

by Former Governor

HAROLD G. HOFFMAN

of New Jersey

READING TIME • 29 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

AT Madison Square Garden, on December 4, 1935, Governor Hoffman chanced to mention that Ellis Parker was working on the Lindbergh case. A news story resulted. The next day he was interviewed. Had he ever seen Hauptmann? "Yes," he said; "once." Where? "In the New Jersey State Prison." Thus it was that the avid press and the delirious public learned of his visit to the death cell.

January 17 was the new date set for the execution. In the evening of the 15th the Governor and Attorney General Wilentz, finding themselves in the same New York hotel, agreed upon a plan to try to get Hauptmann to tell the whole truth. As his part in the plan, the Governor was to see Mrs. Hauptmann in the morning in Trenton.

PART FIVE—WHILE THE WORLD WAITED

MRS. HAUPTMANN," I said, with an assumed air of finality, "tomorrow is the day when, under the law, your husband is to die. I wanted to help him, but he has not been telling me—or any one else—the truth."

"No! No! No!" Anna Hauptmann screamed. "Dot isn't so! Richard did tell the truth! He is telling the truth!"

Her face, which had gone almost chalky white, suddenly flushed with anger. She clenched her fists and started to beat them against my chest. "Listen to me, Gofe'nor, listen to me!"

In line with the arrangement made with Attorney General David Wilentz in the Hotel New Yorker the night before, I was in the Stacy Trent Hotel, in Trenton, facing the woman who was to have been made a widow the next day. Elliott, the executioner, had been engaged. Colonel

What happened after reprieve delayed Hauptmann's death? . . . Here, at first hand, is the sensational inside story

Mark O. Kimberling, the prison keeper, had issued his invitations and had made the plans under which the switch was to be thrown to send to eternity the despised alien German carpenter who had been convicted of the cruel crime that had shocked the world.

I had returned from New York early in the morning, determined to go through relentlessly with the plan that had been evolved in a heated session with the Attorney General. Wilentz felt—and I had agreed with him—that when the last vestige of hope had been removed Hauptmann would tell everything he knew about the crime. If he had been involved only in the extortion plot, he would say so, and save his life. We had even planned to lay before him a method under which, even if he had concocted the diabolical kidnap and murder and had carried it out lone-handed, he might prolong his life.

Ever since I had started an earnest study of the case, I had been of the opinion that Hauptmann's life, compared to the value of the complete story, was unimportant. It was important to learn just how this unknown Bronx carpenter could have obtained information that the Lindbergh family would be at Hopewell, for the first time, on a Tuesday night; how he could have known about the unlocked window, the broken shutters, the layout of the nursery; how he could have executed the astounding physical feat of scaling that rickety ladder—climbing in the window after balancing himself on the top rung of that ladder thirty inches below the window ledge; how he could have skillfully avoided disturbing the stein on the window sill, the toy on the top of the suitcase, the suitcase itself.

It was important to learn—for the prevention of other kidnappings, for the safety of other children—how Hauptmann, if it was Hauptmann, could have carried the baby, alive or dead, out of its crib, otherwise undisturbed, and on through the window. It was vitally important to learn how, with his bundle, he could have closed the window, after leaving a note upon the window sill; how he could have fallen from the broken ladder without leaving the imprint of his body upon the soft earth; why he would have stopped, under such circumstances, to carry the telltale ladder seventy-five feet away from the house.

It was important to know how he could have eliminated all fingerprints from the nursery, the ladder, and all of the ransom notes; how he could have disguised his footprints. It was important to learn how, for two years, he could have baffled the best police brains of the country until he was picked up through the chance precaution of a gasoline-station attendant; how he could have disposed of \$35,000 of the ransom bills—as they "proved" he did, at Flemington—without any of these bills, long in circulation, being picked up in any of the banks or in the Treasury Department. It was important to learn a hundred and one other things about this crime; things that Hauptmann, convicted as the cunning, heartless singlehanded master criminal, unbelievably stupid at times, was the only one who could tell the world.

