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“Little Deaths”: My Investigation into the Double-Initial Murders

Senior Project Submitted to
The Division of Languages and Literature
of Bard College

by
Sarah Rose George

Annandale-on-Hudson, New York
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Last, but certainly not least, I would like to acknowledge the families of the victims and their pain.

Preface

In the genre of true crime, especially—where stories are often so horribly impossible, we want to believe them untrue—people tend to lose details of the real story. As time goes by, things trickle down into our everyday speech, mixed and digested differently from one generation's mouth to the next one's ear—like the children's game Telephone—looking less and less like their original form. This was an issue I had with this project. As the cases of the Double-Initial Murders are nearly half a century old, myths and false gossip have been published as fact: I had to get the facts straight from the horse's mouth, as they say, to figure out what really happened to these girls.

So, here are the facts:

Between 1971 and 1973, three young girls—Carmen Colon, Wanda Walkowicz, and Michelle Maenza—were raped and murdered in areas of Rochester, NY that matched the letters of their initials. Carmen was found in Churchville. Wanda in Webber. Michelle in Macedon. Their cases remain unsolved. The only DNA authorities have was found on Wanda's body. It has been tested against persons of interest over time, but to this day, there has been no match. Some have speculated that all three girls share the same killer. Others believe that only Wanda and Michelle were murdered by the same person. It is possible that each girl was murdered by a different person. Whatever the case, all we have to rely on is the DNA found on Wanda's body. All scenes in this project I was not personally there to witness were inspired by newspaper articles, files, and interviews.

Cast of Characters

Sergeant CJ Zimmerman: Sgt. of the Monroe County Sheriff's Office in Rochester, NY. Once inherited the Double-Initial Case during his time as an investigator.

Deputy Rogers: Policewoman at the MCSO. She organized my internship schedule, gave me access to files on the case, and took me to relevant sites.

Lynde Johnston: Retired as Captain of the Rochester Police Department after fifty-one years of service. Oversaw the Arthur Shawcross investigation as well as dozens of other cases.

Arthur Shawcross: Serial killer active in Rochester during the 1970s and 1980s. Killed eleven women and two children.

Carmen Colon: First victim connected to the Double-Initial Case. Found in Churchville.

Mark Allen & Jim Gellen: Locals who discovered Carmen's body.

Guillermina Colon: Carmen's mother.

Wanda Walkowicz: Second victim. Found after Carmen in Webber.

Joyce Walkowicz: Wanda's mother.

Michelle Maenza: Third victim. Found after Wanda in Macedon.

Carolyn Maenza: Michelle's mother.

Miguel Colon: Carmen Colon's uncle. Shot and killed himself in 1991.

Joseph Naso: Prolific serial killer and rapist throughout the 1970s and 1980s. Offered to photograph women in order to lure them to their deaths. Currently incarcerated.

Kenneth Bianchi: One half of the "Hillside Strangler" murderous duo that terrorized Los Angeles in the late 1970s. Currently incarcerated.

Dennis Termini: An active rapist and pedophile in Rochester during the early 1970s, killed himself during a police chase in which he was suspected of raping a young woman.

“Murder is not only a matter of a single death; there are many ‘little deaths,’ as homicide replicates its evil in countless lives left behind, changing them forever.”

–Ann Rule

*“He shall bring forth justice to the nations,
not crying out, not shouting,
not making his voice heard in the street.
A bruised reed he shall not break,
and a smoldering wick he shall not quench,
until he establishes justice on the earth.”*

–Isaiah 42: 1-8

“Do not pity the dead, Harry. Pity the living, and, above all, those who live without love.”

–J.K. Rowling

Prologue

Southern California – 2010

I was eleven when I saw a body bag for the first time.

The street was closed off but, if I squinted, I could see the tarp baking in the sun. At the time, the only thing I could compare it to was the shiny, aluminum foil used to wrap our packed sandwiches. At school, Amber used to smush it down into a perfect cube— a process I always found fascinating to watch, like palms pressing into dough.

A husband had stabbed his wife. She ran out of her home, screaming, for about a hundred yards before she collapsed and died on a pristine green lawn. When the police screeched up to the scene and saw the carnage, they found her husband sitting on the curb like a child waiting for a parent who forgot to pick him up from practice.

I remember that house being empty for years after. We would ride past it on our bikes. “That’s the murder house,” someone would say, every time, as we turned away from its eerily vacant driveway, so unlike the other cookie-cutter homes beside it only in that it was empty. If I had walked into any house on my block blindfolded, I could make my way around without bumping into anything: that’s how similar the housing models were. Back then, our town wasn’t even old enough to drink. The year after the murder, the FBI had ranked our town the ninth safest place to live in the country.

After the scene was swept up, we watched the police cars— a sight so strangely and loudly foreign here, like a shark in the woods— slink away from our neighborhood, the only remaining proof that anything had happened there was sealed away in our memory.

The breeze stilled that night. The streets, usually flowing with bikes and kids using our cul de sac as a baseball field, were silent as tombstones. I remember looking up at my friend’s

mom talking about it to my parents, her arms crossed, as if she were cold. She had lived right next door to “the murder house.”

“They were just *nice*, you know?” she said. “I just— you just don’t expect something like *this* to happen in *our* neighborhood.”

Yes. You don’t expect monsters to live next door, to smile while they look you in the eye.

...

Summer 2019

When did this nonsense start? Mom asks, and the long-story-short answer is that it’s Mikaela’s fault.

The summer I returned from abroad in England, heartbroken from a doomed-from-the-start romance and disoriented as I adjusted to my lonely housing in Brooklyn, I found myself most weekends traveling to the Rhinecliff train station on a stuffed Amtrak car. Every ride, it seemed, there was something wrong. Once, on that summer’s hottest day, when the humidity sank into your sweaty skin like a soaked towel, the air conditioning in my car cut out two minutes after we shot out of Penn Station. There must’ve been fifty of us crawling out of that carriage to sit on the floor of another car, plopped down by the feet of other travelers who tried to ignore us. There, sitting on the floor for two hours, facing quiet strangers in sweat-stained suits, heads bowed as if in prayer, exhausted couples lounging on each other for comfort, I’m sure we looked like haggard stowaways.

Mikaela always picked me up. I’d get into the passenger seat with a grapefruit sized sweat stain on my lower back. Her car didn’t have air conditioning, so we rolled down the windows and begged for a cool breeze as she drove. Playing loudly through her car speakers were the voices of Karen Kilgariff and Georgia Hardstark from the podcast *My Favorite Murder*.

I had never been good with horror. Mikaela's favorite movie is *Coraline*. It frightened me as a kid. Once, when my U-12 soccer team voted to watch the *Nightmare on Elm Street* remake at a sleepover, I'd opted to stay outside and swim in the pool, alone, until it was over.

But *My Favorite Murder* is different. The hosts take scary stories and spin lessons and humor out of tragedy. They were experts at *riddikulus*: the charm used in *Harry Potter* that causes a Boggart to assume a form that is humorous to the caster, thereby taking away the creature's ability to terrorize.

Mik's sister lives in a gorgeous wooden house in Woodstock, hidden at the end of a long, curly driveway. We'd loll out on the elevated back porch with our books and sunglasses as her sister's mutt, Ruby, a puppy then, flopped around us and teethed on our tanned arms until she tired herself out.

"Listen to this..." Mik read to me stories from *Mindhunter*, a book by the legendary FBI profiler John Douglas. In it are true stories from Douglas's career interviewing the worst mankind has to offer. Ed Kemper. Charles Manson. David Berkowitz. I was horrified— but deeply engrossed. Mystified. Nearly entranced. Not by the killers, of course, but by the good guys: the ones who dedicated everything they had to bring a murderer's face into the light.

Those nights together, standing on the back porch, where the mountains before us stood black as a bruise under a night sky exploding with stars, dozens and dozens of fireflies danced in front of our eyes, their lights gleefully swinging back and forth like waltzing will-o'-wisps. I stood, knowing great horrors, in awe and wonder and glee. *I am and always will be the optimist*, Matthew Graham writes, *the hoper of far-flung hopes and the dreamer of improbable dreams*.

When did this nonsense start? Mik and I are under the impression that it— *it* being this fascination with true crime— is something that is always in someone, but not uncovered until it's awakened.

So, Mom, you could say it started whenever I raced downstairs to our living room as a kid as soon as I heard the *Sherlock* theme playing: my deeply ingrained, embarrassingly nerdy Pavlovian response. Or my need for karma to be real. Maybe that's it. I have always been a control freak. Maybe investigating is a way to make it real. We, the ones who can't let go, who lose sleep over getting the details right, who patrol, analyze footage, respond, care— we are karma.

“This is the beginning,’ said Hercule Poirot” –Agatha Christie, The ABC Murders

Rochester, New York – January 2020

I looked in the mirror and shook my head. Black blazer. Blue button-down. Black pants. I’d felt confident about my outfit, but now– as my first day loomed– I was worried that I might’ve looked like I just Googled how to dress like a detective on an NBC show, and that the cops would roll their eyes behind my back. A silly thought, really– I’d been invited.

A tremendously anxious flyer, I’d landed– two Hydroxyzine deep– into Rochester International Airport (ROC) late the night before on the last plane to land for the evening. All the stores and restaurants were closed, even a bar called ON THE ROCS.

Arms full of half empty complimentary water bottles, I stumbled to my hotel room feeling groggy and gross and lazily threw my luggage to the floor. I scrubbed a day of travel off my body, brushed my teeth and hair, then peeked out the window curtains just before bed and laughed. Right outside, across the street, a snow-covered cemetery winked at me: a fittingly morbid start to my week with the Monroe County Sheriff’s Office investigating the Double-Initial Murders.

...

The morning of the first day, I Ubered to the Sheriff’s Office. It was nine degrees. A sunrise full of reds and oranges peeked through Rochester’s skyline: a grand sight of industrialism. Tall brick buildings. Smoke from factories and chimneys. Trucks honking and speeding around slow drivers.

Once there, I met with Deputy Rogers, a compact, blonde woman who I would soon discover to be a generous person with a good sense of humor and a strong sense of justice. Most of the people who worked here, I would later find out, could have a laugh about some inside joke, then quickly transition into a solemn talk about suicide rates in Rochester. The job seemed to attract those of a practical, no-nonsense nature.

The deputy promised me an interview with Sergeant CJ Zimmerman later in the afternoon— an investigator who had once inherited the Double-Initial case.

“So— where are you from again?” she asked, when I returned from my tour of the building. A coworker was in the room, sipping coffee.

“California. But I go to school here, downstate.”

“California?” The coworker laughed. “Why would you ever come *here*?”

The deputy’s eyes widened. “You flew in *last night*? How did you get here this morning?”

“Uber.”

Her motherly tendencies overcame her. “Oh, no. Don’t do that. We’ll get you around.”

“You said you were here for the Double-Initial?” the coworker asked.

“That’s right.”

“Hm,” he said. “I think they just pulled that one?”

“Pulled?”

He gestured with his free hand. “Meaning ‘reviewed.’ As a department we’re required to look at cold cases every once in a while, to prove that we’re still actively trying to crack ’em. We were in charge of one of those girls, weren’t we, Rogers? What was her name, again?”

...

On November 16, 1971, Carmen Colon volunteered to run to the store for a prescription pick up.

“No, mija.”

Guillermina Colon did not want her daughter going to the store alone, even if it was only just around the corner. She told her daughter *No* three, maybe four times. But Carmen insisted on retrieving the medicine. The girl headed out the door in the last outfit she would pick out for herself: a red sweater, green pants, and white sneakers— all underneath a long wool-red coat.

Carmen was ten years old, sixty-five pounds, four feet tall. Her teachers described her as a generally happy girl full of bundles of energy. Despite being slower than the other kids in her grade due to language barriers— she and her family had recently moved to Rochester from Puerto Rico— she was well liked and looked after by her classmates.

The Jax Drug Store was a block and a half from their house. At 4:30 p.m., the bell above the door rang as Carmen entered the pharmacy. Jack Corbin, both cashier and store owner at the time, took the prescription number and Guillermina’s Medicaid card from Carmen. There was paperwork to be done, so Corbin casually told Carmen to “come back in half an hour,” when the medicine would be ready.

Carmen never came back.

...

That evening, one of Carmen’s uncles, Anotonio Colon, went out to search for his niece before the sun went down. Anxiety bloomed in the Colon house as they watched Anotonio’s shadow grow longer, his figure stretching along the black pavement. The Colon’s were a close family— as few were fully fluent in English, they had to be.

As the evening progressed, other relatives joined the hunt, calling *Guisa, Guisa!*— Carmen’s nickname— out into the night with rapidly developing distress.

At 7:50 p.m., the family called the police, and Carmen was officially missing. As she spoke to the police, Guillermina cradled Carmen’s crying baby sister to her chest, the infant twisting and wailing in pain from an earache that would not be soothed that night with the medicine Carmen had gone out to get.

...

Behind Sergeant CJ Zimmerman’s pencil-thin frames were eyes that danced— unself-consciously animated by his passion for investigation— with the kind of youthfulness and mischief that blue eyes naturally radiate. He was tall, thin, older than his coworkers, and *insisted* that I call him CJ when I called him “sir.”

We sat across from each other in his office at his desk. The room was adorned by framed patches and awards from previous jobs he had done alongside pictures of family and friends. On a wall were colorful *thank you!* letters from local school children; one in particular that caught my eye was shaped like a donut. Behind CJ, natural light came in through large windows looking into a snowy road police cruisers sped down, leaving the station.

I asked him if I could record the interview, expecting a wince and a polite decline.

“Can I swear?” he asked.

I beamed. “Of course.”

We laughed, but before we got into it, to my surprise, he started asking *me* questions. He sounded genuinely interested, too: *Where are you from? What do you like to do? What’s important to you? Why are you here?*

I explained to him that I was here documenting my experience for my undergrad senior project.

And your earliest memory of murder?

The woman on my street.

“That must’ve left quite an impression on you.”

CJ sat with my answers, then smiled. Satisfied, he began to explain how he came into his current position.

“I’ve been with this department for twenty-nine years,” he said, in between bites of lunch: asparagus and chicken. “I worked in the jail for eight. For these last twenty-one, I’ve been out on the road.”

He chewed, in such a way that showed he was in no rush to conclude his saga. Rogers, with a smile, had warned that CJ was quite the talker. I told her that was perfect.

“I’ve had a very, *very* good career,” he went on. “I was a deputy, did two years with the US Marshals office and their fugitive task force, five as an investigator. And for these last two and a half years I’ve been a supervisor back on patrol.

“So, you’re no longer labeled as an investigator,” I said, scribbling notes down.

“That’s correct.”

“But, do you still find yourself drawn to cold cases?”

“Yeah, definitely. But, now,” he shrugged, “my role in the process is different.”

“In your investigative years, if you remember– do you think it was hard to separate your home life from your work life? I guess what I’m trying to say is... do you have problems carrying it with you? Or after work, can you just walk out the office door and leave it behind? I spoke with Lynde Johnston–”

“You did? Good friend of mine.”

Lynde Johnston recently retired from the Rochester Police Department after fifty-one years of service.

“He said,” I explained, “in the midst of the frenzy of the Arthur Shawcross chase, he would go home not knowing who the killer was yet and just cry on the staircase. Because every minute he spent not solving it was just more time for that guy to do the awful things that he did... and that obviously must be so much pressure to have—especially when the public is like, *You’re not doing enough.*”

“Mhm...” CJ agreed. “Have you researched Shawcross?”

I nodded.

Arthur Shawcross, also known as the Genesee River Killer, is a particularly disturbing stain on Rochester’s history of crime. Active in the seventies and early eighties, Shawcross murdered eleven sex workers and two children. On Johnston’s recommendation, I had watched a documentary of an intimate interview with Shawcross by a British journalist. I was unnerved by Shawcross’s incessant blinking and his proud demeanor when he would brag about the kills he “accomplished.”

“I was hired,” CJ said, “to his jail in 1990. Arthur had just been arrested. We would let him out of his cell for an hour, and I would sit there and have coffee with him, just like this,” he gestured between us. “We would talk about things that he’d done in the past. Not crimes, but—*‘normal’* things, you know? Yes, Arthur was a very... *interesting* person.”

CJ leaned back in his chair.

“But, you asked if I take it with me... If you had asked me that question years ago, I would’ve said, ‘Ah, no problem.’ For most of my career as an investigator, my mind was

constantly working on these cases even when I *was* at home because that's what I loved to do. I still love investigating. But as for separating— for all those years, I said, 'Bah, shit doesn't bother *me!*' But I was oblivious. And— see that green bag right there?"

I turned around to see an army green duffel bag in the corner of his office.

"Yeah?"

"I want you to try to lift that."

