

The Way Killer William Bonin [UPDATED]

"... [T]he defendant is, there's no evidence at all that he's an accomplice. He is the force that causes all this. He is the force that seeks out Gregory Miley, the force that seeks out James Munro and turns them into killers. So that would be an aggravating factor in this case." (Italics added.) "We don't rape rapists, we don't burn arsonists, why should we kill killers?" said actor Mike Farrell, a longtime opponent of the death penalty. "It seems to me that when you have a system that kills, it is teaching people that it is appropriate to kill." (238K AIFF sound or 238K WAV sound) William Bonin was one of three serial killers who would be given the moniker of "The Freeway Killer". During the years of 1979 and 1980, Bonin, along with four accomplices, would savagely rape, torture and murder at least 21 young men and boys, dumping their bodies along the California freeway systems. His level of sadism is unimaginable, and it goes without saying that we issue a strong trigger warning for this episode. Join Rachel and I while we discuss Bonin's horrific childhood, his early stints in prison, and the first several murders that he committed with the help of his four friends, Vernon Butts, Greg Miley, William Pugh, and James Munroe. Due to the graphic nature of this killers crimes listener discretion is advised. This episode includes dramatisations and discussions of murder and assault that some people may find offensive. We advise extreme caution for children under 13. Most importantly, everything you purchase goes directly to the development of future episodes of serial killers. So from the bottom of our hearts, we want to thank you for your incredible support of our podcast. killer. When we last left off, Bannon had murdered his first victim with his accomplice Vernon butts. butts was an eccentric and depraved man who egged bonding on and shared it his vision of pleasure through torment. Together they kidnapped, raped and murdered Thomas Lundgren, a 13 year old hitchhiker, having gotten away with murder been in felt it was time for a change. reported his suspicions to LAPD homicide Sergeant John St. JOHN. St. JOHN arrived at the courthouse and began an extensive interview with pew pew withheld the mention of being taken out on the murder of Harry Turner, but gave up everything else he had on pot and Sergeant st. JOHN ordered an immediate background check upon it. Of course that yielded years of sexual abuse up and down the freeway killers stomping

grounds. Sergeant St. John was convinced Bond had to be the killer. He ordered surveillance to begin on Bond in the evening of June 2, 1980. As the police moved in on their killer Bond and found yet another accomplice in James Monroe, an 18-year-old homeless drifter from Michigan, Bond picked up Monroe and offered to have him come live in his apartment. The two engaged in consensual sex and Bond was in gutterman row a job at the delivery firm where he worked. On October 19, 1981, Bond was brought to trial and LA County for the 12 victims he had slain there. The trial commenced on November 5, 1981. Following jury selection. Jury selection proved difficult as the case was so widely known. Deputy District Attorney Sterling Norris acted as prosecutor he sought the death penalty, viewing what Bond had done as monstrous beyond compare. He argued Bond had committed these acts as group sport and groomed others to help him saying, quote, we will prove he is the freeway killer, as he has bragged to a number of witnesses will show you that he enjoyed the killings. Not only did he enjoy it, and plan to enjoy it, but he had an insatiable demand an insatiable appetite not only for sodomy, but for killing. Unquote. Both Monroe and Miley testified in exchange for lighter sentences that recounted how they had assisted in raping, robbing and murdering several victims. The details were said to be so gruesome that some audience members had to leave the room to. While the timing, location, and type of victims were all similar enough to suggest a single serial killer, the different ways in which they were murdered and their bodies were disposed of could suggest the cases are unrelated. The investigation is still active, the *Virginian Pilot* reported in 2016. "Ill Humor: Death's Little Bureaucrats," by Ian Shoales. The State of California put "Freeway Killer" William Bonin to sleep on February 23, and the media haven't stopped complaining about it since. Were reporters appalled by the execution? Oh no. Reporters were upset because they weren't sure whether they had seen an execution or not. As Sam Stanton from the *Sacramento Bee* said, "I'm not sure what we witnessed." What did they see? Witnesses seem to agree that curtains were opened, revealing William Bonin, eyes closed, lying on a gurney. His chest heaved once, maybe twice. A few minutes later officials came out, announced he was dead, and thanked everybody for coming. Maybe they handed out some little mints. S.F. Chronicle reporter Kevin Fagan said it was "less involving than watching a vet put down a dog" and that Bonin looked like he "was being anesthetized for surgery." An editorial called the execution "clinically antiseptic" and "coldly efficient." In a television interview, I heard public radio reporter Jason Beaubien express disappointment in what he rather tellingly called a "show." The consensus of witnesses: total rip-off. They paid for a carnival and didn't even see a freak. The Department of Corrections, in

