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# *The Intelligence Unit Encounters Murder*

IT IS perhaps not unreasonable to include the Lindbergh kidnaping case in any panorama of the era that saw the Intelligence Unit come into its full stature. Perhaps the Lindbergh kidnaping would have been perpetrated had organized crime not been what it was during the late twenties and the early thirties; and again the so-called crime of the century might not have been committed had it not been that the arch-criminals who were the products of the era seemed literally to be striving to outdo one another in deeds of viciousness. Just as a motion picture often influences an impressionable mind, so does an era influence individuals. Had the newspapers and the magazines and the movies not mirrored the activities of men like Al Capone, it is quite possible that the Lindbergh kidnaping might never have been done.

On the twenty-eighth day of February, 1932—a Sunday—Colonel Charles Augustus Lindbergh and his attorney and close friend, Colonel Henry Breckinridge, were walking on the grounds of the Lindbergh estate

in the desolate Sourland Mountain country near Hopewell, New Jersey. The two men were discussing the need for protection against prowlers, or other persons bent on crime, and decided to acquire two or three trained watch dogs. The second night following—before there was time to get the watch dogs—Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr. was kidnaped.

While the greatest man hunt in the history of American crime was in progress, Al Capone, incarcerated in the Cook County Jail in Chicago awaiting the disposition of his appeal to the United States Supreme Court on his income-tax case, issued a statement. Capone said that if he were released from jail and afforded a reasonable latitude within which to function, he could recover the Lindbergh baby. It was common knowledge that Capone had contacts, direct and indirect, with hundreds of figures in the underworld. It was well known, too, that he had, on occasions in the past, sent word through the underground that certain criminal activities would have to cease because they were working injury to respectable persons in whom he had a friendly interest.

Shortly after Capone's announcement, Arthur Brisbane, the Hearst columnist, went to Chicago and interviewed the fat, syphilitic gangster in jail. The resultant story in Brisbane's column crystallized opinion among a large section of the public that Capone should be turned loose to work on what was called the crime of the century. Hundreds of thousands of people were willing to declare a moratorium on ethics, public morality and civic righteousness in the belief that it takes a thief to catch a thief.

On the afternoon of March 7, six days after the kidnaping, Lindbergh, in Hopewell, put through a long-

distance telephone call to Secretary of the Treasury Ogden L. Mills, whom he knew quite well. Lindbergh expressed no opinion regarding the propriety or practicability of Capone's release from jail, but he asked if the Secretary of the Treasury had an opinion. Mills didn't, but suggested that Lindbergh discuss the Capone matter with a man who knew almost as much about Capone as Capone knew about himself. That man, of course, was Elmer Irey. And so, on the following day, Irey, accompanied by Arthur A. Nichols, Special Agent-in-Charge of the Philadelphia Division, arrived secretly in Hopewell for a conference with Lindbergh.

During the twenty-four hours that elapsed between Lindbergh's phone call to Secretary Mills and the arrival of Irey in Hopewell, the picture, from Lindbergh's point of view, had brightened somewhat. Lindbergh had the feeling that his child would shortly be ransomed.

The big question in Irey's mind was whether Capone, if released under guard, could actually get in contact with the person or persons who had the baby. Irey doubted that Capone could retrieve the child, and frankly expressed his view to Lindbergh, at the same time offering the services of his Unit in the man hunt if such services were desired. Pending further word from Lindbergh, Irey said that he would utilize means at his disposal to ascertain specifically who, if anyone, Capone suspected of being implicated in the crime.

Since Irey's Unit had made such an exhaustive investigation into Capone's criminal empire, Intelligence men in Chicago—particularly Arthur P. Madden, long the Agent-in-Charge of the Chicago Office—had little difficulty in tuning in on the underworld grapevine and learning just who it was that Capone had in mind in

connection with the kidnaping. Capone's nominee was one Robert Conroy—a desperate and resourceful criminal, a fugitive at the moment and long known to Capone. Conroy had been one of the leaders of the infamous so-called St. Valentine's Day massacre in which seven members of the Bugs Moran gang, a formidable rival of the Capone organization, had been lined up against a wall in a Chicago garage and slaughtered by gangsters wearing policemen's uniforms.

When Irey learned, through Agent Madden, that it was Conroy whom Capone had in mind, the Intelligence Chief, who had suspected from the first that all Capone wanted was a breath of fresh air and a chance to make a pitch on the side of law and order so that he could obtain leniency at sentence time, ruled Capone out of the picture once and for all.

On March 12—eleven days after the kidnaping—Irey made a second secret visit to Hopewell at the request of Colonel Lindbergh. He was accompanied by Agent Madden and Hugh McQuillan, then and now Special Agent-in-Charge of the New York Division. Irey informed Lindbergh that the gangster Conroy, whom Capone suspected, could be apprehended by investigative agencies as well as by Capone. Moreover, by this time, Doctor John F. Condon—the elderly and eccentric retired New York school teacher—had emerged as the intermediary in the case. Doctor Condon had offered his services in a letter published in the *Bronx Home News* and had forthwith been communicated with by the kidnaper. Samples of the handwriting of the gangster Conroy were available, and it was obvious that Conroy was not the author of the ransom communications that were now arriving at frequent intervals.

There were so many investigators working on the case, often at cross purposes, that Lindbergh himself had the final say-so when a major investigative move was contemplated. Irey was reluctant to have his Unit enter the case just for the purpose of being in it; he couldn't see where any good would be accomplished by the Unit unless some phase developed that was particularly in line with the Unit's investigative procedure. Lindbergh seemed surprised at the attitude of Irey, probably because Irey was the only investigator who had been called into the picture who didn't jump at the chance of staying in it.