"Okay...?"

I scooted back, stood up, and walked around my chair, where I grabbed the straps with both hands. When I lifted, the sack shifted, but didn't make it off the ground.

"Nope," I said, sitting back down. "That's not happening."

CJ smiled. "It's 105 pounds. That's the amount of body weight I lost."

I blinked, quiet, as his words slowly sank in.

"Over the years," he admitted, "I put on a lot of weight as a result from the emotional baggage of the job. I smoked, never got into drinking—thank God— and I *ate*. It took some time for me to say, 'Geez, I'm a fat son of a gun.' So, I started eating healthy."

He gestured down at his asparagus with his fork.

"I got off cigarettes, too. But, yes, a lot of the reason why I ballooned up to 290 pounds and smoked a pack a day was because you see a lot of crap on this job that's just not *normal*. Sure, things didn't '*bother*' me, but, I started to realize that nothing *excited* me anymore, either. I was numbed out. You don't realize anything's wrong. And for the Monroe County Sheriff's Office, you might think *Oh, well you're not New York City. You're not Los Angeles*. But, the thing is, you still see dead bodies. Right now, I probably see a dead body a week—"

"Once a week?"

“Yes,” he confirmed, matter-of-factly. “And like with this Double-Initial business, you know, it’s *sad*. A lot of people go into this profession because they want to help people, but...” He shook his head. “I think I’ve become more aware of just how much of my job has bothered me in the past.”

“Maybe you just didn’t, or couldn’t acknowledge it at the time?”

CJ nodded, slowly. “I’m a lot happier now that I’ve settled down into— *healthier* ways of dealing with these things... Even now, when you see crazy shit, you say to yourself, ‘That should really mess me up.’ So, I talk it out with somebody and it’s all right.”

“Besides that, are there other ways to relax?”

“Well, for me: working out. Having a spiritual sense of things. And I have a great family. Do you want to see pictures of them?”

As he slid through photos of his children on his phone, I could hear the screeches of voices coming from his comm on his left shoulder, right by his ear. Hearing danger all day, right into his ear.

“So,” I flicked my chin towards the green bag. “You keep that. In here.”

He slid his phone into his back pocket. “Yup.”

“What’s in it?”

“Concrete.”

“Concrete. 105 exactly?”

“Yeah. Isn’t that something?”

We sat in silence for a bit as CJ finished up his lunch and threw away the scraps. I stopped the tape, and blew out a long breath. Not quite wanting to ask him directly, I looked down at my hands and said:

“I saw the photos of Carmen by the road....”

A corner of his mouth curled up.

“Do you wanna go see the crime scenes?”

...

There is a moment in time that haunts Monroe County.

A moment is so short, but guilt is so long.

An hour after Carmen’s abduction, dozens of drivers going down Interstate 490 commuting from work, going to dinner, the movies— were baffled by the image of a girl, naked from the waist down, running down the highway, waving her arms and screaming.

One truck driver, Nicholas Zuck, was twenty-seven at the time. Like other witnesses, from behind a rolled up window, Zuck saw a car on the side of the highway backing up towards the girl, her mouth agape in screams Zuck couldn’t hear. In this strange car, Zuck recounts, were two adults. As he zoomed past the scene, Zuck saw— or did he?— a woman get out of the car: perhaps a frustrated mom in pursuit of a misbehaving child. That made sense. Because what his eyes were actually seeing couldn’t be happening.

Later, Nicholas Zuck and all the other drivers going down 490 that day would think, *Should we have gone back?* Years later, they wished they had.

But no one stopped.

...

When you’re getting into the passenger seat and the driver says *you can just throw that in the back*, they usually don’t mean a thick roll of yellow DO NOT CROSS tape.

“Dunkin’?” CJ asked, as I tossed the tape behind me.

“No thanks.”

We pulled into the drive-thru before we set off for Carmen's crime scenes. He ordered two large black coffees. Odd, but I just assumed they were both for himself: it seemed like most people I encountered at the office worked very long shifts.

"I need to drop something off," he said. "Then we can head out."

We drove back to the sheriff's office and headed down into the heated garage under the courthouse. The orange fluorescent lights made the puddles on the parking lot blacktop look dark as tar. CJ rolled down his window.

"Carl!"

A thin black man wandering aimlessly in the corner spun around, then waved at us. CJ slowed the car down next to him, and stopped.

"Here you go, bud." CJ handed Carl the coffee.

"Oh, *thank you*. Thank you. Thank you."

I lost count how many times he thanked CJ.

"How are you?" CJ said.

"What can *I* do for *you*?" Carl asked, soaking up the warmth of the cup in his rough hands.

"Nothing, Carl. Don't sweat it."

"Thank you."

"Have a good one, friend."

Heading into downtown, CJ explained his history with Carl.

"Couple years ago, I met Carl down there when I arrested him for public exposure and urination. Poor guy's been homeless for decades. Nice guy, though. Harmless. I try to look out for him best I can.

“So,” he said. “You flew in yesterday, and you got to your hotel— you must have been scared shitless. Like: *What are these people gonna think of me?*”

I gave a nervous laugh. “I always assume the worst.”

“Lots of people are like that... but, well— not everyone here. It’s a lot like school, I guess. A mixed bag. There’s the antisocial students, the driven ones, the ones that would give you the shirt off their back. You would think we would all be the same, but we’re not. There’s some people...” CJ just shook his head.

“So, why don’t we first start with Carmen Colon’s house, then we’ll go to Bullhead’s Plaza. Start that way?”

...

CJ took us through Brown Street— the path Carmen walked down to get to the drug store. He pointed out where the pharmacy used to be, then drove a block— less than one hundred meters— to where the Colon house had been. It has been demolished. Now, there is only a vacant lot dusted with snow neighboring two houses: an awkward gap between teeth.

“So,” CJ said, as we drove back towards the pharmacy. “Let’s get inside the mind of the killer.

“Was Carmen a victim of opportunity? Here, he sees her alone. Would he have abducted her if he knew how close she was to her house? Take that risk?”

CJ merged onto the freeway and started to drive out of Rochester. As he picked up speed, I became aware that I was a young woman in a car with a man who had every advantage over me: he was familiar with the area, armed, and in control of the vehicle.

“He’s driving down the freeway—”

“Maybe,” I said. “He starts asking her to get undressed.”

“Maybe. He’s speeding, starting to panic, thinking – *I gotta get as far away as possible.*”

A couple of minutes deeper into the unknown, CJ pointed out *the* truck stop: a thin road off the freeway that broke off momentarily, before connecting to it again. He started to pull over. Then, as I sat in the passenger seat, right where Carmen would have been in the killer’s car, and as CJ explained that it was most likely the site where she had been raped– I know CJ would feel bad reading this, but– I felt scared. I felt too close to Carmen’s pain and terror. *I don’t want to be here*, something sobbed inside me. I could not imagine what Carmen was feeling.

But we drove on. As we abandoned the freeway and started turning down more rural roads, CJ asked me if I was okay. I smiled at his tenderness, and admitted that I did feel tense.

As we drove to the dump site, passing extensive fields covered by a grey blanket of aging snow, I pointed out how flat the area was, comparing it to the grandiose view of mountains in Southern California. CJ retaliated with some beautiful sites New York had to offer, like the Finger Lakes. He recommended a local Rochester dish called a garbage plate.

“A garbage plate?”

“Trust me,” he said, pushing his glasses up. “You can’t leave Rochester without having one.”

Eventually, CJ slowed next to a deserted spot on Stearns Road.

“The way I see it, his driving patterns,” CJ said, back in the mind of the killer. “I don’t think he was from the area. This site seems too random. I don’t think he knew it well.”

...

On that deserted road, nearly fifty years ago, Mark Allen, fifteen, and Jim Gellen, thirteen, rode their bikes. Traffic was scarce. It was a good place to cause trouble.

1971 was a different time. There were no helicopter parents. Adults trusted other adults. Latchkey kids weren't hovered over. And the term *serial killer* had not yet been coined. Rochester had a population of nearly three hundred thousand people. Due to its proximity to the Genesee River, Rochester was one of America's very first boom towns.

It was a beautiful day for a New York November— the boys' bikes kicked up colored leaves as they sped over dirt and dust. Wide-open fields of tall, dying grass stretched all around them. The boys chatted and hooted, enjoying the echo of their voices, powerful with nothing to stop them. Jim, lost in his tangent about school, didn't at first notice Mark trailing behind him.

"Mark?" Jim called over his shoulder. Mark had stopped, his wheels turned to the side.

"Mark?" Jim repeated. "What's up?"

"...I saw something."

Mark turned around and pedaled. Jim quickly followed, his feet scrambling for the pedals, trying to catch up. A knot of anxiety swelled in Jim's throat. His grip on his handlebars tightened.

Mark slowed by a ditch, dismounted, and popped his stand. Jim skidded to a halt, panting. The dead road's silence throbbed. Jim followed Mark's gaze down into the ditch on the side of the road. There—

Is it... a doll? They thought. But no.

"Woah."

In the ditch, like a ragdoll tossed out a car window, rested a girl's body.

The boys stared. Wind tore at their skin. Goosebumps rose on their arms as they looked around. The nature of this area— only minutes before so ripe for fun— shifted suddenly. It was too secluded, too quiet. The boys felt exposed, vulnerable.

They rode as fast as they could back to Jim’s house. Mr. Gellen, Jim’s father, encountered a flurry of shouts and cries at the door from the boys. He asked them to calm down and, once they recounted what they saw, Mr. Gellen called the police and took the boys back to the scene.

...

Hands resting on his belt, CJ glanced at me as I looked down at the spot where Mark and Jim found Carmen.

“She was between two boulders,” CJ said, with a shake of his head. “They’re buried under the snow right now, of course.”

I nodded.

I thought of the files on Carmen’s Case: boxes and boxes stuffed with papers. Earlier in the day, Rogers and her partner essentially babysat me while I looked through them. They talked to passing coworkers, sharing laughs and familiar complaints. Rays from the rare Rochester winter sun streamed down on the desk. A few lonely dust particles swirled in the light. I blew out a long breath. I didn’t know where to start.

“Let me know if you don’t want to see the autopsy photos.” Deputy Rogers told me with a wince.

Naturally, I did stumble upon them. The crime scene photos, too. Carmen’s thin body arched at an uncomfortable angle— her bare legs exposed to the cold, never to shiver again.

When I was looking through the files, one of the first folders I grabbed caught my eye because the tab was sticking out: SUSPECTS.

...

The Friday after they found Carmen's body, Mark Allen and Jim Gellen tried to return to a sense of normalcy. But, that school morning, their names had been spotted by their classmates after appearing in that morning's edition of the local *Democrat and Chronicle* newspaper.

"He's coming for you..." the kids teased on the bus. "He knows you found her, *and he's coming for you!*"

Mark and Jim tried to ignore the taunts, but they couldn't help feeling scared. The killer *was* still out there. He could be anyone. What if they *were* next?

Mark and Jim's anxieties were not eased. The next day, someone called the police from Sibley's, a local department store. The caller reported some disturbing graffiti found in the store. Sure enough, when the police arrived, after wading through five floors of sale signs, housekeeping machines, and clothing racks, they were shown an eerie message scratched into the men's restroom door on the sixth floor:

"I killed a 10-year old girl— who will be next?"

Some guffawed at the graffiti, considering it nothing more than an insensitive prank. Nonetheless, police dusted the area for fingerprints and took photographs of the scene.

Dozens of police were now attempting to hunt down the person who murdered Carmen. Twenty-four hours into the murder investigation, Sheriff Albert W. Skinner— who would serve twelve terms of office in his lifetime— confirmed that eight persons of interest had been questioned, but that none of the suspects seemed promising.

On Monday November, 22, 1971, the Colon family held Carmen's funeral. Nearly two-hundred people mourned at the funeral mass, which was delivered in Spanish. Carmen was then buried in the Holy Sepulchre Cemetery. Many remember Guillermina's deep silence, both in person and with the media.

The following week, the *Democrat and Chronicle* published a statement from some of Carmen’s family members: “[We] loved her very much. She was a nice little girl and respected everyone. She was always happy and always smiling.” There would be no public statement from Guillermina.

...

I opened the SUSPECTS file. Sepia polaroid mugshots looked up at me from the desk, scowling or, to my discomfort, smirking under mustaches. I looked at a handful of “Bureau of Identification” reports filled out by policemen when persons of interest on the case were brought in. The papers had yellowed with time and were perfumed with that cozy, particular scent of old books. One option to put a check next to under RACE & COLOR was “Negro.”

I thumbed through more and more reports. Stuffed in between folders were also CD’s, floppy discs, and rubber bands.

Eventually, I stumbled upon “Property Custody Reports” on Miguel Colon. On November 19th, 1971, one report read, hair had been discovered on the floor of the trunk of Miguel’s car.

...

Three months after Carmen’s murder, as tips and witnesses started to dwindle, a local group called Citizens for a Decent Community put up five billboards by 490– the highway where Carmen had been seen, but not saved. The billboard consisted of an eight-foot tall photo of Carmen, and read:

DO YOU KNOW WHO KILLED CARMEN COLON?

PLEASE HELP BEFORE IT HAPPENS AGAIN.

REWARDS FOR INFORMATION TOTAL \$6,000. BE A SECRET WITNESS. NO CLUE IS

*TOO SMALL. PHONE: 436-2213- OR WRITE CITIZENS FOR A DECENT COMMUNITY BOX
9796 ROCHESTER NY 14623. YOUR IDENTITY WILL BE KEPT SECRET.*

The efforts made on behalf of the CDC revamped the investigation. Sheriff Sgt. Nicholas DeRosa reported that the station was getting calls and letters again not long after the billboards went up.

On top of the stress of losing the killer's trail, the police faced new problems involving media coverage. In March of 1972, a suspect of the investigation had boarded a plane to Puerto Rico after telling a friend he had to leave the country because of "something he'd done wrong in Rochester." That suspect was Miguel Colon, one of Carmen's uncles.

The story of Miguel's arrest is muddled. It was difficult for me to gather clear information on him that didn't conflict. Nonetheless, allegedly, the CDC had received a tip that Miguel said that he had done a "wrong thing," and apparently mentioned Carmen's name. As the Rochester, Monroe, and San Juan investigative forces attempted to track down Miguel in Puerto Rico, the investigation faced difficulties as the press—specifically the *San Juan Star*—announced their presence through event coverage. Investigators grew frustrated with the media, as they assumed it notified the elusive Miguel of their whereabouts. Newspapers retaliated by accusing authorities of botching the investigation by being slow and sloppy with leads. Impeded by pressure from the public eye, the case caught the attention of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, which joined the search after Miguel fled to Puerto Rico. Soon after, Miguel came out of hiding and turned himself in to local authorities. The mystery surrounding this sudden wave of the white flag was revealed to the public years later, as it was indicated that police had lied to Miguel, claiming that they had Carmen's grandmother in custody and would not release her until Miguel gave himself up.

On March 27, Miguel was flown back to Rochester and taken immediately to the sheriff's office, where his interrogation began. Miguel claimed ignorance of police suspicion of him, stating that he had flown to Puerto Rico in order to visit a sick relative and had only gone into hiding out of fear of police brutality. He demanded a lie detector test, and passed. Despite all the drama from the manhunt, Miguel was not incarcerated, as police did not have sufficient evidence against him.

Many, however, have remained suspicious of Miguel Colon throughout the years. In 1991, in a fit of jealousy and financial distress, Miguel shot Guillermina and her brother in their house. Policeman Clarence D. Fitch responded to the shooting, and attempted to negotiate with the erratic Miguel who, after taunting Fitch to shoot him and Fitch refusing to do so, shot himself in the head, killing himself. Guillermina and her brother were quickly taken to the hospital, where they both fully recovered physically.

Despite all the drama and violence, Guillermina and her family still believed that Miguel Colon was not Carmen's killer. Some who worked on the case, however, believed that he was.

...

In 1995, Guillermina at last publicly broke her silence on Carmen's case. She told reporter Jack Jones of the *Democrat and Chronicle*, "I could die knowing who did this to my Carmencita. I would die more peacefully than I have lived. It is the only thing I want in my life, to know that this person had to pay for the terrible things he did to my little girl. That pain has not stopped. Carmen would be thirty-four this year."

...

Back at Stearns Road, CJ gently broke his own silence.

"It's getting dark. Can I get you home?"

Already, by the end of my first day, I had seen so much. When I got back to my hotel room, I was exhausted and overwhelmed. I sat down in the shower and as I shut my eyes and washed the shampoo out of my hair, I would see her: Carmen's bare back bent at an awkward angle. I scrubbed my hair quickly so I could open my eyes. I couldn't unsee the photos. I ordered room service. I saw her white sneakers. Flipped through TV channels. Carmen's body wedged between the two rocks. I was surprised that sleep came as quickly as it did. I was worried the images would follow me into my dreams— and turn into nightmares.

