



## “A Recipe for Death”

This mystery entitled “*A Recipe for Death*” takes place in 1945 during the waning months of the wars with Germany and Japan. Florence a small town in northern Kentucky has been plagued with an anomaly of cancer deaths. Glenna Owens an investigative reporter for the local newspaper has been assigned the task, by her editor, to investigate the mysterious circumstances surrounding the deaths and develop a news story reporting her findings. Ex-Sheriff, Colonel Jack Ryle, our local hero, joins Glenna, his intimate lady friend, in the search to identify and eliminate the toxic and hazardous causes of the unexplained deaths. The story plot thickens and then unravels and takes a new twist as the truth finally comes out, much like the cream rises to the top in a milk bottle. With the help of a ground hog, four golfers and some added clout their combined efforts finally identify the source and solve the mystery.

Colonel Jack and Glenna not only get to the bottom of the community problems but they demonstrate how life in Florence, a small town in America continues to survive and flourish in spite of the enormous problems that are always present throughout the world.

Please enjoy your day and the time you spend reading, “A Recipe for Death”.

**E. Don Mason - Kentucky Colonel**

*Author of over twenty-two short stories*

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## Celebration and Dedication

*For my loving wife Jean, who has always been there for me...*

Some might call Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> of October of 2017 an unlucky day, but to me it's a milestone in my life as I celebrate the publishing of my 22<sup>nd</sup> and latest short story.



**Jean and Don Mason**

All of my stories have been written since my wife Jean and I moved into the Parkview Community at Frisco just over two years ago. I have never claimed to be an author, even though many others say they have enjoyed my writings. I believe that as long as someone enjoys reading them I will continue writing them. Being a resident at Parkview or a similar community doesn't mean that your life as you know it is over. It just means, there is more time and opportunities to pursue new friends and exciting memories in your new found home. Relax and enjoy your new life and at the speed of your choice. Today is a new day at Parkview.

# **“A Recipe for Death”**



## **A Tale of Small Town Crime and Murder**

### *A Prologue of Sadness*

It has been only six weeks since the small community of Florence, Kentucky and the whole world itself was informed that Franklin D. Roosevelt, the 32<sup>nd</sup> president of the United States had died. The scattered details surrounding his death indicated that the President was vacationing and having his portrait painted at a retreat in Warm Springs, Georgia when he complained of a severe pain in his neck and head. Doctors responded quickly and determined that a massive cerebral hemorrhage had occurred. It was Thursday the twelfth of April in 1945 about 1 p.m. when the President was pronounced dead; and thus Harry S. Truman the Vice-President, assumed the obligations and burdens of President of the United States of America.

In the meantime, the coffin containing the President's body was placed on a special train for the trip from Warm Springs, Georgia to the nation's capital. Arriving in Washington DC on 14 April 1945 the President's coffin was placed on a caisson pulled by six white horses. Trailing the caisson was the rider-less horse, being led by an unidentified Negro soldier. The mount's saddle, stirrups and boots were reversed, indicating the death of a fallen leader. The saber attached to the saddle bounced against the horse's flank in time with the music and cadence of the marching band and honor guard.

With full military escort and honors the caisson was transported to the East Room of the White House. News agencies reported that crowds of over one million people lined the roadways and braved the hot April sun to pay their respects to the fallen President as his caisson rolled by.

Thousands of Americans also expressed their respect during the short five hour viewing and simple funeral service that took place in the East Room. When the service was completed the caisson transported Franklin Delano Roosevelt's body back to Union Station where it would begin its final trip to Hyde Park, New York for burial. The entire train route was lined with families enduring the hot April sun to catch a glimpse of arguably the most celebrated President since Abraham Lincoln of 1860 fame. President Franklin Delano Roosevelt was buried in the Rose Garden of the Roosevelt family estate.

One could only surmise that the present day heat in late May of 1945 was much warmer than that of April the previous month. The shock and sorrow of losing their President became more bearable as time passed; in the meanwhile life and government continued to flow to the rhythm of President Truman's drumbeat.

Truman's drumbeat also continued to lead America's war efforts in Europe and especially in Germany. The continual bombing slowly destroyed the German homeland and its ability to make war. It was announced the Fuhrer, Adolph Hitler, had committed suicide in his hidden bunker on 30 April leaving his generals to face the consequences. Most of the world believed that evil men like Hitler should die an evil death; to them a suicide death was much too easy for this man and his deeds. Finally, on 8 May of 1945, the newly acting leaders of Germany agreed to an unconditional surrender.

### *Life beyond Death*

In spite of the late President's death, Germany's ultimate surrender and the Allied victory in Europe, life, and with it the game of golf continues.

The four local golfers were drenched in sweat soaked shirts and nearly exhausted as they neared their goal, the 18<sup>th</sup> and final hole of their match. Braving the weather and other climatic conditions the local golfing group had seemingly persevered.

Colonel Jack Ryle and his three golfing buddies had finally reached the eighteenth green at the Boone Links golf course in Florence, Kentucky. As usual most of their golf wagers would be decided by the scores posted on this, the final green. Jack's group normally played on Tuesday and Friday of each week and today being Friday it was business as usual. The foursome included Colonel Jack Ryle, the retired Sheriff of Boone County and three of his friends including Clyde Posey, Randall Rhodes, and Dr. Tucker or "Tuck" as he was dubbed by his many friends.

As they dismounted from their golf carts each golfer noticeably was in a bad mood. They had teed off at seven thirty this morning and it was now one o'clock. However you figured it, the round had lasted nearly six hours, well above their usual time of four hours. In addition to the time, the group was exhausted from the sun, the high humidity and temperature that were in excess of ninety degrees. They also could blame the conditions because the course was completely jammed with weekend golfers trying to enjoy the Memorial Day festivities. As Tuck trudged to the green he was thinking this is the last time I am going to play on a holiday. The group should have known the holiday conditions would be terrible but they didn't want to miss a scheduled play day.

Tuck and Clyde as partners had won their bet on the first nine holes. The match for the back nine was tied. Colonel Jack and Randall knew that if they won this hole they would be winners for the day. Randall watched Tuck and Clyde miss their birdie opportunities. Randall, who at age 61 was the youngest of the group, knew the pressure was on him. He lined up his ten foot birdie putt which he stroked into the center of the cup, in spite of Clyde's attempt to distract him. Randy suggested that a security guard be called to protect the cash he and the Colonel had won. The golfers joked knowing the winners had won a grand total of two dollars each. But the golfers' main thoughts now were to get off the golf course, order a cold drink and relax in the air conditioned club at the 19<sup>th</sup> hole. The whole golf game wasn't about the money, to the group it was about their friendship, competitive nature and bragging rights, especially the bragging rights. Everyone in the group had earned a nickname over the years. Clyde Posey was given the name of "Mosey" because he was never in a hurry to do anything, except maybe order a double shot of gin. Mosey would also never hurry his drinking as he wanted to savor the fine taste and aroma of his special gin. When the group first got together Clyde was called the Grand Meander which was later shortened to Mosey, because he always took time to meet and greet new friends.

Clyde carried a few extra pounds on his large frame but he was always well groomed and presented himself well in public. His golfing mates knew that Mosey always flirted with the waitresses or any charming female that was willing to listen to his many pick-up lines. The guys didn't know what kind of bait he was pitching to Barbie the cute waitress here at the golf club, but the couple always had something to whisper about. Rumors said that Barbie was smitten by Mosey's well-groomed goatee. It also didn't harm his reputation to be the local owner of the Florence Hardware Store and known to carry a sizeable sum of cash in his front pocket, usually folded and bound tight with rubber bands. If you searched hard enough you might also find his small pen knife hidden among his cash and rubber bands.

## Recipe for Death

Rumors do get started somehow, like the one someone told about the time Randall tried to emulate Mosey by carrying his money wrapped with tight rubber bands. The story said that the bands were wound so tight around the cash in his front pocket that they started to break and come apart. The bad thing is that the exploding rubber bands kept stinging Randy on the end of his, you know what. Anyway he learned his lesson and now hides his money in his sock.

As Barbie delivered the latest round of drinks to the table she winked at Mosey when nobody was looking. Barbie as a waitress had a habit of announcing her intentions or actions. Consequently as she put each drink on the table she would announce, "Now Mosey, this is your gin on the rocks, and Colonel Jack, here is your lemonade laced with our own special sauce". Then she mentioned to Randall, "Randy I've got this nice tall cold Weidman's beer for you. And especially for you Dr. Tuck, I've been saving this Jack Daniels neat and on the rocks".

Then almost as an afterthought as Barbie was leaving the table, she looked at Dr. Tuck and asked "how is your wife Patsy these days?" I almost forgot you've got a very professional nurse at the office, what's her name? Dr. Tuck was taken back and before he could answer, Barbie said "Oh I remember her name its Angelina isn't it?" People say she is very efficient. Tuck could only respond with, "That's what I've been told."

Left to talk among themselves the golfers agreed never to play on a Holiday and especially one that caters to families. They were in consensus it would be better to miss a play day than to have to suffer the elements like they had today.

Jack was called Colonel Jack by those who knew him even though he had not attained that rank while in the army, it was an honorary rank bestowed by the soldiers under his command during the war. The Colonel asked, "Randy do you have any good steaks or special dishes on the menu tonight at your "Plantation Oaks Restaurant"? By the way Glenna will be joining me for dinner tonight."

Randy replied "Colonel we have nothing but the best for you and all my guests at the restaurant. I know it's a busy night but I'll manage to find you a nice cozy table and some good wine and that goes for all my golfing buddies here. After all I did win two bucks today". Tuck said "Thank you Randy for the invite but I've got a very sick patient I need to care for. She is terminally ill with an aggressive form of cancer; in fact I would be surprised if she lasts through the week-end." What joviality there was in the group left almost immediately when Tuck made his comment?

Colonel Jack considered, maybe that's what was bothering Tuck, even his golf game today was not up to his standards. Then the Colonel said "I think the air conditioning and cold drinks have lowered my temperament so I can face the outside elements". He rose to leave, signaling that as far as he was concerned their little chat and visits were over. The group split up in the parking lot as each loaded his clubs into their car trunks. As Mosey was leaving the parking lot he rolled his window down and yelled, "I'll see you guy's next Tuesday".

