A TREMOR IN THE BLOOD

Uses And Abuses Of The Lie Detector

David Thoreson Lykken

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CHAPTER
21

The Body On The Stairs: A Pedagogical Detective Story

> It will be clearer when you have heard the story.
>
> —Hercule Poirot

> The tale must be about dead bodies or very wicked people, preferably both, before the tired Business Man can feel really happy.
>
> —Dorothy Sayers

Perched on its bluffs looking down on Lake Superior, Duluth might have been a handsome city, but its pioneers had more mundane ideas. The money was in shipping, steamers carrying iron ore and grain to the East and returning with coal and heavy machinery. The city is separated from the cold, blue water by a maze of docks and railroad yards, warehouses and smoky factories. The magnates and the managers built east of the city a row of mansions fronting on the (then) unpolluted lake. The most imposing of these great houses are almost invisible from London Road, a broad, shaded avenue that,

further east, becomes the North Shore Highway, houses separated from its hurly-burly by great wrought-iron gates and impenetrable plantings of exotic evergreens.

Marion Rorcheck's salt-corroded Vega looked a bit incongruous as it turned, blinking, out of the early Monday traffic and pulled up before the finest pair of gates of all. Mrs. Rorcheck, wearing a heavy cardigan against the spring breeze that struck chill off the lake, stepped out long enough to insert a key in the switchbox on the left gatepost. The heavy gates swung open. After stopping once more on the other side to close the gates, Mrs. Rorcheck followed the curving drive some 200 feet to the side of the house. Another modest vehicle was already parked there, a middle-aged Ford, its windshield opaque with dew. Sarah Hanson, the night nurse, hadn't left yet, of course; Mrs. Rorcheck always made a point of being a few minutes early so that Sarah could get away by 7:00 sharp. The big Cadillac, lying in state behind the 30-foot doors of the garage, had not been used for months. Old Mrs. Haverstock, querulous and bedridden, wasn't going anywhere.

At the side entrance, Mrs. Rorcheck was a little surprised not to find Sarah with the door open, happy to greet her replacement once again and to share a quick cup of coffee before returning to her small house on the west side of town where, more than likely, she would have plans for a morning in the garden. The clean dirt, the vigorous young plants, the rich harvest to look forward to, all had become increasingly important to Mrs. Hanson since her husband died two years before and she had begun her nightly vigils with the old woman. Mrs. Haverstock seemed never to really sleep at all. She would doze for a while, sometimes as much as an hour, but then she would wake with a start, often appearing not to know where she was or who Sarah was, and would need to be soothed and coddled. And there were several trips to the bathroom, leaning heavily on the nurse's arm, and at least one change of bedding. Mrs. Haverstock was ready for bed—often already dozing—when Mrs. Hanson came on duty at eleven, and since she had no meals to prepare, errands to run, or house cleaning to supervise, the women on the other shifts had rather envied her at first. But now, after nearly two years, there had been enough trading off on shifts for them all to know that Mrs. Hanson earned her salary through the long nights, and a prompt relief in the morning.

Marion Rorcheck opened the door with her own key and went in. Except for the hum of the big refrigerator in the kitchen to her right,

the house was silent. The entrance she had used opened into an octagonal breakfast room on the east side of the house, a pleasant airy room in the morning because four of its walls looked east and south through many windows mullioned in light oak. The wall opposite the patio entrance was all built-in china cabinet full of colorful pieces set off by beveled glass in doors hung on brass fittings. Centered in the angled wall on the left was a carved oak door that opened into the main dining room. The table in the center of the room had six, instead of eight, sides and this conflict of angles, along with the bright print upholstery of the six chairs, softened the elegance and made the room inviting. Mrs. Rorcheck took her lunch at that table almost every day. She had expected to see three grass mats on this table with a coffee pot and a plate of hot rolls on the mat in the center, cups and small clean plates at two place settings facing the windows. But the table was bare. Circling to the right, Mrs. Rorcheck pushed through the papered swinging door into the kitchen to see what was keeping Sarah.

The kitchen was empty and now even the refrigerator fell silent. There was no welcome aroma of brewing coffee; the coffeemaker top full of the cold grounds from the night before lay in the sink. The bottom or coffeepot section was missing, probably upstairs where Mrs. Hanson used it to sustain herself through the small hours. Unbuttoning her sweater, Mrs. Rorcheck started up the kitchen stairway. Mrs. Haverstock must be having problems—or making them, more likely, since if she had taken a serious turn, Mrs. Rorcheck would have expected to see the doctor's Buick, or even an ambulance, in the drive. Of course, they might be on their way right now. She hurried up the steep steps and opened the door to the landing where the kitchen staircase unobtrusively connected with the main stairway, the sweeping lower part of which curved grandly down and out of sight to the main hall below.

The landing was nearly 10 feet square and almost in its center, upside down and surrounded by an ugly brown stain, nearly dry, in the deep blue of the carpet, was the coffee pot. Its stainless steel and plastic presence in that outlandish circumstance riveted Mrs. Rorcheck and, at the back of her neck, she felt a faint movement as the muscles of a hundred hair follicles contracted. Still staring at the pot, in an oddly hushed voice, she called, "Sarah?" Raising her eyes to the right, she surveyed the empty lower stairway. Then, as with a deliberate act of will she turned both head and body to the left, she saw Sarah looking at her. Lying there, looking at her. At least the one eye

that was partly open seemed to be looking her way, over her shoulder. The other eye, the left one, was obscured by the blood, blood that had stained the blue carpet to a kind of purple-brown, on the step where Sarah's head lay and on the step below that. Mrs. Rorcheck moved slowly backwards until her shoulders felt the intersection of the walls at the corner of the landing; then she whispered, "Help!" People do not often scream when they're alone. Screams are for times when someone might hear you and come, when a friend might hear and come to help. When one is alone, the throat constricts and cuts off screaming, screaming that would echo through the empty place and summon only panic, if nothing worse. And Mrs. Rorcheck, staring at the dead slit of Sarah Hanson's eye, knew that she was alone—hoped she was alone—in that big house that Monday morning.

Slowly, at first she sidled sideways, then, turning her head to watch where she was going, she almost ran down the main stairs, clutching the banister, did run then across the hall into the dining room, into the breakfast room where she had entered, opened the door to the patio—then stopped. All her muscles tight, Mrs. Rorcheck breathed deep of the cold air, turned back again, walked quickly back to close the door to the dining room, then dashed to the little writing desk under the window and picked up the phone. She stared dumbly at the rows of buttons for a moment, looking for a dial, then pressed 0 and waited anxiously, twisting about so she could keep her eyes on the two closed doors inside.

"Operator?"

"Operator, get me the police. Emergency!"

Squad 17 had passed 2040 London Road only moments before the dispatcher's call came on the radio and they nosed up to the Haverstock gates, red lights flashing, within two or three minutes. Her joints unlocked by the relief of seeing them, Mrs. Rorcheck sprang to the gate switch by the door, then hurried outside to the drive to await the policemen. In good control now, she gave her name and briefly explained the situation.

"Can you show us, Ma'am?"

Marion Rorcheck re-entered the house with the two tall patrolmen, through the dining room, up the stairway. Sarah Hanson's body looked quite different now, pathetic, a reason to feel sadness rather than the cold horror that had possessed Mrs. Rorcheck just a few minutes earlier. Patrolman Edstrom reached down and lifted Sarah's right hand gently from where it lay sprawled behind her hip. It was

cold and beginning to stiffen. Her cheek, too, where he lay the backs of his fingers, felt cold, dead. Edstrom straightened up.

"Where did you say the old lady is, Ma'am?"

"Her room's up there, to the right."

"Okay, we'll have a look. Try not to touch the banister or anything."

It was a wide staircase and even the awkward sprawl of Sarah's body left a full two feet of unstained carpet on the right side. The three of them filed up to the large master bedroom, 24 feet square, its south and east walls mostly windows bright behind the lowered shades. Mrs. Haverstock's bed was centered on the west wall and, on either side of the wide headboard there were doors to the two master bathrooms. The one on the far side had been her husband's and had not been used perhaps for years. In the near bathroom the lights were on, revealing a number of coin-sized spots—they were bloodstains—on the tiled floor. One of the spots had been smeared, as if by a shoe. But the three people just inside the doorway were staring at the bed. The foot that projected from the bedclothes, a right foot, was bare; it was thin and white, old-looking. The toenails, neatly trimmed, appeared yellow against the pallid flesh. A hand was also visible, cuffed in white lace, a rather puffy old hand, palm up, with bands of rings on the third and fourth fingers. They were platinum bands and the stones, presently obscured by the supine position of the hand, were an old-fashioned diamond cluster and, on the middle finger, a fine large ruby surrounded by small diamonds. There was a pillow over the face.

Officer Edstrom stepped up beside the bed, grasped a fold of the pillow slip between his right thumb and forefinger and lifted the pillow gingerly aside. The startling thing about the face was the mouth, until one realized that she had been wearing her dentures and the upper plate had slipped and was protruding slightly. The left eye was open wide and surveyed the ceiling; the right lid drooped, half closed. After touching the cold cheek, Edstrom set the pillow back again where he had found it.

"You'd better call in, Marv. Use the phone this lady used. Tell them we've got what looks like a double homicide. And they can cancel that ambulance."

But as Mrs. Rorcheck and Patrolman Marvin Swaline descended the long staircase, the siren of the ambulance marked its arrival in the long drive. Swaline stepped outside to greet the driver and his paramedic colleague.

"We won't be needing you guys after all, Eddie. We've got two dead ones in there, looks like homicide. The old lady and her night nurse."

"Want us to take a look, Marv?"

"Better not. They're dead all right, already getting stiff. And the lieutenant has this thing about a crime scene—no unnecessary witnesses. I've got to call in now; see you guys later."