...

As Carmen's face stopped smiling up at families from the *Democrat and Chronicle* front page at the breakfast table, Rochester's devotion to the case began to subside. 1972 came and went. The Colon family was left behind with more questions than answers, and the city of Rochester looked over its shoulder, woke up in the middle of the night to make sure the back door was locked, and grew wary of anyone, even neighbors. Carmen's murderer was not identified. He could have been anyone. Guillermina could have walked right past him any day.

Despite the lingering anxiety, Rochester enjoyed an uneventful year. That was, until another double-initialed girl walked out of her house for the last time.

“Naturally, Hastings. What else did you expect? Did you think that the Andover business was an isolated case? Do you not remember my saying: ‘This is the beginning’?” –Hercule Poirot, in Agatha Christie’s The ABC Murders

March 2018, nearly fifty years after Carmen’s death. Rochester, covered overnight with fresh snow. Dressed in thick layers, sisters Michelle Walkowicz and Rita DeCann rose early to go to the Holy Sepulchre Cemetery.

Once there, Michelle and Rita looked for her, but couldn’t immediately find her plaque.

“Ah. It’s buried,” Michelle told Rita, pulling marker wire up from out of the snow. A wreath popped up like a cardboard image in a picture book. Michelle dusted snow off of it with her glove before setting it upright. Rita sifted through the snow at her feet until she hit metal.

“Hi, Wanda.”

Below them– a grave marker: WANDA WALKOWICZ 1961-1973

The sisters spoke to Wanda as if she were there. *We love you and we miss you*, whispered to no one, lost to the breeze. Tears struck the snow like water droplets in a sink, lost in an ocean of white.

...

My mother was standing in the kitchen twirling a finger around the landline cord, chatting with the previous owner of the house. It was the first home my parents shared with each other. There was my brother– a baby then– my mother, and my father. I was not yet in the picture.

“It’s all good and well,” my mother was saying. “But... oh, nevermind really.”

“Hm?”

“Well, it’s just that... sometimes, at night, from our backyard it seems, I hear someone bouncing a basketball and shooting hoops. In the middle of the night!”

There was a long, awkward pause. Then, my mother heard the woman on the other end of line start to cry.

“Did I say something?” Mom inquired.

The woman laughed. She explained to my mother through sniffles that she had moved out of that house with her baby soon after her husband passed away. He would always play basketball in the backyard and strum the guitar to get a laugh out of their son– the kind of pure, contagious shrieks of joy that babies giggle out. Mom mentioned that she had indeed heard a guitar too. The woman was glad to hear it.

This was the first ghost story I was told. Thinking about it now, I think less of whether or not it proves of a *something* after all of this nonsense, but of how it confirms that although we may die, love and grief share a habit of sticking with us.

...

Rochester 1973

Eleven-year-old Wanda Walkowicz was filling in a coloring book on the floor of her family’s living room when she overheard her mother, Joyce Walkowicz, cursing their empty cabinets in the kitchen.

The family lived in an apartment on Avenue D in a poorer neighborhood in eastern Rochester. Wanda had been emotionally mature for her age– she had to do more than most kids. Wanda often missed school to take care of things at home. Her mother, Joyce, had been scoffed at by neighbors more than once for her drinking habits. Some said she would often bring her

children with her to local taverns, where she always drank too much. Widowed in her early twenties, Joyce became an alcoholic and got in and out of many relationships– not providing Wanda or her sisters with the most stable home life.

Above all else, Wanda was known for being dependable and tough. “She was a fierce-little redhead,” said Investigator Harry Croiser. “She’d take on the boys at school, even, and beat the hell out of them.” But she was also happy, smart, and athletic. Chuck Stechma, a neighbor, said that despite her small frame and height, Wanda was a fighter.

The afternoon of April 2, at the sight of her mother’s distress, Wanda offered to buy groceries at the Hillside Deli, not three blocks away from their home. Joyce let her daughter go to the store, figuring it’d be a quick errand. Not knowing it would be the last time she would see Wanda alive, Joyce said goodbye to her daughter as Wanda walked out the door in a white dress and a red and green checkered coat.

Later, when it seemed like Wanda wasn’t coming home, Joyce called the Rochester Police Department to report her daughter missing. The voice on the other end of the line suggested that Joyce have a quick look around the neighborhood before panicking. Around 8:00 p.m., Joyce, anxious and stressed, went down to the deli in the hope that she would find Wanda, yell at her, hug her out of relief, and go home and make dinner for the family. But Wanda wasn’t there. No one had seen her since that afternoon.

Once again, Joyce called the RPD and, this time, they responded with an official neighborhood search.

The first forty-eight hours in a missing person case are the most intense and vital. As time goes on, there are fewer and fewer bread crumbs to follow: witnesses’ memories may start to fade, a potential crime scene is at risk of losing its purity, and the victim’s trail weakens.

Within minutes of Joyce's call, the RPD went to the Hillside Deli, where Wanda had last been seen. The clerks there said that Wanda had asked for everything to be put in one bag. "She told me to hurry up, because she was in a hurry," one clerk, William Van Orden said. "I didn't think anything of her 'hurry,'" Richard Checchi, the other clerk, stated. "She often said that." Despite her struggle carrying the heavy bag out of the store, Wanda was apparently in a good mood, as per usual. Later, witnesses would see her struggling with the bag outside of the store, putting the bag on her hip against a fence to get it upright, before she vanished.

As the night went on and the investigation accelerated, out of her fear that Wanda was gone, truly gone, Joyce was treated for shock and emotional distress at the Rochester General Hospital.

...

April, 1973. It seemed like Spring was never coming. Rochester was just starting to burst out of the stark cold, but it was still grey and rainy. On the third day of that month, State Trooper Thomas Zimmer cruised down Route 104 during an early morning shift of a routine patrol, wiping the crust out of his eyes as he sipped crappy coffee out of a styrofoam cup, the drink black and thick as tar. Despite his exhaustion, something caught Zimmer's trained eye.

Just west of the Irondequoit Bay Bridge on a brown hillside lay a white, ghostly figure. Zimmer pulled over, stepped out, and went over to investigate. He looked over the railing and down into the embankment, where he saw a pale, redheaded girl lying very still. Too still. Her deep blue eyes gaped up at the sky, motionless, as if there were marbles in her sockets.

...

Found seventeen hours after her disappearance, Wanda Walkowicz's body was the fastest discovery out of the three Double-Initial Murder victims. She was found seven and a half miles

from where she had been last seen and presumably abducted, outside of the deli. After Zimmer discovered Wanda's body, police soon came to the scene to investigate.

As we did with Carmen's, CJ drove us through the footsteps of Wanda's killer. We saw the fence Wanda struggled with the groceries against. As we turned towards Avenue D, CJ warned me about the area.

"I'm glad I'm driving you here," he said. "This area's a bit— sketchy."

Indeed, I saw hooded loiterers glaring at us as we drove by. Their stares said it all: *Fuck the police.*

Like the Colon house, the apartment building the Walkowiczs lived in has been torn down. With not much to look at, CJ then took us to where Wanda was found.

I had read in Michael Benson's *Nightmare in Rochester*, a book on the Double-Initial case, that crime scene investigators found feces by Wanda's body, which were later identified as human and containing Seconal, a drug that was often taken recreationally at the time. (Another notorious case in which feces were found by the body of a victim is that of the murder of Francine Elveson by Carmine Calabro, of which profiler John Douglas says "this could have been interpreted as part of the killer's ritual fantasy or a further sign of contempt for this victim in particular or for women in general.")

Amongst other interesting things in the files I looked through on the Double-Initial case, one paragraph in particular of Investigator [Redacted]'s information on suspect Dennis Termini struck me. "Dennis Termini," [Redacted] wrote, "appeared to be a troubled youth who was fixated on performing daredevil stunts and abusing drugs. He became addicted to the drug Seconal—"

¹ More on Termini later.

Seconal.

“—and frequently used LSD.”

I stared at the paper. *Seconal*. The human excrement found by Wanda’s body contained traces of that drug. *Holy crap*, I thought. Does [Redacted] know that? He must, right? I looked at all the papers and folders in the boxes, and felt their weight. I had been told that not all of the files on the case were here, just the ones the Monroe County Office had. There were other boxes in the Wayne County Sheriff’s Office and in the NYST records. The volume of information was apparent. I didn’t believe it— or maybe I just didn’t want to get my hopes up— but could [Redacted] have read over this important connection? Gotten lost in the mountains of papers and details? Surely, not. Of course not.

By the road where Wanda was found, I explained what I had read in [Redacted]’s report to CJ. He didn’t have any answers for me, but he said it would be a good question to ask the state trooper.

“There’s always new leads on the case,” CJ said to me in the car. “Every three or four months, someone will call and say, *Hey, I think my father is the Double-Initial Killer?* And we have DNA, so, I’ll go out and take a swab from the offspring— usually their Dad is dead— and then we’ll submit it. And to date, we have not gotten any hits.”

“What do you submit it to?”

“Our crime lab. They then make a slab of that DNA, send it over to State Police, where they have the sample from the killer found on Wanda’s body. We still get new leads, and— I’m sure you’ve seen the volume of information.”

I nodded.

“It would take an investigator full time— months to go through that whole thing.... And that’s what it takes, I think. Pay someone to just focus on cold cases. But anyways, when I became a Sergeant, the job was handed to Trevor Hibbert. But I said, to Trevor, ‘Look, I still am really interested, so I’ll work on this with you.’”

“Have you considered GED or Ancestry submissions?”

“Yes. But, in New York State, there are strict privacy laws. I would *like* to reach out to an Ancestry.com type thing because, as you know, cases *are* getting solved that way.”

It was true. Recently, a woman in Colorado had submitted her DNA to GED. Months later, local police had reached out, believing that she may have had some connection to a killer many years ago. Sure enough, she did, and they found him— aged and “safe,” or so he thought— at a bar in Florida. He got up to leave, but before the bartender could scrub away the stain of his lips on the glass, an investigator swooped in to grab a sample of his DNA. It was a match. There was an arrest.

“But,” CJ warned. “There are a number of hurdles because New York is a very civil liberties protected state. Laws are very restrictive. I talked to Cece Moore— have you heard of her? She’s a DNA lady who’s done a lot of national cases. And as soon as I said, *We’re in New York*, she said, *Oh.... we have quite the difficulty accessing databases there*. Beyond that, Sarah, I don’t have many answers for you.”

...

In Wanda’s autopsy report, there were marks of ligature on her neck— she seemed to have been strangled from behind, while Carmen Colon had been strangled looking into the eyes of her killer. Wanda’s autopsy confirmed that she had been raped. It also revealed that Wanda had custard in her stomach— a vital clue, as she had not had any at home, which meant that the killer

must have fed her before she was murdered. Under an investigative lens, the custard, tied in with Wanda's personality, suggested that the person Wanda got into a car with was not a stranger. Later, Joyce Walkowicz would say, "[Wanda] couldn't have eaten with a stranger."

In the week that followed the discovery of Wanda's body, the police were working around the clock with not much to work with. They questioned the neighborhood: no one had seen Wanda get into a car and she had not been seen in between the time she had been abducted and then raped and murdered. It was as if she really had just vanished. Those questioned around the deli had described cars and people they had seen, but most did not reveal any significant evidence or clues. Except one.

The night before Wanda was abducted—one local came forward to state—a man in a Ford LTD attempted and failed to lure two adolescent girls into his car. The witness to this described the man as being around thirty years old, nearly six feet tall, with a long black coat, a black beard, and a mole on his forehead.

A profile of Wanda's killer was put together by Dr. David Barry of the University of Rochester. In the early 1970s, most investigators were not yet on board with the practice of profiling. Older detectives preferred facts and evidence they could look at. But profiling attempted to draw conclusions about a murderer based on the *How* and *Why*, from which one might eventually deduce a *Who*. On Wanda's killer, Dr. Barry argued that the murderer was most likely a man who struggled creating or maintaining sexual relationships with adult women due to poor social skills, and had a history of predatory and pedophilic behavior. Wanda's perceived innocence and happy exterior would be interpreted by the killer as social acceptance—something he is not given by age-appropriate romantic interests—which only amplifies his perverse "reality"

and desires. When the urge to act upon these desires aligned with the opportunity to do so, the unnamed subject acted out his fantasy, assaulting and murdering the victim.

When looking at the similarities between the Colon and Walkowicz cases, one can't help but ask: *would a rose by any other name smell just as sweet?* Or did the killer design a twisted challenge for himself— one that was contingent upon him raping and killing a double initialed girl in a county that started with the same letter as her first and last name?

...

After CJ and I saw Wanda's crime scenes and returned to the MCSO, Deputy Rogers took me to the Monroe County Crime Analysis Center for a brief tour.

In her cubicle decorated with pictures of her children, a kind crime analyst there was running me through a typical day at her job when I found myself transfixed by the tiny map pinned to the far wall of her cubicle. It was a small map of Rochester, not much bigger than my hand, separated into zones: *A*, *B*, and *C*.

"Sorry," I said, interrupting her. "That map— what are the letters for?" They had been handwritten onto the map in straight, awkward lines with white out tape.

"Oh," She said. "Nothing. I just—it's embarrassing— but I always forget the precise borders of the regions, so I keep that up there."

I told her about how the Double Initial Murder case was often called the ABC (or the Alphabet) Murders, in reference to Agatha Christie's book or Joseph Naso's² reign of terror in California. Could the murderer have known about the A, B, C police zones, and kill a victim in each one to further highlight his fixation?

She spun around in her chair, her lips pursed.

² More on Naso later.

“Huh. Well, isn’t that something.” She turned back to me, smiling. “You’ve got a good eye. Let me know if you turn out to be right.”

...

That afternoon, I found myself in front of the Central Library of Rochester and Monroe County. A professor I had once said, “Public libraries are soup kitchens for the internet,” and as I weaved in and out through stacks of books, *excuse me*-ing myself past midday loiterers tapping away at ancient, blocky white Microsofts, I could see what he meant.

Over the holidays, I— longtime anglophile and lover of mysteries— had devoured Agatha Christie’s *The ABC Murders*, wondering if it would give me any new insights into the mind of the Double-Initial Killer. The premise: detective Hercule Poirot tries to solve a series of murders in England involving individuals killed in an area that matches their initials. Alice Ascher in Andover. Betty Barnard in Bexhill. Carmichael Clarke in Churston. At each crime scene, an ABC railway guide was found by the body.

Mom saw me reading the book, and wondered aloud: did the library have an old copy, and would it reveal an interesting name next to the *check out* stamps, perhaps in the early seventies?

To my disappointment, the library ended up not even having a copy of the book. If the creep ever did get inspiration from the Queen of Mystery, it wasn’t from here.

While there, however, I decided to make good use of the trip and made my way over to the digital archives section. I told the elderly man behind the front desk about my project, and he kindly led me to tall drawers filled with rows and rows of film rolls from 20th century local newspapers. He smiled under his moustache, his gleeful squint more eyebrow and crows feet

than eye, and left me alone at a special computer where I could attach the film and spin it. There, I screenshotted and printed out headlines about the girls.

Once again, the Citizens for a Decent Community raised funds to put up another billboard, this time with Wanda Walkowicz's face:

It happened again!

WHO KILLED WANDA WALKOWICZ

REWARDS for INFORMATION TOTAL \$10,000

SECRET WITNESS – NO CLUE IS TOO SMALL

While Joyce Walkowicz was still recovering from intense shock, police worked with the Citizens for a Decent Community in answering the two-hundred calls that came in after the billboard was put up. In addition, investigators reinterviewed those suspects questioned during the frenzy from the Carmen Colon case, which was still open. In the news, Wanda became “The Little Redhead from Avenue D.”

Wanda's funeral was held on Friday April, 6. She lay in an unsettlingly small white and gold casket that was adorned with petite flowers. Joyce, damp-eyed but composed, held her daughters Michelle and Rita tightly against her body in the front pews. Never again would she loosen this grip on them. Joined at their side fidgeting in their Sunday Bests were twenty five of Wanda's young classmates. At the mass, as it rained outside, the stained glass figures in the church windows looked like they were crying. Reverend Benedict Ehmann raised his hands, palms up, and said, “It's as if nature herself is in sympathy with what has been done to our little child... But we know she is with God. She has returned to her Heavenly Father. She has left her mother to go to her Father.”

At this, Joyce's equanimity broke as she burst into tears and let out a cry that echoed through the church. Father Ehmann continued.

"We pray that this criminal turns from his ways and that the courts deal swiftly and effectively with justice where it is due."

...

