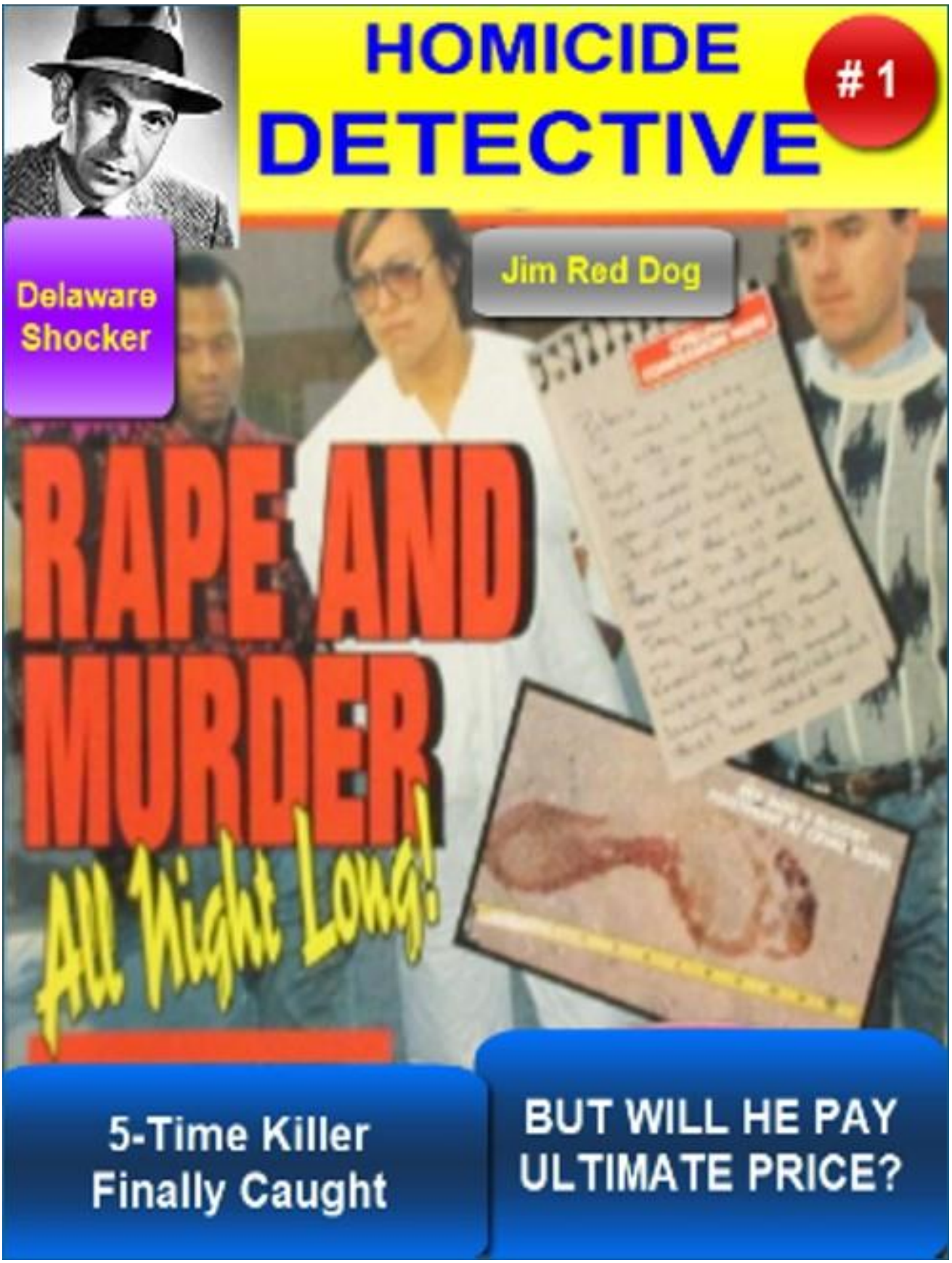

HOMICIDE
DETECTIVE
#1
Delaware
Shocker
Jim Red Dog
RAPE AND
MURDER
All Night Long!
5-Time Killer
Finally Caught
BUT WILL HE PAY
ULTIMATE PRICE?


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HOMICIDE DETECTIVE

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 1, JANUARY 29, 2024

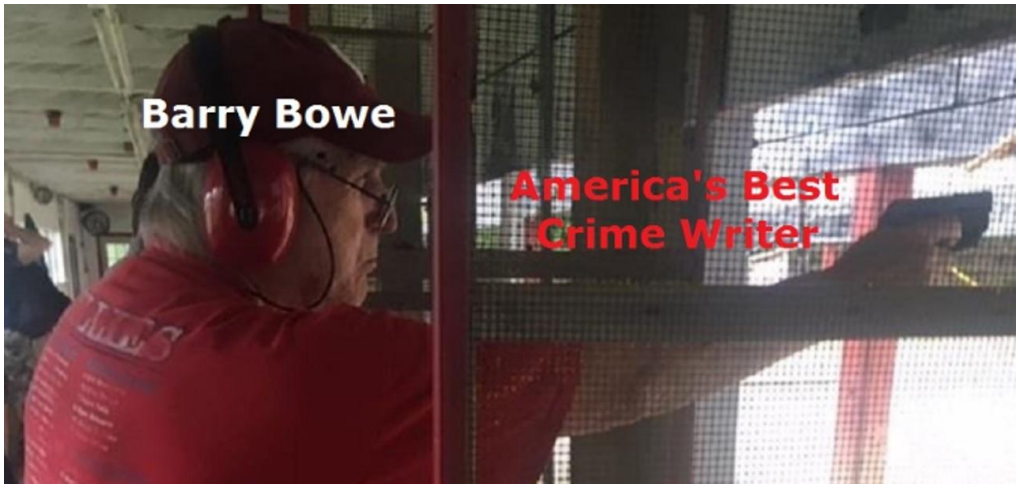
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Editor-in-Chief

BARRY BOWE



RAPE AND MURDER ALL NIGHT LONG!

by Steven Barry

Special Investigator for

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE

Wilmington, Delaware

Sandra Bray's telephone rings at 6:48 on a Sunday morning. The date's February 10, 1991.

"I can't come to work today," the female caller says. "I'm sick and I'm in pain."

Sandra recognizes the voice. It's Ailsa Pennington.



Ailsa Pennington, age 52, is a long-time employee at the Tally Ho motel to the north of Wilmington. And Sandra's husband Robert owns the Tally Ho.

So Ailsa is both an employee and a friend of the family.

"Do you want Robert to come over," Sandra asks.

"No. I'm sick and I can't come to work today."

To Sandra, Ailsa's voice sounds forced.

"Do you need an ambulance?"

"No. I'm sick and I can't come to work today."

Now Sandra knows something's wrong. To begin with, she knows that Ailsa's not scheduled to work today, and she keeps repeating herself.

"Do you want me to call the police?"

"Yes. Thank you very much."

Sandra ends the call, then calls 911. And her call goes to the Delaware State Police dispatcher.

Within minutes two troopers arrive at Ailsa's house in the 300 block of Marsh Road. The neighborhood is called Penny Hill. It's a quiet neighborhood on the northern edge of Wilmington.

Sandra also calls her husband Robert. He goes right over to Ailsa's house, and he's waiting on the front sidewalk when the troopers arrive.

With guns drawn, the troopers knock on the front door.

No answer.

"State troopers," they call out, then knock again. "Open up."

But still no answer.

They try the door, find it unlocked, and enter the home. And since Robert Bray is familiar with the floorplan, he accompanies the troopers inside.

With Robert Bray trailing right behind them, the troopers do a room-by-room search of the first floor. But they find no signs of foul play.

They climb the stairs to the second floor. In one of the bedrooms, they find four lengths of rope tied to the four bedposts. The closet door is open. They look inside and see a pajama top and a rolled-up throw rug on the floor – both are blood-stained.

They go back down to the first floor.

In the kitchen, Robert Bray leads the troopers to a door leading down to the basement. One of the

troopers flicks the light switch, then the three men slowly creak down the old wooden stairway to the basement.

At the bottom of the stairway, they enter a long, narrow laundry area. On top of the washing machine they see a pair of bloodstained rubber gloves, a pair of blood-stained socks, and a roll of duct tape.

