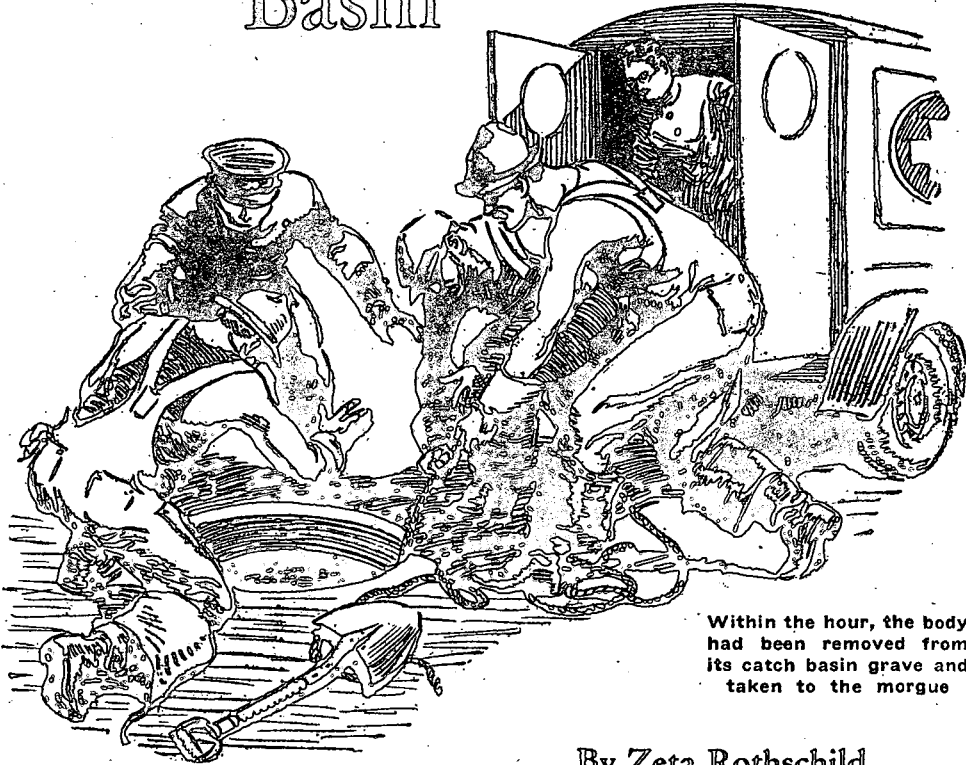


The Clue in the Catch Basin



Within the hour, the body had been removed from its catch basin grave and taken to the morgue

By Zeta Rothschild

BECAUSE of the abundance of more or less willing hands available, the Illinois Emergency Relief Commission decided to do some intensive cleaning for the City of Chicago.

One of the projects which met with hearty approval of the authorities was the overhauling of the city sewers. And on the morning of the 18th of July,



*Relief Crew Members First
Saw It, and Drew Back, Mute,
Horried. Then Detectives
Went to Work to Discover
the Rest of a Strange Story*

1935, a group of men arrived at the corner of 68th Street and Fairfield Avenue with instructions to give the catch-basin there a going-over.

The men moved slowly. The day was hot, the sun climbing higher. Why hurry with the whole day, the week before them, a pay check inevitable? But now, when the most active members of the

group had actually advanced upon the sewer and were ready to fall to work, they fell back in dismay.

For caught in the basin, half-submerged in the water was the body of a young girl!

"Young" they thought she must be, because of the slimness of her form. But since her head had been under water, it had long since lost resemblance to anything human. If she were to be identified, it would not be by her features. Officer Joseph Leonard, summoned to the scene, took charge immediately. Within the hour, the body had been taken to the morgue.

Dr. Jerry Kearns of the coroner's office, after examining the body, could give but little information to the detectives anxiously waiting for something to get their teeth into.

"Sorry," he finally admitted, "can't even tell you of what the girl died. The body's too far gone for that."

That the girl had met a violent death was taken for granted. But how, when and where, were all questions for which there was as yet no answer. Death had occurred, said Dr. Kearns, at least six months earlier.

However, fortunately, part of the body had escaped the filth of the sewer. Sections of a coat, a heavy coat at that, were still intact. And from a pocket a small notebook was recovered.