WILENTZ had even agreed with me that the question of whether Hauptmann died in the chair or continued to live behind prison walls was relatively unimportant to getting this whole story.

So it was determined that I should go to Mrs. Hauptmann on this, the day before the one set as the day on which her husband was to die; tell her that I was powerless to act—that I was convinced her husband was lying—and then open up the way in which her Richard's life could be saved.

Immediately upon my return to Trenton I had gone to my suite in the Hotel Hildebrecht and summoned Colonel J. Fred Margerum, my military aide-de-camp. I requested him to go to the Stacy Trent Hotel, where Mrs. Hauptmann was then staying, and make arrangements under which I might see her—alone. The Colonel completed his mission and reported to me. He had seen George Crocker, manager of the hotel, and Mr. Crocker had placed his personal suite at the disposal of Mrs. Hauptmann. The grieving, almost frantic wife of the condemned man would be there in fifteen minutes.

Colonel Margerum had noted the presence in the hotel lobby of a battery of photographers and newsreel men,

a swarming group of reporters. Consequently, in line with what he knew would be my wishes, he had arranged for my entrance by a rear door of the hotel and my use of a freight elevator to reach Mrs. Hauptmann. The choice bit of information, however, leaked out through a hotel employee. Subsequently I was criticized for going to see Mrs. Hauptmann in this manner.

I make no apology, but I must point out that, had I sent for her to come to my office, she would have had to proceed through a mob of newspapermen and -women, flanked by clicking cameras and the merciless flares of flashlight bulbs. Had I gone to see her in the way I would normally have preferred, I would have been subjected to the same treatment; the cry would then have been that I was making a bizarre bid for publicity.

The newspapers carried large and lurid headlines; the imagination of inventive reporters was taxed to the limit of guesswork to provide for the public stories of the things that didn't happen during the conference: "Smilingly, the Governor patted Mrs. Hauptmann on the shoulder and said, 'Don't worry. I will save your husband's life.'" "Mrs. Hauptmann's little boy Mannfried climbed up on the Governor's knees, put his little arms around his neck, and pleaded for the life of his father." "Mrs. Hauptmann, crying, kissed the Governor's hand time and again and thanked him for his efforts to save Bruno." And kindred falsities!

What did happen was this:

As I entered Mr. Crocker's apartment with Colonel Margerum I found that Mrs. Hauptmann was with Miss Jean Adams, a young newspaperwoman who had been her constant companion. Colonel Margerum indicated to Miss Adams that I would prefer to talk to Mrs. Hauptmann alone, and both he and Miss Adams withdrew.

AFTER a brief exchange of greetings I made the statement to Anna Hauptmann which I have quoted. Looking back upon it in the light of subsequent events, it seems to have been unnecessarily cruel and abrupt—but it was part of the plan to which I had been committed.

It was then that she made her vehement, shouting denial that her husband had been lying. But I continued:

"Things look bad for your husband, Mrs. Hauptmann. Every one seems to believe that he is guilty. There is only one way in which he can save his life."

Eagerly the frantic woman shot at me the question, "Vot vay is dot?"

"Well, Mrs. Hauptmann," I replied, "last night I met with Attorney General Wilentz, over in New York."

A bitter look came into Anna Hauptmann's eyes as I went on: "He thinks it is important—I do too—to get the whole true story of how this thing happened. If your husband committed this crime—"

"He didn't! He didn't! He didn't! He didn't do it, I tell you—he couldn't do it!" Once more she closed her hands into tiny threatening fists. I motioned to a chair and she sat down.

"Listen, Mrs. Hauptmann," I said, "until I finish. Your husband had some of the money. No one believes his story as to how he got it. He has been convicted; he has been sentenced to die tomorrow. But you can save him. The Attorney General says that if Richard will agree to tell the whole story, he will go—or send one of his assistants—to the prison with me, and if he is convinced that the story is true, even if it shows that your husband was the only one who committed the crime, he will go with me before the Court of Pardons and ask to have his sentence changed to life imprisonment. There is no doubt that the court, with both the Governor and the Attorney General making this request, will commute your husband's sentence."

