

The Andrea Mims Story: "Rape of an Angel"

Part 1

(This is a compilation of the text of the information formerly appearing on the now defunct "Freeandrea" web site. The story was originally written in 1997, and modified as events progressed.)

I have worked tirelessly past 5 years to free my wife, Andrea, who's in prison for life . . . falsely convicted of 1st degree murder in the killing of her sexually abusive ex husband. Andrea was born May 31, 1941, and named Phyllis Claire Corneliss. When she was 13 years old, her father abandoned the family, leaving her, her older sister, and her younger brother, in the care of her neurotic mother.

When she was 15, her sister Barbara arranged to have a man who's brother she'd dated pick her up after basketball practice. He was supposed to pick her up and take her home, but instead, Wes took her to his parents' home, where he said her sister would meet her. Instead, he knocked her unconscious, raped her, and dumped her off at her mother's home.

This was her first sexual experience, and left her feeling confused and dirty. She spent the next few months moping, sleeping late, and barely making it to school. She'd spend her weekends hiding under the covers, and would only get up to bathe or eat...and she bathed constantly. It was as if she was being eaten alive by bugs. She blamed herself, constantly wondering what she'd done to encourage Wes. Scared, she convinced Barbara to take her to the family doctor in secret, and it was this doctor who informed her mother that she was 4 months pregnant, and also had genital crabs. Although it was 1957, the doctor offered to perform an abortion because of her age and the circumstances. She refused, and her mother contacted the rapist's family. He was in the Navy, stationed at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, before Castro's revolution. He was thrilled, and flew back to New Jersey, where a forced wedding took place.

Her mother, Ellen, was worried what the neighbors might think, so Andrea was sent to Cuba to live with him, where she endured two years of extreme torture, isolation, beatings, and repeated rapes, the only way Wes could enjoy sex.

Andrea had spent most of those two years bloodied from beatings, and tied up and left in a closet for days without food or water. When she finally found the courage to complain to the Chaplain, Wes was forced out of the Navy with an honorable discharge he agreed to accept...told that neighbors had complained in order to protect Andrea, and the two returned to New Jersey.

She was able to escape him, with two rape children, but only after he'd hit her older son, Guy . . . who is deaf in one ear today from it. Up until that moment, she felt Wes's beatings were something she'd just have to endure. But, when 7 months pregnant with her second child, and lying on the floor after being beaten, Guy began crying. Wes ran up the stairs, and she heard a "thump." The baby had stopped crying. Was he dead? Andrea ran to his crib and found him bright red and holding his breath. Wes knocked her to the ground. Suddenly, something in her mind went "click," and she promised herself that if she survived, she'd leave. She picked Guy up, and cried to him: "I love you, I love you, baby, and I'll never let him hurt you again. As soon as he'd settled down and went to sleep, a heavy foot dealt a crushing blow to her head, and she fell to the floor. Wes climbed on top of her and once again proceeded to rape her, promising as he was doing it to never hit her or the baby again. She endured it for what she thought would be the last time, knowing she'd leave as soon as he left the house.

With the help of her Aunt, Andrea gathered her things, and despite the protests of her mother, moved into her dining room with one baby, and another on the way. For the next year, Wes continued to stalk her, at least one time beating her and leaving her for dead in a field after she reluctantly agreed go to meet with the minister who had married them along with him for counseling. She knew she'd never be free of him unless she left New Jersey, but how?

Douglas Denike was born in 1959, a beautiful blue-eyed boy with whom Andrea immediately bonded. With the beatings she'd suffered while pregnant, it was a miracle he'd survived, let alone undamaged, and she made a silent vow

to him that she'd always be there to protect him. But, while convalescing in the hospital, Wesley dropped by with a friend of his. He began making his familiar entreaties to her, promising to be a better husband and father. She knew better than to believe him, and even had she wanted to, there was no way she was going to subject her young sons to Wes's abuse. But, she remained silent as she nursed young Douglas. Wes did pick the baby up once, and asked her what she'd named him. "Douglas," she said. "Well," said Wes, "that's a faggot name. I'll get it changed as soon as you come home." Just then, the nurse came by to take the baby back to the hospital nursery.

Andrea thought...should she take a chance and do something she'd fantasized about for months? Wes would probably not hit her in front of his friend, and if he got too violent, there was plenty of hospital security around. She smiled at him, and asked him to bend over so she could tell him something in secret. Wes bent down to oblige, and as he did, Andrea hocked the wettest, gooiest loogie she could muster. Wes reared up in anger, but only stood for a moment and shook as he wiped his face. Then, he said "Let's go," to his friend, and they walked out of the room and out of her life. As they left, she could hear Wes's friend laughing, and saying "You gonna let her get away with that?" "Shut up," was all Wes could say, as the friend continued to repeat the same question all the way down the hall. "Shut up! Shut up!", screamed Wes.