The advertisement that gave the original source of the book did not interest the Chicago police. The names and addresses, written on the pages in different handwriting, all had promise.

One name, the only feminine one pencilled in this notebook, was that of "Lorraine Nicodemus," in a small, clear script. Under it was an address, 6412 South Oakley Avenue.

Had a young woman by the name of Nicodemus been reported missing?

The Missing Persons Bureau, quickly telephoned to, said no.

This information seemed discouraging. But a visit to the Nicodemus home nevertheless had every prospect of some results.

Miss Nicodemus, a pretty young girl, looked thoughtfully at the notebook handed her. Nothing was said to her of how the notebook had come into the possession of the police. She was merely asked to look at the book and tell them whether it was hers.

"It isn't mine," she answered promptly. "Though that's my name in my own handwriting."

Miss Nicodemus now gave some time to considering the problem. "My father," she explained, "brought me a half dozen or more of these notebooks and I gave most of them away. It's difficult for me to say just to whom I gave this one."

What was the date, the young woman was asked, when she had distributed these books?

"Around Thanksgiving," she answered. "Somewhere in the end of the month."

Could she recall to whom she had given these notebooks?

The young woman after a little thought answered by naming several friends.

"Wait a minute," interrupted Sergeant Francis McGurk, "did you say you gave one to Marion Cozzo?"

Miss Nicodemus nodded. "She was a very good friend of mine," she answered. "And the more I think of it, I'm pretty sure it was her book in which I wrote my name."

THIS Marion Cozzo, Sergeant McGurk recalled, had been reported missing by her parents the first week in December. Despite the best

efforts of the Chicago police and the appeals of the girl's parents; no trace or word from the missing girl had ever come during the seven months that had passed since her disappearance.

The names of others, the young men, casually listed in the dead girl's notebook were now called off to Lorraine Nicodemus. Did she recognize any of them? Were they boy friends of Marion Cozzo?

Puzzled by the line of this questioning, Miss Nicodemus frowned. "Perhaps," she answered. "A couple of them I know. But one or two of the men I never heard of."

The disappearance of the Cozzo girl had been one of Chicago's most puzzling mysteries. She had left her home the night of December first, telling her mother she was going to an aunt, a Mrs. Del Priore, who lived at 72nd and Hermitage Avenue. She and a cousin were going to a party.

When Marion did not return home the night of the first, her parents took for granted that she had spent the night with her cousin. But when on the second, Marion had not returned, her twin brother, Lawrence, had been sent post-haste to inquire about Marion.

To the amazement of both families, it came out that Marion had not only never arrived at her aunt's house, but that she had never had a date with her cousin to go to a party!

The whole story had been spun out of whole cloth—that is, the young girl had made it up in order probably to keep a date with some young man she thought her family would disapprove of.

This theory had been backed somewhat by a roomer in the Cozzo home, Stephen Roach, who had told detectives then that the parents had been rather strict and insisted on knowing

where and with whom their daughters spent their evening leisure.

What had happened to the girl had been a mystery. White Slavers? Perhaps. But though many friends and acquaintances of Marion Cozzo had been questioned, the results had been nil. Not until the body in the catch-basin had been brought to the morgue had the police had the slightest clue to the whereabouts of the missing girl.

Within twenty-four hours the corpse from the sewer had been identified. It was that of Marion Cozzo of 6420 Oakley Avenue.

And now with this point definitely established, the Chicago police felt they had something to go on. With whom, they now wanted to know, had Marion Cozzo spent that last night?

As a matter of course, the young men listed in the notebook found on the dead girl's body were looked up. One, Frank Halper, twenty years old, of 611 West 57th Street, was brought in for questioning.

"I knew Marion Cozzo all right," he admitted frankly, "but I had nothing to do with her disappearance."

The young man's forthrightness plus the excellent reputation he bore prevented any suspicion resting on him. And within a short time he was released.

Another name listed was that of Mills Redmond of 6446 South Irving Avenue, who worked as a sealer at the American Can Company.

"I met Marion through her brother Charles," he told the police. "But I didn't see her that night in December; in fact, I never made a date with her in my life."

Local gossip, however, contradicted this statement. Marion Cozzo had spoken of a new beau the week before her disappearance and had referred to

him as Mickey. This, Captain Michael Lee of the Chicago Lawn Police Station learned, was Mills Redmond's nickname.

