

FORMER Governor Hoffman last week completed his disclosure of his talk with Hauptmann in the death cell. He repeated the condemned man's explanations to him concerning the Condon phone number found penciled in a closet in the Hauptmann home; the kidnap ladder, the plane marks on it, and the famous "rail 16"; the handwriting and spellings of the ransom notes; the ransom money, which, according to Hauptmann, had been left with him—to his subsequent astonishment—by Isidor Fisch; and the identifications by Doctor Condon and others. Hauptmann told the Governor he had been given a "terrible licking" in a New York City police station, and Mr. Hoffman quoted from a medical report to the effect that the prisoner evidently had been severely beaten. When the Governor left him, Hauptmann reiterated his own questions: Why didn't his accusers account for the Faulkner deposit slip, the alleged lack of fingerprints on the ladder, the balance of the \$50,000 ransom?

#### PART FOUR—"HOW CAN WE GET THE TRUTH?"

GOVERNOR, have you seen Hauptmann?" It was that question, demanding a yes-or-no answer, that played an important part—at least as far as I was concerned—in the hectic, dramatic aftermath of the Flemington trial of Bruno Richard Hauptmann.

After I left the New Jersey State Prison late on the night of October 16, there were many haunting recollections of the interview with the man who was then under sentence of death for the brutal kidnap-murder of the Eaglet. There had been little sleep that night, for until dawn I had made notes of my conversation with him—my questions, his answers. And I had written, too, the questions the death-cell convict had asked. I could not write the answers then. Today I know some of the answers and I propose to give them. Some of the questions, though, may never be answered.

The following day I obtained a copy of the State of the Case, the transcript of the testimony at the little Hunterdon County Courthouse—the eleven volumes to which Hauptmann had so often referred. I barely had time to glance at the books containing so much that would later challenge my interest and intensify my doubts. There were important matters of state demanding attention, and I left early in the afternoon for New York, where I was to attend a dinner at the Lotos Club given in honor of Colonel Frank Knox, later to become candidate for Vice-President of the United States.

I had several appointments prior to the dinner, and early in the evening I talked with a member of the Bronx County Grand Jury of May, 1932, the jury that conducted the investigation just after the body of the Lindbergh baby was found. In the course of our conversation he told me of an incident that aroused my interest, particularly in view of the things I had heard in the death cell. He said that during the hearing Doctor Condon spent a great part of his time at a blackboard, drawing symbols of all kinds and trying to describe them.

"The Doctor spoke," said the former juror, "about 'Indian high signs,' the secret Italian Trigamba, triangles, and a lot of other things that didn't seem to me to have any important bearing on the case. I interrupted

him and said, 'What we are interested in, Doctor, is a description of the man to whom you paid the \$50,000.' 'I am not sure,' he snapped back at me. 'His hat was pulled down and his coat collar was turned up over his face.' Later he did partially describe the man—I remember him saying that his eyes were 'separated a little from the bridge of the nose, such as Chinese or Japanese, and they were almond shape and bluish gray in color.'"

My informant said that after the verdict at Flemington he had gone to the office of the Bronx District Attorney and asked to read the record. He could find no record of the question he had asked, but did find the "Chinese eyes" description was incorporated in the record. It was, of course, possible that in the excitement of examining the Doctor the question went "off the record." I have often wondered if other members of that Grand Jury recalled the incident, and what they must have thought as they compared the good Doctor's answers with his testimony against Hauptmann.

Two days after this interesting episode, on October 19, a stay of execution was granted so that Hauptmann's attorneys might carry an appeal to the United States Supreme Court. There had been a prior stay so that the case might be argued before the New Jersey Court of Errors and Appeals; but that court, on October 9, just a week before I had my death-cell talk with the German prisoner, had upheld the death verdict.