They continue cautiously, go around a corner, and enter a workshop. And on the floor beside a workbench, they find a body. But it's not Ailsa's body.

It's the body of a 30-year-old white male wearing only striped pajama bottoms. The victim's lying face down with his head turned to the right. His eyes are open and his lips are parted.



His arms are pulled behind his back and duct tape is wrapped around his wrists.



His ankles are hog-tied with electrical cord. And his throat's been slashed from ear to ear.

Virtually every drop of the victim's blood has seeped out of his body and formed a pool on the floor. Some of the blood is dry, some is darkish-brown and congealing, but most is still a red liquid.

Robert Bray identifies the victim as Hugh Pennington. He's Ailsa's son, shares the home with his mother, and he works at Robert Bray's motel as his night auditor.

Bray describes the victim as well-liked and a good worker. He says he's quiet and friendly. He describes Hugh as a poet and an artist, an

environmentalist and a pacifist, a film connoisseur, and an inventor and electronics wizard. But he adds that Hugh suffers from depression.

"Hugh was a noble person," is how a relative describes him. "He's the only person I can think of who's never hurt anyone, and he has a keen intellect. That workshop was his sanctuary. Everything creative from him came from there. When I think about the fear and pain he must have experienced, it really bothers me a lot. I visualize him in the basement, and I think it must've been cold, and he must've been scared."

He was cold and scared – and he met a horrible death.

The killer made Hugh, clad only in his pajama bottoms, lay on his back on the cold basement floor. The killer then bound Hugh's wrists with duct tape and bound his ankles with electrical wire. Hugh then lay there totally helpless and defenseless as the killer slit Hugh's throat with a knife – almost to the point of decapitation.

The massive wound caused instant death and the blood instantly rushed from Hugh's body and collected in a pool beneath his head.

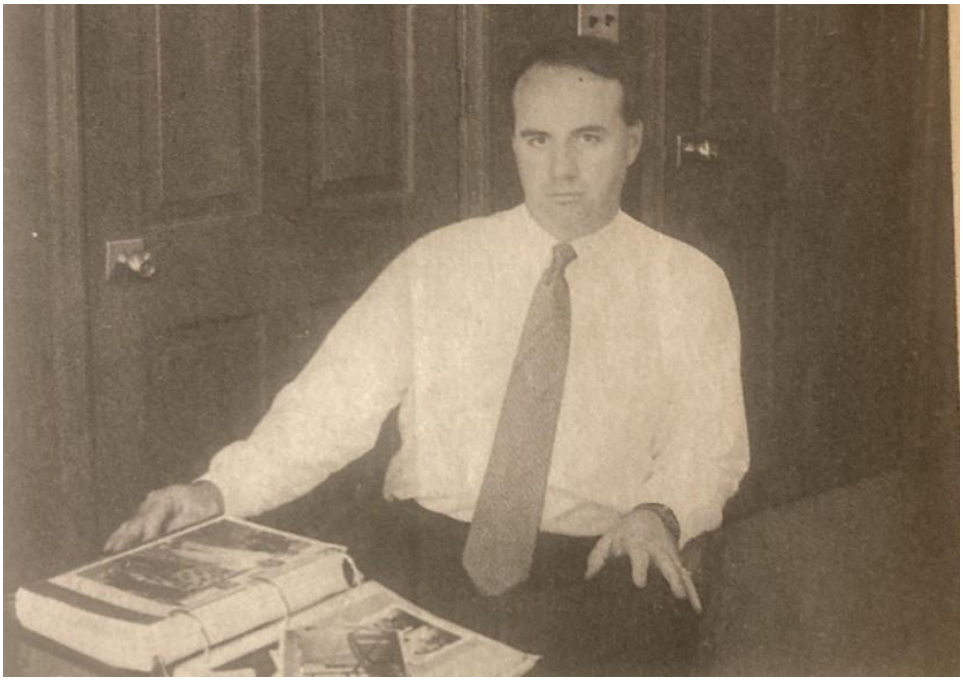
This is a grisly, execution-style murder that's both chillingly callous and cold-blooded.

But why?

—

One of the troopers starts sealing off the crime-scene with yellow tape while the other calls headquarters.

And plainclothes detective Sgt. Mark Daniels soon arrives.



Sgt. Daniels searches the home and concludes that nothing's been taken. So it's not a robbery, drugs don't appear to be involved, and there's no history of domestic violence in the household.

So what's the motive for Hugh Pennington's brutal slaying? And where is Ailsa Pennington? This is her house. Did she call from here? Or did she call from somewhere else? Did something happen to her? Has she, too, been butchered like her son?

—

Sgt. Daniels goes out front and stands on the sidewalk for the next 20 minutes waiting for the search warrant to arrive.

That's when a woman approaches him.

"I'm Ailsa's best friend," she tells the detective, "and I spent last night with her."

"Do tell," he says. "Do you have any idea where she is now?"

"Sort of. It's like this. Ailsa invited me over for dinner last night. So I ate dinner with Ailsa and her son Hugh, then Hugh went to bed around 7:30. Ailsa and I started to watch a movie, but then I remembered that I forgot to turn on the call-

forwarding on my home phone. And since I was expecting a call from my husband, I suggested that we go over to my house to watch the rest of the movie."

"And did you?"

"Yes, we did. And around midnight my husband came home. But he was carrying a whiskey bottle, and he was drunk. He said he had to go back out to help a friend who got his pickup truck stuck in a ditch. And since he was drunk, he asked Ailsa if she'd give him a ride to where his friend was stuck."

"Why didn't he ask you to give him a ride?"

"Ailsa was on her way home, and my husband said he didn't want to inconvenience me."

"I see. And then what happened?"

"Ailsa agreed to give my husband a ride. Then the three of us walked out the front door together. There was a clothesline on the front porch, you know, rolled up. My husband picked it up because he said he needed it to pull his friend's pickup truck out of the ditch."

"And then what happened?"

“I have no idea. That’s the last time I saw my husband, or Ailsa.”

“Is there anything else you can tell me that might help? Anything at all?”

The woman hesitates for several seconds.

“Yes,” she finally says. “I better tell you something … My husband’s a convicted murderer.”

This bit of news hits the detective like a ton of bricks. This woman’s husband is suddenly the murder suspect.

“Do you have any idea where he might be?” he asks her.

“Yesterday he went to Millsboro to sell some jewelry at the Indian museum. He has a lot of friends down there. But he also has friends in New Jersey and Washington D.C. So he could be anywhere.”

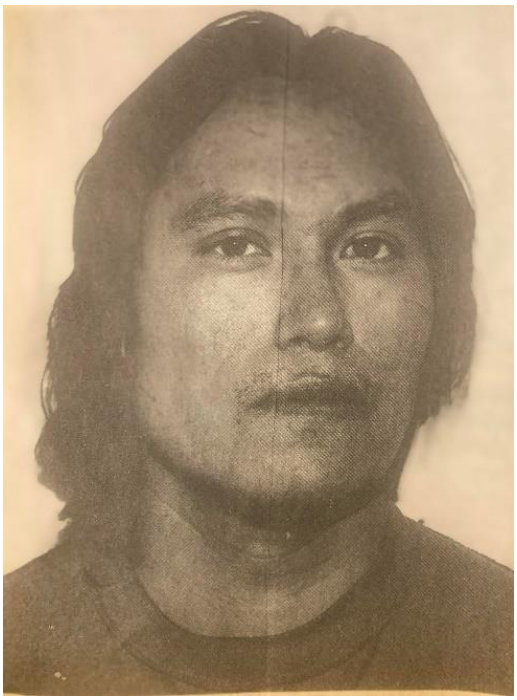
—

This woman’s name is Bonnie Johnson Red Dog.

Her husband is Jim Red Dog.

He’s 37 years old, a full-blooded Sioux Indian, and a member of the Lakota tribe. He’s a ruggedly

handsome man, and a muscular man at 6-3 and 190 pounds. His hair is jet-black, long, and straight.



He drums and performs traditional dances at ceremonies at Indian reservations throughout the Northeast Region.

Friends describe him as a very charismatic person. Someone you can't help but like.

—

Sgt. Daniels accompanies Bonnie to her home to obtain a list of her husband's friends. At the same time he asks if she'd consent to a search of her home.

She agrees.

