

Claims Department

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This issue is dedicated to the memories of David Farraday and Betty Lou Jensen, Darlene Ferrin, Cecilia Sheppard, and Paul Stine.

This issue was originally going to be The Drink Tank issue 103. I wasn't ready. I had years of research under my belt, but nowhere near enough. I shelved it, and almost had it as an issue of Claims Department in 2010. Didn't happen then either. When I brought back Claims Department, I knew this is the issue that I would have to make happen.

And here it is.

1988 and 1989 were big years for people who follow serial killers. 88 was the 100th anniversary of the Jack the Ripper murders, and 1989 was 20 years after the Zodiac. There were television specials, some great, most awful. This was a time that made a lot of murder junkies, but more so, it was also the time that folks started applying modern technologies to cold cases, some the coldest of the cold, and things got interesting.

Of course, we've never found out who Zodiac was. And we probably won't.

Just like with Jack the Ripper, for me, it's less about who the killer is than the situation, the methods, meaning of what actually happened. Just figuring out who did it doesn't tell you much, but figuring out the how and whys always will, especially if you find the killer. The catch isn't everything; understanding the entire scenario is what matters.

This issue will look not only at the killer, but the ways that the case made waves beyond, into popular culture, into the zeitgeist, and into the warnings of parents for decades to come.

As just about everyone knows (well, at least folks who listen to [SiliGone Valley](#)..) I grew up in the Silicon Valley in the 1970s and 80s. That's a couple of ages after Zodiac, yet it never felt like he was gone, like we were safe. Even when cases like Amber Schwartz, Michaela Garrett and Polly Klaas happened, Zodiac was still the boogeyman, still the one who scared parents, scared kids, got press on Channel 7, Channel 2, whenever there was a 'break' in the case; a break that would always lead to nothing except, maybe, a new book.

In 1997, there was a gathering in Vallejo of a bunch of researchers, a few old Benicia, Vallejo, and San Francisco cops. They talked about the case, most of them on the Arthur Lee Allen kick, and all lamented that they hadn't been able to close the case. It was the best thing I ever attended that I'd read about on USENET. The biggest thing about that moment was that it was before Zodiac had the third wind (the first during the murders and through about 1980, the second surrounding Greysmith's book, and then with the release of Zodiac) so there was a truly strange group of attendees, but the theories were all fun.

In other news, I'm getting back into the swing of things. There are various Journey Planet issues coming out, including one dedicated to Disney, a Creature Features issue, and various others. In addition, there's an Exhibition Hall dealing with the work of our friend Gail Carriger. I'm workin' on it all, and having fun. The Boys, they're good, and growing, and starting to talk more and more, and even JP, the little guy who has his issues, is starting to walk about and runs the best he can yelling "run away!!!". It seems like the time to try and get back into the mode of production.

Sadly, in the last few months, I've lost a couple of friends. Milt Stevens, a former WorldCon Chair and probably the first old-timey fan to take our Fanzine Lounge idea seriously, passed away, and I was crushed. Randy Byers wasn't too much later, and that one really hurt. Tempus keeps on fugiting, into the future...

The next issue of Claims Department will be in 2018 (and how can it be 2018?) when I'll be looking at the up-coming San Jose and Dublin WorldCons, Video Game History, and perhaps most importantly, the music of the 1980s! Also, Welcome to Nightvale! Will any of those really happen? Yeah. Will all of them happen, when all is said and done. a lot more is said that done. Allow me to demonstrate that for you in 2018...

COMMENTS?

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The Riverside Library Murder - Yes or No?

SHE WAS YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL BUT NOW SHE IS BATTERED AND DEAD. SHE IS NOT THE FIRST AND SHE WILL NOT BE THE LAST I LAY AWAKE NIGHTS THINKING ABOUT MY NEXT VICTIM. MAYBE SHE WILL BE THE BEAUTIFUL BLOND THAT BABYSITS NEAR THE LITTLE STORE AND WALKS DOWN THE DARK ALLEY EACH EVENING ABOUT SEVEN. OR MAYBE SHE WILL BE THE SHAPELY BLUE EYED BROWNETT THAT SAID NO WHEN I ASKED HER FOR A DATE IN HIGH SCHOOL. BUT MAYBE IT WILL NOT BE EITHER. BUT I SHALL CUT OFF HER FEMALE PARTS AND DEPOSIT IT TO EASY FOR ME. KEEP YOUR SISTERS, DAUGHTERS, AND WIVES OFF THE STREETS AND ALLEYS. MISS BATES WAS STUPID. SHE WENT TO THE SLAUGHTER LIKE A LAMB. SHE DID NOT PUT UP A STRUGGLE. BUT I DID. IT WAS A BALL. I FIRST PULLED THE MIDDLE WIRE FROM THE DISTRIBUTOR. THEN I WAITED FOR HER IN THE LIBRARY AND FOLLOWED HER OUT AFTER ABOUT TWO MINUTS. THE BATTERY MUST HAVE BEEN ABOUT DEAD THEN I OFFERED TO HELP. SHE WAS THEN VERY WILLING TO TALK WITH ME. I TOLD HER THAT MY CAR WAS DOWN THE STREET AND THAT I WOULD GO HOME WITH HER. SHE WENT AWAY FROM THE LIBRARY WALKING. I FOLLOWED HER FROM BEHIND. SHE SAID "ABOUT TIME FOR WHAT". I SAID "I'VE COME TO HELP YOU". I TOOK HER AROUND THE NECK WITH MY HAND OVER HER MOUTH AND FOR OWN LAND I TOOK A KNIFE AT HER THROAT. SHE WENT VERY QUIETLY. I TOOK HER BROWN LEATHER SHOES FROM HER FEET. SHE HAD ONLY ONE SHOE ON HER MIND. I TOOK HER SHOES OFF WITH A BRUSH OFFS THAT SHE HAD GIVEN ME DURING THE YEARS PRIOR. SHE DIED FROM A BLOW AND SHOCK AS I CHOKED HER, AND HER LIPS TITCHED. SHE LEFT A SCREAM ONCE AND I KICKED HER HEAD TO SHUT HER UP. I PLUNGED THE KNIFE INTO HER BACK AND BEHIND. I THEN FINISHED THE JOB BY CUTTING HER THROAT. I AM NOT SICK OR INSANE. BUT THAT WILL NOT STOP THE GAME. THIS LETTER SHOULD BE PUBLISHED FOR ALL TO READ IT. IT JUST MIGHT SAVE THAT GIRL IN THE ALLEY. BUT THAT IS UP TO YOU. IT WILL BE ON YOUR CONSCIENCE. NOT MINE. YES I DID MAKE THAT CALL. ALSO, IT WAS JUST A WARNING. BEWARE... I AM STALKING YOUR GIRLS NOW.

