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Henderson must remain in prison

Parole board denies annual appeal by accomplice in Von Stein murder

By Stefan Ward Duncan
 Staff Writer

Parole was denied recently for one of the three men serving prison time in connection with the murder of Lieth Peter Von Stein and the assault on Bonnie Von Stein, which occurred July 25, 1988, in Washington.

The Washington murder, in which Von Stein was killed in his Smallwood home, led to two books and two television movies.

Eventually, it was discovered that Von Stein's stepson, Christopher Pritchard, had plotted the murder with the help of two friends from N.C. State University — Neal Henderson and James Upchurch. Upchurch was charged with the murder, while Henderson and Pritchard was found guilty as accomplices.

Henderson, who pleaded guilty to aiding in second-degree murder and assault, was denied parole on Aug. 8.

Henderson is incarcerated at Orange County Correction Center in Hillsborough.

He will be reviewed for parole each year until he

is "papered paroled" or reaches his maximum sentence, said Tracy Herring of the N.C. Parole Commission.

Paper parole is being paroled from one sentence, but still having to remain in prison to serve another sentence.

Henderson was sentenced to six years for aiding and abetting, assault with a deadly weapon with intent to kill inflicting serious injury, and has an additional sentence of 40 years for aiding and abetting second-degree murder.

Pritchard, who pleaded guilty to the same charges, must serve 20 years for aiding and abetting with assault with a deadly weapon with intent to kill inflicting serious injury and a life sentence for aiding and abetting second-degree murder.

Pritchard is in Yadkin Correctional Center in Yadkinville. He will be eligible for parole in 2002.

The third man connected with the murder, Upchurch, is an inmate at Nash Correctional Institute in Nashville.

He was originally found guilty for first-degree burglary and first-degree murder for which he was sentenced to die by the jury.

However, this decision was overturned because of the sentencing instructions given to the jury by the judge.

Upchurch was re-sentenced Sept. 22, 1993, and given life in prison instead of death.

Before Upchurch can be released, he has four sentences to serve. He must serve 20 years for assault with a deadly weapon with intent to kill inflicting serious injury. A three-year sentence was given for larceny after breaking and entering. He was given a life sentence for first-degree burglary and a life sentence for first-degree murder.

As for Upchurch's parole status, he will be eligible for "paper parole" on the first two sentences. He was reviewed in 1994 and 1995.

Even if Upchurch is given a paper parole, he will then have to start serving one of his two life sentences. At the completion of one of the life sentences, he will have to begin serving his next life sentence.

"He is years and years away from becoming paroled on the streets," Ms. Herring said.

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Parole Commission denies 'paper parole' for Henderson

Von Stein murder conspirator remains in Hillsborough prison

By Matthew Hemby
Staff Writer

The N.C. Parole Commission has denied parole for one of the three men serving prison time in connection with the murder of Lieth Peter Von Stein and the assault on his wife, Bonnie Von Stein, which occurred July 25, 1988, in Washington.

Gerald Neal Henderson, who pleaded guilty to aiding and abetting in second-degree murder and assault, received the letter informing him of the Parole Commission's decision Friday.

Henderson's maximum release date is March 10, 2005, but he may leave earlier if he earns time credit with work programs in the prison system, said Tracy Herring of the Parole Commission.

Henderson is in Orange Correctional Facility in Hillsborough.

Henderson received a 40-year sentence for aiding and abetting in second-degree murder and a six-year sentence for aiding and abetting in an assault, which runs concurrent with the first.

The commission will review Henderson for "paper parole" until he reaches his maximum sentence. Paper parole is when he is paroled from one sentence but still has to remain in prison to serve another sentence.

The murder occurred in the Von Stein's Smallwood home, and Christopher Pritchard, Von Stein's stepson, and two friends, Henderson and James Upchurch, were charged with plotting the murder while friends at N.C. State University.

James Upchurch was found guilty

of first-degree burglary and first-degree murder, for which the jury sentenced him to die.

The sentence, however, was overturned because of the sentencing instructions given to the jury by the judge at the trial. Upchurch was resentenced Sept. 22, 1993, and given two life sentences instead of death.

Upchurch has four sentences to serve before he can be released. He must serve 20 years for assault with a deadly weapon with intent to kill inflicting serious injury. He also has a three-year sentence for larceny and breaking and entering and received two life sentences for first-degree burglary and first-degree murder.

Upchurch was eligible for paper

parole in March 1996, but the commission denied the parole. He is currently in Nash Correctional Facility in Nashville.

Even if he receives a paper parole, he will then have to start serving one of his two life sentences. He will be eligible for parole of the life sentence for first-degree murder in 20 years.

Pritchard pleaded guilty to the same charges as Henderson. He must serve 20 years for aiding and abetting with assault with a deadly weapon with intent to kill inflicting serious injury and serve a life sentence for aiding and abetting second-degree murder. These sentences run consecutively, and Pritchard will be eligible for parole Dec. 23, 2001. He is currently in Randolph Correctional Facility in Asheboro.

A story he couldn't pass up

In race to write, author soaked up sights, smell of murder case

By JERI ROWE
Randolph Bureau

Book portrays ordinary people, an extraordinary crime

ASHEBORO — The murder intrigued Jerry Bledsoe.

Here were three kids from prominent families. Smart. College students. Buddies at N.C. State University.

Yet all three were accused of an incredible crime: murdering Lieth Von Stein, stepfather to one of them, for his money.

How could it happen? Bledsoe, the News & Record writer whose 1988 true-crime book, "Bitter Blood," became a best seller, wanted to find out.

"You wouldn't want to write about some coke-head holding up a convenience store because you know how that happens, but you don't send your kid to N.C. State and then have them end up on death row," Bledsoe said in a recent interview in his Asheboro writing studio.

A lanky man of 50, Bledsoe started climbing into underground tunnels, poring through crime reports and looking through high school yearbooks. He also became a frequent visitor to Washington,

He drove the quiet streets at night and clambered through fields where police found the murder weapon, a baseball bat. One morning, he got hog dung on his shirt as he interviewed a farmer unloading swine from a truck.

But Bledsoe wasn't the only writer on the murder trail in Washington.

Joe McGinniss, author of the best sellers "Fatal Vision" and "Blind Faith," had also jumped on the story. McGinniss began his research a few weeks after Bledsoe.

A highly competitive race evolved between two of the country's top true-crime writers, both of whom are represented by the same literary agent.

After months of speculation, Bledsoe has emerged the winner. His book, "Blood Games," hits the shelves in the next few weeks with a 75,000-copy first printing.

Bledsoe's publisher, E.P. Dutton, had originally planned the book for November, but rushed it into print to beat McGinniss.

McGinniss' book, "Cruel Doubt," will be published in late September by Simon & Schuster. Originally set for publication in January, the company switched the date to September when McGinniss turned the manuscript in early, said Michele Farinet, a Simon & Schuster spokeswoman.

Simon & Schuster never considered McGinniss to be in a race with Bledsoe, she said, because of

McGinniss' reputation and his exclusive access to key figures in the murder case.

McGinniss, who lives in Williamstown, Mass., has declined any interviews until the book appears. He will visit Greensboro on a promotional book tour Oct. 16.

Hollywood isn't far behind.

Universal Pictures is considering making a movie of "Blood Games," which has been chosen a Book-of-the-Month-Club selection. NBC has bought the rights to "Cruel Doubt" for a possible miniseries. And Primetime Live is considering reporting on the case that shocked Washington three summers ago.

"Who in the world would've ever thought this the day we were at the house and ... seeing the dead body on the bed," said Lt. John Taylor of the Washington Police Department, a key figure in Bledsoe's book whom Universal has approached about serving as a consultant on the movie. "No one ever foresaw anything like this happening."



McGinniss

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It all started about 4 a.m. July 25, 1988.

Bleeding and falling in and out of unconsciousness, Bonnie Von Stein managed to crawl to the telephone and punch buttons until she got an operator. She and her husband, Lieth Von Stein, had been brutally attacked in their bed by a shadowy figure wielding a baseball bat and hunting knife. Lieth died before the ambulance arrived.

After a yearlong investigation, police arrested Bonnie Von Stein's son, Chris Pritchard, and two of his college buddies, Neal Henderson and Bart Upchurch, in connection with the murder.

In January 1990, Pritchard testified that he wanted his parents dead so that he could receive a \$2 million inheritance and share the wealth with his friends.

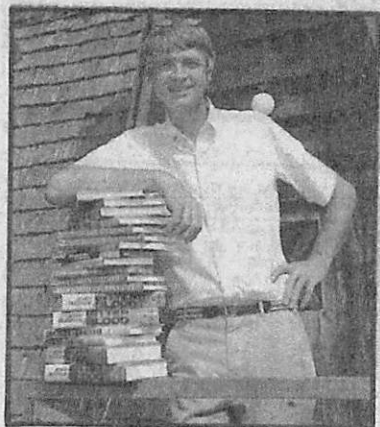
Upchurch received the death penalty after being found guilty of killing Lieth Von Stein. Pritchard received life in prison for planning the murder. Henderson received a 40-year sentence for driving Upchurch to Washington to kill the Von Steins.

"This was supposed to be a safe, small town, but it ended abruptly that morning," said Michelle Sparrow, the emergency dispatcher who fielded the dramatic telephone call from Bonnie Von Stein.

Those ingredients caught Bledsoe's attention. He was also motivated by a fatherly concern.

His only child, Erik, had often played the board game Dungeons and Dragons with friends in an apartment beside the family's home.

Upchurch, Henderson and Pritchard also played Dungeons and Dragons, a game in which players sometimes plot murders to collect a treasure. In the beginning, police thought Dungeons and Dragons may have moti-



Jerry Wolford / News & Record

Jerry Bledsoe: 'Blood Games' is about a search for family

the small eastern North Carolina town where the murder occurred.

vated the crime.

After months of research, Bledsoe thinks differently. "This murder was caused by missing fathers," he said. "Neal's father was gone, Bart's father was distant and the high irony of it all was the one man who strove to be a father — Lieth Von Stein — paid the ultimate penalty."

"MTV, Dungeons and Dragons have filled a void that used to be reserved for the family. That's what these boys were looking for — family. That's what this book is all about."

Bledsoe holed up last summer in an Emerald Isle beach house and banged out the first five chapters. He then spent 16-hour days writing in his A-frame studio in Asheboro. He stopped only to run or ride his mountain bike to clear his mind.

"I laid my notes from one end of the room to the other and tried to come up with a story out of that crap," he said.

Bledsoe's last true-crime book, "Bitter Blood," about the bizarre Klenner-Lynch murders in Greensboro, surprised the publishing industry. The book sold slowly in hardback, but in paperback climbed the New York Times best-seller list and spent 14 weeks in the No. 1 non-fiction slot.

"Blood Games" lacks the drama of "Bitter Blood," Bledsoe concedes. There are no bombs going off, no Supreme Court judge in the family and no relatives dying grisly deaths in two different states.

Still, he believes that more people may be able to relate to "Blood Games" because the main characters are typical North Carolinians.

"These are more ordinary people whose sons go off to college and then end up in this awful thing," he said.

"And then there's this high horror to it, even more so than 'Bitter Blood,'" Bledsoe said. "Here is this ordinary guy, an innocent man. Lieth Von Stein. He goes to bed and then gets beaten to death. What was his last thought? Who? What? Why? How? That's horrific."

McGinniss' book focuses on the Von Steins and how the murder affected the extended family, while Bledsoe's book focuses on the investigation and how the police caught the three college students.

Bledsoe interviewed Henderson, Upchurch, Up-

church's family, their friends and a host of law enforcement authorities who participated in the case. McGinniss talked with the same people, as well as psychiatrists to get a handle on how a son from an affluent family could have planned his stepfather's murder. The two never crossed paths in their research.

McGinniss had one advantage, however: an exclusive link to Bonnie Von Stein.

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She refused to talk to Bledsoe and told her friends she would prefer that they not talk to him either.

Her friends say she distrusted Washington Police Chief John Crone and the other detectives because she believed they withheld information from her during the investigation.

Because of this distrust, Von Stein told her friends she didn't want to talk to Bledsoe, who was relying heavily on the accounts of the Washington police officers.

Approached at her Winston-Salem home, Bonnie Von Stein declined to comment for this article.

"In the book, you see her as an incredibly strong woman, and it was very hard for her to accept the reality of what went on and cope with the enormity of the tragedy in her life," said Farinet, the Simon & Schuster spokeswoman.

In an interesting twist, Bledsoe met Von Stein at a book-autographing session in Winston-Salem just before her son was arrested. Without identifying herself, she asked Bledsoe how to write a

book. The next time Bledsoe saw the small, brown-haired woman was at the murder trial, sitting behind her son. Bledsoe told her he wanted to talk to her for a book he was writing.

But Von Stein had plans of her own. Friends said she read and compared many true-crime books, and in the end, chose Joe McGinniss to help her write her story.

Her lawyer, Wade Smith of Raleigh, had represented Jeffrey MacDonald, the ex-Green Beret convicted of murdering his family whom McGinniss had written about in "Fatal Vision." Smith put Von Stein in touch with McGinniss.

McGinniss flew down from Massachusetts and spent



Michael Barkley / Landmark News Service

RECONCILIATION: Bonnie Von Stein hugs her son Chris after his January 1990 conviction on charges of having her husband murdered and attempting to have her murdered. She wouldn't talk to Bledsoe for his book, however, something he regrets.

(4)

the day with her, her friends said. She found him fair and open-minded.