The woman's face reflected at once defiance and disappointment—defiance at the implied accusation of her husband's guilt; disappointment that this charge, hurled so often and so vehemently in the courtroom, in the press, on the air, was coming from a man who, she had been given to understand through the sources of news, was "on her husband's side."

My next words brought her, shrieking, from her chair:

"You must go to the prison this morning. You must see your husband. You must tell him that he can save

his life. You must tell him that you want him to tell the truth."

"No! No! No!" she screamed. "I couldn't do dot! He would turn his back to me. He would think dot the last von in the world to know that he is innozent should think, too, dot he haf commit this crime!"

Drab, colorless Anna Hauptmann rose to the peak of human emotion. It was the first time I had ever seen this woman. She had been pictured as a typical German housewife. In spite of the tenseness of the situation, I had so appraised her in the first few moments of our meeting. Yet I was now face to face with a fatigued woman, red-eyed from constant crying, who was either telling truth that burned deeply into her heart or was staging a scene that, in my opinion, would dwarf the emotional appeal of any of the great dramatic actresses who had ever appeared upon the American stage. And it is hard to think of Anna Hauptmann as an actress.

"My husband haf only a few hours to live! Could I do dot to him—make him think I, like dot judge—like dot jury—believe too dot he would kill a baby? Would I make Richard think I too haf believed dose lying vitnesses who for money would send a good man to die?"

"No! No! Nefer would I do dot! Not even to save my Richard's life would I do dot!"

Mrs. Hauptmann walked away as if to look out of a window. She raised a handkerchief to her eyes, and then turned suddenly around to face me. "How could he do a thing like dot vidout me—his wife—knowing he vas doing it? How could he cut from the attic floor a board and take it out to make such a ladder? No! Vidout me he couldn't commit dis!"

"Vy don't your state take too my life? If Richard is guilty I must also be guilty. I too should go to the electric chair.

"Vidout him I do not vish to live! My little boy—"

She dropped, now sobbing, into a chair. "He is not guilty, my Richard—I swear it! Like almost every other night, dot night he comes to the bakery. People saw him dere—vy would dey not believe these good people who tell the truth? Yet liars they vant to believe!"

"No! No!" she continued, between convulsive sobs. "Dot night Richard he go home vid me together. I remember the next day a neighbor came to me like dis." She stretched out her arms in the motion of holding up a newspaper. "'Look vot happened!' And I too, like all vimmen, felt terrible for the little child who haf been took from his home. Vy? Vy? Vy would they tell such things to take my husband from me?"

I tried to reason with her; to make her see that I was opening a door that would lead to the saving of her husband's life; but every time I repeated that phrase, "Get him to tell the truth," she would flare up.

"The truth he has told!" she cried. "Vot more can he say? Yes, maybe he could make up lies to say he did it and save his life. But soon it would be found dey vere not the truth. No! Always I—and some day our Bubi—would be sorry dot he would say he haf done such a thing even to save his life!"

Mrs. Hauptmann referred to the rumor, then so current, that her husband would have confessed, involving others, but for the fears he entertained for the safety of his wife and his little boy. "Dot, too, is a lie," she said. "Always ve would be safe with the law until dose people could too be put in jail. Besides, vy should ve vant to lif? My Mannfried must some day have eferybody

point at him deir fingers and say dot his father haf been a kidnaper and a murderer. So too dey vill always say of me, 'She is the vife of Hauptmann, who haf killed a baby.'"

For a while I veered from the plan upon which the Attorney General and I had agreed, and talked about other phases of the case. When I felt that she had calmed down sufficiently, I broached a secondary proposal: "Will you do this, Mrs. Hauptmann? Go down to see your husband and ask him if he will talk to the Attorney General and to me and answer any questions? Perhaps the Attorney General will not go, but he will send one of his best men. Maybe Richard will say something to help. He might even say something that will save his life."

