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# HARRY N. MACLEAN

*"Disturbing...Compelling."*

— THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW

**EDGAR  
AWARD  
WINNER**

A MURDER IN SKIDMORE, MISSOURI

# IN BROAD DAYLIGHT

INCLUDES A  
COMPLETE  
UPDATE FROM  
THE AUTHOR



PRAISE FOR HARRY N. MACLEAN'S  
**IN BROAD DAYLIGHT**

**“Frightening** ... an examination of how McElroy and the townspeople reached this fatal conclusion.”

—The Kansas City Star

**“Plenty of revealing facts . . .** details about the grimness of Ken McElroy’s early years, about the history of Skidmore, about McElroy’s beatings of ‘young meat,’ the teenage girls he also liked to have sex with ...”

—The New York Times Book Review

“**C**HILLING!”

—The Plain Dealer (*Cleveland*)

**“An Engrossing, Credible** examination of the way vigilante action can take over when the law seems to be powerless.”

—Publishers Weekly

**“Charged** by the author’s indignation at a legal system that failed to halt McElroy and at a media that issued distorted accounts of the case, this is a sad, disturbing tale of institutional betrayal, colorfully set against a backdrop of changing seasons and agricultural cycles.”

—Kirkus Reviews

IN BROAD  
DAYLIGHT  
Harry N. MacLean

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In Broad Daylight

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For  
Mom and Dad and  
my sister Sharon

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I would like to express my profound gratitude to Jules Roth.

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In cases where a first name is followed only by a last initial, the name has been changed at the individual's request.

PART  
ONE

On the morning of July 10, 1981, Cheryl Brown stood by the small window at the rear of her parents' grocery store and looked out at the pickups lining both sides of the main street. All but a few of them she recognized as belonging to farmers or merchants from the surrounding area. Cheryl folded her arms, glanced around the store to locate her parents, and looked back out the window—there wasn't a person in view. It was a strange sight, particularly for midmorning on a Friday, but she understood it; the town had finally been pushed too hard, or perhaps the wrong people had finally been pushed too hard.

Cheryl lived on a farm a few miles west of town with her husband and two children. An attractive woman in her early twenties, Cheryl had curly brown hair, hazel eyes, and an engaging smile. She loved to talk, and spent much of her boundless energy participating in community activities. In the past fifteen months, before her family's problem had become the town's problem, her spirited resiliency had been vital in keeping herself and her family together.

The B & B Grocery sits on Route 113 just as the road completes its climb to the top of the hill from the Nodaway River bottoms. A few yards further on is the main intersection where 113 turns right and proceeds down the hill as Elm Street, the main street of Skidmore. The front of the grocery store faces the American Legion building across 113 and the back looks out across a gravel drive at the side of the D & G Tavern, which is around the corner facing on Elm Street.

The small window at which Cheryl stood was behind the freezer and a few feet from the two large doors opening onto the loading dock. Had she been standing on the loading dock itself, or even looking through the windows in the doors, she would have been easily visible to anyone entering or leaving the tavern across the drive. But even if someone had glanced in the direction of her small window, Cheryl's face would probably have been hidden by the sun's reflected glare. From here she could see most of the street and sidewalk area in front of the tavern.

Since January, when she had begun working at the store, and particularly in the past few months, Cheryl had spent a lot of time at this place by the window. She believed, along with her mother, that if violence were to erupt again at the store, it would come from the back. Last summer her dad, Ernest "Bo" Bowenkamp, had been standing just inside the rear door when he was shot in the neck at close range with 00 buck, shotgun pellets the size of .32 caliber bullets. Bo spent most of his time at the meat counter, which was only a few feet inside the loading-dock doors. The rear of the store, although not blocked from public view, was less visible than the front. If McElroy intended to carry out his most recent threats, he would either hit Bo at home or come in the back of the store, like he had before.

Word usually came to the store by phone when McElroy was in town or when one of his trucks had been spotted in the area. If Cheryl was there, she would bolt the back door, pile 100-pound bags of potatoes on the trapdoor to the cellar and take up her post at the window. She knew all four McElroy trucks by both sight and sound, the way one might know a neighbor's sons. Last summer, after the candy incident in the store, she began to automatically scan every street and alley for the trucks whenever she came to town. If McElroy was in town, he would, sooner or later, pull up and park in front of the tavern. If Trena was with him, as she often was, she would stay out in the truck for however long he was inside, sometimes sitting by herself for hours in the bitter cold or the sweltering heat. If he was alone, Cheryl would scan the streets for the backup—the other McElroy truck—almost always driven by a woman, always with rifles visible in the rear window rack. Cheryl usually found the truck in front of the post office across the street, or on one of the Four Corners, or at the bottom of the hill, with a clear view of the front of the tavern. In either case, she would stay by the window until she saw

McElroy leave the tavern, get in his truck, and drive out of town.

