

Wed to man of evil

BEHIND the closed curtains of her darkened sitting-room, Mollie Murray sits and reflects on her narrow escape from life with a perverted killer.

A chirpy cockney sparrow from London's Bethnal Green, Mollie is trying desperately to forget the past, and her husband, Peter — the evil mastermind of the murderous homosexual mob which cold-bloodedly preyed on innocent teenagers Mitchell Elgar and Martin Pollitt.

Mollie, a chubby, homely 40-year-old blonde, married Peter Murray for all the wrong reasons — but primarily because "I felt sorry for him."

Their bizarre wedding took place at Holy Trinity Parish Church, Chelmsford, Essex, on a December morning in 1977.

Murray was chained to a prison warder for the 15-minute ceremony. And Mollie spent her wedding night alone after a booze-up with a few friends to share the sandwiches down at the local village hall.

"I should never have done it," Mollie told me as she cuddled her two cats on the settee of her ninth-floor council flat, a stone's throw from London's Petticoat Lane.

"I can't say I wasn't warned. They told me I was being a silly girl . . . The Twins told me."

The Twins she speaks of are two of Britain's most notorious criminals — Ronnie and Reggie Kray — who ruled the East End underworld empire, in which Mollie had been brought up, with a rod of iron.

"Me and my mum was great friends with Violet, The Twins' mum," Mollie recalled. "We go back a long way. So when The Twins got sent down to Parkhurst on the Isle of Wight, my mum and me used to go down there with Vi."

On the occasions when her mum stayed at home, Mollie went down to the island's top-security prison with Violet. And those were the visits when her attention strayed to the sweet-talking young he-man who was trying to carve out a name for himself as a Krays' henchman.

Murray at the time was in his mid-20s. A petty villain since his early teens, he was an acknowledged hard-man even in such "distinguished" company. Since the age of 14 he had only seven months' experience of life on the outside of prison walls.

His image as a potential lady-killer belied his true personality . . . a vicious homosexual sadist. But the Kray twins knew him for what he was and were content to use his services for whatever



Peter Murray, skivvy for the Kray twins.

PETER SHARPLES reports on the background of Peter Murray, the pervert who plotted the sickening gang murders of two teenagers, and of how the killings touched the lives of the victims' families.

suited their purpose . . . until his usefulness ran out.

Murray, who openly bragged about being a right-hand man for the awesome duo, was nothing more than a skivvy. His tasks for Ron and Reg were normally limited to the demeaning chore of "slopping out" their chamber pots in the sluice room at first light, and being their "errand boy."

"But he was a charmer, there's no denying that," said Mollie. "Even one of my friends who's a real hard-bitten man-hater said I was a lucky girl. He used to write me beautiful letters and poems."

"When he proposed to me every-one was in favour of it. The social workers and the probation people were almost pushing us down the aisle, and his mum and dad seemed really chuffed. They must have hoped that at long last there was a chance of getting him settled."

The alarm bells started ringing, though, when Mollie met Murray's sister Alison.

"She told me not to do it. There was her, and there was Reggie and Ronnie who knew something about him. They're the ones I should have listened to."

Mollie's doubts about her unconsummated marriage weren't long in developing.

"He'd been moved to Chelmsford jail and every time I visited him he kept giving me more and more money to buy things for my flat and for his family and mine," she recalled.

"He said the cash was coming



This is Mollie Ilett, before she married Peter Murray. The back of the picture is signed: "To Reggie. All my love, Mollie," with four kisses. The front is signed: "To Peter," with two kisses.



Mollie Murray, who fell for a charmer.

behind bars, thanks to his outstanding physical condition. His early attempts at crime were always petty, yet his stays in institutions were long.

An inmate at some stage or other of his criminal career of Britain's most secure prisons, Murray was ever a danger-man. Yet despite his record, his violent outbursts and his repeated sessions in solitary confinement, prison medical officers insisted he was sane.

Even a string of suicide attempts failed to alter the psychiatrists' view, and Murray's life of imprisonment was invariably punctuated at some stage by bouts of solitary confinement as a Category 41 prisoner, isolated and naked in a padded cell.

It was in such a situation, as an inmate of Birmingham's Winson Green prison, that he testified about the noises he heard from the cell of Barry Prosser, whose case hit the headlines when prison warders were charged with beating him to death but later cleared.

The sole warning given by the prison medical boards was that Murray WAS aggressive . . . but only towards a uniform and the person inside it. And that, they concluded, was not unusual for a man who had spent such a great proportion of his life behind bars.

Mistake

Murray's "little black book" carried an astonishing collection of private phone numbers of show-business personalities, sports stars, and MPs. Whether he was as well-connected as his address book suggests is a matter for speculation. But among the entries, there was Lord Longford's private address and phone number.

