

Abbott's Wife Declares He Could Not Have Committed Crime

Abbott's Kin Silenced By Attorney's Orders

was found in Abbott's car or the cabin, while the grave, the body and clothing were saturated with it.

"But until Abbott decides to talk, much of this case must be theoretical," he said, and added:

"There is no doubt in my mind that Abbott is the murderer."

After a conference with District Attorney Stennett Sheppard, of Trinity County, it was agreed that Cockley's office will conduct the prosecution in Alameda County. Cockley indicated he will take the case before the grand jury early next week.

The aunt, bespectacled accounting student continued to assert his innocence, but one of his new protests was couched in curious language.

"My mind is a blank as far as this is concerned," he told his attorney, Stanley Whitney. "It's a complete blank."

Abbott was referring to the discovery of the girl's body by Examiner Reporter Ed Montgomery and Photographer Bob Bryant at the cabin where Abbott allegedly went alone on April 28, the day Stephanie disappeared.

This comment contrasted oddly with the detailed recollections of times, dates and places which have characterized his previous statements.

Abbott at first refused to talk to Inspectors Charles O'Meara and A. E. Riedel when they sought to resume the interrogation. He said he was acting on the advice of Attorney Whitney.

Following later, he spent more than three hours answering informal questions from O'Meara. O'Meara said they talked about the day of Stephanie's disappearance—things that could be used for or against him.

When this questioning ended at 9:30 p. m., O'Meara and Riedel met with Whitney at Cockley at 8 a. m. today to discuss filing formal charges against Abbott.

The 14 year old Stephanie's pathetic remains, crusted with earth and stained with blood, were gently lifted from the 18 inch deep grave and moved to Redding for an autopsy.

Excavating of the body began at 8:20 a. m., immediately after the arrival of Cockley, Doctor Hanson and Doctor Loqvam.

Witnesses Present.

A crowd of about thirty-five persons watched the shovels begin to shift the earth. Most were newsmen, but others included two FBI agents and four Berkeley police officers.

R. Sherry, inspector William Robinson, Sgt. Kenneth Dunham and Patrolman W. H. Hutchins.

The body lay on its left side in soft earth about twenty feet from the base of a tall sugar pine. Another grave had been started first at the very foot of the tree, but apparently was abandoned because of the thick roots.

Her once white petticoat was stained a reddish brown. Her cardigan sweater was around her neck and shoulders.

NO BRASSIERE.

The middle portion and chest of the body was unclad. There was no sign of a brassiere—and this was significant—because one of the bras found buried in Abbott's basement at 1408 San Jose Avenue, Alameda.

Stephanie's grave digger had apparently worked in frightful haste, not bothering to return to the excavation all the earth he had dug out. In some places, the body was covered with only four to six inches of soil.

Wild animals had worried the grave during the three months on the steep, lonely ridge above the Hay Fork of the Trinity River, two miles from Wildwood.

The policemen brought planks and sawhorses with them, at first intending to conduct the post mortem examination at the site.

But when the gag was found, Doctor Loqvam decided that an outdoor autopsy might risk destruction of valuable evidence.

So the remains were placed in an ambulance and driven to the closest pathological facilities—in the McDonald Mortuary at Redding, Shasta County, about seventy miles away.

At Berkeley city jail, Abbott was under a suicide watch, although his serene demeanor seemed to indicate no need for it.

SLEEPS PEACEFULLY.

When his questioning ended at 3:15 a. m. yesterday, he was taken to a cell where he slept peacefully until 7 a. m.

He breakfasted lightly, drinking a cup of coffee, nibbling at a piece of toast and leaving a bowl of mush untouched.

Then he slept again until his attorney arrived at mid-morning for an hour and one half conference.



POLICE VISIT—Berkeley Police Inspector Charles O'Meara, left, escorts Mrs. Georgia Abbott, wife of Burton Abbott, and Harold Mark Abbott, his brother, on a visit to Acting Police Chief Addison Fording of Berkeley yesterday. Fording later indicated that the Abbotts followed advice of the prisoner's attorney and did not discuss the case.