CC. CHIEF OF POLICE
ENTERPRISE



I am always interested in the maybes. My favorite potential (and honestly not very likely) victim of Jack the Ripper is Martha Tabram. The questions as to whether-or-not they are a part of the story is what makes it interesting, and forces some deep looks. Thus, when I read about the murder of Cheri Jo Bates, I was drawn into a seriously deep set of readings and research, and ultimately, to a conversation with my now late great murder junky pal, Michael, one day at a coffee place in Cambridge. We talked Zodiac a lot, and it wasn't until he had devoured Greysmith that the topic of Bates came up. I had read Greysmith, and had seen two or three different documentaries about Zodiac, but there was a lot I only half-knew. He, on the other hand, had just about as much info on the case as one could in 1995 or so.

As the years swung by, I've researched the Bates murder more than any other Zodiac tie-in. The more I looked, the more I found that every piece of info fell into one of three camps – related, not-related, tangential.

Related is easy, of course. You look at the clues that seem to fit Zodiac. There are a few that stick out. The first thing that hits are the notes. Either Bates' killer, or someone who knew the specifics, wrote three notes to the police about the Bates murder. The first one, and by-far the most Zodiac-like, is a type-written letter dated November 29th, 1966.

SHE WAS YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL BUT NOW SHE IS BATTERED AND DEAD. SHE IS NOT THE FIRST AND SHE WILL NOT BE THE LAST I LAY AWAKE NIGHTS THINKING ABOUT MY NEXT VICTIM. MAYBE SHE WILL BE THE BEAUTIFUL BLOND THAT BABYSITS NEAR THE LITTLE STORE AND WALKS DOWN THE DARK ALLEY EACH EVENING ABOUT SEVEN. OR MAYBE

SHE WILL BE THE SHAPELY BLUE EYED BROWNETT THAT SAID NO WHEN I ASKED HER FOR A DATE IN HIGH SCHOOL. BUT MAYBE IT WILL NOT BE EITHER. BUT I SHALL CUT OFF HER FEMALE PARTS AND DEPOSIT

THEM FOR THE WHOLE CITY TO SEE. SO DON'T MAKE

IT TO EASY FOR ME. KEEP YOUR SISTERS, DAUGHTERS, AND WIVES OFF THE STREETS AND ALLEYS. MISS BATES WAS STUPID. SHE WENT TO THE SLAUGHTER LIKE A LAMB. SHE DID NOT PUT UP A STRUGGLE. BUT I DID. IT WAS A BALL. I FIRST PULLED THE MIDDLE WIRE FROM THE DISTRIBUTOR. THEN I WAITED FOR HER IN THE LIBRARY AND FOLLOWED HER OUT AFTER ABOUT TWO MINUTS. THE BATTERY MUST HAVE BEEN ABOUT DEAD BY THEN. I THEN OFFERED TO HELP. SHE WAS THEN VERY WILLING TO TALK TO ME. I TOLD HER THAT MY CAR WAS DOWN THE STREET AND THAT I WOULD GIVE HER A LIFT HOME. WHEN WE WERE AWAY FROM THE LIBRARY WALKING, I SAID IT WAS ABOUT TIME. SHE ASKED ME "ABOUT TIME FOR WHAT". I SAID IT WAS ABOUT TIME FOR HER TO DIE. I GRABBED HER AROUND THE NECK WITH MY HAND OVER HER MOUTH AND MY OTHER HAND WITH A SMALL KNIFE AT HER THROAT. SHE WENT VERY WILLINGLY. HER BREAST FELT VERY WARM AND FIRM UNDER MY HANDS, BUT ONLY ONE THING WAS ON MY MIND. MAKING HER PAY FOR THE BRUSH OFFS THAT SHE HAD GIVEN ME DURING THE YEARS PRIOR. SHE DIED HARD. SHE SQUIRMED AND SHOOK AS I CHOAKED HER, AND HER LIPS TWICED. SHE LET OUT A SCREAM ONCE AND I KICKED HER HEAD TO SHUT HER UP. I PLUNGED THE KNIFE INTO HER AND IT BROKE. I THEN FINISHED THE JOB BY CUTTING HER THROAT. I AM NOT SICK. I AM INSANE. BUT THAT WILL NOT STOP THE GAME. THIS LETTER SHOULD BE PUBLISHED FOR ALL TO READ IT. IT JUST MIGHT SAVE THAT GIRL IN THE ALLEY. BUT THAT'S UP TO YOU. IT WILL BE ON YOUR CONSCIENCE. NOT MINE. YES, I DID MAKE THAT CALL TO YOU ALSO. IT WAS JUST A WARNING. BEWARE...I AM STALKING YOUR GIRLS NOW.

Does it sound like the Zodiac letters? Sure does, at points. The part that really hits me as Zodiac is the section where he describes who his next potential victims are, identifying two young women. This reminded me of the threat against the school bus that Zodiac made, where he would 'pick off the kiddies as

they come bouncing out.'

There's also the poem that was carved into a desk at the Riverside library. The writing matched that on the envelope, or at least closely approximated, and was also similar to the writing on the Zodiac letters. The footprint found seemed to be a military variety, and while not the same style as those found at Lake Berryessa, they were also likely a military variety.

The Not Related is an interesting set of things that would indicate that the murder was not related to Zodiac. The first one is the weapon. A short-bladed knife was not the kind that he used for the attack at Lake Berryessa, which was a foot-long knife. Now, there's no hard-and-fast rule that says all serial killers use the same the weapon, and Zodiac used knives and guns at various times, but they tend to identify their methods and stick with them. Other things include the description of the guy from a witness doesn't exactly match with the Zodiac description, nor does the method that he used. He specifically disabled Cheri's car before he offered her a ride when her car wouldn't start, and then murdered her. There's also the note, which doesn't have the trademark Zodiac spelling irregularities and was typed instead of written. The poem also doesn't seem to be in-line with Zodiac's other communiqués.

Tangential is the stuff that isn't necessarily related, but also seems like it COULD be under certain conditions. Example is the car. He removed a wire to disable the car, making her vulnerable and giving her killer an in to interact and take advantage of his opportunity. IF, and it is a fair-sized if, the Zodiac was the one who loosened Kathleen John's tire, then this would be a certain related incident. If he wasn't the author of the letters to the Chron and various police departments, then it's highly possible the same person wrote the letters, which is something that even Riverside Police think might be the case. These glancing blows off of the Zodiac are what kept me digging over the years. There was a busted Timex watch found at the scene. There was enough evidence in damage to indicate that it was broken in the murder, but the time on it was 12:24 and not 9:30-ish. Then again, that would indicate one of two things – either the killer set it three hours fast to eliminate himself as a suspect, or the one I think is more likely, that it was set for East Coast time, which could mean he was a traveling man, perhaps in the military, regularly stationed on the East Coast. There is at least one Air Force base near Riverside, and that would also tie-in with the Wing-walker prints at Lake Berryessa.

Of course, there's the fact that the Riverside police has a guy they like for the murder of Cheri Jo Bates. The name "Bob Barnett" is used by the Riverside police, and like with Arthur Lee Allen, he's been cleared by DNA testing, but he's still easily the best candidate as he had a relationship with Bates, was likely a jilted lover, and had a Timex watch like the one found at the scene. Cheri Jo Bates' murder is the only cold murder case in

Riverside, and there's less hope as to finding out who did it. Me, I think it was either Zodiac, or someone involved with a sort of Zodiac conspiracy. In fact, if I think about it pretty deeply, the Zodiac might not have been the guy in the Car on 580 that drove Kathleen Johns around, but it COULD be the guy who murdered Cheri Jo Bates, which would mean this sort of thing happened again, somewhere else.





