

AN OPEN LETTER TO
THE AUTHOR OF
THE LINDBERGH CASE

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Dear Sir;

As one of the millions you have been following ~~the~~
your masterpiece, The Lindbergh Case, through its two and a half
year serialization in the press, I feel moved to protest against
the way in which your story fell apart in the denouement and
against some of the shoddy bromidic business that you let creep
into the most dramatic story that I have ever read.

Your opening situation was superb. You opened with
a tear and a heart throb and you had your readers with you. There
was never a more perfect spot created for a master sleuth. The
stealing of a baby, the violation of a ~~xxx~~ nursery crib, is a
shocking crime and one that cries to us all for vengeance. When
you made that baby the son of America's Number One hero and flashed

before us the agony of Charles and Anne Lindbergh, you had the mystery sensation of the century in your hands.

From that situation you worked a bit clumsily. Since your work ~~book~~ is not yet in book form, I will have to refer to dates instead of page numbers in offering my criticisms.

You ~~mix~~ not only confused us with bad writing on March 2 ~~mm~~ 1932 but you, as you afterwards worked things out, mislead us. A very strong scene was wasted. I refer to the one where the Colonel, seeking his child alone before the police arrived, found footprints, followed them to an abandoned ladder on the grounds and thence to the spot where they were joined by the footprints of a woman and lost ultimately on hard ground. A little later, you tell us that there were two state troopers with Colonel Lindbergh and you give us the same footprints. In the closing scenes, you disavow this scene altogether. That, sir, is sloppy work.

I approve your technique in introducing a definite suspect early in the case, but it was a mistake to make the case against him so strong that you left yourself without an explanation of his conduct that would satisfy your readers. I refer to Red Johnson.

You recall that he was arrested on March 4th at West Hartford Connecticut with a milk bottle in his car and that you told us he was an alien in the country illegally, an ex-chauffeur of Colonel Lindbergh's, the boy friend of Betty Gow, the baby's nurse, unemployed, a former sailor and the brother of the captain of a private yacht. You told us that on the night that he was arrested in West Hartford, a post-card addressed to Colonel Lindbergh was found in that post-office reading "Baby still ~~quite~~ safe. Get things quiet." This card, you stated, was signed with a reversed "J" and was a duplicate of one mailed the day before in Newark when Johnson was admittedly in that city.

Now, I submit that that is laying it on rather thick if you aren't going to use Johnson in the case or give us any explanation for him. But you make it worse. You have him tell the police that he was out riding all evening of the kidnap night with no stops at any place and that his companion was Johansen Junge, the husband of a maid in the Morrow home - the home of the baby's grandmother. You have Junge, in the country only three months himself, deny the story and say that he last saw Johnson at seven o'clock that evening. You

have Johnson's landlady state that he did not get home till somewhere around one o'clock in the morning.

And you keep dragging the man in for many days with the police of Connecticut unearthing facts and the Jersey police stating that they don't want him. You bring out the fact that he was also going with a Brooklyn girl named Thompson and she makes a statement that Johnson posed as an authority on the Lindbergh home and was always talking about what he knew about the Lindberghs. You produce three definite occasions when Johnson was known to be in that house during the absence of the Lindberghs and you put dates on those occasions. Then you drop Johnson.

That's sad work. We mystery readers are accustomed to having the first suspect proved innocent but when you hang so much on a man, you might explain him for us a little. To get him out of the case you have Colonel Lindbergh do an improbable thing. On March 5, you have the clear-headed, cool, thoughtful Lindbergh appoint two known gangsters of the two-bit variety as his ~~representatives~~ intermediaries with the underworld and you wave Johnson right out of the picture with the statement that Colonel Lindbergh is convinced that he has the under-
standing with and Johnson cannot therefore be implicated.

Tut. Tut. to you, sir. To make it worse you release a letter received by the mother of Betty Gow in far off Scotland; a letter written by Red Johnson's girl friend and baby Lindbergh's nurse in which she expresses the wish to leave the Lindberghs and her fear that something terrible is going to happen.

