

IS IT A CRIME TO KILL A MAN WHO SLEW HIS MOTHER?

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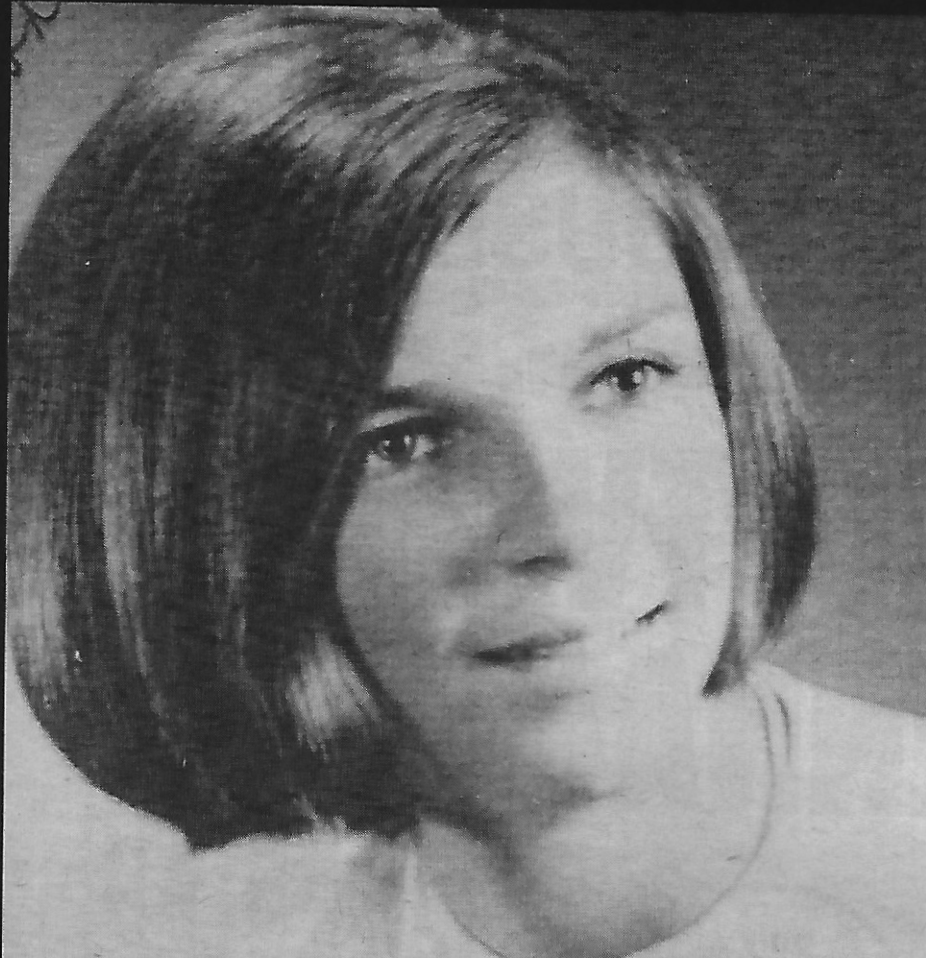
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# TV NEWSMAN SLAIN AFTER ORGY!



West Virginia Homicide Puzzle:  
DID HE LIE ABOUT RAPING  
& BEHEADING  
TWO GOEDS?





Nineteen-year-old Mared Malarik, with close pal Karen Ferrell, disappeared after hitchhiking back to campus following movie trek

**It took six years to  
turn up a solid suspect  
in the baffling case of  
the decapitated coeds,  
and even then, a jury would  
have to decide whether  
a purported confession  
was fact or fancy**

by **GEORGE POWERS**

**I**N A UNIVERSITY town set out in the hills almost in the middle of nowhere, the students have to provide their own pastime and entertainment, and students everywhere have always been good at that. Goldfish eating aside, most of this fun simply involves students getting together, and on the campus of West Virginia University in Morgantown this rule was no exception. Throughout this relatively small university town, located just south of the Pennsylvania border in the northwest corner of the "Mountain State," students can be seen nearly everywhere. Just outside the attractive main campus building traffic bogs down as numerous cars stop to give students a lift.

The students sometimes stand in groups of a dozen or more and when a car stops the driver is asked how many he'll take and then that number pile in. Besides being an efficient way to hitchhike, the group idea provides a certain element of safety. No single student is isolated when thumbing a ride and when he or she gets into a car alone, on occasion, there are numerous others who witness it.

Among the few attractions of the friendly, quiet community of downtown Morgantown are the local theaters; here, too, a group idea of fun spreads from the nearby campus.

