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by
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**VO: Statement of Detective Sergeant John DiMaggio, June 2007
(in his voice):**

This is how I became involved and subsequently was sanctioned to unofficially investigate the Percy murder case with permission received from my robbery commander, Earl Johnson. And if you know him, Commander Johnson was considered to be a person who was difficult to bargain with!

Last year I personally contacted Earl Johnson, now retired from the Chicago Police Department, and received his permission to disclose all facts that I developed regarding the Percy case, including his initial authorization to investigate the case, because at that time, and as of last year, he still believed that I was receiving information that could have solved the case.

I will attempt to supply you with enough information to convince you that the case could have, and should have, been solved many years ago, and the possibility still exists that the case, if reopened and properly investigated, can still be solved.

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At least the true facts of the prime suspects should be brought to the attention of the public, to answer questions that should have been disclosed many years ago.

September 1966—Kenilworth, Illinois, the wealthiest town on the North Shore of Chicago, dressed now for fall

Lake Michigan laps out gently from Windward, the estate of Charles Percy, the chairman of Bell and Howell, who is running for the US Senate in November, seeking the seat of iconic senator Paul Douglas. The Percy family has it all: authentic American heritage, accomplishment, wealth, comfort. Chuck Percy is a widower with a second wife, beautiful twin daughters just graduated from distinguished colleges—one engaged to Jay Rockefeller. Many feel certain Chuck Percy is on his way to the presidency one day. He's a golden boy. It's a golden time.

Unknown to Chuck Percy, a man is perched every night in the elm trees outside the Percy mansion. This man is a thief who is stalking the house . . . planning a home invasion, and maybe more. He has seen the twins, Valerie and Sharon, coming and going, filled with life. Their music and teasing conversation drifts out the windows on the cool autumn breeze. They have been busy helping with Chuck Percy's campaign, dating charming boys, entertaining friends. He has watched their habits and envied their privileged lives. He feels jealous and superior at once. They have it all, but they don't know how vulnerable they are. He can take it away from them—all of them—any time he wants. And September 18, 1966, is that day.

In the dark early morning of September 18, 1966, Valerie Percy is murdered in her bed as she sleeps. She is murdered viciously, struck with a weapon that is distinctive in shape, but hard to identify. She is beaten to death by fifteen blows to the head, and stab wounds to the head and neck. Awakened by the tinkle of breaking glass, Loraine Percy, Valerie's stepmother, comes in and finds the intruder still in the room. He shoves

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past her and runs off to the wild cry of the Percy burglar alarm, which Mrs. Percy sets off. He escapes into the night, through the trees, onto the deserted shore of beautiful moon-beamed Lake Michigan. Chuck Percy, alerted by his wife's screams for help, pursues, but too late. While he runs out into the night, his daughter is dying, clinging to life as long as she can. Not long.

Chaos overtakes the well-orchestrated lives of the Percys. Chaos, death, and despair enter their elegant seventeen-room mansion. The music room, usually filled with joy, is where the murderer entered and moved off to destroy lives. The lake is ominous, the house empty. The serenity of the whole small, elegant town of Kenilworth is destroyed.

Kenilworth Police HQ, September 1966

Chaos overtakes the cops of the Kenilworth Police Department. There has never been a murder in Kenilworth. They are not murder police. They are not high-profile murder police. They need help. And they get it. Lots of it.

Every police department within range offers assistance: Chicago PD, State of Illinois, Illinois State's Attorney, neighboring suburbs, FBI. There is a huge task force formed to solve the case and bring this monster to justice. In fact, the task force is too big. The jurisdictions are not playing well together. Cops guard their work product from the prying eyes of other cops. The case cannot come together—it is ripped apart. More chaos. This kind of chaos leads to murderers escaping justice. And that is what happened in the Percy case. Almost.