Then you get around to the ladder. That was a swell clue and we're glad to see you take it up. You give us a little creep, too, by revealing that Skillman, six miles from Hopewell where the baby was kidnapped, there is an institution for epileptics which is known locally as the epileptic village. That's nice weird business and it is timed nicely to take our minds off Red Johnson; especially when you introduce another Johnson (and you should have called him something else to save confusion.)

This new character is Squire Johnson, Assistant State Architect, and he identifies the wood in the ladder as being the same as that used in the construction of the institution at Skillman a year before. You tell us that the natives of the region have been allowed to haul the surplus wood away and you characterize these natives as rather surly and unfriendly mountaineers of the hill-billy type who resent

all strangers as "furriners".

You've got a swell plot now with some great leads; but why spoil that ladder clue by introducing Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney of New York and Walter Winchell, the New York columnist, who both tell us that the ladder is a phoney and a plant and that nobody could have used it to take a baby out of that window. You betrayed us with that stuff when you were going to bring the ladder back in the case.

There didn't seem to be any point in telling us that Betty Gow was the only nurse that the baby ever had, either, if you were going to dig up another on March 15 and still another on March 16; saying "that's all now" after each of them. And what use did you ever make of the incident of the two Lightfoot servants ?

You remember that you had Mrs. C. Leandro Lightfoot of Franklin Park, N.J. come to the police with the report that on the kidnap night, her two German servants took her car without permission, ran up sixty miles on the speedometer and brought it back with soft loam on the wheels, a stained blanket in the back seat and a ~~stxx~~ sudden declaration that they were leaving immediately for Germany. Why have the cops search for those people for a week, find them in

Bryn Mawr and wave them out of the picture, too ? Why didn't they go to Germany ? You had them tell Mrs Lightfoot that it was because of a dying mother. Where did that blanket come from ?

What ever happened to Archie Adams who was pushed in a ditch by two cars travelling at excessive speed toward the Lindbergh estate and from the Epileptic village on the kidnap night ?

You mislead us terribly again and prepared us to be fooled by the Norfolk hoax later when you told us on March 25 that a rum runner had been hailed on March 20th about thirty miles off Sandy Hook by a green and white striped cruiser. You told us that the rum runner POSITIVELY identified Harry Fleischer, Detroit Purple gangster as the man in the cruiser who tried to buy his compass for a hundred dollars -- and that the conversation was interrupted by the crying of a baby which excited Fleischer and made him sore.

Incidentally, you drag in this Detroit gange every once in a while through the story and you have a member of that gang arrested in Norfolk, ~~with~~ a fellow named Stark, with a diary in his possession and a note after March 1 - "X P.M. Lindy." You tell us that Betty Gow worked in Detroit but produced no references from there. You

with coincidences like that and you don't even try to clear

them up for us.

That whole business of negotiations with rum runners down in Norfolk with Curtis and the other two intermediaries trying for contact with the kidnappers by plane and yacht might just as well have been left out. It was rank melodrama and there was no excuse for it unless you intended to tie it in to the rum-runner rumors and the Purple gangsters who had a headquarters down there. You didn't tie it in, so you must have lost your nerve or something; but it's a terrible chapter.

Why bring in those three mysterious brush fires on the Lindbergh estate if they weren't going to have anything to do with the plot. You have Colonel Schwartzkopf, Chief of the New Jersey Police, express the opinion that they were either set by the kidnappers or for a grudge; but you don't wash up on it. You don't make anything out of the visit to Scotland Yard of Major Schoeffel, Schwartzkopf's assistant either.

Of course, you may have tried to thrill us by having the Major sail on the Mauretania disguised as a travelling salesman and under an assumed name; but it seems rather silly when you announce the fact that he is going before he sails and have Scotland Yard waiting to

receive him when he lands. Why take up our time with following him to Glasgow on a visit to Betty Gow's mother if that lady is going to lose that "something terrible is going to happen" letter of Betty's before he gets there ?