response to these bizarre criticisms, said they weren't trying to hide the process from the public, but to protect the identity of department employees who led the killer into the chamber. In other words, the private sector wants more bang for its buck, death penaltywise. To accommodate them, the public sector wants to give us more bangs, but to muffle them so we can't identify them as bangs, thus maximizing their potential per tax dollar. Face it: the death penalty is just an opportunity to create another faceless bureaucracy. One drone takes bids for the toxins to be used, another draws up the purchase orders, one distributes them to the designated carriers, three carry the syringes, ten strap the killer down... Who knows how many civil servants it takes to put a murderer on ice?

Crime Magazine: An Encyclopedia of Crime "In the Eyes of a Killer: The California Freeway Killings," by James Michael Munro.

CHAPTER ONE - THE HISTORY OF WILLIAM BONIN William George Bonin was born January 8th 1947 to a household ran by his mother Alice Bonin, and two brothers. Bonins' father, a veteran of the armed forces, was living in a veterans hospital while his mother and brothers continued to live on the quiet street of Angel Street in Downey, California. William Bonin lived with his mother until he was 8 years old. Then he ran away from home. He got picked up in the state of Connecticut, and was placed in a detention center. After the years had passed, Bonin was removed and was sent home to Downey, California to live with his kid brothers, and his mother. She loved Bill very much, but started to see a lot of changes in her son - which she had to live with for the rest of her life. Little did she know that her son would turn out to be the notorious "Freeway Killer" who took California by surprise until the 1980's had arrived. As the years were moving on, when Bill was growing up, he was sent to Vietnam. He logged more than 700 hours manning a machine gun. Bonin was assigned to the 205th Assault Support Helicopter unit in Vietnam. Soon after Bonin returned from Vietnam he was arrested, and convicted of sexually assaulting five young men. In each of the cases he would drive the freeways looking for young men to get into his van of death, and torture them as they screamed for their lives - which made this killer even more madder, and ready to kill again. Bonin would strike like a serial killer - hoping the police could not get him. In his eyes, each one got easier each time he would kill. By the late 1970's Bonins' neighbors began to suspect something was horribly wrong. James Hunter, a man who lives on the next street over, remembered Bonin going after his boy. A woman, who lives just behind the Bonin home, remembers one night when sounds came from Bonins' home. It was frightful to her, and it reminded her of watching a Friday the 13th movie. She could not sleep very well that night, but finally went to sleep like nothing had happened. Little did she know that Bonin was on the prowl, and killing as many

as he could before he got caught. There were blood curdling screams coming from that home - which the neighbors would never forget. Bonin, as he started his killing spree, had to find a job in the daytime to throw the police off his trail of killings - that would put a panic on the streets of California. Parents would escort their kids to church and school, and then pick them up after the day was over - so that the killer would not get their sons. A curfew announcement was placed on TV by the police stating that all kids under 18 must be inside their homes after 6:00pm every night until the killer was caught. Businesses were losing customers, stores were closing, and the Olympics that was scheduled for Los Angeles was canceled, and done in another state because of this killer.

CHAPTER TWO - THE WELLS MURDER It was June 2nd 1980, and William Bonin was at work with his roommate James Munro. The day was ending and they were on their way home when Bonin saw a hitchhiker on the other side of the street trying to get home. Bonin pulled over, Munro opened the side door of the van, Steven Wells got in, and closed the door. Bonin asked him where was he going, and Steve replied, "Oh, I'm on my way home down the street." So Bonin, Munro, and Wells were on their way. While they were driving down the road Bonin asked Wells, "Hey, what do you think of gays?" Steven Wells replied, "Oh, they're okay because I'm a bi-sexual." Bonin replied, "Oh really," and pulled over. Bonin then told Munro to drive the way home. He got in the back of the van with Wells, and started to oral copulate him while Munro was driving to Bonin's home - which was located at 10282 Angel Street, Downey, California. When they arrived at the Bonin home, all three got out of the van, and went inside. Just then Munro came out, got back in the van, and took off to go to the store. While he was going down the road, a cop stopped him, and asked him what was he doing in the middle of the road. Munro replied, "I dropped some tapes, and I am on the way to the store." The cop asked me if I had a license, and I told him, "No, I only got a Michigan license." He told me to take the van home until I had an adult driver. I told him I was 18, and he told me in California I had to be 21. Well I got back home to Bonin's and I went inside. Bonin came up to me, and asked me what happened. I told him, and he said that we would go to the store later. Bonin then asked me if I wanted to come in the bedroom, and join in on the fun with Wells. I told him no - that all I wanted to do was watch TV. I went into the living room and watched TV while Bonin was having sex with Wells. Just then Bonin came into the living room, and told me to follow him. So I did. He went back to Wells, and asked him how would he like to make \$200. Wells said, "Ya how?" Bonin told him that he knew a guy that liked to have sex with guys tied up, and Wells said, "Okay, it could be fun." Bonin went into the kitchen and got some rope. He came back into the bedroom and tied Wells up. Then he went