ZODIAC

Jacqueline Monahan

“I like killing people because it is so much fun.”

-- Zodiac serial killer in a codified letter

There are few things more unsettling than a serial killer that’s never been apprehended. Ever. How long the trail of bodies it produces no leads, only hunches, hints, and boxes of cold case files. Closure, like the perpetrator, is the “one that got away.”

The Zodiac serial killer, for example, is so steeped in legend that the character made an appearance on TV’s American Horror Story. He got away every time, and may still walk among us. Old age provides little sanctuary. Think of the countless years he stole from his young victims. Imagine him tacking on those years to his own lifespan. (Shudder optional)

No, there is no safety in old age. Zodiac lives, just like Jack the Ripper, just like the Black Dahlia’s incredibly sadistic murderer. Their longevity is crafted from the blood and bones of notoriety and cautionary tales, from black and white crime scene photos, and from our own fascination.

One Fermi estimation (the ability to make good approximate calculations with little or no actual data) declares that the average person will walk past 36 murderers in their life. Be careful who you piss off in the grocery line.

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The following review appeared in the online review site The Flick Chicks in 2007. www.theflickchicks.com. It has been revisited, tweaked, and updated for

this article.

Zodiac

You will not want to know this guy’s astrological sign.

Zodiac is based on the actual case files of the serial killer of the same name. From the late 60’s to the early 70’s, Zodiac is busy dispatching victims of his own, although he’s not above taking credit for other unrelated murders just for attention.

With various guns and in one gruesome instance, a knife, he indiscriminately kills whoever might be in his way when he gets one of his headaches. Only killing, he tells famed lawyer Melvin Belli, (Brian Cox) will make the pain go away. The television interview, with Belli questioning the phoned-in killer, turns into a futile circus. Zodiac has the last laugh he’s always had through his run of infamy.

Zodiac insinuates himself onto the pages of local Bay Area newspapers with handwritten letters bearing a homemade code. Once cracked, it reveals brazen taunts about his identity and future thrill kill plans.

Because Zodiac’s attacks take place over several different police jurisdictions, the case is extraordinarily difficult to coordinate. Crucial information is not shared. Law enforcement and the media each have a piece of the puzzle, but the whole picture is elusive. Significant leads aren’t followed and false confessions waste precious time.

The film follows the massive, ongoing and slow-moving investigation, focusing on the efforts of two San Francisco detectives and two newspaper men at the San Francisco Chronicle. Detectives Dave Toschi (Mark Ruffalo) and William Armstrong (Anthony Edwards), along with crime reporter Paul Avery (Robert Downey Jr.) and political cartoonist Robert Graysmith (Jake Gyllenhaal) follow up on dozens of leads to find Zodiac's identity and capture him. Each is obsessed in his own way, with various personal and professional consequences.

SFPD detectives Toschi and Armstrong are on a dizzying trail and frustrated at every jagged turn of events. Toschi especially comes off as an avenging angel, smart and with the power of the department on his side. The Zodiac murders haunt him as evidenced by his frequent visits to one of the crime scenes.

Robert Downey Jr. as crime reporter Paul Avery, is pitch perfect as the jaded, hard-living investigator that unfortunately squandered his credibility with law enforcement and is now kept at arm's length from the investigation. His relationship with Zodiac becomes frighteningly personal.

Jake Gyllenhaal, playing the quiet, somewhat nerdy Graysmith, methodically collects bits and pieces of information wherever he can. He possesses the low-key demeanor which allows him access to police files; they can tolerate him more than the unstable Avery. There's no shortage of Gyllenhaal's signature meaningful gazes, here used to convey introspection and single-mindedness.

Graysmith becomes the last man standing in one of the longest manhunts in police history, ironic because he's not even a cop. He comes closest to revealing Zodiac's identity through tireless decades-long research. Like the other men, he pays a high price for his involvement.

Director David Fincher (*Se7en*, *Fight Club*), does not shy away from the horror of the crime scenes, and presents us with the cold matter-of-fact actions of the killer. He uses the camera as a silent witness to events that are brutal, shocking and at other times, quiet and tedious. One of the murders is particularly disturbing and the camera lingers, causing unexpected audience recoil. Fincher delves into the psyches of his band of obsessives - all of the good guys and one exceedingly bad one.

The film does a credible job of evoking the 60's and 70's with music, cars, rotary telephones and Selectric typewriters, hugely outdated by modern tech-

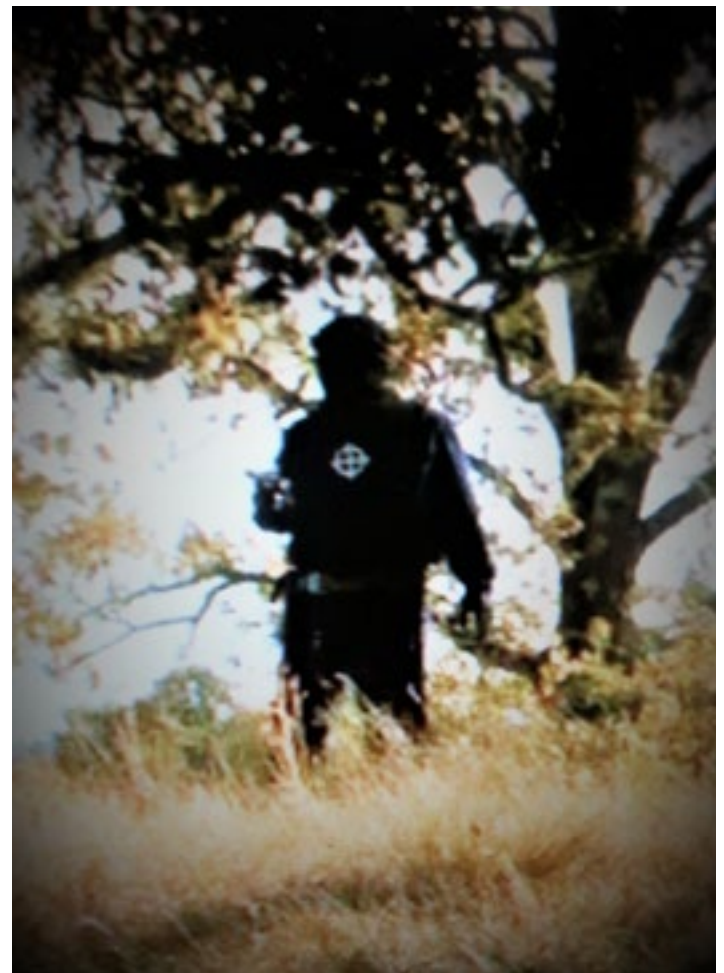
nology standards. Watching detectives and newsmen actually dialing a phone number gives us a hint of their helplessness when it comes to a Zodiac capture. The pace is painstakingly slow.