At this point, may I make what seems to me to be an important observation touching upon something that has been apparently overlooked by the caustic critics of my personal and official actions in the Lindbergh case? When I subsequently granted Hauptmann one reprieve, under dramatic circumstances that have never been given to the public but that will later be revealed, I became responsible for a stay of *thirty days* in the execution of the prisoner. *The courts kept Hauptmann alive for over eleven months.*

On October 29 the New Jersey Court of Pardons met in what is known as the final session of the September term. After disposing of the cases before the court, applications for pardons and paroles, there was a period of informal conversation. Under the practice and rules of this court a committee of judges frequently visits the State Prison to interview prisoners who have made applications for clemency. Several incidents of such prison visits were discussed, and in the course of this discussion I mentioned the fact that I had visited the prison and had interviewed Hauptmann.

"This case will soon be 'in our laps,'" I said. "Frankly, I'm puzzled about a lot of things in connection with it. I wish that some of you judges, when you are at the prison, would talk to this man. I'd be interested in having your opinion."

It was the first time I had told any one, other than one or two intimate friends and associates in the executive office, of my Hauptmann interview. As far as I know, none of the other members of the Court of Pardons ever talked with the doomed man.

I continued quietly to read the trial testimony and to obtain answers to some of the questions in my mind. I had several talks with Lloyd Fisher and several with Ellis Parker, then, as now, insistent that Hauptmann was

not, and could not have been, the sole participant in the crime. Parker went further than that. He insisted, as did Fisher, that Hauptmann was innocent.

November of 1935 was a busy month and I had little time to devote to the study of the matter. Three governors were wanted at the annual dinner of the Ohio State Chamber of Commerce in Cleveland. Governor Alf Landon was picked to represent the West, Governor Martin Davey of Ohio represented the Midwest; and I was selected to represent the East. From Cleveland I went to upstate New York to speak at the Niagara Falls Chamber of Commerce and to keep three speaking engagements, made many weeks before, in Buffalo.

In Buffalo I stopped at the Ansley Wills home, the historic residence in which Theodore Roosevelt had taken the oath of office after the beloved McKinley had died from an assassin's bullet. This home was rich in the memories of old "T. R.," idol of my boyhood, the man who had said, "Aggressive fighting for the rights of the noblest sport the world affords."

On December 5 I was scheduled to make an address at a luncheon of the New York Advertising Club. After completing a speaking engagement in New Jersey on the prior evening, I went to New York to attend the six-day bicycle races as the guest of Frank Kramer. I had been watching the pedalers in their dizzy whirl around the Madison Square Garden track for about an hour when Harry Mandel, one of the officials, came to my box and asked me to come to the press room to meet some of "the boys."

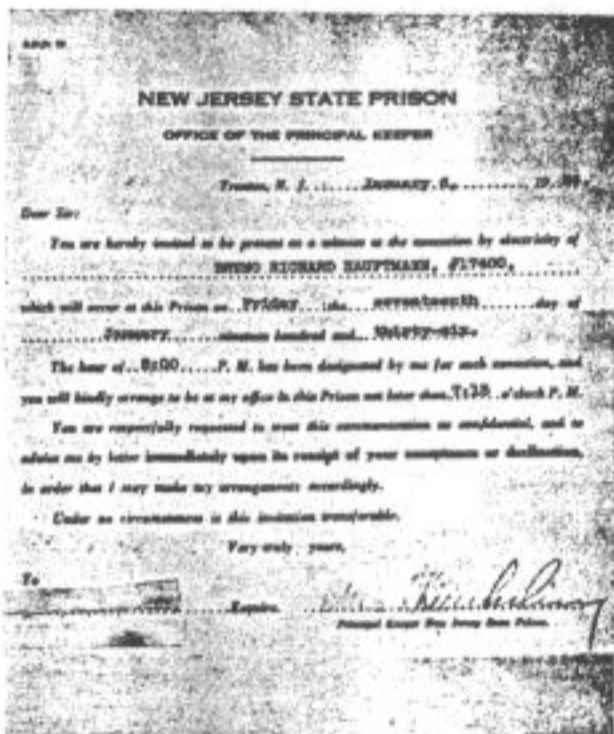
I went with Mandel rather reluctantly, as my preference remained with the racers; but in the smoky camaraderie of the press room I became absorbed in the stories of the sports writers. I told a few of my own favorite yarns, there was general discussion of bicycle racing and other lines of sport, and the talk suddenly centered on the much discussed Hauptmann case. I do not recall just how the case came into the conversation; I know that I did not initiate it.