The detective finds several pairs of rubber gloves similar to the blood-stained pair that was found on the washing machine at the murder scene.

At this point, Sgt. Daniels assigns a trooper to remain with Bonnie while he returns to the scene of the crime.

—

The search warrant arrives at 8:30 a.m. and a retinue of homicide investigators begin going over every inch of Ailsa Pennington's home.

And they're in luck because the killer was sloppy.

Despite having worn rubber gloves, the killer left a bloody fingerprint from the middle finger of his left hand on a piece of cardboard. He left a few strands of long black hair and a pack of cigarettes.



And he also left so many bloody footprints on the basement floor – barefoot footprints – that it looks like he performed a ceremonial dance over the dead body.

—

The medical examiner arrives.

He begins examining the body and sees that the victim's throat has been slashed. He notices a purplish lividity in the victim's arms and hands. He takes a closer look at the victim's hands and notices a fresh blister on the victim's right thumb. He theorizes that, prior to getting his throat slashed, he must have struggled for quite some time trying to free himself from his bindings.

"He was helpless," the medical examiner concludes. "There was no way he could run – or even move. He lost consciousness almost immediately after his throat was cut, and death came quickly."

—

By noon, Sgt. Daniel calls half the names on Jim Red Dog's list of friends, but no one's seen him or knows where he is.

At this point he's starting to believe that Ailsa Pennington probably met the same fate as her son Hugh.

—

Flashback to the Night Before

When Ailsa Pennington leaves with Jim Red Dog, he asks her if he can get some Lithium from her.

Lithium can be used as a mood-stabilizing drug to prevent mood swings and reduce or prevent the severity of depression. And Ailsa's son Hugh takes Lithium to treat his depression.

"You have to ask Hugh," she says.

"I just did. I stopped over your house. Hugh was watching TV, and I asked him. But he said I had to ask you."

So Ailsa drives straight to her house. It's not far.

They both go inside. No one's in the living room and the TV's not playing.

"I need a glass of water," Red Dog says, then walks into the kitchen.

Ailsa sits down on a large living-room chair. She has no idea that her son's lying dead on the

basement floor. She thinks he's upstairs asleep in his bed.

When Red Dog returns to the living room, he's carrying the rope and a bone-handled hunting knife. He walks over to the chair where Ailsa's sitting, and he straddles her before she can react.

"This is it," he tells Ailsa. "You have to do what I want. And no one can help you."

—

Flashback a Few More Hours

Red Dog stops to visit a friend in Millsboro – a town about 75 miles south of Wilmington. They drink beer for a few hours, pick up two women, then go to the Millsboro bowling alley.

Then Red Dog and his buddy go into the men's room and snort cocaine.

Up until then, Red Dog is light-hearted and charming. But the cocaine makes him belligerent. He starts kissing and fondling one of the women. When she resists his advances, he threatens her.

"Do you know what I do?" he asks.

"What's that?"

"Terminator."

"You mean you're an exterminator?"

"No. Terminator. The Enforcer."

"The Enforcer?"

"I hurt people."

But she's not scared, and tells him to fuck off.

So Red Dog storms out of the bowling alley and drives away. He stops at a liquor store, buys a bottle of whiskey, and starts driving back to Wilmington.

—

Back in Ailsa's Living Room.

Red Dog has Ailsa trapped on the chair.

"I want you," he tells her.

"No you don't." She pleads, "Go back home to your wife."

"I can't." And then he starts ranting. "I owe $30,000 to the Mafia. Their hitmen kidnapped Hugh and they're holding him hostage until I pay them the $30,000. And right now the hitmen are on the way here to collect. Once they're paid, they'll release Hugh."

"Is Hugh hurt?"

"Oh, he's hurt," Red Dog says, then starts laughing like a maniac.

The crazy laughter frightens Ailsa. She starts crying and begins struggling to get up.

"He's okay now," Red Dog tells her, trying to calm her down. "He's okay now."

Red Dog's ranting confuses Ailsa, but her son's well-being is all that matters to her. So she agrees to do whatever Red Dog wants.

He then leads her upstairs to her bedroom. He says he wants to make it look good for the hitmen when they arrive. So he's going to tie her to the bed and tell them he raped her.

He starts cutting the rope into strips with the hunting knife. Then he ties one of her hands to a bedpost and starts to take her clothes off. But, suddenly, she doesn't like what's happening and starts putting her clothes back on.

This turns Red Dog's mood nastier. He ties her hands and feet to the bedposts of her double-bed, then rips off all her clothes.

"Now," he says, "I might as well rape you."

And he rapes her repeatedly at knife point.

To Ailsa, the rape seems to last for more than an hour.

When Red Dog finishes, he rolls off her and passes out on the bed next to her.

Two hours pass.

Then Ailsa wakes up in the middle of the night and shakes Red Dog to wake him up.

"I have to go to the bathroom," she tells him.

Red Dog gets out of bed and escorts her to the bathroom.

After she finishes, Red Dog throws her on the bed and sodomizes her.

And by sunrise, he sodomizes her twice more and rapes her once again. And then he orders her to get dressed.

After she finishes dressing, he tells her to call her boss and tell him she won't be coming to work today.

And this is where our story started. This is when Ailsa calls and speaks to Robert's wife Sandra to tell her she won't be coming to work today. And as soon as she hangs up, she and Red Dog leave her home.

Now he tells her that the Mafia hitmen are holding Hugh hostage in Oak Orchard, and they have to drive down to Oak Orchard to save Hugh.

Oak Orchard is a small, seasonal resort-town near Millsboro. The town sits on an inlet of the Atlantic Ocean about 75 miles south of Wilmington. At this time of the year most of the seasonal homes are unoccupied.

Once they arrive in Oak Orchard, Red Dog finds an isolated farmhouse. And it's unoccupied.



He has no trouble breaking and entering. And once inside, he leads Ailsa into a bedroom and rapes her once again.

At this point, Ailsa thinks she might be able to escape, but she's afraid Red Dog might kill her if he catches her trying to escape. So she stays put.

—

James Allen Red Dog was born on the Fort Peck Indian Reservation in Poplar, Montana, on February 1, 1954.



He was raised on the reservation, the second child in an impoverished family with eight sisters and two half-brothers. His parents were good people.

He dropped out of school after the 11th grade to get married. He lied about his age and enlisted in the Marines for a 4-year hitch. It took him three years to reach the rank of corporal, but a series of AWOLs and a fight in the Officers Club at Camp Pendleton resulted in a Dishonorable Discharge.

By then, Red Dog's first wife bore him three children. And also by then, he was an alcoholic, a drug addict, and his troubles with the law were about to begin.

—

Six weeks after being discharged, Jim Red Dog goes hunting with an old friend on the Wolf Point Reservation in Montana. Afterwards, they go to a party, start drinking, and meet another old friend.

The conversation starts with the then-recent killings of two FBI agents at Wounded Knee by members of the American Indian Movement. And then it gets around to the three centuries of the White Man's oppression of their Red Brothers.

Then they go to the home of a woman who calls herself "Bonnie Comes Last" – real name Margaret Lindsey. They keep drinking, then start talking about going over to the Coast To Coast Hardware Store. They're talking about breaking in and stealing some guns. That way they'll have no problem holding off the feds if anything like Wounded Knee ever happens again.

With each beer, their oaths of vengeance and bravado grow more outlandish. But sometime after midnight, they run out of beer. So they decide to go to Bill's Pizza Palace to get more beer.

They don't have any money. So they take a pistol and two rifles with them, and Red Dog drives.

Once there, Red Dog and Steven Lilley, 17, approach the back door of the pizza shop. Ralph Clancy, 25, stays in the car.

The pizza shop just closed, but Red Dog and Lilley can see people inside.

Owner Bill Veseth is sitting at the bar with two waitresses. They're unwinding after a long day of making pizzas, and Bill's talking about retiring soon, selling the shop, and buying a boat.

Red Dog knocks on the door.

The owner hears the knocking, gets up and opens the door.

"We want some beer," Red Dog says.

"Sorry," the owner tells them. "We're closed."

"Come on, man."

"In the first place, you guys look young to me. Do you have any identification."

"No."

The owner tries to close the back door, but Red Dog aims the barrel of the .22-caliber rifle he's carrying at the owner. A scuffle ensues and a shot's fired. The bullet hits the owner in the chest and sends him stumbling backward and tumbling down the basement stairs.