Maybe I seem unduly harsh, for despite the things that annoy every lover of ~~xx~~ mystery stories, you have maintained high suspense and your techical deficiencies have been offset by the fact that you have kept us on the ragged edge of suspense over the fate of that kidnapped baby. The emotional angle has been superb and you sweep us to a grand minor climax with the cemetery scene.

Few mystery stories have given us anything to equal that scene in the lonely cemetery in the Bronx where the anguished Lindbergh waits anxiously in the car while his intermediary disappears in the darkness to keep a rendezvous with the supposed kidnapper and pay the demanded ransom. We would have liked, of course, to have Dr. Dondon, the emissary introduced before this scene; but it is superb drama any way you take it.

And nothing quite equals the poignancy of that moment when you reveal to us the fact that Colonel Lindbergh has paid 50,000 dollars

and that he has been betrayed; that he has been sent on a wild goose chase and that his baby is not at the spot designated by the collector of ransom. There is heart-break in that and you make us feel it.

You have a grand opportunity, too, with the character of Dr. Condon. There's fine detective story stuff in the fact that he inserted an ad in the little Bronx Home News when the great press associations of the world were broadcasting Colonel Lindbergh's appeal for word from the kidnappers and that the little ad in the little paper scored where all the big press associations failed to reach the man. But the reply to that ad coming from Brooklyn seems a little far-fetched and you let your facts out a little discordantly.

You hinted earlier that there was a ransom note with a strange symbol on it left in the nursery but you were very vague about it and we didn't know that the note demanded fifty thousand dollars until the sum was paid. I wouldn't quarrel with that so much only you cheated us on the significance of that cemetery scene by stating that the symbols were a secret link between the Lindberghs and the man who stole their baby; an identification mark kept secret so that Colonel Lindbergh might know that ~~him~~ whether any future letters came

the real kidnappers or hoaxers.

That was very neat if you'd left it like that, but you don't. You mislead us from early in April until May 16th about the significance of those secret symbols and then you have Commissioner Mulrooney tell us that the symbols were of little value because the underworld had them before Colonel Lindbergh received any message; that the Colonel allowed Morris Rosner, a discredited Federal agent, private detective and underworld contact man, to make tracings of that original note; that Rosner is the man who recommended Spitale and Bitz as contact men and that Rosner gave copies of the tracing to those two characters.

With that set-up anybody could have written those notes.

You don't play fair on the ransom, either. You have it set originally at 50,000. You have it increased to 70,000 during the negotiations and you have Dr. Condon and Colonel Lindbergh take 70,000 to the cemetery and have the ransom collector return 20,000 with a big-handed gesture because Dr. Condon tells him that Lindbergh can't afford so much. Now that's a character inconsistency. A man who would steal a little baby for money isn't going to fall for a little story and hand 20,000 back. You develop that inconsistency to

a rank absurdity later, but I'll come to that.

These things are annoying when they follow a throbbing scene like that one in the cemetery. You confuse us, too, with the character of Condon. You could have done so much with him. A physical culturist of over seventy who has been a school teacher most of his life, a star ball-player and, as you tell us, a former baseball coach at Sing Sing Prison - you give him the absolute in fiction value with that tag that he uses in his negotiation ads "Jafsie". That's great so far but ^{between} ~~from~~ the point at which he enters the case and the end, he becomes unbelievable. We get lost trying to follow him and you seem to use the character only to baffle us unfairly.

You have him leaving his house late at night with loaded suit-cases and a prize fighter bodyguard just a few nights after the ransom is paid but you shroud ~~his~~ the nature of his mysterious errands by having the police and press deterred from following him at Colonel Lindbergh's request. You never clean up those errands and you keep the character vague by having him refuse to answer all police questioning during this period on the plea that it may interrupt negotiations although it seems certain that the people who got the money do not intend to play fair; so certain that Colonel Lindbergh has

already released the serial numbers of the ransom bills to the press and to every bank and clearing house. This last act should certainly ~~and~~ do more to ~~the~~ end the hope of any further negotiations than any questioning of Condon.

