

Gang rape, murder in a small town

More than two decades after Janet Chandler was brutally slain, a class of college film students decided to make a documentary about her.

Their questions reignited a cold case, and this time Janet's killers couldn't hide. By Shaun Assael



Janet's high school graduation photo. The talented mezzo-soprano had a deeply spiritual side.

It was freezing cold and just after 1 A.M. on February 1, 1979, when a snowplow driver clearing the highway near South Haven, Michigan, caught sight of something strange in his headlights: fresh tire tracks in the snow on the road's median. The driver followed the tracks to a wooded area and was stunned to see, poking up out of the snowy ground, an arm and part of a torso—the only visible portions of the nude body of a slender young woman.

The corpse was later identified as Janet Chandler, a 22-year-old music student at Hope College in Holland, Michigan, who'd been abducted the night before from her job as night clerk at the Blue Mill Inn. An autopsy would show she had been strangled—there were also indications of recent "sexual activity"—before her body was buried in the snow along Interstate 196, about 40 miles from Holland.

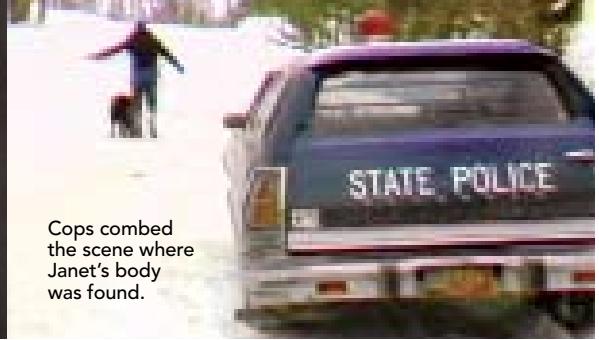
For many months afterward, local police interviewed Janet's friends and family, as well as her coworkers and guests at the Blue Mill Inn, compiling more than 1,000 pages of notes. But no real leads developed, and eventually the investigation ended with the case unsolved. It lay dormant for more than two decades, until September 2003,

when a Hope College film class, led by associate professor David Schock, made Janet's murder the subject of a documentary. The film, they hoped, would jog old memories, remind people about who Janet was and, if they were lucky, shake loose some new clues about her murder.

One of those film students, Sarah Hartman, a 21-year-old junior, swallowed hard as she waited for the video camera to roll in the Muskegon, Michigan, home of Janet's parents, Jim and Glenna Chandler, one day in the fall of

THE BLUE MILL INN MAY HAVE LOOKED LIKE ANY OTHER ROADSIDE

and justice



Cops combed the scene where Janet's body was found.

Some of the students from the Hope College film class, led by David Schock, top right. Amy Schlusler is in the middle, right; Sarah Hartman is at the bottom center.

2003. Anxious about the questions her class would be asking the couple, she'd procrastinated all morning, lost and found her car keys, but finally made it to the interview. But the Chandlers, seated side by side on their floral-print couch, were surprisingly eager to talk. Jim remembered Janet as "the most spiritual one of the family." Glenna, hands clasped in her lap, chin held high as if willing herself not to break down, mentioned that Janet had been the lone daughter among their three children. Taking a deep

breath, Jim whispered, "I don't know if [her] being the only one made it worse."

To help describe Janet, Glenna opened a box she hadn't touched in nearly 20 years and took out the application her daughter had prepared for college.

"My goals are first to acquire what God wants for me," Janet had written. "His desire is for me to acquire my bachelor's degree in music vocal education, then...my master's degree. I hope to teach in a private, probably Christian, school and to also work in theater in...opera."

Jim wistfully recalled Janet's rich mezzo-soprano voice and the day that neighbors gathered outside their window to listen to her sing. But his face tightened when he talked about the Blue Mill Inn. On a visit to Janet at her job, he had noticed the rough-looking types loitering in the lobby; they gave him an eerie feeling. "I wish that I had questioned it more," he said, starting to well up. "[There were] things I should have done."