"Dot I vill do," was the reply, "for Richard he haf always said dot gladly he vill answer questions dot anybody vant to ask him.

"But," she added, "I vill not say to him—his vife—dot at last he should tell the truth, ven always I know dot he has told the truth dot he did not do dis terrible thing."

I gave Mrs. Hauptmann my telephone number at the Hotel Hildebrecht and told her to call me after she had visited the prison. I shook hands and, with some little remark that I do not recall—possibly the equivalent of "Keep your chin up"—I bid her good-by. I met Colonel Margerum in the hotel hallway and we left—yes, by the "back way"—for my rooms at the Hildebrecht.

IN about an hour there was a call from Colonel Kimberling. He put Mrs. Hauptmann on his office telephone: "Richard says he vill be glad to see you and Vilentz—he vill be glad to see anybody. But, Gofenor, the story is just the same; he haf told eferything he knows—nothing more he can tell."

I immediately called the Attorney General, told him of my experience with Mrs.

Hauptmann at the Stacy Trent, her refusal to ask her husband "to tell the truth," and of his message that he would be glad to see us but that his story was "just the same."

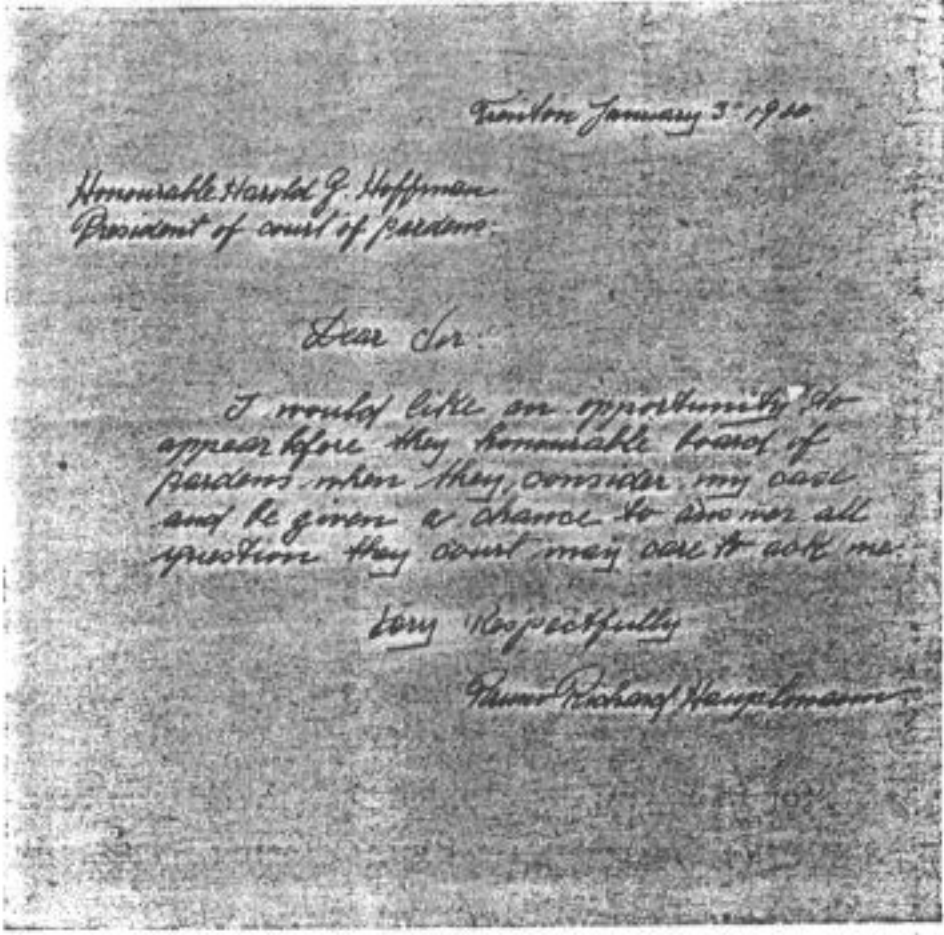
"The hell with it, Harold," was Wilentz' curt decision. "If that's still his attitude, I'm damned if I'm going to do anything to help him."