As you have done throughout, however, you maintain a high state of suspense and again you ~~makexxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ reach poignancy in a climax.

Fiction provides no heartbreak to equal that of the grimly tragic scene where the long sought baby is found dead upon the heights above Hopewell. The last note of pathos lies in the fact that the spot where the little body had lain through all the search is within sight of Colonel Lindbergh's windows.

You changed a search into a man hunt right there and you made us feel bitterly the necessity for apprehending the brutes who would do this thing. There is no more need for silence nor for secret negotiations and we look to Dr. Condon for help, the one man who seems to have had contact, the one man who can provide a clue. And you fail us badly with this character.

He is as vague now as before despite the fact that all excuse

for caution is gone. He has had personal contact three times and he says that he dealt with three men (May 14) but that he only saw one clearly. He says the name of the one man is "John" and that he is a Scandanavian with three identifying marks on his face.

You reveal, too, that Dr. Condon was a stranger to Colonel Lindbergh until he got an answer to his little ad and that he went out to Hopewell with that first reply and was permitted to sleep that night in the bed-room of the kidnapped baby; then you give us a very strange fact that might have been used tellingly in your later chapters. I will identify that fact so that you may refer to it. It is United Press, May 13, 1932 and reads;

"E.E. Marshall, prosecutor of Mercer County, revealed that Colonel Lindbergh refused to pay the ransom until ~~the~~ Dr. Condon produced the baby's sleeping suit. Previously the kidnapper had offered three SAFETY PINS of a peculiar make as identification but Colonel Lindbergh declared himself dissatisfied with these and demanded further proof."

Now those safety pins seem very important and you slip badly in your climax in the use you make of them unless the slip was in permitting that statement to get into the record thus early in the case.

I'll come to it. Remember those pins.

You don't explain either why Colonel Schwartzkopf wanted to arrest the three agents of the Department of Labor who were investigating the case under their authority to investigate aliens; nor why Colonel Lindbergh called Secretary of Labor Doak at Washington to have those agents recalled after they had questioned Betty Gow. It seems to me that those agents could have been used in unraveling the plot since their report was termed by President Hoover "the most intelligent report I have seen on the case" and the report, written in advance of the ransom payment, predicted that any ransom paid would probably be thrown away.

On May 15th, you befog us again through the instrumentality of Dr. Condon. You convey the impression that the police are suspicious of him and that he is risking his freedom to shield a woman. You have him say to the press when he is asked why he wont tell what he knows and back a previously quoted statement that he knows the kidnappers name;

"Supposing their was a family in which most of the members were bad but one was very good. And suppose that the one who was

good came to you and went down on her knees asking your protection ?
Wouldn't you do everything possible to shield her name ?"

What about the statement by Colonel Schwartzkopf that one of
the kidnap gang knew Condon personally ? And was it fair to mislead
us on May 16th by having Jafsie tentatively pick out three rogues
gallery pictures as those of men with whom he had dealings ?

What ever became of the May 17th confession of Frank Porzyich
that he was one of a gang of six who kidnapped the Lindbergh baby
and that the baby was dropped in the flight and killed ? If this
was just a crank confession, why reinforce it by the statement of
Commissioner Mulrooney of New York to the effect that repeated
attempts to catch the man in a contradiction had failed and that
"his story appears to have the ring of truth" ?

Lest this be too critical, I'll pay tribute to another bit
of good craftsmanship here. With your climax in mind, it was a
fine dramatic bit to introduce David T. Wilentz through the U.P.
of May 14th as a criminal lawyer who was trying to contact Colonel
Lindbergh four days before the baby's body was found in behalf of
a ransom intermediary, James Gracie, who wanted to collect a hundred

thousand dollars. That little "plant" gives you a fine note of irony for the finale where you sadly need, sir, a fine note of something.