Andrea was pleased, but she knew in the future she'd have to do all she could to avoid running into Wes alone in public. Fortunately, it never happened.

The next year found Andrea working in a restaurant waiting tables. Her body had recovered greatly from the years of beatings, and she found herself able to work on her feet for long hours. She was not allowed to date by her mother so long as she stayed in the house, yet all the time she was being urged to find a new husband, "if anyone will have you. You're used goods now!" Ellen chortled. A young Greek immigrant who washed dishes in the restaurant seemed to like her, but he wasn't her type. But, he'd always walk her out to her old 1951 Pontiac when she'd leave work after dark to make sure she was safe.

One night, getting off particularly late, she decided to walk to her car without her friend. She was tired, and just wanted to get home to her sons, and to sleep. As she began to open her car door, she heard some noise behind her. Suddenly, she was thrown to the ground, beaten, and violently raped by 4 Hispanic looking men who spoke no English. She did not know how long it went on, and expected to be killed, when the Greek dishwasher walked out. He'd heard Andrea screaming, and had called the police. When he walked outside and saw it was Andrea being raped, he yelled, but was knocked to the ground and beaten badly. Fortunately, the police showed up and the 4 rapists scattered.

The Police very sympathetically began to take the report. At least they had a witness, but cooled to his account of the event when they heard his accent. Then, as they began to fill out the forms for Andrea, they asked her marital status. When she told them "divorced," they all laughed. One of the cops tore up the complaint form, and they all walked back to their squad cars. When Andrea protested, they warned her not to try calling them. They weren't going to do anything for a divorced woman...she'd probably asked for it.

Andrea tried to deal with it, and Barbara suggested she accompany a mutual friend, Eddie, to a wedding some friends were having. She didn't like Eddie, but it was a chance to get out of the house without her mother accusing her of dating. She agreed to meet Eddie at a cocktail lounge close to where she worked. She wasn't used to drinking, but had a slow gin fizz. After a second one, her guard was lowered, and she began to tell Eddie about the recent rape attack, and her life in Cuba with Wes. Eddie seemed disinterested, so she followed him to the wedding and sat silently with him. Then, she left for the reception.

It wasn't very much fun, and the wedded couple began to have their first fight right in their home. Most of the guests left, and Andrea went upstairs to use the restroom. When she walked out, Eddie was standing there. "Everyone's gone, let's go to the bedroom," he commanded. The newlyweds were still fighting in a bedroom down the hall. "No, Eddie, I'm leaving," she said, and walked toward the stairs. As she reached the top of the stairs, Eddie hit her from behind, and pushed her down the flight. Lying at the bottom, she tried to get up when Eddie jumped on her and pulled off her panties. Again, she was raped, but Eddie finished fast. Crying, she asked Eddie how he could do such a thing. "But, when you told me about the gang, and about Wes, I thought you were telling me it was what you wanted!", protested Eddie.

Andrea picked up her things, went out to her Pontiac, and drove home. She now knew that she must never tell anyone, no matter how attentive they might seem, about her past. "Trust no man," would become her motto.

But, a month later, at a movie, she felt herself getting nauseous. "No, I can't be pregnant," she thought. But, her family doctor confirmed that she was. Once again, he offered an abortion, but she refused. Her mother, worried about what the neighbors might think, told her she'd have to leave the house until the baby was born, and if she expected to have a place to live, she'd better give it up for adoption. Andrea reluctantly agreed.

For the next 8 months, she lived in a small unheated apartment her mother rented for her for \$45 per month. I'm told it's called a "railroad shack." I guess it's a New Jersey thing, because I've never heard the term. She had a grocery allowance, but once when she was nearly run down by a car, she dropped the groceries in the street, and went two weeks without food, feeding Doug and Guy whatever leftover soup or cereal she had.

Edward was born in early 1961. She got to hold him once, and seeing blonde hair and blue eyes, she knew that Eddie was the father. She thought of calling Eddie's mother to see if she'd like to adopt the baby, then reconsidered. She walked out of Edward's life, but hopes to locate him when she's free from prison. New Jersey has recently passed laws making it easy to find children given up for adoption.

When she was 21, her father, who had abandoned the family when she was 13, was located. She tried to develop a relationship with him...he had a new family in California. He pretended not to even remember her, but she wanted to get to know him. She came to California in 1962, living with him and his new wife for a month or two until she could get a job and afford her own home and car. She had no education past the 9th Grade, but she was gradually educating herself through reading, and gaining experience.

Jump ahead a few years. She has a good job in a Savings & Loan when she's laid up after a car accident. She'd been approached by several photographers in LA for photo shoots, but didn't think she was pretty....her mother had called her a stupid-looking whore since she was 4 or 5. But, she gave it a try, and was quite successful. She probably could have become a very successful model if she'd had the confidence.

