

One fine day in August in the year 1903, Lawrence Exeter received news of his soon to be born child and went directly to buy things for the child. He had heard so late due to the far distance he always was from his wife, a man who's always on business trips. Shortly after in September, his son, Lawrence Exeter Jr. was born.

After realizing what a hindrance Jr. was to his business and life, Sr. decided in 1909 to send Jr. to the Palisades School for Boys. This would get him out of his hair and enable him to learn. Sr. felt somewhat guilty for sending his only son away to a boarding school, so in April of 1910 he surprised his son with a new bicycle when he heard he was having troubles in school. He never was the best child.

In August of 1915, it was time for Jr. to attend a different school, it was also apparent that he needed some straightening out after his many bouts at the School for Boys. Columbia Military Academy was the first choice with its amazing level of discipline.

After getting through the Military Academy with apparent ease and no complaints from the administration, Sr. decided to reward Jr. with a brand new Cadillac for his 18<sup>th</sup> birthday. Trusting his son too soon, Sr. found himself paying for the crash damages on the wrecked new Cadillac a few days after giving it to his son.

Despite the crash and the constant mistrust between father and son, Sr. agreed to send Jr. to Stanford University in 1921. Jr. wreaked so much havoc upon the University in the two years he was there that he was expelled and his father had to pay \$25,000 in damages to Miss Daisy Windsor, the lovely administrator of the University.

After having to talk to Miss Daisy so much about his son's failures and damages, he soon became friendly with her and was even interested in seeing her. Sr. figured he should give it a shot because it had been 20 years since the birth of his son that had caused the loss of his wife.

Finally, in 1923 he decided to take Miss Daisy on a trip to France and ended up buying a summer home there for the two of them. He left her there for three years, promising his return, business trip after business trip. He would occasionally send flowers and write letters to refuel their long distance love. July swung around and so did Sr. He swooped his lady from their apartment in France and they returned to her dream town, the place she'd always wanted to live. They were so in love that they bought a beautiful mansion together and had it elegantly decorated.

Already having their honeymoon planned out, Sr. asked for Miss Daisy's hand in marriage. Of course she said yes! Their honeymoon was wonderful, the grand hotel, the beautiful ocean, a carefree vacation with his new true love, but

Sr. had some concerns about the house and his business. This was the reason for sending his son \$200,000 to keep up with the house and business while he was away enjoying himself. Little did Sr. know that the reason for his son's rebellion at the University was caused by his love for Miss Daisy. He was really showing off for her when he was acting up.

That December, Sr. decided to give his business to his son, all he wanted was to live happily with his new wife. So he mailed his checkbook and bank account information for his son to use. It was so easy for him to access because they'd had a joint account all these years.

In February 1927, Jr. decided to correctly express his love for Miss Daisy by sending her chocolates. It was worth a shot, hey - it seemed to work for his dad with the flowers.

Jr. just couldn't win over Miss Daisy; she was too devoted to his father. This made him love her even more, the fact that she was so loyal. He wanted someone to be loyal to him too. Jr., obviously not good at expressing his love for a woman, decided to make her jealous by dating another woman. Poor Flossie Wentworth was the clueless victim. Jr. planned the wedding out perfectly; he would marry her in three years. Three years seemed to be the lucky number with love considering Miss Daisy waited for his father for three years. He bought her gown, some lingerie for their honeymoon, his tuxedo, shoes for both of them and some odd wedding decorations from a sports shop. Jr. wasn't the thinking type of man.

It was a sad day in 1929 when Miss Flossie denied Jr.'s proposal. That was the wrong thing for her to say considering Jr. has had ties to the mafia all his life. He hired Tony Spagoni, his old best friend and partner in crime, to go "talk some sense" into Miss Flossie, and take her away for a while to make sure she understood what they wanted from her, to put her through the "full process". A few days later after hearing of Tony's slow start with the stubborn Miss Flossie, Jr. hired Tony for another task of talking some sense into Miss Daisy. If sense couldn't be talked into her, Jr. wanted her dead. Of course Tony didn't have a problem with this, this was how he made a living.

In 1930, Miss Flossie somehow came around after she received some flowers with a "special note" attached and decided to marry Jr., but for a price. It may have cost him \$50,000, but Jr. had his wife.

In 1931, Jr.'s aunt Marie sued Jr. for \$175,000. Jr.'s business was going so well, and he was making so much money that his entire family knew it. The more money he made, it seemed the more they wanted from him. They would make up any excuse to get money from him, even if it meant suing, apparently. Jr. couldn't trust any of his family members anymore, especially not his father. His father had shown much interest in Miss Flossie and Jr. couldn't stand that.

It was a horrible day when Jr. caught Miss Flossie and his father together. Jr. was too outraged to speak, and too confused to express any emotion, so he calmly walked out of the room and drove directly to his buddy Tony. He

assigned Tony to kill Miss Flossie on July 1<sup>st</sup>, and his father on July 2<sup>nd</sup>. Tony accepted the money without a word, but was secretly infuriated that Jr. had paid him less and less for his services over the years. Tony knew how much money Jr. had. His own friend was stiffing him, and the Spagonis don't stand for that. Since Jr. was his friend, Tony couldn't talk to him, someone else had to do it. Peter Ventizzi was a cousin of Tony's, and willing to do the job for a small price. Tony had a better reward for Peter, he would give him Miss Flossie. Tony wouldn't kill such a lovely woman, it was unlike him. Tony couldn't kill Sr. either, Sr. is the one man who taught Tony everything there is to know about this "business". Sr. provided all the hideouts for distant "business trips" whenever needed.

July 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> came and Tony reported Miss Flossie and Sr. dead when Jr. asked. Tony said his cousin would pay Jr. a nice visit on the 3<sup>rd</sup> and informed him to dress his sharpest.

July 3<sup>rd</sup>, Peter walks intrusively into Jr.'s house to find Jr. armed with a knife, holding it up defensively. Once Peter explained who he was, Jr. seemed to welcome the intrusion and apologized. Peter calmly asked for more money for Tony's services and Jr. agreed to write him a check. As Peter watched Jr. write him a measly check for \$25, he thought that this man must be insane. That's not real money, that's pocket change. Jr.'s writing became unrecognizable and warped when he felt the cold, hard gun pressed to his temple. The last thing Jr. heard was, "Now you can be a lonely, cheap bastard in Hell," and a gunshot that echoed throughout his large home.

Tony informed Sr. of what happened to Jr., and Sr. didn't even seem to care. All he could say was, "Eh, he was a dumb kid anyway, he had it coming to him. If I had to put up with him anymore I would have killed him myself. Job well done." But Sr. had to cover up the death somehow. He was always a crazy kid, so saying he committed suicide wouldn't be too farfetched.

After the hospital did its autopsy and Dr. McCoy put in his thoughts, they fully believed it was suicide due to the angle the gun was held to his head. Sr. smirked and thought to himself, "Oh, the old mafia tricks.. Never failed us."

Jr. was buried on July 16<sup>th</sup>, 1931. His entire family and everyone who had ever associated with him attended the funeral. This funeral was not particularly sad, but it was full of tension and jealousy. When Peter Ventizzi caught Sr. admiring Miss Flossie, he signaled his buddies to look. Everyone knew what was going on, and the Spagonis and the Ventizzis knew exactly what to do.