Shakespeare Division, Near North Side of Chicago, September 20, 1966

Officer Bernie Sako, a hardworking uniformed cop, gets a tip on the Percy case from a guy he has busted and who gives him tips from time to time—a small-time, hard-core degenerate burglar named Oscar, not what you call reliable. Oscar's heard about the big reward Percy's offered

for information. He also heard on the prison grapevine details about the murder, and he recognizes some of them fit this guy he met—a career burglar he’s seen at bars around town. This guy he knows has done things like this before. Bragged about them in jail and in barrooms. Not murder, but close. And he hits houses like the Percys’ house—high-end houses on the North Shore with plenty to steal. Sounds like him. Sako’s a beat cop, not in a position to investigate the tip. But he knows a sergeant upstairs who has a rep as a guy who knows what to do with a tip. Sako reaches out, as he has in the past. Brings his tip to John DiMaggio. Doesn’t know if it’s anything, but trusts DiMaggio will figure it out.

John DiMaggio two-flat, September 1966

Detective Sergeant John DiMaggio lives a different life from the privileged Percys. He lives in a blond brick Chicago two-flat that he shares with his wife’s parents. The in-laws live on the first floor. John, his wife, and three kids live on the second floor. It’s close quarters, but it’s all good. It’s good because he doesn’t bring his work home. Or not in the obvious way. It’s there, however, in the strict rules that he imposes on his two willful daughters. He’s seen too much to let them blunder through life overlooking dangerous situations, like sleepovers with friends and exterior doors with glass panels above the door handle—the kind everybody has and won’t think twice about. He misses nothing, and that’s saying a lot. The kids don’t get it. Dad’s way strict. What’s the deal? They have no sense of who he is, what he’s seen. Not really. They’re busy living normal life. The girls are smart and popular. The oldest is learning to drive and John is teaching her. Not like the other kids—parents mostly farming it out to training schools or older kids. John DiMaggio takes them out on patrol. He has them looking for every danger on the road. When he says drive defensively, he means it. You observe everything, anticipate anything, know who’s around you, and think strategically. Danger lurks. No daughter of his will be a bad parallel parker or fear the entrance ramp of the Kennedy Expressway.

Area Five Robbery Division, September 1966

To the cops under his command, Detective Sergeant John DiMaggio is Sarge. He's the guy who gets the job done. Everybody hopes to be the cop he asks to fill out his special investigation team when one of his "ideas" leads to a special task force. He's a legend in this small world. And now he has the Percy tip: it was a burglary gone wrong. Looks pretty unreliable, a little unlikely a career burglar did this, but no way is he leaving it unexamined. He knows if he mentions it to other detectives in his unit, he'll get a million opinions, most of them negative, many of them strong and dismissive. It could kill any chance the tip has. So he keeps it to himself. This is where real police work comes in. Step one: talk to the informant. Step two: test all the informant's information, not just the Percy tip. Is the informant reliable? Sarge doesn't trust. He verifies. After he tests, after he's pretty sure, after he has "a feeling," then he takes it to his commander, Earl Johnson, who knows that if John DiMaggio thinks it's good, it probably is. The commander authorizes a two-man task force to investigate the Percy tip. Stay out of the glare. Work alone. Don't tap into the major task force yet. Just do the job. Report back to me.

Area Five two-man Percy task force, September 1966

DiMaggio selects a young detective to work with him on the investigation—Richard Riccio, a young guy who drives fast and does the job without asking questions. Too many young detectives want to know why they're doing something, have to be convinced, don't like the odd hours Sarge imposes, don't like waiting for information by mail from around the country, verifying the tipster. Too impatient. Riccio has faith DiMaggio knows what he's doing. It's worked out great for him in the past. Plus, working with Sarge always gets you the plum cases because Sarge always has ideas that other cops overlook. Sarge likes that Riccio manages to get the better unit cars for their tours, no small item when you're in the car all day or night. The sector cars are pretty crappy, even for detective sergeants.