### *The Colonel's Domain*

The Colonel lowered his car windows hoping to make the temperature somewhat bearable for his short trip home. As he guided his old '39 Ford down the narrow streets of Florence he began to reminisce about the good old days. He thought "God how I love this little town and all the memories I've lived and accumulated here in the last thirty years". He couldn't believe how many changes he had seen in this small bedroom community situated just south of Covington. The 1,500 common folks that live here work mainly in the larger cities of Covington and Cincinnati, Ohio – about ten miles to the North. Most of the growth in Florence could be attributed to the intersection of the main highways, US 42 and US 25 as they feed vehicle traffic northward into the metropolitan areas of Covington and Cincinnati. He mused; even Boone County itself has grown from a population of 800 when it was formed to over 20,000 in current day 1945.

The changes weren't just physical or geographical they also included personal changes like his new friendship with Ms. Glenna Owens the news reporter working at the *Covington Gazette*. He remembered it was about a year ago that Glenna phoned his home, asking for a personal interview for her newspaper. That interview led to a series of columns about one of Colonel Jack's more memorable criminal cases during his thirty year stint as Sheriff of Boone County. He remembered the case he called "White Lightning" quiet well. The case ended with the loss of several lives as the corrupted Walton family's home burned to the ground, killing the family inside. Huckleberry the family dog and their McCaw parrot were the only survivors of the fiery inferno.

Colonel Jack's notoriety in the community received a shot in the arm as the newspaper stories told of his exploits. But the Colonel would probably say the best thing that came out of the story was his relationship with Glenna the reporter. Over the past year his relationship with Glenna had prospered even though she was twenty years his junior. There was no explanation, of why it happened, it just did. The emptiness in Jack's life was created when Linda his wife of fifteen years died nine years before from a fatal car wreck. It seemed like both the Colonel and Glenna had a void in their lives and their mutual friendship filled that void quite nicely.

As he steered his Ford onto Shelby Avenue he remembered that he needed to call Glenna about their date for the evening. He was definitely looking forward to her companionship, plus a good steak and their favorite wine when they visited Randy's "Plantation Oaks Restaurant", the best Florence had to offer.

The Colonel pulled into his driveway at 800 Shelby Ave. and stepped up on the front porch. The porch was his favorite place for relaxation which almost always included a nice Cuban Cigar and a tall frosted glass of lemonade laced with good moonshine whiskey. He loved to sit in his easy chair or his swing, occasionally sip his drink, and watch as his cigar smoke meandered through the musical wind chimes before escaping into the open air. From this vantage point he could observe the flow of traffic and the comings and goings of those in his community. And after nearly thirty years as Sheriff he really did think of it as his community.

Before he could turn the door knob, the door was opened by Beulah Mae Miller the Colonel's long-time confidante, homemaker and friend (not intimate). She carried with her the Colonel's tall frosted glass of his favorite libation and a fresh Cuban cigar. The Colonel accepted both and contemplated whether to brave the porch heat or go inside and relax in the parlor. After phoning Glenna, he chose the porch, settled into his personal chair and then took a long sip of the moonshine and lemonade concoction as Beulah retired to the parlor.



## Recipe for Death

Holding the fresh unlit cigar in his hand he realized that smoking this Churchill Romeo y Julieta Cuban Cigar was one of his few but favorite vices. Long ago he had heard of Winston Churchill making a special trip to Cuba in the late 1890's and while there he shopped for what he considered the perfect smoke. The Romeo y Julieta hand rolled cigar with its seven inch length and 47 ring gauge size was his final choice. And Jack really loved the woody flavor and its perfect strength, not too weak or heavy. The taste was ideal, smooth on the front end and not bitter at the end.

The Colonel recalled reading a story concerning Churchill's smoking habit; it said Churchill spends more money for two days of cigars than the average man earns in a week. The story also mentioned that Churchill kept a supply of three to four thousand of his favorites in his home. Considering the cost difference between the Cuban versus a local brand, the Colonel knew this particular vice was expensive. But he thought, life is short and you only come this way once so why not enjoy it. Still holding the unlit Cuban he decided to wait until he and Glenna were having their after dinner brandy later in the evening.

Colonel Jack spent the next two hours watching the world meandering by on Shelby Ave. Beulah had visited the porch several times to see if the Colonel needed anything. He seemed to be content so she left him to his thoughts.

He was busy fiddling with his Errol Flynn style pencil mustache as she went inside. He might be fiddling outside but inside he was thinking how could I survive without Beulah? She has been the one constant and stabilizing feature in his life, especially during the last nine years. The fond memories he had vested in his home far outweighed the bad thoughts of losing his wife Linda in that terrible car crash just outside the city limits of Florence. He couldn't bear to bring himself to leave or sell the homestead he had shared with his wife. So, he and Beulah remained in the old white house on the corner lot where he could retain his memories and watch the world go by while still being close to his friends and golfing buddies.

Beulah guessed she was at least ten years younger than the Colonel and had been working for the Ryle family for nearly twenty seven years. Of course no one knew for sure just how old the Colonel was and it really didn't matter. As the Colonel says, age is just a number and it is what it is.

Most of Beulah Mae's black ancestors had lived in Northern Kentucky for nearly a century. In spite of the menial tasks that she performed as part of her daily routine, Beulah was very happy just taking care of Col. Jack and his home. Actually it was her home too since she had a small apartment in the back that served as her living quarters; and the Colonel always said his home is also Beulah's home. Beulah was content and happy, even with the new addition of that woman, Glenna, into the Colonel's life. She was wise enough to realize that Glenna added a spice to his life, giving him a purpose to wake up and smell the roses every morning.

### *Doctor Tucker's Dominion*

Doctor David Tucker had been following in his father's footsteps for nearly twenty years. His medical practice in Florence was started by his father in the early 1920's about the time that Colonel Jack was elected to the office of Sheriff of Boone County. His own life in medicine began when he entered the medical school at the University of Cincinnati and completed his internship at the Booth Hospital in Covington.

At the age of 63 Tuck believed that he had the world by the tail. He had been happily married to Patsy his wife of fifteen years. Although they have no children the couple appears to have no regrets. Patsy, four years his junior also attended the University of Cincinnati but did not choose the medical channels. Her Business degree was barely used since she lived an elegant life as that of a Doctor's wife. It was a life that she thoroughly enjoyed. There were plenty of social activities available to keep her days occupied. And as one might expect she was never in want of support or cash, her husband always saw to that. On the social scene, the Doctor and Patsy were invited to most all of the local civic and personal functions, especially those hosted by people with influence.

Turk was athletic as a younger man and continued along this line. Today with his eleven golf handicap he remained the best golfer in the Colonel's foursome. This usually earned him the bragging rights.

His office and that of his Doctor father was known for its excellent medical service and caring attitude. Their Motto; "The Patient always comes first" had been the goal of their practice since the beginning. The only time Doctor Tuck thought that motto was seriously challenged was three years ago when Nancy his long time nurse and confidante had to leave town for personal reasons. The absence of Nancy left a large void that challenged the Doctor as he tried to keep his practice and motto intact.

Doctor Turk occasionally thought back to when he first met Angelina Dierdorff an applicant for the empty nurse's position just over three years ago. He had placed an advertisement in the nearby newspapers hoping to find a suitable replacement for Nancy. He knew he would never be able to replace her totally but he hoped he could fill her position at least with someone capable of managing his office and practice. He remembered Angelina was the fifth person that applied for the job; but he was concerned about her background. She came from a small borough in northeast Pennsylvania. According to her description of Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania it was a Pennsylvania Dutch type community filled with Amish and German descendants. Tuck knew that the small town was on the map every year when 2 February rolled around and the Groundhog came out of his hole hoping to stop old man winter cold in his tracks or allow another several weeks of bad weather.

But he was more concerned with the comments he had heard about the Amish and Dutch type people and their tendencies to shy away from modern medical treatment, opting to use their own remedies and techniques to cure what ailed them. However the Doctor was very impressed from the moment he first began his personal interview. Angelina told him that Strum was her maiden name and Dierdorff was her married name but that she was a widow since her husband had died of cancer eighteen months prior. Even though she was a young forty-five years she was still very attractive with brown hair and green eyes and a face that always had a smile on it. He thought she would make a perfect receptionist now all he had to ascertain was her nursing qualifications. When the interview had been going about fifteen minutes Tuck realized that it was Angelina that was conducting the interview and not the other way around. She was trying to determine if he,

Doctor Tucker met her list of qualifications as the person she wanted to work or be associated with.

Her graduation from the Nurses School at the University of Pennsylvania and several years of employment at various well known Pennsylvania medical facilities including the office of Contagious Diseases said a lot for her medical qualifications. He was totally impressed and realized that she should be his first choice to replace Nancy. The details of her employment were completed in less than fifteen minutes; and it must have been a good choice, as their agreement was still working after three years.

### *Welcome to “Plantation Oaks”*

Several hours later Col. Jack knocked on Glenna’s door which quickly opened revealing his date for the evening. He really liked it when she wore her hair in a bun as she was tonight. Her dress was trendy and slightly revealing but in a casual manner. He thought she looked perfect and gave her a short kiss of approval. As they walked to the car Glenna commented on how dapper he looked tonight in his sports coat and monogrammed shirt, topped off with his Manhattan Burgundy bow tie.

As they approached the oak tree canopied lane leading to the restaurant the couple’s interest and anticipation began to intensify. Regardless of how many times they visited the Plantation Oaks Restaurant they were always overwhelmed thinking of the many events and memories, some tragic and others of happier times that the home had lived through and still endured even today. The entrance to the mansion was lined with large moss covered oak trees that highlighted the Plantation Oaks. The structure had more than fifty rooms and was constructed just prior to the Civil War. The building featured five giant columns that stood majestically and inviting at the front of the house and offered support for the second floor balcony that circled the complete building. The front of the structure held four large walk through windows on the second floor leading onto the deep porches and balconies. It was a majestic sight and one that every visitor admired.

They were greeted at the front door by Randall Rhodes the owner and also the Colonel’s golfing partner. Randy, serving as maître de led them to a choice table in the Steven F. Foster dining room. Randy looked at the Colonel and said, “See Col. Jack, I always keep my promises to save you a nice table”. Glenna smiled at Randy and said, “We really appreciate it, I know last minute requests are very hard to satisfy”. As he left the menus Randy said, “Let me know about your wine choice”.

