

# Sniper who killed two kept arsenal in his home

**United Press International**  
NORFOLK, Va. — Friends of a gun enthusiast who shot to death a woman and a police officer before dying in a shootout with police described the man as paranoid and troubled by "voices," a published report said Sunday.

Nathaniel Robertson, a computer technician who had a history of mental problems, was killed by police at the end of an eight-hour standoff Saturday when he charged out of his house heavily armed and fired at officers, who had lobbed tear gas into the house.

"He was always calling here

and asking if we heard the voices in his back yard," Shirley Hues, Robertson's next-door neighbor in the city's Norview section, told The Virginian-Pilot and The Ledger Star.

She said he kept a virtual arsenal of guns in his small home. "He loved guns," said Hues, to whom Robertson had shown his gun collection at least once. "His ex-wife said he had 22 guns, and one of them was a machine gun."

Robertson, she said, kept a gun in every room of his house.

The siege began shortly after midnight Friday when Robertson fatally shot Diane Lambino, 25, a mother of two from Virginia Beach who was eight months pregnant, as she sat in a car in front of his house.

When police were summoned, Robertson, 39, killed officer Douglas Drye, 26, with a single shot to the chest from a high-powered scope rifle.

Police cordoned off the area during the ensuing standoff and evacuated residents of nearby homes. Efforts by his family and friends to persuade him to give up were unsuccessful. Police said Robertson fired at them all night.

Carolyn Nichols, with whom Robertson had lived for about eight years, and Hues, said Robertson had been suffering from severe bouts of paranoia last week.

Nichols said Robertson had locked her and their two young children in a bathroom twice last week. "He had kept them in there for three or four hours each time and had said he did it because people were trying to hurt him," Hues said.

Nichols said she tried to get help for Robertson Friday from a public mental health program. She said a staff member of Norfolk's Community Mental Health Services who had talked to Robertson by telephone later told her that the agency could not help him because Robertson did not sound dangerous.

"They said they could not do nothing. They said he seemed all right," she said. "How could they know over the phone?"

The emergency services unit of the mental health agency could not confirm Saturday night whether they had talked with Robertson.

R.I.



# Suicide

'Golden Boy' takes his life — reason unknown

**United Press International**  
TUCUMCARI, N.M. — Northwest of 4,957-foot Tucumcari Mountain, and a few hundred yards from the fast track of Interstate 40, teenager Rod David took a 20-gauge shotgun and inexplicably gave up on life.

Teenage suicides, however tragic, occur with alarming frequency in many of the nation's towns and cities.

Even in Tucumcari, a town of motels, restaurants and gas stations strung along old U.S. 66 on New Mexico's windswept eastern plains, teenage suicide like David's a week ago was not unprecedented.

A few months back, for instance, another student at the high school had killed himself. But, says Anthony Sweeney, the school's principal the past four years, that young man was not Rod David, the "Golden Boy," the kid they called "Rock."

"It was a student who moved in from out of town. He had moved here and only been here a couple of months," recalled Sweeney.

By contrast, the blond, 6-3, 205-pound David, born 18 years ago in Holdrege, Neb., was a modern-day Adonis, a scholar-athlete who would have gotten most of the attention at any high school.

In the working class community of 8,000, in a town without a college, David's heroics on the football field, the basketball

court and the track approached mythic proportions.

His coaches found it difficult sometimes to agree about where the boy with the easy smile could best showcase his talents.

For now, Rod had chosen the football field. He planned to enroll at Texas Tech in the fall on a full athletic scholarship.

His older brother, Stan, had been one of the top players on the 1983 Red Raider team. Another brother, Mick, was a player at South Dakota. The David boys had always made their mark at Tucumcari High School.

An all-stater in three sports, Rod David had done nothing to denigrate the family name in Tucumcari. If anything, he may have been the family's star of stars.

Two days before he stuck a shotgun up close to his chest and pulled the trigger, the quiet, "gentle giant" helped his teammates win the Rattler Relays by taking home three firsts and a second.

Four days after his success at the track meet, 1,500 people — toddlers, students, businessmen, housewives, ranchers and grandmothers — were jammed into somber old Rattler Gymnasium to sing hymns and pay homage to the young man whose body lay inside a golden casket.

They sat numbly, staring at the gleaming metal coffin in front of the basketball roster on the wall that still bore David's name and his number — 34. That number and the 15 he wore in football were retired that day.

The mourners felt their wrenching loss separately and collectively as Van Pryor, David's rugged looking football coach, struggled vainly during his eulogy to ward off mounting grief.

"Those of us that knew him for only a short period of time are richer for it," Pryor said, choking back sobs.

