

Shoe and Hand Prints Burbank Murder Clues

**Daughter of Brutally Slain Woman Fails
to Throw Light on Reason for Mystery Crime**

Two clear prints of a man's shoe and a smudged, bloody handprint provided police the only tangible clues yesterday in the brutal bludgeoned murder of Mrs. Mable Monahan, whose savagely beaten body was found in her Burbank home Wednesday.

The dead woman's daughter, Mrs. Iris Scherer Sowder, former wife of Tutor Scherer, Las Vegas gambler, could throw no light on the mystery. She and her husband, J. Robert Sowder, New York oilman, were questioned at length by police soon after they arrived by plane from the East.

Lt. Robert Coveney of the Burbank police said he is convinced that Mrs. Monahan, a cautious woman apprehensive of strangers, knew her killer. He said the all-important question now concerns motive.

"It depends on leg work now," Coveney said. "We've got to question a lot of people among her friends to try to find a motive."

Body in Closet

Mrs. Monahan's body, her hands tied behind her with a bloody sheet, was found lying in a hallway closet by her gardener, Mitchell Truesdale, 2425 N Buena Vista, Burbank.

She was surrounded by blood-drenched disorder. Her well-furnished, \$25,000 home at 1718 W Parkside Ave., in the Mountain View district of Burbank, had been completely ransacked.

Lights still burned and police estimated Mrs. Monahan had been dead since Monday night. She apparently had been reading a book, "The Purple Pony Murder," just before she was killed.

Autopsy Report

Dr. Frederick D. Newbarr, chief autopsy surgeon, said she died of asphyxiation due to strangulation and a cranial hemorrhage. It is his opinion that she was strangled not with a person's hands but with some sort of soft material, possibly cloth.

Examination during the autopsy disclosed evidence of no finger marks about the neck, only pressure. One semicircular mark over the right eyebrow indicated the woman had been struck with a hammer, although one was not found at the scene.

Robbery Doubted

Although police at first suspected robbery as the motive,

this possibility was revised when about \$500 in cash and approximately \$10,000 in jewelry were found in one of a dozen purses strewn around the house.

Mrs. Sowder, who said she visited her mother at the Burbank house from Feb. 6 to last Thursday, gave Mrs. Monahan \$500 in bills of various denominations before she left for New York. The money was intact.

A bandit intent on robbery would not have overlooked such available valuables after so thoroughly ransacking the house, police theorized.

House Ransacked

The extent of ransacking led investigators to believe the murderer was looking for something specific. Rugs were lifted, furniture overturned, drawers emptied, the breadbox probed—even the service porch cupboards had been searched.

While moving some of the heavy furniture, the killer left two footprints in dust on the floor of the den, it was learned. Because the prints were contained in an extremely thin layer of dust, the chance of obtaining a plaster cast was remote, although they were photographed.

The prints apparently were made by a sort of waffle-weave sole, like the sole of tennis or leisure shoes.

Smudge on Wall

On one of the walls investigators found a smudge, as if the killer had put his hand up to steady himself.

The entire house was dusted for fingerprints, but police said the murderer apparently had worn gloves.

Mrs. Sowder told police her mother had no enemies. Quite the contrary, she said, Mrs. Monahan had a faithful circle of friends with whom she enjoyed an active social life. They took turns hosting poker parties, at which stakes were small.



VICTIM—Burbank police seek slayer of Mrs. Mable Monahan, killed in home.



CONFRONT MYSTERY—Mrs. Iris Scherer Sowder, daughter of Mrs. Mable Monahan, who was bludgeoned to death in her home in Burbank, arrived from East by plane. From top, Det. R. L. McCann, J. Robert Sowder, New York oilman, and Mrs. Sowder.

Times photo

TRIO IN MONAHAN CASE FILE WRIT IN HIGH COURT

A petition for a writ of certiorari in behalf of Barbara Graham, John Santo and Emmett Perkins, under death sentence for the 1953 murder of Mrs. Mabel Monahan in Burbank, was filed yesterday with the U.S. Supreme Court, Atty. William Strong of Beverly Hills disclosed.

Originally scheduled to die last Dec. 3, the trio were granted a stay of execution until next Saturday by Justice William O. Douglas Nov. 16 to permit an appeal to the nation's highest tribunal.

Atty. Strong, representing the trio, said the petition asks the court to set aside their conviction and order a new trial on the ground that they had been denied their rights

under the 14th Amendment to the Constitution in three specific instances:

1—Adverse newspaper, radio and television publicity generated an atmosphere which precluded the possibility of a fair trial.

2—Mrs. Graham was forced to testify against herself when she was required to give certain answers before the grand jury.