Extortion Notes to Dr. Bryan Not Written By Abbott, Handwriting Analysis Reveals

Berkeley police said last night the extortion letter which demanded \$8,000 to \$10,000 from the parents of murdered Stephanie Bryan definitely was not written by Burton Abbott.

They said this decision was based on an analysis of the penciled notes and Abbott's handwriting. Contents of the letter, mailed May 2—five days after Stephanie disappeared—and a follow up note identified as the work of the same person, were made public.

ERRATIC SPELLING.

The letters were hand printed by pencil on dime store, blue ruled paper. The punctuation, capitalization and spelling were erratic.

The first, dated May 2, the same day as its receipt, said: "You typed law wise up. They can't help you only I can. You will get instructions."

There you will be contacted. Give the box to your contact. He will give you instruction. Follow them and you will reach your child.

Don't contact anyone it will take the package a while to reach me but your child will be okay if you follow instruction. If the man that contact you in the theatre is followed the instructions won't do you any good.

Wear brown hat. Put pipe in mouth don't drive your car. I have my reasons for waiting before contacting you. Things have been carefully planned. So don't be foolish follow instructions."

After informing police, Stephanie's father, Dr. Charles S. Bryan Jr., followed instructions, except that the package he carried was a dummy. He was not contacted.

Then on May 5 he received the second note:

"You typed law wise up. They can't help you only I can. You will get instructions."

The receipt of the extortion notes was not publicized until after Stephanie's body was discovered Wednesday night. The Examiner knew of them at the time but agreed to withhold publication, so that the belief that they might be the work of the kidnaper, but now think some outsider trying to cash in on the kidnapping, or a crank, may be responsible.

Both the city planning commission and city council had previously turned down the shopping center, but the subdividers pulled the proposal on the ballot by initiative petition.

Shopping Center Barred by Voters

SANTA CLARA, July 21.—Voters today rejected a move by the Guaranty Builders to construct a shopping center in their Westclark subdivision on Homestead Road. The vote was 497 yes and 614 no, out of a registration of 8,104.

Both the city planning commission and city council had previously turned down the shopping center, but the subdividers pulled the proposal on the ballot by initiative petition.

Cab Driver's Lead Fails

Harry Mason, a Santa Rosa cab driver, briefly confounded the authorities yesterday when he volunteered that he had seen Burton Abbott and "a woman in a white blouse" together at the Abbott family cabin at Wildwood about the time of Stephanie Bryan's disappearance.

At first the police excitedly wondered whether Mason had indeed seen Abbott with the girl herself shortly before her murder.

Questioning developed that Mason had seen the pair on April 30, two days after Stephanie's disappearance. They decided, and Mason agreed, that the woman he had seen with Abbott was his sister-in-law.

Many Calls In Slaying

Examiner switchboard operators reported they had several hundreds of telephone calls in connection with the discovery of Stephanie Bryan's body.

Many persons heard the reports from other sources and hastily called The Examiner to see if the news was true.

All through yesterday the calls continued as readers sought other details of The Examiner's many exclusive accounts. Switchboard operators said the number of calls was larger than those received for many months.

Offers His Physical Condition as Evidence

BY FRANK PURCELL.

Georgia Abbott, an almost-thin red-haired woman of 32, pressed her lips into a taut line yesterday and vowed her faith in the innocence of the husband on whom she accidentally turned the spotlight of murder.

But she admitted that she once threatened to divorce Burton W. Abbott, five years her junior, who has been jailed in Berkeley on suspicion of the brutal slaying of 14 year old Stephanie Bryan.

"That was just as a joke, though," she said. "I just wanted a little more attention, I guess."

"There was never any serious break between us. . . I never saw an attorney. . . I just felt put out."

"I still say he is innocent. . . I still say he is innocent."

INTERVIEWED IN HOME.

Georgia Abbott sat in the same spot on a sofa in the living room of her home at 1408 San Jose Avenue, Alameda, where she had sat the night before. Then, her tall slender husband sat beside her.

In the intervening minutes, she had stood unemotionally beside him while The Examiner disclosed the discovery of little Stephanie's body. Then, after a kiss on the cheek, she had seen him led away to jail.