Thirty minutes later the couple was sipping the Colonel’s chosen medium priced cabernet sauvignon and enjoying each other’s companionship. As often as they had dined here they still admired the antiques and architectural masterpieces that were on display. The shiny mahogany floors and the two oversized fire places topped off by the beautiful antique crystal chandeliers made the room a showplace. One complete wall was covered with a mural depicting the Plantation Oaks home as it appeared in 1851 shortly after its construction. At one time the Plantation Oaks mural had been covered over with wall paper. Had it not been for the Randall family’s restoration of the Plantation Oaks the mural would still be hidden from the eyes of those seeking beautiful antiques?

The choice Filet mignon steak and seared trout with caper sauce arrived and were soon devoured by the famished couple. The food and its presentation were even better than Randy had

promised. As they relaxed and sipped their Armenian brandy (Winston Churchill and FD Roosevelt's favorite) they held hands and marveled at the well-coordinated flow of service, food and beverages throughout the Stephen Foster room.

Jack then asked Glenna, "What she was involved in nowadays at the newspaper?" Hesitant to respond at first she then mentioned that she was working on a special assignment given her by the editor. Finally with a little prodding from Jack she gave him a few more details. The editor believed that the city of Florence was being polluted by a couple of major and old time businesses in the city. He was convinced that they were dumping their hazardous waste into the soil and small streams that meander through the city. As a result this pollution may be causing an abnormal number of cancer patients and related deaths in the city. Glenna said, "I've spent almost two weeks on this project but my progress has been slow.

The Colonel replied, "Well you know I have a few years of investigative experience so don't hesitate to call on me for assistance."

I know that Jack, and believe me I have been thinking of asking for your help. Why don't I call you this week and we can get together to discuss the matter. Then Glenna said, "Have you seen Doctor Tucker recently; is everything ok with him?"

Jack replied, "I saw him this morning when we played golf, he looked fine, but he did seem to be somewhat distant or distracted. Why do you ask?" Glenna replied, "That one of her girlfriends had seen Tuck at an out of the way restaurant with a cute lady friend and the Doctor didn't seem anxious to be seen. "Well there could be many explanations for that to happen and it's really not any of our business", said Jack. They both agreed to just drop the subject.

Thirty minutes later the Colonel gave Glenna a couple good night kisses and then made the short trip to his home. Jack was fumbling with his keys as the front door opened as if by magic. Standing in the doorway was Beulah his ever present guardian. Beulah said, "I just couldn't sleep till I knew you were home safe and sound. She looked skyward, crossed her heart and said, "Thank you sweet Jesus for keeping watch on this man."

### *Another Day*

Monday morning at Doctor David Tucker's home began as usual with Patsy the Doctor's wife making breakfast and cutting up cantaloupe for the morning meal. She was just about to call her husband when the cantaloupe slipped out of her hand allowing the knife to slice through the first three fingers of her left hand. Her scream brought the Doctor running to see what the problem was. He quickly noted the blood flowing from the cut making the kitchen and counter top look like a butchers shop. His medical training and instinct took over as he began action to stop the bleeding and then bandaged her severely cut fingers.

This unforeseen accident seemed to put more pressure on David as he said, "First I loose Jennifer Davis my patient to cancer and then you almost cut your fingers off, "What else is going to happen today?" Then Patsy said, "I'm sorry David, but I didn't plan on cutting my fingers off". David said, "I know that and I'm sorry that it sounded like I was blaming you".

With that he said, "Honey, I think I'll skip breakfast and head to the office and by the way you need to come by the office and get an updated tetanus shot and to save time the nurse can give you the latest flu and pneumonia booster injections. I'll see you at the office and change your bandages for you."

Dr. Tuck started the engine of his Cadillac and pulled out of his garage headed toward his office. He loved driving his Caddy but he wished they would come out with a new model. New automobile production was stopped or delayed in 1942 for war time reasons, but Turk was ready to purchase the newest model if they ever started making them again. Turk easily tired of old cars and things and wanted the newest model of everything, regardless of cost. Being a Doctor he could afford those things. Why shouldn't he enjoy them? He even bought a brand new set of golf clubs from old Mosey at the hardware store. But if you ask the Doc he would tell you he wasn't hitting the new clubs as well as his older clubs.

It was shortly after 8 a.m. when he entered his office. Sitting behind the receptionist desk was his very attractive nurse Angelina Dierdorff. She had been working for the Doctor just over three years now and seemed to like her job. Turk had no complaints about her performance and the public enjoyed meeting her. She was well liked by all of Turk's patients, especially the men. Nurse Angelina just had a technique of creating rapport with her patients, and of course her good looks and charm were positive assets.

As the Doctor moved through the office he mentioned the loss of his patient Mrs. Davis to pancreatic cancer at the Boone County Hospital over the weekend. He suggested contacting the Davis family to express his condolences and provide whatever assistance he could. Angelina quickly responded by saying that, "Mrs. Davis has no living relatives".

The Doctor said, "Oh, I didn't know that, then almost as an afterthought he mentioned that his wife Patsy would be coming in sometime this morning to receive a tetanus shot plus the latest influenza and pneumonia injections". Then he realized that nurse Angelina did not know about the accident at his home so he told her the complete story and mentioned the bandage would also need replacing. Angelina responded by saying, "I'll be expecting her and won't take up too much of her time."

It was nearly eleven o'clock when Patsy Turk parked her fancy but older model sports car and walked into the Doctors office. There were several patients waiting but Nurse Angelina casually escorted her through the private entrance into Dr. Turk's office. There she cleaned her wound and then replaced the bloody bandage. Patsy Turk really didn't like injections but she endured as the Nurse injected the serums from three different vials in the nurse's possession. Patsy thought to herself that the injections were quite painless and marveled at the nurse's technique which caused little or no pain. The two exchanged pleasantries and small talk then Patsy thanked the nurse for her help and left by the rear door. The patients inside the waiting room could hear the noise as she gunned the engine of her sportster and spun its wheels as she left the gravel parking lot. Nurse Angelina couldn't help but wonder if Patsy knew of her secret affair with Dr. Tucker. She smiled a little, feeling that she had made the right choice.

It was Monday about 2 p.m. when Beulah's soap opera was disturbed by the ringing of Colonel Jack's telephone. Beulah responded and told Jack that Ms. Glenna was on the line, as she handed him the phone. The conversation was short and sweet with Jack agreeing to meet Glenna at the Springtown café for coffee and discussion about her newly assigned newspaper duties. Thirty minutes later the couple was sitting in a corner booth at the Springtown café. Glenna had chosen an isolated booth to prevent their conversations from being heard and possibly spread around the community.

Glenna took a sip of her coffee and asked the Colonel what he knew, if anything, about hazardous waste and what it could do to people that lived near it for years. Jack commented that he knew very little except that he was led to believe it was extremely dangerous and could cause

cancer under the right circumstances. He also stated that he was glad that our little community didn't have that problem.

Glenna responded, "That's just the problem, we do have a problem and the public, including you, isn't even aware of it. It's been going on for years, right under our noses, right here in Florence".

Jack, when you drive down Maple Street and pass the Fleming Gas and Oil transportation company what do you see or think about the business? The Colonel said, "I view it as a successful and well-run company that makes money, pay's its taxes and provides a needed service to our community." Ah Ha said Glenna, that's what most people would see and say. But the real truth is that for the past twenty- five years the Flemings have be dumping waste products such as oil and its by-products, gasoline and other chemicals into the soil and the sewage systems all of which seeps through the underground and finds its way into the aquifer that provides our drinking water.

During the course of my investigation I viewed a demonstration from a farmer who has drilled several water wells on his property. The well has a hand pump to bring the water up to ground level. Believe it or not I saw him hold a match under the pumps nozzle and the end of the nozzle began to burn, like a blow torch, from the fuel related fumes that had accumulated in his water well. I can't be convinced that's a healthy situation for anybody and especially the citizens of our community.

The Colonel responded, "That's a pretty hard story to find fault with, but do we know that this chemical runoff and the remains of Fleming's waste products actually causes cancer?" That's one of my problems she replied, so far none of the chemical analyses have come back positive for cancer carcinogens. I'm sure you know that only toxic and hazardous waste that is identified as a carcinogen can cause cancer in humans. There are hundreds of other types of waste and toxins that can cause harm and injury to human, but not cancer; and this runoff from Flemings seems to be one of them. There have been several analyses that identified waste matter that is injurious or harmful to human beings but were not actual carcinogens that can lead to human cancer. So there you have it" said Glenna "I'm stuck between a rock and a hard place in trying to prove to my editor and boss that we have a life threatening situation here in Florence."

I have investigated two other locations, namely the Steward Iron Co. and the Two hour Martinizing and Dry Cleaning plant on west Main Street that do their fair share of disposing chemicals, dyes and other fluids into the local community. But there again, the chemical analysis at these sites was also non-carcinogenetic. "I'm sure my boss is more interested in following the cancer story than in identifying businesses that are mishandling their toxic waste and causing illnesses among the citizenry."

The two investigators/lovers spent the next two hours drinking semi-hot coffee while hashing and rehashing theories and trying to come up with new ones. Finally, Colonel Jack made a suggestion; "Maybe we need to approach the problem from a different direction. Right now we are attempting to locate the source which is the proverbial needle in the haystack. Why don't we look at the end result which is the patients themselves and see what shows up. Let's not dismiss the community theory altogether but we can put it on the back burner for a few days."

### **Memo: Tuesday, 6 August, Golf at 8 a.m.**

Doctor Tucker awoke with a start that ended his dreaming. He immediately thought he had overslept and was late for his golf game. Checking the clock he realized that it was only 3 a.m. allowing him time for several more hours of sleep. Then he remembered that he had been dreaming of an event that happened in real life, almost eighteen months ago. He remembered it was Christmas time and his office was decorated with a tree and all the trimming. As it neared closing time he and Nurse Angelina were preparing to leave for the holidays. Angelina noticed they were standing under the mistletoe; she looked at Dr. Turk and said, "Should we"? He replied, "I don't see what harm it would do". And with that Angelina placed a small kiss on his cheek. The Doctor could feel the closeness of her body and realized that he wanted more than a kiss on the cheek. His body quivered in excitement as she melded into his arms. Their next kiss was much more passionate and still he longed for more. Angelina responded in a way that told Turk she too wanted more. Turk half led and half carried her to the nearest sofa in the waiting room. Articles of clothing were removed and carelessly thrown about. In their eagerness and excitement the couple slipped off the sofa onto the carpeted floor. It was there in the patient waiting room, with carpet burns on their knees and buttocks that the highly stimulated Doctor Turk and Nurse Angelina released their pent up passions.

