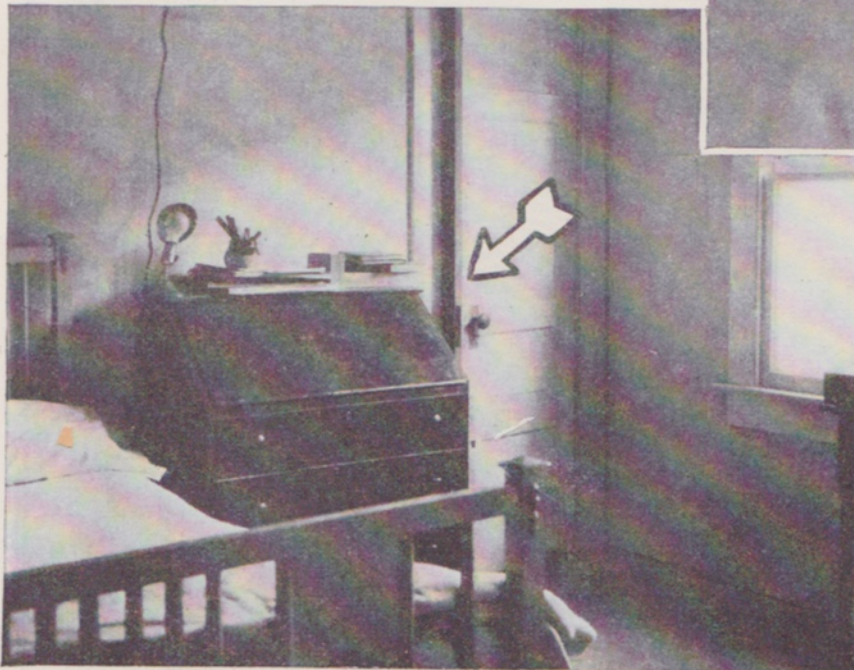


MURDER MYSTERY

"Daddy! Let me in. It is I," called a woman's voice. The man addressed, arose and stepped to the door. Suddenly he shouted, "A robber is in the house. He has his gun trained on you!" There was a scream . . . A flash of gun-fire! The thud of a falling body . . .



Lieutenant Howard L. Barlow, fingerprint expert of the Los Angeles Police Department, whose quick eye and thorough-going knowledge of his subject solved this three-year-old murder mystery



Door of the closet in which the murderer hid. Arrow points to the finger-print he left on the edge of the door, that years later was to trap and convict him

dance hall and pick up his father, take him home, then return later for his mother.

Mrs. Hatch, against the advice of friends and relatives, always carried home with her the proceeds of the dances. On Monday night this usually amounted to one hundred dollars, on Friday nights about five hundred.

CHARLES FREEMAN, assistant at the club, and a close friend of the Hatch family, having failed in his attempts to discourage this practice, followed the Hatch car home each night. He waited at the curb until the son had put the car in the garage and escorted his mother to the house; then he drove Melvin to his own home, two blocks away.

On Friday, April 8th, 1927, they followed the usual routine. Doctor Hatch was taken home by his son about 10:30 p. m. Earl returned and picked up his mother at ten minutes to twelve.

The Hatch bungalow, located at 2149 Echo Park Avenue,

is built on a hillside. The garage is on the front of the lot opening directly on the street. As they drove into the garage, Earl handed his mother the money bag and also a small laundry bag. He locked the garage door and followed her to the porch.

"I can take these things in myself, son. You are tired, so run along home," said Mrs. Hatch.

Earl, unusually tired, placed the bundles he carried on the banister of the front porch, kissed his mother good-night, and walked toward the Freeman car.

Mrs. Hatch tried the front door and found it locked. She looked for the latch-key but it was not in its usual place. The house was in semi-darkness. It had never been that way before. There was just a

dim light coming from the bathroom—a night light which they always kept burning

She peered through a small glass panel in the door. Doctor Hatch was sitting in his chair before the fireplace. But he looked different—downhearted or something—as Mrs. Hatch described it later.

"Daddy, let me in. It is I," she called out, rattling the door-knob.

He arose and came slowly toward the door. When almost there he straightened up and shouted, "A robber is in the house. He has his gun trained on you!"

Almost instantly the bandit popped up in the doorway directly in front of her with his command:

"Hand me the bag!"

Charles Freeman heard the scream, then the shot, and realized instantly that the long-expected hold-up was being staged. As the bandit fled across the lawn Freeman fired once with a .32 caliber automatic which he carried.