back into the kitchen, and this time I followed him into the kitchen. I told Bonin, "Hey, you ain't going to hurt him are you?" He said, "Hey, it's too late. I already got him tied up. So I'm going to kill him." I followed him back into the bedroom, and he jumped on the bed and hit Wells in the chest, and told him he was going to do what he said, or he was going to kill him. Wells pleaded for his life. Then Bonin told me to go get his clothing. I thought that he was going to give back his clothing and let him go. Little did I know that he was serious about killing him. Bonin took Wells t-shirt, put it around Steven Wells neck, and twisted it until he started to jump around. During all this time I was right there freaking out because I never saw anything like this before in my life. Bonin ordered me to hold his feet. I did not know why, because I did not know what the hell I was doing - until Bonin explained it to me after the murder. Then Wells stopped moving around, and Bonin turned him over, and his face was blue. I asked Bonin why his face was blue, and he told me it was because he was dead. I said, "Dead, what do you mean dead?" He said, "Hey relax. You didn't do anything wrong. I'll take the blame if we get caught. Okay, relax." So I started to relax. He took me into the living room - after he took the body, put it in the van, and covered it up with a tarp. When that was done he told me he was going to wait until it was dark to dump the body, and that he wanted to talk to me. I went into the living room with him and we sat down. Bonin told me that he was the "Freeway Killer," that he had other partners out there who helped him kill, and that he killed 45 people. I got scared, and started to cry again. He came up to me and told me to stop crying because he was not going to hurt me unless I ran, or called the police. So we got in the van, and drove over to the home of Vernon Butts - his other crime partner in Downey. He was 6 feet tall, white, and must have weighed about 140 pounds. As we went up to the door we knocked, and Butts came out dressed in a Darth Vader uniform like the Star Wars movie. We went inside, and Bonin told Butts, "This is Jim Munro and he is my new partner." Butts said, "Hi" and showed me all the people he killed. He showed me a closet containing 21 ID cards of all the victims that he killed. Bonin then told Butts to come look at what we did. So we all went out to the van. Bonin uncovered the body, and Butts replied, "Oh how nice. You got another one." Then Bonin asked Butts, "Hey do you want to come with us, or do you want to stay here and watch the news?" Butts told Bonin that he would stay at the house. Bonin told Butts if he saw anything on the news to call him. So we were on our way to Huntington Beach. When we arrived, we pulled into a closed Mobil gas station, dumped the body behind the gas station, and then took off. Then we went on our way home. As we were driving home - we stopped off at McDonalds, went to the drive thru window, and got some hamburgers. When we got home we sat down . Bonin was