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House on North Avenue; Addison, Illinois, August 1966

The house looks just like all the other small bungalows on the street—standard midcentury Chicago architecture. Living here is a guy who has caught the attention of the neighbors because he never leaves for work with all the other men in service uniforms and work clothes. He is dapper, drives two nice late-model Buicks that he parks on the street, and has the window shades drawn until at least noon every day. In the late afternoon, he steps out to turn on the lawn sprinkler, smoke a cigar, and read the *Sun-Times* on the porch. Nods to people who pass by. Good looking. Young wife. Two small kids. People try to get a bead on him. What's he do for a living? Kids tell parents that the garage is filled with great stuff—lots of it. Televisions, radios, furniture. They peeked in the windows while playing softball in the alley. He is a focus of interest in the neighborhood. People point out his house to visiting relatives and friends. In River Forest they've got mob boss Sam Giancana. Here in Addison, it's Freddie Malchow. That's his real name, but his neighbors know him as Fred Nykaza. Wife Edna. The house is filled with beautiful furniture and Edna's massive wig collection. A neighbor girl down the block babysits the kids, and reports on these things. People suspect, but nobody does anything about it. It's the stuff of neighborhood lore. It's Chicago.

The Kenilworth Police investigation, late September 1966

The official task force being run out of the tiny Kenilworth Police HQ is unruly. Officially, the Kenilworth police chief, Robert Daly, is in charge. He has the badge and the jurisdiction, but he has no true standing among the platoon of experienced cops who have been assigned by their departments to work the case. There are quite a few massive egos in the room, all male, and each ready to assume control. Riding in on the biggest white horse is the Illinois State Police in the person of Robert Lamb. He sees that every cop assigned the case wants to be the one to get the bad guys. He assumes unofficial control, saying he wants a homicide

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dick and a burglary dick from Chicago assigned to the case. He moves the official office of the investigation to the firing range of the Winnetka police station just north of Kenilworth. Lamb and his assistant, Richard Robb, organize the task force into eleven teams of detectives. There are hundreds of leads, tips, and suspects to be sorted out. But the name Percy cuts ice. No matter where the task force goes, everybody drops what they are doing to lend a hand. “It’s the Percy case? Whadda ya need?” The two cops from Chicago officially assigned to the case are Joe DiLeonardi and his partner, John Sammele. They are stars. They have big reps. They are big-city murder police among a sea of suburban cops without the authentic swagger. They pretend to be team players, but everybody knows otherwise. First day on the job, DiLeonardi and Sammele sit down and organize the case. They take inventory of every piece of evidence, every person of even the remotest interest, every room with a connection, every object involved, and make notes that fill seven pages of tightly gripped handwriting. Phone numbers, descriptions, police IR numbers. It is the first time the case has taken a physical form. The pecking order is forming as well. Chief Daly sits and waits for word like everybody else in Illinois and around the country. The press hounds him. He shrugs.

Area Five two-man Percy task force, October 1966

John DiMaggio has learned a lot about Fred Malchow and his gang of thieves. And it is a gang. From time to time there are as many as six or seven men in the burglary ring. Fred’s brother Daniel is one of them. They often work together. The gang has a name: the Jackson, Wilson, Malchow gang. The gang has been involved in a string of burglaries from Evanston to Lake Forest—virtually the entire North Shore of Chicago. The targets are almost always high-end houses loaded with things worth taking—furs, jewelry, art. They are not caught because they are pros and leave behind very little evidence that can identify or convict them. They are fairly brazen. They commit small acts of vandalism seemingly for

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sport: they eat out of the refrigerator while the family is asleep upstairs. Malchow is reputed to have killed a family cat, a play on the identity of the cat burglar. He has also been suspected of some acts of vile vandalism involving samples of his bodily fluids left in the homes of his victims. Sadly there is no way to connect those lewd “samples” to Malchow. But there is jailhouse talk of the escapades. It is the stuff of lore among burglars and their prison pals. Some of it is the reason the prison tip came into existence. Freddy and his pals are too amused by their antics to keep them to themselves. They enjoy violating the victims again for sport. It’s funny just thinking about how vulnerable good citizens are. How easily they can be brought low. They never see it coming, and rarely get revenge.

The Percy Mansion, October 1966

The Percy family is in disarray. They are grieving. There are rumors, most unfounded, but persistent, that Mrs. Percy hated her stepdaughter and was vindictive. That the Percy girls entertained some dangerous young people at the house. That there is a suspicious and volatile young man who lives nearby who may be capable of such a crime. The Senate campaign is suspended, including that of Percy’s rival, Senator Paul Douglas, who volunteers to shutter his efforts until after the funeral. But the hiatus can’t last forever. Suddenly, the Percys disappear. The entire family flies to San Francisco. It seems an odd choice to the police. Most families would not be willing, able, or permitted to leave at such a crucial time in the investigation, but this is the Percy family, and different rules apply. Fear has driven them away. There is also an unwillingness to admit the full extent of what has happened and a need to escape the scene of the crime. It is almost impossible to live in the house that was so brutally invaded. And the noise of the passing crowds who come to gawk at the house and the neighborhood is distressing. Decisions must be made about whether to resume the campaign. Valerie’s twin sister is inconsolable. She is terrified.

