

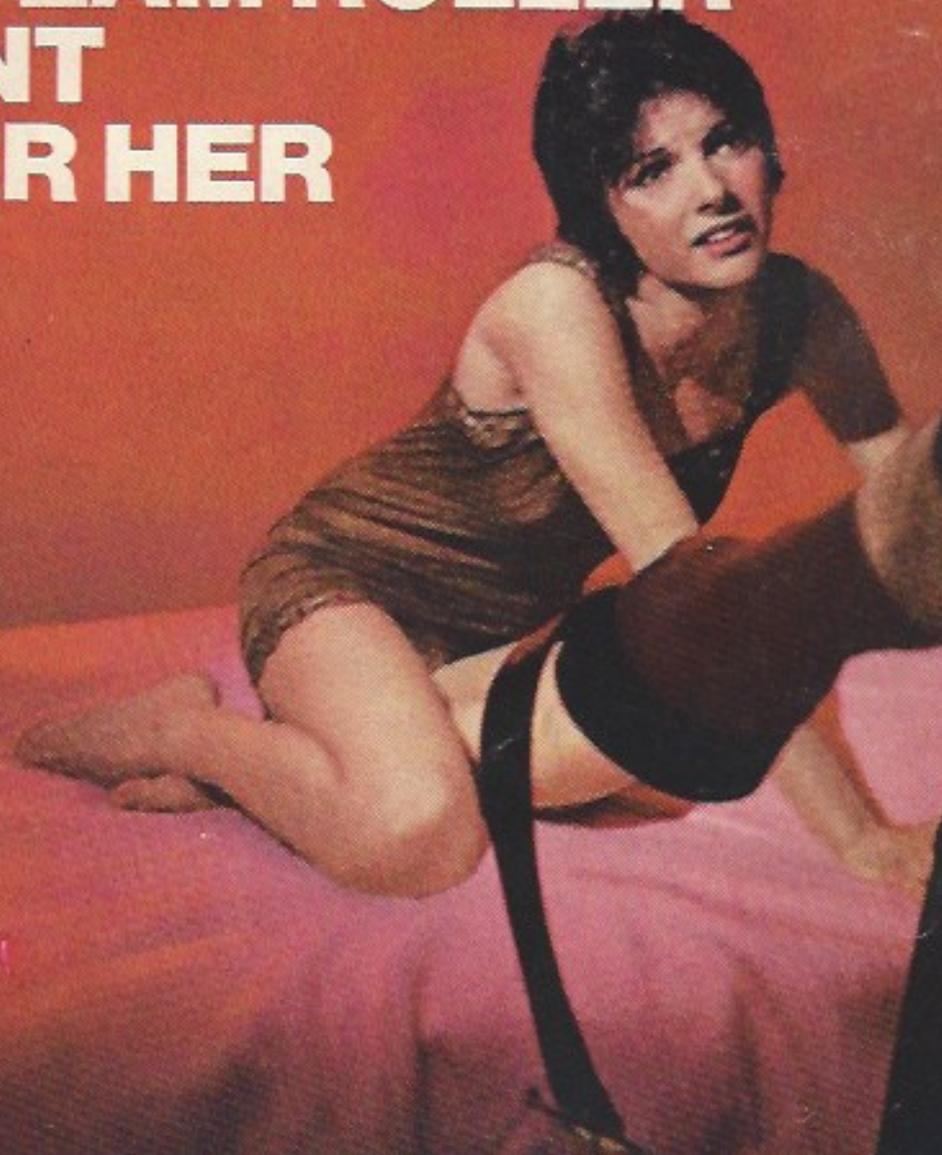
FRONT PAGE

D.D. 04135
AUG. 50c

DETECTIVE[®]

Death brought relief to the girl
tortured with lighted cigarets, lashed with a belt,
then stomped until...

**IT LOOKED LIKE
A STEAM ROLLER
WENT
OVER HER**



WELLS, ME., MARCH 25, 1973

■ It couldn't have been a mannequin that was slumped so awkwardly against the tree. No one would have lugged such a cumbersome burden that far through the snowbound Maine woods if the form's humanity was confined to its shape. Most definitely, it was a body.