One of the men whom I had assumed, quite naturally, to be a sports writer surprised me by saying that he had "covered" the Flemington trial of Hauptmann. He expressed doubt as to the justice of the verdict upon the testimony that had been given. He told me of something—just what I do not remember—that had impressed him as being "phony." I replied that Ellis Parker had expressed the same thing to me. The writer asked me if Parker was investigating the case, and I told him that he had been working on it since a few days after the commission of the crime.

I went back to watch the races for a short period and then to a New York hotel. On the following morning I was handed a metropolitan newspaper containing a two-paragraph

story and the rather modest headline, Lindbergh Case Reopened. The story quoted me as saying that Parker was investigating the case, and inferred that I had engaged him to conduct the investigation—which was in error.

Thinking little about this incident, I went to the New York Ad Club at noon. Seated with me at the head table was Colonel Henry Breckinridge, who had acted as Colonel Lindbergh's friend and adviser. I was presented by Leonard Dreyfuss, and my talk was upon the economic situation and the influence of advertising.



An invitation to the execution when Hauptmann was to die on January 17.

I did not say a single word about the Lindbergh case.

As I left the dais I was surrounded by ten or twelve reporters from New York newspapers and the press services. They requested an interview, and we went into another room, where they started to fire questions that arose from the little story in the morning paper.

"Is it true that Parker is investigating the case?" "Did you engage him?" "What has he found?" And then came the question that really tumbled the Lindbergh case back on the front pages with screaming headlines.

Had that question not been asked, or had it not been answered truthfully, there might have been a different ending to the Lindbergh case. Or, rather, there might have been a different ending to the chapter of the Lindbergh case that closed with the death of Hauptmann, grimly silent, in the electric chair at Trenton. The ending of the Lindbergh case has not yet been written.

It was asked by Pat McGrady, a reporter of the Associated Press:

"Governor, have you ever seen Hauptmann?"

"Yes," I answered; "once."

"Where?"

"In the State Prison."

There were a few more questions, which I answered, and then a sudden scramble for telephones. In spite of my newspaper training, I did not

realize that the simple question and its direct answer would create such a furor. My newspaper apprenticeship had been served in the city room of the Perth Amboy Evening News, where placards had been posted over the desk of every reporter, bearing in three-inch type the word ACCURACY as a reminder of a quality of news reporting that was then essential. I had never covered a Lindbergh case. I did not understand that my visit to the prison, with its wealth of opportunity for misrepresentation, would give to such newspapers as desired it a long-sought chance to keep the story—and circulation—alive until Hauptmann was dead.

Before I returned to New Jersey the papers were carrying garbled accounts of the happening and fantastic stories of the intensive "investigation" I had ordered for the purpose of saving Hauptmann.

Reporters from all parts of the country hastened to Trenton. The New Jersey State House correspondents, many of whom made no attempt to conceal the fact that they were incensed over the action of the Governor in "going to New York to give out" a choice bit of news, and were covering up their chagrin at their own failure to ask the question—which would have received the same honest answer—started in upon a campaign of hounding, heckling, and misrepresentation. There were, of course, exceptions, but the abuse was quite universal.

My old paper, the Perth Amboy Evening News, in an editorial outburst of shocked sensibilities, pointed to the "impropriety of Governor Hoffman going to the New York Advertising Club to make a speech about the Hauptmann case." (The "accuracy" signs must have been taken down.) Generally the press accused me of seeking "publicity."

