

September 1995

MICHAEL THOMAS ATTWOOLL - A true account of my movements between Thursday 5/6/94 and my subsequent arrest on Monday 9/6/94.

After conveying a Mr Hudson to work at A.A.Electronics, Rogerstone at about 07.55, I returned along the by-pass to Risca to pick up my daughter Vikki at her flat in Channel View. She was to act as an escort on my next contract, to take some deaf children to school in Cwmbran. I picked Vikki up and returned once more along the by-pass to Basseleg to pick up a young boy, the first of four such pick-ups.

The previous day the mother of the boy had asked me to pick him up not later than 08.05 as she was starting a new job and had to leave the house earlier. Unfortunately I did not arrive to collect him until 08.11 and was met by, who I assumed to be, the cleaning lady. As we were 6 minutes late I commented to Vikki that we would have to alter our schedule the next day, Friday, to enable us to collect the boy by 08.05.

We continued the contract and delivered the children to Cwmbran and returned to Risca at about our normal time of between 09.10 and 09.15. After dropping Vikki back at her flat I returned to the taxi office. My next call was to take another contract, Mr Whately? to Pengam. My partner Gerry, had arranged an appointment with our accountant at his Crosskeys office at 10.00 a.m. that morning and we had agreed that I should accompany him to make some enquiries about our V.A.T.payments. I took Mr Whately? to Pengam and on my way back through Wattsville, I called the office on my radio to tell Gerry that I would meet him at the accountant's office at 10.00. He answered and said he was on his way. I arrived only a few minutes before Gerry and saw him pull up in his car as I was talking to the secretary. He came into the office and we both went upstairs to the accountant.

I had never met the man before as Gerry did all the business paperwork, and there had been no need for me to go to the office prior to that Thursday. After being introduced and putting my queries about V.A.T.to him he assured us both that we could stall any payment for maybe a year without incurring any penalty. This was exactly what we wanted to hear as it would allow us to use the V.A.T.money to buy another car. I could have only been in the office for 10-15 minutes and then left, leaving Gerry to discuss other business with the accountant. I was very pleased with the information we had received.

I called the office and continued my work doing taxi runs. Normally Thursday was my night off, but, as one of our drivers, Mike Collier was away at the races I had to cover for him. Because of this, at about 17.00 I went home to have a wash and a quick meal and returned to the office at about 17.45 to enable Gerry to do the same as he was also working that night. The only run that stands out in the early part of the evening was one I did in the black London cab at about 20.30, I took five girls to Newport which required me to use the London cab. They were regular passengers, three that I remember were; Chris Wails, Julie Harris and Helen Loveay. The charge was one pound each way per head. They booked a return for 02.10 Friday morning and paid me the return fare of ten pounds.

At about 23.40 Gerry gave me a call over the radio for a pick-up from 90 Tanybryn going to Wattesville. I did this run and was returning to Risca along the by-pass when Gerry again called to say there was a pick-up from the Risca House Inn going to Crosskeys. This would have been a few minutes before midnight. I made my way to the Risca House.

The fare there was a Margaret Bartlett, a former girlfriend of Gerry's and also a former employee of Western Valley Taxis. She was in the company of a blonde women and two men. Margaret was rather drunk which was not unusual for her. As Christine Rees had replaced her in Gerrys affections, she was, and had been for some time rather angry about this. I suppose, given the nature of the break-up of the affair between Gerry and Margaret due to the advent of Christine it was probably natural for her to feel rather peeved. Whilst I do not remember exactly what Margaret said during the journey to Crosskeys I don't doubt it was on the lines of her usual conversations, abusing Christine and saying how much she still loved Gerry. I gave my normal answers -yes or no- as appropriate. After working from 7.30 that morning I can't say I was in a very talkative mood, feeling very tired and just wanting to get the run over, get back to the office, pay in and get home to bed, especially as I had decided to call for Vikki a little earlier that Friday morning to enable us to be on time for the Cwmbran school contract.

I dropped Margaret and her friends off at Gladstone Street, Crosskeys and as I was facing that way decided to return to Risca down the back road i.e. via Cobden Street and Waunfawr Park Road. The time was about 12.10 a.m.

I called on the radio " 12 (my call sign) empty in Crosskeys, " Gerry answered, " Back to the office, that's the lot, how much fuel did you put in?" He asked this to enable him to calculate my paying in slip to be ready on my return. I told him that I had not put in any fuel that shift. It's about 4-5 minutes drive from Crosskeys to the office so I entered the yard at about 12.15a.m. On passing Howell (Ouchie) Evans unit on the estate on my way in, I saw the door to his unit open and lights on. One of his recovery vehicles was outside but I do not recall seeing anyone. This was not unusual as ' Ouchie' was often in his unit late at night. I entered the taxi office, Gerry was there alone. He gave me my slip and money bag and I paid in. I cannot be exact on the amount, but I believe it to be about forty odd pounds.

After paying in I heard Mike Coughlin call on the radio that he had fuelled up, Gerry told him to return to the office. The large roller door was open and Gerry told him to reverse his blue Sierra that he was driving into the unit, Mike did this and came into the office. Gerry handed him his slip and money bag and Mike knelt down in front of the desk with his back to the door and emptied his takings onto the carpet. We nearly always did this as it was easier to sort out and pick up the coins from the carpet.

Whilst Mike was counting his money Christine came into the office and, walking between Mike and myself went and sat in the chair next to Gerry. I can't remember seeing her do so but I can only assume that she paid in her takings and petrol receipts.

I was joking with Mike Coughlin about the large number of five pence pieces he had in his takings. He told me that he saved them in a bottle at home. Christine leaned across the table to look, and asked him if he was saving them for a 'piss-up'. I asked Chis if she was taking the maroon Sierra that she had been driving home with her as she was working the next morning. It was parked outside along with my white Sierra, Gerry's gold Sierra and the black London cab which I had left out to enable Tony Harbon, the night driver, to pick up the girls from Newport at 02.10.

The time was now close to 12.30a.m., all the cars that were being put away were already in the unit so I went to let down the roller door. It came down with its usual loud bang as I always kept the runners well oiled. Mike Coughlin had finished paying in so we both got ready to leave for the night. I glanced at the clock on the wall and it was just after 12.30a.m. I turned in the office doorway and told Gerry that I would be doing Mr Hudson in the morning. He glanced at the morning sheet and said, "Oh shit, I haven't got him down". Chris then spoke up and said that as she was taking a car home she would do the 07.45 call that was booked from 60 Fernlea to Risca, a Mrs Hoskins. I wished them both goodnight and followed Mike Coughlin to the door of the unit. I noticed that the lights were still on in 'Ouchies' unit. The light was shining through the partition wall. We both got into our cars and I led the way to the gates of the Industrial Estate, I turned right to go home. I didn't notice at the time where Mike went. I passed Waldruns garage and turned left at the roundabout and drove up Mill Street, I did not see anyone walking up or down Mill Street and did not pass any other vehicle. I drove under the bridge and past the Masons Arms. I then turned right into Channel View, drove some 50 yards and parked opposite my daughter's flat. I got out of my car and walked across the road and tapped on the door of number 13 Channel View Court, my daughter answered the door and I told her that I would be calling her a little earlier in the morning, probably 07.15, after checking she was alright I wished her goodnight and walked back to my car.

I drove up the hill to my house and parked outside. The time now must have been close to 12.40a.m. There were no lights on downstairs at my house, but I could see the TV flickering in my bedroom. I opened the door and called up the stairs to my wife, Mary, "Are you OK love?" She called back that she was fine, but could I let the dog out as she wouldn't go out for her. I called the dog and opened the back door to let her out. She didn't want to go but I eventually got her out, I then switched on the kettle to make a cup of coffee. As I was tired I only made half a cup and then called the dog back in. I locked the back door and went into the living room to check the windows and switches, something I always do before I go to bed.

After drinking my coffee I switched off the lights and went upstairs, I went into the spare bedroom to collect my two alarm clocks which I keep there as the irregular ticking annoys Mary. There is a slight difference in the time keeping of the two clocks, but one showed the time as 12.50am, I set both clocks for 06.30, placed them outside my bedroom and went into the bathroom to clean my teeth, I then picked up the two clocks and went into the bedroom. As I entered Mary switched off the TV with the remote control. Placing the clocks down I undressed and got into bed. I believe I made some comment about being 'knackered', gave Mary a quick kiss and went to sleep within seconds.

The next thing I remember was Mary calling me that someone was on the phone. I myself did not hear the phone ring, but I picked up one of my clocks and saw that the time was exactly 02.30, Mary was then calling that there were some girls in Newport who had not been picked up. I jumped out of bed and ran down the stairs, Mary was on her way up and was asking, "How did they get our home number?" I replied "How the hell do I know?" When I picked up the phone, there was a female voice, "Mike, it's Julie and Chris, we're down in Newport, Tony hasn't turned up. We've rung the office, but there's no answer and we're freezing our asses off down here". I replied, OK, I'll be right down". I went back upstairs and started to dress and Mary again asked me "How did they get our number?" I told her I had no idea then dashed down the stairs, out of the house and into my Sierra. I drove straight down to Newport, arriving at about 02.55. There were four girls at the A.B.C. steps and another across the road with a man. They said they needed the black cab as there were five of them, I replied that they would have to squeeze into the Sierra, which they did. The girls were all in good humour and rather tipsy, and after cursing Tony for a while, they explained to me how they had got my home phone number. Apparently they had difficulty with directory enquiries because they didn't know the correct spelling of my name, but, luckily they eventually got my number. By now we were approaching High Cross, which is within range of the taxi office. I called '12 to base', but got no reply. After calling Tony by name a few times I told the girls that he had probably had a puncture or, being Tony had got mixed up with his calls.

I dropped the girls off at their respective homes, the last one being in Ty-lsaf Park Road. The time was now 03.07 and my only thought was to get back to bed as I had to be up again at 06.30. I did not go back to the office simply because if Tony was not there and I couldn't contact him, then I would be obliged to do any runs that were on the 'night sheet'. It was a case that if I did not see the sheet then anything on there was not my problem. I drove straight back to my house, and, after explaining to Mary how the girls had got our home telephone number, I got back into bed and was asleep again in seconds.

I awoke at 06.30, washed, dressed and went downstairs to let the dog out and get some breakfast. At about 07.10 I was passing my window when I saw Tony pulling up in his own blue car. Seeing this I immediately thought that he had had an accident in the red Astra taxi that he drove on the night shift. As he came up the steps I went to the door ready to give him a dressing down for not picking up the girls at 02.10. I asked him what sort of night he'd had. He replied, "I've had a bastard of a night, I've been in the police station till 05.00 this morning". My first thought was that he'd smashed up the red Astra. Then he said, "There's been a shooting down the office, Gerry and Chris have both been shot". To be greeted by this first thing in the morning being already very tired and fuzzy is something I can't really explain. I was shocked and confused, in disbelief I think I asked, "Are they dead?" Tony then started to cry so I took him into the living room and sat him down. He was shaking when he said, "It was terrible, there was blood everywhere". I immediately said, "Right, now you go straight home, I'm going down to the office". I ran upstairs, Mary was sitting up in bed, and saw the look on my face and asked me what was the matter. I simply said, "Gerry and Chris have been shot down in the office". She started to cry, and I said that I was going down to find out what had happened.

I ran back down the stairs and left the house with Tony, I got into my car and Tony got into his. As I got to Vikki's flat I jumped out and ran and knocked at her door, I heard movement inside so I called through the letterbox that there was no work today. I was returning to my car when I saw the top half of John Roden looking around the door. I called back to him "Tell Vikki there's no work today". As I was getting into my car Tony drove past me, he was going in the opposite direction to his home. I drove after him blowing my horn and flashing my lights. He eventually stopped, Tony being Tony it was in the most dangerous spot, under the bridge in Mill Street. I overtook him and stopped, I ran back to him and said, "I told you to go straight home, now do that and leave things to me".

Jumping back into my car I drove straight round to the Birds Industrial Estate. I ignored our usual rule of a one-way system and drove to my office the 'wrong' way. There was a police tape across the road, leaving the car I ducked under the tape and ran toward the office. There was a uniformed officer standing outside the unit. "What's happened?" I shouted, "I can't tell you anything" he replied. "I own the place" I said, "what the hell has happened?" Again he said "I can't tell you anything, but if you go up to the station they might be able to explain".

As I ran back to my car he called to me, "What's your name? I'll radio the station, they'll be expecting you". I drove straight to Risca Police Station and parked in front of the main door. The door was locked so I banged on it and rapped at the window. Getting no answer I ran round the back of the building and found an open door. Going in I saw a man and a woman. I said "My name is Attwooll, Western Valley Taxis, what the hell has happened?". Another man came along the corridor with a folder under his arm, "We can't tell you anything," he said. "What do you mean?" I shouted, "I've been told that my partner and one of my drivers have been shot dead". He then confirmed that this was the case.

"Have their families been told?" I asked, and he replied that this had been taken care of. I felt a slight sense of relief at this, it was not something I would have wanted to do. He looked at me and I suppose that now that it had been officially established my mind just went numb, my brain went into auto-drive and reverted to my work routine. "I've got contracts to do" I said, not realising at the time what a stupid, unfeeling thing to say. "So go and do them" he said "life must go on".

I left the station my mind working on how and where to get a car to assist me on the contract. My first thought was Mike Smith, one of my drivers who had his own car. I drove to his house in Preseli Close, his wife answered the door, I gave her a quick explanation and she called up the stairs to Mike. He came down the stairs putting on his clothes, and I explained that I wanted another driver and car for the contract. He explained what I should have known had I been able to think more clearly, that his car was locked up in the taxi unit along with our other cars. He said he would ring Ray Talbot and ask if he could borrow his car. This he did, and it was that Ray would drive Mike and assist with the contract. I went to Mr Hudson's house in Snowden

Close and was told that he was ill and wouldn't be going to work that day. I then drove to Vikki's flat not knowing if she would be up as I had told her that there was no work. When I got there she answered the door. I didn't say anything to Vikki about Gerry and Chris until we got into the car. Vikki looked totally amazed and then began to cry. I drove to Basseleg and we did the Cwmbran run.

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At Cwmbran school we met up with Ray Talbot and Mike Smith, Mike travelled back to Risca with myself and Vikki. I dropped Mike back at his house in Preseli Close and took Vikki back to my house. Mary was in a very distressed state. David Goodwin and his wife came to the house and Vikki wanted to go back to her flat to tell John what had happened. I told Mary that I wanted to go down to see how Tony was, I was concerned about him and the way he had been earlier that morning. I took Vikki down to her flat in my car and got out to go and meet John. As we reached her front door Mike Coughlin pulled up in his car. He had Mike Smith in the front passenger seat. Mike Smith had already told him what he knew and then Mike Coughlin said "I saw your car going past Vikki's". I replied that I had called in Vikki's on the way home the previous night. He then said, "I thought you were slow going home, I went to get some chips in Risca when we left the office last night but they were closed, so I turned round and followed you, I was a couple of minutes behind you so I was surprised to see you driving up Channel View". He then drove off with Mike Smith. I left Vikki at her flat and drove down to see Tony Harbon.

At the time he was living in Park Homes in the field behind Tanybryn. When I pulled up outside his home Tony's wife came to the door, I asked her how Tony was and she invited me in. She said that the doctor had been and that he was feeling a little better. I sat down next to Tony, and after enquiring how he was, I asked him to tell me what had happened. He said that he had returned to the office just after 01.30 that morning, he saw the cars outside so he knew that Gerry and Chris were still there. He walked into the office and there it was, it was terrible, there was blood everywhere, up the walls and on the floor. Gerry was sitting behind the desk, he was dead. Chis was lying on the floor with blood on and around her. They had both been shot. We both thought that with the amount of blood that Tony described it must have been a shotgun that killed them. We didn't know then that they had also been stabbed or slashed. He didn't tell me where Chris was on the floor and I didn't think to ask.

I can't remember if I had a drink at Tony's, but I do remember that his daughter was there as well as his wife. As I was leaving Tony offered to do an airport return run for me, but I told him he was in no fit state and I would sort it out myself. I never did, it went clean out of my mind. Leaving Tony's home I had to pass within thirty yards of my brother-in-law's house. Vincent Price was a man I thought of virtually as a son. When I met Mary his father had not long died. That was thirty years ago and since then I had looked on him with love and affection, I was best man at his wedding, I had found him jobs over the years, given and lent him money. Any time that he had problems be they marital or otherwise, he came to my house first. He was one of my best friends.

Being as shocked and confused as I was at the time I needed a friend to talk to. As I got to his house in Tanybryn I could see him sitting in his living room. I tapped on the window and he came to the door. He could see the state that I was in so we went into the living room and I sat down. I said, "Gerry and Chris are dead, they've been shot in the office". He then asked me how they had been shot. I told him exactly as Tony had told me, that there was blood

everywhere, up the walls and over the floor. He agreed with me then that it must have been a shotgun. He then left the room and went upstairs. I got up and was going to the front door when the telephone rang. Vincent came down the stairs and answered it. I felt by the way he was talking that it was Mary on the phone, I mouthed the question to him silently but he did not acknowledge me and finished talking and put down the phone. He then confirmed that it had been Mary, I wondered why he had not said so while he was still on the phone, I then said that I would have to go because Mary was very upset and I asked him if he wanted to come up with me, but he declined, saying that he would call up later.

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When I left Vincent I drove straight home via Herbert Avenue and parked outside my home, facing north up Channel View. This is a point worth noting for future reference. When I went into my house David Goodwin was there with his wife. A little later Vikki also came back to the house. Sometime after Vikki arrived two plain-clothes policemen came in a red car. They were D.C. Rees and D.C. Morgan. They asked me if I could give a witness statement, and I assured them I was willing to help them in any way I could. It was decided that I should give a statement to D.C. Rees in the kitchen and that Vikki give a statement to D.C. Morgan in the living room. Mary and David and his wife went upstairs. While I was giving my statement to D.C. Rees we were often interrupted by my phone ringing with worried family and friends checking that I was not a victim of the attack the previous night. We were also interrupted by Vincent Price coming to the house. I answered the door and explained that I was being interviewed by the police, and that Mary was upstairs. He went straight upstairs to see her.

I can't remember if D.C.Morgan and D.C.Rees left the house for a while and then returned, but I do know that they were back in my house before 14.30, I know this because as I was talking to D.C. Rees in the kitchen the phone rang. I answered and was informed that the person on the other end of the phone was a policeman and wished to speak to D.C.Rees. I handed him the phone and he spoke to the caller. When he finished speaking he replaced the phone and said to me, "Mike, I know that you want to help as much as possible, so if you would, do you think you could come down to the taxi office with us?" He could see the look of distaste on my face and said, "I realise that it won't be very pleasant for you, but some of the furniture has been moved and things tipped over, they would like you to show them where everything was when you left the office last night." I replied that if it would help them then I would go to the office. I then asked D.C.Rees the time and he said that it was a little after 14.30, I explained that I had some deaf children to pick up in Cwmbran, and had to be there by 15.15. I then asked him if it would be alright to follow him and his partner down to the office in my Sierra so that I could go straight to Cwmbran from there, he said "I dont see why not, I'll just check with H.Q.".

We were by now standing in my open front doorway and he spoke over a hand-held radio. "Mr Attwooll wants to know if he can follow us down to Western Valley in his own car, apparently he has to be in Cwmbran by 15.15". Mary and David were standing in the living room and heard this call. There was a pause on the radio and then the reply came through, "That's OK, Mr Attwooll can follow you down". I then told Mary I would be going straight over to Cwmbran and I asked David if he would stay with her for a while as she was still upset. The police car that was parked in front of my Sierra was red in colour, I believe that it was a Ford Escort, but, other than the colour I cannot be absolutely sure. As I have previously pointed out my car was facing north. I got into the driving seat of my Sierra and waited until the red police car, occupied by D.C.Rees and D.C. Morgan pulled away. I looked up at my living room window and saw Mary and David watching us leave. I gave them a wave and

drove off following the red car.

We drove through Channel View, along Mill Street, turned right at the roundabout and then left into Bird's Industrial Estate. As we pulled up into the estate there were a large number of uniformed police and quite a few in overalls all around the yard, I presumed they were making an organised search of the yard. The red car was driven directly into the estate and was then parked opposite the gate and next to the fence on the north side of the yard. I drove towards the office and parked in almost the identical spot that I had parked at 07.25 that morning, as near to the police tape as possible.

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D.C.Rees and D.C.Morgan walked across the yard from their car and the three of us ducked under the tape and walked toward the taxi office. I saw even more police officers at the front of the office and several frogmen making a search of the river. The roller door of the unit was down and only the small side door was open. We got to the open door and D.C.Rees called out. A man dressed in white overalls with a hood, white boots and gloves came to the door. He looked rather like a spaceman. D.C.Rees introduced me and said "This is P.C.Cooksey, Scenes of Crime Officer". P.C.Cooksey then handed me a pair of white overshoes, very similar to large socks, then asked me to put them on over my shoes. He said that he didn't want me to contaminate the scene. D.C.Rees then said, "I can't come in with you Mike", so I followed P.C.Cooksey into the unit, leaving D.C.Morgan and D.C.Rees outside.

As P.C.Cooksey and I reached the door of the office, he said to me, "Some of the furniture has been moved and a few items have been disturbed. What I'd like you to do if you are able, is to tell me where you think things should be". I just nodded and he indicated for me to go in. As I entered there were two people already in there, one was kneeling in the corner behind the desk with his back to me, he was dressed in white overalls and gloves. Standing behind the desk close to him was a woman also dressed as a spaceman, I saw blood on the walls so I looked down, only to find blood also on the floor. She smiled at me and my first thought was, "You callous cow, how can you stand there smiling amongst all this?" I realise now that she was of course only smiling to reassure me.

P.C.Cooksey came into the room and stood on my right, we were some four or five feet inside the office. I felt sick so I asked if I could go back out for a minute or two, P.C.Cooksey said that this was alright and I went outside the office and stood by the open door of the unit. I took my tobacco tin out of my pocket and placed it on the low brick wall just inside the door. I took a few deep breaths of air, and looking out through the door I saw D.C.Rees and D.C.Morgan standing together on the other side of the roadway watching the frogmen working in the river.

D.C.Rees turned and saw me, he must have seen how upset I looked because he too smiled and winked at me reassuringly, I rolled a cigarette and stood by the doorway smoking and trying to get myself together. I can only guess at how long I stood there, but it must have been about five minutes. When I finished my cigarette I took a few more deep breaths and went back into the office.

P.C.Cooksey was not in there, but in a few moments he came back in. He said, "Now Mike, as

you can see, the desk seems to be out of line, could you show me where it's supposed to be?" I stepped around the end of the desk and indicated with both hands where it should have been. "These folders," he said, "where are they kept?" I pointed to a corner. "And this chair?" I again pointed out where it should have been. I did the same with several other items. After some five or six minutes he then asked where the taxi booking sheets were kept. I told him they were in the metal filing cabinet against the back wall. He asked which drawer so I stepped forward and pointed, my hand was within inches of the drawer. As I was indicating which drawer I looked down and realised that I was standing on a large stain of blood.

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In the middle of this dark patch, but nowhere near covering it all, was what I can only describe as a brown paper hand towel placed on the floor. This piece of paper had on it the perfect print of a boot outlined in blood. I remember very clearly that it was not the print left by pressure, but a perfect stamp effect. This boot print almost covered the paper which gives some indication as to the size of the paper. As I gazed at this boot print I felt as if everything stood still, then, realising what it was, I jumped back.

I went round to the front of the desk, and while leaning on it to steady myself I pointed out several folders to P.C.Cooksey who had opened the drawer of the filing cabinet. He took them out and came round to the front of the desk to join me. He opened them out and I identified the different sheets. One example was that I noticed that Gerry had only booked me in as taking 5 pounds on the black cab run to Newport when I had collected 10 pounds off the girls. I pointed this out to P.C.Cooksey and the woman I know now to be Claire Galbraith. He then pointed to three small bank bags containing money on the top of the desk and I confirmed that they were the ones which the drivers and myself had paid in the previous night.

P.C.Cooksey and myself then left the office, he was carrying several folders. We went further into the unit and he placed the folders on the bonnet of one of the parked cars. D.C.Rees was standing outside the open doorway of the unit. P.C.Cooksey called him in and when he reached us P.C.Cooksey asked me what the numbers opposite the fares on the sheets were. I explained they were the different call-sign numbers for each of the drivers. P.C.Cooksey then produced a large brown paper bag and placed the folders in it.

He then gave the bag to D.C.Rees who then left the unit, thanking me as he was leaving. P.C.Cooksey also thanked me and then went back into the office, I walked to the unit door and I leaned against the wall with one hand and pulled off one of the overshoes. I dropped it on the floor by the doorway and started to take off the other one. I was leaning on the wall with my right hand and removing the overshoes with my left. To my horror I discovered that I had some blood on my left hand. I quickly dropped the overshoe and stepped out of the unit.

