

# *LadyKiller*

October 1943. With WWII raging a sizzling media sensation suddenly gripped New York and Toronto, pushing war news to the sidelines. It had all the elements of a steamy bestseller with shocking sexual liaisons, lurid revelations and the brutal murder of a beautiful young heiress.

The scene was downtown Manhattan. The racy central figures, a bi-sexual Canadian con man and his wealthy American wife, were a swinging couple who had become the talk of the town.

Wayne Lonergan arrived in the big apple from Toronto in April 1939. Handsome, articulate, charming and penniless, he had a nose for people with money and ways to make them part with it. Mostly, it was providing *special* services to lonely but wealthy Manhattanites of both sexes. Soon he had friends in all the right places. Maître d's and doormen called him by name.

At the party of a wealthy patron, Lonergan met the host's beautiful daughter. Patricia Burton, a shy but spoilt eighteen year old, lived with her domineering mother. She also had a multi million dollar trust fund. Working his charms, Lonergan soon had the impressionable girl under his spell.

One thing Patricia's estranged parents could agree on was that Lonergan was no match for their daughter. But their threats, pleas and warnings couldn't shake Patricia's desire to be with him. Nor could learning that one previous lover was someone she knew very well - her own father. As she defiantly told her mother, *'If he's good enough for Daddy, he's good enough for me.'*

After eloping the newlyweds rented a Park Avenue apartment. Sleeping by day and club-hopping by night they lived carefree and lavishly off Patricia's trust fund. But they were soon at each others throats, then separated. When Patricia's battered body was found in her bedroom, her recently estranged Canadian husband became the prime suspect. His alibi shocked both nations.

Lonergan claimed that, at the time of the murder, he was already in bed - with another man. It was the beginning of a media sensation as journalists dug into his past and found it brimming with steamy excess. Even Time magazine got into the act, reporting... *'It took no Sherlock Holmes to untangle a crime whose tawdry details petered out into unprintable gossip.'*