She also got into acting, but once again, never had confidence when she read for good parts in serious film...so she tried the "B" movie genre to try and gain experience. She did have a small supporting role in the "Bewitched" TV series, and you can spot her as one of the nurses in the original "M*A*S*H" movie. She had a much bigger part than what you see, but apparently had a problem working with Donald Sutherland.

If you have a video of "M*A*S*H," you may recall a scene in which Trapper and Hawkeye go to Japan to perform surgery on a General's child. While in Tokyo, they go to a Geisha house, and are asked if they can help a baby belonging to one of the women. The baby is brought into an operating room in a clandestine manner, and they prepare for surgery. You'll see two nurses walk into the operating room with surgical masks. The blonde to the left is Andrea, or "Samantha Scott," as she was known then. The baby is placed on the operating table, and you can hear one of the women say "Who's baby is this?" The line was supposed to be Andrea's, but Sutherland intervened when they were preparing to shoot and asked the two "nurses" their age. When Andrea told him she was 27, he quipped "Oh, you're over the hill!," and told the younger woman (age 24) to do the line instead! Interestingly, the line you hear sounds like it's coming from a much older woman! But, Andrea's confidence was once again shattered, and she began losing interest in ever pursuing an acting career.

Because she was behind a mask, she believed most of her scenes as a nurse in Korea would make the final cut, but it was felt that even so, it wouldn't look realistic if anyone recognized her in both Korea and Japan. As a result, most of her lines ended up on the cutting room floor. Robert Altman told her he'd use her lost parts in a sequel, but it was never to be. Today, you will see her in that one scene in the operating room, her total on-screen presence lasting less than a full second. And, if you look very closely, you'll also recognize her as the pin-up that's handed to "painless," as he lies in the coffin in a staged "suicide" attempt. But, she did the shoots for the official "M*A*S*H" calendar (you'll see a photo from the calendar later on in the story), which is a collector's item if you can find it! She also had a part playing a model named "Cynthia" in one of the worst movies ever made: Russ Meyer's "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls." I also recently spotted her in documentary on the life of Ed Wood. In a scene from a movie called "Pretty Maids All in a

Row," (not the better-known one with Rock Hudson), she's shown with the much-maligned Wood! I asked her about it, but it must not have been a very memorable experience. She has no memory of doing that movie, or even meeting Wood!

She had a lead role in an atrocious B movie called "Brand of Shame" when, against her better judgement, she agreed to ride a rather untamed horse. She argued with the director, David Friedmann, that couldn't handle "Rebel," but finally relented when he told her she was holding up the shoot for the day. He promised there would be someone nearby in case the horse bolted, but he took off so suddenly, no one was able to catch him. She was thrown from the horse, fracturing her back and neck. When recovering, she was unable to work because of recurring pain. The spinal fracture was undiagnosed, and not repaired surgically until around 1971. For the next three years, she was only able to function, and then barely, by taking constant pain medication, and drinking a little too much.

The Moment that Changed Andrea's Life: "Rebel" breaks into an uncontrolled run, resulting in Andrea's Injury.

Desperate for money, and about to be out on the street with her sons, and with no car, (her father was no help), she finally accepted an offer from her doctor to set her up with "Pay Dates." Her first client was a US Senator. She was paid \$500, and treated like a queen. He bought her an antique clock, wined, dined, and romanced her, took her dancing, and finally made tender love to her. She was afraid he'd force it, but it was beautiful for her even though she began the evening afraid.

The experience, which she had dreaded, turned out to be the best esteem builder she'd ever known. It allowed her to pay all her bills current, and support her sons reasonably well.

With her modeling pictures, she was selected by some of the wealthiest and most famous men in the world while avoiding pimps or any other procurer, instead working by referrals to select clients, and only occasionally meeting other call girls.

She never had an unpleasant experience, while the only true relationships she'd had were with abusive men. She was able to buy an older "fixer-upper" beautiful mini-castle in the Hollywood Hills, and started an herbal business and an import-export business. The home only cost \$60,000, and Andrea & Sons went to work re-wiring and otherwise fixing it up. She felt as if her life's blood flowed in the walls of their home.

But after a few years, Los Angeles crime began to creep up the hill. After 4 burglaries she no longer felt safe, and the stress was wearing her down. Heartbroken, she sold the mini-castle that she'd originally planned to spend her life in at a steal...around 150,000, and used the proceeds to buy a small townhouse in Tarzana. Sadly, the mini-castle was recently on the market for \$775,000!

Andrea had quit the call-girl business by the late 1970's, as her sons were out of the house, and her home was free and clear. She began to seriously think of resuming her acting and modeling career, and many of her best modeling pictures are from this time. And, while she didn't return to film, she attended most Oscar ceremonies, and began appearing in "Little Theatre" productions.

She'd come through another abusive marriage that had lasted 6 weeks...her car was stolen, and her nose was busted...again! (She's had many nose reconstructions from beatings!) You may notice that her nose is very similar to Michael Jackson's....rumor (never confirmed) was that Jackson had seen one of her modeling pictures and told his surgeon he wanted a nose just like that!

