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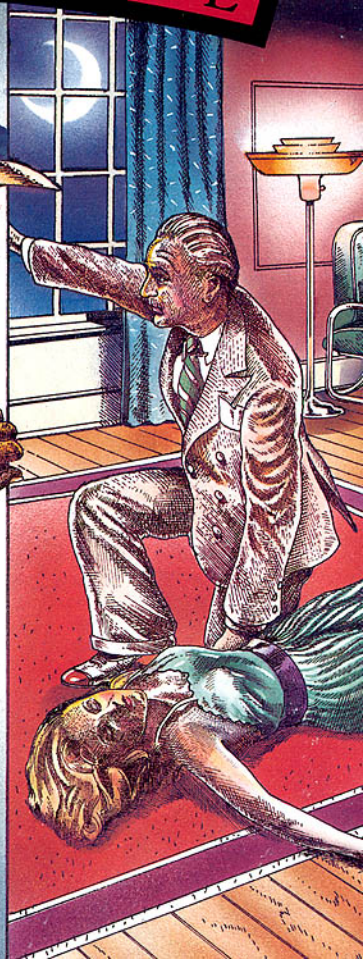
DETECTIVE

G A Z E T T E

SPECIAL THIS MONTH:
Madness in Minnesota—
The FBI gets tough
with telephone abusers.

AND!!
Welcome to Tomorrow.
The controversial Raymond Klotz
pulls out all the stops.

PLUS!!!
Screwdrivers and Rolling Pins—
when it comes to domestic violence
choose your weapon.



When Mr. and Mrs. Bob Lundstrom of Great Prairie, Minnesota, had their first telephone installed in their home last April, they celebrated by making calls to neighbors all over the county. This wonderful invention was a gift from God. Until late one November night when the 'phone rang and the Lundstroms received their first . . .

DEATH THREAT!



LAW ENFORCEMENT GETS TOUGH WITH DEVIANTS WHO PLAGUE THE 'PHONE LINES.

Five a. m., I was lying in my bed trying to decide what to do next," recalls Bob Lundstrom. "My wife kept asking, 'who was that calling, Bob?' And I kept answering over and over, 'It was nobody we know; a wrong number for someone named Minkinin.'

"Eunice knew there was something more to it than that. She knew because I couldn't fall back to sleep after the call. I kept hearing the voice, a southerner's voice, over and over in my head. 'Lundstrom, watch out behind you, don't stay out after dark and don't let me catch you in St. Croix Bluffs ever again—or you're a dead man!'

"I didn't know what to do. It was five o'clock in the morning, and it didn't seem like it would do much good to call the sheriff that night. I had no idea where the 'phone call came from or who

was behind it.

"All I knew was that I was scared and a bit mad. I haven't felt that powerless since the German bombing raids in the World War. It could be a prank. But then, you can bet I'd think twice before I showed my face in St. Croix Bluffs after dark again. I was a gun-shy man. I had to talk to someone. So after three or four days of agony, I called the FBI."

TOUGH TALK AT THE TOP.

Authorities at the telephone company and at the Federal Bureau of Investigation have been plagued by a new rash of what authorities are calling "the telephone intimidators"—people who use the nation's 'phone systems to scare or abuse innocent citizens with life-threatening or obscene 'phone calls.

Up until this year, the menace was not widespread enough to warrant a full-scale investigation. But now J. Edgar Hoover's G-men are attacking the problem with a crack squad of electrical experts who, working with engineers at the Bell System and Western Electric, hope to bring the plague under control in the near future.

"We're going to bring 'phone abusers to justice," says Hoover. "Already legislation is pending in the House and Senate that will make telephone threats and abuse a Federal offense."

While most of the reports of 'phone abuse are prank calls, a great number are actual threats on people's lives. Take, for instance, the case of Mafia boss Louis Gambognini, who died last year in a hail of bullets outside his Providence, Rhode Island, fortress. His last words were

made to one of his aides as he stepped out of the front door of his mansion: "The punks are threatening me over the telephone now. Can you believe that? They say they're going to gun me down." But cases like Bob Lundstrom's are more the norm. Readers will be happy to note that Lundstrom's case turned out to be nothing more than a random 'phone call made from a crossroads diner just outside of Great Prairie.

"It was probably just a drunken truck driver on his way back to Mississippi," said FBI Midwestern Director of Operations Harold Pinkolt.