WHEN it was pointed out that I had visited the prison on October 16 and it had not become publicly known until December 5—something that would hardly be expected of a seeker for publicity—the press suddenly veered to the designation of my visit as "secret," "stealthy," and "clandestine." The same editors who had raised the cry of "publicity" now seemingly took me to task for failure to take reporters, cameras, and newsreel men along when I went to the prison.

Standing out in my memory of these mad days following December 5 is an editorial from the Newark Sunday Call, sounding a lone and undeniable expression of truth and sanity: "Governor Hoffman's visit to the convicted murderer of the Lindbergh baby in the State Prison death house was an action entirely within the authority of the Chief Executive, and for which he is required to answer to no one. . . . Governors times out of mind have exercised this prerogative as a duty. . . . It is a dreadful responsibility to determine whether a man should live or die.

Anticipating the necessity of undertaking this responsibility, the Governor's duty to seek every possible bit of information is obvious, and the presumption is that he is doing so with a proper sense of his heavy obligation to the cause of Justice."

On December 7, pressed to make a statement as to my position, I said, in part:

"The case of Bruno Richard Hauptmann is one with which the dimensions of American justice will be measured by all Americans and by the world. Because of the unprecedented prominence given to the trial of this man there have been thousands of rumors in circulation. Some of these rumors allege the existence of evidence not presented at the trial. Some of them allege other conditions disadvantageous to either the prosecution or the defense. . . . The offense charged was a dastardly crime, threatening our whole system of living in mutual confidence. No person participating in this crime can be allowed to escape the full penalty.

. . . If the defendant in this case is guilty beyond a reasonable doubt, he must pay the penalty demanded by law. That is required for the protection of society against the criminal. If he is not guilty, he should not be punished. That is required for the protection of society against itself."

In spite of this statement of my position, which I challenge any one to disprove as to soundness, and which I reiterate today with all the force at my command, the newspapers and some sections of the public were insistent upon their own interpretations of the things that were in my heart and mind. I was "intruding," they said, and "interfering with the orderly processes of law," "challenging "Jersey Justice," and "trying to save a murderer."

I was not doing any of those things; I had never thought of doing any of those things. My family is an old one, as American families go. It dates back long before the Revolution and it has a lot of Dutch blood running in the veins of the family tree. Maybe that is stubborn blood. Whether or not heredity had anything to do with it, the criticism and misunderstanding and abuse did not have the effect of shutting me off from the course which I had determined.

I started to find out what I could about the trial and conviction of Hauptmann, and I continued trying to find out. I became the target of mysterious and whispering men with briefcases, of people who had received "revelations" in dreams and visions, of "experts" in this and "experts" in that. I was shadowed in every move, my telephone wires were tapped, and I was pulled and hauled between two violently opposed psychopathic factions. One demanded the execution of Hauptmann and condemned as an enemy of God and man every one who ventured to question the complete justice of the verdict. The other faction ranged from meta-

physical belief in the entire innocence of Hauptmann through various stages of conviction down to a sane "reasonable doubt." Like Kipling's Servant, both sides "gave no heed to argument unless it proved them right."

During those hysterical weeks I received some 800,000 letters and telegrams from all over the world. There was one very interesting fact about those letters and telegrams. The writers knew about the case only what they had read in newspapers. The newspapers were almost unanimously opposed to what I was trying to do. Yet nearly a million persons read between the lines of those newspapers a story that contradicted their

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## WHY IS SCOTLAND YARD SUPERIOR?

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

Whenever crime is discussed in the United States, some people say:

"What we ought to have is something like Scotland Yard. The English police are much better than our own. We ought to study their methods."

Well, I for one have studied their methods; and the fact is that, when you compare the methods, equipment, and personnel of Scotland Yard with American methods, equipment, and personnel, we win. The American police are superior to the British. Why, then, is there less crime in England than in the United States?