"I remember her calling me and saying 'Sue, I'm going to tell him absolutely the truth as I know it and write this book,'" said Peggy Sue Smith, a close friend and former neighbor.

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Von Stein's silence frustrated Bledsoe.

He wanted to explore the relationship between her and her son, whom she supported even after he admitted to plotting her's and her husband's murder. He wanted to know all the intimate details of their life on Lawson Road in Smallwood, one of Washington's plush suburbs.

But because he was turned away, he had to rely on court records and anecdotes from Lieth Von Stein's relatives.

"I have nothing against Bonnie Von Stein, but it was frustrating as hell because you want to tell the entire story and you want to get every aspect," Bledsoe said.

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In Washington, readers are eagerly awaiting both books.

At Smalls Bookstore, a pink-and-gray poster advertising "Blood Games" is taped beside the front door. The store has ordered 250 copies of the book, and 100 of "Cruel Doubt." Forty customers have already signed up for copies of Bledsoe's book, and 10 for McGinniss.

"Everybody is blaming (the murder) on Dungeons and Dragons and drugs and people want to know the truth," said Pam Clark, the store's assistant manager. "They're interested because it's their life."

Wayland Sermons, Upchurch's attorney during the trial, hopes the books can help sway public opinion and convince an appellate judge to give his client life in prison rather than sending him to die.

"How can three young people go on a criminal enterprise and one receive the ultimate penalty and the other two receive much less severe sentences?" he asks. "It's a disparity of punishment, and I'm confident that some court will find it tremendously unfair and young Bart Upchurch will not have to die."

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In Bledsoe's cramped studio, books compete for space with photographs, bulletin boards and other mementos from his long career in writing.

Now there's a new addition: three rubber cartons of notes from "Blood Games." They sit in a far corner as a reminder of July 25, 1988, and three young lives that went horribly wrong.

"Here are these kids, they have stolen and done almost everything," Bledsoe said. "They are in constant trouble, but there is no moral basis for what they did."

"And this is the hard part," he continued. "Bart fails to accept it. All the evidence said he did it. He said he didn't. But I didn't find anything to vindicate him."

GREENSBORO NEWS & RECORD SUN 18 AUG 1991 GREENSBORO, NC

Part 1: THE MURDER

The caller from the house at 110 Lawson Drive was desperate. "I need the police and an ambulance," a soft female voice pleaded. "My husband may be dying and I think I may be, too."

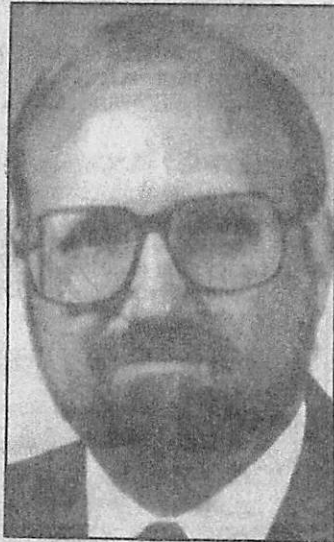
When police arrived at the Von Stein house in the sultry, predawn hours of July 25, 1988, they found a gruesome scene. Lieth, a wealthy textile executive, had been brutally beaten and knifed to death in his bed. His wife, Bonnie, had also been attacked. She was barely alive.

The crimes shocked the tranquil town of Washington, N.C., but the real shock was still to come. An eleven-month investigation found that Bonnie's son from her first marriage, Chris Pritchard, and two of his friends at N.C. State University had committed the murder so that Chris could come into an early inheritance.

In his new book, "Blood Games," Asheboro author Jerry Bledsoe chronicles this dark story of drugs, greed and failed family relationships. Excerpts begin today and run through Thursday.



Ric Carter



A bat, a blade and a bloodletting

Bonnie and Lieth were up earlier than usual Sunday morning, and they drove to Greenville for breakfast at the Waffle House. They came straight back home and spent most of the day going through back issues of The Wall Street Journal and recording stock prices in their computer.

Both had once worked as computer programmers (indeed, that was how they had met), and they had developed a program to help Lieth keep up with stock trends, now that he was playing the market.

In the past year, Lieth had come into a large inheritance,

and he was certain that he could make it even larger. A meticulous record keeper and planner, he did not develop his

From **BLOOD GAMES** by Jerry Bledsoe. Copyright © Jerry Bledsoe, 1991. Excerpted by arrangement with Dutton, an imprint of New American Library, a division of Penguin Books USA Inc.

BLOOD GAMES

By Jerry Bledsoe

investment strategy in a haphazard way. He studied and plotted and made careful moves, and that required a lot of tedious time at the keyboard, but both he and Bonnie were enjoying it.

They worked until late afternoon, then Lieth opened a Budweiser and went upstairs for a shower while Bonnie tended to her cats. There were

thirteen cats now, counting the four abandoned kittens she recently had rescued and was keeping until the Humane Society could place them in good homes.

When she came upstairs, she found Lieth in an amorous mood. They had the house to themselves — Bonnie's teenage daughter, Angela, was off indulging her passion for horseback riding — and they made love in their bedroom. Afterward, they decided to drive back to Greenville for a nice dinner.

They went first to the King and Queen, the most expensive restaurant in town, but found it closed on Sundays. They chose instead Sweet Caroline's, which occupied a white stuccoed building with a blue-and-gold awning and a wood-shingled roof near the campus of East Carolina University.

Sweet Caroline's had a dark dining room with colorful quilts draped from the ceiling, and advertised a New Orleans-style French cuisine. Bonnie and Lieth both ordered the \$11.95 Sunday special, Lieth choosing *supreme du poulet*, Bonnie the beef bordelaise.

Lieth was in a good mood, and they talked about his success with the investments he'd been making and their future now that the children both soon would be in college. Lieth finished most of a carafe of wine as they talked.

Perhaps it was the wine, combined with the food and the setting, but something brought out the sweetness in Lieth. He told her something she would cling to later. He would have no life if not for her, he said, as she remembered it later, and no reason to live without her.

They left for home a little before 9 p.m. "The Deliberate Stranger," a two-part TV movie about Ted Bundy, the serial killer, was beginning that night and she wanted to see it. It was already on when they got there, Lieth went straight to bed, but she settled on the cushions of the heavy wood couch in the den to watch it, thumbing through the Sunday newspapers during commercials.

Angela came in just before 11. She had been home until about 9 after returning from horseback riding, then she and a friend had gone out to cruise the mall and the waterfront. She had sort of promised to go out that night with a new boy she had met, but she really didn't like him much and when he called she had made excuses and called Donna to come over.

"You didn't leave a note," she chided her mother, who was now sipping a cup of tea and working on a poster for the Humane Society to display at the Washington Summer Festival on the waterfront the coming weekend.

Her mother laughed and acknowledged her slip-up. She had a firm rule about leaving notes on the bulletin board next to the wall telephone in the kitchen so that family members could keep up with one another's whereabouts. She was always getting onto Angela and Chris about it.

"How was your day?" she asked.

"Boring," said Angela, who went on upstairs to bed.

Her mother stayed downstairs to watch the beginning of the news before switching off the TV and putting her pocketbook away in the cabinet under the built-in microwave, where she kept her "junk," as she called it, extra pocketbooks, snapshots, doodads, recipes, and whatnot.

She looked in on the cats on the back porch, made sure the pet rooster, a by-product of one of Angela's school

science projects, was all right in his covered cage in the utility room off the back porch, then checked the front door to make sure it was locked (she'd checked the back porch door when she came in from dinner) before going to bed.

She could hear music coming from Angela's room when she got upstairs, and she opened the door to tell Angela good night and to ask her about the whereabouts of some cassette tapes that Angela had borrowed and was supposed to return.

In her own bedroom, she turned on the brass extension lamp on the typewriter table by her side of the bed, and woke her husband, who always slept on the side of the bed nearest the door, to ask if he'd like to have a glass of iced tea or something. He mumbled no, turned over, and went back to sleep.

A dressing table with cosmetics on it stood by the door. She removed her jewelry and put it in a heart-shaped bowl, took a twenty-dollar bill and some change from her pocket and placed it on the tabletop. Then she undressed, put on a gown, climbed into bed, and reached for a book from the stack of paperback

historical romances on the floor beside the bed.

She read for a few minutes, but she'd left the bedroom door open, and she still could hear music coming from Angela's room. She got up, closed the door, returned to bed, and read for another twenty or twenty-five minutes without musical intrusion, before drowsiness overtook her. Sometime about midnight, she put down the book, turned off the lamp, and went to sleep.



Later, she could not be certain whether it was the thud of the first blow striking her husband or his first scream that startled her from sleep.

She only knew that she awoke confused in the darkness, and that her husband's screams were short and piercing, so loud that they filled her head. He was trying to sit up, but couldn't, and she reached out her left hand to help him, only to feel it deflect a blow.

Only then did she see the figure that she later would come to think of as "the shadow."

It stood near the foot of the bed, silhouetted in the wisp of light that filtered through the open bedroom door. A man. She was sure of that, although she could see no distinctive features. He was tall and broad-shouldered, strong, and with no neck at all, or maybe he had a hood on. She couldn't tell.

All was darkness, and without her glasses everything from more than a few

feet away was blurred. She could tell that his arms were raised, though, and in his hands he held an object that appeared to be cylindrical, maybe three feet long. He swung it methodically, his aim precise. And he made no sound other than the whoosh of the flailing weapon and the thud when it struck.

Each blow brought more screams of terror from her husband. She couldn't be sure how many times he screamed, ten,

fifteen? Nor could she be certain how many blows were struck.

Two blows caught her, then another, sending her reeling from the bed onto the floor. And as she lay there, she heard her husband taking more blows, these different, lighter and followed by sucking, gushing sounds. No longer did he scream.

She made no sounds herself, at least none that she could remember later. Shock, she later decided, was the reason for that, the utter surprise and horror of it all.

The force of the blows had stunned her, and as she lay on the floor, she slipped briefly into unconsciousness, only to revive and see the shadow again, this time standing at her feet, arms upraised in the same menacing position.

Again she heard the whoosh and remembered no more. Until she heard footsteps, the soft closing of her bedroom door. And she knew that the shadow had gone.

She was sure that she heard whoosh sounds again and more thuds, three this time, and she was struck by the awful knowledge that her daughter, sleeping in her room just down the hall, was being attacked and there was nothing that she could do to protect her. Blessedly, unconsciousness again intervened to deliver her from her agony.

She did not know how long she was out, but when she came to again, she realized she was on the floor. At first she thought she'd had a bad dream and fallen out of bed. But when she reached to get back into bed, she grabbed her husband's hand, hanging from the side of the mattress, and found it limp and sticky.

She recoiled, and a sensation came to her that she later described as "this gushy, yucky, warm feeling that came up on my neck." She brought her hand to her head and felt a big hole there, and the horror of her situation returned in a rush.

For a few moments she lay still, listening, fearful that the intruder might still be in the house. She was reassured to hear her husband breathing, although it seemed to be growing fainter and fainter. Her own breathing was difficult, and when she tried to get up, she couldn't. She felt

no pain, but she knew that she was gravely injured.

Somehow, she realized, she had to get help. The telephone was the obvious answer. Even in the darkness she could tell that her head was at the typewriter stand beside the bed. The telephone was

on a filing cabinet to her right, not far away.

She angled her head toward it and began to push herself across the carpet with her heels, scooting on her rump.

When she finally got to the filing cabinet, she couldn't pull herself up to reach the phone. The cord, she thought. She edged herself onto a briefcase,

reached between the filing cabinet and the adjoining desk, found the cord, and yanked on it. The heavy phone plopped onto her chest, but again she felt

no pain, only gratitude.

She grasped it to her and began trying to punch 911, not knowing that there was no 911 emergency line in her county. Her attempts to seek out the right buttons met only with failure, however, and with frustration growing, she lapsed again into unconsciousness.

When she awoke once more, the phone still on her chest, she told herself to think logically. One button at a time eventually would give her the operator.

She began pushing buttons and hanging up when she got a busy signal or some strange noise. Finally, a button produced a ring and the welcome voice of a long-distance operator.

"This is an emergency," she told the operator. "I need the police and an ambulance."

Part 1: THE MURDER

Bonnie Von Stein awoke in the night to the sounds of a murder. As her husband, Lieth, lay helplessly by her, a "shadow" brutally beat and stabbed him, then her. He was killed, but she survived to learn of a plot as horrifying as his death.

Part 2: THE STUDENTS

in school, Chris Pritchard liked fast cars and the fantasy game Dungeons and Dragons. When he went to college, he made new friends, Bart Upchurch and Neal Henderson, and his likes were more lethal: alcohol and drugs. He fantasized about financing his fun with his parents' inheritance. The only catch: they had to die first.

Part 3: THE CLUE

The Von Stein murder case had grown cold, so new leadership was brought in to revive it. Police Chief John Crone and detective John Taylor turned to a suspect who had been neglected, Chris Pritchard, and found evidence that would crack the case.

Part 4: THE CONFESSION

Going for broke, the police convinced Neal Henderson to tell of the plot to kill the Von Steins. Chris Pritchard was to have gotten the inheritance, he said, and share it with them. He was to be the driver, Bart Upchurch, the killer.

Part 5: THE CAPTURE

The figure illuminated by the street-light looked like the young man who had eluded police for so long. Strolling nonchalantly across the N.C. State campus, Bart Upchurch was picked up for questioning. Later, he was charged with murder, and his "game" became "deadly serious."