A woman named Sandra Ferris, whom Andrea had met in Tarzana told her she knew an older man...partially disabled...who sat up in his Wilshire High-Rise Penthouse as if it was his bird cage, but was looking for a younger woman who could understand him and help make his last years happy. Andrea has been portrayed as someone who went after him for the inheritance she'd receive (there really wasn't much), and that she thought he'd only live a few months...also untrue. The woman did tell Andrea that the man could be rough and cruel, but when Andrea met him, she only saw good in him.

She was really looking for someone who'd be gentle and appreciate her...someone she wouldn't have to fear, and someone to fill the empty spot left from her kids leaving, the classic "empty nest" syndrome. She needed someone to understand what she'd been through in her life, and love her for herself.

His strange sexual appetite was easy for her to deal with at first...especially with her acting experience. He just wanted her to lay back, touch herself, and pretend to be in sexual ecstasy, while he masturbated. He was capable of having sex, and he didn't withhold sexual contact with her until after they were married. He listened very sympathetically, and seemed to be her protector, when she told him about her childhood rape, and other abusive experiences...so despite what how the press characterized her, it was a love relationship, albeit unorthodox. To Andrea, Bob was a friend, father, and lover, all rolled into one. At times, he was even like a son, and reversing roles was a very touching thing for her.

Sand confined himself to a wheelchair. There was no apparent reason he could not walk. He at one time claimed to have MS...but this was not true. His doctor gave a different reason every other week. And, there were some strange goings on between Sand's ex-wife and his daughter. His ex-wife hadn't had sex with him for the last 25 years of his marriage, and had charged him \$25,000 to give birth to their child. The child, Sylvia, used her father for money, and would only allow him to visit with his granddaughter when she wanted something from him. I suspect childhood sex abuse, but I can't prove it.

When she moved in with him (she'd sold the condo in Tarzana), she thinks she was poisoned by Sand's maid, Estelle, and nearly died. Police reports indicate that The ex-wife, daughter, Marvin Chesebro, (an old attorney friend of Sand's ex-wife, Florence,) and their doctor, had been pressuring Sand to get rid of Andrea. It leaves me suspicious that they had paid the maid to poison her. On the other hand, Andrea had caught the maid stealing from Bob, and so she could well have done it on her own. Since Andrea didn't realize at first she'd been poisoned, she didn't seek the attention she needed until it would have been impossible to prove. She almost died...going down to 80 lbs. She went to a chiropractor who treated her with plain yogurt, and high oxygenated colonics. Sand had sent her to his doctor, who may have been involved in the attempt on Andrea's life, and Doctor Marxer told her "There's nothing I can do for you, you're just crazy! Go home and die." He then called Sand, and told him Andrea was dying, and that he'd best get her moved out, since it would look very bad for him if she died in his home.

Andrea did move out, but only after Bob threatened to show nude pictures he'd taken of her to some of his business associates. When she took the photos and tried to walk out the door, he leapt out of his wheelchair, ran across the room at lightening speed, and hit her with his full weight (he was 6', 1", and weighed 220 lbs.) in a flying football tackle. Andrea thought at first she was paralyzed, and when she was able to get up and walk, she called her father and rented a small apartment on Wilshire, with his help. For the first time since she was a young child, her father acted concerned, and told her to never go near Sand again. He warned her that there was something about Sand that reminded him of his own father, and he suspected the man was dangerous and evil. She gradually nursed herself back to health, mostly with home therapy and remedies. '

It was strange that while Sand pretended not to be able to walk, he could run just fine. He enjoyed the attention being in a wheelchair got him, and enjoyed being waited on.

Sand went to work to try to win her back. He sent Andrea flowers and candy, along with romantic cards. He began inviting her out to dinner at fancy restaurants, which he'd rarely done before. He called all her friends and children, begging them to try to persuade Andrea to take him back. Then, he flew her mother and step-father out from New Jersey, and wining and dining them in the finest LA restaurants. Naturally, her mother went to work on Andrea, and helped convince her to marry him! Bob had promised Ellen and Bob Scott that he'd treat them to a cruise, along with himself and Andrea. Andrea believed him, and she'd always wanted to go on a cruise. Bob told her they couldn't go until the condo sold, but later told her he had absolutely no intention of taking her parents along.

Keep in mind, this is a long, winding story that would make an excellent book. There is a book called "Rancho Mirage" about Andrea's case, but it only picks up at this point. You can find it at "Amazon.com" for about \$13, but it may be out of print. It's by Aram Saroyon, the son of William Saroyan. Over the years, quite a few writers had contacted her wishing to write her story, but she picked him because of the Saroyan family name. But the son is not the father and the book is atrocious. It does give the details of her case, and the trial, but tells nothing of her earlier life, or the

psychological aspects of her story which would have made a good book even had she never gotten in trouble. The entire book is plagiarized from trial transcripts and police reports, so it doesn't paint Andrea in the best light. It was never made available in paperback, and sold around 20,000 copies all in all.

