TRUE STORY

··· *of the* ···

LINDBERGH KIDNAPPING

··· *By* ···

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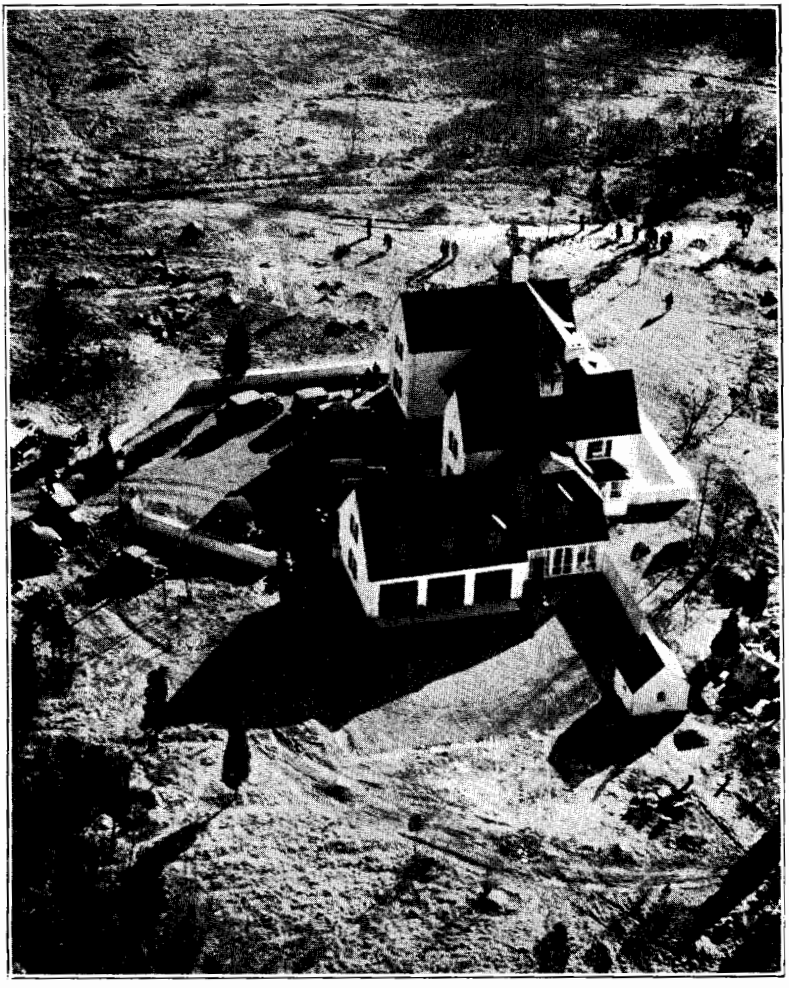

New Air View of Lindbergh Home at Hopewell,
From Which Baby Was Kidnapped.

PREFACE

Hark! to the hurried question of despair:
"Where is my child?"—an echo answers,
"Where?"

—From "The Bride of Abydos"
by Lord Byron.

Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr., twenty-months old son of Colonel and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh, was kidnapped from his crib in the Lindbergh home at Hopewell, New Jersey, on March 1, 1932.

The abduction has been characterized as the "most abhorrent crime of all time." The kidnappers have been called "Public Enemy No. 1 of the United States of America."

The abduction shocked the world. Its effect reached the furthest corners of this and every other nation.

The authors have tried to tell the "true story of the Lindbergh kidnapping." If the present effort serves the purpose of telling as much of the story of the crime as is pertinent and interesting, its purpose will have been achieved.

J. B. and E. R.
New York, 1932.

Foreword

It is doubtful if any crime in history has aroused the interest of all men and women, everywhere, as has the crime with which this volume deals.

So swiftly have events occurred; so numerous have they been, and so complex have they appeared, that only a very few persons can be said to have any clear knowledge of what happened during those hectic weeks.

To the observer—and who has not been? —only bewilderment rewarded an effort to get at the facts. Contradictory statements were so numerous that even mention of them seems superfluous here.

It is the function of the "True Story of the Lindbergh Kidnapping" to lead the way through the tangled mass, to give the intelligent reader a clear picture of the circumstances surrounding the case.