"The point is that if victims respond quickly enough, we may have time to trace the call back to its origin and nail the perpetrator," Pinkolt says. The FBI is putting together an elaborate tracer system that Pinkolt says "will nail the offenders in a matter of minutes." Sources close to the story say that the new tracer system—code-named "Operation Infocept"—is still a long way from being indefectible.

An FBI agent in Minneapolis, who demanded anonymity, detailed this exclusive story for the *Nat'l Detective Gazette*.

"We spend a lot of time sitting around playing gin rummy, you know. Shoot, my first assignment in Minneapolis was a stake-out that lasted nine days, and the guy wasn't nowhere near the building we were watching. But this 'Operation Infocept' is really something. See, we're trying out this new tracer system, and we got our first call from a panicky housewife out in Stillwater, who said she got a call from someone who was going to kidnap her the next time she went down to the

drugstore for a soda. Well, instead of asking questions, we hooked right up into the system and traced the call back to a house out in Dellwood. So we—me and five other fully armed agents—sped out there in hopes of catching the punk red-handed. We should have known something was fishy when we showed up at 38 Lakeland Drive, and it was a beautiful two-story Colonial. But we didn't have time to think about all that. We busted in the front door, and all we found was this woman with her little baby fixing dinner and listening to the radio. I guess the system traced the 'phone call to the wrong place, because that lady sure didn't seem like she'd be making threatening 'phone calls. We never did get our man. But you know, we're still working out the kinks.

"The kicker is, we come to find out later that the lady who had been threatened didn't even drink soda. And that she lived out in the sticks, about thirty miles from the nearest drugstore. She only went into town about once a week!"

Director Pinkolt had little comment on this particular case. He said only, "As with any new crime-solving accessory, it takes some time to perfect the system. We don't let minor mishaps deter us from our goals."

Meanwhile, back in Washington, Director Hoover has set a five-year deadline for the total implementation of 'Operation Infocept.' Criminologists here at the *Gazette* and at police departments all over the country eagerly await new developments in the field of electric surveillance and interception. Hoover promises not to let us down.

INVESTIGATIVE MACHINES *of the Future!*

by Raymond Klotz, D.Cr.

The days of Flash Gordon, Private Detective, may not be so far off as we think, theorizes the controversial doctor of criminology. In this excerpt from his futuristic commentary, 1985, the good doctor hypothesizes an outlandish answer box that makes us wonder: will machines one day rule the world?



he day will come—perhaps not in our lifetimes, but surely in the early part of the next millennium—when machines will be the most important tool of the detective's craft.

This prediction, which I have named the *Pathos Parabola Hypothesis* (PPH), has been a hotly contested issue ever since I first presented it at the American Criminologists Conference in 1934. Veteran detectives have been laggard in accepting the inevitability of this cataclysm. But careful deduction and rational extrapolation bear out the validity of the PPH.

Editor's note: Dr. Klotz uses many big words. But he refused to let us edit his column on the grounds that it would, as he says, "enervate the verisimilitude of my contentions"—whatever that means.

One day machines with brains—not flaccid gray cerebellums, but brains of humming wires, trembling electrodes and glowing cathodes—will be doing the exhaustive legwork of ten, even fifty hawkshaws. The crime lab will be replete with unctuous

robots and eager automatons. But the real heroes will not be these machines; on the contrary, they will be the honest men and women who build and operate the machines. They, together with their whirring, beeping mnemonic devices, will be the ones who abrogate crime in the next millennium.

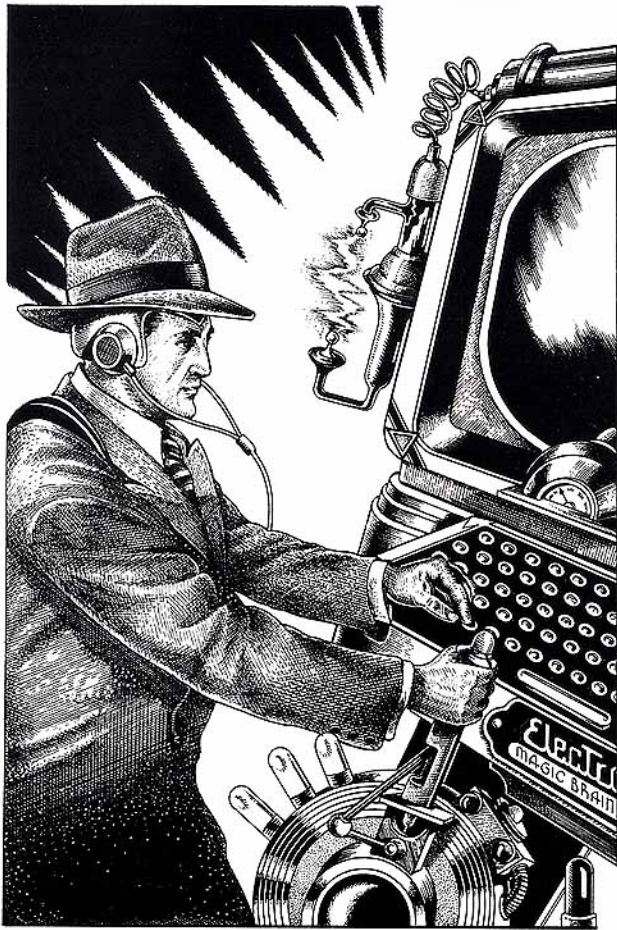
Editor's note: What the doctor is trying to say is that pretty soon you're going to be solving crimes with machines. And if you don't like that, try a baseball bat.

