

The making of a monster

He had been assaulting boys for years

Freed once again, he turned to murder

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PSYCHIATRIC TRAILTOMORROW:

Part 1: Douglas Donald Moore was a child abuse victim turned child abuser. A scrawny kid turned jail yard tough guy. A drug dealer turned killer over a few thousand dollars. This is the story of what made the monster. It is also the tale of a justice system that failed to fix or stop him. In the year of Expo 67, a sickly boy was born in Montreal, the host city to a gala world's fair that drew 50 million people.

But the festivities were lost on the struggling family of Mildred and Douglas Moore Sr.

The baby, Doug Jr., was the fifth in five years. His parents existed on odd jobs and welfare.

Mildred was the rock in the family; Douglas was a drunk. Mildred saw her New Brunswick-born husband progress from a "loving individual" when they married to a bitter, unproductive partner and father. He had diabetes, back, leg and hip problems and regularly abused the medicine prescribed by doctors.

Doug Jr. and his four older siblings — three sisters and a brother — lived a turbulent and destructive life. Their father ruled the home by fear. He yelled and screamed. Doug Sr. also had a secret with some of the children and they were terrified to tell it.

The Moore family lived in Verdun, a Montreal suburb on the banks of the St. Lawrence River. It's an area Doug Jr. would return to as an adult criminal.

As he grew, young Doug developed a series of health problems. He had allergies and asthma, bronchitis, and had inherited a blood disorder from one of his parents. Tubes were put in his ears to cure debilitating infections, which later made him hard of hearing.

Mildred struggled to raise the children. The only other boy in the family was challenged both developmentally and physically. He had cerebral palsy and epilepsy. Doug Sr. had brushes with the law. His drinking and drug abuse intensified with each year.

Doug Jr., or "Dougie" as he was called, was smart. In later years he would rank high in IQ tests. But he was often in trouble. At age 10, he and some buddies looted a corner store of candy and chips. It was a blustery winter day and they hauled their stash in a wagon through snowy streets, making it easy for the police to track them.

"That was really dumb," Doug told friends in later years, laughing at what a poor job he had done covering his tracks.

His days were rollicking; his nights frightening. Beginning when he was 7, his father would sexually assault his son by fondling his genitals. The abuse lasted until he was 12. His father also abused other children in the family. Only the physically and developmentally challenged brother was spared.

The secret was kept throughout the 1970s. In hindsight, Mildred realizes her children tried to tell her.

"I can now see where the children tried to let me know by way of hints that something was going on but they never came out and said it until years after it began," Mildred later told court officials. Mildred was not sexually abused. She believes her husband set out to hurt her by violating some of the children.

Doug was in Grade 9 in Verdun when the family secret bubbled out.

Two of the children were in counselling. They told a therapist, then their mother. Mildred called this a "devastating discovery." She confronted her husband and petitioned for divorce, citing both mental cruelty and adultery as reasons for the breakup. Her husband moved to another suburb of Montreal. Mildred held on to the children, raising them on welfare.

The family never told police about the abuse, fearing the children would be further destroyed by the trial. Shortly after the divorce, Mildred started dating Bill, a chemical factory worker.

Meanwhile, Doug turned 14. He was drinking and experimenting with marijuana and hashish. Fights and other disciplinary problems caused him to drop out of Grade 10. He became a drug dealer, selling pot in Verdun.

"I sold dope so well I could not keep up with the demand," he boasted. In time, he added amphetamines, barbiturates, acid and cocaine to his list of drugs for sale and to his own list of addictions. He saw a psychiatrist a few times to talk about his father's abuse.

Bill wanted to be the rock for Mildred and the Moore family. Seven years younger than the then 39-year-old Mildred, he had a skill, a job, and a desire to take the family away from their troubles. Doug Jr. did not like the man who would become his stepfather. They argued frequently and Doug had trouble accepting the new man in his mother's life. Still, Mildred loved Bill, and Doug eventually came around. The family cleaned out their apartment in Verdun and moved to Ontario in 1983. They settled in a new housing complex in Mississauga south of the QEW, an area known as Clarkson. Mildred took a job with a Mississauga company. Bill started work at a factory.

The Talka Village complex in Clarkson was a poorly constructed set of rowhouses built as a tax shelter for absentee investors — typically lawyers and doctors — who would in turn rent out the units. Peel police had a lot of problems there: drugs, break-ins, fights.