This morning, as she stood and looked out the window at the gleaming Silverado parked in front of the tavern, and mentally linked the other pickups with their owners, she understood that everything was finally coming to a head. The nature of the struggle had been irretrievably altered by the events of the past few weeks. The affidavits, the pickups lining the streets, the meeting in the Legion Hall, the absolute stillness of the town itself, all meant to her that the community, however belatedly, was finally responding to the threat that she and her family had faced virtually alone for so many months. Whatever happened, her family's long ordeal, their tormented isolation, would soon be over.

On Friday morning, her parents always delivered groceries for the weekend to some of the elderly residents in town, many of them widows who lived alone. This morning a few calls came in after the run was made, and when Cheryl arrived for work around nine, she had to deliver the new orders in her mother's station wagon. By the time she returned, the street in front of the store had also filled with pickups. A short while later, one of the men at the meeting stuck his head in the door and told them in a low, excited voice that McElroy was in town. The meeting had broken up, he said, and the men were heading toward the tavern to face him.

She bolted the rear door, piled the potato sacks on the cellar door, and took her place by the window. Evelyn Sumy, her parents' neighbor and a clerk at the store who had been entangled in the struggle from the very beginning, stood beside her. After a few seconds Cheryl's gaze shifted from the Silverado to the men walking down the street from the Legion Hall to the tavern. As each man passed by, she spoke his name, as if she was reciting an honor roll of men who finally had the guts to stand up to Ken McElroy. She watched with fascination and apprehension as about forty men disappeared single file into the tavern, holding the screen door for one another.

As the minutes passed, she stayed focused on the Silverado. With its heavy steel running boards, chrome brush guard, red clearance lights and Cattle Country mud flaps, the Silverado was the biggest, the newest, and the fanciest of the McElroy trucks, the one that Ken almost always drove himself. The story was that he had bought it the previous December off

the lot of the Chevy dealer in Mound City for \$12,000 cash, carried in a paper bag.

Suddenly, the screen door to the tavern opened and McElroy appeared on the sidewalk in front of the tavern. He was wearing dark slacks and a brown tank top, and he was carrying a brown paper sack with what looked like a six-pack of beer in it. His movements were slow and deliberate, as always. Trena followed behind, carrying a small purse, and got in the passenger side of the pickup, closest to Cheryl. The men began pouring out of the tavern a few feet behind them. She noticed one farmer lean up against the front of the tavern with a beer in his hand, and it occurred to her that it was illegal to take a glass of beer out of the tavern. Others stood on the sidewalk out of her field of vision.

When she heard the first shot ring out, she was confused, wondering who was shooting at whom, and from where. Then she saw the glass splattering in the air in front of the pickup and McElroy's head fall forward on his chest. Trena turned away and threw open the passenger door and dived out onto the street. By then the men were hitting the ground, crouching between the pickups and scattering up the street to the top of the hill. Royce Clement jumped clear over the hood of a pickup.

She saw Jack Clement, Royce's father and the cowboy patriarch of the Clement family, rush over and pick up Trena, who had blood and dirt on her arms and shirt, and hustle her up the walk toward the bank, out of the line of fire. The gentleman in the cowboy made him do that, she thought later.

As the shooting continued, in bursts of two and three shots, Cheryl rushed to the telephone in the front of the store to call her baby sitter, who lived in town. More shots rang out as she explained to the baby sitter that it wasn't safe to bring the children to the store. The front door opened and a man stepped halfway in.

"It's over now," he said. "You people can sleep tonight. Just stand behind us."

The relief hit Cheryl like a blast, then flooded slowly through her body. The constant harassment, the fear for her father and her children's lives, all of it was finally over. She grabbed onto a shelf to steady herself as the tears came to her eyes. Her dad—tall, gangly Bo, the sweetest man in the world, who never understood why he had been shot—walked over to comfort her. He put one arm around her and another around Evelyn,

who also was crying and shaking.

“It’s all right,” he said. “It’s all right now.”