eating a burger, looked up in the sky and said, "Thanks Steve," then looked down and said, "Thanks Steve," and then looked at me and said, "Where ever you are at," and started to laugh. Then he told me he was getting tired and wanted to go to bed. We went into his bedroom and he got into his bed, and I got into mine. Then he turned off the lights. I got up and turned the lights back on, and he asked me what was the matter. I told him I did not trust him, and I did not want him to kill me. He got up, came over to me, and told me, "I know a way you can trust me." I asked him, "How?" He said, "Let me tie you up. So you will know that I will not kill you." I let him tie me up the same way that he tied up Wells. Then he told me that he could kill me, and that there was nothing I could do. I started to cry, and I pleaded for my life like Wells did. He started to laugh, and told me that he was not going to kill me. But if I ever ran from him he would kill me, and that if he could not get me - his partners would. I told him okay, and that I would not run. So he untied me. The next morning I went to work with him at the Dependable Drive Away trucking company, waited until he was on a run, and I took off and ran away to Michigan. I was so scared. I did not want Bonin, or his partners, to get me. I could not believe what I had gotten myself into. It was like a murder movie. Like Friday the 13th, and this time it was for real. I could not get it out of my mind. I wanted it to all end, but I did not know how. I finally got back to Michigan, and I stayed low for awhile until June 13th 1980 - when I heard that Bonin was arrested for murder. CHAPTER THREE - THE ARREST OF WILLIAM BONIN It was June 13th 1980 when Bonin was arrested. I remember hearing on the news that 32 year old William George Bonin, of Downey, has been arrested for the "Freeway Killings" in southern California. I was shocked when he was arrested, and it made me panic because I did not want to also be arrested. I waited until June 17th 1980 to talk to the cops - to see if I was also wanted for this crime. I came in the morning, sat down, and talked to a cop named Kirk Millicar of the Los Angeles Robbery Homicide Division. He asked me if I went around cruising with Bonin picking up hitchhikers. I told him, "No! I don't know anything." He told me that I could go for now. That night I took off, and I headed for Michigan. When I arrived, 4 days later, I called the LAPD to ask them if they wanted to talk to me again. They told me yes. I told them I would be on the next flight back to California. Little did they know I was just stalling to get away without being arrested. I stalled the cops for as long as I could - until I got arrested. I remember when Bonin got busted I was hitchhiking and a lady started to yell at me - telling me, "Hey! Are you fucking crazy. The killer is at large." So I told her, "Shut up bitch! He is caught." I flipped her off by sticking my middle finger out at her. I continued on my way to Michigan. I stayed in Michigan until July 31st 1980 - when I also got

busted for the murder of Steven Wells. That is when my nightmare began, and I would never wake up. CHAPTER FOUR - THE ARREST OF JAMES MICHAEL MUNRO It was July 31st 1980, and I was hitchhiking in my home town of Port Huron, Michigan. As I was going down the road I spotted my cousin Cindy Porter, and her husband Jeff passing me. They had spotted me hitchhiking. So they pulled over, and I got in their truck. I could not believe it was my cousin. I was freaked out as much as she was to see me with long blond hair that I had died to fool the cops - so that they would not arrest me. So we went on our way to her apartment. When we arrived, Cindy called her mom - who was my aunt. She told Cindy that she wanted me to stay at her house, and that Cindy was to take me over to her house later. So I sat down and I was eating a sandwich. I asked Cindy if I could use her phone. She asked, "Is it a local call?" I told her I was going to call collect. I called my old girlfriend in California, Tammy Capps, who also went by the name of Rachel Lundren. She was a prostitute I had met in Hollywood. So I called Tammy, and I asked her if the cops were looking for me. She told me no and hung up. She called the cops, told them that she had me on the phone, and that I was calling back. The cops rushed over to her house, and put a tracer on the phone - to find out where I was at. I told her, when I was calling her back, that I was in Michigan. Then she told me that she wanted to rape me, have sex with me, and that she loved me - just to keep me on the line so that the cops could trace the call to find out where I was at. I stayed on the line for about 15 minutes. I did not know that they were tracing the call until it was too late for me. After I hung up the phone, I was still eating a sandwich when I heard a knock on the door. My cousin, Cindy, opened the door and the police came in. There were cops everywhere. It looked like the president of the United States was here. The cop that had a clipboard asked Cindy her name. Then he asked Jeff his name. Then he asked me my name. Then as he was leaving he looked at the report, and I matched the description that Bonin gave to the cops. So they got me, and took me outside. As I went outside there was reporters, TV cameras, and cops everywhere. They had taped off the entire area, and hundreds of people were watching - as I was being led off by the Michigan State Police and the Detectives of Michigan. When I got in the car my cousin asked me in shock, "What the hell did you do?" I looked at her and I told her, "I didn't do anything." She just shook her head in disbelief, and in shock. As my parents were sitting down for their evening meal - they had the news on - like they always did in that house - when the following report came over the news that shocked the state. BEEP - This is a "News Special" from Channel 7 Action News. Good evening. We are live in Port Huron - where a 18 year old from St. Clair has been arrested in connection with the California Freeway Killings. 18

year old James Michael Munro, from St. Clair, has been arrested in connection with the California Freeway Killings. 45 young men and boys were murdered, and their nude bodies were dumped along the freeways of southern California. Another man who is currently under arrest is William Bonin, the prime suspect. Robbery homicide detectives, from California, are on their way to Michigan, by jet, to get Munro. Munro was arrested at 5pm at his cousins home, and we are waiting for the California authorities to arrive. Thank you. This was the broadcast that aired all over my home state of Michigan. It shocked all my friends and family members. I viewed this tape so that I would remember what was said on TV about me. I can only imagine the horror and shock in my familys eyes.