Doug Moore was 16. He had a two-door Ford Maverick. Although he enrolled in nearby Lorne Park Secondary School, he was often absent. Moore drove to Montreal regularly to visit his father and buy drugs for resale in Talka Village. He quickly became known as the local dealer, the guy who could get it if you wanted it.

"He ran the village," recalled Peel Detective Bill Scanlon.

Moore was not involved in clubs, sports, or any other activity at school. He managed to get through Grade 10 and then dropped out, taking the first of a series of carpentry jobs. He often worked drunk. While framing a house one day (he was 18 at the time) a wall fell down on him, crushing several vertebrae in his middle lower back, adding to his physical troubles. He was 5-foot-10, slender, with brownish blond hair — a far cry from the balding muscleman he would become. It's during this period that Moore started showing a sexual interest in males.

"We would all be drinking, staying up late at night, a bunch of guys all lying around on couches. At some point in the night you knew it was going to happen. Doug would make a grab for one of the guys," recalled one friend. Several families lived in close proximity. The sons hung around together and the mothers were friends. Trudy Finch lived on one street with her three boys, aged 13, 15 and 16 (Ben, Sam and Bobby). Bonnie Carlson and her 12-year-old son, Johnny, lived across the way. They all knew Mildred Moore and her children.

The rumour going around was that Moore was "queer." He was teased a bit, but not too much. Moore could get drugs for his friends. He reacted by getting tough.

In the summer of 1985, Moore and a bunch of his friends were drinking and carrying on at a basement party. Moore had \$400 in his wallet. He passed out at 3 a.m. Waking, he fumbled for his wallet, realized it was gone and grabbed a baseball bat.

"I know who took it," he told his friends, thumbing his hand toward a couch where a 17-year-old had been earlier. "And I am going to beat the living shit out of him."

Moore went to the youth's home and pounded him, breaking several ribs, his nose and shattering his jaw. Peel police arrested him, laying charges of assault and weapons dangerous. Moore told police that the youth had pulled a knife on him and he was just fighting back. A few months later, he pleaded guilty to assault and was ordered to pay a \$200 fine.

A short item in the Mississauga News described the attack. Moore carried the clipping around for years. Moore did not tolerate people stealing from him, a fact that would figure prominently in his final few months of life, 20 years in the future.

Like his father before him, Moore also had a secret. The boys he shared it with were afraid of him, as he had feared his father.

To his friends, Moore was an odd, violent type tolerated for his drug connection. But to the 30- and 40-something mothers in the area he was a well-spoken young man who was always polite and well-mannered.

Moore stayed overnight at various homes, but always returned to his mother Mildred's place. He visited his father in Montreal from time to time, until the older Moore's drug and alcohol abuse resulted in failed suicide attempts, which scared the son away.

At 18, Moore attempted a sexual relationship with a woman in her late 30s — Bonnie Carlson, one of the mothers in Talka Village. She tried to have sex with Moore, but he was impotent. "I thought he was green. I thought that was the problem," the woman told her friends.

Trudy Finch, whose three teen boys knew Moore, invited him camping with her family. "He was so nice and pleasant and always volunteering to help. 'Oh Trudy, let me get you a kitchen tent, another tent, anything you need'," Finch recalls.

In 1986, Trudy Finch's oldest boy, 16, was going away for a few weeks in the summer. On the back stoop of the house, Bobby Finch confided a terrible story.

"Mom," Bobby told Trudy, "Don't trust Doug. He does things to us."

Trudy Finch called out her other boys, Ben, 13, and Sam 15. Crying, they admitted that Moore had been sexually assaulting them for two years. Often, it was in their home.

The youths said Bonnie Carlson's 12-year-old son Johnny was also a victim. Trudy Finch got Bonnie and her son, and they all drove to the local Peel police division.

Detective Scanlon and other officers interviewed the boys over a seven-hour period. Then they drove out and arrested Moore, who lived at times in an old metal camper in his mother's backyard. Moore was charged with four counts of sexual assault, as well as breaking and entering, and drug possession.

In the months before his case went to court, Moore harassed the Finch family. He would park out front of their house, follow the boys. "I am going to kill you all," he threatened. Two of the Finch boys took to sleeping with a barbell beside them. One put a knife under his pillow.