Red Dog storms into the pizza shop and orders the two waitresses to lie on the floor. He points the rifle at Cynthia Thompson, but she brushes the barrel aside.

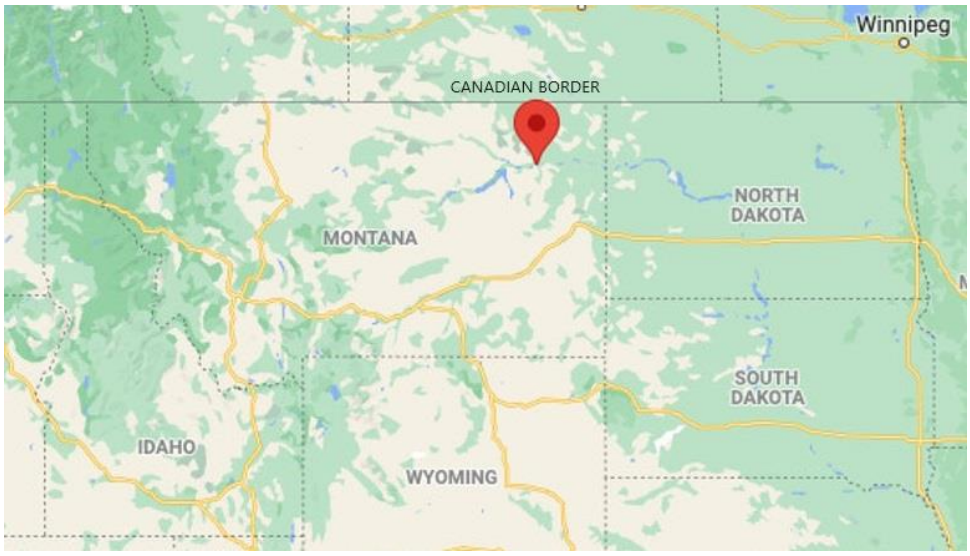
"Look," Red Dog says, "just give us some beer and we'll be out of here."

Nora Walton, the other waitress, walks to the cooler and grabs four 6-packs of beer. Then she hands the 6-packs to the two Indians.

Red Dog empties the cash out of the register, then he and Lilley take the 6-packs and leave the pizza shop. They hurry back to their car, get in, and take off.

To make their getaway, Red Dog drives east on Highway 2. He leaves Wolf Point, then turns onto

Highway 13 and starts heading northward toward Scobey, Montana, and the Canadian border.



Realizing they're in trouble if they get caught, Ralph Clancy decides to get rid of the evidence. So he throws the guns and the beer out of the car while they're driving.

They reach the Canadian border without a problem, but the crossing's closed. So they turn around and head back toward Wolf Point.

But law enforcement's on the lookout for them, and officers capture and arrest all three Indians within 18 hours.

By then the owner of the pizza shop is dead.

Red Dog and Lilley are indicted together – charged with armed robbery, manslaughter, and murder. But they will stand trial separately.

In testifying before a Grand Jury, Red Dog swears that Lilley killed the owner of the pizza shop.

On December 3, 1973, Lilley stands trial. After the judge tosses out the manslaughter charges, the jury finds him guilty of robbery and murder in the first degree. The jury sentences him to life imprisonment for the murder charges, plus an additional 15 years for the robbery.

—

A week later, on December 10th, Jim Red Dog stands trial. He's convicted of armed robbery and manslaughter. But that verdict creates a legal problem. Since the owner was killed during the commission of a robbery, technically, his verdict mandates a murder conviction or an acquittal – but not a manslaughter conviction.

The legal loophole negates the manslaughter conviction and double-jeopardy negates the possibility of re-trying Red Dog for the murder of

owner of the pizza shop. But the robbery conviction stands.

Since Red Dog committed the robbery on an Indian reservation, it's a federal crime and he's sentenced to 15 years in the federal prison in Lompoc, California.



Soon thereafter, his wife divorces him.

—

When Steve Lilley appeals his murder conviction, it's discovered that Jim Red Dog lied to the Grand Jury. Red Dog swore that Steven Lilley killed Bill Veseth – and not him.

The appeals court reverses Lilley's murder conviction and Red Dog is charged with baring false witness.

—

Three years pass.

On August 7, 1977, prison guards are escorting Jim Red Dog and Raymond Tapaha, another American Indian, to an Indian powwow in Santa Barbara, California. They're going to perform ceremonial dances.

But on the way to Santa Barbara, Red Dog and Tapaha escape from the guards – then head toward Los Angeles.

Three nights later, the two escapees go to the Moulin Rouge bar in Hollywood and meet a trio of Indians – Stanley "Thumper" Large, Moses John, and Levi Aragon.

The five Indians shoot pool, drink beer, and become friendly.

At the 2 a.m. closing time, Thumper invites everyone – including two females – to his home on Live Oak Street in Cudahy, on the outskirts of L.A.

The five males travel together in Aragon's new 1977 red Monte Carlo. And the two females travel separately, but they pick up another female on the way there.

Once at Thumper's home, the partying continues with beer-drinking and smoking marijuana laced with angel dust.

Moses John soon passes out on a couch in the living room. The three females leave by 4:30 a.m. And Thumper falls asleep on another living-room couch.

So Levi Aragon leads Red Dog and Tapaha back to his bedroom, and tells them the room's theirs for the night. Then he goes back to the living room and starts watching TV.

Aragon is Thumper's cousin. He's 18 and graduated from high school two months ago in Wyoming. He's staying with his cousin to chase his life-long ambition of becoming a movie star. He drove from Wyoming to California in the new Monte Carlo – a graduation present from his parents.

After watching television for 15 or 20 minutes, he goes to check on his guests. But they're not in his bedroom.

He goes out the back door, which leads to the carport where he parked his Monte Carlo. Next to the carport is a small building that contains a spare bedroom. Aragon checks that room – then wishes he never did.

Raymond Tapaha sticks a knife against Aragon's throat.

"Take your clothes off," Tapaha orders the teenager.

Red Dog sees what's about to go down, so he leaves the room and goes back inside Thumper's apartment.

Tapaha makes the teenager lie face-down on the bed, naked, then rapes him anally.

Afterward, Tapaha leads Aragon, who's still naked, back into the apartment with him. And Red Dog is waiting for him holding a butcher knife.

"Give me your car keys," Red Dog tells the teenager.

"I don't have the keys," the teenager says.

“Where are they?”

“My cousin drove, so he must still have the keys.”

“I’ll ask you one more time,” Red Dog says. “Where are your keys?”

“I don’t know.”

Red Dog walks over to Thumper Large, stabs him in the chest, then drags him off the couch and onto the floor.

“Wait,” Thumper shouts. “Stop.”

“Tie him up,” Red Dog tells Tapaha.

Tapaha cuts up the telephone cord, then hands the cord to the teenager.

“Tie him up,” Tapaha orders the teenager.

But the teenager doesn’t do a good job. So Tapaha grabs the cord and ties Thumper’s hands behind his back.

Red Dog stabs Thumper in the chest four more times. Then he moves over to Moses John, who’s still passed out on the other couch. He stabs Moses John in the chest 17 times. He removes John's wrist watch, then reaches into his pants pocket and steals the dead man’s wallet.

Then he starts searching the apartment for 8-track tapes.

Meanwhile, Tapaha takes the teenager into the middle bedroom. He forces the teenager to engage in another round of anal intercourse, then forces him to perform fellatio on him.

Then he orders the teenager to put his pants back on.

By now, Red Dog finds the keys to the Monte Carlo.

“Take him out to the car,” Red Dog tells Tapaha. “I'm going to make sure they're both dead.”

While Red Dog goes back into the living room, Tapaha takes the teenager out to the Monte Carlo and makes him get into the back seat. And Tapaha gets in back with him.

Red Dog soon joins them in the Monte Carlo, gets behind the wheel, and off they go to Las Vegas.

The drive takes seven hours. During that time, Tapaha keeps forcing the teenager to perform acts of oral and anal sex.

Soon after they arrive in Las Vegas, Red Dog and Tapaha fall asleep in the Monte Carlo. The teenager

hears opportunity knocking, escapes, and goes straight to the police to report everything that happened.