The answer lies in the people's state of mind. In England, the public is determined to stamp out crime; there is no sentimental admiration for the lawbreaker; the public is always on the side of the police. Moreover, once a suspect is caught in England, his trial is swift and fair, but no sentimentality or lawyers' tricks are allowed; and when he is found guilty he is punished promptly and severely.

In these two points lies the great difference between the effectiveness of the police system of England and that of the United States.

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3.00 P. M., E. S. T.

Tune in at Home or on Your Car Radio.

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text, for in vast majority the messages approved what I was trying to do, as that thing appeared to the writers.

I had no funds to conduct an "investigation." It had cost, it is estimated, over a million dollars to put Hauptmann behind the bars awaiting death (no one will ever know, accurately, the cost) but I did not have a single dollar of state funds available. There were some sane and sincere persons working on this case. Once in a while, when it seemed warranted—and I think that any one who knows me intimately will vouch for the fact that, after twenty years in public office, I am still a poor man—I "staked" these investigators working "on their own" to small sums that would barely cover their ex-

penses—sums taken out of my own meager resources.

This additional handicap was placed upon me in my efforts to determine the truth: when it became known that I was looking into the Lindbergh case, there were many people, chiefly private detectives, who had been investigating the case, and who, whether they reached me or not, gave out unauthorized statements that they were "working for Governor Hoffman." Some sold stories, generally fantastic, to the newspapers, and I was charged with believing and fostering incredible things.

Typical of the misrepresentation of press and radio is this little incident: I wanted one morning to verify some information given me and this required the taking of a measurement on the Lindbergh estate. One of my friends, Frank Holmes, a Trenton business man, volunteered to measure the distance. In the early afternoon, with three other young friends, he drove to Hopewell, went to the door of the Lindbergh home, identified the party, and asked for permission to take the measurement. When my name was mentioned, the caretaker excitedly ordered the young men off the grounds. The party left; the caretaker hurried to the phone to tell Prosecutor Anthony Hauck of Hunterdon County about the visit. The afternoon papers and the evening radio commentators advised the public that "Four Hoffman Thugs Attack Aged Caretaker at Lindbergh Home."

But during all of this mad period the wheels of the law were grinding. On December 9 the Supreme Court of the United States declined to hear the case. Contrary to the statement so often made, the Supreme Court did not decide against Hauptmann. That court, within its privileges and without prejudice for or against the applicant, refused to hear the matter.

On December 13 Justice Trenchard set the new date of execution as the week of January 13, 1936. Three days later Hauptmann wrote me: "With clear conscience I have fought my case. In my heart I can not believe that this state will break the life of an innocent man. . . . I would be very thankful for permitting any able person, whom are free of any opinion in this case, to take a test with so-called lie detector, serum, or whatever science may offer. I hope for myself and in the course of justice that this, my wish, may inspire Dr. Condon to do the same. I have a deep interest in what kind of force made him change his saying. Because when he was visiting me in my Flemington cell, he said all excited to the prosecutor 'I can not testify against this man.' . . ."

IN Washington one day on state business, I seized the opportunity, in line with the request of the deceased former Vice-President Curtis, to call upon Mrs. Evalyn McLean at her beautiful and historic home Friendship. Colonel Lindbergh had been a guest of Mrs. McLean during the period of the trial of Gaston B. Means, and she told me many interesting things in a spirit of confidence that I may not violate. These things may some day be part of Mrs. McLean's story.

I did learn this, which I have her permission to state: That the call which came to me from the former Vice-President had been prompted by a gathering held one evening at Friendship. There were several United States senators in the party, and according to Mrs. McLean they were unanimous in agreeing that the trial had not been fair and that the solution was not complete. Mrs. McLean told them that she intended to present some facts to me and would ask me to investigate.