Students in pairs, trios, or larger groups thumb rides into the small city from their sororities and fraternities in the outlying sections of Morgantown to enjoy movies together.

Mared Malarik and her friend Karen Ferrell, both 19, joined other students on January 18, 1970, for what they hoped would be a short wait by the road near their dormitory as they hitchhiked into Morgantown to see a movie.

In a few minutes a friend of the girls picked them up and drove them into town, also picking up others en route.

The girls thanked their friend and then went happily on their way to the movie, meeting numerous friends as they walked the block from where they had been left off. Both girls were freshmen at the school. Mared was from Kinnelon, New Jersey, and she met Karen, from Quinwood, West Virginia, on the first day at the university when both were going through a standard orientation lecture. The two had been nearly inseparable after that, and friends said when you saw Karen you only had to glance around and somewhere you would see Mared.

After the movie a group of more than 20 students stood around outside the

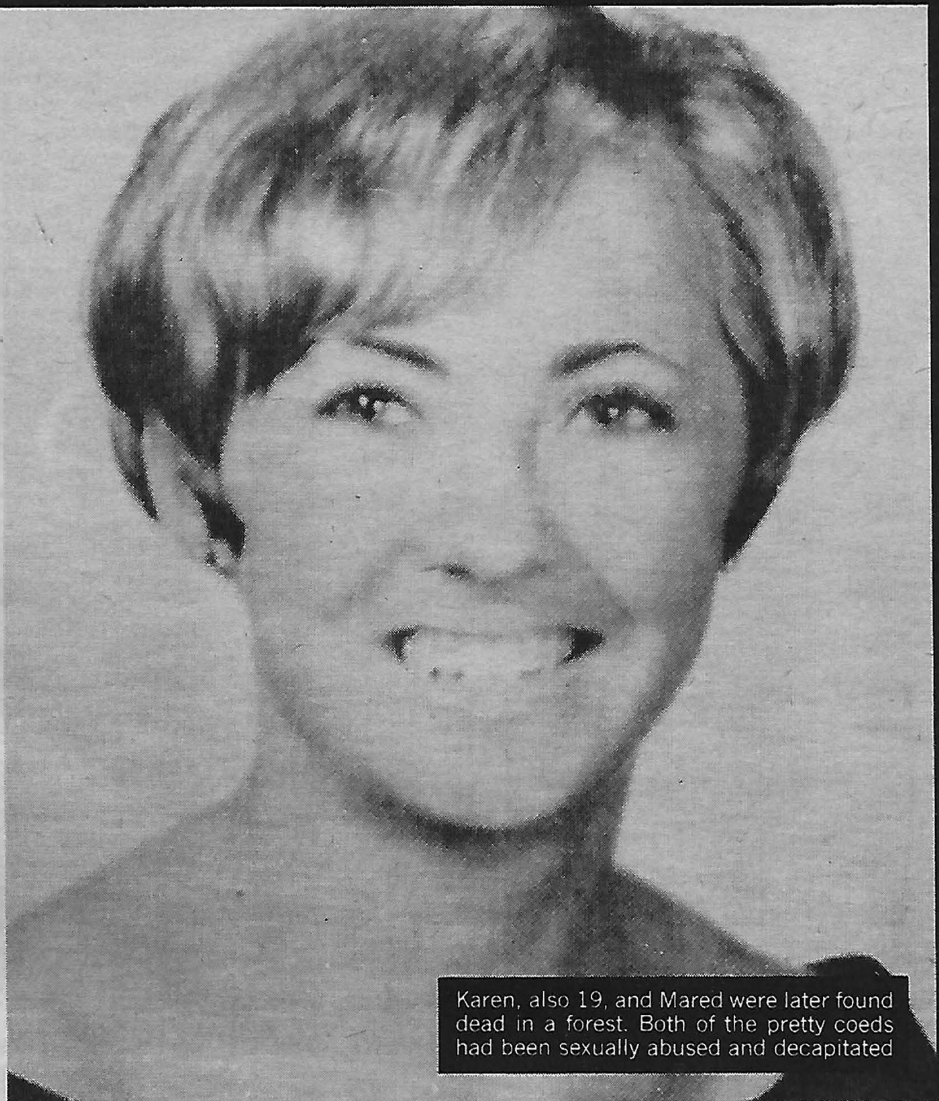
threater, deciding whether or not to go to a nearby tavern for a few beers. Several went but most of the others, including the two attractive girls, Mared and Karen, decided to go back to their dormitories, and within a few moments the street leading to the outside of the city was populated by a dozen or so young people. Mared and Karen stayed together and in a few minutes a white car, which some students thought was a Cadillac, stopped. The girls got into the front seat, next to the driver who, some of the students still standing on the roadside thought, was a man in his early 40s. The car sped off before other students could get close enough to ask the man if he would take a few more in his car since the back seat appeared empty.

