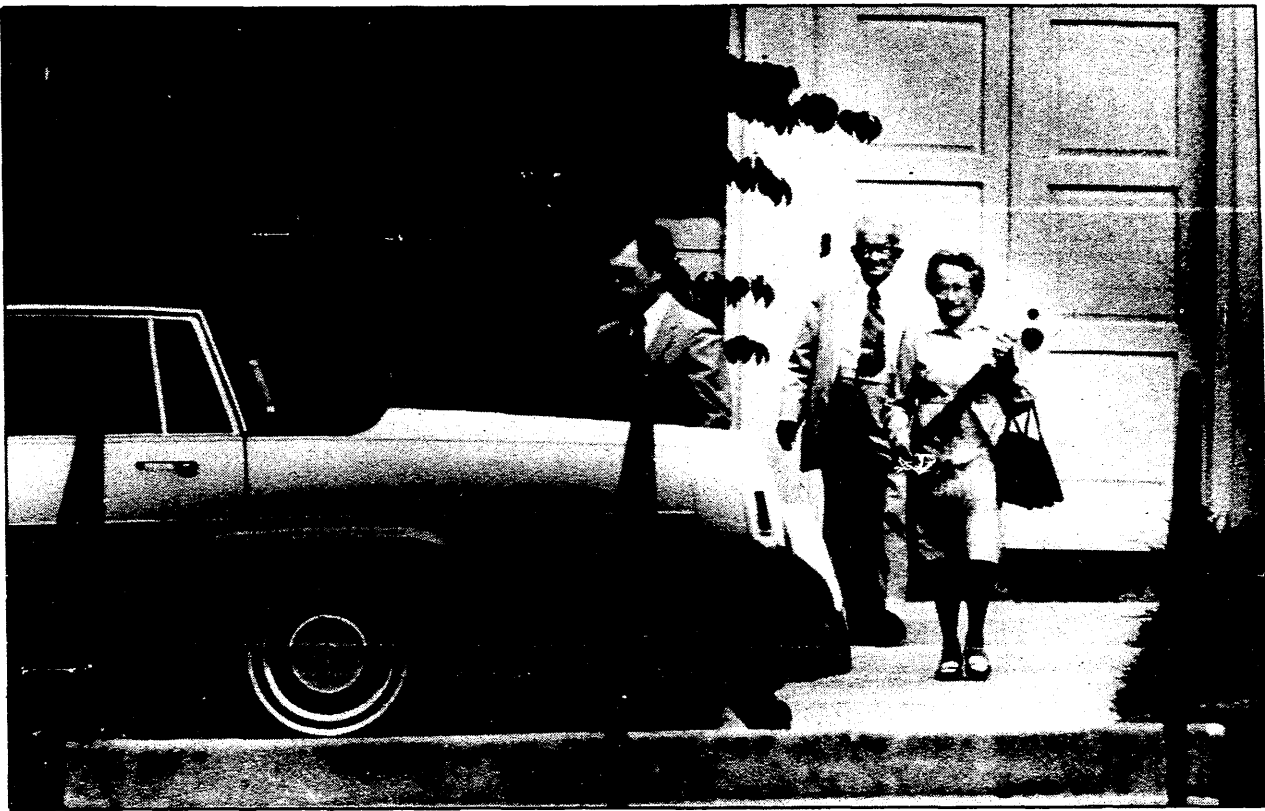




Susie Sharp left St. Andrew's after memorial service for her niece Susie Lynch in Greensboro

After death, the unraveling

By JERRY BLEDSOE
Staff Writer

Tom Lynch had just returned to his dental clinic from lunch when the phone call came from North Carolina.

The caller identified herself as a reporter. She asked Tom for a description of his former wife, Susie.

"Why do you want to know?" Tom asked.

"Something has happened."

"What?"

"I'm not at liberty to say."

"What the hell has happened?" he demanded.

"I can't —"

He slammed down the receiver.

Earlier that day, Monday, June 3, Tom had tried to call Lt. Dan Davidson of the Kentucky State Police to see if there had been any developments in the investigation of the murders of his mother and sister in Kentucky and of his former wife's parents and grandmother in Winston-Salem.

Davidson, he was told, was in North Carolina. Something was about to happen there.

As soon as he hung up on the reporter, Tom called his former brother-in-law in Greensboro, Rob Newsom.

Susie and her first cousin, Fritz Klenner, had been killed in an explosion, Rob told him.

Tom looked at his watch. It was a little after 1:30 in Albuquerque, 3:30 in Greensboro. His sons, John and Jim, would have been in school.

"I'm all right," he told himself. To be sure, he asked Rob, "What about the boys?"

"We don't know yet," Rob said.

An hour and a half later, Rob's wife Alice called Tom.

"We can't find the boys," she said. Rob came on the line to say they were worried that the boys might have been with Susie and Fritz.