Moore pleaded guilty to the charges. He got one month for drugs, three months for the break and enter, and just one day in jail for the sex charges. The judge put him on probation for two years.

The Finch family was not asked to go to court or file victim impact statements.

A Toronto psychiatrist at the Clarke Institute examined Moore in preparation for the sentencing. Moore told Dr. Robert Dickey he was drunk during the assaults and did not remember them. He told Dickey he had no sexual problems, was not gay, and did not mention the abuse by his father. Dickey concluded that Moore had an emerging sexual problem. He recommended that Moore stop drinking and seek treatment. Dickey's recommendation was one of at least five similar suggestions by psychiatrists over the next decade. Moore refused them all.

Moore, 19, served his sentence at the Guelph Correctional Centre in 1986. Another psychiatrist, Dr. Don Atcheson, noted his pedophilic tendencies (sexual interest in young children) always occurred after drinking and having an argument with a girlfriend "concerning his impotence." Dr. Atcheson wanted to test Moore to see if he was a pedophile, but Moore refused, which he had the legal right to do.

After his release, Moore was again sent to Dr. Dickey of the Clarke, as part of his probation order. Before Dickey could meet with him, Moore was arrested, this time for stalking and threatening the Finch family, victims of his previous assault.

Trudy Finch said her dog had started barking one evening. She looked out and saw Moore standing in the shadows. Finch called Peel police. A cruiser pulled Moore over on the Lakeshore an hour later. His pants and underwear were down around his ankles. He was charged with mischief for bothering the Finchs but acquitted after one of his sisters testified that he was at home the whole time.

Trudy walked over to Mildred Moore's place that summer.

"Millie, Doug is sick, you know that don't you?" Trudy asked.

"I know," Mildred said, pouring a cup of tea for Trudy.

"I can't condemn him. He needs help."

"I agree," said Mildred.

Moore struggled at his job. Drunk, he broke into the offices of the construction company he worked for, smashing windows and gouging holes in walls. He was charged and convicted of break and enter, theft and mischief. For that, Moore was sentenced to 13 months in jail in 1987, and ordered to pay \$1,500 to the company. He was placed on three years probation following his release.

Trudy remembers Moore's abuse and harassment as the beginning of trying times for her three boys. One would not survive. She sought counselling for them, and a minister for her own peace of mind. To this day, she feels sorry for Mildred. "She was a fine woman. It must be a struggle for her to have a son like that. You might hate what the person does, but he is still your son."

When Dr. Dickey again examined Moore, now a convicted child molester with a record of theft and violence, he found the 20-year-old man did not appreciate the seriousness of his developing situation.

Moore was "quite defensive and somewhat belittling of the circumstances in which he found himself," the psychiatrist wrote in a report. Moore appeared to have a sexual problem related to young boys, but he would not agree to further assessment.

Moore served a portion of his new sentence (for the break-in) and was out by Christmas, 1987. His mother and Bill married. Toward the end of the year, Moore received a surprise telephone call from his father.

Douglas Moore Sr. had sobered up, remarried, and moved from Montreal to Vancouver. He had a job delivering newspapers and flyers. But doctors had just discovered he had a rapidly advancing cancer. Could his youngest son come and stay with him until the end?

Moore went west in early 1988. He was granted permission from Ontario probation authorities (he had just begun a three-year probation term) to leave the province on condition that he report to B.C. authorities when he arrived. Moore never did. He travelled with stolen identification (neighbourhood friend Dale Sheffield), used it to obtain credit and a driver's licence, and settled in with his dying father in 1988. A few months later, at age 45, Douglas Sr. died. The son took over the father's paper route.

His father's death upset him, despite the childhood abuse. Moore felt guilty that he had not been able to stop it.

Moore was now alone in a strange city.

He met a family in Surrey, a suburb of Vancouver. As he had previously, Moore (now 22) ingratiated himself with the single mother, Jenny Holland, a woman a decade or more his senior. It was a close, though non-sexual, relationship.

Jenny had two children, Karen, 13, and Justin, 12. Justin told authorities that Moore sexually assaulted him, but no charges were laid.

In Surrey, Moore became a modern day Fagin. Like the character in Charles Dickens' *Oliver Twist* who ran a string of pickpockets, Moore ran a string of teenaged drug dealers.