As Turk turned over in his bed trying to get some extra sleep he knew that his story had not ended on that Christmas holiday. In fact, he and his nurse had continued their secret rendezvous' whenever the opportunity arose and had been doing so for nearly two years. Almost all of their encounters were at Angelina's home rather than in motels. To the best of Turk's knowledge no other person in Florence knew of their clandestine relationship. That included his golfing buddies and hopefully Patsy, his wife.

Twisting and turning in bed, Turk thought maybe Angelina's most recent comments seeking more attention and involvement were making him uptight and unable to concentrate. He had told Angelina many times that he would not leave his wife and that their secret relationship could only continue if she agreed to those terms. As he tried to get back to sleep he was more calm and relaxed, but continued to wonder, does my wife Patsy know of my indiscretions? When the alarm sounded at 7 a.m. he quickly arose and made ready for his 8 a.m. tee time.

The golf game had hardly begun when the golf marshal toured the course telling all the golfers that news agencies were broadcasting news that American planes had bombed Hiroshima, Japan. The news explained that the bombing wasn't a typical bomb, but a much more powerful weapon called an Atomic Bomb. The news brought excitement to the public thinking maybe this would surely end the war in the Pacific. Additional news stated that thousands of people were killed. Any satisfaction of the actual attack was overshadowed by the news of the extreme loss of life. Most American's could only believe that loss of life in Japan was better than loss of life of American's attempting to invade the Japanese mainland. President Truman ordered leaflets to be dropped from the air warning of future such attacks if the Japanese leaders did not surrender immediately. The Japanese responded by saying they would fight on to the death.

The bombing news completely overshadowed the foursome's normal golf game. Even though Turk had a fine round going everyone else seemed to be in a state of shock. Finally, the Colonel suggested they quit for the day and meet on Friday for their regularly scheduled game. The foursome agreed and then headed to the 19<sup>th</sup> hole for coffee and reflection on today's events.

## Recipe for Death

Sitting in the lounge the group was pondering what actions if any, would follow, how it might impact the local community and the outcome of the war itself. Everyone agreed that continued bombing was the only way to defeat the Japanese without actually invading their country and physically occupying the island. The consensus of the golfers was unanimous; America could expect President Truman to annihilate another Japanese city in the next few days, unless Japan surrenders, which wasn't likely. Having solved the world's problems the four golfers gathered their golfing gear and went about their daily routines.

Colonel Jack called Glenna, hoping to meet at the Springtown cafe for lunch and get a possible update on the investigation. Arriving early the Colonel ordered Caesar Salad and unsweetened ice tea for both of them. Like Glenna he had chosen the most out of the way table for their meeting, he supposed why not be discrete as well as eating healthy.

Glenna, the flower of his life soon joined him and squeezed his hand as he helped her to be seated. Glenna took a sip of her tea and said, "Ugh, how can you drink this unsweetened tea?" After adding a little sugar she calmed down and began to pick at her Caesar salad. Col. Jack said, "Why don't you give me an update on our toxic waste problem.

Glenna responded with, "I don't really have much new information. We have not received any new chemical analyses that shed light or credibility on our original hazardous waste theories. In the meantime, following your suggestion I have begun a list of cancer patients, cancer deaths and some background data, when available. I am experiencing some reluctance on the part of the physicians to disclose patient's medical records; most of them are claiming Patient Confidentially as their justification."

"I've made you a copy of my findings, which I should tell you are confidential. My boss would definitely fire me if he knew I was giving you this data". Col. Jack said, "Why don't you or we tell him that I am helping you with the investigation and hopefully get his approval? I don't want you to get caught in the middle as we move forward." Glenna responded, "If we approach him it should be to ask for his permission rather than to say that we are already circumventing his office." Then she said, "Of course when we approach him if he doesn't agree, then we really have a problem."

The Colonel said, "Don't sell yourself short, I know you have the talent and drive to complete your investigation, it just might be accomplished more quickly if two people are working instead of one. And you know me, I'm not seeking compensation or reward, you can have all the accolades. I think it would be appropriate if you kind of feel him out before there is any actual mention of me joining the investigation. Doing it that way may save some embarrassment later". Glenna said, "I'll try to feel him out this afternoon. Thanks for lunch and the unsweetened tea. Oh by the way here is a copy of the patient list that I have been able to compile so far. And don't forget our dinner Saturday night at the Plantation Oaks." As Glenna was walking out the door, Colonel Jack unfolded the document she had given him and began to peruse its contents. Jack saw how neat and legible her penmanship was and thought just wait till you get old like me, by then it will be barely legible. Her note began:



4 August 1945,

Property of: Glenna Owens, Journalist at the Covington Gazette.

Subject: Toxic and Hazardous waste investigation at city, XXXXXXXX.

*Surviving Patients:*

1. Mrs. Bertha Carroll, widowed, age 68, diagnosed with colon cancer in 1943 by Doctor J. Daugherty, originally hospitalized at Saint Elizabeth's in Covington. Mrs. Carroll worked at J.C.Penney's as a sales clerk when diagnosed. She is currently on medication and living at home. Mrs. Carroll has two daughters living in nearby Burlington.
2. Mr. John J. Taggard, married to Joyce, age 72, diagnosed with lung cancer in 1940 by Dr. Menifee of Florence. Taggard smoked two packs a day for 30 years. John Taggard has been in remission for over four years. He was originally hospitalized in Booth Hospital in Covington. The family has no children. The Taggards currently live in Florence. He worked as an engineer for the B&O Railroad when diagnosed with Lung cancer.

*Deceased Patients*

1. Mr. Jack Fagan, a single male age 62 diagnosed with pancreatic cancer in May of 1944 and died at the Booth Hospital in Covington in December of that year. The Diagnosing Physician was Dr. David Turk. Death occurred about seven and a half months after diagnosis. Prior to diagnosis Mr. Fagan was employed by the Holiday Inn Corp. as a hotel manager. Mr. Fagan was unemployed after diagnosis. Only one small insurance policy claim of five thousand dollars was paid to A. Strum of Pennsylvania. No living next of kin.
2. Mrs. Jennifer Davis, Widowed, died on 4 August 1945 at the age of 73 at the Boone County Hospital in Florence. The Cause of death was Pancreatic Cancer. The original diagnosis was first made in December of 1944 by Dr. David Tucker of Florence. The Cancer must have been aggressive as death occurred about 8 months after diagnosis. It's possible it could have been in an advanced stage when diagnosed but that was not mentioned in the patient records. Mrs. Davis was employed as a bookkeeper for the Fleming Gas and Oil transportation company when she was diagnosed. Mrs. Davis had no family members living and no insurance policies uncovered or insurance claims initiated at this time.

After reading Glenna's report he casually folded the document, placed it in his small brief case, paid the check and set about his afternoon activities.

***Memo: Friday, 9 August, Golf 8 a.m.***

Doc Tucker was the first of the golfing foursome to arrive at the course this morning. He used this extra time to practice with his newly purchased clubs. Fifteen minutes later he exited the driving range and met the rest of the group on number one tee. As usual the Colonel and Randy were partners against their weekly rivals, Mosey and Turk. Turk was the only one to miss the first fairway with his drive, causing him to question the purchase of his new Wilson Staff clubs.

The group was on the fifth tee when the golf marshal approached with the latest news. The situation was nearly a repeat of Tuesday's game. The Marshal repeated his news that America had dropped another atomic bomb on Nagasaki, Japan.

The foursome looked at each other with the internal satisfaction of knowing that they had predicted the event. However they were not happy with the huge loss of life. The group, especially Tuck voted to cancel today's round and head to the club house. There was always next Tuesday. Maybe he would be striking the ball more solidly by then.

As Clyde entered the clubhouse he immediately began to scan the place hoping to see Barbie. When the on duty waitress told him that Barbie was off today his face clearly showed a sign of disappointment. Inside the clubhouse the news agencies were still expounding the news of the latest attack. The disappointed golfers could only agree on one thing; that surely now the Japanese Emperor would agree to surrender and end this needless loss of life. Their surrender would also eliminate the need to invade the Japanese mainland. This was really the most positive thing to come out of today's bombing. Randall said the ending of the war would bring several of their friends back home from the military. The Colonel joined in saying "Yes several of my deputies have joined the war effort". He knew everyone, especially their families would be extremely happy when they came home.

Regardless of future American military actions the group decided to pack up their gear and go their separate ways. Before leaving the parking lot, Colonel Jack told "Mosey that he would stop by his store today and get a couple dozen new golf balls." He lamented the fact that he lost two balls today on the first four holes. Hearing this Mosey replied, "That sounds good to me Colonel, keep up the good work, I can always use the extra money".

Colonel Jack realized it was too early to head home to the comfort of his easy chair so he decided to run an errand that he had been putting off for several weeks. Fifteen minutes later he turned the old Ford into the parking lot of the Boone County Sheriff's office. After saying hello to all his old deputies the Colonel was ushered into the Sheriff's office. The Sheriff was not in his office, but the name plate on the desk identified the office as that of Sheriff Lonny Murphy. Colonel Jack knew Murphy quite well and was somewhat instrumental in helping him get the Sheriff's job when Jack retired a few years ago.

Just as the chair was getting hard on the Colonel's rear end the door opened and in walked a giant of a man. His figure seemed to fill the complete doorway. Colonel Jack rose and the two met with a firm handshake and a hug. The first five minutes of their conversation was idle and

not revealing. Then Col. Jack said, “Lonny, I have gotten myself involved in an investigation here in town”. The next ten minutes were spent telling Lonny the details surrounding him and Glenna’s probing into the deaths of several citizens of the local community.