3—Mrs. Graham was a victim of entrapment, coerced admissions and illegal search and seizure when a police undercover agent recorded conversations with her in the County Jail.

The conviction was upheld last August by the California Supreme Court.

Assembly Group Raps Guard for Barbara Graham

SACRAMENTO, March 15
(AP)—An Assembly committee says there is no need for a 24-hour guard over convicted Murderess Barbara Graham.

The Assembly Ways and Means Committee took that stand in deleting funds for a special two-guard watch over Mrs. Graham from the 1955-56 budget for California's nine State prisons.

Altogether, the committee approved \$23,000,000 for the prisons — practically all the budget requested.

Mrs. Graham, a member of the Jack Santo murder mob, is under death sentence at the Corona State Prison for Women for the bludgeoning of a Burbank widow.

Mrs. Graham, Doomed, Fails in Bid for Writ

A petition for a writ of habeas corpus in behalf of Mrs. Barbara Graham, under death sentence for the 1953 murder of Mrs. Mabel Monahan in Burbank, was denied yesterday by U.S. Judge Leon R. Yankwich.

The petition, filed by Mrs. Graham's attorneys, Al Matthews and Angus D. McEachen, contended that because police used a wire recorder to obtain evidence "by trickery and fraud" and also planted a policeman in her cell, she had been deprived of her rights under the U.S. Constitution.

Judge Yankwich, in denying the petition, said that all the points contained in the petition had already been considered by the courts. "No facts were presented in this petition that would warrant the interference of this court," he said.

Meanwhile in San Francisco a petition for stays of execution on behalf of Mrs. Graham and her two partners in the crime, Jack Santo and Emmett Perkins was denied also. The trio are scheduled to die next Friday in San Quentin Prison's gas chamber.

Three Tell Confession From Barbara Graham

Admitted Murder to Late Warden Teets Before Going to Her Death, Officers Say

BY WALTER AMES

Details of a pre-execution confession Barbara Graham reportedly made to the late Warden Harley Teets of San Quentin about her murder of a Burbank woman were told yesterday by three law enforcement officers.

Teets, it was learned, talked to the condemned woman while she was being kept in the prison hospital. She had been taken there from the women's prison at Corona after authorities heard rumors that friends were planning to "free" her from the institution.

The information about the confession first came out Wednesday night during the heated debate before the Senate Judiciary Committee on a bill to abolish the death penalty. It was defeated by a vote of 8 to 7.

Gives Details

Yesterday, in San Quentin Prison, Associate Warden Louis Nelson, apparently the first one to whom Teets unburdened himself on the Graham confession of the brutal slaying of Mrs. Mabel Monahan, told how it came about.

"The day of Oct. 26, 1956, a man on condemned row called for me," Nelson related. "He said he wanted to admit responsibility for his crime and filled me in on the gory details." This was not one of the Monahan killers.

"The following day I took the story to Warden Teets and asked what I should do. I told him I hadn't been able to sleep.

Kept Story Secret

"Teets said he understood my position. That he had kept locked in his breast the confession of Barbara Graham that she had pistol-whipped Mrs. Monahan to death."

Nelson said he asked Warden Teets if he had ever documented the confession and was told, "No. I've kept it secret for a couple of years and let's just keep it that way."

He said he felt he was told the story in confidence and didn't reveal it to anyone until Dist. Atty. William Weissich of Marin County asked him sometime after Teets' death in September, 1957, if he knew about it.

"When I was asked I told him about Teets' conversation," Nelson said.

Weissich, reached yester-

day in San Rafael, said he heard the story Aug. 30, 1957, two days prior to Teets' sudden death while the pair were returning from San Francisco.

"We had been attending a meeting in the attorney general's office on the question of providing a typewriter for Caryl Chessman," Weissich recalled.

"Teets was quite concerned about Chessman writing for publication and smuggling his manuscripts out of prison. In fact, I'm convinced they contributed to his death."

Dep. Dist. Atty. J. Miller Leavy, who successfully prosecuted Miss Graham, Jack Santo and Emmett Perkins for the Monahan murder for which they died in the San Quentin gas chamber in 1955, said he was sure Teets would have revealed the confession if he had known that a motion picture, "I Want to Live," would leave the impression Miss Graham died an innocent woman.

Opportune Moment

Asked why he did not reveal the confession after learning about it last June at a district attorney convention in Fresno, Leavy said he was awaiting the opportune moment.

"The damage had already been done in the Graham case through the motion picture," Leavy declared.

At the Sacramento meeting Leavy described the film as a sorry mess.