After making his call, Officer Swaline made a cursory, and gingerly, tour of the first floor, followed by Mrs. Rorcheck. They were careful where they stepped and Swaline opened doorknobs with his handkerchief. The only thing they noticed that was out of the ordinary was the walnut desk in the library. Three of its drawers stood open and several papers that looked like bills, normally kept in a leather folder on the desk, were scattered about on the floor. Officer Edstrom was making a similar tour of the second floor. With no one to watch him, he had his service revolver in his hand. In his five years on the DPD, Willard Edstrom hadn't seen that many murder victims and he was more rattled than he cared to admit.

Another siren announced the arrival of Detective Lieutenant George Catlin. The dispatcher had found him at home having breakfast and had been told to call Detective Sergeant Poehls at his home and to tell him to stand by. Catlin looked like everyone's stereotype of an FBI agent, trim, dark-haired, wearing a neat navy-blue blazer, a blue-checked shirt, and a dark tie. He was about 30. Catlin had attended the University of Minnesota, the main campus in Minneapolis, not the Duluth Branch, and had majored in Criminal Justice. During his last two years, he had worked on the University's police force, of a size appropriate to the community of more than 60,000 people within its jurisdiction, which was regarded as sort of an elite corps by most police officials in the state, although some of the roughneck element of the St. Paul and Minneapolis PD's thought they were a bunch of overeducated sissies. Catlin stayed on with the UPD for four years after he graduated, taking several FBI courses and spending as much time as he could in the department's well-equipped polygraphic interrogation laboratory, the best-run unit of its kind in the five-state area. When Duluth's mayor decided to upgrade the professional level of his police department, Catlin, a hometown boy, came on board as detective sergeant and now, five years later, was head of the Detective Division. Sergeant Poehls, taller, heavier, and rapidly balding, looked older than Catlin, although he was only 27. Arny Poehls was a graduate of the University's Duluth

Branch, a friendly, talkative bear of a man, smarter than he looked, a kind of protege of Catlin's.

The two detectives got out of Catlin's car and conferred with Officer Swaline on the patio where they were shortly joined by Officer Edstrom. Mrs. Rorchek, suffering a bit of aftershock from the previous half-hour, slumped down on a redwood bench at one end of the patio where she could feel the sun. Catlin went over and introduced himself and his partner and asked Mrs. Rorchek to wait there with Officer Swaline while he looked around inside. Then Catlin and Poehls followed Edstrom into the house. They looked at the two dead women, noticed a jewel box on its side and empty on Mrs. Haverstock's dresser (Edstrom had missed that but saw no need to call attention to the fact), and retraced Edstrom's fruitless search of the second floor. They started up to the third floor but, near the top of the stairs, Catlin stopped and put out an arm. The wood floor in front of them showed a layer of dust in the slanting morning sunlight and the dust was undisturbed. On the first floor they rediscovered the spilled papers in the library, the coffee grounds in the kitchen sink, and a broken latch on the French doors of the sunroom on the west side of the house. Brass sliding bolts were fitted top and bottom on both doors but none had been locked in place. The doors had apparently been kicked open from the outside—mudstains on the white paint suggested the sole of a shoe—and the simple central latch had given way easily with just a slight splintering of wood. The doors had apparently been closed again from the inside after the intruder entered.

Search of the large basement, the L-shaped game room with bar and billiard table, the laundry, and the big furnace room—Catlin remembered from sixth grade watching the school janitor tending a furnace just about that size—the many storerooms, the garage, all were unrevealing. Poehls spotted the switch that caused the big garage door to roll up with a solid rumble and they rejoined Mrs. Rorcheck on the patio. She had recovered her composure fully in the interim and was able to give Catlin a concise and complete account of her experiences that morning. She also provided some background on Mrs. Haverstock.

As the bride of a middle-aged mining executive 50 years earlier, it had been hoped that she would provide him the heirs that his deceased first wife had not. But this second marriage, too, was barren and, after 10 years, Haverstock died. His widow, in her late thirties, also wanted a child and, unlike her dead husband, she was not insist-

ent that the child should be either male or biologically her own. So Victoria Haverstock adopted a female infant, a flesh-and-blood doll to whom she gave the doll-like name of Merry Bell, and proceeded to provide her new toy with every indulgence the Haverstock fortune could buy. Merry Bell Haverstock Garnett Michaelson Plunkett now, at 43, was on her third husband and, with the help of Numbers 1 and 2, had produced four grandchildren at a cost to Victoria, prorated over 24 years, of nearly half a million dollars each. Henry and Patricia Garnett, aged 24 and 22, were good-looking like their daddy and as self-centered and willful as their mother.

Erik and Hans Michaelson were the legacy of her second union. Erik, now 19, was a schemer like his father but lacked his charm; Hans, 17, kept his own counsel and no one yet seemed to have figured him out.

John Martin Plunkett, Victoria's third and present son-in-law, was neither aristocratically handsome, like Garnett, nor dynamic and cosmopolitan, like Michaelson. In spite of their failings, one might reasonably say of her two previous husbands, that Merry Bell had married rather above herself. Plunkett was quite an ordinary fellow, happy-go-lucky, enjoyed a good time, had no deep interests or high principles. Merry Bell seemed comfortable with Plunkett, not really satisfied, but then Merry Bell had never been really satisfied. She knew that she deserved something special in life, for Victoria had raised her to think, vaguely, that *she* was something special, but that special something always had eluded her. Plunkett wasn't the answer, but then perhaps a man wasn't the solution to her particular riddle in any case.

Not that Lieutenant Catlin got all this history from Mrs. Rorchek in their conversation on the bench that Monday morning. He got names and ages and, with the aid of an address book in the library, addresses and phone numbers. The younger Michaelson boy, Hans, attended a prep school in Minneapolis. Erik was at the University, living with much indignation in a freshman dormitory, but insisting on his own apartment next year. Pat Garnett lived in New York City "studying art." Henry Garnett had a swinging singles pad in Minneapolis. His mother and John Plunkett had a townhouse in Minneapolis, a posh summer home on the North Shore, 20 miles up the lake from the Haverstock place, and a sporty casa in Puerto Peñasca, on the Sea of Cortez. They were in Minneapolis the last Mrs. Rorchek knew. Catlin telephoned downtown for the "scientists": the medical examiner, the police photographer, and two fingerprint men. He also

got Edstrom and Swaline relieved of their regular patrol duties for the rest of the morning so they could stay and help. He stationed Edstrom at the entrance gate and Officer Swaline at the opposite corner of the house by the sunroom, so that the two men, between them, could survey all sides of the property. Then Catlin called Mr. Rorchek, who was employed at a local lumber yard and, after appropriate reassurances, asked him to get off work long enough to come pick up his wife and take her home. When Rorcheck arrived, looking worried, Catlin held a formal meeting in the breakfast room.

"Folks, this is a serious matter, as you know, and I want to impose an unusual kind of security here until we get this case solved. Mrs. Rorchek, I couldn't expect you not to tell your husband about an upsetting experience like you had this morning, but I'm going to ask both of you to give me your solemn word of honor not to talk to anybody else about it, not to reporters, not to your other relatives, not to your best friends. You came here for work as usual, you found the two women shot to death and you called the police. You can't say anything more than that until the case goes to trial. Agreed?"

"Were they both shot, Lieutenant?" asked Mrs. Rorchek. "Is that what happened?"

"That's the way it looks to us, but we'll know for sure when the Medical Examiner gets here."

"Why all the secrecy, Lieutenant?" asked Mr. Rorchek. "What's going on?"

"Let me explain that to you, Mr. Rorchek, because I want to be sure you understand the reasons for it and won't think I'm just trying to throw my weight around. Whoever killed those two women knows what happened here last night. He knows what he did in this house, where he left the bodies, how they looked when he left them there. If he walked into the house right now, he wouldn't see anything that would surprise him—everything would fit with the pictures in his mind that he went away with last night, and they should be pretty vivid pictures. Now we have methods, sort of like lie detector tests, for finding out what pictures a person has in his mind. That is, when we get a suspect in this case, we'll be able to find out if he knows what happened in this house, whether he recognizes the way things look in there right now, whether he can tell the difference between the true story and some made-up stories that we'll try out on him. If he can't tell the difference, our polygraph machine will show that and then we'll know he's innocent. If he does recognize the true story, then the machine will tell us that and we'll know we have our man.

But this will only work if we can be sure that the police working on the case and you two folks—and the murderer—are the only ones who know what happened here. So that's the reason for asking you not to talk about this. I know it's hard, I know this may be the most frightening experience you've ever gone through, Mrs. Rorchek, and it's very difficult not to discuss something like that with the people you're close to or with people who press you with questions. But I also know that one little slip, telling just one friend next door or at work, can be the leak that breaks the dike. So will you do it?"

The Rorcheks, suitably impressed by this explanation, promised to maintain security and took their leave. Collecting Edstrom at the gate, Catlin walked with him around to Swaline's post and gave the two patrolmen a supplementary cautioning.

"Now you men know that neither of these bodies look like gunshot wounds; I'm not certain yet about the nurse. But, in any case, the public information from now on is that they were both shot. We're going to set up a Guilty Knowledge Test on this case and I will have the hide *and* the badge of any officer who talks to his wife or his mother or his buddies about anything at all he saw in that house. If there's an item in the paper about 'Nurse found on stairs' or 'Heiress murdered in her bed', then I'm going to stop investigating this case until I've found the blabbermouth and have him up by his thumbs. Okay, I want you men to stay in position until the print men are finished and then we'll give this house a proper going over."

Catlin then huddled with Sergeant Poehls.

"This looks like a good case for a GKT, Arny. We'll let it out that the women were both shot and, if that holds up, we'll be able to use manner of death as two keys. Then, we can use where each body was found, what they were wearing, and we ought to be able to get a couple of keys out of that coffee pot. And, listen, Arny, let's photograph those bodies in different positions. There's Billy Wister coming in now; have him get some pictures before the M.E. moves them and then we'll pose both bodies in four or five different ways and get some more pictures."

"Okay, George. What about talking to the neighbors?—and that nurse's family? And shouldn't we really look the house over? That bastard might still be hiding under a bed somewhere."

Catlin grinned a little sheepishly. "Are you suggesting, Arny, that I won't be able to use my GKT if we don't catch us a suspect first? Okay, Sarge, you're right. You organize the detecting and I'll organize Billy."