Neither coed showed up for classes the next day, but this was no cause for alarm on the large campus, where students frequently cut classes, especially in subjects that are easy for them. By the week's end, however, there was definite cause for alarm, and the resident supervisor of the girls' dormitory reported the girls missing to university officials. Their rooms were locked and a quick check with a pass key gave clear indication that Karen and Mared had not been in their rooms for days.

Neither girl had a roommate, but items in their quarters showed surface dust and a canvassing of other residents in the dormitory confirmed that nobody had spotted the girls for days. Campus officials put in calls to the numbers indicated on the forms both girls had signed in case an emergency developed during their stay at the university. The numbers were their parents' telephones, but neither girl had been heard from or seen at home.

The Morgantown Police Department was immediately contacted, and a routine missing persons bulletin was broadcast to patrol units in the city and to the West Virginia State Police. Also, the Monongalia County Sheriff's Department received the terse paragraph that was printed on the telex machines in the various police agencies. Physical descriptions of the two attractive teenagers were contained in the message, as well as where they were last seen. From friends of the two girls police had a partial description of what they were wearing, and that too was part of the missing persons broadcast to police agencies.

Another week passed with absolutely no sign of Mared or Karen, and both girls' parents were frantically calling the university and police for information. After a week, with still no indication of what had happened to the young women, Morgantown police and the State Police



Karen, also 19, and Mared were later found dead in a forest. Both of the pretty coeds had been sexually abused and decapitated

## A West Virginia Homicide Riddle: **DID HE LIE ABOUT RAPING & BEHEADING TWO COEDS?**



Camera-shy Eugene Clawson is brought in for questioning while state police gather outside mineshaft (below) where murderer was believed to have thrown severed heads of the two victims

began searching rural areas, since foul play was suspected. An intensive search into the backgrounds of both students turned up nothing that would lead police to suspect that they would leave the campus with a boyfriend or for any other reason.

Friends told the investigators that both girls were happy to be at the university and were like most other 19-year olds just out of high school and away from home for the first time in their lives. They were active in many school activities and almost always joined other students when going out. If there were problems that led to their disappearance, Mared's and Karen's numerous friends had no idea what it would be.

More than a month passed after the coeds were seen getting into the car after the movie, and by that time police had made a thorough investigation of each girl from their every activity on campus to who they used to date in high school. Posters appealing for information about the coeds were tacked up all over campus, as well as in public places in Morgantown and small communities throughout the county. The posters bore photos of the women that were taken when they entered the university.

When nearly a month had passed with absolutely no sign of the coeds, a caller on a local late night radio talk show speculated that they might have been the victims of the crew of a UFO and may have been whisked off to another planet. But a much more down to earth clue was discovered a few days later on March 1st.

Just south of Morgantown is a near-wilderness area of low but steep-sided mountains and heavy forest. Deer are hunted here in the fall and black bears roam the mountains until winter forces them into hibernation.

There are few roads that traverse the area but one is the relatively narrow and remote U.S. 119, called by local residents the "Mile High Road," since it cuts across several mountain passes. A local teenager who was plinking with a small-caliber rifle found a purse in brush about 30 feet off the "Mile High Road." The youth tied the purse with a piece of shoestring to his belt and when he came in for the day gave it to his parents. They glanced at the cards and personal papers in the weather-worn leather purse and immediately called the West Virginia State Police





While search continued for victims' heads, National Guardsmen and local authorities removed bodies from woods

barracks, located in Morgantown, to report the curious discovery.

The purse contained papers that positively identified it as belonging to Mared Malarik, and the numerous police agencies that had been frustrated in their search for some clue as to what happened to the beautiful young woman now realized grimly that their suspicions of foul play were apt to prove true.

State Police Captain Walter F. Bowley joined several troopers who were dispatched to the boy's home. The youth agreed to accompany Captain Bowley and troopers to the spot where he had found the purse, and 15 minutes later the sharp-eyed boy pointed to the exact spot where, he said, he had found the handbag. The area was quickly searched for other pieces of evidence, or for the women, but nothing else was found. Bowley agreed with his men that the location of the purse from the road gave a strong indication that someone flung it from a car. Captain Bowley immediately ordered uniformed detachments of troopers to search both sides of U.S. 119, and as night approached, police walked the shoulders of both highways. Darkness ended the search that was resumed at daylight but nothing was found even though troopers came back for the next two days and searched miles of the roadside.

