

# Cop-Killer Suspect Gives Up To Boyhood Friend, A Cop



ROBERT HEARD JR. . . . 'here I am, Dennis'

DETROIT (AP) — Promising there would be no shooting, Patrolman Dennis Clark talked a boyhood pal accused of slaying a policeman into surrendering Monday.

"Here I am, Dennis," said Robert Heard Jr., 23, Detroit, as he stepped out of the shadows of an apartment basement. Heard held his arms high in the air and limped slightly from a flesh wound in the leg, police said.

He was charged with firstdegree murder.

Heard and Paul Kincannon, 22, Detroit, were the object of an intensive manhunt after the Friday morning holdup slaying of Patrolman Stanley Rapaski, 35, and bar owner Casimar A. Czarwinski, 47, both of Detroit. Rapaski was off duty at the time.

Kincannon died Sunday after apparently shooting himself in the chest when police closed in, authorities said.

After learning that Heard was wanted in connection with the slayings, Clark spread word among old neighborhood friends that there would be no shooting if Heard surrendered, authorities said.

Heard called the patrolman shortly after midnight, saying he wanted to surrender.

"I know I can trust you," the young patrolman quoted Heard as saying.

Heard agreed to meet the patrolman in an apartment basement, where later Heard surrendered.

Clark, who has been on the force 18 months, said he had known Heard for 15 years. They grew up in the same Detroit neighborhood and worked together in a neighborhood boys club, Clark said.

"Then he went his way an I went mine," Clark added.

Clipped By:



tiwandalovelace Thu, Apr 21, 2016

## It was all planned..!

Consider my family background of being raised as a Jehovah's Witness and my father, Robert Heard currently serving a life sentence in Michigan for allegedly murdering a police officer – Stanley Rapaski and bar owner – Cass Czerwinski (also referred to as Casimir A. Czerwinski, Cass Czerwinski and Casmere Czerwinski). I don't know who these people were but the media was very careful when mentioning his name or referencing the latter.

I wonder if Cass Czerwinski, the bar owners family were influential, powerful people that could keep their names out of the press. I am still researching both parties; however, I can't help but wonder if Czerwinski is related to Democratic Representative Joseph C. Czerwinski.

I had no idea that this was nationwide news or that people would seek revenge. That's why everyone came for me and why I was wired up, kept in the dark and manipulated for years. A secret campaign was launched based on lies to destroy in an attempt revenge. The victims, their friends and family of all this carnage have been messing me over, my children and now my grandchild like it's my fault. While everyone turns a blind eye and pretends like it is justified.

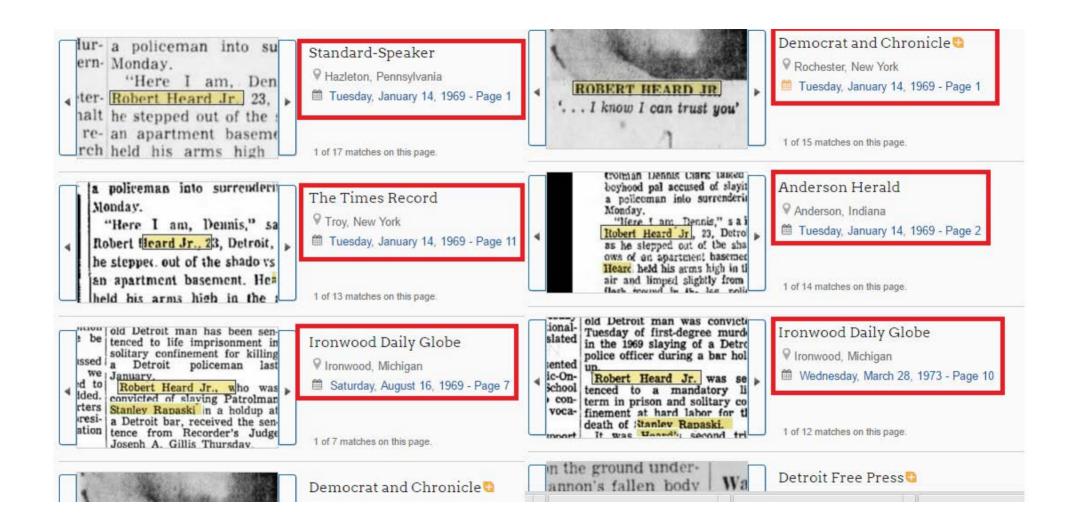
Everyone knew about the plans to induce suicide, the rapes as a child, the messed up 'mother' who was listening to Jehovah's Witnesses (NY) when it was decided no college. The only thing that makes sense as to why this much bad could be inflicted on one individual is if it was all arranged.