Billy Wister, the police photographer, and the two fingerprint technicians followed Lieutenant Catlin into the house. After setting the print men to work on the first floor, Catlin helped Wister carry his equipment to the stairway. The inverted coffee pot on the landing was photographed from above as someone standing by Nurse Hanson's body might have seen it, and also from the head of the staircase. Mrs. Hanson's body was photographed both from the head of the stairs and from the landing. In the master bedroom, pictures were taken of the bed as it appeared from the doorway, pillow still in place over the old woman's face, and of that dead face from the vantage point of someone standing over the body, and of the bloodstains on the bathroom floor. The dressing table with the emptied jewel box was photographed, as was the study with the apparently rifled desk and papers scattered about. The French doors in the sunroom were pictured from the outside, closed and open, and from the inside.

When the medical examiner had come and gone, Catlin had in hand these facts and speculations: Both women probably died between midnight and 2 A.M. Sarah Hanson received a heavy blow, most likely from behind, from a penetrating instrument which had fractured her skull in the left occipital-parietal region. She had been struck also on the left shoulder, probably preceding the fatal head wound. This, too, was a heavy blow, breaking the clavicle, and the appearance of the injury suggested a narrow pipe or bar, either a different weapon than that which caused the skull wound, or else the straight shaft of the same instrument. The scientists were already studying the wrought iron tools found neatly in place beside the bedroom fireplace. Victoria Haverstock had probably been smothered with the pillow, although cardiac arrest or a cerebrovascular accident, brought on by fear and stress, would have to be ruled out at autopsy. With some reluctance, the M.E. had agreed to sustain Catlin's public fiction that the "preliminary indications are that both victims died of gunshot wounds." But he insisted that, after his autopsy, he could no longer be a party to a deliberately false report and that the furthest he would go at that stage would be to withhold his findings "at the request of the police."

The fingerprint men finished their sweep with a rather pessimistic prognosis. They had a small collection of prints, but there was a lot of smearing on the desk, on the bannister, on the handle of the poker, that suggested gloved hands. With some show of disgust, the two technicians were drafted next to help in posing the bodies for more photographs. Mrs. Hanson was rotated where she lay so that her head

pointed downstairs and then photographed from both above and below. The coffee pot was removed from its position in the center of the landing and the nurse's body posed as though she had been struck while on the last step above the landing and then fallen forward. A fourth pose made it appear that she had been struck just as she began to descend the lower flight of stairs and had fallen backwards onto the landing. Two more poses located the body on the lower, curving portion of the staircase, one with her head pointing upwards and the other down. This macabre activity then moved to the bedroom. The old woman's body was gently accommodated to two different but plausible positions on the bed and three positions on the floor and photographed in each position. The aim of all this was to provide six photographs of each body, with one of each six corresponding to the picture that must almost certainly be vividly imprinted in the mind of the murderer. But, to an innocent suspect with no such recollections of the actual scene, the other five positions of each corpse would appear equally plausible, equally horrifying.

Finally, this penultimate indignity completed, the mortal remains of Victoria Haverstock and Sarah Hanson were dispatched to the morgue. Sergeant Poehls, who had returned from an unrevealing round of visits with the neighbors, had never been inside a mansion the size of the Haverstock place before. He continued to feel a nagging concern that last night's intruder might still be hiding on the premises; unlikely certainly, but intolerably embarrassing if it were true and they hadn't looked to find him. So Poehls and the two print men worked their way methodically from basement to third floor. As in so many aspects of policework, the yield was nothing more than another base touched, one possibility ruled out.

Catlin and his photographer were contemplating the coffeepot.

"He must have noticed what the nurse was carrying when he clubbed her. Or else he must have seen that pot on the landing when he went down the stairs."

"How do you know she was carrying it, Lieutenant? Maybe she threw the thing at the guy when she heard him coming up the stairs."

"Nope, the M.E. says he got her from behind, probably from the head of the stairs while she was walking down, maybe six or seven steps down. I think he used that poker with the point on the side and then washed the blood off later in the bathroom. He broke her left shoulder first, the pot flew forward, she was sort of swung around to the left like this, then he got her in the head. She fell backwards. I wonder if he was left-handed? The M.E. can maybe tell from the

wounds if he was swinging left to right. I'll tell you, Billy, this guy has to be someone they knew. Nurse lets him in, he goes up to talk to the old lady, nurse takes the coffee pot down to the kitchen, maybe he's poking the fire when she leaves the room and he just steps out the door and brains her. If he'd broken in and slipped upstairs, waited for the nurse to leave the bedroom, he'd have had to dart in the room and grab the poker and dart out again before she got away. How would he know there was a poker there? And the old lady would have yelled when she saw him; how would he get the nurse from behind? I think this one's friends or family, Billy."

It did seem very certain that Mrs. Hanson had indeed been carrying the coffee pot when struck from behind; the cup or two of liquid left in the pot would have splattered more widely if the pot had been thrown with any force. What else might a night nurse be carrying from a sickroom? What other fallen object would seem at least as plausible to an innocent suspect, to someone whose mind bore no image of that stainless steel pot on the landing? Catlin and Billy Wister found the evening paper folded neatly on a kitchen table. Catlin, standing half way up from the landing, tossed the paper forward several times until it landed, rumpled and partly open, in what seemed to be a suitable position in the middle of the landing, covering the coffee stain. Billy photographed it then, from the same angles he had used for the coffee pot. In the bathroom, they found a bottle of mineral oil, nearly empty. Dumping the residue in the toilet, the bottle was put in place of the paper and photographed; the nurse might have been carrying a medicine bottle. A couple of magazines, from the bedroom, were next. Then, waxing more inventive, a tray with a plate and cup and saucer were tumbled on the Landing. Finally, a vase from the kitchen with some flowers, found in the breakfast room, were strewn there to have their picture taken.

Wister then proceeded to photograph the house's interiors more generally, views that an intruder coming in through the sunroom would have seen on his way upstairs. If Catlin's conjecture was correct and the murderer was a previous visitor to the house, then these pictures might not be used. But should they ever have a suspect who claimed not to have seen the house or been inside, then they could use these shots to test him. They would get some interiors from other big Duluth houses and see whether their suspect reacted selectively to those from the Haverstock house. In the library, Poehls picked up the scattered papers.

"Billy, we'll base an item on the appearance of this room. Some-

thing like, 'How did the library look when the murderer was through with it?' Let's get a shot from the door with the room looking neat first. Then we'll get one with that chair tipped over, another with the rug rolled back and, let's see, what else?"

"How about stacks of books on the floor, like he was looking for something in a book or behind the books?"

"Okay," said Poehls. "And look here, Billy my boy, here's an honest-to-God wall safe behind the picture. I've never seen one before. We'll get the boys to dust it for prints and then we'll get a shot with the safe open. Somebody must know the combination."

Catlin, meanwhile, was looking through Mrs. Haverstock's bureau drawers. She had been wearing a distinctive long-sleeved nightgown with lacy cuffs and a blue ribbon at the neck. As Catlin had expected, the wealthy invalid had quite an assortment of distinctive nightgowns and from these he selected five, as different from each other as they were from the one found on the body. The murderer's palms should sweat when he sees that blue ribbon and the lace cuffs again, revealing that he recognizes that one of the six gowns.

When Poehls and his helpers completed their search of the house, Catlin made his security speech to Wister and the two print men and sent them back to their respective labs. It was high time to start contacting next of kin. This part was never easy, but Sarah Hanson was simplest to start with. According to Mrs. Rorchek, Sarah had been a widow and now lived with her brother, a one-time Great Lakes seaman who, Mrs. Rorchek thought, had lately gone to seed, maybe a drinker. Leaving the two uniformed officers on guard, Catlin and Poehls headed for the Hanson house on the west side. There was no answer when they rang the bell so they made use also of the brass knocker. Finally, through an open window above them, a thick, drunken voice demanded, "What s' want?" William Foster, Sarah's 57-year-old brother, was very drunk indeed. He had been sick on the floor of his bedroom and the rich stink of the upstairs hall contained a definite trace of juniper and gin. Foster didn't know where he'd been the night before, couldn't seem to register what they had to tell him about his sister, and was alternately belligerent and comatose. Catlin decided to take him in on suspicion. He had an idea of questioning Foster closely while his wits were still addled by alcohol but, at the jail, it was obvious that there would be no legal way of questioning Foster at all for hours.

Using separate phones, Catlin and Poehls began tracking down the Haverstock relatives, the Plunketts and Michaelsons and Garnetts. A

maid at the Plunketts' Minneapolis house said that Merry Bell and John had left the day before (Sunday) to drive to Mexico. Both Erik and Hans were eventually located at their respective schools, both seemed rather stimulated to hear about the excitement in Duluth, and neither had known of their mother's plans to head for Mexico. But neither boy seemed surprised at the sudden departure. There was no answer at Henry Garnett's Minneapolis apartment but, when Poehls called the North Shore beachhouse, there was an unexpected answer after the fifth ring. It was Garnett. He'd been there with a couple of friends—three, in fact, one male—since Friday. There was a very long silence after Poehls told him the news about his grandmother.

"Well, I'm sorry to hear that, Inspector." ("Inspector!" thought Poehls. "Is he trying to be smart or does he read English detective stories?")

"Be sure and let me know if there's anything I can do," Garnett continued.

"We'd like to talk to you this afternoon, Mr. Garnett. The lieutenant and I could be out at your place in about half an hour. Would that be all right?"

There was another lengthy silence. Then, "Yes, I guess that's all right, half an hour. I'll be looking for you." Garnett hung up.

