

## THE MAN ON DEATH ROW

*On October 3, 1943 Max Martin is sentenced to die in the California gas chamber. Mr. Martin is from a prominent Oakland family. Mr. Martin's mother insists her boy was lured to kill by an unsavory woman and the woman deserved to die. Mr. Martin, Sr. said his son is ready to the like a man. Oakland Tribune. June 10. 1943*

"How would you like it if I tried that on you?" Max remarked to Babe as they cuddled together in the car.

"Try it and see," Babe replied.

Max and Babe were on one of their frequent rides into the hills back of Oakland and San Leandro. On this evening they had parked in a secluded spot after a short ride and had talked and necked for a while when Babe had put her hand inside the boy's shirt and was rubbing it over his chest.

Although he was twenty-two, Max had not had sexual intercourse with a woman and was quite surprised and much disturbed by the girl's action. Max thought himself in love with this bit of femininity. To think of her in any other manner was beyond him.

Timidly one of his fingers probed its way down the front of her dress until it rested in the valley between her firm hard breasts. Max was thrilled and thought Babe must be too, to judge by her actions as she boldly caressed him. Becoming a little bolder himself Max let that lone finger roam a bit and it was not long before his hand cupped a nice, firm breast. he was thrilled and thought she must be to, to judge by her actions as she boldly caressed him. Becoming a little bolder himself, Max let that lone finger roll a bit and it was not long before his hand cupped a nice firm breast.

Max had met Babe two months previously and had immediately started going with her. Never a very sociable person he was lonesome most of the time. In this girl he found a kindred soul and grabbed at her friendship like a drowning man for a life raft. Their association was bound to grow rapidly and it was not long before they were seeing each other daily.

During his school days Max had been more or less a prodigy. Nothing else existed for him except his studies. His time from age 6 until his graduation from high school was entirely devoted to studying and reading. This left him no opportunity to associate with other children of his age and he missed entirely those happy days of play and extracurricular learning which such associations provide.

Now, after years of working he was becoming cynical and lonesome. Friends were unknown to him, with the exception of one man he met at work who was his age. But this fellow had a girlfriend and so Max felt very much left out most of the time. Then he met Babe. She really was not very pretty. She was two years Max's junior.

Her father was dead making it necessary for her mother to work, which left Babe very much on her own, and she had her own way about almost everything. She had short-cut black hair, blue eyes, a round full face and finely modeled red lips. Her figure did not seem fully matured. To Max this was an attractive feature.

This caressing of one another in the car was arousing Max very much and he was getting scared. Although he knew the score he had always been afraid to play it out. Naturally on this first occasion his feelings overwhelmed him.

"It's getting late. I'd better take you home," he blundered as his fear rose.

"Oh, not yet" pleaded. Babe who was thoroughly enjoying herself "If only we could stay here a while longer," she must have thought, "Maybe he would." She was not afraid, and had evidently done this before. Although Max never asked.

But Max was resolute. He would not stay with her any longer with this awful fear gripping him. They must go home. So he started the motor and in a few minutes had Babe at the door of the house at which Babe and her mother boarded with another widow. Their good-nights were short and after a few kisses Max left promising to return the following night.

His whole being aroused and his mind in a turmoil Max did not get much sleep that night. Necking with a girl was nothing, an enjoyable nothing: He had done that on two or three occasions with girls at parties at his own home. But this - this! It was terribly disturbing. His mind told him that he did not want to go on with this sort of thing. The desires of the flesh were different. How delightful it would be to taste it once. A fellow could do it just to see how it was, couldn't he? Round and round his thoughts went - arriving at no solution of the problem. He finally drifted off into a fitful sleep.

He lighted a cigarette as he got into his car the following evening, still not having made up his mind as to how to face this situation. Max glanced at his watch before starting the motor. They drove around for over an hour before gradually drifting into those beautiful rolling hills which lie so serenely behind Oakland. Being fearful of himself and what he might do if they got into a too secluded spot Max drove to the top of the hills and parked off the road at the top of the Redwood grade--a spot which he knew was never deserted. The view from this eminence was one of the most gorgeous of any he knew. Sitting in a car one could look down on the twinkling lights of the cities of Berkeley, Oakland, Alameda and San Leandro. On clear nights like this one the lights of San Francisco and the peninsula were also visible, truly a soul inspiring sight.

When they arrived at this place there were already several hundred cars parked on the hillside below the road. Max drove down and found a good spot quite a distance from the nearest car, and cut the ignition and lights.

"Why did you come here?" Babe asked, "I thought that place we went to last night was very nice."

"I don't know. I just like a change I guess," Max hedged. "You know this is the swellest and most popular spot in all these hills. Everybody comes here at some time or another. The view is absolutely wonderful." He put his Arm around her and kissed her.

The response she gave was like an electric shock to Max. Gosh, hadn't she gotten over last night either was his thought. This set him off once more to the same dilemma as last night, again round and round went the problem in his mind.

Max didn't object but started the car and wormed his way out of the now packed hillside. Babe seemed a bit disturbed when Max insisted on taking her home.

Several days passed. Max did not see her nor did Babe telephone him. The old feeling of lonesomeness again began to settle down on Max. His replies to questions at home or to his friend, Jim, were monosyllables. He just did not want to talk to anyone. And of course he wouldn't go see Babe and solve this question at the source. All of his life he had been taught to respect the opposite sex. Why shouldn't he now? It had not been hard to do before. Why was it harder now? Max lived in a cottage behind his parents home. He was an only child. His mother was wonderful. She baked and sewed. When he was little and his father was away, she would put him in bed with her and read to him. She bragged to other families about how intelligent he was. And when he got into trouble at seventeen she was there not like him, his father... she made him tell the priest and he was forgiven, by God. But his father beat him so the whole neighborhood knew - everyone knew what he was really like. He tried not to think those awful thoughts. He never hurt her and she really did look older than ten. He tried to stop himself from masturbating in front of her. He'd nearly conquered his carnal temptations. It took years. If it hadn't been for the little girl perhaps his life would have been different.