Two days later, police officers spot the stolen Monte Carlo at a gas station outside Las Vegas. They find Red Dog and Tapaha inside the car, and arrest them.

But the State of California, where the two murders were committed, want no parts of Jim Red Dog. He's an escaped federal prisoner and California wants him to remain within the federal domain.

Nine months pass.

On May 5, 1978, Jim Red Dog pleads guilty to two counts of second-degree homicide in exchange for a nine-year sentence. The sentence will run concurrently with the remainder of his prior sentence. So, in essence, he gets no additional time for murdering Stanley Large and Moses John, and for kidnapping the teenager.

—

Back behind bars in California, Red Dog meets his future wife.

Carleen Ann “Bonnie” Johnson, 37, was born in Montana and once worked as a counselor with the Lakota tribe near Poplar.

She moved to Bakersfield ten years ago to become a social worker for the Kerr County Health Department. In that capacity, she spends quite a bit of time counseling inmates in the California prison system.

That’s how she meets Jim Red Dog. They hit it off and soon get married.

—

A year later, prison guards find a shank hidden under the mattress in Red Dog’s cell. So the feds transfer him to Leavenworth Prison in Kansas.



There, he becomes aggressive to prison guards and inmates. And when he gets into a prolonged feud with another inmate, the feds transfer him to Marion Prison in Illinois.



In Marion, he joins two prison gangs – the Mexican Mafia and the Aryan Brotherhood.

And wherever Red Dog goes, his new wife follows. And she smuggles drugs into him during her prison visits in Marion by packaging drugs inside balloons and hiding the balloons inside her bra.

In this fashion, Red Dog becomes the prison pipeline for marijuana, meth, coke, and heroin. He also establishes a gambling ring – and he kills again.

Red Dog's next victim is Joe Ortega. He's an inmate who's known throughout the prison system as a locker thief. He once stole something from Red Dog, and Red Dog swore he'd get even.

They're both members of the Mexican Mafia. Ortega's actions are an embarrassment to the gang and the leaders wish he were dead. So when Red Dog suggests giving Ortega a hot-shot of heroin, the gang leaders are all-in.

On February 22, 1983, Red Dog's wife smuggles 16 ballons filled with marijuana into Marion Prison – plus a 17th balloon. To differentiate the 17th balloon from the others, it's the only lime-green balloon. And that's the balloon that contains the overdose of heroin targeted for Joe Ortega.

"I went ahead and swallowed the marijuana balloons," Red Dog later explains, "and I keistered the other one."

Which means he concealed the lime-green balloon inside his rectum. Then when he gets back in his

cell, he forces himself to regurgitate the 16 marijuana ballons and digs the 17th balloon out of his rectum.

Later, he puts the hot-shot of heroin in a sock and passes the sock to three other members of the Mexican Mafia.

And the next morning, prison guards find Joe Ortega dead in his cell.

Then another year passes.

—

Early the next year, Red Dog finds himself in deep trouble because he can't cover the debts from his gambling racket.

Inmates are threatening to kill him.

So he contacts the FBI and confesses his involvement in the killing of Joe Ortega. He also tells FBI agents that he can supply them with information about prison vice rings – drugs, gambling, and prostitution, He also tells them he can provide intel about the inner sanctum of the American Indian Movement. He tells them he belongs to a secret society of warriors who rob and kill to promote Indian causes.

The FBI strikes a deal with him.

For the next four years Red Dog supplies information to the feds. In addition, he and his wife both testify before a Grand Jury. As his reward, the feds parole him on February 2, 1988.

But he refuses to enter the Witness Protection Program.

So the feds relocate Red Dog and his wife to Delaware. And Red Dog agrees.

Upon their arrival in Delaware, the feds arrange temporary housing for Red Dog and his wife at the Tally Ho motel where Ailsa and Hugh Pennington work.

Bonnie and Ailsa become friends, the families become neighbors, and Hugh and Ailsa Pennington eventually become Jim Red Dog's next victims.

—

Back to the Abandoned Farmhouse

Jim Red Dog keeps telling Ailsa that all he has to do is make a phone call and he can save her brother's life. But there's no phone in the farmhouse. So he waits until nightfall.

Then he tells Ailsa to drive him to a friend's mobile home just outside Oak Orchard so he can use

his friend's phone. By then it's cold outside. The temperature is in the teens and Ailsa has trouble starting her car.

She eventually starts the car and they drive to his friend's trailer.

Ailsa turns off the car engine.

Red Dog tells her not to try anything funny, but he neglects to remove the keys from the ignition. Then he goes inside the trailer and leaves Ailsa outside in the car. Which leaves her with the most-terrifying dilemma of her life.

Should she take a chance and try to escape? Or should she just sit there and wait?

Ailsa struggles with the decision. And every moment she delays, her chances of making a clean getaway grow slimmer and slimmer.

Her heart starts pounding and her throat starts constricting – tighter and tighter. And when the tension reaches the breaking point, she reaches down with her right hand and turns the key in the ignition.

But the engine groans instead of starting.

Ailsa looks over her shoulder toward the front door of the trailer. Did Red Dog hear her trying to start the car? Will he come racing out and hurt her? Will he kill her?

But the trailer door remains closed. So she turns the key once more – and this time the engine roars. She eases the accelerator to start the car inching forward. She glances at the trailer door once more and, to her horror, she sees the door open and Red Dog steps outside.

He sees the car moving and starts racing toward the car waving his arms and yelling as he runs.

Ailsa floors the accelerator and prays.

—

Wilmington

Minutes later, the phone rings at Jim and Bonnie Red Dog's house. With a trooper listening, Bonnie picks up the phone.

"Hi, Babes," a man's voice says.

Bonnie nods at the trooper to indicate it's her husband.

"It's me," Red Dog says. "Are they listening?"

"No," she lies. "Where are you?"

"They probably have it tapped," he says. "Do you know what happened?"

"Yes. Hugh's dead. I just have to ask you. Did you do it?"

"No. But I know who did."

"Who?

"A guy named Bill."

"Who's that?"

"I'm coming home. I'll tell you when I get home."

"Do you know what happened to Ailsa?"

"She's fine, but she's no longer with me."

And the call ends.

Believing that Jim Red Dog's on his way home, several teams of troopers set traps by positioning themselves inside and outside the house.

—

Oak Orchard

Ailsa is speeding down the highway, feeling certain that Red Dog will get another car and try to catch her. So she starts flashing her headlights at every approaching vehicle.

Two miles down the road she comes to a tavern, pulls into the lot, and parks. As she's getting out of

her car, another car screeches to a halt right in front of her. Her heart skips a beat because she thinks it's Red Dog – but it's not.

The driver saw her flashing her headlights and stopped to see if she needed help.

She thanks him, then they go inside the tavern and she calls the state police.

And troopers arrive within minutes.

After speaking with Ailsa, the troopers go outside and look inside her car. They find a rifle and a bone-handled hunting knife, then impound her car.

A helicopter arrives shortly, lands in the field next to the parking lot, then whisks Ailsa off to a hospital in Wilmington.

A trooper rides with her in the chopper and takes a detailed statement.

—

Based on Ailsa's statement, the state police dispatch officers and the Mobile Crime Unit to the Millsboro/Oak Orchard area And they also teletype an APB to every police department along the Eastern Seaboard.

Using helicopters, K-9 units, and every available officer, an air-and-ground search for Jim Red Dog begins in the bitter cold. It lasts all night but fails to find a trace of the 5-time killer.

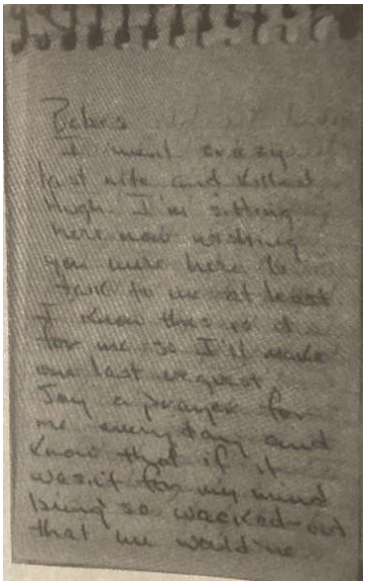
The next morning, the manhunt intensifies with troopers going door-to-door checking on both occupied and unoccupied homes.