Using topographic maps of the area which showed the location of old logging roads, many of which have not been used in years, Captain Bowley directed a search of the side roads that might have been taken by the person who threw Mared Malarik's

purse into the roadside brush. The State Police, who were aided by officials at headquarters in Charleston, the state capital, theorized that many of the roads and traces that were muddy and nearly impassable to even four-wheel drive vehicles in March, may have been frozen solidly enough in January to allow a passenger car over them.

Teams of troopers in four-wheel drive vehicles plied the muddy roads, stopping at intervals to search the brush and grass. But not a single other piece of evidence turned up and police were forced to admit that the only thing they knew for certain was that Mared Malarik had lost her purse.

In April, the warm spring weather in West Virginia begins, even though cold spells snap back and even bring snow at higher elevations.

The community of Haymond is a cluster of wood-frame homes and a gas station that is a welcome sight to motorists driving the "Mile High Road" as it winds its way through the mountains south of Morgantown. Once again, the highway was the source of another clue in the disappearance of the two coeds, which by now had become a daily topic of conversation in many households across the state due to the numerous newspaper stories speculating on the fate of the young woman.

Once again it was a young boy, out for a day's outing, who spotted the clue. The boy was about a half mile from his home in Haymond when he picked up a wrinkled piece of gray paper,



Clawson, while in jail on another charge, reportedly made an incriminating statement to cellmate regarding murder of coeds

more in idle curiosity than anything else. The boy promptly recognized it as a West Virginia driver's license which had been discolored by rain. He brought it home a short while later and his mother held it up to the light of a lamp and made out the name "Karen Ferrell."

State Police, aided by National Guardsmen who had been dispatched by Governor Arch Moore, had been searching that same day in an area off U.S. 119, about seven miles from where the youth spotted the graying piece of paper. Police were at the home in minutes after the boy's mother put in a call to the Morgantown barracks.

The distance between the location of Mared Malarik's purse and Karen Ferrell's driver's license provided a new focus for the searchers and the units searching seven miles away were shifted closer to Haymond.

Within an hour, a pair of eyeglasses, later linked to Miss Malarik and a bottle containing sedatives prescribed for her, were found in weeds along a muddy road off U.S. 119.

At the end of that day police were certain they were close to solving part of the riddle of what happened to the young girls and on the morning of the following day, the first wave of searchers discovered the remains of two corpses beneath a thin layer of brush and sticks.

The bodies were not touched until they were thoroughly photographed in the exact position they were discovered but when troopers carefully removed the sticks and brush a horrible discovery awaited them. Both bodies, easily identifiable as young women, were headless.

They had been decapitated as neatly as if the girls had been guillotined!

The remains were horribly disfigured by animals and insects and were placed in rubber bags for the trip to a local hospital for autopsy. One of the first things done after the bodies were delivered to the hospital was fingerprinting, still possible even though the internal organs of both bodies had been eaten away.

Within an hour both bodies were positively identified. They were the pitiful remains of the once beautiful and full of life West Virginia University coeds, Mared Malarik and Karen Ferrell.

A renowned expert was called in from Clarksburg to perform the difficult autopsies, but the specialist, who had been used in numerous murder cases that were difficult to investigate, could not determine the precise cause of death. It seemed probable that cause of death was an injury to the skull of each woman but without the missing heads it was impossible to know for sure.

The autopsy report did indicate, however, that the cervical bones on the headless corpse of each victim gave evidence that they had been severed with a single blow "of great force." The report did not specify a weapon but seemed to rule out saws of any type and pointed to a weapon that could be wielded in such a way as to chop off a head with one strike: weapons like a sword, an axe, a machete or a hatchet.

Because of the decomposition of the remains it was not possible to determine whether the victims had been sexually assaulted. At first police thought that their clothing had been torn from them but later examination revealed that deterioration from weeks under snow and rain had resulted in rotting of their garments.

A search was immediately launched for the heads of the victims, but police remained skeptical that they would be found. If the killer had removed them to prevent identification of the body or discovery of how they had been murdered, he would most certainly have hidden them carefully or destroyed them completely in some manner. If they had been removed to satisfy a perverted lust, police knew that the killer might do anything with the grisly remains.

At this point, State Police and the Morgantown Police Department joined forces and named a special team of two veteran investigators that were to lead the actual investigation into the double homicide.

From the Morgantown Police Department, Patrolman James McCabe joined forces with a veteran homicide sleuth, Trooper D.M. Shade of the West Virginia State Police.

Both were ordered to make the Malarik-Farrell murders their number one priority; the two made a good team. They started checking every case known to be active where decapitation had occurred or where the victims had been hitchhikers but the lawmen could produce no solid leads. Known sex offenders in the county and in nearby counties were questioned but once again no leads developed.