"I thought you'd want to run out and see this one, Lieutenant," explained Poehls. "He called me, 'Inspector,' on the phone. Maybe he'll call you, 'Chief Superintendent.' "

Mrs. Haverstock gave her adopted daughter the Beach House at the time of Merry Bell's first marriage. It was one of the few places along the North Shore with natural protection for a small boat landing, a rocky promentory shielding the entrance to a small, sandy cove. The house itself was built of Norway pine logs, each log hand fitted to the one beneath. There was a vast fireplace at one end of the two-story, vaulted main room, thousands of dollars worth of double-glazed windows looking out over the lake. In the cove bobbed a trim sloop, able to sleep four, and a cruiser with a flying bridge was tied at the dock. Lake Superior is too cold for swimming; one needs beach toys to keep amused. Catlin perceived that he might have difficulty liking anyone who lived in such a place, a place that he would give his soul—well, Arny's soul—to own himself. But as it turned out, he could have disliked Henry Garnett for himself alone. The 24-year-old was handsome, smooth, self-assured. He wore a terry-cloth jacket with his bathing trunks and had too good a tan for so

early in the spring. He got the titles right, after Catlin had introduced himself and his partner—"Lieutenant, Sergeant"—and thereafter addressed himself exclusively to Catlin. While those two talked, Poehls slipped out to the cantilevered deck where Garnett's three friends, also in beach attire, watched him approach with lively interest.

"We had dinner here last night, Lieutenant," Garnett was saying. "Then we played backgammon for a while, listened to some music, went to bed early. I'd guess we were all in bed before midnight."

Poehls learned that the man and one of the two girls had visited the beach house with Garnett previously. "Henry often bops into town to play with his Duluth buddies when he's here, Sergeant," said the self-possessed little blonde. "He was out for a while last weekend on his own. But not last night. We'd been on the lake all day and were pooped. I think Harry went beddy-bye about eleven."

It wasn't until Tuesday that Catlin located and interviewed Marion Rorchek's weekend replacement, a semiretired R.N. named Edith Garmoly. From Mrs. Garmoly he learned that Henry Garnett had visited his invalid grandmother late Saturday night, a week earlier, just dropped in about 11:30 for a chat with the old woman. Since he had never paid a call on his grandmother that way on his own initiative before, certainly never in the middle of the night, both Sarah Hanson and old Mrs. Haverstock had been sufficiently impressed by his visit to mention it to Mrs. Garmoly the next morning. And Henry Garnett was left-handed; Catlin had had him write out his Minneapolis address and phone number in Catlin's notebook. The M.E. couldn't be sure that Nurse Hanson had been killed by a left-handed blow, but it seemed plausible. Garnett's friends couldn't have known if he had slipped out again late Sunday night; they were asleep. Like his sister, Pat, Garnett stood to inherit a million dollars when Victoria Haverstock died. A similar sum would be held in trust for his two younger half-brothers until they came of age. Catlin and Poehls had their second suspect.

Sarah Hanson's brother, their first suspect, was considerably subdued when he finally woke up in his jail cell. William Foster said he'd "had a few drinks" the night before and then gone home to bed before midnight. Acquaintances in three of his usual sleazy haunts remembered seeing him during the evening, drinking alone, less talkative than usual although he was known to be moody and unpredictable. Nobody remembered his carrying a bottle, and the liquor stores close in Duluth at 8 P.M. on Sundays. Foster usually drank

beer or bar bourbon. Sarah Hanson didn't drink at all. But the empty bottle in Foster's room had a Bombay Gin label, expensive stuff. In the well-appointed bar at the Haverstock house, in the cupboard where the stores were kept, were three unopened bottles of Bombay Gin. Sarah Hanson's neighbor, Mrs. Prochaska, was quite sure she'd heard "that drunken brother" coming home late, well after midnight, "swearing and slamming around the way he always does. I wouldn't be at all surprised if that bum didn't go out there to get more liquor money from poor Sarah or to rob the house even. He was a devil when he was drinking and he was all the time drinking!" waggled Mrs. Prochaska, also a devoted gardener, whose only complaint about Sarah Hanson had been that Sarah had never really confided in her about her tribulations with that awful drunken brother. Did Foster visit the Haverstock house late that Sunday night to get money or liquor? Did he brain his sister in a fit of rage and then, because she would be able to identify him, did he smother the old woman?

When he was first brought into Catlin's office, Foster sat slumped in his chair, blinking at the floor. "I have some bad news, Foster," Catlin said. "It's about your sister, Sarah." The rheumy eyes looked up. "I'm afraid she's dead." The eyes blinked as Foster took in a deep breath, then he sighed and his gaze once again sought the floor. He sat quietly, expressionless, but the blinking became more rapid and the eyes were wet. There was no visible reaction to the news that his sister and Mrs. Haverstock had apparently been murdered. Nor did he look up when Catlin asked him about his movements of the night before. His answers were brief and barely audible and they were punctuated by long pauses.

"Where did you get the gin, Foster? That bottle of gin you drank last night—where did it come from?"

"Got it at home." Foster seemed to be working something out in his mind. "It was at home there. On the table. Must have been Sarah's."

"Did Sarah drink gin?" asked Catlin. A long pause here. "No," said Foster, "No, Sarah don't drink nothing." Foster looked puzzled. "It was on the table."

Catlin read Foster his rights, the *Miranda* formula, explaining that he was not required to answer questions and that he had the right to be represented by cousel. Then he said, "Now listen, Foster, didn't you go out to see your sister at the Haverstock house Sunday night?"

"No. Why should I? I never been to that place at all."

"You've never been inside the house? Inside the gate, even?"

"No. Why should I be?" Foster looked up briefly, as if genuinely unable to see any sense in such questions. "I see Sarah enough at home."

Catlin leaned forward, elbows on his knees. "Look, Foster, we've got two women killed and you can't account for your whereabouts Sunday night. I mean there's no way to prove you went home like you say you did and stayed there. And you can't account for that bottle of gin. That's expensive stuff, Foster. They have gin like that at the Haverstock's. You didn't buy it. Sarah didn't buy it, did she? Did Sarah buy expensive booze for you to drink?"

The wet and haggard eyes surfaced and sank again and Foster shook his head. "It was on the table," he mumbled. "I was sleeping and then I come down and it was on the table there. The front room."

Catlin recalled the layout of the Hanson cottage. An enclosed front porch, the storm windows not yet replaced with summer screens, the door opening into the small living room, an old library table against the front wall with a TV set and a few framed photographs, the narrow stairway against the right wall as one entered. "Was the bottle there when you came home?"

"Didn't see it."

"Well, when did you see it? You say you were upstairs, asleep. Why did you come down?" Catlin pressed him.

Foster peered at the floor as if trying to see through a haze. "I come down. Woke up for some reason, a noise, something downstairs. I come down to see. Then I seen the bottle on the table."

Catlin sat back in his chair and contemplated the apathetic, hopeless looking old derelict. "Would you be willing to take a polygraph test, Foster? If you can't explain how that bottle came to be there, we're going to have to hold you on suspicion. Maybe if you take a polygraph test we can clear this up. How about it?"

Another brief glimpse of the reddened, wet eyes. "Sure, I don't care. Maybe Sarah brought it home. It was there on the table."

This interview took place Tuesday morning. Foster was returned to his cell with the understanding that the polygraph test would be given the next day. Billy Wister had made enlargements of the photographs taken at the crime scene Monday and he brought them into Catlin later Tuesday morning. Sergeant Poehls also was called in. Catlin went through the stack of photographs, selected a shot of the basement game room with its bar in the background, one of the library taken after the scattered papers had been replaced in the

folder on the desk, and an exterior view of the closed French doors. The lieutenant handed these three photographs to Sergeant Poehls. "Arny, you and Billy run over and see if you can get five of the neighbors there on London Road to let you take some pictures. I want five back doors, five rooms like this library, and five to go with this game room. I guess what we want is either bars or liquor cabinets; they don't have to be in the basement."

By 3 P.M. on Tuesday, Catlin and Poehls were ready to lay out the Guilty Knowledge Test that would be administered to William Foster Wednesday morning. By 4:30 P.M. they were finished and Catlin called for Sergeant Reedy, who was to be the polygraph examiner in this case, to meet them down in the interrogation room. Reedy had been deliberately kept out of the Haverstock investigation so that he would know nothing more than any other local citizen might know about the details of the case. Catlin's standard procedure was for the investigating detectives to design the questions to be used in the GKT and then to administer those questions first to another detective who, like Reedy, was ignorant of the case facts and thus could serve as a "known-innocent suspect." If Reedy's score on the test did not unequivocally identify him as being without guilty knowledge, then this would indicate that one or more items had been poorly designed and would have to be reworked. Assuming that the test proved out on this trial run, still ignorant of which alternatives on each question were actually "correct"—i.e., which answers or exhibits or photographs were actually part of the case materials and not equally plausible but incorrect alternatives—Reedy would administer the test to the suspect. This procedure both pretested the test and also ensured that Reedy would not inadvertently cue the correct alternatives by his manner of presenting them to the suspect.

Installed in the basement of the police building, the interrogation room had four windowless masonry walls to keep out extraneous noises. It was carpeted and the ceiling and the upper halves of the walls were acoustically tiled. An adjoining room contained the polygraph itself and an FM tape recorder, an instrument capable of recording all questions asked and answers given. This data recorder provided insurance against the possibility that a recording pen might fail during a test or the original charts might be lost or damaged; the complete record of the subject's physiological responses could always be rewritten, at the same or, for more detailed analysis, at a faster speed, merely by playing back the tape into the polygraph again. A standard stereophonic tape recorder completed the instrumenta-

tion. This was connected to two microphones suspended from the ceiling of the interrogation room, one directed toward the respondent's chair and the other toward a chair and table at the back of the room where the examiner would sit. When a criminal suspect was to be tested, this recorder was kept in operation throughout the period when the suspect was in the interrogation room, thus providing a complete audio record of both the formal questioning and of the informal conversation preceding and following the actual testing.