The sun was shining very brightly, and after coming out of the darkened unit I was temporarily dazzled, I walked towards my car, ducked under the police tape and got into the driving seat. I felt totally exhausted and I know my hands were shaking, the shock of going into the office was

starting to tell on me. I don't believe I had started my car when D.C.Rees appeared at the side window, "Mike," he said, "I wonder if you could do me another favour and give me a list of the drivers working for you, and their car numbers?" I said that I would do so and he asked if I would go across to his red car. I got out of my vehicle and followed him across to the police car. He still had the brown paper bag under his arm and when we reached his car he placed it on the bonnet. Realising that I was a little unsteady he opened the front passenger door for me to sit down, which I did with my feet resting on the ground outside.

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D.C.Morgan was standing by the driver's door on the far side of the car. I had difficulty thinking but I managed to give D.C.Rees a list of the drivers which he wrote in a book while standing by the car. When I had given him all the drivers I could think of he again thanked me and I made my way back to my car. I got into my car and reversed a few yards to enable me to turn. Just then my way was blocked by a number of police officers dragging one of the mobile units across the yard, I had to wait a few moments for the way to clear.

There was no sign of the red car so I can only assume that D.C. Morgan and D.C.Rees had already left the Industrial Estate. I drove to the gateway and again my way was blocked, this time it was Vincent Price. He stood in my path and was waving to me, I stopped the car and he came round to the passenger side. I asked him where he was going and he told me he was on his way to pick up his son from school. I told him that I had to go to Cwmbran but that as it was on my way I would drop him off. This I did, I do not remember any particular conversation between us, but can only assume that there was some mention of the killings. He was not in the car for more than a few minutes and after dropping him off I drove to Preseli Close to pick up Mike Smith who was going to act as 'escort' on the school contract.

I had already arranged with Vikki earlier that morning that she would get her friend to take her over to Cwmbran in the other vehicle on the contract. When we arrived at Cwmbran there was no sign of Vikki or her friend. When the teacher came with the five children I explained the situation to him and he told me to take only the three youngest children and that he would arrange with the parents for the other two to be picked up. I asked Mike Smith to drive back as I was feeling very shaken after my experience at the office that afternoon. He did this and, after delivering the children I left Mike at his house in Preseli Close and returned home.

When I returned home David Goodwin was still there with Mary. I think he left at around 5 o'clock. Mary still looked pale and shocked. Later that evening the phone rang, it was Eddy McDonald, one of my part-time drivers, ringing to see how I was. After putting down the phone I suddenly realised that I hadn't given Eddy's name and 'call-sign' number to D.C.Rees on the list he had taken. I mentioned this to Mary but as it was quite late in the evening and I didn't want to leave her alone I told her that I would go to see D.C.Rees the following morning.

That night neither I or Mary had much sleep although we were both mentally and emotionally exhausted. I eventually got up at about seven o'clock, went downstairs and let the dog out. I wandered aimlessly around the house for about three quarters of an hour and went and got into my car. For the past two years I had left my house every Saturday morning at 07.30. I just did basically the same thing. I drove to Risca and called into Waldrun's garage as I always did. I put in fuel, I think 15 pounds worth and intended going to the paper shop next door to pick up my 'Sporting Life'. After paying for my petrol I walked back to my car, I just didn't feel like collecting my paper. I was lost, my normal routine was gone, I was just like a fish out of water.

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I went back into the petrol office and collected a 'wash and wax' token, then went and washed the outside of my car. The time now was about 08.15, it was a little early to go to the police station so I left the garage and went up to 24 Channel View to visit my Mother and Auntie. I parked in the lane behind their house. I visited for a while then thought it time I went to the police station. As I went down to my car Mike Smith came towards me. He had been to Vikki's flat and had seen my car go past. I gave him a lift back to his house in Preseli Close. I dropped him off, and I then called in to see another of my drivers, Mike Williams, who lives three doors from Mike Smith.

I told him and his wife Linda all I knew to date about Gerry and Chris in the office. I left the Williams' house and drove down to Risca to go to the police station. As I was driving down Brookland Road I saw Vincent Price walking towards me, I stopped the car and asked him where he was going and did he want a lift. He told me he was going up to see Mary and that he didn't need a lift. I said that I was on my way to the police station and that I wouldn't be long, and that I would probably see him back at the house.

There was no available parking at the front of the station so I went round the park and down Station Road and parked behind the police station. I went to the front door and asked to see D.C.Rees, I was led through a room at the back and offered a seat. An officer said that he -D.C.Rees- would not be long. I sat there for over an hour, then another officer came in and took details from me. I explained my reason for coming to the station.

Some time later a man came and asked me to move to a room at the front of the station, near the front door. I sat in the room with a uniformed officer for some time with the door closed, then the door was opened and left open. A minute or so later Howell Evans -known as Ouchie- came past the door with a policeman, we looked at each other, I nodded to him and he was taken into the back room. The door to my room was then closed, I thought no more of it at the time. It was to prove of some significance at a later date.

I was kept waiting for some considerable time and was told that the 'boss' wanted to have a

word with me and would be down soon. Sometime later two officers came into the room, they were D.I.Norman and D.S.Price. They went over the witness statement I had given D.C.Rees. D.I.Norman mainly kept staring at my hands. At the end of the interview D.I.Norman asked me if I had my car with me. I said that I did and told him where it was parked. He asked me if I would leave it with him as they wanted to give it a routine check and wouldn't keep it long. I gave him the keys and was given a lift home by two plainclothed officers. When we reached my house they asked me if they could have the clothes I was wearing.

I told them there was no problem with that and they came into the house with me. I went upstairs and took off my jeans and shirt and changed my shoes. They then put the items of clothing into brown paper bags and left.

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Mary was not at home so I went to 24 Channel View, she was there with my Mother. Shortly afterwards Mary and I returned home where we were visited by Mary's friend, Kath Griffiths. Naturally there was a very sombre atmosphere in the house, but eventually the conversation got round to Mary's recollection of the events of Thursday night to Friday morning. Mary explained which TV programme she had been watching when I came into the house from work early Friday morning. She then went the paper rack and found Thursdays paper. "There," she said, "the programme I was watching finished at 12.55am and I switched it off before the end, I remember the the last thing I saw was a man with a champagne glass, then I switched it off when you came into the bedroom with the clocks, you must have been asleep by 12.55am".

The conversation turned then to different accounts of newspaper reporters askingn around, calling at peoples homes and hanging around the police station. Mary said she could not face talking to the press and hoped that they didn't come to our house. After Kath left Mary and I went to bed. Again we did not get much sleep, Mary was still extremely upset.

When we got up on Sunday morning Mary seemed even more nervous at the thought of facing any reporters, I suggested that she should get away for a few days,so I phoned my son Shane in London. He agreed that it would be better for Mary to go to London and get away from things for a while. I then telephoned British Rail to check on the times of the trains to London, I also phoned my sister-in-law Jayne Price and she agreed to take both Mary and me to Newport railway station. I belive the train was due at 11.15am but was a few minutes late. We saw Mary on to the train then Jayne drove me back to her house in Herbert Avenue, I had a cup of tea and stayed for a while.

I needed my Sierra from the police to use on the school contract the following morning, but did not want to go to the police station myself. With the reports of the press being there and, after spending some 8 - 9 hours there on Saturday I did not relish the thought of another prolonged 'visit'. I thought that if I gave a note to Mike Smith, giving him permission to pick up my car it would be alright. I did not want to go back to my house so I decided to walk down to Grove Road and visit Kath and David Griffiths. I called at Vikki's flat on my way down and asked her to get her

friend Kerry to pick me up later at 36 Grove Road and give me a lift up to Mike's house to deliver the note.

Later that afternoon Vikki and her friend arrived at Grove Road and we drove to Preseli Close. I stayed in the car and Kath Smith came down and said that Mike was not there, but would be back soon. She asked why the police had taken my Sierra and I told her it was just routine, to check it for blood and other forensic tests, and that they would probably do it with all the other cars belonging to Western Valley taxis. I did not mention that as Gerry and Chris had both driven my car on a number of occasions, besides being passengers regularly, I hoped that they had not scratched themselves or anything like that, as I did not want the police to get the wrong idea.

Mike Smith then arrived and I gave him the note for the police. We then left and I was dropped back at Grove Road. I had something to eat, and later rang Mike Smith to see if he had picked up my car. He told me that the police would not release my car so I thanked him and hung up. I left Grove Road at 22.00 and walked back to my house. I went to bed at about 23.00 but again could not sleep very well, although by now I was totally exhausted. I got up at about 07.00 on Monday morning and just wandered about the house, without my car there was nothing I could do. Later I went up to my shed for want of something to do, and while in the shed I remembered a crossbow that I had bought a year or so before, I thought that if the police came to search my house for whatever reason, it would be better if the crossbow was not there.

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I didn't want them to get the wrong impression of me as some sort of weapon fanatic so I decided to take it down to my aunts house at 24 Channel View, I put it in a sack and left my house. On arrival at my Aunts house I asked if it would be alright to leave it there and was told to put it in the shed. I had only been there for a few minutes when I saw several plain-clothes men come through the front gate. I guessed that they were police and thought that they wanted to talk to me. My Mother let them in the house, they came straight to me and said that they were arresting me on suspicion of murder. I was handcuffed, taken to a waiting car and driven to Newport police station.

As we drove into the back of the police station I saw one of Howell Evans' breakdown trucks parked at the rear of the station. I was taken inside and placed in a cell. After being photographed and fingerprinted I had to remove all my clothes and was given a white paper overall to wear which was a few sizes too small. Sitting or lying down was extremely uncomfortable, I was also given a pair of sponge slippers.

Before my interview with D.I.Norman and D.S.Price I had a few words with my solicitor and I assured him that I was totally innocent of the charges. It wasn't until after several interviews had taken place that he told me that he was not a criminal solicitor but would hand me over to one of his partners in his firm, a Mr Mark Powell. The transcripts of my interviews with the police are available but there are a few points that I would like to mention.

With reference to the conversation Vincent Price stated took place on Friday 6th May at approximately 09.40, the police claimed that someone else had overheard this conversation. As subsequent statements show, this was a lie. This lie by the police was never brought to the attention of the jury, as they were only allowed to view a very edited version of my interviews.

The police were also most emphatic as to the time i.e. 12.30am that the two girls supposedly saw me driving my Sierra under the bridge at Mill Street going towards the taxi office. Again, evidence given by the girls in court puts the time of my alleged sighting at 12.30 or at the latest 12.32am. Another witness Mike Goughlin, confirms, as I had stated, that I was still in the taxi office at that time.

The time of 12.40 quoted by the police seems to fit in extremely well with the statement of a boy sitting on a seat opposite the Myrtle Inn who states that he heard a loud bang at 12.41am. This boy was never called by the prosecution or the defence. No-one has yet attempted to explain that, had I driven my car (white Sierra) down Mill Street past these girls, how I could possibly drive past this boy, at a distance of some five feet, without him seeing me.

The times that were on the till roll at Waldrun's Garage were quoted to me by the police. They emphasised that after they had checked the timing of the till roll it was slow by four minutes e.g. Howell Evans fuelled his car at 12.23. Police state that this must have been 12.27. Chris fuelled her car at 12.24. Police state that this was 12.28. They stated this to imply that Chris could not have been in the taxi office, as I had stated before 12.30am. It was at least a month before an expert was called in to check the till roll timing, he found that there was not a four minute difference in the timing. Hence, Howell Evans did fuel up at 12.23am and Chris straight after him at 12.24, giving her more than ample time to be in the office before 12.30am.

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As for Howell Evans' three statements, his idea of time is very erratic, being some thirty minutes out on his first statement, then correcting it in his second statement to the approximate times that fit the police version of events. An example of his judgement of time is that he stated that it usually, took him 12-16 minutes to drive from the Birds Industrial Estate to Crosskeys, a distance of some two miles. This is a five minute drive for the average driver. He also stated that he arrived home at 01.19, but in court accepts that he did a few things around the house before noticing the clock at 01.19. It was claimed by the police on a taped interview with me that 'Ouchie' was terrified and fled from his unit in great haste. 'Ouchie's' evidence in court puts this as somewhat of an exaggeration on the part of the police.

I will go into more detail on the timings and actions of witnesses a little later.

In the early part of my taped interview it was accepted by the police that my initial reason for going to Risca police station on the morning of Saturday 7th May 1994 was to see D.C. Rees to give him the name and the call sign of Eddy MacDonald, to add to the list that I had given him the previous day, a list he later declares on oath in the witness box, that he did not take from me.

During my three nights in Newport police station, due to the small overalls, my only clothing, sleep was very disturbed. I was also not allowed to smoke in the cell and facilities for washing were minimal. If these points are coupled with the long hours I had worked over the previous week or so and the lack of sleep and the trauma of the three days before my arrest, allowance should be made for any slight discrepancies in my taped interview, any discrepancies in my interview were corrected in the following months to my solicitor.

After being charged with double murder I was taken to Tredegar Magistrates Court and remanded in custody to Cardiff Prison. I arrived in Cardiff Prison on Thursday 12th May and was placed in the hospital wing, this being the usual procedure with category 'A' prisoners.

After the days spent in the cells at Newport police station Cardiff prison was a relief. Even though it was offered to me I needed no medication to help me sleep, in fact, for the first few days I did little else but eat and sleep. Naturally the inmates at the hospital came to hear of the charges against me, and I was often asked what the police had in evidence against me. In answer I always protested my innocence to both inmates and staff. I did on occasion mention some of the claims that the police had made against me but never went into detail with anyone. In saying that, there wasn't a great deal about the 'evidence' that I knew at the time. The only information I had was that given to me by the police in my taped interview, I could only repeat to anyone things that the police had told me.

I remained in the Hospital Wing until 15.15 on Saturday 21st May. Until this time I never entered the main prison wing 'A'. These times and dates will become rather significant in connection with the testimony of David Eaves. Because it was a Saturday there was no evening association for prisoners on 'A' wing. This rule also applies to Sundays. The first evening association I would have been able to meet other inmates was on Monday 23rd May.

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My cell no.21 on no.2 landing was near the wing television and had a pool table right outside my door. I mention this again in connection with the statement of David Eaves. By standing in my cell doorway I could watch both the television and/or inmates playing pool. I do not play pool very well so was not interested in playing but preferred to watch the others.

It was possibly the evening of Monday 23rd May or the evening of 24th May that I first had any contact with David Eaves. I remember standing outside my cell door when a man came sidling up to me. I am sufficiently worldly wise to realise when someone is on the 'bum'. After standing beside me for a few minutes he began to make idle conversation. When he asked me if I had a spare 'roll-up' it made me smile as I had guessed right about him. I gave him a 'roll-up' and after a few minutes he wandered off.

Over the next few days David Eaves would come to my end of no.2 landing, mainly because, as I have said, the television was at my end. I would give him the odd 'roll-up' or tea-bag as he never appeared to have any. He always looked down in the mouth and he did explain to me that his wife was the reason he was in prison. Apparently she was an alcoholic and when she was drunk she would go to the police and claim that he had beaten her up. He said that she caused him to be arrested on numerous occasions. He did insist however that he had to get out of prison as he was the only one who could look after her. He told me that he had been turned down on his bail application and that he was worried sick about, as he put it 'My Missus'. On talking with the other inmates namely; Cyril Robinson, Les Morris and Gwyn Pritchard, I found that he was telling them the same about 'My Missus'. Statements were taken from these three inmates, plus several others by my solicitor. But they were never called in my defence.

David Eaves did ask me about my charges and also what the police had against me. I told him briefly what I had told the other inmates and staff, which was what I knew from the police and Tony Harbon. I also emphasised that I was totally innocent of the charges.

In all the time that David Eaves was in Cardiff Prison I would be very surprised if I spent as much as one hour in his company, this includes other times when other inmates were present. The fact is that because of his hang-dog look and persistent moaning about 'My Missus', he was not someone whose company you would seek. 'My Missus' was a nickname that quite a few of the inmates used in relation to David Eaves. After about a week Eaves disappeared and I didn't think anymore about him.

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Over the following few weeks I saw my solicitor fairly often. He would bring me information and the odd statement that had been forwarded to him from the Crown Prosecution Service. Details also came to me via my solicitor concerning forensic observations. When Mary or Vikki and, on occasion, John Roden would visit me I would give them any information I had received. I saw a copy of Vincent Price's statement, the gist of which I had already been given by the police in my taped interview. To see for myself the things that Vincent had said came as much of a shock as the police version at Newport Police Station. After reading the statement my solicitor asked me the same question as the police had earlier. Why would Vincent Price make such a statement? My answer was as before, "I just do not know". This and the question of "Who do you think committed the murders?" were the only two questions out of my whole interview that I could not answer. I made a few points to my solicitor and also my Barrister (who, although supposedly keeping them for their summing up, never mentioned them in court.)

- (1) Why would I wash my hands at Vincent's house to get rid of gunpowder nitrate after I had already been to the police station that morning?
- (2) Had I known about the nitrate and committed the murders, wouldn't I have worn gloves?
- (3) If I didn't know about the nitrate, how would I know to ask Vincent about it that morning?
- (4) The Domestos bottle of bleach at Vincent's had no fingerprints of mine on it, yet, it had not been wiped clean because there were fingerprints of Beverly Price on it.

- (5) Vincent's statement that I had told him that I had shortened the stock was pretty convenient in that the 'supposed' gun had been burnt and there was no wood at all on it. Nothing in fact that supported this claim.
- (6) Vincent also claims that I told him that I had cut the gun up and got rid of it. When would I have had the opportunity to do this by 09.40 that morning? It seems rather more than coincidence that the 'supposed' gun had been burnt and broken up and was, in fact recovered from the river behind Vincent's house.
- (7) The words that I had repeated to Vincent, which Tony Harbon had told me, namely, "There was blood everywhere", was later to be put to the jury as a virtual confession by me.
- (8) Vincent claimed that I had paid him 100 pounds for the gun, silencer and bullets, yet he had never paid O'Neil the 40 pounds for which he had purchased it. Why?
- (9) Is it mere coincidence that there were no witnesses to my 'transaction' with Vincent, or to any of the conversations that were supposed to have taken place between us? Beverly Price had never seen the gun although Vincent stated on court that he was very proud of his guns and often showed them to people.

Is there some reason for Vincent to keep this gun secret from his wife? He claims to have bought the gun for 'novelty' reasons yet never showed his wife. No witnesses ever saw me with a gun or ever take a gun from Vincent's house. Nothing, in fact, that Vincent states against me is backed up by any witness or forensic evidence.

There are so many things in his statement that cannot be proved, yet fall conveniently into place to suit the prosecution case. One question to be asked is, 'Why would a man with a firearms licence and legal guns of his own buy an illegal converted air-rifle with a silencer and keep it secret from his wife?' Vincent claims to have kept this illegal weapon with his legal guns. Had the police done a spot check, which they often do, he would have lost his firearms licence and his guns. Vincent also claims to have been in the company of others who had similar converted weapons on several occasions, although in court he could not or would not say who they were, or where.

Duffy had claimed in court that he had designed the conversion of the air-rifle himself, yet there seems to be quite a few of them around. Although I know very little about guns I had the conversion method described to me in prison by Bobby Bartlett, who said that it was a simple procedure and that he himself had converted several .22 air-rifles to fire .22 bullets. He also stated that he knew of many people who had done the same. This seems to contradict the Prosecution Ballistics expert who said that he himself had only seen a few air-rifle conversions, and that they were not common. He did admit however that they would only come to him if they had been involved in a crime.

After being in Cardiff Prison for several weeks my solicitor informed me that an ex-prisoner, David Eaves, had made a statement against me. It took me quite a while to remember who he was.

I was shown a copy of his statement and my first reaction was that the man was out of his mind. My solicitor then told me that this statement had serious implications, should the prosecution decide to use it. I told him that the statement was simply a pack of lies and that surely they wouldn't believe such a lot of nonsense. Apparently though, the the police were taking it seriously. Eave's statement is available and I would like to point out a few things from memory about the contents.

- (1) Everything in Eave's statement was saying that I, and I alone, was responsible for the murders. In his evidence in court, on realising that there were two accused, he then changed it to, "Ah, he did mention that there was another one, a nasty piece of work on the outside, who was going to help him escape and kill the witnesses, then he would come back and stand trial and get off with it" .
- (2) He mentioned in his statement that I had washed myself in a 'nearby stream'. By the time he went to court this 'nearby steam' had turned into the river Ebbw. As he said in the witness box, "Everyone knows that the river Ebbw runs through Risca". Needless to say that from the time of Eave's release from Cardiff Prison, until his appearance in court, the river Ebbw had been named a great many times in the newspapers in connection with the killings.
- (3) Whilst he didn't say in his statement where I was supposed to have disposed of the gun,he gave a few possibilities, e.g. Llanwern steelworks. Yet in court the emphasis of his evidence was on the river Ebbw. This was of course after pieces of a gun had been discovered by the police in the river Ebbw and it had been splashed across the newspapers.

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- (4) He says in his statement that for the first week or so after we met, I said that I was not guilty of the murders, but, after a few weeks I changed my mind and confessed to him. Eaves apparently approached the police whilst at court on Friday 27th May. His bail had been denied. According to his evidence in court, he met me on the first or second day of his arrival in Cardiff Prison, i.e. 18th -19th of May. I was at this time an inmate of the hospital wing, some fifty yards from the main prison, and totally segregated from it.!

As I have previously said, I was not let on to the main prison wing until the afternoon of Saturday 21st of May, and, as I have said there is no evening association in the main prison on Saturday or Sunday. The earliest we could possibly have met would have been Monday 23rd May, but more likely, Tuesday 24th May. Yet on Friday 27th May, which would only have left three or, at the most four opportunities for us to have come into contact, Eaves is telling the police that I have confessed to him! Even though he states that for the first week or so I denied the murders, but, over the weeks as he got to know me better I changed my mind.

When these dates were put to Eaves in the witness box he then stated, in answer to a direct question from the judge that there were special cells on the main prison wing that are used

when the hospital is full and that my cell was one of these. He was saying that I had actually been on 'A' wing when he came into Cardiff Prison. This was a lie, as no such cells exist. The fact that he had lied was confirmed by the prison but was not brought to the attention of the jury.

It was also shown that during his stay at Cardiff Prison, Eaves had access to newspapers carrying some details of the murder investigation and of my being charged and remanded in custody. Several inmates made statements to my solicitor e.g. Les Morris, Cyril Robinson, Gwyn Richards and Perry Clarke (Eaves cellmate).

In these statements they refer to Eaves desperation to get out of prison. Cyril Robinson even apologised to me and put into his statement that, when asked by Eaves how to get out of prison he told Eaves that the best way was to make a statement against someone. Cyril believed that after Eaves statement that he, Cyril, had put the idea into Eaves mind. It was also mentioned about Eaves 'My Mssus' nickname. None of these people were called to my defence although my solicitor had told me before the trial that their evidence would be a great help.

Another statement was shown to me, that of Chris Walsh, one of the girls I had taken to Newport in the black London cab. She stated that when I picked the girls up from the A.B.C. cinema steps just before 03.00 on Friday 6th of May, I picked them up in an unmarked taxi. I will bring up this point when detailing the evidence of Diane Harris and Angharad Ash. Chris Walsh and the other girls also stated that I was wearing the same clothes as when I had taken them down to Newport earlier in the black London cab.

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Another statement I was shown was that of D.C. Colin Rees. This was not in the folder of the Prosecution Case against me. It was separate and my solicitor told me that it was material that the prosecution was not going to use. They could, he said, use it if they so wished, but at that time did not intend to. I read the statement and I commented that it was little wonder that they were not going to use it, it was a pack of lies. The only truth in it was my name and the colour of the police car. This statement plus another made later by D.C. Rees is available.

Other statements of Claire Galbraith, Simon Carpenter and P.C. Cooksey were shown to me. The strange thing about P.C. Cooksey's statement is that he says that he was watching me every second and was ready to stop me going into the cordoned off area of the office. There was no cordoned off area, as confirmed by Claire Galbraith in the witness box. Also, although he was watching me every second he failed to see me leave the office for a period of about five minutes. This again was confirmed by Claire Galbraith in court.

Due to the conflicting statements of Galbraith/Carpenter (Forensics) to those of Cooksey/Rees (police) another set of statements were given by them sometime later. This time Galbraith and Carpenter agree that I left the office, although again Cooksey makes no mention of it. None of

the three make any mention of seeing D.C.Rees standing outside the office door watching me. The reason that there is no mention of D.C.Rees is very simple, he was not outside the office door. D.C.Rees was outside the unit along with D.C.Morgan, watching the frogmen in the river, as I stood and smoked a cigarette by the unit door.

There are a number of points about conflicting Forensic and Police accounts given in evidence in court which will come later.