Christopher Pritchard, his mother, Bonnie Von Stein and his sister, Angela Pritchard. While Chris was away at college and Angela was asleep down the hall, their stepfather and Bonnie's husband, Lieth Von Stein, was stabbed and beaten to death.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Jerry Bledsoe is the author of several books, including "Bitter Blood," the best-selling account of the Klenner-Lynch murders, and most recently, "Country Cured: Reflections from the Heart."

A native of Thomasville, Bledsoe joined the Greensboro Daily News in 1966. Except for two brief stints at other newspapers, he has written columns and other award-winning stories for this newspaper for 22 years.

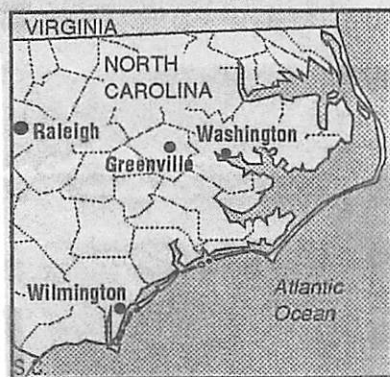
In 1989, he was granted a two-year



leave of absence from the News & Record to write "Blood Games" and to found Down Home Press, a book publishing company. He will return to the News & Record staff Oct. 1 as a general assignment and projects reporter and writer.

Bledsoe, 50, has won numerous national awards for his writing and reporting, including the Ernie Pyle Memorial Award and the National Headliners

Award. He lives in Asheboro with his wife, Linda.



Each blow brought more screams of terror from her husband. She couldn't be sure how many times he screamed, ten, fifteen?

Part 2: THE STUDENTS

Dungeons and Dragons, drugs and

Born into a prominent old Caswell County family, James Bartlett Upchurch III was a precocious, independent and willful child. His parents separated when he was nine, and although they reunited for most of his adolescence, their marriage was always strained.

At Bartlett Yancey High School, James — or Bart, as he was known — entered the gifted and talented program, but had trouble keeping up his grades. Considered weird by many classmates, he didn't date or socialize,

but spent hours each day playing Dungeons and Dragons, a medieval fantasy game. Through the game he met Neal Henderson, a pudgy kid with an IQ that bordered on genius.

During his senior year, Bart and three friends were arrested on two charges of burglary. He was placed on probation and ordered to perform 150 hours of community service. He ignored both punishments.

As freshmen at N.C. State University in 1986, Bart and Neal roomed together, but soon discovered they had little in common, aside from their passion for Dungeons and Dragons. Bart preferred partying to studying, while Neal, who had received a scholarship, felt obligated to

deadly thoughts

probation; Bart had flunked out.

The two lived apart the following year — a year that found Bart working in a convenience store to support his growing taste for drugs. Neal, meanwhile, had stopped going to classes and was holed up in his room with his Dungeons and Dragons books.

By second semester, Neal had lost his scholarship. He couldn't face going home, so he found an apartment and a job as a stock clerk.

When Bart suggested starting a new Dungeons and Dragons group, Neal was willing. To find new players, Bart put up posters around campus promising free beer. One sign caught the attention of Chris Pritchard, stepson

of Lieth Von Stein.

When friends tried to describe Chris Pritchard, they called him "off-the-wall," "strange," "weird," "a character." He was smarter than average, and funny, if often in a loud and crude way. He was a show-off, frequently doing things to draw attention to himself.

"He was the kind who was always trying to prove something," one friend said. He was a dreamer, too, filled with big plans for the future that regularly bubbled out of him. But some friends wondered how he would ever accomplish such grand schemes, for he was easily

IN TODAY'S STORY



Chris Pritchard

The son of Bonnie Von Stein and stepson of Lieth Von Stein was on his own — at college and living fast. As he was getting high on drugs, his grades were plummeting.



Bart Upchurch

James Bartlett Upchurch III, known as James or Bart, met Chris through their interest in the game Dungeons and Dragons. Also called Moog, he had flunked out of college.



Neal Henderson

Bart's former roommate, he had the brains but not the interest. He flunked out of college, too. With Bart, he formed a Dungeons and Dragons club that Chris later joined.

BLOOD GAMES

By Jerry Bledsoe

make at least a token effort toward his studies.

His resolve didn't last. By year's end, Neal was on academic

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'Hey, man, you ought to just off your parents'

bored, impulsive, anxious.

"He was always in a rush," said his mother, Bonnie Von Stein.

Two passions occupied most of Chris's time outside of school: cars and role-playing fantasy games, especially Dungeons and Dragons. He first had become interested in D&D while he was still in grammar school in Indiana. After his family moved to Washington, N.C., he began playing regularly with a small group of friends he met in school, a group that his other friends considered to be brainy but odd.

Chris's passion for cars led him to a different group of friends, less brainy, more outgoing and raucous. Among the teenager cruisers in Washington, Chris was well-known both for his car and the way he drove it.

His car was a classic '65 Mustang fastback. It was black with a gold stripe down each side when he got it, a 16th-birthday present from his mother and his stepfather, Lieth Von Stein. Chris loved the sense of power that the car gave him, and behind the wheel, he became a different person, forceful and reckless.

A good student in high school, Chris maintained a B average until his senior year, when personal problems got him off to a bad start. The summer before his senior year, he spent several weeks with his father, Stephen Pritchard, his first long stay with him since his father had left when Chris was three, barely old enough to remember.

Chris rode with him on one of his long-distance trucking runs to the West, and his mother worried about the emotional effects of the visit. Soon after his return, Chris started dating one girl regularly, his first real love affair.

When she broke off the relationship only after three weeks, he nearly went to pieces. His concentration faltered, his grades plummeted, and some friends thought that he began to develop an uncaring attitude.

His best scores in high school were in science and math, and at the end of October during his senior year, he applied to the engineering program at N.C. State University, the program Lieth Von Stein had flunked out of 20 years earlier.

Although his SAT scores were not exceptional, 1020, they were high enough to get Chris accepted as a nuclear engineering student at State only a month after he sent in his application, a matter of great pride to his stepfather.

Although Chris had a troubled senior year in high school, nearly flunking English and college-preparatory math, he still was graduated 68th in his class of 266, with a 2.86 grade point average.

But once Chris got to State in August 1987, his study habits grew far worse. At the end of the first semester he had a grade point average of only 1.3, barely passing. His grades became a matter of contention with his stepfather, who could see Chris going down the same path to failure that he had taken at State.

Although Chris improved his grades slightly at the end of the second semester, he still was far from living up to his potential.

Drinking was a part of Chris's failure to study. He had begun drinking in high school, but once at college and away from the strictures of home, he began drinking more and more. In the first semester, he drank mostly on weekends, usually Canadian Mist, or vodka, sometimes spending Sundays and some Mondays nearly too sick to get out of bed.

He never had liked beer, but by the second semester he had acquired a taste for it and began drinking it every day.

Chris was enjoying his liberty too much to return home to Washington at the end

of his freshman year. Although his mother and stepfather thought that he needed a break from classes, Chris decided to go to summer school, which allowed him to keep his room on the sixth floor of Lee dorm.

To supplement the \$50 allowance his parents put into his account each week, he got a \$4.50-an-hour job in the men's department at Miller & Rhoads, a clothing store in Crabtree Valley Mall, only a few miles from the campus.

He had just gotten off work after one of his early days on the job when he saw a misleading notice on a dorm lobby bulletin board that said: "FREE BEER." When he saw that the notice actually was about Dungeons and Dragons, which appealed to him as strongly as beer, he went straight to the eighth floor and introduced himself to the dungeon master, James Bartlett Upchurch III, who by the summer of 1988 wanted friends to call him Moog.

Bart moved back onto campus that May with more money than he'd ever had. An insurance company had just paid him nearly \$5,500 to replace the Camaro he had demolished on the day after he bought it in February. The money should have gone to the credit union, which held the lien on the car, but through a fluke Bart received the title to the car, and the check came to him.

Rather than pay off the loan on the car, Bart decided to keep the money and continue making payments on the car, which now, unbeknownst to the credit union, rested in a junkyard. When the check came, Bart paid a bank to cash it and took the money in \$100 bills.

After flashing the money around to his friends, Bart put \$2,000 in the bank, made several advance payments on the car loan, so he wouldn't have to worry about that for a while, and went on a spending spree with the rest.

Among other purchases, he bought tickets to a Pink Floyd concert for himself and all of his friends, and on the night before the concert, he threw a big party and provided all the alcohol and drugs

with his windfall money.

Later, Chris would say that he met Neal Henderson on his first visit to Bart's dorm room, but Bart would say it actually was on his second visit, when they got together to plan around their class and work schedules to play D&D.

Bart was taking two courses the first summer session, prehistoric archaeology and anthropology. Chris was enrolled in a single course, calculus. Neal was working third shift at the Sav-A-Center, giving him time to play in the afternoon and early evening. They decided that they could play at least twice, possibly three times a week, and Bart began mapping a campaign.

By the third week of the first summer school session, Chris had a smoking device called a bong in his room and was using marijuana daily. He also was drinking prodigious amounts of beer each day.

As Chris and Bart were smoking pot one day, Bart asked if he ever had used acid. Chris said no.

Later, Chris remembered Bart telling him, "You ought to try it. It's cheap. Only three dollars a hit. It gives a great high and it lasts a long time."

Soon after that, Chris, Bart, Neal and three friends were playing D&D in the dorm study room. Chris was sure that Bart was on acid. He thought that he could tell because Bart was "jumpy," as he described it, more hyperactive than usual, and his eyes "rolled and darted."

When the game ended, Bart told Chris and Neal that he had some acid and suggested that they try it. Both were willing. They went to Bart's room, and

Bart sold two hits to Chris and one to Neal, suggesting that they take only half a hit to begin. Chris took half, but Neal decided to take the whole hit. Bart took a whole hit, too.

Afterward, they went to Chris's room and smoked pot. When Chris reported feeling nothing from the acid, he took another hit, this time a whole one. Within 30 minutes, he later reported, he began seeing bursting colors and hearing the

music to which he was listening much differently than he ever had heard it before. He felt euphoric, "on top of the world," bolder than he ever had felt.

He could not contain his energy. He had to go outside. It was after midnight, and the three went out and walked for hours around the campus. It was nearly 5 a.m. when Neal went home and Bart returned to his room. Chris was still too energetic to sleep, and he went to his room and listened to music for another hour before dozing off.

By the fourth week of the first summer session, both Bart and Chris were attending class less frequently. Chris decided to change his calculus course from credit to audit, thinking that would release him from having to turn in homework and take tests.

At the end of that week, Chris got his paycheck from Miller & Rhoads. He bought half a gram of cocaine and half an ounce of marijuana and went up to Bart's room, where Bart and some friends had gathered. Already high on marijuana, Chris bought ten hits of acid from Bart.

He still had \$150 in cash, and held it aloft, along with the cocaine, the acid, the marijuana. "Fellows," he grandly announced, "now this is power."

He offered up his marijuana and cocaine to the others, and before the night was out, the drugs all had been used, and the campus police had been summoned after the group began throwing firecrackers from the balcony. Later, Chris reported that he was "really messed up," but again he was so energy-filled that he couldn't contain himself.

Once more, he and Bart and the others walked off their high, this time off campus, covering five or six miles, Chris later estimated. It was on this walk that Bart told Chris about the tunnels.

Bart had learned about the tunnels as a freshman, and he already had made several forays there, exploring. The tunnels were concrete underground passages that crisscrossed the entire campus, carrying steam pipes and other utilities from building to building. Their entrances were barred and locked, but Bart and other students had discovered that many manholes about the campus offered access.

Chris was excited about the tunnels and wanted to go immediately. Nobody else was interested, but Bart agreed to take Chris to see them. It was about 4 a.m. when they lifted aside a heavy grate near the D.H. Hill Library and dropped into the darkness of N.C. State's underworld.

Bart knew the locations of switches to turn on the florescent lights, and they wandered through the intricate network of pipes, pausing to smoke another joint and to read the graffiti that other student explorers had painted on the tunnel walls, giving them the look of a New York subway car.

When they climbed back out of the manhole cover through which they had entered, Chris knew he had discovered a place he would want to revisit again and again.

A week after Chris's first venture into the tunnels, he, Bart and their friends Tim Parker and Brew Simpson were in Chris's room one afternoon, smoking pot. All of them were stoned, and they began discussing what they wanted to do after they got out of college.

Chris and Brew had similar dreams: they wanted to be writers. Bart said he might like to run a restaurant and a club. They would be wealthy and popular.

Chris mentioned that it was just a matter of time before he would be wealthy anyway. His family, he said, had millions. Not to mention three houses and seven cars.

This was the first time the others had heard anything about Chris's family being rich, although they knew they were well-to-do.

"I didn't know his parents had money," Bart said later. "I knew he'd call up his mom and ask for 50 or a hundred bucks and he'd get it. I said, 'Damn, I wish I could call my parents and do that.' But I didn't know they had that kind of money."

How did his old man get that money? somebody asked. Chris said he had inherited it.

"Hey, man, you ought to just off your parents and go ahead and get that money," somebody said, although later nobody would recall who.

"Yeah, I could buy a big house in the woods," Chris said.

"Up in north Raleigh," somebody said.

"Got to have a swimming pool,"

somebody else put in.

"And a Ferrari," Chris added.

"A satellite dish. And a big-screen

TV."

"And a pool table."

They began fantasizing about the possibilities. They all could live together, buy plenty of drugs and booze, play D&D whenever they wanted, attract fabulous babes. Chris said he would buy a "killer" stereo system and two "serious" computers for him and Brew to write on.

He might just buy the Swenson's ice cream parlor near the campus, too, and turn it into a restaurant and club for Bart.