Though separated from the dead girl by almost three decades, Sarah felt a connection to Janet. "The Chandlers talked about her as if she'd left the room five minutes ago," Sarah recalls. "Everything about her was so real." During a break in the filming, Sarah stared at a photo of a twentysomething Janet, who wore a white blouse and had a mischievous look in her eye. Was it the lighting, or did she and Janet look eerily alike, from the tumbling brown hair to their megawatt smiles? No, it wasn't the lighting. Glenna noticed it too. Resting her head on Sarah's shoulder, the older woman started to sob.

That moment motivated Sarah to try to give Jim and Glenna their daughter back, if only for an hour or so on film. She had no way of knowing then that the documentary she and her seven classmates were making would trigger a fresh police investigation and unearth some horrifying new truths. She was, however, prepared by her teacher. Before filming started that day, Schock had gathered the Chandlers and the students for a prayer. Then he'd said something prophetic.

"The only thing I can promise you," he said, "is that this is going to be painful."

By most standards, Holland, Michigan, is a serene place, where sidewalks are dotted with Victorian-style street lamps and the police will fine you \$50 for picking one of the 6 million tulips that bloom in the spring. Hope College, a small Christian school, occupies a handsome campus in the city's quaint downtown; parents don't imagine sending their kids there to investigate murders.

But film instructor David Schock believed the mystery of the slain Hope student would be a good project for his class. He'd come across Janet's story in the spring of 2003 while interviewing a detective who was retiring from the

MOTEL IN AMERICA, BUT INSIDE, EVERY APPETITE WAS BEING SATED.

Holland police force. Schock asked if there was one case that still haunted the cop. Pointing to a curling photo of Janet that had been hanging on a bulletin board since 1979, the detective replied, "That Chandler case."

"I don't want you to think that we are going to solve this murder," Schock told his students at the outset of the project. Instead, he said, by making the documentary, they should aim to revive Janet's memory. Their task would be to talk to the Chandlers, to Janet's old college teachers, to the cops about their murder theories. At most, they might turn up a handful of new leads. But they had only four months—which meant they needed a crash course on Holland in the late seventies, when Jimmy Carter was president and Sony had just unveiled a portable music player called the Walkman.

One of their first stops was the local library. Thumbing through old newspapers, the students learned that during the winter of '78, a strike was crippling Holland's Chemetron paint plant. Nearly 200 union members had walked out, and Teamsters organizers brought in experienced strikers from Detroit to lend muscle on the picket line. In return, Chemetron hired the Wackenut security company to provide guards who could keep the gates open for the strikebreakers. The picketers taunted the guards. The guards harassed the strikers and threw spikes under their tires. It was an ugly, tension-filled time.

After hours, the strikebreakers and guards let loose at the Blue Mill Inn, a motel on the edge of town where rooms were reserved for the approximately 80-man Wackenut force. A bar next door, the Tap Room, was full of local women waiting for the men, almost all out-of-towners, to blow their paychecks when their 12-hour shifts ended. From the outside, the Blue Mill may have looked like any other roadside motel in America. But inside, every appetite was being sated.

It was a curious place for Janet to be working. As they did their research, Sarah and her classmate Amy Schlusler learned that Janet was a devout Christian; in an interview, her mother had held Janet's heavily underlined Bible and described her as "in the Word." In her younger years, Janet had gone on evangelical missions and lent her voice to the church choir. In middle school, she worked part-time at a day care center, and later dedicated herself to her dream of singing.

Yet there was a side of Janet that seemed unsure and unhappy. A piano teacher at Muskegon Community College—the school Janet attended before she transferred to Hope—

described her as "emotionally volatile" and said that she often ran out of class in tears when criticized. A Hope music professor portrayed her as a talented student who struggled academically and seemed to have few friends.