I was also shown the statements of Diane Harris and Angharad Ash. In their statements they say that they saw me under the bridge on Mill Street, driving towards the Western Valley taxi office at 12.40a.m. on May 6th 1994 and that I swerved towards them and waved before continuing on down Mill Street. They knew it was a Western Valley taxi because the sign was at the top of the windscreen. Firstly, in my white Sierra I have never had a taxi sign at the top of my windscreen, I am too tall and would be unable to see the road ahead clearly with a sign situated there. The taxi signs on all our cars are fixed with mirror adhesive tabs, which would leave a residue of glue on the inside of the windscreen. Justin Evans of my defence inspected the top of my windscreen and could find no trace of such residue. Secondly, there was no sign on my Sierra that night, there had been no sign on it for about two weeks. This was confirmed by Chris Walsh who I later picked up from the A.B.C. steps in Newport. She was picked up in an unmarked taxi.

The reason for there being no sign on my Sierra was that I took it off to do a wedding and it was never replaced. The signs were tucked down the side of the driver's seat and were there when the police took possession of my Sierra. They also claimed that they saw the taxi phone number on the windscreen. There wasn't then, or ever had been, a phone number on any of the Western Valley vehicles. Certain other incorrect points will be brought up later when their evidence in court is analysed.

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After being in prison for about six weeks I was approached by the prison Chaplain, Rev. Martin Kiddle. It had come to his notice that quite a number of inmates had been coming to me for advice and to talk over any personal problems that they had. I suppose that because of my age it was easier for them to talk to me than to their younger friends. Martin Kiddle asked me if I would join the 'Listeners', an organisation set up and trained by the Samaritans, to help combat the growing number of attempted, and on occasion, successful suicides by prison inmates. I agreed to join as it seemed to me very necessary to have such a group within the prison.

After several weeks of training I became a 'Listener' and found out then how necessary the group really was. Being a local Remand Prison the rate of attempted suicides is very high. My services, if that's what they were, were often called on by prison staff to visit inmates either in the hospital wing, the punishment block (both adult and young prisoners block, or on the '43' (protection of sex-offenders landing).

Being with and talking to young people who were feeling suicidal, or who had attempted

suicide, perhaps having tried more than once before, were very emotional experiences for me. To see bandages on wrists and arms and sometimes necks, and being shown sores from previous attempts brought home to me the feelings of guilt, disgust and hopelessness that drove these people to mutilate themselves in these various ways. I tried at all times not to be judgemental or to condemn their actions, while trying to give them some hope, a reason to go on living, maybe not to attempt to kill themselves for one more night, to give tomorrow a chance. The stress factor on myself and other 'Listeners' was high, but the satisfaction of being thanked for ones help by young, or on occasion, not so young person was very rewarding. Very often I would be called back to a previous 'client' simply for them to talk things out of their system, e.g. victims of sexual abuse or drug addicts.

I mention the 'Listeners' partly because I was proud to have been one of them, but also because it was through wearing my badge that I was first approached by James Palmer.

He came up to me on the landing, stood by my side and whispered out of the corner of his mouth, "You're a 'Listener', I've got to talk to you". He wasn't looking at me, his eyes were glancing up and down the landing. Now, James Palmer is the epitome of a villain. He was about fifty years old, thick set, broken nose, square jaw, unshaven, heavy eyebrows and short cropped hair. He was virtually a cartoon character. We were standing by my cell so I told him to come in and explain what he wanted. We shook hands and he told me to call him Jim. With that he stepped back out of the cell and looked up and down the landing, then, coming back in pushed the door almost closed. I managed to keep a straight face although I was very amused by his antics. He had a very worried look on his face and he said to me, "They're trying to stitch me up". Again it was an effort to keep a straight face, so I asked, "Who?" "The police of course", he replied, "the police and the Crown Prosecution, they're trying to stitch me up. It's lies what they are saying, they are all in it together, the police, the Barristers, my solicitors, they're trying to stitch me up. I know them, I know what they do". That was my first introduction to Jim Palmer, or Mad Jim as everyone called him. He was to be a large part of my prison life over the following nine months.

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Jim then told me that he had been arrested and charged with attempted murder. This was July and he told me that he had only been released in February 1994 after doing a ten year sentence for a previous attempted murder. It later transpired that this ten year sentence had been reduced to eight years on appeal.

Jim was the most paranoid person I have ever met. It was difficult to hold a conversation with him as he was always going to the cell door to check outside. He would then speak in a low voice so it was difficult to understand him. I was quite relieved when my cell-mate Steve Young came to the cell and Jim left. I don't think I could have kept myself from laughing for much longer.

Over the next few days Jim was a regular visitor to my cell, that was of course when I was unable to dodge him. If anyone was in my cell when Jim came they would jump up and leave

with a big grin on their faces, leaving me to listen to Jim's rantings. While Jim would be talking to me he would be marching up and down the cell with one hand behind his back and waving the other in the air. Every so often he would duck out of the door to see if anyone was listening.

Jim told me the reason for his arrest and being charged with attempted murder. I was to hear this tale, with slight variations, numerous times over the following months.

Apparently he and his fiancée, a rather large lady by his description, had gone out for a meal one evening. On leaving the restaurant and walking down an alley Jim had fallen and knocked himself out.

His fiancée had left him unconscious in the alley and gone home. He regained consciousness after about an hour but was in a concussed state with a bad cut to his head. He made his way back to his fiancée's house and they had an argument about her leaving him in the alley. When Jim got to the house he had to use a walking stick to help him stand due to his concussed state. This walking stick was apparently a pick-axe handle, but as Jim explained not a big pick-axe handle. Jim's fiancée then threatened him with a knife, forcing it into his chest. He, being frightened for his life, waved the walking stick, which connected with her head several times. Jim remembered through the haze of being concussed, that he only tapped her lightly three times. She then fell backwards on to the floor and dropped the knife.

"Help me, help me" she cried. "Help you, you witch," replied Jim, "you tried to stab me." With that he tapped her lightly once more on the head with his walking stick. Jim was, in the meantime, bleeding profusely from his head wound, so much so that his blood spurted on to the ceiling. He then went help his fiancée who was sitting on the floor and as he did so his blood gushed all over her. She, in fact, was hardly bleeding at all. The police then arrived and forced open the door. "It was the door bumping into her that probably fractured her skull in thirteen to sixteen places," Jim explained. The police dragged Jim out of the house and handcuffed him. An ambulance then arrived and the police got the ambulance driver to get a pint of blood out of his vehicle and scatter it about the house. That of course accounts for the blood down the stairs, on the bannisters, in the kitchen, in the hallway and up the walls. They had, as Jim explained, fabricated the scene. "You've got to help me," Jim pleaded, "they're trying to stitch me up."

It was a few days later that I was taken to Blackwood Magistrates Court for my committal hearing. It was on my solicitors advice that I had a new style 'Paper Committal' rather than the old style 'Witness Committal'. It was basically a mere formality. It was, as my solicitor told me, better than showing our defence to the prosecution, hence giving them a chance to 'get their house in order'. At this hearing I registered my alibi for the night of 5th-6th of May 1994. I listed my daughter Vikki Attwooll, John Roden and my wife Mary. I was then committed for trial at Crown Court on a charge of double murder. I must admit I have had better days.

It was about a week after I had been committed to Crown Court for trial that I phoned home to talk to Mary and found her in a very distressed state. She told me that my daughter, Vikki, along with John Roden had been arrested and was being held at Newport Police Station in connection with the murders for which I had been charged. She could not offer any explanation

as she was virtually in hysterics on the phone and I did all I could to comfort her. Needless to say, the next few days were the worst of my life. I was totally helpless and could give no help to my wife or daughter.

I believe it was on the third day after numerous calls to my home that I was informed by prison staff that my daughter had been released from police custody. I can't put into words the relief that I felt. The next morning I phoned my home and spoke to Vikki, she told me that she had been released on police bail on 'conspiracy to murder', and that John Roden was being charged with double murder. It was beyond belief, I was absolutely astounded. I asked her why the police had arrested them and she told me that a man named Carl Perkins had told the police that John had confessed to him.

The name sounded familiar to me and I remember 'Tanybryn' being in the back of my mind. She then said that the police had apparently recovered a broken gun from the river Ebbw which Perkins had admitted throwing in there, after, he claimed it was given to him by John Roden. I immediately asked Vikki where Perkins lived and she told me Tanybryn. I felt a surge of excitement at this and asked her if she knew the number of his house. She told me it was number 72 and I nearly fell over. I know as a taxi driver, where virtually every house in Risca is situated, so I knew immediately that number 72 backed on to the river Ebbw and that there were only ten houses between Carl Perkins and Vincent Price.

Thoughts were flashing through my mind, everything seemed to fall into place. From the river at the bottom of Perkins' garden it was about half to threequarters of a mile walk to bring a person right outside the Western Valley Taxi office. By following the river it was possible to get to the taxi office and leave without being seen. I was very excited and could hardly wait for Mary and Vikki to visit me that afternoon. After what was a rather tearful meeting with them both I started to ask Vikki about Carl Perkins.

She told me that I had seen him in 'Hyperfit'. I couldn't remember what he looked like but apparently I had seen him. I asked Vikki if he had anything to do with drugs. She told me that he smoked cannabis almost everyday, that he used 'magic mushrooms' and that he used, and dealt in 'whizz' or 'speed' as it is commomly known. Now 'whizz' is a drug that I had a good reason to believe Gerry and Chris were taking on a regular basis up until the time that they were murdered.

She told me that Perkins had received electric shock treatment at St. Cadocs Hospital on a number of occasions while being treated for acute depression. He had also attempted suicide whilst being in a depressed state. I asked her if Perkins had been to the taxi office and she told

me that he had gone there several times when she was working as a receptionist and had also gone there when she hadn't been there. The only reason Perkins would have gone to the office when Vikki was not there would have been to see either Gerry or Chris.

I didn't mention in Mary's company how close he lived to Vincent Price as I didn't want to upset her anymore than she already was. Vikki then showed me her bail form with 'conspiracy to murder' written across it. She said that the police had accused her of getting rid of blood-stained clothing. I was furious at this accusation but told Vikki not to worry and that I would try to get it sorted out. She was very worried about John, but again I told her not to worry as the charges against him were outrageous and the police were only using the two of them to get at me. It seemed too much of a coincidence that they had been arrested a week after I had registered them as part of my alibi.

Vikki then told me that the police had questioned her about some pornographic photos of Gerry and Chris. I had received a copy of the statement of Anthony Osmond or 'Ozzie', in which he had stated that after finding these photos at the taxi office he had given them to me. This was totally untrue, but, as Vikki had already told me, 'Ozzie' had given several different statements to the police and she believed he had only given the last statement, in which he said that he gave the photos to me, to protect her.

Perhaps I should have mentioned the photos earlier, but, to keep events in some order, I will explain how the photos came about. I believe it was about the beginning of April 1994 that Vikki first told me about them. I was dropping her off at her flat when she told me that she had seen photos of Gerry dressed in women's clothing i.e. stockings, suspenders, bra, miniskirt and that there were other photos of Gerry and Chris performing sexual acts together. I didn't at first believe her but she assured me that there were such photos. She was laughing as she described them to me, especially the pictures of Gerry, 19 stone in weight, with a beard and make-up on, dressed as a woman. I couldn't help laughing myself at the thought of this.

I then asked her how she had come to see the photos. She told me that 'Ozzie' had found them in a filing cabinet at the taxi office and had brought them to her flat to show her. Not knowing what else to do with them he left them at her flat. I told Vikki that I had no wish to see the photos and that I would take her word for what they contained. I dropped her off and drove home. I must admit I was laughing at the picture in my mind of Gerry in women's clothes. 'Not a very pretty sight', I thought to myself, but then, 'each to his own'.

On Friday and Saturday nights Ozzie worked for me as a receptionist in the taxi office and when he saw me he waited until we were alone and then asked me if Vikki had mentioned anything to me about the photos. I laughed and told him that she had, and then asked him how they had come into his possession. He explained that he was thirsty one night while working at the desk and so he had looked through the filing cabinets to see if Gerry had hidden any cans of cola, as he often did. Ozzie had discovered the photos and some sexual aids during his search for a drink. He had kept the photos and thrown the sexual aids into the river. I told him that he had no right to have touched any of the items but, if they were not mentioned to me by Gerry, I would say no more about it. That I thought, was the end of it. I did notice however over the next few weeks how uptight Gerry and Chris seemed to be and I put it down to their having discovered

the photos were missing. Gerry never once mentioned anything to me, he must have been too embarrassed, I, for my part thought it better not to say anything.

It was about ten days before the murders that Vikki told me that she and John had had the photos delivered to both Gerry and Chris' homes. I was very angry when she told me and asked her why they had done this. She explained that John had been annoyed at the way Gerry and Chris had left his flat. (They had been using it a few times a week for lovemaking) Vikki was also fed up with lying to Mary, Gerry's wife and to Paul, Chris' husband on the phone to cover up for them, i.e. where they were at any particular time etc. Vikki said that she thought they were too blatant with their affair and she wanted them to be a little more discreet. I told Vikki that it was a cruel, nasty thing to have done, but unfortunately there was nothing I could do to alter things. As it happened though it didn't seem to affect Gerry or Chris much.

After a few days the atmosphere at the office returned to normal, Gerry and Chris seemed to carry on as before, so I thought no more about it. I was not to know then that the police would try to use the photos as a motive for my supposedly killing Gerry and Chris, and that the prosecution would tell the jury at my trial that I had arranged for the photos to be delivered to Mary Stevens and Paul Rees. They had no grounds to say this, other than the statement of Ozzie, in which he says that he gave the photos to me.

Ozzie did not turn up in court to verify his statement in evidence yet it did not stop the prosecution telling the jury that I had seen the photos even though they had no evidence to this effect. I have always denied ever having seen the photos or having them in my possession. Some weeks after my trial Ozzie was arrested and taken to court on a charge of contempt for not appearing at my trial as a prosecution witness. He was sentenced to 21 days imprisonment and sent to Cardiff Prison, where I met him for the first time since the beginning of May 1994. I asked him why he had made the statement claiming that he had given the photos to me. He told me that he had been afraid for himself and for Vikki and thought it better to give the answer he had. I also asked him why he had not turned up in court as a witness. He replied that he hadn't wanted to go into the witness box and tell lies against me, so his 'bottle' went and he ran away. I told him that it could possibly help me in the future if he would tell the truth about the photos if he was ever asked. He assured me that he would.

I believe it was about the 11th August that I heard from an inmate working in reception in Cardiff Prison that John Roden was due to be brought in. This surprised me, as I didn't think that he would be put in the same prison as myself, seeing that we were both charged with the same offence. I left some tobacco with the inmate to give to John on his arrival. I knew that he would be sent straight to the hospital wing as a category 'A' prisoner. I hoped that it would not be too long before I could get to talk to him and get some details of his arrest.

Very surprisingly John was only kept in the hospital for two days and was then transferred to my wing in the main prison. This was very unusual, not only because we were allowed to meet, but the speed in which he was transferred from the hospital wing was, to me, very suspicious. There seemed only one explanation for this, they wanted us together for some reason. If this was done in the belief that we would argue or make accusations against each other, then they were to be very disappointed. Such was not the case. When we did meet, I had nothing but admiration for the way John Roden conducted himself. A lesser man would have been a sobbing wreck, given the charges he faced and given that he was a totally innocent

of them.

I was also shown the statement of Michael Cutler, a former taxi driver employed by Western Valley Taxis. Again to keep some sort of order, I must explain about the 'hacker' that I bought from Abergavenny market. It's a tool that is not as common nowadays as it once was. It is usually used for pruning trees and hedges. Throughout my trial the prosecution insisted on calling it a machete, which it definitely was not. Around September 1993 I was in Abergavenny on a Tuesday, which is market day. It was a fine day so I strolled around the market. On a stall that was selling various tools I spotted the hacker, which, as I have said is not very common nowadays. I had promised my wife for some time I would clear the ground between our garden and the canal to make her a 'secret' garden. When I saw the hacker I was very pleased to have found one, so I bought it. I put it in the boot of my Sierra and, to stop it sliding around, ticked it under the carpet. Over the next few months I kept forgetting to take it out to put in my garden shed.

Around Christmas, or perhaps a little after Christmas that year, Mike Cutler was driving my Sierra as a taxi on a night that I was not working. I can say this because on this particular night Chris was the receptionist at the desk at the office. This night therefore must have been a Tuesday or a Thursday night, the reason being that Vikki worked on the desk on a Monday and Wednesday night, with Gerry doing the desk on Sunday. Tuesdays and Thursdays were my nights off. That was why Mike Cutler was using my Sierra. I had taken the 'B' registered Sierra home with me (it was not plated as a taxi). The story that I had the following day from both Chris and Mike was as follows;

There had been a bit of a fracas outside the office the previous night, some young men were banging the doors to the unit and generally making a nuisance of themselves, which made Chris nervous. She called over the radio for a car to come to the office to get rid of the young men. Mike Cutler was the first to turn up in my Sierra, and he got out to have words with the men. One thing led to another and so he punched one of them. As there were three of them, Mike then went to the boot of the Sierra to get a wheel-brace to protect himself. One of the men came to the back of the car when the boot was open, Mike punched him and he half fell into the boot. On falling into the boot his hand went under the carpet and came into contact with the hacker, Mike grappled with him and pulled the hacker from his hand. Mike was holding the hacker when a police car came on to the scene with its blue light flashing. With this the young men moved away leaving Mike holding the hacker. Not wanting to be caught in this situation by the police he threw the hacker intending, as he told me, to throw it to the far bank of the river Ebbw.

Apparently it didn't reach the far bank but fell into the river a few feet short of the bank. Chris had come out of the office during the end of the fracas and saw him throw the hacker away. The next day Mike and Chris told me about the incident, Mike then took me outside the unit and pointed to where the hacker had landed. It was just visible, sticking up out of the water. Mike then told me that when the river went down a little he would retrieve it. I told him not to worry too much about it, but that if he could get it I would like to have it back.

A couple of days later I was sitting in the taxi office when Mike Cutler stuck his head round the door and told me that he had got the hacker out of the river and that he had put it in the old sink unit by the doorway. I thanked him and that was the last I ever thought about the hacker until it was mentioned to me by the police some months later. In his interview with the police Mike Cutler described the hacker to a police artist and a subsequent drawing was similar to the one I had given the police during my interview. There was no mention though in Mike's statement of his having thrown the hacker into the river.

He stated that during the struggle with the young man he had seen something glinting in the boot of the car and that after having returned to the office after doing another taxi run, I had come out of the office and removed the hacker from the boot of the Sierra. As I explained earlier, I could not have done this as I was not working that night, as is proven by his driving my car and Chris on the desk. It could not have been any other night but a Tuesday or a Thursday. On my arrest I gave this account to the police, exactly as Mike Cutler and Chris Rees had told me. I was also told by both Mike and Chris that one of the men causing trouble at the office was one of the Eyres brothers.

In the statement of Mary Richards, the sister of Chris Rees, she says that Chris had told her about the hacker and that she had seen Mike with it. She could only have meant Mike Cutler because at no time did Chris ever see me with the hacker.

When John Roden was transferred to the main 'A' wing of Cardiff Prison he was put into a cell on no.3 landing. Shortly afterwards Steve Young, my cell mate, was released on bail and John moved in with me. Legal visits with my solicitor, who was also representing John, were fairly regular and we often visited him together. Naturally John read the statements about my case, and I read his.

The statement of Carl Perkins was of major interest. Perkins had made a drawing of a machete when asked by the police to do so. The strange thing was that Perkins had told the police in his statement that he had not seen the hacker/machete, yet was asked to draw what he thought one would look like. After doing this Perkins was asked what he had used as a reference for his drawing. His answer was, "the one they took out of the river". This was rather an odd thing to say considering that I was the only one to have mentioned the hacker ever having been in the river. Only myself and the police knew this, Mike Cutler never mentioned it.

At the beginning of Perkins' statement on tape, a mention is made by the police of a 'chat' they had with Perkins at his home prior to the interview. The police were unable to produce any notes of this 'chat'. Perkins statement is available and if compared to the statement of his wife, it is fairly obvious that they differ on virtually every point. One outstanding point being that Julie Perkins attempts to give Carl Perkins a false alibi for Thursday night 5th May 1994. Why, did

she think he needed one? Perkins also stated that John Roden had blood from the murder scene on his belt and 'caterpillar' boots. These boots were taken from John at the time of his arrest on 10th August 1994 and sent to the forensic laboratory for tests. We received the results of these tests, no blood was found on either of the boots or on the belt after being tested both microscopically and chemically. There is a somewhat farcical if not sinister sequel to these forensic results during our trial, the details of which I will explain later.

Another outcome of Perkins' initial interview with the police was the recovery of two pieces of an air-rifle from the river Ebbw, a short distance from both 72 and 83 Tanybryn. These pieces of metal were eventually, after some prevarication on his part, identified by Vincent Price as parts of the gun he claimed to have sold me. The ballistics reports on the pieces of metal are available. One point in this report that stands out is that, in the opinion of the ballistics expert, this gun when fired could not have been reloaded. A thought to bear in mind when one considers that three shots were fired apparently in the taxi office.

Other points in Perkins' statement against John Roden in which he claims John 'confessed' to him and, in the words of the police, 'knew things that only the murderer and the police would know' are as follows. "Gerry was told to get on the floor and was then shot." Fact: Gerry was slumped in the chair with a burnt-out cigarette between his fingers and a burn mark on his leg from the said cigarette. Forensic report, he was shot in the chair in which he was sitting. "They pulled the desk in front of the door to prevent escape." Fact: The office desk was only a little out of line, telephone and radio cables would not have allowed the desk to be pulled to the door. "Chris had been slashed and had been hard to kill." Fact: Wounds of both Gerry and Chris had been described to both John and Vikki by me, taken from forensic reports I had received.

Perkins, being a daily visitor to Vikki's flat and often smoking cannabis there, had heard conversations of these facts several times. "Whilst she had been killed a piece of Chris' scalp had flown off." Fact: A young man known as 'Man' gave evidence in court that he, along with two others, had cleaned out the taxi office some weeks after the murders and had seen a piece of scalp with some hair attached, on the carpet. He had given this information to a number of his friends and it became fairly common knowledge in Risca. Forensic reports however make no mention of any piece of scalp being missing from Chris.

The police case against John Roden was, in total, the statements of Carl Perkins and his wife Julie Perkins. Statements that, as I have said before, conflict on virtually every point. They gave sufficient grounds for the police to interview John Roden, but to charge him with double murder?

It was suggested, both prior to, during our trial and subsequently after our conviction, in the newspapers and the prosecution reports, that I had recruited John Roden to help me murder Gerry and Chris. I will, in the hope of negating this ridiculous claim, relate the story of John Roden's cannabis plants.

Gerry and Chris, as I have mentioned earlier, were, for a few weeks in 1994, using John's flat to carry on their love affair. According to John, not only did he want them out of his flat because they were making a mess of it, (they broke his coffee table, left half-eaten takeaway meals around and there were hundreds of dead flies) but there was also another reason. He wanted to grow cannabis in his flat.

After telling them they could no longer use his flat and getting the keys back from them, he made arrangements to grow his cannabis plants. He set up the necessary strong lighting and heaters in a small box room. This was, I believe, about the beginning of February 1994. He obtained the seeds and set about growing the plants. He had a book that explained the procedure and John took a lot of care with this, his first attempt at horticulture. His plants flourished and he was so proud of them that he took me into his flat on one occasion to show off his 'babies'. They were, John explained 'Super Skunk' plants, prize winning seeds from Holland. When he showed me his 'babies' they were about two months old. He explained that when they were fully grown they would be worth between 1200 - 1500 pounds per plant, he had four of them. That meant that in this box room, including the value of the lights and heaters, he had assets of around 5000-6000 pounds.

Surely to any reasonable person, if John Roden had planned with myself to murder Gerry and Chris, knowing that the police would be bound to find out about them using his flat, he would have moved the plants and the lights before the murders? Not only because they were illegal, but also because they were so valuable. He made no attempt to move the plants before or after the killings. The police did in fact go to John's flat the day after the murders, his plants were discovered and he was arrested and subsequently charged with the cultivation of cannabis. His plants were destroyed, his lights confiscated and he was fined 200 pounds. Had it been realised by the police that they were 'Super Skunk' plants (high grade cannabis) he would have received a prison sentence. Hardly the actions -or the inactions- of a man recruited to kill two people.

The questions begging to be asked are:

"What did John Roden or Michael Attwooll stand to gain by the deaths of Gerry

Stevens and Christine Rees?"
The answer of course

"Nothing"
What did they both stand to lose?

"Everything"

The police, throughout my interview, insisted that Chris could not have been in the Western Valley taxi office before 12.30am 6th May 1994. Their version of events was that Chris returned to the office sometime after 12.30am and in doing so disturbed the murderer or murderers either in the process of, or just after killing Gerry. At first they used the till-roll at Waldruns' Garage, adding on the four minutes that they said that it was 'out' in timing. When it was proved that the till-roll was correct and that Chris therefore could have been in the office before 12.30am, they then used the statements of Sarah Baulch (a barmaid at the Darren) and the manageress Maria Rees with her boyfriend Norman Jones.