The instant he realized exactly what he had discovered that cold Saturday morning, Mike Picker forgot about the target shooting session he had been looking forward to all that week. A little bit self-consciously, in the presence of death, he hoisted his rifle onto his shoulder and began hurrying toward nearby Bragdon Hill Road and his car. Not long after, he was standing in the office of Police Chief Richard E. Rouleau, whose tiny force was responsible for maintaining the peace in Wells, a picturesque hamlet of 600 citizens in the southernmost corner of the state.

Telling him of his unbelievable find, Picker led Chief Rouleau back to the desolate site between the Maine Turnpike and Route 109. It was bitterly cold—two degrees below zero—as they stepped from the chief's cruiser and the deep snow that blanketed the forest floor made the going all the more difficult.

As they walked into the woods, the young Wells Beach resident told Rouleau that he hadn't hung around long enough to get a good look at the body, but believed it was that of a boy. Later, however, the veteran investigator would tell newsmen that he had been skeptical of Picker's story.

"My first reaction," he said, "was I thought it must be an animal or something."

His second was one of total revulsion. The corpse, the chief discovered in the next few seconds, was exactly where the young man said it would be—propped against a pine tree, at a right angle to the road, the head lolling onto the right shoulder. What Picker had not taken the time to see in the adrenalin-choked seconds after making his find was that it was the body of a young woman—totally nude and frozen stiff—battered beyond recognition and covered with hundreds of tiny burns.

As the men stared pityingly at the corpse, they saw other, older injuries—a cauliflower right ear, the result of too many beatings; several healed scars that had merged into a grossly deformed upper lip; slightly protruding front teeth that were badly chipped; a healed Caesarian section scar; a partially shaved head; a deformed left arm that apparently was the result of an improperly healed broken bone.

"I didn't have the time to react," Chief Rouleau said later. "I just knew what had to be done."

Wasting no time at all, the small town lawman contacted the nearest state police barracks. While he waited for the troopers' arrival, he roped off the death scene to preserve it untouched for their examination.

It was still a few minutes before noon, January 9, 1971, when Detective Sherwood Baston arrived from the nearby community of Ogunquit and Sergeants Jerry Boutilier, Paul Falconer and Everett Jones also reached the scene. Even before Lieutenant Kenneth Shaw of the state Bureau of Investigation arrived from Augusta to supervise their work, they began photographing the area and hunting for clues.

THEIR work proved unusually unrewarding. The only real find was a set of footprints that led 60 feet from Bragdon Hill Road to the corpse. Three inches deep leading toward the body, but only two inches deep in the direction of the road, the prints indicated that the girl had been carried to the spot where she was found.

Other than that, the lawmen came up with very little—no clothing, nor any means of identifying the dead girl—just three or four drops of blood on the snow. The fact that none of the snow under the body had melted hinted that she already was dead when she was brought to the foot of the tree.

When the investigators were done, the body was removed to the Bibber Memorial Chapel in Kennebunk. From there it was transported to Lewiston for an autopsy at Central Maine General Hospital. The medical examination

had to be delayed a day, however, because the body had been frozen to such an extent that the blood had crystallized.

The following day, while Dr. Charles F. Branch, Maine's chief medical examiner, performed his post mortem examination on the girl's remains, detectives put into motion the investigative machinery routinely used in cases of unidentified murder victims. While police technicians took fingerprints from the corpse for comparison with local records and, that proving unsuccessful, the FBI files in Washington, D.C., Maine police agencies broadcast a description of the victim to all New England law enforcement agencies. At the same time, other investigators re-evaluated the meager information gathered at the death scene.

What they had was not much. There was nothing at all that could be used to identify the girl—neither clothing nor jewelry. Although they did have the footprints leading to and from the tree, there were no distinctive characteristics that might lead to the person who had left them. Neither were there any other footprints in the vicinity, and the snow on Bragdon Hill Road had been packed too hard to allow tire tracks.

It was not before January 15, that the reports on the autopsy were ready to be released. What they confirmed was something that everyone connected in the case long had known—that the girl found in the woods outside Wells had been murdered and that she had died a horrible, agonizing death.

Dr. Branch, a former professor of pathology at Boston University Medical School, announced that the cause of death was "asphyxia" due to vomit that had filled the girl's lungs. The vomiting had come as a result of shock that had accompanied the latest of many severe beatings she had been subjected to during the last years of her short life.

