

EARLY in October, 1935, Governor Hoffman learned that Hauptmann had asked to see him. One of the things that kept this message on his mind was a phone call from former Vice-President Curtis, who wanted him to "see Mrs. McLean." The "mysterious woman" who visited the death house with him on the night of October 16 was—as he disclosed in Liberty last week—Mrs. Anna Bading, Ellis Parker's secretary. She was a competent interpreter and an expert stenographer, and he thought he might need both.

These were the points Hauptmann particularly stressed in beginning his plea to the Governor: 1—Why hadn't they used the "lie detector" on him and on Dr. Condon? 2—Why hadn't the state produced its casts of a man's footprint found near the kidnap ladder and of one found in the Bronx cemetery? 3—Could it be true that no fingerprints had been found on the ladder and none in the Lindbergh baby's room? 4—He had kept in his home letters received from Pincus Fisch in Germany, and copies of his letters to Pincus; why, then, when asked for such letters during the trial, had the prosecution answered, "We have none"?

PART THREE — A MAN WHO LIVED IN HELL

WOULD I, a carpenter, make for a crime like dot a ladder dot would not bear my own veight vidout breaking?"

Hauptmann arose from his cot and stood before me as if he wanted me to appraise his height and weight. A dim light, burning in the corridor outside cell 9, cast the shadows of prison bars in vertical stripes down his gray woolen shirt, open at the neck. His attitude, as at the Flemington trial, seemed to reflect pride in his craftsmanship. There he had answered the question of his chief counsel, Reilly, "Did you build the ladder?" with the statement, "I am a carpenter!"

The prisoner turned abruptly and went to the table bearing his books. He picked out one of the volumes of the trial testimony, and turned without hesitation to the examination of Chief Inspector Henry E. Bruckman of the Detective Division of the Bronx. He pointed to the damaging evidence of Bruckman, who had testified that he had found inside a closet at the Hauptmann home

the piece of board bearing the penciled notation of Dr. Condon's address and telephone number.

"I wanted to ask you about that," I said. "You did admit that it was your writing, didn't you? And that it was the Doctor's telephone number? How do you account—"

"Dot is von of the things dey haf done to me," answered Hauptmann. "A few days after my arrest my Annie and the child could stand it no longer in the house because the baby could no longer sleep because of all the police and people who vere there; so dey vent to relatives. Now I can see it vas the wrong thing to haf done, for the police could manage to do as dey vished.

"Some days after I am arrested, when everything seems so mixed up, the police appear with a board on which is some writing. Dey say the board is from the closet in my home, and when I look through a glass at the writing it looks like mine and I say it must be mine because often it is my custom to write down things, like many carpenters, on pieces of vood. But den dey tell me it is Doctor Condon's telephone number and the number of his house. Dear God! If I dot number had written and knew vhat it vas, vould I so haf told the

police? No! Vith my dying breath I vould haf said I haf never seen it before.

"Besides, if I had commit this crime, vould I haf marked down in my own house this number? Because in my Bronx house I haf no telephone and must go some distance to telephone. Vhat good vould be to me a number written inside my closet which is the broom closet and very small and which I vould haf to get inside to see the number? And, too, the closet is dark."

Hauptmann went on to explain that any telephoning done by him had to be from a pay station and that there were always telephone books containing Doctor Condon's phone number. "They haf tried to make people think," he said, "dot this vas a secret number, but it is shown dot it is not so and the number vas in all the books."

(Later, in Liberty, even Doctor Condon was to admit the improbability of Hauptmann's having written his phone number on the inside of the closet. Telling of long-

distance calls from distant cranks who reversed charges, running his telephone bill up to nearly fifty dollars a month, he writes, in *Jafsie Tells All*: "Angry, I arranged for a private listing. Later, much was to be made of the fact that I had a private listing and that, despite this, my telephone number was found written in a closet in the kidnaper's home. . . . The number so found was Sedgwick 3-7154, the old number by which I was listed in the Bronx telephone directory at the time of the kidnaping and before I obtained a private listing. . . . To this day I cannot bring myself to accept the written telephone number and address in the kidnaper's closet.")

Hauptmann said to me, "I am now certain that the numbers on the closet wainscoting haf been made either by police or by reporters who tried to write like me."