It was on March 18—seventeen days after the crime—that Irey was summoned to Hopewell for a third time. He was accompanied by Agent Madden again, and by Special Agent Frank J. Wilson, of Capone case fame, and by John T. Rogers, a Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. Rogers, among his other outstanding accomplishments, had just solved a sensational kidnaping-for-ransom case in Missouri. In 1932 there were very few persons in the United States who had ever had much experience in the investigation of a kidnaping, and Rogers had been brought into the picture through the Intelligence Unit because it was thought that there might be some parallel circumstances between the Lindbergh crime and the one Rogers had solved. Colonel Breckinridge, Lindbergh's friend and adviser, outlined every known detail of the case to Irey, Madden, Wilson and Rogers during a conference that lasted several hours.

Rogers suggested that means be contrived whereby he replace the eccentric Condon as intermediary. Condon, though his intentions may have been of the very best, was getting exceedingly difficult to deal with at

times. The old man was dramatizing his hour in the sun. It was found to be impossible to replace Condon with Rogers, since Condon was so well integrated into the case, and so the reporter was dealt out of the picture.

By this time, the original ransom demand of \$50,000 had been raised to \$70,000. There was a woeful lack of coordination between the New Jersey State Police, in whose jurisdiction the crime had been committed, and the New York City Police Department, in whose jurisdiction old Doctor Condon was receiving the ransom notes. The Federal government, in 1932, had no legal jurisdiction in the Lindbergh investigation; in fact, it was this very situation that eventually brought about Federal authority in kidnaping cases by means of the so-called Lindbergh Law. Colonel H. Norman Schwarzkopf, Superintendent of the New Jersey State Police, had, following his graduation from West Point, been a floorwalker in the Bamberger department store in Newark before taking up crime enforcement as a career. During his superintendency of the State Police, Colonel Schwarzkopf had been called upon mainly to handle traffic problems. He was highly suspicious of the detectives in the New York City Police Department, and not without reason. The New York department has, despite its overall good record, been, from time to time, the base of operations of a minority of detectives who have thought more about personal aggrandizement in newspaper headlines than they have about their official duties. It must be said, however, that the New Yorkers did hard and sincere work during the Lindbergh investigation. In fact, Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney hardly knew what sleep was for several weeks.

Chief Irey returned to Washington after the third

conference with Lindbergh, and Agents Wilson and Madden went to New York City. They established their headquarters at the Phi Gamma Delta Club, 106 West Fifty-sixth Street, which was ideally suited to their purposes, since it afforded considerable privacy. The arrangement was that they were to keep constant contact with Agent-in-Charge McQuillan of the New York Division.

On the night of March 19, at about twelve o'clock, there was a meeting in the Manhattan home of Frank Bartow, one of the partners of J. P. Morgan & Company, with which Lindbergh's late father-in-law, Dwight Morrow, had been associated. Colonels Lindbergh and Breckinridge, and Irey, McQuillan, Wilson and Madden were among those present. The meeting did not break up until after three in the morning. Many aspects of the case were discussed, but the principal business related to the proposed elimination from the vicinity of Condon's residence of newspaper reporters and photographers. The press, Lindbergh and certain others thought, was interfering with the negotiations with the writer of the ransom letters. All of the newspapers, with one exception, had agreed, in the interests of justice, to withdraw their representatives if all would agree to do so. The one fly in the ointment of unanimity was the *New York Daily News*, the tabloid with the world's largest circulation—a circulation that wasn't shrinking any by virtue of the *News'* enthusiastic coverage of the kidnapping.

It was Madden who asked Bartow, the Morgan partner, if he happened to know Melvin Traylor, president of the First National Bank of Chicago. Bartow knew Traylor intimately. Through this acquaintanceship Madden saw a roundabout method of getting the New

*York Daily News* to agree to call off its reporters and cameramen.

And so, in accordance with Agent Madden's suggestion, the following chain of events began to unfold from the home of the Morgan partner in New York during the early hours of the morning of March 20: Bartow put through a long-distance call to Chicago and got Traylor, the banker, out of bed. Colonel Robert R. McCormick, editor and publisher of the *Chicago Tribune*, was on the board of directors of the First National Bank—Traylor's institution. Traylor, after talking to Bartow, put through a call for the *Tribune's* publisher, who at the moment was in Aiken, South Carolina. Traylor spoke some crisp facts into the phone to McCormick, who was a cousin of Joseph Patterson, publisher of the *New York Daily News*. And so, within an hour after Bartow had called Traylor, he received a call from one of the editors of the *News*, who reluctantly agreed to call all of his men in from the vicinity of the Condon home.

Colonel Lindbergh and his wife, the former Anne Morrow, had, shortly after the kidnaping, made a public statement to the effect that they would play fair with the kidnapers if their baby was safely returned. There were several reasons for this statement on the part of the Lindberghs. Investigators at Hopewell were leaning heavily on clues such as those stemming from the ladder that had been used to gain entrance to the baby's nursery, the handwriting in the ransom notes and other leads, with the result that nobody had, at the time the Lindberghs made their statement, given any attention whatsoever to the prospective clues in the ransom currency. Irey and his associates were the first and only investigators to realize the value of making note of the

serial numbers of the bills because the recovery of marked currency, even after it had been in circulation for considerable time, had in the past been accomplished by the Unit.

Lindbergh protested when Irey suggested that when the ransom was paid—an event that was fast approaching—serial numbers and other identifying data should be recorded. To Lindbergh's way of thinking, the ransom negotiations being carried on by Doctor Condon were progressing satisfactorily and he wanted no part of anything that would complicate them. Irey, Wilson and Madden pointed out to Lindbergh that he might very well be double-crossed by the man who collected the ransom, and that if that were so he would be under no obligation to keep his promise of fair play. "It would be a good idea, Colonel," said Irey, "if you just permitted us to make a record of the bills, for use only in the event that something goes wrong."