One figure in particular mystified Sarah and Amy: Janet's supervisor at the Blue Mill, who was also her roommate in an off-campus apartment, Laurie Ann Swank. Twenty-one at the time of the murder, Swank had left town quickly afterward. Why? they wondered. They scoured old phone books looking for her, and their teacher, David Schock, knocked on doors in her old neighborhood; no one knew her whereabouts.

As the final weeks of the semester neared, the class began weaving their interviews into a film. The movie started at the end of Janet's life; the camera zoomed in on a crime scene photo of her hand poking up from the snowbank, with a recording of her playing piano in the background. But then it shifted to happier times: childhood pictures in which Janet's broad smile lit up each frame.

Her younger brother, Dennis, remembered how "she was always doing little projects...to make Christmas special" and "was all-around a good sister." But he observed that Janet changed after she took the job at the Blue Mill.

SNAPSHOTS FROM A 28-YEAR-OLD MYSTERY



Where she lay

Janet's corpse had been dumped 40 miles from Holland near a highway.



Grim discovery

A snowplow driver came upon Janet's partially buried body.



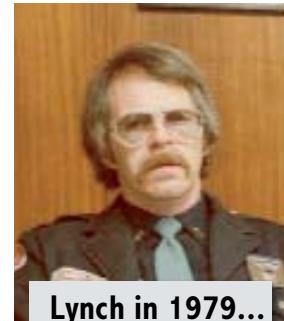
A wild scene

Guards caroused at the Blue Mill Inn, where Janet worked the desk.



False leads

The police sent out a sketch of Janet's supposed abductor.



Lynch in 1979...

Robert Lynch as he looked about the time Janet was killed.



...and in 2006

The father of two spent much of the next 27 years drinking.

JANET'S ROOMMATE LEFT TOWN QUICKLY AFTER THE MURDER. WHY?

Inscrutably, he said that Janet had “probably experimented with things adults do. Maybe a little bit of drink. Different dating.”

A parade of gray-haired cops recalled the basic facts of the crime: Early on January 31, 1979, Holland police got a call about an incident at the Blue Mill Inn. A Wackenut guard said he was on the phone with Janet when he overheard an intruder barge into the office. Witnesses added another detail: A man had whisked Janet away in a jeep-type vehicle. When about \$500 was discovered missing from the motel’s office, the cops treated the case as a robbery and abduction—until the next day, when Janet’s body was discovered. Suddenly, they had a murder to contend with.

The police interrogated every guest at the Blue Mill, talked with Janet’s friends, rousted local hoods in search of answers. The most provocative comment in the film came courtesy of Holland’s retired police chief, Charles Lindstrom. He said that Janet had developed “relationships” with “a number of the individuals” at the Blue Mill—but he stopped short of saying more. Although a half dozen suspects emerged, police said they didn’t have enough evidence to charge anyone. DNA technology was still years away. The strike ended, the guards scattered and the case files started gathering dust.

The film winds down with a heart-tugging plea from Jim Chandler, who raised the possibility that he and Glenna might die without ever knowing who killed their daughter. “It would be a whole lot better to find out who [did this] and see justice done,” he said. “[The killer] will ultimately get punished, but we probably won’t know about it.”

As the young women reviewed their finished film, Sarah was proud of the class’s effort, but also frustrated. They were no closer than when they’d

started to guessing who’d murdered Janet.

“We wanted to be able to bring the Chandlers peace,” she says. “But all we ended up with were more questions.”

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—DETECTIVE DAVID VANLOPIK

The Knickerbocker Theatre in downtown Holland was packed for the January 30, 2004, showing of *Who Killed Janet Chandler?* Holland police chief John A. Kruithoff—who as a young officer had been involved in the case in a minor way in 1979—was in the audience. He watched with rapt attention; in the midst of the students’ filmmaking, he’d already taken steps to reopen the case.

The timing seemed right because the movie had stirred up lots of old memories around town. After hauling the old Chandler files out of storage, Kruithoff phoned the Michigan State Police. The detective assigned to lead the reinvestigation was a 45-year-old veteran, David VanLopik. Raised in Holland, VanLopik remembered well his hometown’s most notorious murder. He says, “I felt committed to solving this case.”