Strangest confessional in history! Here at last is the whole record of what Hauptmann said at death's door

Frequently Hauptmann reverted to the ladder, which attorney General Wilentz, before the trial, is reported to have said that the state would "hang around the neck" of the accused man.

"Is it not unbelievable," he asked, "dot to make von support for the ladder, out of six, I would haf from the floor in my own house tear up von of the boards? This is the von dey call 'rail 16.' In the first place, it had in it some large knots which alone would prevent a carpenter from making a ladder of it. Anyvay, it is not altogether a ladder—it is only a wooden rack. Its construction shows that it did not come from the hand of a carpenter, not even a poor von. The prosecutor tried to say dot I was not a good carpenter, but I say I haf often worked for myself and as a foreman. Every master could depend on me. I haf often figured out whole requirements for vood for new construction and order material, and often I vas responsible for the whole job.

"But the ladder rail. It vas said to the jury, and by experts, dot it came from my house. Whether it really came from the house I do not know, but if it did, den I make responsible the persons who vere dere after my Annie left the house."

Again Hauptmann rose from the prison cot and stood before me. "Listen," he said. "Vilentz says I am smart criminal. He says on dese hands I must haf vorn gloves, because dere are not fingerprints. He says on dese feet I must haf vorn bags, because dere are no footprints. If I vas a smart criminal, if I would do all dese things, vy would I go in my own house and take up half of one board to use for one piece of the ladder—something dot always would be evidence against me?

"If I wanted to make a ladder, could I not get around my yard and around my garage all the vood like this dot I would need? I haf lots of boards like dot. Besides, only about von block from my house is a lumber yard where for a few cents I could buy such a board."

Hauptmann went on to point out that there was no stairway leading to his attic, only a trap door that could be reached awkwardly by climbing up on closet shelves. The entrance to the attic would then be completed by lifting oneself up by the use of hands and arms. It seemed inconceivable to him that any one could believe that, for the sake of saving a few pennies, a board from the floor would be pried up. He said that, according to the testimony, the flooring was of the tongue-and-groove type and held to the floor by square fivepenny nails. It would take a man of unusual strength with his hands alone to pry up such a board. "Besides," he added, "since on the ladder rail there vas no tongue and no groove, in addition to all the other trouble it would be necessary to rip saw or plane such a board down both edges to make it the size of the ladder rail."

Hauptmann, doomed to die, was particularly bitter in his denunciation of Arthur Koehler, the government wood expert. The prisoner pointed out that, in order to show that rail 16 and the lumber said to

remain in Hauptmann's attic had at one time been part of the same board. Koehler had to assume in his testimony that there was a piece of lumber two or three inches in width missing between the end of the ladder rail and the beginning of the piece left in the attic. By the use of one's assumptions, he said, anything might be conceived.

He did not seem to think that there was anything particularly brilliant or impressive in Koehler's tracing of a shipment of lumber, cut in a certain way, to a retail lumber yard in the Bronx. Many hundreds of thousands of feet of lumber cut with the same saws or knives would be produced by the same mill, he argued. Koehler himself had traced many shipments of the lumber to different cities in the country. Hauptmann claimed that if a suspect had been held in any one of those cities, say Buffalo, Easton, Richmond, it could have been said that the lumber which was milled and planed in the same South Carolina mills had been traced to a retail lumber yard in the suspect's neighborhood.

"Vy would the jury believe Koehler?" he asked, "when he testified dot two pieces of lumber which vere given him in the courtroom vere from the same board? Then ve show vith Mr. De Bisschop, a fine witness, dot dey come from different places; von almost new—five or six years old—and the other from an old building nearly forty-seven years standing before it vas torn down. But when Koehler say dot two other pieces of board, von on the ladder and von vot they lie vas part of my attic floor are from the same board, he is believed. Vy?"

"I know vy!" Hauptmann had a far-away look in his eyes, although his thoughts were probably only a few feet away, upon the cloth-covered electric chair that was being watched, unknown to him, by Anna Bading, in the course of her lonely vigil in the death chamber. "It is because, even though a piece is missing dot must be supplied by the mind, dey vant to believe this von thing which will help take my life. Because when my life may depend upon a mistake of Koehler's, dot is not important.

