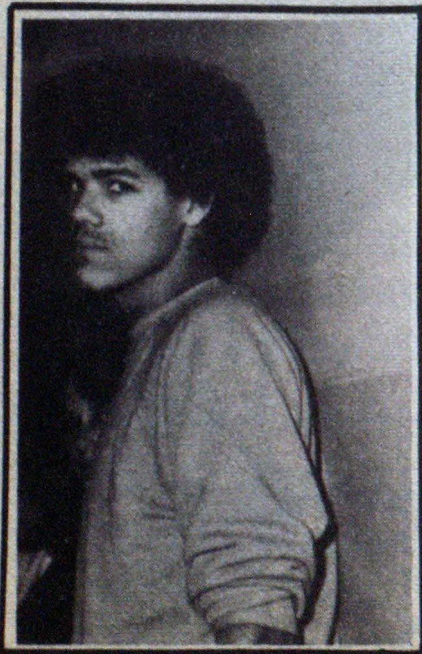
**REVEALED AT LAST!!**

# **THE TRUTH BEHIND THE JFK ASSASSINATION!!**

**by JACK G. HEINZ**

**The limousine cruises slowly beneath the hot afternoon sun, a cheering crowd flanking its path. Suddenly there is blood, and shock. The president has been shot. Who's responsible?**

Who is responsible? Is it the loner, Lee Harvey Oswald, the quickly apprehended pawn? Or, is it John Vernalis, a quiet shoemaker from Tennessee who was known to have said "I hate JFK" on numerous occasions?



**A secret source revealed all to federal investigators.**

The limousine cruises slowly beneath the hot afternoon sun, a cheering crowd flanking its path. Suddenly there is blood, and shock. The president has been shot. Who's responsible?

Who is responsible? Well, Oswald is there, making him a likely suspect. But what about Vernalis? Where is he?

Indeed, where was Vernalis just past two o'clock PM on that fateful November twenty-second?

John F. Kennedy has been in office no more than three days when a woman walks into Fit-Rite Shoes in Hicksville, Tennessee, and overhears a man saying, "I hate that bastard we

now got as president!" She soon discovers that the man speaking is Vernalis, the owner of the store.

She listens more closely, and she can hear him lower his voice into a telephone receiver: "If I could I'd kill that bastard."

Time passes, and the president goes about his business. On that fateful afternoon in Dallas, JFK has no idea what awaits him.

Jim Bastel was a neighbor of Vernalis' at the time. He says that Vernalis had closed up his shop early that week, and that he was "going on a vacation" to visit his "Aunt Peg" in Musk Oil, Tennessee.

"Aunt Peg" -- or, Mrs. Margaret Maple-- has repeatedly told authorities that Vernalis did indeed spend the infamous

**...when Vernalis was  
sworn in...he had his  
fingers crossed.**



afternoon with her, in her parlor. She says that she had been lonely since her husband died, and that Vernalis would visit every so often to play scrabble and share marmalade and iced tea.

Vernalis, however, has recently confessed that his aunt's story is not entirely true; sworn to tell the truth in a court of law, he said that it was jam, and not marmalade, which they ate. Vernalis had not confessed about this fabrication in earlier questionings.

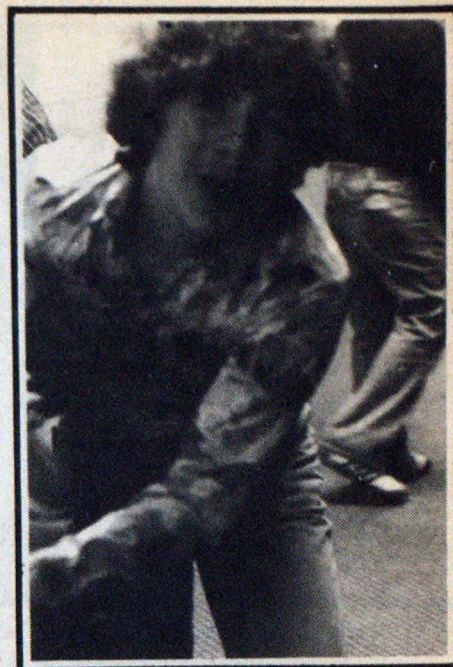
Even worse, witnesses have testified that when Vernalis was sworn in to tell "the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," he had his fingers crossed.

Because he had lied about the "marmalade incident," Vernalis will be held for an indefinite period of time at the State Correctional Facility.