From April to June 2004, VanLopik joined three other investigators in going over every scrap of paper that had been gathered from the original casework. (Reports were provided to *Glamour* by a defense attorney who was given official copies.) “The one thing that we were missing,” he says, “was a clear picture of who Janet was.”

In talking to Jim and Glenna, and to Janet’s friends, VanLopik learned about a girl whose childhood was defined by love and firm rules. As a kid, she was forbidden to attend sleepovers in homes where alcohol was consumed. Outgoing in high school, she dated boys but never went too far sexually. After graduation, she tried studying at a nursing school, only to drop out because of the “wild” types of students she encountered on campus.

But as VanLopik cast his net wider, a darker, more complex picture began to emerge. “There was the Janet Chandler that her parents knew,” he says, “and the one who was away from their influence.”

In 1974 Janet enrolled in Muskegon Community College as a conservatively dressed freshman who wasn’t prepared for kids smoking pot at parties. But soon she was pushing the boundaries of her upbringing. A middle-aged man she met seduced her into having (continued on page 259)

sex for the first time. During their yearlong relationship, she would sneak him into her family's house twice a week for trysts when her parents were gone. When VanLopik arrived to interview the man at his home, he found a senior citizen who was ashamed of what he'd done. "He isn't proud of the relationship that he had with Janet and feels he may have taken advantage of her crush on him," VanLopik remembers writing in his notes.

A woman who had known her since childhood said that after the affair, Janet's "religious views changed" because she realized that "if she sinned...she was not going to immediately go to hell."

Two days after VanLopik's visit to the elderly man, Holland police officer Rob Borowski flew to Nescopeck, Pennsylvania, to talk to the figure who'd eluded Amy and Sarah—Janet's old roommate and boss, Laurie Ann Swank. Now in her forties, Swank was working as a nursing assistant at a hospital. She brightly recalled Janet as "musical and fun loving." But when the officer handed her a photo showing Janet with several of the guards from the Blue Mill, Swank's upbeat mood seemed to deflate. "They were a wild group who liked to party," she said, adding that Janet had had affairs with the guards, and admitting that she did too. Swank said she even had to reprimand Janet for using a display suite to have sex.

VanLopik and his team were intrigued, but they had plenty of other leads to follow. They interviewed suspects in places as far away as West Virginia and Florida. VanLopik and detective Roger VanLiere pursued a promising tip to Grand Rapids, Michigan, where VanLiere questioned a convicted rapist. After about an hour, they got a feeling that the con was ready to open up about something. That instinct was on target; the man did confess to a killing—but it wasn't Janet's.

The investigators found themselves coming back to the men who'd lived at the Blue Mill. One in particular stood out: the Wackenhuut guard who'd made the original call about the robbery, Robert Michael Lynch. He'd been 39 at the time of the strike, and because he was older than the other guards, he wasn't part of their inner circle. Wiry and frequently drunk, Lynch worked inside the plant, handing out per diem checks and performing other clerical duties. After the strike was over, he'd built a respectable life for himself in Three Oaks, a town 80 miles south of Holland, opening a beauty school with his wife and raising two kids—a son who'd become a successful contractor and a daughter who was not much older than Janet had been when she was killed. But something about Lynch struck VanLopik as a little off. Maybe it was the fact that at 65, he was still drinking heavily, downing hard liquor daily. Enough, perhaps, to blot something out.

It took several fruitless visits and interviews before Lynch started giving interesting answers. In June 2005, the ex-guard claimed that he'd been "intimately involved" with Janet; the two had rendezvoused at a dark and vacant house.

Then Lynch unloaded a bombshell: Around the time of the murder, he said, Janet had been with some of the other guards at a party that "went haywire." In more than a year of interviews, this was the first time anyone had mentioned a party that night. But when VanLopik tried to delve deeper, Lynch clammed up, saying that he'd heard about it only secondhand.

