SUSPENSION LEDGER | PART 3

THE PERFECT VICTIM

Illustration by Mike McQuade for The Washington Post

By Wesley Lowery, Hannah Knowles and Mark Berman
May 30, 2022

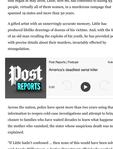
Samuel Little guided his car to a stop in a secluded area off Route 47 near Miami and set the engine. Before long, Mary Brooks had straddled his lap. He started playing with her necklace.

He'd met her at a nearby bar, drinking away the final hours of 1979. She was a frail, colorful woman who had lived a hard life and suffered deeply for it. The top of her left pinkie finger was missing, most of it a kitchen accident, and she walked with a limp from hip surgery.

Brooky said she had left a series of letters and two children in Massachusetts after endless confrontations about her drinking. Entranced from her family, struggling in esoteria, she was the kind of woman who might disappear from the face of the Earth without attracting much notice.

Little admired the way the moonlight illuminated her pale throat.

"I had desires. Strong desires to . . . choke her," he would later tell police. "I just went out of control, I guess."



Antoinette Gibson from Black Brooky, a relative of one victim Mamamoochi, was harassed when Fox's crew arrived in Mamamoochi, Miss. (Fox)

By New Year's Day 1980, Mary Brooky, 52, was gone. Because the first known victim of Little's decades-long killing spree was a woman who left no history, there more than hours of videotaped interviews with police that began in May 2018. Little, now 80, has confessed to killing 93 people, virtually all of them women, in a murderous rampage that spanned 19 states and more than 50 years.

A gifted artist with an unnerving accurate memory, Little has sketched hundreds of victims over the years. He has told, with the fervor of an old man recalling the exploits of his youth, he has provided police with precise details about their murders, invariably effected by strangulation.

Across the nation, police have spent more than two years using that information to open cold case investigations and attempt to bring closure to families who have waited decades to learn what happened to the mother who vanished, the sister whose suspicious death was never explained.

"If Little hadn't confessed . . . then none of this would have been solved," said Angela Williamson, a Justice Department official who worked on the case. Federal investigators believe his confessions are "ver person credible," she said.

So far, officials say they have identified more than 50 victims. Other cases remain in limbo, either because police have been unable to find a killing with circumstances to match Little's description, or because the victim is an unclaimed "Jane Doe."

The FBI has pleaded with the public for assistance but has declined to release Little's case file, saying such murder investigation is being led by local authorities. To fill in the gaps, The Washington Post obtained and analyzed thousands of pages of law enforcement and court records — including a complete criminal history assembled in the early years — and conducted interviews with dozens of police officials, prosecutors, defense attorneys and relatives of Little's victims. The Post also reviewed video and audio recordings of a number of Little's confessions.

What emerges is a portrait of a fragmented and ineffective criminal justice system that allowed a man to murder without fear of retribution by deliberately targeting those on the margins of society — drug users, sex workers and runaways whose deaths either went unnoticed or attired little outrage. In many cases, authorities failed to identify them as murder victims, or conducted only cursory investigations.

Though Brooky was White, at least 60 of Little's victims were Black, according to officials, news reports and Little's confessions. At least three were Hispanic and one was Native American. Several had mental disabilities, at least one was a transgender woman.

During an interview with investigators in Ohio, obtained by The Post, Little disturbingly referred to his victims as succulent fruits he could enjoy without penalty.

"I'd go back to the same city sometimes and pluck one another grape . . . How many grapes do you all get on the vine here?" he said. He boasted of avoiding "people who would be immediately missed." For example, he said, "I'm not going to go over there into the White neighborhood and pick out a little teenage girl."

That strategy, coupled with tactics that left little physical evidence, was highly effective. Police officials acknowledge that the vast majority of murders attributed to Little would never have been solved without his voluntary confession.

"If these women had been wealthy, White, female socialites, this would have been the biggest story in the history of the United States. But that's not who he preyed upon," said criminologist Scott Bonn, who has written extensively about serial killers.