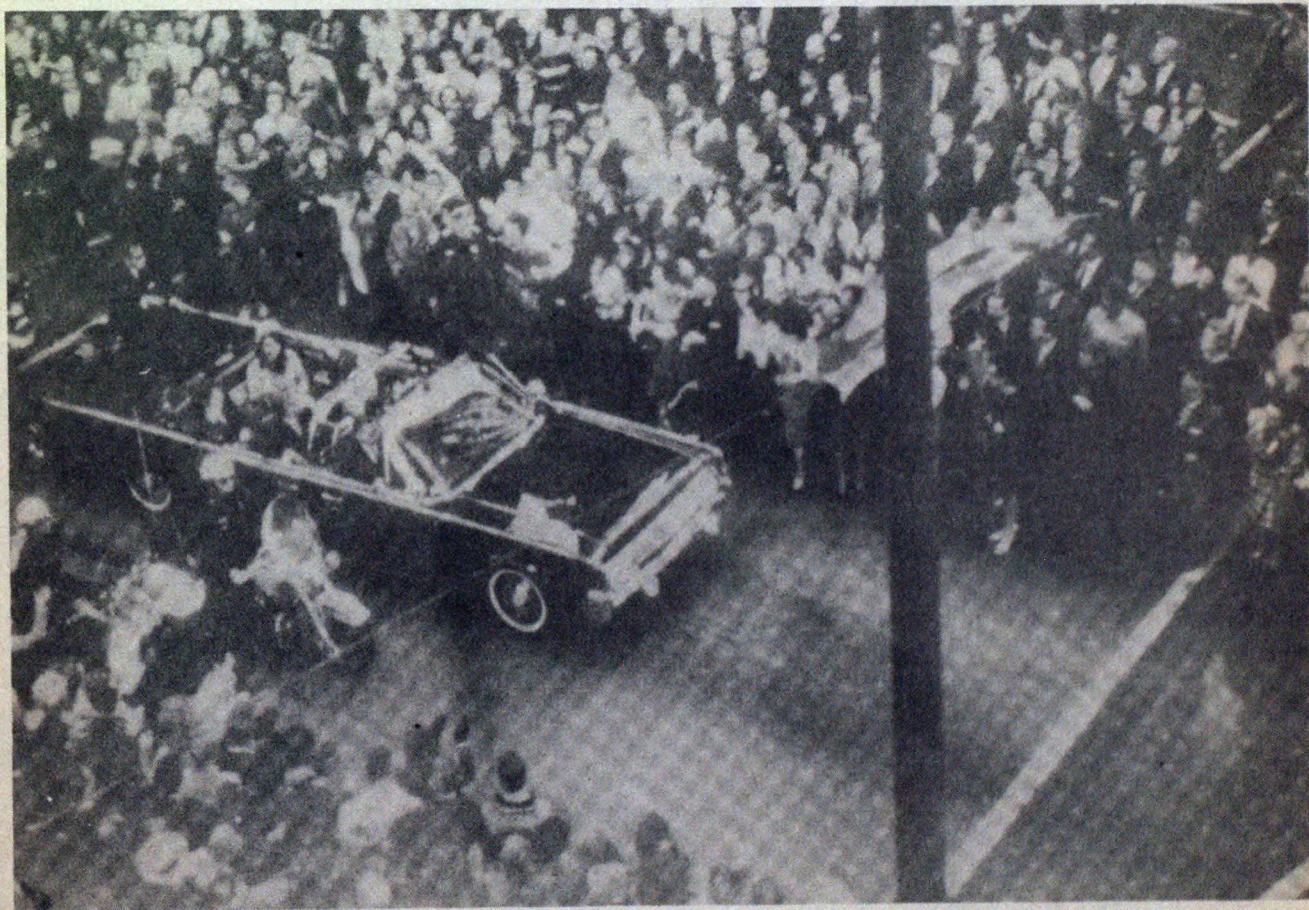
Vernalis' guilt or innocence in the shooting has not yet been determined in a court of law. But one thing is sure...an irrevocable act of ruthless murder has been committed. What else do we do know for sure?

The limousine cruises slowly in the hot afternoon sun, a cheering crowd flanking its path. Suddenly there is blood, and shock. The president has been shot. Who is responsible?

Who is responsible? ●



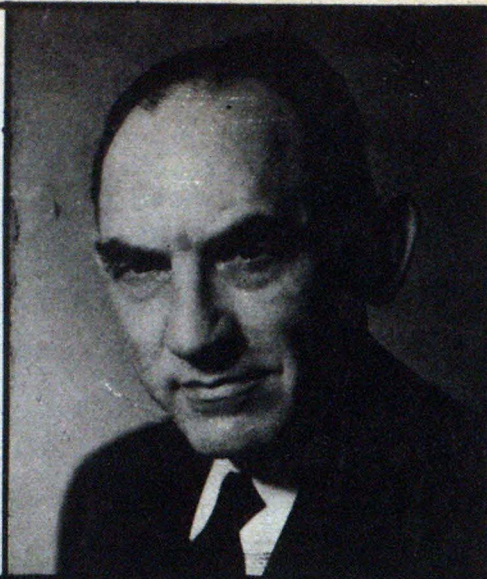
**Secret servicemen apprehend Vernalis in a fearsome struggle.**



**John Fitzgerald Kennedy, President of the United States until his life was cut short by an assassin's bullet.**



# MR. FRIEND'S HAVE -A- DATE COLUMN



Are you looking for the perfect mate? Well, look no more! Mr. Friend, a noted authority in match-making, will help you find that special someone. If a person below interests you, simply write down the accompanying code number and mail it to Mr. Friend. If you would like to include your personal bio in this column, send the appropriate information, along with \$15 per line, to Mr. Friend.

The mailing address for Mr. Friend is : **Kowalski Publications, 21 Washington Place, NYC, 10003.**

Please note that many of our readers are psychopathic and generally undesirable, and that you are taking a great risk in pursuing a date through this column. We only recommend that you participate if you are extremely desperate.

## MEN



Col - B2697-M Fresh out of prison. Served for manslaughter. Need some trim. Quick. Seeking any women. Or men. I got used to guys, too.

Fla - B2703-M CORRECTIONAL INTITUTE INMATE. Handsome, black widower, 50, incarcerated but soon free. Seeks true love and hopefully marriage with sincere gal who gives love and affection freely. Age unimportant. He needs you.

MICH - B2708-M Average looking ex-President of USA seeks companion. Bald. A bit clumsy. Polish. Has same last name as a major car corporation. Already married. Never mind, then.

WOODSTOCK - B3205-M Like, an average looking, like, ya know, hippie from the Sixties would really, like, dig someone to share his space with. Wants to, like, go on trips with her. Send a photo. It can, like, be a photo of a flower or something, like it's cool, man.

NAM - B6380-M Kind of shelled look, but still cute. Missing a few ligaments, but hardly noticeable. 6 feet tall from one end of body bed to the other. Seeks woman who doesn't mind shrapnel.

FLA - B2714-M Handsome Aquarian male seeks Aries woman with her moons rising

TEX - B7305-M Blond, SWM, 31, seeks GWM or GBM, 18-46, to kick his ass. CAL - B4679-M Lonely West Coast businessman seeks gentle, caring woman for hot tub frolics, massive cocaine snorting and general fucking around.