Lindbergh, never an easy man to deal with at best, remained reluctant to agree to Irey's plan to make a note of the serial numbers of the ransom money. Irey firmly insisted that the further presence of Intelligence Unit agents in the case would be useless unless such a record was made, and Lindbergh finally agreed. Later he was to realize the wisdom of Irey's course.

Two days after this, on March 22, a man associated with J. P. Morgan & Company telephoned to Agent Madden at the Phi Gamma Delta Club, giving him a message from Lindbergh's friend, Colonel Breckinridge. The message said that Agents Madden and Wilson were to go to a certain office at J. P. Morgan & Company, down in Manhattan's financial district.

When the agents arrived at the office they were received by Harry Davison, a Morgan partner. Davison

explained to them that Lindbergh had finally agreed that the serial numbers of the currency should be listed. The currency itself—all \$70,000—had long since been packed in a box, the dimensions of which had been specified in one of the ransom notes. Morgan & Company had made up the package and stored it in a bank in the Bronx section of New York, near Condon's home. Davison explained that the box had now been brought back to the Morgan offices and he produced it for Agents Madden and Wilson.

One of the first suggestions the agents made was that half of the ransom total—\$35,000—be in gold certificates. The idea behind this was that a gold certificate, because of its bright golden seal, was considerably more conspicuous than other currency. Another suggestion the agents made was that the currency be wrapped in paper and bound with a type of twine that might subsequently be identified. Then there was the task of listing the serial numbers and other data on the bills. This required the listing of more than five thousand separate items. All in all, fourteen clerks were assigned to the task and, under the Morgan system of exactitude, about eight hours were consumed in the job.

Next, arrangements were made to get the necessary data about the money to thousands of banks and other business establishments throughout the country on short notice if it became necessary to send out such data. With this in mind the Government Printing Office immediately began secretly to set in type all of the information relating to the ransom currency, so that all or any part of it could be run off without delay. Considerable thought was devoted to the production of a pamphlet containing the currency information, providing that such a pamphlet would not be so large as to be



unwieldy or so small as to necessitate the use of extremely fine type. Either extreme would have been disadvantageous in the hands of the average busy bank teller or clerk in a mercantile establishment.

On the night of Saturday, April 2—one month and one day after the kidnaping—Doctor Condon, the intermediary, left Lindbergh sitting in an automobile in the Bronx and proceeded to a point where the ransom notes instructed him to pay over the money. He met the kidnaper and argued him into accepting \$50,000 instead of \$70,000. Then Condon returned to the automobile, where Lindbergh had the money, and a package containing \$20,000 was removed from the box. As it happened, this particular package of money which was not paid over was made up entirely of \$50 gold certificates, so that more than half the conspicuous certificates which had deliberately been placed among the kidnaping currency were now excluded from the ransom. Naturally, this turn of events was going to make the eventual tracing of the ransom money that much harder.

After Condon paid over the \$50,000, he was given a note by the kidnaper reading:

The boy is one boad Nellie it is a small boad 28 feet long, two person are on the boad. they are innocent. you will find the boad between Horse Neck Beach and Gay Head near Elizabeth Island.

Bartow and Davison, the Morgan partners, and Agents Wilson and Madden were waiting at an open telephone in an apartment on Fifth Avenue. Irey, in company with Agent-in-Charge McQuillan, was waiting in a room in the Taft Hotel on Seventh Avenue. Not long after the payment was made, an associate of

the Morgan partners called at the Fifth Avenue apartment. Then Bartow and Davison, Irey and the agents proceeded to a duplex apartment on East Seventy-second Street which was the occasional New York residence of the Morrow family. Lindbergh and Condon had joined Breckinridge there.

Only one of the nine men in the Morrow apartment had much faith in the prospect of finding the child at the location described in the latest note, which was in the vicinity of Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts. That one was Lindbergh. Irey put through a call to Washington and talked to Arthur Ballentine, Under-Secretary of the Treasury, and to Admiral Billard, commandant of the Coast Guard, to enlist the aid of that organization in the search. Lindbergh proposed to make the search himself, largely by the use of an airplane. He spent considerable time at the telephone arranging to get an airplane for his use and to find out weather conditions.

Lindbergh's behavior in the hours immediately following the payment of the ransom money was remarkable. He had had little sleep for a month, and had been making decisions relating to the investigation almost hourly. Irey and his agents were keeping an eye on Lindbergh for some signs that he would break. But there were no such signs. After he made the necessary arrangements for an aerial search, he went to the second floor and came back with a milk bottle tied to the corner of a bed sheet. He said that the contrivance could be used as a signal if need for a signal arose. Then he left the room and came back with a blanket, in which he wrapped up some items that would be useful in the care of a child that had, conceivably, been grossly neglected.

Colonel Breckinridge handed Agent Madden the package containing the \$20,000 that Condon had talked the kidnaper out of, with the request that Madden take the money to an associate. Madden inquired if anyone present had a gun with which to protect himself while delivering the money at that hour of night. Condon said that he had, and he went over to a davenport and took a large and unwieldy six-shooter out of his topcoat pocket. Madden told Condon the gun was too large and conspicuous, whereupon Condon said, "Well, I have another one." He produced a second weapon—almost as large as the first one. That wouldn't do, either. Then Lindbergh went upstairs and returned with a very small gun of foreign make, and Madden went off with the money.

Shortly after midnight, Irey, in company with Lindbergh, Breckinridge and Condon, left New York by automobile. The next day—a Sunday—the quartet spent practically the entire time in an airplane making a search for the boat *Nellie*, while the Coast Guard co-operated by making a search on the water. It was apparent to Irey after the search that, in addition to the kidnaping, the writer of the ransom notes had perpetrated one of the cruelest hoaxes on record.