Eventually they find the farmhouse where Red Dog spent the night with Ailsa. Inside, they find a black leather jacket and a pair of handwritten notes.

One note is to the homeowners apologizing for breaking into the home. The other is a confession to Bonnie.

> Babes
>
> I went crazy last night and killed Hugh. I'm sitting here now wishing you were here to talk to me at least. I know this is it for me so I'll make one last request. Say a prayer for me every day and know that if it wasn't for my mind being so whacked out that we would've lived the life we dreamed of. I love you my sweet precious lady! I just wish things could've turned out better for us. My

last thoughts will be of you and me. God! I love you so much and I'm sorry for what I've done. Hold me baby always don't let me go never!!



But the manhunt fails to get a sniff of Red Dog.

—

Georgetown, Delaware

Early the next morning a Georgetown resident spots Jim Red Dog getting into a newer-model pickup truck – possibly a Ford. The pickup's a dark color and has a sliding chrome-and-glass rear window.

Georgetown is a small town about 10 miles from the abandoned farmhouse in Oak Orchard and some 85 miles south of Wilmington.

The manhunt shifts toward Georgetown, but hours pass without sighting the fugitive.

—

Around 8 p.m. Jim Red Dog knocks on a friend's door in Oak Orchard.

The friend knows what's going on and refuses to open the door. And when Red Dog takes off running into the woods, his friend calls the cops.

Within 10 minutes troopers and dogs are swarming the area, and helicopters are hovering overhead. But Red Dog vanishes once again.

And nearly 48 hours pass without a sign of the dangerous fugitive.

—

Then a Millsboro resident spots Red Dog in the woods near his home. He phones the police. And once again the manhunt shifts directions, but once again Red Dog gives the posse the slip.

—

Early the next morning, troopers find long dark hairs and a blanket in an abandoned car in Oak Orchard – and the search shifts again.

Red Dog did spend the night in that car – but that was two nights earlier. By now he's 75 miles away, driving the pickup truck he stole the night before, and heading north toward Wilmington.

—

Wilmington

Around 8:30 a.m. Red Dog ditches the stolen pickup truck on the shoulder of I-495 near the 12th Street Exit. This is near the heart of Wilmington, then he continues on foot.

At 8:44 the dispatcher's phone rings at Wilmington Police Department headquarters.

"I know Jim Red Dog," the anonymous caller says, "and I just saw him crossing the Winchester Bridge at Fourth and Chestnut. And he's on foot."

Less than a minute later two Wilmington police officers respond to the Winchester Bridge. They observe a lone figure walking across the midspan of the bridge.



They approach the suspect cautiously, then pull up right alongside him. The suspect appears to be tired, cold, and possibly strung out on drugs.

When they stop the car alongside the suspect, he stops walking.

"What's your name?" one of the officers calls out.

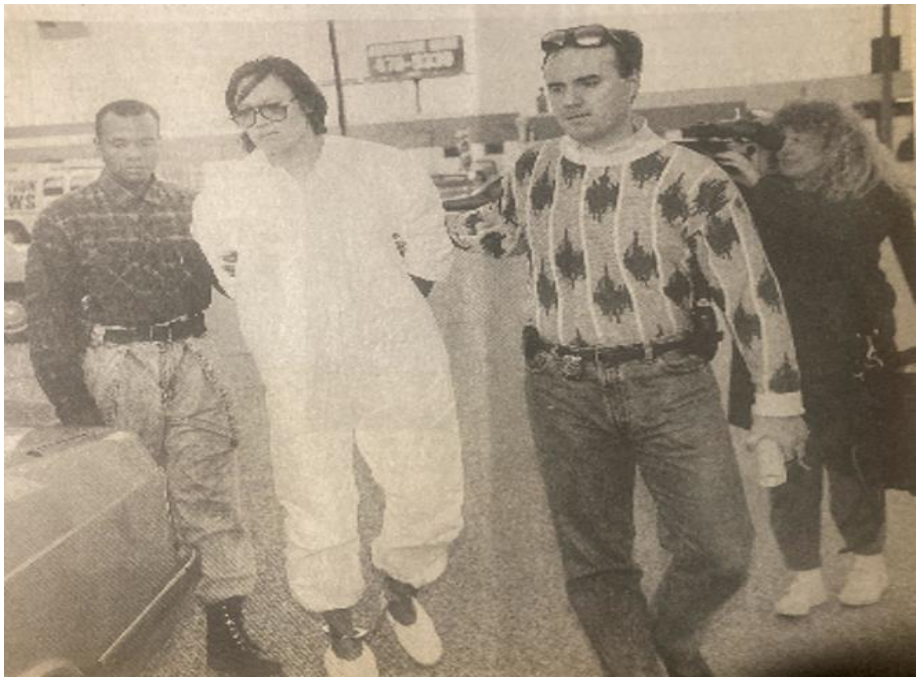
"Jim Red Dog."

The officers arrest Red Dog, then transport him to the Troop 2 state-police headquarters outside Newark.

There, Sgt. Mark Daniels advises him of his rights.

Red Dog refuses legal counsel and says he's willing to speak. But he doesn't say much.

At 5 p.m. Sgt. Daniels and another detective transport Red Dog to Magistrate Court 18 in Wilmington.



He's arraigned two hours later and charged with kidnapping, unlawful sexual intercourse, two counts of possessing a dangerous weapon during the commission of a felony, and murder in the first degree.

The magistrate sets bail at $2.5-million for the sex attacks on Ailsa Pennington, but he denies bail on the murder charges.

Then more than a year passes before Red Dog's trial begins.

—

Jim Red Dog pleads "*Nolo Contendere*" – no contest – to all charges on March 12, 1992.

So with Red Dog's guilt now out of the equation, only one drama remains to be played out – Will Jim Red Dog be sentenced to the Death Penalty?

Co-prosecutors Steven Wood and Peggy Jo Hageman are seeking the Death Penalty

"As soon as Peggy Jo and I learned about his 25-year history of eluding justice," Wood says, "we decided to spare no expense, and to do everything we could to make sure it wouldn't happen again. Red Dog is a brutal, merciless, and remorseless killer. And the evidence suggests he will kill again if we allow him to continue."

And Peggy Jo Hageman doubles down.

"Red Dog never served a day for four killings," Hageman adds, "even though he admitted involvement in all of them. If the justice system had not failed to punish him properly in the past, Hugh Pennington would not have become his fifth victim.

I value human life – yet this man needs to be killed. If he is not executed, he will kill again."

Curiously, in Delaware, before a person can be condemned to death, the state must prove that "aggravating circumstances" exist.

Ironically, as grisly as Hugh Pennington's murder had been, it does not meet the state's requirements of "aggravating circumstances." And it still doesn't meet the requirements even when considering the kidnapping of Ailsa Pennington and the sexual abuse Red Dog inflicted upon her.

Therefore, the prosecution's strategy is to portray the string of violence in Red Dog's past as the aggravating circumstances.

Another eight months pass before the trial begins.

—

The prosecutors present their case on December 3, 1992.

The trial lasts a little longer than two weeks before the moment of truth arrives.

Remember, Jim Red Dog has already copped a plea of guilty to all charges. The only mystery

remaining is if he'll spend the rest of his life in prison – or be put to death.

For the crimes against Ailsa Pennington, the judge sentences Red Dog to four life terms – plus an additional 80 years – plus 6 months of work-release.

"A sentence of death," the judge says about the murder of Hugh Pennington, "is perhaps too kind. But death it shall be."

Deputies lead Jim Red Dog out of courtroom with his hands and feet manacled. As Red Dog begins passing Sgt. Daniels, he stops to give the detective the finger.

"Same to you," the detective replies, then laughs.

A year and three months pass.

—

Time running out for Red Dog

Montana man to die March 3 in Delaware

By MICHAEL W. BABCOCK
Tribune Staff Writer

In 1973 a Wolf Point businessman was murdered in his pizza parlor. In 1991, a Delaware man was murdered in his home.

Now, a Montana man involved in those deaths and three others faces death himself.

James Allen Red Dog is scheduled to be executed March 3 in Delaware.



- "We will be praying to get him ready for the journey to the other side." — John Morsette of Poplar
- Delaware prison officials lead tour of execution trailer. **Stories on 3A**

The 39-year-old Sioux Indian and Poplar native was convicted in December 1991 of binding, gagging and then cutting the throat of a 30-year-old Delaware man. Red Dog also was convicted of repeatedly raping a 52-year-old woman the same night as the murder. For that crime he was sentenced to four life terms and 80 years in prison.