Redmond, the police learned, had not been working the week of the first of December according to the factory records.

"I wasn't in Chicago," Redmond now protested. "I went to Niles, Michigan, early that morning to see my wife."

Then followed, on request, an account of a vague visit to the Michigan city. "I didn't get to see my wife," he admitted, "but I can tell you of others I saw and the places I went."

It might be worth while to go into this alibi, Captain Lee decided. And Sergeant Francis McGurk was commissioned to make the trip to Niles while Mills Redmond was held.

A few reluctant witnesses had in the meantime come forward and claimed they had seen Redmond with a young girl answering Marion Cozzo's description in the vicinity of Marquette Park, not far from where the corpse of the missing girl was finally found.

But such an effort to identify the young girl's companion seven and a half months later would not have much weight with a jury, decided Assistant State's Attorney Irwin Clorfene. Much more impressive evidence—or a confession—would be necessary.

II

AND yet Redmond, shifty in his evasiveness, seemed the most likely suspect. And, in addition, that additional sense that becomes part of the power of the detective had sent a subconscious message to Redmond's questioners that here was a man whose movements and denials justified their most intensive investigation.

The report of Sergeant McGurk, who had by now returned from Niles, was perplexing. "I can't find any one who saw him in Niles on or around the first of December," he related. "But, on the other hand, a couple of people I went to see, those whose names Redmond gave me, said though they hadn't seen him then, said they had heard he was in town."

It would be extremely difficult, it was decided, to either affirm or deny Redmond's presence in Niles and his absence from Chicago on the all-important first of December.

However, it was up to the State to prove his presence in Chicago—that his alibi was false. Otherwise the young man's contention would stand.

"What about the lie-detector up at Northwestern University?"

It seemed a last resort. Undoubtedly it would prove, to the satisfaction of the authorities, at least, whether or not Redmond was lying. But whether or no he could be induced to confess was a question.

Anyway the experiment was worth trying.

Redmond approached casually, was canny enough to see that a refusal to join in the experiment would reflect on him. Assured that if he were innocent the lie-detector would back him up, he shrugged his shoulders and agreed to coöperate. His very willingness did much to disarm suspicion and cause the official hunch to lose a little of its firmness.

At the door of the laboratory, Mr. Fred Imbau welcomed Redmond and his escort. Redmond, a little nervous, took in a quick glance of the room. He saw little out of the ordinary. A couple of chairs, the kind popular for office use, stood close to a good sturdy table on which reposed a wooden box.

When Redmond had been seated in one of the chairs, Mr. Imbau opened the box and threw back the lid. "It doesn't look very formidable," he commented. "And our test won't be any more upsetting."

After Redmond had removed his coat, an inflated "cuff"—something like the arrangement applied by a physician when he makes ready to take the blood pressure of a patient—was wrapped around the young man's arm.

Redmond eyed it with curiosity. "What happens now?" he asked.

"Just watch," he was told.

Glancing over his shoulder, for now his chair had been turned so that his back was to the apparatus, he could see them connecting the tube-like cuff on his arm with the complicated, at least to him, mechanism of the box. On the paper that was to unwind from the roller at one end, would be recorded, he was told, his reactions to the questions about to be put to him.

Before the test began, Mr. Imbau made a record of Redmond's normal blood pressure, his normal heart condition, and the usual fluctuation and variation of both. Only by noting the deviation from normal would the lie-detector be able to show up the instances when, aroused and made fearful by some pointed question, Redmond's blood pressure would mount, his heart would thump a little faster and his breathing, despite his efforts to control it, would become more rapid and distraught.

These preliminary tests over, Mr. Imbau and Redmond settled themselves comfortably in facing chairs and the questioning began.

Quietly the young man answered the first dozen or more questions. The pen on the polygraph was drawing a steady line on the unwinding reel of paper.

Then came, casually enough spoken, a reference to the sewer at 58th Street and Fairfield Avenue.

Redmond's voice was as calm and even as before. But the polygraph record was showing a violent leap.

Came a number of questions pertaining to matters with no connection with the murder of Marion Cozzo and Redmond's pulse went back to normal immediately.

"The friends you said you were with in Niles say they never saw you there. How is that?" was another disturbing question.

Redmond gave a slight shrug. "They've got poor memories," he replied casually enough.