Gambler Questioned in Ex-Mother-in-Law Death

Police Talk to Nevadan at Palm Springs in Quest of Information on Monahan Killing

Three Burbank officers last night questioned Tutor Scherer, wealthy Las Vegas gambling figure, concerning the murder of his former mother-in-law, Mrs. Mable Monahan. The interview took place at a Palm Springs resort hotel where Scherer is vacationing.

Arrangements for the meeting were completed by the gambler's attorney for Det. Lt. Robert Coveney and two other detectives to discuss possible motives for the bludgeon slaying of Mrs. Monahan in her home, 1718 W Parkside Ave. Burbank.

Seek Information

Although Scherer is not directly connected with the investigation, officers believe he may be able to provide some information regarding his former mother-in-law which could lead to a murder clue.

Meanwhile, Burbank police broadcast an all-points bulletin describing footprints found at the scene of the murder. The shoes, worn by a man, had self-applied rubber soles, according to the broadcast.

The soles were new, with the trade name Treds Imprinted at the top and diagonal, raised lines forming squares, making up the remainder of the sole.

Mrs. Monahan, 62, a well-to-do widow, was strangled, beaten about the head and bound by her assailant sometime last Monday night, according to Lt. Coveney. She was found lying in a hallway closet Wednesday noon by her gardener, Mitchell Truesdale.

Nothing to indicate a motive for the murder was obtained from the dead woman's daughter, Mrs. Iris Scherer Sowder, who flew here from New York with her oilman husband the day after Mrs. Monahan's body was found in the shambles of her ransacked residence.

Visit Residence

Mrs. Sowder and her husband, J. Robert Sowder, New York oil company executive, yesterday visited and inspected the widow's residence. The home became the property of Mrs. Sowder as part of the community property settlement in her divorce from Scherer.

An inquest into the violent death of the former vaudeville roller skater will be conducted next Wednesday at 9:30 a.m. in the coroner's office.

One of Five Freed After Burbank Murder Quiz

John Paul Wilds, 50, one of at Burbank City Jail on suspicion of murder. five men arrested last Wednesday by Burbank police for questioning in the murder of Mrs. Mable Monohan, 62, was released from custody yesterday. The four others are to appear in Superior Court tomorrow when a writ of habeas corpus is returnable.

Wilds, who voluntarily submitted to a lie detector test, is the second of those arrested to be released.

However, Joseph W. Allen, 37, at liberty under \$5000 bond, must appear before Superior Judge Clement D. Nye tomorrow with Solly Davis, 46; William A. Upshaw, 34; and Baxter M. Shorter, 43, the others held

La Cienega Blvd. The elder Wilds lives at 940 Corsica Blvd., Pacific Palisades.

Mrs. Monohan, former mother-in-law of Las Vegas Gambler Tutor Scherer, was found brutally slain in her home at 1718 W Parkside Ave., Burbank. Police believe she was murdered on March 11. Her death was discovered two days later by a gardener.

Burbank Police Arrest Diver in Bludgeon Death

Burbank police have arrested a San Francisco deep sea diver under mysterious circumstances in Nevada County for questioning in the brutal bludgeon murder of Mrs. Mable Monohan, 62-year-old former mother-in-law of Gambler Tutor Scherer, it was learned last night.

John True, 33, was taken into custody Saturday afternoon as he bathed in the lonely mountain cabin of a friend near Grass Valley.

Kidnaping Feared

The arrest was so secretive that Sheriff Wayne Brown of Nevada County, who was not informed of the arrest, conducted an investigation in the belief that True had been kidnaped.

Hours afterward, True's attorney, Harold Berliner Jr., was attempting unsuccessfully to learn where the man had been jailed. He was seeking to serve a writ of habeas corpus to free True.

True was arrested in the cabin of Seth S. Terry, a mining promoter of Glenbrook Heights, Nevada County. Only other persons in the isolated cabin were one of Terry's children and a baby-sitter.

Taken Into Custody

Three officers entered the cabin, ordered True from the bathtub and into his clothes, then hurried from the house into a waiting car. Terry returned an hour later and learned of the episode. It was then that the kidnaping report was made to Sheriff Brown.

True, it was reported, has lived in Nevada County for the past seven or eight months and has worked with Terry on mining promotions. He also worked as a diver.

In Burbank, Chief of Police Rex Andrews said of the arrest:

"It isn't of any particular importance. He is to undergo some routine questioning. We have information that True was seen in this area at the time of the Monohan murder and

we want to check his movements."

Mrs. Monohan's badly beaten body was found March 11 in her ransacked home at 1718 W Parkside Ave., Burbank.

Death Penalty to Be Asked in Monohan Case

The death penalty will be sought for two men and a woman who go on trial today for the murder of Mrs. Mable Monohan, 62-year-old Burbank widow, it was announced yesterday by Dist. Atty. Roll.