Set into the front wall of the interrogation room was a large rectangular aquarium containing a number of tropical fish. In addition to providing a point of interest for the subject's gaze as he sat some eight feet distant, facing that wall, this aquarium also served as a one-way mirror through which the subject and the testing procedure might be observed by the polygraph operator, sometimes accompanied by the respondent's attorney, sitting in the polygraph room on the other side of the fish tank. After Poehls had fastened the two respiration belts around his chest and abdomen, Reedy sat down in the padded armchair provided for the respondent. Using small adhesive discs, Poehls attached the electrodermal electrodes to the fingerprint area of Reedy's left index and ring fingers. A second pair were similarly attached to his right hand. A miniature photoplethysmograph sensor, used to measure heart rate and pulse amplitude, was then taped to the middle finger of Reedy's right hand. Thus instrumented and, of course, well acquainted with the drill, Reedy sat quietly, both feet on the floor, both arms on the padded armrests. Poehls retired to tend the polygraph next door.

"For the record," said Catlin, "this is a pretest of the GKT designed for William Foster. The date is Tuesday, May 26th, 1978. The time is 4:45 P.M. The subject to be tested is Sergeant Fred Reedy of the DPD. The GKT to be used here was constructed by Sergeant Arny Poehls and by me, Lieutenant George Catlin."

"Okay, Fred, we have the polygraph calibrated and the test will now begin. Have you ever been inside of or have you ever seen the rear entrance of the Haverstock home on London Road?"

"No," replied Reedy.

Catlin continued, "All right. I'm going to show you now six photographs, numbered one to six in order, showing the rear or lake-side entrances of six of the homes in that row which includes the Haverstock house. If you really have never seen the lake-side of the Haverstock house, you won't know which of these six pictures shows the Haverstock back door. On the other hand, if you *have* seen that rear

entrance, you will recognize it in one of these pictures. I will show you the photographs one at a time, in sequence. I want you to just sit there quietly and look at the picture as long as I hold it in front of you. When I show you a picture, I want you to say out loud the number of that picture. I have marked the number in the upper lefthand corner. Just say the number and then study the picture. All right, here we go. Which picture shows the rear entrance of the Haverstock home? Is it Number 1?" Catlin held the first photograph in a comfortable position for Reedy to examine it.

"Number 1," said Reedy, looking at the picture.

After about 15 seconds, a dim red light, set in the wall behind the subject, came on indicating that Poehls, at the polygraph, was seeing a steady record with no spontaneous activity that might confuse measurement of the subject's response to the next alternative. Catlin placed the photograph face down on the table and held the next one in front of Sergeant Reedy. "Is it Number 2?" asked Catlin

"Number 2," Reedy replied.

So the process continued, with roughly 15-second intervals between each successive photograph.

Catlin then picked up another set of photographs. "Now, Fred, here are pictures of rooms from each of those six houses. If you were involved in this matter, you will recognize which picture shows a room in the Haverstock house. Here we go. Which photograph shows a room in the Haverstock home? Is it Number 1?"

"Number 1," said Sergeant Reedy.

On a clipboard situated on the table behind Reedy, but where Catlin could consult it, was a paper outlining the format of the Guilty Knowledge Test that Catlin and Poehls had drawn up. The outline looked like this.

GUILTY KNOWLEDGE TEST

RESPONDENT: *William Foster* CASE: *Hanson/Haverstock murder*

ITEM 1. Which photograph shows the rear or lake-side entrance to Haverstock home? (six photographs)

ITEM 2. Which photograph shows a room in the Haverstock home? (six photographs)

ITEM 3. Which photograph shows the liquor cabinet in the Haverstock house? (six photographs)

ITEM 4. Where was Sarah Hanson's body found? Was it: (1) in the basement? (2) in the bathroom? (3) on the stairway? (4) in the kitchen? (5) on a sofa? (6) in a bedroom?

ITEM 5. What clothes was Sarah Hanson wearing when she was killed? Was she wearing: (1) a pink bathrobe? (2) a white uniform? (3) a dark sweater and slacks? (4) a green sweater and a skirt? (5) a brown tweed skirt and jacket? (6) a yellow blouse and slacks?

ITEM 6. Where were Mrs. Haverstock's false teeth after she was killed? Were they: (1) in the hallway? (2) in the bathroom? (3) in her mouth? (4) on the bedside table? (5) on the floor by the bed? (6) on the dresser?

ITEM 7. Which nightgown was the old lady wearing? (six exhibits)

ITEM 8. How did the nurse's body look when we found it? (six photographs)

ITEM 9. What was Sarah Hanson carrying when she was hit? What did she drop when she fell? Was it: (1) a newspaper? (2) some magazines? (3) a vase of flowers? (4) a tray and dishes? (5) a medicine bottle? (6) a coffee pot?

ITEM 10. How did the old lady's body look when we found it? (six photographs)

ITEM 11. What weapon was used to club Sarah Hanson? Was it: (1) a wooden chair? (2) a blackjack? (3) a length of pipe? (4) a fireplace tool? (5) a baseball bat? (6) a brass table lamp?

ITEM 12. What sort of coffee pot was on the landing? What did it look like? (six exhibits)

Whether the alternatives to a question were photographs or verbal statements or exhibits, such as an array of six different styles of coffee pot, each tagged with a large number from one to six, Catlin presented each alternative in the form of a question: "Was it . . . ?" However, his respondent never actually answered the question, but instead simply repeated the last word or two.

"Fred, if you did this murder, you'll know where you left the nurse's body. Now, where was Sarah Hanson's body found. Was it in the basement?"

And Fred would echo him stolidly, "Basement."

The first alternative for each item was never the correct one since people tend to react more strongly to the first alternative in any

series. If alternatives two through six, some one of which *was* correct for that item, had been properly designed, they would all seem equally plausible to an innocent respondent who would, therefore, have about one chance in five of coincidentally producing his largest physiological response to that alternative. That is, excluding the first, the responses to the other four incorrect alternatives should provide an estimate of how strongly the subject ought to respond to the correct one if he does not know which one is correct. A respondent with guilty knowledge, however, should recognize the correct alternative and this recognition will engender a transitory physiological arousal, an "orienting reaction," which will appear on the polygraph chart as an augmented response to that alternative.

In a relaxed, deliberate fashion, Catlin worked his way down through the twelve items in slightly less than 25 minutes. Then, after a short rest, they began again, this time using a second outline in which the items appeared in the same order with the same first alternatives, but with the five scored alternatives for each item given this time in a different sequence. By 6 P.M. they were finished. Sergeant Reedy was sent home to dinner while Poehls and Catlin set about scoring the two tests. The two packets of Z-folded polygraph charts contained the parallel tracings of seven pens. Two of these showed chest and abdominal breathing movements and the next one represented changes in finger pulse volume. Pen 4 showed beat-to-beat changes in heart rate, obtained from the same finger plethysmograph sensor via an electronic device called a cardiotachometer. The next two pens recorded skin conductance, the electrodermal response, from the left and the right hand. At the bottom of the chart, an event marker pen indicated both when each question was being asked and also the brief intervals when the subject was uttering his echo "answers." Poehls had numbered the items on the charts with a felt pen as the tests were being run. Now each man took one of the packets and proceeded to locate, for each item, the alternative which produced the largest electrodermal reaction, separately for the two hands. The first alternative was always excluded from this scoring. An item was scored as a hit only if the correct alternative produced clearly the largest response of all five scored alternatives in both hands.

"I have him hitting on Number 3 and Number 7," said Catlin, who had scored the charts from the first test.

"Well, he only hit on Number 12 here," replied Poehls after rechecking the second chart.

"Okay, let's compare them item by item," said Catlin and, picking up his notebook in which he had transcribed the first test scores, he read them off in sequence as Poehls compared them with his list. Only on Item 10, involving the photographs of Mrs. Haverstock's body in its six different poses, none of them pretty, had Reedy given his largest response in both hands to the same incorrect alternative on both testings.

Catlin looked again at the charts for Item 10. "I think this is okay, Arny. His biggest responses were to number 2 on that 10th item, but they were just slightly bigger than the other ones. I don't think there's anything out of line with that picture. If Foster saw that body as it really was, I think he'll hit on this item, all right."

But in the test the next morning, Foster only hit on one item, Item 5. He hadn't known what his sister was wearing when she left for work that Sunday night, but he did know that Sarah never wore a nurse's uniform on this job and, when Reedy read the sixth alternative, "Was it a yellow blouse and slacks?", there was a long pause before Foster remembered to mumble, "Yellow," and the two electrodermal pens swept upward in a strong reaction. He responded strongly to the pictures of his sister's body, too, of course, but no more so to the true pose than to the others.

"I guess he just remembered that Sarah had a yellow outfit, Arny. Foster isn't our man after all. But he still may be lying about that bottle. While we've got him hooked up, I'm going to try to pump him a little about that."

Returning to the interrogation room, Catlin told Foster, "You passed the test, Foster. We believe now that you never went to the Haverstock house so you don't have to worry about that any more. We're going to let you go pretty soon, but first we have to find out where that gin bottle came from. If you can tell me about that, you can go home."

Foster showed no visible reaction to this news, his expression still slightly bleary, apathetic. In the next room the polygraph pens described a sluggish increase in arousal, falling away again like a sigh.

"I don't know about the damn bottle. Might have bought it sometime; Sarah might have brought it home." Foster spoke so softly, looking at the floor as usual, that Catlin wondered if the microphones would pick up his words. Then his eyes flickered up again as if the mists had parted for a moment. "It could have been delivered, a mistake or something while I was asleep upstairs. It was there on the table. I think I woulda seen it before otherwise." Resignation seeped

back into the man, visibly, audibly. "Could ask the neighbors or something. Maybe somebody come in when I was sleeping. I don't know."

Catlin had been scribbling on his clipboard. "All right, look, Foster. We're going to do a regular lie detector test now. I will ask you some questions and you just sit there quietly and answer each question Yes or No. Do you understand? You answer Yes or No and our machine in the other room will show whether you're telling the truth or not. Have you got that?

"Yeah," said Foster. "Okay."

Walking to the table behind the suspect, Catlin assumed a more formal tone. "This is a control question lie test administered to William Foster on Wednesday, May 27, 1978. Lieutenant Catlin speaking. The time is 10:20 A.M. All right, Foster, the test will now begin. Sit quietly, listen to the question, then answer either Yes or No in a clear voice. Here we go. Is your name William Foster?"