To the doubters and denigrators who remain impervious to my predictions, I offer a whole host of *already existing* technological achievements that provide proof of the ceaseless procession of the techno-sophisticated march into the future! The radio: where would any metropolitan police force be without it? Yet, only twenty years ago, when the first commercial broadcast came over KDKA Pittsburgh, there were thousands who believed it would never last. The telephone: ten years ago, had you any conception of the powers of surveil-

lance and intercept that the telephone provided? Today, would any law enforcement agency be able to survive without the everyday 'phone tap? And you may have gazed in astonishment at the newest wonder machine, the so-called television. Who would have thought that one day a visual panoply of optic enchantment would oscillate unseen over the airwaves? And who, ten years from today, will deny the incredible powers of surveillance and eavesdropping that the television provides?

Editor's note: Dr. Klotz's so-called "television" does indeed exist. Whether or not it can be of assistance in the apprehension of criminals remains to be seen. Klotz's opinions are not necessarily the opinions of this publication.

At this point, the Pathos Parabola Hypothesis is irrefutably valid. But, as with any brilliant concept, there comes a juncture where what is known must be relegated to the back of our minds and what is recondite must be explored. So, for a moment, suspend what is known, unharness your inhibitions, un-



fetter your foregone conclusions and imagine the next great invention . . . THE ELECTRO MAGIC BRAIN (EMB).

Editor's note: As this issue goes to press, Dr. Klutz has exiled himself to Walla Walla, Washington, where he continues his EMB research. Much of the scientific community has discounted this portion of the Pathos Parabola Hypothesis. But in the Nat'l Detective Gazette tradition, we print even the most phantasmagorical segments of the doctor's postulates.

As a scientist and a moralist, I am not at liberty to divulge the details of my 10-year employment in the service of our FBI. Suffice to say that the Bureau maintains some type of dossier on every man, woman and child in these United States of America.

One day, all the information that is contained in these files

will be electro-mechanically sealed inside the circuits of gigantic Electro Magic Brains. At the issue of a single cryptic voice command, such as "OKLIT VOS FROB VEN-VEN DOOBEL-DEE," the brain will regurgitate reams of information stored within its vast memory. Smaller versions of the brain will be linked to the main-brain through an extensive wire system called a "meshwork." And these micro-brains will be able to communicate with the main-brain in a special brain language known to only a select few law-enforcement officials throughout the nation. Information will be permanently stored on tiny ticker-tape machines using a binary code of dots and dashes similar to Morse Code. Other codes will be organized into logical packages of information and commands that determine what the machine does. These packages will be bundled together into crime-solving "programs."

Obviously, the minute details of the Electro Magic Brain's operation and utility remain in question. We are still in the conceptual stages of development. Yet, the powers that be in our vast national security service have deemed the EMB the vanguard of our future efforts in crime control for the next millennium. I, for one, have no misgivings about the plausibility of the Electro Magic Brain. Its day is coming. Those who fail to utilize the potentials of tomorrow will be living in the past. I implore detectives everywhere to heed this message.

Editor's note: The Nat'l Detective Gazette has begun to see the wisdom of some of Klutz's predictions. We have just acquired two mechanical adding machines for our accounting department.