Hauptmann was not interviewed. But that afternoon at the State House, in an atmosphere charged with threats of impeachment and other forms of political extinction, and with reporters swarming around like bees, I announced that I was granting a thirty-day reprieve to Bruno Richard Hauptmann.

It represented an action that had been taken by every other Governor of New Jersey before me—some once, some many times: the granting to a man condemned a brief respite from death.

Pressed for the "reasons"—which, as far as I know, had never before been demanded of a governor who had granted a reprieve—I announced that I entertained doubts, shared by many thousands of people, that complete justice had been done. I said that there should be further time for what I hoped might be orderly investigation.

I announced then that, under the limitations of the New Jersey Constitution, there would be but this one reprieve granted by me. I qualified this, however, with the clause, "unless there should be some development under which both the Attorney General and I would agree that a further stay should (Continued on page 28)



Hauptmann asks to appear before the Court of Pardons.

(Continued from page 26) be warranted." My position, perhaps, may be best summed up in the statement issued in conjunction with the reprieve:

"A shocking crime was committed and, in the interests of society, it must be completely solved. A human life is at stake. As Governor of New Jersey I have a duty to perform. It is my heart, my conscience, my job—and this is my decision."

Once more there was a reportorial scurry for telephones; once more there was a wave of synthetic indignation whipped up by reports of reprehensible motives and mysterious behind-the-scene maneuvers.

But there went to the man in the prison an official document which read: "Pursuant to the power vested in me by the Constitution of this state, I do hereby grant you a reprieve from the sentence of death heretofore imposed upon you and to be carried out during the week beginning the twelfth day of January, 1936, to the fifteenth day of February, A. D. 1936."

I never checked to ascertain the reaction of the Hauptmanns to this official act. For both of them, I imagine, it held a shimmering ray of hope.

More than ever my days became crowded with detectives; with men and women, some sincere, some obviously fakers, all with "information on the case." There were those who wanted to push themselves into the spotlight of the Lindbergh case and to share in its blatant, sordid publicity. There were those who wanted to escape the spotlight but who were pushed into its merciless rays. There were people I wanted to see but couldn't; there were those I wanted to escape and couldn't. But any one who announced himself as an "investigator for Governor Hoffman" was accepted as such by the press. There was a myriad of "cranks" lying in wait for me at my home, at the State House, at the hotel. Every fantastic story that was dug up—or invented—was solemnly announced to the world as being "considered by Governor Hoffman."

Parker, now shadowed at every turn by newsmen, continued a determined search for "his man." Lieutenant Robert W. Hicks of Washington, with a string of theories and a carload of "evidence" and equipment, moved in to Trenton and later to New York. Harold Keyes, formerly in the government service and more recently an investigator for Mrs. Hauptmann; William Pelletreau of Jersey City, a private investigator with interesting handwriting exhibits designed to show that Hauptmann could not possibly have been the writer of the ransom notes, with some real information, and with other theories that could not be developed into facts; George Foster, who had been an investigator for Fawcett, Hauptmann's first counsel—these and a score of others figured in the case during the period of the reprieve.

FREQUENTLY talked with Dr. Erastus M. Hudson of New York. In the early days of the investigation, and particularly in the period immediately following the arrest of Hauptmann, Dr. Hudson was frequently consulted by the police authorities. When he could not find the things the police wanted him to find, and particularly when he told them that Hauptmann was not the kidnaper-murderer, he was immediately discarded and a campaign of persecution was started, designed to ruin him professionally and in every other way.