Six days intervened between the payment of the ransom money and the mailing of the lists containing the serial numbers and other descriptive data relating to the \$50,000 in currency. There were several reasons for this delay. One was the remote possibility that the boat *Nellie* would be found. The Coast Guard was continuing to search for it and did, in fact, find one boat of that name, although the craft was obviously not in any way linked with the kidnaping.

A total of 50,000 of the lists containing the ransom

data were run off in Washington and mailed to every bank in the United States, Canada and Mexico and to banks in certain other foreign countries, in addition to principal mercantile establishments and theaters throughout the United States. Along with each list went a request for secrecy, the theory being that whoever was in possession of the ransom money would lay low with it if he knew that it was detectable. But an employee in a bank in New Jersey promptly furnished information to a newspaper there regarding receipt of the list, and the information, without delay, was disseminated all over the United States. One twenty-dollar bill had already found its way into circulation, but when the chain of possession was traced back four steps, the trail was lost.

As time passed, bank tellers and other people who handled money from the public began to lose interest in the ransom lists. This was obvious, for several of the bills turned up in New York banks but were not spotted and reported until anywhere from three to five days after their receipt. There seemed to be no pattern respecting the distribution of the bills, but the fact that the majority of them were being found in the Manhattan borough of New York City was regarded as significant.

The main problem, however, to Irey's way of thinking, was to find some means of arousing new interest in the lists on the part of bank tellers and others who handled currency. At the same time, it was realized that if new interest were engendered something would have to be done to suppress publicity about it, for certainly whoever was in possession of the bulk of the ransom money would not attempt to dispose of it while the vigil was keen. New confidential circulars were sent

out, calling attention to the fact that the State of New Jersey had offered a reward of \$25,000 for the arrest and conviction of the person or persons guilty of the Lindbergh crime. Murder was now added to the crime, for the body of a child, identified by Lindbergh as that of his son, had been discovered on May 12 about five miles from the Lindbergh estate. Half of the new circulars were printed in English and the other half in foreign languages. Some 60,000 of them were distributed to postoffices, and the remainder to banks, gas stations, theaters, stores and other places where the ransom bills might conceivably be passed. Agent Wilson was by this time concentrating on enlisting the cooperation of newspapers in suppressing any stories regarding additional bills that were spotted, and it is to the credit of the newspapers that he was highly successful.

A whole year went by. None of the ransom money turned up in any volume, and while Irey and his associates were not hopeless, they were impatient. Then, on April 6, 1933, the Intelligence Unit got a break from an unexpected quarter, from an event which had no real connection with the case. The President of the United States issued a proclamation ordering that all gold certificates be surrendered and exchanged for other currency prior to May 1, 1933. The Secretary of the Treasury, upon the recommendation of Irey, thereupon addressed a letter to all banks in the United States requesting continued or renewed vigilance in the search for the ransom notes, since \$15,000 of them would have to be surrendered under the law, within a month.

Three or four days before the gold certificate surrender deadline, two lots of fifty ten-dollar gold certificates were received by the Chase National Bank and the Manufacturers Trust Company in Manhattan. Un-

fortunately, the bills were not detected in either of these institutions and were discovered only after an interval of several days, when they found their way into the Federal Reserve Bank. Employees in the Chase National Bank and Manufacturers Trust Company could not furnish the slightest clue to the sources from which the one thousand dollars in ransom money—the largest sum to appear in such a short period—had come.

The Federal Reserve Bank in New York, immediately prior to May 1, 1933, was receiving, direct from individuals, large amounts of gold coin and gold certificates to be exchanged for money in other forms. The institution required each person who presented gold or gold certificates for exchange to fill out a deposit ticket showing his name and address, together with the amount that he was presenting.

On May 3, 1933, the Federal Reserve Bank advised the Intelligence Unit that it had located \$2,990 in gold certificates which were included in the ransom lists. The lot was made up of 297 ten-dollar gold certificates and one twenty-dollar certificate. The amount was found in the receipts for May 1 of a teller named Espie. This looked like the break that Irey had been waiting for. It was learned that the teller had received a ticket for \$2,990, which bore the notation, "gold cert 10 & 20." The name and address on the ticket was J. J. Faulkner, 537 West 149th Street, New York City. The teller was unable to furnish a description of the person who had made the exchange, or any other facts relating to the transaction. He had served a large number of persons who had made exchanges on May 1, he said, and had had no opportunity, let alone a reason, to pay particular attention to any of them.

It was found that 537 West 149th Street was the



Plymouth Apartment House. The rental agency did not know of any resident in the building named J. J. Faulkner. The letter carrier had delivered mail to that address for eighteen years, and could recall no one named Faulkner at that place during that period. Agent Wilson and others made a search of all New York City directories published for thirty-three years. One Miss Faulkner was listed as a resident at 537 West 149th Street in 1913. Her name did not appear in later directories and her removal address, after an exhaustive investigation, could not be found.

The marriage license records in the Bronx and in Manhattan were searched, and it was learned that in February, 1921, Miss Faulkner, whose address was given as 537 West 149th Street, married one Mr. X, a native of Germany, of 570 West 191st Street. The original marriage license application was procured and it was found that the handwriting in the body thereof was that of the groom. The handwriting bore a striking resemblance to the handwriting on the deposit ticket bearing the name J. J. Faulkner. The marriage application and the deposit ticket were promptly submitted to Dr. Wilmer Souder, outstanding questioned document expert of the Bureau of Standards. Orally, he expressed the opinion that the same person had done the writing on both. Somewhat later, he suggested that an attempt be made to secure additional samples of Mr. X's writing and to submit the exhibits to other handwriting experts for their opinion.