Roll said the savagery of the beating administered to Mrs. Monohan in her home March 9 calls for the maximum penalty, and prospective jurors will be questioned closely on their attitude toward capital punishment.

Four Indicted

Accused of the crime in grand jury indictments are Emmett Perkins, 44; John A. Santo, 48; Mrs. Barbara Graham, 29, and John L. True, 38.

It is understood, however, that True may receive immunity in return for his testimony for the State.

Chief Asst. Dist. Atty. Adolph Alexander will prosecute the case with the assistance of Dep. Dist. Atty. J. Miller Leavy. Atty. S. Ward Sullivan will represent Perkins and Santo, while Atty. Jack Hardy will be counsel for Mrs. Graham.

Court Guard Ordered

The courtroom of Superior Judge Charles W. Fricke will be bristling with extra deputy Sheriffs and police as a safeguard against possible attempts to free the defendants or harm witnesses.

Baxter M. Shorter, original informer in the case, is missing and is presumed to have been killed. The District Attorney's office has received information that the underworld has offered \$1500 for the "rubout" of another witness, William A. Upshaw.

Murder Trial Jury Selection Starts

Courtroom Heavily Guarded as Four Face Monahan Death Charges

Selection of a jury to try three men and a woman for the murder of Mrs. Mabel Monahan, 62-year-old Burbank widow, began yesterday in the heavily guarded courtroom of Superior Judge Charles W. Fricke.

Plainclothes detectives and uniformed deputy sheriffs kept a watchful eye on both spectators and the defendants as John A. Santo, 48; Emmett Perkins, 44; Mrs. Barbara Graham, 29, and John L. True, 38, went to trial.

True, who is expected to testify for the prosecution, was seated at a discreet distance from the other defendants at the counsel table. Guards kept them separated during recesses.

Several Searched

Officers at the door of the courtroom carefully scrutinized spectators as they entered and searched several of them for possible weapons.

A woman identified by police as Harriet Santo, said to be the wife of Santo, was asked to leave the courtroom only a few minutes after she sat down. Another woman believed to have become acquainted with Mrs. Graham in the County Jail also was ejected.

Later in the day Harriet Santo returned to the courtroom and was allowed to remain, along with a woman said to be the wife of Perkins. Officers said both were searched.

Continuance Denied

As the proceedings began, Atty. S. Ward Sullivan, representing Perkins and Santo, moved for a continuance on the basis that witnesses who allegedly could place the two men in Nevada County at the time of the murder last March 9 had not been located.

Sullivan presented an affidavit by Harriet Santo to the effect that in her attempts to locate the witnesses she had been harassed by authorities in Nevada County and threatened with arrest for disturbing the peace.

First Jurors Called

After a long conference at the bench between Judge Fricke, attorneys and defendants, the motion was denied, and the first 12 prospective jurors were called to the jury box. Two of these, both women, promptly were excused by Judge Fricke when they expressed a conscientious objection against imposing the death penalty.

Questioning of the prospective jurors by Dep. Dist. Atty. J. Miller Leavy indicated that

the death penalty will be demanded for Santo, Perkins and Mrs. Graham, but that True will be granted immunity for his testimony and will be allowed to go unpunished.

Two Excused

One woman prospective juror then was excused when she stated she could not give the three defendants impartial consideration knowing that the fourth would go free. A man was excused because he felt unwilling to impose the death penalty himself, although not opposed to it as such.

Questioning of prospective jurors by Attys. Sullivan and Jack Hardy, who represents Mrs. Graham, indicated that their clients will take the witness stand to offer alibis that they were elsewhere when Mrs. Monahan was brutally beaten and strangled in her Burbank home.

True, represented by Public Defender Noel B. Martin, is expected to testify that he accompanied the other defendants and Baxter M. Shorter, the original informer who is missing and presumed murdered, to the Monahan home for the purpose of robbery.

Witness' Story

According to the account True gave the grand jury, the gang mistakenly believed that Tutor Scherer, Las Vegas gambler and former son-in-law of Mrs. Monahan, had secreted \$100,000 in her home.

True told the grand jury that Mrs. Graham repeatedly hit Mrs. Monahan in the face with a gun, that Perkins tied her hands and that Santo wrapped a piece of cloth around her neck or mouth before she was left to die in a closet.

Another prosecution witness will be William A. Upshaw, 34, who told the grand jury that he refused to join the gang at the last moment but knew of their intentions and heard details of the murder the following day from Shorter.