Area Five two-man Percy task force, October 1, 1966

Sergeant DiMaggio makes inquiries to verify Oscar's information. Almost immediately he receives the FBI report on Malchow. While it does not bear out every specific geographical fact Oscar has given, they are close enough for jazz. Fred Malchow had not been imprisoned in Wisconsin for five years for binding and raping a seventeen-year-old girl as Oscar had said, but he had been tried and convicted of that very same crime in Hamburg, New York, in 1950, and served five years in Auburn State Prison in New York State. He has been at this kind of crime for a long time. He was released from prison in 1955 in Buffalo, New York.

Following close on the heels of the FBI report is a letter from the Anaheim, California, police department, authored by Captain Carl D. Miller of the detective division. That letter supplies more about the habits and character of Fred Malchow. He was captured by citizens while committing a robbery in Anaheim, and was found with no identification, no money, and a tube of Vaseline in his hand. He posted \$276 in bail, which he forfeited when he disappeared before his scheduled court appearance. Captain Miller's letter goes on to state that although Malchow had been unemployed for the months he lived in Anaheim, his house was furnished with luxury items, he was driving a new Chrysler, and his garage was filled with home furnishings. He was gone before the cops got to his house, but the suspicion was that he had been engaged in criminal activity while living there. An astute observation, DiMaggio thinks.

Malchow's only "friend" in Anaheim had been Charles Antes, who arranged for Malchow's bail. Antes, whose real name was Nicopolous, owned a wig shop in Anaheim. That shop was mysteriously robbed at a time when Antes was in financial trouble, and it appeared to Captain Miller that Malchow had been imported to do that job. The cops were unable to prove any of this, so it is not a matter of public record.

But with these facts, most of Oscar's information is confirmed and makes Sergeant DiMaggio more inclined to believe it than not. Then another

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informant is located. As it turns out, the second informant is the brother of the first, and adds more incriminating details to the first account. Paul, like his brother Oscar, has no direct information linking Malchow to the Percy case, but he has details of the methods Malchow uses in his crimes that are enticing and even convincing. There are facts of the Percy case that are known only to the investigators, but that are deeply imbedded in Paul's account of Malchow's behavior, causing Sergeant DiMaggio to think he is on the trail of the killer. One of these is the unusual murder weapon, a heavy object that left odd triangular shapes on Valerie's face and body where she was bludgeoned to death. If Paul's story is correct, Malchow seems to have owned and always used such a distinctive weapon on his scores—an antique revolver with an extension on the handle that looks like a blackjack and has the kinds of grooves found in Valerie's wounds. Also, Paul confirmed that Malchow was doing scores in Lake Forest, that DiMaggio was able to confirm with the Lake Forest Police Department. DiMaggio thinks it is time to check in with Commander Johnson. He thinks—knows—that he is on the trail of the killer. It may be time to turn his evidence over to the task force. Reluctantly, he steps into Johnson's office to make his report. He knows he will be turning his case over to detectives who may or may not give this information the time and light it deserves. But that is the job, and that's the deal he made with Johnson. Investigate the lead, then give the task force something vital.

VO: Statement of Detective Sergeant John DiMaggio, June 10, 2007 (in his own voice)

I was now becoming interested in Fred Malchow and believed that he could be a suspect in the Percy case and should be thoroughly investigated to rule him out or connect him with the crime.

I presented all of the information that I developed and the information originally obtained by my patrolman friend to Commander Johnson, in

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his office at Eleventh and State, and he was impressed. And I'll always remember the statement that he made at the time: 'Even if Malchow didn't kill Valerie Percy, you can rest assured that he will at least become the best suspect in the case.'