On a Thursday the telephone rang. Max answered.

"Hello."

"Hello."

"Oh, its you Babe, how are you?"

"Okay."

"Where have you been? It seems like weeks since I've seen you," he said trying to sound nonchalant.

"It does seem a long time doesn't it? Has something gone wrong?"

"No." Again that hedging by Max. A habit with him. His questions and problems had always been answered or solved by himself and will probably always be.

"We're moving Saturday."

"No!"

"Yes. Mother rented a little house this morning. Max, mother wants to know if you could come out Saturday afternoon and help us move our stuff?"

"Sure, I guess so. What did she do take the day off?"

"Yeah. Well I'll be looking for you shortly after one O'clock."

"All right. I'll be there."

"Gee, thanks, honey."

When Max arrived at Babe's place Saturday he was informed that the house they had was only a

couple of blocks removed from their present home. Babe and her mother did not have very much stuff with the exception of personal effects so with his car the moving was only a matter of an hour or so.

The house was a small furnished cottage containing only three rooms and a bath. Max left shortly after the actual moving was done. He did not consider himself of any use hanging around when there was a lot of straightening up to be done.

"Of course," he told Babe before leaving, "I'll be back this evening. Maybe we can go to a show somewhere."

They did go to the theatre that night. And thus it was for several nights during the following week--a theatre, dance, or visit to some friend. He didn't trust himself to take Babe on another ride, he was still frightened of the unknown.

Jim, Max's friend, did not have a car so it had become the custom for the two of them to go places together. On this particular day, a Sunday, Jim had a heavy date with Betty his flame, but for some reason after he had arrived he asked Max to go over and get Babe and the four of them would spend the day together. This plan suited Max perfectly--he wouldn't have to be alone with Babe. He went to her home and got her.

The day passed pleasantly doing nothing except loll around listening to the radio and talking and eating. But late in the afternoon Betty suggested that it would be very nice to take a ride in the cool of the evening, to which everybody acquiesced at once except Max. Not being a person to spoil the pleasure of others he finally agreed.

It had been particularly warm all day and Babe thought that before she went on a drive she should go home and change her clothes.

"Max will you drive me home so I can get into some other things?"

"Sure, be right with you."

Grabbing his cap they left; telling the others they would be back in half-an-hour. Then it was that Max realized he had let himself in for it.

Upon arriving at her home Babe asked Max in and he accepted although he knew her mother would not be home and it was his habit not to be in the house with Babe alone. Max entered and picked up a magazine and sat down in the living room. Babe passed on through the room into the bedroom but did not close the door.

Always a voracious reader Max soon became engrossed in a story in the magazine and was reading very intently when he heard Babe's voice calling: "Max, come here."

He laid the magazine aside and went into the other room. There was Babe with her arms above her head trying to tug her dress over her head. The picture as she stood there was very revealing. Her lithe body stood out very nicely in only brassiere and shorts.

"Help me get this thing off "

Max did so, but of course, in order to do it he had to touch her and that set him off right. He took her in his arms and crushed her to him. She offered no resistance but surrendered herself to him completely.

When his hands fell behind her back they came upon the clasp of her braziere. He unsnapped it and turned her around and pushed her back upon the bed. The removal of her garments was accomplished in a trice. A part of him waited for her to resist but she seemed to want it as much as he did.

It was dark when Max arrived home. He was filled with remorse and now had a new kind of fear. She might have a baby. That would be awful. Poor fellow, had he only known a little something about things like that. He didn't dare ask Jim where to get condoms or if he knew exactly when to pull out.

Max heard a man's voice out trailing from his parents house or more precisely his mother's house. His father was home after visiting that strumpet, as his mother called her. He did not want to see his father who had left his mother for a girl younger than Max. He resented his mother for not being more of what ever it was that his father wanted. Now, he had to be around to comfort her. His biggest fear was that his father would be found out and Max would bare the brunt of embarrassment.

Sleep did not come to him at all that night. He just lay and tossed and tossed, thinking. Well, anyway, he decided just before dawn there won't be any more times. The chances a fellow took were too great for so short a pleasure. Gee, but it was a great thrill, though.

Max's father was a man's man. A true adventurer, a photographer in the Chinese Boxer rebellion. He returned home with pictures of severed heads on stakes. He began a chain of department stores and he financed a baseball team. He had a deep powerful voice that silenced Max. Max's childhood could be summed up by saying he spent days and nights in his room with books avoiding his father's wrath with the help of his mother.

He stayed away from Babe. One day, two days, three days, then he fell. His thoughts kept going back to that Sunday afternoon. "I've got to see her," he kept telling himself. Wednesday he did. Only days after confession and a purifying holy communion. He imagined priests never had sinful passions that overcame them.

Max was not a handsome boy. He was a little under medium height and inclined to be thin. Through an accident at birth, he had one blind eye and was deaf in one ear. The way he had spent his childhood years in study and reading did not tend to make him strong nor healthy looking. Other than that lack of the healthy look though, he was not sickly appearing. His head was well molded, in fact it was a proud, ascetic head. The hair was dark, more brown than black His eyes too were brown. The lips full, but not too full. Due to his high cheek bones the cheeks looked a little sunken and drawn, this however, was not truly the case. His cheeks were neither drawn nor sunken, it was just an effect. The thing which kept him from being a handsome person was his nose which was too large, though finely modeled. His ears, too, detracted some from his

appearance. They, like his nose, protruded a little too far. The bane of Max's existence was his hair. Try as he could nothing would make it stay in place. It just couldn't be trained and was straight as an arrow. Trying to make that hair of his stay in place was his only vanity. He would spend hours before the mirror and many dollars of his salary on hair oils , but all to no avail. An hour, maybe, but after that it would be just as bad as when he started.