Shortly before court adjourned for the day, the prosecution exercised its first peremptory challenge on a woman prospective juror. Asst. Chief Dep. Dist. Atty. Adolph Alexander, who is in charge of the prosecution, said he expects a jury to be selected Monday.



IN GUARDED COURTROOM—Atty. S. Ward Sullivan and Defendants John A. Santo, Emmett Perkins and

Mrs. Barbara Graham, from left, are shown as latter three went on trial in slaying of Mrs. Mabel Monahan.

Times photo

Special Guards Vote

Los Angeles Times (1923-)

ProQuest Historical Newsp

pg. 4

Feb 17, 1954

Special Guards Voted Down for Mrs. Graham

SACRAMENTO, Feb. 16 (U.P.)

A legislative subcommittee today refused to authorize four special guards to keep unknown persons from "blowing out the brains" of the only woman in San Quentin Prison.

The woman, Barbara Graham, was convicted with Gangsters Jack Santo and Emmett Perkins of murdering Mable Monahan in her Burbank home while looking for \$100,000 they believed hidden there by Las Vegas (Nev.) Gambler L. B. (Tutor) Scherer. All were sentenced to death.

Just before a subcommittee refused to approve a budget item of \$15,728 in salaries for four special women guards for Mrs. Graham, Richard A. McGee, State Director of Corrections, said angrily:

"I'll send her back to Corona Women's Prison tomorrow if you do and if someone blows her brains out I want you to know who's to blame."

Less irritated a few minutes later, McGee withdrew his statement and said he would keep Mrs. Graham in San Quentin at least until July when current budget money runs out.

Under Heavy Guard

Mrs. Graham was transferred under heavy guard from Corona to San Quentin after tips from the underworld that an attempt would be made to kill her to keep her silent about other criminal matters.

Assemblyman Caspar Weinberger (R) San Francisco, pointed out \$30,000 would be spent just to guard Mrs. Graham and called it a "fantastic" amount.

"I'm willing to admit this is a high-priced woman," McGee said, "but we didn't do this lightly." McGee said he would reveal in executive session why he feared for Mrs. Graham's safety, but declined to do so in public.

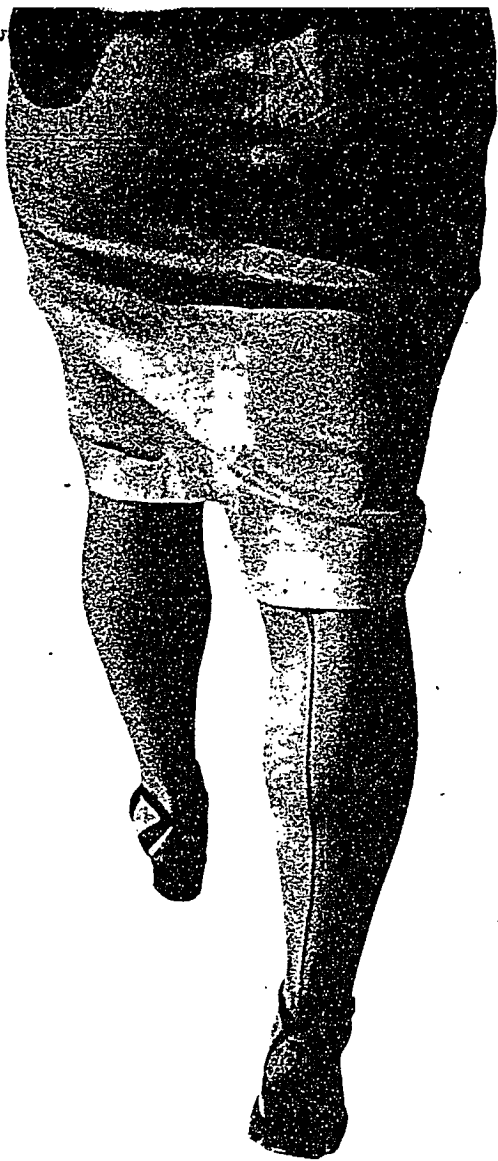
PATHWAY TO MURDER

BY BARBARA GRAHAM

The Washington Post and Times Herald (1954-1959); Apr 4, 1954;

ProQuest Historical Newspapers *The Washington Post* (1877 - 1994)

pg. AW4



*Here, in her own words, is the life story of a young woman
condemned to death for a crime she says she didn't commit*

PATHWAY TO MURDER

BY BARBARA GRAHAM

AS TOLD TO STUART PALMER

Thirty-year-old Barbara Elaine Graham, four times married and the mother of three sons, is now facing death in the gas chamber in California State Prison at San Quentin. Along with Jack Santo and Emmett Perkins, she was found guilty of the brutal murder of Mrs. Mabel Monahan, in Burbank, on the night of March 9, 1953.