"Oh, no!" he concluded bitterly. "The poor child haf been kidnaped and murdered, so somebody must die for it. For is the parent not the great flyer? And if somebody does not die for the death of the child, den always the police vill be monkeys. So I am the one who is picked out to die."

Hauptmann, I believe, could have gone on for hours talking about the wood—the ladder rails, the dowel pins, the crosspieces, the attic flooring, the nails; about discrepancies in the testimony of Koehler. He expressed himself as believing that the testimony concerning the plane marks on the ladder rails and the attempt to show that these marks were made by his plane was such obviously doubtful evidence that the jury should have disregarded the rest of Koehler's testimony. "Can any von honestly believe," he asked, "dot I, vorking many times as a carpenter, vould for two years haf a plane dot vould not be sharpened and vchich vould haf today the same nicks as it vould haf two years ago?"

BESIDES, even the same blade of the plane vould make different marks when used by different people. But Koehler, he proves dot dis plane today, by different people, makes exactly the same marks dot it made when supposed to haf been used by me two years ago. The ladder has been taken apart many times and handled by many people. It must be shown dot I vas not always in the Bronx, but at Hopewell—so some von, maybe the police, might run my plane on the ladder rails."

Sadly he added, "Dot I cannot prove. If, like the state, I haf many hundreds of thousands of dollars to spend, maybe I too could haf many 'experts.'"

I was anxious to get on to other phases of the case, and the testimony that had condemned Hauptmann. His mention of the word "experts" gave me a chance to veer from the woodwork angle and question him about the handwriting on the ransom notes.

"Right after my arrest I had to write," said Hauptmann. "I did not know at the time vy dey wanted specimens of my writing. If I had any idea, den I vould not haf let dem dictate to me so to write down mistakes. Of course I make mistakes in writing. Still, not such blun-

ders as vere dictated to me. Den dey took out of all my writings dose things which looked like the ransom notes. In the note dot was found in the baby's room dey found only von little word, 'is,' dot dey say looked like mine.

"It vas after twelve o'clock at night when dey come back and forced me to write more. I did not vant to write more den, because I had been on the boat the night before to say good-by to a relative and I had almost no sleep. But dey dictate to me vhat I should write, so I did it. I could hardly keep my eyes open; still, I remember some of the things dey told me to write. I recall very clearly some things, for when I write the vord 'not' dey told me to add 'e' to it. Dot seemed very strange, but now dey say dot is not in my writings. So some of the sheets vchich I wrote haf been torn or are missing.

"Many times dese handwriting 'experts' haf been wrong. One of dem testifying against me admitted dot as a result of a mistake he made an innocent man served three or four years in a prison out Vest."

(Hauptmann was incorrect in the statement that the trial testimony had shown that the "innocent man" had served time in jail; but it is a fact that, after making an unsuccessful effort to evade the question of defense counsel, John F. Tyrrell, one of the state's "experts," admitted that he gave handwriting evidence upon which one Gordon Morgan, in a Milwaukee court, had been convicted of forgery and sentenced to prison. The day after the conviction, Tyrrell reluctantly stated at Flemington, a man by the name of Herman Eckert confessed that he had written the checks in question. The case was reopened and Morgan was discharged.)

THE doomed Hauptmann continued earnestly: "Dey admitted dot many times dey had been wrong in important cases. Sometimes dey are hired by one side and again by another in a case. Sometimes dese big 'experts' oppose each other; von says the handwriting is right, the other says it is wrong for the person accused.

"In my case," he went on, "Lloyd Fisher haf told me dot the state haf spent more money for handwriting experts alone dan ve haf for our whole defense. So, when it is a question of sending me to the electric chair, right away the state, vith many thousands of dollars, get all the experts who are vell known in the country and haf dem on their side against me."

Rising quickly, the prisoner brought two volumes of the trial testimony almost completely filled with the handwriting examination. He ran through the pages, looked at me, and said, "Governor, if you haf been a man who vas picked up vith some of the Lindbergh money—even though dot money might haf passed through ten hands before it came to you—I think dot easy some of dese man vould prove, from all your writings, dot you vere the von who haf written the ransom letters.

"Nearly \$40,000, I am told, the state paid dese men who testified dot here and dere is a letter I haf written, or a vord, dot the jury vould believe is like some of dose in the Lindbergh letters."