But I was always impressed by the ability and by the quiet conviction of this man, who held, after processing with silver nitrate and bringing out hundreds of fingerprints, that Hauptmann, whose fingerprints were not among them, could not possibly have built the ladder. He held that Betty Gow, who had said she rubbed the chest of the baby with an oily ointment that would have intensified the ridges, could not have failed to leave fingerprints in the nursery—unless those prints had been washed off. He believed that between the time of the kidnaping and the time when Trooper Kelly, the expert of the State Police, started his futile dusting and search, those fingerprints and other fingerprints, old and new, had been carefully removed.

He held that more than one person unquestionably had been involved in the crime; that the job could not have been accomplished without inside information and aid:

that it was ludicrous to imagine that the kidnaper went down the ramshackle ladder with a pail of water and a rag in one hand and the baby in the other.

It was Dr. Hudson who informed me that good fingerprints of the dead baby had been developed from the rails in the hallway outside the nursery door. He told me, too, that fingerprints, by the silver-nitrate process, had been developed on the child's high chair, covered over with shellac, and preserved—if it was desired to preserve them—forever. It was Dr. Hudson who told me of the efforts of Kelly and other State Troopers to ascertain if, and how, fingerprints could be counterfeited. I thought of Hauptmann's prison inquiry: "Vy would they want to take from me so many fingerprints—and vid such heavy ink—vhen they admit they do not have from the nursery or the ladder or the notes any fingerprints that are mine?" It was Dr. Hudson who told me of police disappointment that was registered when he said that he would be able to detect the difference, however, between real and counterfeit fingerprints.

DR. HUDSON, as far as I knew, continued his courageous investigation, which demanded the neglect of his personal practice, without funds other than his own; certainly he never received financial aid from me or from the State of New Jersey.

In those days, too, I met Leon Ho-age, an experienced investigator, who had some ideas that stood up under close scrutiny, and who was later to dig with meticulous care into the official records, and to unearth wide discrepancies between the things that happened, the things that were early reported to the police, and the things that were said, under oath, upon the witness stand at Flemington. Ho-age, unlike many others, carefully avoided the spotlight as he dug into the case.

I had a number of interesting conferences with Samuel Small, a professional penman who had been graduated from the Palmer-Zaner College of Penmanship. Not an "expert" in the same sense as the Osborns, Stein, and the great array of high-priced technical men who had appeared against Hauptmann, Small, who had for years studied types and styles of handwriting, convincingly argued that Hauptmann could not possibly have been the writer of the ransom notes. A Jew, submerging all racial prejudice against the German prisoner, so apparent in those wild unbelievable days, Small held that Osborn had testified in contradiction to his own writings, his own beliefs. "In a lifetime of painstaking effort," declared Small, "a man cannot change the way in which he was taught to write. Look at these!"

Before me Small spread out, magnified perhaps a hundred times, photostatic reproductions of Hauptmann's admitted writings, before and after his arrest, and the blown-up sections of the writing upon the ransom notes. "Look," he said. "The shadings are different—the down-strokes and the up-strokes. Every letter has different characteristics—they are started in different places. The smartest criminal in the world, with all the writing in the ransom notes, couldn't do that." He explained the differences in the methods of the Spencerian and vertical round-hand systems, used long before the Palmer system—and Hauptmann—came into being.

The night before the final session of the Court of Pardons, Small in my hotel room begged permission to go before the court, and was told that, under the rules, it would be impossible. "But," he said, as he actually broke down and cried, "do you mean to say that your state will send to the chair a man who couldn't possibly have written those notes? I could show them, Governor. Even a child could tell from these"—he pointed to his enlarged exhibits—"that Hauptmann couldn't have written the nursery note or any of the other ransom letters.