He went on to say: 'John, you reached a point where I believe you should turn over all of the information to the Kenilworth task force, but I still want you and Riccio to work on the case, maintain contact with the informants, and most importantly try and locate Fred Malchow and let me know when you do. In a spirit of mutual cooperation supply Kenilworth with everything, but remember, you have my permission to work on the case.'

Chicago Crime Lab, fifth floor, Eleventh and State; October 7, 1966

DiMaggio makes a visit to the Chicago Crime Lab to see if he can get any additional information about the antique weapon Malchow uses. On one wall of the old building is a cabinet display of countless weapons involved in Chicago crimes, in particular unique firearms of all sizes and calibers. And there, on the wall, is the revolver he is looking for—the distinctive, rare weapon with the unusually shaped butt handle that could serve as a bludgeon. As he stands studying the weapon, former Homicide Commander Frank Flannagan, now the director of the Crime Lab, comes up and startles him.

“John, I been watching you stare at the same gun for ten minutes,” he says. “What’s up?”

DiMaggio tells him that he has information that indicates that this could be the kind of weapon that killed Valerie Percy, and now Flannagan is studying the revolver as well. Flannagan calls over one of his men and asks him to remove the revolver and bring it to his office. DiMaggio and Flannagan retire to his regimental office and inspect the weapon over coffee. There is silence for some time as Flannagan turns it over and over. Flannagan has been a part of the Percy task force and has knowledge of the wounds found on Valerie’s skull. He has been a part of the team

trying to identify the weapon that made the unusual marks. So far, they have come up empty.

“Out of all the weapons we examined, I would have to say that this is the most likely weapon that could have been used,” Flannagan says.

They examined blunt metal instruments, hammers, crowbars, claw hammers, and many more. None had matched the indentations. Flannagan holds the weapon with awe.

“Amazing,” he says. “Why didn’t we consider this?”

He looks at DiMaggio with respect. “How ’bout coming to work for me on the task force? You could follow up on this. Get into the case.”

But DiMaggio is a loyal cop and he is already working unofficially for Commander Johnson on the case, and that’s where he has to stay. He explains this to Flannagan, who respects the chain of command as well. DiMaggio will work the case from the outside. That’s probably best anyway.

The Kenilworth Police investigation, October 10, 1966

DiMaggio and Riccio make the trip up to Winnetka to meet with Bob Lamb of the Illinois State Police, who is heading the investigation. They lay out all the information they have, including the verifications of times and places contained in the informants’ statements, the weapon and its likely correspondence to the marks on the victim’s head, the MO of the Malchow gang, and the fact that they were operating in the area at the time. Everything. Also the fact that Commander Johnson thinks these are good facts and leads.

Lamb listens and nods. DiMaggio sees that there is not a lot of interest in the lead. Lamb doesn’t ask for the names of the informants. Lamb tells them about the many good leads the task force has developed—there is a “wayward home” in the Kenilworth area, the fact that the Percy girls entertained some of the kids living at the wayward home from time to time. The girls gave these kids access to keys to the Percy house. And there

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are other leads, hundreds of them, but Lamb is not at liberty to share them with DiMaggio and Riccio. It is a one-way information highway leading to Winnetka, but not back down to Area Five in Chicago. This is usually the case in major investigations—everyone wants to solve the case, so information is hoarded, not shared. Leads supplied remain a secret. DiMaggio gets the message. Their information will sit, unexamined, just as he had feared. Thus begins the unofficial Area Five two-man task force search for Fred Malchow and incriminating evidence linking him to the crime. Basic police work.

Area Five two-man Percy task force, late October, 1966

Where is this guy? That's the main question now. The first information comes from reliable sources that Malchow is working with a well-known home invasion guy named Harold James Evans. Sources confirm that both Malchow and Evans were in the Chicago area at the time of the Percy murder, but home addresses are elusive. You don't just look in the phone book. There are police resources for many kinds of information that may lead to an address, but, like all real police work, it takes time and effort. Particularly in 1966. The Intelligence Division is checked for credit information on these guys. Post offices in Chicago and the western suburbs are checked, without success. No addresses, no forwarding addresses. The Secretary of State records come up empty as well. Telephone records reveal one tiny lead: Fred Malchow, along with Edna Nykaza, made phone calls from a Holiday Inn in New Jersey on August 9, 1966. Using this slim evidence, DiMaggio and Riccio speak with a Mr. Rogers at the Holiday Inn who confirms that Malchow and Nykaza checked into the hotel on August 9, 1966, using the names of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Frume, of Villa Park, Illinois. They were driving a 1966 Ford with Illinois plates. A further check of that license plate shows it belongs on a 1962 Chevrolet owned by a Robert Kosla at a Chicago address. The plates were stolen, but this is at least the start of a trail. By the time the detectives find the address they are looking for, they