One afternoon in July, 1988, Joey Jenson, a 12-year-old Surrey boy, was sent down the street by his mother to the store. Joey passed by a house that the Holland family was planning to move into. Joey knew Jenny Holland's son and daughter from school. Moore was on the front lawn. To help the family out, Moore was cleaning and painting the place. He beckoned to Joey.

"Do you want to make some money?" Moore asked Joey.

**'I sold dope so well I could not keep up
with the demand.'**
Douglas Moore, about his Montreal dealing

"Um, how?" Joey replied.

Painting a bedroom, Moore said. Joey asked how long it would take.

"Follow me," said Moore, and led Joey through a back door and into a bedroom.

According to Joey's later testimony, Moore grabbed him and ordered him to take his pants off. When the frightened boy complied, Moore fondled the boy's penis, then performed fellatio on him. Then Moore took down his own pants and made the boy fondle his (Moore's) penis until he ejaculated. Moore made the boy clean him up, then handed him \$2. He asked Joey where he lived. Joey stammered a false response.

"Four houses up the street."

"Just go on to the store," Moore said. "If you phone the police, I know where you live."

Joey ran to the store. He was so scared he forgot what his mother asked him to buy. He went to a pay phone and called home. Moore came into the store. His mother repeated the grocery list.

Joey did not tell his mother what happened for a month.

Moore finished painting the house. Jenny Holland and her family moved in. Along with running drug dealers, Moore continued to deliver papers and flyers. Jenny's two children helped him by sorting and colour-coding the flyers.

Jenny's 13-year-old daughter Karen liked Moore, but called him "quarter-full-of-shit" because part of his green eye (the other was blue) was brown. She later recalled how Moore enjoyed hanging out with older women, but despised men.

"There was this sheer disgust when he dealt with males. You could just tell that this guy had some bad stuff in his past and that he hated men," Karen said in a recent interview.

Meanwhile, Moore's assault was weighing heavily on Joey Jenson. He let his hygiene slip, became depressed and moody. The local RCMP detachment picked up Joey after a report that a bicycle was stolen. Constable Dale Johnstone brought the 12-year-old into an interview room.

The "theft" turned out to be a misunderstanding. Johnstone finished the interview, closed his notebook and stood up to go. Joey cleared his throat.

"Um, what would someone do if, um, they knew somebody touched somebody inappropriately," Joey asked.

Johnstone sat down. I know where this is heading, the veteran Mountie thought. To Joey he said: "You would tell the police."

Later in the week, Johnstone and two other officers tracked Moore down. They found him, asleep, in a rented home. As he typically did when he was caught, Moore readily admitted the offence. But he had a question for the constable.

"Is this going to get out in the papers?" The RCMP officer said he probably would not be putting out a release, and Moore sighed in relief.

The B.C. courts held a preliminary inquiry. Joey Jensen testified. Moore sat through the proceedings, then pleaded guilty to sexual assault. Joey continued to be traumatized. Word leaked out in the community and he was teased by friends and bullies.

Moore was assessed by two B.C. psychiatrists in preparation for his sentencing. They found that Moore was in the 90th percentile on an intelligence scale, meaning that he was smarter than 89 per cent of people his age. But emotionally and sexually, he was a mess. The doctors concluded he had "homosexual pedophilic tendencies," and a difficulty relating to adult women his own age. He did not know if he was straight or gay. Moore told the doctors that, in addition to his father's abuse, he was also abused by older female teens when he was a child. The doctors recommended a "sophisticated and long-term treatment program" for his sex, drug and alcohol problems.

As the clock ticked toward sentencing, Moore got a job framing houses. (RCMP recalled a report that he sexually assaulted a friend of the Jensen boy, but the Star could not find records of the case.)

Driving a motorcycle one day, Moore wiped out and crashed into a car, injuring himself (fractured ribs, broken nose, fractured kneecap) and the other driver. He ran away and police charged him with leaving the scene. He was later given 30 days in jail for that crime.

Still recovering from his injuries, Moore went to court in November, 1989, to hear what sentence he would receive in the Joey Jensen assault case. The judge had been asked by defence counsel to give a low, provincial sentence, but the judge ruled that "protection of the public is paramount." He sent Moore to prison for four years.

An additional factor the judge said he considered was that Moore, over the years, repeatedly failed to abide by terms of probation or day parole. He did not show up and report when he was supposed to, and he reoffended while on probation. The judge did consider Moore's twisted childhood, but ruled that he needed a tough sentence.