Sarah Baulch , who travelled with the other two in the taxi driven by Chris, stated that they had been picked up from the Darren at 12.10am. The journey to their respective homes and the return to Risca is about a 12-13 minute run, which would put Chris into Waldruns' Garage at the time stated on the till-roll, 12.24am. Both Maria Rees and Norman Jones initially said that they were picked up at the Darren after 12.30am, but later gave another statement saying that they were probably mistaken about the time and had been picked up some 15 minutes earlier than they first estimated. Neither Maria or Norman were wearing a watch and were only guessing at the time. Sarah Baulch however was sure of the time of the pick-up and testified to this in the witness box, 12.10am. When I detail some of the evidence given in court, the testimony of Sarah Baulch will have great significance on the movements of Christine Rees and the time of her return to the office.

When Vikki was being questioned at Newport police station, the police accused her of 'getting rid of blood stained clothing' and stated that they had witnesses to back up these claims. This was a lie on the part of the police, Vikki had not done as they claimed and they had no witnesses. Nonetheless Vikki was released on police bail on 'conspiring to murder'. I thought that certain points should be brought to the attention of the police. Suffice to say, these points were brought to their attention, and at 9.01am the following morning, Vikki's solicitor was phoned by D.C.Sutton and told that Vikki need not call in to see the police again, as they had no further need to see her. That strengthened my initial belief that Vikki and John Roden had only been arrested to put pressure on me.

We now started to receive copies of statements taken by the police, that the prosecution were not going to use in evidence. One such statement was from a Mr Rowlands who said that he was walking his dog down the main road in Risca when he met Gerry. Gerry, who was well known to him, was standing on the pavement opposite Waldrun's Garage at about 21.30 on Thursday May 5th 1994. He seemed somewhat agitated and told Mr Rowlands, as a particular car drove past, that if the car came back he Gerry, was expecting trouble that night. The car went round the roundabout and returned up the road. With that Gerry looked worried and ran across the road to Waldruns Garage.

I can well understand why the prosecution would not want Mr Rowlands in court, But I fail to understand why my defence did not call him. Something was definately wrong with Gerry that night.

The police, on my taped interview, set great store on the fact that I, along with Gerry, visited our accountant on the morning of May 5th 1994. They implied that I had learned something from the accountant which caused me to want to kill Gerry. Even though I was insistant that I was very pleased after the meeting, the prosecution indicated to my solicitor that they intended to use this meeting as a motive for the murders. I was shown however, a statement given by Mary Stevens some weeks after the killings, in which she described a conversation she had with Gerry when he called home for some food at around 17.30 Thursday May 5th 1994. When asked by her how the meeting had gone, he replied, "Mike was like a little sandboy." This proves beyond any doubt that I had told the police the truth when I had said how well the meeting with the accountant had gone.

My solicitors had commissioned a private auditor to go through the Western Valley accounts, to see if, in fact, Gerry had in any way been cheating me. The resulting report, at a Legal Aid cost of 5000 pounds said categorically that Gerald Stevens was in no way cheating Michael Attwooll.

The only persons to lose were the drivers and the Inland Revenue. Sometime before my trial the prosecution indicated to my defence that they would not be relying on Gerry having cheated me as a motive for the murders. This, as it turned out, was not the absolute truth. The prosecution did in fact, although there was no proof that Gerry had cheated me, strongly suggest throughout the trial, that I mistakenly believed that Gerry had cheated me. They had no grounds whatever to suggest this, it was an obvious ploy on their part to establish some sort of motive.

Because there was absolutely no basis to these suggestions I was surprised that the judge did not order the prosecution, either to give their grounds for these suggestions, or, to retract them. The private auditors report was not offered in answer to the prosecutions suggestions by my defence. I always maintained, and still do, that Gerry was not cheating me. It must also be said that, although I did not like Gerry very much as a person, I could not in any way fault him as a business partner.

I also read the statement of a foundry worker who, on leaving work at 12.30am on May 6th 1994, heard a loud bang from the direction of the taxi unit. This reinforces my statement and that of Mike Coughlin, that I dropped the roller door of the unit at that time, approximately 12.31am, a few minutes before we left. This is undoubtedly the noise that he heard, and most likely the noise that 'Ouchie' heard. Again my defence did not call him as a witness. Why?

A boy sitting on a seat opposite the Myrtle Grove Inn, gave a statement in which he says he heard a bang at 12.41am. Had I driven back to the taxi office I would have had to pass within five feet of this boy. He was not called as a witness by either the prosecution or the defence. Why?

Other boys gave statements in which they said they were outside the gates to the Birds Industrial Estate when 'Ouchie's' lorry left the site, and also when 'Ouchie' himself left in his car. None of them state having seen my white Sierra either entering or leaving the Industrial Estate. None of those boys were called by my defence. Why?

It was I believe, some time in November 1994 that along with other statements, I was given a copy of the 'Holmes Computer Declaration', which is the central police computer. There were certain small details which were of benefit to my defence, but, most importantly, I saw a report about Vincent Price and drugs. Apparently, on September 8th 1994 the Cwmbran Police Headquarters (drugs department) received an anonymous call stating that Vincent Price was dealing in drugs and that he kept them on his property in a meter cupboard attached to the outside of his house. There was no report of any follow up by the police to this 'tipoff'. Naturally I was very keen to get any further information about this report, and so I asked my solicitor to make further enquiries to the police.

He assured me that he would do so. I wanted to know if any drugs had been found at Vincent's house and if so what type of drugs? I mainly wanted to know if the drug known as 'whizz' or 'speed', which as I have mentioned before, I had good reason to believe Chris and Gerry were taking was found. Every time that I met my solicitor over the following months, right up until my trial, I asked him the same question. "Are there any more details on the Holmes report about Vincent and drugs?" I was repeatedly given the same answer, "We haven't been able to find out from the police if any action has been taken".

A rather odd thing happened about two weeks after I had spotted the report on the Holmes Declaration and pointed it out to my solicitor. My wife Mary came to visit me at Cardiff Prison and was acting rather strangely. She asked if I had been in contact with Vincent. I assured her that I had not, but asked her why she wanted to know this. She said that Vincent was very frightened about something. Naturally I asked her why he was frightened. She then told me it was something to do with drugs. I had no wish to upset her, as she was already rather worried, so I made no mention of what I had read on the Holmes Declaration, and told her that I had no idea what she was talking about and I changed the subject. I told John Roden about this when I returned to the cell.

Some months later at my trial, nine months after it was mentioned on the Holmes Computer print-out, Vincent Price went to his meter box, on the very day that the jury was doing a site visit to Tanybryn and discovered, 'purely by chance', fourteen grams of Amphetamine i.e. 'whizz' or 'speed' in said box.

I had never received an answer to my question about any police follow-up to the 'tip-off' they received in September 1994 from my solicitor, yet Mary had somehow got information about drugs and Vincent's fear, some seven months before. The prosecution at my trial, outrageously attempted to suggest that the drugs had been planted on Vincent, just prior to the visit by the jury. My defence, although denying any possibility of our having planted the drugs, did not make any mention of the Holmes Computer Declaration of September 1994.

I don't think it would be unreasonable to ask for answers to the following.

After the anonymous 'tip-off' in September 1994, did the police investigate the matter?

If they did, did they find any drugs at Vincent's home?

If they did not investigate, why not?

Did my solicitors make enquiries to the police about the Holmes Declaration?

If they did was that the reason for Vincent's fear in November 1994?

If so, why did it take until May 1995, on the very day of the jury site visit, for these drugs to surface?

I find it very difficult to believe that Vincent just 'happened' to look in his meter-box, for the first time in nine months, on that very day. He took from the meter-box a plastic bag containing white powder and, in doing so, got his fingerprints all over the bag and destroyed any other prints that may have been on there. He then apparently called the police and gave the bag to them. A bag that subsequently found to contain fourteen bags of Amphetamine. I don't believe that I'm being cynical when I say that this seems to be stretching coincidence a little too far.

When I was arrested and taken to Newport Police station in May 1994, during my taped interview the

police claimed to have found a live round of ammunition in the wardrobe of the master bedroom of my home, along with this they also found a gun catalogue or Sporting magazine. In the kitchen they claimed to have found two 'bullet' like objects. It took eleven months for the prosecution to inform my solicitor that the live round of ammunition was a .303 bullet, dating from 1933. I was shown a photograph of this bullet, but not of the 'bullet' like objects. I was also informed by my solicitor that my fingerprints were on one page of the magazine, but that Vincent Price's fingerprints were on at least six pages.

After conversations with my wife Mary, and my son Shane, I learned that the .303 was his, given to him by Vincent Price over twelve years earlier, and brought along with the gun magazine from our previous home in Tysign, Risca. It was apparently found in one of several boxes of ornaments etc that we had stored in the wardrobe and never unpacked. The 'bullet' like objects were something that my family, including myself, had no knowledge of. Whilst the .303 bullet was of no real consequence, the gun magazine will be of significance, when the trial is detailed, as will the 'bullet' like objects.

I believe that it was November 1994 that John Roden was taken to the Magistrates Court for his committal hearing. It was decided by our solicitor that John should have an 'old style committal', in which witnesses are called. As the only witness against John was Carl Perkins it was decided to only hear what he had to say. I was not at the hearing and I write here what was told to me by John Roden, Vikki, Mary Gretton and Mark Powell.

Carl Perkins was called into the witness box and after giving his name etc said nothing. He remained silent until the prosecution said, "I don't want to be seen to be leading you Carl, but you must say something. Can you tell us what happened?" Perkins then said, "John and Mike went down to the taxi office and killed Gerry and Chris, then Gerry gave them a lift home." This was read back to him some time later and he confirmed it. The magistrate smiled at this ridiculous answer, and then committed John to Crown Court for trial on a double murder charge. Perkins was the only witness called and John was committed on his evidence. 'Unbelievable' is hardly the word.

It was also in November that 'Mad Jim' Palmer attempted suicide during the lunch period while locked in his cell with another inmate. Jim got into bed and made severe lacerations on both of his arms just below the elbows with a razor blade. He lost a lot of blood and his life was only saved by an operation at Cardiff Royal Infirmary.

When he returned to Cardiff Prison, Palmer was held in the Hospital Wing. I visited him regularly as a 'Listener' and eventually got his assurance that he would not attempt suicide again. After giving this assurance he was transferred back to the main prison wing. I suppose it was the concern I showed over his attempted suicide that made Jim become even more attached to myself and John. He was in our cell every day and became more concerned about our case than his own. He kept saying that when he got off with his charge he was going to kill Eaves, Perkins and Vincent Price because of the 'lies they had told about you'.

Both John and myself had to keep telling him that that was the last thing we wanted. Neither John or I believed that for one moment that Jim, even given the opportunity, would carry out his threat, we both

also knew that there was no chance of Jim being found not guilty at his trial. Jim was almost certainly going to prison for life. He would get himself into rather agitated states and often said, "Did you know that they called me the 'laughing killer' during my last sentence?" Jim said the same thing dozens of times over the following months, often with a loud 'ho, ho, ho.' It must be said that after his suicide bid Palmer lived up to his nickname of 'Mad Jim'. An even more vivid picture of Jim Palmer will be painted in the account of our trial, which casts doubt on the judgement of the prosecution in even contemplating using him as a witness.

It was either in January or February that once again I met David Eaves. I was returning from my work in the prison laundry and I was walking through B1 wing when I was met by Bobby Bartlett, who said to me, "We've got a friend of yours who has just come in". I asked him who it was and he pointed to a man sitting against the wall with his head bowed. I looked at this man and shook my head, "no I don't know him". "Yes you do" replied Bobby, "it's your friend Eaves".

When I first met Eaves he was bald, but this man had a full head of hair and I told Bobby this. "I know" he said "but this guy is wearing a wig". Again I shook my head and made my way to the gates which were locked. Several other inmates were around at the time, including four who had been in the remand wing at the same time as Eaves and myself in May 1994. Cyril Robinson then approached me and told me it was definitely David Eaves. I told them that if this was true I wanted to get off the landing as quickly as possible, I didn't want him to make up another story about me.

I also told them that the police must have put him in Cardiff prison for some reason and that I wanted no contact with him whatsoever. Just then a man approached me and said, "Mike, it's not true, I didn't make any statement against you. On my kids lives it's not true, they're lying to you. Why should I make a statement against you? you were good to me with tobacco and stuff." I recognised him as David Eaves.

I held the bars of the gate with both hands, I didn't want to give him the chance to fall down and claim that I had struck him. I said to him "Just keep away from me, you've done enough already. If you don't go away I'll tell these men about your record, and I know you wouldn't want that." Just then Les Morris came out of his cell and saw Eaves. "Get this slag off the landing," he said, then called out loudly, "Officer, officer, get this slag off the landing." With that a police officer appeared and opened the gate. I went straight through the gate and up the stairs to the next gate, leaving Eaves and the officer at the bottom with the other inmates. I was waiting for the second gate to open when Eaves, escorted by the police officer came up the stairs. Eaves came toward me saying, "believe me Mike, I didn't make a statement against you." I again grabbed the bars with both hands and called to the officer, "get this man away from me." He then took Eaves into the landing office.

Apparently he was transferred the next day to Swansea prison. That was the last I saw of him until he appeared for the prosecution at my trial.

About a month later I was shown a second statement, given by Eaves, in which he says that at our last meeting on B1 landing, I had threatened to kill both him and his wife, and that he had only told me that he

had not made a statement against me because he was in fear of his life. I realise that he had made his original statement in June 1994 to enable him to get bail and get out of prison, but I fail to understand why he made the accusations that he did in his second statement. He had nothing to gain by it, he was simply being malicious.

After reading his criminal record, in which he was sentenced to four years for incest with his daughter (from the age of six), and unlawful intercourse with two other young girls aged twelve and fourteen, he also had three years added to this sentence for savagely attacking, along with his brother, a man who, supposedly, had made advances to Eaves daughter, (the one that Eaves had committed incest with). He also received a two and a half year prison sentence for attempted rape. This being the case, being malicious was part of his character. Had I divulged this information that day on B1 landing, David Eaves would have undoubtedly been badly beaten by the other inmates. Sex offenders are not tolerated on normal prison wings.

After John Roden was committed for trial as my co-defendant, there followed a series of meetings with our solicitor. We also attended Crown Court for pleas, at which we both pleaded not guilty to the charges against us. Our trial was originally listed for 28th February 1995, but, due to the proposed length of the Jonathan Jones double murder trial which was expected to last some three months, our trial was put back until May 1st 1995. The reason for this was that the Barrister who was engaged to defend me was also Jonathan Jones' Barrister, Mr John Charles Rees QC. John Roden's defence was Mr Christopher Pitchford QC who coincidentally, was prosecuting Jonathan Jones. This was the position until March 1995, when I was informed by my solicitor that John Charles QC could not say categorically that he would be available to lead my defence on May 1st 1995.

I found this rather unusual as he had held my brief for some ten months and had visited me at Cardiff Prison. My solicitor thought that it was better not to risk being without a top QC just before my trial, so he advised me to remove my brief from John Charles Rees QC to Mr Gerard Elias QC who 'luckily' happened to be available.

As things transpired through my trial, 'luckily' was not a very apt description. Mr Elias was described to me as a 'highly' regarded QC, Head of Chambers, Leader of the Circuit, an acting Judge, excellent man with the jury, damned lucky to get him at such short notice. The truth of the matter is, I couldn't have done any worse had I defended myself. Acting together as a team, Mr Elias QC and Mr Pitchford QC against a not very impressive Mr Roger Thomas QC, let so many witnesses off the hook, it seemed as if there was some law against asking relevant questions. In my account of the trial there are as many questions not asked by the defence team as there are ones for which the answers were not given to the jury.

I believe that it was on the 5th April 1995 that the Rev. Martin Kiddle, the prison Chaplain, came into my cell at about 13.00 hours during our lock up for lunch. He was in an excited state and asked me "Mike, do

you know a Deborah Eaves?" "No," I replied, "but I know a David Eaves, I suppose that they must be related." Martin went on, "I have just received a phone call from a woman calling herself Deborah Eaves, she seemed to be in an agitated state and wanted to talk to you. Apparently she has some information that might be of help to you. She was calling from a women's shelter in Pontypridd so she couldn't leave a phone number, but she is calling me back at 13.25. "Naturally I was very interested in this and said to Martin, "She must be David Eaves' wife, if she's in a shelter he must have beaten her up again. According to Eaves she is an alcoholic." "She didn't sound drunk to me," replied Martin, "just very excited and wanting to talk to you. Do you want to meet her?" "Of course I would like to meet her," I replied, "but I don't know if I can trust her, I don't even know if this is some kind of a trick."

"She's calling me back at my office at 13.25," said Martin, "what if we arrange a visit for her next Saturday, then I will be available to be with you at the visit?" I agreed to this and Martin left the cell. He returned about fifteen minutes later, "It's all arranged," he said, "I will meet her in the visitors reception area at 14.00 on Saturday. I've logged her phone call in my diary for future reference." I thanked him for his help and we arranged that he would pick me up from the wing at 13.50 the following Saturday and escort me to the visit. Martin came at the appointed time and we went over to the visits room. Martin went into the reception area to wait for Deborah Eaves. Sometime after 14.30 he returned to me, looking very disappointed. "I'm sorry Mike," he said, "it looks as if she's not coming. I'm sorry if I raised your hopes." I tried to cheer Martin up and told him not to worry although, I must admit, I was feeling rather down myself. "Still," said Martin, "I've got the call in my diary, you can call me to court if it will help in any way." Needless to say, the Rev. Martin Kiddle was never interviewed by my defence, nor was the incident mentioned at my trial.

Some weeks before our trial, Jim Palmer was himself due to stand trial on a charge of attempted murder. By now Jim had really worked himself up into an agitated state. He would often come to cell almost in tears. "You've got to help me Mike," he'd say, "they're going to try and 'life' me off. I'm pleading not guilty all the way, but I know they're going to stitch me up."

Both John Roden and myself would try to calm Jim down, telling him that he had a good chance of getting off with the charges. Although we both said this to Jim we knew in fact that he would be found guilty on the evidence that we had seen on his case.

I believe that it was on the 25th March that Jim Palmer went for trial (at least I know it was a Monday), he went to trial intending, so he had told us, to plead 'not guilty' to all charges. That Monday evening I met Jim being escorted to B Wing (convicted prisoners). He looked in a daze and when I stopped to talk to him he said, "I'm sorry Mike, I had to do it, they were going to 'life' me off. I've pleaded guilty to 'Section 18' (grievous bodily harm with intent.) I replied, "don't worry about it Jim, if you had to do it, that's the way it goes." I then returned to my cell and told John Roden that Jim had changed his mind and pleaded 'guilty'.

The next day, on his return from court, Jim didn't seem to want to stop and talk on his way to B Wing. I just put this down to shock. He just told me that they were waiting for psychiatric reports before they

would sentence him. He then hurried on his way. I was told next day that Jim had been transferred to Horfield Prison in Bristol, which is a category A prison.

It was a few days later that my solicitor informed me that Jim Palmer had made a statement claiming that both John and I had 'confessed' to him that we had murdered Gerry and Chris. I realised then that when I had met Jim after the first day of his trial, he was not saying he was sorry for having pleaded guilty to Section 18, but was in fact, apologising to me for having made a false statement against John and myself. Naturally, at first, we were both astounded but then thought it very funny, Jim we knew, was as mad as the proverbial 'hatter' and there was no chance that the prosecution would take the risk of making themselves look foolish by putting Jim in the witness box.

We both understood why Jim had made the statement and to a certain extent, felt sorry for him, he was absolutely terrified of doing a life sentence. I mentioned Jim's statement to several other inmates and also to Rev. Martin Kiddle, who responded with, "They can't put Jim Palmer in the box, he's mad, I wouldn't worry yourself Mike about anything Jim has said. If necessary you can call on me as witness, I've known Jim Palmer for years, he's a complete nutter."

Our trial began on 1st May 1995 at Newport Crown Court. I realise that I am not qualified concerning 'Rules of Evidence' and to what questions may be asked of a witness and those questions that may not be asked.

I have been informed by both the Judge and my defence, that the only valid evidence is that which is given under oath in the witness box. I have also been led to believe that if a statement is made in court it must be supported by evidence i.e. witness or forensic. I also appreciate that the onus is not on the prosecution to prove a motive, but if they suggest one it should be supported by evidence. I believe that I am also right when I say, that under British Law, a man is presumed innocent until proven guilty beyond reasonable doubt. The onus is therefore on the prosecution to prove guilt and not on the defence to prove innocence.

I truly believed at this time, after reading the evidence that was to be offered by the prosecution, that I could not be proven guilty. I was also convinced that, with the meagre evidence that the prosecution was offering against John Roden, that his charges would be dropped and that he would be set free at the end of the prosecution case, and not be made to give any defence to the ridiculous charges against him. I didn't believe at that time that the police, along with other witnesses, would go into the witness box and lie, or that the Judge would permit the prosecution to make allegations that were not supported by evidence. Above all, I didn't believe that my defence would be so reluctant to contest police evidence, or to answer unproven allegations made by the prosecution.

By the end of the trial I was to be amazed at the things that the prosecution and the police were allowed to say without being challenged by my defence, or by the Judge. Were the charges not so serious, it

could be said that the trial was a comedy show, a complete farce.

After several 'hiccups' the jury was selected. The prosecuting counsel made their opening statement, outlining their case to the jury. In this statement, mention was made of Anthony Osmond (Ozzie) and his claim that he had given certain photographs to me. Jim Palmer was also mentioned along with David Eaves, as witnesses to my 'confessions'. Unsupported claims that I resented the affair between Gerry and Chris were made, a resentment they claimed, that grew to bitter hatred, something they had no grounds to even suggest. There were also unsupported claims of my being cheated by Gerry.

Because my account of the trial is by memory alone, I may on occasion, have the order of witnesses out of sequence, but what they said of relevance is fact. Gerry's wife, Mary Stevens, was called to give evidence. She told of what she knew of Western Valley Taxis. She gave no evidence of any ill feeling between Gerry and myself. She said when questioned about the photographs of Gerry and Chris and of their alleged affair, that Gerry had told her that they were taken at a party at Christine's sister's home. Also he told her that he and Chris had only had sex on one occasion and that they were not having an affair. She also said that Gerry had told her that he had taken drugs. Although they had her statement, my defence did not ask Mary Stevens what Gerry had told her on the evening of 5th May 1994, concerning our visit to the accountant earlier that day, in which he described me as being like a little sandboy after the meeting. This would have, in effect quashed all the suggestions that the police and the prosecution had made, that I had discovered something at the accountants which made me want to kill Gerry.

It would have proved that I had told the truth when I told the police that I was pleased after the meeting with the accountant. The prosecution would throughout the trial, impress on the jury that I had mistakenly believed that Gerry was cheating me. They had no grounds whatever to suggest such a thing, not one witness to say that I had in any way believed this. Why did the judge allow this unfounded suggestion to be put to the jury on so many occasions throughout the trial? Why did not my defence object to these suggestions and demand that the prosecution prove them?

Margaret Bartlett, a former girlfriend of Gerrys' and a former employee of the Western Valley Taxis, gave evidence. She confirmed that during her relationship with Gerry, her marriage had broken up and she was divorced from her husband. She also confirmed that their relationship was very volatile and that their fights often ended with one or both of them bleeding. She confirmed that Gerry had struck her on several occasions. Margaret also said that she and Chris had a fight in the taxi office. During the time that she had worked for us at Western Valley Taxis, she had not been aware of a single argument between Gerry and me.

A young man, David Griffiths, was called to give evidence he supposedly had, of a conversation he had with me whilst being a passenger in my taxi. David Griffiths lived with his parents, next door to me when I

lived in Manor Way, Tysign. His mother, a friend of my wife's had asked me to try to get her son to stop using his shot-gun, as she was very concerned about him shooting tame ducks on the canal and squirrels etc, which he then ate. I do not recall the exact details of our conversation as I was driving and concentrating on the road. The impression that the prosecution attempted to give was, that I had asked David if he had a gun to sell me. I have always denied that this was the case. After questioning from my defence, David Griffiths admitted that it was he in fact that had asked me if I knew anyone who would buy his gun. He also said that I was not paying much attention to him, as I was driving the car. He told the court that I had done a lot of shooting in the past, but that was 'thirteen years ago'. He did admit however, that he had never actually seen me with a gun of any description. He assumed that I had done some shooting because he saw me plucking some vermin.

As I explained in evidence, when David Griffiths had lived next door to me some eleven years previously, I had often been given rabbits and pheasants that both of my brothers-in-law, Vincent Price and Keiron Jones had shot. These were the vermin that David had seen me plucking.

Although these things were stated by me and confirmed by David Griffiths in evidence, the prosecution still wrongly claimed in their summing up, that I had tried to buy a gun from David Griffiths and that I used to do a lot of shooting. Both the judge and my defence failed to point out to the jury that this was not the case. I had already told the police and the court that I had not owned a gun for over thirty years. During and after David Griffiths's evidence, the whole court was highly amused. The jury were openly laughing and both John Roden and myself had great difficulty in keeping a straight face. At the end of the day it seemed rather strange to me that not one witness had said a word against me, yet had been called by the prosecution.