State Trooper [Redacted] sized me up from across his desk. Instantly, I got the feeling that he didn't trust me. But I understood. Investigative work can be invasive. Perhaps he thought I wanted to make a quick buck out of someone else's tragedy, not out of my genuine interest and concern.

And yes, perhaps I have an obsession with true crime. Perhaps, in his eyes, I'm another unremarkable, dorky Sherlockian. But perhaps I myself was once wronged, mistreated, abused—but what comes around doesn't go around. Perhaps I can't stand the idea of people getting away with things. And maybe there are some who always will.

Some.

The state trooper preferred if I didn't record the interview, and I respected his request. The key information I got out of our talk was the fact that, apparently, the idea that human excrement containing Seconal was found by Wanda's body was a complete falsehood.

I left the office embarrassed. I felt like an imposter, that I'd come unprepared and was clumsy with my questions. But I also felt frustrated with my conflicting information: what was the *truth*?³

...

³ Due to complications stemming from COVID-19, I was unable to get my hands on the police report of Wanda's crime scene, but I am determined to follow that thread once quarantine is over.

Three months after the murder, in addition to covering the local take on the Watergate scandal, the *Democrat and Chronicle* ran a follow up story on Wanda's case through an interview with Joyce Walkowicz. Reporter Chuck Freadoff reached out to Joyce, and was taken aback when he met with her in person. When she answered the door and he shook her hand, he was surprised by how frail her hand felt: she had lost twelve pounds by July, was smoking three packs a day, and had just gotten dumped by a brief boyfriend.

With Michelle and Rita at school, Joyce felt at ease talking to Freadoff in the comfort of her own living room. I imagine them sitting in a 70s pad: bright furniture of oranges and yellows, funky lamps twisting like ivy along a wall, a sleek, white coffee table topped by hardbacks like *Our Bodies, Ourselves* or Alex Comfort's *The Joy of Sex* set facedown.

As they talked, Freadoff noted Joyce's explicit gratitude towards those who helped her family in their time of need. Now, she was trying to drink less and was actively job hunting—her mission now was to ensure good futures for Michelle and Rita. Joyce also expressed her desire to move away from Rochester: she couldn't, of course, ever bear to even go near the Hillside Deli again.

With tears in her eyes and a small smile, Joyce showed Freadoff Wanda's final report card, in which her teacher had given her two pluses for outstanding behavior.

“She was excellent in spelling. She liked math and loved art... She was very mature for her age, you know? She'd do chores for money. She was more grown-up than I'd realized. And she wasn't prejudiced. It didn't matter to her what color her friends were—”

Joyce's voice cracked, and started to shake and weaken into a whisper, her once composed exterior now giving way to the weight of the grief underneath. Her fingers shook as she put them to her lips to stifle her cries.

“...It haunts me,” she confessed, “even at the strangest times. I’ll be watching TV and it’ll pop into my head. I’ll see him *doing it* to her. I’m suspicious of everyone now... It turns my stomach to think *he* could have passed by my house and looked me square in the face.”

...

I’ve had nightmares about Ted Bundy. In one, I’m standing in the kitchen having a drink with two other women my age in a house we share somewhere in the woods. Squeezing in between us is Ted reaching to grab something out of the fridge, a toothy grin stretched across his tan face. I am frozen. The girls keep talking to each other, as if they don’t even notice him, but I can’t take my eyes off of him as he walks away. *It’s him*, I want to scream, but can’t. *It’s him!* But they don’t know. They don’t know. I— a young woman with long, straight brown hair parted in the middle— wake in the night, still afraid of this long-gone monster who hunted prey that looked like me. How could I not be afraid?

Ann Rule’s *The Stranger Beside me* sits on my desk with a bookmark that’s made itself quite at home on page two-hundred. After the nightmares, I decided to stop reading it. I’m sure I’ll pick it back up one day, but for now, the nightmares have stopped.

Reading about the Colon and Walkowicz families, it seems like a privilege— to choose whether or not to have bad dreams.

...

I went to Holy Sepulchre Cemetery, where all of the Double-Initial girls are buried. All had a flat marker. The cemetery, however, was covered with snow. I found the lot where Wanda was buried, and considered going to her grave, but decided against it. I didn’t want to walk over other graves by accident, so—despite being a retired Catholic— I stood and said a small prayer.

...

In the fall of the year of Wanda's death, a new show titled *Eyewitness Crime* featured Wanda's story in an attempt to rejuvenate efforts on the case. The show was broadcasted from a Rochester station, and the host begged any viewers who may have been witnesses to the crime to come forward with any new tips or leads. Two-hundred calls came in, but none relented any information of substance. The community's optimism to solve the case had long since died, but years later, long after Joyce's death, Michelle and Rita still wept for Wanda when they visited her grave.

With two children murdered and no immediate hope of investigators catching the killer, Rochester grew tense, and this anxiety blew up into frantic fear when the *third* victim of the Double-Initial Murders was found dead.

3

“Try and vary your methods as you will, your tastes, your habits, your attitude of mind, and your soul is revealed by your actions.” –Agatha Christie, The ABC Murders

Michelle Maenza had spent half the school day crying in the nurse’s office. She had run in after recess to take refuge from all the teasing. Slower and heavier than most of her classmates, Michelle Maenza struggled to fit in at Audubon School 33. The afternoon of November 26, 1973, Michelle and her bully had been forced to stay after school.

Carolyn Maenza, Michelle’s mother, waited in the long queue of cars for her daughter. Parents honked– she was holding up the line. A teacher came out to tell Carolyn that her daughter couldn’t leave yet. Realizing she had forgotten her purse at a store, Carolyn drove back, leaving Michelle to walk home by herself.

Neighbors considered Carolyn a good mother. She was known as one who knew where her kids were and who they were hanging out with. It was uncharacteristic for Carolyn to let Michelle walk home by herself, but lots of latch-key kids did it all the time, so she was sure Michelle would be fine, just for today.

...

Around 3:20 p.m., after a shift at a local gas station, Phil Maenza saw his niece walking home from school with her head down, red-cheeked and wiping snot away with her sleeve.

He pulled over, rolled down his window, and offered to drive Michelle home. But she declined. Disheartened, Phil drove home, with the hope that his niece’s day would get better.

Ten minutes later, Cynthia Nicoletti, a classmate, saw Michelle sitting in the passenger seat of a car at Webster Avenue and Ackerman Street, an intersection next to a mall two blocks

away from the gas station Phil worked at. Cynthia didn't recognize the man driving: he definitely wasn't Michelle's dad— so who was he? Squinting, confused, Cynthia stepped into the crosswalk too early, and yelped as she jumped back before the car Michelle was in could hit her. Other cars swerved and screeched to avoid being hit as well. The man driving Michelle didn't slow down as he sped away. Shaken, Cynthia hurried home and, when asked how her day was by her mother, ran upstairs without answering and slammed her bedroom door.

...

That night, at 5:40 p.m., Carolyn Maenza called the Rochester Police Department and reported Michelle missing. She was so upset, the officer on the phone had to ask her several times to repeat what she had just said in order to understand her between her quick, uneven breaths.

“I should've waited for her. Why didn't I w-wait for her? I should have j-just brought her *h-home.*”

Informed of Michelle's life at school, the RPD initially wondered if perhaps Michelle had just run away, tired of all the teasing. But, with Wanda still fresh in the county's mind, the police drove around that night slowing by railings and ditches, looking for potential dump sites. When confronted by investigators, Phil Maenza was overcome with intense guilt. “ I should have brought her home— she would have been *safe...*”

The Monroe County Sheriff's Office joined the RPD in the search for Michelle. The day after, still with no sign of Michelle, a neighbor had called an ambulance for Carolyn to be taken to the hospital for emotional distress. There, she was given a strong sedative and escorted back home to rest. In the eyes of the RPD, Carolyn's distress was reminiscent of Joyce Walkowicz's terror, and they grew ansty the longer they looked for Michelle.

...

My headset mic was on mute as the dispatcher next to me spoke to the police. At the start of my third day with the sheriff's office, I sat next to him at his desk at the 911 center as he quickly but calmly typed and sent out addresses and codes.

I listened to his brief exchanges with on-duty cops. Around me, I caught snippets of conversations in cubicles all around us.

"Can you tell me what he was wearing?"

"Oh, fuck..."

"Ma'am, I can't do that."

"Is there a K-9 unit there?"

The room, I imagined, had the underlying frantic energy of the stock market trading floor on Wall Street. The room was arranged like a cell diagram in a biology textbook: the main control center was the nucleus, and there were working desks surrounding it. Every action in the room was deliberate, no movement or word accompanied by doubt. I imagined that the need for these workers to constantly be alert start to finish on such long shifts must be exhausting, and I was in awe of them.

I couldn't understand the responses the officers were giving to the dispatcher next to me, but he never asked for them to repeat themselves.

"It's its own language," he explained to me. "These guys I talk to everyday, their voices—it's as familiar as hearing your mom on the phone. You can just tell when something's not right."

After an hour next to the dispatcher, I was partnered with an operator, who received direct calls.

"You never know what you're gonna get," she said to me with a smile.

She must've gotten five calls every ten minutes. Headsets on, we would chat until the phone rang and then her body language shifted from friendly to focused. I tensed in my chair as I anxiously awaited the first tone of speech that would either ease or accelerate the situation at hand.

The first one was calm. An eighty-seven year old woman felt weak, and she just wanted an ambulance to come and make sure she was okay. Can I do anything else for you, ma'am? No, thank you. You're very welcome.

The next was a child. My gut tensed. "Hello?" followed by a low shout in the background, and then— *click*.

"Definitely a prank," the operator comforted me. "It's all good."

The next was a paranoid man. The next, a frantic woman sketched out by a Hispanic man with a pitbull outside her apartment. Another accident, *click*. A retirement home worker concerned about the labored breathing of an elderly woman who lived there. A frantic cry— eerily cut short by the flatline dial of a hung-up phone.

In between calls, the operator told me stories about past calls, some from her experience working the late night shift. Coworkers behind her would giggle as she said, "You put *what* in your *what*?" or once, when she spoke to a good natured woman who had gotten stuck, handcuffed to a bedpost as the operator heard her husband laughing in the background. They had lost the key. The fire department was sent to cut it off. Another time, a man called about a shooting happening around him. The operator heard the crackle of gunshots in the background.

"Where are you?" she asked.

"Bitch, I'm on the floor! Where you think I am!"

"No, sir— what's the address so I can send help?"

“Oh. Haha. It’s...”

But, of course, there were horror stories too. A man had once called to report that he had been robbed, and then, after calmly giving the details of the incident, detachedly mentioned that *oh, and I think I have a hole in my chest*. He was in a state of shock after being shot. One mother called to tell the operator what her twelve-year old daughter just confided: she had been molested a year ago by a family friend. You could tell that the despondent mother probably had no idea who to turn to.

I found myself tugging the earpiece away from my ear when the phone started to ring, ready to snatch it away at the first cry of pain or panic on the other side. I couldn’t bear to hear it. But, regardless of any accident or emergency, all of the operators and dispatchers were calm, efficient, and admirable heroes doing a pretty thankless job. I wanted to show my gratitude towards the operator for hosting me before I had to leave, but she was already on another call when my ride showed up, so I asked her boss to thank her for me as I headed out the door, knowing that I could never do what she does every day.

...

Two days after Michelle’s disappearance, Fire Chief Gene VanDeWalle was driving the station’s newest truck down Eddy Road in the town of Macedon when he saw something on the side of the road that his brain couldn’t quite process. Driving past it, VanDeWalle shook his head and turned around– he had to be sure.

There were only ten houses on Eddy Road in 1973. The road was eerily reminiscent of the road Mark Allen and Jim Gellen were riding their bikes on when they found Carmen. VanDeWalle pulled over, got out, and peeked over the hill. His eyes trailed down, where he saw a girl on her side with her eyes open and her ear to the ground, like she was listening to the earth.

VanDeWalle almost called out to her before he realized she wasn't blinking or breathing. He began to shake. There was no denying it now— he was sure he'd found a dead body.

...

With CJ busy, I ended up seeing Michelle's dump site during my ride-along with Officer Luffman. On our way to the site, having grown up in Rochester, Luffman told me about his history growing up at the zenith of Rochester's mob violence in the seventies and early eighties. We detoured to an empty baseball field, where he told me the story of his encounter with the mob.

Luffman was nine, maybe ten, playing catch with his friends. Suddenly, out of the corner of his eye, he saw two black teenagers— they looked like freshmen in high school— sprinting across the field and towards the woods. The woods, however, were sparse. You couldn't get lost in the trees.

Less than a minute later, a car pulled up and three men stepped out. One was holding a baseball bat. Being at a baseball field, Luffman didn't think too much of it, until one of the men walked up and demanded:

“Did you see those two niggers?”

Frightened, Luffman and his friends pointed towards the woods, where the faraway silhouettes of the teenagers grew smaller, but were still unfortunately in plain sight.

The men charged towards the woods. In Luffman's words, “they just absolutely beat the shit out of these kids. I had never seen anything like it.”

When the men came back, Luffman saw the two teenagers limp away. Without a word, the men got into their car and sped away, but not before Luffman and his friends carved the license plate number into the hard mud.

Fifteen minutes later, a policeman pulled up, got out of his car, and sauntered over to the boys. Looking down at them behind his big aviators, the policeman asked the boys if they had seen what had happened. The boys obediently pointed down at the plate number. The cop looked down, acknowledged it, then rubbed away the evidence with the tip of his boot.

“That’s not right,” he told the boys. “That’s not what you saw.”

“Wow,” I said, when Luffman finished the story.

“Yeah,” he responded. “It was an intense time.”

We had reached Michelle’s dump site. It was eerily reminiscent of the area where Carmen was found on Stearns Road: quiet and rural.

...

As he had worked on both Carmen and Wanda’s cases, Dr. Edland had been called in once again in order to conduct Michelle’s autopsy. Despite dealing with another child’s blood, despite having another mother in the hospital sedated due to emotional shock, the RPD hoped that Dr. Edland could perhaps find similarities in Michelle’s corpse with Carmen’s and Wanda’s, clues that could at last lead them to the murderer and end Rochester’s nightmare.

Indeed, like Wanda’s, Michelle’s autopsy revealed that she had been raped and then strangled from behind. In addition, Edland had found remnants of a cheeseburger in Michelle’s stomach that were largely undigested, consumed by Michelle approximately ninety minutes before she was murdered. Thus, like Wanda’s custard, it was most likely that Michelle had eaten or been fed by her killer before she was attacked.

Studying the three girls, Edland suggested that Wanda and Michelle shared the same killer, but that *perhaps* Carmen did not. The M.O. of Carmen’s killer (strangulation face-to-face) didn’t quite match the methods used in the killer’s final hour with Wanda and Michelle, which

were nearly identical (strangled from behind, undigested final meal, raped, abducted in a suburb, abandoned in a rural area).

In these pre-DNA testing days, there was one primary method used to identify a killer. Edland retrieved fingerprints from Michelle's body using iodine and silver. An impression was made on Michelle's neck using iodine vapor, which caught on residual fats and oils left there by a clenched fist. Although the process of collecting the prints proved to be successful, there continues to be no match.

At this time, the title "Double-Initial Murders" was first coined in the media by writer Bob Minzesheimer in the November 29, 1973 edition of the *Democrat and Chronicle*, in which he wrote, "Oddly, each [girl] had the same initials in her first and last name— CC, WW, and MM." Dr. Barry from the University of Rochester— the man who had produced the profile of Wanda's killer— was asked to offer his assessment of this latest Double-Initial case. Dr. Barry wondered if the Double-Initial Killer was a predator who planned his crimes or if the girls were victims of tragic circumstance: these two possibilities of character would later be coined by the late Roy Hazelwood of the FBI as *organized* or *disorganized*.

It is likely that the Double-Initial Killer (or DIK, which is, in this writer's opinion, an appropriate abbreviation) was an *organized* murderer, as he matches the three main components that help classify such an individual. There are three distinct areas that involve an organized murderer like this: the site where the abduction/seduction occurs, the area where the offense is enacted, and, finally, the place where the body is hidden or abandoned. In contrast, *disorganized* offenders do not operate serially— their respective murder is often their first, and they are reckless at the scene of the crime; that is, they are frantic from adrenaline or stress and leave vital clues (fingerprints, blood, and other such evidence). Carmine Calabro (previously mentioned above),

for instance, is a prime example of a *disorganized* killer, whereas the infamous Ted Bundy was an *organized* killer.