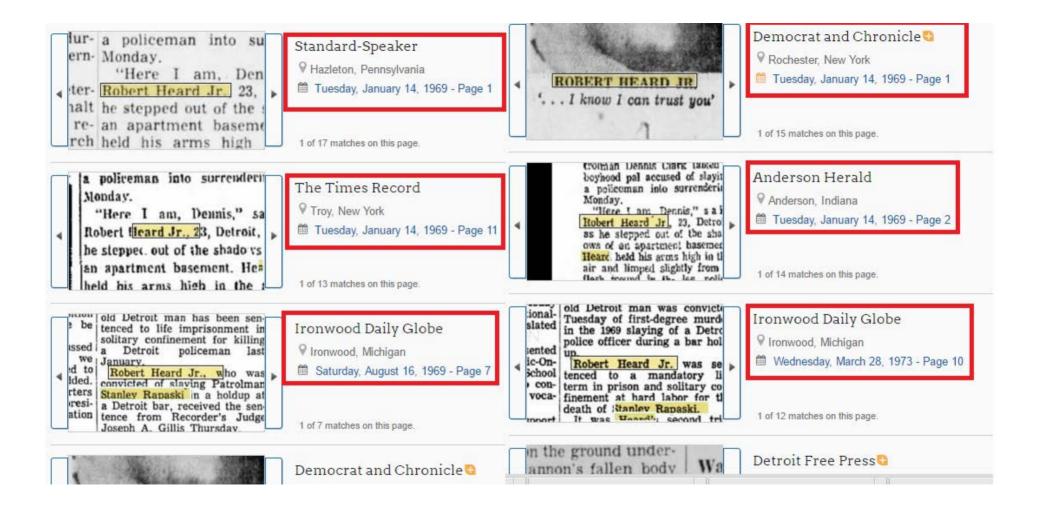
People say that people were trying to help but that was not help. You don't help by hurting. They came to profit from this mess and fight over money. They took and pushed me away or either treated me bad or showed ill-intent so I left. There was no communication so if anyone truly cared, it was not shown. I didn't plot revenge because I didn't get my way. I didn't seek out people to do my 'so-called' bidding;however, I didn't run around kissing ass, either.

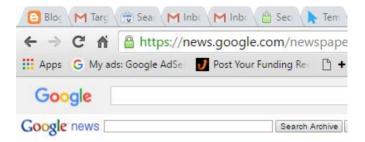
National news but I cannot get a lawyer to represent me after clearly proving that this 'system' and those in position did nothing to stop attempted murder. Murder, is that not what people run to punish and lock others up for committing but everyone can decide that allowing my attempted murder is acceptable? Every outlet from privacy violations, the public, television programming, radio, employers

Every adult knows how corrupt and evil this world is but I have to walk around subjected, persecuted and harassed for decades... People killing cops. Cops killing black boys and getting away with it. Child killer get major money donated for legal defense but I can't get a lawyer.

Every lawyer that I had in auto accidents screwed me. Black people alienating me and stabbing me in the back as if I am the cause. Forcing me to live impoverished, without support (I cannot sell a \$10 frame without the supporter being persecuted, too). Family betrayal due to financial gain or due to intimidation and threats. People were laughing and mocking (periodically) saying, "it isn't my money..." Officials turning a blind eye at corruption while looking to put me in prison in an effort to quiet the truth. *It looks like Motive to me...* 







The Argus-Press - Mar 27, 1973 Browse this newspaper » Browse all newspap

#### Murderer **Gets Solitary** Confinement

DETROIT (AP) - A 27-yearold Detroit man was convicted Tuesday of first-degree murder in the 1969 slaving of a Detroit police officer during a bar hold-

Robert Heard Jr. was sentenced to a mandatory life term in prison and solitary confinement at hard labor for the death of Stanley Rapaski.

It was Heard's second trial and conviction. The Michigan Supreme Court ordered a new trial last year because of errors it said were made by Recorder's Court Judge Joseph A. Gillis.

Rapaski was killed along with bar owner Casimir A. Czerwinski. Heard was not charged with the second slaving. Another suspect shot himself to death, apparently by accident, when cornered by police a few days later.

wiich contain toreign-made parts

John B. Naughton, Ford vice president for sales, did not rule out selective price increases on 1973 models as General Motors did last week. Instead, he said there would be no "general price increase.

Such action, Naughton said. was "consistent with the goals of the economic stabilization program and it is taken with the hope that our labor force and suppliers will exercise similar restraint."

Naughton's statement was a warning to the United Auto Workers that they, in their push for higher salaries in this year's auto negotiations, could be partially responsible prices go up on 1974 models

Ford's action could boost the chances for substantial price ncreases throughout the industry next fall as makers recoup costs-many of the federally-mandated-they are aborbing now or that will come with new models

The Ford price hikes, on hree autos which contain imported parts and one vehicle





## Parolee Guilty Of Murdering Policeman

Robert Heard Jr., a 23-year-old burglar on parole, was convicted Thursday of the first-degree murder of a

Detroit policeman during a bar holdup in January. Heard waived a presentence probation report. Recorders Court Judge Joseph A. Gillis immediately sentenced him to a mandatory term of life in prison in solitary confinement at hard labor.

Heard said he would appeal. The jury of 10 women and two men deliberated about an hour after a nine-day trial.

Heard was charged with shooting to death Patrolman Stanley Rapaski, 35, in the Cherry Hill Bar, 4820 E. Davi-son, Jan. 10.

Another suspect in the rob-bery-shooting, Paul Kincan-non, 22, of 3761 Wager, shot himself to death, apparently by accident, when cornered by police in an alley a few days after the murder.

Heard, who last lived at 3347 Boston, surrendered to a boyhood friend, Patrolman Dennis Clark, shortly after Kincannon was killed.

The bar owner, Casimir A. Czerwinski, also was shot to death in the holdup. Heard was not charged with that was not slaying.

THE SLAIN patrolman's widow, Florence Rapaski, 34, who has five young children, testified that she and her husband were sitting in the nearly empty bar when two men walked in. The men sat down and ordered beer. Minutes later one of the men got up, brandished a gun and announced a holdup.