NYC - B6902-M Well respected 57-year-old professional photographer seeks young aspiring actress-models for films and publications. No experience necessary. Write c/o Sid Slymee.

GER - B2267-M Nazi war veteran, 6' 2", blue eyes seeks Aryan woman to procreate the perfect generation. Woman must be adept in the art of Jewish cooking.



TENN - B2733-M Tall Country-Boy, 6 feet 5 inches tall. Likes moonshine, C & W music, and an occasional roll in the hay. Seeks sincere gal who wears tight Sergio Western jeans. Sooooo-weeeeeee!

VD - B2015-M Slightly infected man seeks woman without VD so he can give it to her. World is nasty, brutish, and short, isn't it?

ALA - B1234-M Shy male 5' 2" tall, slightly insecure. Okay, maybe very insecure, but decent-looking nevertheless. So maybe a little below average in looks. Alright already, a real scuzball. Seeks female companionship. Send a photo. But you don't have to if you don't want to. I'm sorry, really. I'm no good anyway. I think I'm going to kill myself. Don't try to stop me. I mean it, I'm going to do it. The gun is pointed in my ear, and my finger is itchy. Seriously, I'm as good as gone. It's too late.

WISC - B2726-M Tall, attractive man, 7' 6" seeks tall companion. Wants to spend days sitting on a bridge and dangling footsies in the water.

## WOMEN



OH - D2423-W Never-married lady. 78. 4'4". Enjoys bowel movements and listening to radio talk shows. Seeks tall, honest, sincere, one-woman man who is healthy enough to endure erection.

ILL - D2453-W Whale-size lady wants to meet her Jonah, who will travel inside her. Age 30 to 45.

UAS - D2430-W Pretty, brunette lady, 34, 3'7", ready to relocate anywhere to be wife to the right man. Amputees preferred. Photo.

NYC - D2460-W Lonely widow and drug user, 25, 108 lbs. Lower East Side area. Seeks honest, financially secure gentleman with good drug connection, 20-30, from same area. Heroin, cocaine or mescaline use a plus. Photo please.

BHU - D2459-W Widow, 62, 5'4", 145 lbs., has T.L.C. to offer caring, marriage-minded man who can relocate to Bhutan mountain home and milk goats. Photo please.

UTAH - D2466-W Young virgin girl, 20, 36-22-33, seeking man with heavy sexual appetite for afternoon experiments.

ARK - D2451-W Lady, 59, 5'2", widowed, enjoys eating own vomit and sucking on public telephone receivers. Interested? No sickos, please.

FLA - D2474-W Rather unattractive and honest woman, seeks WASP widower, approximately 55 to 65, who is tall, dark, handsome, financially secure, marriage-minded. Lost both breasts in recent cancer operations, and lost teeth in pyorrhea infection. Hair was very attractive, but it's now in a box.

MASS - D2445-W S & M dominatrix seeks secure, honest, Christian, marriageable male. 58-65. With sense of humor. Photo.

NY - D2478-W Foreigner, with much body hair and little bath, but big muscles has this beautiful bitch. Nationality unimportant, sinceritiness is. Photo, please, phone.

WISC - D2486-W Reformed FALN member seeks prisoners on work-release interested in an explosive rendezvous.

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**He Tried To Give Police The Brush, But His Sweet Tooth For Murder Left Him Hungry For More...**

# **THE CANDYMAN KILLER OF CATALINA**

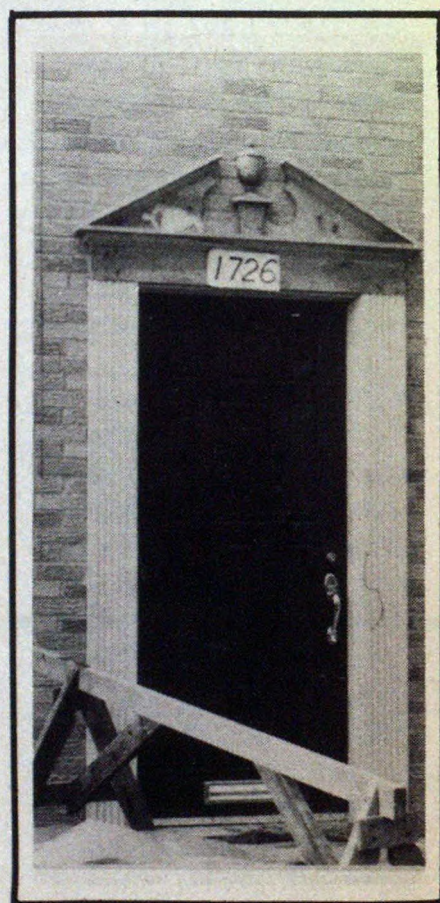
**by BRAD COOK**

There have been many cases of bizarre murders in the history of U.S. crime, but the wave of killings that hit Catalina, California during the summer of 1974 was like nothing anyone had ever seen. The web of terror began on the night of June 25, when Pamela Stickle was found strangled by a knotted yard of red licorice. She was buried to her neck in wet earth in a standing position, her eyeballs replaced by marachino cherries.

Two more similar murders occurred in the span of three weeks. The press ran with it. They nicknamed him the "Candyman Killer." The police sent out a dragnet, but their efforts produced no results. A reward of \$10,000 was announced and a tearful Mrs. Stickle pleaded with the killer to surrender to the police. Hundreds of calls came in daily -- all saying, "I am the candyman"-- but none produced the killer. Two silent weeks passed and then a body was found in the park. Her throat was slit neatly, and her naked body was hollowed out and filled with grape slush, and, once again, the marachino eyeballs.