When she had steadied herself, Cheryl returned to her observation post and surveyed the scene. The pickups were hurriedly backing out and leaving town in all directions, and the few men on foot were also clearing out. Later, when her strength returned and she regained her composure, she would respond to her curiosity and need for confirmation and venture out for a closer view of the killing scene. For the moment, though, she simply stared at the smoke pouring out of the hood of the big Silverado, which she figured must have caught fire in the shooting. *Burn!* Cheryl thought. *Burn until there’s nothing left of any of it.*

On the day of his death, Alice Wood had been involved with Ken McElroy for more than twenty years. She had lived with him for sixteen years, borne him three children, been beaten severely by him untold times, loved and hated him, and dreamed of shooting him with one of his own guns. Alice was no longer in love with Ken—those feelings had ended a few years earlier when the sex and violence had gone beyond what she could handle—but still she cared for and respected him. He was a good father to her children, and in recent years they had become pretty good friends.

Alice was a mildly attractive brunette in her mid-thirties, with blue eyes and a disarmingly direct manner. For the past year or two, she had lived in an apartment in St. Joseph with her three children.

Juarez, the oldest at twelve, slight with brown hair and clear blue eyes, had always been a favorite of his father. The feeling was mutual—Juarez worshiped his dad to the extent that sometimes Alice felt almost left out of her son’s life. Ken had called Juarez the day before and told him he would be down on Monday to watch him pitch in a Little League baseball game. Tonia, named for Ken’s dad and called Tony, was a sweet, sensitive eight-year-old girl, with medium-length brown hair and a round face and broad forehead like her father’s. Ken, Jr., nicknamed “Mouse,” was a quiet and easygoing six-year-old, seemingly unaware of the storm that surrounded the McElroy name wherever it came up.

St. Joseph had always been one of Ken’s stomping grounds, and he often came by the apartment to see Alice and spend time with the

children. Tonia especially looked forward to her long visits at his Skidmore farm in the summer, when she could see him every day and play with the other kids. She was in the middle of one of those visits on the morning of July 10, 1981.

Alice and her boyfriend, Jim, had planned to take the boys up to the Skidmore farm for the weekend. They would leave that Friday afternoon after Jim got off work and bring Tonia home with them Sunday night. As they often did, Alice and the two boys had driven to the appliance store around noon to take Jim his lunch. When they arrived, the boss's wife was talking on the phone. She looked up and saw Alice and an odd look came over her face. Handing Alice the phone, the woman said, "It's Trena. Something's really wrong, I can't understand her." *Strange*, Alice thought, *I just talked to her this morning about groceries and supplies for the weekend and everything was all right then.* Alice held the receiver to her ear and said hello.

"They shot him," said Trena, sobbing.

"What are you talking about?" asked Alice.

"Ken, they shot him."

Alice could barely make out the words. "Who shot him?" she asked.

"*They* did."

"Is he hurt bad?"

"No, no," Trena wailed. "He's dead."

Alice said, "We'll be up as soon as we can," and hung up. Jim's boss gave him the rest of the day off, and they loaded the boys into the car and headed north out of St. Joseph for Skidmore.

For most of the forty miles the four of them sat in silence, anxious to get to the farm, but holding on to the last few minutes before they would have to face Ken's death.

By the time they reached the farm, Trena was gone. On the advice of McElroy's Kansas City lawyer, one of Ken's sisters had driven her to the highway patrol headquarters in St. Joseph for her own protection (an irony not lost on the citizens of Skidmore when they later learned of it). Several of Ken's brothers and sisters had gathered at the farm and they tearfully told Alice what had happened: The people had conspired to kill Ken, and even the sheriff and mayor had all been in on it. There had been four guns firing, and Ken had been shot over eight times in the head. Trena had been in the truck beside him and had seen the whole thing. Somebody at the bank had called Tim, Ken's younger brother, to

come and get her. Trena had been a mess, a whirling, bloody, blond apparition, and she blurted out the story in spasms of words and sobs, her eyes still wild with fear for herself. The people in the bank had tried to lure her into a back room and kill her, Trena had said, and they might still be coming out to the farm to get her.

Several of McElroy's sisters, who lived in surrounding towns and farms, came to the farm immediately when they learned of the killing. They found Tonia in such bad shape, crying and sobbing uncontrollably, that they took her and Oleta, Ken and Trena's four-year-old daughter, to Maitland, away from the scene, and tried to calm them down. Tonia wasn't in much better shape when Alice found her—her body was convulsed in wrenching sobs, and she was absolutely inconsolable.