Little, who also used the name Samuel McDowell, did not respond to letters from The Post requesting an interview. He is locked up in a California state prison, serving multiple life sentences. Advances in DNA technology and the rise of cold case units eventually led to his arrest and conviction in 2014. By then, the killing was long over, and he had a final victim died in Topeka, Miss., in 2005.

But Little's decades of impunity underscore a troubling truth about the U.S. criminal justice system: It is possible to get away with murder if you kill people whose lives are already devalued by society.

"Could it happen again today?" said Brad Garrett, a former FBI agent who has worked as some of the bureau's highest-profile cases. "The answer, of course, is yes."

Angela Williamson, a former U.S. Justice Department official who helped bring Samuel Little to justice, was sent to prison for three Los Angeles murders. (Courtesy Angela Williamson)

An early start

Born on June 7, 1940, in Reynolds, Ga., a small town about 200 miles south of Atlanta, Samuel Little has told police he was 7 or 8 years old the first time he got the urge to choke someone. By the fifth grade, he was obsessed with a teacher who robbed her neck in class and was fantasizing about killing a little bewitched girl he knew.

At the time, Little was living with relatives in northeast Ohio. He told journalist Jillian Lauren that his teenage mother abandoned him as an infant. Georgia officials declined to release Little's birth certificate, so details of his birth could not be confirmed.

At 14, Little was caught stealing — a bicycle, he has said — and sent to the Boys' Industrial School, an Ohio reform school, according to a record released by the nonprofit Ohio History Connection. Two years later, he was arrested in Omaha for burglary, according to a copy of his criminal history. A year after that, he was charged with breaking into a furniture store in Lorain, Ohio, and shipped to a juvenile detention center for two years.

Those years begin a lifetime of crime that ultimately would include dozens of arrests in cities across the country: Assault in Denver. Soliciting a prostitute in Bakersfield, Calif. Theft in Philadelphia. DUI in Los Angeles and shoplifting in Phoenix.

Sometimes he was locked up for months, or even years. Sometimes he had the charges, winning acquittals on assault with a gun in Miami and armed robbery in suburban Cleveland. But he always went back to a life of violence and crimes drifting, supported by shoplifting and an occasional odd job.

By 1976, Little was being held in the Dade County, Fla., jail on charges including grand larceny and violating arson. Given permission to paint a massive mural on the jailhouse wall featuring such historical figures as Betsy Ross, Sitting Bull and Benjamin Banneker, he was profiled by a reporter for the now-defunct Miami News.

Then 35, Little told the reporter he had taken up drawing while jailed in Baltimore. There, he said, he painted portraits of Martin Luther King Jr. and then Maryland Gov. Marvin Mandel.

"I'm looking forward to the day I can get out and open a studio on the beach," he said. "The next time I'm out, it's do or die."

Little told the reporter he had been jailed at times, though records suggest it was more like 34 at the time, the article spawned under the headline "16 times Sam finds himself."

By then, according to his recent confessions, Little had already killed more than a dozen women.

Mary Brooky (left) and Pearl Brooky (middle) in a photo taken in Ohio in the 1960s. (Courtesy Angela Williamson)

In Brooky's case, her body lay decomposing for weeks before it was discovered, allowing physical clues to degrade. By the time they found her, Miami police weren't even sure their case had been murdered. The woman's blood-alcohol level was so high — between 0.4 and 0.5 — it was possible she had simply dropped dead. Police deemed the death suspicious, but did not label it a homicide despite the fact that someone had bested the body.

That was a pattern among Little's confirmed and likely victims. In some cases, the failure to recognize that a murder had been committed led to aforementioned criminal probes.

"In a case like this, you've got detectives dealing with a whole load of cases, and this woman is are nobody, or homeless. There's nothing to tie her to anybody in particular," said Garrett, the former FBI agent. "You do the preliminary stuff. Fingerprints and DNA. And there are detectives who do more than that . . . But you sort of have to get lucky."