Shade and McCabe studied that final autopsy report for any abnormal shred of evidence, any unexplained fact that might point them in a direction, but they continued to run up against a stone wall. They could only speculate on how the women had actually been killed and the possibility loomed that the sharp instrument that had been used to decapitate them was the actual murder weapon.

Pawnshops and curio stores that might specialize in swords or large knives were checked, but without any success in turning up clues. Murder cases of men already convicted and in prison were checked just to be sure that in the interim between the disappearance of the women and the discovery of their remains a murderer with a similar penchant for decapitation had not already been brought to justice. That long shot, however, failed to produce anything worth investigating and McCabe and Shade were continually frustrated in their search for the murderer.

In another longshot, police checked on a motorcycle gang based on Ohio under the theory that some gang members, especially in winter, used conventional vehicles to travel, often taking their choppers with them on trailers. A tip had seemed hot at

first when a minor criminal told police that one member of the gang carried a sword, but a check with Ohio authorities brought incontrovertible proof that the swordsman couldn't have killed Mared and Karen, he was in jail at the time they were last seen.

The investigation continued to bring in reports that filled up a large case folder under the heading "Malarik-Farrell" but it was almost entirely made up of reports of false leads and dead ends that had to be filed so that police did not inadvertently go over the same investigative ground twice.

After a few months the case was considered the number one murder mystery in that part of the state and lawmen from the State Police to many small jurisdictions were alert to any detail that might bring about a conviction in the baffling slaughter of the coeds.

But years went by without any solid clues and the murders of the two girls, far from being inactivated, were stymied by a lack of clues or facts that could at least lead homicide detectives and other lawmen along a possible avenue to the solution of the killings and the apprehension of the murderer.

What would have been the coeds' 25th birthday passed before a possible solution to the crime turned up, and this one seemed a rather remote possibility when the Morgantown police and the State Police were notified. In Camden, New Jersey, in the spring of 1975, a 35-year old suspect being held on rape and carnal abuse charges told another prisoner, and then jail officials, that he had "killed a couple of girls in West Virginia and cut their heads off."

When Trooper Shade and then Investigator McCabe heard of the so-called "confession" to the double murder, they were highly skeptical. Since the bodies were found in early 1970, five men had confessed to killing Mared and Karen but each, under intense questioning by the two lawmen, had broken down and given clear indication to the lawmen that they were confessing only to satisfy some perverted impulse. While their stories and backgrounds had to be laboriously checked out in each case, the "confessions" only amounted to a waste of time for the police and the taxpayers.

But McCabe and Shade were duty-bound to investigate all aspects of the case, and when they found that the latest man to confess to the crime was from Port Marion, Pennsylvania, only a short distance from Morgantown, they decided that an immediate trip to Camden was called for.

Shade and McCabe drove to Camden, about seven hours away, and went to the Camden County Prosecutor's office, where they were briefed on what was known about the subject who was being held on other crimes but who supposedly had made a confession in the Malarik-Ferrell case. The West Virginia lawmen were told that the individual was Eugene Paul Clawson, a factory worker who was arrested in 1974 on charges that he raped a 13-year old neighbor girl and forced a 15-year old boy to perform sex acts at gunpoint.

Clawson had been indicted on numerous felonies that, if he was convicted, could have given him a total of 140 years in prison. He had been awaiting trial when Trooper Shade and his partner in the coed murder investigation were told about him.

Clawson was led into a meeting room at the prosecutor's office after having been brought over from the county jail. The first thing the West Virginia lawmen asked him was whether he voluntarily wanted to talk about the murder of the two girls and when Clawson, according to court testimony, said "Yes," he was read the standard warning about his constitutional rights.

Then Shade and McCabe started talking about the murder of the two young women, with the balding prisoner who said he killed the women, according to the lawmen's report.

That report, which was carefully recorded by a freelance court reporter in the room, and verified by the lawmen, gave this account of what happened to the beautiful coeds after they left the movie theater and began hitchhiking home:

According to the report, Clawson had driven from his job in Camden and got to Morgantown about 11:30 p.m., shortly before the movie got out. He went to Spruce and Willey Streets during the course of his admitted aimless driving around the city



Clawson, shown here with Sheriff Chris Whiston, was revealed to have a record of numerous felonies, including sex offenses

and that's when he spotted the girls standing alongside the road near other students who were thumbing for a ride.