Ken, Jr., sat in a corner of the farmhouse living room by himself and cried softly. Juarez, a tough guy like Ken who never showed his feelings, took his bike a few hundred yards down the road to Tim's house and rode in circles in the driveway for hours.

Someone called and warned them that it might be dangerous to stay around the farm—that some of the townspeople might be coming out to the house—so they left, vowing to come back that night to claim the family possessions. After dark, with the younger kids parceled out to Ken's sisters, Tim, Alice, Jim, Juarez, and the older girls returned with two trucks and a horse trailer. They worked through the night moving the personal items and furniture to Faucett, where Trena could retrieve them later. They made three trips that night, hauling items out of the darkened house, loading them silently onto the vehicles, and creeping down the drive to the gravel road.

By Saturday morning Tonia had calmed down somewhat. She and the boys were watching TV around noon when news of the killing came on. A picture of their father with a thick, fleshy face and cold eyes staring out under heavy black eyebrows appeared on the screen, while the announcer recounted his reputation as the most hated and feared man in Nodaway County.

The newscast also showed a photograph of the killing scene that would later become a part of almost every story that was written or produced about the incident—a close-up of the driver's side of the Silverado. The window in the driver's door was shattered, and the shards of glass around the edges framed the side of the tavern and the D & G

sign. Through the window, two people could be seen examining the building for bullet holes. The right edge of the picture showed the bullet holes in the rear window behind the driver's seat. The upholstery was splotted with a wide, dark spill of blood. The television cameras had arrived at the scene just as the truck was being towed away, and the station replayed the footage of the Silverado hanging by a hook from the back of the truck, shot full of holes and looking, as it would later be described, as if it had been the target in a shooting gallery.

By the time Alice realized what was happening and got over to turn off the TV, Tonia was hysterical and Ken, Jr., had burst into tears. That afternoon, when she couldn't calm Tonia, Alice took her to a doctor, who prescribed tranquilizers for her. By evening, Tonia finally fell asleep and was put to bed.

On the morning of July 10, 1981, Highway Patrolman Dan Boyer was heading north on Highway 71, only a mile or so out of St. Joseph, when the call came over the radio to return to Troop H headquarters immediately. When Boyer pulled in a few minutes later, the dispatcher explained that someone had called in a report that Ken McElroy had been shot and killed on the main street of Skidmore. Boyer froze for a second, and then shook his head. *Probably just another one of the weird calls the patrol got all the time*, he thought as he walked back to the patrol car. *Who would have the guts—or be crazy enough—to go up against McElroy with a gun?* Skeptical but curious, Boyer headed back out north on Highway 71, driving without lights or siren and barely exceeding the speed limit.

Boyer was 32 years old, a stocky man of medium height with short brown hair and brown eyes. He lived with his wife and two kids in a small town in Worth County, bordering Nodaway to the east. Boyer liked the people and the country life, but most of all he loved being a patrolman.

Many people in northwest Missouri considered the Missouri State Highway Patrol the best law enforcement agency in the area. All the patrolmen had survived six months of rigorous training, and many of them, including Boyer, had college degrees. Patrolmen drove the fastest cars with the fanciest equipment, and they carried the most firepower. They projected a crisp, professional look with their tailored blue wool uniforms, black ties, and patent leather Sam Browne belts. Patrolmen

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were trained to be gentlemen cops—tough but even-handed, polite but firm, treating citizens with respect but always retaining control of every situation. As a matter of policy, they were never assigned to areas where they had grown up or lived before joining the patrol.

Boyer had joined the patrol in 1975 and was eventually assigned to Troop H in St. Joseph. His unit, based in Maryville, the Nodaway County seat, consisted of seven troopers. From the patrol office in the Nodaway County Courthouse, they fanned out over the highways and county roads of their zone. In six years with the patrol, Boyer had come to know most of the zone's small towns fairly well, and Skidmore had always seemed much like any other small farm town in northwest Missouri.

As he drove to Skidmore that July morning, Boyer described McElroy to Bryan, a young academy graduate who was riding along as the final stage of his training. Boyer didn't know what had happened, he said in his low, almost gentle voice, but he was sure that McElroy wasn't the one dead. The patrolmen had just driven through Savannah, about thirty miles south of Maryville, when the second call came over the radio.