While Edland managed Michelle's autopsy and Barry drew connections, the Rochester Police Department partnered with the Wayne County Sheriff's Department in order to carry out an investigation that demanded a large task force that would end up questioning nearly eight-hundred suspects and locals. Investigators, of course, first questioned little Cynthia Nicoletti. Her story aligned with that of a female driver who also had to swerve out of the way in order to avoid being hit by the car Michelle's abductor drove. Unlike Carmen's and Wanda's cases, there seemed to potentially have been more sightings/interactions with the Double-Initial Killer in this case. One local, for instance, was reading about Michelle's murder in the papers and realized that he also may have seen the DIK. In between the time of Michelle's abduction and murder, this local was driving down Eddy Road (three quarters of a mile from where Michelle's body was found) and saw a light-colored car stalled on the side of the road. The local assumed that the other driver was having problems with his car, and pulled over to help. When the local got closer to the car, however, he grew suspicious. There was a silent, chubby girl in the passenger seat and, when asked if he needed assistance, the stranger shielded the girl from the local's view and curtly rejected his offer.

"He was six-feet, maybe taller," the local said, when questioned. "He had dark, curly hair that was covering his forehead and his eyes too, almost. Jeans, a snowmobile- or skiing jacket, rather- and a plaid shirt with one collar popped outside the jacket and the other tucked in. He was unshaven and uh... oh- he had long fingernails."

"...Long fingernails?"

This detail in particular struck the police conducting the interview. Both Carmen's and Wanda's bodies had had scratches on their arms from the struggle.

Sketch artist Richard Roberts composed a picture of the suspect based on this local's description. By December 3, the sketch was distributed throughout the county to newspapers, television programs, and other news agencies.

The sketch is difficult to look at. His eyes are black holes, devoid of any light or goodness, and his gaze is dissociatively looking *through* me. I can't help but tense up as I feel my muscles try to squirm out of my skin, squealing *run away. Run.* I imagine it is the last thing Carmen Colon saw before her final breaths were crushed out of her. But I hope it wasn't. I hope she looked past him, perhaps at the moon. The sky. The stars. *Something, please.* Anything but this horrific face.

The sketch caught the eye of Gilbert Cole, a Gannett Rochester Newspaper Security Guard who reported to police that he had a brief encounter with a man who resembled the facial composite released on December 1. While he was on duty, a nervous man came up to Cole and stumbled with an awful stutter through his inquiry about any new developments in Michelle's case. Wary but accommodating, Cole agreed to check the latest edition of the paper, but the odd stranger grew impatient and started to walk out of the building. When Cole called out for him, the man's walk turned into a sprint as he bolted away in what Cole later described to police as a light brown Ford.

...

Amidst the frenzy in the chase for the Double-Initial Killer, the Maenzas held Michelle's funeral at Corpus Christi Church and after, like Carmen and Wanda, she was buried at Holy Sepulchre Cemetery. There was an open casket.

As Michelle was buried, there was a palpable tension in the air. As the attendees slowly broke away and off to their cars, they spoke in harsh whispers about the growing frustrations with both the case and the police.

Michelle's father was the last to leave. Although the two were divorced, Carolyn came back to comfort him. He began to cry. His grief heated quickly to anger and, echoing the community's frustration with the still unidentified killer, he said:

"It's like groping in the dark."

That same week, the *Times-Union* published an edition of the paper that included an open letter to the killer. The letter presented in clear and calm rhetoric reasons the Double-Initial Killer should turn himself in. It ended with this:

"If you do not surrender, what then? You must know that the search for you will never end. How many nights will you lie awake, waiting and worrying? How much longer will you be able to face your family or your friends? How many doors can you hide behind?"

“It’s like all those quiet people, when they do lose their tempers they lose them with a vengeance.” –Agatha Christie, The ABC Murders

When you tell most West Coasters that you go to school in New York, they assume NYU. Other parts of New York State do not exist in their minds, only Manhattan. I assume East Coasters have a similar perspective of Nevada.

Nevada is not Las Vegas. The desert is beautiful in a way that things worthy of awe and fear are. There is a distinct feeling at night when one looks at the stars there, laying on a flat rock, that at the turn of your head you could see on your hand, creeping up like a silent assassin, a scorpion or tarantula.

In my teen years, for half of the time, I belonged to Nevada. A member of Heat FC, a traveling soccer team based in Vegas, my dad and I would drive up most weekends from our house in Southern California (Zzyzx Road became very familiar with us) so that I could play games at Heritage Park, where my soon-to-be college coach saw me sweat, yell, and rip the skin off my knees on searing black turf– and deemed my fight good enough to recruit me.

Nevadans are patriotic people. Shooting ranges are common. As well as trailer parks and other small, unpretentious communities where not much happens aside from getting one’s mail, exchanging pleasantries with the neighbor, and coming home to a kiss and a warm TV-tray dinner after a long day of work.

...

Reno, Nevada – 2010

It was the Boo Radley house of Black Springs, Nevada. The front lawn was unkempt, wild with grass and weeds up to your knees, and the window blinds were never drawn.

Neighbors hardly ever saw Crazy Joe leave his house.

One day in April, the local sheriff pulled up to that strange little house on Medgar Avenue. He got out and took in the grand backdrop looming over the frumpy face of the dwelling: the Peavine Mountain, where Native Americans and mining companies once worked, now a tourist attraction for bikers and hikers daring to go off the beaten path.

Minutes later, technician cars joined the sheriff. Neighbors fingered through their white blinds, curious about the commotion. They didn't know that the police were there to retrieve evidence against Crazy Joe in his murders of four double-initialed women.

...

Joseph Naso, a Rochester native, was arrested in April 2010 in his Reno residence. He was convicted of raping and killing four women— each with alliterative names— in California in the 1970s: Roxene Roggasch, Pamela Parsons, Tracy Tofoya, and Carmen Colon— a different Carmen Colon.

When the fourth victim's name was disclosed, the Rochester Colon family saw it on the news: a woman in California raped and murdered by strangulation had the same name as their daughter killed in the same fashion. The press scrambled for a story. Was there a connection?

“I don't like it when it comes all of the sudden in the news,” Guillermina Colon stated, as the news of Joseph Naso's arrest broke. “It— the pain— suddenly hits you all over again.”

When Joseph Naso lived in Rochester, he resided on Park Avenue— only seven minutes away from Brown Street, where the Colon family lived.

...

When authorities searched Naso's house after his arrest, they found dozens of photographs of women, as well as journals where he documented his rapes. Naso photographed women across the United States, luring aspiring models to their deaths by offering to help build up their portfolios. He was convicted of four murders, but investigators believe that he could be guilty of more. In his journals, from 1950-1970, he mentions several attacks in upstate New York, including Rochester. For one woman, he wrote:

Rochester, NY. She was 19, blonde, tall, dimples, nice legs, just right. Very nice sugar and spice. It was 1960-1961. I was living at 593 Park Ave.

...

Joseph Naso is one of four main persons of interest in the Rochester Double-Initial Case, the others being Miguel Colon, Kenneth Bianchi, and Dennis Termini. As previously mentioned, one particularly frustrating aspect of this cold case is the absence of the killer's DNA on both Carmen's and Michelle's bodies.

In a sense, the evidence found on Wanda's body is our only hope. At this, I can't help but admire Wanda: it's as if her stubborn, bold spirit her mother and friends so often spoke of still denies oblivion, like she's still fighting for herself beyond the grave, refusing to give up and let the bastard get away with it. To me, her message is clear: *Find him*.

Naso's DNA was tested against the evidence found on Wanda's body. There was no match. However, he cannot be convicted or acquitted of Carmen's or Michelle's murders, as they have no traces of evidence to compare him against.

...

It was fifteen minutes before closing time. I was thankful the cashier behind the counter still let me order a smoothie.

Dad and I waited in the quiet cafe. It was winter in Las Vegas. I followed Dad's gaze, locked on the wall at the far end of the room. Painted was a samurai, with the Bushido Code written next to him. *Righteousness. Courage. Benevolence. Respect. Honesty. Honor. Loyalty.*

"Which one are you?" Dad asked.

I tapped my fingers against my lips.

"Righteousness." Admittedly, I'm not one to let things go— not *easily*, at the very least.

Dad smiled at me. "I don't think so."

"What then?"

Then, he said, as if saying that the sky was blue or that pain hurt:

"Courage."

...

Los Angeles, California – 1977

Retiring from the Air Force on medical discharge, my grandfather— we call him Pap— moved with his family from Pennsylvania to California in June 1977. My father was eight. He still has somewhat of an eastern accent that only slips out when he says words like "huge" or "humor," in which the "h" is silent.

The week they moved to Southern California, the family stayed in a motel. My grandparents dropped off Dad and Uncle David at the movie every day while they searched for a house. The best babysitter they ever had was a space western called *Star Wars*.

The first time they saw it, as the lights went down, Dad and Uncle David put their snacks at their feet as they stood up for the pledge of allegiance. Couples glanced at them, confused. On the air force base back in Philadelphia, the pledge was always recited before a movie. Dad and

Dave eventually sat down, embarrassed, as a bag of popcorn danced across the screen singing *Let's All Go To The Lobby*.

Like me, Dad was also interested in criminology. In college, he interned with a police department, but his interest in the profession lessened on the job. “No one seemed very... *happy*,” Dad told me, when I asked him why.

Kenneth Bianchi also had an interest in the LAPD.

...

Kenneth Bianchi applied for a job at the Los Angeles Police Department. He sat in the passenger seat during ride alongs, where an officer would walk him through a day in the life. These officers were searching for the Hillside Strangler, who terrorized Los Angeles from 1977 to 1978. Little did the officers know that The Hillside Strangler was sitting in their passenger seat.

Like Naso, Bianchi was a Rochester native. He had a troubled childhood. Given up for adoption by his mother, a sex worker, his new caretakers noted how often he lied and wet the bed (a trait often found when studying the childhoods of serial killers). He moved to California in 1977, where he met his cousin Angelo Buono.

From 1977 to 1979, the duo cruised around Los Angeles dressed like policemen and lured victims towards their car with fake badges. Yolanda Washington, Judith Ann Miller, Lissa Kastin, Jane King, Delores Cepeda, Sonja Johnson, Kristin Weckler, Lauren Wagner, Kimberley Martin, and Cindy Lee Hudspeth. All women aged 12-28, raped and murdered by Bianchi and Buono. Their kills earned them the name “The Hillside Strangler” in the media.

While he resided in Rochester, Bianchi attended Gates-Chili High School, which was ten minutes by car from the street where Carmen was abducted, and fifteen minutes from Stearns

Road, where Carmen was found. While in Rochester, Bianchi also vended ice-cream, and would have been familiar with the streets young customers lived on.

Bianchi is now serving a life sentence at Washington State Penitentiary. He was denied parole in 2010, but will be eligible to apply again in 2025. Bianchi has denied any involvement in Rochester's Double-Initial case, but some still suspect him.

...

Rochester, New York 2007

Five weeks after Michelle Maenza's body was discovered, local Rochester rapist Dennis Termini shot himself while being pursued by the police for the attempted abduction of a young teenage girl. Thirty three years after his death, Termini's body was exhumed by investigators at Holy Sepulchre Cemetery. With new advances in DNA technology, the police were given permission to test him against the DNA found on Wanda's body. As with the others, there was no match.

Looking at the four main suspects, I can't help but wonder: what if Michelle Maenza *had* been killed by Termini? By Naso? Perhaps one of them considered if *three* double-initialed girls were killed, investigators would suspect that they were all done by the *same* perpetrator.

"Apophenia," author Michael Benson told me, wrapping up our discussion of the case, "is the common phenomenon of humans seeing patterns and connections in places they don't exist. Because, we might think, the three victims had alliterative names, that this *must* be the reason they were chosen as victims, when there are other things the girls had in common that seem far more relevant: their age, the fact that they were alone when they were abducted and all came from Catholic families— and yet, you cannot convince people that the initials are not the key to the whole business." In Agatha Christie's *The ABC Murders*, the true murderer, in order to cover

up his murder of his brother, plans a public hysteria by killing two other double-initialed people and leaving the “clue” of the ABC railway guide at the scene. Perhaps the Double-Initial killer suspected a media craze as well, and picked Michelle Maenza as a specific target. Were they smart enough? Cunning enough?

...

It’s one thing to read about killers, and another to walk right past them.

“What is this– *Scared Straight?*”

A shackled inmate, flanked by two guards, mumbled this under his breath as we walked swiftly past him towards the elevator. That day, Deputy Rogers and her partner escorted two other young interns and me through the Monroe County Prison, showing us the jobs and responsibilities of the officers at their respective stations. The prison felt dim and claustrophobic and there were eyes, eyes, eyes everywhere, nipping at your heels like a herd dog, panting on your neck like the past. In the men’s prison, despite leaving much to the imagination as my grandma would say, I was too conscious of my body, and I didn’t like it. When a guard asked about my project, it wasn’t just me answering, but me and my tits. When we stood listening to a guard chat with Deputy Rogers, who had once worked in the prison, me, arms crossed, and my ass tried to make ourselves invisible as tank-topped men on cots peeked at us from behind their paperbacks.

We got into an elevator and descended. The doors split open onto the lowest level of the institution: where the high risk inmates are kept. Here, admittedly, I *was* scared straight.

These cells were four walls of glass, so the prisoners could be under 24/7 surveillance. The fluorescent light looked sickly. Guards sat at tables in front of the cells, watching and waiting for anything to go awry. The deputy explained some basics about this level, and I kept

my eyes strictly on her as I felt an intense gaze lock onto me. I didn't dare return the look. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see that the man staring at me wearing an orange jumpsuit was pale and of average height, his head cocked too far to the side for comfort, his mouth agape in a strange smile, his tongue like a slug sliding across his teeth as he stood still as death.

Later, we had asked who that man was.

Deputy Rogers answered. He was a killer who had renamed himself *Black Diamond* in prison. He'd had a history of assaulting guards— some had to receive medical care for bites after handling him— which was why he was on an indefinite “time out.”

I was glad we were in the elevator, ascending as quickly as we could towards daylight.

“Your scientists were so preoccupied with whether or not they could, they didn’t stop to think if they should.” –Michael Critchon, Jurassic Park

It starts in the middle of the night, with the heat from his flashlight burning open your eyes. You are blinded, hear hushed orders from the home invader, who will rape and/or murder you then disappear into the night.

This was how the Golden State Killer invaded his victims' homes in the 1970s and 1980s. He was responsible for nearly fifty rapes and murders during this time, and his cases had no leads for decades. In 2018, the face of the notorious Golden State Killer was finally unveiled to the world.

Paul Holes, a now retired detective, had studied the case for twenty-four years, and dedicated his last year at the Contra Costa County Sheriff’s Department trying to crack this series of murders and rapes attributed to GSK. With help, Holes submitted a sample of the killer’s DNA to the public database GEDmatch. Armed with a natural skepticism that most law enforcement officers share, Holes was hesitant to hope for a result. The website coughed up about fifteen distant relatives of the killer.

Now, Holes and his team stood, dwarfed by the family tree that they had to piece together like a puzzle with edges they had to hunt down. As this case was not their main job, it took months for the team to craft an extensive family tree, one that included nearly one thousand members of a family. Hidden on one of those thin branches was the Golden State Killer. Holes looked for a man on the tree that would have lived in or around Sacramento at the time of some of the murders. Eventually, they found a lead.

Two officers sat for hours in their car on a stakeout outside the home of Joseph DeAngelo. They waited in agony for their person of interest to shed something that could be snatched up and tested against the killer's DNA. Suddenly, the pale, heavy man emerged from his front door to take his trash out. The police scooped up a used tissue and quietly drove back to the lab so as to go unnoticed, when they wanted to speed down the streets. DeAngelo was arrested soon after the DNA match. Holes and his team ended nearly half a century's worth of nightmares.

The success from this case sparked a burning question in the media: should law enforcement have access to public databases in order to solve crimes? Many believe that it's an issue of privacy. Now, after the frenzy from capturing the Golden State Killer, GEDmatch has given users the option to make their personal data accessible to police or not.

I personally understand people's concerns for their safety. Perhaps one is afraid of leading officers to the arrest of a beloved family member, so as to the tarnish of the memory of a favorite uncle. But the societal benefits far outweigh the desire for personal interest. I would encourage more people, especially in the Rochester area, to submit their DNA and allow investigators to connect another family tree that could lead to the Double-Initial Killer.

A fifty year goose chase in the dark, decades of families aching for answers, a killer's face brought into the light: it could all start and end with someone taking ten minutes out of their day to spit into a tube.

...

Aesthetically, a garbage plate looks exactly what it sounds like.

Everything that should be in a hamburger, diced up with mac salad, fries, and ketchup contained in a red and white checkered paper tray. It was created at a local dive called Nick

Tahous, when some college kids staggered into the restaurant late one night asking for a dish with “all the garbage on it.” The result: the happy, or gross depending on who you ask, accident that is the garbage plate.