Stuart Palmer, famous crime novelist and president of Mystery Writers of America, was granted special permission to get Barbara's personal story after her conviction. In spite of the damning evidence against her, she still protests her innocence of the Monahan murder.—THE EDITORS

I'm here in a cage, waiting to be the third woman executed for murder in the State of California. The crime for which the law insists I must pay with my life is the murder of a harmless, partially crippled old woman named Mrs. Mabel Monahan, a murder which the state says I participated in for money—money that wasn't even there.

The testimony of a thief, a safe-cracker and a stool pigeon put me here in the death cell. And my own foolish attempts to fake an alibi, when I found myself trapped, were chalked up as a sure confession of guilt.

Maybe death in a gas chamber is all a girl who almost always picked her associates from the underworld has a right to expect—especially when her past adds up to a story that's definitely not pretty, and one which I'm not trying to excuse.

Over and over again since I was brought to San Quentin, where I am the only woman prisoner among thousands of men and where I occupy what some writers have called a "luxurious three-room suite" (actually a blocked-off part of the hospital corridor), I have asked myself *how* I got here. This *can't* be me, not little Barbara. I keep thinking that the past year has been all a nightmare, and that I'll wake up sometime. But every morning, when I wake up, it is to see the same guards, the same matrons, the same bars and windowless walls.

Maybe some psychologist could dig back into my past and point out the tragic milestone where my feet first strayed onto the path that has led me, in a devious way, to the death cell. As I sit here, just waiting, I've tried to find that first misstep, too—for my own peace of mind and, perhaps, in the hope of softening the blow for my three little boys when, some day, they know all about what happened to their Mommie.

Here's my story, as I've pieced it together, and maybe this sounds like bitter recrimination—but I don't see where life offered me any great big choice. Folks who read what follows

may disagree with me. That's O.K. And if this account of my life keeps someone else from a wind-up like the one that awaits me—at the ripe old age of 30—that's just fine. I'm no do-gooder, please get that straight, but I don't mind if hearing about my mistakes keeps someone else from failure.

It all began with Hortense, my mother. She must have hated me from the day I was born in an Oakland, California, slum back in 1923. She was 17 then, and the arrival of a fatherless brat probably brought her shame and disgrace. But I didn't know that—I didn't even suspect that my father wasn't my real father at all until I grew up and applied for a birth certificate. Joe Wood, a man Hortense married sometime after I was born, was decent and kind to me whenever he was around and I believed he was my father, and called him Papa, as long as he lived.

I was only a toddler of two when Hortense—then a flighty young thing of 19—dumped me with relatives and disappeared. She came home in a couple of years, couldn't stand the sight of me, and put me out to board with a woman named Kennedy.

Here's an example of what my life was like in that place:

Mrs. Kennedy had a parrot and I suppose it was more curiosity than badness, in those early days, that tempted me to let that ugly bird out of its cage. Mrs. Kennedy was the first judge and jury I ever faced and, as a punishment for my "crime," I was sentenced to stand in a corner for hours, holding a raw onion pressed close to my eyes, not even permitted to wipe away the tears that streamed down my cheeks.

Every day in that place held some horror. When Papa Wood came to see me—to bring me some little candies for Halloween—he was shocked at the way I looked and insisted on taking me home. This was during the depression era, and home was just a shack where Papa Wood and Hortense, my brother, my sister and I all lived cooped up with my crippled grandfather.

Papa Wood died when I was seven and then things really got tough.

Hortense was young and pretty and poverty didn't keep her from living a gay life. She had a lot of boy friends of one sort or another and didn't hesitate to let me know that I was in the way. I did what a lot of other kids do under such circumstances. I ran away. And every time I was brought back, I ran away again.

One day, when Hortense really got mad, she took me to an orphanage—St. Mary's of the Palms, in San Jose. I expected things to be terrible but to my surprise the Sisters were kind;



Barbara Graham—"I keep thinking it has been a nightmare but, when I wake up, I see the same guards, the same matrons, the same bars and windowless walls."

they were wonderful. It's funny, almost the only happy memory of my entire childhood is that of the few months I spent in that orphan asylum.

Maybe if some nice couple had adopted me, then my life would have been different. But Hortense came and took me away and my next stop, after a few months of miserable freedom, was The Home of The Good Shepherd, a school for incorrigible girls. I stayed there until I was caught sneaking over the wall that kept the young inmates of The Home fenced in—I'd decided to pinch some oranges in a nearby grove. And I was kicked out of the place that was supposed to specialize in straightening out bad kids—for running away.