This was Moore's first penitentiary term.

While in prison, he completed his Grade 11 education and started working on his Grade 12. He appealed the four-year sentence but the B.C. Court of Appeal denied it, saying four years was appropriate. They noted he was resisting treatment for his pedophilic tendencies while in prison. Nineteen months into his four-year sentence (in June, 1991), Moore was released on day parole. He went to a Vancouver halfway house, stayed a month, then skipped town. A Canada-wide arrest warrant was issued.

Moore traveled east using the name Dale Sheffield, whose I.D. he had stolen six years earlier. In the winter of 1991, Moore returned to his old neighbourhood in Mississauga. He went looking for another victim.

Tim Kyle was a cheery, "happy-go-lucky kid who always had a great big smile on his face." He and his brothers and sister lived with their mother, Mary Kyle, and stepfather in Talka Village, Mississauga.

Christmas, 1991, was shaping up to be a lot of fun. Dec. 20 found Mary in the kitchen making shortbread cookies after dinner. It looked as if she was going to run short on butter.

"Run to the A&P and get me a pound, Tim," she called to her 14-year-old son.

Tim went west along Lakeshore Rd. to a plaza with an O'Toole's restaurant and the grocery store. He ran into two buddies along the way and they clowned around throwing snowballs. It was dark, close to 9 p.m.

Working in O'Toole's kitchen that evening was Bobby Finch, one of three brothers who had been sexually assaulted by Moore five years earlier. Moore walked into the bar looking for Bobby.

Moore was wearing a black leather jacket; his hair was long and he was muscular from working out in B.C. prison yards. Bobby spotted him and ducked back in the kitchen.

Angry, Moore ordered a beer. Young Tim Kyle, on an errand for his mother, was just walking into the pub. Tim's stepdad was in the bar and Tim wanted to know if he was coming home soon.

"In a minute," the stepdad promised. Tim went outside to get the butter at A&P and see his friends. Moore followed him out, glass mug in hand. "Do you want some beer?" Moore asked.

Tim kept walking.

"Do you do any drugs?" Moore asked. He was slurring his words. "I had some earlier," Tim lied, thinking it would make him sound older and tougher. He walked faster.

Moore moved in close. With his fingers he spread one of Tim's eyelids wide. "Your eyes don't look bloodshot," Moore remarked.

Tim's two buddies walked up. Moore turned on them.

"You guys can go home. Your friend will see you tomorrow," Moore said.

Tim, a year older than his two friends, told Moore he was in charge of looking after them. He did not want them to leave. Tim walked around the side of the plaza. One friend lingered out front, another hid behind a big garbage dumpster. Tim wanted to turn around and run back to O'Toole's but was afraid Moore would grab him.

A second later, he did. Moore pulled Tim in between two dumpsters.

"Take down your pants or I'm gonna hurt you," said Moore, twice the boy's age and size. Tim started to cry. Sobbing, he did what Moore asked. Moore began fondling the boy, then told him to bend over. One of his friends suddenly ran around the corner.

"Run!" Tim shouted. "He's trying to bum me."

Moore started after the friend. Tim pulled up his pants and took off. Moore threw his beer mug. It struck Tim in the back of the leg. The boys scattered. Tim first ran across Lakeshore Rd., then doubled back.

He saw his stepdad and other men outside the bar. One of the friends had alerted them. Police were called, but before they could arrive, Moore was spotted coming back. The local men gave chase, grabbed Moore, knocked him down and started beating him. Police arrived and pulled them off. Moore had been returning to the bar to get a gym bag he had left behind. It contained candies, a street map of Mississauga and Oakville, Vaseline, and two condoms.

A frantic friend called Tim's mother, who arrived at O'Toole's in time to see her son drive off in the back of a police cruiser.

"I felt sick. I started thinking about all the 'what ifs'," said Mary Kyle, recalling the events. "I kept thinking of what he did to my son, what he could have done. It was my fault, I started thinking. I sent him for the butter."

Peel Constable Geoff Gorlick and several other officers took Moore in for questioning. He gave his name as Dale Sheffield, using his stolen I.D. He was charged and released under that name, then rearrested when neighbours told police of their mistake. Moore was charged with sexual assault, impersonation, assault with a weapon (the beer mug) and breaking the terms of his British Columbia probation.