The medical examiner said that he had discovered massive injuries on the girl's body, including several recently fractured ribs and enormous bruises on her thighs and lower abdomen, which, he said, were (Continued on page 47)



Death brought relief
to the girl tortured
with lighted cigarettes,
lashed with a belt,
then stomped
until...

**IT
LOOKED
LIKE A
STEAM
ROLLER
WENT OVER HER**

When a battered corpse was found, frozen, near a rural road, a police artist did this sketch for ID purposes.

caused by "extremely severe blunt force. Whether it was a steamroller or something jumping up and down on her, I don't know."

Although death had come between 72 and 80 hours before the body was found, some of the girl's injuries had occurred months earlier. Among them were 205 small burns—probably caused by cigarettes—the broken left arm, a number of wounds found on her partially exposed scalp and scars about the right heel and foot which indicated that someone had been hacking at her leg with a tool such as a carpenter's saw.

In addition, Dr. Branch said that he also had found "the mark of a human bite on the knee of the left leg," as well as torn muscle fibers and evidence that the girl's hands and feet had been bound before she was murdered. Her internal health, as far as her vital organs was concerned, was perfect. Although she had not eaten during the last 48 hours of her life, there were no signs of malnutrition.

Dr. Branch discovered no evidence of mental retardation. Neither did he find any traces of alcohol or drugs in the girl's bloodstream. There were no signs of sexual abuse evident on the body, although she had engaged in intercourse not long before her death.

At the same time that Dr. Branch's report was being made public, state police murder probes released an artist's sketch of the unidentified girl. The release of the drawing—which coincided with the receipt of negative results on the fingerprint tests run by state police and the FBI—was accompanied by a description of the murder victim as a girl in her late teens or early twenties, 5 feet, 3 inches tall and weighing about 100 pounds. Slender, but not thin, she had short black hair, light brown or hazel eyes and an olive complexion. Particular emphasis was placed on making certain that the flyer was sent to all hospitals in New England in the hopes that some doctor would remember performing a Caesarian section on the girl about a year earlier.

In the next few days, more than 70 leads spurred by the sketch poured into state police headquarters. Most were eliminated immediately by a quick comparison of the dead woman's fingerprints with those of whichever young woman she was believed to be. In cases where a set of fingerprints did not exist for the supposed victim, a lengthier investigation proved necessary. Though many of the leads appeared promising initially, the result was always heartache and failure for the probes.

"There have been no crank tips," Lieutenant Charles R. Burton, head of the state police Bureau of Criminal Investigation, told newsmen. "All of them have been legitimate and well-meaning. . . . Our problem from the beginning and continuing today is the identity of this girl."

On Tuesday, January 19, Reverend Robert M. Howes, pastor of the South Congregational Church of Kennebunk, Me., not far from Wells, began a non-sectarian funeral service for the unidentified murder victim. The funeral had been arranged by Chief Rouleau and financed by both the town of Wells and the state Department of Health and Welfare.

"For this child, His servant, unknown to us . . ." the Reverend Howes said as he stood beside the simple wooden casket, reading from the Book of Psalms, "I will not leave you desolate . . ."

Straight rows of empty chairs filled the service room at the Bibber Memorial Chapel where the funeral was held as the lone mourner, a woman member of the Advent Christian Church of Kennebunk, sat praying silently.

Later the woman would tell newsmen that she had come to the services because, "If I had a daughter that age, I'd want someone to be there. I tried to get all the church people to come, but I guess they were all too busy."

TWO police officers, three newsmen and two funeral attendants were the only others in attendance and none of them shed any tears for the unidentified girl. The only sounds in the chapel other than Reverend Howes' words were the scratches of reporters' pens and the rustle of their note pads.

Two funeral bouquets, however, had arrived at the chapel. One was from the Advent Christian Church; the other had come from a group of Kennebunk parents.

The nine-minute service was concluded by Reverend Stephen M. Mulken, pastor of St. Monica's Catholic Church of Kennebunk, who stood by the casket as he read committal prayers and a passage from the Gospel of St. John. Then the five people attending the funeral walked out into the five-degree cold and went their separate ways while the casket was taken from the chapel for local entombment to await the digging of a grave in the spring.

It seemed certain that the anonymous victim of so much suffering was destined for a pauper's burial. The

Maine end of the investigation into her death had turned up no new clues since the grim discovery in the woods outside Wells and the flow of missing persons calls from out-of-state had narrowed to a trickle.