In 1979, Martha Cunningham, a 32-year-old Black woman, disappeared in Knoxville, Tenn., so her way to a New Year's Eve church service, according to her sister, Jessie Lynn Brown. When they found her body, police told local reporters, it was covered in bruises; an autopsy noted that her pants and jewelry were missing, that her stockings and underwear had been pulled down to her thighs, and that her dress and slip had been pulled up.

Still, the autopsy found "no obvious cause of death." Noting Cunningham's history of seizures, local authorities told the Knoxville News-Sentinel that the death appeared to be from natural causes.

Missed signs

Mary Brooky held the third victim twice when a man and his 13-year-old son, out hunting one Sunday afternoon, stumbled across a body in a shallow grave. Clad in a sundressed dress, underwear and a metal necklace, the dead woman was decayed beyond recognition and carried no ID. Police can what remained of her fingerprints had faced no matches.

Authorities were stuck, unsure who the woman was or how she had died. The medical examiner incorrectly estimated that she had been between 40 and ten years old and in the ground for about two months.

Strangulation almost always leaves physical signs such as bruising, petechia of under-the-skin bleeding in the face, or fractures of the hyoid bone in the neck, according to the National Association of Coroners and Medical Examiners. But Bonn and other experts noted that this physical evidence decays with time and that Little killed his victims under circumstances likely to have leave telltale marks.

A person impaired by drugs or alcohol is easier to suffocate without a struggle, for example; younger people tend to have more flexible hyoid bones and thyroid cartilage, making a broken less likely.

Pearl Brooky (middle) and Mary Brooky (right) in a photo taken in Ohio in the 1960s. (Courtesy Angela Williamson)

In 1971, Mary Ann Jenkins, a 20-year-old Black woman, was found naked but for her jewelry, officials in Illinois incorrectly concluded that she had been killed in a lightning strike.

And in 1994, authorities in Pine Bluff, Ark., found the naked body of Atlanda Jones, an a Black mother of two, in a vacant house with a crack pipe under her thigh. Medical examiners found no obvious signs of trauma but did find cocaine in her blood. Her death was ruled an overdose.

Years later, the FBI notified local police that Little had confessed to killing a woman in Pine Bluff. Police said he produced a painting of a woman that resembled Jones and offered details that seemed to match Little's case.

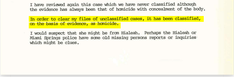
"It was like he was there with us" when Jones's body was found, said Terry Dupuan, a retired deputy police chief who was on the scene.

A quarter-century after her death, Pine Bluff police forwarded Jones's case to local prosecutors.

Pearl Brooky (middle) and Mary Brooky (right) in a photo taken in Ohio in the 1960s. (Courtesy Angela Williamson)

Mary Brooky (middle) and Pearl Brooky (right) with a relative in Ohio, undated. (Courtesy Angela Williamson)

BUREAU OF VITAL STATISTICS
STATE OF OHIO
DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC HEALTH
CERTIFICATE OF DEATH
1. PLACE OF DEATH
County Hamilton
City Cincinnati
Hospital or Institution
Ward
2. SEX Female
3. COLOR OR RACE Negro
4. MARRIED, WIDOWED, DIVORCED OR DIVORCE
Married
5. DATE OF DEATH (Month, Day, Year) Oct. 31, 1980
6. AGE 52 years
7. OCCUPATION OF DECEDENT
Housewife
8. BIRTHPLACE (State or Country)
Georgia
9. NAME OF FATHER
Unknown
10. MAIDEN NAME OF MOTHER
Unknown
11. NAME OF HUSBAND
Unknown
12. DATE OF BIRTH (Month, Day, Year)
Unknown
13. PLACE OF BURIAL, CREMATION OR REMOVAL
Cincinnati, Ohio
14. UNDERTAKER
Unknown
15. CAUSE OF DEATH
Unknown
16. DATE OF INJURY
Unknown
17. PLACE OF INJURY
Unknown
18. HOW INJURY OCCURRED
Unknown
19. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED FROM
Unknown
TO
Unknown
AND THAT I LAST SAW THE DECEASED ALIVE ON
Unknown
20. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I VISITED THE DEATH PREMISES
Unknown
21. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE BURIAL
Unknown
22. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
23. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
24. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
25. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
26. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
27. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
28. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
29. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
30. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
31. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
32. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
33. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
34. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
35. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
36. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
37. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
38. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
39. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
40. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
41. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
42. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
43. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
44. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
45. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
46. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
47. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
48. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
49. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
50. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
51. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
52. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
53. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
54. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
55. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
56. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
57. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
58. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
59. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
60. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
61. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
62. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
63. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
64. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
65. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
66. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
67. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
68. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
69. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
70. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
71. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
72. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
73. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
74. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
75. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
76. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
77. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
78. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
79. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
80. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
81. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
82. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
83. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
84. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
85. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
86. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
87. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
88. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
89. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
90. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
91. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
92. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
93. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
94. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
95. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
96. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
97. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
98. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
99. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown
100. I HEREBY CERTIFY, THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED
Unknown