*Pictured above is convicted murderer Max Martin with Father Philp. Mr Martin's head was shaven when he was sentenced to die. His father, the main financier, for the Seals Baseball team, has denied any appeals were made to the governor. The Oakland Tribune. July 20. 1943*

Babe's mother worked for a family and was on the job from seven in the morning until seven at night. Her only interest in life was her daughter. She, herself, was a comparatively young woman having married and borne Babe when most young ladies were still in school. Working twelve hours a day she was quite worn out when she came home in the evening and was in bed at the early hour of eight o'clock.

Max continued his habit of not being in Babe's home with her before her mother came home, but was usually there shortly afterwards.

They would sit and talk for a while then Ma, as Max called her, would retire to the bedroom leaving the two young folk to their own devices in the living room. Max did not take Babe out much any more.

A well as three chairs and a little table the room was furnished with a couch situated just opposite the front door and on the same wall as the doorway into the bedroom. When Ma went to bed the boy and girl would sit on this couch and it was not long till they would be in a reclining position. They spent many pleasurable evenings on that couch and Max had her there many times, barely six feet from her mother.

This had gone on for six months and nothing had been said about Babe being pregnant. Maybe he just wasn't any good that way. This would have been fine with him. After trying several times to lead up to the point Max finally asked her and was assured that everything was all right. "There was no danger," Babe told him.

These things about the feminine body and pregnancy were not the only things Max was hearing though. Jim told him one day that Babe's mother was fostering the apparent romance because she wished to get Babe married off. This was news. Max had no intention of marrying Babe. He felt himself suffocating. His mother wanted him to marry too. But he knew Babe was not someone either of his parents would approve of. He wished he could have many of the joys of marriage with out having all of the burdensome duties of a husband. But how was he to get out of this intimacy with Babe without out right telling her that he was through. That would hardly be possible. She might even be so angry about it that she would tell her mother the whole story if

Ma didn't know it all ready. The thought of Ma telling his father worried him to distraction.

Max pondered over this thing for a long time. It took a long time to come to a decision, but when he finally reached one he decided to put it into immediate practice. There was a girl down at the office he had his eyes on anyway. He felt himself developed and mature enough to approach the woman at the office who was many times prettier than Babe. Verna. Her name was Verna. The rest of the time he saw Babe he tried his plan. The evening was very pleasant, being spent mostly in talking about Babe's work at the Del Monte plant. After Ma went to bed, they took to the couch.

"Kiss me, honey."

Max did. And that's all. His plan called for her doing the leading.

She did not understand this new Max, "Honey, what is the matter? You feeling bad or something? You have never acted like this before. Don't you love me anymore."

"No, it's nothing like that;" He bent over and kissed her to pacify her, but did not attempt to follow up. Babe knew there was something amiss, but could not understand what it might be. She didn't ask Just went on as she had always done, fondling him and running her hands over his skin.

Max strongly adhered to his plan. It was damned hard, but he had to get himself out of this. How Babe would feel about it; he did not consider.

Babe was beginning to get hot and bothered. Now was the time to really put his plan into execution. Max apparently came out of his lethargy and started kissing her and petting in his old fashion. It was not long before she was asking for it, but Max resolutely went ahead. When she was entirely divested of her clothes and practically begging him to do it; he got up and told her good-night.

To her surprise he left. There he was in a hell of a state. She slept with her mother. Max wondered how was she to go to bed in this condition. Ma would surely suspect something. He imagined her putting her dress on as quickly as she could then going into the bathroom and staying there and masturbating and trying not to arouse her mother's curiosity.

At the office the next day Max tried to get a date with Verna Davies, the girl to whom he was attracted. He had only admired her from a safe distance before this. Now he was instilled with a new found courage. She gave a fellow the impression she was a good fast one. That was just what Max wanted, no more of this beating around with one girl for months trying to be friends with her. He knew now what he wanted and was out to get all he could. Verna turned him down but said she would think it over. He could think of nothing else. To be with her would be like being with a famous movie star. As a matter of fact if he had been given a choice between Betty Grable and Verna Davies he would have picked Verna In spite of the night before, he went again that evening to see Babe. Her greeting was very cordial.

"Hello, honey, come in. Ma isn't home yet; but it will be all right. She'll be here in a minute or two. You know, dear, it's good to see you after last night. You had me worried stiff"

"Oh, I didn't mean to worry you. I don't know what was wrong with me last night. A little off my

feet I guess."

"You're all right now, though, aren't you?" He wished she wouldn't be so solicitous. "I think so. Say, how about going to a show tonight," he said trying to sound happy, "We haven't gone in a long time."

"Okay with me. We better wait until mother comes home though."

"You can leave her a note. If we go now we'll get home before it's very late."

"All right. Where will we go--downtown or one of the neighborhoods?"

"Anything good at the Palace? That's not so far. We'll have more time to ourselves if we go there."

The picture at the Palace must have been good in their estimation because that is where they went. After the show they had a soda and went home. Max kissed Babe good-night and left without going in. He even seemed to begrudge getting out of the car and taking her up to the door. He felt pretty good about the whole thing. It all seemed to be working out just the way he had planned it, not the least bit of a hitch.

"Well," he thought after he had driven home and went to bed "Maybe this isn't going to be so bad after all. I won't see her tomorrow night. Let her stew awhile. She might get the idea that I am tired of her and want to end it. She's that kind. She might even find somebody else. Whoever he is he's welcome to her. I've had enough of her, no marriage for me."

And he drifted off into a peaceful sleep. They saw one another only three times in the next two weeks. Babe seemed to be getting very cold about the whole affair. Max topped off his plan by making a date to take her on a picnic in the hills by themselves then forgetting to show up. In fact he absented himself from home that day so that she couldn't reach him on the phone. As far as Max was concerned the break-up was easy. Not so for Babe, however, she wasn't a promiscuous girl. Max convinced himself that he had been her only love affair. She was not to blame that she was naturally a hot little thing.