Lonny looking very serious, said, “Well Jack what is it that you need from me”. The Colonel said, “I want you to make me one of your deputies so I will have some authority when the time comes that clout is needed. Many times people tend to tell you to get lost if you don’t have some clout behind you. And that’s where my partner and I are right now, we have no clout. And Lonny you can rest assured that what we are getting involved in definitely affects you and your office. If we can clean up this mess it will be a positive for you and the county. I’m not looking for any glory or financial gain, just a little authority from you and this office to get to the bottom of what’s happening here in Florence”.

Lonny said, “Colonel Jack, I don’t think that’s too much to ask of a fellow that you helped get elected”. Lonny reached into his top drawer and retrieved a badge that at one time was worn by Col. Jack when he was Sheriff. Sheriff Murphy said a few words swearing Jack in as a Boone County Deputy Sheriff. Lonny then tossed the badge to the Colonel and said, “The least you can do is pin it on yourself.” The only thing I ask is that you keep me in the loop.

The new deputy thanked the Sheriff, shook his hand and departed the office carrying his new found clout in his right hand.

### *VJ Day, 14 August 1945*

This morning Beulah woke the Colonel so he could hear the news coming from their small Motorola radio. The announcer was telling of the many celebrations taking place around the world. The news of Japans surrender was reaching the people of Florence and millions of others in the free world. All were greeted by the news that Japan, the land of the Rising Sun, had agreed to an unconditional surrender thereby ending its war with the United States. This announcement brought much joy and jubilation where none had been for the last five years. Although the Empire of Japan surrendered on 14 August the formal signing of the documents were scheduled for 2 September 1945. The official signing would take place onboard the U.S. Battleship, USS Missouri, admirably called “Mighty Mo, while the ship was positioned in the bay of Japan. “Big Mo” as the ship was also known was the third ship to be named after the state of Missouri.

The Colonel was happy that President Harry S. Truman, Missouri’s favorite son received this small amount of pride and honor as compensation for the difficult choices he made as Commander in Chief of the Armed Forces.

With nothing pressing on his daily schedule the Colonel decided to invite Glenna to share his front porch and whatever refreshments and tidbits that Beulah could rustle up. Knowing Beulah, she always had something nice hidden away for that special occasion.

It was nearly noon when Glenna parked her car in the Colonel’s driveway. She took her time moving to the front door, knowing that Beulah prided herself in her prompt actions. Sure enough as she reached the front door, Beulah Mae was Johnny on the spot with the door open and a big hug for Ms. Glenna. Jack came in from the parlor and also gave Glenna a hug and peck on the cheek. Taking Glenna’s hand he said, “Let’s try the porch before it gets too hot.”

As they got comfortable, Beulah delivered some refreshments and then left the couple alone. It was then Jack said, “What did you think of the big news about the end of the war with Japan”? Glenna responded with, “I was very happy to hear the news; I just couldn’t believe that it took so

long and so many deaths to bring it about. I'm sure there are a lot of Florence families that will be welcoming the return of their loved ones".

The Colonel took a drink of his fancy lemonade (laced with moonshine) and changed the subject to Glenna's Cancer report. He said, "We need to get more cases if there are any. We really don't have much information to compare or analyze". I did notice that our friend Dr. Tucker had diagnosed both of the patients that had died and also that one of them had recently worked at the Fleming business. Tuckers patients both had pancreatic cancer while the others were mixed with lung and colon problems. It also seems unusual that both of the deaths involved people with no family or living relatives. There was however one small insurance policy on Mr. Fagan paid to A. Strum of Pennsylvania. I couldn't help but wonder who this Strum person was and why they would have an insurable interest on the life of Mr. Fagan if they were not part of his kin.

That pretty much sums up my thoughts on the four cases you have identified. The he said, "Oh I almost forgot to tell you my news." With that he produced his new found clout (his Deputy Sheriff's Badge). Then he said," This should give us some authority as we continue our investigation and also should be a bargaining chip with your boss and editor.

Glenna said, "You just spoiled my surprise, my boss agreed to allow us to investigate the case together, and that was before you were even deputized. So I guess all systems are ready to go forward."

Beulah sashayed onto the porch carrying a big tray of goodies to celebrate the famous VJ day. Glenna insisted that she stay and partake of the goodies with her and the Colonel. Beulah finally relented and spent the next hour eating, drinking and conversing with the unlikely pair of lovebirds. As time wore on Beulah began to believe Ms. Glenna had some kind of plan working in the back of her mind. Beulah didn't know what the plan was, but she was sure it had something to do with Ms. Glenna and the Colonel. And to Beulah anything that involved the Colonel also involved her.

### *The Mystery Deepens*

It was Saturday night and a little after midnight when Patsy Tucker informed her husband that she was not feeling well. They had just returned from the Plantation Oaks where they had a nice steak and wine. Now less than three hours later Patsy was having nausea and vomiting with severe abdominal pain in the area of her Gallbladder. Actually she had been having digestion problems for several days now but had not mentioned it to her husband David. The pain became quite severe prompting David to take his wife to the local Boone County Hospital.

Tuck thought she might be having another attack of Pancreatitis which she had experienced several times during their fifteen years together. He relayed this information to the Doctor in the Emergency Room hoping it would be of aid. Tuck stayed with her as the small team of Doctors probed and prodded while asking many questions that she couldn't really answer. In the meanwhile she was fitted with an IV and drip solution, as well as giving blood and urine samples. When the pain worsened, morphine was ordered and administered by the IV.

The administrating Doctors tried to keep her comfortable and pain free as they continued to search for the cause of the problem. Doctor Tucker was trying to stay out of the way, but kept suggesting possible causes to investigate.

Finally after three hours of seek and find the Emergency Room supervisor decided to admit Patsy into the hospital for further testing and treatment. Two hours later she was in her own room on the third floor and heavily sedated. David was told that she would undergo several tests

later in the morning including an ultra sound and scanning of the pancreas. In the meantime they suggested he go home and get some rest since her sedation would last at least another four hours. David left the hospital after being assured they would call him if there was any change in her condition.

It was almost 6 a.m. now and the Doctor decided to call Angelina to report his wife's illness. Angelina urged David to come by her house so they could talk and maybe she could help him forget his problems. Even though he was dead tired he agreed to a short visit.

He parked his Caddy several doors away and walked toward Angelina's home; he noticed that his visit was not going unnoticed as neighbors were peeking from behind their curtains. Once inside Angelina's home the couple embraced and was soon engulfed in their passions. Angelina muttered the words, "Oh David I want you, I need you now." Hearing these words removed any degree of guilt that he might have about his wife being in the hospital. He heard her next order, don't think about her now, just give me what I want and need, now David now. David surrendered as he and Angelina joined becoming one. The burden of his guilt was gone for a moment as their passions escalated to the point that David could no longer control his. He remembered hearing Angelina utter the words, "I can take care of you David, you don't need her anymore and I don't want her around you".

As these words were processed by David he said, "Angelina I've told you before, I won't leave Patsy, we can still satisfy each other's fantasies, but we have to do it in secrecy as we have been". The conversation was beginning to turn nasty as she shouted; "I want her gone, gone out of our lives". He responded by saying, I'll call you later, then closed the door behind him and walked to his car as the early rising nosey neighbors once again peeked from behind their curtains.

Steering his Caddy through the main streets of Florence, he said to himself that his affair with Angelina was getting out of control. He loved the passions they shared and remembered how good she made him feel, but he was beginning to wonder if the benefits of their affair were worth the hassle or trouble they seemed to be producing. Reflecting back on her most recent conversation David believed that Angelina actually wanted his wife Patsy to be dead and gone.

Doctor Turk was in Patsy's hospital room on Monday morning when the radiologist helper wheeled her downstairs for her scan and related tests. He kissed his wife as she was leaving the room and wished her well. To help pass the time he began to work on the daily crossword puzzle in the newspaper. Doing crossword puzzles was not his cup of tea but they did help pass the time.

As an afterthought he decided to call the Colonel, tell him of his wife's condition and cancel his Tuesday golf game. He also asked the Colonel to tell the other golfers of Patsy's condition and mentioned that she might like visitors.

This information was relayed to Randall at the Plantation Oaks who became quite disturbed at the news. He fearfully hoped that the culprit of her ills was not the fault of his restaurant. Of course, that was secondary in his thoughts behind his concern for Turk's wife Patsy.

Colonel Jack phoned Glenna and explained Patsy's hospitalization and suggested they might visit sometime later as her schedule might permit. After notifying everyone the Colonel decided to make a visit to the hospital to lend some support to his golfing buddy, albeit his golfing opponent. His visit gave Turk the opportunity to discard the crossword with only a few spaces filled.

The two old friends shared some even older memories of times shared many years earlier. It made Turk remember how much trust and faith the twosome had among them. During their

conversation Jack asked Turk if there was something bothering him other than Patsy's illness. He said, "Several of your friends have noticed a change in your attitude and actions lately. You seem distracted to the point that it has even affected your usually reliable golf game." The Doctor knew this was a man seeking to help him but he was still reluctant to open up about his contentious affair with Angelina. Instead he blamed his distraction on the recent loss of two patients and possibly that of the aging process. He said, "As you know Colonel we aren't getting any younger and aging isn't for the faint of heart". Jack responded with, "Well, Turk when the timing is right I'm ready to listen and provide whatever assistance I can."

Their conversation was interrupted when Patsy was wheeled back into her room. Everyone knew the tests were completed but the results wouldn't be known for several hours. The Colonel excused himself and departed the hospital leaving his friend Turk to comfort his wife.

### *Truth and Consequences*

The following day Doctor Tuck received a call from Patsy's attending physician asking him to come to the hospital so they could go over the results of her tests. Being a doctor Tuck was quite familiar with this procedure. Finally he said, "Doctor, please give me the results and facts as you know them. I am quite capable of understanding the results over the phone. The Doctor heard the words; and replied, "Very well, the tests seem to confirm that your wife has developed pancreatic cancer. On the good side we may have caught it in the early stages giving us some long term hope. As you know the protocol calls for possible surgery to remove the cancer, with further investigation to determine the spread of cancer to the lymph nodes and or the blood supply. I'm sure you know the situation changes completely if the cancer has spread to the lymph nodes. If that has happened the prognosis is almost always terminal".