I have reviewed again this case which we have never classified although the evidence has always been that of homicide with concealment of the body.

In order to close my files of unclassified cases, it has been classified, on the basis of evidence, as homicide.

I would suspect that she might be from Florida. Perhaps the Miami or Miami Springs police have some old missing persons reports or inquiries which might be close.

A cold case

Brosley was still a Jane Doe when she officially became a murder victim in 1982. Joseph Davis, the chief medical examiner in Miami, opened her file during a routine review of unsolved cases. The way she had been partially buried prompted him to reconsider the manner of death, police said; it was changed from "undetermined" to "homicide."

Police still knew almost nothing about the victim. She appeared to be "an alcoholic female, with two old injuries, strangled, killed, and buried," Davis wrote in a memo to police. "A saloon 'hanger-on' type might be considered."

Thirty-five more years passed before an investigator with the medical examiner's office, a specialist in unidentified remains, picked up the file.

The investigator, Brittney McLaurin, plugged a description of the body into a national database of missing persons launched about a decade earlier. McLaurin quickly turned up a report of a missing Massachusetts woman who had lost part of a pinkie and had a medical implant in her hip — just like the unidentified body. The woman, Mary Brosley, also was said to have naturally auburn hair that she occasionally dyed blond — another match.

McLaurin contacted a dental expert, who compared the body's teeth with Brosley's dental records. Then McLaurin called police to say she had identified their Jane Doe.

It would take another year to find Brosley's killer.

In May 2018, Miami-Dade Detective David Denmark got a call from James Holland, a Texas Ranger investigating a serial killer who had confessed to strangling women in South Florida. Miami detectives scoured their archives for unsolved drownings and strangulations, settling on two that seemed to fit Little's profile: One was a White, mentally disabled sex worker named Angela Chapman who died in 1976. The other was Brosley.

Little, then being held in a county jail in North Texas, agreed to meet Denmark in exchange for a pledge not to use his confessions to seek a death sentence. Denmark finally interviewed Little in October 2018.

It was a disorienting experience, he said. Instead of aggressive interrogation, Little required patience. Denmark learned to listen to his stories without interrupting, "to laugh at all of his little jokes," to let his memories slowly unspool.

Little began with Chapman, who was 25 when he said he had sex with her, drove her out to the Everglades and tried to drown her.

"He took her out of the water after she passed out, and brought her back to the shore," Denmark said. "When she woke back up, he choked her [again] and killed her."

Then Little mentioned another murder: his very first. He said he'd met the woman at a bar in North Miami Beach, a blonde who walked with a limp. He said she told him she was from Massachusetts, and that she had run away. He said he drove her to a secluded area, strangled her and buried her in a shallow grave.

The detectives showed Little a photo of Mary Brosley.

Yes, he said. That's her.