Michael Coughlin gave evidence, almost identical to his statement made in May 1994. He continued to maintain however that Chris was not in the office when we both left at 12.31-12.32am. I hope to be able to prove that Chris actually was in the office before we both left. He said in evidence that, after following me in his own car, just after 12.30 to the gates of the Birds Industrial Estate, I turned right, towards Mill Street, and he turned left towards Risca, in order to get some chips for supper. On finding the chip shop closed, he turned his car around and followed my route. Putting him a few minutes behind me. He saw no other vehicle on Mill Street, nor did he see the two girls, Diane Harris and Angharad Ash who he could not possibly have missed, had they been there. On turning into Channel View at just before 12.40am he saw my white Sierra driving up Channel View towards my home i.e. the opposite direction to the Western Valley Taxi office.

The two girls, Diane Harris and Angharad Ash gave their evidence, their original statement of having seen me in my white Sierra at 12.40 is available. Diane Harris said that they walked down Commercial

Street in Risca, towards Waldrun's Garage at about 12.20am. She said that she saw 'Ouchie's' breakdown truck come out of Birds Industrial Estate and turn LEFT, driving up through Risca. The two girls then went into Waldrun's Garage. She described the breakdown wagon as being yellow with T&H Autos printed in large letters all over the bodywork. (This is an accurate description of 'Ouchie's' breakdown trucks). The main fault with her evidence was that the driver of the truck insisted, and was backed up by 'Ouchie', that he turned RIGHT when he came out of the Industrial Estate. Chris Rees came to fuel up at the garage, Diane said that she was driving a BLUE car, (she was in fact driving a MAROON car). The till-roll showed that the girls made a purchase at 12.27am, Diane agreed that they left the garage at this time and walked up Mill Street. She also agreed that the walk to the bridge would have taken about three minutes, placing the girls at the bridge at 12.30am. She also stated that NO vehicle passed her in either direction during their walk to the bridge. Diane then gave evidence that as they got within a few yards of the bridge, a white car came round the corner and entered the bridge, coming towards her. On the other side of the road opposite Diane, was a parked van. The oncoming car had to cross to her side of the road to overtake the parked van. She said that the car seemed to swerve towards them and because of this she automatically assumed that I was the driver.

(Apparently both girls believed that I, for some reason, always swerved towards them whenever we met. This I deny, any intentional swerve, purely for a joke, is not something that I would do.) If this car had crossed the road to overtake the parked van, it's headlights would have shone into the eyes of the persons on the opposite pavement. Diane then stated that she saw the sign 'Western Valley Taxis' across the top of the windscreen. As I have mentioned earlier, there were no signs on my Sierra that night, for the reasons already given. Also, none of my cars had a sign 'Western Valley Taxis'. Those that did carry a sign simply read 'Western Valley'. The signs are on car number plates and size alone would not permit Taxis to be added.

Diane also testified that the driver did not wave or acknowledge the girls in any way. (The girls nickname for me was 'Misery' simply because I never at any time waved or acknowledged them while I was driving.) This was another reason she assumed it was me, I DIDN'T WAVE. She recognised that the driver was me, simply by my long hair. No mention was made by either girl that on that night I also had a full beard. On her statement, written by the police, and signed by Diane Harris, 'the driver swerved towards them and laughed and waved'. Diane denied in the witness box that she had ever said this. It was dismissed by the prosecution as a simple case of the police officer not hearing her correctly. She also stated in the witness box that the driver was definitely alone in the car.

When Angharad Ash gave evidence she was correct when she said that 'Ouchie's' breakdown truck turned RIGHT coming out of the Industrial Estate, although she incorrectly described it as having NO lettering on the vehicle. She also described Chris's car in Waldrun' Garage as BLUE, again incorrect. Angharad also stated that when the car swerved towards them at the bridge, both girls had to jump on to the pavement to avoid being run over. This was denied by Diane Harris, Angharad also claimed that the car was carrying a 'Western Valley Taxis' sign above the windscreen, but she also added that she saw a telephone number printed onto the screen. None of my vehicles have ever had a telephone number on any part of them front or back. She too recognised me as the driver by my long hair, again no mention of my beard.

Like Diane, Angharad said that the driver was alone in the car and although the car came to her side of the road she was able to see inside it, there was no other occupant. She also saw no other vehicle on her

walk up Mill Street, which is a perfectly straight road. Both these girls went to the police on the evening of 9th May 1994, after seeing the report in the newspapers of the murders and my arrest and photograph. The following is a brief summary of their evidence in court.

1. Diane said 'Ouchie's' truck turned left -- Incorrect
2. Angharad said it turned right -- Correct
3. Diane said it had large lettering on it -- Correct
4. Angharad said it had no lettering -- Incorrect
5. Diane claimed Chris's car was blue -- Incorrect
6. Angharad claimed Chris's car was blue -- Incorrect
7. They both agreed that they saw no other vehicle driving along Mill Street at 12.30am.
8. They both agreed that they would have been at the bridge on Mill Street at 12.30am.
9. Angharad said that they had to jump on to the pavement to avoid the car. Diane said that this was not so
10. Diane described sign as 'Western Valley Taxis' -- Incorrect
11. Angharad described sign as 'Western Valley Taxis' plus phone number. -- Incorrect
12. They both agreed that there was only the driver in the car.
13. They both recognised me by my long hair.
14. Angharad said that the driver waved to them.
15. Diane said that the driver did not wave or acknowledge them in any way. That is why she knew it was 'Misery', because he never ever waved to them.

Had I, as the prosecution suggests, gone to Channel View to pick up John Roden and the murder weapons, I would have had to have passed the girls on Mill Street (a straight road), as would Mike Coughlin, a few minutes behind me. We saw no girls, the girls saw no cars.

The fact that I was in the taxi office at 12.30am is confirmed by Mike Coughlin and also by the foundry worker who heard what was, undoubtedly the roller doors being lowered by me at approximately 12.30am. My defence did not call the foundry worker to confirm this. It proves beyond reasonable doubt that I could not have been going up Mill Street at 12.30am, let alone returning with John Roden. It is beyond doubt that the car that the girls saw, if they did indeed see a car, it most definitely was not a 'Western Valley' car, least of all my white Sierra, with myself as the driver.

There is a Blackwood taxi firm called 'Valley Cars', which I mentioned when I gave evidence, which carry a 'Valley Cars' sign on their windscreen. I mentioned in court that there was a possibility of the girls seeing one of their vehicles, but this idea was scoffed at by the prosecution. The boy on the seat opposite the 'Myrtle Grove Inn' would have been bound to have seen any car emerging from Mill Street onto the roundabout. According to his statement he saw no car. Again he was not called by my defence to confirm this.

The statement of Christine Walsh, (one of the girls that I picked up from the A.B.C. steps at 02.55 on Friday, 6th May 1994), was read to the court. Christine Walsh stated that the car that picked her up from the A.B.C. steps was not bearing any taxi signs.

Mark Smith, a mechanic who worked part-time on all of our cars, stated in the witness box that he had never, ever, seen any 'Western Valley' signs on my Sierra. In answer to a direct question from the Judge, he said that it was not possible to tell that my white Sierra was a taxi, either from the front or the rear.

Howell Evans 'Ouchie' came to give evidence. It was emphasised to the jury, by the prosecution, that 'Ouchie's' perception of time was not very good, to say the least. He wore no watch and judging on his witness statements and the rather outlandish estimates he gave in the witness box, it puts real doubt that he could, in fact tell the time. 'Ouchie' made three witness statements, the first being over thirty minutes out as far as proven times are concerned. This, having been pointed out to him, was corrected in his second statement, with, it must be said, the assistance of the till-roll of Waldrun's garage, which showed that he put fuel in his car at 12.23am on the morning of Friday the 6th May 1994.

The police at this time were working on the assumption that the till-roll was out by four minutes, which was later proved not to be the case. His third statement was made on Monday 9th May 1994, after I had been arrested and was in custody at Newport Police Station. In his witness statement and in answer to the prosecution, in evidence he said that after having fuelled his car, he noticed that he had left his lights on in his unit on the Birds Industrial Estate and so he returned to turn them off. In answer to questions from the defence he said that he had intended to return to his unit anyway, which he did.

The car that fuelled up directly behind 'Ouchie' was the maroon Sierra driven by Chris Rees. She was on the till-roll at 12.24am. He noticed her before he left the garage and returned to his unit, a drive of some twenty seconds. This would have put 'Ouchie' back at his unit at 12.24am.

He entered his unit, leaving the door open behind him and heard voices in the unit next door (Western Valley Taxis). He recognised Gerry Stevens' voice but not the other. Although he heard voices he could

not hear what was being said. At 12.24am the other voice would have been mine or Mike Coughlins, at that time there were only the three of us in the office.

In answer to prosecution questions, 'Ouchie' thought that he was in his unit about ten minutes before a maroon car came past his door. Under defence questions he then said that after leaving Wandrun's garage he drove straight round to his unit and went inside. He then said that after stopping some twenty feet inside his unit, he heard a car approaching. Looking around he saw the maroon Sierra, which he recognised as the car that was behind him at Waldren's garage, drive past his open door. This must have been at 12.25 or 12.26 at the latest. This car then stopped at the back of his unit and, after a minute, he heard a woman's voice in the taxi office, this would have been at the latest 12.27am. There is no doubt that the woman that he heard was Chris, as I have always maintained, returning to the taxi office before 12.30am and before the roller door was closed by me.

'Ouchie' then said that he heard a noise like 'a fist hitting a filing cabinet'. The answer to this is one of two things. Firstly, my lowering the metal roller door, which was always kept well oiled and came down rather fast, or, Gerry placing the folder containing the night sheets into the metal cabinet, from where P.C. Cooksey removed them, on my direction, later that day.

At 12.28am 'Ouchie' definitely did not hear a shot from the taxi office. He said that on hearing the sound 'like a fist hitting a filing cabinet' he became nervous, so he left his unit in some haste. From the Birds Industrial Estate 'Ouchie' drove to his home in Crosskeys, a journey of some two miles. This journey he said usually took him 12-16 minutes. To anyone, even driving at the legal speed of 30mph the journey to Crosskeys is a maximum of 5 minutes. If this again is an example of 'Ouchie's perception of time, it is logical to conclude that his estimate of being in his unit some ten minutes before the maroon car passed his door should be adjusted to 3-4 minutes maximum.

'Ouchie', in his witness statements, written by the police and emphasised to me at my taped interview, was petrified by what he had heard from the taxi office. He, supposedly, left his unit in a blind panic, fearful of his safety and that of his family. This was impressed on the jury by the prosecution, "What he heard that night altered Howell Evans' life." The fact of the matter, as 'Ouchie' put it in the witness box, was that he became nervous and left his unit. Why he should have been nervous at all, considering the usual banging and slamming that came from the taxi office everyday, is questionable. He passed Risca police station, but never stopped to inform them, he got home but did not phone the police, he did not tell his wife and the following morning again did not contact the police. Hardly, one would think, the actions of a man in a panic, fearful of the safety of his family.

In his witness statement he said that he arrived at his home at 01.20am. He confirmed this when answering the prosecution questions. During questions by the defence, he then said that he was in his home some time, doing this and that, before he noticed his clock at 01.19am. Again another estimate of time by 'Ouchie'. Considering the blind panic he was in, he seemed to calm down remarkably well.

'Ouchie' undoubtedly heard Chris's voice in the taxi office, the only bone of contention is the time he heard her voice. The prosecution insisted, because it was the only way it would fit into their scenario, that he heard her voice about 12.40-12.45am. I will retrace Chris's movements, and, in conjunction with

'Ouchie's' evidence and Waldrun's till roll, prove beyond reasonable doubt that she was in the taxi office before 12.30am, which is before Mike Coughlin and I left the office. Throughout the trial the prosecution kept insisting that the jury shouldn't put too much emphasis on times, except of course when they differed to mine. The jury were told:

My times were wrong.

Mike Coughlin's timing was probably inaccurate.

Sarah Baulch's time was wrong.

Diane Harris and Angharad Ashe's times were probably inaccurate when they were altered from 12.40 to 12.30.

'Ouchie' was of course absolutely right with his times, albeit the prosecution attempted to brush aside his being a mere thirty minutes out in his timing and taking twelve to sixteen minutes to drive a four or five minute journey and arriving at his home at 01.20am.

Maria Rees and Norman Jones were right, albeit that they too altered their original estimate by some fifteen minutes and their estimate was contrary to that of Sarah Baulch, who kept to the original time of 12.10am when giving evidence. Again, if it did not fit the prosecution scenario, it was wrong.

Joanne Polk gave evidence that Chris picked her up in a taxi and drove her to Crosskeys. The taxi was a little later than Joanne had ordered but she didn't mind. Chris dropped Joanne off in Crosskeys at 23.55 or possibly a minute or two later. She agreed that the journey from the bottom of Risca to Crosskeys took about five minutes.

On the prosecutions sequence of events, Chris then disappears for thirty minutes, no one supposedly saw her or knew where she was until 12.24am. This is utterly ridiculous. The Darren, a public house situated approximately three quarters of the way to Crosskeys from the taxi office had a regular pick-up booked with Western Valley Taxis to take home their staff. This was a block booking for 23.50 every Thursday night. On this particular night Maria Rees, the manageress rang the taxi office and asked for the staff taxi to come a little later. This was not unusual as they often made the same request, so as a rule the taxi would be sent about fifteen minutes later than the booked time. This would mean that they would need the taxi at approximately 12.05 to 12.10am.

If Chris was dropping off in Crosskeys at 23.55am, or even slightly later, she would have to pass The Darren public house to return to the office. Gerry was an experienced receptionist, and it is always the

nearest empty car that is sent to a call. Mike Coughlin was doing a call in Risca and I was coming down the by-pass from Wattsville, nowhere near The Darren. It is not possible that Chris drove past The Darren all the way back to the bottom of Risca, then turned round and drove all the way back. There can be no doubt that Chris drove from Crosskeys to The Darren, arriving between 12.00 and 12.05am. She did not blow the horn of her car, which would have been usual, because she would have been slightly early. Had she gone at the time that the prosecution suggested, i.e. after 12.24am she would definitely have sounded her horn and would not have switched off the engine of her car because she would have been more than slightly late. Sarah Baulch, Maria Rees and Norman Jones all said that Chris was parked outside of The Darren and did not blow her horn.

Sarah Baulch, in her witness statement, said that all three of them got into the taxi at 12.10am. Maria Rees and Norman Jones said in their first statement that it was after 12.30am but then made another statement saying that it was probably fifteen minutes earlier than this. The journey - which I have done myself on numerous occasions - takes between twelve to fifteen minutes to drop off the staff and return to Risca. Sarah Baulch thought that she got into her home at about 12.25am, in this she had to be slightly out as Chris, after leaving Sarah Baulch, got to Waldrun's Garage by 12.24am as confirmed by the till-roll. Nevertheless, on Sarah Baulch's time of pick-up, fourteen minutes is about average for the drop off and return to Risca.

The Darren pick-up, said the prosecution, did not happen until Chris had fuelled up at 12.24am, she then, they said, went to The Darren. Chris purchased, among other things, some cans of drink at Waldren's at 12.24am. With the taxi radio positioned in the glove compartment of the maroon Sierra, there was nowhere for her to have placed the cans of drink. I know from experience that the cans of drink will not fit in the door compartments of a Seirra. Chris and Gerry always bought drinks from the 'cooler, she would hardly have bought cold drinks that were not going to be drunk for at least twenty minutes -even longer if she was going to wait outside The Darren. Chris obviously bought the drinks because she was thirsty, yet none of The Darren staff saw her holding or drinking a can, or even saw a can of drink in this taxi. There is no doubt that Chris left Waldrun's Garage at 12.24am and returned to the office.

After the bodies were discovered there were cans on the office desk. There were no cans in the maroon Sierra, therefore Chris must have brought them into the office. Had she interrupted a murder in progress, it is difficult to believe that she would have then placed the cans on the desk. It took a year, right up until the trial started, for the police to divulge the contents of the three plastic bank bags that were found in the desk in the office. They contained in each, the paying in slips, petrol receipts and cash of the three drivers working that night.

Michael Attwooll - no petrol receipt.

Mike Coughlin - petrol receipt, no five pence pieces or copper.

Christine Rees - petrol receipt

If Chris had not returned to the office from Waldren's Garage, how is it possible that she paid in her takings, including her petrol receipt? If she had returned later and interrupted a murder, how could she have counted her money and placed it with the petrol receipt (timed at 12.24am) into a bank bag and also placed the cans on the desk?

The evening driver's sheet had been completed by Gerry and added up and placed in the metal filing cabinet, (which I don't recall, but then I wouldn't have taken much notice) that would account for 'Ouchie's'

noise, 'a fist hitting a metal filing cabinet'.

The main points are again, Chris was the first, nearest, available taxi for The Darren staff. She would have been sent there automatically. If she had not, I would have been sent, I was not. She would not have bought cold drinks to carry with her for at least twenty minutes. She would not have had anywhere to place the cans in the Sierra, except on the seats, she could hardly have had fizzy drinks rolling around on the floor. She had to have paid in her takings straight after fuelling up, to put a petrol receipt in the bank bag. The time of Chris dropping off in Crosskeys matches with her being parked outside of The Darren at 12.10am as claimed by Sarah Baulch.

The time of the 12.10am pick-up matches with the average time of the taxi run, enabling Chris to be at Waldrun's Garage at 12.24am. 'Ouchie' gave evidence of seeing the car that was behind him at Waldrun's at a time that had to be 12.25-12.26am returning to the taxi office and a minute later hearing a woman's voice in the office.

One point, confirmed by the drivers who gave evidence in court was that Western Valley drivers fuelled up their vehicles after their last run. There cannot be any doubt that Chris fuelled her car at Waldrun's after she had done The Darren taxi run, and, having done so, returned to the taxi office before 12.30am.

Mike Coughlin gave a statement to the police which, incidentally I had no knowledge of prior to my arrest on Monday 9th May 1994, in which he said that Chris was not in the taxi office when he and I left, just after 12.30am. He confirmed this in evidence in court. I have always maintained, and still do, that she was there before we left. I know as only I can know, that Mike Coughlin is wrong, but I don't believe that he has told a deliberate lie. I don't know if it was shock, a mental block, or a wish to pay in and hurry home that night that makes him believe that Chris was not there, but I can see no reason why he should wish to lie about it, and I don't believe that he did so intentionally.

I, even now, fail to understand what possible motive I might have to say this. What could I possibly have to gain by saying Chris was there if she wasn't? especially with a witness to contradict me. To be perfectly logical about it, I would have improved my case if I had not said that she was there when I left. When one considers that I had Mike Coughlin, my daughter Vikki, and just slightly John Roden, as well as my wife Mary confirming the time that I arrived home, it would have been better for me to say that Chris was not in the office when I left. Then I would not have had any idea what time she returned. So, in fact, the later she returned the better it would have been for me, I would also have been agreeing with Mike Coughlin. In the time sequence that I related, it was not possible for me to have committed the murders, disposed of the weapons and blood-stained clothing, and get to my home when I did. In the prosecution time sequence i.e. of Chris returning at 12.45am it would have been even more impossible for me to have committed the murders, therefore I do myself no favours by insisting that Chris was in the office before I left with Mike Coughlin.

When Tony Harbon, the driver who discovered the bodies of Gerry and Chris came into the witness box, it was obvious that the experience still affected him, a year after the event. I saw the state of Tony on the morning of Friday 6th May 1994. I could see how absolutely shocked he was then, that is why I was so

concerned about going to check on him later that morning. Tony could not remember having a conversation with me at his home, when he described to me how he found the bodies and the state of the office. He couldn't even remember offering to do an airport run for me. What my defence team knew, but did not bring up in court for the benefit of the jury, was that Tony had been visited by a doctor, at his wife's request, and had received medication to calm him down.

Tony's wife told me this when I called to visit at 09.30am Friday 6th May 1994. She was present, as was her daughter when this conversation took place. My defence team also knew this but neither Mrs Harbon or her daughter were called by my defence to confirm this. It was made to appear by the prosecution that when I visited Vincent Price and told him what I had been told by Tony, that I was in fact describing things that I had seen with my own eyes. Although I was only quoting Tony Harbon, it was put to the jury as a virtual confession on my part. This whole issue could have been settled had my defence called Mrs Harbon and her daughter.

Even in May 1995, one year after his shocking discovery, Tony Harbon was still in a disturbed state and had been on medication for some time. It is not surprising that he was unable to recall the events of Friday 6th May 1994. The prosecution took advantage of this fact and were allowed, without being contested, to put it before the jury that my version of the events was untrue. While my defence team didn't deem it necessary to contest the prosecution line, I would have thought it very important, due to the fact that it gave some credence, however small, to the evidence given by Vincent Price. In his evidence he said that I had described the taxi office as 'covered in blood, there was blood everywhere'. I have admitted several times to having made a statement of this nature, but what was omitted was that I actually said, "Tony Harbon told me". I find it difficult to believe that my defence did not find this of great importance to my case.

A few days before my trial, I was told by my wife that her brother, Vincent Price, had been admitted to St. Cadoc's Mental Hospital, apparently because he had attempted suicide. He had also, I was told, tried to escape from the hospital. When he came into court to give evidence he looked very depressed and was shuffling along and was escorted by a male nurse, who sat behind him while he was in the witness box. Although very quiet initially, he seemed to warm to his task as he was being questioned by the prosecution. When however, the defence began to question him, he returned to his quiet, depressed manner. He virtually confirmed his statement of 10th May 1994 to the letter.

As I have mentioned before, there was not a witness or forensic evidence to prove that any of the conversations or the transaction, concerning the converted air-rifle took place between Vincent Price and myself. Vincent Price was asked by my Q.C. Mr Elias, if he had ever sold drugs to children. Although he appeared outraged at the suggestion, the fact of the Holmes Computer Report of September 1994 was never put to him or the jury. He was never asked if he had been questioned by the police about the drugs report.

Some days later it was decided one morning, that the jury would do a site visit of Risca and Tanybryn that afternoon. Both John Roden and I were confined to the courthouse cells, with no access to a telephone. Just before the jury got to his house in Tanybryn, Vincent Price went to the locked meter cupboard

attached to his house and discovered fourteen grams of white powder, which proved to be amphetamine, i.e. 'whizz' or 'speed'. This find was nine months after the drug squad had received an anonymous 'tipoff'. The judge ordered that Vincent Price return to the court to explain this find. Unfortunately Vincent Price went 'missing' so a warrant was issued for his arrest.

I have already mentioned that certain points of Vincent Price's statement and his evidence in court were very similar, but one point that was not in his statement was concerning a Sport/Gun catalogue. This catalogue as I have explained, was taken from my home by the police. It was shown to Vincent Price just before he left the witness box, and what Vincent and the jury did not know, was that his fingerprints were on at least six pages of this catalogue and mine were on one page. Vincent denied ever having seen this catalogue before. It was obvious to all of us who knew of his fingerprints, that he was lying. Nothing was mentioned at that time and it was confirmed by my solicitor that it was a big point to be used in the defence summing up. Unfortunately, it was never used in the summing up, and the fact that Vincent's prints were on the catalogue was never told to the jury. The prosecution though, made an issue of the fact, during my evidence, that my fingerprints were on one page. As far as the jury knew, mine were the only fingerprints on it.

Some more evidence that did not come to light until the trial began was, along with the three bank bags, containing the paying in slips etc of the three drivers working on the evening shift of Thursday 5th May 1994, it was also revealed that the police had removed certain items from the shed of Vincent Price in May 1994. Among these items were, sawn-up barrels of air-rifles, parts of mechanisms of air-rifles and a live round of .22 ammunition. Although he had firearms, Vincent apparently did not own an air-rifle, so why the spare parts? Vincent said in his witness statement that I had told him that the .22 air-rifle that he claimed that he had sold me, had been 'cut-up and got rid of'. Again is this mere coincidence?

According to the Ballistics Report the 'rifling' inside of the barrel removed from the river Ebbw was a 'twelve line type'. No questions were asked by my defence as to what type of 'rifling' was in the sawn up barrels removed from Vincent's shed. If not, why not? Vincent Price also denied knowing Carl Perkins although they live only ten houses apart and Vincent had to pass Perkins' house to visit his mother-in-law, who also lives in Tanybryn, something he did on a regular basis.

Vincent Price lied when he made the statement to the police in May 1994, he continued to lie when he went to court in May 1995. The question I have been asked many times is, "why would Vincent Price make a false statement against you?" For three months after my arrest the answer was simply, "I don't know." One thing I do know was that he was very afraid of something and it was definitely not me. To quote Vincent at my trial, "I would trust Michael Attwooll with my life."

It wasn't until John Roden was charged and Carl Perkins' name came up that certain things began to fall into place. Carl Perkins made money to buy drugs by stealing from garden sheds (as was confirmed by his evidence in court and by John Roden.) Vincent Price has a shed at the bottom of his garden, in which

he kept all the necessary equipment to make his own bullets. I have seen this myself several times when visiting Vincent. I have also seen guns left in this shed. Legal guns I hasten to add, although in fact not legal to leave them there instead of putting them into his secure metal cabinet in his house. In some of the possibilities that follow I do not accuse Vincent Price or Carl Perkins of the murders of Gerry and Chris. I simply put to paper ideas that are possible.

