

DECLARATION OF MABEL COLE SCHAD HUGHES

I, Mabel Cole Schad Hughes, declare under penalty of perjury, that the following is true to the best of my knowledge, information and belief.

1. I am the mother of Edward Harold Schad, Jr. ("Ed"). I was born and raised in New York. I was the baby of the family. I had an older sister, Marian, and two older brothers, Edward and Francis.

2. I did not know my mother, Della Cole. I was told that she drowned when I was about three months old. For most of my childhood, my sister and brothers and I lived with our father, Nelson Cole, and an aunt. My sister Marian was so much older than me that for much of my childhood, I believed she was my mother.

3. I met Ed's father, Edward Harold Schad ("Edward"), at a skating rink when I was a young girl. Edward lived in my neighborhood on the West side of Syracuse, near St. Lucy's Church. When I was fifteen, I began to date Edward off and on. He came from a very large family, at least eight children. I also knew Edward's ^{younger M.C.H.} elder brother, Bill, and got along well with him.

4. When I was 18, I got a job at Grant's Department store. Edward was working as a busboy at the Syracuse Hotel which was nearby. At this time, I began dating Edward again. I was living with my aunt at this time and I remember that my aunt did not like Edward at all. She warned me to stay away from him, mostly because when Edward and I had dated earlier, Edward had broken up with me to date other girls.

5. I married Edward Schad, and our first child, Ed, was born in July, 1942. Shortly before his birth, my husband was called into service. He was allowed to remain with me until Ed

was born, but was sent to Europe only a few days after Ed's birth. He served in the Air Force as a gunner on bombing missions.

6. After my husband was stationed overseas, I moved in with Edward's older brother, Joseph Schad, who also lived in Syracuse. Joe's wife and newborn baby had recently died during childbirth. I moved in with my baby, Ed, to help Joe take care of his two young sons, who were then about seven and ten years old. Two of Joe's and Edward's sisters, Kate and Marion, also lived near us.

7. The next year, 1943, Edward came home on a furlough. Soon after he returned to Europe, I learned that I was pregnant again. A short time after that, Edward's plane was shot down by the Germans. I later learned that when his plane was hit, Edward parachuted more than 22,000 feet, landing in enemy territory. He survived the landing but his leg and face were badly injured and he was in a lot of pain. Edward told me after hitting the ground, but before he was captured by the Germans, he took all the pictures he was carrying and tore them up out of fear that the Nazis would find and hurt his family. Edward and the other survivors of his mission were captured and taken prisoner by the Germans within hours. They were then transferred to a POW camp in Austria, Stalag 17 B.

8. Edward was a German prisoner-of-war for two years. I know that Edward was tortured by the Nazis during this time, but he never would talk much about that with me. He did tell me that the German guards used vicious dogs to enforce their power, and that these dogs had attacked him. He also said that the POW's were given very little to eat. In 1945, all of the POW's, including my husband, were ordered out of Stalag 17B on a "death march." I believe it was toward the end of that march that the POW's were liberated by Allied troops.

9. While Edward was in the Nazi prison camp, I gave birth to twins, Jerry and

Sherry Schad. They were born on January 30, 1944. From the moment they were born, I believed Sherry was the stronger of the two babies. However, shortly after the twins and I returned home from the hospital, a visiting nurse from the Red Cross came to check on my babies. Examining Sherry, the nurse told me to take Sherry to the hospital right away because Sherry was dying. I couldn't believe it because she seemed fine to me, but my brother-in-law, Joe, and his sister took her to the hospital. Sherry died the very next day. I don't know exactly why she died but I believe that the hospital was to blame for Sherry's death because Sherry had a little purple circle on her heel where it had rubbed against the hospital sheets. I heard later that the hospital sheets were not washed well and that caused an infection in Sherry which caused her death.

10. While Edward was still a prisoner-of-war, I left Joe's house, and moved with my two small sons, Ed and Jerry, into an apartment.

11. After my husband was liberated by the Allied troops, he finally returned to Syracuse and we began to live as a family. But it soon became obvious that Edward was a completely different person. He was no longer the man I had married. Edward had been the nicest guy I knew before going to war, but the war took a lot out of him. He had lost a lot of weight and looked very unhealthy. He screamed in his sleep all the time. He was in a lot of pain and full of terrible memories which he couldn't seem to escape. I know that he was tormented because of the nightmares and the screaming, but I know very little about what actually happened to him in Stalag 17-B. He did not share those details and I did not ask for them.

