LONDON, March 51, 1936

My Lord Governor
Harold L. Hoffman.

Your Excellency!
My writing is not for fear of losing my life, this is in the hands of God, it is His will, I will go gladly, it means the end of my tremendous suffering. Only in thinking of my dear wife and my little boy, that is breaking my heart. I know, until this terrible crime is solved, they will have to suffer under the weight of my unfair conviction.

In passing away, I assure your excellency that I am not guilty of this crime. Over and over again I was trying to convince the prosecution that they made an innocent man. I offer myself to any test that science may offer, but I was begging in vain. I did this, not to force the prosecution to put me free, but only to convince the world that I am innocent.

In living my last hour of life, I wish I could bring some light into this case, but all what I can do is to give a description of the victim of the foe, whom I seek the first time now I meet Mr. Jacob (Description I have given already also all the circumstances).

Were I connected in any part in this terrible crime, I never would have troubled your excellency in any way. The same I never would have called the court of Denver and appealed the court of Parsons to take my case in consideration. I then in my one sense of justice that a person guilty of such a crime, can't deserve any consideration. But since I was fighting what these conscience, I did have a right to do so before God and the world.

May I call fair thinking people—would I have been convicted of this crime without the circumstantial evidence, and then false witnesses—no, never and never. Why did people say in the daylight that they ask me near Sunday, the motives can be only money and to play an important part in the Lindbergh case, up to the present day I am not able to.
Why did and does Dr. Borden hate so many things he loves?
It is not for the cause of justice that this man say everything
Why did Dr. Borden say in my cell, he can not convict against
me. My God Dr. Borden and your witness, did you ever
realize what you did. In a short time I will stand before a
higher Judge. You will have a little longer, but you and you,
never can save this world what a happier time feeling as the
Gentlemen from the prosecution were all the direct
evidence. Fingerprints, footprints. For all I know, these are
gone in evidence, I say. for what did the police take right
by my arm all my shoes? Why all those special fingerprints
from part of the hand from me the normal never told.
Why was it said to the jury that I had 99,904 Dollor of Lindbergh
money. You now it was not true. A half hour after my conviction
your self send a officer to me, that I should say where the other
50,000 Dollor. Why did you say to the jury, that people sat
Goldbills in our house, but never brought them people on the
nitanband. For what did you think all this went in the eye
of the jury, that 2 person whom are judging offer my life?
Are you responsible for building up all the circumstantial
evidence? Is there really a man who can believe, that I a
Carpenter should have build such a ladder.

I state, that I found the money, middle of Aug, 1934
and that I paid the money without knowing it was
Lindbergh money. So there any person whom can say that I
paid one single Bill before that date.

Why did my chief lawyer and important witneses
now without ever bringing them on the stand.
My God every God I hardly can’t believe that all
that what happened by my deal. But it was necessary
to convict me and so close the book of the case.
Mr. Hillery, with my dying breath, I swear
by God that you convicted an innocent man. Now you will
stand before the same judge, to whom I go in a few hours
you know you has done wrong an me, you not only take
my life, but also all the happiness of my family.
God will be judge between me and you.
I beg you, Attorney General, believe at least a dying man,
please investigate, because this case is not suspect, it only
sold to another deal to the Lindbergh case.
Your excellence, I see this as my duty, before this state takes my life, do thank you what you have done for me. I write this with tears in my eyes. If ever prayer will reach you, He will come from me, from my dear wife and my little boy.

In all your effort to save my life and see that justice is done. I assure your excellence that your effort was spent for an innocent man.

I thank your excellence from the bottom of my heart, and may God bless you.

Respectfully,

[Signature]

Why was not any consideration given to my four witnesses whom took me in the same time between 8-9 in the Bailey in New York on the 1st of March 1932. There were no pants of mine. These are all strangers to me. Even one of them came in very bad condition from the night before. No witness from the state came up at all to enter this parole period, to place me to New Jersey.