I asked Hauptmann many questions about his relationship with Isidor Fisch, the man from whom he claimed to have received the \$15,000 proved after the arrest to be part of the Lindbergh ransom money. It had always seemed to me that the Fisch story represented the weakest part of Hauptmann's defense; it seemed unbelievable that Fisch, leaving for Germany, would have left the ransom bills in Hauptmann's custody, and that he would not have ascertained until after Fisch's death in Leipzig that the package contained currency.

As I sat beside him on his cell cot, Hauptmann related this story: That he met Fisch, for the first time, in March or April of 1932 at Hunter's Island, and that he later drove Fisch and another friend, whose name he could not remember, to the subway station. It was about three weeks later when he again met Fisch at Hunter's Island, and after that they met two or three times a week. Fisch told him that he was interested in the stock market and Hauptmann asked him to accompany him to Steiner and Rouse's on Eighty-sixth Street. Although Hauptmann at that time still carried his account with Mott, he watched the reports at Steiner and Rouse's, and later he transferred his account to that firm.

Fisch told Hauptmann that he was in the fur business, and added, according to Hauptmann, that there "was good money in it." He finally interested Hauptmann in it and was given \$500 to invest in furs. Hauptmann at the same time was to buy some stock for Fisch, and each was to pay the other their respective profits or losses. They carried on these transactions for some time, with Hauptmann buying and selling stock for Fisch—including one \$9,000 purchase of Alaska Juneau—and reinvesting in furs the profits which Fisch represented were being made on his original \$500 investment, until he had \$6,000 or \$7,000 in furs.

Fisch, who was sickly, one day announced that he was going to Germany to visit his parents, and, about four weeks before leaving, told Hauptmann that he had purchased 2,000 Hudson sealskins. He said he had sold 1,600 of them but wanted Hauptmann to keep the remaining 400. "At first," said Hauptmann, "he said he wanted me to come down with him to the fur district, but den he changed his mind and said I should come to his home on 127th Street. So I went to his house and we took the skins and went to my home. About von week later he brought to my house a moth box and he showed me how to vet and stretch the skins.

"Later on he asks me when he goes to Germany if he can leave with me some of his belongings, and I went to his home again, for the second time, and took to my house two satchels, a big von and a small von. He says, 'Dere is not much in dere, only old stuff—you may put it in the garage.' He showed me some books in the little von and told me I could read them, and I did during the vinter. I kept dot satchel in my big closet in the living room.

"Den, the Saturday before Isidor left for Germany, my vife and I gave for him a farewell party. He brought along in his arm a cardboard box, wrapped up—I think about nine o'clock—and he asks me to put it in a closet for him and keep it until he comes back from Germany. I thought maybe in the box vere some things he forgot to put in the satchel, maybe papers and letters. When he came in we vere in the kitchen, so I put the package for him on the upper shelf of the broom closet. After a vwhile dere vere rags and things on the shelf covering up the box and I forgot all about it. He told me he would be back again in two months, maybe earlier."

Hauptmann continued: "Isidor wrote me a few times from Germany, and den, in March or April, from his brother Pincus I get a letter saying he, Isidor, haf died. He asked me, in his letter, as he knew I vas a friend of Isidor's, to look after his financial business in dis country. So I wrote and told Pincus how we stood in the stock and fur business.

"Fisch had told me vonce that he had bank accounts and a safe-deposit box and dot he also got \$10,000 in some company dot bakes pies; also lots of furs; and dot a friend, Mr. Falek, owed him \$2,000. But when I haf news dot Isidor haf died and I start to look around, I find dot the pie company is a fake and vorth nothing, also dot Fisch haf owed Falek \$800 and to Mrs. Heil, Mr. Henkel's mother-in-law, he owed \$4,000. Henry Uhlig, who knows the fur business and who had gone to Germany vith Isidor, went looking around vith me, and we find Isidor haf no furs except the 400 skins at my house, vvhich are not vorth vot he haf told me. So I am all mixed up.

"I went with Uhlig to a lawyer named Plitzer [I later found the name to be Louis Blitzer] to see how I could

protect myself with my losses from Fisch, for I thought surely somevhere he must haf money or furs or property. Plitzer, I think, belonged to the same lodge as Isidor, and he said that in 1930 he was settling for Isidor a case about the pie company and also something about paying taxes in Albany.