With a cat-and-mouse quality endemic to any killer-on-the-loose tale, *Zodiac* is more unsettling than any invented monster, and graphically reminds us that real ones lurk among us in human form. It is disquieting how easily death can pay us a visit, walking up in his size 10 1/2 boots, and then hiding in plain sight, terrifyingly ordinary.

There's little in the way of closure or satisfaction on the long road we take with our four sleuths. The investigation leaves everyone involved exhausted, (including the audience, after a 2 hr 37 minute running time).

You will have to be content with *Zodiac*'s emerging character study and the film's glimpse into the inner workings of law enforcement. If you are intrigued by the human toll a case like this generates, you will feel the angst, appreciate the effort, and enjoy the (twisted) journey.

--Jacqueline Monahan





Ciphers

The Zodiac Ciphers are annoying, or possibly proof that the Zodiac was a freakin' genius. The first one, called 408, was broken with some effort, and it wouldn't have been nearly as difficult if the Zodiac had not spelled some words wrong (including some that were previously spelled correctly) and left a lot of leftover letters. Now, this makes it hard to be certain that this is the correct solution, though it's pretty obviously a single-substitution cipher. 408 was easy, and the one they call 340 is insanely difficult.

Well, largely.

You see, I can't solve it, I will never solve it, but I can say that it's not likely a single-substitution cipher... unless it's not a single alphabetic cipher.

This is where my thinking gets weird, even for me.

You see, ciphers don't have to be off a standard alphabet. In fact, you can create a cipher using any

mutually intelligible set of items. So, if you and a friend understand a set of markings that allow you to communicate, you can jumble them up, provide your friend with a key to the way they are jumbled and there'll be no way for anyone else to figure it out. So, if you have a different view of what your ciphering, you can come up with a number of different things to cipher.

So, considering 340, there's an obvious starting point – Phonetic alphabets. There are several phonetic alphabets, the International Phonetic Alphabet is the most widely used, and the Americanist Phonetic Alphabet is also popular. There are more than 63 characters, which is the number in the 340 cipher, but the thing that makes it unlikely is that there's nothing that repeats enough to be the schwa, by far the most common sound in speech. Still, if you look at the 63 most common sounds, that does give you something like 80% of all possible English words.

The next, and this is a stretch, is it is the representation of a typewriter keyboard. Now, if that's the case, then there's an easier approach – find what typewriter had more than 63 keys. There weren't a lot of them back in 1969, but if you include things like capitals, and especially punctuation, you easily get more than 63. In fact, take the upper-case and lower-case alphabet, 52, plus the numbers 1 through 9, 10, bring you to 62, which would leave a slot for a period. Also, a sample of 340 letters might not contain every letter, for example J, Q, or X might not be found at all. Usually I would add Z to that list, but his name is Zodiac, and even just 1 more letter would give you space for the comma. That would make it possible to mess with a lot of researchers' heads by dealing with sentences instead of words.

The one that drives a lot of researchers crazy is the idea that multiple letters in the cipher could stand for the same letter in the original text. That is not a bad idea, actually, if you're trying to create an easy to read, but difficult for someone else to understand cipher. So, if you say that no matter which direction the character is facing, it still encodes to the same thing, that's still a single-substitution cipher, but go the extra step, make one direction mean one thing and the other a totally different character, and it's much more difficult. You could decide that both get used equally, or you could heavily use one and only other the other form once or twice. It's still something like a single-substitution cipher, and it's equally as decodable by the intended recipient, but it makes third-party discovery far more difficult.

H E R > 9 J A V P X I @ L T G @ @
 N 9 + B @ # @ @ D W Y - < @ K @ @
 B X @ @ M + u z G W @ @ L @ @ H J
 S 9 9 @ A J @ @ V @ 9 0 + + R K @
 @ @ M + @ @ @ @ @ @ @ F P + P @ X /
 9 @ R A F J @ - @ @ C @ F > @ @ @
 @ @ + K @ @ @ @ @ @ @ X G V - @ L I
 @ @ @ J @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ L @
 @ < M + @ + Z R @ F B @ Y A @ @ K
 - @ J u v + A J + @ 9 @ < F B Y -
 u + R / @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @
 @ < @ J R J I @ @ @ @ @ @ @ + P B F
 @ @ @ @ S Y @ @ + N I @ F B @ @ @ @ R
 J G F N A @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @
 Y B X @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ +
 I @ - @ @ @ B K @ @ 9 A - @ M @ @ @
 R @ T + L @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @
 + + @ W C @ @ @ @ @ @ P @ S H T / @ @ @
 I F X @ W < @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @
 > M D H N 9 K S @ @ @ @ @ @ A I K @ +





SAN FRANCISCO BOOGEYMAN

by Derek McCaw

The sun's rays slowly sunk behind the distant Los Altos Hills. The picture window in my parent's living room grew darker, and I could taste metal in my mouth as I tried to make myself small in the corner of the living room. Cold adrenaline was rising, because it was dark. And I knew that the dark was when it would happen. Maybe not tonight, but some night.

Glass would shatter, just like I'd seen on TV. Even if my parents managed to react, he would slice their throats and toss them aside while I watched, holding a Hot Wheel. And then he would turn to me, a knife gleaming in his hand. I had no idea what his face looked like, but I knew that I would know him.

If we were home, this scene played in my head every night for weeks, maybe months. I only really felt safe at my grandparents' farm, because I knew there was no way he would be there – they had different news channels. And he probably wouldn't track us to Disneyland, but I couldn't explain that to my parents.

Finally, one night my mother asked me to do something for her, and noticed how I moved slowly against the back wall, as far away from the window as I could make myself. I might have even been crawling toward her behind the couch. She asked the question that should have freed me.

“What's wrong?”

“I'm scared.”

My father wasn't listening, intent on the 6 o'clock news, which, of course, had just mentioned ...him.

“What are you scared of?” my mom asked.

It was hard to say the name, as if doing so would only bring him faster.

“It's... Zodiac.”

My mother's face twisted into anger. “Who has been talking to you about Zodiac? Was it that Mike Flynn? Which kids at recess?” she yelled.

She meant well. She was being protective. But I couldn't talk. I couldn't even point at the TV, which was what had been talking about Zodiac, though maybe not that night. It seemed like he was on TV every night, because when I was a little kid he had everybody scared, and when you're four years old and have no idea where any place actually is, your geographic knowledge is that if it gets the same TV channels, it must be close.

I remember seeing stories on KPIX Channel 5 of young women and men being stabbed. Police sketches would appear in the corner next to the reporter's face, and I felt terrible at those teen-agers having run into a killer more than once. I did not understand that when the news talked about someone being stabbed multiple times, it was still one incident.

Years later, I would hear from my dad that the Zodiac Killer had bragged that he would take out a school bus, and so my parents, both elementary school

teachers, were afraid to go on field trips. Because most of my parents' social lives was with other teachers, I'm sure I heard they and their co-workers talking about it. From the news, I thought the Zodiac went after babysitters; from my parents and their friends, I must have picked up that he was going to go after children.