And did you intend to wind the case up on June 10th ? If you didn't, the Violet Sharpe incident is on a par with the Red Johnson bit. You have Miss Sharpe, a table maid in the Morrow home of whom we haven't previously heard, commit suicide while under the questioning of Colonel Lindbergh and prior to the arrival of police who have new evidence against her.

There is a terrific impact in that scene and it is very well done. Again you strike a note of pathos and arouse our sympathies. Although you have not previously introduced the character to us, you seem to shape, too, to an understandable solution of the mystery.

is intriguing
The fact/that she was hysterical ~~on the night of~~ immediately following
the kidnapping and protected from questioning by the Morrow family/
when the other servants are questioned. ~~on the grounds of illness~~

And you introduce some convincing detective work when you have the State Detectives get into her room on a ruse and find in her effects the card of Ernest Brinkert, an ex-convict.

We are prepared for ~~anything~~ a swift climax by the statement of Governor Moore of New Jersey(June 14) in which he says that the girl made four written statements in the presence of members of the Morrow family and that no two statements agree.

You satisfy our sense of drama by your explanation of why the police wanted to question her again and we are interested in the new character Brinkert; but why do we never know any more of how he is explained than we know of Johnson ?

You told us, you recall, that the girl identified a picture of Brinkert as the man that she was out with on the night of the kidnapping.(the only identification that she ever made) and that the police had a hard time finding him; locating him at last through an informer named Schmidt.

You told us that he was a former taxi driver and a man who had been convicted for petty larceny and for assault, that on the day of the kidnapping he was discharged from his position as chauffeur to Claude W. Moody of Mamaroneck, N.Y. and that Mr. Moody claims Brinkert took a home-made ladder from the estate when he left. You told us,too, that the New Jersey state detectives had learned

POSITIVELY that Violet Sharpe had telephoned to Brinkert at 1 P.M. on the day of the kidnapping when she knew that the Lindberghs were to stay at Hopewell.

You give us all that and then you produce three unknown people who say that they were out with Violet Sharpe on the kidnap night, people who did not come forward and say so while all the suspicion was in the air and Violet Sharpe still alive. You give them a story for that night and then later ^{at} ~~in~~ the claim~~ax~~, you bring those people back with a story that has changed in vital spots.

In the mean time you have waved Ernest Brinkert out of the story with the bald statement that there is no case against him if there is no case against Violet Sharpe and her alibi is established. Now I ask you, is this good technique ?

If you were going to do that, then why did Violet Sharpe's sister leave for England just four days after the ransom was paid and with her sister still under suspicion ?

How is it that Ernest Brinkert who drove a green Nash coach with N.Y. license 3V1983 was never brought into the case again when you have people testifying about green cars with ladders later in the

case; particularly when you have already established the fact that he not only had a green car, but that he had a ladder.

You had to make a blue car fit a green car description later on, remember ?

Well, it's your story and you gave us another real thrill when Bruno Richard Hauptmann drove into a filling station, filled the tank of his car and paid for his gasoline with a ransom bill. It may have been subtle craftsmanship on your part to have him enter guilelessly in view of the later picture you gave us, but you made it too easy for your detectives at the climax.

Hauptmann not only paid for his gas with a contraband gold note that turned out to be ransom money also, but he mentioned that he had more. He was driving his own car and the plates were registered ~~at~~ correctly in his own name. He gave ~~us~~ us no thrill of a chase although the police who went to his home did not arrest him there; they followed him when he came out and waited till he had covered considerable distance before ~~arresting him~~ forcing him to the curb and putting him under arrest. You don't make this matter clear but I have the impression that they let him get across a police precinct line for

reasons of their own. Is that right ?