Mrs. Rapaski said her hus-band reached for his service revolver but she stood in front of him because she feared if he drew the weapon, he would be killed .

The gunman walked over, put his pistol to Rapaski's head and said: "Don't start anything." Then, Mrs. Rapaski said, he searched the policeman but apparently found only Rapski's wallet.

Then the gunman told everyone in the bar to lie down, the widow said.

THEN, MRS. Rapaski testi-

fied:
"We were lying on the floor. He (the gunman) pressed the gun near my husband's head. He said: 'Where is all that money?' My husband gave husband gave

him a check.

"He said: "Where is the cash money?" My husband didn't reply. Then, seconds later, I heard a shot. I looked up.

"My husband was on him

"My husband was on his knees. The man was at my feet. I put my head back down.



Robert Heard Jr.

I heard three more shots. I heard running toward the rear of the store."

Mrs. Rapaski, who had identified Heard in a lineup as the gumman, also identified him in court.

## 2 Cubans Hijack Jet To Havana

Two nervous MIAMI - (IPD-Cubans—one of them eager to see his mother—hijacked a Northeast Airlines jet with 52 persons aboard Thursday and forced it to Havana.

The hijacking, 24th of the year, took place aboard a Boston-to-Miami flight, which returned safely to Miami after leaving the two in Havana.

THE HIJACKERS, one with a gun and the other with a knife, forced two stewardesses to let them into the pilot's cabin.

Stewardess Karen Acuff said the pistol-carrying hijacker, who was red-eyed and ap-peared to have been drinking, told her he was "very happy because he was going home to see his mother."

"He said he had been in the United States for six years," she said.

Passengers said the men appeared to have been brought to the Boston airport by two other men, who saw them off from the waiting room.

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## Police Seek Cop Killer

DETROIT (AP)—More than a score of police officers pressed their search today for the slayers of a Detroit policeman and a bar owner.

Policesaid an anonymous tipster told them that the persons believed involved in the Friday hold-up and murder fled the scene in a white sedan with a black top

Patrolman Stanley Rapaski, 35, the father of five children, and Casimir A Czarwinski 47, owner of the Cherry Hill Bar, were killed

Rapaskis wife. Florence, 34, urged her husband not to reach for his personal sidearm when two men walked into the bar early Friday morning

The woman stated that they were forced to lie on the floor and that she heard a shot and then a string of shots.

Thirty members of the department's holdup and homicide bureaus have been assigned to the case.

A requiem mass for Rapaski will be offered in St Augustine Catholic Church on Monday.

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# Two Slain In Detroit

DETROIT (UPI)—An off-duty policeman and a bar owner were killed early today in a gunbattle with two holdup mer in a bar on the city's northeast side.

Patrolman Stanley Rapaski 35, the father of five children was killed when he tried to stor the robbery. The bar owner's name was being withheld pending notification of his family.

Witnesses said Rapaski was in the Cherry Hill bar with a neighbor about 12:30 a.m. when two men, both Negroes, entered and ordered a drink. One of the men walked to the door, the other announced the holdup and ordered the four patrons to lie on the floor.

The witnesses later told police they heard shots. When they got up from the floor they found Rapaski and the owner dead.

Rapaski had been a member of the police force for seven years.

## This version of events state that there was a shoot out

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## Policeman Slain In Bar Holdup

DETROIT (AP)—An off-duty Detroit policeman, who disregarded his wife's plea that he not reach for his service revolver to break up a bar holdup, was shot to death early today. The bar owner also was killed.

Patrolman Stanley Rapaski, 35, and the bar owner, Casimir A. Czarwinski, were struck by at least 11 builets, police said. A bar customer, Frank Piotrowski was beaten about the head by the bandits and was hospitalized.

Homicide detectives said the patrolman's wife and mother of his five children was having a quet drink with her husband when two bandits, who had posed as customers for a few minutes, drew out pistols and announced a holdup.

The policeman, who was seated at a table, made a move towards his revolver and one of the bandits saw him and asked what he was doing.

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## Talks Friend Accused of Murder Into Surrendering

DETROIT, MICH. (AP) — Promising there would be no shooting, Patrolman Dennis Clark talked a boyhood pal accused of slaying a policeman into surrender Monday.

"Here I am, Dennis," said Robert Heard, jr., 23, Detroit, as he stepped out of the shadows of an apartment basement. Heard held his arms high in the air and limped slightly from a flesh wound in the leg, police said.

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Kincannon died Sunday after apparently shooting himself in the chest when police closed in, authorities said.

After learning that Heard was wanted in connection with the slayings, Clark spread word among old neighborhood friends that there would be no shooting if Heard surrendered, authorities said.

Heard called the patrolman shortly after midnight, saying he wanted to surrender.

"I know I can trust you," the young patrolman quoted Heard as saying.

Heard agreed to meet the patrolman in an apartment basement, where later Heard surrendered.



Dennis Clark Young Patrolman



Robert Heard, jr.
Accused of Slaying Policeman

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#### You're a Cop Now-

Continued

I could never tell my son that I served my country; I was never over in Vietnam. These are things that are important to me.

in Vietnam. These are things that are important to me.

"I got to thinking that a lot of people don't have the temperament to be a policeman. They have the knowledge, but they don't have the temperament. I gave it a lot of long thought. I figured, you could make it as a policeman. You're not hot-tempered, you get along with people fairly well, and it would really be a chance to do something. I have never felt that being a policeman revolves strictly around arresting people.