"Yes," said Foster, clearing his throat and shifting in his chair.

"Try to sit quietly, Foster. Is today Wednesday?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever buy a bottle of Bombay brand gin?"

"No."

Catlin paused 10 or 15 seconds between questions to give Poehls time to make sure the pens were centered and ready.

"Are you what people call a drunk?"

A pause, and then Foster mumbled, "Okay."

Impersonally, Catlin reminded him, "Try to answer either Yes or No, Foster."

"Referring to last Sunday night, did you get drunk Sunday night?"

"Yes."

"Before a week ago, did you ever take liquor that didn't belong to you, without paying for it?"

"No." Foster always waited several seconds before answering, as if deliberating, trying to remember.

"Referring to Sunday night, do you know for sure where that gin came from—who brought it in the house?"

"No."

"Did you ever fight with your sister, Sarah—ever argue with her?"

"Yeah, sometimes."

"Do you know for sure that Sarah ever took things from the Haverstock house to give to you?"

"Naw."

"Have you told me everything you know about that gin bottle?"

"Yes."

"Do you know who killed your sister?"

"No."

"Okay, Foster, you can relax for a minute. I'll be right back."

Catlin made his way to the polygraph room where Sergeant Poehls was completing the labeling of the chart.

"He don't show much, Boss," said Poehls. "Reactions to four and eight, both controls, and a little smaller to the last question."

"Yes, he's really got the wino pattern, hasn't he? Long slow reactions to everything, as if somebody was twisting his arm or pinching him. He doesn't seem very interested in the gin bottle, does he? What do you think, Arny? Is he worth pushing any harder?"

"Christ, George, I don't think he knows anything. His brains are pickled."

But Catlin, returning to the interrogation room, decided to make one last attempt. "Foster, the machine says that you know more about that gin bottle than you're telling us. You can't beat the machine, Foster. Unless the polygraph says you're telling the truth, you can be in real trouble. All I want to know is where you got that gin. Now, how about it?"

But it was no use. Foster didn't seem to care what the machine said or whether Catlin believed him. He didn't seem to care much about anything. Poehls disconnected the polygraph leads and took him back to the jail side to collect his belt and belongings. Watching him shamble off into his now, more than ever, empty world, Poehls thought, "Poor old bastard. We aren't doing you much of a favor, are we?"

Arny Poehls' secret with women was that he treated them just as he treated men, easy, interested, but with no apparent awareness of sexual possibilities. If a flirtatious note was to be injected, they had to take the initiative. And frequently they did. Arny was sitting on the edge of the secretary's desk, smiling, chatting inconsequentially, when Catlin arrived for the 2 P.M. conference on the Haverstock case that Chief Walter Anderson had called for that afternoon. The post-mortem findings showed that Victoria Haverstock had been asphyxiated. Traces of starch like that in the pillow case had dissolved and then dried on her tongue. Sarah Hanson had died of massive brain hemmorrhage resulting from a blow inflicted by the fire tool in the bedroom. The penetrating head wound had been made by the pointed side projection at the end of that instrument, which had

been found to be coated at that end by a faint film of new rust. A section of the shaft had been wetted and then allowed to stand overnight in the lab; the same degree of rusting appeared the next day on the shaft. No fingerprints had been found. The blood on the bathroom floor matched Sarah's. A tile under those bloodstains was freshly chipped.

"He grabbed the poker, went out and brained the nurse, then ran back to quiet the old woman. He tossed the poker on the bathroom floor as he ran by, chipping the tile. He smothered the old lady, then he rinsed the poker, maybe wiped the handle or else he had gloves on—probably gloves, since there were no prints on the jewel box or the banister or the desk downstairs. There were a few small drips of blood on the hall carpet that had been stepped on, but we don't know whether he did that or if it happened during the search afterwards," Catlin summarized.

"You're sure about the brother being out of it?", asked the Chief.

"Well, there's two things. He was full of booze the next morning and I can't say for certain that a long-time alcoholic like that can't wash his brain clean with a bottle of gin—retrograde amnesia like you might get from a blow on the head. But our man was sober and planful when he was doing the job and I can't see Foster operating that way. And we know he'd done quite a bit of drinking at his usual places early that evening. Then there's the gin bottle that he can't account for. But I don't think Foster knows where it came from either."

"George," Arny Poehls said, "I checked out the liquor stores like you said. None of them made any deliveries on that block Sunday night. None of them sold any Bombay Gin at all on Sunday. The Prochaska woman next door still claims she heard a door banging late that night but she never got out of bed and she's only guessing about the time; 'after midnight,' she says. But a guy named Walters, Leonard Walters lives across the street from the Hanson house. He was up going to the bathroom around 2 A.M.—says he wakes up about that time every night, has to pee—Walters says he heard a car pull up across the street, stop with the motor running, drive off again after a minute or so. He didn't look out the window or anything and can't swear it stopped at the Hanson house. But he thought it did at the time, thought he heard the porch door bang just before the car drove off, as if someone had come out of the house and he'd wondered if Sarah Hanson had been picked up for a late nursing job or something.

None of the other neighbors heard anything. It's mostly old folks around there, early to bed."

"Does Foster know anybody with a car who'd be driving him home?" Chief Anderson queried Catlin.

Poehls interjected, "It wasn't a cab, by the way, I checked on that."

"I don't know, Chief. We can round him up again and ask him, but he's probably drunk again by now."

"No, he was home, George, after lunch," Poehls explained. "He was broke, you know, when we turned him loose this morning. He was just sitting there in the living room. He'd made some coffee. Still claims he was home in bed by midnight because he ran out of money. I asked him again why he'd come downstairs later, when he says he found the bottle on the table. This time he said he thinks he heard a noise downstairs, like somebody was at the door, or the door slamming. I had the feeling he was telling the truth, George. Maybe some Santa Claus did deliver that bottle. Anyway, I asked Foster if I could have it. It was still on the floor upstairs. They're going over it for prints right now."

"You'll make lieutenant yet, Arny," the Chief congratulated him.

"Sure, as soon as this department can afford a captaincy," said Catlin. "Arny, we'd better find out this afternoon if anybody saw a car come in or out of that beach house after midnight Sunday. And let's talk to the Haverstock neighbors again. Maybe someone else had to get up to pee that night."

"Have you located the Haverstock daughter, yet, George?" asked the chief.

"Not yet," Catlin replied. "We've left a message at their place in Mexico. The trip down might take them four or five days."

But developments did not wait on word from Mexico. The gin bottle proved to be a treasury of prints, mostly smudged, mostly Foster's. But the clear imprints of two unidentified fingers were found on the bottom of the bottle, just where a man's index and middle fingers might fold around if he gripped the base of the bottle like a softball. An awkward way to pick up a bottle unless it were lying on its side, lying on the seat of a car possibly. And these two prints were made by Henry Garnett.

The pace quickened. A waterfront bartender remembered Foster talking to a "real fancy looking young dude" on the previous weekend. A plumbing contractor, nearest neighbor to the east of the beach house, had been walking his dog about midnight Sunday, waiting shivering in the lake breeze for the dog to do his business. He'd

seen a car pull out of the beach house drive and been intrigued by the fact that the headlights came on only after the car pulled onto the highway. Then he recognized Garnett's Porsche as it hummed past him. Nurse Garmoly, questioned a second time, recalled more details about Sarah Hanson's report of Garnett's late night visit. He'd met her brother, she had said wonderingly, and he wanted to know more about his drinking problem; did he drink at home?—did he have blackouts, not able to remember where he'd been? Sarah disliked talking about her personal affairs, but Henry was persistent, explaining that his girlfriend's father was an alcoholic and he needed to know what it was like, living with someone like that.

"Ask her, then," Sarah had finally told him, terminating the discussion.

Garnett was still in bed when Catlin phoned him Thursday morning. After another of his characteristic pauses, he agreed to drive in to police headquarters to answer some additional questions. They talked in Catlin's office, Sergeant Poehls also present with his notebook. Asked about his activities on the Sunday prior to the murder weekend, Garnett smoothly explained that he had driven into town alone about 9:30. He had visited a few of the dives along the waterfront, drinking beer and enjoying the local color. He'd stopped by to visit his grandmother on the way home, got home about midnight and stayed up with his houseguests for some time, talking and listening to records. He said he hadn't left the beach house at all the night of the murder and he denied any knowledge of Sarah Hanson's family.

Lieutenant Catlin studied the self-possessed young man as he sat there comfortably, his well-tailored legs negligently crossed, an arrogant fist in a grey flannel glove.

"Garnett, I have to tell you there are some discrepancies in your story that will need checking out. I'm not going to put you under arrest as long as you remain cooperative, but I think I'd better have you read over this explanation of your rights before we go any further." Catlin handed Garnett a dog-eared copy of the Miranda statement. Garnett skimmed it quickly.

"Look, Lieutenant," he said, handing it back, "I don't know what 'discrepancies' you mean. I was home in bed Sunday night and I have three witnesses to prove it. In fact, Ginnie Gabbay is what I'd call an iron-clad alibi; she knows where I was all that night."

"Well, if you're telling the truth you have nothing to worry about, Garnett. The quickest way to find that out would be for you to take

a polygraph test. If you come up clean on the polygraph, then we'll know we have to look somewhere else. Would you be willing to do that? This afternoon?"

Catlin was impressed by the way Garnett met his gaze during the long pause that followed this question. You could almost see the machinery ticking over behind the steady grey eyes.

"I want to be cooperative, Lieutenant, but I don't know much about this polygraph business. Is that what they call the 'lie detector'? How do I know if it's accurate?"

"No, it's not a lie detector," Catlin replied, "although we use the same sort of instrument, the polygraph. We use what we call the Guilty Knowledge Test. The idea is to find out whether you were at the crime scene, whether you recognize what we found when we went out there Monday morning, whether you know some things that only the murderer would know because he'd been there."

"Well, of course, I have been there you know; it's my grandmother's house. I was there just last week." Garnett's manner was deliberate, prudent. You could sense he would have more confidence in his own judgment than in a lawyer's advice.