He said he stopped, let them in, and then sped off until he was outside the downtown area when he pulled a .38 revolver on the two women, who were next to him on the front seat. He told police that he shouted at the girls to "get down on the floor," and pointed the pistol at them. Both girls quickly responded to the gunpoint order and crouched down on the floor while Clawson said he drove to U.S. 119 and turned up a dirt sideroad where the frozen surface allowed his car to pass. He said he drove up the road a distance he couldn't remember exactly and then stopped near some woods. He told police, according to his statement, that he handcuffed Karen Ferrell to the brace underneath the passenger side seat of the car and then forced Mared Malarik into the back seat, where he raped her at gunpoint.

Then, according to the statement given to Shade and McCabe, he ordered both girls into the back seat and forced them to have abnormal sexual relations with each other, once again as Clawson pointed the barrel of the .38 at them.

Then, the statement reads, Clawson had anal intercourse with one of the women and then ordered them to get dressed.

Once that was done, he told them to get out of the car. The girls, who were now handcuffed to each other, obeyed the order which was given to them at the end of the .38.

Clawson said he ordered them to step back away from the car and as the girls slowly stepped backward, trying not to trip, he shot one of them through the head. He said he didn't remember which one but as the woman, who (Continued on page 56)

think would be the first thing he'd want to do after pegging a shot at a victim he couldn't see?"

"He'd want to find out if he hit her."

"How would he do that?"

"He'd phone," Sergeant Dailey broke in. "He could have gone back in, but that would be too much of a risk, so he'd telephone. If she didn't answer, he'd know he scored."

"Let's go talk to Mr. Evan Thomas," Rosenberg said.

Thomas was wearing pajamas when he opened the door in response to the detectives' ring. "Just getting ready to turn in," he said, stifling a yawn.

"Sorry to bother you," the lieutenant said apologetically. "I know you must be tired after working all night, but since you're the only one who heard that shot, we'd like to check out a couple of points with you. Mind if we come in?"

The officers began with routine inquiries into Thomas' background. His full name, he said, was Evan Charles Thomas. He was 28. He had served in the Air Force four years, was honorably discharged.

"Guess you had some fun in the service," Rosenberg observed. "You Air Force boys always seemed to latch on to the best looking gals."

Thomas smirked at the compliment, then said, "I don't know about the rest of the guys, but I didn't do too bad with the pretty chicks."

Rosenberg smiled the knowing smile of one man of the world to another, then said, "I figured you for an operator with the girls. This Joan Hiles now, she's my idea of a cute number."

"Yeah," said Thomas with a grin. "I've had my eye on her for a long time. To tell the truth, I never made any headway."

"How about your wife?"

Thomas shrugged. "She take the kids to visit her folks now and then. She's usually gone a couple of days each time."

"That's long enough for a good operator to move around in," Rosenberg said, flatteringly. He handed Thomas a cigarette, took one himself, and when they were both lit, Rosenberg said mildly, "You're the guy who's been calling Joan Hiles on the phone and not saying anything when she answers, aren't you?"

Thomas seemed a little surprised by the question but, disarmed by the lieutenant's friendly approach, he admitted a little sheepishly, "Yeah, I've called her a few times."

"Why didn't you say who you were?"

Thomas toyed with his cigarette before replying, "I don't know exactly. Lost my nerve maybe. But I got a kick out of calling her, anyway."

All three detectives carefully avoided meeting one another's eyes at the tell-tale admission. Sergeant Dailey casually flicked at non-existent lint on his sleeve as he asked, almost disinterestedly, "If you

think Joan is such a nice girl, why did you take a shot at her?"

The question caught Thomas off guard, and he answered matter-of-factly, "I guess I just wanted to scare her."

None of the three officers had expected the admission to come so quickly, but they were too seasoned to display the jubilation they felt. They had waited seven months for this moment, and they could wait a bit longer; right now there were still a number of loose ends to be tied up.

After a barely perceptible pause following Thomas' statement, Lieutenant Rosenberg said, in a tone as mild as if he were discussing a change in the weather, "Hmmm. And is that why you killed Nina Bice?"

Evan Thomas now seemed to collapse like a suddenly deflated balloon. His shoulders sagged, his head drooped, he studiously avoided their gaze. In the long pause which followed, his silence was a palpable thing. Finally, still staring at the floor, he began to talk in short, halting phrases.

"It's like this. That night, last August. My wife was away. I—I felt sort of at loose ends. I started cruising around. I drove past this little hamburger stand. Saw this girl sitting there. She was nice, pretty figure. I sort of wanted a date with her, wanted—you know..." He looked up as he said this, his eyes suddenly alight. "I pulled my car into the alley, where it was dark, but I could see her real good. I got the rifle, and fired through the window."