"There were rumors in 1967, there were stories of the things police officers did, like the Algiers Motel, and you know, I decided then, if you're ever going to be a policeman, now's the time. They need black policemen in the black community."

Six months after his graduation from the Police Academy, Dennis was picked for a detail that he had always hoped for: Plainclothes patrol in the 10th (now Livernois) Precinct, which covered his old neighborhood. Part of a three-man crew, he policed 12th Street.

One day, not long before the fatal stick-up, Dennis saw Robert in the

One day, not long before the fatal stick-up, Dennis saw Robert in the precinct house on Livernois. Robert was on parole and was in the precinct on personal business. He was standing by the wanted posters when Dennis walked in.

Dennis walked in.

"You might not believe this," Dennis recalls, "but he asked me about getting on the force himself. I wasn't thinking that he had already done time in prison for a felony, because I was always real anxious to recruit any of the old guys. I was running the whole thing down to him. Now I look back and I don't know whether he was serious or not. He probably wasn't, but he really got me excited."

He also recalls a conversation, with another of the "old guys," Paul Kincannon, who later accompanied Robert in the stickup and died shortly afterwards. He saw Kincannon at a friend's house one day.

"Paul said, 'I hear you're a cop now.' I said, yeah, He said, 'I guess we're enemies now.'

"I thought he was kidding. I said, on no rece!"

"I thought he was kidding. I said, oh no, not really, same as always. He said, No, not any more."

Paul's remark grated on him and it worried him. It was the first time anybody from the old gang had ever said anything like that.

"I like to think that the guys in that neighborhood don' mind seeing me out there as a cop, because from knowing me when we were younger and as we grew up, and from seeing the way I've acted since I've been on the job, I want them to know that at least they can have some confidence in the police out there, that there definitely are police officers they can identify with."

Later that day, someone told Dennis that Paul and Robert were stickup men who had pulled a large number of robberies.

number of robberies.

"I don't know, you get to a point, being on this job, where you believe just about a n y thing is possible. I kind of shrugged it off; maybe I didn't want to believe it."

didn't want to believe it."

The police later ch a r g e d Heard and Kincannon with committing 21 armed robberies in a three month period that ended with the double murder. Kincannon had a heroin habit he could spend \$1,500 a week on. Heard was not an addict, but he was dealing in marijuana from his apartment. The two were steadily committing more and more daring stickups. They hit 21 places — bars, markets, a motel — m e e t in g no resistance. That, they knew, was just a matter of time. With all those guns out the re, sometime, somewhere, somebody would use one.

Evolution of an Outlaw

#### **Evolution of an Outlaw**

The Boy's Club on Quincy St. was a matchbox of a building, a former Methodist Church that served almost 700 boys. When the membership was largely Jewish, the demand was for craft activities, which the building could handle. But black youngsters wanted athletics, basketball and boxing, and the church shuddered under 180 pound teenagers playing basketball on an improvised court in the auditorium. auditorium.

auditorium.

There is a new, half-million dollar Boy's Club in the neighborhood today, but young men like Dennis Clark and Robert Heard remember only the little church. They remember also the popular director of the club, a thin, v ib r a n t man named Chuck Wilson.

"When I came there in 1961," Wilson recalls," I was told, 'You keep an eye on Robert Heard. Here's a boy who has some of the greatest promise. He's cooperative, and he's one of the greatest athletes we have."

Wilson found Robert likable, a tal-

Wilson found Robert likable, a talented boxer, a boy "with as great a promise as any I ever had." He recalls that shortly before Robert left the Boy's Club for good, there was a chance that he would be named "Boy of the Year."

of the Year."
"Robert used to bug me and bug
me; he'd say, 'Mr. Wilson, do you
think I'm going to make 'Boy of the
Year?' Strangely, at that time he was
having a lot of difficulties, and to be
'Boy of the Year,' well ... I said
R o bert, you're going to have to
prove it to the whole staff. He had
almost an obsession to be 'Boy of the
Year."

Wilson wishes now that Robert had been named, because it might have helped him. But he wasn't, and things got worse. Discipline became a problem, and Wilson threatened to expell him. Paul Kincannon too be came a problem.

The club was losing its hold on

Detroit Free Press, December 13, 1970

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### A Volley of Shots, And Two Men Lay Dying

Continued

earlier, Stanley Rapaski, for an un-known reason (perhaps he wanted to allay two nervous gunmen or perhaps he wanted to somehow divert their attention so he could reach his gun), had said he had a lot of money on him.

As Rapaski lay on the floor, the man Mrs. Rapaski identified as Robert came up and de m an de d the money he mentioned. All Stanley Rapaski had was a check from the Detroit Police Department.

"I turned to my right, and I saw the man loo king over the check. Then he said, 'Where's your cash? I want your cash, man.' But my husband didn't answer him.

"Then he said, 'Move, lady.' I

band didn't answer him.

"Then he said, 'Move, lady.' I moved. And I would say three seconds later I heard a shot right next to me. I looked up. My husband was to his knees, but he was turned around facing the man with the gun. I didn't see if my husband had his gun in his hand."

Mrs. Ranaski three herself to the

gun in his hand."

Mrs. Rapaski threw herself to the floor as more shots rang out. She heard a yell — "Hey, you behind the bar, what are you doing?" — then a scramble of feet and a wild volley of gunfire. Then the shooting stopped. She looked toward the front of the bar. The two gunmen seemed to be having trouble getting out. The man who held the gun to her husband's head was holding on to his partner. Mrs. R a p a s k i looked at him; he turned and stared at her. She put her head down until she heard the door close.