Anyway they arrested him and they found a treasure trove of bills in his garage, all ransom bills. With your usual skill, you give him an explanation for those bills. He says he had a partner, Isidor Fisch, who left him a couple of suit-cases and a box when he went to Germany for a visit and that the partner died there. You say the box got wet and came apart and he found the money and dried it out. The bills were gold certificates and he knew that they had been called in by the President and he was an alien who didn't want to call attention to himself because he was in the country illegally. He'd had one scare when he nearly got sued because of an automobile accident once before and he hid the money because he knew that it was dangerous to him if he got in any other accidents or jams. He says that the dead partner owed him money and that he felt no guilt in taking some of the treasure trove for current needs since he had no other means of collection.

Now that's a better explanation than you have given previous suspects but it has holes in it and we want to learn more about this man, Hauptmann.

You tell us that he is a German, married and with one child, that he was a German soldier at seventeen and a machine gunner. (You slip in a silly joker here ~~xxxxxxx~~ with the credit line to Walter Winchell, to the effect that the German army, most severely military of armies, entrusted the important task of manning machine guns to men assigned to the task as a punishment; potential deserters, in other words, in a position of responsibility). The man lost a father and two brothers in the war. He stowed away to come to America three times and made it the last time by hiding under coal in the bunkers and breathing through a pipe.

It is rather a stalwart sort of picture rather than a furtive one and you add to it by picturing him as a union carpenter who helped his friends build houses in his spare time; a thrifty man who saved money religiously, who kept out of trouble in America despite a couple of convictions in the Germany of the reconstruction period, a man who gets his recreation out of sports and swimming and music nights with friends and neighbors.

The picture leaves us with open minds on his story. On his

record, we can't rate him worse than the other suspects you've given us and you pave the way for one of those lightning-change absolutions of yours when you picture Isidor Fisch for us.

He doesn't fit the kidnap picture, either. He is frail and consumptive, a man with a ^{man of} double life; a/ professed poverty and, at the same time, with safety deposit boxes in banks. A mysterious character, this, but not our picture of a kidnapper. Then you mention~~d~~ his strangely under-cover fur business and we feel that we are anticipating the turn of events.

Hauptmann's story seemed at first an accusation of Fisch, but he never words that accusation. He just says that the man gave him money in a box and didn't tell him it was money. With those furs in mind, we speculate on the possibility that they may be "hot" furs, furs whose previous ownership is dubious. At this turn of the story, I honestly expected you to come up with that explanation and to bring out the fact that somebody purchased a lot of those furs and that that somebody, like the usual buyer of contrabrand, was a shady character who paid for them with Lindbergh ransom money.

The explanation would be sounder than any that occurs for some of the other characters ~~who~~^{you} showed us and it would explain something

that seems otherwise unexplainable; the fact that Hauptmann spent deadly money so openly. As a reader of mystery stories I would even let you tell me that Isidor Fisch became suspicious of the money before he sailed for Germany and decided not to risk it at Customs.

But you were probably tired of writing. There was no explanation for this latest character. In a sudden burst of sound and fury, you announce that the case is solved. This man is the kidnapper.

You even bring the ladder back and it wasn't made in Skillman now; it was made in the Bronx. You were poor craftsman enough to tell us scores of times that it was a badly made, flimsy ladder and you give us a union carpenter as the man who made it. You seem to have realized that this point needed bolstering ~~xxxx~~ and you bring in a strange sort of scientific detective. He is a wood expert and that is all right, but you hero-ize him by telling us of how he scoured the lumber yards of many states before he matched the wood of this ladder in this prisoner's own neighborhood, the Bronx.

Personally, I'd like this touch if the business of scouting states

didn't make the character look a wee bit silly. Why didn't he go to the Bronx first since the ~~kid~~ alleged kidnapper saw Jafsie's ad in the Bronx Home News and since all the ransom negotiations took place in the Bronx. Or wasn't that a clue ?

You go a little soft, too, if raving about smart police work when all they had to do was look up the owner of a certain license tag. You make your police unconvincing. They are too zealous about that one twenty dollar ransom bill when we remember that J.J.Faulkner deposited nearly two thousand dollars worth of ransom bills in his account and the police neither found Faulkner nor explained him; nor did they appear to be excited when a J.J.Faulkner jumped from the Chrysler tower next day.