Back home again, I started going to school regularly and found a measure of happiness in that—especially English literature. I've always been a pushover for poetry—Oscar Wilde, Walt Whitman and some of Robert Bridges. Verse seems to say something to me that nothing else can.

About this time I guess I came to a crossroads where any girl needs a mother's guidance—but what kind of guidance could Hortense give me? At 14, I was big and mature for my age and a little interested in the opposite sex. Hortense kept watch like a hawk and wouldn't let me look at a boy, much less walk home from school with one. All during my time in high school she never let me go to a dance or a football game, or anything.

So I gave up school and ran away again. This time I met a man, about 35, in a San Francisco bar where I was trying to get a job as a waitress. He picked me up, and I guess he had what you call intentions until he found out how young I was. Then he took me home to his mother because I hadn't a dime and had no place to stay.

This man was an "ex-con" but he and his mother were both good to me. How long *that* would have lasted, or where this association might have led me, is anybody's guess.

Hortense and the juvenile authorities tracked me down, but I'd seen a little bit of the world and I became defiant.

Though I was back home and back at school,

I started sneaking out with boys whenever they showed an interest in me. It was wonderful to have *somebody* like me.

Sometimes they'd give me presents of stockings or perfume, and maybe I thought I owed them something for that—but I *wasn't* promiscuous.

I was fast becoming a delinquent because I didn't know how to be anything else. Just before I finished the ninth grade, Hortense had me committed to the Ventura School for Girls, a state reform school. That was the first really indelible blot on my record—the other things were just kid stuff. But even that stain could have been erased, perhaps, if the matrons hadn't taken pains to tell me that I was traveling in my mother's footsteps.

"A chip off the old block"—that's what they called me when they disclosed that my mother had spent two years as one of their charges. I learned that her strange disappearance, when I was two,



Toward the end of her trial, Mrs. Graham's youngest son, Tommy, was allowed to visit her. Tommy's father, Hank Graham, is Barbara's fourth husband.

was an enforced one. She'd been sent up for delinquency, the same as I.

Somehow I stuck out my two years at the reform school and was paroled. A parole meant that I must have a job and I worked as a domestic servant for a few measly dollars a week, washing piles of greasy dishes and scrubbing miles of dirty floors, with no nights out, no fun, no radio and no books to read.

All the while I worked in that place I could feel unseen eyes upon me, watching to see if that criminal girl from the reformatory would try to steal the silverware.

But I was trying hard to go "legit" (as I've tried quite a few times in my life) and I stuck to that job for the whole eight months of my parole. I wound up with a few dollars in my purse and a bitter taste in my mouth.

After that I worked in a dime store, and for a while I delivered messages for Western Union. I was 17, and nothing in life seemed to be making much sense, so I ran away and landed in San Diego early in 1940.

I was adrift, didn't know anybody. But I worked at one job after another—all unskilled labor—until late that year when I married a nice dull mechanic named Harry Kielhammer.

I'd met him in a small-time bar, the sort of place an anchorless girl like me usually goes to find friends; a place where the men you meet take it for granted that you'll say "yes" to the only question they have on their minds.

Kielhammer and I teamed up about as well as a plow-horse and a wild mustang, and the birth of our first son—Billy—didn't make the yoke any easier. Somehow we stuck together, though, until our second son—Darryl Michael—was born. Then, in 1942, Harry got a divorce. He didn't want the boys and I couldn't support them, so they went to his mother in Seattle.

Freed from my first marriage ties, I started cruising up and down the West Coast, trying to find some place I'd fit, somebody who'd *want* me. I even worked my way through (Continued on page 17)



Emmett Perkins (left) and Jack Santo, convicted with Barbara Graham of killing Mrs. Mabel Monahan, enjoy coffee and doughnuts in the sheriff's van while being driven to San Quentin's "Death Row."

PATHWAY TO MURDER

(Continued from page 5)

business college down in San Diego and got the equivalent of a high school diploma. With that bit of paper as insurance, I thought I'd surely be able to earn my living in a legit way, and maybe get my two little boys back and make a home for them. I didn't figure on having to give references, but every time I applied for a job someone asked me about my past which—as you know by now—wasn't pretty. I'd lie and then I'd get caught—and the job I hoped to get always went out the window.

San Diego was full of sailors at the time, and they were all girl-crazy. I was pretty and knew I could trade on my looks, so I guess I became what they call a "sea-gull"—following the fleet. When you're broke and don't know where the next meal's coming from, that line of least resistance sometimes looks like the only answer. But let me tell every girl who reads my story that there is no percentage in playing at the oldest profession in the world. If a girl still has a heart when she tries it, I say it leads to heart-break. For me it led to something much worse.

