

Mullin's 13 Dead Victims—Their Lives and Their Hopes

By Don West

Examiner News Staff

SANTA CRUZ — A quiet, intense drama took over the back seats of Superior Court Number Two last week as the Future of admitted sacrifice killer Herbert W. Mullin occupied center stage.

Relatives and friends of Mullin's 13 victims came to listen while their loved ones were dissected in testimony by pathologists and reduced to centimeters, powder marks and all the jargon necessary to criminalistics.

Some sat beside or talked in subdued tones to Martin W. Mullin, Herbert's postal clerk father.

Others had to attempt to adopt the legal technician's cold detachment and testify about their knowledge of crimes that had suddenly interrupted plans and hopes and dreams.

The Real People

The simple statistics of the case are that during the five months between Oct. 12, 1972, and Feb. 13, 1973, four adult males, three adult females, two children and four teenagers were slain by knife, revolver, rifle and baseball bat.

Behind those barren words and figures were poets, wives, mothers, husbands, fathers, outdoorsmen, a priest, a teacher, a student psychologist, a runaway, a composer — and all the unrealized potential they contained.

Their links stretched from here to Marseille and from Santa Rosa to Van Nuys.

Lawrence White, 55, was the first victim, clubbed over the head with a baseball bat Oct. 12 when he bent to look beneath the hood of a car on Highway 9 three miles south of Felton.

White, was a man of many parts who had spent most of his later years bumming around, living under railroad bridges, occasionally working in the fields near Watsonville and spending a few days in the drunk tank. No one really got to know White well enough to know why he gave a false Chicago address and an unknown person as his next of kin.

Only a preacher, a piano player and a newspaper re-



#1
Kathy Francis



#2
Mary Guilfoyle



#3
Father Tomei

he was stabbed and shot to death.

Daemon Francis, 3, was a towheaded charmer who liked to paint bright pictures. The only other time anyone remembers Mullin seeing him, he was called "cute as a little angel" by Mullin, who was recalled taking a large dose of LSD during the visit on a ranch near Marysville. The boy was stabbed and shot to death on the top bunk near his brother.

David Oliker, 18, had arrived in Santa Cruz Feb. 9 on a backpacking jaunt to Northern California with his college buddy. He stopped to see a former Van Nuys high school friend for a couple of days in a secluded mountain shelter. He had just eaten breakfast when he was shot near the doorway of the five-sided tent.

Son of a Los Angeles Music Center special program director, he had taken a semester off from Valley College to join his buddy on the outdoors trek. He was a talented and published poet, a casual musician like his two brothers, but he had not decided what he wanted to do with his life.

Robert M. Spector, 18, his buddy, was on his way to College of the Redwoods in Eureka to register, hoping to become a clinical psychologist like his father, except that he planned to merge his outdoor interests in a new concept of treating mental patients in the wilderness.

While his father and mother, a social worker, provided an affluent home life for him and his two sisters, he had been earning his own money for three years. He, too, was a poet.

Brian Scott Card, 19, was their high school buddy. He had been roughing it in Northern California with his brother, Jeff, since just after graduation from high school the previous June. He was shot twice at the entry to the shelter he and his brother had built in September.

Scott, as his friends called him, also wrote verse but was more casual about it than Oliker. His brother had switched him to an interest

given Mullin directions to the Gianera home that same



#4
David Oliker and

Robert Spector



#6
Lawrence White



#7
Mark Dreibelbis



#5
David Hughes and

Daemon Francis

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porter attended his funeral. Mary Guilfoyle, 24, was late for a job appointment when she was picked up hitchhiking near Cabrillo College on Oct. 24. She was stabbed in the heart as her assailant drove his car down a busy street between Soquel and Santa Cruz; then she was dissected and dumped in the mountains, not to be found for 4½ months. A bright, lively girl who "brought people alive," her friends recalled. She wrote poetry and studied to be an English teacher, pointed her life toward a friend and classmate named Jeff Towle and thought about visiting her parents near Buffalo, New York, one of these days.

The Rev. Henri Tomei, 64, had gone to hear confession the afternoon of All Soul's Day, Nov. 2, when a youth dressed in dark clothes stabbed him three times with a knife.

He was a composer, a choir director, youth leader and associate pastor of St. Mary's Catholic Church in Los Gatos.

He had come to California from his native France to "slow down and be near relatives" who reside from Livermore to San Francisco to Santa Rosa.

Jim Gianera, 25, was the only victim who knew Herbert Mullin well; he had gone to San Lorenzo High School with him, played football with him—and furnished him LSD and marijuana. Gianera was shot four times fleeing up his stairway to his bathroom.

He was a carpenter, a father and wanted to be a marine biologist as soon as he could get enough money to go back to school. A small inheritance that would have made this possible was bequeathed to him the day after he died, Jan. 25.

Joan Gianera 21, his wife and mother of their child, Monica, was upstairs taking a bath. She was shot five times as she fell from the bathtub.

She was a dancer, a poet and an artist whose Quaker parents had encouraged and helped as the young couple tried to find a direction for their lives.

Kathy Francis, 28, had

misty morning of Jan. 25. She was eating a dried fig when stabbed three times and shot twice. It happened in her log shack on Mystery Spot Road.

A girl who had grown up in Soquel and held jobs early in her life, she had married bassoonist Robert Hughes more than 10 years before and had a son. Six years later, she and Hughes separated and she fell in love with a kayak builder, carpenter and marijuana transporter, Robert Francis. They also had son.

David Hughes, 9, was growing taller every month and protective of his younger brother. They were playing chinese checkers when

Mark Dreihelbis, 15, was known to the others in the tent as Mark Johnson, because he had fled marijuana sales charges in Reading, Pa., after serving a probationary period for growing marijuana.

He was shot twice trying to climb through the wall of the tent.

Son of a former police chief of Fleetwood, Pa., who had last seen his son the previous August, he had helped Scott and Jeff build the shelter hidden on a hillside a quarter-mile above Highway 9 and just a mile from Mullin's parents' home.

None of the teenagers had
—Turn to Page 9, Col. 1

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#8
Fred Perez, surrounded
by family

—Continued From Page 8

ever met Mullin. Neither had his last victim.

Fred Abbie Perez, 72, had retired four years earlier from the fish business and was working in a driveway on Gharkey Street just off Lighthouse Avenue on Feb. 13 when he was shot and killed with a single rifle bullet.

His grandfather had first opened the family fish business on a commercial wharf called Gharkey Pier in 1863 and Perez had carried it on after a boxing career and service in the U.S. Marines. Fighting as Freddie Bell in the 1920's, he won Central Coast middleweight honors.

He was survived by his wife, two daughters, two sons, seven grandchildren and four great grandchildren and would have been 73 if he had live two more days.



#9
Brian Scott Card





#10
Jim and Joan Gianera