Either way, he terrified me. Maybe I saw a news story that showed the gunny sack mask that one of the survivors said he had on. Or maybe I just filled in the details which were that there really weren't many details. For me, the Zodiac Killer was an unstoppable barely human shape, years before Michael Meyers or Jason Voorhees. He had a villain name, more terrifying than the Joker or Terra-Man. And one night, he would come for my family. I was scared long past the point he was active, because nobody bothered to tell me he had stopped. Why would they?

The fear faded, because eventually even his taunting of the media stopped, and I discovered Aurora glow-in-the-dark monster models and Creature Features on Channel 2. Monsters could be controlled, maybe. Maybe I'd just been a scared little kid, and it was time to get over it.

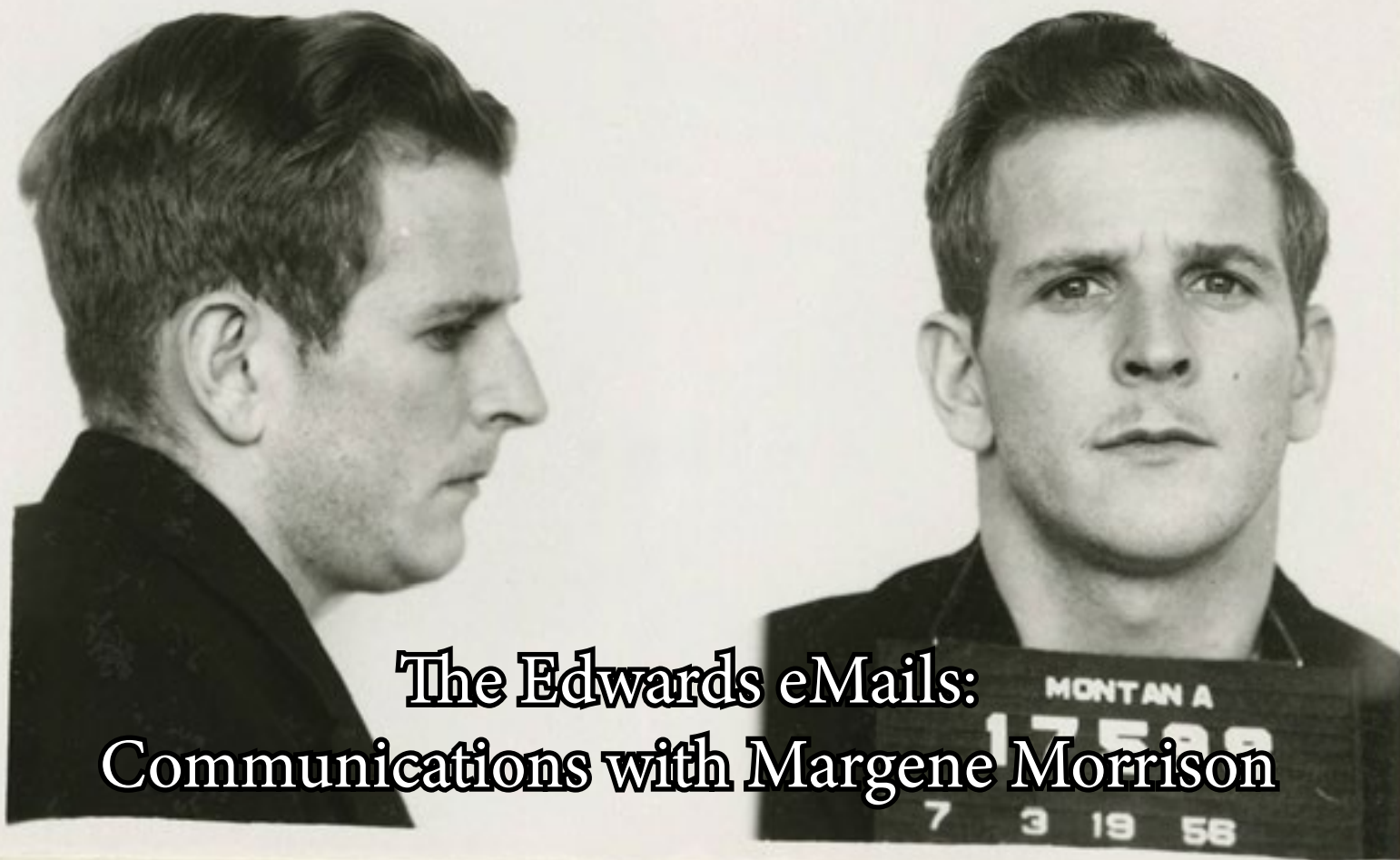
Until I was in middle school, when another letter appeared, with headlines in the news that "he's back!" Even though the letter couldn't be proven as from the actual Zodiac, I still felt the irrational fear. And heard my mother's voice in my head, "who's been talking to you about Zodiac?"

When Robert Graysmith wrote his first book about the Zodiac Killer, putting forth a plausible theory to his identity and reassuring the public that his urge to kill had burned out, I felt a strange sense of relief. Graysmith walked by me at a WonderCon once, and I resisted the urge to run after him and thank him profusely for taking at least one childhood terror off the table for me. I think I would have been scary myself in how intense that gratitude was.

When my children dealt with their own fears, I treated it seriously. I knew how intense that fear could be, and getting angry wouldn't help. Instead, I reassured them they were safe, and I knew they'd outgrow their fears. At least, I hoped so.

I know how Boogeymen are born. And mine was real.





The Edwards eMails: Communications with Margene Morrison

I put out a call to one of the Zodiac Facebook groups asking various questions of the folks who were interested in the case. There were a fair number of responses, many of which were self-promotional in nature, but there was one set of eMails I received that made me look more deeply.

I know I say I don't do the whole suspect thing, but of late, I've found a lot of interest in the potential of Z being Edward Wayne Edwards. Edwards is a known serial killer, best known for committing the Sweetheart Murders of Tim Hack and Kelly Drew. He was eventually captured, and died in prison in 2011, and many investigators believe that he had many other victims.

Oh, and he was in Northern California at the time of the Zodiac murders.

Is he good for the Zodiac crimes? I could see the argument, though he's not a favorite of a wide-swath of the investigators' world, but he's got a following among some.

But these eMails, they were important to me. Something I always have to remember, no matter what I'm researching, is that these crimes affect people, humans. This is a prime example of someone who was not a victim, who tend to be the only

one's who get recognised by investigators, but who was deeply injured by a serial killer. These eMails, though a touch disjointed, form an important part of the story of Edward Wayne Edwards, and not just his record of murders, but beyond that, to those who were tormented by him.

If you will go to my facebook page and scroll down until you see it, there is a picture of a "Z." I found it painted on a place in a wall that had been damaged. I had to make some trips back to where I remembered seeing Edwards. One of those places is Cooleme Falls at River Park, better known as the Bullhole. It got that name from a cow disappearing into the water many years ago. Before that Daniel Boone and his brother Jonathan used the area as a hunting ground. One of my cousins fought the Indians with Jonathan. He was probably a Wood. My daughter did that research for me. Around 1900 or so there was a mill built there.