"It's quite unusual for a body to remain unidentified for such a length of time," one confounded state police investigator told newsmen hungry for any late developments in the case, "especially a young girl with such distinguishing characteristics."

That was exactly the case, however, with the corpse that had become known as "mystery girl" in the local press. In fact, there was nothing Maine lawmen could do but wait and pray that, somehow, someone would bring them the lead that continued to elude them.

That someone proved to be Mrs. Helen McSweeney of the police department, in Lynn, Mass., about 50 miles south of Wells. Early in February, after viewing the flyer, Mrs. McSweeney phoned authorities in Maine and told them that she was certain she knew the identity of the girl pictured in the police artist's sketch.

The dead girl, she said, was 19-year-old Constance Corcione, a Lynn resident who had moved from town about half a year earlier.

"Connie hadn't been around Lynn for a long time," Mrs. McSweeney told newsmen. "The last time I saw her was when I had to arrest her."

The charge was stubbornness, a Massachusetts offense covering any act of a minor that is considered disobedient to the reasonable demands of a parent or guardian. Connie had run away from home once too often and her mother had pressed the charge.

"It was the only time she was ever in trouble in Lynn that I can recall," Mrs. McSweeney said. "She was a quiet, nice girl. I think her mother eventually dropped the charge."

"I don't know why I thought of Connie," the policewoman went on. "I was intent on helping them find the girl. I put a few facts together, I guess, and thought of her . . . woman's intuition."

Mrs. McSweeney's husband, police Captain Daniel G. McSweeney, remembered Constance Corcione as "a pretty little thing. She was very attractive then," he said of her 1969 visit to the Lynn police station. "There was nothing wrong with her face then."

But Captain McSweeney also recalled the girl as a "chronic runaway . . . She was missing all the time."

Not long after Mrs. McSweeney viewed the girl's battered body in Maine, her identification was confirmed by a relative who examined photos of the corpse. It was substantiated further

by a comparison of the Corcione girl's dental records with the teeth of the murder victim.

As soon as police were certain of the identity of "mystery girl," a vitality missing from the investigation in recent weeks suddenly reasserted itself. Its first positive result was the compilation of a biography of the brutalized young woman.

Constance Corcione had been the second of five children born to a Cambridge, Mass., family. When she was a child, her parents were divorced, her father remaining in Cambridge while her mother brought the children to Lynn.

She had attended junior high school in Lynn and also had been a student at an industrial homemaking school for a short period of time. Later, she had spent about a year working at the IIT lamp division in Lynn.

The girl's mother, who still lived on Chestnut Street in Lynn, had not seen her since July of 1970. But, although she had done her best to sever all ties with her family, Constance's trail did not end at that summer meeting with her mother. Relatives knew that the "chronic runaway" had attempted to pick up the frayed threads of her life in Revere, Mass.—a beach community located a few miles south of Lynn—where she had moved into the home of a 30-year-old unemployed musician and his wife and four children.

In the first few days following the identification of Constance's body, police in Massachusetts announced that they had begun an intensive search for a man whom they considered the prime suspect in her murder. Although investigators would admit publicly no more than that their suspect was a former Lynn resident who had been living in the town of Lawrence in recent months, privately they conceded that he was Richard A. DiMarzo, the musician who had taken in Constance Corcione shortly after she had left Lynn for good.

In Maine, meanwhile, newsmen learned that investigators working out of the Suffolk County, Mass., district attorney's office in Boston were in the process of obtaining a court order to impound the car from which it was believed the slain girl's body had been dumped. The probe was centered in Suffolk County because the girl's last known address was a summer bungalow in Revere, inside the county line. And, according to Detective Lieutenant John Doyle of the district attorney's office, it was there she last had been seen alive.

State police officials in Maine, despite newsmen's pleas, would not comment on the Massachusetts probe.

"We can't do anything that might impede their investigation," Lieutenant Bruton said, admitting, however, that state police Sergeants Baston and Boutillier and Chief Rouleau had visited the Bay State to assist in the probe.

At a press conference held later that week, Richard S. Cohen, Maine's assistant attorney general for criminal investigation, announced that some question about jurisdiction in the case still existed. He added, however, that the case would be prosecuted in the state in which it was determined the murder actually took place.