Elmer Irey, veteran of scores of major investigations, was now, for the first time in his illustrious investigative career, deep in a probe of murder.

Forthwith, an intensive investigation was begun to procure information regarding the reputation and ac-

tivities of Mr. X, his relatives and associates. It was found that he had a one-third interest in a retail seed store in New York City, and that he was manager of the business. It was further learned that he lived in the suburbs, and bore a good reputation. Arrangements were made to conduct an income-tax investigation of the seed store with which Mr. X was associated, in order to procure information regarding the financial condition of the business and of the parties interested therein, and also for the purpose of obtaining additional specimens of Mr. X's handwriting. Such specimens were obtained, and photostats were made of Mr. X's canceled checks and the canceled checks of his adult son. The new specimens were submitted to Dr. Souder and to Albert S. Osborn, the latter also regarded as one of the best-qualified handwriting experts in the United States.

The results were still inconclusive. Mr. Osborn expressed the opinion that the writing of Mr. X was similar to the writing on the Faulkner deposit ticket, but said that he could not give a definite opinion that Mr. X had placed the writing on the deposit ticket. He took the position that there was not enough writing on the ticket to be a basis for a thorough test, and suggested that additional samples be obtained.

It was learned that Mr. X had a daughter, and that both she and the grown son were children of a previous marriage. Both children were themselves married. The daughter, a trained nurse, was married in 1925 to a German landscape gardener, who lived in Westchester County, New York. The son also lived in Westchester County. Through an examination of the income-tax returns of the son for the years 1929, 1930 and 1931, it was learned that he had lived during those years on De-

catur Avenue, New York City, not far from where Condon lived.

Then, through a telephone conversation, it was found out that the wife of the landscape gardener was about to leave for Canada and had reserved a berth under a name other than her own. Agent Wilson and his associates had not thought it advisable to interview Mr. X, but they knew he was aware that his activities were under investigation. The fact that the daughter was about to make a trip to Canada, and had reserved a berth under a name not her own was regarded as a suspicious circumstance. It was decided to ascertain the reason for her trip and, in that connection, to have her searched by Canadian customs officials when she entered Canada in order to determine whether or not she was carrying any of the ransom money out of the country. It was also thought that she might have papers on her person that would be valuable.

The woman and her baggage were searched when she crossed the boundary into Canada, but nothing which appeared to be of any importance was found. Two officers of the New York Police Department kept her under surveillance to her destination, and learned that she went to Canada to visit for a week with a nurse who had been one of her classmates in New York City.

Subsequently Mr. X was taken to police headquarters in New York and questioned by representatives of the New York Police Department and the New Jersey State Police. Agent Wilson participated in the questioning. Mr. X denied writing the deposit ticket, submitted a number of samples of his handwriting and answered all questions in a satisfactory way. The next day, Wilson called Mr. X and his wife to Agent-in-Charge McQuillan's office for questioning and for the

purpose of obtaining additional specimens of Mr. X's handwriting. Both the New York and the New Jersey police organizations were represented at that second interview.

All of the new handwriting specimens were presented to Dr. Souder of the Bureau of Standards, and he expressed the opinion that neither Mr. X's handwriting nor that of his wife was on the deposit ticket.

Specimens of the handwriting of Mr. X's son, son-in-law and daughter were obtained and submitted for examination. No basis was laid for the assumption that the writing of any of these individuals was on the deposit ticket. Particular attention was paid to the landscape gardener, and the information procured in regard to him warranted the conclusion that he was not involved.

On August 20, 1933, the landscape gardener committed suicide. The father-in-law said that he had acted strangely, beginning with the time when he became involved in the investigation. He imagined, Mr. X stated, that he was being followed and that his telephone wires were under supervision. He took the position that his being questioned respecting the Lindbergh case was a subterfuge, and that the officers actually were interested in an affair that he had had with a woman, some years prior to 1923, when he came to the United States. He discussed that matter with his wife and indicated some intention of taking his life, but his talk was not regarded seriously by her. When he did actually take his life, the officers felt that their original conclusion in regard to him may have been erroneous.

It appeared quite clear that the person who wrote the J. J. Faulkner deposit ticket was someone who knew Miss Faulkner when she lived at 537 West 149th Street,

or was at least a person who knew something about her during that period. It was hardly to be doubted that the person who wrote the Faulkner deposit ticket had been involved in the kidnaping or, at any rate, had information of great importance. But J. J. Faulkner was never found.

The Intelligence Unit had meanwhile learned that Robert Conroy, the gangster nominated by Al Capone as the kidnaper, had been in Miami, Florida, in February, 1932, with a blond woman posing as his wife. He had been in Washington during January, 1932, and again in the early part of March. He checked out of his hotel in Washington on March 3—forty-eight hours after the kidnaping—and shipped a trunk by express to New York City. Immediately thereafter, Conroy and his companion lived for a few days at a hotel on West 100th Street in New York, and Conroy himself used a small loft on West 21st Street. On June 1, the couple took an apartment at 200 West 102nd Street. They were then living under the name of Robert and Rosemary Sanborn. During August they were both found dead in the apartment, and the conclusion of the police was that Conroy shot the woman and then shot himself. A printing press and a supply of excellently made counterfeit currency were found in the apartment. A few days after the murder and suicide were published in the newspapers, an anonymous communication was received by the Commissioner of Police in New York, reading:

"Check activities of Robert and Rosemary Sanborn in Lindbergh case. Keep quiet until convinced."

The anonymous communication was signed "221." Despite the fact that Conroy was not believed to be in-

volved in the Lindbergh case, considerable precautionary work was done in relation to him, following the murder and suicide. The woman was never identified. Specimens of handwriting found in the apartment were examined. Photographs of Conroy and his companion were shown to Condon, the intermediary, and to numerous others. The photograph of Rosemary Sanborn was produced by developing a film which was found in the apartment. Conroy had many enemies and it is likely that the anonymous letter was written by someone who sought, without justification, to involve him in the kidnaping case. It was not uncommon in the investigation to find one person making a complaint against another, with the complainant in possession of nothing other than a desire to get revenge.