"We understand that," said Catlin. "The test won't be concerned with whether you know what the layout of the house is like but with whether you know what things were like when the murderer left. Like the name implies, whether you have guilty knowledge."

Another series of calculations ran off behind the grey eyes and then Garnett put his head back. "Okay, Lieutenant. What time this afternoon?"

After checking with Sergeant Reedy's schedule, a date was made for 2 P.M. Garnett departed and Catlin huddled with Poehls. It was decided to retain the same question list that had been used with William Foster. Garnett ought to "hit" on the first three items, since he was familiar with the Haverstock house, but these would not be scored with the other nine items. Or ten items, because they decided to use Poehls' set of pictures of the library in various states of disarray:

ITEM 13. How did the library look when the murderer left? (six photographs)

Finally they devised a separate set of questions relating to Garnett's possible connection with Foster and the mysterious gin bottle:

ITEM 14. You say you're not acquainted with any of Sarah Hanson's

family but we think you may have talked with one of them. If you did, you'll know which relative it was. Just repeat the last word I say. Which of Sarah Hanson's relatives have you talked to recently? Was it: (1) Her husband? (2) Her sister? (3) Her brother? (4) Her nephew?

ITEM 15. The relative we have in mind is her brother. If you've talked with him, you'll know what his name is. What is his name? Is it: (1) Thomas Hanson? (2) Walter Larson? (3) Robert Atkinson? (4) Herbert Betts? (5) Arnold Gordeen? (6) William Foster?

ITEM 16. We think you might also know where Sarah Hanson and her brother lived. What is the name of the street where Sarah's brother lives? Is it: (1) First Avenue? (2) Lakeview Road? (3) Fifth Street? (4) Maryland Avenue? (5) 16th Avenue? (6) Portland Avenue?

ITEM 17. We think you might have taken something over to Sarah Hanson's house on the night of the murder. If you did, you'll know what that something was. What did you leave at the Hanson house on the night of the murder? Was it: (1) Some clothes? (2) Some liquor? (3) Some tools? (4) Some papers? (5) Some money? (6) Some food?

ITEM 18. Somebody left a bottle of liquor at William Foster's house that night. If it was you, then you'll know what kind of liquor it was. What type of liquor was dropped off at Foster's house that night? Was it: (1) Rum? (2) Bourbon? (3) Vodka? (4) Brandy? (5) Gin? (6) Scotch?

ITEM 19. Somebody left a bottle of gin at William Foster's house that night. If you did it, you will know what brand of gin it was. What brand was left at the Foster house that night? Was it: (1) Seagrams gin? (2) House of Lords gin? (3) Booths gin? (4) Bombay gin? (5) Gilbeys gin? (6) Tanquerey gin?

ITEM 20. The person didn't give the bottle to Foster but just left it somewhere in the house. Where did he leave the bottle? Was it: (1) On the front porch? (2) On the kitchen counter? (3) On the living room table? (4) On the stairway? (5) On the dining room table? (6) On a kitchen chair?

Unlike Foster, Henry Garnett was an interested and attentive subject. He asked about everything, the microphones in the ceiling, the fish tank, each polygraph sensor as it was attached to his body. He was instructed to sit quietly throughout the test, to listen carefully to each

question, to think about each alternative for about five seconds and then to either repeat the words, if it was a verbal alternative, or to give its number, if it was a picture or an exhibit. It was explained that he would be expected to recognize the correct alternative on the first three items and that these were being used as an added control. He was in fact an ideal subject, breathing easily, apparently relaxed, pausing a few seconds as instructed after each alternative, then giving his response in a clear voice.

After Item 3, Sergeant Reedy explained: "Now, Mr. Garnett, the rest of the items will be presented by means of a recording. I have a cassette recorder here and I'll turn it on and off so that the questions will sound very much as if we were doing it live."

"What's the idea of that, Sergeant?" Garnett asked. He was not a man to walk into anything blindly.

"It's to be fair to you, Mr. Garnett," explained Reedy. "On the items we've already done, I don't know what the correct answer is so I can't give it away by the way I ask the question. On these next items, I do know the correct alternative, but they had me make this recording before I knew so, that way, you're fully protected."

One way of handling items of this type, where the next item in the sequence reveals which alternative of a previous item was correct, is to type them on cards so that the examiner doesn't see, say, Item 15 until he's finished with Item 14. But Catlin and Poehls thought they might need to use these items again so they had Reedy record them from such a set of cards so that however many times the recording was used, his voice would continue to betray no tell-tale cues.

But when Reedy got to the question portion of Item 14, Garnett lost some of his composure. He sat up in the chair and cleared his throat.

Say, look, Sergeant, I thought this was supposed to be about what happened at my grandmother's house. I mean, what's the nurse's family got to do with it?"

"This whole test has to do with the murder of your grandmother, Mr. Garnett. Lieutenant Catlin made out the set of questions that he wanted asked. If you're innocent, you have nothing to worry about. But you will have to sit quietly now, just like you were doing before. I'm going to back up the tape now and we'll start this item over again."

Garnett somewhat reluctantly leaned back again and resumed his outward calm. On Item 16 he cleared his throat vigorously before

responding to the first alternative and Reedy had to interject a caution.

"Mr. Garnett, if you think you have to cough or clear your throat, let me know at the start of a question and I'll just wait for you."

Garnett was looking grim by the time the test was finished. Lieutenant Catlin came in from the polygraph room.

"The test is looking good, Mr. Garnett, but I want to repeat some of the earlier questions, just to be sure. Is that all right with you?"

Garnett was visibly upset now, pale beneath his tan, and clearly reluctant to continue. Catlin went on to explain that the last set of questions would not be repeated, could not be since the later questions about the gin bottle had given away the correct answers to the earlier questions.

"So far, the test indicates that you did not murder either of those women, Garnett, and we just want to run through part of it again to make sure."

Items 8 through 13 were repeated and then Sergeant Reedy disconnected the polygraph sensors. He noticed that Garnett's well-manicured fingers as well as his hairline were slightly damp with perspiration. In the polygraph room, Catlin got out his pocket calculator.

"Okay, Arnie, he gave his biggest response from both hands to the correct alternative on all of the last seven items. If the probability of his hitting on one item by chance is 0.2, then the probability that he would hit on all seven is 0.2 raised to the seventh power which is . . . 0.000013. That's less than 1 chance in 50,000 that this is an accident. This son-of-a-bitch planted that gin bottle on Sarah Hanson's brother. Or, at least, he knows all about it. But he didn't kill the women! What in the hell do you make of that?"

Henry Garnett was not disposed to provide illumination. He had had enough of questions and tests and he wanted to talk to a lawyer. Based on the evidence of the fingerprints on the gin bottle and the witness who saw Garnett's Porsche leave the beach house about the time of the murders, the young man was placed formally under arrest. Catlin met with Chief Anderson later that afternoon and explained the situation.

"He hit on the first three items, but that's just because he knows the Haverstock house and doesn't mean anything. He hit on the last seven items and that proves he either delivered that gin bottle to Foster's house or else he knows all about it, talked to whoever did deliver it. But on the murder items proper, he hit on only two out

of ten the first time through and on only one out of six the second time. So we don't think he was in the house during or after the killings. Now there's just one funny thing about the charts for these items. The first time through, he really hit on Item 13, the pictures of the library messed up in different ways. He showed a lot of activity when the question was first explained, as if that was the first question that really bothered him. Then, when we did the seven items about Foster and the gin bottle, he was excited throughout, he hit on every one, and there's some indication that he was trying to produce some phony responses. He cleared his throat after the first alternative on Item 17 and there's something funny on Items 19 and 20 as well. After both first alternatives there's a pause and he stops breathing and then shows a big, slow electrodermal response. We think he was biting his tongue or something at those points. Even so, he gave his biggest response to the correct alternative on all seven of those items and the odds are about 77,000 to 1 that he couldn't have done that without knowing about the gin bottle.

"Then when we repeated the first set of items again, he was still excited, his heart rate and pulse pressure were elevated and he's responding quite a bit stronger than he was the first time around. On the repeat, we couldn't use the first seven items; only 8 through 13 were still uncontaminated, and he hits on just one item. But it was Number 13 again and he shows that same funny business after the first alternative on 13, as if he was trying to give a phony reaction on that one item."

"So what does that add up to, George?", the Chief frowned.

"I think Garnett had a partner. Garnett's job was to plant the bottle on Foster while somebody else did the actual killing. And I think part of the plan was to mess up the desk in the library. Garnett hadn't actually seen what the library looked like when we found it, but he knew in advance what it was supposed to look like so he could pick out the right picture to respond to."

Chief Anderson looked dubious. "Why would Garnett want to be in Duluth at all on the night of the killing? He could have planted that bottle at Foster's house some other night and then have been safe at a Rotary Convention in Chicago or somewhere when the women were being killed. Why make it so elaborate, George? You've got the kid sneaking out of the beach house after midnight, lying about that. You've got him talking with Foster in local beer joints prior to the murders and then pretending he doesn't know him. You've got him planting the gin bottle at Foster's house. You've got

him paying a late night visit to his grandmother the week before. Garnett just came back again last Sunday, killed the two women, delivered the gin and went home to bed. What's wrong with that?"

"What's wrong is that the polygraph says Garnett wasn't there when the women were killed. We ran that part twice with him. He hits nicely on the first three items where he knows the answer but on two runs through the other ten he only hit on three, three hits out of 20 chances. Well, call it three out of 16, since we could only use six items on the retest. He may have known the right answer for Item 13 so he hit on it both times but he sure didn't know the correct alternatives on the other items."

"I thought you said that test was less certain about detecting innocence than guilt," the Chief persisted. "You've got one test here that proves this kid knows about the brother and the bottle because otherwise how could he always react to just the right one of the five alternatives. But when he doesn't react to the right alternative, what does that prove? Maybe he got confused, didn't notice how the body was lying or what she was wearing. What's my secretary wearing right now, Arnie? You were just talking to her."

