

Girl's Drowning Not Suicide, Says Mother

15-Year-Old Seemingly Had Everything to Live For, But She Leaps Into River

The reason for the mysterious drowning of 15-year-old Edna Blakely went with her to her grave Tuesday.

While the girl's death is listed on the police blotter as suicide, Edna's mother, Mrs. Sallie Blakely, 100 West 138th street, says that her daughter was murdered.

The mother is convinced that her pretty daughter, whose body she identified last Friday after the girl had been missing for two days, was murdered, because Alexander Hargrove, who also lives at the 138th street address, claims he saw a black sedan, with Edna riding in the front seat with the driver and a man riding in the back, come through 138th street from Seventh avenue about 2 o'clock on the tragic morning of August 4.

Can Identify Sedan.

When the girl attempted to get out of the car, Mr. Hargrove said, the man in the back seat yanked her back into the car. The automobile then turned north on Lenox avenue, he declared, but had disappeared by the time he ran to the corner to get the license number. About a half-hour later, he said, the car came back down Lenox avenue. Although Mr. Hargrove doesn't know the make of the sedan, he claims that he can identify it if he should see it again.

Edna Had Everything.

Edna presumably had everything to live for—loving parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Blakely, with whom she lived at 100 West 138th street, friends and many luxuries other young girls don't enjoy.

The clothes now hanging in neat rows in her closet would be a joy to any growing girl. Crisp pink organdy curtains hang at the window and a matching frilled coverlet is spread on the three-quarter bed. All about the room are reminiscences of a happy girlhood—momentoes from school parties and picnics.

The wall is covered with girlish pictures, one which Edna, herself, drew in pasters—a shy young girl half-hidden behind a Spanish shawl. On her bureau a beautiful shell toilet set lies in prim pattern.

Yet, despite all this, she leaped or was thrown seventy feet to her death from the 145th street bridge into the Harlem River.

Was Fine Looking.

According to Mrs. Blakely, Edna, an attractive girl who looked more than her age, had been in good spirits all day. As a matter of fact, she was planning quiet festivities for her fifteenth birthday which would have fallen this year on Monday, the day before she was buried. With her most of the day were her very best girl friend, Catherine Coleman of Jamaica, L. I., who spent the weekend with her, and Samuel Brandon, with whom she had been laughing and talking only a short time before her untimely death.

The mother was ironing Edna's clothes when the three young people left the cheerful apartment to take a walk. According to the young man, Edna wanted to walk through 142d street, a route the others didn't want to take. There were no harsh words,

according to Mr. Brandon, but Edna went her way. They watched her for a while, he said, and then followed her, but lost sight of her at 145th street and Eighth avenue.

Two Saw Jump.

Vincent Norman and Marian Knowles, who were walking along the bridge, saw the girl remove her slippers and anklets and deposit them with an apartment key on the railing. They attempted to seize her when she jumped but she twisted herself free and fell into the water.

Mrs. Blakely was surprised when Mr. Brandon and Catherine Coleman returned home without Edna, she said; she chided them for allowing Edna to get away from them. The young man had been aware since he started keeping company with Edna that the young girl was subject to fainting spells and should never be left in the street alone.

Mother Dreams of Edna.

Her eyes smarting with quick, uncontrollable tears, Mrs. Blakely kept reiterating on Wednesday: "I know it was murder. She had everything her heart could wish for.

"Why, you know, she came to me in my dreams last night, all dressed up in green taffeta and said to me: 'Mom—mom—they—' I must have screamed in my sleep because my husband shook me and woke me up. The dream was broken—but some day she will come to me and tell me who did it.

"Just the Sunday before she was drowned, Edna joined Abyssinian Church and she and I were in the street all day Monday planning to buy her white dress for her baptism. She had everything to live for. I know that it was murder."

Detective Purcell of the Thirty-second Precinct, who is in charge of the case, however, is convinced that the girl committed suicide.

Funeral services were held at the city morgue on Tuesday. The Rev. Willard Monroe officiated. Interment was made in Beverly Hills Cemetery.