Sand had been interested in moving to the Palm Springs area for a long time. He'd played tennis and golf as a young man, and wanted to teach Andrea. He felt that if he could teach her to play, he'd be playing through her.

He owned a high-rise condominium tower at the Wilshire Comstock in Brentwood, and because of the high interest rates at the time, he was unable to sell it. He had an income of \$10,000 per month from his shares in "Sand Door and Plywood Co.," that he'd been forced to sell because of his mismanagement (he'd been robbing the till to pay for expensive prostitutes), but the income was barely enough to pay for his lifestyle.

Nevertheless, he was able to wrangle a deal to purchase a condo at the "Springs" country club at Rancho Mirage, with Andrea's life savings as a down-payment! They signed an outrageous mortgage for around \$400,000 at 16% interest, with the understanding it would be re-financed when the interest rates dropped. If not, the balance was due with a balloon payment after 5 years. In her trial, Andrea was falsely portrayed as a greedy manipulative shrew who killed Bob for his money, when it was HER money that helped buy their home, a very poor investment as it would soon turn out!

They were married and moved into the new home in the same week in December of 1980. Bob told her that the Wilshire Comstock Condominium had sold, but she would soon find out it was a lie. The burden of two outrageously high mortgages would soon become a nearly impossible burden on Sand, and he would take his stress out on her in increasingly strange ways.

Once together in Rancho Mirage, with Andrea isolated from friends and family, Bob became extremely possessive. He would not allow Andrea to leave the house alone. She was not allowed to wear clothes in the house when they were alone, (about 95% of the time) and when her sons would come to visit against his objections, they were usually pressured to leave early so that Andrea could be nude. She was not allowed to pick up the mail, as he wanted to screen it, and she was not allowed to answer the phone. If she needed to call family, he'd listen in on the extension, and give a friendly "Hi", just to make sure she wasn't calling a friend. Only her family was able to call, and he never failed to give his "friendly 'Hi'!" This restriction will prove very important later on, as you'll see.

Bob ended up withdrawing all sexual contact, preferring instead to masturbate...gradually increasing to 5 and 6 times per day. At first, Andrea thought it quite remarkable for a 68 year old! She would be asked to act out the sex fantasies, at first light and sensuous, then graduating to violence along with pretended rape, and which began to take on a whole new bizarre and dangerous flavor. As Bob would masturbate, he'd invent fantasy characters, male and female, with names like Larry, Monko, Karen, and Nancy. Often they'd be re-created from actual people he'd met during the day, and as Bob pretended to "call" them into the room by shouting, "Man number one, enter!, Woman number one, enter," Andrea would have to pretend they were raping and torturing her. The scene would usually end in her feigned death accompanied with a blood-curdling scream, timed with Bob's orgasm. He continuously told her that if she didn't make it as real as possible, he'd have to bring people into the room, and then it really would be real. Andrea began wondering each time the "games" would begin if this would be the time she'd really be raped by strangers for Sand's gratification, or even killed. But, each time, she seemed to come out OK, if occasionally bloodied or in pain.

Bob had been so warm and caring, comforting her when she'd told him about the rapes and beatings she'd experienced in her life. Now, he was having her act them out, telling her that he was in pain and it helped him forget his pain.

I need to backtrack just a little. Several years before Andrea had met Bob Sand, she'd paid \$20 to an Astrology magazine to have an Astrological Chart done for her. After sending her chart, and without her knowledge, they placed her name, address, and all her vital statistics in the personals section of their magazine. The ad said she was looking for correspondence from prospective mates. She began receiving letters from Richard, a career criminal in a Nevada prison. After several very heart-rending letters from Richard, she finally felt sorry for him and decided to strike up a pen-pal friendship. Apparently the thing that piqued her interest was the fact that he was originally from her home State of New Jersey. Over the years, she continued the friendship, and he'd offer her advice and send her cute little poems. He

confessed to her that he'd been a lifelong alcoholic, and that most of his crimes since 1950 were drinking-related, involving petty theft, but also a few armed robberies. He did at one time, attempt to kill a former wife.

She never traveled to meet him, being too frightened to drive alone through the desert alone. It was over 500 miles to where he was incarcerated in Carson City. In any case, she could never have found the time. She would occasionally accept collect phone calls from him. And, when a very brief marriage to Derek Conte ended in 1980, and Conte continued to stalk her, she found Richard to be almost comic relief from the stress she was under. When she first moved in with Sand, she wrote to him, saying she had to break off the letters, as her fiancé would never tolerate the friendship. She spoke to Richard briefly when she moved out of Sand's residence after he'd tackled her and nearly broken her back, and asked him if he knew anything about what type of poison he thought Sand's maid might have used on her, but again broke off all connection without notice when she moved to Rancho Mirage following her marriage. She had no further contact with him until after Sand's death, a year later. This fact continues to play a crucial part in her ongoing case.