Vincent bought an illegal air-rifle, converted to shoot .22 bullets from O'Neil. With it he also bought a silencer. Whatever the reason was for this purchase, Vincent said it was for the guns 'novelty' value. Although he changed his evidence from 'never intending to use the gun', to, 'I thought I might use the gun sometime in the future'. The point is, he took the gun from O'Neil for forty pounds which, apparently he has never paid. I find this rather strange if, as Vincent said I paid him a hundred pounds for it.

If this gun had been stolen from Vincent's shed, he could not have reported it to the police because it was an illegal weapon. It would be quite natural to assume that when it was known that the murders had been committed with a .22 calibre weapon there was a reasonable possibility that O'Neil would tell the police that he sold a .22 to Vincent Price. Vincent would hardly expect the police to believe that the gun had been stolen. Alternatively, having heard that a .22 had been used it is possible that he then got rid of the gun. One other way was to pass the buck to the man who had helped him so often over the previous thirty years, namely me.

I will admit that had Vincent come to me I would have done all in my power to help him. I cannot say the same for Carl Perkins. While I do not accuse him of the murders, I do not exclude the possibility of his having taken some part in them. All that I know of Carl Perkins are things that have been told to me by others, and by his criminal record. The prosecution told the jury that Perkins was not on the list as being an officially paid police informer. It was pointed out though that he had 'helped' the police in the past, and by doing so had avoided prosecution himself.

A mention was made by Perkins in his taped interview with the police, of having been put in a 'boarding house' and being protected. No mention was made in court that, due to the death of a baby (a man was sent to prison for this) Perkin's flat, in which the baby was found, on the Alway Estate in Newport, was burnt out. It was mentioned however that Perkins was questioned in the investigation of the Lynette White murder in Cardiff.

No mention was made of the murder of Perkin's female cousin, on Stow Hill, Newport, in 1983, or of any connection to the murder of a deaf girl in Shaftsbury, Newport, both of which Perkins was questioned

about by the police. I will give more details of Perkins' evidence and that of his wife Julie a little later. Suffice to say the Julie Perkins thought it necessary to give her husband a false alibi for the night of 5th-6th May 1994. Perkins as I have said, robbed garden sheds, he lived ten houses from Vincent Price. Prior to the murder the residents of Tanybryn had started a petition to have the Perkins family removed from the estate due to a series of thefts and the general conduct of Carl Perkins. Perkins' garden at 72 Tanybryn backed right on to the river Ebbw. The distance from there to the Western Valley Taxi offices, is at the most, three quarters of a mile. On Friday 6th May Perkins was burning 'household rubbish' at the end of his garden. He stated that John Roden brought pieces of a gun to his home and that they were all 'sooted' up. He could not say, even within a day, when John Roden supposedly delivered these pieces of metal, or when, as he claimed, he took them and threw them in the river Ebbw. Carl Perkins, as far as any evidence is concerned, is the only person concerned with this case, known to have been burning a bonfire on Friday 6th May. It was Perkins who stated that the pieces of metal were all 'sooted up' when he threw them in the river. When detailing the court evidence it will be shown that John Roden did not, and could not, have delivered a broken gun to Carl Perkins.

In a statement by Jeff Woodland, he said that the murder weapons were burned within a half mile of his -Perkins- house and that his wife Julie knew where. Perkins also telephoned his wife Julie some days before the murders, telling her to make a false booking for a taxi from Western Valley, asking for a woman driver. In court Perkins then said that Vikki Attwooll had asked him to do this. This again is another example of Perkins trying to blame someone else.

Perkins undoubtedly made this telephone call, it was confirmed by his wife, the logic of it I can't understand, but he plainly had some reason for doing so. Could it be that Perkins or an accomplice intended to meet this taxi with a woman driver, intending to rob her? Or could it be that Perkins wanted to get Gerry alone in the office for some reason? Whatever it was, the plan did not work, as Julie was told that there was no woman driver available.

The call made by Julie Perkins could not have been made on a Monday or Wednesday night, simply because Vikki would have been working on the desk on those nights and would have recognised her voice. If the call was made on the Tuesday night, one thing that I knew, which Perkins probably did not, was, that although Chris spent Tuesday evenings in the taxi office, she did not work as it was one of her nights off. She would always sit with Gerry in the office and would often drink from a bottle of brandy -both their favourite drink- which was kept in the filing cabinet. Therefore, on a Tuesday night there would not have been a woman driver available. If it was made on a Thursday night I would not have been working, Thursday was one of my nights off.

Thursday 5th May 1994 was an exception due to Mike Cutler not being available for work, which I then had to cover. No-one, not even myself, who had any idea of the taxi office routine, would have been expecting me to be at work that evening. Therefore, as far as the prosecution's claim that I had planned to kill Gerry and Chris is concerned, even I did not know that I would be working that night and could hardly have planned anything with John Roden. As far as anyone else's plans were concerned, my working that night was an unforeseen problem. Whoever committed the murders, knew the office routine. The only way anyone could have approached the taxi office unseen, and presumably leave the same way, was via the river Ebbw.

The far bank of the river is always in darkness, due to the lights from the foundry and the other units casting a shadow. A person, or several persons, could wait on the other bank unseen, with a clear view of

the taxi office and would know when all the drivers had gone. This is the only possible approach to ensure that he, or they, remained totally undetected. The depth of the river is no more than 12-18 inches deep. The boys outside of the gates to the Birds Industrial Estate saw 'Ouchie's' lorry and car come out of the gate, but did not see a Sierra go in or out. The one thing that I have always maintained is, that it was possible for anyone, including the police, to turn up at the taxi office at any time.

Western Valley Taxis gave a twenty four hour service and this was generally known to the residents of Risca. Even if I had any thought of killing either Gerry or Chris, which I most certainly did not, the last place that I would have chosen would have been my own office. Not only because of the risk of a customer, or the night driver, or even the police, coming to the office, but also because it would have been, as the case has shown, the end of the business. The prosecution counsel kept repeating to the jury that I had resented the affair between Gerry and Chris, mainly because I was afraid that it would damage the business. Is it even remotely possible that I would commit murder in my own office and throw away the business that I was apparently so anxious to protect, a business that Gerry and I had worked so hard to build up over two years.

Had I wished to kill them, which again I deny, I had ample time to do so elsewhere. As I have told the police, and in my evidence in court, supported by other drivers, I often picked them both up from Newport in the early hours of the morning. They were always drunk when I picked them up. When they have not been fighting or making love in the rear seats of my car, they have often fallen asleep. Surely what better opportunity could there have been than to drive them to some secluded spot and kill them there.

Gerry often also cycled home from the taxi office along the canal bank which again is very secluded (he did this in an effort to lose weight). Gerry and Chris had several spots on the mountain where they went to have sex. Andrew Stevens, Gerry's son, came across them once and attacked Gerry's car with a hammer. Once again ample opportunity. Who could reasonably believe that I would murder someone in the taxi office, with greater risk of detection and the definite loss of our business.

Anthony Osmond was due to give evidence in court, but did not turn up. He was apparently last seen on the bus stop in Risca on his way to court. A warrant for his arrest was issued by the judge, but he was never brought to court to give evidence. He never confirmed in court his witness statement, in which he said that he had given certain photographs to me. Nevertheless the prosecution continued to use his witness statement to the jury, which never officially became evidence. Paul Downes, a former taxi driver with Western Valley (he left to have an operation at the Royal Gwent Hospital), a man who drove my white Sierra almost as often as myself, was never asked by my defence whether or not there were taxi signs on my car when he drove it. Paul informed me after the trial that he had been waiting to be asked about the signs.

He would have told the court that, as a rule, the Western Valley signs were tucked down the side of the driver's seat. He would have also told the court that when they were displayed, they were at the bottom of the windscreen. This would have been a complete contradiction to the evidence of Diane Harris and Angharad Ash, who stated that they saw the signs on my white Sierra above the windscreen. Again a point that my defence team did not deem fit to make.

D.C. Colin Rees came to give evidence, I was absolutely stunned that, under oath, he gave similar evidence to his previous statements, which I have said before, were false. He still insisted that he and D.C. Morgan conveyed me in the rear of the police car. When questioned by Mr Elias Q.C. for the

defence, he did admit that he seemed to recall that I did ask if I could take my own car down to the taxi office. He then told the court that he refused my request. When asked why my request was denied considering that I was not a suspect at that time, he got rather flustered and mumbled that he considered that it would be better that I should go in the police car as he thought that I would only be there for a short time. He then said that D.C.Morgan drove the red police car and he sat in the front passenger seat with me in the back seat.

D.C.Rees even had the audacity to tell the court that D.C.Morgan parked the car on arrival at the Industrial Estate in exactly the same spot that I had told both the police and my solicitor in May 1994 that I had parked my own car, the white Sierra. On our arrival at the door of the taxi unit, I, and only I, was given white overshoes and I entered the unit. He then said that he followed me inside (no overshoes). He insisted that he had watched me at all times and that I did not go more than 12 inches inside the unit. This is of course in complete contradiction of the evidence of Claire Galbraith, Simon Carpenter and, to some extent, P.C.Cooksey. He admitted taking the taxi booking sheets but was most emphatic in denying having taken a list of drivers and their numbers, the taxi booking sheets were totally useless to the police and could not possibly help with their investigation.

The insistence of both P.C.Cooksey and D.C.Rees was that the booking sheets were the only reason that I was taken to the taxi office. Without the list of drivers the whole exercise would have been a complete waste of time. I passed a note to my defence team telling them to ask about any evidence given by P.C.Morgan. They contacted the prosecution and the answer I received from my solicitor was that D.C.Morgan could not remember any of the events of Friday 6th May 1994.

Neither D.C.Morgan or D.C.Rees, plus P.C.Cooksey (scene of crime office) had apparently taken any notes concerning my visit to the taxi office. At least no notebooks or notes were forthcoming. When the defence asked for disclosure of all evidence, D.C.Morgan has never apparently given a statement about the incidence. If one ever existed it was never disclosed. D.C.Rees denied calling on his radio to ask for permission for me to take my own car to the taxi office. He lied, the radio message was heard by myself, my wife and David Goodwin. Apparently the tapes of the call are not available from police headquarters nor are there any logs of the call.

When the prosecution's ballistics expert gave evidence, he basically said the same as his witness statement, which is available. I quote a little of it from memory.

" While there are certain similarities between the bullets in the tree and the bullets in the bodies, I cannot conclusively say that they were fired from the same gun. I cannot rule out the use of a commercial rim-fire weapon or the use of a second weapon."

In his second statement, pertaining to the barrel of the gun recovered from the river Ebbw.

" I cannot conclusively say that the bullets in the bodies were fired from this barrel. In my opinion, this gun once fired, could not be reloaded."

There were as I explained, three bullets in the bodies. The prosecution maintained that the gun recovered from the river was the murder weapon. They maintained this even though their own expert could not say conclusively that it was. My defence never, at any time contested this allegation, even though the only credence it held was in conjunction with Vincent Price's claim that he had sold the selfsame gun to me. Therefore, even if Vincent Price had sold me the gun recovered from the river, which I vehemently deny, the ballistics expert cannot say conclusively that it was in fact the murder weapon. No effort was made by my defence to put a figure on the possible number of guns with a '12 line' rifling. the prosecutions ballistic expert conceded in evidence that some commercial weapons have similar '12 line' rifling. Again no effort was made by my defence to put a figure on the number of these weapons available.

P.C.Cooksey (scenes of crime officer) gave evidence for the prosecution. He accepted that he met D.C.Rees and myself at the door of the taxi unit. He accepted that I had put on a pair of overshoes and followed him into the unit and office. He made no mention however of D.C.Rees following us both into the unit. He made no mention of this simply because D.C.Rees remained outside the unit. P.C.Cooksey told the court that prior to my coming to the office he had covered the swivel chair with brown paper and had also placed a piece of brown paper measuring 3ft by 2ft on the floor to cover a large bloodstain. He also claimed that an area of the office was cordoned off. There was no cordon, as Claire Galbraith confirmed when agreeing with me in evidence. There was no paper on the chair, and the piece of paper on the floor, with the bootmark in blood on it was no bigger than a paper hand towel.

This was merely an attempt by him to give a false impression of my chances of having picked up any blood in the office. Claire Galbraith in evidence seemed to remember a small piece of paper on the floor. As a forensic expert she would surely have noticed a piece of paper 2ft by 3ft and also a chair covered in brown paper. P.C.Cooksey said that he watched me every second I was there. If this was the case why did he not notice me leaving the office for some five minutes?

Simon Carpenter remembered me leaving in his statement. Claire Galbraith remembered me leaving in her evidence. The scenes of crime officer was watching me every second, but apparently did not notice my leaving? According to P.C.Cooksey, he did not ask me about the position of the desk or any of the furniture. He simply wanted me to point out where the folders and the taxi sheets were kept. Again this evidence is contradicted by Claire Galbraith and myself.

Surely it's not credible that a scenes of crime officer would place a member of the public into an office with blood on the walls and floor, breaking all police procedural rules, simply to be told where folders were kept? I could have told him on the phone or from outside the unit, or, at the very worst I could have pointed them out from outside of the door of the office. Both P.C.Cooksey and D.C.Rees lied when they said that recovering the taxi lists was the only reason I was taken to the office. P.C.Cooksey again lied when he denied that the taxi folders were opened for me to check them, on the desk, inside the office.. Claire Galbraith again supported me in this when she gave evidence. P.C.Cooksey also lied when he said that I did not go past the front of the desk. Again my claim that I came around the desk, into the centre of the room, was supported by Claire Galbraith.

P.C.cooksey stated in evidence that he never left my side for one second. He could not therefore have removed the folders from the filing cabinet against the back wall without my having followed him across the room. P.C.Cooksey was also mistaken in his estimate of the time I spent in the taxi unit. This is an

obvious attempt to match the time given by D.C.Rees to cover his supposedly conveying me back to my home in time for me to pick up my white Sierra and go to Cwmbran. My estimate of time is supported by Claire Galbraith, Simon Carpenter and Vincent Price, who flagged me down coming out of the Industrial Estate in my white Sierra. Once again P.C.Cooksey lied when he said that as I took off my overshoes he took them from me and put them in a brown paper bag. This did not happen, P.C.Cooksey was in the office when I removed the overshoes and dropped them on the floor.

When he gave evidence on oath in court P.C.Cooksey claimed to have been a scenes of crime officer for some eleven years. By his account of the events at the taxi office on Friday 6th May 1994, it is difficult to believe that he could have kept his job for eleven years with such a high level of incompetence and total disregard for police procedure. Therefore if one is to assume that he is not a total incompetent, the only other logical conclusion is that he was lying. This was not a point that my defence thought fit to put to the jury. Also no attempt was made by my defence to bring to light, who actually gave the order for me to be asked to go to the taxi office. In a brief summery I list only the lies told by police officers that are proved to be so by witnesses.

D.C.Rees.

Lied in saying that the only reason I was asked to go to the office was to recover folders.
Lied in saying that he conveyed me to the taxi office in a police car.
Lied when describing where the police car was parked in the yard.
Lied when he said that he followed me into the unit.
Lied when he said that he watched my every move in the office.
Lied when he said that he took no list of drivers from me.
Lied in his estimate of time spent at the office.
Lied when he said that he conveyed me back to my home in a police car.

P.C.Cooksey

Lied when he said that my only reason for going to the office was the recovery of the folders.
Lied when he said that he placed brown paper over the swivel chair and a 3ft by 2ft piece of paper over bloodstains on the floor.
Lied when he said that parts of the office were cordoned off.
Lied when he said that I did not pass the front of the desk.
Lied when he said that no folders were opened on the desk.
Lied when he said that he put my overshoes in a paper bag. They were apparently not kept by forensics.
Lied in his estimate of the time of my stay in the office.

Because of the lengths gone to by the police, to play down my role in the taxi office, and hence to play down the possibility of my having picked up any blood, coupled with the attempt to keep my white Sierra from the Birds Industrial Estate, there must be certain doubts as to whether there actually was any blood in my car when I left it at Risca Police Station on Saturday 7th May 1994. These doubts will be reinforced when I give some detail of the 'evidence' against John Roden.

When David Eaves gave his evidence of my 'supposed' confession, he described in court a scenario with a chair that was proved impossible to have taken place in my cell in Cardiff Prison. It should also be understood that when Eaves first gave his statement to the police on 27th May 1994,

John Roden had not yet been arrested and charged. At no time in his statement did Eaves mention any person except myself as being the perpetrator of the murders. No other person was even suggested in his statement. When it was pointed out to him that there were now two accused he replied, "Ah yes, he (Attwooll) did mention that there was another one, 'a nasty piece of work', who was going to help him escape from Cardiff Prison so that he could kill all the witnesses, and then give himself up and stand trial. He was then asked why he had not mentioned this 'nasty piece of work' in his statement to the police, he replied that he didn't have time as he was only with the police for about an hour.. This of course was a lie, Eaves met with the police on 27th May, then again at Cardiff Prison and then he went to Newport Police Station to complete his statement. It is not unreasonable to assume that, had he known of any 'nasty piece of work' at the time he would have mentioned it.

In describing the gun he claimed I used to commit the murders, he said that I had told him that Vincent Price had bought it for a 'novelty'. This of course had been stated by Vincent Price in evidence and had been reported in the local press. No-one else had mentioned 'novelty' value except Vincent. Eaves denied that he had read this in the newspaper, and even denied realising that there were now two accused. He insisted that he never read the local newspaper, but later contradicted this.

When he stated that he had contact with me within a day of his arrival at Cardiff Prison, i.e. 18th May 1994, it was proved that this could not have been possible, simply because I was on the Hospital Wing until Saturday 21st May and, as I have previously explained, could not possibly have met Eaves until, at the very earliest, the evening of Monday 23rd May. The reason that Eaves gave for having approached the police in May 1994 was that he did it 'for the public good'. This would have been rather uncharacteristic of Eaves to say the least, if one considers his past record. He has a record of dishonesty, sexual attack, sexual abuse and violent attack, ending in imprisonment, prior to the charges of assault against a woman, which resulted with him being in Cardiff Prison in May 1994. It is beyond belief that his evidence, which implicated John Roden, whom he had never met, and, according to Eaves 'hadn't realised was on trial', evidence that on so many points was proved to be false, was allowed to stand by the judge. It is not good enough to say, as did my defence, that Eaves was shown to be a liar. Eaves' evidence was reported in the local press, especially the 'nasty piece of work', and was available to the friends and family of the jurors, who returned to their homes every evening. The impression given by the press was that Eaves was telling the truth in evidence of my 'confession' and of the involvement of John Roden. Eaves claim of 'for the public good' and was not for any gain to himself, is rather farcical considering that he was then released on bail, which had previously been denied him.

Why the prosecution brought James Palmer in as a witness will become fairly obvious. I will spend some time on Jim Palmer's evidence as it took up virtually the whole of one day. My point is not to counter Jim's evidence for this was thrown out totally by the judge, but simply to show how outlandish his evidence was.

Showing this, clearly indicates how weak the prosecution believed their case to be, and would resort to any means to 'blacken' me. When Jim Palmer gave his evidence to the prosecution, he came across as a fairly normal person. He gave his evidence, false though it was, quite clearly. Some little concern was shown by the defence team at Jim's evidence, but they did not know Palmer as well as John and I. James Palmer's statement is available, and in evidence he virtually quoted it word for word. When however, the defence cross examined him things took a rather hilarious turn.

Mr Elias - "Mr Palmer. are you a fan of the T.V. character Columbo?"

Palmer - "Yes sir, I am".

Mr Elias - So you believe you have 'cracked' this case?"

Palmer - "Yes sir, I do".

Mr Elias - "Then that would be two double murders that you have solved?"

Palmer - "Yes sir, this one and the Jonathan Jones farmhouse murders."

Mr Elias - "Indeed, you have also solved that one?"

Palmer - "Yes sir, I have proof that Jonathan Jones is guilty."

Mr Elias - "So Mr Palmer, you have proof that Jonathan Jones is guilty, but Jonathan Jones has just been found guilty after a trial of some twelve weeks."

Palmer - "Yes sir, but I could have proved it before the trial, and now I have instructed my barrister to object to Jonathan Jones' appeal application and I myself am stopping his bail application."

Mr Elias - "Well Mr Palmer, would you tell the court what proof you have against Jonathan Jones?"

Palmer - No sir, not at this time."

Mr Elias - "Mr Palmer, answer the question."

Palmer - "Well, what the police don't know is that the shot-gun cartridges are numbered in size from 0-20. If they take the pellets from the bodies of Mr & Mrs Tooze they would be able to tell what size cartridge was used to kill them."

Mr Elias - "And that's it, that's your proof?"

Palmer - (looking rather flustered) "Yes sir, But there's more."

Mr Elias - "Indeed."

Palmer - "Yes sir, Jonathan Jones confessed to me."

Mr Elias - "He did?"

Palmer - "Yes sir, and he confessed to Attwooll."

Mr Elias - Indeed, so that is two people who have confessed to you of having committed double murder?"

Palmer - "Yes sir, that's correct."

Mr Elias - So you would in fact receive world-wide acclaim for having solved these two murders?"

Palmer - (with a smirk on his face) "Well maybe not world-wide but through the UK, yes sir."

Mr Elias - "Mr Palmer is it true you were held in Cardiff Prison on a charge of attempted murder?"

Palmer - No sir, I was inside because of a domestic incident."

Mr Elias - "Were you not charged with attempted murder?"

Palmer - "No sir, I pleaded guilty to wounding."

Mr Elias - "But Mr Palmer, were you not originally charged with attempted murder?"

Palmer - "They said it was attempted murder, but I pleaded guilty to wounding."

Judge - "Mr Palmer, answer the question. Were you originally charged with attempted murder?"

Palmer - "Yes sir, but it was only a domestic incident."

Mr Elias - "But Mr Palmer, the lady involved received serious injuries, between thirteen and sixteen fractures of the skull."

Palmer - "No sir, that's not true, that was a misprint, she only had three fractures and they were only hairline."

Mr Elias - "Mr Palmer, the medical report says that she had between thirteen and sixteen fractures of the skull and some fifty stitches."

Palmer - "No sir, that's not true. First they said she had twenty-seven stitches, then forty stitches, then seventy-six stitches. That can't be true, I only tapped her lightly three times with my walking stick."

Mr Elias - "But Mr Palmer, your walking stick was a pick-axe handle."
Palmer - "Yes sir, but only a small pick-axe handle. It was only a half an inch longer than a policeman's truncheon."
Judge - "Surely Mr Palmer, that would have been too short to use as a walking stick?"
Palmer - "Not the old policeman's truncheon sir, the new one, the 'yard' stick. And anyway they made it look worse than it was."
Mr Elias - "Indeed, and how did they do that Mr Palmer?"
Palmer - "Well, when the police were at the house they waited for the ambulance to come, then they got the ambulance man to get a pint of blood from the ambulance and they scattered it about the house and then photographed it. They fabricated the scene and made it look bad for me."
Mr Elias - "The police did all this, Mr Palmer?"
Palmer - "Yes sir, and that's not all. When they interviewed me on tape, they took the master tape and converted it into five working tapes, which they edited. They only left in the parts that were bad for me, and edited out the parts that were good for me."
Judge - "Well then, do you want me to write that down in my report?"
Palmer hesitated and looked rather undecided, but then mumbled, "Yes sir."
Mr Elias - "Mr Palmer, this is not the first time that you have been charged with attempted murder is it?"
Palmer - "Yes sir, it is."
Mr Elias - "But Mr Palmer, you pleaded guilty to attempted murder once before."
Palmer - "No sir, I didn't."
Mr Elias - "But Mr Palmer, your record shows that you pleaded guilty to attempted murder and were sentenced to ten years, only being released after serving your sentence, in February 1994."
Palmer - "No sir, I didn't."
Judge - "Mr Palmer, your record shows that you pleaded guilty to attempted murder."
Palmer - "No sir, I pleaded guilty to an impossible act."
Judge - "Mr Palmer, your record clearly shows that you pleaded guilty to attempted murder, now answer the question."
Palmer - "Yes sir, I may have pleaded guilty, but it was to an impossible act."
Mr Elias - "Could you please explain this 'impossible' act?"
Palmer - "Yes sir, I was having an argument with a nightclub bouncer, he went to attack me so I swung a punch at him and missed. He then fell over a forty foot cliff. Half way down he landed on a bush and then climbed back up. Now that's impossible."
By now the whole court, including the jury, were in fits of laughter, tears rolling down their faces. The judge himself had great difficulty in keeping a straight face. The defence carried on with the cross examination.

