

A Decent Burial

Forty-nine years after Bruno Richard Hauptmann was executed for the kidnap and murder of the Lindbergh baby, the case files are to be opened; New Jersey's Governor Byrne hopes that as a result, questions about the case "will not be kicked around for years and years to come."

Some hope ... and some chance. Questions about the Lindbergh case will end at about the same time that the world runs out of conspiracy theories about Dallas in November, 1963. Once more, the ladder found leaning against the house in Hopewell is to be hauled out for public scrutiny; so, last week, was the coffin containing the body of Lee Harvey Oswald. And isn't it about time for some resident of Fall River, Mass., to report, once again, that the Borden

family's fatal ax has just been discovered?

Mrs. Hauptmann, who filed a suit for the material, hopes to prove her husband's innocence. Several writers are surely hoping for books. The writer standing by Oswald's grave has already written his. Its thesis, that the coffin contained a Soviet spy, was all wrong — but no matter. Someone's bound to come up with another catchy idea.

As long as there's a thirst for mysteries and writers to slake it, questions about famous crimes will be kicked around for decades. And some people who were unlucky in the manner of their dying will remain forever unlucky in another way as well. Whether criminal or victim, neither will ever really get a decent burial.