"If the human spirit can be compared to a cloth, and each of us is a thread in the tapestry of life, then, undoubtedly, those threads that belonged to Rod David are golden," he said.

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A member of his high school's Honor Society since his freshman year, David was known for his selflessness off the athletic field.

Despite his formidable athletic achievements, the squat, hand-letter sign outside his

South 11th Street home simply, "Home of a Rattler." It was near that sign that water department employees found the youth's lifeless just before 2 p.m. last Monday.

A few weeks earlier, one of his Fellowship of Christian Athletes activities, the same teenager had collected nations that would be used to pay the heating bills of the town's disadvantaged.

"There was so much more to this than Rod being a star athlete," principal Sweeney last week. "You'd just have seen it to believe it."

At week's end, no one in the community had a satisfactory explanation for why the teenager had killed himself.

Most of the speculation centered on pressure — the pressure to succeed, the expectations of relatives and peers, the duty to achieve still more, a nor squabble with his girlfriend — an accumulation of things.

But no one really knew. Boots Rabb, sports editor of the local paper, said, "He 10 times the pressure on him most 18-year-olds."

Red-eyed Sisto Garcia, son, Tommy, had been one of David's teammates since eighth grade, stood in a crowd Wednesday outside gymnasium, as through mourners filed past the casket in the foyer.

With his wife at his side, Garcia wasn't looking for any explanation for the teenager's death.

# Worker killed by crate

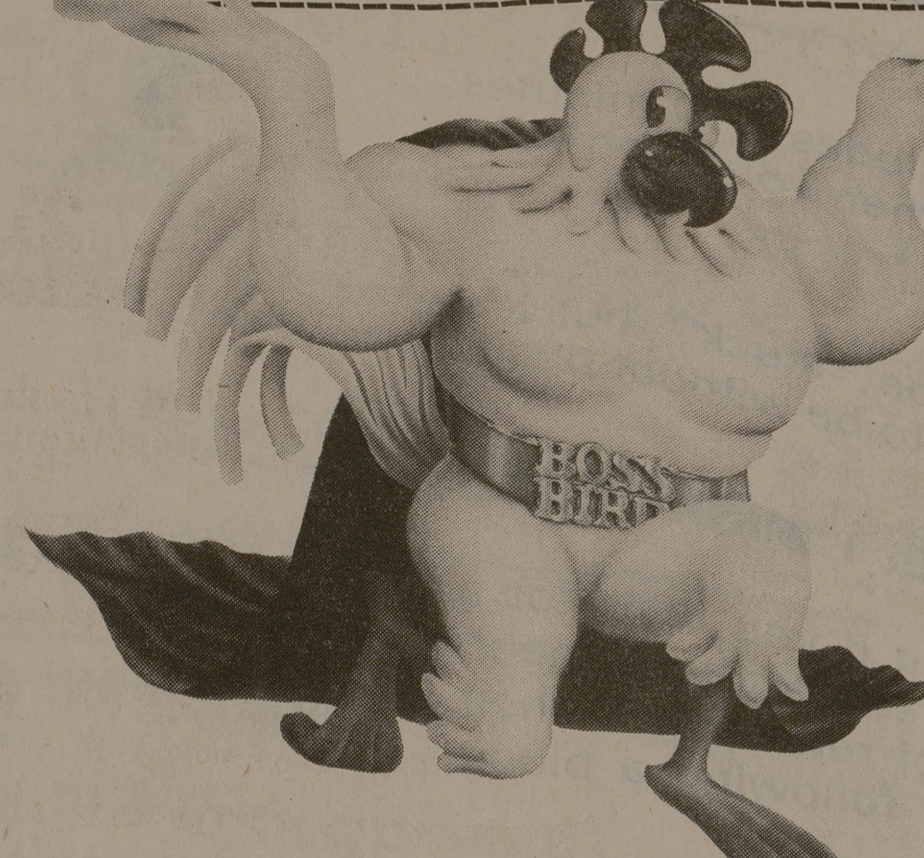
**United Press International**  
AUSTIN — An Austin worker who was reluctantly working overtime on his 11th week anniversary was killed over weekend at a construction site in downtown Austin.

Juan Ramon Alcoser, 39, pronounced dead Saturday at Brackenridge Hospital after a crate broke loose from an overhead cable and fell on him.

"He wasn't scheduled to work, but they called him in and he hated to tell them no," Alcoser's wife Gloria, 37, said. "He had planned a special roast dinner for their anniversary."

"He never missed a chance to work extra when he could," she said. "Now I wish I had talked him out of going."

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