Later, Chris called this session "bullsh--ing and daydreaming."

"We were all joking," Bart said. "Just being ridiculous. We were wish-listing."

Part 1: THE MURDER

Bonnie Von Stein awoke in the night to the sounds of a murder. As her husband, Lieth, lay helplessly by her, a "shadow" brutally beat and stabbed him, then her. He was killed, but she survived to learn of a plot as horrifying as his death.

Part 2: THE STUDENTS

In school, Chris Pritchard liked fast cars and the fantasy game Dungeons and Dragons. When he went to college, he made new friends, Bart Upchurch and Neal Henderson, and his likes were more lethal: alcohol and drugs. He fantasized about financing his fun with his parents' inheritance. The only catch: they had to die first.

Part 3: THE CLUE

The Von Stein murder case had grown cold, so new leadership was brought in to revive it. Police Chief John Crone and detective John Taylor turned to a suspect who had been neglected, Chris Pritchard, and found evidence that would crack the case.

Part 4: THE CONFESSION

Going for broke, the police convinced Neal Henderson to tell of the plot to kill the Von Steins. Chris Pritchard was to have gotten the inheritance, he said, and share it with them. He was to be the driver, Bart Upchurch, the killer.

Part 5: THE CAPTURE

The figure illuminated by the street-light looked like the young man who had eluded police for so long. Strolling nonchalantly across the N.C. State campus, Bart Upchurch was picked up for questioning. Later, he was charged with murder, and his "game" became "deadly serious."

Chris still had \$150 in cash, and held it aloft, along with the cocaine, the acid, the marijuana. "Fellows," he grandly announced, "now this is power."

New blood, old suspicions and a breakthrough

Part 3: THE CLUE

Six months after Lieth Von Stein's murder, the case was still unsolved. Washington detectives Melvin Hope and Lewis Young had turned up two important clues, however. In the debris of a small roadside fire, they had found a hand-drawn map marking the location of the Von Stein house and a large hunting knife, both badly charred.

Hope and Young had also administered lie-detector tests to Bonnie Von Stein and her daughter, Angela Pritchard, asking if either had any involvement in

the murder. Both denied it, and the test indicated they were telling the truth. Bonnie's son, Chris Pritchard, had refused to take the test.

As 1989 opened, Washington City Manager Bruce Radford decided the police department needed new leadership if the Von Stein murder case were to be solved.

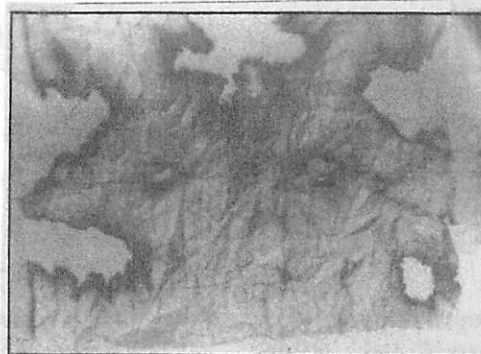
His choice for new police chief: John Crone, an amicable deputy police chief from Ocean City, Md.

John Crone knew that he faced a challenge. He'd been told that the police department was a mess. His instructions were simple and twofold: Straighten out the department and solve the town's most glaring crime, the

into a hero before I ever got here," he said later. "Said I was going to solve the Von Stein case and all this crap. I thought, Good Lord, this is really wonderful, but what if I can't solve the Von Stein case?"

Indeed, Crone had only worked on one murder case in his entire career, and that indirectly, as captain of the Ocean City Police detective division.

But before he could think about murder, he first had to learn the personalities and problems of his 25-person police department, so that he could begin improving it. After a few weeks, he had become familiar enough with the department that he felt free to begin looking at



The map that led to Lieth Von Stein's home also led police to his killer.

IN TODAY'S STORY



John Crone

The new police chief in Washington, N.C., knew why he was there — to solve the town's festering murder case.



John Taylor

The youngest detective on the Washington, N.C., police force, he was put on the Von Stein murder case.



Christy Newsom

Bart Upchurch's probation officer was plenty mad at him. She had three warrants out for his arrest.

BLOOD GAMES

By Jerry Bledsoe

murder of Lieth Von Stein.

Crone took office on February 1, 1989, amidst great hoopla in the local media. "They made me

'You mean it could have been one of my best friends?'

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the second part of his directive, solving the Von Stein murder. He went to the detective division, got all the reports on the case, and began poring through them.

Crone quickly saw that the initial months of the investigation had passed without anything of substance happening, and nothing at all had been done since Bonnie and Angela had passed lie detector tests in early January. Clearly, the case had been left to languish until his arrival.

After finishing the reports and having noted that Bonnie's son, Chris, had declined to take the polygraph test, Crone's

impression of the case was the same as those of the officers who had worked it without success. He thought the murder was an inside job, a family affair.

And Chris Pritchard was the most likely suspect.

Crone also thought the only way to bring new life to the case was to assign a new investigator. He'd had time now to evaluate his staff of four detectives, and he knew the one he wanted for the job.

Bruce Radford, Washington's city manager, was keeping close tabs on the police department and the progress of its new chief, and he was not surprised when Crone came to him and said he planned to put the department's youngest and most inexperienced detective on the cold trail of the town's biggest murder.

Radford had been impressed with John Taylor, too. Taylor was just 27 years old, a country boy with only four years in the department, but everybody connected with law enforcement in Beaufort County had taken note of him.

"He was and is the brightest star of the young people in the department," Radford said of Taylor after Radford had left the job of city manager. "Kind of lean. Kind of hungry. Very dedicated. Always wants to do a good job."

The only person surprised by the assignment was the one chosen.



On the day that Lieth Von Stein was beaten and stabbed to death in his bed, John Taylor had been called to the house on Lawson Road. He had photographed the body and the house, then had helped SBI Agent Lewis Young gather evidence at the scene, because no SBI crime lab was available.

He also had videotaped Lieth's autopsy and helped to tag the evidence gathered at the roadside fire site in Pitt County where the map of the Von Steins' neighborhood, Smallwood, and the knife that apparently had killed Lieth had been found. Beyond that, he'd had no further role in the case, and had not kept up with the day-to-day details of the investigation.

Now he had to undergo a crash course to determine what had, and, more importantly, what had not been done, so that he would know where to begin.

He immersed himself in the three fat casebooks of reports that already had been filed, and when he emerged, he, like every other officer who had become familiar with the case, felt that Chris Pritchard had to have had something to do with the murder. Chris was his obvious beginning point.

Taylor also saw that several avenues had to be explored further. If Chris had planned the murder, and if he actually had been at N.C. State while it was taking place, as the evidence indicated, he had to have involved others, perhaps

some of his drug-taking buddies at college. Yet only a couple of those had been interviewed.

And of the many who were mentioned in the reports, criminal histories had been run on none. Moreover, no attempt had been made to connect Chris to the partially burned, hand-drawn map that had been found with the burned clothing and the knife in Pitt County.



On Friday, March 10, Taylor requested criminal histories on all of Chris's college acquaintances whose names were mentioned in the reports.

When he came to work Monday morning, he had received a response. One of Chris's friends at college, James B. Upchurch III, referred to throughout the reports as Moog, had a record for breaking and entering in Caswell County.

That caught Taylor's attention. A person who had broken into one house likely wouldn't have qualms about breaking into another. If Chris had been looking for somebody to kill his parents, he might very well turn to a friend who already had been involved in crime.

Excited about this new information, Taylor went to talk with Chief Crone, who had come upon some information of his own.

In his youth, Crone had been fascinated by strategy games, especially military games that he played with his father. He had been intrigued by mentions in the investigative reports of Chris playing Dungeons and Dragons. He knew nothing about the game, and neither did anybody else in the department.

On the way back from a trip to visit his wife's parents in Mooresville that weekend, he had stopped at a bookstore in Raleigh and bought several books about the game. His wife read one of the introductory books to him aloud as he drove on home. The more she read the more excited Crone became.

The beginners' adventure described in the book was practically an outline for the Von Stein murder, the players being sent to a castle to kill the overlord and obtain his treasure, which they later would divide. The players

carried weapons and supplies in a knapsack. There even was a young woman named Elena asleep in another room in the castle, and Crone couldn't help but think how close the names Elena and Angela were.

Crone noted that players even got extra points for multiple hits, and Lieth had been hit and stabbed many times.

Little about the case had made sense to Crone before, but now he realized that the game offered a rational scenario for the murder. Perhaps Chris and his friends had become so obsessed with the game that they were enacting it in real life.

Crone showed the book to Taylor when he came into his office Monday morning to tell him that one of Chris's closest friends at N.C. State had a criminal record. Taylor thought the chief's theory of the murder as a Dungeons and Dragons game acted out was interesting and should be pursued, but he didn't share his enthusiasm.

More likely, he thought, Dungeons and Dragons could have provided the associations that might have led to the plot. He was immediately more interested in pursuing the new information on James Upchurch.

He called the Caswell County Sheriff's Department and talked with a detective who told him about the break-ins in which Upchurch had been involved in high school. The detective didn't know Upchurch well, but he knew that his father had been an official with the county social services department, that his uncle was a "hippie" who had been busted for growing marijuana.

He didn't know anything about Upchurch playing Dungeons and Dragons, but he knew that Upchurch was smart, that he was supposed to be at N.C. State, and that he was still on probation for the break-ins.



Taylor called the probation office in Wake County, learned that Christy Newsom was Upchurch's probation officer, and spoke with her. Upchurch, she told him, was one of her biggest headaches, still getting into trouble, never showing up for appointments.

She hadn't seen him in months, she said, but she was looking for him. She had three outstanding warrants on him for probation violations.

Now Taylor was even more intrigued. He wanted to talk with James Upchurch, but he knew he would have to find him first. After talking with Newsom, he called back the detective in Caswell County to tell him about the warrants. "If he shows up over there," Taylor said,

"nail him, and call me."

He also made several calls to N.C. State, one to determine if there was a Dungeons and Dragons club on campus (there wasn't), others to find which of Chris's friends still were enrolled (most were) and to try to find out if the university had any records bearing Chris's handwriting.

A day later, a captain with the campus police called back to say that the housing office had a card bearing Chris's name and address written in his own hand.

Chief Crone was pleased when Taylor told him about this. With that card, the word "Lawson" could be compared with the same word on the map. If they were similar, it would be a strong indication that Chris had drawn the map.

Taylor was wary of this as hard evidence. His experience with the SBI lab on handwriting analysis told him that the lab liked to see lots of samples before coming to conclusions. One word would hardly suffice, he thought.

Despite his misgivings, Taylor went to talk with District Attorney Mitchell Norton about getting a subpoena for the card, primarily to appease the chief, and Mitchell issued it.

But before Taylor could go to Raleigh to take a look at the card, however, he had to take care of another matter. He wanted to meet Bonnie Von Stein.

Taylor had found out the day before that Bonnie was in the area. He had gone to talk with Bonnie's close friend and across-the-street neighbor, Peggy Smith, primarily to see if she could remember anything more about Chris's actions following the murder.

Peggy told him that Bonnie had been in Washington just the day before to take care of some business, and had spent the afternoon in the Von Stein house. She and Bonnie had had a long talk.

Bonnie also had compiled a list of suspects, Peggy said. Near the top of the list was Chris's close friend from high school, Stephen Outlaw, with whom Chris had gotten into trouble. He was the only one of Chris's friends, Bonnie said, that she always felt leery about.

Peggy knew that the police were suspicious of Chris. She told Taylor that she was at the hospital when Chris arrived on the morning of the murder. She met Chris in the hallway outside his mother's room, and he asked her to wait for him because he might need a ride.

He went into his mother's room, she said, stayed a few minutes, and when he came out she went over and hugged him. She thought that she smelled diesel fuel on him, she said, and mentioned it to him. He told her he'd had a rough morning and hadn't had time for a shower.

Peggy gave him a ride to Smallwood. On the way, she said, he quizzed her about what his mother had said about the attack. Peggy told him everything Bonnie had told her. When she said Bonnie had described the shadowy attacker as young and strong, Chris responded, "You mean it could have been one of my best friends?"

Peggy thought that was a curious thing for him to say, and so did John Taylor.

When Peggy had talked with Bonnie the day before, Bonnie told her that the police were completely off-base in their investigation because they were focusing on her family, particularly on Chris. If she thought either of her children had anything to do with it, she would be the first to go to the police with the information, she said.

Taylor knew that Bonnie soon would know that he had come to talk with Peggy Smith. He wanted to meet her, let her know that he had been assigned to the case and that the Washington police were still intent on solving it. He drove to Greenville, where she was staying at a motel, to meet her and Angela.

He had no intention of conducting an

interview. This was just to be a get-acquainted session. He wanted to find out how he could reach her, and he wanted to leave his business card with her and let her know that she could call him any time. He took no notes, but he did form some impressions.

"She seemed like a nice, sweet lady," he said later. "She seemed concerned. She seemed genuinely interested in finding out who killed her husband."

Taylor left the meeting with another question answered. "I just didn't think she was involved in it," he said.

On Thursday, March 16, Taylor drove to Raleigh armed with the subpoena to see the document bearing Chris's handwriting. He went first to the campus police department, and Captain Laura Reynolds took him to the Department of Housing and Residence Life.

An official brought out the document. Taylor handed him the subpoena. The official handed him the card.

Taylor took the card back to Capt. Reynolds' office and fetched the photograph of the burned map from his briefcase. He and Reynolds compared the two, and a smile began to spread across Taylor's face. "Lawson" on the card looked identical to "Lawson" on the map.