Agent Wilson came up with the idea that a former pupil of Doctor Condon in the public schools of the Bronx, where Condon had taught for many years, might be the author of the most infamous kidnaping plot of all time. Wilson's reasoning was that, inasmuch as the writer of the ransom letters had chosen Condon as an intermediary, he must have known considerable about Condon. Such knowledge on the part of the criminal, Wilson reasoned, could very well have been gained while the criminal, as a youth, was attending a school where Condon was a teacher. And so Wilson, together with an officer of the New Jersey State Police, consulted with school officials of New York City and obtained permission to secure the lists of pupils—some 50,000 in all—who could have known Doctor Condon in years gone by.

A check-up of enormous proportions was forthwith instituted by the Bureau of Identification of the Department of Justice, and the identification bureaus of

the New York City Police Department and the New Jersey State Police. In the course of time it was learned that scores of one-time pupils who had either been taught by Condon or who had attended the same school where he had once been principal now had criminal records. A photograph of every erstwhile student with a criminal record was obtained and shown to the intermediary. In each instance Condon, who had on at least one occasion obtained a very good look at the writer of the ransom letters, shook his head. "No," he would say, with dramatic emphasis, "that's not the man I talked to."

One of the hottest of the thousands of tips that came to the investigators centered in Detroit. In that city, several years before, a man named Waslov Simek, a Czech, had lived. Back in 1924, he had been sentenced to serve a year in the Michigan State Prison, following his conviction of attempted extortion on threat of kidnaping a child of Edsel Ford, late son of Henry Ford. Upon his release from prison in 1925, Simek had been deported to Czechoslovakia, but following his deportation all trace of him had been lost by the American authorities. Agent Wilson secured a picture of Simek at the New York Czechoslovak Consulate, a photograph that had been taken for passport purposes at the time of Simek's deportation. Another photograph was obtained from the penitentiary in Michigan. The two pictures of the Czech criminal were mixed in with photographs of other persons not suspected of any connection with the case and were handed to Doctor Condon. Condon picked out both pictures of Simek. "Boys," he said, "you are hot. I want to see this man."

Agent Wilson asked Condon if he thought Simek was the kidnaper. "I'm not sure," said the intermedi-

ary, "but there are certain striking resemblances between this man and the man I talked to. I'll be able to tell definitely if I hear his voice."

Now an investigation typical of hundreds that were being conducted was under way. The objective was to locate Simek and, more particularly, to establish his whereabouts at the hour of the kidnaping. The probe began in Czechoslovakia. There it was learned that shortly after Simek's arrival, following his deportation from the United States, he was charged with the crime of arson, and fled the country. The trail was next picked up in Russia, where he had also run afoul of Soviet regulations, and escaped to India. From India, Simek had gone to South America and eventually had settled in Santo Domingo. The American investigators learned from the Santo Domingo authorities that, for almost a year prior to the kidnaping, Simek had been employed by a public service organization and had been required to make daily reports to his employers relating to the reading of certain instruments. When the local authorities went over Simek's reports it was established beyond doubt that the man had been in Santo Domingo when the Lindbergh crime was committed—and thus one of the more promising leads of the long investigation petered out.

Of course the Lindbergh investigation furnished a field day for cranks and crack-pots. But every one of the thousands of tips that came to the Lindbergh home at Hopewell and to the various investigative agencies was given at least a cursory examination on the tried-and-true investigative theory that it is worth probing nine hundred and ninety-nine useless tips to get one good one.

As an example of what the investigators were up



against it is necessary to cut back in this chronology to Sunday, March 6—five days after the kidnaping—when a man of Italian extraction, whose first name was Peter, telephoned to the Lindbergh home in Hopewell from New York. "I have," he said to Colonel Breckinridge, who took the call, "some important information about the kidnaping."

"Who are you?" asked Colonel Breckinridge.

"I am," said the man, "a minister." He thereupon gave his full name and address in New York. Arrangements were forthwith made for Peter, the minister, to take a train to Princeton Junction, which was within an easy automobile drive of the Lindbergh estate. Some two hours later, along toward the middle of the afternoon, Colonel Breckinridge met the minister at Princeton Junction. Peter was accompanied by a woman named Mary. "Mary is a medium," said Peter. Breckinridge raised his eyebrows. "A spiritualistic medium?" he asked. Peter nodded. "I thought you were a minister," said Breckinridge. Peter said, "I am—a spiritualistic minister." Breckinridge said, "Oh."

While Colonel Breckinridge figured that he had made the first leg of a wild-goose journey, he nevertheless decided to go through with whatever it was that Peter and Mary had in mind. There was a certain burning intensity about the two visitors from New York that caused Breckinridge to doubt his better judgment and wonder if, after all, they wouldn't be of some value.

After starting out from Princeton Junction toward Hopewell, Breckinridge asked Peter, "Now, what was this information of value that you spoke about over the phone?" Peter didn't answer, but turned to Mary—a solemn-looking woman, also of Italian extraction, whose large brown eyes were suffused by a strange

light. Mary spoke. "If you will take me to the baby's nursery—the room where the child was stolen from—I will go into a trance," she said. "And when I am in the trance I will be able to find out just what happened last Tuesday night." Colonel Breckinridge wanted to know if Mary would be able to furnish him with a description of the person who had entered the nursery, left a ransom note, and made off with the baby. "If the spirits are good to me," said Mary, "I will be able to give you such information."