Sand's sexual fantasies grew more and more bizarre. Andrea had trustingly told him her life story, as he'd held her in his lap and listen sympathetically. These stories included her childhood rape, along with several other abuses, and the general heartaches of her life. Bob, in turn spoke of 40 years of a loveless marriage, and gained her sympathy and trust by telling her he was in constant pain. He claimed that if she'd act out fantasies for him, he could temporarily put his pain out of his mind. But, the soft erotic fantasies began to take on an element of violence. It was a gradual thing, but he began demanding more and more realism. He would pour ketchup over her, and ask her to hold a knife in her armpit, as if her abusers had murdered her...then he'd masturbate over her "dead" body...and take Polaroid pictures, which she'd destroy as soon as she found them. And, to add to the realism, he's ask her to act out her rape as a young girl, or a gang rape she'd suffered later on. The louder she'd scream, and the more she'd cry, the more excited he'd get. He told her he'd help her recover her little 1971 Triumph that Derek Conte had stolen from her, but now he only wanted her to act out his abuses.

When this wasn't enough, he introduced a 3 1/2 inch paring knife into the sex play and began inserting it first, in her vagina, then in her rectum. He'd cut her rectum just a little so as to produce some blood, but if she was having her period, he'd rub her menstrual blood all over her body. He told her she did not do exactly as he said, and make it real, he'd really bring someone into the room, and everything she was acting out would really take place. He reminded her that he did not have long to live, and the very least she could do was to make a dying man happy.

Andrea began to wonder if one night he'd really kill her if he got too carried away. She wondered if he'd carry through with his threats. He'd beg her not to go outside alone, constantly telling her the gardener was watching her...yet, if he was there, he'd try to get her to open the drapes and pose in front of the gardener naked...something she refused to do. But, on more than one occasion, she'd see Bob talking to the gardener. She'd often spot the gardener peering through the windows at her, but when she'd ask Bob if he'd encouraged it, he'd feign ignorance. How long would it be, she wondered, before fantasies were no longer enough? How long would it be before he actually brought people into the house?

On one occasion, he tied her up face down, telling her he just wanted a picture of her tied up. But, as soon as she was tied, he opened the sliding glass door, and in walked a strange man, who sodomized her while he masturbated and took pictures. Andrea passed out from the pain and humiliation. When she confronted him with it, he denied it, and told her she must have dreamt it. But, she found the Polaroid pictures and confronted him with them. When confronted, Sand promised it would never happen again. This is typical of many batterers, but Andrea did not recognize sexual abuse as battery. The pictures were destroyed, and so far as Andrea can remember, he never brought other individuals into the act again.

Andrea never saw the face of the person Sand brought in, but through reading police reports of an individual who stalked her after the killing, I believe it to be a groundskeeper employed by the Springs Country Club.

Sand had been receiving threatening phone calls before the move to the Springs, and he would never tell Andrea where they were coming from. Bob was frightened of something, and had been very insistent that the lines remain unlisted.

Their phone numbers (they had two lines) were supposed to be unlisted, but one day Sand got a call that terrified him. Someone had gotten the number because one of the phones had been accidentally listed. A new threatening call came in. Bob confessed to Andrea that the woman who had introduced them was actually a part-time Madam. Sand had agreed to pay her \$20,000 if she could introduce him to someone he could marry, and now he was refusing to honor the agreement. Andrea had no knowledge of this agreement until shortly before they were married. He told her he had no intention of paying up in any case. I don't know if the call at Rancho Mirage was the madam or not...only suspicions. Andrea has also told me that at the time she suspected it might have been Derek Conte, still trying to cause problems for her.

Bob repeated his demands that Andrea never answer the phone or check the mail. He told her he wanted to be sure she wasn't seeing younger men, or that someone wasn't threatening him.

He was getting stranger and stranger in his sexual demands. He was now making up scenarios in which gangs of people, male and female were coming in and raping Andrea while killing him. He'd pour ketchup over both of them, while Andrea would have to feign terror. After a time, the terror became real, due to her isolation...she was only allowed out of the house for her tennis lessons one morning per week, and that was just so Bob could play tennis by proxy....his only joy in life besides sexual depravity. He began cajoling and urging her on, stating that if she didn't make it real enough for him, he WOULD make it real and arrange for them both to be killed in a final orgy. He believed himself to be dying, and claimed not to care.

At times, he would go to the tennis court with her, or shortly after her, and yell at her mistakes. She began to realize he wasn't really interested in teaching her golf or tennis, but only in showing the neighbors what a taskmaster he could be! And, the way he insisted she hold a tennis racket was later pointed out to her by an instructor to be wrong, and a method that could cause carpal injury. But, so long as he could keep her isolated and naked, that would be fine with him.