But the recording pen had given an upward jerk that produced a small alp on the white paper.

THE test took less than fifteen minutes. Time was allowed after every question that had made

Redmond's pulse jerk or his blood pressure mount for both to come back to normal. But every time a question linked with the murder of Marion Cozzo was put to him, the same nervous, emotional upheaval took place.

And the picture portrayed by the pen of the polygraph cannot be denied.

The record removed from the instrument, Redmond was told he could put on his coat. Mr. Imbau studied the reel of paper.

"Look at his blood pressure," he commented to an associate, "it seemed mounted at every critical question. Every time I mentioned any detail in connection with Marion Cozzo's death, it went up."

The curve had continued to rise throughout the demonstration. Redmond, despite an outer calm, had admitted via the polygraph his tie-up with

the death of the seventeen-year-old girl.

Mr. Imbau now brought the record to Redmond. "See these upward jerks?" And he pointed them out to the young man. "They tell us every time you lied. When you told the truth, the indicator stayed at normal."

One by one Redmond listened to the "lies" he had told. Why? To avoid suspicion. But this very caution had been exposed by the polygraph.

It took some time to make Redmond understand. Stubbornly he denied the story told by the polygraph. But the facts were there—the facts denied by him in person but supported by his heart beats.

At last Redmond sighed deeply. "I can't keep it up," he muttered. "You know it all. You're right; I didn't mean to. But I guess I killed her."

Then followed the sordid story of a sudden emotional brain-storm tragedy with the familiar fatal climax.

Marion, whose parents were very strict about her boy friends, had made the date with him nevertheless. They had wandered around Marquette Park and finally found a secluded nook.

Redmond had taken for granted that Marion would welcome the usual petting advances appropriate to such an occasion. But Marion Cozzo had shrunk away from him. Finally she had repulsed him vigorously.

The young man's ardor had veered suddenly into a violent resentment. She would try to put something over on him, would she? He became more demanding. Marion had started to scream and Redmond had immediately taken her by the throat.

When she became limp, he had let go. A little frightened, he had waited for her to come to. But her head hung back over the bench, her arms had re-

laxed. She did not answer or respond in any way when he shook her gently.

Then suddenly he had realized she was dead.

To get rid of the body was his next thought. And he recalled the sewer opening a short distance away. Looking cautiously around to make sure no others had chosen the bleak park for a rendezvous, he picked up the body, made his way to the sewer opening, and thrust it in. He watched it disappear into the maw of the sewer.

And then after pulling his hat down firmly on his head, he had gone home.

"Never thought the body would turn up?" Redmond was asked.

"I didn't know anything about catch-basins," he answered frankly.

The second week in October, 1935, Mills Redmond went on trial for the murder of Marion Cozzo before Judge John C. Lewe in the Criminal Court. His attorneys, Jeremiah Sullivan and Curry J. Martin, fought against the admission of the confession.

III

BUT after Mr. Imbau had explained how he obtained the confession, the defense's argument that it had been obtained under duress failed. The lie-detector—the polygraph—had convinced Redmond of the futility of denying his guilt. His confession had automatically followed.

Little deliberation was necessary. His jury found Mills Redmond guilty and fixed his prison term at forty years.

And Mills Redmond, a little more aware of the working of catch-basins and the possibilities behind the innocent looking polygraph, was led out of court to face a life with sufficient leisure for him to delve into the intricacies of both subjects.

We Meet Again

By
Charles Molyneux Brown

CRIME
D F W
SHORT



"It is a wrench indeed to see the little car go. Good-bye, Mr. Benton . . . until we meet again!"

THE dingy, high-ceilinged room in the Majestic Hotel with its stinging complement of battered furniture was no bargain at four dollars a day, double, but it suited Buzz Biscoe and his pal, Slat's Connolly, very nicely.

The Majestic was a frowsily respectable hostelry, largely patronized by rural visitors to Bluff City and their fam-

ilies, with a sprinkling of sad-looking traveling men who had to pay expenses out of hard-earned commissions.

*Buzz Biscoe, Queer-Shover,
Was an Artist in His Way.
But the World of Art Is
Large, and Buzz Had Quite
a Few Things to Learn!*

Buzz Biscoe, shuffling a breakfast toothpick between loose lips, was reading the morning paper, with a hawk eye for obscure items of local police news.