By this time, the car in which Breckinridge was riding with Peter and Mary arrived in Princeton. Breckinridge was considering the possible reaction of Mrs. Lindbergh, who was quite ill, to the arrival of two spiritualists. He decided that Peter and Mary would probably aggravate Mrs. Lindbergh's condition, and so he took them to a Princeton hotel to put them up there for the time being. "I thought you were going to take us to the baby's nursery," said Peter. Breckinridge explained, as best he could without hurting the feelings of the pair, that Mrs. Lindbergh was very ill. He wanted to know if perhaps they could not invoke the spirits from the Princeton hotel room just as well as from the baby's nursery. "Well," said Mary, "I'll try it." The woman asked in which direction the window from which the baby had been taken faced. "North," said Breckinridge. "That's good," said Mary, "because the windows in this room face north. I'll have to face north while I go into my trance."

Peter the minister opened the seance by reading verses from the Bible which emphasized that one cannot serve two masters. He repeated the Lord's Prayer, and Mary appeared to go into a spiritualistic trance. Breckinridge, quite unimpressed, nevertheless pre-



tended to fall into the spirit of the thing. Mary began to speak in a voice not at all like her normal one. "I am," she said, "the medium for the soul of my departed husband. He is on the other side. People on the other side can see everything, in all dimensions. They can see what has happened in the past as well as the forces already in motion bearing on what is going to happen tomorrow. I will wait to see what my husband tells me. I have projected to him from my mind the questions I want to know."

There was quite a wait. Then Mary began to talk again. "The baby," she said, "is in a house four and a half miles northeast of the Lindbergh home. The house is unpainted. The baby is in a garret with a window high up that looks out on the rising sun. The people in the house are armed and it will be a mistake to approach them, because if anyone does approach them they will kill the baby."

Mary lapsed into silence again, and the silence lasted for fully fifteen minutes. When she began to speak once more, she said, "My husband on the other side says that Colonel Breckinridge is wasting his time in Hopewell. He should be in his office the day after tomorrow—Tuesday—at nine o'clock in the morning. At that time my husband says he will receive a letter from the kidnapers. The kidnapers are busy writing the letter right now and it will be mailed tomorrow and delivered Tuesday."

That ended the seance. Colonel Breckinridge was still skeptical. He couldn't see why the kidnapers should communicate with him, for they had not done so in the past. As for the unpainted house four and a half miles northeast of the Lindbergh home, that was a matter that could easily be checked.

Peter and Mary returned to New York. On Tuesday morning, at nine o'clock, a letter came through the mail to the office of Colonel Breckinridge in New York. One glance at the communication was sufficient to establish a fact that was later established by handwriting experts—and that was that the letter was from the writer of the other ransom notes. The spiritualistic medium in the Princeton hotel room had been right. The letter had been mailed on Monday, March 7, just as she had said it would be. And it had been delivered at the time she had predicted. This, of course, could have been some very shrewd guesswork on the part of Mary. Then again, it might not have been guesswork.

Certain of the investigators were sufficiently impressed by the prediction relating to the letter to investigate the house that Mary had spoken of in the trance. Three underworld characters who had by this time entered the case more or less in intermediary roles took Mary and Peter in hand, and for several days the three men from the underworld and the two spiritualists scoured the countryside for several miles around the Lindbergh estate, looking for the house that Mary had described while in the trance. A notorious gangster drove the car, and was guided by what Mary said. Sometimes Mary was in a trance while in the car, and at other times she was in her normal state. The spectacle of a tough gangster taking directions from a spiritualist in a trance would have been ludicrous had the underlying motive not been so grave.

The house was never found, but still some of the investigators couldn't remove from their minds the deep impression that had been made by Mary's prediction in regard to the Breckinridge letter. And so, for many months, valuable investigative time was consumed in

looking into the backgrounds of Peter and Mary, and all their known associates. One school of thought held to the suspicion that the two spiritualists had somehow been in league with the writer of the ransom letters and had communicated with the Lindbergh home for the express purpose of trying to get into it and find out details of the investigation. This thought was finally dispelled when it was fully established that Peter and Mary had acted in good faith when they had telephoned the Lindbergh home—even though that good faith was motivated by what Mary called “the spirits.”

It was in the year of 1936, when he was in the midst of his investigation of the Lindbergh case, that Elmer Lincoln Irey, who was in his forty-eighth year, began to hear himself referred to as a great criminologist. Irey didn't subscribe to that belief, and he doesn't to this day, despite the fact that he, more than any other one man, has changed the course of organized crime in this country.

Irey—a six-footer who has to wear thick-lensed eyeglasses because of years of close work over numerals—is a civil servant who looks and thinks like one. His life has been devoted to his job and to his wife and sons. He has never read a book on criminology. His dealings with criminals such as those in the Capone mob he regards merely as a by-product of a job essentially concerned with income-tax violations. Although, as a private citizen, he looks upon the evil deeds of criminals with awe, criminals become quite impersonal to him when they get in his way during an income-tax probe. Once he walked into forbidden criminal territory to have a personal talk with a desperate man who was in possession of vital information that Irey needed in a tax case. The criminal was so taken aback at Irey's appearance that

he answered all the questions. Later, when an associate expressed complete amazement at what Irey had done, Irey said, “Well, he had the information and I had to get it, didn't I?” If Irey has any personal feeling about criminals he jails, it is that he can't excuse a big shot for cheating on his income taxes when little people, of whom Irey considers himself one, pay up dutifully. Everything else to Irey is beside the point.