Why couldn't Bob walk? Being a lumber man, he was strong as an ox...and he could fly a plane. He loved to drive around in his motorized wheelchair, which weighed up to 300 lbs. He was known to drive it out to his car, then simply get up on his feet and load it into his trunk with one hand. He did not require hand controls to drive. Andrea wondered why he played so helpless, but later realized that it was the attention and help he could get from anyone...even passers-by.

One morning after a very rough night, she had the opportunity to be out at the tennis court alone. A busy-body woman named Betty Jo Crane was constantly prying for gossip, and while Andrea normally avoided more than superficial conversation with the woman, she was appreciative of a listening ear just then. She told Betty she'd been crying all night because Bob had told her he had Multiple Sclerosis, and would die very soon. "Andrea, are you sure? People don't die from MS...at least not for a very long time. I had a friend who lived for 20 years with it!" Surprised, Andrea left the tennis court and went back to the house. She ran to Bob, and threw her arms around him and said "Bob, you're not dying! I talked to a woman at the tennis court, and she told me you could live along life with MS!" "But, you don't understand, Andrea," Bob whined, "I'll get weaker and weaker...you'll have to spoon-feed me. You might be better off without me."

"Bob, I won't leave you, I'll take care of you, no matter how sick you get. I just want you to live," Andrea assured him. "But, I also have cancer." Bob continued. Andrea didn't know what to believe, and it was only after his death that she discovered he neither had MS nor cancer, and his refusal or inability to walk was actually the result of his addiction to pain medication. He eventually did agree to walk in the house, but not outside where others would see him.

I've talked to many people who saw him walk, but only on carpeting, and only in stockings or sometimes barefooted, so he could feel the ground. The autopsy report says he had a severely atherosclerotic heart, and it seems that he was in need of bypass surgery. It is possible, I suppose, that lack of circulation could have caused an equilibrium problem for him. I'm unsure whether bypass surgery was available in 1980...but if it was, it was a fairly new procedure. In any case, with all his hypochondria, he never complained of heart problems, so I don't think he knew.

He'd broken his leg in 1975, and took to a wheelchair when in recovery.

He became addicted to pain pills, and never walked again. I believe he simply enjoyed the wheelchair and the attention and sympathy it brought him. I'm spending a lot of time on this, because Andrea is often portrayed as an evil temptress who stabbed a helpless old man to death who was "paralyzed." In truth, she did everything she could to make him feel better, and ease his pain by massaging him, feeding him healthy foods, vitamins, minerals, herbs, and every home remedy she'd learned from her years as an herbal consultant. Yet, he'd usually refuse to take the vitamins.

Sometimes he'd crawl, as his granddaughter had urged him to do. He thought it was cute to let Andrea help him walk across the floor and pretend to lose his balance. He'd fall to the floor, dragging Andrea down with him, and landing on top of her. And, as much as she reminded him of her bad back, and beg him not to put her in a wheelchair so she could not longer care for him, he'd just laugh and tell her he thought it would be cute!

Always the games were top priority for Bob. If Andrea had to wear clothing indoors, he'd get sullen, moody, and then downright mean. Guy told me once that he remembered bringing his new wife, Yolanda, over for dinner. It seemed like a pleasant enough evening, until Bob got in his wheelchair, and went back to the bedroom. Andrea excused herself, saying she had to go back and check on him. Guy heard Bob screaming from the back of the house telling his mother that she'd better get her son and his wife out of the house pretty quick, or she could pack her bags and go with them! Andrea came out, eyes brimming with tears, and told them Bob wasn't feeling well. Walking them out to the car, Andrea quickly said to Yoli, "It's getting pretty bad...don't be surprised if something bad happens to me and I have to ask you for a place to live pretty soon." Guy asked her to just grab some things and come with them, but Andrea told him she had to stay and try to make the marriage a success.

A few days later, Bob apologized, and told her she should invite her mother and step-father out from New Jersey to stay with them for a few weeks. "Are you sure, Bob?" I can't be naked if they're here. Bob laughed, and told her it would make it all the more exciting for him after they left...but he was thinking of taking a drive up to Oregon to visit with Garthe Brown, his attorney and Childhood friend, and to visit with his mother, now in her 90's. He didn't know how much longer she had, and wanted to see her one more time. And, he was thinking about up-dating his Will, and needed to see Garthe in person.