"Looks like you've got your man," Captain Reynolds said.

"The son-of-bitch drew the map," Taylor said to himself in amazement. "He drew the damn map."

It was after dark when Taylor got back to Washington. He drove straight to the chief's house. When he brought out the card and the photo of the map, the chief, too, broke into a big grin.

Now their suspicions had been confirmed. Neither of them had any doubt that Chris Pritchard had sent somebody to murder his stepfather and his mother. And John Taylor had a good idea of who that might have been.

Part 1: THE MURDER

Bonnie Von Stein awoke in the night to the sounds of a murder. As her husband, Lieth, lay helplessly by her, a "shadow" brutally beat and stabbed him, then her. He was killed, but she survived to learn of a plot as horrifying as his death.

Part 2: THE STUDENTS

In school, Chris Pritchard liked fast cars and the fantasy game Dungeons and Dragons. When he went to college, he made new friends, Bart Upchurch and Neal Henderson, and his likes were more lethal: alcohol and drugs. He fantasized about financing his fun with his parents' inheritance. The only catch: they had to die first.

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The Von Stein murder case had grown cold, so new leadership was brought in to revive it. Police Chief John Crone and detective John Taylor turned to a suspect who had been neglected, Chris Pritchard, and found evidence that would crack the case.

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Going for broke, the police convinced Neal Henderson to tell of the plot to kill the Von Steins. Chris Pritchard was to have gotten the inheritance, he said, and share it with them. He was to be the driver, Bart Upchurch, the killer.

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The figure illuminated by the street-light looked like the young man who had eluded police for so long. Strolling nonchalantly across the N.C. State campus, Bart Upchurch was picked up for questioning. Later, he was charged with murder, and his "game" became "deadly serious."

A hyper killer, a bold plan and a stunned accomplice

Raleigh was the next stop for the Washington police officers investigating the murder of Lieth Von Stein. Confident that Chris Pritchard had sent someone to murder his stepfather, they began interviewing his friends at N.C. State University.

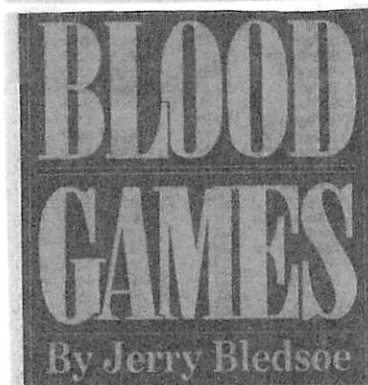
Because of his criminal record, Bart Upchurch was their chief suspect. But first they had to find him, and Bart — by now, a pro at evading law enforcement — was nowhere to be found.

When they finally tracked him down after weeks of searching,

they were surprised at how relaxed he appeared while answering their questions. Bart denied any involvement in the murder, but said it was "conceivable" that Chris might have hired someone to kill his parents. "Chris was obsessed with drugs," he told them.

The officers left disappointed, knowing they would have to find someone else to give them the break they needed.

That break came June 9, 1989, in an interview with Neal Henderson, Bart's friend from Caswell County and fellow Dungeons and Dragons enthusiast. Meeting with Neal at the Wendy's where he now worked, John Crone, the Washington police chief, decided to go for broke.



"We know Chris is involved," Crone told Neal. "I think you know something. If you do, it would be better for you to tell us."

Part 4: THE CONFESSION

while we still can help you."

Neal sat silent for a few minutes. Then he said: "I can lay the whole thing out for you."

After waiving his rights, Neal told Crone that Chris and James had come to him a few days before the murder with a plan for Chris to get his inheritance early by killing his parents. He thought the idea was incredible, but he went along with it because his only role was to drive James to Washington to commit the murders.

Chris drew a map directing them to his house. Neal said that he drove James there, let him out near the house, and waited nearby until James reappeared, saying he'd done it. James was

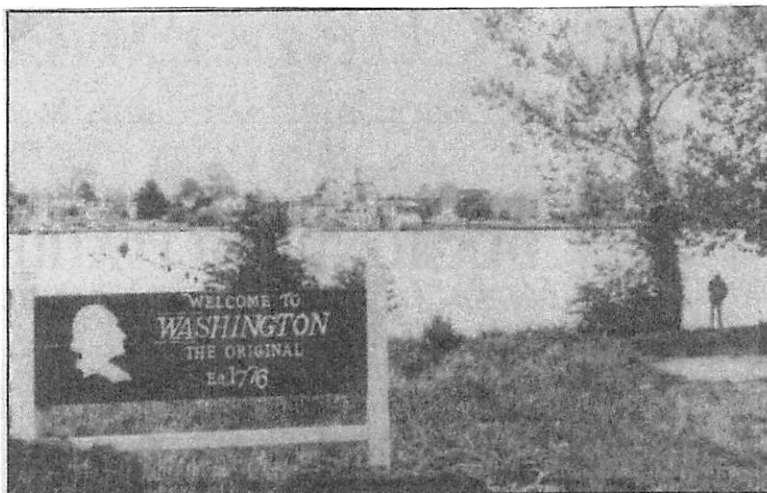
supposed to steal jewelry to make it look like a robbery, but he only had taken a little money.

They drove back to Raleigh, stopping along a deserted road on the way so that James could pile up the clothes he'd been wearing and burn them.

The story fit the evidence. It was highly unlikely that Neal could have learned about the fire and the map without being part of the plot. Crone had no doubt that he was telling the truth, but he felt a strange sort of letdown.

"Is that it?" he asked, a little incredulously, when Neal had finished.

"That's it," Neal said with a shrug.



While Washington, N.C., lay sleeping July 25, 1988, a nervous youth drove around town while another committed a brutal crime.



Neal Henderson, in Bart Upchurch's 1990 trial, points out the triangles and question mark on the bat that killed Lieth Von Stein.

"I actually did it! I don't ever want to see anything like that again. I never saw so much blood in my life."

'What do you say to a man who's just killed someone?'

From BLOOD GAMES by Jerry Bledsoe. Copyright © Jerry Bledsoe, 1991. Excerpted by arrangement with Dutton, an imprint of New American Library, a division of Penguin Books USA Inc.

"It didn't have anything to do with Dungeons and Dragons?"

Nothing, said Neal.

After their long investigation, all the plodding hours of searching and questioning, all their elaborate theorizing, it all was so simple. Motive and method were as ancient as murder. The motive: greed. The method: a key, a club, a blade.



A week or so before the murder, Neal said, Chris and James had gone to Washington together to kill Chris's parents. He'd heard them talking about it, but he knew no details. They had talked of putting Chris's family to sleep with sleeping pills before killing them, but they had chickened out because Chris decided it would be better for him not to be at home when the murders occurred.

At some point before the weekend of the actual murder — Neal couldn't remember the date — Chris and James had come by the apartment on Ligon Street that he shared with Butch Mitchell. They came about noon. Only the three of them were there.

At first they chatted about things in general. Then James said that they had come up with a plan for Chris to get his inheritance early, a plan for murder. Was Neal interested? Neal did not want his friends to think he was too timid or cowardly for such a bold adventure. Sure, he said.

James did most of the talking. He would carry out the actual killing. Neal's job would be to drive Chris's car. James had no license and didn't want to take a chance on blowing the whole mission by being stopped for a traffic violation. Neal would be paid for driving, but he wasn't sure whether the amount was to be \$2,000 or \$20,000.

Only Chris's parents were to be slain. No mention was made of killing Chris's sister, Angela. Chris said he would be willing to share the inheritance with her.

That inheritance, Neal believed, was about \$10 million. He had been told that earlier, although he wasn't sure whether it was Chris or James who had told him. He had no idea how much James was to receive for the killing.

Chris sketched two maps on a white legal pad. One showed how to skirt the northern edge of Washington to reach his neighborhood. The other was a map of the Smallwood subdivision that identified the Von Stein house, showed where James was to be let out at a wooded lot behind the house, marked a spot where Neal could park near a utility substation, even pointed out the locations of nearby dogs that might bark and cause alarm.

Once in Smallwood, Neal was to drive only on back streets, because neighbors might recognize the sound of the loud mufflers on Chris's car.

James was to enter the Von Stein house through the back door with a key that Chris would provide. He was to take jewelry from a kitchen cabinet and make the killings appear to be related to a burglary.

Chris was to stay in Raleigh while the murders were taking place, making certain that he was seen by others, so he would have an alibi. If Chris received a call about the murders before Neal and James got back to Raleigh with his car, he would claim to have lost his car keys as an excuse for not being able to drive immediately to Washington.

Before leaving that day, Neal said,

Chris told him that his parents were about to disinherit him because he was screwing up and flunking out of school. They were on the verge of cutting off his funds for school, Chris said, and if this plan didn't come off, he might have to find a job and go to work.

A couple of days later, Neal said, he went by James's dorm room. Chris was there and they again talked about the plan, although no mention still was made about how the killing would be done. Chris said that after the murders, he would have to appear distraught and depressed. The way he would come out of his depression, he said, was to go to the beach and buy cars for all of his friends.

Three or four days after that chance encounter, Neal said, he again stopped by James's room. He couldn't remember

exactly, but he thought that it was on this occasion that he found James putting black paste shoe polish on a pair of white batting gloves and on a wooden baseball bat that he had seen previously in James's room.

The bat had a line of triangles drawn around it in ink, just above the trademark. The question-mark-like symbol of a rock group called the Blue Oyster Cult had been sketched on the fat end of the bat. The handle was wrapped with black friction tape.

James also showed him a new hunting knife. He and Chris had bought it for the job, James told him, but Neal couldn't remember whether he said they'd bought it at Kmart or the flea market. The knife was only for backup, James said. He planned to "take out" Chris's parents with the bat.

"One good blow on each ought to do it," James said, taking a hearty swing.

It was on this visit that James asked about his work schedule, Neal said, and he thought they may have set a date for the mission then.



No more than three days later, James came to his apartment in the morning, gave him the keys to Chris's car, and told him to meet him in the fringe parking lot on Sullivan Drive behind Lee dorm that night between 11:30 and 12:30.

Neal recalled that James was wearing blue jeans with holes in the knees, a dark, button-up shirt over a white T-shirt, and the moccasin boots that he wore so often. He had brought along a black sweater, a ski mask, dark trousers, and black tennis shoes to wear when he went into the house.

Over his shoulder, said Neal, James had slung an army knapsack that he usually used for carrying Dungeons and Dragons materials. Now it held a knife, a flashlight, and other items. The handle of the baseball bat protruded from it, throwing it out of kilter.

Months after telling the officers about this night, Neal would recall that James was excited and hyperactive as they left for Washington.

"He was grinning a lot," Neal said. "He didn't seem at all concerned at what he was going to be doing. He seemed fairly happy about the whole world. I was happy just to be driving him down there."

On the night that the officers questioned him, Neal said that he never dreamed anybody actually would be killed, despite all the planning. He thought that James simply would go into the house, steal the jewelry and slip

away. About that, he said later, he had no qualms.

"On one level I knew that breaking into that place, stealing from those people was wrong. I was contrasting that with these are my friends and they would really respect me if I went through with this kind of daring thing.

I told myself that these people are rich. They aren't really going to miss this kind of piddly stuff. Besides, they were going to disinherit Chris.

"What I was doing, I didn't really see it as hurting anybody. Hurt somebody? That was too crazy. It didn't fit. Killing people was so far outside of anything that I knew James to be like that I didn't dream it was possible.

"I didn't expect to be paid anything. I was just driving down for the fun of it. And it was fun, I don't care what anybody says. Driving off in the middle of the night. It was exciting."

On the way, he said, they didn't talk about what lay ahead. They talked about Dungeons and Dragons. They talked about music. After passing a store dealing in baseball cards, they talked for a long time about collecting cards and comics.

Somewhere near the town of Wilson, they stopped on the side of the road to take a leak. As they neared Washington, James began changing clothes as they drove, putting on the dark trousers, black sweater, black tennis shoes.

They followed Chris's map to Smallwood but drove past it and had to turn around and go back. They located the house, the wooded lot where James was to get out, the utility substation where Chris suggested that Neal park to wait. They cased the neighborhood, including the darker and more isolated nearby roads to the fairgrounds and airport.

They rejected Chris's suggested waiting spot because a new house was under construction there and they were afraid that the car might arouse suspicion if anybody saw it. Instead, Neal would wait in the darkness of the dead-end road to the fairgrounds.

James smeared black shoe polish around his mouth and eyes and pulled a purple ski mask over his head as Neal coasted slowly down Marsh Street and came to a stop at the wooded lot. Neal paused only long enough for James to hop out of the car, slinging his arm knapsack across his shoulder.

Later, Neal wouldn't remember either of them saying anything. He didn't look back as James slipped into the trees as quickly and silently as a Ninja warrior.

Neal grew increasingly anxious and fearful as he waited in darkness for James to return. As the minutes ticked agonizingly on amidst the loud and eerie insect sounds of a coastal summer night, he began first to worry that something had gone wrong, then to worry, as he later put it, that "something was going right," exactly according to the plan.

When he could stand the anxiety no longer, he started the car, pulled up to Market Street Extension, turned left toward town, and drove slowly past Smallwood, looking for James. Seeing no sign of him, he turned around and drove by again, this time going on to the airport road, where he pulled in and stopped a

short distance from the main road.

Another 15 minutes passed before he heard the sound of running feet slapping against the pavement and turned to see a tall, dark figure loping toward him out of the blackness.

He'd never seen James as excited as he was when he opened the passenger door and climbed quickly into the car, he told the officers.