Again he went to confession. The priest told him marriage was long over due. He must marry soon or lose his soul. It was shortly after this that Max was visited by father Philip. Father Philip had given him stamps after the incident with the little girl. He wanted a promising boy like Max to have a hobby that would distract him from his obsessive sexual desires. Father gave Max a small stamp Collection. He came to see if Max was faithfully placing the stamps in the collector's book. Max and the priest laughed at Max's sloppy way of collecting. They went over some of the foreign stamps that the young man was given by his father. "Look at these," the priest said good naturedly, "China, Spain, England. You can learn so much and maybe one day visit these countries yourself "

Max concealed his depressed thoughts. How would he go anywhere or do anything as long as his mother needed him here?

Grisly details of the Martin murder were read to the Governor who is looking over the appeal made by lawyers hired by the defendant. Governor Olson has said his office was not interested in saving a man who confessed to such a heinous crime. Oakland Tribune. August 17. 1943

"Verna will you go to a show with me?" Max asked the next day at the office. He had backed her into a corner and kissed her. He knew she would like him if she realized his new found

abilities. Verna acted a little frightened. She hadn't wanted Max to kiss her there in the office. There was no way she could have stopped him though without raising a scene. Such a thing would never do. Verna was the junior girl in the office and things were not going any too well. It would be a bad plan to get into a jam here with things that way, she'd sure get the axe. And although it was not absolutely necessary for Verna to work she liked this job. The whole office force was such a congenial bunch. Then, too, jobs weren't any too easy to find these days. so rather than take a chance on the possibility of such a thing occurring she decided it might be better to agree to this impetuous boy's request.

"All right Max. I will go to a show with you. Will next Tuesday be all right with you?"

"Gee, Verna, that's swell. Sure, Tuesday will be fine with me. Where will I meet you?" "Oh, you can come to my home, can't you? I'll tell you how to get there."

"Sure, anything you say, Verna."

"You know where Montana Street is."

"Montana Street. Yes, I think I do. Runs into Fruitvale Avenue some place doesn't it? That's not very far from where I live. What number?" She told him the number and described the house to him so that there could be no mistake in the darkness. When Max started his car Monday morning and let the clutch in nothing happened, something must have broken someplace. Damn, just when he needed the car the worst way. Chances are he wouldn't be able to get it fixed before the next night. "Damn it all to hell anyway!" He was not in a very bright mood when he arrived in the office that morning after riding downtown on a street car. The first time he had been on one of the goddam snails in over two years. What a hell of a life! It was the noon hour before he had a chance to talk to Verna. The entire force had been very busy all morning. Business seemed to be picking up a little, "Could I take you to lunch, Verna There is something I'd like to talk to you about."

"Yes, of course. Where do you eat?"

"I don't usually eat in town. I get up kind of early you know and usually wait until I get home for lunch. Do you have any particular place you like?"

"I do. There is a little basement restaurant up Broadway opposite the Orpheum I like very much. It is not much to look at but the food is good and they don't rob you."

"All right. That's just where we'll go."

Max snapped his finger and popped his hat onto his head. They walked up Broadway in silence. Max was over in his mind a way to tell her that he had to break their date for the following evening. For some reason he just could not hit upon just the right way to say it. It was a hell of a note to make a date with a girl then break it. Especially a first date. One he had practically begged for. Why in the name of hell did this have to happen today? They entered the restaurant and got seats at a table in a corner. The waitress took their order and disappeared to get the food. Max was fidgety. His reason for taking Verna to lunch bothered him. Finally deciding not to spoil her lunch, he started talking about things at the office. Time enough after they had eaten to tell her. After they had eaten Max asked, "Do you mind if I smoke?"

"No."

"Want one?" He shook the pack until one Camel popped out."

"I don't smoke. But go ahead. I like the smell of cigarette smoke."

He lit up, then, "Verna, you know the darndest thing happened this morning. Something went wrong with my car. I started the motor, but the clutch wouldn't take hold. Couldn't make the thing move. I haven't the least idea what might be wrong."

"That's too bad."

"It's more than that. Sort of looks like we'll have to call off our date for tomorrow. I wouldn't think of asking you to ride on a street car. We'd never get to the show."

"That is all right. I don't mind." She paused and seemed to be thinking and sort of studying Max.

"You can get to my house can't you?"

"Sure, that'll be easy enough." He couldn't help it. His eyes kept scanning her body. "Would it be all right with you to take my car?"

"Your car! I didn't know you had one." Max smiled beamingly. Here were all of his troubles blowing away like the smoke from his cigarette. "Yes, I have a little roadster. We could take that."

"Gee, Verna, that will be swell. I'll be there then as we planned tomorrow night."

"We had better be getting back to the office I think. It's almost one O'clock. I don't like to be late."

It was a much different Max that returned to the office that afternoon. Now to get done here and go home and find out what happened to that crate this morning. The car trouble was a simple enough thing. Max had just dynamited it too much. He had finally snapped an axle. Not too much of a job for him to do himself but he wouldn't be able to get it done before tomorrow night. It was just as well.. Verna was sure a swell kid offering her car that way. Verna was a swell kid, she was more than that she was a doggoned sweet kid. Max did not know this, however. All he was after was what he could get. To him Verna seemed easy. A harder jolt might have done him more good. Verna had led a very protected life, having been held very close to her family. She was a couple of years older than Max and had benefited materially from those added years. Not in the way of sex life, he imagined, but in pure sensibleness. Everyone that knew Verna said she was a beautiful girl. And more important that she was a girl of character. There was no flightiness about her. Her large, clear blue eyes were the dominant features of her fair oval face. A high forehead and full, naturally blooming cheeks; perfectly formed lips which, when she smiled revealed the pearly white glow of her small even teeth. Her chin was slightly dimpled—just enough. The whole was surrounded by a perfect hale of the most beautiful, silky hair you could wish to see. This hair was neither blonde nor brown but seemed to strike some happy medium between. Her nose was so pleasing and perfect it might have been modelled by the world's greatest sculptor. One could not wish to see a more perfect picture than this beautiful girl with her face beaming with smiles. The only rival such a picture could have was one of the sun glinting on that glorious hair, bringing out all of the nuances of its beauty.

