

[REDACTED]
Elizabeth Bay, NSW 2011.

July 7th 1976.

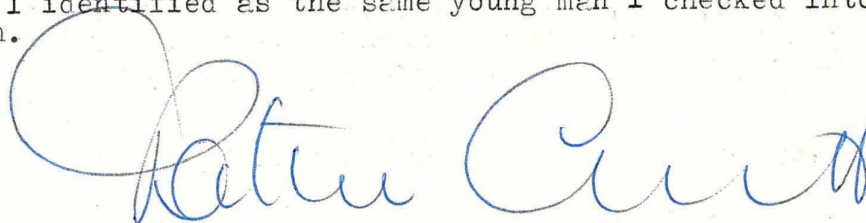
I am employed as a hotel receptionist at the Sydney Hilton Hotel, 259, Pitt Street, Sydney.

On the 9th May 1976 I was working at the Sydney Hilton Hotel on the 3pm to 11pm shift. At approximately 9.30 in the evening a young man came to the desk and asked for a single room. I asked him if he had a reservation and he said no. I then handed him a guest registration slip and asked him to fill it out which he did. I allocated room 3117 and asked if he was staying just the one night and he told me "no, two!" I then asked him for some form of identification and he produced a driver's licence, the number of which I noted on the registration card. The name on the licence was Mark Stewart, the same as the name entered on the registration slip. I then handed him his key and a short conversation followed about the hotel's facilities. He then left the reception desk, and as far as I know went to his room.

I would describe the young man as being 20-23 years of age, approximately 5'10" or 5'11" tall, slightly built with fair complexion, and long, curly unruly fair hair, which was shoulder length or thereabouts. I don't remember his clothes exactly, but he was casually dressed and I think he was wearing a light coloured short sleeved shirt, and maybe jeans. He had a very commanding manner and was very ~~well~~ self confident. He spoke with a well educated voice and type of Public School English. I thought he was English. His manner and speech were not in keeping with his appearance.

This was the only occasion that I saw the young man and had no further contact with him after he left the reception desk.

About 11.15am on May 20th 1976, two policeman came to the hotel and showed me a British Passport no. C766306 in the name of Mark Stewart. From the photograph in the passport I recognized the holder as being the same Mark Stewart I had checked into the hotel on May 9th. I was then escorted by the policemen, Detective Sergeant Hodgkinson and Detective Senior Constable Cooke, to the city morgue. There, I saw the body of a male person who I identified as the same young man I checked into the hotel on May 9th.



Patricia Cupitt.