She got up. She noticed first that

close.

She got up. She noticed first that Cass Czerwinski was badly wounded, blood spreading over his white shirt. Then she saw her husband, who was sprawled behind a small pool table that stood near where they were sitting. She saw his wounds and she yelled: "Oh, God, he's going to die!"

Around 1:15 a.m., Stanley Rapaski and Casmere Czerwinski died at Holy Cross Hospital.

The police mounted an enormous

Cross Hospital.

The police mounted an enormous manhunt to capture the murderer of a fellow policeman. One homicide detective recalls off-duty and vacationing officers offering their help.

"It's like what they did to that officer they did to all of us," he says. The day after the murder, an anonymous, emotionless male voice informed police that Robert Heard and a man named Paul were involved in the robbery. The police searched Heard's apart ment and found a bloody pair of pants, with two bullet holes in the legs. They staked out Heard's and Kincannon's apartments. apartments.

On January 12, two days after the shooting, the police found Paul Kincannon. According to police, Kincan-

non was seen running from his apartment toward a car. Police chased him and cornered him in an alley blocked by a fence. The police account says that Kincannon "turned around and attempted to draw a revolver from his belt and fatally shot himself in the chest."

Robert had his leg patched we

Robert had his leg patched up, and began moving from apartment to apartment; he was "hot," a dangero us person to harbor. One "friend" turned him away at gunpoint."

According to Heard, he was with Kincannon the night he died. The police account does not mention this, and police deny Heard's claims that the police shot Kincannon, then shot at him and missed.

In any event, Heard was desperate: "I didn't know Paul was dead

In any event, Heard was desperate:
"I didn't know Paul was dead
until I heard it on the news. The
only thing in my mind was to get me
a gun." Then he learned that Dennis
Clark was looking for him. He called
Dennis and asked him to come alone.
Dennis wanted to offer safe conduct. He had heard that Robert had
sworn to shoot it out and he feared
he would do just that. Dennis knew
also what happened to Paul; he believed the police account of the story,
but nevertheless he was worried
about the treatment Robert might receive, even if taken alive.

#### Blind Faith and Surrender

On the phone, Dennis told Robert he would have to bring his partner, that the surrender had to be "strictly bu s i n e ss." Robert agreed. He had met Dennis' partner, a young black policeman named W i l l i a m Slappy, who later would be shot to death leading a narcotics raid.

In their peryosussess, the officers

leading a narcotics raid.

In their nervousness, the officers couldn't find the address until they realized the street it was on, Byron, runs on both sides of the Lodge Expressway. They found the building and parked in front, alone. Dennis had told no one about the surrender. Slappy was jittery and drew his gun. Dennis left his in his holster and stepped inside.

"I guess I was going strictly on

"I guess I was going strictly on blind faith, that he was being honest about it. I guess I really felt that he was being sincere, because he had no real reason to lie, if he wasn't for real about it.
"We went down

"We went down into the basement — that's the longest, darkest basement I've ever seen. There was one light, right at the stairway where we came down. I told my partner to wait there, on the steps, to let me get about halfway down the hall before he came. This is the way we went in.

"I was calling his name: Bobby,

Continued on Page 32

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# Officer talks old pal into peaceful surrender

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"Here I am, Dennis," said Robert Heard Jr., 23, Detroit, as he stepped out of the shadows of an apartment basement. Heard

## New pact may settle oil strike

LOS ANGELES (AP)—A contract expected to set the pattern for ending the 10-day nationwide strike by nearly 60,000 oil workers was approved Monday by employes of Union Oil Co. of California.

The contract provides wage benefits increases that the members of the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers International Union value at 69.6 cents an hour.

"We would hope this means nationwide settlement," said Verlin McKendree, a regional held his arms high in the air and limped slightly from a flesh wound in the leg, police said.

He was charged with first-degree murder.

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# Cop Talks Boyhood Pal into Surrender



ROBERT HEARD JR.
'... I know I can trust you'

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Clark, who has been on the force 18 months, said he had known Heard for 15 years. They grew up in the same Detroit neighborgood and worked together in a neighborhood boys club, Clark said.

"Then he went his way and I went mine," Clark added.



DENNIS CLARK
... there'll be no shooting'

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## Widow Tells How Her **Husband Was Killed**

her to Belle Isle and "everywhere I went."

"I didn't have nobody to tell me what to do, and the only thing I did was what I wanted to do. I went where I wanted to go and didn't have nobody to answer to. I spent more time with my baby than I did robbing. When I had my baby, I wouldn't do nothing wrong."

wouldn't do nothing wrong."

Shortly after midnight on January
10, 1969, R o bert Heard and Paul
Kincannon walked into the Cherry
Hill Inn, a snug bar on East Davison
that serves a largely Polish clientele.
Five people were in the bar: Casmere
Czerwinski, the owner and bartender,
Frank Piotrowski, an elderly neighborhood resident, Stanley Rapaski,
an off-duty policeman, his wife, and
a young friend named Dennis Czarnecki.

At the trial, Mrs. Rapaski testified that Robert and Paul sat down and ordered beers. After five or ten minutes, Paul walked to the jukebox, and Robert, who was one seat away from her, stood up and drew a gun. Mrs. Rapaski recalled the scene under questioning from a s s i s t an t prosecutor James Lacey:

"He said. Everybody stay where

"He said, 'Everybody stay where you are; I've got a gun.'"