Red Dog plans no appeal, according to his attorney, Edward Pankowski Jr.

"We had an automatic appeal with the Delaware Supreme Court, which was required by state law," Pankowski said. "That appeal was denied and the conviction and sentence upheld."

Pankowski has helped Red Dog prepare his last will and testament. One of his requests is that his body be transported back to Montana.

Red Dog had been involved in four killings before he was sent to Delaware as part of the Federal Witness Protection Program.

Delaware state officials were not aware of Red Dog's criminal history until the Wilmington (Del.) News Journal reported it. Since then U.S. Sen. Joseph Biden has introduced a bill to make the federal government disclose such situations.

Red Dog chose the path of the murderer in Wolf Point Oct. 3, 1973, when he and two companions held up a pizza parlor there and murdered William Veseth, the owner.

Red Dog was convicted of man-

See RED DOG, 3A



GNS Photo

Convicted murderer James Allen Red Dog after a court appearance in Delaware.

When his automatic appeals run out, Jim Red Dog eats a hearty last meal of lobster tail, steamed and fried shrimp, steamed and fried clams, cocktail sauce, rolls, seedless grapes, apple pie, and coffee.



At 9 a.m. on March 3, 1993, outside the 14-by-70-foot execution chamber at Gander Hill Prison in Wilmington, a medicine man prepares the condemned man for death.

He lays a white sheet underneath Jim Red Dog, places a string of beads around his neck, and paints a red stripe on Red Dog's forehead. Then the medicine man performs a prayer ceremony.

Witnesses begin arriving at 9:30 – there are 21 in all, including his wife Bonnie and Sgt. Daniels. The witnesses stand in two rows in an adjacent room on the opposite side of two picture windows.



Inside the execution chamber, Jim Red Dog is strapped to a T-shaped table with his arms extended. He's wearing prison blues, white socks, and no shoes. And intravenous tubes protrude from both arms.

"I remember you," Red Dog says out loud in Sioux dialect. He's addressing his wife. "I remember you. Saying this, I dance toward you. I love you, my wife."

Then, in English, he addresses the witnesses.

“I’d like to thank my family and friends and my lawyer, and all the others who treated me with kindness.” Then he pauses. “And the rest of you can kiss my ass.” And another pause. “I’m going home, Babes.”

“I know,” Bonnie says through the glass. “I know. I love you. I’ll be there soon.”

“I love you, too,” are Jim Red Dog’s last words.

At 10:24 a.m. the warden taps Jim Red Dog’s left shoulder. That’s the signal to release a sequence of sodium pentothal, pancuronium bromide, and potassium chloride into the intravenous tubes.

Jim Red Dog closes his eyes and his chest heaves as he takes a deep breath.

Two minutes later his face turns bright red, then his lips turn blue. And it takes another two minutes for all of the color to drain from his face.

Then the curtains are drawn shut.

“James Allen Red Dog,” the warden announces over the P.A. system, “was pronounced dead at 10:28 p.m.”

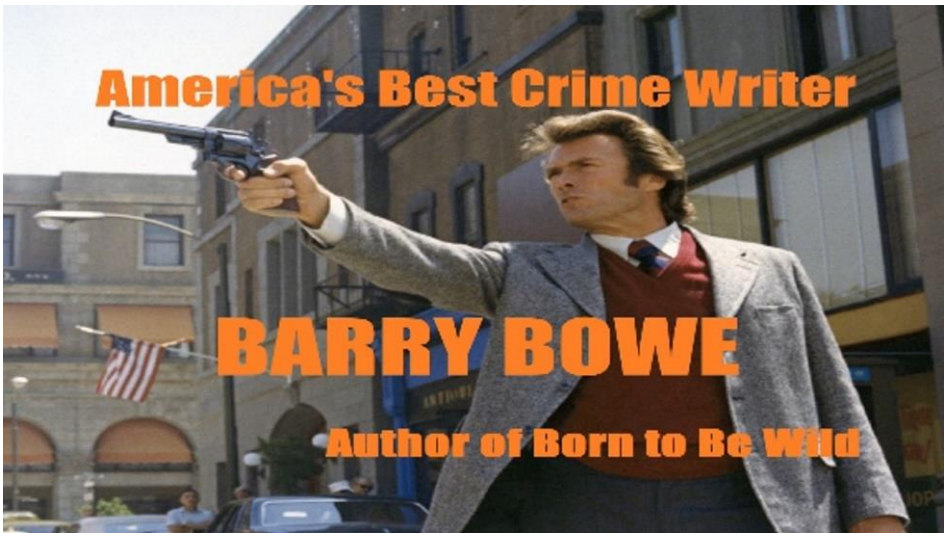
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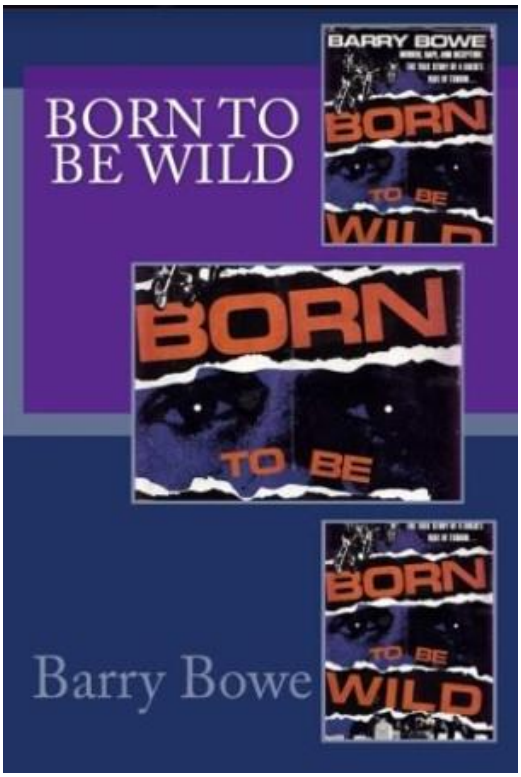
EDITOR'S NOTES

Sandra Bray and Robert Bray are not the real names of the persons so-named in the story. Fictitious names were used because there's no reason to know the names of these innocent people.

Carleen Ann "Bonnie" Johnson Red Dog passes away on August 4, 2002, in San Diego, California, of complications of surgery.

Official Detective *published the original version of this story in its February 1994 edition – using my penname Steven Barry.*





Born to Be Wild is a classic outlaw biker saga – a true-crime published by Warner Books 31 years ago – and still selling.

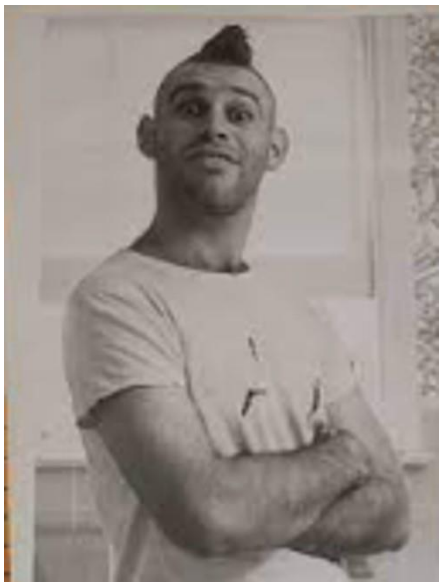

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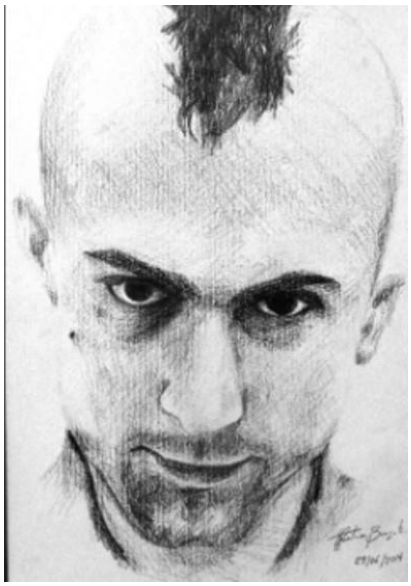