I was taken to Mac’s Philly Steaks on my last day.

“It’s her first time,” a local intern told the cashier.

“Really?” She smiled and with a wink, said, “Well, we’ve got the best.”

I couldn’t finish my half portion. But it was... good. Safe. Warm. The definition of comfort food.

I thanked the locals for treating me. Back at the office, I said goodbye to Deputy Rogers, and was driven back to my hotel, where I started to pack.

...

The open suitcase on my bed had clothes spilling out like entrails as I tossed things into it. I threw empty water bottles in the trash can. Separated dirty from clean laundry. Thought about the girls.

I looked out the window. The cemetery across the street stared back, powdered with snow between the tombstones, and at last I felt its coldness. It felt like pity.

Epilogue

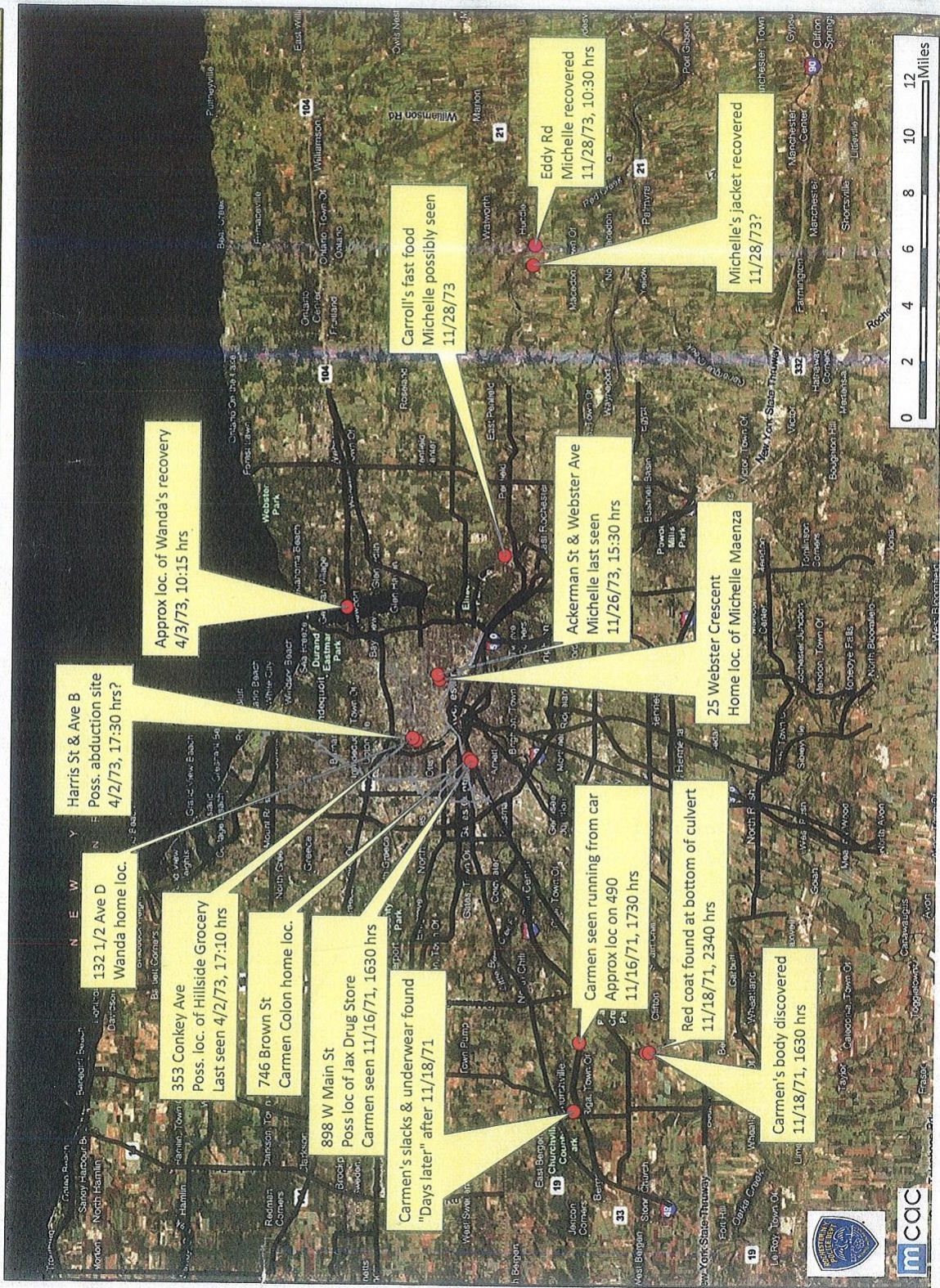
What do you do with a story that has no ending?

You catch a train to go back to school. You buy breakfast from the food cart. As you peel open your yogurt, you think about walking around campus, shifting head down past people who don't know that you've seen autopsy photos and have been gawked at by a murderer. You sit behind an older woman who, looking out the window, says, to no one, "God, isn't it a dreary day?"

And, God, maybe it is.

Photo Index

Double-Initial murders



News Digest

City Emergencies

- Beginning of noon yesterday:
- 12:03—Public Safety Building, unknow.
 - 1:13—72 S. Union St., lock in.
 - 1:21—509 Webster Ave., oxygen.
 - 1:36—204 Clarissa St., fire.
 - 1:51—65 Hancock St., unknown.
 - 2:53—Field St., School 35, injury.
 - 3:10—106 Tyler St., finger caught.
 - 3:58—204 E. Main St., oxygen.
 - 4:03—108 Westview Ter., truck.
 - 4:10—Leopold St., water leak.
 - 4:12—Lake Avenue and Ravine Avenue, injury.
 - 4:31—223 Arnett Blvd., defective ballast.
 - 6:59—116 Holland St., auto accident.
 - 7:05—Richard Street and Riley Park, James.
 - 7:47—Gramercy Park and Dorchester Road, leaves fire.
 - 7:48—153 Glenwood Ave., false alarm.
 - 8:23—Hudson Avenue and Merrimac Street, false alarm.
 - 8:31—781 Clinton Ave. S., defective oil burner.
 - 8:50—24 Garson Ave., injury.
 - 9:16—24 Garson Ave., false alarm.
 - 9:18—24 Garson Ave., shooting.
 - 9:27—43 Locust St., sign down.
 - 9:39—53 Ballina St., refrigerator.
 - 9:40—Commercial Street and Browns Road, false alarm.
 - 10:30—265 Clinton Ave. S., serious fire.
 - 1:10—651 Monroe Ave., injury.
 - 1:20—22 San Gabriel Drive, oxygen.
 - 2:25—14 Sumner Park, unknown.
 - 7:28—Otis and Sherman streets, water.
 - 7:28—Westall Road, injury.
 - 7:45—9 Garson Ave., injury.

County Emergencies

- Beginning at noon yesterday:
- 12:16—2 Stone Gate Lane, Pittsford, oxygen.
 - 1:29—108 Halley Ridge Circle, Penfield, kitchen.
 - 2:32—Wesley Drive and Union Street, Chili, oxygen.
 - 2:33—2324 Turk Hill Road, Egypt, house.
 - 4:39—119 Meadow Farms, Chili, injury.
 - 12:46—2000 Cuver-Road, Brighton, injury.
 - 6:34—8971 West Henrietta Road, Rush, James.

Traffic Accidents

- 319 Broad St. W., 1:40 p.m. Tuesday, parked car rolled striking car. Owner of rolling car: Donald Bennett, 35, of Sherburne. Driver of car struck: Louis Ferrari, 24, of 29 Fortune Lane, Greece.
- 1235 Mt. Hope Ave., 9:10 Tuesday, collision. Drivers: Nancy G. O., 16, of 249 Burrows St. Warren Smith, 41, of Williamson; Barry Werner, 29, of 41 Manner Parkway.
- 41 Lime St., 9:30 a.m. Tuesday, pedestrian and car collided. Driver: Arthur Arlene, 47, of 54 Lime St. Pedestrian: B. W. W. A. G. H. W. J. of 22 Mannings Ter., 163 Injury.
- 131 Jefferson Ave., 9:20 a.m. Tuesday, car struck pedestrian. Driver: Robert B. A. J. of 110 Jefferson Ave. Pedestrian: B. A. J. of 110 Jefferson Ave.
- 123 Clinton Ave. S., 2:20 p.m. Tuesday, collision. Drivers: Robert B. A. J. of 225 Glenhill Drive, Brighton; Robert B. A. J. of 225 Glenhill Drive, Brighton; Robert B. A. J. of 225 Glenhill Drive, Brighton.
- Main Street at North Street, 2:30 a.m. Tuesday, collision. Drivers: Raymond T. J. of 225 Glenhill Drive, Brighton; Larry Seeger, 31, of 774 Marshall Road, Chili.
- 89 Lavelle Ave., 2:10 a.m. Tuesday, collision. Driver: W. J. of 53 McLaughlin St.; Alfred Metzner, 66, of 25 Dana St.
- Ritz St., 1:20 a.m. Tuesday, parked car struck. Driver: W. J. of 53 McLaughlin St. Owner of parked car: Larry Brock, of 18 Widman St.
- Perisels of Webster avenues, 4:30 p.m. Wednesday, parked car struck. Driver: Roman Rivera, 27, of 833 Scio St. Owner of parked car: Al Decker, Jr., 34, of 50 Crossman Ter.
- Mt. Hope Avenue at Clarissa Street, 4:50 p.m. Wednesday, collision. Drivers: Walter James, 51, of 63 Linc Drive, Brighton; Emilio Carrozz, 45, of 4270 Dewey Ave., Greece.
- Lawrence St., 2:20 p.m. Wednesday, parked car rolled striking car. Owner of rolling car: George Marcier of 100 Sandringham Road, Brighton. Driver of car struck: Ronald Alfano, 25, of 15 Winterth St.
- 51 Monica St., 10:55 p.m. Wednesday, parked car struck. Driver: Howard Davis, 46, of 38 Monica St. Owner of parked car: Henry Harden, 21, of 51 Monica St.
- 140 Goodman St. N., 3:10 a.m. Wednesday, parked car struck. Driver: John Pritchard, 24, of 66 Peck St. Owners of parked cars: Robert Reynolds of 840 Goodman St. N.; Charles Messer of Rockport, Maine.
- W. Hope Avenue at Henrietta Road, 10:50 a.m. Wednesday, collision. Driver: William Welfand, 63, of 181 Wilder Ter.; Wayne Waldron, 32, of Decora Ohio.
- 2251 Henrietta Road, 10:50 a.m.



Times-Union Photo—Len Maxwell

Police officers Charles Laffin, Robert Kilpatrick and John Thyroff check railroad tracks in Brown Street area in search for Carmen Colon.

Police Resume Hunt for Girl After All-Night Search Fails

More than 40 police officers were to fan out through the Bull's Head area again today to continue the house-to-house search for 10-year-old Carmen Guica Colon who has been missing since 4 p.m. Tuesday. Teams of city detectives searched for her through the night.

Yesterday afternoon, more than 40 police officers combed the Bull's Head area for more than three hours. Officers made a house-to-house search, checking vacant buildings and underbrush along the railway bed off Taylor Street but did not find a clue to the youngster's whereabouts.

Det. Lt. Daniel Gudell said five detectives have been assigned to the case today to find the girl.

The girl, who answers to the name of Guica, speaks very little English.

She lives with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Colon, at 746 Brown St. Gudell said the girl was sent to a neighborhood drug store about 4 p.m. Tuesday to pick up some medicine. She was last seen at the store and told the druggist she would return to pick up the drugs. She never came back.

"We have no reason to be-



CARMEN COLON

lieve there is any foul play," Gudell said, "All we know is that we have a 10-year-old girl missing."

The girl is Puerto Rican and police are trying to determine if she has tried to get in touch with relatives in Puerto Rico.

The girl is described as 4 feet tall, weighing 65 pounds with brown hair and brown eyes. She was last seen wearing a full length red wool coat, a red sweater with a black collar, green slacks and dark blue sneakers.

Gudell asked that any information on the girls whereabouts be given to police.

Student Suspicion Told by Witness

By JIM SYKES

Defendant Rafael Martinez, described by police as a leader of a disturbance at Hobart College last year, was suspected at that time of being a police informant, a Hobart student testified today.

Neil Himelein told a State Supreme Court jury that it was because of those suspicions that some students "talked down" Martinez when he addressed the demonstrators from a car top.

"Students were always very leery of Rafael," Himelein said, and "they suspected him of being an informer."

Martinez is one of four persons on trial here on charges

was not hired as an undercover narcotics investigator by Morrow until "just after leaving the Bureau", which he said was in March, 1970.

Sheriff Morrow also had testified that the expense of paying Tonygai was split between Ontario County and an FBI agent identified as Jerome C. O'Hanlon.

Although denying the dual investigation role, Tonygai did admit he continued his involvement with radical groups at Hobart after leaving the FBI. He said that activity was his "cover" in his work for Morrow.

6.5% Goes For Debt

Continued from Page 1B



Me at Stearns Road, the site where Carmen Colon was found. (January 20, 2020)

Peter B. Taub
A Special Thanks



A special kind of Thanksgiving dinner will be served Sunday at Brighton Town Hall.

About 25 handicapped persons — victims of multiple sclerosis, muscular dystrophy, cerebral palsy, polio and other ailments — gather there eight Sundays a year for a home-cooked dinner. The volunteers, headed by Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Kneel of York, are headed by Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Kneel of York.

This year the group, known as the Sunday Afternoon since they began meeting more than 10 years ago, decided to have Thanksgiving dinner together for the first time.

They'll have shrimp cocktail, Rhode wine, turkey, the whole lot. Mrs. Howard Benjamin, 65, a multiple sclerosis patient at the County Hospital, who helped make the arrangements, will be seated at the family table — with a place that she can't see.

Howard Samuels, chairman and president of New York City's Orlitzky Building Corp., yesterday told Harvard Business School students about his problems in controlling stealing by Orlitzky's tenants. He said he had a star in the pocket of his suit. "I put out a rifle that anyone with a 65¢ charge would be fired," he said. "Now we have three \$20 charges on the sports equipment." He said he'd like to see betting on numbers and sports legalized, was asked what he thought the prospects were. "The possibilities are good," he replied, "but for the wrong reasons. When Samuels and his wife, a conservative Republican, eat, "I, at 10¢, eat, you know, a star has appeared in the sky."

(Samuels' proposal to legalize betting on athletic contests prompted Mike Jacobs and Jim Ryan to speculate on how this might affect their annual \$2 wager on the Hobart-Hamilton football game.)

Picking up his children at School 22, Bernard McGovern of Riverport Drive spotted a postbook on the steps of the Irish-Catholic Church of the Epiphany on Carter Street. Inside he found \$25 and an empty Social Security envelope.

"It was an awful temptation," McGovern recalled, "but finding money on a church step makes you think a little. Something He delivered the postbook to the owner, a Carter Street woman, who gave him \$50. It isn't as if McGovern couldn't have used the rest of the money. A former employee of Lawyers Company, he's now on a veteran's disability pension and gets Social Security himself.

Theaters 12B
 TV, Radio . . . 15B
 Suburb 16B

Local Front

By JUDY ADAMS

Little Carmen Always Had a Smile

On Tuesday afternoon, she made one of her infrequent trips out of her yard to Jack Doug Store, 605 Main St. She was happy, at least outwardly so, and a spokesman at School No. 5 where she had been a student for a little more than two years. And she was always smiling.

Her father, Justiniano Colon of 22 Alberta St., said that they had kept her very secluded. Her playmates were cousins and next-door neighbors, and she seldom was allowed to wander farther than her fenced-in front yard.

The family was very concerned about living in an area where there were drug addicts and drug addicts. Her father collected life insurance for her and she may have been very little English even though she had lived here for the past five years.

Her family said she liked school. She was in a special education class there.

"She never showed she had any problems," a school spokesman said, but said that he felt sure that she did.

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"She never showed she had any problems," a school spokesman said, but said that he felt sure that she did.

Medical papers, he said. The family walked only half an hour before an uncle went looking for her.