"Did you see a gun, Mrs. Ra-paski?"

paski?"

"Yes. I turned, for I was facing my husband at the time. I turned to my left, and I saw his elbow on the bar, and he had a gun in his hand."

"Did you look right at this man?"

"Yes. It was sort of a right profile view; but part of the leftside of his face was visible to me."

"After the man a n n o u n c e d the holdup and had the gun, what else took place?"

"My husband immediately reached

"My husband immediately reached for his gun. The next thing I knew, the man seated next to me had his gun at my husband's head, and he said, 'What have you got there,man'. And he started patting him down. "I was afraid he would find my h u s b a n d's gun. My husband was standing at the time so I stood up against my husband, up against his gun. Obviously the man missed his gun."

"This man had the gun up against your husband's head?"

"Right up against his head."

"Right up against his head." "What did the man say?"

"He said, 'Don't try anything, man, I've got a gun, and I'll use it—No. He said, 'I've got a gun to your head and I'll use it.'"

Copyright © 2016 Newspapers.com. All Rights Reserved. Mrs. Rapaski then testified she saw her husband make several motions to go for his gun, but each time held back. They were ordered to lie on the floor, which they did. Moments

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Robert Heard: He thinks Dennis Clark and the others who make it are lucky, doubts that one out of six of the hoys he grew up with will stay free of penitentiary.

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## "I Couldn't Pull Myself To Trick Him or Hurt Him"

#### Continued

Bobby. We went all through the basement and came up through the front, and we went down the first floor hall, up the stairs, down the second floor hall, upstairs, down the third floor. Nobody there.

"Then we decided to try one more time downstairs. I went back to the basement. We went back down the way we had come out, and as we got down there I called him, and he stepped out somewhere in the middle of this hallway in the basement. That light at the end of the hall silhouetted him. He raised his hands above his head and said, 'Here I am, man.'"

At some moment as he waited in the basement, Robert Heard made the decision to surrender peacefully, and to justify Dennis Clark's blind faith.

"I guess, because of coming up together with Dennis, I couldn't pull myself to trick him or hurt him or nothing. So I came on in. As it was, I believe he saved my life."

Robert Heard was tried for first degree murder in a trial that lasted from Aug. 4 to Aug. 14, 1970. He was identified as the killer by Mrs. Rapaski and by Dennis Czarnecki. His fingerprints were found on a glass in the bar. He did not take the stand in his own defense. His courtappointed I a wy er claimed inconsistencies in the prosecution's case

tencies in the prosecution's case

The jury deliberated one hour and returned a verdict of guilty. Recorder's Court Judge Joseph Gillis immediately sentenced Heard to life imprisonment at Jackson. Heard took advantage of his automatic right of appeal. The appeal is based mainly on procedural m atters and is still pending.

Robert Heard is in Jackson for what is almost certainly the last time. When interviewed there, he gave a version of the stickup far different from testimony given in the trial: He says Paul, suffering from heroin withdrawal, unexpectedly announced the stickup; before he knew what was happen in g. he adds, he was shot twice. "I just pulled my gun and shot back."

back."

Heard has hopes of a new trial, where he could perhaps present his version of the shooting and have the charge lowered to second degree murder or manslaughter. That would at least give him some possibility of parole. But his chances are poor at best, and he seems to realize this. He is filled with bitter hopelessness:

"I don't have a future. For me to get out of here a bunch of people have to be interested in me, but no-body is going to help me.

"I don't think I'll live to be 30. I'll

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Detroit Free Press, December 13, 1970

be lucky if I do. I might die here, or on the streets some where, I don't know. But it won't be of no natural causes, I know that."

Dennis Clark received first a scolding for his free-lance capture of Robert, then a citation. Once he was at I a ck son for a parole hearing and asked to see Robert, but was turned down. He still works in plainclothes in the 10th Precinct, and he finds the work satisfying.

Both Dennis and his parents have moved out of the old neighborhood, Dennis into an apartment, his parents into a much larger home on a tree-line d street in the northwest. They still go to church in the old neighborhood. The Clarks are modest people, and they do not feel they should sit in judgment over anyone. "We're just common decent people."

"We're just common, decent peo-ple," Mrs. Clark savs. "Who knows why others go wrong?"

Dennis Clark and his friends some-times wonder about that. They ask why they made it, while Robert and Paul didn't. There is no easy answer. Dennis reflects:

Dennis reflects:

"Things happened in my life that made me set goals for myself, made me want to do certain things, and I was lucky to be able to do them.

"Different things probably happened to Robert that caused him, I don't know, maybe to give up on it. It's not hard to give up, not hard at all, especially when so many things in our society make it easy for you to give up.

"It's not hard to sell narcotics, anybody can sell them. Pulling a stickup is not that difficult. Going out and grabbing an old lady's purse doesn't take a lot of guts.

"I'm not saying that Robert lacked all those qualities but like soine re-

is not that difficult. Going out and grabbing an old lady's purse doesn't take a lot of guts.

"I'm not saying that Robert lacked all those qualities, but, like, going to prison, d if fe re n t things that happened to him, maybe his home life, all these things combined to push him in that direction."

As for Robert, he thinks Dennis was lucky, and the others who made it even luckier. He doubts that one out of six of the boys he grew up with will stay free of the penitentiary. They either come from broken homes or they do poorly in school or something, but "they can't make it, they can't make it, they can't make it, they can't make it," he says, over and over and over.