Late in the summer of 1934—more than two years after the kidnaping—ten-dollar and twenty-dollar gold certificates began to turn up in the Bronx section of New York City. The banks where the money was finally deposited were quick to spot the bills and notify the Intelligence Unit. Whenever such intelligence was telephoned to Agent-in-Charge McQuillan of the New York Office McQuillan was quick to have two of his keenest special agents—Walter Murphy and James Sullivan—run down the depositor of the ransom bill in an effort to learn the source of the note. Discouragingly enough, not a single proprietor of a business establishment where the ransom bills had been passed—such places as gas stations, movie theaters and grocery stores—could recall just who had been in possession of any of the currency.

Irey, however, saw a clue—a clue which, he felt fairly certain, would eventually lead to an important discovery—in the fact that the ransom money had now begun to appear with some regularity in the Bronx. Irey was of the opinion that whoever was passing the money lived in the Bronx and, moreover, that that person, whoever he was, had finally concluded that sufficient time had elapsed since the kidnaping to make disposing of the money a comparatively safe thing to do.

Irey telephoned to Agent-in-Charge McQuillan in New York and requested that McQuillan send him a detailed map of the Bronx section of the city, together with the addresses of the various places where the bills had turned up. When Irey received this material, he began to make marks on the map that corresponded with the spots where the bills had been passed. There were about twenty such places in all. When he had finished marking the map, Irey studied the marks for some significant pattern. He didn't know exactly what he was looking for, for he didn't have anything specific in mind; rather, he was looking for whatever might be apparent. As he continued to study the marks on the map, Irey noticed one thing: There was a bare spot, representing an area in the Bronx several blocks square, where not a single ransom bill had been passed, in spite of the fact that the notes had turned up north of the area and south of it. Irey considered the possibility that the man with the ransom money lived in the bare area and that he had begun a systematic campaign to dispose of the ransom money right in the Bronx, a district with which he was no doubt well acquainted, but that he was making certain to travel a sufficient distance from his home in order that he would not be recognized by anyone to whom he passed one of the bills.

The notes, both in ten-dollar and twenty-dollar denominations, continued to show up in Bronx banks. The story was always the same whenever Agents Murphy or Sullivan would run down a bank depositor: the depositor had no way of knowing who, among many customers, had passed the ransom bill. As soon as another bill appeared, Irey would make another mark on his map. Late in August, his map, which had originally indicated that the bills were being passed to the north

and to the south of the bare area that had originally attracted the Intelligence Chief's attention, reflected the fact that the money was now being laid down east and west of the area. By this time there were sufficient marks on Irey's map to indicate clearly to him that the man who was passing the ransom money lived somewhere within the several blocks represented by the unmarked map space that was surrounded by marks. Not only that, but Irey was now beginning to form an opinion about the personality of the man who was passing the money. He was talking the case over one day early in September with one of his veteran associates—William H. Woolf, who is now Chief of the Intelligence Unit. "Woolf," he said, encompassing the bare space on the map with a pencil, "this in itself would be enough to indicate to me that the man passing the ransom money is a German."

"How do you figure that, Chief?" asked Woolf.

"The money is being passed very painstakingly and systematically. The man who is laying it down is a plodder, and he's cunning. An Italian or a Frenchman or a Spaniard would not figure out the passing of this money so coldly. What's more, a member of the Latin race would be likely to get excited or otherwise exhibit some emotion that would attract attention to him while he was in the act of passing one of the bills. Our man up in the Bronx is not doing that; he's just dropping them, one by one, and being very calm and calculating about it. Even if the ransom notes didn't indicate by their wording and spelling that the writer was of German origin, the way these bills are being passed in the Bronx would be clue enough as to the man's nationality, to my way of thinking, at least."

On September 12, 1934, the American public had all

but forgotten the Lindbergh kidnaping case. The crime had long since been relegated in the public consciousness to the unsolved files. But, since the ransom bills had continued to appear, never too far from and never too near the important blank area on Irey's map, Irey and a small handful of high officials in Washington—including President Roosevelt and Secretary Morgenthau—knew that the Lindbergh case was going to break wide open, any day, any minute. Intelligence Unit agents, enlisting the cooperation of others engaged on the case, were concentrating their surveillance in a few blocks in the Bronx. Investigators wore the cover-alls of gas station attendants, loitered near theater ticket windows to glance at bills being shoved through the wickets, and planted themselves in or near cashiers' booths in large mercantile establishments. Since the area that was being covered was comparatively small, it was not too great a task to talk to persons who handled money from strangers and steam them up sufficiently to be on the constant alert.

Irey was to say later, with characteristic modesty, that the solution of the Lindbergh case came about through simple planning. It was on September 12 that a sullen-looking man in his forties purchased some gasoline at a station in the Bronx and paid for it with one of the Lindbergh ransom certificates. The attendant who sold the man the gas had been interviewed only a few days before by an investigator who had asked him to be sure to watch out for gold certificates. And so the attendant had taken the license number of the gas purchaser's car. The arrest of Bruno Richard Hauptmann, who lived right in the middle of the map area that had so fascinated Irey, followed just a week later.

Special Agent William E. Frank of the New York

Division was destined to be one of the most important witnesses against Hauptmann at the German's trial. Frank, utilizing his long training in going through figures, examined Hauptmann's complicated financial records and thereby accounted for \$49,500—an amount just \$500 short of the total ransom paid—which had come into Hauptmann's possession and which the man simply couldn't explain.

And thus the kidnaping crime of the century was solved. When it was all over, the father of the kidnaped and murdered child wrote the following letter to the Chief of the Intelligence Unit:

Dear Mr. Irey:

I want you to know how much we appreciate all that you have done for us. It is not possible for me to thank you sufficiently for your own assistance and that of your department. I know of nothing which could have been done that was not and I fully realize the time and effort that you have spent. It has meant a great deal to us to go to you for advice and I want to thank you again for the many ways you have helped. Time and again during the past months I have realized the value of Federal organization.

Sincerely,

Charles A. Lindbergh