Mr Elias - "Well Mr Palmer, you have quite a record of violence and theft. Is it true that you pleaded guilty to the robbing of a petrol station, in which you gave the cashier the impression you had a gun by holding your hand in your pocket?"
Palmer - "No sir, I didn't do that one."
Mr Elias - "But Mr Palmer, you pleaded guilty."
Palmer - "No sir, I didn't do that one."
Judge - "Mr Palmer, the record shows that in fact you did plead guilty to the charge and went to prison for it."
Palmer - "That may be the case sir, but I didn't do it."
Judge - "But Mr Palmer, you pleaded guilty."

During Palmer's evidence, attempts were made by the defence team to get a psychiatrist's report about him in to court. Due to the reluctance of Jim's solicitor and certain doctors to allow these reports to be shown, the judge gave an order for them to be produced.

At about 3.45pm the judge sent the jury and Jim Palmer out of the court. He then turned to the prosecution and said, "Mr Thomas, do you propose to carry on with this witness?" Roger Thomas QC was unable to answer so the judge said, "I am expecting psychiatric reports on Mr Palmer very soon, we will carry on till they arrive." He then called the jury and Jim Palmer back into court. A few minutes later the reports arrived. The judge read them and passed them straight to Mr Elias. A few minutes later he dismissed the jury for the day. When Jim Palmer had left the court, the judge again addressed Roger Thomas QC, "Mr Thomas, think on it overnight, as will I, on whether you will continue with this witness."

The following morning, before the jury was called in, the judge asked once more, "Mr Thomas, have you decided if you are continuing with this witness?" Roger Thomas replied, "Sir, the Crown no longer intends to rely on the evidence of Mr Palmer." The judge replied, "Thank you Mr Thomas, it is quite obvious that there is something not quite right upstairs with Mr Palmer, so Mr Thomas, you tell the jury."

When the jury were called in Roger Thomas explained that the prosecution did not intend to carry on with the evidence of James Palmer. The judge then turned to the jury and said; "Members of the jury, the Crown does not intend to carry on with Mr Palmer, and rightly so. It is quite obvious that there is something not quite right upstairs with Mr Palmer. You are to disregard all the evidence that you heard yesterday. Yesterday did not happen. Any notes you may have made must be destroyed. The usher will collect them from you. Again I say, yesterday did not happen."

Unfortunately Jim Palmer's evidence of the previous morning had been reported in the local press. This was, as they saw it the second 'confession' I had made. Even though Jim's evidence was thrown out by the judge the following day, this fact was not reported in the press.

When Jim Palmer was in Cardiff Prison he showed me a psychiatric report about himself. In this report it was stated that under no circumstances should he be allowed in the witness box in his own defence. This being the case, why was he allowed by the judge to give evidence against myself and John Roden? The Crown Prosecution Service must have known Jim's mental state, they had his reports for their own prosecution case against him, yet they still went ahead and put him in the witness box against us. This was clearly a case of throwing enough mud, hoping that some would stick.

It would be unreasonable to ask a jury to disregard a comment that someone had made, but to ask them to disregard a whole day's evidence is too ridiculous for words. The prison officers escorting John and I commented on the evidence of Jim Palmer. Two of them had attended 'big trials' both in Wales and in London over a period of years, yet they had never known a day in court that could be likened to that one. It was something they would never forget. This is undoubtedly applicable to some, if not all, members of the jury. It was a day of evidence impossible to disregard.

I have already described much of Claire Galbraith's evidence, especially that dealing with my visit to the taxi office on Friday 6th May 1994. So much of her evidence, which agrees with mine, is in total contradiction to the evidence of P.C.Cooksey. For the first time in the trial questions were asked concerning the so called 'evidence' against John Roden. In his statement to the police, Carl Perkins said that John Roden had told him that he (John Roden) had blood from the scene of the murders on his belt and on his caterpillar boots. These items had been taken from John on his arrest in August 1994 and sent

to the Forensic Laboratory. They had been tested, both microscopically and chemically, which would have picked up any trace of blood, even if it was not visible to the naked eye. No blood was found on any item, this fact was confirmed by Claire Galbraith in the witness box. Although they had been tested and found to have no traces of blood on them, John's boots and belt were still numbered as 'exhibits'. Why? None of my clothes, which were also tested and found to have no traces of blood on them were 'exhibited'. Why? When the question of John's belt being 'exhibited' arose, the judge cleared the court and a legal argument took place. The prosecution accepted that there was no blood on John's belt. "But," they said, "could there be a spot on the belt that John Roden thought was blood and therefore told Carl Perkins that it was?"

After the legal argument the judge allowed the belt to be exhibited on those grounds. It later transpired that, with some difficulty, Carl Perkins found a spot on the belt. The mere fact that this spot was blue and believed by Forensic to be ink, did not seem to matter. What it actually did was to give the prosecution the opportunity to send both the boots and the belt back for further tests during the trial.

Clare Galbraith was called back into the witness box to give further evidence. The spot on the belt, she believed, was ink. No blood was found on the soles of the boots, where Carl Perkins had described it as being. But a spot of blood was seen by Claire Galbraith with the naked eye, on one of the boots. The small sliver of leather with the blood spot on, had been cut from the boot. This blood had been D.N.A. tested and although it was large enough to be seen with the naked eye, no result could be gained. Forensics apparently could not say how old the blood was, or from whom the blood had come. It was simply put to the jury that it may have, or may not have, come from the murder scene.

Claire Galbraith was asked by Mr Pitchford QC acting for John Roden, "Are you not embarrassed at this find, after you had already tested these items for blood some nine months ago?" Claire Galbraith replied, "Yes, as a matter of fact I am." "Is it possible that this boot may have become contaminated in the laboratory?" Mr Pitchford asked. "Yes it is possible, though highly unlikely," replied Galbraith, "but these boots have been in police custody for nine months." I leave myself open to the charge of being too cynical when I ask the following questions. Why were the belt and boots tested again if no blood had been found on them in August 1994. The belt, I accept, was sent back to the Forensic Laboratory to ascertain what the blue spot was, but why were the boots sent back? After being microscopically and chemically tested in August 1994, how was it some nine months later, possible for a spot of blood to be found with the naked eye? If the spot was big enough to be seen with the naked eye, why was it not possible to gain a positive D.N.A. result?

Given that Carl Perkins said in his evidence and statement that John had pointed to a spot on his belt, which he claimed to be blood, no such case can be made for the boots, as Perkins said in his evidence and statement that John had claimed to have blood on the soles of his boots.

If the prosecution justification for exhibiting the belt is because of a spot that John thought may have been blood, what justification did they have for exhibiting the boots? Boots that have no blood on them in 1994, yet suddenly, nine months later, have undated, unidentifiable blood on them, "After," to quote Claire Galbraith, "Being in police custody for nine months?" The boots needed to be sent back to the Forensics Laboratory to be of any use to the prosecution. The belt with the ink spot on it was the ideal excuse to do this. Did the police and the prosecution know something about the boots that forensic did not?

It should also be pointed out that, in the opinion of the defence Forensic scientist, the spot of blood on the sliver of leather taken from the boot could only have got there in the shape it was if the boot was lying on it's side. Therefore it would either have to had to been off or John Roden, if wearing it, would have had to be lying down. Ther was no 'run' to the blood stain.

Taking into account the effort made by the prosecution to get John Roden's boots back to the forensic laboratory and the surprise appearance of an unidentifiable drop of blood, it does create a certain doubt, due to the efforts of the police to keep my white Sierra from the taxi office on Friday 6th May 1994, as to there actually being any blood in the same Sierra when left at Risca Police Station on Saturday 7th May 1994. Efforts, I repeat, that went as far as perjury by D.C.Rees, and, if my account, confirmed by Claire Galbraith and Simon Carpenter, be correct, possibly perjury by P.C.Cooksey. If this be the case then, as I have said before, we now look at possible conspiracy on the part of at least two police officers, to pervert the course of justice.

Before Carl Perkins came to give evidence, John Roden was told by his defence team that they, with the ammunition that they had available, intended to blast perkins out of the witness box. Perkins was the only witness against John Roden. In saying that, I do not discount the evidence of Julie Perkins, but as will be seen, she in fact gave no evidence detrimental to John Roden. She simply emphasised how unreliable Carl Perkins' evidence actually was. When Perkins came to the witness box he was 'nursed' through his evidence by the prosecutor, Roger Thomas QC. It was at the start of the defence cross-examination that it became evident how unreliable a witness Perkins actually was. After confirming that he used cannabis on almost a daily basis, Perkins was asked, "How do you feel when you take cannabis?"

"Normal," he replied.

"Then how do you feel when you don't take cannabis Mr Perkins?"

"I feel down, I don't feel as good," answered Perkins.

"Mr Perkins, do you also use hallucinatory drugs such as 'magic mushrooms'?"

"Yes," replied perkins.

"All the clouds look fluffy, everything looks pretty, prettier than it usually looks," replied Perkins.

He was then asked if he left his house on the evening of Thursday 5th May 1994. He replied that he had in fact gone out hoping to buy some cannabis. He stated that his wife Julie had not offered him any money when he left home that evening. (This evidence will be relevant to Julie Perkin's evidence.) He had, at sometime that evening gone to the flat of Vikki Attwooll and John Roden, leaving there at around 22.00 hours. This was later to be confirmed by Marianne Harris who was in Vikki's flat at the time. He had not however mentioned having visited Vikki's flat that evening in his witness statement to the police in August 1994.

He was given John Roden's belt and asked to find the spot that John had supposedly said was blood. While he was looking at the belt other conversation took place in the court. After some minutes Perkins looked up with a look of smug satisfaction on his face, "I've found it," he said. The judge asked the usher to mark the spot with a yellow paper sticker. It was then passed around from Perkins to the prosecutor, to the defence team and the jury, finishing up in the hands of the judge. What Perkins had pointed out, which incidentally was at the other end of the belt from the point that he had described to the police and to the court, was, in the opinion of the forensics, a spot of blue ink, and was accepted as such by the

prosecution and the defence. After several more questions by the defence Perkins suddenly burst out angrily, "Why are you asking me all these questions? you already know the answers. You're just trying to confuse me, you know I'm not very good at dates and times." He then pointed his finger at accusingly at Mr Pitchford and shouted, "You want to go and have electric shock treatment in St Cadocs six times, then you'll see how you feel." "Oh," said Mr Pitchford, " you have had electric shock treatment, Mr Perkins?" "Yes." replied Perkins.

While John Roden and I were in Cardiff Prison we were, as a matter of course, interviewed by a psychiatrist. When the question of Perkins being brought in as a witness was put to the psychiatrist his answer was the same to both of us. In his opinion no person having had electric shock treatment (mainly used for depression) could be considered a reliable witness. If this is also coupled with the regular use of cannabis (which in itself can become hallucogenic) and also the use of other hallucinatory drugs, things go way past the point of any person being classed as a reliable witness. Perkins had admitted in the witness box to his virtual daily use of cannabis and to his use of magic mushrooms, and also having electric shock treatment six times. Surely it is reasonable to think that the judge would have thrown out Perkins evidence as being unreliable? Had he done so John Roden would have walked out of the court. He would have had no case to answer.

However this was not the case and so Perkins' evidence continued. Mr Pitchford did not take advantage of Perkins' outburst, although had he done so we may have heard something nearer the truth from Perkins. As I have mentioned before, a baby died in Perkins' flat in Alway, Newport. This baby was mentioned by Mr Pitchford and Perkins went silent for a few minutes. He then shouted angrily to Mr Pitchford, "What's this about a baby? I don't know anything about a baby."

A break was called for by the judge and John Roden and I returned to the cells. John met with Mr Pitchford while we were in the cells. John had previously given the information about the baby to his defence team, and after Perkins' outburst thought that he had given them the wrong information. He apologised to Mr Pitchford saying, "I hope I have not dropped you in it by telling you about the baby, I thought that the information given to me was true." "Don't worry, what you have told me is correct, we have all the facts about the information, it has all been checked, it's true." When John returned and told me of this conversation we both agreed that the defence team could now easily put Perkins on the rack, unfortunately, once again this was not to be the case. No further mention was made of the death of the baby, nor of the other murders that Perkins had been questioned about, including the murder of his female cousin on Stow Hill, Newport in 1983. So much for their intention of blasting Perkins out of the witness box. On returning to the court the defence team continued their cross-examination of Perkins. While they did in fact catch Perkins out on a few points, it seemed to John and I that they were merely going through the motions. Perkins had cracked twice in the witness box but no advantage was taken by the defence team. When asked about John Roden's supposed visit to the Perkins house on the morning of Friday 6th May 1994, Perkins told the court, "John knocked at the front door at about 0900 hours. My wife was not there as she had taken the children to school, I let John into the house." (This evidence was contrary to the evidence that would later be given by Julie Perkins.)

No mention was made of John Roden bringing anything into the Perkins home at that time. Perkins also admitted that he subsidised the cost of his regular use of cannabis by stealing from garden sheds and other unoccupied premises.

I gave certain information concerning Perkins to my solicitor prior to the trial. This being, that I had it on good authority that Perkins had broken into the 'Jungle' public house - right opposite the entrance to the Birds Industrial Estate - while it was being converted into a club-house for Risca Football Club. These

premises also suffered an arson attack. Coloured lights, among other things, stolen by Perkins from these premises, were fixed to the walls of Perkins' home in Tanybryn, and were still situated there at the time of John Rodens' arrest. I do not say, for I have no evidence, that Perkins set fire to the 'Jungle' pub, but I do say that he broke into the premises and stole various items, including the coloured lights displayed on the walls of his home for all to see. These facts, for facts they are, were not put to Perkins by the defence team. John Roden, in his evidence claimed that both he and Perkins broke into a shed owned by the Gas Board, which was situated next to the Birds Industrial Estate. Again, is it a mere coincidence that Perkins perpetrated two crimes within a few feet of the Industrial Estate and that the river flowing past the taxi office on this estate also flows past the end of Perkins garden in Tanybryn?

Julie Perkins was called to give evidence. She confirmed what she had said in her witness statement of August 1994.

"Carl did not go out on the evening of 5th May 1994. He was suffering with 'flu symptoms and would not go out, even though I offered him money to go. We went to bed at 22.30 and slept all night." As was proved, Carl Perkins did go out that night. His wife, according to Perkins, did not offer him money. He did not have 'flu symptoms. The only thing that they agreed on was that they went to bed at 22.30. It is blatantly obvious that Julie Perkins was attempting to give her husband an alibi for that night. Did she believe that he needed one? Again, concerning John Rodens supposed visit to the Perkins' home on the morning of Friday 6th May 1994, Julie Perkins said that the time of John's arrival was 07.50, that she, not her husband, opened the door to John. She then called her husband from bed and made a cup of tea before she took the children to school. She also told the court that when John Roden called on the evening of Friday 6th May, she again answered the door to him. Her husband was in the back garden, still burning 'household rubbish', which he had been doing throughout the day. So much, it seems, for his 'flu symptoms. She also stated that John Roden had to pass through the house to get to the back garden to meet Perkins. John Roden was not carrying anything. John apparently only stayed for a few minutes and was not doing anything in particular in the garden, before he left. Perkins had said in evidence that after the murders and John Roden's 'confession' he was afraid of John and hardly ever met with him. His wife, Julie, said the exact opposite, she claimed that John and the Perkins family became good friends. John even took their son fishing. Not something, it's reasonable to believe, that you would let a 'cold-blooded murderer' do.

Julie Perkins contradicted her husband on virtually every point, except in saying that they both went to bed at 22.30 on Thursday 5th May 1994. Of her proven attempt to supply a false alibi for Carl Perkins, this is the only point on which they agree. Although they both said that John Roden came to their house on Friday 6th May 1994, their accounts of the incident are so contradictory as to be completely farcical. These two witnesses were in actual fact the only case that the prosecution could offer against John Roden.

The gun recovered from the river Ebbw is not evidence against John, he has always denied ever having seen it before. The prosecution relied entirely on the word of Carl Perkins. In effect there was no reliable witness and no forensic evidence against John Roden. The judge pointed out to the jury that, no evidence against Michael Attwooll was evidence against John Roden. No evidence against John Roden is evidence against Michael Attwooll.

About two years before the murders, i.e. 1992, Western Valley Taxis, then owned by Mr David Ward, had a branch in Cwmbran, Gwent. This branch of the taxi firm was subjected to an arson attack, severe

damage being done to several cars and the taxi office. This was reported in some detail by the local press at the time. In one part of Carl Perkin's evidence he said that John Roden had come to him some time before the murders and asked him for his help in burning what Perkins was apparently led to believe, were two taxis owned by Western Valley. The insinuation being that I had asked John Roden to do so. Had the two cars that Perkins suggested, actually been burnt, Western Valley would have lost some 7,000 pounds, the reason for this being, as both Perkins and the police were apparently unaware of was that all Western Valley vehicles were only insured for third party. The prosecution tried to imply that I wanted to burn my own cars, not realising that due to the insurance, I would have lost 7,000 pounds.

Considering that throughout the whole trial, the emphasis by the prosecution was that I was somewhat obsessed by the Western Valley Taxi business and killed Gerry and Chris because I believed them to be detrimental to the firm, for them to imply that is, to say the least something of a contradiction. The fact that the arson attack in Cwmbran in 1992 was reported by the local press may have given Perkins the idea to put this incident in his statement to the police in August 1994. I may again appear a little cynical when I recall the unrecorded 'little chat' that the police had with Perkins prior to his giving a taped interview and statement in August 1994, and therefore cast a slight doubt that it was not in fact Perkins' idea.

When the evidence of Perkins and Vincent Price, none of which is supported by either forensic or witness evidence, is looked at, any two men who did not have a 100 per cent alibi, could have been accused in place of John Roden and myself. The suggestions that the prosecution put forward could have applied to anyone, considering that no motives were substantiated against either myself or John Roden, and it is quite possible that the resulting verdict of guilty could have been found against them. I was arrested and charged on the unsupported word of one person, as in the case of John Roden. One strange aspect is that none of the evidence given against each of us as individuals, applied to the other. This is a point that, as I have said earlier, the judge directed the jury on. Although John Roden and I were jointly charged with double murder, no evidence was brought forward to connect us in any way other than the fact that John Roden was going with my daughter for a few months before the murders. Other than being on speaking terms, John and I could not even be described as being good friends. Nothing pointed towards us being close before the murders, at the time of the murders, or even for some three months after the murders.

One point that must be made is that, on the scenario painted by the prosecution, I may have been found guilty and John Roden not guilty. There is no possibility though that I could have been found not guilty and John Roden guilty. Therefore John Roden's fate lay to a large degree in the jury's opinion of my being guilty or not.

My defence basically consisted of my evidence and that of my wife Mary. There were numerous other witnesses that could have been called in my defence, I still don't know to this day why they were not. During my evidence in the witness box I repeated much that I had previously given in my taped interview, I was not allowed however, to give much detail on the evidence of Howell Evans and Vincent Price, or on the movements of Chistine Rees prior to her murder. My own leading counsel did not permit me to expand on certain points, and the prosecutor steered well clear of points detrimental to his case.

When my wife Mary came to give evidence it was, for me, the most traumatic part of the trial, I felt all that she was going through, the nervousness, the fight to hold back her tears. When she spoke she told the

truth. There was no doubt of this in the mind of the judge or the prosecution. This is reflected in the lack of cross-examination by the prosecution. It was obvious to all in the courtroom that Mary was speaking the truth. She confirmed all that I had said in evidence, concerning my arrival home at 12.40am on Friday 6th May 1994, (supported by the evidence of Mike Coughlin and Vikki Attwooll,) of my being in bed beside her at 12.50am and my not leaving that bed until 02.40am when the telephone message came through from the girls stranded on the steps of the A.B.C. in Newport. She confirmed my return to bed after having picked up the girls, and then not leaving our bed till 06.30am. She gave her evidence simply and honestly. My admiration for her courage, during what was for her an ordeal in the witness-box, knows no bounds.

My daughter Vikki Attwooll gave evidence for John Roden and also confirmed my having called at her flat at approximately 12.35am. This again was a traumatic episode for me, as well as for my daughter. She was painted by the prosecution as a drug user and a possible drug dealer. However both her evidence and mine, concerning my visit to her flat at 12.35am was confirmed by Mike Coughlin, a prosecution witness.

The prosecution, in their closing argument, made reference to Anthony Osmond, who did not arrive at court to confirm his 'evidence'. They made references to possible motives for the murders, i.e. I resented the affair between Chis and Gerry and that this grew to hatred of them, they had no grounds of course to believe that this was the case. That I had mistakenly believed that Gerry was cheating me in business, although again, they had no grounds to even suggest this. As far as John Roden was concerned, they offered no motive other than to refer to him as being 'perverse'.

My defence team omitted so many points in their closing argument that I started to doubt that they had taken any notes whatsoever throughout the entire six weeks. So many points that they had told me they were saving for the summing-up were not even mentioned.

The Judge in his summing-up, told the jury that the charges against us both were, 'murder or nothing'. He said then, and I quote from memory alone;

"If you believe Mrs Attwooll, release them both, if you believe Vikki Attwooll, release them both. If you believe that John Roden took pieces of a gun to the home of Carl Perkins but was not at the scene of the crime and there is no scientific evidence to prove that he was, release him."

He did not point out to the jury however, that the senior police officer in the investigation, who was related to a member of the jury, while not having taken any statements personally during the police investigation, must, undoubtedly, have read most of those taken. He did not point out to the jury that the 'speculation' of the prosecution concerning my motive for the murders was actually 'totally unfounded speculation'. No mention was made of the absence of Anthony Osmond from the court and hence the doubt that had to be put upon the prosecution's references to his 'evidence'. No emphasis was put on the fact that the 'recovered weapon' was not conclusively proved to be the murder weapon. Many important points were simply left to the jury to decide, without guidance in law by the Judge. He refused to allow the bundle of newspapers concerning the arson attack on Western Valley Taxis in Cwmbran to be shown to the jury. Rather than place the jury in a hotel, the judge dispersed them to their own homes. They were left with local press reports of the case, which failed to report any defence evidence and only reported, I

quote, 'information rendered to them by the police'. The jury were sent out on the Thursday afternoon and failed to return a verdict that day. On our return to the court on the Friday we again awaited the verdict. No verdict was forthcoming on the Friday and so the judge told the jury that he would accept a 10-2 majority. Friday ended with no verdict.

The next day, Saturday, happened to be 'Derby day', the judge told the jury that if they did not reach a verdict that day they would be coming back on Sunday. A short time later the jury returned a unanimous verdict of 'Guilty, on all charges on both myself and John Roden'. After being out for fifty-one and a half hours, being unable to reach a verdict, the jury then returned with a unanimous guilty verdict. To say that we were surprised at the verdict would be an under-statement. I had always accepted that there was a slight possibility of my being suggested guilty, but for John Roden to be found guilty was absolutely ludicrous. There was no forensic evidence against him, the only witness was a known petty criminal, with a background of 'assisting' the police, he was, and is, a drug addict and had recently received electric shock treatment for acute depression. A person in fact, that could not, or should not, be accepted as a reliable witness, whatever the circumstances. Not only that, but his evidence was contradicted virtually in total, by his own wife.

I was told by my solicitor that the prosecution had let it be known that they believed it impossible for one man to have committed the murders, assuming that the recovered weapon was in fact the murder weapon. Due to the ballistics experts opinion that it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to have reloaded the weapon, it was considered to have been at least a two man killing. This of course would only apply if the recovered weapon actually was the murder weapon, which, as had been stated, the ballistics expert 'could not conclusively say'. On that basis I could not have been tried for murder on my own. There was, and still is, a possibility that the murder weapon was a 'commercial' hand gun, firing six or more bullets of a point 0.22 calibre, which as the ballistics expert pointed out were available, even to the extent of having the twelve line rifling in the barrel. If the murder weapon was in fact a repeating hand-gun, then it would have been possible for only one person to have committed both murders.

After I had been arrested on 9th May 1994, I was charged with the murders and a case was built around me. Evidence that did not suit the police was cast aside. The delays in disclosure of prosecution evidence, in some cases, lasted a whole year. For example, the Domestos bottle, taken from the home of Vincent Price, tested for fingerprints and only revealing those of Beverly Price, took some ten months to be disclosed to the defence. The plastic bank bags, containing the paying-in slips and petrol receipts of the drivers on the evening of 5th-6th May 1994, was not given to the defence until the trial had actually started, one year later. It was only disclosed at the start of the trial that the police had removed, and had in their possession, cut up and spare parts of rifles and air-rifles, and barrels of air-rifles, along with a 0.22 calibre live round of ammunition, from the shed of Vincent Price. No evidence was forthcoming however, as to the investigation by the police, if in fact there was one, into the Holmes Computer Declaration of September 8th 1994, concerning the reported 'tip-off' of Vincent Price's dealing with drugs.

Christine Rees' husband Paul Rees always insisted that he had never received any obscene photographs posted through his door a short time before the killings. According to the evidence of Steven Richards (who delivered them) they had definitely been delivered to the homes of both Gerald Stevens and Christine Rees. Mary Stevens admitted to having received them, yet, although delivered within the same hour to the home of Paul Rees, he denied any knowledge of them. Mary Stevens destroyed the photographs delivered to her home, the other batch have completely disappeared and Paul Rees denied ever having seen them.