"They told me," said Mrs. McLean, "that Governor Hoffman wouldn't dare to go into the matter—that the forces at work in this case would ruin him. I said, 'Well, if Governor Hoffman won't, I'm going to the President.'" Then she added, bringing to my attention something I had almost forgotten, "You will recall, Governor, that I called you and warned you that my friends had said the case should be investigated, but that any one who had nerve enough to do it would ruin his political career."

I returned to New Jersey with new information to check. It became known that Hauptmann was to die on January 17. Then things began to happen with startling rapidity.

On December 23 it became known that Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh, with their little son Jon, had secretly

sailed on a freighter for England. Various reasons were given, although most of the papers tried to convey the impression that I had driven the noted flyer out of the country. The Colonel, who voluntarily sat before the jury at Flemington in the spotlight of the world for forty-two days, was seeking to escape publicity. Before sailing he had called in "Deak" Lyman of the New York Times, and had given him the whole story, not to be released until the Lindberghs were upon the high seas. Some mention was made, too, of the fears entertained by the Colonel for the safety of his child.

Two days before Christmas, Hauptmann filed an application before his last earthly tribunal of hope—the New Jersey Court of Pardons. Asking clemency, he stated, "I am not guilty of the crime charged." On New Year's Day he issued a statement from his cell reiterating that he was innocent.

On January 7, 1936, Principal Keeper Mark O. Kimberling, in line with the New Jersey statutes, issued invitations to eighteen persons to witness the execution on January 17.

Just a week before Bruno Richard Hauptmann was slated to die, the evening newspapers and the radio brought the word that Doctor Condon—"Jafsie" who had thrust himself into the Lindbergh case, "Jafsie" of the Bronx who had contacted the kidnaper through inserting an ad in a neighborhood newspaper, "Jafsie" of the safety pins and the sleeping suit, "Jafsie" who had talked for over an hour with "John" on a bench in Woodlawn Cemetery, "Jafsie" who had handed the \$50,000 over the hedge at St. Raymond's, "Jafsie" who had finally identified Hauptmann and sent him on the way to the chair—had suddenly sailed, with his daughter, for Panama.

The United States Circuit Court of Appeals denied Hauptmann's application for a writ to stay the execution. On January 11 the New Jersey Court of Pardons, of which I was a member, had refused to grant commutation to life sentence in prison. The proceedings of that court are kept secret, but it is a well understood fact that I was the lone mem-

ber, in the body of eight, who voted to keep Hauptmann alive behind prison bars.

January 17 approached.

The so-called investigation, conducted without funds, handicapped by merciless ridicule, blocked at every turn by the police agencies who should have been aiding in the search, at least to the extent of finding the other persons who were involved in the crime for which Hauptmann was to die, was in feeble progress.

But this fact, burning deeply in my mind, stood out:

On the day when Bruno Richard Hauptmann was scheduled to die—January 17—*there was not a living person in the United States who had been at the tragic Hopewell home on the night the crime was committed.*

The kidnaped baby, its body found, after a world-wide search, in a clump of bushes four and one half miles from the home, had been cremated.

The father and mother, after secretly sailing from the United States, had taken up residence in England.

The butler, Ollie Whateley, had died in a Princeton hospital.

Betty Gow, the nurse, was in Scotland.

Elsie Whateley, the housekeeper, was in Wales.

In addition: Mrs. Elizabeth Morrow, grandmother of the dead baby, was in London.

Violet Sharpe, maid in the Morrow household, had died by her own hand as she learned that she was about to be questioned again by the police.

"Red" Johnson, Betty Gow's boy friend, had been deported to Sweden.

Doctor Condon, principal witness for the state, was in Panama.

On the night of January 15 I went to New York. Several people had expressed a desire to see me in relation to the case. Accompanied by R. William Lagay, who was then my secretary, and who has now succeeded Colonel Kimberling as the principal keeper of the State Prison, I took a suite at the Hotel New Yorker.