She had been questioned by her husband's attorney, she had been questioned by the authorities, she had seen her home—seven years in the building—throughout the ordeal.

All of this, she had taken with only the tightening of her lips into a line of crimson, a heightening of her normally calm complexion to indicate the turmoil within her.

DOESN'T MAKE SENSE.

In her composure, Georgia Abbott expressed pride. Speaking softly, enunciating her words with methodical exactness, Burton Abbott's wife said of the murder case in which they find themselves the central figures:

"It doesn't make sense. But I do still say that he is innocent. They just don't have enough concrete facts yet."

For the first time since last Friday when she found Stephanie Bryan's little red purse in a cardboard box of old clothing in the basement of her home, Georgia Abbott laid down her item, the pattern of the life she and Burton had led in Alameda.

Of that find—which weighed the full pressure of police detection on her home in a quiet residential neighborhood—and the subsequent discovery of Stephanie's schoolbooks, notebooks and glasses, Georgia has formed no complete conclusions.

"I DON'T CRY."

SHE SAID she has not weighed the strange role in which fate has cast her—as a wife whose husband is charged with the slaying of a child—as a woman, she said. "When you told us the news that the girl's body had been discovered, I guess everyone expected tears."

"I don't cry. Everything is inside of me."

She was dressed in a flare skirt of royal blue, a pink blouse ornamented by a "honey key," and black shoes. She held a cigarette in her slender fingers.

OREBS CAMERAMEN.

Her hair, a striking red, was combed back from her high forehead in a long pompadour style which she had set for herself. She is a hair dresser and beautician in a shop on Encinal Avenue, not far from her home.

She cupped her pointedly firm chin in her hands and obeyed every instruction photographers gave her. Beside her was her brother-in-law, Mark Abbott, at whose home the Abbott couple's 4 year old son, Christopher, is staying.

"You people don't give a person a chance to get much sleep, do you?" she smiled at the photographers. She glanced at her hands as she drew deeply on her cigarette. "My hands aren't pretty any more," she sighed.

She turned to the left profile and then to the right for the last photo.

"That's my bad side, you know," she smiled.

The picture taking over Georgia sat back and turned her enigmatic eyes toward news men.

"Let's begin," Mark Abbott said. "We want to co-operate." Georgia Abbott merely nodded.

Until the Stephanie Bryan

Offers His Physical Condition as Evidence

case catapulted them into headlines, the Abbott home life had been a quiet one, Georgia said.

There were no unusual activities, no excessive entertaining, "just nothing unusual," she said.

"I run my whole life around my appointments at the beauty shop," she said. "He is a student."

There never has been a serious rift in their lives, she insisted—"nothing that hasn't happened between any married couple." And, she emphasized, any threat to divorce her husband was designed to gain more attention from him. . . "Just a joke. . . just felt put out."

DAY OF TRAGEDY.

On the fateful day of April 28, when Stephanie disappeared on her way home from school in Berkeley, she went to work at 9 a. m. She always works from 9 to 5 p. m., she said.

"My mind is tied up with business, I have no other outside thoughts."

But at about 11 a. m. on that day, her husband drove by the top and told her he was going to their cabin in Trinity County, near where Stephanie's body later was found by an Examiner reporter and photographer.

Burton Abbott's brother, Mark, confirmed that Burton had said he planned to stop in Sacramento on that day to inquire about any land in the area which might be for sale.

"There was nothing unusual about his going to the cabin on that day," Georgia said. "It was the opening of a new business which had been going up there for the last four years. Hasn't he, Mark?"

Mark, with his arm around his sister-in-law's shoulder, nodded: "The season opened I think, on the 30th. He always went up."

TELEPHONE CALL.

On the following day, Georgia said, she had a telephone call from Trinity County. He talked with Hilda Frakes, a friend, who was babysitting. He advised others of the family, if they planned to drive to the cabin, to take chains because it was snowing and raining, Georgia said.

Mark drove up himself on Saturday, he said, but that, too, was normal.

"It just doesn't make sense," Georgia went on.