Turk thanked the doctor for his timely and professional report and then asked if Patsy his wife had been informed of the results. Hearing his negative response Turk said, "Fine, I'll break the news myself."

Later that day, Doctor Turk and Patsy are embracing each other with tears in their eyes. Turk has just told Patsy the details and results of her scan and other tests. They both knew that Pancreatic Cancer was a tough diagnosis to accept but as Turk mentioned there's a strong belief that it was discovered at an early stage possibly before it had time to contaminate her other organs.

The guilt ridden Doctor was torn with grief for his wife Patsy but couldn't help remembering the words, **I want her out of our lives**, which were yelled at him by Angelina the previous day. He felt like the world was tumbling down on top of him and he had no strength left to fight. The answer to his dilemma required that he choose between his wife of fifteen years and her illness and the moments of ecstasy that he shared with Angelina. The Doctor could procrastinate but couldn't make the final decision. He kept delaying the decision seemingly hoping that someone would make the choice for him.

Meanwhile across town at the Springtown café Glenna and the Colonel were combining business with pleasure by having a late lunch and discussing their investigation. Part of their meeting included the Colonel's short visit with Doctor Turk and the depressive mood that he was carrying around with him. They also talked of adding Patsy, the Doctors wife to their list of living cancer patients, although it was far too early to provide additional data.

Both investigators realized that placing Patsy on the list directed attention toward Doctor Tuckers practice. There were now three different subjects with contact through Tuck's office.

All three were diagnosed with pancreatic cancer although Patsy's diagnosis came from the Boone County Hospital and not from Dr. Turk personally. The duo thought this has to be a coincidence since they have always been told cancer cells cannot be classified as contagious or transferred from one person to another.

However both agreed they needed a neutral medical expert's opinion on the subject. Glenna indicated that she would research the subject and find someone nearby that could render an opinion. Then she finished her sweetened iced tea and said, "Well. I've got to get back to work." Glenna departed leaving him to contemplate his actions for the rest of the afternoon. In a matter of seconds he solved the problem.

Fifteen minutes later he was seated in the swing on his front porch and waiting for Beulah to deliver his fancy Lemonade and favorite Romeo Y Julieta cigar. For the next two hours anyone or anything moving on Shelby Avenue would be under his scrutiny. The Colonel believed he had died and gone to heaven as he listened to the musical wind chimes and watched his cigar smoke meander its way into the front yard.

Overnight a heavy storm had drenched the small city of Florence and flooded some of the low lying areas. Beulah played the mother hen and told the Colonel that he needed to stay home today where it was safe and dry. But the Colonel, cantankerous as usual said he had places to go and people to see. They were still in disagreement when the phone rang. Beulah picked up the phone and almost immediately handed it to the Colonel, saying "It's Ms. Glenna for you.

Beulah heard the words Doctor Abraham Sandusky and the time of one p.m. She reckoned it was a meeting of some kind. It must be important since Ms. Glenna was calling so early this morning. She knew she had definitely lost her little discussion with the Colonel.

It was nearly twelve o'clock when the Colonel picked Glenna up at the *Covington Gazette's* office, leaving them nearly an hour to reach Doctor Sandusky's office in downtown Cincinnati. Glenna asked Jack if he knew where the Carew Tower was located. He sounded hurt as he said certainly; I was on my second term as the Sheriff when they were building the Tower. If I remember correctly it contains 49 floors and an observation deck. I also believe it was built in 1930 on the corner of Vine Street in downtown Cincinnati. The extreme height provides its tenants with a perfect view of the Ohio River with Covington, Kentucky in the background.

Glenna said, "Thanks a lot for the history lesson; you can stop my lessons now, please. A short while later Jack steered his old Ford into the pay to park lot across the street from the Carew Tower. The couple crossed the street and entered the lobby at ground level. As they reached the elevators Glenna said, "The Ohio office of Medical Research is on the 32<sup>nd</sup> floor".

It was almost one o'clock when the receptionist led them into Doctor Sandusky's office. After their conversation about the beautiful view from the office windows and other small chit chat the Doctor said how may I help you today?

Glenna mentioned their phone conversation about the transfer of cancerous cells from one person to another and whether it was possible. We wanted the opinion from an expert on the probability of successfully accomplishing such a radical thing. So with this as our goal what can you say to enlighten us?

The Colonel had used the time Glenna was speaking to size up the extremely tall and professional looking gentleman that owned this office. Sandusky was wearing dark horn rimmed glasses that covered some of his neatly trimmed beard which spread along his chin from ear to ear. He definitely looked like a well-educated nerd. An older man about sixty to sixty five but still a nerd. He had a full head of dark, salt and pepper hair that fell slightly over his ears. A white Doctors coat covered his well-built upper torso.

Doctor Sandusky said he was deeply honored to be chosen as their resident expert and would attempt to do his best to educate them on the transference of Cancerous Cells. Before beginning his dissertation he admitted that some of his response would be quite technical and possibly overwhelming and wondered if it would be fine to converse in less complicated layman's terms. Both listeners nodded in agreement.

Sandusky began by saying my answer or expert opinion will be in two parts. Then he began to elaborate on part one by saying, "No in my opinion it is not possible to transfer cancerous cells from one body to another. The reason I say this is because the Cancerous Cells represent Cells that have gone wild and are reproducing in an abnormal way. They are also cells that originate in another person and with those persons genes. The human body contains its own immune system whose only duty is to attack and kill any new or invading cells especially those of foreign bodies. In this case, the Cancerous Cells would be foreign bodies and unfamiliar to the body's own immune system. Therefore the body's own immune system would attack and destroy the new invaders; much like the body accepts or rejects transplanted organs. And in a very simple explanation my part one answer would be No."

However, I would further qualify my answer by saying the theory is possible if the right conditions and challenges are met and solved. By this I mean if the Cancerous Cells being used had come from highly metastatic tumor status they would have a much better chance of being successful during such an experiment. Also if the receiving body's immune system was extremely weak to the point that it couldn't respond and destroy the invaders the experiment would also have an improved chance of success. In addition cells that had undergone Xeno grafting or cell culturing in a laboratory could expect their chance of success to be greatly enhanced. Also making a small decision like increasing the size of the cell count from several hundred thousand to higher than a million in the experimental dosage would also increase the chance of success. I also should include that comparison of cells from the donor and the recipient, much like preparation for organ transplant would dramatically increase the chance for success.

So in response to part two of my answer, "I have to qualify my initial response and state that the experiment could be successful if the problems I will identify were eliminated or resolved."

Colonel Jack said, "Well you really laid it out for us and in layman's terms so we can understand it at least on that level. My next question is, "What is required to satisfy most of the challenges that you identified? Can you solve those problems with a microscope or small laboratory or do you need a complete research center". Sandusky replied, "I believe a qualified person could perform most of the tasks involved with the aid of a small but well equipped laboratory".

Glenna posed the next question by asking, "Just what did you mean when you said a qualified person, how do you get to be qualified?" Sandusky replied, "I would say that any person having completed medical school, nurses training or ever worked in medical research labs would have the medical savvy or capability to perform most of the tasks that I identified"

Sandusky looked at his two guests and said, "Thanks again for the opportunity to offer my opinions; and if there are no further questions, I really should be getting back to my research". The Kentucky couple also thanked him and took one last look at their home state from their 32<sup>nd</sup> floor vantage point before boarding the elevator for their descent.

During their return trip home the two rehashed their meeting with Sandusky and believed it would be difficult but possible to pursue a new line of attack to their mystery. If they began at Doctor Tucker's office searching for possible suspects their list would only contain two names and they had a hard time believing that Tucker himself was the culprit, although they couldn't



rule him out at this time. This left Angelina his nurse as another suspect; but they couldn't figure what motive she would have for these heinous acts. If Tucker's office was cleared they would proceed to the next best choice. It was nearing sunset as Jack dropped Glenna at the *Gazette* and then headed to his chastisement at the hands of Beulah. Arriving in Florence he noticed the morning flood waters had dissipated leaving its debris behind in the lower areas. When he parked his car he also noticed Beulah was peering at him through the kitchen curtains. He guessed it was time for him to face the music.

### *A New Avenue*

The following morning was bright and shiny with no signs of rain. The Colonel seemed on top of the world as he set out to learn a little more about Angelina Dierdorff, the Doctors nurse. After obtaining her address from the local Nurses Association he headed his old Ford in the direction of Latonia a small suburb of Covington. Fifteen minutes later he was parked about a half block from her home at 2424 Sampson Street. Taking a few minutes to survey the area he noticed only one man outside attempting to repair a broken shutter on his front window. As the Colonel approached, the man, thankful for a reason to cease working, introduced himself as Chester Archer. Chester said he was from England which explained his brogue. Before Jack could begin his questions Chester proved that he had a loose tongue.

He said, "Matey, if you are wondering about me last name Archer, you probably guessed right. Me pa was from Cheshire and worked in the Kings Armory. He was a fine bowman and always tried to improve his Archery trade. Everyone looked up to him. But me, I couldn't hit the big side of me barn. I had to move to America to get away from all the Archer jokes. And another thing, Chester me first name is supposed to mean that I am a Castle Dweller. That's another joke, me never be in a castle in me whole life".

Jack thought it time to get down to business so he told Chester that he was considering moving to this area and wanted to know more about the neighborhood. He said "Is this area a high crime zone? How about your neighbors, are there any single ladies living near-by?" With this Chester said, "Oh by golly, right across the street is a fine looking lassie that I wouldn't mind chasing me self, if I wasn't married. She's tall with nice face and a body built like, what you call it in America, brick outhouse." The Colonel smiled and answered, "Well that's close to what we call it. Doesn't she have any boy friends?" Chester said, "Me being here for three years, only one matey comes. Some man in a Cadillac but he never talk, just go into her wee house". With a wry smile he said, "I think maybe they try to make a wee bairn".

Chester, does she go out very often? He responded, "I only see her go to work, go to grocery and go to storeroom. The Colonel raised his eyebrows and said, "Storeroom, what do you mean by storeroom?" Chester said, "She has storeroom, down the road and around the corner at the "Stow & Go" and spends much time there.

Jack looked at Chester and said, "It looks like you have a nice neighborhood here and it's real clean and cozy, but if you only have one single lady and she seems to be taken, I may have to look elsewhere. I'll leave you to repair the shutter on your castle." Both men began chuckling at his frivolous joke.