"I actually did it!"

he said James exclaimed. "I don't

ever want to see anything like that again. I never saw so much blood in my life."

Neal told the officers that he saw blood on James's hands and clothing, but later he claimed that he really hadn't seen any blood, that if he had he might have panicked more than he did.

"My first thought when James said, 'I did it,' was one long scream," he said later. "I kept thinking, they were serious. They really were serious. He really meant to go in and kill people. My God, what has he done? What have I done?"

Instinctively, he started the car.

"James said, 'Go, go.' I went. I just pointed the car and kept it on the road."

He turned north on Market, away from town, going back by the same route they had come. He didn't ask questions, he said later. He couldn't even speak.

"What do you say to a man who's just killed someone? I was afraid to be in the same car with him."

Part 1: THE MURDER

Bonnie Von Stein awoke in the night to the sounds of a murder. As her husband, Lieth, lay helplessly by her, a "shadow" brutally beat and stabbed him, then her. He was killed, but she survived to learn of a plot as horrifying as his death.

Part 2: THE STUDENTS

In school, Chris Pritchard liked fast cars and the fantasy game Dungeons and Dragons. When he went to college, he made new friends, Bart Upchurch and Neal Henderson, and his likes were more lethal: alcohol and drugs. He fantasized about financing his fun with his parents' inheritance. The only catch: they had to die first.

Part 3: THE CLUE

The Von Stein murder case had grown cold, so new leadership was brought in to revive it. Police Chief John Crone and detective John Taylor turned to a suspect who had been neglected, Chris Pritchard, and found evidence that would crack the case.

Part 4: THE CONFESSION

Going for broke, the police convinced Neal Henderson to tell of the plot to kill the Von Steins. Chris Pritchard was to have gotten the inheritance, he said, and share it with them. He was to be the driver, Bart Upchurch, the killer.

Part 5: THE CAPTURE

The figure illuminated by the street-light looked like the young man who had eluded police for so long. Strolling nonchalantly across the N.C. State campus, Bart Upchurch was picked up for questioning. Later, he was charged with murder, and his "game" became "deadly serious."

GREENSBORO NEWS & RECORD THUR 22 AUG 1991 GREENSBORO, NC

'For the first time it was deadly serious'

Part 5: THE CAPTURE

Neal Henderson's confession gave police the ammunition they needed to arrest Bart and charge him with the murder of Lieth Von Stein. But, as before, finding Bart was no easy matter.

Bart had broken house arrest, which he was under for repeated probation violations, and was staying at an acquaintance's apartment in Raleigh. He spent his days hanging out at apartment-complex swimming pools, reading books and writing in his journal.

On June 8, he wrote in his

journal: "There are times when I wonder if there is any hope for mankind, and then I slap myself for being so silly; of course, there's no hope for mankind."

Bart, or Moog, as friends called him, knew the police were looking for him, and had managed to slip their grasp several times. The search was particularly frustrating for John Taylor and Lewis Young, the Washington police officers long involved in the case, but they persisted.

John Taylor and Lewis Young spent another fruitless night searching for Moog after leaving California Pizza on the night of Wednesday, June 14.

The following day they met with officials of the campus and

stakeout of California Pizza. SBI agents were parked out of sight near the restaurant. Taylor sat near the entrance in a sporty Mazda RX7 that he had borrowed to make him less likely to be spotted.

Once again the stakeout failed. The discouraged officers drove to an Applebee's Restaurant near the Howard Johnson's where they were staying. While they were eating, a vicious thunderstorm rolled in with rolling black clouds, sharp lightning, window-rattling thunder, and pelting rain.

"I'll tell you, boys," Taylor announced, "my ass ain't going out in this mess tonight. Moog ain't going to be out in this rain. I'm going to stay at the motel

With all the officers surrounding him, Bart realized that he had no choice. He had to play this one out.



Bart Upchurch, or James or 'Moog,' in police custody June 14, 1989. Having been picked up without his sweatshirt on, he was given it back after his arrest. It later foiled his escape attempt.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Jerry Bledsoe is the author of several books, including "Bitter Blood," the best-selling account of the Klenner-Lynch murders in Greensboro, and most recently, "Country Cured: Reflections from the Heart."

A native of Thomasville, Bledsoe joined the Greensboro Daily News in 1966. Except for two brief stints at other newspapers, he has written columns and other award-winning stories for this newspaper for 22 years.

In 1989, he was granted a two-year



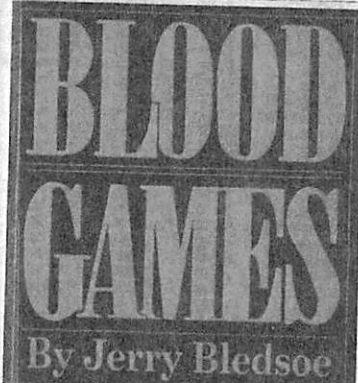
Award. He lives in Asheboro with his wife, Linda.

leave of absence from the News & Record to write "Blood Games" and to found Down Home Press, a book publishing company. He will return to the News & Record staff Oct. 1 as a general assignment and projects reporter and writer.

Bledsoe, 50, has won numerous national awards for his writing and reporting, including the Ernie Pyle Memorial Award and the National Headliners

An elusive suspect, a heated search, then success

From BLOOD GAMES by Jerry Bledsoe. Copyright © Jerry Bledsoe, 1991. Excerpted by arrangement with Dutton, an imprint of New American Library, a division of Penguin Books USA Inc.



Raleigh police to make sure that all officers on all shifts were alerted to be on the lookout.

At 4 p.m., they began a

and man the phone. You fools can go out in this."

And he ordered himself a beer, then another one. It was going to be his night to kick back and relax a little. Moog could wait another day for John Taylor to catch him.

Bart had gone to campus about noon that day, leaving his skateboard behind because he was carrying heavy books in his backpack and they would throw him off balance. He went by Sullivan dorm to call on friends and find out what they were planning for that night.

He was wearing a boxerlike aquamarine swimsuit, and he went to the soccer field behind Lee dorm and lay in the sun, reading and listening to his GE stereo radio through headphones.

When he had endured all the sun that he could stand, he walked to a used book store on Hillsborough Street, Reader's Corner, and browsed through the music tapes. Beginning to get hungry, he went back to campus, intending to eat at the campus dining hall with a meal card a friend had given to him, but the dining hall was closed.

He thought about eating at a campus snack bar, but decided he would splurge on the \$3.99 buffet at the Village Inn Pizza on Western Boulevard, not far from the campus.

He took a table in the back of the pizza place, ordered iced tea, made several trips to the buffet bar, making sure he got his money's worth, stuffing himself with pizza and salad. A terrible thunderstorm came up while he was eating, and he decided to wait it out.

A big-screen TV was playing near his table. A movie came on, "Helter Skelter," about the Manson family murders in California, but Bart paid it little attention. He was sipping tea and reading "The Fall of the Roman Empire."

When a break came in the rain, Bart decided to try to make it back to campus. He went back by the same route he had come, but after he had crossed through the Sav-A-Center parking lot and cut through King Village, a campus housing area for married graduate students, the rain started coming down hard again.

He took off his shoes and the Cornell University sweatshirt he was wearing, stuffed them into his backpack, and struck out, walking barefoot in the rain. Soon after he turned onto Sullivan Drive, he saw a campus police car coming toward him, moving slowly.

At 7:06 p.m., Patrolman Terry Wright of the N.C. State Public Safety Department had been driving west on Faucette Drive, a campus street paralleling Western Boulevard, when he spotted a tall, thin young man with long, blondish-brown hair dressed in what he took to be green shorts and a dark blue sweatshirt, carrying a blue backpack, walking in the same direction.

Wright had been alerted to be on the lookout for a former N.C. State student named James Bartlett Upchurch, wanted by the SBI for questioning about a murder. He had a photograph of Upchurch in his car, as did all patrol officers.

This young man fit the description, but by the time Wright had turned his car around, the young man had disappeared.

Wright figured he had slipped into nearby woods. He called for help. Several officers showed up, and they thoroughly searched the area without finding any sign of the young man. It was as if he had evaporated.

Now it was 9:30. A severe thunderstorm had swept over the campus and was rumbling on to the east. Thunderstorms always set off alarms in campus buildings, and Wright was headed west on Sullivan Drive to check on an alarm. Rain was still falling hard, and he wasn't expecting to see any pedestrians in the darkness.

But in the glow of the street light near West Dunn Avenue, Wright saw a figure approaching. It was the same young man he'd seen earlier, still with the backpack, but without his shirt and shoes. He was strolling along nonchalantly, a portable radio and earphones in his hand.

This time Wright took no chances. He radioed immediately for assistance, and keeping his eye on the young man, he turned around and sped back toward him.

At first, Bart started to run, a technique that had saved him several times already, but he was barefoot, which would make running harder, and the cop was already on him. He decided to rely instead on a snow job.

Wright called to Bart from the open window of his patrol car. Bart stepped over to the car, the picture of innocence. What was the trouble?

Just looking for somebody, Wright said. Did he have any ID?

No, Bart said, he didn't have any with him.

"What's your name?" Wright asked.

"Edward Michael Owens," Bart replied.

He went on to say that he was from Tennessee, born on October 17, 1970, and that he had a Tennessee driver's license but wasn't carrying it because he didn't have a car in Raleigh.

As they were talking, another campus police car pulled up, and Sergeant Lenora Mitchell got out. Yet another car quickly arrived.

Sergeant Mitchell and Officer Wright were certain that this was James Upchurch. Mitchell asked if he would mind coming to the public safety office until his identity could be established.

With all the officers surrounding him, Bart realized that he had no choice. He had to play this one out.

At the public safety office, Bart again repeated his false identity. He said he lived in Apartment 203 in the Kensington Apartments on Avent Ferry Road with his girlfriend, Justin Anastanoff, but he'd rather that they didn't involve her in this. They didn't have a phone, he said.

He was asked to wait in the upstairs conference room while his identity was established. Couldn't he just wait at his apartment? Bart asked. The answer was no.

How long did they think this would take? Bart wanted to know. He had to get some books back to the library before it closed at eleven. Couldn't he just run over there while they were doing this?

It only would take a little while, he was assured.

Indeed, Sergeant Mitchell already had called Captain Laura Reynolds, who had long been assisting John Taylor and Christy Newsom in their search for

Moog. Reynolds immediately called the number for Lewis Young's pager.

Young and Terry Newell had left Howard Johnson's at a little after 9. They were on Western Boulevard alongside the campus, just beginning the evening's search when Young's pager began to beep. He went straight to a telephone and soon was talking with Reynolds, who said that their officers were fairly certain that they had Moog in custody. Young and Newell were at the public safety office in minutes.

"Hey, Moog," Young said when he walked into the conference room. "Do you remember me?"

Bart's head dropped. "Yeah," he said with resignation. "I remember."

Bart was given his socks, tennis shoes and sweatshirt and was allowed to put them back on. Young told him that he was under arrest and would have to come with him. They went down the stairs and out the door into a tunnel-like opening in the building's ground floor.

The building had been an athletic field house, and the opening was a passageway leading to a tunnel beneath the railroad tracks that students used to get from one side of campus to the other.

Bart was neither handcuffed nor shackled. Both agents had come away without handcuffs that night. Rain was still falling.

"You're not going to make me get out in the rain are you?" Bart said. Newell said he'd go get the car.

"We'll wait right here," Young said.

Newell pulled the car out of its parking space and began backing toward the breezeway. Suddenly, Bart spun to the left and bolted.

Young had held the back of Bart's sweatshirt with his left hand and he clung to it as Bart began to run, pulling Young off balance. Young, who stood six feet tall and weighed just over 200 pounds, was not about to be dragged far.

He recovered after a few awkward steps, grabbed Bart's shoulder with his right hand, yanked him back, and slammed him against the breezeway wall, thrusting an elbow against his throat.

"Listen," Young said angrily, his face in Bart's, "you can go easy or you can go hard, but you're going one way or the other."

"Hey, man, no problem, no

problem," Bart said, straining to talk. "I'll be cool."

Bart was taken to a suite of rooms on the third floor of the Holiday Inn, where he was handcuffed to a chair. Several SBI agents attempted to get him to talk. Neal had told them everything, they said. They knew that Chris had put him up to it. They wanted him to tell them about Chris. One agent tried to get him to sign a waiver of his rights.

"I told them, 'I think I'd better talk to a lawyer,'" Bart recalled later. "They said, 'That's the worst thing you can do. We'll work with you but you've got to help us.' I said, 'I want to talk with a lawyer.' This one said, 'OK, if that's the way you want it.' Threw the paper down like he was all pissed off."

Soon afterward, Lewis Young came into the room, carrying a sheaf of papers. "I'm serving a warrant on you for first-degree murder," he said somberly.

"Right then, the guillotine dropped," Bart said later. "I said, 'I didn't have anything to do with this. I think you've got the wrong guy.' That was when I

knew I should've left town a long time ago. Before, it all had seemed like a game. For the first time it was deadly serious."

John Crone had been the first person Taylor called with the good news. Crone wanted Melvin Hope, the Washington police sergeant who had first spearheaded the investigation, to be in on this moment. He dispatched him and Detective David Sparrow to Raleigh to pick up Moog and bring him back. It was about 2 a.m. before Hope and Sparrow got to Raleigh to hear of the capture.

A short time later, as Moog shuffled to their patrol car, manacled, Hope said, "I hear you've got rabbit blood."

Bart didn't respond.