Seeing a short item in the newspaper about the arrest caused the mother of three of Moore's previous victims to call Peel police. Trudy Finch reached one of the detectives.

"You have to lock him up forever. If you don't find a way to keep him in he's going to kill somebody," she warned.

A preliminary hearing was held. Tim testified. Moore sat quietly in the prisoner's box, staring at Tim's mother for most of the morning. The judge found enough evidence to send the case on to trial. Before the trial started, Moore pleaded guilty. The judge ordered a pre-sentence report. It was prepared by probation officer Duane Sprague, who interviewed Moore, his mother, and reviewed Moore's record.

Sprague's report dredged up Moore's tormented upbringing. "His formative years were turbulent and disruptive," Sprague wrote. Moore "has yet to understand" why a father would victimize his own children, Sprague added.

Moore's mother, Mildred, told Sprague that her son's "repressed denial" of the sex abuse his father carried out caused his criminal behaviour. In pleading for leniency toward her youngest child, Mildred said her family was only now beginning to heal from the wounds caused by Douglas Moore Sr.

When interviewed for the report, Douglas Jr. told Sprague that he recognized the need for treatment. "I may have a problem," Moore conceded.

Sprague recommended a complete psychiatric assessment, followed by professional treatment. Failing that, Sprague told court "this type of activity may continue in the future."

At the sentencing in late 1992, the judge ruled that Moore had to complete his four-year sentence from B.C. (imposed November, 1989) and then begin a new four-year sentence for the latest attack. That would keep him in jail until 1997, unless the National Parole Board allowed an early release.

Meanwhile, Mary Kyle, Tim's mother, watched her cheery son go downhill. She became overprotective of him after the attack ("I wouldn't let him be a boy any more") and never let him go anywhere on his own.

When news of the assault went around the community, Tim was bullied and teased. He fought back, hitting a bully with a tennis racquet, and was convicted of assault with a weapon. He went on to other crimes, a serious bout of drug abuse, and did not pull out of the addiction until he was in his early 20s.

Tim had been a tender boy who shooed cats from birds and cried when an animal was hurt. Mary had a recurring dream after Moore went to prison.

"I went to see him in jail. I was carrying a gun. I was sweating. Somehow I got past the metal detector. I sat down at a table across from him. In the dream I pull out the gun and blow his brains out. Then I wake up and start thinking, 'This guy is somebody's son. What's the poor mother going through?'"

In the fall of 1995, Moore neared the two-thirds mark of his eight-year sentence, making him eligible for day parole and release to a halfway house. A three-member panel of the National Parole Board considered the case. Mary and Tim Kyle wrote victim impact statements. Board members also looked at Moore's history, and his time in prison. They noted he had recently

refused a psychiatric exam leading up to the hearing, was continuing to resist treatment, and had become a "senior player" in the jailhouse drug trade.

Moore was denied early release, the panel ruling there was too great a chance he would seriously harm or kill someone. The panel wrote: "You have established a pattern of persistent sexual deviance involving young boys with an apparent indifference to the impact of your actions on them and have demonstrated little remorse."

That decision seemed to shock Moore into action.

He enrolled in a prison sex offender program and did so well, he was asked to remain in the program to "serve as a positive role model" for the next group.

He took counselling. Psychiatrists tested him and determined he was not a psychopath, which is a person who wilfully does damage without remorse. Doctors and therapists decided he now understood what made him offend, and was intent on avoiding high-risk situations. Doctors noted he was now aroused by adult males, not young boys. Moore told the board he had come to terms with the fact that he was gay.

However, one psychiatrist (the name is blacked out on the parole report) cautioned that Moore was still attracted to young boys, that he had anger management issues and that he was an alcoholic (booze had contributed to most of his past offences).

Still, the National Parole Board granted Moore's release six months before the end of his sentence. Victim impact statements were not requested this time. The board reasoned that Moore needed the six months to adapt to community life. After 4 1/2 consecutive years in prison, Moore was released to a Hamilton halfway house on June 12, 1997. His time there was uneventful, with one exception. A local newspaper published a story describing how Moore, a convicted pedophile, was living in a halfway house. A fellow resident roughed him up shortly after the story came out, cutting him with a knife. Moore recovered from the injury.

Just before the New Year, he was completely released.