As the Colonel drove away his thoughts were on the word, storeroom. I wonder why she needs a storeroom. Maybe he would learn the answer to that question, and soon.

Just out of curiosity he turned around at the next intersection and headed in the direction of the Stow & Go facility. After a few wrong turns he spied the small facility, painted blue and white with a fairly large red sign that read “Stow & Go” “First Month Free” and “Boxes for Sale”. He guessed the facility held somewhere between 75 to 100 storage units.

Colonel Jack parked his Ford and entered the manager’s office where he introduced himself as a sheriff’s deputy and displayed his badge. The manager, a Mr. Robert King said he would help in any way he could. The Colonel’s first question was easy enough; does Ms. Angelia Dierdorff have a rental unit here at your facility? Mr. King responded with I don’t believe she does, the name is not familiar to me. The Colonel said would you mind checking your records again; I have it from a reliable source that she does have a storage unit here at your facility. Mr. King scanned his unit ledger and one again replied, “No sir I can’t find her name on our list of renters”.

The Colonel scratched his head and said, “Suppose I describe her to you and see if that rings any bells.” As soon as Mr. King heard the Colonel mention a fairly tall attractive lady, about 42, with brown hair and green eyes and has a nice shape, he immediately said it sounds like you are describing Ms. Strum. Mr. King said, “If that’s her, she does have a unit here and uses it quite frequently.” Her unit is number 48 at the rear of the property.

The Colonel let out a small whistle as he said, “Ms. Strum, you don’t say”. The manager responded, “I believe she has had the same unit for almost three years”. The Colonel answered by saying, “ I caution you to keep my visit confidential as well as our discussions about Ms. Strum or Dierdorff or whatever she calls herself. By the way, what address did she put in her file? Glancing at his ledger Mr. King said it’s an out of town address in Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania. Looking closer at his ledger King said, “It’s Lancaster Avenue, 715 Lancaster Avenue”. King said, “Punxsutawney isn’t that the place where the ground hogs comes out of hiding every February”. As the Colonel was walking out the door he looked over his shoulder and said, “Yes that’s it, Punxsutawney is the Ground Hog city and I think the place where Phil this particular Ground Hog lives is called Gobblers Knob. Mr. King replied, “Is that so?”

Colonel Jack stopped at the Florence library and did a little research on Punxsutawney. He was surprised to learn that it was nearly four hundred miles from Florence requiring about eight hours of travel time. His initial response was to put the trip on hold until it became absolutely necessary.

Arriving back home, Jack learned that Glenna had left a message saying she wanted to meet and discuss the case. After a quick call the two decided to meet for afternoon coffee or tea at the Springtown café. Seated in an out of the way booth Glenna told Jack that one of the suspicious hazardous sites had tested positive for carcinogen’s which are capable of causing cancers. She did say that it wasn’t a strong positive but at least it was positive, giving some validity to the Editors opinion.

After digesting this latest piece of data, Col. Jack told Glenna of his mornings exploits while visiting Nurse Angelina’s neighborhood, learning of her likely affair with Doctor Tucker and the fact that she had a long term storage unit where she spent an abnormal amount of time. He followed this with the fact that the storage unit was rented under an alias to Ms. A. Strum from Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania.

Glenna said it might be an alias but it’s also the name of the beneficiary for Mr. Jack Fagan’s small insurance policy for five thousand dollars. The Colonel responded with, “By golly you’re right, why didn’t I remember that?”

Then Glenna admitted that the new positive test result means that we still have two avenues to investigate as well as getting to the bottom of the mysterious Ms. A. Strum.

Looking at Glenna, the Colonel said, “We have two choices, we can meet with Nurse Angelina or I can go to Pennsylvania and see what I can learn that might help our case. He then said, “I hate to approach Angelina and tip her off that we are looking at her. Doing so would jeopardize our case as we don’t have nearly enough evidence to prosecute her for anything. I think we should also keep this to ourselves so that our friend the Doc doesn’t learn of our investigation and possibly warn her”. Glenna nodded in agreement saying, “We also have to be concerned about ruining a person’s reputation if they are not guilty, which is a distinct possibility”.

### *Underground with Punxsutawney Phil*

Early the next morning Colonel Jack was on the road east to Pennsylvania. Beulah had made him a few ham and cheese sandwiches, a thermos of hot coffee and also packed a nice supply of his favorite Cubans. The eight hour road trip gave him plenty of time to enjoy the Cubans, rehash the case in his mind and develop his plan of attack. His arrival at Punxsutawney gave him cause for concern. He hadn’t thought much about the town but he was surprised to note that the total population was less than five thousand people. He had thought of visiting the county clerk’s office, but now he even doubted that they had one.

He stopped at a Standard Oil station to fill up the old Ford and hoped to garner some information. The station attendant was quite friendly and helpful. The Colonel learned that Punxsutawney was a small borough in Jefferson County and that Brookville was the county seat. The County Clerk’s office was in Brookville a short drive away. The attendant Angus, according to his name tag, was checking the engine oil and washing the windshield as the Colonel kept pumping him for information. According to Angus, Lancaster Avenue was only three streets away. When asked if he knew any of the Strum’s or Dierdorff’s he responded, I used to but they’re all gone now.

The Colonel flinched at his response and asked for an explanation. Angus said, “I went to school with the Strum girl but when she graduated she got married to some dork, his name could have been Deedorf or whatever it was you mentioned. But I think he died, then she moved out west someplace, not sure where, at least I think it was west of here. The Colonel thanked Angus and paid for the gas and service and gave him a couple bucks extra for his helpful information. Armed with this piece of information the Colonel thought wouldn’t it be nice if somebody invented a telephone that you could take with you. If that were possible he could call Glenna and give her an update. Then faced with reality he decided to wait till he got back to Florence to make the call.

When he left the service station he followed Angus’s direction and was soon in front of 2424 Lancaster, at least according to the old and worn out mail box still standing by the sidewalk. The house itself wasn’t in near as good condition as its mailbox. Other than the weeds the only thing sticking up was the old stone chimney. It looked like fire had destroyed the place and it was never rebuilt.

It was obvious that Angelina couldn’t have worked in a hospital or medical facility in this small town so he decided to drive to Brookville and find out who legally owned the Lancaster property. Entering Brookville the Colonel seemed surprised that it wasn’t as big as the Ground Hog city. He did find the Clerk’s office and learned the Lancaster property was still in the name

of A. Strum. The property taxes were current and paid by Ms. A. Strum who listed her address as 2424 Sampson St. Florence, Kentucky. As he updated his investigative notes he was thinking, this thing has come full circle. He was right back where he had begun. Well not quite, he did have a lot of new data to mull over.

While at the Clerk's office he asked for the Marriage and Obituary records maintained by the county. He learned that Angelina Strum had married Oscar Dierdorff in 1940. He also learned that Oscar had passed away in 1942. The cause was listed as unknown. The death certificate had been signed by Dr. Alphonse Devon. The final burial location was listed as Calvary Cemetery in Punxsutawney.

Leaving Brookville the Colonel decided to leave no stone uncovered and headed to the Calvary Cemetery. Once there he was able to determine that Dierdorff's burial and plot were paid for with an insurance check from New York Life Insurance Company. This caused him to wonder just how much coverage a young man like Mr. Dierdorff would carry on his life.

Believing that he had acquired all the information available in Pennsylvania he headed the old Ford west toward Florence while he lit a new Cuban and lowered the window just a little allowing the smoke to seek its own exit. Then he tried to emulate his golfing buddy Mosey as he moseyed his way home.

The Colonel was tired and sleepy after his eight hour return trip to Florence. He called Glenna and gave her his report which filled in many of the unknowns in their investigation. They both recognized that they needed to determine what was inside unit 48 at the Stow & Go location. To do this they would need to bring Sheriff Lonny Murphy up to date with their investigation and let him apply for the search warrant.

After talking with the Sheriff they all agreed that their case was entirely circumstantial. With everything leaning in her direction the one thing they didn't have was some way to actually connect her to the string of cancer deaths. The facts show that her husband died of cancer; she also collected his insurance benefits plus collecting on Jack Fagan's small policy and knowing that several of Tucker's patients died from Pancreatic Cancer. None of this was adequate to convict her of any crimes.

### *The Ruse*

The Sheriff was successful in obtaining a search warrant but Glenna and the Colonel suggested he hold it until the timing was right. In the meantime, Colonel Jack visited with Doctor Tucker and informed him that they were investigating Nurse Angelina for possible involvement in the deaths of some of his patients. He told the Doc about the search warrant and the Sheriff's intent to search the storage unit early next morning. He also said, "Tuck, I'm trying to protect your practice so I suggest you not disclose our plans". Tuck responded with, "Colonel you've got this all wrong, there is no way she could or would do these terrible things, but I'll abide by your wishes".

Two of the Sheriff's deputies were on stake out at the Stow & Go facilities when Angelina appeared and opened the gates to reach her rented unit. It was readily apparent that something of importance was in the storage unit as she hurriedly removed paper work, files, slides, cultures, serum vials and anything that she believed to be incriminating. When her car trunk was nearly full, a command to move was given. Two vehicles with flashing red lights containing the Sheriff and several of his deputies descended on the property. The Sheriff showed his search warrant and told Angelina she was under arrest for suspicion of murder.

## Recipe for Death

The entire event was observed by Glenna and the Colonel as they looked on from their vantage point. The Colonel gave a wry grin knowing that he had bluffed Doctor Tucker here in real life, just as he usually did in their poker games. He knew the Doc would tell Angelina hoping to protect his lover. What the Doc didn't know is that he had personally baited the trap allowing the Sheriff to capture Angelina with her hands in the cookie jar.

Two hours later Nurse Angelina had been photographed; finger printed and officially booked as a prisoner at the Boone County Jail. The Sheriff decided to let her stew in jail for several hours before he attempted to question her.

While she was simmering, the Sheriff, Glenna and Colonel Jack were scanning all the equipment, files, serums and items Angelina had been in such a hurry to remove from the storage unit. The scattered files definitely indicate that she was actively engaged in cell culture especially in the areas of growth and propagation and transplantation. The files supported their theory of cell culturing to develop cancerous cells that were immune-silent; allowing them to multiply after transference without alerting the new body's auto immune system. The vials, many labeled as dangerous cancerous cells and serums indicated that what started as a theory may have reached a stage of reality.