"Well," Hope went on, "I'm too fat and too old to chase you, but if you try to run, I guarantee you that when I do catch you, you won't want to run again."

Hope got into the back seat beside Bart. On the two-hour drive back to Washington, Sparrow kept the car radio on an oldies station. When one Elvis tune came on, Sparrow couldn't resist looking back over his shoulder grinning and singing a few verses of "Jailhouse Rock."

Postscript: Neal Henderson, Chris Pritchard and Bart Upchurch were tried in Elizabeth City in January 1990. All were found guilty, Neal and Chris of aiding and abetting second-degree murder, Bart of first-degree murder. Neal was sentenced to 40 years in prison; he could be paroled in 1995. Chris' mother, Bonnie Von Stein, testified that she still loved and supported him. He received a life sentence and could be paroled in 2019. Bart was sentenced to death and is on death row at Raleigh's Central Prison. His case is under appeal.

Part 1: THE MURDER

Bonnie Von Stein awoke in the night to the sounds of a murder. As her husband, Lieth, lay helplessly by her, a "shadow" brutally beat and stabbed him, then her. He was killed, but she survived to learn of a plot as horrifying as his death.

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In school, Chris Pritchard liked fast cars and the fantasy game Dungeons and Dragons. When he went to college, he made new friends, Bart Upchurch and Neal Henderson, and his likes were more lethal: alcohol and drugs. He fantasized about financing his fun with his parents' inheritance. The only catch: they had to die first.

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○ Item Rec'd in Ltr 27 NOV 1991 from Debra Nan U.
This article appeared in PEOPLE MAGAZINE 25 NOV 1991

**CRUEL DOUBT**

by Joe McGinniss

BLOOD GAMES

by Jerry Bledsoe

The story behind these books began in 1988 when Lieth Von Stein, a prosperous North Carolina businessman, was bludgeoned and stabbed to death as he slept in his bed. The attack also left his wife, Bonnie, grievously wounded.

Police eventually focused their investigation on Christopher Pritchard, 19, Bonnie's son and Lieth's stepson. The crime, they concluded, grew out of drug-and-alcohol abuse and an obsession with the fantasy game *Dungeons & Dragons* by Chris and two of his college friends. (Pritchard was given life in prison, Neal Henderson 40 years. James Upchurch, who wielded the murder weapons, is appealing his death sentence.)

■ PICKS & PANS ■

If nothing else, the situation proved perfect for writers McGinniss and Bledsoe. Both specialize in documenting the turmoil and tortures of family murders, though McGinniss is the higher profiled of the two, thanks to his best-sellers *Fatal Vision* and *Blind Faith*. Both writers were drawn to the story for its soap-opera elements—a devoted mother, a troubled son, new wealth, determined cops, a small town and a dead stepfather.



MICHAEL BARKLEY



BLOOD GAMES In hopes of collecting a \$2 million inheritance, Chris Pritchard (top) planned the murder of his mother and stepfather. He enlisted Neal Henderson (right) and James Upchurch as accomplices.



KENYATTA UPCHURCH

[NOTE: Kenyatta U is a first cousin of JBU, IV
This article refers to JBU, IV as "James" but he usually went by "BART". The first U referred to could be JBU, IV himself or his FAT JBU, IV who was called "JIM" - RPU

From It 21 OCT 1991 Patricia Lane W Ed RPD -
 In The News & Observer SUN 22 SEP 1991 Raleigh, NC

Both begin with hogs being loaded for market and a man named Noel Lee, who thought it strange that a fire should be burning in the swamp at 4 in the morning.

Jerry Bledsoe and Joe McGinniss are two writers from different parts of the country but both had the instinct to seize on that middle-of-the-night scene, which was more than just strange. It was, as it turned out months later, critical to the unraveling a horrific murder.

"Blood Games," Mr. Bledsoe's story of three N.C. State students who conspired to kill the parents of one of the students, already is in book stores. "Cruel Doubt," Joe McGinniss' account of the same

murder, is on its way. The two books will be reviewed jointly on these pages in coming weeks.

It suggests that a writer in Greensboro and another in Massachusetts should race to the same scene, like a pair of ambulance-chasing lawyers. True crime is a genre many publishers are getting out of. It doesn't take long for the principals of one pick ax murder to sound like those of another, and for both stories to be confused with

Jerry Bledsoe

a poisoning in Pennsylvania, or somewhere, and for all of them eventually to sound like "In Cold Blood" retold too many times.

But turn homicide into patricide or matricide, or family horror in any of its darker forms, and the makings of a book are at hand.

"I was here having my coffee one morning," Jerry Bledsoe says from his home in Greensboro, "and turned to the obit page and here was this little story about three kids from N.C. State who were Dungeons and Dragons players and they were involved in this messy plot to kill the parents of one of the boys. I took off straight for the trial."

Once there, Mr. Bledsoe saw a woman he recognized from a book signing he'd given in Winston-Salem some time earlier. She had introduced herself and seemed interested in getting a book published. Her name, he now realized, was Bonnie von Stein, and it was her husband, Lieth Peter von Stein, who had been murdered while asleep in their home in Washington, N.C., in July 1988. On trial for the murder was Bart Upchurch, who came from a rich and prominent Caswell County family and had become friends with Bonnie von Stein's son, Chris Pritchard.

Through Bart, Chris met Neal Henderson, another student from Caswell County. They hung out together, drank beer together and together they lost themselves in murderous fantasy.

A call from Wade

Joe McGinniss came to this scene by a different route, and one Jerry Bledsoe would like to have taken himself. Mr. McGinniss, author of "Fatal Vision" and "Blind Faith," had got a call one day from Wade Smith, the Raleigh lawyer and defense attorney for Jeffrey MacDonald, the central figure in

A lurid interest in a death in the family

Michael Skube



"Fatal Vision." Mr. Smith said he had a client who might like to talk with him about a book, and would he be interested. Her name was Bonnie von Stein.

The name meant nothing to Joe McGinniss. Wade Smith told him she was "a client who'd just been through some difficult experiences, in the midst of which he'd given her a copy of 'Fatal Vision.' Having read it, she had learned that Wade knew me, and she had asked him to contact me."

Wade Smith — who was not involved in the court trials of the three students — tells this story differently. He says Bonnie von Stein came to him and, knowing he knew Joe McGinniss, asked if he could put her in touch with him. It's a subtle and perhaps small difference. It might also be inconsequential, if interesting, that Robyn Smith, the daughter of Wade Smith and a graduate student at Columbia University, was Mr. McGinniss' research assistant — indeed Mr. McGinniss says her help was such that "in fairness she should almost be deemed a collaborator."

Interesting as these details may or may not be, the crux is this: Bonnie von Stein signed on with Joe McGinniss and not Jerry Bledsoe. And if you can read between lines you know what Mr. McGinniss means to say when he writes in his preface:

"... Bonnie von Stein said she wanted 'one person to share everything I know with, good or bad.' I was that person."

He means this is the authorized version, folks. (Neither Mrs. von Stein nor anyone in her family will profit from his book, Mr. McGinniss says.)

A truer start

Whether it is the more believable version is another matter, and one I can't answer, not having read both. I have read the opening of each, and, to my ear, Mr. Bledsoe's rings a little truer.

But one scene of a man puzzling over a fire in the distance while he's loading his hogs does not a book make. Nor, for that matter, does the name on the cover. Until "Bitter Blood" became a best-seller in paperback, Jerry Bledsoe's was a name known chiefly in North Carolina. After "Blind Faith" and "Fatal Vision," Joe McGinniss' was a name synonymous with blood-splattered walls. "Another murder," he writes, "was the last thing I wanted, but Wade Smith is a persuasive man."

Once he found out Joe McGinniss was working the same territory, Jerry Bledsoe began writing 18 hours a day, seven days a week. "I had this race," he says. "McGinniss got a head start on me. I called Bonnie von Stein back after the trial and she told me she was working with McGinniss. I asked her to work with both of us and see who wrote the better book, but she said she'd signed an exclusive contract."

How could the story be told without the help of Bonnie von Stein, who herself almost died from the attack in her bedroom? "If you can get to the cops and get at least one of the families," Jerry Bledsoe says, "then you've got the possibility of a book." "Blood Games" is the book realized, and a bloody good book it is.

② CONTINUED

Dairy Goats Offer Much For Caswell County Boys

BY: Betty Gentry
Staff Writer

Emery and Bart Upchurch, go to school, play and do all sorts of things that other boys like to do, except that there is one thing that they do that most boys and girls in Caswell County don't do.

They raise goats. And, they are going to show them at the State Fair.

Why in the world would anyone want a goat? In Emery's case, he is allergic to cow's milk, which eliminated dairy products in the grocery store from his diet.

According to Joanne Upchurch, the boys' mother, buying the milk was once a problem, until they started buying the milk from Diane and David Fields who live near Cobb School. Through the Fields, the Upchurch family became interested in dairy goats.

Both boys are quick to tell the reasons that they enjoy having the goats. They are adamant that goats are smarter than cows.

"After the second or third time, the goat knows who will be milked first and line up to come to stand to

get milked. When it is their turn they get on the stand and we lock them into the milking stand, wash the udders and dip the udders in an iodine solution to avoid bacteria," Bart said.

Emery added, "We had to move the lock going into the milking area, because Bandit kept unlocking it."

The boys are eager to explain all the practical reasons for having a goat, in addition to being a source for milk and dairy products such as cheese, yogurt, buttermilk and ice cream.

They explain that the dairy goat requires very little care. The goats eat a dairy ration of alfalfa and the cost of feeding the goats is the amount that the family would normally spend for milk aside from being practical animals, the boys enjoy the goats as pets.

After becoming acquainted with the dairy goats, the boys became involved with a state wide 4-H dairy goat group which meets each month with the N.C. Dairy Goats Breeders Association.

Since there is not a dairy group in Caswell County, the boys have been

traveling to Guilford County for meetings where they learn all about goats and showing goats.

Emery showed his goat, Diva, at the Guilford County Agricultural Fair in September and won first place for the yearling French Alpine class.

Bart will enter Taffeta, a goat owned by the Fields in the show and fitting class at the State Fair. The show and fitting class judges the 4-Her's ability to show and present his or her goat and know about her goat. He will be showing Diva under the produce dam class where the quality of the daughters of a buck is judged.

Emery will show Diva at the State Fair as a yearling milker and will enter another goat in the show and fitting class. Both boys will be showing in the 4-H and Jr. Livestock shows.

The boys are anxious for other boys and girls in Caswell County to take an interest in dairy goats. They would like to see a local 4-H Dairy Goat Chapter organized in the county and feel that other boys and girls would derive the same pleasure from dairy goats.

③ See Pg 18 FEB 1990 Emma Louise U & RPU
JB U, IV 1. b Danville, VA

JAMES BARTLETT U, IV PGI XID- 1179
(AKA III)

(2)
D See Con File - 31 OCT 77 Ltr, Mrs L. W. Priest to RPY
James U U Jr XID-1178 has two children

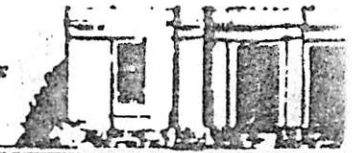
① James Bartlett U III

② Emory.

② See Ltr 11 NOV 1979 Emma Louie U to RPY - "Recent article
[see below and on next page - presumably from The Caswell
Messengers in 1979] about Bart and Emory U, sons of James B. U, Jr.

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Kiddin' Around

Bart Upchurch [left] and Emory Upchurch stand with two of their pet goats. The boys will be showing the goats at the State Fair on Oct. 13-14.

→ JAMES BARTLETT U III

O News & Observer 12 JAN 1990 (FRI) Raleigh, NC

Stepson tells of pact to kill parents

Former NCSU student says friend slew father, injured mother

By MARTHA QUILLIN

Staff writer

ELIZABETH CITY — The stepson of a wealthy Washington, N.C., man testified Thursday that he had promised cars and money to two college friends if they would help him kill his parents so he could inherit part of an estate worth nearly \$2 million.

Christopher Wayne Pritchard told jurors that it was his idea to kill his stepfather, Leith Peter Von Stein, and mother, Bonnie

Lou Bates Von Stein, on July 25, 1988, at their home in Washington, N.C.

But he said it was James Bartlett Upchurch III who fatally stabbed and beat Mr. Von Stein that night and left Mrs. Von Stein seriously wounded. Mr. Pritchard told jurors he was in Raleigh at the time of the attack.

Mr. Upchurch, 21, of Blanch is on trial this week in Pasquotank County Superior Court for first-degree murder in the death of Mr. Von Stein, an executive with National Spinning Co. in Washing-

ton. Mr. Pritchard of Winston-Salem and Gerald Neal Henderson, 22, of Raleigh both previously pleaded guilty to aiding and abetting murder and agreed to testify against Mr. Upchurch.

Mr. Pritchard, 21, said Thursday that he had told Mr. Upchurch "I would give him a car and \$50,000 — a Porsche" if Mr. Upchurch would help him kill his parents. He said he had told Mr. Henderson that "for his involvement, I would give him \$50,000 and a Ferrari."

Mr. Pritchard took the stand on

the sixth day of the trial, in which the state is attempting to show that the three men planned to murder both the Von Steins so that Mr. Pritchard would inherit his share of the couple's estate, worth more than \$2 million. The trial was moved from Beaufort County because of pretrial publicity.

The three friends were students at N.C. State University at the time the plans were made, Mr. Pritchard said.

Mr. Pritchard said the idea first came up as he and several friends were drinking, possibly in his dorm room on campus at NCSU. He said he was not doing well in school at the time and knew his parents were not satisfied with his college performance. The family had discussed his withdrawing from the university, he said.