TIPS FOR GREENHORNS

Domestic squabbles can cause two things—ulcers and death. Heck, think about it . . . you got a kitchen full of knives, forks and various blunt objects. And you got a couple of red-hot lovers who aren't asking for a third opinion . . . you know what I mean?

by Capt. Jock Barnes



Give me five minutes of your time, and I'll tell you a story that will make you think twice about bustin' up a love nest. I'm going to relate the details of just one case to you. I think it gives you a pretty good idea of what the heck danger is. If you haven't learned anything after reading this, you ought to consider going back to selling ladies' shoes at Montgomery Wards.

I used to work with a guy named Paul Kelly. I liked that guy a lot; I walked a beat with him for six years. The Barrio, Watts. We even did a few weeks' detail down at Muscle Beach. We were friends. We used to drink together. He and his wife Paula used to come over on Saturdays, and we'd drive up the coast to Atascadero where we used to swim. That was a long time ago. Paul's dead now. I watched him die because of our stupidity. I watched a man sink a rusty screwdriver into his gut while I

lay half-conscious on the kitchen floor of a grimy little apartment in east L.A. It was a pointless murder. One that shouldn't have happened.

It started as just another simple domestic case. It was August—hot as a grasshopper's rear-end in a brush fire. A woman called the precinct about six o'clock one Saturday evening all in a conniption. She said her husband was trying to kill her because she was messing around with the milkman or some such nonsense. To tell you the truth, I don't remember. Paul and I were in the area, so we checked it out. It was a half hour to shift change, and we didn't feel like making an evening of it, if you catch my drift. We didn't case the joint before we went up. That was our first mistake. Before we knew shucks for Shinola, we were backed up against the kitchen wall with a sawed-off shotgun dancing lullabies before our eyes. I noticed a picture of the Pope

hanging on the wall behind the guy with the gun. Very comforting.

Paul was on my left, next to the kitchen table. I stood beside him facing the guy. Behind me was an open door and a hallway leading off into the living room. We had to think fast. I started talking to the guy, telling him he didn't need the gun. We were only there to answer the complaints of his wife, who at this time I didn't see. I thought for a minute that the guy might have already bumped her off, so I started to get a little scared, thinking he didn't really have anything more to lose by knocking off a couple of cops. I looked at Paul and knew right away what he was thinking. He was ready to go for the guy's gun if I could just distract his attention for a split second. I asked him if he and his wife needed to see a marriage counselor or something. He laughed at me and then started getting mad. I guess he didn't

like the idea of me and Paul busting up his little party. While I was trying to calm the dude down, Paul gave a little head fake and went for the gun. Paul was quick as sin. He used to play semi-pro ball with the Escondido Onions. I saw him get hold of the barrel just as it exploded. I went down like a ton of bricks with an incredible blow to the head. I thought I was hit, but when I looked up I saw the lovely housewife standing over me with a rolling pin. She had opened up a pretty big gash in my noggin, and I was dazed bad. I could see Paul across the room struggling with the dude. The gun had sprayed wide, but Paul still managed to take a couple pellets in the arm. The guy had him down on the floor and was reaching for a screwdriver when I started to yell. That was the last thing I re-

member. The old lady cuffed me again with the equalizer and the next thing I knew, I was in the hospital. Paul died from the stab wound. And that was that.

O.K., so what's the moral to the story? You figure it out. There we were, two cock-sure cops with a combined experience of a whopping twelve years. It was Saturday night, and we didn't feel much like hanging around the zoo. We were impatient, clumsy and stupid. We paid a high price for it, too. You don't have to.

Always case a joint before you start busting down doors. See who's who and what's what. Play it cool; don't be a jerk. People don't like jerks—especially jerks in uniform. These domestic squabbles *never* have to end up like this. Just have a little consideration for the parties involved.

They don't want spectators at their fistfights. They get mad easy. They're already mad. That guy, Johnny Cordoba, he didn't *mean* to kill Paul. And his wife there, sweet Suzy with the rolling pin, she was probably getting ready to take it out on Johnny when we happened to walk in. So I ended up getting the wood. It just goes to prove that in the heat of passion, people like that will strike out at anything and anybody. So don't get in their way. You're a referee, not a participant. But that doesn't do Paul any good now. Johnny Cordoba's up at San Quentin for the next 60 years making license plates, and Paul is gone. It didn't have to happen that way. Don't let it happen to you!

Captain Barnes is a retired LAPD veteran who walked the Angel City beat for over 40 years. He now lives with his wife June and his dog Fang in retirement in Redondo Beach.