McElroy's wife had just called, the dispatcher said, crying hysterically and sobbing that her husband had been shot and killed. Over and over, she said that they wouldn't stop firing, that the killers just kept shooting him and shooting him, and that they wanted to kill her, too.

Telling the dispatcher to call the ambulance in Maryville and the Nodaway County sheriff's office, Boyer flipped on the siren and the light. He told Bryan to hang on, and within seconds the black 1980 Plymouth Grand Fury was barreling up Highway 71 at more than 100 mph.

About twenty miles north of Savannah, at Pumpkin Center, a combination gas station and grocery, Boyer slowed and took a hard, screeching left onto Route A. Bryan grabbed the dashboard as he slid into the door. The road running west out of Pumpkin Center descended a steep hill and then broke into a wide, sweeping curve before straightening out briefly to cross a narrow bridge. Halfway through the curve, which was banked as poorly as most of the curves on the county blacktops, Boyer glanced over and saw that Bryan had turned white.

As they whipped across the bridge, Boyer thought back on the night

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a year or so earlier when he had stopped McElroy at Pumpkin Center. Boyer had been parked in the gas station when the green Dodge pickup sped by at 75 mph. Not until he was walking toward the pickup with his flashlight in his hand did Boyer realize he had stopped Ken McElroy. A wrenching fear had hit Boyer's gut: He was only a move away from having a shotgun stuck in his face and his head blown away.

Every law officer in northwest Missouri, even those who had never met him, knew Ken McElroy—and knew he hated cops. Only a few days before, Boyer had read a notice at the patrol office, in which an informant had warned that McElroy was traveling in a caravan of three pickups and that each truck carried guns. The two female drivers were backing up McElroy wherever he went, the informant had said, and they had orders to shoot and kill any cop who came upon them.

In the dark at Pumpkin Center, Boyer had quickly recovered from the shock and the clench of fear. He slowed his step, dropped into a slight crouch, and pulled his service revolver from its holster. Holding the revolver at his side, he continued his approach but swung out in an arc away from the cab so that he could see inside the truck before he was upon it. Backlit by the spotlight on the patrol car, McElroy sat looking straight ahead, both of his hands in plain view on top of the steering wheel. Shaking slightly, Boyer went through his routine about the radar gun, the speed of the truck, and the option of paying or contesting the fine. To Boyer's surprise, and somewhat to his consternation, McElroy just sat there. He was polite and soft-spoken and offered no argument. He kept his hands on the steering wheel at all times, except to reach for his driver's license, which he did very slowly, and to accept the ticket from Boyer. He looked at Boyer wily once, and Boyer noticed the hard, flat eyes and the thin mouth. The incident seemed to be over almost before it began.

The patrolman said little on the fast ride to Skidmore. Bryan tried to relax, but he continued to grab the dash in the tight curves. Boyer's imagination spun out different versions of what might have happened, but none of them made sense: *Who in Skidmore would shoot Ken McElroy in broad daylight in the middle of town? If he really had been shot, there must be other casualties, given the firepower he always maintained around him. Hardest of all to believe was that McElroy was really dead. Something that*

horrible couldn't die that easily.

The blacktops and dirt roads curved and twisted up and down the steep hills and through the creases of the rumpled countryside. Hitting the hills at anything over 40 was like riding a roller coaster without rails. Boyer knew all the roads in the area and prided himself on being an expert high-speed driver, which meant knowing exactly how fast he could take the hills and curves without sliding into a ditch or smashing into a fence. He raced eight miles west over Route A, flew past ZZ (which ran north and came within a few miles of the McElroy farm), then sped through Graham and Maitland with siren wailing and lights flashing, finally turning north on 113 to Skidmore.

Boyer's watch read close to 11:30 by the time the Plymouth reached the edge of town. They had covered the forty miles in thirty minutes. Entering from the south, the Plymouth cruised through six residential blocks before coming to the grocery store and bank and turning east onto Elm Street. Boyer saw the ambulance parked behind the Silverado, which was angled in front of the D & G Tavern. Two sheriff's cars were parked in the middle of the street, and another patrol car was arriving from the east. As Boyer pulled to a stop, he saw two attendants loading a stretcher into the rear of the ambulance. A white sheet covered a large form.

One look at the rear of the truck cleared up Boyer's confusion about what had happened: Somebody had taken McElroy from behind. There was no gunfight, and nobody stood up to him face to face. The bullets came from across the street, undoubtedly from a rifle, while McElroy sat in his pickup facing the tavern. He never saw his killer, and he never had a chance. A crazy act, it had to have been committed out of a terrible well of fear.