12. Edward tried to work but had trouble keeping a job because he was always drinking. Edward was not a drinker before he went into the service but when he returned, he drank a lot and often lost his temper and became mean. Since Edward couldn't work, I went to

work to support the family. I got a job at Crouse-Hinds working as an enamel spray painter on an assembly line. I was later promoted to assembling fine wires in the arkite department. I worked at Crouse-Hinds for 32 years until I retired.

13. My job required me to work long hours, usually from 5:00 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. Edward drove me to work almost every day. By then, I also had two other children. My daughter, Susan Schad, was born on May 8, 1946, and my son, Thomas Francis Schad, was born on January 29, 1948. Because my husband was often sick or not able to supervise the children, I sometimes paid Edward's mother to stay with them. I did not know her well. I'm not certain that I knew her first name, but she was family. I believe she spoke German, but I'm not sure.

14. We moved a lot when the children were growing up, almost always in and around Syracuse. But one time Edward received some government benefits for being a POW and he decided that we would move to California where his brother, Bill, lived. We had just bought a house in Mattydale (just outside of Syracuse), and I didn't want to move and leave my job and our house. But Edward insisted, so I quit my job at Crouse-Hinds, we sold the house and moved to California. We stayed in California for only a couple of months before Edward decided he didn't like it there. Again, we picked up and moved back to Syracuse.

15. When we got back to Syracuse, Edward went to work for Crucible Steel Company, but that job only lasted about three weeks. He lost it because of his drinking. I got my old job back at Crouse-Hines, but when I first started back, I had to work nights. After doing that for a while, I was able to go back to working the day shifts.

16. During this time, Edward's mother died and Edward decided that we should move into her old farmhouse in Bridgeport, which is also just outside of Syracuse. I did not want to move there because the house was really old and in terrible shape but Edward put in some floors

and a bathroom.

17. Edward tried painting houses to earn some money but that didn't work out either. He often went to work drunk and had trouble completing the jobs he had. I used to worry about him falling off a ladder and hurting himself. Sometimes when Edward got too drunk to finish a job, he made Ed finish it for him. Edward didn't like the idea of Ed, Jr. driving. I'm not sure Ed had his license yet, but Ed had to drive his father when he was too drunk. Ed was a teenager then and he was very hard worker. Usually after Edward finished a painting job, he stayed home for weeks just getting drunk. He would then spend weeks sobering up and trying to get another painting job.

18. Finally, Edward gave up on holding a job and just drank. He often hung out at the town pub in Mattydale. One time he got in trouble and was locked up in jail overnight. I remember because I had to go get him out.

19. My husband drank almost every day. His drinking often lasted for weeks at a time. Eventually, he would get too sick to keep drinking, or at least to get to the pub, and for a few weeks after that he would stay in the house. He sometimes called me at work in the middle of a shift, telling me to bring him some beer.

20. When Edward drank, he really lost his temper. I saw it in the evening when I returned from work and he had been drinking most of the day. Because I was gone all day working, I don't know what Edward did during the day when he was home with the children. I just didn't see a lot because I was always working.

21. During our marriage, Edward used to hit me in the face and head. He accused me of seeing other men. I often went to work with visible injuries, like a fat lip and black eyes. I told my girlfriends and my boss at work about the beatings. My boss advised me to leave

Edward, but I just couldn't do it. I had four children and I didn't want to break up the family.

22. We had many bad fights, sometimes in front of the children, but one night in particular stands out in my memory. One of my girlfriends was over at the house and I had made a spaghetti dinner for Edward and the children. Edward was drunk and began accusing me again of seeing other men. He got furious and totally irrational, then kicked over the table filled with food and dishes. The food and dishes went everywhere. The kids and I were terrified.

23. Edward saw two or three different doctors in town and they put him on some kind of medication. I don't know what they said was wrong with him, or what medication he took. Edward didn't want me to know those things, and I don't think I ever asked. Edward also got some help from the V.A. in Syracuse for his problems, but I knew almost nothing about that either. Since it was the VA, it may have been related to his war experiences and that was a subject he never discussed with me.

24. At times, Edward just went out of his mind. I remember one night when I was sitting in a chair, just watching TV, with Edward behind me. Suddenly all the lights went out. When I turned to see what was happening, I saw Edward standing with one hand on the light switch and a large butcher knife in the other. He started flicking the lights off and on, and laughing in a really bizarre and frightening way. I was very worried and I remember wondering, "Is he going looney again?" I asked him what was going on, but he just laughed. I felt totally helpless so I started saying "Hail Marys" and "Our Fathers." Just then the telephone rang and I picked it up. It was Edward's sister, Kate. By this time, Edward's family knew that he had these strange episodes, and Kate could tell by my voice that Edward was acting up again. Kate called our son Jerry and told him to get to our house right away. Jerry was a stocky young man and could really handle himself physically. In fact, Edward was afraid of Jerry. Jerry came over and

got me, then took me to his house.