"Listen!" Small cried. "It isn't a question if Hauptmann wrote those letters. It is a question whether he could write them. I tell you, Governor, that if you went to the prison and said to Hauptmann, 'I will let you free if you can write a single sentence the way it is written in the ransom letters,' Hauptmann would have to stay in prison the rest of his life. Any expert who has studied types and methods of handwriting will tell you that." Small insisted, and pointed as (Continued on page 30)

(Continued from page 28) proof to sections from Osborn's book and from the statements of other known authorities on writing, that a person cannot disguise his handwriting from one known system to another without conflicting them.

On January 30 I ordered Colonel Schwarzkopf to reopen the investigation, to continue the search for other persons involved in the crime. I pointed out that either the state's principal witnesses had not told the truth, in which case their whole testimony might be questioned, or that there were other participants in the kidnap, the murder, or the extortion.

I then received a series of weekly reports from Colonel Schwarzkopf. He had advised Director Hoover of the F.B.I. and Police Commissioner Valentine of the contents of my letter. There had been a weekly "conference" of officers. I can imagine the proceedings at those conferences. There was no indication of police desire or interest in finding any one else connected with the crime. Hauptmann had been convicted and was being hurried to the chair. Any one else found in possession of ransom money might have given information that would upset the lone-wolf theory of the police and the prosecution. Such a thing would, of course, "reflect" upon the courts. It was forgotten that in the Curtis case the prosecution had "proved" that there was a gang of kidnapers and that Curtis knew them.

Banks were notified that it was no longer necessary to look for the ransom money. Notified on March 28 by John Edgar Hoover that the Philadelphia Federal Reserve Bank had advised that it had "accumulated forty-nine thousand A and B series five-dollar Federal Reserve notes which are available for examination," Schwarzkopf wired the director as follows:

THIS DEPARTMENT CONTEMPLATES NO EXAMINATION OF NOTES REFERRED TO IN YOUR TELEGRAM THIS DATE STOP SUGGEST THAT ANY IDENTIFIED NOTES BE TAKEN OUT FOR DESTRUCTION

WHEN I asked for a copy of a State Police report for use in checking I was generally handed—reluctantly, it seemed—the material I requested; but several times I was advised that a certain letter—or a certain report—was "in the hands of the Attorney General and not available." This in spite of the fact that ordinary police procedure would demand the retention in files of at least a copy of any important communication or report.

On February 28, "fed up" with the weekly routine reports by Schwarzkopf concerning "conferences" and "progress" when there was no progress, I wrote the then Superintendent of State Police that I was not interested in receiving further weekly reports simply indicating that the usual conferences were being held. "If you feel that

pletely solved and that no persons other than Hauptmann were involved, it is your duty to advise me and to give me your answers to the questions I have submitted. My opinion, which is shared by thousands of our people, is that the kidnaping, murder, and extortion was not 'a one-man job.' Had sound and ordinary police methods been used following the commission of the crime, many doubts entertained today might have been eliminated and two and one half years might not have elapsed before the arrest of a person who, through the efforts of a gasoline-station manager and a bank teller, could be charged with the crime."

When I referred in the Schwarzkopf letter to the Lindbergh investigation as representing "the most bungled case in police history" I was stating an opinion shared by outstanding criminologists.

THE general opinion of police officials and scientists in crime detection seems to have been summed up by Henry Morton Robinson in his book *Science Versus Crime*:

"To summon up a ghastly remembrance of police tipstavery, bend your glance backward to the opening chapter of the Lindbergh case. Do you remember—could any one ever forget—the foaming and senseless cataract of gorgeously uniformed state troopers that descended on the Lindbergh home in motorcycles, roared up and down the road trampling every available clue into the March mud, systematically covering with impenetrable layers of stupidity every fingerprint, footprint, dust-trace on the estate? Hauptmann has been convicted and doubtless deserves the punishment that will be meted out to him, yet there are many impartial and legally trained minds which dispute the value of the evidence that placed him in the Lindbergh nursery on the night of the kidnaping.

