



Two

AFTERNOON OF
THE ABDUCTIONS

Friday, May 16, 1980

Shiue felt very anxious. He'd prepared everything for Mary: he'd cleared out the closet in his bedroom and laid out a blanket and pillow on the floor. The chains and locks were in place, and the closet door hinges were secured. He'd even bought food he'd watched her buy time and again; cans of Dinty Moore beef stew were in the cupboard, just waiting for Mary. He had an appliance-sized cardboard box in the back of his van so she would be hidden from view while he transported her to his home, which was to be her home, too.

He knew he'd have to make his move soon. The family was scheduled to leave for the Philippines on Wednesday of the following week. He couldn't let her go, but he had to find the right time to take her to avoid being caught.

A perfect opportunity presented itself that very day.

3:45 PM

In preparation for the move, the Stauffers had arranged for Beth to complete the school year early. She had just finished the third grade at Valentine Hills School in Arden Hills. Working through a list of last-minute errands before their long trip, Mary had scheduled an appointment that afternoon for Beth to have her hair cut comfortably short for the humid climate of the Philippines.

At 3:45 PM, Mary and her daughter, Beth, got into the family car and drove away from their apartment. As he'd done hundreds of times before, Shiue followed them. They drove a couple miles, parked in the attached lot, and went into Carmen's Beauty Salon in Roseville. Knowing they would be inside for at least thirty or forty minutes, Shiue drove his van to a neighborhood park a few blocks away, parked, got out, and ran back to the salon. Crouching low to the ground to obscure himself from the view of people in the surrounding traffic, he hid in a culvert that ran alongside the salon parking lot. There he watched and waited for Mary and Beth.

He knew the plan wasn't perfect; he only wanted Mary, but, he would have to take Beth, too. He would deal with that problem later. Right now, he was desperate to take Mary before she could leave the country and be out of his reach for years.

Shiue was hot from running and sweaty from panic, but in spite of the heat, he kept his leather jacket on to hide the gun he had stuffed in his waistband.

Witnesses later would recall the odd demeanor of a dark-skinned man wearing a heavy leather jacket on a hot spring day, running from the park, making his way through a busy intersection, and crouching low behind shrubs. Some actually saw him squatting down in the ditch.

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No one gave it too much thought until they listened to the news that night or read the paper the next morning. Then they called the police.

4:30 PM

Mary and Beth Stauffer walked out of Carmen's chatting about Beth's new haircut. As they headed toward their car, a man climbed out of a nearby ditch and approached them. As Mary and Beth arrived at the passenger side of their car, Shiue grabbed eight-year-old Beth and pressed his gun to her head, saying to Mary, "I need a ride." Mary opened the door for Beth to get into the front seat and then began walking around to the driver's side. Before she got very far, Shiue told her to get in on the passenger side with Beth. Mary climbed over her daughter and settled in the driver's seat. Shiue pushed in next to the terrified little girl and, gesturing with the handgun, motioned for Mary to drive to the nearby freeway ramp to Interstate 35W and then to head north toward Anoka County.

Confused and stunned, but trying to stay calm, Mary asked Shiue if he was in trouble. He told her to be quiet and just drive, to which Mary replied, "We're Christians, and if you have a problem, we will try to help you." Shiue made no response. She then told him they were expected home soon, that her sister was coming over for a family dinner, and that her husband would wonder where they were.

Shiue's mind raced; he was unsure what to do about Beth. He only wanted Mary, not the little girl. Aside from that, he was chagrined that Mary didn't seem to know who he was. Could he really be a stranger to her? He was certain that couldn't be

the case. He'd loved her and been part of her life for fifteen years, and now she didn't recognize him? He was enraged by her seeming rejection and infuriated that she should mention her husband and her family life. She was his family now. There would be no Stauffer family dinner that night. What was she thinking?

Again, Mary told him they were Christians and that God would help them to help him. She said, "Please put the gun away; that isn't necessary. We'll help you."

Without moving the gun away from Beth, he shouted once again, "Just drive."

Mary patted Beth's arm reassuringly, telling her, "Beth, God is with us; everything will be all right." Beth made no sound; she trembled with fear and confusion. Mary did exactly what she was told and simply drove until they found themselves in a maze of secluded, backcountry roads.

He directed her to drive into a deserted grove of pine trees and turn off the car.

He then pulled rope and duct tape out of his jacket pocket, ordered the two of them into the back seat, and tied their hands behind them. Once he had secured their hands, he demanded they get into the trunk of the car, where he then bound their feet. With an ominous thud, he closed the trunk, got into the driver's seat, started the car, and drove off.

Lying back-to-back in the stiflingly hot trunk, Beth and Mary began to pray. Shiue abruptly stopped the car, got out, and opened the trunk. He did not want to hear their prayers. He taped their mouths shut, wrapping the tape all around Beth's head; it would remain there for several hours, eventually leaving a scar.

Mary later described the hours that followed:

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We drove around for a long time, sometimes on paved roads, sometimes on dusty, unpaved roads. The car would often hit bottom, and I knew we had a full tank of gas and was afraid that the tank might rupture and the car might explode in flames.

The dust would fly into the trunk and it was hard for us to breathe. He kept stopping the car to check on us, and then he would slam the trunk closed again and drive some more. I was trying to figure out how long we'd been driving around by noticing whether it was still afternoon or dusk or night.

Beth was able to loosen the ropes on her hands and we were both sweating so much that the adhesive on the tape covering our mouths loosened and we could move our lower jaws and talked. I told Beth to try and untie the ropes on my hands.

Finally, he stopped the car and Beth and I could hear voices, mostly the voices of children. We learned later that he'd stopped the car in Hazelnut Park in Arden Hills. When he opened the trunk that time, he became furious when he saw that Beth had untied her ropes and had been working to untie mine.

Shiue shouted, "Look what you've done." Then he placed the spare tire on top of us so we couldn't make further attempts to get free.

Just then, a little child walked up to the car and saw us, tied in the trunk, he looked at our abductor and said, "Hi; wha—?" Before he could finish what he was saying, the little boy was thrown in the trunk with us and the trunk was slammed shut. He then jumped

back into the driver's seat and sped away from there, squealing tires and kicking dust and pebbles against the bottom of the car. We raced away from there and he drove again for a long time.