It was Murray's tip-off — later proved to be false — which led to an enormous police turn-out on the moors of the Cheshire-Derbyshire border, shortly after his arrest. He had claimed that there were as many as 12 other bodies hidden away in shallow graves.

But after detailed searches costing thousands of pounds in police resources and man-hours, the tip was proved false.

"It was just his way of trying to prove what a big man he was," a senior detective said. "That, coupled with the possibility of a break for freedom in the open country."

"Everything he did and everything he said was designed to draw attention to himself. Just after he was first pulled in at Buxton he was like a caged animal."

"He was trying every trick in the book. He asked for a razor, broke the blade and tried to kill himself by slashing his arteries. He kept the other half of the blade concealed in his mouth for a second attempt."

"He knew that if he could get himself into the local cottage hospital he stood a better chance of springing himself."

His wife, Mollie, reflected: "All I can say is that when I agreed to marry him I knew nothing of his past or of what he was."

"I dread to think what might have happened if it had carried on, and he'd come back here to my place after he was released."

"My daughter's little boy, Scott — he's seven — is the apple of my eye. Having known nothing of Peter's past I could easily have left the two of them here together in the flat."

"And I get shivers down my spine when I think of what could have happened if Peter's perverted feelings had got the better of him."

"Even The Twins were sickened by Peter."

Young murder victim 'had brilliant future'

"IN THESE DAYS when life imprisonment means 10 years, the death penalty for doubtless murders is badly needed. . . ."

So wrote Mitchell Elgar, a deep-thinking 12-year-old scholarship boy at Manchester Grammar School when his form teacher asked him to express his views on "God's Sixth Commandment."

It was a cruelly prophetic subject for young Mitchell. Five years later he himself was to die — a victim of Peter Murray's murderous homosexual mob.

"Prison sentences do no good," wrote Mitchell. "The murderer resumes killing when his porridge expires."

Mitchell's views on life and death, heaven and hell, beauty, patriotism and satire are contained in a collection of his school-room essays and poems cherished now by his mother, Jeanette.

One day, she hopes, they will be published as a commemorative book to the son she lost so tragically.

Mitchell was an outstanding

student — even as an 11-year-old, newly installed at a grammar school desk after his scholarship success from Sale's Brooklands Primary School.

As a first-year pupil, taking the first tentative steps towards his seven A-grade O-levels he wrote about such topics as "Pacifism." "Every day in the world people are killed, by accident in a few cases, but generally they are murdered, by psychopaths, in fights or by 'hit-men' or underworld crooks," he wrote.

"Because of these cases of murder, surely everyone must be at least partly in favour of pacifism, meaning peace. No-one who lives on the outside of a mental institution can believe that cold-blooded murder is right. I share the inborn hatred for violence of most people. If we can get along without slaughtering our fellow men, so much the better."

Mitchell's mother has revealed an extract of her son's prophetic writings exclusively to the Manchester Evening News.

"One day," she recalls, "he said he wanted to be a writer. But he eventually set his sights on being a social worker. He was a sensitive boy. He had chosen to go to Leeds University because of the good choice of field-work available there. But I think he hoped to take up writing again at a later stage."

Accomplished

Born on January 21, 1966, Mitchell went on to gain three A levels with A grades in English and History and a B in Politics.

He was an accomplished horseman and show jumper and enjoyed the boarding kennels run by his family at Moss Cottage off Firway at Sale.

He loved angling. He played darts and pool. He was in the Second XI soccer team at MGS and knew his sporting dictionary backwards.

His mother said: "He had such a brilliant future ahead of him. We can never come to terms with the fact that he's gone."

LORRY driver Geoff Pollitt grimaced as he spat out the name of his son's one-time best friend.

"Michael Bailey . . . I never want to set eyes on him again. I wouldn't be responsible for what would happen if I did," he said.

For Bailey, schoolmate of Geoff's eldest son, Martin, was the one responsible for enticing him to his death at the hands of the Murray gang.

"I thought I knew Bailey well," said Mr Pollitt, at the family home in Melling Avenue, Reddish, Stockport.

"He was never away from here at one time. Our door was always open to him. Even after his own father threw him out for thieving we still tried to make him welcome here.

What a way to repay a kindness. . . ."

Martin often joined his dad in the cab of his lorry for trips all over the country.

"Martin came everywhere with me," said Mr Pollitt.

"He had the makings of a hell of a man. We still can't believe what an enormous chunk of our lives disappeared when he was taken from us."

Martin was 19 when he was lured to his death. His main hobby was music, and his bedroom was an Aladdin's cave of hi-fi and stereo systems, albums and cassettes.

His mum, Anne, said: "He was a big boy, but he was quiet and sometimes shy. We were proud of him. His good manners singled him out, and the neighbours who knew him thought the world of him."

The beast a family befriended