"I asked him if dere vas any chance of getting to open the safe-deposit box, and he said no, not unless Fisch's relatives should issue orders. But Mr. Falek, I think, had some kind of a paper and he opened the box. Uhlig told me dot dere is nothing in it, just some little notes.

"Even up to that time I haf not thought of the little box, but three or four veeks before I got arrested it has been raining and the water comes in the broom closet and I run across the box soaking wet. When I look I find it is full of money. Oho! I say to myself; dot is vwhere Isidor's money haf gone. Vot he has saved he has put in gold certificates to be safe. I put it in a pail and took it to my garage, vwhere I dried it and hid it like the police found it, except for the few bills I haf spent. I did not put it in the bank because vwith gold certificates I think I should haf trouble.

"Before dot I haf written to Pincus he should come to the United States to settle up Isidor's business. Now I felt, since Fisch haf owed me so much money and haf tried to cheat me, dot the money largely is mine.

"Could I haf known dot the money vas the Lindbergh baby money? No! How could any sensible person think dot?" Hauptmann then touched upon a point that had always puzzled me, even in the days when from a casual reading of the newspaper accounts I had been thoroughly convinced of his guilt. "For vas it not testified at the trial, and truly so, dot to the gasoline station man I haf said, when I gave him the bill, 'I haf a hundred more like dot'? Vould I say dot if I knew dot dese bills maybe could take my life some day?"

(It was true that at Flemington Walter Lyle had testified to that effect. His exact testimony was that, when Hauptmann had handed him the ten-dollar gold certificate, he "looked at it, turned it over, and said, 'You don't see many more of these,' and he [Hauptmann] said, 'No, I only have about a hundred left.'"

Hauptmann talked on rapidly, without excitement, of the circumstances surrounding his arrest; how he first believed he had been picked up for speeding, but knew it was more serious when the police clapped handcuffs on him. He frankly admitted that he had lied about the amount of money in his garage because he "vould get in so much trouble if they knew I had so much gold money, and besides, near the money I haf hidden also a pistol vvhich I know I am not supposed to haf."

He told of an alleged beating to which he was subjected in a police station in New York. "I vas handcuffed in the chair and the police give me such a terrible licking dot I fall downward to the floor. Dey showed me a hammer and den dey put out the lights and started to beat me on the shoulders, the back of the head, and the arm. Den, too, dey kicked my legs vwith their feet and kept yelling, 'Vwhere is the money?' 'Vwhere is the baby?' 'Ve'll knock your brains out!'"

I was later to obtain a copy of the oral and physical examination of Hauptmann by Thurston H. Dexter, M. D., F. A. C. P., made in the presence of James M. Fawcett, then attorney for the accused man, and Louis L. Lefkowitz, assistant medical examiner; dated September 25, several days after the alleged "third degree."

That report is before me as I write this record of the much talked about prison interview with the man who has long since gone to his death, legally, at the hands of my state. It reads in part: "Scab and abrasion between left eye and molar region, and under the lid a faint yellow discoloration . . . on right shoulder a tender lump, an inch and a half, and a lump on the spine of the right scapula and above it . . . all of lower shoulder blade shows a swollen welt with discoloration and abrasions . . . a large mark and discoloration, yellow and blue, extending into the axillary region . . . in the left lower quadrant of the abdomen, close to the groin, an area of three by five inches of faint greenish-yellow discoloration . . . in the upper chest region, involving principally the sternum, a large irregular region discolored yellow and faint blue, superficially abraded . . . right thigh much swollen, very tender, and markedly discolored."

Dr. Dexter closes his report with: "I conclude from this examination that he had been subjected recently to a severe beating, all or mostly with blunt instruments. The injuries resulting from this are general and include the head, back, chest, abdomen, and thighs."

Hauptmann told me, as he had told Dr. Dexter, that he had been treated kindly while in the jail in the Bronx.

Time and time again he referred to the intermediary, Dr. Condon. He used, in that interview, the same phrase used in a later statement given out by his counsel: "Doctor Condon holds the key to my cell. If he will tell the truth I must be a free man."

"The prosecutor does to me funny things," he said. "Dey place on the witness stand a woman who testifies she sees me, after the crime, limping around with a cane. Dot is to show dot it must be I who was hurt when the ladder broke. But den comes Doctor Condon, who says dot, a few days later, I jump a high wall at the cemetery and run away like an athlete."