"Y'know, Chief, that little dolly was naked the last time I looked at her. I've got this problem with X-ray vision . . . ," replied Sergeant Poehls.

"No, you're right, Chief," Catlin said. "A negative test result is less convincing than a positive one because it all depends on judgment. Are these good questions? Would this guy have noticed these things if he'd been there? But we've got a little more than that in this case. I had Reedy and Poehls give the same test to the uniformed cops who answered the first call. They walked through the house and saw the bodies and I think they were pretty excited at the time. How did they score, Arnie?"

"Well, we just used the 10 murder items, numbers 4 through 13. Edstrom hit on all but 11 and 13 and Swaline hit on all of them. Item 13 was the pictures of the library and Edstrom never saw the library. Item 11 was the one about the murder weapon and neither of them officially knew about that. But Swaline remembered the fireplace in the bedroom and he'd thought about what he could see of the nurse's head wounds. He hit on 11 because he'd deduced already that she'd been hit with a poker."

"So you see, Chief," Catlin pressed on. "These two cops had less chance than the murderer did of picking up on these 10 keys and yet

one hit on 8 and the other on all 10. So when Garnett only hits on 1 or 2 items, then I say he just wasn't in that house that night."

"What if he planted something else?", Sergeant Poehls interjected. "Hey, look, George, the Chief's right about the bottle. He could have planted that the night before the murders and been long gone with a solid alibi. That Garnett is too smart and too cool to be running around town here while some accomplice is wasting those two women. Unless he had a good reason. What if he was planting something else on old Foster besides the bottle? Like, where are the jewels out of that box on the old lady's dresser? Maybe the idea was to get something that night, whoever was in the house would pass it to Garnett and he'd plant it on Foster."

Chief Anderson turned back to Lieutenant Catlin with eyebrows raised in speculation.

"Hey, that's pretty clever, Arny," Catlin said. "Maybe we should buzz over to Foster's and really look around."

William Foster was at home and made no objection to the proposed search. In fact, he needed Catlin's advice. He was without funds and wanted to know, in view of his sister's death, whether it would be all right for him to cash her paycheck. That check, Catlin noted, was dated April 1; Sarah Hanson died May 24th. The check was signed by Mrs. Haverstock's accountant and a phone call to that gentleman revealed that he had prepared those checks early, that he usually visited Mrs. Haverstock during the first week of each month and left two sets of semimonthly paychecks in the folder on the library desk. The day nurse, Mrs. Rorchek, knew about this system and handed out the checks—that is, left them out to be collected—on each payday. Arny Poehls remembered that some of the litter picked up from the library floor that Monday morning had been checks of a similar appearance. Foster showed the two detectives where he'd found the check, rummaging in the drawer of the table in the living room.

The finding of this first apparent plant, corroborating Poehls' speculation, may have caused them to be more persistent in their search for the jewels than they might otherwise have been. They ransacked the porch, the first floor, the tiny basement. Although it seemed unlikely that Garnett would have risked going upstairs that night with Foster there in bed, they searched the second floor, all to no avail. Baffled, since finding the check had convinced them that the Haverstock jewels, whatever they might turn out to be, must also be somewhere on the premises, Poehls doggedly began sifting through

the contents of the garbage can outside the kitchen door. Catlin felt himself getting unreasonably irritated at Foster, who was slouched in the living room, smoking incessantly, wiping his nose on his sleeve, looking pitiful and useless.

"Damn you, Foster, if you've taken or hidden that jewelry I'm gonna really bust your ass," he said, getting his topcoat out of the little closet under the stairs. Foster sputtered some sort of protest as Catlin settled the coat on his shoulders and felt in the pocket for his car keys. Then the detective walked back to the closet and scrutinized its contents. Foster's old navy pea jacket hung from a hook in front. Catlin remembered the jacket had been on a chair in Foster's bedroom when they'd picked up Foster that Monday morning. On hangers were Sarah's winter coat, a heavy, pile-lined garment, and a blue tailored raincoat. Catlin started going through the pockets.

"Now then! All *right!* Foster, go tell Sergeant Poehls to get in here. I've got a present for him."

There was a double string of pearls, cultured but numerous, an old-fashioned necklace of garnets set in gold, some matching earrings, a large dinner ring festooned with small rubies and diamonds. They'd been deep in the pocket of Sarah's storm coat which, as Catlin pointed out, could easily be confused with a man's coat, hanging in the dark closet. They were right. Garnett had been trying to set up the drunken old derelict for the murder of his sister and of Garnett's rich grandmother. But if Foster hadn't killed the women and if Garnett hadn't either, who had? Reinvigorated, Catlin called downtown to request that Garnett's three house guests be picked up at once for questioning. He also called Sergeant Reedy, who was home having his dinner, and told him that he might be needed later that night for additional polygraph tests. Then, not for the first time when they'd had a case "working," Catlin brought Arny Poehls home with him for dinner. Another call downtown revealed that the three people had been located at the beach house and were now in custody.

"We'll let them get a little hungrier, Arnie, and then maybe they'll be more eager to take the polygraph so they can be released before the restaurants close."

"What questions do you want to use?" asked Poehls.

"The whole set," said Catlin. "I want to know if they've been in that house, if they were there during the murders, and if they know anything about the plant. We'll do the girlfriend first, that little blonde, and then the man. I want to run them tonight before there's any chance of Garnett's talking to them."

Garnett's friends were less hungry than angry and a little scared. Catlin explained that Garnett would be arraigned on a murder charge the next day and that, under the circumstances, they all could be held at least as material witnesses. As an alternative to spending a night in jail, they each reluctantly agreed to take the polygraph test. By about 10 P.M. that evening, all three had passed the test and been released. Catlin and Poehls were sure that none of them had been involved either in the killings or in the planting of the evidence.

These were the last polygraph tests to be administered in connection with the Haverstock case, although the investigation was not yet over. Several other possible suspects were eliminated by telephone. The two Michaelson boys had spent the night of May 24th in their respective dormitories in Minneapolis. Pat Garnett had several friends able to confirm her presence that evening at a Greenwich Village loft party. Poehls' previous successes had inflated his confidence in his own policeman's instinct and, by Friday morning, that instinct had started whispering to Sergeant Poehls about Oscar Rorchek, whose wife had found the bodies. Rorchek was rather well known around the working men's taverns of Duluth, a big man and the undisputed left-handed arm wrestling champion. He was a sports enthusiast and a bit of a gambler. Arny Poehls initiated some quiet checking on where Oscar Rorchek had spent the previous Sunday night. To Poehls' chagrin, the answers came back readily and were incontrovertible. Rorchek's Sunday nights were regularly given over to bowling, followed by a rotating poker game with the members of his bowling team. Between 10 P.M. Sunday and 2 A.M. on Monday morning, Oscar Rorchek had been winning some $35 from five friends in his own living room.

The break in the case came nearly a week later after John and Merry Bell Plunkett had flown back from Mexico so that Merry Bell could muster legal assistance for her first-born son. As a matter of routine, Catlin obtained the itinerary of the Plunketts' trip south which had taken them five days. John Plunkett had signed the registration at motels in Kansas City, Albuquerque, and Phoenix, but at the first stop, a Holiday Inn in Des Moines, Merry Bell signed. The license plate number she listed was incorrect. A waitress at that motel remembered John Plunkett because she had served them a late breakfast Monday morning and Plunkett had told her he was from Minneapolis and left a $10 bill to cover less than $5 worth of food. But no one remembered Plunkett the night before. When Plunkett, who by this time had been able to communicate with

Henry Garnett, refused to take the same polygraph test that Garnett had been given, Catlin decided to operate on the hypothesis that Plunkett was the murderous confederate. That meant Merry Bell must have made her own way, presumably by airline, to Des Moines while Plunkett was driving the gray Cadillac toward Duluth. The Iowa police were set looking for the cab that might have taken Merry Bell from the Des Moines airport to the Holiday Inn on Interstate 35. And, visualizing that long wee hours drive from Duluth to Des Moines, Catlin asked the Highway Patrol to check the all night gas stations along the route where Plunkett might have filled that rather striking-looking car. And how would he know where to find Merry Bell once he got to that Holiday Inn? They had no prereserved room number. There must have been a phone call to Merry Bell after she had time to check in or from Merry Bell to Henry Garnett, possibly, at the beach house or perhaps even to the Haverstock house. Otherwise, Plunkett would have had to inquire his own room number at the motel desk or else his wife would have had to haunt the lobby in the early dawn, waiting for him to arrive.

The phone call was never established. But a gray Cadillac Seville had filled up on diesel fuel just north of Minneapolis around 4 A.M. that Monday morning—and John Plunkett's Seville had a diesel engine. And a Drake University student was located who, returning from a visit home to St. Paul, had sat next to a furred and jeweled woman who had smelled like $100 an ounce when the plane took off, but more like a double martini when it landed. This observant young woman had no difficulty selecting a picture of Merry Bell Plunkett from a set of ten alternatives offered to her. The taxi driver also was located. Merry Bell had directed him to the SaveMore Motel across the street but, after maneuvering to reverse direction and head back into town, he had seen her scurrying across the highway toward the Holiday Inn and that peculiarity had stuck in his mind.

At the trial, Plunkett's able and expensive lawyer took the best course open to him. There was circumstantial evidence against his client but there was evidence also against William Foster. Given this other plausible suspect, the jury must find reasonable doubt of Plunkett's guilt. In rebuttal, the State introduced the evidence of Foster's Guilty Knowledge Test, the fact that Officers Edstrom and Swaline had "failed" the test after their visit to the crime scene, while Foster had clearly "passed" it. Over the objections of the defense, the results of Henry Garnett's test were explained to the jury with their obvious implication that Garnett had been involved in planting the gin bottle

at Foster's home but had not been at the murder scene. With the jury absent from the courtroom, Plunkett was again formally requested to submit to the same GKT and, after heated argument, the Court ruled that his refusal was material information that might properly be communicated to the jury.

In the event, John Martin Plunkett, Merry Bell Plunkett, and Henry Garnett were successively tried and convicted of conspiracy and murder in the first degree.