"She had the cup of coffee up to her face. I aimed at it. I only intended to knock the cup of coffee out of her hand, but I hit her in the head. When I found out I'd killed her I didn't know what to think. But when I shoot at a woman, I get a thrill out of it."

Once Thomas had started talking, there was no stopping him. He seemed eager to tell everything now, and he did so, frankly admitting all the other shootings, describing them in detail. Quite obviously, too, he seemed to recapture in the retelling the sensuous thrill he said he experienced each time he drew a bead on his women victims. When he finished, he summed up the incidents with the unabashed statement. "That's it. I shot at all of them. I shot them for kicks, that's all."

He had kept the rifle hidden under the back seat of his car, he said. He had bought it in Wilmar, just three days before he took the shot that wounded and nearly cost the life of Mrs. Kreutzer, the first of his woman victims. He said that all of them except Mrs. Hiles were strangers to him; he had simply picked them at random, as the opportunities presented themselves.

Lieutenant Rosenberg asked him if he thought Joan Hiles would still be sitting on the divan watching television where he knew she usually sat. Was that why he

aimed where he did?

Thomas wet his lips and started to speak, but then thought better of it. He would not answer the question. At police headquarters he told reporters, "After I'd shoot a woman who appealed to me, to satisfy myself, I'd become morbid and start drinking. I'd stay drunk till the urge got me again. Then I'd pick out a girl at random and shoot her."

On March 15, 1952, before Judge Philip H. Richards, Evan Thomas was asked how he pleaded to one count of murder and five counts of assault with a deadly weapon.

"Guilty," he said.

But in California a jury trial must be held on capital crimes, and Thomas was brought to trial for the murder of Nina Marie Bice. On July 7th, a Superior Court jury ruled that he must die, and on January 29, 1954, Evan Thomas, the man who got a thrill from shooting women, was executed in the gas chamber at San Quentin. ◆◆◆

## Lied About Raping & Beheading 2 Coeds?

*(Continued from page 21)*

had probably died instantly, dropped to the frozen ground, her weight pulled the other girl off balance and this time the .38 slug just grazed her forehead.

The stunned girl lay on the ground, handcuffed to her now dead friend when Clawson, according to his statement, went back to the car and pulled a machete from underneath the driver's seat. He swung the heavy-bladed knife weapon against the nape of the stunned girl's neck, and her head dropped to the ground. He then hacked the dead girl's head off and took both grisly objects to his car, where he wrapped them in a length of old cloth. Then, according to the statement, he dragged the handcuffed bodies a short distance to where he covered them with brush and sticks.

His statement indicates he drove to a relative's home, washed his hands and changed from his bloodied clothing and then drove back to his home in New Jersey.

This much of the story, however, could have been put together by an imaginative mind from newspaper clippings over the years, and Trooper Shade and Officer McCabe knew it. They pressed their suspect for facts that would be known only to the killer and came up with some important ones.

First of all, according to the statement, Clawson said he threw the handcuffs in a wooded area on the way to the relative's home. This in a spot not searched by police. He said also that he threw the severed heads down an old mineshaft in an area just off Stewartstown Road not far from the Pennsylvania border com-



munity where he used to live as a youth.

Shade and McCabe left Clawson in the custody of New Jersey authorities and went back to West Virginia to check the suspect's story out. During this time Major R.M. Hall of the West Virginia State Police received a letter from Clawson that contained some of the same details that the two lawmen had learned in their face-to-face interview with the subject.

The lawmen knew, however, that the statement, which Clawson might repudiate, might not be enough to gain a murder conviction, so one of the most thorough followup investigations in the state's history was launched.

First, the area where Clawson said handcuffs would be found was searched and handcuffs were found. The hard part was yet to come, however, as State Police set up a command post near the abandoned mine shaft indicated by Clawson. State Police officials from Charleston including Sergeant William Mitchell and Lieutenant O.S. Neeley from the Criminal Identification Unit at police headquarters arrived to aid the investigation.

Tents were set up to ward off the cold and snow and the exploration of the shaft was started. The first thing police learned was that the shaft was highly dangerous and, in certain sections, has caved in. To safeguard life, a special video camera, equipped with a strong spotlight and at the end of a long cable that allowed its operation from the surface, was sent into the recesses of the hole in search of what would now surely be only skulls if even they remained.

Lawmen anxiously watching the screen on the surface monitor saw only the dank walls of the old mine and piles of rubble. But other lawmen crawling through portions of the mine that were still supported by timbers made an interesting discovery. In a crevice they found a large nest, big enough for baby foxes, that was made from dry grass and other materials. It was brought to the surface and sent to the State Police laboratory in Charleston where it was examined at length by Investigator A. Kinnick of the Criminal Investigation Bureau.