Eleven days later, however, VanLopik drove to Three Oaks for a follow-up. The detective found his witness in a reflective mood, and as they sat on a park bench near Lynch's home, the ex-guard talked about his father, whom he'd visited on his deathbed shortly before Janet's abduction. "I regret my whole life," he told VanLopik. "Some of the things I've done I don't even want to talk about."

VanLopik delicately steered the conversation to the thoughts that were weighing on him. "Do you believe in karma?" he asked Lynch. "I think you drink to

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Janet's religious views changed... she realized if she sinned, she was not going to immediately go to hell.

—A FRIEND OF JANET



forget something." Lynch thought for a moment. "I'm not drinking to forget," he said. "I'm running from everything."

VanLopik and his fellow detective, Geoffrey Flohr, were sure they could get more out of Lynch, and questioned him repeatedly over the next three months. A breakthrough happened the day one of them slid a copy of *Who Killed Janet Chandler?* into a DVD player, cuing it up to the part where Jim Chandler could be seen fighting his tears.

"You have a daughter Janet's age," VanLopik said to Lynch. "If she were killed, wouldn't you want to know what happened to her? Just look at them, Bob."

Lynch stared at the screen. And then he started to talk.

Finally the dam was beginning to break. For the first time, Lynch had let his defenses down. VanLopik knew that with patience and proper handling, the suspect would give him what he needed. And he was right—Lynch spilled out some harrowing secrets. But it would take four more months of questioning for detectives to painstakingly extract all the details. Once they did, the team went back to other witnesses—among them Swank and the motel maids—and filled in the gaps of what really happened to Janet Chandler that night.

The evening of January 30, 1979, was snowy, and Lynch was exhausted. He'd just come back from burying his father; all he wanted was a good night's sleep.

Sometime before midnight, Janet walked into the Blue Mill Inn to begin her night shift. As she settled in at the front desk, she probably had her school notebook with her. Recently she'd jotted down some religious thoughts: *When was Paul saved?* she'd written. *When the Lord spoke to him to go? Or when he obeyed God and went?*

But it looked like her musings would have to wait. In the best of times, the Blue Mill was filled with flirtation, sex and jealousy. But tonight's mood was especially raw. According to later witness testimony, one of the maids confronted Janet in the hallway, mad as hell because she'd heard that Janet had been secretly seeing her boyfriend, one of the Wackenut guards. At one point, Janet had reportedly phoned the guard's room and asked him to come to the front desk. When he responded, she was waiting in the adjacent showroom, naked except for a pair of cowboy boots. The maid and Janet argued so loudly that their voices echoed through the Blue Mill.

The maid wasn't the only Blue Mill employee enraged with Janet. Her roommate and boss, Swank, had recently been told that Janet had slept with the lead Wack-

enut guard, a hollow-eyed man named Arthur "Carl" Paiva. Swank was sweet on Paiva. But instead of yelling at Janet, she figured out a better way to get even. As she would later testify under oath, she wanted to be sure Paiva knew that Janet had been fooling around with the men under his command. So she told him. Paiva's reaction: "That slut," he said.

Several of the guards, it turned out, had been planning a "surprise party" for Janet. Two employees of the Blue Mill would later testify under oath that the party's express purpose was for Janet to get "gangbanged." Paiva allegedly told Swank that the guards were going to "pass [Janet] around" to "teach her a lesson."



The guards were going to pass [Janet] around to teach her a lesson.

—LAURIE ANN SWANK TESTIMONY,
JANUARY 18, 2007



Lynch was in his room shortly before 2 A.M. on January 31 when one of the guards phoned him. The man needed help luring Janet out of the motel office; the plan was to take her to the guesthouse where Paiva was staying on the grounds of the Chemetron plant.

When Lynch got down to the lobby, he says, the other guard told Janet a party was being held in her honor. Lynch says that Janet didn't seem to mind when he put gauze over her eyes while the other guard sealed it with duct tape. With Janet blindfolded, the other guard walked her out to a waiting vehicle.