Frantically, Tom called the Greensboro police only to hear that they could tell him

BITTER BLOOD A Genealogy of Murder

On June 3, Fritz Klenner and his cousin Susie Lynch died when a bomb in his Chevy Blazer exploded north of Greensboro. Her two sons also died after being poisoned and shot. Police wanted to charge Klenner with murdering Susie's mother, father and grandmother near Winston-Salem. Police also suspected he murdered two of her former in-laws in Kentucky. This is their story.

nothing until he was officially notified. His heart dropped. He knew what that meant.

Four hours later, a police chaplain came to his door. Thirty ministers rotate daily as police chaplain in Albuquerque. Ironically, the minister who had come 10½ months earlier to tell Tom that his mother and sister had been murdered now came to tell him of his sons' deaths.

Tom and his wife, Kathy, flew to Greensboro the next day.

Tom had considered coming to Greensboro for the funerals of his former in-laws who were murdered on May 18. But Susie's aunt, Louise Sharp, told him that Susie didn't want him there.

Ever since, he had worried about his sons' emotional well-being. They'd been through the murder of their grandmother and aunt the summer before. Now their other two grandparents were dead.

Tom thought his sons would be better off away from that morbid atmosphere. He called his lawyer in Reidsville, Bill Horsley, to see if he could do something to help him get the boys. A hearing to determine if Tom should have longer visits with his boys, when Susie's father was supposed to testify in

Tom's behalf, had been put off because of the murders.

Horsley called Susie's lawyer, Sandy Sands, to see if they could work out something, reschedule the hearing quickly. Sands told him he was having trouble getting up with Susie.

Tom, meanwhile, was having trouble getting through to his sons. He kept calling but couldn't get to talk with them. Finally, he called the boys' school on Friday, May 24, and asked the principal to get them out of class. John said they were all right, but he sounded sad. He long had been a joyless child.

"Why did you call us at school?" Jim wanted to know.

"Well, I couldn't get you any other way," his dad said.

Tom told them that he loved them and that he hoped to see them soon.

In the coming week, as his suspicions became stronger that Susie and Fritz had something to do with the murders, Tom kept calling Horsley to see if they couldn't do something. On Friday, May 31, Kathy called expressing fears that the boys might be in danger.

Horsley already had called Rockingham County Sheriff Bobby Vernon to ask if he knew any reason why Tom, the boys or Horsley should be concerned for their safety. Vernon did not.

Horsley promised to try to get the hearing reset as quickly as possible. At the hearing, he said, he would try to get the judge to let the boys come early for their visit, although he was sure the judge wouldn't let them go before school was out June 7. They'd have to depend on due process. Suspicions were not enough to suspend law.

On Sunday, June 2, Horsley saw Judge Peter McHugh at church and spoke to him about the urgency of the matter. The judge said he would hear his motion out of session later that week.

As Tom flew to Greensboro, he blamed himself for not taking stronger action, for not coming to North Carolina and snatching his kids.

(Continued on A14)

Elena forces evacuation of 1 million

The Associated Press

CEDAR KEY, Fla. — Hurricane Elena stalled just off Florida's central Gulf coast Saturday, lashing the state with heavy rain and tornadoes, pushing seawater across coastal lowlands and forcing about 1 million people to flee.

The storm toppled a tree and killed a man in Daytona Beach, on the eastern coast. A swarm of twisters struck central Florida, destroying more than 50 mobile homes but causing only seven reported injuries.

The storm's 40-mile-wide eye, surrounded by 100 mph wind, stopped at noon 55 miles west-southwest of Cedar Key, and moved little into the evening.

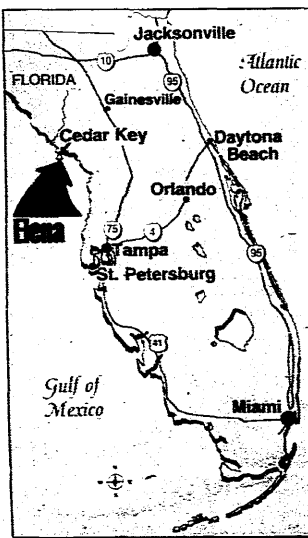
"It has us in a quandary as to whether it's come to a complete stop or whether or not it's going to continue its course toward the shore," said Jim Lynch, a meteorologist with the National Weather Service.

Gov. Bob Graham late Friday had extended evacuation orders to low-lying and coastal areas from just east of Panama City to Sarasota, a 650-700 mile stretch of coast.

On Saturday, he urged residents of mobile homes in low-lying areas of 15 inland counties to evacuate, and asked citizens to maintain their vigilance.

"It's very important that people don't take this pause in the storm to mean that the danger has passed," said Graham. "The potential for damage and loss of life is still very much there."