Her husband, Georgia added, was physically able to put Stephanie into his car, to subdue her, to drive to the remote cabin and then to carry or drag her to a knoll 250 yards from the cabin and there bury her.

"It would be physically impossible for him to do it," Mark said. "I want to emphasize that. He had four ribs removed, he had a splinter treatment for tuberculosis. He has a cavity in his back the size of your two fists. He couldn't have done it."

Furthermore, she added, there is no motive. "There's not enough concrete facts yet."

KNOWS NO ENEMY.

Could an enemy have killed Stephanie and concealed the evidence in the Abbott basement?

"I can't think of a possible enemy," Georgia said. "We haven't made any. And I would never say I suspected anyone of a terrible thing like this."

But she said, "There were so many who knew of the cabin—who had access to it." Her eyes lifted. "I just don't know."

In its nearby cage, a budgie chirped. Georgia stubbed out her cigarette and said to a friend: "Bring Davy to me," she said. "Davy Crockett, you know."

Had her husband ever shown signs of cruelty? None, she said. Georgia said, "And we have interest in children? Only with affection, she said."

Did Mr. and Mrs. Abbott live a married life normal in the accepted terms?

"I would say yes," she said. "Did he ever lose his temper? Rarely."

They have been married seven years, she said. She was in the Women's Air Corps from 1943 to 1946. Then she contracted tuberculosis, came to California, and was admitted to the Veterans facility at Livermore for treatment.

Burton, a native of Portland, came with his family to Oakland in 1940, was graduated from Fremont High School in 1946, and entered the Army in that year. He, too, contracted tuberculosis and was sent to Livermore for treatment.

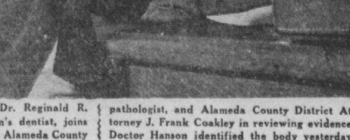
"That is where we met," Georgia said. "And we have been together ever since. . . until this. It doesn't make sense. I know my husband. . ."

Tax Boost Voted To Run School

CAMPBELL, July 21.—Residents of the Campbell Union High School District today approved a tax increase of from 75 cents to one dollar per \$100 assessed valuation.

The vote was 1,880 yes to 1,150 no, from a registration of 15,920 voters. The money will be used for operation of the first unit of the two million dollar Camden high school, which will open in September.

DENTIST AIDS—Dr. Reginald R. Hanson, left, Stephanie Bryan's dentist, joins Dr. George S. Loqvam, center, Alameda County pathologist, and Alameda County District Attorney J. Frank Cockley in reviewing evidence. Doctor Hanson identified the body yesterday.



DENTIST AIDS—Dr. Reginald R. Hanson, left, Stephanie Bryan's dentist, joins Dr. George S. Loqvam, center, Alameda County pathologist, and Alameda County District Attorney J. Frank Cockley in reviewing evidence. Doctor Hanson identified the body yesterday.

Famed Writer Declares Lie Detector Does Not Reveal Falsehoods

Interpretation Hinges On Skill of Operator

Says Device Only Registers Emotional Reactions

(Continued from Page 1)

suspects for a definite period of time and then at a signal would be expelled onto plates they were holding. An inspector would then walk up and down the line. When he found one plate of flour that was much drier than the others, he would point his finger at that man and off would come the unfortunate suspect's head.

The modern polygraph is based on a somewhat similar theory, but it has been refined to almost unbelievable delicacy.

A strip of ruled paper is moved by clockwork at a uniform rate of speed. Several pens trace ink lines across this sheet of paper as it moves. One of these pens shows blood pressure changes and heartbeats. Another pen shows the graph respiration, and still another pen shows changes in the electric resistance of the skin.

For instance, we have a common expression about a person "sweating" when he is trying to tell a lie. That is not just

he has told a lie that is really working. He may catch his breath very, very slightly at the idea of some question which bothers him or some answer which awakens a subconscious apprehension.

All of these symptoms of emotional disturbance are amplified by the polygraph and a permanent record made by the various pens as they float across the moving paper.

A polygraph examiner will first attempt to get his subject thoroughly at ease. Then he will ask him some non-significant question.