I wanted to get out of the life that circumstances (and maybe a blind spot in my thinking) had led me into and, in 1942 or '43, I married a sailor by the name of Aloyce Pueschel—just before he shipped out.

If you say it was a business arrangement, just to get his allotment, I won't deny it. I wouldn't know him today if I ran into him on the street, not that I'm likely to walk any streets from now on.

After Pueschel had taken to the high seas, I roved from Seattle to Reno; from San Francisco to Los Angeles to Stockton and heaven only knows where. I even got as far east as Chicago. I held jobs as a waitress or a dice girl when I could get them—but such jobs are hard to find and hard to keep.

By this time my social life—if you can call it that—revolved around the only group that would have me. You folks outside prison bars would call it the underworld. These people I'd met in saloons and gambling houses were nice to me and were quick with a sawbuck for dinner or for the rent.

Two of my new pals were Mark Monroe and Tom Sittler. I've always gone all out for my friends, when I had any, and when I heard that these two guys were accused of beating up and robbing Sally Stanford, the San Francisco vice queen, I popped up with an alibi for them.

Boy, did I lead with

my chin on that one! The cops were smarter than I'd thought, and they proved that I was in Chicago at the very time the Stanford caper was pulled.

As a reward for doing my pals a favor I got eight months in jail for perjury, with five years probation. I got off light because the other girl who'd sworn to the fake alibi made some sort of deal to talk and my lawyer pointed out it would look funny if she got off and I did the whole five. (I've never "sung" in my life and never will.)

Being on probation is like trying to swim with a rock tied around your neck. You can't leave town and you have to get a legit job, and who wants you?

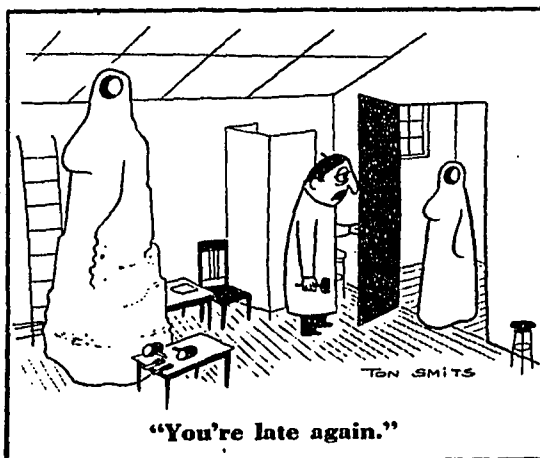
I'd divorced Pueschel before this thing came up, so now I made another business deal and married a traveling salesman named Charles Newman. I thought I could get off probation if I said I wanted to travel with my husband to be near him, but it didn't fool the probation officers. When I was sure that I'd outsmarted myself on that one, I divorced Newman and got mixed up with a big handsome smoothie named John Brick.

John always had plenty of money though he worked as a chauffeur for the rich Dr. Malcolm Hoffman. We had a cozy apartment and were getting along so well I should have suspected it was the lull before a storm. But, like the dope that I've often been, I was surprised when Dr. Hoffman was arrested, charged with performing illegal operations and John Brick was picked up with him.

I really was in the clear but, with my record, who'd believe it if I were caught within hailing distance of one of those men? I could just picture myself going back to jail to serve that whole five years of my probation. So I did the natural thing and scrambled.

If you believe in fate you can say that's why I headed for Los Angeles. But, for my money, I'll say that it was sheer circumstance that turned my footsteps in that direction. What happened when I got there, and first set my eyes on Hank Graham, a gentle little guy with a quick grin and a nice sense of humor, is another story. Let's call it the biggest and most unforgettable milestone along the pathway to where I am today—the death cell in San Quentin.

Next week, Barbara Graham tells how she met Hank Graham, who became her fourth husband, and gives her version of the murder of Mrs. Mabel Monahan in which she says she took no part, and for which she now awaits death in the gas chamber.



Barbara Graham Changes Prisons

Los Angeles Times (1923-Current File); Jun 24, 1954;
ProQuest Historical Newspapers Los Angeles Times (1
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Barbara Graham Changes Prisons

SAN QUENTIN, June 23 ~~and~~
Barbara Graham, 30-year-old
mother sentenced to death
along with Jack Santo and Em-
met Perkins for the slaying of
an elderly Burbank (Cal.) wid-
ow, was transferred today from
San Quentin to Corona Wom-
en's Prison.

The attractive girl friend of
Santo was driven under heavy
guard to the Southern Califor-
nia institution southeast of
Los Angeles.

Warden Harley O. Teets said
the transfer was made because
there are no more funds left
to take care of her at San Quen-
tin.