While I appreciate, for I have been informed by my 'learned friends', that there is no onus on the prosecution to prove a motive for any crime, it is not unreasonable to believe that there is, more often than not, a motive for most crimes. Reasons of jealousy, monetary or of a sexual nature and the most recent phenomena, drug orientated, are the most common. The totally unmotivated murder is a less common event. No evidence was brought forward, although unfounded suggestions were made by the prosecution, to place me in any of the former categories. I make no accusations, but I list several people with more reason than I, for wanting Gerry or Chris, or both, hurt.

MARY STEVENS

Gerry had, to my knowledge, had a continuous string of serious affairs with other women. He was named in the divorce of his then mistress Margaret Bartlett, and still continued the affair after assuring his wife that it was over. This was before transferring his affections to Christine Rees.

ANDREW STEVENS

Gerry's eldest son left home several times after family rows concerning Gerry's affair with Margaret Bartlett. He even attempted to attack Margaret while she worked at Western Valley Taxis. He discovered Gerry and Chris together in a car parked on the mountainside and attacked the car with a hammer, screaming abuse at his father. He made no secret of his hatred of his father in the local public houses that he frequented. When Anthony Osmond, who incidentally was the same build as Gerry, was attacked in the darkness of the Birds Industrial Estate by two men, and slashed with a blade over several parts of his body, necessitating a visit to the Royal Gwent Hospital. Gerry's first words to Osmond were, "Was it my son Andrew?"

MARGARET BARTLETT

Made no secret of how badly she felt about the break-up of her affair with Gerry. She made no secret of the fact that while she still loved Gerry, she hated Chris Rees, calling her the 'townie tart'.

GWYN BARTLETT

The former husband of Margaret, put a 'contract' on Gerry, to have him beaten up. I personally, through Margaret, had it called off, threatening that if anything happened to Gerry, I would be contacting the police.

PAUL REES

To say, as he did, that he had no knowledge of the affair between his wife Christine and Gerry Stevens, is so ridiculous as to beggar belief. He would have been the last to know in Risca. It is also strange that he supposedly did not receive the obscene photographs of Chris and Gerry that were posted through his door by Steven Richards a week or so before the murders. He broke down while giving evidence in court, yet did not shed a tear when he brought his children to the court for the verdict, waiting patiently for a number of days.

STEVE MANNING

A former lover of Chris' over a period of years. Even having trysts with her during her affair with Gerry. A man with a drink and drug problem, as his record shows.

CARL PERKINS

A self-confessed daily drug user. A man with a mental medical record, a criminal record spanning at least fifteen years, who was known to have visited The Western Valley Taxi office when my daughter Vikki was not working there. A man who stole from garden sheds and had, as the maps have shown, easy access from his home to the taxi office, via the river Ebbw. The only person connected to this case known to have been burning a garden fire on the day following the murders. He made a somewhat strange comment in his statement to the police. "They did not take the money from the office because they didn't want it to look like a robbery." Had I committed the murders, is it not reasonable to believe that I would want it to look like a robbery, to divert suspicion from myself?

VINCENT PRICE

Why would a man who owned several legal fire-arms purchase an illegal converted air-rifle with a silencer? Is it mere coincidence that he discovered amphetamine on his property the very day that the jury made a site visit to Tanybryn? The same type of drug, known commonly as 'whizz' or 'speed', that both Gerry and Chris are proven to have taken on a regular basis.

THE UNKNOWN FACTOR

Of the car, pointed out by Gerry to Mr Rowlands, driving past Waldrun's Garage at 21.30 on the evening of Thursday 5th May 1994, when Gerry told him, "If that car comes back I'm expecting trouble tonight." The car turned round and then came back, then Gerry ran off. The car was definitely not a white Sierra. What was Gerry afraid of? Is there a possibility of a drug orientated murder?

ROBBERY

Gerry always carried with him two identical black briefcases. One, a present from Margaret Bartlett, the other, a present in retaliation from Christine Rees. One contained office paperwork, car registration etc. The other usually contained cash, e.g.bags of loose change and a sizable office 'float'. Only one briefcase of the matching pair was found at the scene of the crime, this was the one containing office paperwork. The whereabouts of the other briefcase is not known. Could this be a case of a simple robbery that went wrong?

So many people with so many possible motives, yet myself and John Roden, with no apparent motives, and it must be said, very little evidence, especially in John Roden's case, where all evidence comes from a doubtful source, were charged, tried and found guilty of the murders of Gerald Stevens and Christine Rees.

After our trial I felt dissatisfied with the way in which our defence had been conducted. This itself reinforced certain feelings of doubt that I had throughout my twelve months of Remand, awaiting trial. It was only after having received the Barrister's comments concerning any points for a possible appeal, the real magnitude of my defence's approach concerning certain evidence given by the police and their reluctance to attack the whole way in which the police had conducted their investigation, really hit me. Although I will be repeating a number of points that I have already covered, I hope that getting them in some sort of chronological order will more easily portray my unease.

Within a day or so of starting my Remand in Cardiff Prison, Mr Mark Powell, my solicitor, recommended the man that he considered to be the best possible to conduct my defence, Mr John Charles Rees Q.C. I agreed with this, and my Brief was offered to Mr Rees Q.C. A few days later I was informed that my Brief

had been accepted. When Statements started to arrive from the Crown Prosecution Service, among them was the statement of D.C. Colin Rees, I informed my solicitor that the statement was a pack of lies, he told me not to worry, that the prosecution did not appear to be going to use that statement, but even if they did, Mr John Charles Rees Q.C. who considers the police to be professional witnesses, would pull no punches and would most certainly enjoy taking the whole of the police's account of a totally irregular action of placing me in the taxi office, to pieces. He confirmed to me that the fact that the police had actually placed me into the scene of the crime, while the blood was still wet, was highly irregular and unheard of in his experience.

This opinion was to be seconded by Mr John Charles Rees Q.C. at a meeting we had some time later. He stated that the police conduct would be strongly attacked when we came to trial. I also received a transcript of my taped interview with the police and I pointed out to Mark Powell, who was not at the interviews, several important points. Amongst these were lies by the police concerning my visit to the home of Vincent Price on the morning of Friday 6th May 1994. After I had denied to the police that the conversation which Vincent had described had actually taken place, the police then said;

"But Michael, somebody else heard this conversation."

I replied, "I don't care who heard the conversation, it did not take place."

Again he said, "Somebody else heard this conversation."

The fact of the matter, as it turned out, was, there was nobody else in the house, nobody had heard this supposed conversation, the police had lied. Nor was it to be the last time that the police were to lie.

The other important factor, as far as John Charles Rees Q.C. believed, was the evidence of Vincent Price. There was so much in his statement that did not ring true, and that it would be of prime importance that Vincent Price be attacked vigorously in the witness box. The fact that Vincent Price came into the witness box, escorted by a male nurse from the St. Cadoc's Mental Hospital, may have played a part in the failure of Mr Elias Q.C. to attack Price's evidence with any real vigour and to ask certain questions of Vincent that I had instructed him, through notes to Justin Evans, so to do. My answer to these instructions was, as I have earlier mentioned;

"We are keeping that for the summing-up." Alas this was not to be so. Another statement that I received was that of Anthony Osmond, which was rather detrimental to my case. I mentioned this statement to my daughter Vikki on one of her visits to Cardiff Prison. "But Dad," she replied, "Ozzie made several different statements." Oddly enough I never received a copy of any of the other statements of Anthony Osmond. It seemed apparent to me that the police were only bringing forward the statement which suited the prosecution case and the most damaging to me.

She also told me that Osmond had refused to be interviewed by D.C. Mark Sutton because of his harassment and overall attitude towards him. This was to be confirmed to me by Anthony Osmond himself after my trial. D.C. Sutton was not known to me at this time, although his name was to crop up on numerous occasions throughout the following twelve months.

It was at the end of July 1994 that I was taken to Blackwood Magistrates Court and committed to Crown Court for trial. At this committal I registered my daughter Vikki and John Roden as part of my alibi. THEY WERE BOTH ARRESTED A WEEK LATER. My daughter was held for three days and two nights at Newport Police Station, before being released on police bail, though not charged, on 'conspiracy to murder'. During the time that she was held at the police station she was only interviewed for a number of minutes. In this taped interview the police stated that they had witnesses to say that she had 'got rid of' bloodstained clothing. This of course was a lie on the part of the police, they had no such witnesses, it was a total fabrication. She was at the time in the early stages of pregnancy.

John Roden was also questioned at Newport Police Station, John was advised by his solicitor not to answer any questions concerning the murders as he had already made a witness statement some months previously. In one part of the taped interview the police told John that Carl Perkins had produced a drawing of a machete identical to the drawing that I had made. What was not mentioned was the fact that Perkins had not seen any machete, but was simply told to draw what he believed a machete to look like. After completing his drawing he was asked what he had used as a reference for his drawing. He replied, "The one they took out of the river."

A rather strange answer by any standard, when it was, as I have mentioned earlier, only known to the police, Mike Cutler and myself, that the 'hacker' that I had in the boot of my car had been thrown in the river by Mike Cutler. When John received a copy of Carl Perkins' interview and subsequent statement a little time later, the opening words by the police were, "We had a little chat at your house earlier Carl." I do believe the officer's name was Mark Sutton. There also appeared in Perkins' statement, a reference to an axe being used in the murders. Throughout the trial no mention was ever made of an axe. The only sharp bladed weapon referred to was a machete. The assumption being by Forensics that only one sharp-edged wapon was used.

Naturally, the implication by the prosecution was that the sharp-edged weapon was the 'hacker' that I had in my possession some five months before the murders. The axe that Perkins mentioned, again a rather strange accusation, since no-one else even considered the possibility of the sharp-edged weapon being anything other than my 'hacker'. A point that my defence did not, apparently, for some reason, deem relevant, and a point that the prosecution steered well clear of, for obvious reasons.

A meeting took place in my home in Channel View, Risca. Justin Evans (articled clerk) for Mark Powell was speaking to both my wife Mary and my daughter Vikki, concerning a forthcoming interview between Vikki and the police. Vikki showed some concern about being interviewed by D.C. Mark Sutton, due to her previous meeting with him which was rather traumatic for her, due to his intimidation. She voiced her concerns to Justin Evans, and he reassured her with, "It will be alright, Vikki, Mark Powell will be there, he's Mark Sutton's solicitor, so you won't get any trouble there." When I spoke to my daughter after she had given the interview to the police, i.e. D.C. Mark Sutton, she told that Sutton had been a completely different person, with Mark Powell present. She had been very surprised at the difference in D.C. Sutton's attitude at that interview.

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Naturally, the thought of my solicitor actually representing a member of the police team investigating the murders for which I had been charged, disturbed me somewhat. At my next meeting with Justin Evans I voiced this concern. He told me that he could not comment but would pass on my concern to Mark Powell. Some days later I received a letter from Mark Powell, in which he stated catagorically that he was not then, or ever had represented D.C. Sutton. At a later meeting with Mark Powell he again assured me that he had no contact at all with Mark Sutton in his professional capacity.

It was sometime later that I was shown a copy of the Holmes Computer Declaration which mentioned the anonymous 'tip-off' concerning Vincent Price and the drugs. At that meeting and every other meeting that took place with my solicitor, up until, and during the trial, I asked for any information concerning the police investigation of the matter. I was told the same thing at every enquiry that I made, "We haven't been able to find out anything yet" I asked, and it was noted, so many times, yet the Holmes Computer Declaration was never mentioned throughout the whole of the six weeks of my trial, even though I specifically

instructed that it should be. I previously described the ridiculous claims Of Carl Perkins at John Roden's committal. They were so outlandish as to cast doubt by themselves as to Perkins' credibility as a witness, yet they were never mentioned at the trial although they were signed and available.

Some months before the end of 1994 the Frayne brothers were granted leave to appeal against their conviction on robbery and fire-arms charges. Named in their allegations against the police was one Mark Sutton. Another officer involved had already left the police force. Mark Sutton, along with other police officers was part of a television documentary, investigating the Frayne's case. Allegations had been made by the Fraynes' concerning the bribery of one particular witness by the police. This of course is only relevant to my case in the light of the episode that followed. At a meeting with Mark Powell in Cardiff Prison, he started the conversation as follows, "Would you believe it Mike?" he said laughingly, "I had a call from D.C.Mark Sutton, who, as you probably know is involved in the Frayne's appeal. He wanted me to go as witness for him, but of course I told him that I couldn't act for him as it would be a conflict of interest because I am acting for you." He laughed it off and we went on talking about other matters, the alarm bells started to ring in my head. Why would Mark Sutton approach Mark Powell, knowing that he was representing me and John Roden, if he had no previous dealings with Mark Powell? John Roden and I discussed this conversation when we returned to our cell. I decided not to sack Mark Powell, even though several people from outside had advised me to do so. My belief was, that even if he was a lot 'closer' to the police than he should be, it was too late now, as we had already pointed out to him the many flaws in the prosecution case and several pieces of information that had come to us from outside sources. It was also the case that I did not want to lose Mr John Charles Rees Q.C. as my leading defence Counsel. I was under the impression at the time that to sack Mark Powell was to sack John Charles Rees.

Our trial had been provisionally booked for February 28th 1995, but due to the possibility of the Jonathan Jones murder trial going on for some twelve weeks (John Charles Rees Q.C. was defending Jones and Christopher Pitchford Q.C. who was booked to defend John Roden, was prosecuting in the case) an application was made to put our trial back for two months. We attended Crown Court, where our application was accepted, which allowed both John and I to keep the Barristers we had. Our trial was set for May 1st 1995.

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It was about that time that it came to my notice that Vincent Price had made a telephone call to Maindee Police Station in Newport and complained to a senior officer about the harrassment he was receiving from D.C.Mark Sutton. He expressed the fact that he did not want D.C.Sutton to come to his house again. If necessary he would speak to any other investigating officer. I relayed this information to my solicitor, Mark Powell. This was never brought up at the trial, even when my daughter Vikki complained in court of the harrassment she had received at the hands of D.C.Mark Sutton. D.C.Sutton was questioned in the witness box, yet neither Vincent Price's or Anthony Osmond's complaints against D.C.Sutton were mentioned to support her charge.

The position of having John Charles Rees Q.C. as my Leading Counsel did not last for long after the trial date had been set. When meeting Mark {Powell a week or two after our Crown Court appearance he said to me, "I've got some bad news for you Mike, I've been in contact with the Clerk of John Charles Rees and he has told me he cannot confirm definitely that Mr Rees will be able to defend you on May 1st." I replied, "How on earth can this be the case? he has accepted and held my Brief for ten months and has

even come to see me here in Cardiff Prison." "Well," said Mark Powell, "it puts us in rather an awkward position, if we wait until May and John Charles Rees is unavailable, then we could be stuck with a less able Barrister at the last moment. But as luck will have it, there is another top class Barrister available, Mr Gerard Elias Q.C. I suggest that with your permission I contact him and offer him your Brief. Naturally I would be acting on your instructions by removing your Brief from Mr John Charles Rees.

I told Mark Powell that I had my heart set on being defended by John Charles Rees, but if there was no other way, then to go and offer my Brief to Gerard Elias, if he thought that he was best person available. That, I'm afraid was one of the biggest mistakes of my life. I should either have insisted on John Charles Rees Q.C. or have defended myself.

The first advice given to my solicitor by my new Barrister was that John Roden should be represented by a separate solicitor. Although this was a little late in the day, another solicitor, Mr Balter, a friend of Mark Powell was asked to represent John. The reason given to both John and myself for this action was that it would enable us, through legal aid, to have two experts on each aspect, rather than one. Two ballistics experts, two blood experts and two general forensic experts. That sounded like a very good idea at the time, but things didn't exactly work out that way when we came to the trial. Not one Ballistics expert came to testify, even if only to testify as to how many possible barrels that the bullets in the victims may have come from. Or to add confirmation to the prosecution Ballistics expert, that it could not be conclusively proved that the barrel recovered from the river Ebbw, was, in fact, part of the murder weapon. Although in her report to my solicitor, my forensic expert stated that Claire Galbraith, for the prosecution, had conceded that I may well have gone further into the taxi office, during my visit on Friday 6th May 1994 than she (Claire Galbraith) had originally stated, this forensic expert was not called to court to testify. This would have cast even further doubt on the evidence of P.C. Cooksey.

No defence blood expert was called, concerning the spots of blood in my white Sierra. An expert was called at short notice after the spot of blood was found, on its return to the laboratory during the trial, of John Roden's boot. Even in this he was too late, the blood had already been cut from the boot before he could examine it. With the failure to produce the Auditor's Report, experts in any field, were in short supply on the defence side during the trial. Yet we were going to get two of each expert!

During my remand at Cardiff Prison I was visited by several people who had given witness statements to the police. This was before any of them had been notified concerning their possible appearance in court for the prosecution. Among these visitors were Michael Williams and Paul Downs, two men who had been employed as drivers by Western Valley Taxis. Mike Williams had given a statement to the police concerning a conversation that he claimed had taken place in the taxi office several months before the murders. I didn't recall the conversation, but in his written statement there was reference to a converted air-rifle. When he visited me I mentioned having read his statement, but told him that I didn't recall ever having brought up the subject of a converted air-rifle at any time. "I don't know what you are on about Mike," he said to me, "I've never said anything about a converted air-rifle, I don't even know what a converted air-rifle is." "But it's in your statement, in black and white," I replied. "I never said that Mike," Williams replied, "Honestly, I don't know what a converted air-rifle is, I definitely did not say that and if I have to go to court, I will tell them so." I related this conversation to my solicitor and he made a note of it. During my trial, Mike Williams, although questioned about other parts of his statement, was not asked by my defence team about the irregularity in his witness statement. When my counsel sat down Mike Williams attempted to explain the irregularity but the Judge dismissed him from the witness box.

Paul Downs also told me on visits to Cardiff Prison, that he could verify the fact that the taxi signs on my white Sierra were not often in place, but that when they were, they were always on the bottom of the windscreen and never on the top. He could testify to this simply because he drove my white Sierra so often. I informed my solicitor of this fact also, but again, Paul Downs was not asked by my defence team anything about the position of the taxi signs on my white Sierra. An important point when contesting the evidence of Diane Harris and Angharad Ash.

When the trial started Mark Powell informed me that, due to family problems he had to go to New Zealand for a few weeks. He told me that there was nothing that his clerk, Justin Evans, couldn't handle in court. What made me slightly uneasy about this was the fact that the Frayne's appeal was due to start in London. I had a feeling that this appeal, which concerned D.C. Mark Sutton was rather coincidental to the time of Mark Powell's having to go to New Zealand.

When the trial started I was told by my counsel that the taped police interview which took place on my arrest, due to its length had been edited down by the prosecution in conjunction with the defence team. I pointed out that in its condensed form the lies made by the police had been edited out and that much of the wording was out of context. At one point during my giving evidence, one such point had to be corrected by the Judge, by reference to the full interview. Some months earlier Mark Powell had told me that he was going to apply to the Judge to allow some of the actual tape recordings to be played in court, for the benefit of the Jury. This again did not happen. The edited version of my interview was read aloud with the prosecution junior and a police officer taking the parts. With the adjustment of emphasis and it being an edited version, it was most definitely was not to my advantage. Again my defence team did not challenge this.

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When Mr Duffy, the man who admitted converting the air-rifle for Mr O'Neil, who sold it to Vincent Price, who claims that he sold it to me, gave evidence, he stated that it was the first and only air-rifle that he had ever converted to fire bullets. He admitted to firing the converted air-rifle into the ground of his garden several times and also to having fired other weapons into the ground of his garden. Bullets were recovered by the police from the garden of Mr Duffy, yet none of the bullets recovered matched the rifling of the bullets in the murder victims. Assuming that the police recovered all the bullets from Mr Duffy's garden and there is no reason to believe that they did not, why would bullets fired into a tree by Mr O'Neil bear certain similarities to the bullets in the bodies, yet none of the bullets in the garden have any similarities to either the tree bullets or victim bullets. How is it then possible for bullets fired into an oak tree, which became severely distorted, have certain similarities to shattered bullets in the victims, yet bullets fired into relatively soft earth and supposedly from the same weapon, bear no similarities to the bullets in the bodies?

It may well be asked, where were the defence Ballistics experts?

After D.C.Rees had given his evidence in the witness box, I asked my Counsel why D.C.Morgan was not being called to give evidence. I was told, as I have mentioned before, that D.C.Morgan could not remember anything about the events of Friday 6th May 1994, even though he was in the company of D.C.Rees at all times. I then asked my solicitor why we were not going to subpoena D.C.Morgan to give evidence. I pointed out that he would have to remember something of that afternoon or he could face a charge of contempt of court by failing to answer. It was fairly obvious that D.C.Morgan did not want to perjure himself and was very likely to speak the truth, which would confirm my version of events. I was told that this was not possible and that we should just accept the fact that D.C.Morgan could not remember anything of the events of the afternoon of Friday 6th May 1994.

After the trial I was told by my defence team that they were absolutely astounded that we had been found guilty on the evidence offered by the prosecution. My first reaction was to inform my solicitor that I wished to bring charges against D.C.Rees for perjury. Mark Powell told me that he would take care of this and would lodge an official complaint. Some three weeks after the trial a visit was arranged for me to meet with Mark Powell and Peter Murphy, the Junior Barrister in my defence team. On arriving at the visit I was told by Mark Powell who was alone, that Peter Murphy could not make the visit, but would be making another appointment to see me and explain the list of grievances I had compiled about the standard of my defence at the trial. After asking how I was, Mark Powell left the visiting room. I made no mention of my charge against D.C.Rees. A week or so later another appointment had been made for me to meet with Peter Murphy. Mark Powell was not there on this occasion but had sent Justin Evans. I asked Justin Evans what progress had been made in the case of D.C.Rees. He looked confused, "But Mike," he said, "Mark Powell came back to the office from his last visit with you and told me that you did not want to continue with the charge against D.C.Rees." I could not believe my ears, "Don't be so damned stupid," I said, "of course I want to continue with the charge against D.C.Rees. D.C.Rees was not even mentioned during my last visit with Mark Powell." I looked at Peter Murphy then turned again to Justin Evans, "Justin, I'm telling you in front of a witness, I want to continue with the charge of perjury and perverting the course of justice against D.C.Colin Rees, do you understand?" "Yes," replied Justin, then made a note on his sheet. Some days later I received a letter from Mark Powell saying that it would be better if I, myself, made the complaint against D.C.Rees, rather than for him to do it. It was fairly obvious from his letter that Mark Powell did not want to pursue any action against this policeman. Even though there were witnesses and statements to back my charge and that even his partner D.C.Morgan did not support D.C.Rees' evidence, given in both statement and the witness box. I was not too pleased by this letter from Mark Powell and so I wrote back to him, dispensing with his future services.

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Some weeks after the trial received a copy of my Barrister's Advice on Appeal against conviction. In his opinion there were no grounds for an appeal. He did express in his advice however, that Mary Attwooll was an impressive witness, who the prosecution did not suggest was lying. There was a 'window' albeit a small one, during which I could have committed the murders. This opinion was not supported by the Judge, who, in his summing up said, "If you believe Mrs Attwooll, release them." He saw no 'window' during which I could have committed the murders. Because of the nature of this advice I filled in an 'N.G.Form' and sent it to the Court of Appeal. On this form I put the points that I believed were of some importance. Some of these points were critical of my defence team. I then received answers to the points I made. Some of these answers were totally incorrect, I quote one of particular interest.

"It should be noted that the Defendant wanted to attack the police about the way they conducted the investigation, and alleged that they behaved improperly in relation to the same. It was decided, with his agreement that the case would not be conducted in that way, and was not."

Rubbish!! Is it even conceivable that I, or anyone else for that matter would suffer;

Police lies in interview with myself.
Police lies in interview with other witnesses.
Police damage to my home on two occasions.
Police harrassment of my wife and daughter.
Police inaccuracies in witness statements.
Lying statements by police officers.
A total lack of 'notes' while interviewing critical witnesses.
Police holding back evidence helpful to the defence.
Police officers committing perjury, both in statement and in witness box.

And then to suggest that I agreed not to attack the police about the way they conducted the investigation!! This answer by my Barrister speaks volumes about the doubts I felt concerning my defence. It simply confirms what I have maintained since the trial, my defence did not contest any police evidence, even when they had the ammunition to do so.

Other answers by my Barrister and my solicitor have been answered by me and returned to the Court of Appeal. Litigation has begun against D.C. Colin Rees and an investigation is under way, overlooked by the Independent Police Complaints Authority. Hopefully justice will be done and D.C. Colin Rees will be proved to have lied in court. If this becomes the case, then very serious doubts must be placed upon the whole police investigation of the Western Valley Taxi double murder case.

Michael Attwooll and John Roden are two innocent men. wrongfully committed who have always protested their innocence. It may well transpire that the 'Powers that Be' do not see fit to grant Right of Appeal. If this is the case, then along with these two men, Truth and Justice are the losers.