AS the joint probe got underway, Detective Sergeant Baston joined Massachusetts troopers and Revere police in visiting the bungalow where Connie Corcione had lived with Richard DiMarzo and his family. What they found, sickening as it was, was enough to convince them that the unemployed musician was responsible for the teenager's death.

From neighbors, the investigators had learned that the DiMarzos had moved unexpectedly from the bungalow in January, 1971, shortly after Connie had disappeared from the beachfront community. Entering the vacated building, they found nothing suspicious on the ground floor. But in the attic was evidence of the sadistic torture that had been inflicted upon the teenager found in the Maine woods.

The floor of the upstairs room was littered with between 175 and 200 cigaret butts—one for almost each of the horrible burns that scarred the young woman's body. Furthermore, the walls of the tiny room were covered with dried blood and on the floor was a length of rope that might have been used to inflict the marks found on the girl's hands and feet.

The evidence found in the bungalow left little doubt that Connie Corcione's murder had taken place in the Bay State. As a result, Massachusetts state police Lieutenants John Donovan and William White immediately were assigned to head the probe.

The investigation plotted by the officers was two-pronged in scope—designed to locate and trap the leading suspect, DiMarzo, and at the same time to provide enough evidence to convince a jury of his guilt. But the murder probes were able to devote all their energies to the latter part of their stratagem when, soon after plunging headlong into their work, they received an unexpected break.

Richard DiMarzo, they learned, already was in jail in Salem, Mass., the result of a sexual offense charge lodged against him by Essex County authori-

ties. His continued presence behind bars was insured by the \$15,000 bond that had been set for him and which he could not meet.

With half the battle already over, the homicide investigators downshifted the probe, exchanging the emphasis on a speedy arrest for a more leisurely concentration upon gathering every bit of evidence that might bear upon the case. That new slant would bring them time and time again to the Massachusetts Bay community where Constance Corcione last had been seen alive.

On one of their first visits, investigators came up with what proved to be among their most valuable evidence. A Jarvis Street resident who lived next door to the DiMarzos' bungalow told them that at 4:30 on the afternoon of January 7, she had seen the unemployed musician carry a huge sack from his home, place it in the trunk of his car and then drive rapidly out of the neighborhood.

"How can you be so certain of the date?" one of the lawmen asked.

"Oh, I know what I'm talking about," the woman replied. "I remember it very well because January 7 was my husband's first payday of the New Year."

The woman went on to say that DiMarzo, his wife and four children, had been living together with Constance Corcione in the bungalow. Twice that summer, she said, she had heard a girl's screams coming from the bungalow, even though the windows always were closed and the shades never were up.

On another visit to Revere, the investigators interviewed a 33-year-old bus driver who made his home on Glendale Street in Salem. He told them that on Constance Corcione's eighteenth birthday, in 1970, he had visited her home as a family friend and found that she had been brutally beaten.

"Connie called me into the bedroom and pulled down her slacks," he said. "She had black and blue marks all over her thighs and hips and told me DiMarzo had done it. I told him, 'I saw what you did to Connie and if you ever lay a hand on her again, I'll kill you.'"

Other neighbors told the officers that DiMarzo had boasted to them that he could "make any woman do anything he wanted."

The investigators also spoke with two Revere teenagers who claimed to have been frequent visitors to the DiMarzo home. The youths said that Constance Corcione—whom they knew as DiMarzo's sister—often displayed massive bruises. The two 15-year-olds said that they had seen Connie with injuries to her face and arms, as well as with

frequent black eyes. They said that when they had asked DiMarzo how his sister had gotten into such a state, he replied that her husband had done it to her.

Like many local teenagers, the pair said, they visited the DiMarzo bungalow many times after school. On one particular visit, on January 9, 1971, one of the youths recalled, the unemployed musician had seemed unusually nervous. Asked why, DiMarzo allegedly had replied that he was about to move to the beach because the rent on the Jarvis Street place had been raised.

Both teenagers told the officers that on that particular visit to the DiMarzo home they did not see Constance Corcione. When they asked where she was, DiMarzo allegedly had told them that she was in the bedroom. But, when they took a look inside, neither youth saw her there.

On a visit to Lynn, investigators spoke with a relative of the slain girl who confirmed much of what they had learned in Revere. The woman told them that Constance had showed her the bruises that covered her body and that she had asked the teenager to file a complaint with police. Constance had declined to take official action, she said, because she feared DiMarzo.

