

"Lenny sez to me, 'Bobby, I went to Pier 7 where I worked at. That's where I kept my boat. I got her on the boat and made a c always kept a lot of booze on my boat. She didn't want nothin' to drink."

"Did he say how he got her to go on the boat, was it voluntary?" The D.A. was thinking about Florence White being directed a house on Cottage Street.

"No, he don't tell me that. Lenny jus' sez ta me, 'I made a pass at her,' and then he sez ta me, 'This (expletive) said no right & fightin' and I beat that (expletive) all over my boat. She give up 'cause I hit her with a whiskey bottle. She had a hole in the ba from the bottle."

As he spoke, Bond raised his thick arm and pointed to the rear right side of his own head. "Lenny sez, 'After I hit her here, I (had blood all over me and my boat."

The lawyer listened as the words flowed without emotion. The savagery of the rape and murder seemed so mundane, yet so appallingly real as Bond continued without hesitation.

"Lenny sez, 'I took her body way out and dumped it. The next day I look at my boat and there's blood all over it. Two days lat and sunk it. The boat was in my girl's name. If worse comes to worse, I'll tell the (expletive) cops where the boat is, but they a body in it."

The imagery, the detail, the horror of the loss of a human life transfixed the attorney as he struggled to understand the flow of

SIDEBAR:

The Mala Femmena is found

** Burke describes the discovery of Paradiso's boat, the Mala Femmena, near the dry dock at Pier 7 in South Boston on Sept

The following Monday twelve divers gathered on Pier 7, preparing to conduct a second search of the area. It was the third we and seventy-one degrees - a short-sleeve-shirt kind of day. "Do I wanna know how you managed to get all of these divers do asked his friend.

"I called Boston and told them the (Massachusetts State Police) were sending a couple of divers over to Pier 7. Then I called them that Boston PD was sending four divers over. Then I called Boston back and told them I had it wrong, the MSP and the were both sending four divers, and here you are," the lawyer said with a grin.

"I hope you're right about this mud thing, because all of a sudden we got a lot of company." Drew waved a hand at the carav and cars heading down Northern Avenue, each vehicle marked with a different numerical logo.

"What did ya do, send a press release to every TV and radio station in the state?"

The camera crews set up wherever there was space, jostling for the best view. "I got a guy here says he wants to talk to ya," friend as they stood in the epicenter of the search. "He operates the dry dock here. He says it won't go all the way down to th harbor anymore. It worked fine when they first installed it back in the summer of '81, and then later that fall it started to jam. V

"I think we oughta get the divers up and start looking near the dry dock," the lawyer said.

Drew raised the walkie-talkie to his ear and called the two police boats anchored nearby. "Yeah, Lieutenant, this is Andy, the guys to start working the area around the dry dock..."

It took Sergeant Eric Hahn and Nick Saggese three minutes to dive down to the harbor floor forty feet beneath the dry dock . patterns of bubbles brought their expended breath back to the surface as they slowly maneuvered through the dimly lit water.

The divers were the only participants who weren't holding their breath as the crowd of spectators, reporters, cops, boaters, bi fishermen watched and waited. And waited and watched.

Then suddenly came a surreal sight: A blue door held above the surface of the water. "It's the Mala. We found it. We found hi Hahn hollered as he tread water and lifted the mud-covered cabin door aloft for all to see.

Credit: By LAURA CRIMALDI