I haven't seen the graphs or the questions in the Abbott case, but I can guess what they were and probably won't miss them very far.

Abbott was seated comfortably in a chair. He was told to be at ease. He had various contacts with the machine fastened to his body so that the slightest change in his respiration, blood pressure or skin resistance would be shown on the chart.

SIMPLE ANSWER.

Then Inspector Albert Riedel of the Berkeley police department told him that he wasn't to answer any question other than by a simple yes or no, that if there was any explanation to be made that should be saved until late, that he was not to move any muscle, that he was to remain in a state of perfect rest, that if anything distracted or annoyed him he was to report that fact immediately.

Then Inspector Riedel sat and watched the floating needles until the first signs of nervousness had disappeared, until there was a static plateau which indicated the man's normal standard.

Then in an expressionless voice, as nearly in a monotone as possible, Inspector Riedel asked, "Did you have breakfast this morning?"

The subject answered, "Yes." Inspector Riedel noticed the changes in the graphs when that answer was made in order to determine the normal truthful reactions.

Then Inspector Riedel asked, "Do you smoke?" He studied the reactions brought about by the answer to that question.

Then in the same quiet tone of voice, he said, "Did you know Stephanie Bryan?" He waited a few seconds, then asked, "Are you now in Berkeley?"

A few seconds more would elapse, and he would ask, "Do you drive an automobile?" Then after a few moments would



TEST IN CASE—Burton W. Abbott wears blood pressure and heartbeat measuring tubes of the Berkeley Police Department's lie detector. Looking at dials is Inspector A. E.

Riedel, police polygraph expert. Results of the lie detector tests given Abbott are expected to be extensively argued during the trial which started yesterday in Oakland.

come a question, still in the same monotone, "Did Stephanie Bryan ever ride in your automobile, to your knowledge?"

There might be as many as fifteen or twenty of these questions, the significant questions interspersed with routine questions to which of course Inspector Riedel knew the answers.

After that first set of questions had been concluded, Inspector Riedel would suggest that the subject relax and take it easy for a while. There would be nothing but complete silence in the room, a silence broken only by the slight noise made by the mechanism of the machine as the paper moved slowly across the open panel.

Then after Inspector Riedel knew that another plateau of normal reactions had been reached, he would say very quietly, "Did you have breakfast this morning?" and Abbott would answer "Yes." And so it would go all through the same pattern.

HELP NEEDED.

Now there are certain things to bear in mind in connection with a lie detector test. The lie detector expert has to have the full cooperation of the man being examined.

If the subject so much as wiggles a big toe, not a big wig, but just a little wiggle, the effort required to do that will register on the polygraph in such a way that it would completely overshadow any emotional reaction to a question. Moreover, the subject has to permit himself to be "hooked up" to the machine and then has to voluntarily relax. He has to try to cooperate with the physical requirements of the test.

Good polygraph examiners will tell the subject just how he can go about "beating the machine."

It is almost a certainty that before Inspector Riedel started this lie detector test he told Bud Abbott that he couldn't give it



DRAW—Court Clerk Robert B. Snyder draws a name from the jury drums early in yesterday's trial proceedings. The roll of sixty veniremen present had just been called.

an empty expression. Actually when a person becomes emotionally disturbed the sweat glands in the skin register activity which is only part of the entire subconscious phenomena taking place. The electrical resistance of the skin changes. Despite the fact that the subject is not at all conscious of this change, the very sensitive electric currents, amplified and magnified in the polygraph, will show it.

BREATHING CHANGES.

The same way with the blood pressure.

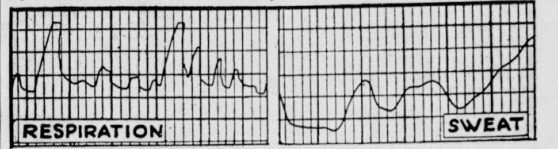
There is also a tendency on the part of the subject to form breathing habits in connection with falsehoods. He may sigh with relief after a dangerous period in the interrogation has passed. He may exhale a little more deeply after he feels that



FAMOUS—Erle Stanley Gardner, right, crime expert whose detective story "cases" are widely read, arrives for the start of the true-life trial in "The Burton Abbott Case." He is writing his impressions of the trial for The Examiner. In rear is Sam Hicks, investigator for Gardner.