The primary point in Hauptmann's mind concerning Condon seemed to be this: That the kidnaping took place in March, 1932. During all of the following summer and the summers of 1933 and 1934 Hauptmann was at City Island three, four, and five times a week. He was there practically every week-end. He went swimming there, played soccer, and had picnics there with friends. For a long period of time he kept his canoe at Dixon's Boat House. During that same period Condon had a real-estate office on City Island, and to get there, according to Hauptmann, had to go past the Dixon boathouse. The Doctor admitted that he frequented City Island, went there week-ends, and was supposed to have even used the same boathouse.

HAUPTMANN could not conceive that three full seasons could have passed, with both Condon and himself frequenting this place so continuously, without an identification. "How could anybody believe dot," he asked, "when Doctor Condon was looking as he says all over the country for 'John,' who he now says is me, without coming face to face with me? Condon says dot he could identify 'John' when 'John' was walking along a street and he was on the top of a bus, yet on City Island nearly every day he would not see me and pick me out as 'John.'"

"If I was the kidnaper and I got the money from Condon, would not I know, too, dot the Doctor was in City Island many, many times? And would not I have stayed away from City Island because I would have been afraid of being identified by Condon? Even after the Doctor had seen me in what they call the police 'line-up' in New York, why would he keep going around all over trying to find 'John' to whom he paid the Colonel's money?"

It was evident that Hauptmann was quite confused about the aged negotiator's activities. He queried, "Would any man be fool enough to come to get the ransom money, and den, when he found Condon was there at the cemetery, to say, 'Wait a while so I can go get instructions,' and den disappear for fifteen minutes before returning? Why, when he came back there would be a thousand policemen to catch him. Anyway, they should have done dot. Den I would not be here. They knew they were going to pay the money, so why did not the police surround the cemetery and catch those who commit the crime?"

"The man who was talking with Doctor Condon at Woodlawn Cemetery was said by him to weigh between 155 and 160 pounds; for did not the Doctor say he could tell, and he felt the arms of 'John'? But my weight at about that time was 175 pounds—it shows so on my automobile license."

Hauptmann told about Doctor Condon's visit to him in the cell at the Hunterdon County Jail. "There was no guard inside the cell," he said, "but outside in the window of the jail hallway [corridor] in front of the cell there was a guard, with some man—I think the prosecutor. Doctor Condon was with me on a bench in the cell, and he was asking me if I had any athletic training. I said 'yes.' Den he asked me if I had won any prizes, and I told him sixteen or seventeen in Germany for running and jumping. Den it looked like he was going to cry. He took a piece of paper and marked it in four parts and said he divided the case in four parts. Von part he said was the baby, and in another part he made a little house with a bench. He called me 'John' many times. He pointed to the first square and said, 'Dot is the baby—dot comes first.' Den he pointed to the second space and said, 'Dot is the man I spoke with—the go-between.'"

ASKED him what was a go-between, and he explained to me dot he was a go-between for Colonel Lindbergh, and the fellow who sat with him in the cemetery was the go-between for the kidnapers. He said this fellow said there was five or seven men in the gang, and he told Doctor Condon how to fix the \$50,000 in bundles.

"He said if I know anything I should confess, because there was no connection between the money and the kidnaping and I would clear myself and himself. He said the police were treating him roughly. But he never said I am the fellow—and when he left he asked could he come see me again, and I said 'yes.'"

"When Doctor Condon did not identify me as 'John' in New York and again in Flemington, what should so suddenly make him change his opinion and say quickly dot I am the man to whom he has given the money? Can it be like the man Curtis, who has been condemned for having contact with kidnapers, dot the police, too, have made the Doctor say I am the man or they will also prosecute him? For surely he, too, must have had contact with the kidnapers, since he paid to them the money."

"Den, too," Hauptmann asked, "can the woman Barr—dot cashier in the theater—be believed in the story she has told? Can any one believe dot on the night of my birthday—dot was November 26, 1933—I would go from my home in 222d Street way downtown to Greenwich Village to see a moving picture? Can they believe on dot night a man who is supposed to have \$50,000 to spend would be without overcoat? Or dot for over a year a cashier who must wait on thousands of people would remember one man who bought from her a ticket?"