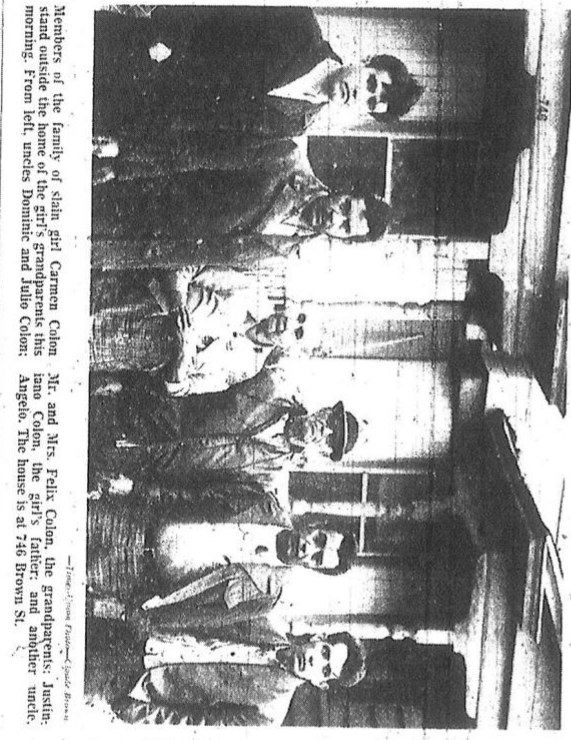
Yesterday her battered body was found in a high field at 730 Broad St. and Julia Colon of 9 Bond St. went to identify the body.

She was friendly, friendly to everyone. "That is probably what happened."

He shook his head. "A girl has to be crazy to do what he did."



CARMEN COLON



Members of the family of slain girl Carmen Colon stand outside the home of the girl's grandparents this morning. From left, uncles Dominic and Julio Colon; Mr. and Mrs. Felix Colon, the grandparents; Justiniano Colon, the girl's father; and another uncle, Angelo. The house is at 740 Brown St.

Businessman Said Best

For Howe Job

A businessman such as Angelo J. Charvela or Francis J. Pallone should succeed Jerome A. Howe as county executive, said a Democratic Action Committee (DAC), the liberal faction of the county Democratic party.

Charvela is president and general manager of Midway Holdings Corp. and the former Democratic-opponent head of the City Planning Commission.

Pallone is a former vice president of Xerox Corp. and was just elected a Democratic town councilman in Peconic.

O'Brien said he believes that parties in the recent election that, in effect, they were not as strong as they are. "I don't think they are independent," he said.

The DAC backed five of the newly elected Democrats on the County Legislature and supported four Democratic incumbents even though two of them ran with Conservative Democrats.

Because Democrats will hold 11 seats in the new legislature, instead of the current five, they could have a greater

Nov 23 1971

Police Dept.

To The Officer In Charge

I hope the killer
of this little girl Carmen Color
would soon ~~be~~ caught and
brought to justice if there
is such a thing as justice
in New York. Too often criminal
of this sort are allowed to
go free after they have been
caught. It's a downright shame
that we the parents are not
given a chance to deal with
them. Oh boy, would I love
to cut his testicles off and
stuff it in his mouth. This
would only be the introduction
to his punishment.

I still think Capital punishment
is the answer to the increase of
murders

Mrs. G Jones

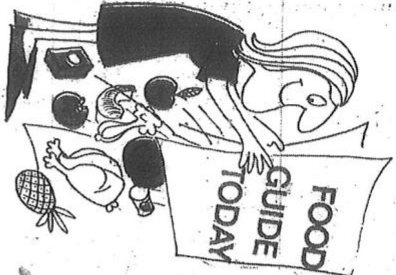
STANDARD and TORONTO
RAIN
New England, page 28
London on page 24

THE TIMES-UNION

Greater
Rochester
Edition

Published by Ganett Co., Inc.
Rochester, N.Y., Tuesday Evening, April 3, 1973

14 Pages—15 Cents



If you need a favorite Time-Union feature—the Food Guide, it comes with Tuesday's TV menu. Instead of 7½ cents a copy, you can get it for only 10¢ a copy on extra days for weekly planning and buying. It's Section E. (A tip: Plenty of meatless casserole recipes on page 35.)

Leftists Kidnaped Kodak Executive

DINIS GUER, Argentinean, was kidnaped by a group of leftists in Buenos Aires last night. They are the ones who kidnaped Executive Kodak Co. and Kodak Co. President Anthony DiCicco. But they have not yet been identified.

The group, known as the "Front of Popular Revolution," is a group of leftists who are active in the city of Buenos Aires. They are active in the city of Buenos Aires, and they have been active in the past week. The group is active in the city of Buenos Aires, and they have been active in the past week. The group is active in the city of Buenos Aires, and they have been active in the past week.



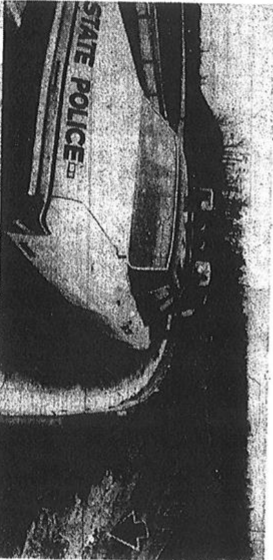
DiCicco and his wife, who is a former Miss Argentina, were kidnaped last night. They are the ones who kidnaped Executive Kodak Co. and Kodak Co. President Anthony DiCicco. But they have not yet been identified.

Girl's Body Found in Webster City Pupil, 11, Believed Murdered

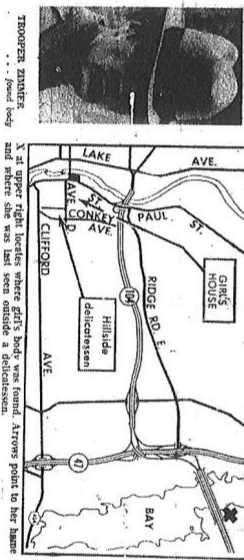
By JACK MARSH
Police late this morning found the body of an 11-year-old girl in Webster. The girl was identified as Jennifer B. Webster, 11, a pupil in the Webster School. She was found in a wooded area near the school. The police believe she was murdered.

Police identified the girl from a picture supplied by her father. The girl was found in a wooded area near the school. The police believe she was murdered.

Police said the body was found in a wooded area near the school. The police believe she was murdered.



Arrow indicates girl's body on hill sloping from pavement of east area of Route 104 near Investigator Bay.



Police said the body was found in a wooded area near the school. The police believe she was murdered.

Milk Supplies Low; Mediator Joins Talks

State labor negotiator Milton Goldberg has entered discussions with milk producers and processors to end a strike that has caused a shortage of milk in the state.

The negotiations are being mediated by the state labor mediator. The negotiations are being mediated by the state labor mediator.



WANDA WALDMAN

Boycott Bites into Meat Sales

Consumers appear to be biting into the boycott of meat sales by the American Meat Association. The boycott is aimed at pressuring the industry to improve conditions for workers.

HOLY SEPULCHRE CEMETERY

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Rochester, New York 14612

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SATURDAY 9:00AM - 12:00 NOON

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CEMETERY VISITING HOURS:

ALL GATES

APRIL THRU OCTOBER 8AM TO 7PM
NOVEMBER THRU MARCH 8AM TO 5PM



Name Wanda Walkowicz

Single 42 Double Tier (Row) 29 Section 50 21

Lot Number Section

Mausoleum Location-Row Tier

Level



Sgt. CJ Zimmerman (left) with Investigator Trevor Hibbard on News10NBC talking about the case.

TONIGHT & TOMORROW
COLDER
High tomorrow 33 to 40
(Details on Page 2A)

THE TIMES-UNION

Published by Gannett Co., Inc. Rochester, N.Y., Wednesday Evening, November 20, 1973 .88 Pages — 15 Cents

Greater
Rochester
Edition



Where Girl's Body Was Found

Det. Capt. Andrew Sparacino looks over spot at left where the body of Michelle Maenza was found today in Wayne County.

Girl, 1, Strangled; Body Found in Wayne

By JACK MARSH
JOHN MC GINNIS and
DEL RAY

A Rochester schoolgirl, missing since Monday, was found slain today in a rural ditch in Wayne County. Michelle Maenza, 11, of 25 Webster Crescent, had "been strangled — there's no doubt about it," said Detective Lt. Anthony Fantigrassi.

There are bruises all over her neck," Fantigrassi added. Michelle vanished about 7:30 p.m. Monday while walking home from Rochester's School 33 at 59 Webster Ave.

She was the daughter of separated parents, Christopher Maenza of 21 Hall St., and Carolyn Maenza of 23 Webster Crescent, where the girl lived. Michelle's body was fully clothed when it was found about 10:30 a.m. off Eddy Road in the Town of Macedon. It was about a mile south of the hamlet of Walworth, and about 18 miles east of her home.

"The man responsible for this," Fantigrassi said. "A very strong possibility exists that the same man also killed Carmen Cole, 10, of 7th Brown St., whose body was found in November 1971 near the Western Expressway in Riga.

All three girls were strangled.

Fantigrassi said Michelle apparently had been strangled by hand, and not attacked with a knife or other weapon. Michelle had left her school Monday, located about nine blocks from her home, about

3:15 p.m. The last confirmed sighting was by two young neighborhood friends who said she turned off Webster Avenue, her usual route home, and was walking down Ackerman Street toward nearby Goodman Plaza.

Rochester detective Capt. Andrew Sparacino said one tip remained to be checked out. A woman said she saw a frightened girl fitting Michelle's description and riding in a dark green pickup truck on Brown-croft Boulevard, about 8:30 p.m. Monday. Brown-croft heads toward Wayne County's line.



MICHELLE MAENZA

Gas Rationing Looms As Tax Loses Favor

WASHINGTON (AP)—Gasoline rationing is looming as a stop clause in President Nixon's Cabinet-level energy proposals is expected to favor tax ideas.

"Almost everybody is leaning toward rationing," an administration source said, "despite the fact that the Emergency Energy Action Group assigned by Nixon to recommend energy crisis policy."

The source said even Treasury Secretary George P. Shultz, the strongest advocate of a gasoline tax to avoid rationing, was "not all that firm" for taxes in the meeting.

But the group has not yet made up its mind and was to discuss the issues again tomorrow, the source said.

"What Shultz really would like to do is take the oil right off gasoline prices," the source related, but he said neither Shultz nor anyone else thought this should be done as long as there is a gasoline shortage.

Unlimited prices, he said, would only open the way for oil companies to roll up windfall profits by overcharging customers in a shortage market.

The notion of imposing a tax of 30 to 40 cents per gallon, to discourage unnecessary gasoline use had some appeal, but the source said the Cabinet group approved by reaching the conclusion a tax would take too long to clear Congress and would act too slowly to cut gasoline use.

Allocation—President Nixon said Sunday night that gasoline supplies will be reduced 75 per cent to increase the supplies of other petroleum fuels, the administration's crisis strategy calls for a 30 per cent gasoline cutback.

And administration sources said yesterday the cuts probably will be increased to 50 per cent over the next several months.

One source said it now is virtually certain that distribution of petroleum fuels and crude oil will be placed under government control at the wholesale level.

"Single facilities including home heating oil and diesel fuel are under such controls now.

The source said direct consumer rationing was less com-

mon, but was becoming likely as the tax alternative grew more remote.

President Nixon's domestic adviser, former Rep. Melvin Belli, did not much like rationing but he told the group yesterday he could find "no objection" to the bill (Congress) in favor of a tax," the source said.

In addition to Laird and Shultz, the Cabinet group includes Roy L. Ash, director of the Office of Management and Budget; Transportation Secretary Claude S. Brinegar; Commerce Secretary Frederick B. Dent; Interior Secretary Rogers C. B. Morton; Deputy Defense Secretary William P. Clement Jr. and Maj. Gen. Brent Scowcroft,

deputy director of the National Security Council. It is headed by presidential energy adviser John A. Love.

The source said Love and Brinegar favor a gas line rationing system an Energy said he thought rationing would be unavoidable. He said Ash appeared to be leaning toward rationing.

Sen. Clement and Sen. Scowcroft took no clear position, he said, but nobody in the meeting yesterday spoke strongly against rationing.

In related developments, United Air Lines announced a 10 per cent pay raise for employees and cancellation of 10

Nixon's Secretary Says She Never Knowingly Erased Tape

What was heard on the tape, it said.

WASHINGTON (AP)—President Nixon's personal secretary today testified she never knowingly erased any conversation from one of the subpoenaed White House tapes.

Asked by her attorney, Charles S. Byrne, whether she intended to testify "that you erased any words from any part of the tape," Rose Mary Woods replied:

"No sir, I have never used the word erase because I didn't know there was anything there to erase."

Miss Woods testified she never heard any conversation on an 18-minute segment obliterated by a hum on one of the tapes. This, she said, she cannot say that she erased any conversation.

Her testimony was made in a federal court hearing called to determine the cause of the 18-minute interruption in a tape of a June 20, 1972 conversation between Nixon and H. R. Haldeeman, then White House chief of staff.

Miss Woods testified she might accidentally have caused part of the hum by pushing the wrong button on a recording machine when she was interrupted while trying to transcribe the tape in her White House office on Oct. 1.

Assistant Watergate prosecutor Jill Volner leaves the White House after touring Rose Mary Woods' office yesterday. Mrs. Volner's home was burglarized last night, police reported today. She said a radio, clothing, checks were taken. Mrs. Volner said she doesn't know why anyone would want her canceled checks.



she was listening to the tape, her telephone rang. She took off the earphone she was wearing, then reached for her pen and to the left where the telephone sat on a cradle at her desk.

While doing so, she said, she pulled what she thought was the stop button on the recorder. But when she finished talking on the telephone she discovered that the record button rather than the stop button had been depressed.

But, as Mrs. Volner pointed out, that alone would not have caused any problem with the tape. Miss Woods also would have had to step her foot on a floor pedal while she talked on the telephone.

Pressing the pedal would have kept the tape moving.

Miss Woods said she could not remember whether or not she kept her foot on the pedal but, she said, it did obliterate part of the tape "that was the way it would have had to happen."

Mrs. Volner tried to shake Miss Woods' story with detailed questioning about the exact location of the telephone, the recorder and her typewriter on the desk.

The same recording machine was set up in front of Miss Woods. The machine was turned on, she put on the earphone and was asked to demonstrate what she did when the telephone rang.

But in the courtroom reconstruction, Miss Woods took her foot off the pedal and the tape reel stopped.

Assistant Watergate prosecutor Jill Volner leaves the White House after touring Rose Mary Woods' office yesterday. Mrs. Volner's home was burglarized last night, police reported today. She said a radio, clothing, checks were taken. Mrs. Volner said she doesn't know why anyone would want her canceled checks.

Judge John J. Sirica's courtroom with about 200 people present. But the obscure part was the hum which drew on, first loudly, then softer, for 18 minutes and 18 seconds.

Only scattered fragments of another 20 minutes of conversation between the President and first, former domestic adviser John D. Ehrlichman and then Haldeeman could be un-

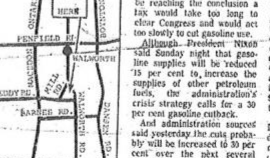
Nixon 'Candor': More Than Promise Needed?

By JACK W. GERMOND
Washington Bureau Chief
Clement News Service

WASHINGTON — In the three weeks of "Operation Candor," President Nixon has had no fewer than 13 meetings with senators and court-ordered, at both sides.

lay out all the facts" that will prove or disprove the Watergate affair.

Some who have heard him have taken the promises for the facts themselves and left



Strike Affects Hamburg Plant

BUFFALO (AP) — Several strikes at Ford Motor Co. assembly plants will idle 145 workers at a Ford stamping plant in Hamburg, a company spokesman said.

The stamping plant has about 1,500 workers. The layoffs will take effect this week.

Last Winter's Thrift Can Slash Your Oil

By LEE HECHLING
Council News Service

WASHINGTON — If you were one of the few people who kept their furnace thermostats at 65 degrees last winter, you may have to let it at 59 this year to avoid rationing out of fuel between deliveries.

That is one of the unsolved problems in a White House plan for sharing the short supply of fuel oil, made public yesterday.

Called an "allocation program," it aims to rationing, with federal rules governing how much heating oil, diesel fuel or kerosene each customer in the country gets. Oil wholesalers and retailers are to be legally responsible for enforcing the plan, with \$5,000 fines for willful violations.

The plan is to go into effect Dec. 27. But by Dec. 15, each dealer is supposed to sign out how much oil each of his customers should get, based on 1972 consumption, and rations his oil supplier.

If he does not, the supplier is entitled to assume that the dealer has no "priority" customers under the regulations, and give his oil first to other dealers who have.

There will be state-supervised local petroleum allocation boards for customers or dealers to complain to. The state will have a supply of oil in reserve, to assign to users

whom the local boards decide are exceptional hardship cases.

For the moment, it means a reduction of 15 per cent in his fuel oil supply. This can be achieved, officials say, by cutting back on "unnecessary" uses, such as lawnmowers, which get 15 per cent less than they would normally consume for heating.

Banks, stores and other businesses will get 15 per cent less than they would normally consume for heating, which means an estimated 10 degree reduction in temperature. Industries, including manufacturers and freight haulers, will get a 10 per cent cut for their non-heating needs.