Harassed and tired after weeks of abuse, my office swamped with the daily receipt of thousands of letters and wires, almost worn out with efforts to dodge reporters, photographers, private detectives, and "cranks" who seemed to encounter me at every turn, the evening held promise, in spite of the few appointments I had made, of being fairly free for relaxation and thought. I needed it; on the following day I knew I would face the necessity of making an important decision.

But there was no relaxation, no opportunity for seclusion and thought.

My friend Vernon Taylor, assistant manager of the hotel, dropped in to see me. We chatted awhile, and he happened to mention casually that Dave Wilentz was downstairs in the Terrace Room having dinner with some friends. Whether I asked Taylor to tell Dave that I was in the hotel, or whether Dave learned of my presence and came up to see me, I do not

recall. I do know that, without prearrangement, we got together for a talk about Hauptmann.

It was a long, earnest, important talk. The Attorney General and I have known each other for years. We managed the same basketball team at different times; we worked for the same newspaper; he became Democratic County Chairman of Middlesex County; I became Republican County Chairman of that county at the same time. Wilentz became Attorney General; I became Governor. There is little difference in our ages. I respect his ability, his successful fight against odds to make a place in the world. He has done many things that reflect friendship for me.

Dave Wilentz and I do not have to "pull our punches." We never have done that. We have disagreed in politics; we have certainly disagreed, without any personal feeling, on the Hauptmann case.

That night I expressed to the Attorney General the doubts I entertained about the case. I gave him frankly my appraisal of the value of the testimony of the state's identification witnesses, the things that I considered evidence that should have been presented, the position in which I had been placed by misrepresentation.

There were some things I could not tell him, facts that will be given later in this series; but I gave him what I felt then to be the important reasons why the man should be permitted to retain life and the investigation, with all the resources of the police, continued.

The Attorney General was just as frank in his expression to me. He felt that if I had wanted information I should have called upon him, as Attorney General, to help me. Even assuming for the sake of argument that the state's principal witnesses were untruthful, he felt that there was sufficient physical evidence—the Condon phone number on Hauptmann's door, admittedly written by him; the "b-o-a-d" spelling of the word boat in the ransom notes and in Hauptmann's diary written long before the Lindbergh crime—to warrant the conviction.

"But," I argued "that evidence would support only the crime of extortion. Even if it were unanswerable, it

would not put Hauptmann at the scene of the kidnap and murder."

"Then why in hell doesn't he tell the truth?" asked Wilentz.

That opened the way for agreement—and for a plan.

He and I agreed upon this one thing: That it was more important to society to get the complete story—just how a man could conceive and execute such a ghastly plan singlehanded—than it was to take his life.

Dave expressed the thought that my visit had given Hauptmann encouragement; with a governor apparently interested in him, he was stiffened in his resolve not to tell the truth.

"How can we get the truth?" I asked.

And then, between us, we evolved a plan to secure a confession, if there was a confession to be had. I gladly agreed to carry out faithfully my part of the scheme, although it placed upon me an unpleasant burden.

Wilentz left, and I had another visit to make. J. Edgar Hoover, I had learned, was in the hotel. This, too, was a coincidence. I wanted to have a chat with the Chief of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, so I went to his room, and we talked long after midnight.

With less than three hours' sleep, I left New York on the seven-o'clock train for Trenton. I had an important mission; it must, under the terms of the plan, be accomplished early in the morning.

I was to see Anna Hauptmann. The thing I was to tell her would bring her, at first, suffering and despair. But, finally, it was to open up the possibility of saving her husband's life. I made my visit to the grieving woman. That visit was marked by drama and intensity of emotion that I shall never forget.

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*The facts—in distinction from the wild conjectures circulated at the time—about the Governor's talk with Anna Hauptmann and her reaction to his call for her help in a last effort to get her husband to tell the whole truth, will be revealed by Mr. Hoffman in next week's installment of this series.*