"What's for them to do? What's out there that's going to hold their interest? You can't get no job if you don't have no education, ain't nobody going to hire vou. There's nothing for them to do. They hang out in the poolroom, they get in more trouble, because guys come in selling dope, g a m b l i n g, stuff like that. Where else are they going to 90? The Boy's Club? They're too big for the

Clipped By:



tiwandalovelace Thu, Apr 21, 2016



re not appointed

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# Murder Suspect Is Shot Fatally

By TOM DeLISLE
Free Press Staff Writer
A suspect in the slaying of a policeman and a bar owner was fatally shot Sunday as a policeman attempted to arrest him. Detroit police said the man shot himself.
The dead man was Paul Kincannon, 22, of 3761 Wager. He was a suspect in the fatal shootings of a Detroit policeman and a bar owner in an East Side tavern Friday.
Kincannon died in an alley near his residence between 9221 and 9235 Dexter at 2:15 a.m. as Patrolman Hoy O. Gray attempted to arrest him, police said.

DETECTIVE SGT. Eljay Bowron said at a news con-ference that Kincannon shot himself in the left chest after jerking a .38 caliber revolver from the waistband of his pants.

pants.

Police said Kincannon was in a crouch, like a baseball catcher, when he tried to pull the gun on Gray.

Bowron said Gray was armed with a shotgun, with his pistol in his holster, but that he did not fire any shots from either of his weapons.

Police said the death gun was a serial-numbered police revolver that formerly be-longed to a Detroit patrolman. Police said the gun had been stolen about a year ago, but they declined to identify the original owner.

original owner.

Bowron said there was "no doubt" that Kincannon s h o t himself. He said the revolver was lying on the ground underneath Kincannon's fallen body when other officers arrived. Kincannon and Robert Heard Jr., 23, of 3347 Boston were wanted in connection with the slayings of Patrolman Stanley Rapaski, 35, and tavern keeper Casimir A. Czerwinski, 47, of 13496 Hasse.

Rapaski and Czerwinski were slain by two men in the Cherry Hill Bar, 4820 E. Davi-son. Rapaski was shot seven times and Czerwinski three times.

Bowron said police were checking a tip Sunday morning when they saw a car, a 1967 Thunderbird, that fitted the description of the killers' getaway car.

The car stopped in front of 3745 Atkinson and two men jumped out and ran north on Dexter, Bowron said. A third man, Kincannon, ran south on Dexter and cut into an alley, the sergeant said.

Pursued by Gray, Kincannon tried to jump over a fence at the end of the alley, but failed to get over it immediately. Covering him with a shotgun, Gray ordered him to come toward him with h is hands up, police said.

Bowron said Kincannon moved toward Gray as though in surrender, but then crouched suddenly and pulled the revolver, which went off in his hand.

A first-degree murder war-rant was issued for Heard, the other suspect in the double slaying, but he was still at large Sunday.

## Led by Conyers UAW Blacks Make Peace

Rep. John Conyers. D-Mich., and a group of dissident Negro leaders from the United Auto Workers patched together an agreement Sunday that could mean a truce in the turbulent politics of the First District. Conyers and the dissidents agreed to join behind a

slate of candidates for district offices headed by Murray Jackson, a Wayne State University dean and loyal Con-

The agreement was sealed after UAW President Walter Reuther ordered his leadership to quit feuding with Conyers and line up behind Jackson, the incumbent district chairman.

Peace in the First District is important both to Conyers and the UAW

The congressman, fast becoming a national spokes-

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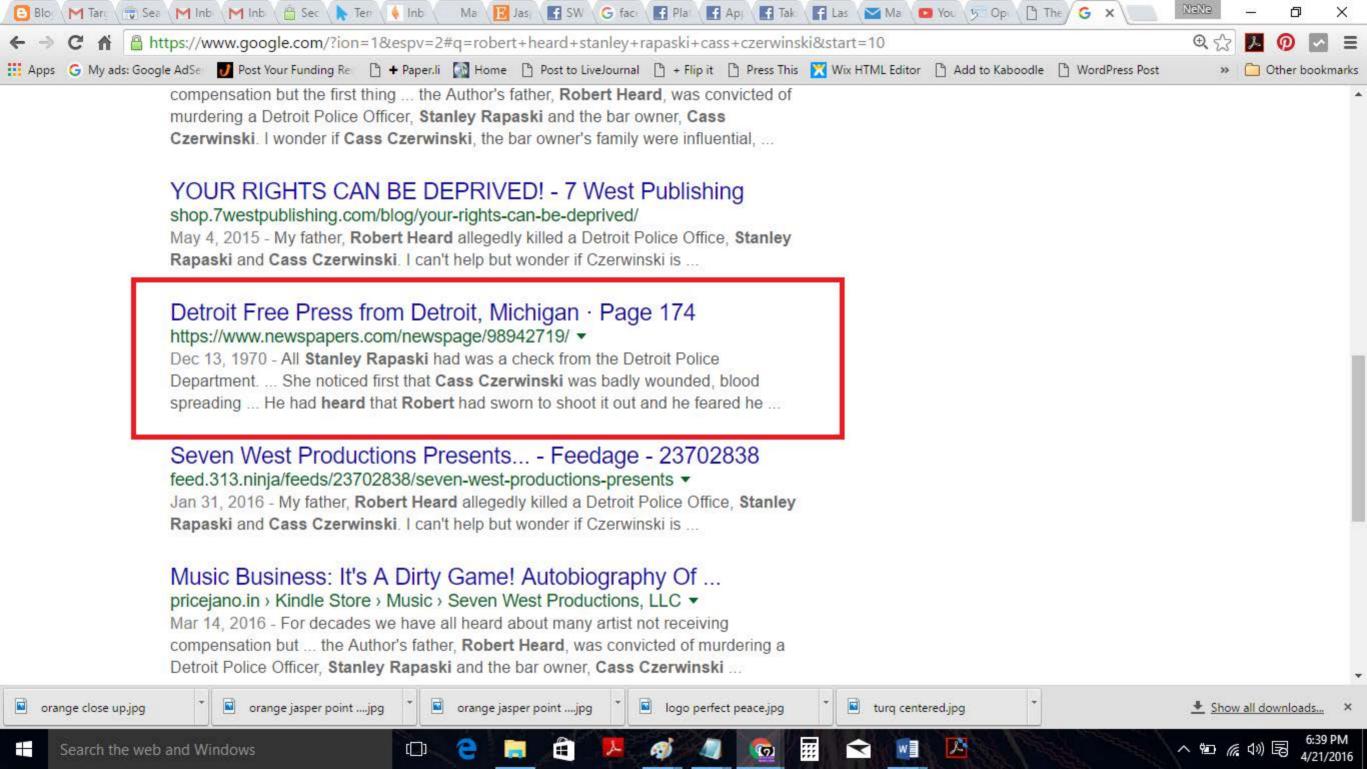