Behind the driver's seat, the rear window had been blown out. The driver's door hung open, its window shattered. There obviously had been a hell of a lot of shooting, probably from more than one rifle, and much of it had been wild.

Boyer walked up to the truck and looked in. Teeth and pieces of bone lay scattered on the dashboard in front of the steering wheel. Blood splotched the seat and formed a deep puddle on the floor; it had run over the edge of the doorjamb and collected in a purplish, jelly-like pool on the ground. The air was dead still. As Boyer turned away, he felt a

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searing blast from the 100-degree midday sun.

Boyer stepped back and surveyed the scene. Other than the law and a few people watching the loading of the body, the town was deserted. Occasionally, a male face would peer out the window of the cafe, or someone would leave the tavern, walk nonchalantly past the truck, glance in, and disappear down the street. Now and then, a passing pickup would slow almost to a halt as the driver leaned over and stared inside the familiar two-tone brown Silverado.

Boyer reckoned that people were trying to convince themselves that Ken McElroy was really dead and was going to stay dead, that he wouldn't come cruising the streets of town that afternoon with his guns and his trucks and his women. It was too late, but for an instant Boyer wished he had looked under the white sheet before the ambulance left.

Boyer wasn't surprised that something had happened, but he was surprised that *this* had happened. He had expected that McElroy would perish some night on a back road, at the hands of a cop given half a reason to blow him away. Maybe then his death could have been dealt with quietly, in a way that would have solved the problem without creating an uproar. But Boyer hadn't realized the town was so twisted over McElroy that it would come to this.

Boyer had left his car running to provide a cool refuge from the heat, but when he returned to it, he stood outside with a foot on the bumper. Other cops came over and told him what they knew. Earlier that morning, Nodaway County Sheriff Danny Estes had been at a meeting at the town's Legion Hall, at which the sole topic had been what the town was going to do about McElroy. Estes hadn't even made it back to Maryville before McElroy was shot, and now people would think that Estes had told the men at the meeting to do it.

Estes was shaken up and excited, pacing around, arms flapping, shouting at nobody in particular, "What the hell happened? Why the hell did you do this?"

Boyer's radio crackled. The dispatcher told him to meet another car at the McElroy farm. Trena had called and asked the patrol to drive her to St. Joseph for her own safety. When Boyer reached the farm, a pickup with a woman at the wheel was pulling out of the drive onto the gravel road. He went to the house and knocked on the door several times. When

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he got no response, he wondered if Trena or somebody else was setting him up. Finally, Tim McElroy, Ken's younger brother, came to the door. He explained that Trena had been crouched down on the passenger's side of the truck that had just left. She had mistaken the approaching patrol car for a sheriff's car and, believing the local police to be involved in her husband's murder, had fled with one of Ken's sisters. Tim was sure they were on their way to patrol headquarters in St. Joseph.

Boyer returned to Skidmore to assist in the investigation. As the officers interviewed witnesses, a pattern developed:

"Where were you when he was shot?"

"Standing in front of the tavern."

"Did you see anything?"

"No, I didn't see a thing. I heard something, a couple of shots, and then I hit the ground. There were more shots and, by the time I got up, it was all over."

They were lying. It would have been impossible for one or two gunmen to stand across the street from the Silverado and fire ten to fifteen shots, put the guns away, and drive out of town without being recognized. Yet the answer was always the same: Nobody looked up until the shooting stopped, and nobody saw a thing.

Boyer soon realized that he had become the enemy. Normally, these people were open and friendly with the patrol, willing to help, ready to discuss the facts of any incident they might know about. Now, they were closed up so tight some of them wouldn't even speak to him.

Several locals were openly hostile. Boyer and Sergeant Barnett worked on tracing the trajectory of the bullets by lining up the holes in the tin hut next to the D & G Tavern with the holes in the front and rear windows of the truck. They were drawing a chalk line across the street when a man walked up and demanded, "Where in the hell were you guys when we needed you?" Whether he was being charged with incompetence or cowardice, Boyer felt he had to respond. He followed the man into the cafe and joined him and several other men at a center table. The others looked away in silence, but the accuser's anger had grown.

"If you guys had caught the son of a bitch and thrown him in jail, he wouldn't be dead now!"

"I understand how you feel," replied Boyer, "but it isn't fair to blame the law for the murder. We've always come when we were called, and