Vigilante groups banded and roamed the streets; the police doubled their task force; and a local confectionary expert was brought on as a special advisor. The line of killings grew increasingly bizarre -- A woman encased in peanut brittle; a dead man smacked with wacky lips; skulls filled with Sugar Babies; limbs in lime sherbert; orifices plugged with Almond Joys (sometimes Mounds); and a woman covered in caramel, set on fire, and set floating on a lake.

On September 10 a disturbance was reported in a local bakery. The police arrived to find a man leaving an unattended store. They held him while



**The site of one of the Candyman Killer's most horrifying crimes.**



they investigated the bakery. They found the owner of the store. He was naked, unconscious, covered with flour and chocolate chips, and baking in the oven. He wasn't dead, but was raw in the middle and slightly burned around the edges. The man they had caught leaving the store turned out to be the Candyman Killer.

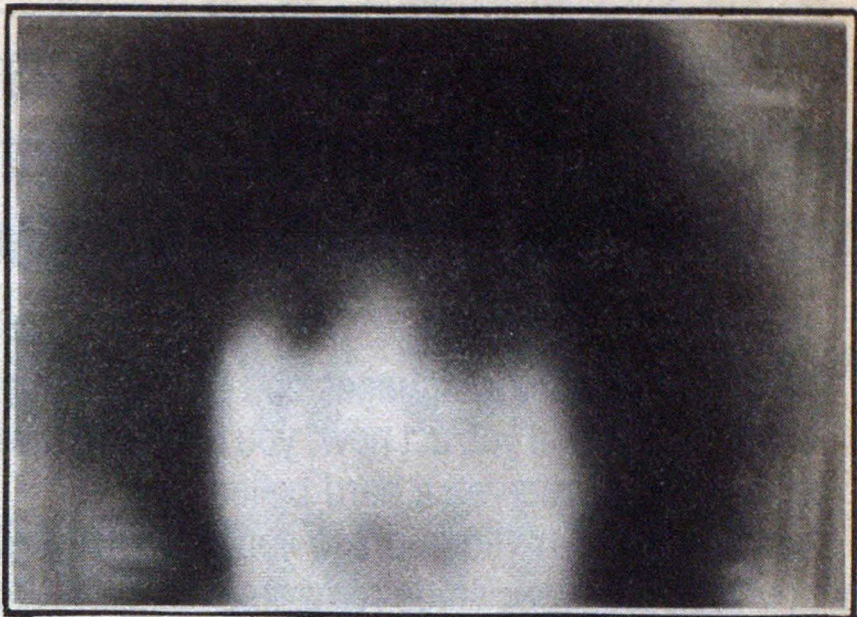
His name was William Bitt, a twenty-eight-year-old motor vehicles clerk whose most identifiable characteristic was a set of teeth made horrible by sugar. He had a few acquaintances, and those who were interviewed said he was a very gentle and quiet individual who always seemed to have sticky hands. His closest friend, Don Bennet, said that after Bill's love for sweets, he loved television.

"We used to sit around and watch the tube and talk about the programs and commercials. His Favorite was the old Peter Paul commercial. You know, 'sometimes you feel like a nut, sometimes you don't.' I guess it was sorta the story of his life," said Bennett.

Bitt was tried and convicted. The strongest evidence came from the bakery owner (later known as the Human Cookie), who made courtroom history as both a witness and an exhibit.

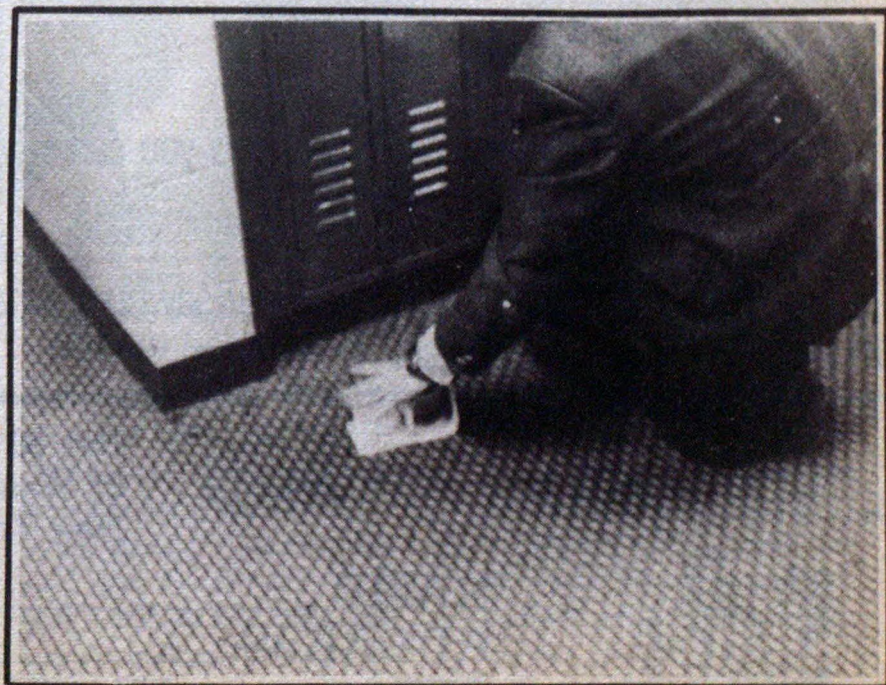
The bakery owner told of his encounter with Britt, and then removed his shirt to expose a row of embedded chocolate chips and patches of baked flour.

The public clamored for Britt's execution, but he was sentenced to life imprisonment. He is now in the Catalina State Institute, where he works in the kitchen and specializes in desserts. ●



**William Bitt, the dreaded "Candyman Killer" who shocked a nation**

**He was naked, unconscious, covered with flour and chocolate chips, and baking in the oven.**



**A fearless detective gathers vital evidence.**



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# A TALE OF MONEY AND BLOOD!