Lynch didn't follow. He knew he'd have to get up in a few hours for his 6 A.M. shift. He had, however, come up with a novel idea about how to cover up the abduction. Before the other guard left with Janet, according to Lynch, the man had taken money from the motel's office. Now Lynch called the cops to report a robbery, saying his buddy had overheard Janet saying, "Don't take it all, sir." Then Lynch went back to his room, where he caught a couple hours of sleep before showing up at work. When he was done, at 6 P.M., he cleaned up and headed over to Paiva's place to see what had unfolded.

He arrived at the split-level home with panoramic views of Lake Macatawa to find Janet sitting naked on a cushion in the

corner, duct tape over her mouth, hands bound before her. Exactly what had happened to her since she'd left the motel is still unclear. Lynch thought the glassy look in her eyes meant she was on drugs, but none were ever found in her system. More likely, she was in a state of shock. One of the guards was dancing around in his underwear, and a few other men and women were milling about and drinking.

Dressed in jeans and a plaid work shirt, Lynch downed a few drinks. He saw another guard tie a belt around Janet's neck, jerking her like a rag doll. Soon Lynch was following a trail of guards into a bedroom, where Janet was tossed onto a bed.

At some point, Janet was blindfolded again with duct tape. And now the mood in the room went from ugly to unimaginable.

According to later testimony, several men—perhaps half a dozen of them—took turns raping Janet and yanking on the belt. Amidst the hooting and hollering, a female voice cut through the din. It belonged to Swank. Janet's roommate had just two words for her.

"You bitch," she said.

Why did Lynch do nothing to stop the frenzy? Why did he get drawn into the evil? He'd tell VanLopik that he was simply at the lowest point in his life. In the hour and a half they'd spent together before his death, his father had told him to find better work. Yet here he was, trying to fit in among people he didn't really know and who he thought he'd never see again after the strike ended. When his turn came, Lynch climbed on top of Janet. According to witness testimony, he pinned his knees into her shoulders, using his feet to stop her from writhing.

He slapped her.

He whispered something in her ear.

He bit her neck.

He punched her.

And like others had done, he yanked on the belt around her neck as he raped her.

Later Lynch would look back on the scene like a dream: how her chest felt as he tried to find a heartbeat; the vacant look in her eyes when he ripped off the tape; the utter chaos that broke out around him. Paiva, a witness said, threw a chair against the floor and yelled, "This fucking party is over!"

Lynch would go on to live an outwardly decent life. He became a man who believed that one night in 1979 could be wiped out with alcohol. And for 27 years, he was almost right.

There's no statute of limitations on first-degree murder, and there was no stopping

the guilt that flooded Lynch once he spoke the truth out loud. When in February 2006 he hinted that he was suicidal, VanLopik had him taken into custody. Lynch was charged with first-degree murder.

As Lynch sat in jail, VanLopik's squad started interviewing additional witnesses, getting new help. By September 2006, they had enough for the Michigan attorney general to file first-degree murder charges against Swank, Paiva and three other guards who were allegedly present: Freddie Parker, James Nelson and Anthony Williams.

Last December, the Michigan prosecutor allowed Lynch to plead guilty to second-degree murder in exchange for his full confession—including his admission that he'd buried Janet's body in the snow by the highway. He was given 25 to 40 years in prison. At the sentencing, the Chandlers addressed the court. "You broke our family circle," Glenna said to Lynch, "but it will be complete again in heaven with Janet." Then she added a motherly dagger: "Tell us, what lesson did you teach *your* family?"

Her husband had a harder time speaking. "What can I say to people who have no conscience or regard for human life?" he started. Shaking, he couldn't finish and had to be led away.

Finally Lynch walked to the lectern. "I hope the family rests in peace and I ask forgiveness from Janet," he muttered. "I worked hard for 18 months to see this come to an end, and I hope it does."