"She told me she wanted to get out, but she was afraid of DiMarzo and if she went he would follow her and kill her," the woman said. "I said: 'Move out. He will kill you anyway.'"

In Lawrence, Mass., the lawmen spoke with a teenaged relative of DiMarzo who had witnessed their suspect lose his temper at his children when he was questioned about the missing Constance Corcione. The teenager, a junior at Lawrence High School, said that DiMarzo's wife, Eleanor, and her children had accompanied Richard DiMarzo on a visit to the relative's home on January 10, 1971. Sometime during that visit, she said, she had asked Eleanor: "Where's Connie?"

DiMarzo, the teenager said, grew angry at the question. "Eleanor, you aren't going to answer that question," he told his wife. "Just shut up."

The next day, the teenager said, she tried to question her relatives once more about the missing girl. "Eleanor," she had said, "the kids just told me that Dick beat up Connie and there was blood all over the walls."

At that, the teenager said, DiMarzo slammed his fist on the kitchen table, jumped up and ran into the bedroom where the children were.

"You —," he reportedly shouted at them. "I want you to cross Connie out of your mind like I'm trying to get her out of mine. You lying —."

But, according to the teenager, DiMarzo's three-year-old daughter, Sherry, replied: "It's the truth, daddy. It's the truth. Why, you even killed her."

In a rage, DiMarzo slapped the child across the face and once again yelled: "You lying little —."

The teenager went on to tell the investigators that DiMarzo and his family stayed at her home for two weeks before going on a trip.

The first hint that the Massachusetts investigators were wrapping up the probe into Constance Corcione's murder was revealed on January 8, 1972, 365 days after the discovery of the girl's corpse, by a New Hampshire newsman who wrote a weekly column about happenings in York County, Me. The reporter said that Bay State police officers had told him that the matter may be brought to culmination very soon and described the investigation's status as on the downhill side. But it would not be until March, two months later, before the investigators would become satisfied with their case against Richard DiMarzo and press murder charges against him.

The arrest changed DiMarzo's life very little. At the time, he still was being held on the rape charge in the Essex County Jail and, already, freedom was becoming a dim memory to him. Five months later, though, on August 25, 1972, Suffolk Superior Court Judge Thomas Dwyer ordered him to undergo psychiatric examination to determine whether he was fit to stand trial on the murder charges. In addition, he scheduled a hearing for the following Friday on the results of the mental tests and then ordered the Lynn resident held without bail.

MOTIONS by DiMarzo's attorney seeking to prevent psychiatric examinations, as well as to secure his client's release without bond because of an alleged violation of his Constitutional rights to free, complete and prompt remedy in the Essex County sex case, were denied by the judge.

At the hearing the following week, a Suffolk County psychiatrist reported to Judge Dwyer that DiMarzo was competent to stand trial for first degree murder. However, the jurist ordered DiMarzo subjected to 20 days' more mental evaluation at Bridgewater State Hospital.

Asked by Judge Dwyer why DiMarzo should not be released on bail, Assistant District Attorney Stephen Delinsky replied:

"DiMarzo had held Miss Corcione in slavery for a long period of time, during which he beat and burned her numerous times, broke her bones, tried

to cut off her limbs and did cut off a lip and an ear."

Exactly five months later, on February 1, 1973, a jury of 14 men and two women began hearing testimony in DiMarzo's first degree murder trial before Suffolk County Superior Court Judge James C. Roy. In his opening remarks, Assistant District Attorney Delinsky said that the government would call some 30 witnesses including DiMarzo's neighbors from Lynn and Lawrence, and forensic experts from the Massachusetts and Maine state police departments, as well as FBI agents.

Terming the murder "vicious, sadistic and most savage," Delinsky said that the state would prove that the Corcione girl was held more or less captive and tortured by the defendant in a Revere bungalow until she was brought to the Maine woods in the trunk of his car.

Delinsky said that there also would be testimony that hair taken from the dead girl's head matched specimens found in the trunk of DiMarzo's car. In addition, he told the court, he would place on the stand witnesses who on one occasion saw Constance Corcione run nude from the bungalow, screaming "help me, help me," while DiMarzo followed close behind, yelling "don't do this to me, baby."