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have penned ten pages of minute information revealing tiny increments of the hunt. Small sightings along the interstate from New Jersey to Chicago lead, finally, to 909 D North Avenue, Addison, Illinois, the house where Fred Malchow and Edna Nykaza have been living in luxury, at least compared with their neighbors. But by now, they are long gone.

DiMaggio and Riccio canvass the neighborhood and find a family who identifies Malchow's mug shot. The daughter in this family babysat the Malchow kids. Even the kids, babies, wore expensive gold necklaces with diamond pendants. The Malchows moved in around April 1966, taking over an existing lease, and moved out in August. The family cannot recall the name of the moving company, but does identify the name of the leasing company, Pyramid Enterprises. Pyramid tells the detectives that after the Malchows left, the house was sublet to Edward Frume. Mr. Frume has information as well. He received a bill for the Malchows' New Jersey Holiday Inn charges since they checked in under this name. Even more important, Frume tells the detectives that Edna had come by the house to pick up mail on October 25, 1966, mere days ago. DiMaggio just missed her. She told Frume that she would be back for "important mail" later and the detectives think finally their efforts may pay off. Frume agrees to call them when she returns. If she returns. She doesn't. The trail goes cold.

Chicago Police HQ, Eleventh and State, November 1, 1966

The chief of detectives is getting complaints about the Area Five two-man Percy task force of DiMaggio and Riccio from sources inside and outside the Percy investigation. They had been ordered to stand down by Robert Lamb, and they kept going. The pressure to end the off-line search is reaching critical mass and DiMaggio is ordered to relinquish all his reports and information to the Criminal Investigation Unit that is working on the official Percy task force in Kenilworth. The records are seized, or that's how it feels, and the Area Five effort is over. What little information comes to DiMaggio by way of follow-up on the inquiries he

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has made, he sends to CIU or to Robert Lamb of the Illinois State Police. It's the end of the road. Or so it seems.

Interstate 80, February 1967, late winter

Fred Malchow and Robert Evans are on the move. Good burglary gangs keep moving, and that is what they do. They felt the heat in Chicago and decided to find a new city to “work.” Philadelphia sounds like a place ripe for picking. The luxurious Main Line has a reputation that suits their needs, and they are not in any jeopardy of being arrested for their murderous exploits in Chicago’s North Shore, though they have no real way of knowing that. Just a feeling. The new interstate road is wide, the late-model Buick is comfortable, and future prospects are good. A cop car cruises by going the other way, lights and siren blazing. And that’s their story—the cops are always looking in the wrong direction.

Area Five Robbery Division, February 1967

Detective Sergeant DiMaggio receives a tip that Malchow and Evans are headed to Philadelphia to commit home invasions. The tip comes from the original source who bumped into the burglars at a hangout on the West Side. DiMaggio sends the tip along to the official task force. No interest there.

House in Wynnewood, Philadelphia Main Line, March 1967

Malchow and Evans have studied the house for a month. They know the family is home. They know who lives there, where the bedrooms are, when the lights go off. They know what the family owns—furs, jewels, art. High end, of course. Otherwise, why bother? The woman of the house is good looking. The rich proceeds of the robbery are not enough, however. The woman is tempting—too tempting. While the robbery is in progress, she is raped and beaten. Her sense of security and worth are stolen as well as her furs. As Sergeant DiMaggio told the official Percy task force,

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Malchow has been up to this kind of dangerous criminal behavior for a very long time. He is still at it. For a short while longer.