Almost 1 million Florida residents had evacuated because of Elena, a 350-mile-wide tempest born last week off the coast of Africa, said Steve Hull, a spokesman for Graham. He said over 218,000 people were staying at shelters throughout the state.



This remote community jutting into the Gulf of Mexico was isolated by wind-whipped waves washing over its lone highway to the mainland. Most of the 750 residents had fled but a few rode out the storm in a schoolhouse, said Mickey Graham, a Levy County sheriff's deputy.

More than 500,000 people in Pinellas County, which includes St. Petersburg, were reported to be without power.

Hurricane warnings were posted from Apalachicola, in the Panhandle, to Fort Myers, in southern Florida. Gales and tornadoes howled over much of the region, and several communities have received 4 to 8 inches of rain since Friday morning.

The most severe weather was concentrated about 50 miles in all directions from the storm's eye.

(See Elena, A12)

Satellite in for repairs after record spacewalk

L.A. Times-Washington Post News Service

HOUSTON — Using a lot of human elbow grease and a broken mechanical arm, two astronauts whirling 225 miles above Earth captured a disabled satellite Saturday and hauled it aboard their orbiting repair ship.

The spacewalkers' task would have been a "piece of cake" if the shuttle Discovery's robotic arm had worked right, said astronaut James D. Van Hoften, but the arm functioned so slowly and awkwardly that he and fellow astronaut William F. Fisher will have to finish the job today.

The astronauts set a new endurance record, remaining outside the Discovery for 7 hours, 8 minutes — longer than any other human has spent outside an orbiting spaceship.

according to statistics provided by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. Their time was 29 minutes shorter than the longest spacewalk ever, but that took place on the surface of the moon by two Apollo astronauts in 1972.

During Saturday's spacewalk, the Discovery astronauts traveled more than 124,000 miles, pausing only briefly to marvel at Earth below.

The robotic arm, which gave them their only significant problem, had been damaged somehow during the first few hours of the flight. From his post inside the Columbia, John M. Lounge, 39, had to control each of its three joints individually rather than through a computer-assisted system.

The 6-foot-4-inch Van Hoften. (See Shuttle, A19)

East LA residents capture suspected 'Night Stalker'

L.A. Times-Washington Post News Service

LOS ANGELES — A 25-year-old drifter identified as the man suspected of being the so-called Night Stalker was chased, beaten with a steel pipe and captured by angry residents Saturday morning after he tried to steal a car in East Los Angeles.

Dazed and bloodied, Richard Ramirez was cornered about 9 a.m. by four men unaware they were pursuing the man suspected of killing 16 people and



Ramirez

assaulting at least 21 others in Southern and Northern California.

Less than 12 hours earlier, law enforcement authorities had issued an all-points bulletin for Ramirez, describing him as possibly armed and dangerous.

Shortly after Ramirez, gasping from exhaustion, was captured by the men, a sheriff's deputy arrived and placed him in a squad car.

"It's me, it's me, it's me," Ramirez was overheard saying in Spanish after he was caught.

Ramirez was taken to the Los Angeles Police Department's Holienbeck station, where he was treated for head and wrist injuries, interrogated by detectives and then

(See Night Stalker, A19)

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Today's Chuckle
They say rich people never go to jail, and they're right; after they've paid the lawyer, they're broke.

Ideas, values collided in trial over death of Baby Peszko

By ED WILLIAMS
Staff Writer

Hospital records know her only as Baby Peszko, firstborn to Steve and Wendy Peszko, a young Greenville couple robbed of the chance to show off their Lamaze training. Their daughter has arrived two weeks late, courtesy of induced labor. In the early-morning hours of July 24, 1983, Wendy Peszko begs to hold her new daughter. She is given a shot of scopolamine instead and drifts off.

In a small isolation room in the rear of Pitt Memorial Hospital's neonatal unit, Baby Peszko lies swaddled in a tiny bassinet, kicking at her covers and gasping for breath in a dimly lit world reserved for the contagious and dying.

Outside, a pregnant nurse sits weeping hysterically. Two other nurses must be called to check on Baby Peszko, tuck her covers and keep

her bonnet cap snugly in place. Her father is coming to visit.

Bracing in the darkness, Steve Peszko asks that his daughter's cap be removed. He must see for himself the fatal deformity that is claiming his daughter hour by hour. Born without a brain, she cannot suck or swallow. She feels no pain. Indeed, she feels nothing at all. Above her eyebrows, there is no cranial development. Her skull is a huge open sore. Nurses have packed and layered her head with gauze to give her face a round appearance. She has been washed, clothed and set aside to die.

Steve Peszko turns away. His wife must not know. Not yet.

The following day, he will tell Wendy what hospital officials have told him: The anencephalic infant died as expected, from natural causes, and

(See Nurse, A13)