Max started early that Tuesday evening to keep his date. He felt that he had to start early if he was going to be anywhere near on time after riding on a street car and making a transfer in the middle of the trip. The long years during which he had driven his own car had robbed him of any confidence in any other mode of transportation. Arriving at Montana Street Max walked toward the address he had been given. While he strolled along his thoughts again were in a turmoil. If he was going to do this girl as he planned he had no desire to meet her folks. Calling at her house, though, he was sure to meet them. Why hadn't he thought of that before? Verna's home was one of those older houses which abound in this particular district of Oakland. It was a rather large house, containing seven or maybe eight rooms. The front of the house was dark when he stepped onto the porch and briefly rang the bell.

After a few moments Verna, herself answered the door. "Good evening, Max. Won't you come

in?"

"Thanks," he mumbled, stepping in "You sure look grand tonight Verna."

"Thank you. That was very kind of you, Max. Sit down and make yourself comfortable." Max sat down, but he was far from comfortable. He wiggled around and finally fished out a cigarette and prepared to light it.

"Please don't smoke here, Max. Mother does not like it, says it makes her sick." Max dutifully put the weed away and tried to think of something to say. It wouldn't do, he was too self-conscious.

"Just a moment" Verna said, "I want you to meet my mother and father."

She left the room, and Max wiggled and squirmed some more. "Now it comes," he thought.

Verna was gone from the room for less than a minute but it seemed like a year to Max.

"Mother and Dad," she said when she returned with the two older people, "I want you to meet Max Martin. Max this is my Mother and Father."

Max, who had stood up when the others entered the room, was even more uneasy on his feet than when he was seated. Now what did a fellow do with his hands in a case like this? But he managed to say, "How do you do." Mr. Davies stepped over and extended his hand to Max, who took it and shook hands heartily. "Glad to know you Mr. Martin," Davies greeted. "Verna has mentioned you several times. "There was more small talk when Mrs. Davies remarked, "You two young people had better be getting on your way if you are not to be out too late.

"I'll get my coat," remarked Verna and left the room to do so. Max was again up to his neck in self-consciousness but Verna's folks saved him by keeping up a chatter about the various shows in town. He finally answered to a direct question, "I think we will go to the Orpheum or the Fulton. But of course, it's really up to Verna."

The young lady returned then and they said their good evenings to the older folk and left. Verna's car was in the two car garage at the rear and she steered Max around to get it. "You drive it out will you Max?"

"Okay," he said and handed her into the passenger's seat and took his position behind wheel. This was something new - taking a girl out in her car and doing the driving.

"Is it all right if I smoke now?" he asked when they turned down Fruitvale Avenue and were headed toward town. "I'm kind of jittery. Meeting people always does that to me."

"Why of course, Max. Go right ahead. It's only that Mother does not like smoking that I asked you not to smoke at the house."

They finally went to the Fulton and saw a very good stock performance. After the show he suggested a bit to eat but Verna refused. "I think we should go home. We both have to work tomorrow you know. The folks do not like to have me stay out very late."

Max agreed and they went to the parking lot where they had left the car. Verna again directed him to the driving seat taking her place beside him. He reached over and tried to kiss her. She refused with a loud firm, "Stop it!" He was not certain if he made a mistake somewhere along the way. He was suddenly disenchanted. Max did not know this would happen. If he would have stopped it he could. There would be many times in Max's life that he would want to turn back the clock. Not getting a kiss after all the money he spent was new. Weren't girls suppose to let you kiss them after a date? Maybe no one told her the rules. Max drove her car into the garage and after opening the door for his date walked Verna to the door where he tried once more to kiss her.

"Thank you for a lovely evening" Verna said extending her hand, "and good-night."

"See ya tomorrow in the office?"

Max asked feeling a bit unsure of himself now. He slowly back down Verna's front steps. Brooding thoughts lay heavily on Max Martin's mind as he decided to walk home. It wasn't very far and by cutting directly across town he would be able to make it in about the same time as if he took a car. Besides he was very much in need of time to think. Just what kind of a girl was this Verna anyway? From all of her actions at the office she was just as bold and bothered sexually as Babe. Still this evening she had turned another side on him. Nothing, not even the simple, harmless caress of a kiss. Max had been away from Babe for several weeks and he was extremely bothered by his desires. His association with Babe had been too close and regular. Intercourse had become a necessity to him. He wondered if Jim had the same problem.

The thing about Jim was that he wouldn't let it get to him like Max would. "The hell with it," he exclaimed aloud as he walked along. "There are plenty other dames to be had." Max's training had taught him to respect women. Especially strong had been the admonition of his father's to keep his hands off of girls. One time, when he was thirteen he put his hand on a girl's thigh at church and she told Sister Grace. Sister Grace told Father Philip who told Max's father. Max's father beat him with every inch of his life. Then days later, sat the bruised and beaten boy down and told him it was natural to want the girl but it was wrong to touch girls before marriage. Max had a strong sense of his mother listening in the other room. This was before his father started staying with his mistress.

Max didn't dare mention that. During his later school years and the first couple of years afterward, he had not been bothered about this in any way. His interests were in his studies and work. His taciturnity had kept him away from any entanglements. Max told his mother to tidy his cottage - when the O€™I man was out. The O€™I man would have chased him from the house if he asked for anything from his mother. Jim was coming over and they were going to show each other their stamp collections. Max hid the bottle of whiskey in his car until his mother finished cleaning.