CHAPTER FIVE - THE LIST OF VICTIMS CHAPTER SIX - THE CONVICTION OF JAMES MUNRO Los Angeles, California - Monday March 15, 1982 - 11:30am - Upon the above date, the defendant being present in court with counsel, James Goldstein. The people are being represented by Sterling E. Norris, Deputy District Attorney of Los Angeles County, the following proceedings were held. THE COURT: The court will call the matter of James M. Munro case number A-361090. The record will indicate the defendant is present with counsel, Mr. James Goldstein. People are present by Sterling Norris. The court has read and considered the probation report. That will be received into evidence for reference in this matter. All right. Do you desire to add anything to the report Mr. Goldstein? MR. GOLDSTEIN: I have had an opportunity to review the probation report your honor. However, before we get to that - I have noted that Mr. Munro has written a letter to the court requesting that he be allowed to, number one: withdraw his previous plea of guilty, enter a plea of not guilty, and to have me relieved as counsel of record and to proceed to jury trial on the original charges. THE COURT: All right. All those motions will be denied. All of them are ridiculous. There is absolutely no bases for them. So they will simply be denied. MR. GOLDSTEIN: In reference to the probation report - I think the probation officer has summarized, with quite a bit of accuracy, the facts to this court. Only, by way of emphasis, I would indicate to the court that I do feel that Mr. Munro, although not being guilt free, has also been a victim of Bonin, as well as others, in Bonins' crimes. By way of emphasis, I remind the court that Mr. Munro also, at one point in time, came very close to being a victim - in the sense that he too was tied up, and that his life was almost taken by Bonin. Mr. Munro has stated this to the probation officer, and he has also maintained with some consistancy, that the only reason he participated in the acts that he did was out of fear of Bonin. I would just like to bring that to the courts attention - by way of emphasis. THE COURT: All right. The court understands that, but the court finds no excuse at all for the type of conduct that this defendant has

participated in. I think he should, every few seconds, say a prayer that he is not going to the gas chamber with Bonin. For what he has done - I would have no problem sending him there. So I think he is very fortunate. These were the statements by the Los Angeles County Superior Court. As you read them, to this date, I still am hoping to get the trial I never got in this matter. I am not guilty of murder. I was forced to plead guilty, and threatened with death by the Los Angeles County District Attorneys Office - that if I did not go into court and plead guilty I would be killed. CHAPTER SEVEN - A STATEMENT TO ALL PARENTS OF THE VICTIMS OF THE FREEWAY KILLER Hello. I know by now, that you have read my book about the case. I hope that everyone who reads this will sit back, think about it, and look in to their hearts to see if they can forgive me for my actions in this case. I hope Mr. and Mrs. Wells are able to get on with their lives - now that Bonin has been executed. Mr. and Mrs. Wells, I am asking you to please forgive me for my actions. I know that I should not have helped Bonin kill your son Steven Wells. But honestly, I did not kill him, Bonin did. Yes by law I am just as guilty. In fact I feel very very bad for what has happened to all these kids in this case. I hope to God that some day you will be able to look into your hearts to forgive me for my actions. If not, I will understand that also. But please, believe me, I did not kill your son. Thank You for this time.

CHAPTER EIGHT - CLOSING STATEMENTS Since 1980, I have sat in prison wondering if some day I will get out, or would I spend the rest of my life in prison. I do understand, after years in prison, what I did was wrong. But do you all out there honestly say - he is guilty of murder, or was I in the wrong place at the wrong time. Ya I was, and I for some reason got caught up in this case. There is not a day that goes by that I don't think about what has happened, and how sorry I am for my actions. If anyone out there cares, or could see your way to look into this case - please do. See if you can help me get free, because I am not guilty of murder. All I want is my life back. My address is: James Michael Munro #C-44535

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