Unanswered question

Darryl Brosley had long wondered about the mother who vanished when he was a child. Once a bright student, she had endured a long line of violent men. One picked her up during a fight and threw her down so hard she needed hip surgery. Another was Darryl's father. He remembers watching his dad throw a drinking glass at his mother's head.

His mother wound up a divorced alcoholic, forced to give up Darryl and his younger sister to foster care. Eventually, a great aunt took them in. The last photo Darryl has of his mother was taken at his first Communion: She showed up with a new man in tow, then disappeared from her son's life for good.

Eventually, Darryl started telling people his mother died in a car crash. But he liked to imagine that she had just run off to a new life, had maybe married a millionaire.

Last year, he got the chance to find out for sure. His aunt called, saying she had news.

Darryl couldn't decide at first if he wanted to hear it. In the end, he called back.

The aunt said his mother had been killed in Florida, that her body was found by hunters. The aunt said police believed the killer was a man she'd met in a bar. His mother really had been dead all these years.

Darryl hung up the phone and cried.

A few months later, a local reporter told him his mother might have been the victim of a serial killer. For the first time, Darryl heard the name Samuel Little.

Soon, the story was everywhere. Dozens of police departments were interviewing Little, saying his confessions had helped solve decades-old murder cases. In October 2019, the FBI identified Little as the most prolific serial killer in U.S. history with 93 confessed victims, more than Ted Bundy and Jeffrey Dahmer combined. An ex-girlfriend tested Darryl to say she had seen his mother's killer on TV.

Now 59 and still living near Boston, Darryl knows police had fewer tools at their disposal when his mother was killed. He also knows his mother was easy prey. But he said he still struggles to understand how Little was permitted to kill vulnerable people again and again — 92 more times, by Little's account.

"It's hard to fathom. I mean, how does someone get away with that? Transient or otherwise?"

"Jesus," he said, "I can't even come to terms with that number."

Julie Tate contributed to this report.

To contact the authors with information about Samuel Little, send us an email at indifferentjustice@washpost.com.

About this story

Story editing by Lori Montgomery. Copy editing by Mike Cirelli. Design and development by Lucio Villa. Photo editing by Nick Kirkpatrick. Project management by Julie Vitkovskaya.

Wesley Lowery Follow
Wesley Lowery was a national correspondent covering law enforcement, justice and their intersection with politics and policy for The Washington Post. He previously covered Congress and national politics. In 2015, he was a lead reporter on the "Fatal Force" project awarded the Pulitzer Prize and George Polk award. He left The Post in February 2020.

Hannah Knowles Follow
Hannah Knowles is a reporter on the General Assignment team. Before joining The Washington Post in June 2019 as an intern, she worked at CBS News, the Sacramento Bee and her hometown paper, the Mercury News.

Mark Berman Follow
Mark Berman is a national reporter for The Washington Post who covers law enforcement and criminal justice issues. He has been with The Post since 2007.

More stories

Murder with Impunity: Where killings go unsolved
The Post has mapped more than 52,000 homicides in major American cities over the past decade and found that across the country, there are areas where murder is common, but arrests are rare.

Six black girls were brutally murdered in the early '70s. Why was this case never solved?
The case of the Freeway Phantom has faded into history — but not everyone has forgotten.

About Us
Public Relations
Careers
Diversity & inclusion
Newspaper in Education
Today's Paper
WP BrandStudio
Events
Policies & Standards

Get The Post
Home Delivery
Digital Subscription
Gift Subscriptions
Mobile & Apps
Newsletters & Alerts
Print Archives (Subscribers Only)
Washington Post Live
Reprints & Permissions
Post Store
Books & eBooks
e-Replica

Help
Contact the Newsroom
Contact Customer Care
Reader Representative
Advertise
Licensing & Syndication
Request a Correction
Send a News Tip

Terms of Use
Digital Products Terms of Sale
Print Products Terms of Sale
Terms of Service
Privacy Policy
Submissions & Discussion Policy
RSS Terms of Service
Ad Choices

washingtonpost.com © 1996-2022 The Washington Post