"There was no one else to say dot she was telling the truth, but for me there were plenty of witnesses who strongly cover this night and prove dot I am at home with a little birthday party."

"Den there is the old man, Hochmuth, eighty years old and more, who says he sees me go by his house at Hopewell in a green car with very red face and eyes like a ghost looking out of the automobile window. Dis man can hardly see. He admits on the witness stand dot the police had him in the jail at Flemington looking at me in the cell for over half an hour, but he says he could not see me—only a figure. But he, like all the state witnesses, seems to be believed, although it is shown dot he cannot see, and further dot he untruthfully said he lived in New York when he really lived in New Jersey so he could get money for relief."

"Yet my witnesses are not believed—the five people who saw me in New York in the bakery with Annie at the time dot the crime was committed. One of these, Manley, an old gentleman, arose from a sickbed and he swore dot on the night of March 1, 1932, he saw me at nine o'clock in the bakery."

I asked Hauptmann about his prior record in Germany. He briefly recounted his experiences during the war, his home life, and said that after the war he returned to his native village improperly clad and hungry. "So, too,"

he added, "were my mother and my brothers and sisters. I did steal an overcoat and I stole food. I was almost a boy. Dese things are wrong, yes, but many times dey vere done in my country after that var. Maybe here, too, derè vere many cases like dot. But never once have I injured a human being."

In the shadow of the electric chair that within six months would whisk him into eternity, Hauptmann continued to ask questions that I could not answer. Thinking of Anna Bading, sitting outside in the gruesome atmosphere of the death chamber, I was anxious to bring my interview to a close.

But the prisoner seemed reluctant to let me go without answers to his questions, fired at me with machine-gun-like rapidity:

"Vy don't the police keep on looking for the man Faulkner who deposit nearly \$3,000 of the Colonel's money?"

"Vy is it just von—me—dey vant to get for the death of the poor child?"

"Vy don't dey find whose vere the fingerprints, not mine, on the ladder?"

"Vy do dey believe fairy story about the support from the child's sleeping garment [thumb guard] found by the nurse Betty Gow and the housekeeper a month after the crime, right where it vould haf been seen so many times by hundreds of people on dot road?"

"Vy do dey try to prove I haf had and spent \$50,000 vhen only maybe \$15,000 has been found?"

I could not answer many of Hauptmann's questions. I, too, was to start out on a trail rough with bitterness and censure, searching for answers to some of the same questions—and some others that were beginning to form in my mind.

I, too, was to feel some of the futility of the search, to sense that indefinable, mysterious force threatening to destroy any one who dared to question that the Lindbergh crime had been solved and that full and complete justice had been meted out to all participants.

I called to Colonel Kimberling, who came down the corridor with a guard, to turn a key in the cell lock so that I might emerge. The prisoner looked at me hopelessly. "Vot harm could I do anybody behind dese bars? Vhen dey kill me dey kill an innocent man. But I know—dey think vhen I die, the case vill die. Dey think it vil be like a book I close."

Stepping into the corridor, I heard the cage key click in the lock of cell 9. I stepped to the steel door of the death chamber, took one look back at the pale face—the last time I was to see it—behind the bars.

"Good night, Governor—and thank you for coming."

I said good night, stepped through the doorway, and said to Mrs. Bading, "Come along, Anna—it's over."

We went through a doorway, a prison gate, and into a waiting car. After leaving Colonel Kimberling and Mrs. Bading at the prison keeper's residence, I went back to my rooms at the Hotel Hildebrecht and wrote far into the hours of the next morning—what Hauptmann had said, what I have set down in the preceding pages.

The weeks to follow were to be filled with drama, pathos, passion, and every human emotion that may be aroused by conflict. I was to be precipitated into a seething maelstrom, but I did not then realize it.

An atrocious crime had been committed. Justice, to my mind, was not to be found merely in the execution of a single convicted criminal.

There had been a crime that must never recur; a case that must never be repeated; a challenge that must, in the interests of society, be effectively met.

My duty, it seemed, was clear!

How the press learned that the Governor had visited Hauptmann; how the Governor did call upon Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean; how he and Wilentz agreed upon a plan to get the whole truth out of Hauptmann; and how—the day before the date set for the execution—he went to see Mrs. Hauptmann: these things former Governor Hoffman will disclose to the world in Liberty next week!