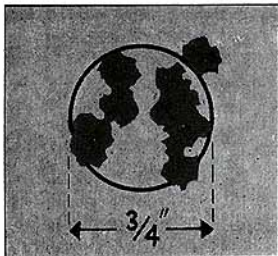


L.A. gumshoes rate the watering holes.

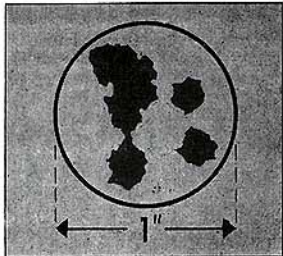
There are jock bars, jazz bars, junker bars and jive bars. But where do off-duty L.A. detectives go when they need a moment's reflection and a stiff drink? Our West Coast *Gazette* staffer surveyed over a hundred law-enforcement types and asked them to pick the five best bars in the area.

1. The Condor's Nest, 2424 Caristas Springs Blvd., L.A. Far and away the favorite, this dark and secluded haven has everything but a snooker table.
2. The Shasta Lounge, Beacon Court, Hollywood. For the best selection of single malts and imported ales, you can't do any better than this.
3. Fish Camp, MacArthur Wharf, Long Beach. Longshoremens and the law mix in this unpretentious warehouse bar. Cheap.
4. The Bel Pre, 4162 Gardena Rd., Torrance. L.A.'s darkest and most secret rendezvous.
5. The Brass Lantern, corner Berez and LaVezza, San Fernandito. Where all good cops go when they need to get out of town. Try the Moo Goo Gai Pan!

YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS!



The target above was shot at 50 yards in machine-rest test with a 10-inch barrel. All shots hit the 3/4-inch circle.



The target above was shot at 50 yards in machine-rest test with a 6-inch barrel. All bullets hitting the 1-inch circle.

With Peters ammunition there's less chance of your missing!

FOR MATCH SHOOTING—these machine-rest groups prove that Peters Police Match ammunition is more accurate. Such groupings are possible only because of precision manufacturing operations and superior technical control.

Announced a little more than a year ago, Peters Police Match has proved itself on the range as well as in the laboratory. Consistent wins, new records in important matches, show what a definite advance this ammunition is in pistol and revolver accuracy. Made in .22 rim fire, and .32, .38 and .45 center fire.

FOR REGULAR SERVICE SHOOTING—there's a complete line of Peters Rustless center fire service cartridges—.32's, .38's and .45's. These cartridges are specified and recognized as standard ammunition by police departments of leading cities, and foremost law enforcement agencies.

Mouth of cartridge case and the primer are sealed by the Oil-Tite process developed in Peters laboratories to protect powder and primer from oil-seepage.

FOR HIGHWAY-PATROL WORK—Peters Rustless Highway Patrol cartridges—.38's and .45's—with metal penetrating bullets, are made especially for police use. They have greater penetrating power than any other cartridge on the market. In sensational tests simulating shots fired at a fleeing bandit car, these bullets pierced a motor truck engine!

Whichever type or calibre you need, Peters is the Ammunition That Inspires Confidence.

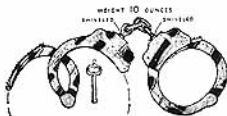
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YOU'RE "in for the kill..." BUT YOU MAY BE LEAVING FEET FIRST!

Los Angeles, 1938: a seething brew of tawdry glamour and ill-gotten glitter, tinsel and tong wars, scandals, speakeasies and skullduggery. But out here in the foothills, listening to the Santa Ana Wind howl its way through canyons that seem continents away from the black-hearted pit of the Big Avocado, a small-town chief police detective like you can almost feel at peace with the world. Almost, but not quite. Because there's something in the wind, something that could turn your tranquil tank town into the newest feature exhibit at Madame Tussaud's.

You've been summoned by telegram to the bungalow of one of the local "pillars of society," a soldier of fortune in need of protection from

the threats of a sleazy writer who has him over the ropes. There's more to this case than meets the eye, however. One stiff has turned up already, and Death is poised to strike again, this time with you as the witness. You'll have just 12 hours to sift through scores of clues, follow up on a dozen leads and give a houseful of suspects the third degree. Your faithful assistant, Sgt. Duffy, who can run errands for you and give advice, will be on the scene. But you alone can persuade the court to render a verdict of guilty by establishing the motive, method and opportunity for the crime. Unless, of course, someone puts you to bed with a shovel first. *Hasta luego*, hawkshaw, and best of luck with your sleuthing.

The Table of Contents for the manual is on page 11. Read it to find what you need to know before you start the story.

Sunset in Echo Park