One particular document labeled "Recipe" listed several items including the number one million or more of Carcinogen Cells obtained from Metastatic Tumors, plus a dosage of cells that have been cultured to be immuno-silent along with comments that the injection must take place within thirty days of preparation or the chance of a successful transplant decreases to less than fifty percent.

The evidence seemed to prove she had in fact perfected a method to Xenograph or inject cancerous cells and from that to give growth to cancer cells in the new body. Most likely the new body was in an immunocompromised state when the Xenograph occurred.

This newly found evidence gave hope to the trio of investigators that their culprit was now in custody. The Sheriff requested Angelina be brought down for interrogation. To prevent a conflict of interest it was decided the Sheriff and Colonel Jack, his deputy would do the questioning. However, Glenna was permitted to view and listen to the process from the next door viewing room.

Nurse Angelina was in the interrogation room and under the lights for nearly an hour before the questioning began. The delay was just a little more gamesmanship on the Sheriff's behalf. When arrested Angelina had been apprised of her rights, and had not asked for an attorney. It was straight up eight o'clock when the Sheriff Murphy turned on his tape recorder, named those in attendance and introduced his subject followed by his statement that she had previously been informed of her rights and had refused legal advice. The duo then began their barrage of questions.

Across town Patsy Tucker was undergoing surgery for the removal of her cancer filled pancreas and examination of the adjoining lymph nodes. Doctor Tucker knew that today's surgery would dictate just how long his wife would live. Finding lymph node infection usually meant a very short life while non-infection could add years to her life. Tuck could only hope and pray as he tried to pass the time in the waiting room. Having Randy and Clyde, two of his golfing buddies in the room with him made the waiting somewhat bearable. Everything else was in the hands of God and Tuckers Doctor friend that was performing the surgery.

Meanwhile up town at the Sheriff's interrogation room things were going slowly. Angelina was being peppered with questions but answered only a few of her own choosing. She had confirmed that she still used her maiden name of Strum on occasions and that Oscar Dierdorff her husband

of two years had died of pancreatic cancer. She also revealed that as his beneficiary she had collected on his twenty-five thousand dollar insurance policy. Of course the Colonel knew none of this was illegal or incriminating.

For some reason she chose to reveal her two year employment with the Pennsylvania offices of the contagious diseases. This seemed to be a badge of honor to her. Angelina told of being fired after nearly two years of project research. She said that she had nearly solved the assigned problem of cell mutation and transference. When she relayed this information to her superior she was terminated. She later heard that her boss had tried to take credit for her work but was unable to perform all the functions necessary to complete the research. So basically her research died on the vine.

But Angelina was stubborn and continued with her own research after her termination. Becoming disenchanted with Oscar she formulated a plan to eliminate her husband and obtain funding for future research projects. Using her ingenuity she acquired a strain of pancreatic cancerous cells from a deceased patient. She nurtured, altered, prepared and tested her new concoction of cells for two basic reasons. The first was the satisfaction of completing her assigned research project and second for its future use as she saw fit. Accordingly she had mastered the art of deception as she injected the fatal serum under the guise of flu, pneumonia, tetanus, or similar medical injections ordered by the requesting physician.

Angelina was still being interrogated while nearby at the Boone County Hospital, Randy and Clyde were keeping the Doc distracted with their many golf stories from years gone by, as Patsy's surgery entered its fifth hour. Early estimates of the procedure length were four to eight hours depending on total removal or the removal of tumorous areas only. Doctor Tucker knew the full recovery time for this procedure was usually three months or longer. There was no doubt his lifestyle would soon be changing. He reflected back on how his life had already been changed and what the future might bring. Not that it really mattered but he continued to wonder if Patsy knew of his clandestine relationship with Angelina.

Two hours later the telephone rang in the interrogation viewing room adjoining the interrogation room. Glenna quickly lifted the receiver and heard the voice on the other end saying; tell sheriff Murphy that Mrs. Patsy Tucker has just died on the operating table. Glenna almost dropped the phone when her brain processed the message. Immediately she ran into the interrogation room, interrupted the questioning, and while crying and sobbing loudly shouted that Patsy Tucker had just died. She had died while still on the operation table undergoing removal of her pancreas.

Angelina still under the bright, hot lights snickered and had a smirk on her face. Sheriff Murphy said well that changes things. Our case just went from suspicion of murder to actual murder. Angelina scoffed and said, "I don't care, it worked, the bitch is dead, she's out of my life forever. If I knew how good I was going to feel, I would have done it long ago. Then in a mocking mood she repeated, the bitch is dead, long live the bitch, the bitch is dead".

Colonel Jack was looking at Angelina as the Sheriff asked, "Are you confessing to her murder?" The frenzied prisoner replied I didn't murder her, I killed the bitch but it wasn't murder. I merely eliminated her from our lives, Turk's and mine. And I'd do it again if I had the chance and I'd enjoy it just as much. Then laughingly she said Turk and I are rich now, we'll collect her \$500,000 policy and live like royalty. That's twenty times what I got from my Oscars measly policy. My little recipe worked on five occasions; of course three of them weren't for real, because I was just practicing. They should have never fired me from my research work. I was smarter than my boss. That's why he canned me. I don't care now as long as Patsy the wicked bitch is dead". Her hysteric laughing continued.

Glenna and Colonel Jack couldn't believe they were hearing her actual confession; this made their circumstantial case very solid. But now with her confession everything was out in the open. Sheriff Murphy spent the next hour getting her full written confession on paper, making it all semi-legal. He was extremely interested in the part where she pretended to be Patsy Tucker as she applied for the 500 K insurance policy. The agent must have been so happy to sell this large policy that he took everything she said as the gospel truth.

After observing what he believed was her maniac tendencies he now was bothered by the thoughts of losing her confession and case due to insanity.

Sitting with the Sheriff in his office, Glenna and the Colonel rehashed the case and the way it had abruptly ended. All three knew that Patsy was alive and back in her room at the Boone County hospital. Her surgery had been successful requiring only the removal of the cancerous tumor. Her lymph nodes were clear giving her a very favorable prognosis.

The ruse they concocted had two parts, the first was telling the doctor of the search warrant and the fact that the Sheriff was holding it till the following morning leaving plenty of time for Angelina to clean out her little rental laboratory. The second part included the fabricated story of Patsy's death. Glenna's performance, tears and all deserved to win her an Oscar (Dierdorff, No pun intended). To Angelina it was Glenna's performance that finally convinced her to confess all her pent up feelings and miss-guided deeds.

Glenna wished she could be a fly on the wall if and when Doctor Tucker told her that Patsy was not really dead, but alive and recovering nicely.

Glenna as the lead investigator of the potential cancer problem in Florence obviously had the "exclusive" as the first news reporter to break the story. Her story about Nurse Dierdorff included Angelina's biography, the crimes she allegedly committed and how it impacted the local community. From her inside knowledge she was able to expound on how certain research achievements were made and their use for evil means rather than the good of mankind.

The news editor and Glenna had decided the story would be quite lengthy and capable of being followed up in later editions with the newest developments in the case. It was something they both wanted, hoping to gain the maximum exposure for the story, the paper and its lead journalist. As long as the public here in Florence and around the nation were interested they would continue to publish. Glenna had insured that Colonel Jack received his right and proper credit for his assistance in the overall investigation, in spite of his objections.

The editor and Glenna also agreed that she should follow her main story with another pinpointing the local problems with toxic and hazardous waste products. That story should state although no links to cancer were discovered, these toxins etc. are the cause of numerous illnesses found in the community. He said to write it in a way that all local businesses believe they might be one of the contributors to the problem. Maybe their perceived guilt will help to correct our contamination problem.

As Glenna broke her story she couldn't help but wonder if it might be worthy of an award, possibly even a Pulitzer.

Life and with it the game of golf continues on in Florence.

***Memo, Friday Golf at 8 a.m. not a holiday// cancelled Rain***

## *Epilogue*

It's been over two years since the story of Angelina Dierdorff's crimes was on the front page of the *Covington Gazette*. Her notoriety continued through her murder trial and on into her appeal of conviction. Her attorney had offered a plea of insanity as justification for her violent acts. However, the defense was unable to prove to the court that she was permanently or temporarily insane. Having been found guilty by the jury of eight women and four men she was sentenced to life in prison without parole. She remains incarcerated at the 720 bed, Kentucky Correctional Institute for Women at Shelby County, Kentucky.

After her appeals were exhausted Sheriff Lonnie Murphy burned specific items of evidence that had been confiscated from her storage unit. He thought it best to destroy her clinical and scientific research documents, especially the Recipe. In his mind, the world would be better served without the knowledge she had uncovered.

Ms. Glenna Owens and Colonel Jack are still spending time together. In fact just last night they enjoyed dining at the Plantation Oaks. Their dinner party included Ms. Beulah Miller, Mr. David Tucker (Tuck) and wife Patsy Tucker, Mr. Clyde Posey (Mosey) and his lady friend Ms. Barbie. They were occasionally joined by Mr. Randall Rhodes (Randy), the maître de / owner of the Plantation. It was a very lively party especially for a small community like Florence. The most repeated rumor of the evening is that the entire dinner check was picked up by Clyde Posey, old Mosey himself. The valet at the Plantation Oaks offered that Dr. Tucker was now driving a new model Cadillac that was made after the war.

A question most often asked, was Patsy aware of her husband's clandestine affair with Angelina before her arrest occurred? Patsy has not answered that question and probably never will since the couple seems happy together.

On a more serious side we can report that Ms. Glenna Owens was named a recipient of the Kentucky Journalism Award for her investigation and exceptional coverage of the Dierdorff murder trial.

By the way, if you are leaving Florence you might want to drive down Shelby Street and take one last look at Colonel Jack before you leave. He's certain to be on the porch, in his favorite chair, scrutinizing the activity while sipping his lemonade laced with moonshine and slowly puffing on his favorite Churchill cigar. If you roll your windows down you may even hear the musical sounds as his wind chimes gently move in the wind. Life continues to blossom in our little community. Come back soon and don't you all speed now, you hear me.

*The End*