DEFENDANT—Burton W. Abbott, Staff Artist Earl Thollander also shows Abbott's legal staff, left to right: Harold Hove, Stanley Whitney and John Hanson.



GRAPH OF GUILT—This is not a graph taken during the lie detector test which Burton Abbott, who was found guilty, Police Inspector Charles O'Meara said of the test taken of Abbott: "The lie detector examination was conclusive. Although it was conducted under conditions prescribed by Abbott and his attorney, it clearly showed that he was guilty," O'Meara added. "The graph itself is what we call a textbook graph of a guilty man—a classic graph."

examiner can't get enough of a reaction to really be certain.

The authorities insist that most of the cases where the lie detector gives a false result is where some examiner who should relegate his test into the "inconclusive" category tries instead to draw a conclusion from data that really isn't sufficient.

Then we come to the question of completely erroneous conclusions which may be reached even by the most experienced examiner. What is the percentage of downright error?

Here we get into the most violent of all controversies. Some authorities claim that even an experienced examiner may reach an entirely erroneous conclusion in a significant percentage of the cases—perhaps as much as 5 per cent. Other authorities point out that the known percentage of error is less than a fraction of 1 per cent.

The true answer is that no one really knows. No one can tell for certain whether an error has been made except in those cases where subsequent developments enable the authorities to come up with definite answers.

Take, for instance, an Arizona case that I heard about a few years ago. A man and wife were living together. Then neighbors noticed that the wife was no longer in evidence. They asked the man about his wife and he said casually, "Oh, she went back east somewhere."

The neighbors became suspicious. They went to the authorities. The authorities wanted to know where the man's wife was. He couldn't tell them. They had, he said, sort of separated. She had gone away and he didn't know where. He didn't hear from her.

The authorities searched the place. They found that she had left at least some of her good clothes. They became suspicious. They asked the man if he would take a lie detector test.

He agreed to the test. The test was given by an expert examiner, and the responses were so typically definite that the examiner had no hesitation in declaring that this man had murdered his wife and

had buried the body somewhere, that the record wasn't clear enough to show the exact location, but that it was a definite and typical case of murder, that the man was a very good subject for a lie detector and there could be no doubt his story was completely false.

WIFE RETURNS.

That caused quite a commotion. No one knows what ultimately would have happened if it hadn't been for the fact that in the middle of the subsequent investigation the wife came walking in, hale and hearty. She had, just as the man had said, been on a visit in the East.

It is very, very seldom that you find a situation like that, but occasionally you do hear of one.

More frequently you will hear of cases where an examiner will certify that a man is innocent and it turns out that he is guilty.

Many examiners distrust the results of a polygraph examination in the case of a hardened criminal who is being interrogated about a crime which took place sometime earlier. They feel that, after a man has been in prison, after he has had an opportunity to rationalize his actions, there is some sort of a subconscious dismissal by which he gets rid of the feeling of guilt and thereafter he will pass tests showing that he is completely innocent of crimes which he has, in fact, committed.

The best authorities I know claim that, if they get proper emotional reactions to their control questions, they can reach a conclusion, even in the case of the hardened criminal.

However, this is a question on which the authorities themselves are not in accord.

Of course, all of this is a condensation and an oversimplification of the problem. The polygraph examiners are very, very clever. They understand psychology, they have certain controls and tests they use to make

certain they aren't getting wrong reactions or are reaching an erroneous conclusion from the reactions they are getting.

COURT ATTITUDE.

But the fact remains that as yet the polygraph is not a scientific means by which guilt or innocence can be determined by even the best examiner in more than a percentage of cases which is probably somewhere around 70 per cent. And there are disturbing cases, very, very rare, but nevertheless significant in number, where some man has reached a conclusion that a subject is guilty when he is in fact innocent.

Several seasoned examiners have admitted to me that there is a possibility that even they will make a mistake. But they claim that, with the system they use, it will always be in favor of the accused, that they may certify a guilty man as being innocent but they claim they will never certify an innocent man as being guilty.