The story was all too familiar: wealthy widow, shady businessman, lots of fast-talking, lots of money, and lots of blood. A real lot of blood. Buckets and buckets of bloody blood. The setting is bloody Beverly Hills, with detours to Paris and Pompeii. It begins with a note stained in blood that was stuffed in a mailbox. It ends in a courtroom battle in Los Angeles.

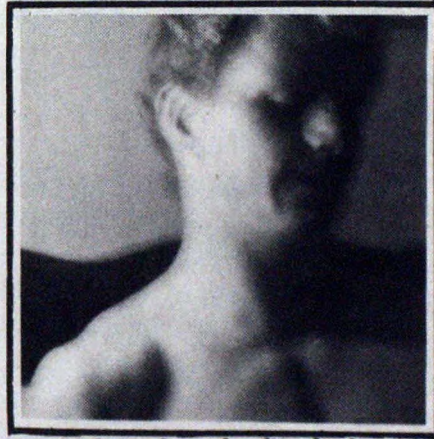
# The Widow-Slayer of Beverly Hills

by **GEORGE CAPOZE JR.**

Seventy-six-and-a-half-year-old Ethel Klennert was a quiet, reclusive millionaire... until she became a pile of crusted blood. She had made a fortune selling Klennert Kleaning Products, and, by the age of fifty, was a millionaire who didn't yet have blood all over her. Her neighbors in posh Beverly Hills described her as "quiet," "reclusive," and "not all bloodied until her death."

In the bloody summer months of 1980, neighbors noticed that their "quiet" neighbor had become silent. One curious neighbor decided to look in her mailbox, and found a scrawled, blood-stained note explaining that she had gone to the market to buy some curd. The neighbor noticed that the front porch of her mansion was stained by a puddle of blood. But he

figured that it was Ethel's "special time of the month," and did not contact the police about the blood.



***Dick Taylor, the fiend who murdered a helpless widow to quench his thirst for blood***

One month later, another neighbor called the Beverly Hills police station, and spoke with a division known as "the blood squad." The neighbor said that Ethel never took four weeks to buy curd, and that the millionaire never even did her own grocery shopp-

ing. Besides, she added, Ethel never ate curd. Something was wrong.

Police entered the mansion and found nothing unusual. "We assumed that Miss Klennert was just having a hard time finding curd," said a police officer.

But the police officer made the wrong assumption. A few days later, Harry Mooney, Klennert's banker, called the police to report a suspicious withdrawal request. A man, identifying himself as a "very close friend" of Miss Klennert, handed the banker a note requesting \$16 million to be transferred from her account to one in Pompeii. The note, which also had blood stains on it, was signed by Miss Klennert.

Mooney told the man that he would have to speak personally with Miss Klennert before transacting such a

(continued on next page)



# Widow - Slayer

(continued)

large transfer of funds. The man then told Mr. Mooney that Miss Klennert would be "busy buying curd for an indefinite period." Mooney thought his explanation sounded suspicious, so he called the police.

Police Detective Peter Bogen immediately began an extensive investigation. It turned out that Miss Klennert's "very close friend" was a 36-year-old ex-con axe-murderer named Dick

"Money always came first with him," said someone who knew Taylor. "He didn't feel guilty at all about cheating people. In fact, he intimidated Miss Klennert so much that she bought 400 more vacuum cleaners than she needed."

But Taylor wasn't happy with selling vacuum cleaners. He wanted more. He needed more--afterall, his favorite pasttime was burning currency in public, and saying,

She wanted more.

"She was a real tough cookie. I made all kinds of fantastic offers, and she kept holding back for more," Darnough told police.

Darnough received a telephone call the day after he had made the offer. It was Taylor.

"I couldn't believe it! Taylor told me that she had changed her mind, and that he would be by to accept the offer," Darnough added.

"Anyway, Taylor came by the next day, with all the papers signed by Miss Klennert. The signatures looked real, but I couldn't figure out why Taylor wanted the money sent to the Rio Rancho Bank, in Pompeii." Darnough gave Taylor a check, but stipulated that it could not be cashed until he cleared it. And he told Taylor that he would not clear it until he heard from Miss Klennert.

A week later, Darnough received a letter from Miss Klennert that reconfirmed the deal. The letter said that she could not deal with him personally, because she was "busy buying curd."

Darnough did not like the way the deal was going. If she approved such a major deal, wouldn't she want to be there to oversee it?

Detectives went into action. They searched through Miss Klennert's financial records, and began to ask

***The neighbor noticed that the front porch of her mansion was stained by a puddle of blood.***

Taylor. A shady-looking, axe-murderer type, Taylor often visited Miss Klennert and tried to sell her vacuum cleaners.

If Taylor wanted to, he could sell the Brooklyn Bridge. People that knew him said he was an expert salesman, and often compared him to Lou Costello's role as a vacuum cleaner salesman in the film, "Little Giant." And like Leroy Brown, he liked his women, and he liked his fancy clothes, and he liked to wave his fancy diamond ring under everybody's nose.

"Ha! See me? I have money to burn!" He decided that he would make his millions in cleaning products. He had a monopoly on the market in a week...the same week that Miss Klennert disappeared.

Jim Darnough owns one of the largest discount center chains in the country. For months, he approached Miss Klennert with multi-million dollar offers to buy the patents on some of her products. On September 12, 1980, he offered her \$18 million for the rights to her Handihands Cleanser. Miss Klennert turned him down.



lots of questions. They found that Taylor had gone to one of her banks and attempted to withdraw \$200,000. The teller there refused to give it to him, because the banker said she never made \$200,000 withdraw requests for "pocket money."

Other people who knew Miss Klennert were growing suspicious. When friends asked where she was, Taylor would continue to tell them that she was "out buying curd."