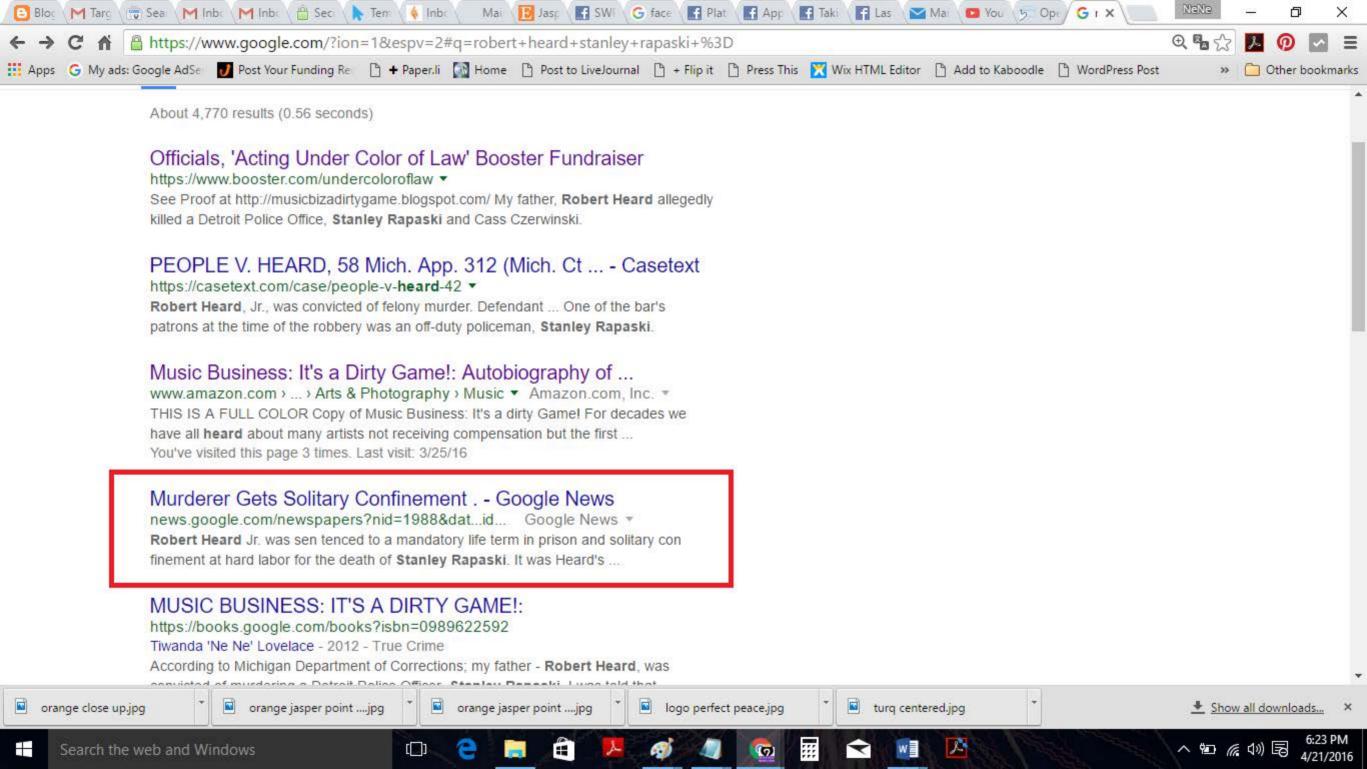


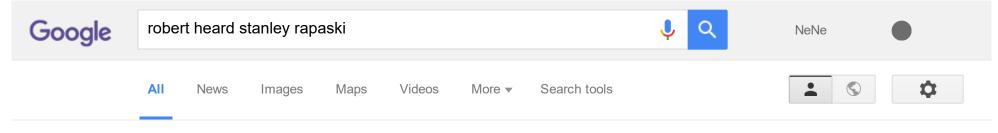
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