A day or two before her mother was to arrive, Andrea felt the need to get some fresh air and exercise. It was getting more and more difficult to get Bob to ever leave the house, so she put on her golf outfit, and told Bob she wanted to go down to the clubhouse and hit a few balls into a bucket...just for practice. "You're not going down there without me!" screamed Bob. "Then, let's go," Andrea pleaded. Bob refused, and Andrea said, "Then, just relax and I'll be back in a half hour." As she grabbed her purse and prepared to leave, Bob went over to the fireplace and grabbed the iron fire poker. "You're not going anywhere, I said!" screamed Bob, and came at her with the iron. Terrified as Bob came toward her brandishing the deadly iron, Andrea ran out the sliding glass door. She ran straight out the gate of the Springs complex and out to Highway 111 toward Cathedral City.

Her heart pumping pure adrenaline, Andrea did not know how far she'd run before she came to a small bar and grill. She stopped, caught her breath, and walked in. She went to the pay phone, intending to call her mother...maybe she could get a pre-paid ticket to New Jersey, but how would she get to the airport. A quick check in her purse, and she realized she had no money...not even a dime for the phone. There were four men shooting pool, and she went up and asked them if anyone had a dime so she could use the phone. One of the men told her she looked upset, and asked her to sit down for a cup of coffee. Gratefully, she sat down and caught her breath. He asked her if she was having problems, and she told him reluctantly she'd been having a fight with her husband. He asked her if she'd like a ride anywhere, but she said no, she probably ought to call him and deal with it, so he gave her a dime for the phone.

When she called Bob, he told her he was sorry, and worried sick about her. She told him where she was, and he got in his Mercedes, and went to pick her up. He told her that the reason he didn't want her to go out to the clubhouse because when she went alone he knew men were looking at her, and he was afraid for her. She said it was silly, lots of women were there. "But, they're all older, and you're so young and beautiful!" Touched, Andrea assured him that if she went, she'd be sure to dress very conservatively, but he mustn't worry about her. Still, Andrea was beginning to take on Bob's fears, real or not, and began to feel paranoid and watched by others. She did not realize that Bob was destroying her confidence just as her mother had.

Ellen & Bob Scott (Andrea's parents) arrived from New Jersey a few days later, and for two weeks, Bob was on his best behavior. The only notable exception was that Bob Scott found it irritating that Sand would hold the TV remote control, and irritatingly flick the channel every few minutes. There was no way anyone could sit with him and enjoy any TV programming. For Sand, it was a way of demonstrating his dominance.

And, one very shocking and embarrassing incident occurred when they decided to order a large mirror to go over the fireplace mantle. The salesman came out to take measurements, and as he was discussing frame styles with Andrea, with Bob Scott offering his critique, Sand came roaring out of the bedroom in his wheelchair and accused the very polite salesman of trying to put the moves on his wife! He threw him out of the house threatening to call his boss. The salesman left red-faced, leaving Andrea and her step-father mortified.

Bob had been telling Andrea how nice it would be if Ellen and Bob Scott would come with them when they drove to Oregon. They had plane tickets home, but they could have re-scheduled their flight, since both were retired and didn't have jobs to get back to. But he didn't want Andrea to tell them just yet. Every day, he'd tell her to wait one more day until it was the day before their flight. Finally, Andrea told Bob that her parents had to leave in the morning, and she had to tell them now, if ever. Bob told her "No, they've been here for over 2 weeks, and I'd like some time alone with you. We'll take them on a cruise next year."

The next morning, Bob & Ellen Scott were packed and ready to go to the Airport, when Sand said he was too tired to take them. Andrea told him to rest, and she'd drive them to LAX, about 90 miles away. Bob got agitated, and told Andrea he didn't want her driving them that far. "But Bob, you want me to drive all the way to Portland next week with you." "That's different," said Bob, "I'll be with you then." Resigned, and not wanting to start a fight, Andrea took her parents to the Palm Springs Greyhound Station, and put them on a bus to the Airport. Waiting for them to depart, Andrea attempted to confide in her mother about Sand's sexual predilections, but Ellen only responded "All men are that way in the beginning. Believe me, your father knew right where to put it when I married him!" "Well, I'm glad to hear that!" laughed Andrea, and decided to drop the subject.

She also attempted to confide in her neighbor, Betty Hawkins, but Betty simply brushed her off, and told her to read her Bible about obedience to one's mate. And, Sand did not want her spending any time with a Bible-reader. After all those years with Florence (he called her "Foy"), he wanted no part of religion in his home.

The trip to Oregon was very romantic, with Bob pointing out to Andrea all the places he'd gone as a child and young man. The Oregon Coast was (and still is) one of the most stunningly beautiful pieces of the Great American Landscape. Andrea had never seen it, and she'd never driven farther than 100 miles in her life. She was worried, because she had a tendency to become hypnotically sleepy behind the wheel, but this was too beautiful to make her drowsy. She felt loved and contented...and romantic toward Bob for the first time in several months. He was too wrapped up in his nostalgia to think of S&M Fantasies. It may have been among the last happy hours Andrea would share with Bob. He himself did not want to drive, as he was just getting used to his new glasses that Andrea had persuaded him to buy for himself. Also, he was on the mend from some recent long-delayed dental work.