"How many civil wars do you have?" Max asked rolling a cigarette. Jim poured each of them a glass of whisky. Max pulled out a box of envelopes, each filled with stamps from every where. Jim brought his stamps in a worn attach€™ case. Max pulled the shade his mother put around the overhead light. "Here" Jim said, "these are all civil war, both sides." Max ran his hand through his thick dark hair that tended to land in straight lines over his forehead. "Okay" Max asked, "Do you have any from China? That's what I really want - oh yeah and Greece - do you have any stamps from Greece?"

Here they were two young men intensely and passionately present for this hobby in which none of their friends shared an interest. Max got a pan of water to soak envelopes in. This would loosen them from the paper. Jim carefully thumbed through his stamps choosing the particular stamps he wished to trade. "How about Greece?"

"No, I don't have any with me. Do you have some?"

"Father Philip said there are books to put whole stamp collections in."

"I want one. 'next time I cash a pay check Ill buy one. How 'bout you?"

"Don't know. The o'l man takes most of my check and my mother gets the rest outta me. The o'l man says I eat too much."

"You? ha ha! skinny little you? Say, your ol man isn't so bad off. Why don't you have a maid?"

"We did have a maid or two but couldn't keep 'em around."

"Why is that?"

"The o'l man wouldn't leave 'em alone. "The men playfully pushed one another, giggling like small boys, feeling the buzzing effects of the whiskey. "I thig I have a cute fuger," Max said barely standing weaving back and forth and posing like he thought a woman would.

"Oh yeah, hey sweetie, you sure a cute lookin' gal." Jim looked his friend up and down flirting and both men fell on one another in laughter." Hey Bud, hey, hey Max, ask me what the bad news is."

"Okay. Whaza bad news?"

"I broke it off with Betty. Now, as me wat the gud newt is."

"Say, that's too bad. Sos whatz the good newz?"

"I'm dating your o'l girl, Babe." When Max woke the next morning he couldn't remember Jim leaving. He felt a strong comfort. He put the shade back on the over head light and pulled the curtain open. He was happy for the grass for the birds for the trees for - all his wonderful stamps. Good for Jim and good for Babe. He could care less. As a matter of fact he had more time to pursue Verna. Max, of course, saw Verna every day at the office. Jim, Max and several of the fellows in the neighborhood were spending the early evening tussling and boxing on the front lawn of Jim's home.

Max was standing aside smoking and watching two of the fellows go after each other with the gloves. Finishing the cigarette he then tossed it away. A few moments later he glanced away at a small boy who had joined them. The kid had picked up the butt and was surreptitiously dragging at it. Max took the kid to task; telling him that he was too young to be smoking. The kid didn't pay any attention other than to make a nasty remark. Just after dark the bunch broke up, and started for their respective homes. Max imagined Jim left to see Babe. Max lighted another cigarette and stopped to talk a few minutes with Jim but did not let on about how hurt he was. After all he'd said he wasn't interested in her any more.

He walked on down the street to his own home. As he walked along he tossed aside his cigarette.

"Oh, there you are Chet," called a feminine voice behind him. Max swung around in time to see the kid pounce upon his discarded butt. A girl was running down the street half the block away.

"Give that to me!" She ordered as she approached the kid. Needless to say, Chet refused. Max had stood rooted to the spot. The girl now moved on to Max,

"Give me one, will you?" Max looked her over. "Not bad," he thought. She was rather small, blonde, about fifteen, with bulging breasts and from what he could see a well molded form.

"Follow me," was the answer to her question. And without looking back he walked to his car, parked in front of his home, and got in, motioned the girl in beside him and drove away. Chet had clambered into the back seat. When they were on their way Max pulled out of his pocket his cigarettes, gave her one and took one himself.

"How about me," came a voice from the back seat. "Give him one too," said the girl. They lit up and drove along in silence.

"What's your name?: Max asked.

"Lucille."

"Lucille, what?"

"Lucille Browning."

"Who's the kid?"

"My brother."

"We ought to take him home I suppose."

"Yeah, Ma's worried about him."

"Where to?"

"Just around the corner, over there."

Max drove a couple of doors past the house and stopped. Chet got out. Lucille started to but Max laid a restraining hand on her arm. "Do you have to?" he asked quietly. Without replying she again sat down.

"Chet you better go home." They started off again. Max thought "Gee, that was easy. Not bad, either." After driving a little way into the hills, Max pulled to the side of the road. They again lighted cigarettes and Max's hand dropped to her knee. There was no protest and he began exploring a very shapely thigh "Lucille, how old are you?" Max asked, for want of something better to say.

"Twelve," came the reply.

"Twelve?" Boy did he stumble into some forbidden fruit here. "You look a lot older," Max said, looking more closely at her. He wondered if he shouldn't turn the car around.

But she was a kid from an impoverished neighborhood. They were a whole different breed of people. They don't seem to care much what happens to their children. This was a relief to him. He didn't care much either. Max was silent. His hands continued to wander over the girl's well curved body, rubbing her breasts and thighs.

"You got brothers and sisters?" he asked coming out of the reverie.

"Yeah, Ma'll have another one in about a week. My dad's a son-of-a-bitch. He's always after her."

Max kissed her and she responded hungrily. "Let's go for a walk."

"Okay." When Max dropped her off near her home he asked "When will I see you again?"

"I don't know. You look for Chet afternoons down there on that corner," she pointed to the first intersection. "He'll tell you when."

Max made it a point after that to pass the indicated corner two or three times every afternoon.

But there was no sign of Chet for several days. One sunny afternoon as Max approached the intersection, he noticed Chet standing there alone. He stopped. "Hello, Max," Chet yelled.

"Hello." "Tonight, on the next corner. She'll meet you." Max was excited. "What time, Chet?"

"When it gets dark. Bring a dollar."