"What wouldn't Prosecutor Wilentz have given for a lone conclusive fingerprint on the crib, windowsill, or ladder? How effectively he could have introduced a moulage reproduction of that footprint underneath the nursery window! Or a handful of dust intelligently swept up and later analyzed for evidence. A European prosecutor would have had all these aids as a matter of routine; the first investigator who reached the scene would have protected with his life (and reputation) that footprint in the mud."

Justice Trenchard, at the expiration of the reprieve, had set the week of March 30 for the execution, and Colonel Kimberling set the night of March 31 for Hauptmann's short walk to the electric chair.

The United States Supreme Court had denied a writ of habeas corpus and stay of execution.

But in the mad dizzy whirl of the last few weeks there were other important happenings. The unfathom-

in the Fort Leavenworth Penitentiary, had sent through Superintendent of Prisons Sanford E. Bates a "confession." My files already contained at least fifty other purported "confessions," some anonymous and some signed. The Means statement had been worked out with great cunning, reflecting a knowledge of Hopewell and vicinity, and checking in with known happenings in the underworld. He claimed to have invested the money received from Mrs. McLean in an illicit venture with Hassell and Greenberg, leaders of a rum ring who were subsequently murdered in the Elizabeth Carteret Hotel at Elizabeth, New Jersey. The police and others who knew Means laughed at this latest bit of bravado from the federal prison.

A former State Police trooper told me where I might look in the State Police files to find a statement taken from Millard Whited to the effect that he had never seen any suspicious persons in the vicinity of the Lindbergh home before March 1, 1932. I found this statement, taken by the State Police themselves on April 26, 1932—less than two months after the crime—setting out the fact that this Sourland Mountain woodsman, of questioned reputation, had then denied that he had ever seen any one who might have been identified with the crime. It was the same Whited who, more than two years later, after being shown photographs of Hauptmann, identified him in the Bronx Prison, and subsequently told upon the stand his story of Hauptmann's emergence from the woods, on a cold day in February of 1932, "in his shirt sleeves and his coat tossed over his arm."

I sent for Whited, who admitted to me in the presence of others that he had been promised part of the reward for the part he played in the conviction of Hauptmann. He insisted that prior to his giving of the State Police statement he had told of seeing this stranger; but I searched the State Police files and failed to find any prior report of this occurrence. Far fishier than Hauptmann's "Fisch story" is the attempt still being made to make the public believe that the State Police would have made Whited's false statement a part of their official records while eliminating all mention of the important prior disclosures he claims to have made.

The same former trooper who had given me the startling Whited information told me that I would find, "if it had not been destroyed," a statement from Perrone, the taxi driver, to the effect that he had taken a passenger to City Island the day following the meeting of the Bronx Grand Jury, and there had seen "Doctor Condon talking to a man who I think was the man who handed me the note." I obtained that statement, and it contained the exact information that had been reported to me.

Only recently I awarded Whited one thousand dollars of the Lindbergh reward money. Although I hold no belief in the accuracy of Whited's story, his testimony aided in sending Hauptmann to the chair and under the terms of the reward legislation he was entitled to share. Later I shall have more to say about Whited and other identification witnesses.

Between the 7th and the 14th of February I had gone to the Mercer Hospital in Trenton for a minor nasal operation. Shortly before my release there came the surprising information that Samuel Liebowitz, the famous criminal lawyer, had suddenly been associated with the Hauptmann defense counsel. I was puzzled. Nearly every one else was puzzled, for Liebowitz in the newspapers and in his radio comment had frankly expressed his belief that Hauptmann was guilty.

On the evening of my first day at my home in South Amboy, Liebowitz called upon me. He had been to the prison and had had a long interview with Hauptmann. "Governor," he said, "I can make this fellow tell the truth. I am certain of it. But I need your help!"

How did Liebowitz hope to "break down" the prisoner, and what came of his attempt? What is the truth about Governor Hoffman's alleged connection with the Wendel "confession" that was to postpone the execution yet once more—and was subsequently to land Ellis Parker in prison? Read the former Governor's astonishing and authoritative disclosures in Liberty next week!