The Bullhole is technically in Davie County, NC but you can reach it from Woodleaf in Rowan County, NC. It wasn't a park back in the 1970's. It was a hang-out and it wasn't easy to reach. You can see some of the names of people who would go there over the years. They have a facebook page. They remember a lot of

happy times partying. Some people would tell their kids not to go there because there were some dangerous people there. Yes, they were like the people who killed Sheriff Pusser in the Walking Tall movies before The Rock came along.

As a teen and prior victim already of Edwards I was led there several times. It scares me now as my memories have emerged. For years I thought of the Bullhole as a little pond I used to swim in. Look at the pictures of it! I think Edwards found a safe haven in parts of North Carolina. If you read about him, you'll find that he would have barbecues wherever he stayed and acquire a police officer's uniform. You see, he was an FBI informant. People believed he was a reformed criminal. After his death, the FBI went in and destroyed his ID making equipment.

That was the 1970's. By the late 1980's I would report that a man named Ralph Ulysses Brickenshaw was a very smart but evil man. He was carrying government credentials and he was killing innocent men, women, and children all over the United States. He had told me once that he had been a Canadian Mountie. I believe he made people think he was a special agent of the United States government. I told everyone who would listen that he had to be stopped. I made visits, made phone calls, and wrote hundreds of letters. I was afraid that if I hired a private investigator that I would be endangering the PI's life.

The people I admired are all dead now, not that they were killed but they died over the years of natural causes. One of them was Larry N. Howard of JFK-AIC and Professor Robert Cutler of the Grassy Knoll Gazette. Notice they weren't even studying the Zodiac, they were studying the JFK Assassination. I got laughed at by a Zodiac researcher because I was female and he wanted to know all about my relationship with Edwards. My relationship was trying to keep my family and me alive. I had been getting phone calls from Edwards after he had gotten out of prison. No one would bug my phone to save my life or the lives of my children. I went to the Army's chain of command because by then I was married to a soldier. He had some problem with General Cavezza and in the conversation I cussed out the officers and told them we had been at Fort Ord so long that the Zodiac Killer had found us. My husband turned out to be in the right in his situation that had to do with Panama.

I contacted the Assassination Buffs because I had seen a picture of the Dealey Plaza Tramps. The one they call Frenchy had the same hairline as Edwards or as I

knew him, Ralph. I wondered why such an awful killer remained free. I figured he must have been a political assassin. The researchers told me I had the wrong guy. But I knew it was something having to do with JFK. Well that was 1990 that I met with researchers. In November 2015, I reluctantly read about another killer and his name was Edward Wayne Edwards. Then it struck me: the initials RUB went with EWE. Then it dawned on me that I had been born on the day Kennedy was sworn into office. So that made me turn one year old the day that the FBI arrested Edward Wayne Edwards for bank robbery. That is why I had to read the book John Cameron wrote. Was there someone else who thought that Edwards was the worst serial killer in America?!

Edwards let some of us live. But it hasn't been easy for any of us. I've been committed twice. I've had two failed marriages and I had to fly to the Pacific to meet some of my grandchildren. If I don't have nightmares about Edwards then I dream about being separated from my loved ones. I was lucky enough to find a man who believed me when I said I had been stalked by a serial killer. He does remember driving up in the driveway when I lived in Bolivia, NC when there was a strange man standing on my porch. I don't think I ever put the golf club down. One time then, the sheriff's dept. came out at night and searched my yard. I appreciated it.

People have told me that I should write a book. But no one but some other survivors of Edwards would really understand what its like anyway. The amount of damage he did on people's minds is enormous. When you open your door and your phantom is there claiming to be God, then you'll understand. You really have no one but the real God to depend on for help.

Signed, Margene Morrison aka Margene Marshall Camacho

My curiosity was piqued. I had been reading about Edwards, and many pointed to him as the Boogeyman of the twenieth century, attributing hundreds of kills to him around the country, if not the world. I don't buy that idea, though his connection to Adam Walsh and JonBenet Ramsey's murders deserve more attention. I responded with thanks, and mentioned my personal interest in the JFK assassination. She responded with another message.

The most important thing: I recognized a picture of Edward Wayne Edwards that was taken around 1970. I knew to look for a mole on his left cheek. There it was.

I couldn't be totally insane! In fact, around 1989 I had drawn a sketch of him from my memories. It wasn't easy because he was always telling me not to look at him. When I recognized the old picture it was November 2015.

I think the delay in me understanding that Edwards was dead is due to the fact that my own father, Larry Marshall had died in 2011. I couldn't deal with anything while watching my father die of the most painful cancer imaginable: bladder cancer. My father was in rehab in Wilmington, NC after being in a coma and having had a trache. When he was slightly better he began telling the nurses about being a witness to the Reagan and Baker shootings. My father had been a Union Representative for the Carpenter's Union in Charlotte. They had a convention in Washington, DC. After the shots rang out my father climbed a wall to see what was happening. It was in the newspapers and the publicity brought all the nuts out of the woodwork, including EWE. We corrected the nurses in Wilmington. No, my father wasn't hallucinating.

The Union also had a convention in San Francisco during the time of the Zodiac Killings. You know, Rick Marshall was suspected of being the Zodiac Killer. Just a coincidence that our last name was also Marshall. Another coincidence: we were lucky enough then for my father to find a farm for us to rent so I was able to grow up in a beautiful place from age 7-13. It was in the area across from Latta Plantation at 181-A Abernathy Rd. The house was probably built in the late 1800's and the cornerstone was cut from giant granite boulders on the property. Last year my son looked first as I drove the car down that road, now with mansions in the cow pasture. Yes, the fire dept had burned it and Stephen told us it would have been too expensive to remodel it. We both agreed that at times, bad people had come down the road. Bad people had even lived in the house after us. I peered up into the still standing chimney remembering that Edwards had once painted "DIE" on it. We lived in the house twice. My parents came back to Charlotte after living in East Spencer and before moving here to the beach. I lived there for a short while when my oldest child was a baby. Daddy called it the Marshall Ranch. The Marshall Ranch is also in the Zodiac book but it wasn't the one in CA. It was the one in NC. The Zodiac Killer wrote that he'd go elsewhere and make his murders look like accidents.

After the Reagan and Baker shootings EWE came and looked in the window downstairs. The downstairs of the house was cut into the ground the way a low-coun-

try house might be. It was just me and my baby and my disabled sister there at the time. I took a butcher knife out of the drawer and went outside and tried to stab him. I didn't remember anything about what happened the year we left the first time. I would have been 13 then. In 1981 I was 20. He liked my shirt. I had a brown and tan striped hoodie shirt with pockets that had distinct round stitching around the pockets on each side. I guess the pockets reminded him of the Zodiac symbol. He took the knife and showed me how he cut up Elizabeth Short. I didn't know who she was at the time. But when I moved out into an attic apartment on Tuckaseegee Rd. behind a grill, I started seeing visions of blood in the bathtub. Nothing lingering, just flashes. But you still have to take a bath!

Then when I moved to Yorktown Apts. that used to be off Tyvola Rd. he came there too.