Defense counsel, meanwhile, was busy objecting to the introduction of all photographs of the victim and to the subsequent testimony of Maine state police Sergeant Baston and Wells police Chief Rouleau, who described the scene in the woods where the body was found.

Following a discussion as to whether the trial could be held in Suffolk County because the site of the actual slaying had not been determined positively, Judge Roy ruled that the evidence indicated the crime had taken place in Revere and the trial could proceed. An objection to that ruling by defense counsel was denied.

On Tuesday, February 6, the Revere resident who lived next door to the DiMarzos' bungalow told the court what she had seen on January 7, 1971.

"I was in my kitchen," she testified, "and I looked out and saw the defendant drive his car very fast into the driveway... I saw him open his car, wearing a T-shirt and denims. He kept looking all around before he went into the house.

"I saw him come back out in just a minute," she continued. "He was carrying a dirty and gray-looking bag, carrying it in his arms. It was at least four feet long and the middle of the bag was all sagging, the ends of the bag just a little bit overhanging his hands.

"As he carried the bag out, he put

it very gently into the trunk of his car. He slammed the trunk down, got into his car and drove away fast. . . ."

Under cross-examination, the woman testified that the last time she had seen Constance Corcione alive was in June of 1970. DiMarzo, she said, had answered a question as to her whereabouts that summer by saying that the girl had bad feet and hair on her face and didn't want anyone to see her.

Constance Corcione's mother took the witness stand just before the prosecution closed its case to tell the court that her daughter had left home in July, 1970, "to lead her own life." The woman wept, when, under cross-examination, defense counsel asked her to view photographs of the victim's body. When she told Judge Roy that she did not want to look at the pictures, the jurist excused her from doing so.

On Tuesday, February 13, Richard DiMarzo took the stand in his own defense to protest his innocence of the murder of Constance Corcione. The unemployed musician told the court that he knew nothing of her death.

"Did you kill Connie Corcione?" his attorney asked.

"No, I didn't," DiMarzo replied.

"Did you ever beat her up?"

"No, I didn't," DiMarzo repeated.

The defendant said that he, his wife and children, accompanied by Constance Corcione, had moved to Jarvis Street in Revere in 1970. He denied consorting with the girl in the attic,

however, and said that he had planned to turn the upstairs quarters into a playroom. He insisted that the house and attic were empty when he moved from there in January, 1971, because of a rent increase.

DiMarzo went on to say that Constance Corcione often had left his home, failing to return for a month at a time. He said that he never knew where she went on those occasions and also denied seeing any bruises on her. He testified that she was in good physical condition when he last saw her, either in October or November of 1970.

DiMarzo also denied the testimony of a neighbor who had told the court that she had seen the defendant choking Constance one night after she returned home from a date. He said that he had discussed with the girl's mother the kind of company she kept.

Toward the conclusion of his testimony, DiMarzo denied owning a four-foot-long duffle bag and packing it in the trunk of his car.

"I smoke four to five packs of cigarettes a day and can hardly climb stairs," he said. "How could I carry out a four-foot duffle bag?"

On Thursday evening, after less than two hours of deliberation, the jury found DiMarzo guilty of first degree murder. Judge Roy immediately sentenced him to life in prison, the term to run consecutively with a 10 to 15 year sentence imposed on him on October, 1972, following his conviction in

Essex County Superior Court on the rape charge.

DiMarzo immediately was escorted from the courtroom for the trip to Walpole State Prison, where he would begin serving his sentence. As soon as he was gone, Judge Roy thanked the 12 jurors who actually had voted DiMarzo's fate and then made a speech:

"I want you to know that the furlough system does not come under the jurisdiction of the court," he began. "I am seriously concerned whether there is a proper liaison between the courts and the corrections department. There is an important question in this case. The question arises whether this defendant under any circumstances should ever be granted a furlough.

"I want you, the jurors, to know that I am instructing the probation officers of the court to deliver a copy of the autopsy report on his victim to corrections officials who will approve prisoners for furlough.

"I want those officials to learn the circumstances about how this victim died. You may think I'm cold hearted, but sitting on the bench makes one cold hearted. There are few light moments up here and I hope you do not leave the court with the impression that I have been harsh." ■

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The name Mike Picker is not the actual name of the person who was in fact a participant in the incidents described in this article.*