"Okay, Chet, thanks. Here's some cigarettes." And he drove away. The rest of the day was a long dreary affair to Max. He could hardly wait for darkness to fall. As soon as the time arrived he drove to the designated spot. Lucille was not there. He slowly circled the block several times, then spotted her coming down the street. Swinging the car around the corner he pulled to the curb and waited. Lucille climbed in without a word and they drove on. Max handed her a cigarette and lighted one himself. Of course they headed toward the hills.

Max's desire was overpowering. After a short drive they came to a suitable spot and pulled in and Max cut the ignition. Turning toward her, Max slipped one arm around her shoulders and dropped his other hand to her thigh. "Gosh," he thought as he explored a little, "she hasn't any

clothes on." This was true enough. Lucille was wearing only what was visible to the eye. A dress, shoes and stockings only. Max remarked, "Nothing on, huh."

"No."

"That was nice of you. he said kissing her ear."

"Well, I only came for one thing. Didn't I? Clothes only get in the way then."

"Let's get in the back," Max suggested. They did and Max necked and petted her. He dreaded the thought of her stopping him. He was surprised when he realized Lucille was enjoying herself immensely. When the time came to take her, Max removed her coat and she lay there in his arms beautifully naked. A perfectly formed little thing. Small, firm, upstanding breasts -gently curved silky thighs. Max decided, when he had satisfied himself that he would have to learn a little something about this clever girl. What was the reason behind this kid's lust?

Returning to to front seat of the car they lighted cigarettes. Max cupped one hand over one of those delightful breasts and leaned back comfortably in the seat, wondering how to begin to quiz her. "You sure are a puzzle, Lucille," he said after a few minutes.

"How?"

"Oh, I don't know. But you're only a kid. You sure go for this stuff in a big way. It just doesn't seem the thing to me."

€œThere's nothing awfully strange about it. I like to that's all.€

Max was getting nowhere. "I know," he sighed. "You sure do like it. But what in the world started you in a thing like this so young?"

"My father."

"Your father!" Max exclaimed.

"Yeah."

"Gee, that's tough" Max was puzzled. This thing seemed a little beyond him. "You say your father started you this way? How was that?" He asked after a long pause.

"Oh, it was last Christmas, when Ma was down with one of her headaches. The old bastard got pretty hard up. So he came to me one day and took me to his bedroom. He took all my clothes off of me, then stripped himself There wasn't much to it. He just raped me right there. I wasn't scared, I'd seen him drag mother into the bedroom the same way. He used to do that almost any time. He'd come home from his office any old time of the day and take her. It hurt pretty bad at first but then I got use to it.

"I use to cry don't do it no more. I didn't want to get pregnant like ma. He said nothing will happen and if it does, I'll get rid of it. Only keep your mouth shut! That didn't quieten my fears. But he just kept saying he would take care of it 'Nothing will happen to you,' he told me, 'I'll take care of you. Only keep your mouth shut!' That quieted my fears because I knew that if he said he would take care of it he would."

"And does it still go on?" Max managed to ask.

"Yeah, sure. He's a regular wolf I don't know how many times it€™s happened. Sometimes at home and sometimes at his office."

"It's a wonder that since he is always getting at you that he hasn't gotten you that way too." Lucille was silent. After a while she said, "I shouldn't tell you this. But you remember I told you that he said he would take care of it. Well, he has. He knows all about these things. He's a doctor."

"You mean, an abortionist don't you?"

"Yeah, that's why I was afraid to tell you."

"Oh, you need not worry about me," Max hastily reassured her. "I'm hardly likely to say anything. It would only put me into a hell of a mess." He stopped, and added, "For chasing around with you."

"That's all right. I wouldn't be here if I didn't want to you to know. I could find someone else if I wanted to. Only I like you because you are older and you have a good job. Most of the boys I could get are only about my age. It's not much fun with them. They're still too dumb. The fellows I like are those that are grown up, they're smarter and after the start I got a fellow's got to be matured."

"Does your mother know anything about this?"

"No, of course not. The old man told me to keep it quiet. You're the first person outside of the family that knows."

"Then someone else in the family knows." Max was becoming more and more astonished at this girl's revelations.

"Yeah," Lucille replied, "Chet, of course, knows. He found about us the same way I had about mother and father. Just walked in on us one time. The same is true of my older brother, Arthur. He's two years older than I am, and just a little bit worse than I am that way."

"Then they bother you too," stated Max.

"Not Chet. He's still too young. But Art is a screwy bastard. If what he says is true he has been fooling around since he was Chet's age. He didn't care who he gets just so he can satisfy himself. I managed to keep away from him for a while but when he finally threatened to tell mother about the o'l man I gave in to him."

"But what about your father? Couldn't you have him stop Art from bothering you?" Max queried. What a goofy family, he thought

"I did tell him. That's one thing though that he couldn't help me on. He told me that there was apparently nothing we could do. We would just have to keep Art quiet. It wouldn't do to let mother find out about us. So we decided that the only thing to do was to let Art have his way."

"That's a hell of a thing for a father to say to his daughter."

"There just wasn't anything we could do. If I refused Art he would tell Mother and then there would have been hell to pay.

Then Max asked, "Does Art bother you much?"

"Sometimes. But mostly he's pretty good about it. He has a girl friend now. I go and come as I please. I think he knows that I go out with fellows, but never says anything about it."

"And you're not afraid. of getting knocked up?" Max asked after another pause.

"No" Lucille replied. "I told you the old man takes care of that. He gives me stuff and he has taught me how to take care of myself. You didn't see me put this on you, did you." She opened her hand and showed Max a used condom. He was amazed. Had he been that excited? "What about Chet?" He was beginning to feel possessive. "There's nothing much about him. Chet just helps me out a little, like he did tonight."

"Sure. But how about keeping his mouth shut?" This aspect of the situation was beginning to bother Max. It wouldn't do to have Chet do any talking, even if he was only a kid.

"Oh, Chet's all right. He won't talk. I can handle him easily - a little candy now and then and a few cigarettes. That keeps him quiet."