But you're winding your story up and it's your story. All right. You never explain how a German carpenter in the Bronx learned where the nursery was at Hopewell, how he knew that the Lindberghs were going to be there when they never were there before on a Tuesday nor how he carried a ladder or a baby through the mud without leaving footprints. (Remember, you went back on those footprints of a man and a woman that you told us about earlier). You don't explain how the baby was killed nor why. We feel that we are

entitled to a motive if nothing else, so you make a gesture.

You bring back ~~Wilentz~~ David T. Wilentz, who was the ~~xxxxxx~~ mouth-piece of a lad who tried to collect ransom money and Mr. Wilentz is now governor general of New Jersey. ^{He} ~~She~~ shrieks the motive at us. " Money ! Money ! Money ! He was money mad. He killed that baby for money !"

Uh-huh. And he handed back twenty thousand of that money for a sob story.

He wrote a complicated note, too, describing exactly how to build a box for the ransom money - and then he put the money in his pockets. Did you plan that for a different ending ? Were you going to have somebody bury that money in a cemetery instead of walking out with it ?

And those three safety pins !

You nearly gave us a clever ending. Dr. J.F. Condon is on the stand in the big trial scene. He draws a wordy picture of his dealings with the ~~kidnapper~~ ransom collector and he is being very subtle and very adroit. He slips in a convincing piece of business to show that the ransom collector was also the kidnapper.

"I showed him the safety pins that were in the baby's bed and he recognized them. 'The baby was pinned down with those' he said."

Counsel asks ~~him~~ him where he got the pins and Jafsie says he took them the night that he spent in the baby's nursery; the ~~first~~ night that he ~~met~~ met Colonel Lindbergh for the first time.

"You took them with Colonel Lindbergh's permission ?"

"No. I took them first and told him afterwards. It was sort of French leave."

We held our breath then and we are still holding it. We remembered that statement of E.E.Marshall of Mercer County but you forgot. There's undoubtedly an explanation but you didn't give it to us.

The proof piles up. Despite the amazingly heavy percentage of our population that has police records, including those of the prohibition era, the fact that ~~xxx~~ a man is seen in a place by a man with a police record doesn't prove that he was there. It can be proved that he wasn't there by handwriting. In the words of Justice Trenchard, "Do you believe that ?"

The budget of the State of New Jersey on the ~~xxx~~ case, you

tell us, shows fifty thousand dollars for handwriting experts. And you ruin your yarn when you tell us that. If I had to match that fifty thousand expenditure to line up such expensive talent, they'd prove that I wrote the Lindbergh ransom notes.

No. Your story goes to pieces in the finish. You don't save even a decent fragment. You hang wreaths on the police for solving the case and you put Schwartzkopf on the stand to testify that he doesn't know^{and} doesn't remember a thing about the biggest case in his career. And you show us a few comedy cops who tried to take finger prints of a ladder without wearing gloves and didn't even get their own fingerprints. And another sleuth comes in with a picture that he took and forgot to date.

But your case is solved and Hauptmann is the kidnapper.

If we try we can even believe that, I guess, but you ask us to swallow too much. You try to make us believe that ~~America~~ Americans will stand outside a court of justice ~~during the trial~~ at the end of that long, heart-breaking search for America's most famous baby and cheer Lindbergh, yell "Kill Hauptmann" and buy ghastly souvenir ladders to wear on their lapels. You try to make us believe that

the Attorney General of a great state will stand up to make his summation in a capital case and quote whole paragraphs out of the column of Walter Winchell, the original key-hole columnist.

Sir, it wont go down. It's fantastic and utterly unbelievable. You have taken the most dramatic situation in American crime annals and you've made a complete mess of it.

THE END

To - THE AMERICAN PRESS
author of
THE LINDBERGH CASE.