The reference to the Black Dahlia was no surprise, thought Edwards would have been less than 13 years old. It is not unknown for killers to start as pre-teens, but it is also highly unlikely that someone so young could have done the kind of work the Black Dahlia Killer did to Elizabeth Short, not to mention carting the body, but this does speak to something in Edwards. Even if he wasn't involved in JonBenet or Adam Walsh, and I am fairly convinced he harrassed John Walsh after the naming of Otis Toole as the murderer, and that would indicate that Edwards was more than willing to take credit, to push his name out there, to build his 'brand' as a killer by taking credit for the work of others. This is possible, and since we know he murdered others, it would make sense that he would claim other murders to make his name larger. He was, it seems, a smart killer who wanted to be known, but not captured.



Another eMail -

You can probably tell that in years past, I wrote a lot of letters. First I would write John Judge. I've also written Will Robinson and Ms. MacDonald who were with the Lighthouse Report out of KAZU Radio in Santa Cruz. I think I've been shown a picture of Edwards in a government office like the SBI or FBI in Charlotte around 1981 or 1982. I was told that Edwards was "an honorable man." I've been to the FBI in SC around 1993 or 1994. I don't know how much sense I made by then. Then I've been to the FBI in Wilmington about twice. Once my boyfriend Archie was with me. I wanted them to know that was not true about Officer Davina Buff Jones. She could not have shot herself in the back of her head. Oh, her shoes were lost in the evidence room! Eventually Mr. David was elected in Wilmington, NC and he appointed some retired agents who changed her manner of death to undetermined, but maybe that helped her family clear her name. They had to go to court to collect her death benefits. It was so awful. She had a sexual harassment suit against Bald Head Island at the time she was killed and her father said she had witnessed some drug running on the exclusive island. It is so exclusive that I can't afford to ride the ferry.

Professor Cutler once told me that at least in my case there was no such thing as mental illness. He said my mind was doing what it had to do so that I would survive.

I had cut out a square swatch of the fabric of a cotton skirt I had. The print was light grey with black squares. I mailed it to Professor Cutler. I mailed it from CA and it was from a suit I had worn in Charlotte.

Honestly, I think my father suspected that one of the union carpenters was a serial killer. He was afraid that Edwards was going to frame me for murder. I think I had gotten a phone call that said he was the Zodiac Killer and he just shot a female officer on Bald Head Island. I don't know if it is my imagination or not. But I think I would have reported it if I remembered it at the time. I often had to report calls from him as soon as I hung up the phone or I would block out what he said. And get this, at the time I had an assault on a police officer and social workers on my record. I hit Billy Hughes because they sent a drug cop over to break up a fight between me and some social workers. The late great Sheriff Hewett (replaced by the better Ingrahm) was trying to keep from charging child molesters like another Hewett. So when my ex-boyfriend Ratliff was arrested for raping my oldest daughter, Hewett didn't

"I had gotten a call that said he was the Zodiac Killer"

send the info over to DSS. They were going to walk off with my youngest daughter and give her to her rapist father. Not only did we report it in NC but we had reported the rape in SC. So I ended up in a fight with social workers, 6 of them to 1 of me. What started it? I was accused of working. I said "Don't you have a computer? DSS is paying for the day care so I can work!" To this day. That was 1995 they will run off a director that tries to teach them a computer program. Brunswick County DSS.

It happened on a school night, Jones's murder. My kids had to be in bed and asleep by 8 pm. By then I was married again because the system that was supposed to help me caused me a massive nervous breakdown. I tried to kill myself in a government office by banging my head against the floor. 2 other social workers came to my cell to apologize for Hewett being such an ass. Billy Hughes turned out to sexually harass his LE partner Wooten. I hit the right guy! By the way, my oldest daughter had a baby in 1996. He is married now and in the Army. His wife is having a baby this month. Oh, I got 5 days. I would get arrested from time to time for fighting. I hope I said the right thing while I was screaming at DSS in 1995: I did everything I was supposed to. If I said "Ralph Ulysses Brickenshaw is working for the government and killing innocent men, women, and children all over the country!" I wouldn't be surprised. But I started screaming and I couldn't stop until I heard my voice and recognized it was me.

People at HUD did know that a man from my past was a serial killer. One of my workers and an official in Atlanta.

I showed up at the sheriff's dept. after Ralph/Edward had died and I didn't know it. I was worried about Lisa Irwin and also about a family named Robinson. Maybe because EWE killed a family named Roberson. I think the officer showed me a picture of Edwards and was like Oh, you people under his control bother us. I was like Well, what am I supposed to do?! Anyway he left the sheriff's dept. Newman. This is a little of what my family has gone through. The tip of the iceberg.

A bit disjointed, and some of you I can hear snickering about this being exactly what you'd expect a Murder Junky's eMail to sound like. I, on the other hand, picked up on things. The RUB references are interesting, in that it doesn't seem to be a known alias, but at the same time, Edwards used several aliases, so I wouldn't figure it's out of the question there's more than one that's not widely known.

And more -

You may have seen Ralph Livingston on Forensic Files. He showed up one day at my home when I lived on Green Pine in Supply, NC after I had married Billy. Billy could at least protect us against Donald Ratliff. It took four years to get Ratliff to court because he fled to New Mexico and was crossing the border back and forth. His friends told me he was teaching English. "With a speech problem?" I told Ralph I trusted him even if he was named Ralph. This Ralph was black and seemed sincere to help us. The US Marshals ended up arresting Donald and he did 9 years. I had thought like everyone else that Donald was a good guy, the salt of the earth, but he hurt my child. I fight the impulse to kill him but I don't kill him because he has a mother and an aunt. In fact he has a nice family. They would have helped us so we didn't have to struggle but Donald belonged in jail so he couldn't hurt another kid for 9 years. When my daughter told me the truth about him, I sat down and figured it out: The devil's name is Ralph. What if it was Ralff. Take the "it" out of Ratliff and you are left with Ralff. I was still trying to figure everything out. I was supposed to be crazy but if I wasn't: maybe the killer Ralph Ulysses Brickenshaw was so old that he was dead or in the nursing home part of a prison.

In December of 1996 I gave birth to my fifth child. He was a beautiful blonde, blue eyed boy. He was younger than my first grandchild. We were all happy. We had celebrated Christmas. The voices in my head seemed to be afraid of Big Billy. I was nursing my baby and visiting my probation officer once a month to pay a fee and I had done my five days in jail for the fight at DSS. I've gotten into a lot of fights and I've had a lot of head injuries. I stay home as much as possible because I would be a hermit if I could be one. My daddy said I was just like my grandmother. I knew my grandmother as a sweet woman who had a job driving sick people to the doctor in Rowan County. She and my grandfather also substituted for the Donally Home that took in emergency foster children. One little boy was Kevin, a black boy who had a scar from a baseball bat. My grandpar-

ents loved him and were overjoyed that a minister? in East Spencer and his wife adopted him. I often wonder how Kevin is now. Of course small town people love to gossip and the word was that he was my son. So I had a baby by a foreigner. Now they had something true to talk about in 1980.