Max still was not satisfied. "It begins to appear to me that you are soon going to have two brothers to look after as well as your father to look after. When Chet gets a little older he's going to demand the same favors. 'Well, that's probably true. But I'm not bothering about that now.

When the time comes we'll have to work it out."

Although he was slightly worried still by Chet's position in this affair, Max was much intrigued by the aspects of the situation. This girl seemed to offer everything that could be desired. From what had transpired during the two meetings he had had with her. She wanted so little only a dollar and cigarettes for her services. He liked that--"services". He was satisfied imagining that she was in this thing for the same reasons as he. Now if he could only continue this affair of assuaging his lustful desires it would be a relief He would also be free to pursue his plans with Verna. For after all, Max was human, to get something too easily detracted from its worth. Not that he valued Lucille less because she come so easily, but the fact that Verna had made herself seem so unattainable. It egged on his determination.

He would have her if he had to keep after her for months. Coming out of his reverie he turned to Lucille and said, "That is the only sensible way to look at the thing, at that. There is no sense in worrying about something that has not yet occurred." "

That's the way I feel about it. If Chet should want me when he's a little older there's nothing I can do except give in to him. Somehow though I think it will be different with him"

Looking at his watch Max remarked, "Gosh, kid, it's getting pretty late. I better be getting you home."

When he had again deposited her near her home Max asked if she would get in touch with him in the same manner.

"Yeah," Lucille replied. "Not again this week though, I don't think I'll be able to make it again this week. You look for Chet."

"All right," he said a little disappointedly and handed her the rest of his package of cigarettes.

"Here take these." She took the proffered package and turned away toward home. Lucille was true to her word. Although he continued his cruising in the neighborhood of the indicated intersection there was no sign of Chet during the balance of that week.

The victim's family told reporters they were relieved that Max Martin died in the gas chamber. Mr. Martin was found cutting the girl's throat after having forced his way into the home. Father Philip was contacted. Father Philip is the pastor of Our Lady of Dolores parish in the Fruitvale area He walked the defendant to the doors of the chamber where Mr. Martin gave the priest the stamps he had arranged through his time in prison and asked that they be given to the lads at Boys Town. Oakland Tribune. October 4. 1943

There was plenty to keep Max's mind occupied, however. He was not going to worry about Lucille or Babe. That night he phoned Verna to ask her, yet again, for a date but her father claimed she was not there, "That's odd," he thought, "She must be asleep and her o'l man didn't want to say that."

The weekend came and Max could think about nothing but Verna. Her name was like a record playing over and over. It was like a tune Jim liked that crooner Bing Crosby sang. He wasn't sure about liking the song but he enjoyed the fact Jim did. He sometime played it over and over to see if he wouldn't grow to like it after a spell. By Sunday afternoon he had convinced himself that Verna the lovely Madonna was also longing for him.

He would be cavalier when and avail himself to his Genevieve. He drove his car to Montana. His

plan was simple. He would say it broke down near her house. Then he would ask her if she would give him a lift home. He was thrilled at the prospect of being with her. She would be unable to resist a soul of his being in dire need. She would invite him inside. They would drive to his place where he'd slip her back to his cottage. He didn't want his mother getting any ideas of seeing her little boy with the well respected Verna Davies on the bridal page.

His hands squeezed the steering wheel at the thought of her breasts. Her nude body next to his sent him nearly speeding out of control. Pedestrians would do well to get out of his way.

Ironically his car began to smoke when he parked. He lit a cigarette and laughed, "Imagine that," he thought, "It really happened." His feet were feathers climbing the stairs to Verna's house. He worried a bit because the family car was not in sight. But then Verna answered the door.

"Max? Why are you here? What do you want?" She said from behind the screen. He felt odd, 'Oh say, Verna, I'm terribly sorry to bother you but my car broke down and I, "

He cleared his throat, "I thought, emm, well that is - may I use your phone to call a taxi?" He waited for her to open the screen door. Then he turned away and said, "You know there aren't many taxis in this area - not like Frisco. My cousin lives in Frisco and there are plenty of them over there."

He was confused. Why wasn't she letting him in like he planned? Why wasn't she welcoming him with open arms? "My poor mother is ill and I need to get her to a doctor. My father is out of town...."

"Okay Max. I guess if you are in that dire a need that you had better come inside and make your phone call."

He felt a bit dazed as though he'd hit his head. He followed her inside. He put the phone to his ear and pretended the line was engaged. This meant he would have to wait awhile.

"Would you like something to drink, some coffee, maybe?"

Ah, this was more like it. The edge was off of her voice. She sounded like the sweet kid he wanted her to be, "Yes, gee that'd be swell Verna. I would love a cup of brew." He sat quietly watching the grandfather clock, allowing his eyes to scan the room - a room very much like his family's living room. He didn't feel well. Maybe the coffee would perk him up. A crash in the kitchen jolted him from his stupor and sent his heart racing. If he had only sat back down; let nature take its course; left immediately for home, for the hills, anywhere. But; he stayed. Not that long ago men were hanged for murder. He stood at the door for a moment watching Verna. She was bending over from the waist. His unwavering eyes were fixed on the outline of her buttocks, "Do you want some help?"

"No, go back please, Max. Please! Let go of me."

"Come on baby you know you like it. Don't scream. I TOLD you not to SCREAM. I TOLD YOU NOT TO SCREAM!"

"Oh god don't - don't it hurts.... STOP! Take it out -- oh please, Max. I won't scream anymore I promise."

"You're damn right you won't scream. Here SUCK on this for a while. Why are you gagging? We could have done this right if you would have been a little nicer to me. Look at your hair it's a mess. Well, let's™s just straighten it up. I know we'll pull it all out ...there we'll pull it all out of your head. Can't talk anymore eh, well, we'll just have to use this nifty little knife and see what's wrong with your voice box.... Yeah, guess this is it. We'll just take it to the abortionist and get it fixed.

"What 'er you guys doing here? I didn't call the cops!"