When asked by District Attorney Mitchell Norton how the topic first came up, Mr. Pritchard said he and his friends were discussing what they would do if they were rich.

"It was noted that my parents were wealthy," Mr. Pritchard said. "I had a car, my sister had a car, there were two or three other cars in the family, we had two houses — excuse me, three houses — and I was getting \$50 a week allowance."

Mr. Pritchard said he mused at the time that "if something happened to my parents," he could set his friends up in the occupations of their choice and they could live together "in a big house in North Raleigh."

"We were just daydreaming."

But later in the summer, he testified, he got heavily involved in drinking and drugs, and began to consider the idea more seriously. Over a meal in a Golden Corral steak house in Raleigh, he said, he asked Mr. Upchurch: "What do you think about patricide?"

"And he said, 'Well, you better not believe in God.'"

He and Mr. Upchurch began planning the killing of Mr. and Mrs. Von Stein around July 20,

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RPA]

1988. Mr. Pritchard said. Originally, they intended to set the family home on fire and try to make it appear that a fuse had exploded causing the blaze. To that end Mr. Pritchard said, he secretly brought Mr. Upchurch to Washington on July 24 and left him at an unoccupied building while he prepared a meal for his parents his sister and a family friend that included hamburgers laced with ground Sominex, an over-the-counter sleeping aid.

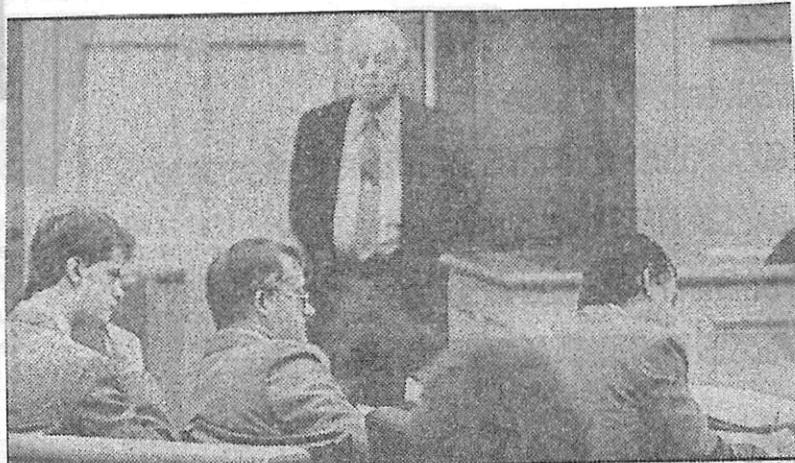
Once the family was asleep, he said, the fire would be started. But he said the two were unable to break the fuse they had intended to place in the fuse box to make it appear that an electrical malfunction had occurred.

So they developed another plan which they carried out a day later, Mr. Pritchard testified. He said the two went to a Raleigh K mart, where Mr. Pritchard bought a hunting knife — spending about half the weekly allowance his parents drafted into his checking account — and recruited the third man, Mr. Henderson, to drive Mr. Upchurch to Washington. Mr. Upchurch was to make it appear that the couple was killed during a burglary at the home, Mr. Pritchard said.

Mr. Pritchard got the news of the attack from his sister, Angel Pritchard, who called him at school around 4:45 a.m. on July 26.

He immediately got a ride to Washington, where he went to see his injured mother in the hospital. At that moment, he said — his voice breaking with the only show of emotion in three hours of testimony — he felt "incredible remorse. I was thoroughly disgusted."

"I thought about the police. I thought about keeping myself away from them. I didn't want to be arrested, thrown in jail. I didn't want my Mom to know what I had done, what I had planned."



The Associated Press

James Bartlett Upchurch III, with hand at chin, in court in Elizabeth City this week during his first-degree murder trial

The Arizona Daily Star MON 9 AUG 1993 Tucson, AZ 23

Prime time listings

	7:00	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30
LOCAL CHANNELS								
4 KVOA	Fresh Prince of Bel-Air Will on "Oprah." (R) (CC) 7606	Blossom Dear Mom. Blossom writes a letter to her mom. (R) 606	Movie ★★: Cruel Doubt (1992, Drama) (Part 2 of 2) Blythe Danner, Ed Asner. Bonnie's teen-age son is tried for his stepfather's murder. (CC) 9151			News (CC) 5656170	(10:35) Tonight Show (CC) 3426083	
6 KUAT	MacNeil/Lehrer Newshour (CC) 91809		Great Performances "Lean by Jarre" Maurice Jarre and the music from David Lean's films. (CC) 27227		Center Stage Singer-songwriter Robert Plant, the former vocalist with Led Zep- pelin, performs tunes from his solo al- bums. (CC) 80793	May to December Simone expresses concern. 45118	Rough Guide (CC) 69118	
9 KGUN	(5:00) NFL Preseason Football: Cleveland Browns at Washington Red- skins. From R.F.K. Stadium. (Live) (CC) 510462		Cardinals Foot- ball Special 8996	Target Training 7101	Prime Suspect Judge's disappear- ance. (R) (CC) 21557	Wheel of Fortune (CC) 41489	News 2797199	(10:35) M*A*S*H Radar is promoted to lieutenant. 7805373
11 KMSB	Movie ★★: Working Girl (1988, Comedy-Drama) Melanie Griffith, Harrison Ford. An ambitious Staten Island secretary moves up the ranks. (CC) 827354					Star Trek: Deep Space Nine Progress. A difficult assignment forces Kira to evaluate her priorities. (R) (CC) 693199		Designing Women Charlene buys haunted house. (CC) 82248
13 KOLD	Evening Shade Evan almost miss- es baby birth. (R) (CC) 7266	Major Dad Gunny is robbed of all possessions. (R) (CC) 5354	Murphy Brown Frank finds a steady girlfriend. (R) (CC) 3606	Big Wave Dave's Pilot. Guys open Hawaii surf shop. (CC) 5441	Northern Exposure Survival of the Species. Ed becomes depressed about the destruction of the environment. (R) (CC) 80731	News 37712	Married... With Children Bud im- presses girl. (CC) 46460	
14 KFAM	Private Secretary 5828	Goldbergs 3996	Mothers-in-Law 1248	Blondie 3083	Homeland Harmo- ny 62847	Joy of Music 65083	Invitation to Life 81460	
18 KITU	Movie ★★: Swiss Family Robinson (1960, Adventure) John Mills, Dorothy McGuire. A shipwrecked family turns a desert island into a paradise. 52151				Hunter Ex Marks the Spot. Don Rickles stars as the owner of dry cleaning stores accused of money laundering. 81967		Arsenio Hall Tennis star Gabriela Sabatini, Funkmaster Flex, Jon Seca- da, Tom Cruise. (CC) 31444	
40 KHRR	Dulce Ilusión 712064		Película Persecución Infernal Erick del Castillo. Un grupo de jóvenes, a quienes se les acaba la gasolina en una calle oscura, presencian un culto satánico donde están sacrificando a un humano. 732828			Noticiero Telemu- ndo-CNN 981267		Película Cristo te Ama (1972, Dra- ma) 123441
52 KTVW	Los Parientes Pobres Intriga y envidia entre dos familias. 26151		Entre la Vida y la Muerte La codicia y la nobleza se balancean entre la vida y la muerte. 42199		Cristina... Edición Especial Tópico: Homofóbicos vs. homosexuales. 22335		Noticias 95354	Noticiero Uni- visión 82642

TV WEEK The Arizona Daily Star 8-14 AUG 1993 Tucson, AZ (24)

Page 12		Sunday prime time						August 8,	
8/8/93	7:00	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30	
LOCAL CHANNELS									
4 KVOA	I Witness Video (CC) 5137		Movie ★★★ Cruel Doubt (1992, Drama) (Part 1 of 2) Blythe Danner, Ed Asner. A woman fears her husband was killed by someone close to her. (CC) 8601			News (CC) 83224	Golden GI Sophia puts everyone to (CC) 92972		
6 KUAT	Nature Marathon Bird. A portrait of the albatross chronicling its species and exploring its habitats. (R) (CC) 19175		Evening at Pops Shirley Horn and Arturo Sandoval. (R) 95595		Masterpiece Theatre "The Ginger Tree" Kentaro arranges for Mary to return to Europe. (R) (CC) 15359		Out of the Past (R) (CC) 1		
9 KGUN	America's Funniest Home Videos Top video. (R) 8798		Movie ★★★ Mississippi Burning (1988, Drama) Gene Hackman, Willem Dafoe. FBI agents search for three missing civil rights activists. (CC) 36693069			(10:12) News 5836392	(10:42) M*A*Hawk's Nig mare. 78354		
11 KMSB	In Living Color Ugly Woman joins En Vogue. (R) (CC) 3866	Roc Roc and Eleanor plan to renew their vows. (R) 2243	Married... With Children Bundys to a wedding. (R) (CC) 2514	Herman's Head Herman stops Heddy's wedding. (R) 1021	Tribeca The Hopeless Romantic. Harry seeks restitution from a mercenary lothario who romanced his lonely sister. (R) (CC) 44885		Designing Women Julia is on sequestered jury. (R) 51088	Untouchables One Way S (R) (CC)	
13 KOLD	Murder, She Wrote The Big Kill. CEO tries to save his company by illegally selling leftover components. (R) (CC) 62205		Movie Nightmare in the Daylight (1992, Suspense) Jaclyn Smith, Christopher Reeve. A lawyer sees a woman he believes to be his missing wife. (CC) 82069			News 60750	Roseanne Conners vis wedding ch (CC) 66798		
14 KFAM	North Phoenix Baptist Church 93175		Old Time Gospel Hour 79595		Over the Hill Gang 99359		Word of God 68392	Ben Haden	
18 KTTU	Movie ★★★ Against All Odds (1984, Drama) Rachel Ward, Jeff Bridges. An unemployed athlete looks for a gangster's runaway lover. 738359				Harry and the Hendersons The Frenchman. (R) 18601		Paid Program 88972	Jimmy Sw 531514	
40 KHRR	Usted Decide 281311		Película 201175			De Gol a Gol	La Entrevista	Película	
52 KTVW	(6:00) Siempre en Domingo 52446		Película El Corrido de los Perez (1992, Aventura) Mario Almada, Fernando Almada. Una película inspirada por una canción con el mismo nombre que cuenta la historia de la familia Pérez. 24663			Titulares Deportivos 95224	Fútbol: Ca la Copa: H 86412		

Page 18		Monday prime time						August 8, 1
8/9/93	7:00	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30
LOCAL CHANNELS								
4 KVOA	Fresh Prince of Bel-Air Will on "Oprah." (R) (CC) 7606		Movie ★★★ Cruel Doubt (1992, Drama) (Part 2 of 2) Blythe Danner, Ed Asner. Bonnie's teen-age son is tried for his stepfather's murder. (CC) 9151			News (CC) 5656170	(10:35) Tony Show (CC) 3426083	
6 KUAT	MacNeil/Lehrer Newshour (CC) 91809		Great Performances "Lean by Jarre" Maurice Jarre and the music from David Lean's films. (R) 27227		Center Stage Singer-songwriter Robert Plant, the former vocalist with Led Zeppelin, performs tunes from his solo albums. (R) 80793		May to December Simone expresses concern. 45118	Rough Guide (CC) 69118
9 KGUN	(5:00) NFL Preseason Football: Cleveland Browns at Washington Redskins. From R.F.K. Stadium. (Live) (CC) 510462		Cardinals Football Special 8996	Media Arts 7101	Prime Suspect Judge's disappearance. (R) (CC) 21557	Wheel of Fortune (CC) 41489	News 2797199	(10:35) M*A*Hawk's Radar is promoted to lieutenant 7805373
11 KMSB	Movie ★★★ Working Girl (1988, Comedy-Drama) Melanie Griffith, Harrison Ford. An ambitious Staten Island secretary moves up the ranks. (CC) 827354				Star Trek: Deep Space Nine Progress. A difficult assignment forces Kira to evaluate her priorities. (R) (CC) 693199		Designing Women Cha Buys a House 82248	
13 KOLD	Evening Shade (R) (CC) 7286	Major Dad Gunny is robbed of all possessions. (R) 5354	Murphy Brown Frank finds a steady girlfriend. (R) (CC) 3606	Big Wave Dave's Guys open Hawaii surf shop. 5441	Northern Exposure Survival of the Species. Ed becomes depressed about the destruction of the environment. (R) (CC) 80731	News 37712	Married... With Children But presses girl. (CC) 46460	
14 KFAM	Private Secretary 5828	Goldbergs 3996	Mothers-In-Law 1248	Blondie 3083	Homeland Harmony 62847	Joy of Music 65083	Invitation to Life 81460	
18 KTTU	Movie ★★★ Swiss Family Robinson (1960, Adventure) John Mills, Dorothy McGuire. A shipwrecked family turns a desert island into a paradise. 52151				Hunter Ex Marks the Spot. Don Rickles stars as the owner of dry cleaning stores accused of money laundering. 81967		Arsenio Hall Tennis star Gabrielle Sabatini, rapper Funkmaster Flex with the Posse. (CC) 31444	
40 KHRR	Dulce Ilusión 712064		Película Persecución Infernal Erick del Castillo. Un grupo de jóvenes, a quienes se les acaba la gasolina en una calle oscura, presencian un culto satánico donde están sacrificando a un humano. 732828			Noticiero Tele-mundo-CNN 981267	Película Cristo Ama (1972) 123441	
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