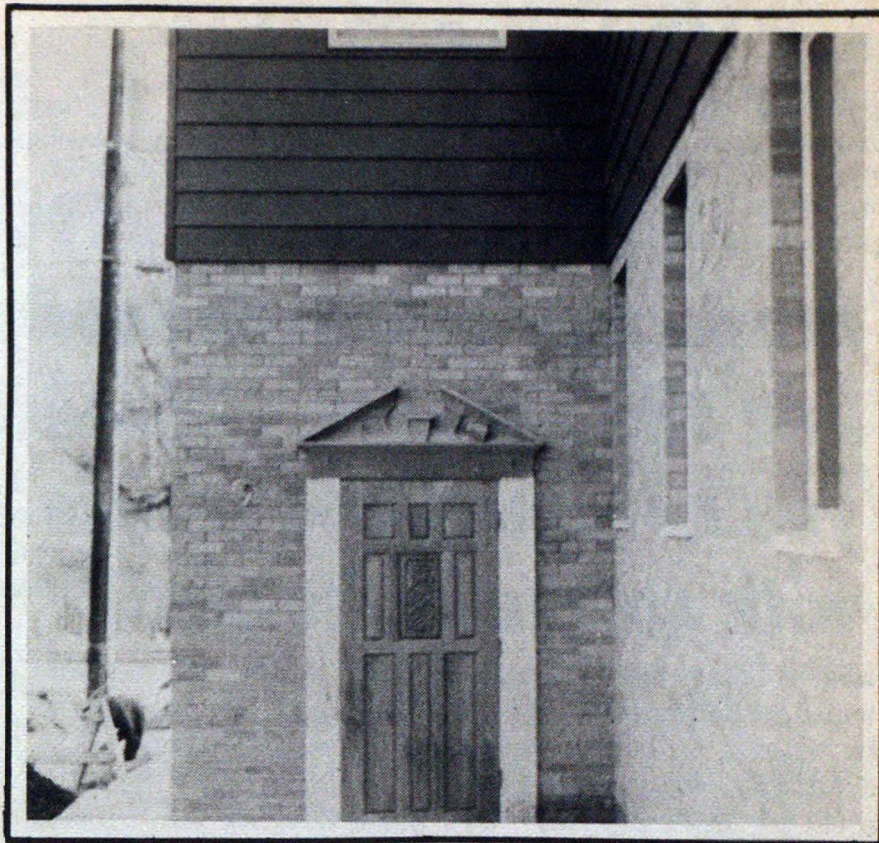
"The story just wasn't believable after a while... especially to friends who really knew her," said Sargeant Shamus O'Malley.

On November 10th, police contacted Taylor and said they wanted to talk to him about Ethel Klennert. "Sure," he replied, promising to meet with them at the stationhouse. Needless to say, he never showed up.

A nationwide alert for the suspect was issued, stating that Taylor was wanted for a possible role in the disappearance of Miss Klennert. Police investigated a home in Missouri where he was known to live at times.

Sure enough, Taylor was apprehended in Missouri, and was held by federal authorities. Meanwhile, detectives on the case were unfolding a very stained past.

"Why would I kill her? I already got trillions of dollars!," he told police as he was apprehended. However, his claims of fortune were far



***Ms. Klennert's home, as it appeared before the bloody deed.***

from the truth.

Taylor lived on credit. If wealth was based on an estimate of what a person owes, Taylor was worth \$23.2 million. As creditors closed in, he began to make visits to Miss Klennert's home.

"He sold her a bunch of vacuum cleaners, then talked her into loans to pay for "Vacco," a fictitious vacuum cleaner company that he owned. When she found out that the company was a fake, she was mad as Hell. A few days later, she was gone," said Detective Bowen.

Taylor refused to say anything about her whereabouts. He told police that all he knew was that she was "out buying curd."

The court didn't like his story. They held him without bail in the Beverly Hills Prison, charged with murder, forgery, and grand theft.

At his trial, he pleaded guilty to the charge of forgery and grand theft. "But there's no way I killed the bitch," he said.

Prosecutor Dan Lyon probed the suspect. "Have you not murdered people with an axe in the past?," he shouted. "Yeah," said Taylor, solemnly. "But that was different." Lyon continued to probe.

Finally, Taylor explained that he found Miss Klennert dead in her home. He said that she probably cut herself opening a can, because there

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# Widow-Slayer

(continued)

was a lot of blood. "I thought she would feel embarrassed if people knew that was how she

Taylor is now serving a life sentence in the Beverly Hills Prison.

**Prosecutor Dan Lyon probed the suspect. "Have you not murdered people with an axe in the past?"**

died, so I did her a favor and buried her body in some nearby woods. Since she was dead, anyway, I figured I could just take the money."

Judge Hal Sharpe found Taylor guilty of first-degree murder.

EDITORS NOTE: Jim Darnough is not the real name of the person so named in the foregoing story. A fictitious name has been used because there is no reason for public interest in the identity of this person. •

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# McGrock's Casebook

## Case #45329:



## The Confused Co-Ed

by LIONEL MCGROCK

It was one of those days, one of those days when you knew you were gonna be at the wrong place at the wrong time, no matter where you ate your beans. It was a day that smelled of trouble—a stench that rose up from the street like a burned tofu.

My name is Lionel McGrock, private detective. Most of my cases consist of desperate co-eds who want their roommates trailed around campus.

Enough with the intro; I had a knock at my door that demanded attention, so I sucked down the last of my Coke and a bid the rapper entre.

She was short and wore blue high-heeled shoes. That was the first thing I remember about her, probably always will. I also remember that left knee, but that's much later in this yarn of deceit and degradation. She had mousy brown hair that was held in place by so much hair spray the butt of my .38 couldn't've dented it. Her jeans were tight. Real tight. She caught me looking her over. The room was filled with her high-pitched voice.

"You McGrock?"

"That's me, babe. What can I do for you?"

"My name is Janine Rabinowitz," she whined, twirling a long string of gum on her finger, "and I need your help."

"Don't tell me, someone stole your Emery board." I lit a butt.