On October 16, Paiva, Parker, Nelson and Williams are scheduled to go on trial. Paiva, who attended Janet's funeral (as did Swank and Nelson) and continued to live near the Chandlers in Muskegon after the strike, insists he had nothing to do with the crime. His attorney said Paiva would not talk to *Glamour*, though in a jailhouse interview with *The Grand Rapids Press*, the 54-year-old divorced father of two said he was elsewhere on that night. "I can't believe that everyone that was supposedly there would say I was there," he said. But others paint him as the ringleader and the main reason that the "surprise party" stayed secret from the law for so long. His ex-girlfriend, a former striker named Patty Ward, who'd been at the party when Janet died, testified that Paiva had forced her to provide an alibi for him. She'd told police she and Paiva had been elsewhere that night; Paiva, she claimed, had warned her she'd end up dead on a roadside if she said otherwise.

Parker, who at 50 suffers from diabetes and walks with a cane, also argues that

the cops got the wrong guy. He says that he moved back to his home state of West Virginia nine days before the murder. At a hearing in January, however, his ex-girlfriend testified that he bragged about having sex with Janet that night. "They were being really loud about it," said ex-maid Diane Marsman.

A third guard, James Nelson, was collecting Social Security benefits and caring

witness. Hope College film instructor David Schock had his camera rolling at Swank's hearing on January 18, 2007. And in late March, at the request of *Glamour*, he screened the footage for Amy and Sarah, his former students, so they could see Swank's confession for the first time.

In the two years since leaving Hope, the young women had not forgotten Janet. But neither Amy nor Sarah was prepared for what they were about to hear.

Donna Pendergast, a state prosecutor, asked Swank what Paiva had told her about the party.

"They were going to fuck [Janet] to death," Swank answered.

"Was Janet already being raped when you came into the room?" Pendergast asked. "Yes," Swank said quietly. Pendergast then asked her witness: "Tell the court what you did in that room, Ms. Swank."

"I observed," Swank said. "I called Janet a bitch numerous times. I watched. I became upset at one point. I saw—well, they were all using the belt around Janet's neck."

That was too much for Amy. Needing air, she walked out of Schock's home editing studio. "I do believe in a higher power," she said when she came back, her pale skin flushing. "And it's not my place to judge.

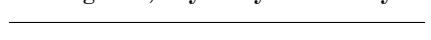
But how could you, as a woman, sit there and not stop it? For an hour. She literally watched her roommate die."

The pain for Janet's parents is far greater, and remains fresh even 28 years later. But when asked by *Glamour* whether they regret getting involved with the film, or the investigation that followed, the couple was steadfast.

"Every time a friend of Jan's got married, we suffered," the Chandlers wrote back to *Glamour*. "Every newborn baby reminds us of our empty arms that she should have filled.... These are things that time doesn't ever heal."

"We've heard everything now that could possibly come out, and a lot, I'm sure, was false," her father later told *Glamour*. "People say, 'You didn't have to do this,' but yes, I did. These doors had to be opened to get those who are guilty of this crime."

"Knowing that Janet couldn't speak for herself was the hardest thing."

In a Michigan courtroom this October, Janet Chandler, the young woman with the haunting voice, may finally have her say. 

Shaun Assael's latest book, coming out this fall, is Steroid Nation, about drugs and professional athletics.



How could you,
as a woman, sit there
and not stop it?
She literally watched
her roommate die.

—HOPE COLLEGE FILM
STUDENT AMY SCHLUSLER



for his two autistic sons when he was arrested in West Virginia. Like the others, he denies being at the party, though he admits he had a relationship with Janet. A fourth guard, Williams, had returned to his home state of Wisconsin and was extradited back to Michigan. His attorney tells *Glamour*: "He was not present. He had nothing to do with the murder and has consistently denied his involvement since February 1, 1979."

At the trial, all the guards will have to contend with the testimony of Laurie Ann Swank. In exchange for 10 to 20 years behind bars, she pleaded guilty to second-degree murder and turned state's