While the search of the mine shaft continued fruitlessly for days a report came back from Charleston—in the fox nest brought up from the mineshaft a number of human hairs were found. Chemical analysis of these hairs showed they matched the color, body fluid type and the effects of the dye used by both women.

Based on the evidence turned up a Monongalia County grand jury indicted Clawson on April 9, 1976, and extradition proceedings were started to remove the defendant from New Jersey custody once court action against him was completed. Clawson had earlier pled guilty to

two of the felony charges against him in full satisfaction of the many charges contained in a New Jersey indictment. He was given an indeterminate sentence of one day to 15 years for rape and carnal abuse and was sent to the New Jersey Adult Diagnostic and Treatment Center in Avenel where most sex offenders are remanded.

After extradition proceedings he was brought to Morgantown by Trooper Shade and Investigator McCabe and was arraigned on the murder charges on May 19, 1976.

His court-appointed attorneys moved for a change of venue that was denied on October 13th, and trial began in Monongalia County Court on October 25th, with the selection of a jury.

Clawson's defense was that he picked up the details of the case from reading about it in the December, 1975 issue of *TRUE DETECTIVE*. But, this magazine never ran a story on the killings at any time. In addition, a former cellmate of Clawson's stated that the latter told him of the killing in the spring of 1975, months before another detective magazine did publish an account of the crime. It was obvious, in that case, that Clawson could not have read the story before his jail cell confession."

During Clawson's trial, the prosecutor's office on several occasions phoned the editor of *TRUE DETECTIVE* to check on the defendant's claim. On the very first call the editor told the West Virginia authorities that we had not published any reports on the case. In subsequent calls we were asked to formalize that statement by checking our files, thus making sure that the story had not been published in our magazine. The editor did so, and reported that his first statement was correct: *TRUE DETECTIVE* had not published any reports on the Malarik-Ferrell murders.

That, we presumed, settled the question once and for all, but on the last day of the trial, during the luncheon recess, still another call was received from the prosecutor's office, this one from Trooper Shade. The officer said that Clawson was on the stand that morning and would return after the recess; he had repeated his claim that he'd learned the details on the case as a result of reading about it in the December, 1975 issue of *TRUE DETECTIVE*.

Trooper Shade said he was making one last check with our magazine, just in case we might have discovered, since the last inquiry, that we had made a mistake in our earlier replies and that we had indeed published details which could have familiarized Clawson with the case.

For the record, Editor A.P. Govoni again checked the files and reported to Trooper Shade that the defendant could not possibly have read about the case in *TRUE DETECTIVE* because our magazine had never published even one line of information, up to that time, about the

murders of Karen Ferrell and Mared Malarik.

Prosecuting Attorney David Solomon argued that the discovery of the handcuffs and the evidence found in the mine shaft as well as the confession pointed to Clawson.

Part of the evidence also included a large machete once owned by a relative of Clawson's who had procured it when he was stationed at a military base in Cuba.

Jury deliberation began late on November 4th, and after six hours the panel found Eugene Paul Clawson guilty of the murder of the two coeds and did not recommend mercy. Because of that, Clawson was eligible for only one sentence: life imprisonment. But that would have to wait. Clawson was first returned to the Adult Diagnostic Center in New Jersey to complete the earlier sentence on sex offense charges. Upon completion of that term, Clawson will be sent to West Virginia's state maximum security prison in Moundsville to begin serving his life term for the two murders.

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## Priest Headed Porno Operation!

*(Continued from page 36)*

tion, for Spong, was that the same young man was in photographs confiscated in both New Orleans and East Lansing. Some deduction convinced him the model was an East Tennessean with some connection to Vermilye's farm.

He and the East Lansing cops agreed to send copies to authorities in Franklin County. And when they arrived there some heavy stuff began to hit law enforcement turbines. This was what Attorney General Pope had been hoping for.

He called in his chief investigator, Pete Bouldin, and told him to start digging. Bouldin, in turn, called on Jim Brazelton, Sheriff of Franklin County, and Jim Parrott, special agent for the Tennessee Bureau of Investigation, for some assistance.

Whether Vermilye got wind of the investigation is known only to him. He could have. The probers questioned several residents and former residents of his "rehabilitative home," some of whom were considered close to him.

At any rate, he contacted a Winchester real estate agent, and put the house up for sale. The asking price was \$40,000, about half what it would cost to duplicate. The agent quoted the Reverend Bud as saying he planned to marry soon, that this was why he was willing to sell. The realtor, like many other Winchester citizens, knew he had been romancing a wealthy woman from nearby Tullahoma, home of