25. I stayed at Jerry's house that night and the next day. Jerry contacted an attorney, and with his help, Jerry and I had Edward committed to the Canandaigua V.A. hospital. Edward was in the psychiatric ward for about a month. I visited him while he was a patient there, but he acted very strangely and our visits were uncomfortable. Edward told the people at the hospital that I worked for the President. Having done that, he insisted that I dress up very nice when I visited him there. I'd wear stockings and high heels when I went to visit Edward in the hospital. He may actually have believed that I worked for the President. I honestly don't know.

26. Edward was later transferred to a ward for really disturbed people. The place reminded me of a dungeon. I'll never forget how scared I was walking down the corridors of the hospital with the guard to get to where they put Edward. There were men sitting all over the floor. The hospital had given Edward lots of drugs. He begged me to get him out of there. When I was leaving, a lady at the hospital asked me if I wanted him home again. I said that I would think about it. I was torn between concern for my husband and concern for my own safety.

27. The next day I went back to the hospital and picked up Edward. He was very grateful, and begged me never to take him there again. As we were driving home, he kept turning around, looking back at the hospital as we drove further away from it. I pulled off the side of the road and told Edward that he had to promise me that he would never drink again. He promised me that he would not.

28. Even when Ed was a little boy, Edward was really hard on him. My husband never wanted me to show Ed any affection. I don't really know why it enraged him so, but I was afraid to hug Ed because I knew that Edward might hit me if I did.

29. I knew that Ed had friends growing up, but he never brought any of his friends over to the house. Ed worked during high-school at the Sweetheart Market, where he bagged groceries. As soon as he graduated from high school, Ed joined the Army. He never talked to me about doing that at all, so I don't know how or why he made that decision. I only learned about it after he had already signed up.

30. I remember when Ed got in trouble in Utah. I believe it was in the late 60's. It was in the newspaper in Syracuse and I was upset and humiliated because everyone in town read the story and knew about it before I did. In fact, I first heard about it from my co-workers when I arrived at work one morning. I could not believe that my son could be involved in anything like that. I never talked to Ed about it, and I never went to Utah. I was never contacted by any attorneys or anyone working on Ed's case.

31. In November of 1973, my husband, Edward Schad, Sr., died of a heart attack while shoveling snow outside our home in Bridgeport.

32. I met my present husband, Bill Hughes, at work. Sometime after Edward's death, Bill asked me out and we later married.

33. The last time I saw my son Ed was after his release from the Utah prison in the winter of 1978. He came to see me where Bill and I were living in Brewerton, near Syracuse. Ed called me late one afternoon, and told me that he was in town and wanted to see me. He said he was with his girlfriend, Wilma, and her three children. I gave Ed directions to our house and they all came right over.

34. Ed looked good. He was very clean and neat, as he always had been, so I was shocked to see him with a girlfriend like Wilma. Wilma was just filthy. She looked like she had never washed her hair. Her children were also very dirty. My husband and I took them out to

Edward, but I just couldn't do it. I had four children and I didn't want to break up the family.

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McDonald's to eat shortly after they arrived.

35. Although we were planning to go to a relative's house the next day for dinner, I decided that I could not stand it and started drinking. I got very drunk and then went into my bedroom and called for Bill. When Bill came in, I told him to get rid of all of them, just get them out of the house. I then went to bed. I don't know what Bill said to them, but Ed, Wilma and the children left. I don't know where they went. I never saw Ed again. I would not have done that if Ed had been alone, but I did not like or trust Wilma. I did not want Wilma in my home because Wilma just looked like a terrible person.

36. I later learned about what happened to Ed in Arizona. Although I have always lived in the Syracuse area, I was never contacted by any attorney representing Ed until recently. If I had been contacted, I would have done anything to help Ed. I would have come to Arizona and told the judge about all the things I have said here. I would have told the judge about what a loving boy and man Ed is and I would have asked him to spare his life.

I declare under penalty of perjury under the laws of the United States of America and the State of Arizona that the foregoing is true and correct to the best of my knowledge, and that this declaration was executed this _____ day of _____, 1999, in Syracuse, New York.

Mabel C. Hughes 10/5/99
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