

IDENTITY IN CODE?

Zodiac Killer--Chilling Portrait of Madness

BY DAVE SMITH

Times Staff Writer

Somewhere in the shady hill country around Napa and Vallejo lives an inconspicuous man. He has a fantastic secret, though, and if people only knew . . . Well, then they wouldn't ignore him.

He's fairly bright, but his spelling and grammar indicate a poor education, so he probably doesn't have a very good job.

He's about 6 feet, 35 or perhaps younger, has wavy, light brown hair, and he's fat—well over 200 pounds—so he probably doesn't do too well with girls. In fact, he has unwittingly indicated a sexual inadequacy. But he would never knowingly admit it. He's very guarded about personal matters.

He could be old Mrs. So-and-So's boy, who never says boo and still lives at home. Or that bachelor who keeps to himself and never seems to have any fun. Or that poor guy who works so hard at that lousy job and never complains and never lets on that his marriage is miserable, that his wife is a slut, or a shrew . . .

Oh, and he's an astrology fan. He's adopted a nickname: "The Zodiac." And when the signs are right, he goes out and finds young boys and girls together—who symbolize everything life has denied him.

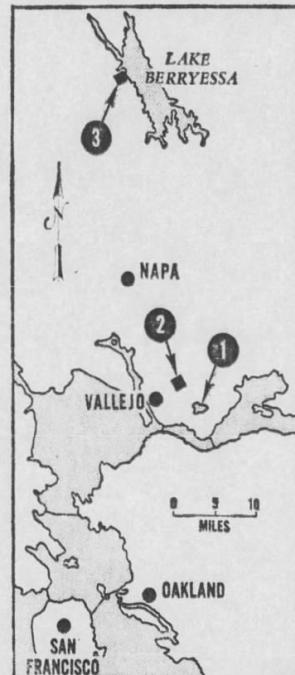
And he kills them.

Five days before last Christmas, David Faraday picked up Betty Lou Jensen to take her to a Christmas concert at her high school.

David was 17, an Eagle Scout who had won the Scouts' God and Country Award, and a popular member of the wrestling team at Vallejo High School. Betty Lou, 16, was a member of Rainbow Girls at Hogan High. It was their first date.

The concert ended well before midnight, and David and Betty Lou drove out to Lake Herman Reservoir, a few miles east of Vallejo, to a spot where the view was nice. The stars were bright and there was a big moon . . .

About 11 p.m., the young couple



WHERE HE STRUCK — Map shows where "The Zodiac" shot or stabbed three young couples between Dec. 20 and Sept. 27. Four of victims died.

Times map by Don Clements

were startled by the thin beam of a pencil flashlight very close by. They hadn't heard a sound. A gun spat, and David fell out the open car door, shot through the head.

Betty Lou scrambled out the other side and raced desperately into the dark, but the needle of light followed her and she was brought down some 30 feet away, five bullets in her back and head.

When a rancher's wife happened upon the two bodies at 11:24 p.m., the car's motor was warm and the heater was running. The killer had vanished.

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