Philadelphia Police Headquarters, March 30, 1967

Fred Malchow and Robert Evans are under arrest. It's big news. They were arrested for home invasion and the rape of the forty-two-year-old woman at the house where they stole her furs, jewelry, and dignity. A national newswire picks up the story. Not only are they suspected of the home invasion and rape, but Malchow is arraigned on two 1966 robberies in lower Merion Township, one at the home of a millionaire builder whose daughter was bound and assaulted during the home invasion. This man was a local political mover and shaker, not unlike Charles Percy. So now, back in Kenilworth, all hell breaks loose. Or so it should.

Area Five Robbery Division, April 8, 1967

Calls flood the switchboard at Area Five, all for Detective Sergeant DiMaggio. The story about the Malchow and Evans arrest in Philadelphia is carried in the *Chicago Tribune*. Calls come in from all over the department, from informants, from officers in other police departments who have knowledge of DiMaggio's interest in the case. DiMaggio sends all the calls to the CIU and the Percy task force in Kenilworth. Now he is sure the FBI will get involved and investigate these guys for the Percy murder. They are under arrest, there is a trail of evidence piled up by himself and Riccio, and there is the similarity in the crime details. There are no other suspects on the horizon, despite the vast number of leads and investigative interviews and the passage of time. Surely now, the case will be solved.

Pennsylvania prison, April 1967

The FBI interviews Malchow and Evans in their jail cells. They ask questions about the Percy murder. Each of the suspects pins the Percy murder on the other, but that is as far as the interviews go. The agents

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file the required 302's and 304's of the interviews, which state that each suspect implicated the other in the Percy murder. But instead of doing in-depth, detailed interviews of the suspects, gathering pointed facts that would prove that they had knowledge that nailed them to the crime, the FBI decides to wait to pursue the case further until after the trials in Philadelphia are concluded. Both Malchow and Evans are looking at long sentences on those crimes, and the Percy case can wait, it is decided. The case is left in limbo—officially unsolved. These guys aren't going anywhere. There's plenty of time. And there are still other avenues the task force thinks more likely. So, why not wait?

Pennsylvania courthouse, 1967

Malchow and Evans are convicted of the home invasions and rape in a Pennsylvania court. They are sentenced to 199 years for their crimes. Before they can serve one day of the sentences, before they can be interviewed in depth about the Percy case, they escape as they are being transported to their new “homes.” After all, they are good at eluding the police. They take off in opposite directions and make a break for it. Evans actually manages to outrun his pursuers, and remains on the lam for two years. Malchow is not so lucky. He dives into what he thinks is a river, but is really just a stream. His neck is broken and he dies instantly. The details of the Percy murder die with him. The case remains officially unsolved.

VO: Statement of Detective Sergeant John DiMaggio, June 2007 (in his voice)

I find it amazing that after all these years, with police interviewing over ten thousand people and they investigated 1,226 suspects, that Robert Lamb (in a Tribune article about the case) now declares that Freddie Malchow was the killer and Lamb is convinced that a bludgeon weapon had left a series of cone-shaped depressions on the victim's head. This was the first mention of

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a weapon that could have been the antique weapon that so much impressed Director Flannagan. I am cognizant of the fact that a great deal of police work has been done by various police agencies as indicated by news articles. None of the information conducted by the official task force was ever funneled back to me. I had to read in the newspapers that Robert Lamb went to Pennsylvania to interview Malchow and Evans. I had to read in the newspaper all these years later, that Harold Evans and his wife both took polygraph examinations that verified the fact that they were telling the truth that Malchow confessed to killing Valerie Percy.

There are many people who know that I supplied the original information on Malchow and Evans and know for a fact that the information was simply put on hold and disregarded for a long period of time because they had more 'important' suspects and leads to work on. And that's understandable. But I firmly believe that if they had expended the time and manpower at the inception of receiving the information on Malchow, the case would have been solved and a great possibility exists that they could have located the murder weapon. But it didn't happen that way. It was just a two-man team that worked on Malchow and Evans, Riccio and me, until such time that CIU took over. I have always wanted the Valerie Percy case to be solved and, if nothing else, accurately reported.

Detective Sergeant John DiMaggio died on February 8, 2008. The case is still listed as “unsolved.”

This paper was written for the
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