6x
12 FL. OZ.
TECATE
CERVEZA
ORIGINAL
ORIGINAL

YOUR AD COULD GO RIGHT HERE

COMING NEXT WEEK

A FANTASY TO KILL

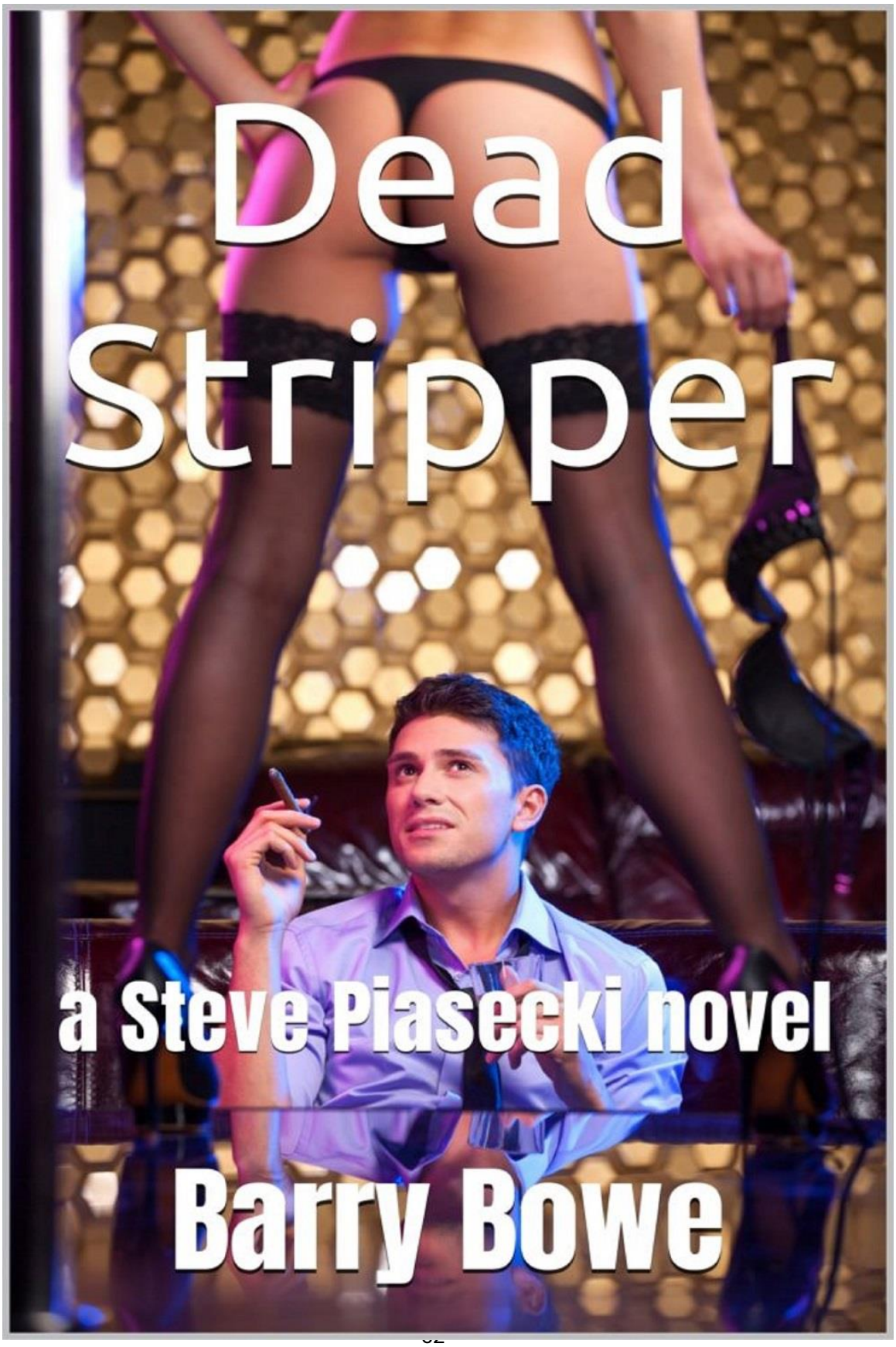


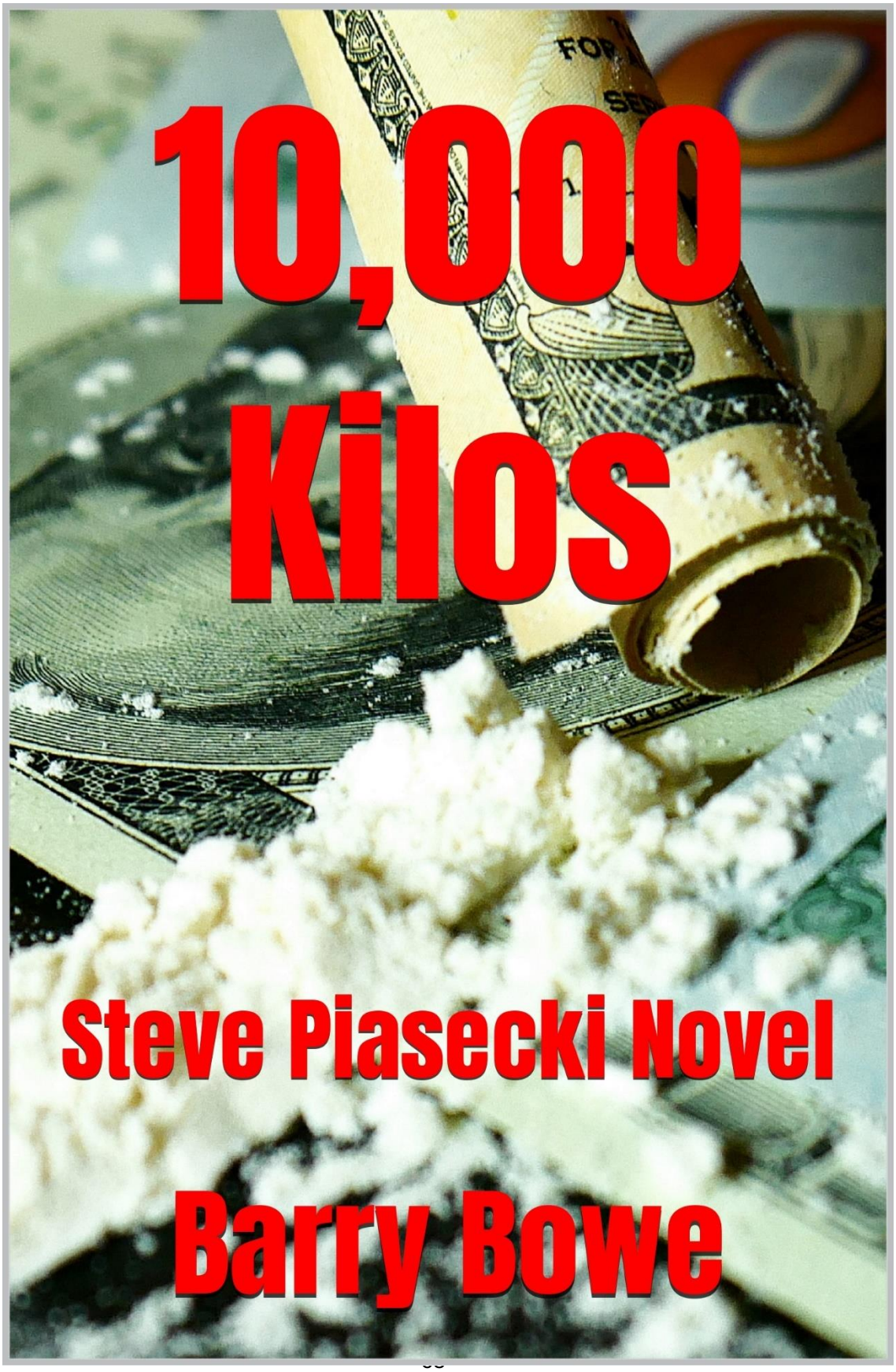


The killer envisions himself as Travis Bickel



YOUR AD COULD GO HERE


Dead
Stripper
a Steve Piasecki novel
Barry Bowe


10,000
Kilos
Steve Piasecki Novel
Barry Bowe

MOVIE OF THE WEEK