Everybody will get a heating oil tank fill-up to start the winter, providing dealers have enough oil available. After that, dealers are supposed to make their normal delivery calculations of oil consumption for each customer, then make the appropriate reductions of 15 or 25 per cent.

Inside Your Times-Union

RUSH-HENRIETTA choice in county east hatched, 11A

News Analysis

lay out all the facts" that will prove or disprove the Watergate affair.



A sketch of the Double-Initial Killer(?) (Courtesy of Rochester WHEC News10NBC)



A sketch of the Double-Initial Killer(?) (Courtesy of Rochester WHEC News10NBC)

TONIGHT & TOMORROW

CLOUDY

High tomorrow in mid 60s

(Details on Page 24)

THE TIMES-UNION

Published by Gannett Co., Inc.

Rochester, N.Y., Thursday Evening, November 29, 1973

68 Pages—15 Cents

Greater Rochester Edition

More Stocks in Your T-U

Beginning tomorrow, the editions of your Times-Union delivered in Monroe County will carry the noon-time table of New York Stock Exchange prices. It includes issues traded, dividends, price-earnings ratio, sales in hundreds, high and low, last price and net change from the day before.

Although the newsprint supply remains uncertain, we feel the intense interest in the market in recent days justifies the more complete table.

As always the complete table of closing prices will be published in our Blue Streak edition.

A Fuel Saver

Mild Winter? U.S. Forecast Counts Us In

WASHINGTON (AP)—Ample in many parts of the country will get help from the weather this winter, as it gets through the heating oil shortage.

The National Weather Service yesterday forecast warmer winter than normal throughout most of the Midwest, much of the South and parts of the Northeast United States.

Weather along the East Coast and the Central Great Plains is rated a tossup on whether it will be warmer or colder than normal.

Only in the Far West, the Northern Rockies and the Northern Great Plains is an outlook for a colder winter than normal.

The National Weather Service said its outlook has a 60 per cent chance of being correct.

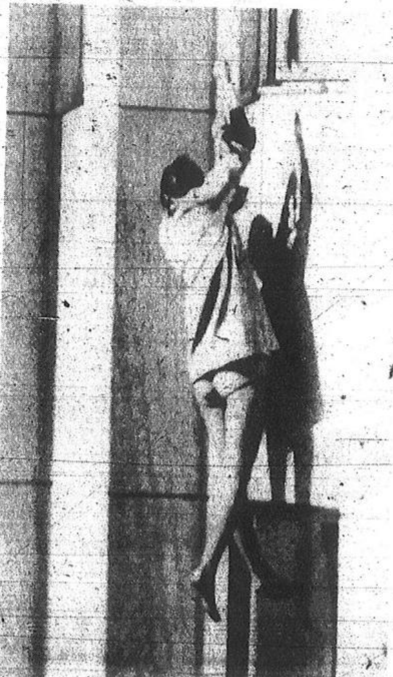
The weather service said its 90-day outlook was based on experimental forecasts prepared four times a year for the past 15 years.

However, this is the first time the forecast has been issued to the general public, because in the past the outlook has been considered too uncertain to be reliable.

Robert F. Dickinson, chief forecaster for the Long Range Prediction Group of the National Weather Service, said:

"The past track record of these forecasts does indicate a 60 per cent chance of being right."

He said the outlook was nearly on target when it pre-



A woman is lowered to safety by rope down the side of a Japanese department store that today was the scene of a raging midday fire.

Death Toll May Hit 100 In Japan Store Fire

KUMAMOTO, Japan (AP)—Fire broke out in a department store crowded with holiday shoppers today and police said as many as 100 persons perished in flames, smoke and fumes. Another 100 were reported injured.

Police officials said there was some collection on the exact number of dead but the toll could range from 50 to more than 100.

Helicopters flew to the scene 200 miles southwest of Tokyo to pluck survivors from the roof of the seven-story building.

"It was like an inferno full of cries of fleeing mothers and children," one survivor said.

The cause of the blaze was not known, but some survivors said the fire broke out in the bedding section of the Tokyo Department Store.

Nixon Lawyer Says Long Workdays Dulled Memory

WASHINGTON (AP)—White House lawyer J. Fred Buzhardt says long days have been pulling in on his mind.

He said he couldn't recall whether it was the President or Alexander M. Haig Jr., White House staff chief, who first told him there might be a blank segment on one tape.

Buzhardt said he didn't know the subpoenaed tapes had been taken to the presidential retreat at Camp David, Md., the last weekend in September.

"I did know the President intended to review the tapes; he didn't know precisely

being because he has been working 16-hour days. He said he couldn't recall whether it was the President or Alexander M. Haig Jr., White House staff chief, who first told him there might be a blank segment on one tape. He said White House technicians had found segments where the sound-activated recording equipment continued to run even during periods when no one was talking, but no tapes in conversations.

Deputy White House Press Secretary

3 Schoolgirls May Be Victims Of Same Killer

Other stories on the slaying, 1B

By FRED ELIASON, JACK MANSI and DEL RAY

Three Rochester schoolgirls slain in the past few years may have been the victims of the same rapist-killer, the Monroe County medical examiner said today.

Dr. J. Edgar Edland added, however, that "we have to keep an open mind that there could be more than one assailant."

"Cases like this can bring on others who want to get into the act," Dr. Edland said. "There may be an imitator."

Dr. Edland said chances are "very strong" that 11-year-old Michelle Massaro, whose body was found yesterday in a roadside ditch in Wayne County, was slain by the same person who killed 10-year-old Wanda Walkover last April.

But there was a "different clothing pattern" in the strangulation in November 1971 of 10-year-old Carmen Colon, Dr. Edland said. Carmen's body was found partially nude.

"None of the murders has been solved."

"The leads are almost all," Rochester Detective Lt. Anthony Fasigrossi said of the investigation into Michelle's death.

"You can run down a list of telephone tips and still stay in a vacuum," he added.

Rochester police have received "hundreds" of calls about the murder, Detective Capt. Andrew J. Sparacino said. "We've got hundreds going constantly," he added, "but we've received nothing concrete."

One man telephoned police about 6 last evening and said that "when I learn what the reward will be I'll pass along some information," Sparacino said he hopes the man calls again, although "you'll have to be a slick person to get money over lives."

Rochester police have set up a telephone "hot line" — number 546-2000 — to receive calls from the public.

Michelle, of 25 Webster Street, vanished about 3:30 p.m. Monday while walking home from school on 33, 500 Webster Ave.

Her body was found face-down about 10:20 a.m. yesterday in a ditch alongside Eddy Road in the Town of Macedon, about a mile south of Walworth and about 13 miles from Rochester.

After an autopsy last evening at the Newark State School laboratory, Dr. Edland said Michelle had been raped and then strangled — possibly with a rope, cord or belt, or perhaps by hand.

There were bruises on the girl's face and upper arms, Dr. Edland said, however, that in "speculation" he would like to say the bruises indicated the girl had struggled with her attacker.

Semen residue found on the body will be analyzed in an effort to determine the blood type of the slayer, Dr. Edland said.

The Monroe County Registrar said he didn't know precisely

The Gannett Rochester Newspapers have set up a special "Secret Witness Line" and a \$2,500 reward fund in an effort to help police find Michelle Massaro's killer. Details, Page 1B.



CARMEN (Town of Riggs), WANDA (Town of Macedon), MICHELLE (Town of Macedon)



Map shows where three slaying victims were found.

Man Slain Here Gangland Style

Two with links to Bar-Mon have been slain, 1B

By DICK COOPER

Vincent Leon "Jimmy the Hammer" Massaro died with his slippers on and four bullets in his face and one in his neck.

Massaro, 45, who was living with his girlfriend, Rose Rossi, at 20 Modestbrook Farms, Chili, was the victim of a gangland execution, Rochester Det. Lt. Anthony Fasigrossi said.

Massaro's body was found stuffed into the trunk of his 1972 Ford LTD parked in front of 200 Oakwood St. about 3 p.m. yesterday. Police said they believe Massaro had been dead since Friday night.

The FBI and Webster police questioned Massaro and another man last week about the slaying in a \$2,000 insurance-vesting device stolen Nov. 16 from an equipment shed on

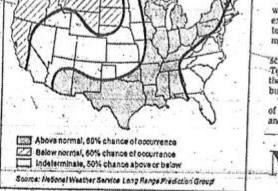
the Webster sewer project. A .25 caliber automatic pistol was found in the trunk next to Massaro's body. Police turned to look page of this section

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Remain turn to look page of this section

Outlook for Winter Average Temperatures

December 1973 through February 1974



Above normal, 80% chance of occurrence
Below normal, 60% chance of occurrence
Indefinite, 50% chance above or below

Source: National Weather Service Long Range Prediction Group

Oil Crisis Will Slow U.S. Economy - Stein

By the Associated Press
The nation's economy will slow dramatically next year and the unemployment rate may rise to 6 1/2 per cent, says a leading economist, President Nixon's chief economic adviser today.

Herbert Stein, chairman of Nixon's Council of Economic Advisors, said in Washington that the fuel shortage will cause economic growth to slow to non-recession levels.

He said the economic estimate is based on assumptions that the Arab oil cut-off will continue throughout the year and that the President's policies to conserve fuel will

worst economic impact possible because of the shortage. The unemployment rate is now 4.5 per cent of the work force. It is expected to rise to 6 1/2 per cent, or six per cent, as many as one million workers could lose their jobs.

Stein said the economic estimate is based on assumptions that the Arab oil cut-off will continue throughout the year and that the President's policies to conserve fuel will

Inside Your Times-Union

In four easy-to-find, easy-to-read sections

THE TIMES-UNION

An Independent Newspaper

As We See It

Warn Kids About Strangers

Three young Rochester girls have died in the last two years, apparently because each got into a stranger's car.

We won't know unless there are convictions whether the same person killed 11-year-old Michelle Maenza this week who killed Wanda Walkowicz last spring or Carmen Colon two years ago.

Police have had a barrage of tips from citizens in the eastside neighborhood where Michelle was last seen alive on Monday afternoon.

But people between there and the Macedon, Wayne County, area where her body was found yesterday, should search their

memories and tell police of anything more that might help them find the killer.

And it's vital that parents, teachers and others who have contact with youngsters remind them again and again that they should never get in cars with strangers.

Nor should they even get in cars of acquaintances without their parents' full knowledge and approval.

The community grieves for Michelle and her family, as it did for Wanda and Carmen.

Now we must all do what we can to see that the list of victims doesn't get any longer.

3 Child Murders in 2 Years--All Unsolved

Killer May Desire To Get Caught--Doctor

By NEVA FLAHERTY

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It's likely that the same person committed the rapes and murders of three teenage girls in the past year, a court psychiatrist said today.

But it's not the coincidences — the double initials of the three victims, or the fact that all three bodies were found 10 miles from the girls' homes — that make Dr. David Barry think one person is responsible. It's a matter of numbers.

"There aren't very many people around who would rape and murder a pre-pubescent girl. That makes it likely that it's the same person," said Dr. Barry, a University of Rochester forensic psychiatrist who runs a clinic in the Hall of Justice.

The three victims, Carmen Colon, Wanda Walkowicz and the most recent, Michelle Maenza, whose body was found yesterday in Macedon, were 10 or 11 years old and had double initials. All came from broken families.

But Dr. Barry said, "The double initials and other singularities are tantalizing, but I can't put them into any theory. The coincidences may symbolize something to the individual involved, but they aren't recognizable to me as symbols of a conflict" that would lead to a rape and murder.

Dr. Barry added, "If it is the same person, it may well be someone the police wouldn't ordinarily suspect. It's happened that way in the past. It may not be the obvious person (the known sex offender) at all."

"It's someone pretty canny and able to show himself to others as a pretty normal fellow," Dr. Barry said.

"We all become adept at an early age in covering up the kind of behavior that brings outrage," Dr. Barry said, adding, "no segment of society condones sexual interest by an adult in a child."

A person hiding such a crime might show symptoms of anxiety, such as depression or a drop in performance on the job, he added.

"We can only hope (the person responsible for the murder) has the kind of conscience, which many of these people have, to turn himself in or leave some clue," Dr. Barry said.

Dr. Barry said most men

\$2,500 Reward Fund Set Up

A special "Secret Witness Line" and a \$2,500 reward fund have been set up by the Gannett Rochester Newspapers to assist police in finding the killer of Michelle Maenza.

Persons with information concerning this case are urged to call 232-6133 from 8:30 a.m. to midnight any day of the week.

Secret Witness Line is a private line and is not connected with the Gannett switchboard. Callers may remain anonymous or identify themselves. Each person calling will be assigned a six-digit number. This number will be required as part of the requirements of claiming the reward.

Anonymous letters should contain any six-digit number in the informant's handwriting. The number should be written twice in the upper right-hand corner of the letter. The writer should tear off and keep the number nearest the corner of the letter.

All information received will be turned over immediately to the Rochester Police Department. The reward will be paid for information leading to the conviction of the person or persons who killed Michelle Maenza.

Individuals or groups desiring to contribute to the reward fund should send contributions to: Michelle Maenza Witness Fund, c/o Graham Annett, Central Trust Co., 43 Exchange St., Rochester, N.Y., 14614.

he'd seen who had committed such crimes were "grateful to be apprehended or upset about what they'd done."

Dr. John F. Edland, Monroe County medical examiner, said that if some of the odd similarities in the murders prove relevant, "We're talking about a killer of high intelligence."

He said there were "astrophysical" odds against the similarities being simply coincidences.

"Such a person may want to get caught," Dr. Edland added. "There is a need for self-punishment. He may get a sense of pride from having everyone in the community afraid of him."



Kathleen Mandel of 53 Wendell St. School 33. Mrs. Mandel says because she has started walking her children to school, Parents created a traffic jam at school Tuesday when they drove to pick up youngsters after Michelle was reported missing, she said.

Shroud of Fear Descends On Neighbors of Michelle

By DICK COOPER

Patricia Musso would like to find a vault big enough to keep her four daughters in until the world is safe.

Cheryl Newland is afraid to let her two young sons off the front porch.

Doris Heeman is worried about the safety of her grandchildren and wonders what kind of a world they are growing up in.

The three women live on Webster Crescent, near the home of 11-year-old Michelle Maenza whose raped and strangled body was found in a Macedon ditch yesterday morning.

Yesterday they talked in

hushed tones about Michelle as the shock of the girl's vicious murder settled in.

"I know how bad I feel now but think how you would feel if it was one of your own children," Mrs. Heeman of 11 Webster Crescent said. "I can't imagine it. It's so terrible."

Mrs. Newland shook her head in disbelief.

"I can't understand how this could happen in broad daylight — how nobody saw a thing," she said.

"They teach sex education in the schools. Why can't they teach the kids about the type of thing that happened to Michelle. Maybe it would prevent it from happening

again," she said.

Mrs. Musso of 28 Webster Crescent said she was sad but she was also angry.

"If they ever catch this jerk they ought to put him away for life and never let him out. Anyone who attacks little children should never be let out of prison," she said.

"I don't give a damn if we run out of gas or oil or electric or whatever. That means nothing if our kids aren't safe," she said.

Michelle's mother, Carolyn Maenza, sobbing, came to the door of Mrs. June Grelik, 24 Webster Crescent about 5

Crimes Alike in Details

By MIKE SHORE

Now there are three unsolved, brutal murders of young Rochester girls in two years.

They're the type of cases that cause police investigators to shake their heads in rage, especially when leads are so scarce.

They're cases that cause parents to be gripped by fear. The slayings have many similarities.

Carmen Colon was first. Carmen, 10, of 746 Brown St., was running an errand for some prescription medicine. She reached the drug store just a few blocks from her Bull's Head home late in the afternoon of Tuesday, Nov. 16, 1971.

She never made it back. Her body was found two days later in a ditch along Stearns Road in an isolated section of Riga. She had been raped and strangled.

Wanda Walkowicz was second. Wanda, 11, of 123 1/2 Avenue D, had been sent to a delicatessen just three blocks from her home late in the afternoon of April 2 this year.

She never made it back. Her partially clad body was found near the Irondequoit Bay Bridge the next morning. She had been raped and strangled.

Now there's Michelle Maenza.

Michelle, 11, of 25 Webster Crescent, was walking home from school late Monday afternoon. She didn't make it. Her fully clad body was found yesterday off Eddy Road in the Town of Macedon in Wayne County. She had been raped and strangled.

All three girls were near the same age. All three were walking alone within a few blocks of their homes during the late afternoon of a weekday.

There are other similarities. All three girls came from broken families that lived in lower-middle-class neighborhoods. All three families had required welfare assistance.

Unaccountably, the initials of their first and last names

Please turn page.

Please turn to Page 3B

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