"Very humorous, you make me choke, honestly. I'm dying over here," she said, then blew a bubble.

"Don't mind me, babe. Tell me your story, my heart is open."

She sighed and looked skyward. "Well," she began, "last weekend I was at this party and met this really great guy, I mean he was really cute, I could've died. Anyway, he took me up to his room and started mauling me, I mean, I even broke a nail."

I sneakily searched for the missing cuticle on the hand that she had been waving in front of me ever since she sat down, but she was too sly for that. The destroyed nail had to be on the hand that she was twirling her hair with.



"Anyway," she paused to breathe, "he ended up like, taking advantage of me. And that's where you come in."

"I-what?"

"He stole my virginity," she pouted, "I want you to get it back."

I leaned way back in the leather chair and squinted in the hazy smoke. This dame was a mystery, I knew she meant nothing more than hospital bills, but there was something about those designer jeans.

"Okay, babe," I said, "I'll do it. But it'll cost you: a hundred in advance and fifty a day, plus expences."

"Money's no object, Daddy wrote me a check." She handed me a clean, unfolded check that read "One Thousand".

She handed me a slip of paper. "This is his name and ad-  
(continued on next page)

**"He stole my virginity," she pouted. "I want you to get it back."**



# McGrock's Casebook

(continued)

dress. Get back my virginity and, who knows? Maybe you can keep it." She ran her tongue over her top lip and walked out, careful not to break any nails in the process.

I read the name on the paper: "Joe Brewsky, Gamma Gamma Goo House"; well, a college frat boy. Interesting. I packed my piece and made my way over to fraternity row. I got there quickly, and knocked on number Five, Gamma Gamma Goo.

A guy the size of a chemistry lab, with "Bobo" printed on his sweatshirt, answered the door and growled, "Yeah?"

"I want to see Brewsky."

"Who's calling?"

"A friend."

He frowned and closed the door. A few moments later, he reappeared and gestured for me to come in.

The room smelled of beer, pretzels and rotten fish. My shoes stuck to the floor as I walked past garbage, boxes and an occasional freshmen.

A neat-looking fellow, who seemed like he was born in a sweater and corduroys, was playing pool in what I gathered to be the pool room. He smirked at me, revealing a row of clean white teeth, and ran his hand through blond, tossed hair.

"What you want, pal?" he asked.

"You Brewsky?"

He nodded. "Who're you?"

"The name's McGrock, I'm a private dick. My client is a Miss Rabinowitz, who claims you have something of hers and she'd like to have it back. I

guess she plans on getting married."

The smirk left his face and he glared down at the pool table. "That bitch! Sending over a dick to muscle his way in here and make cute remarks!"

"Look, she just wants her virginity back, so if you'll—"

He cut me off, calling into the room behind me, "Bobo!"

I spun around and was face to face with the ape who greeted me at the door, along with another thug holding a beer bottle in his hand. I wrenched out my .38 and kicked Bobo in the stomach. The other guy came at me, so I took careful aim and plugged him twice in the chest. Bobo was rising up so I slammed the gun across the bridge of

## I wrenched out my .38 and kicked Bobo in the stomach.

his nose. He howled and tossed me against the wall, which nearly snapped my backbone. I aimed my gun low as he rose, I shot him in the kneecap. He fell, howling some more. The bigger they are...

I felt Brewsky coming up behind me; I switched my gun into my right hand, spun around and dug it right into his gut. It knocked the breath out of him, so I knocked it right

back in with a left to the jaw. I could feel a few of those gleaming teeth come loose as I grinded my fist into his face. He fell over like his buddies and I settled my foot in his crotch.

"Her virginity," I snarled.

He gasped for air and pointed to a table which had a package wrapped in brown paper and twine on it. I picked up the weighty bulk and headed for the door.

As I stood in the doorway, I turned to his prone body, smiling.

I got back to my dingy room to find Miss Rabinowitz nervously pacing the floor.

"Don't wear out my carpet,"

I mumbled, displaying the package.

She ripped it out of my hands. "Ooh, my baby! Oh, I'll never leave you again!"

When she started kissing the brown paper, I knew it was time for some drinks. "Here," I offered her a small glass of scotch.

"No thank you. No more alcohol for me!"

I came up close to her, "Well, then how 'bout dinner?"

