

MY APPRENTICESHIP TO CRIME

An  
(To the memory of my  
Autobiography

Grace Maria Treadwell.

-by-

ARTHUR HARDING

No proceedings could be taken against him for espionage, because the U.S.A. at the time in question was not at war with Germany. Lincoln was indicted at the Old Bailey for forgery and sentenced to a term of penal servitude, he was also ordered to be deported CHAPTER 18. any at the expiry of his sentence.

He served Trubitch Lincoln 1911-1916. He did not attend any religious services. In fact, he was a German Jew. I got to know him some years before the 1914-18 War, a man calling himself Trubitch Lincoln joined the Liberal Party and during the time he was a member of the Liberal Party he successfully contested the parliamentary seat of Darlington and became a Member of Parliament. Deportation order being carried out after the end. Members of Parliament did not receive a very high salary and he was compelled to find a part-time job as a secretary to Mr. Cadbury, the chocolate king, who employed Lincoln at a fairly high remuneration for his services. family were allowed. While a Member of Parliament, he seems to have got Army attached to the Admiralty, where he succeeded in stealing the Naval secret code book which he betrayed to the German Secret Service for whom he worked.

Lincoln escaped to the U.S.A. where he was arrested on The a charge of forgery. He was extradited to England on an extradition warrant for forgery of a cheque while acting as secretary to Mr. Cadbury. Fired the fatal shot.

No proceedings could be taken against him for espionage, because the U.S.A. at the time in question was not at war with Germany. Lincoln was indicted at the Old Bailey for forgery and sentenced to a term of penal servitude, he was also ordered to be deported to Germany at the expiry of his sentence. He served his sentence at Parkhurst. He did not attend any religious services. In fact, he was a German Jew. I got to know him quite well, not a very sociable man, arrogant to those he thought he could bully, submissive to authority. He professed to be an atheist.

After serving his sentence he was taken to Brixton prison to await the deportation order being carried out after the end of the war in 1918. When the Weimar Republic was formed he became a member of the Government; he had a varied career and at one time was a monk in a Buddhist monastery.

Although he was deported to Germany, his family were allowed to remain in Britain. His eldest son joined the Army after the war, about 1921 (?). He was involved in a raid on a country bank with another soldier, in which a bank cashier was shot dead.

The two young soldiers were put on trial for murder. The other soldier turned King's Evidence and testified that the young Lincoln had fired the fatal shot. This Lincoln strenuously denied that he fired the fatal shot.

Both prisoners were found Guilty. The Judges of the Court of Criminal Appeal were very doubtful of the truth of the story told by the other soldier, who had stated that the young Lincoln had fired the fatal shot. Human nature being what it is, when it became known that Lincoln was the son of his father, who had betrayed the country, that the Trubitch Lincoln the German spy was his father, whom we could not hang because of a legal technicality, we made up for it by hanging the son, and giving a prison sentence to the other accused soldier. ~~he~~ pleaded with the son to leave the explosive alone, but while under sentence of death, the young Lincoln expressed a wish to see his father but the Government refused this request. The father was not allowed to visit his son in the condemned cell. The young soldier Lincoln was executed, so we had our revenge on the son for his father's treachery. ~~he~~ To those who read and studied the case, many expressed doubts and misgivings that Justice had been done. It is believed that Trubitch Lincoln died in a Buddhist monastery to which he retired.

Before I close this chapter on some of the characters who passed through the gates of Parkhurst, let me bring to your attention the pitiful story of the most unhappy murderer that was ever imprisoned for life, for an unpremeditated crime that was really an accident.

On the landing where the old age convicts were located was an old age convict serving life; he had served some seventeen years and had reached the limit of endurance. He was in the last stages of mental deterioration and would soon be sent

#### CHAPTER 19.

to Broadmoor. His crime was that during a quarrel with his wife he produced an explosive device used in mining, and

threatened to blow the house up. During the quarrel their only son, a boy aged sixteen, rushed in and attempted to take the explosive from his father's case which was on the table.

The father pleaded with the son to leave the explosive alone, but the boy pulled the explosive object from the case, resulting in the detonation. The son was killed.

You see, the father was a traveller for an armaments firm in Birmingham. So through jealousy and suspicion he killed the boy he loved. The old chap was at the stage when he suffered from persecution mania.

I wondered whether this was the end of the last twenty years of fighting and trying to outsmart the police. The hatred of the police was concentrated only against those C.I.D. of H Division who had been prominent since 1902 in bounding me. My hatred was generated by the sentence of 1902.

I went back to Gibraltar Gardens, my family had prospered. Mother was running a stall for second-hand clothing. On the home front I had everything to be thankful for.

At Commercial Street police station the old C.I.D. man had