

arguments; he had to anticipate them, and try to make such a strong impression on the jury that the prosecutor would be unable to undermine it. Stryker was an old hand at that game.

On the Saturday of that Fourth of July weekend Harold Shapero, then a young lawyer working for Stryker as researcher, leg-man, and general assistant, spent the morning in his office on the thirty-sixth floor of 40 Wall Street digging through the transcript for useful bits of testimony that Stryker might want to refer to in his summation, and making notes and a kind of outline for him to be sure he would be well equipped and not overlook anything. It was a comfortable office, furnished expensively but in simple taste; the carpets were blue and very thick. There was no air-conditioning yet at 40 Wall, but the windows overlooking the Upper Bay at the foot of Manhattan were open, and the outer doors were ajar to keep the fresh air moving. It was a hot day. Shapero was to take his notes to Stryker's home in Locust Valley, on Long Island, early that afternoon, joining a party Stryker was giving for a few friends.

Alger and Priscilla Hiss spent most of the morning with Shapero, going over the transcript with him and offering their own ideas about the important points Stryker should make in his summation. Along toward 1:00 P.M. Hiss reminded Shapero of his appointment in Locust Valley, saying it was pretty near time for him to leave. Shapero bundled his papers into his briefcase and said good-bye to Alger and Priscilla, who left through the open door to go down the hall to the elevator. A few minutes later Shapero came out too and saw his clients standing by the elevator, their backs to him, talking to each other. It was a moment Shapero never forgot, because he overheard what they were saying, and knew that it was a moment of privacy which, even as their lawyer, he wasn't meant to hear.

"Alger," Priscilla was saying, "what if they convict you?"

"Well," said Alger, "I am innocent. Someday they will find that out, and it will be on their consciences the rest of their lives."

Then the elevator arrived, and the Hisses disappeared into it. Shapero said nothing; he was so struck by what he had heard that he didn't want to make his presence known. For Shapero was not

one of the old friends of the Hisses who had been recruited to help; he was simply a junior member of Lloyd Paul Stryker's staff, who had sweated through the six weeks and half a million words of testimony without any preconceived notions of what the trial was about or where the truth might lie. Suddenly he felt that the defendant must be an honest man, whatever the evidence showed and whatever the jury might decide; no one in the privacy of an empty thirty-sixth floor lobby on a quiet Saturday afternoon would say something like that to his wife unless he was not only an honest man and an innocent one, but an extraordinary man, who could look at his predicament in terms of its effect on other people, not just its effect on himself.

It was a most unusual quality, and after working with Hiss through the six long weeks of the trial and the four long months of preparation before it, Shapero recognized that the attitude Hiss had just expressed was genuine and characteristic of him—not some kind of pretentious hypocrisy intended to fool his wife. And it disposed forever, in Shapero's mind, of the theory that Priscilla might be the guilty one and Hiss might be deliberately shielding her. His protective attitude toward her appeared in a new light; he was trying to reassure her in his own peculiar way, but concerned now with the jurors' consciences, not with Priscilla's or his own. Shapero hurried to Long Island with his notes for Stryker in a new mood of enthusiasm and encouragement.

Stryker's summation the following week—it began just before noon on Wednesday and continued after the luncheon recess and for the first hour on Thursday—was built around the same theme as he used for his opening remarks six weeks before: Chambers was a liar whose word could not be trusted, and without Chambers's word the government had no case. Stryker called Chambers a "psychopathic . . . sadist," a "liar by habit, by training . . . and by preference." He said the charges against Hiss were "preposterous," that Chambers's story was "fantastic," that it was "absurd" to imagine that a real spy engaged in a real conspiracy would have publicly associated with his fellow conspirators the way Chambers and his wife claimed the Hisses had done. He