That's their idea. The courts have a different idea. The courts don't want any part of the lie detector.

The lie detector remains one of the most valuable investigative instruments we have. It should be used solely for the purpose of guiding investigators. It should never be used in any court proceedings for the purpose of influencing a jury or determining whether a man is guilty or innocent. It should only be used as a help to the police in their investigative work.

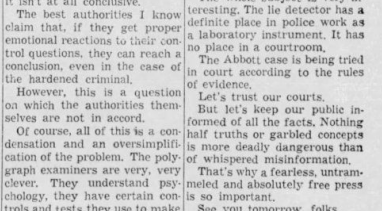
I should also state in all fairness that sometimes an examiner will state that tests so far have been inconclusive when in his own mind he feels pretty certain, but he makes the statement because he wants to run another series of tests.

The whole subject is very interesting. The lie detector has a definite place in police work as a laboratory instrument. It has no place in a courtroom.

The Abbott case is being tried in accord according to the rules of evidence.

Let's trust our courts. But let's keep our public informed of all the facts. Nothing half truths or garbled concepts is more deadly dangerous than of whispered misinformation.

That's why a fearless, untrammeled and absolutely free press is so important. See you tomorrow, folks.



QUESTIONED—Prospective jurors in the trial of Burton W. Abbott are questioned yesterday in Oakland by District Attorney J. Frank Coakley. The sketch is by Examiner Staff Artist Earl Thollander.

Dramatis Personae Listed In Abbott Murder Trial

These are the principals who will be on stage constantly as the drama of the Abbott murder trial unfolds in an oak paneled, fifth floor courtroom of the Alameda County courthouse in Oakland.

DEFENDANT—Burton W. Abbott, 27, slender, blond, quick of movement, voluble and self-confident, former tubercular, a junior at the University of California, studying accounting under GI Bill of Rights.

Abbott is accused of kidnapping and murdering the VICTIM, Stephanie Bryan, 14, Berkeley schoolgirl, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Charles S. Bryan Jr. Stephanie vanished last April 28; her belongings turned up July 15 in the basement of Abbott's home in Alameda; her body was found July 20 in a shallow grave near Abbott's cabin near Wildwood, Trinity County.

PROSECUTION—District Attorney J. Frank Coakley, stocky, experienced, bullfight-type prosecutor, sometimes quick tempered, Assistant District Attorney Folger Emerson, controlled, shrewd, dry tongued, Coakley's alter ego.

DEFENSE—Stanley D. Whitney, chief counsel, successful civil lawyer, homespun, excitable, hard working; Harold B. Hove, relative newcomer at bar, combines unusual background as lawyer, longtime FBI agent and private investigator.

JUDGES—Charles Wade Snook, 65, weathered, soft-spoken, calm, forty years at bench and bar, son of a former Alameda County district judge; James E. Hove, 61, six days, long listed eighty-six days, longest in the history of Alameda County.

Juror Quizzed On Gardner

Asked About Articles In Examiner

Erle Stanley Gardner's stories on the Burton Abbott murder trial, appearing exclusively in The Examiner, were officially noted during the first trial session yesterday.

Abbott's lawyer, Harold B. Hove, probing a juror's reading habits during jury selection, inquired of Eugene M. Shortt, 6929 Chabot Road, Oakland:

"Have you read any impressions that Mr. Erle Stanley Gardner has written about the case?"

Shortt replied that he had not. Hove, probing a juror's reading habits during jury selection, inquired of Eugene M. Shortt, 6929 Chabot Road, Oakland:

Jail Haircut For Abbott

Prisoner Loses Plea For Own Barber

Burton W. Abbott went on trial for murder yesterday in Oakland, but he had a "jail-side" haircut, much to his own consternation.

Obviously in need of a haircut on the eve of the trial, Abbott balked at submitting himself to either of the two jail barbers.

Accordingly he expressed a preference for an outside barber.

The issue was carried to Sheriff H. P. Gleason, who ruled that Abbott was to receive the same consideration accorded all county jail prisoners. That meant the jail barber was to prevail.