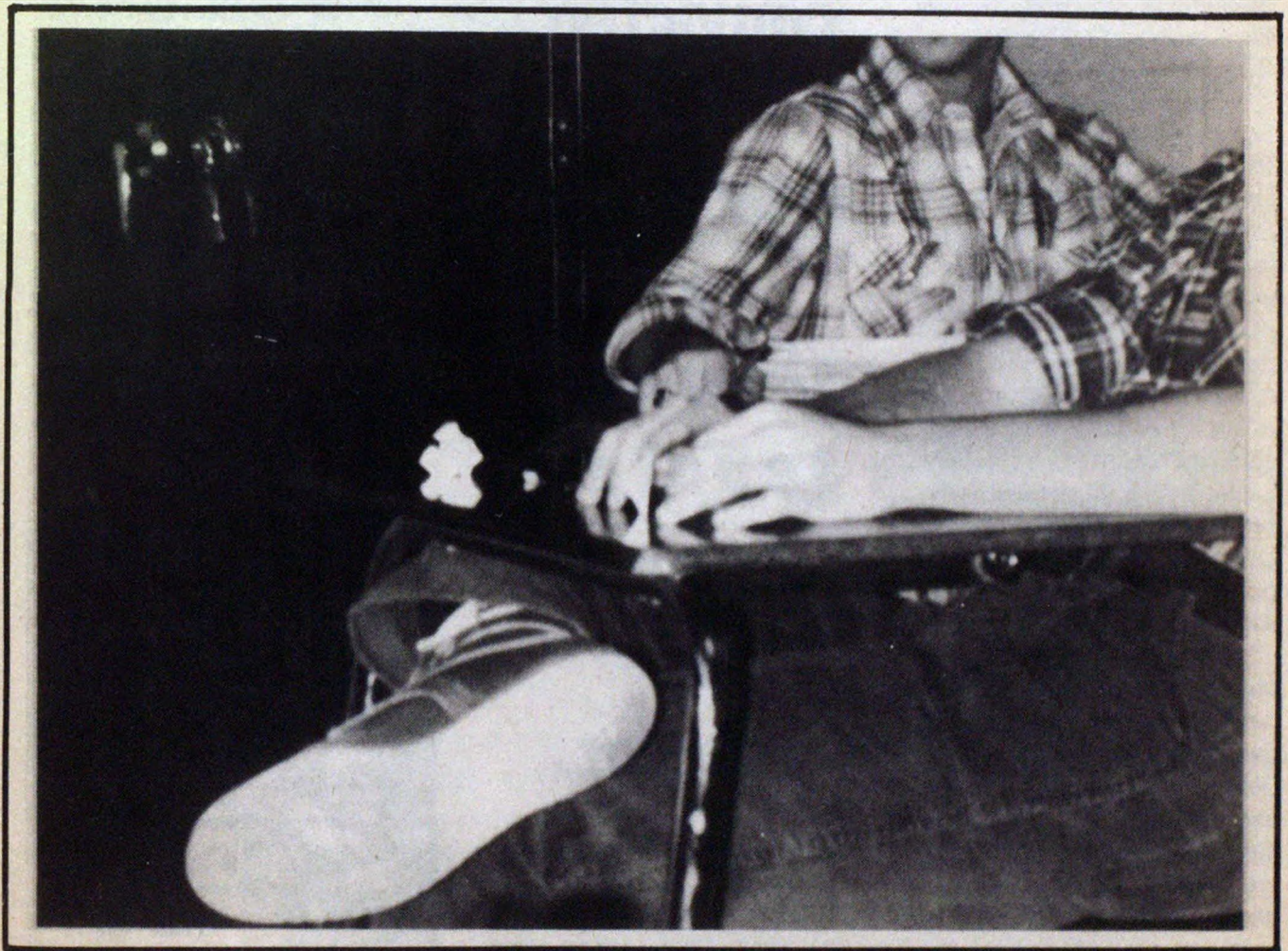
She clicked her gum and used the knee I mentioned earlier. Bringing it right below my belt, she kept it there, hissing, "You men are all alike! You're not the least bit interested in my mind!"

As she lowered her knee and I was able to breathe, I knew she was right. I watched her walk out of my room and out of my life, hugging that precious shabbily-wrapped jewel, that priceless item, the thing that wet dreams are made of. ●



# WHITE COLLAR CRIME

## Murderous Mandarin Awash in His Victim's Blood!



*Coroner Morton Rigger painstakingly examines Wong's  
victims' clothing*

(continued on next page)



# White Collar Crime

by **RANDY CARLSEN**

Eighty-six-year-old Tai Wong was the very image of the hard working, industrious immigrant as he entered the San Francisco Supreme Courthouse on October 8 for sentencing. But this wholesome image belied his true persona--the bloodthirsty butcher of the 1,265 customers of his profitable shirt-laundering business!

Wong was convicted in early September of more than a thousand separate counts of murder. It is estimated that he will be eligible for parole in 25,300 years. "Or 20,000 with good behavior," said a California Department of Corrections official.

Wong's victims, according to San Francisco Coroner Morton Rigger, were killed with an ingenious chemical of Wong's own invention: a cyanide-laundry starch compound which, when absorbed through perspiring skin, induced neural dysfunction similar to a fatal stroke. During a breakdown of office air conditioners, researchers revealed, the victim's necks would sweat profusely, releasing the death-dealing chemical into their dilated pores. Death would occur within minutes of activation.

"One of our staff researchers noticed the uncanny correlation between the time of death and the break down of the air conditioner," said Rigger. "Following this lead, just like they do on Quincy, we discovered another common denominator--they all had the same laundryman."

Wong was placed under surveillance almost immediately afterward. He never used com-

**Wong was  
convicted...  
of  
more than  
a  
thousand  
separate  
counts  
of  
murder.**

mon commercial brands of laundry starch, it was noted, preferring instead to mix his own special concoction after dark, when all his employees had gone home for the day. A

sample of this deadly substance was covertly obtained by undercover investigators and analyzed by police labs in Chicago. The authorities' worst fears were confirmed: The lives of San Francisco business leaders were threatened by the very shirts on their backs!

Fearless lawman acted with lightning speed, apprehending Wong the very next morning. They would have done it that evening, were it not for the fact that it was bowling night.

In a remarkably short period of deliberation, the jury on the Wong Murder Case returned a verdict of Unbelievably Guilty and Circuit Court Judge Mario Lanza passed a sentence of 1,265 consecutive life terms in Leavenworth Federal Penitentiary.

When quizzed by reporters what he'd do to while away the millenia, Wong smiled, "Maybe I workee in Prison Laundry, hee hee hee."●

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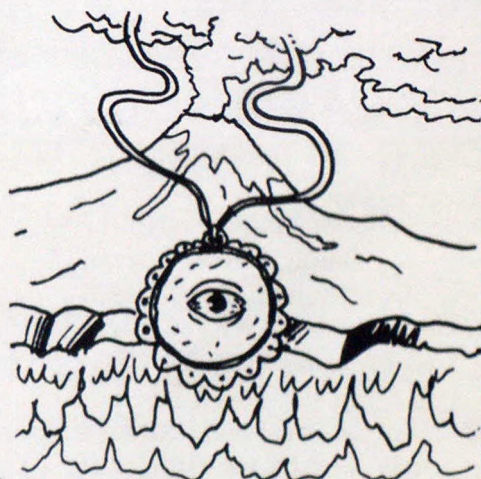
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