My grandmother had a rough time growing up, Her father was a brave man named Ray Pinkston. He was part of a cotton mill strike at Kartex Mills. He was also a bootlegger. He went to prison around Salisbury and when he got out he became so reformed that he got a job as a sheriff's deputy at Kure Beach in the late 1940's. My father remembered the Hermit and said he was a bootlegger too. My grandmother and her siblings had an abusive step-mother growing up and the story is they goaded her into drinking bird poison. The neighbor vouched for the kids because the abuse was evident. Paw Paw Pinkston raised pheasants for restaurants. We would know he was home in his old age. His wooden leg would be sitting on the front stoop. He had married a young woman and in his fifties they had a baby who was born with a bad birth defect. She died because children like that only lived to be a year or so. Her name was Minnie and she was missing part of her brain. My real great -grandmother was a Wood and she died at 27 of phemonia with five children. My grandmother had it hard and she was a fighter.

So when someone came to her door in East Spencer she first thought it was my father, Larry, her son. She opened the door. But say it was Edwards. She thought it was someone who knew me. She shut the door and smashed him up in it. Years later down here at the beach, Daddy saw some man he had problems with. He wouldn't tell me who it was. He said something to Daddy and Daddy was a big man and ran over and smashed the man in the door of his truck. I think it must have been Edwards. Edwards may have joined the Carpenter's Union but he thought we were all a bunch of communists. He hated communists as well as Christians. But he would pretend to be one. You, being named Christopher have "Christ" in your name and if EWE had come across you, you would have been a target of him too.

Anyway that Christmas in 1996 was wonderful until I heard about the crime that killed JonBenet Ramsey. Maybe Ralph wasn't dead or in the nursing home part of a prison. I had to start writing again because the Media was tormenting her parents. People were jealous of them because they were wealthy. How could they possibly be jealous of a family that just lost their baby

girl in the Christmas Season to a sadistic killer? People thought they were trying to cover up a killing, Wouldn't they have taken a route that worked? They had a lot of money. right? It just didn't make sense.

I thought one of Ralph's calls in CA was threatening a man named John Ramsey. I thought I had called Atlanta and talked to a female law enforcement officer...Crystal?! I had to call as soon as I hung up from my stalker in 1990 or I would block it out it was so frightening. If you could have only seen my phone bills. One time I actually called the CIA in CA around 1989. I said what I had to say "An old car needs a push." That was what I was instructed to say. I got a call back and an agent told me or so I thought that no, the gov't wasn't killing children. Didn't I believe that? Well, I had to start writing again even though I felt like I was being drug into something awful and it wouldn't be good for us. I had tried to put my life back together over and over and over. Each time he would call or show up and ruin my life. Or I'd get a note on my door. The note I sent to Larry N. Howard. That's back after my oldest child and I took a bus from CA to NC eating crackers along the way in 1990. I rode the bus back to try to get my first husband to give me my two children but he had me flown back to NC. I figured it was best for them. After all, a serial killer was stalking me if I wasn't completely crazy.

So I thought I was getting a return call from LE about the Ramsey investigation. It only turned out to be EWE. When I went to the islands this summer, what do I find out? My brother-in-law had lost it too at one time, because he thought someone was trying to kill him. I told his wife, maybe it was Edwards.

I'm not convinced about the Ramsey murder, but I'm also not completely turned away from it as a possibility. What's interesting here is the association with the Carpenters Union. Edwards had worked as a carpenter at times, and was near East Spencer at various times according to some reports.

Finally-

In 2002 I reconnected with an old roommate who's real name was Nancy before she changed it. She knew I had been committed to Natividad in Salinas on April 29, 1989. That was my parents' anniversary. EWE tried to talk me into suicide because he said he believed in Time Travel. Like if I was never born and celebrated my first birthday, he never would have been arrested. Then JFK would still be alive. Even I wouldn't fall for that. Anyway

Nancy said I should apply for Social Security. So where do I go? Wilmington, NC. As it turns out Edwards being ever so brazen (I read this in Cameron's book) asks the gov't for his social security earnings under his many aliases.....One place he worked was Wilmington, NC. Now they can give me diagnoses but I got it for Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. Bi-polar and Schizoid apart from that. It is because this man who was an artist, ruined my future as an artist. There is a whole lot more to this story but this gives you some idea of what its like to have come into contact with that evil genius. I saw the movie the Zodiac in the theatre and I wouldn't be surprised if he was right behind me in line. Thanks for reading. Margene, which is an English nickname for Margaret, St. Margaret who had trouble with the Dragon.

This was the final eMail, and it leads to the final question - Do I believe her?

Yes, maybe not entirely, and maybe not in the details, but on the whole, I think she was tormented, that should go without a doubt, and I think there's a fair chance that RUB was Edward Wayne Edwards. The time frames seem to match up, but that is always thin soup for a hungry mind.

I don't believe EWE was the boogeyman, that he killed hundreds of people over the span of sixty years, but some of them, some of them fit, some of them make sense, and when I took the time to untangle the eMails, to look at the individual elements, to wade through some of the shallows and the pass beyond the dead-ends, I find something very simple: this is a woman who was terrified, who literally feared for her life for decades, and now tells her story, because the man she believes was one of the worst human beings who ever lived no longer lives.

I've read her responses to other sites about Zodiac, about Edwards, and even JFK, and her story is sound, her delivery reasonable if not 100% clear, but mostly, it feels as if she is unpacking years of trauma wherever she can.

Was Edward Wayne Edwards Zodiac? It is possible. Was Ralph Ulysses Brickenshaw Edward Wayne Edwards? I honestly believe that he could have been, and that Margene knows he was.

The one unquestionable thing, Margene Morrison was tortured, and there are obviously underlying issues, but now she needs to speak, and there is likely something in her words we should listen to.

This is the Zodiac speaking.



A Review: Reprinted from Klaus at Gunpoint

I am, if nothing else, a murder junkie. I know it's ghoulish, but I was raised with residual images of Jack the Ripper, since I was 14 when the 100th anniversary of the murders, and as a Bay Area kid, the Zodiac. The Zodiac murders were a defining moment in the Bay Area of the 1960s and early 70s. The modern idea of what a mastermind serial killer was came from the Zodiac. I've probably seen a hundred hours of Zodiac documentaries, news footage, and interviews, and read hundreds and hundreds of pages (my buddy Jackson had one of the first Zodiac websites) and even met a few of the folks involved in the case. David Prior's documentary *This is Zodiac Speaking* is the best straight documentary on the murders that has ever been done, and a perfect companion to David Fincher's *Zodiac* (and it appears on that Blu-Ray disk as an extra)

The film covers the killings in detail, almost entirely through interviews with the people involved. Investigators and survivors go into great detail of what they did, what they saw, and they knew. The interviews are what makes this documentary, and not only through the information they impart, but in the methodology used by Prior.

The interviews are shot against a white background, no green-screening (which I am REALLY tired of!) and the shots do fast fades to black, while allowing the interviewees talk to continue. This is highly disconcerting, as if we're being placed in the dark because we've extended the lines of investigation too far, and it has to snap closed on us. This technique might bug some, but the fact that we're set aback gives the feeling of those folks who were there, only able to nibble on the information that was dribbling out on television. The maps, photos, and the few re-constructions are all well-played, but the interviews are the height of this documentary.