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CHAPTER I

LINDBERGH BABY KIDNAPPED

Lindbergh Baby Kidnapped!

Three words flashed around the world. Three words penetrated the homes and hearts of rich and poor, the high and the lowly, of every nation on the face of the globe. Three historic words written irrevocably into history. Three words that stamped Tuesday night, March 1, 1932, in the records of the world as a memorable date—one ranking in importance with the dates that men remember as significant in the annals of the human race. Three words, in short, that brought fear, and horror, and sorrow and sympathy to millions and millions of persons in all walks of life.

Lindbergh Baby Kidnapped!

The incredible, the impossible, the utter absurdity, had actually happened!

War of all nations? Yes, that could happen! Japan and China were already at each other's throats.

The murder of a monarch? Yes, that, too, could happen! Unrest was rampant throughout the civilized world.

A rocket to the moon? Even that, of all nonsense, could happen! Scientists were every day digging out nature's secrets.

But the Lindbergh baby kidnapped? Preposterous! Ridiculous! The world might as well come to an end!

Lindbergh Baby Kidnapped!

Newspapers flashed the headlines. Radio struck into the distant nooks and crannies with the incredible news.

Mothers clutched their babies to their breasts. Fathers watched solicitously over their broods. This very thing could strike the most humble, as well as the mightiest.

Lindbergh Baby Kidnapped!

Modern science, modern ingenuity, modern man's acute brain got to work. Teletypes spread the news into every police precinct. Telephone wires burned with the story. Policemen, routed from their very beds, hustled out to the crossroads, the bridges, the rivers—the search was on. The greatest man-hunt in the world's history was under way scarcely before the hawkers of newspapers were on the city streets with their raucous "Wuxtra! Wuxtra!"

Lindbergh Baby Kidnapped!

A night city editor of a New York newspaper, reading the wire flash, telephoned a famous publisher.

"The Lindbergh baby has been kidnapped!" he said.

"Now I'll tell you a joke!" laughed the publisher.

"But it's so!" the editor responded. "It's so!"

And the newspaper's machinery of reporters and photographers whirled into action.

Lindbergh Baby Kidnapped!

By word of mouth, the news spread through the congested city neighborhoods. By word of mouth it was conveyed from farm to farm, as country folk drove miles to their nearest neighbor's homes, to discuss the story. The Lindbergh baby kidnapping filtered across the nation, through its very fabric, to its very soul.

Lindbergh Baby Kidnapped!

The wheels of the nation were set in motion. Reports flew from the far corners of the nation to that homestead at Hopewell, New Jersey, where the man-hunt for the kidnappers was being organized. Theories mounted endlessly, into veritable tangles of misinformation. Confusion and pandemonium reigned. Everybody was in the chase.

Lindbergh Baby Kidnapped!

President Herbert Hoover called Attorney General Mitchell into consultation.

"The entire nation's resources must be pressed into service!" was the tenor of his order.

The Department of Justice, the Postal Inspec-

tion Service, the United States Secret Service, the Prohibition Enforcement Bureau—in fact the whole Federal machinery devoted to the pursuit of law violators, swung into action.

Lindbergh Baby Kidnapped!

Thousands of letters flowed in upon Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, the international idol, the personification of youth, and his wife, Anne Morrow Lindbergh, the courageous, self-effacing and lovable girl who had borne the "most famous baby in the world." Authorities tracked down every clew. Arrests and "detentions" were recorded throughout the nation. Folks suspected everyone upon whom the least iota of doubt might rest. The nation's hubbub was visible and audible. The Japanese-Chinese war was relegated to the limbo of forgotten things. Nothing else in all the world was of any importance but—

Lindbergh Baby Kidnapped!

The ransom note. The ladder. The lonely Sourland mountains. The mysterious phone calls. The badly written and badly spelled letters carrying direful hints of death. The finger of suspicion.

All were on the lips of the nation.

Lindbergh Baby Kidnapped!

A maniac? A degenerate? A gang of international plotters? Bootleggers? Organized, mercenary kidnappers? A common thrill-killer?

Conjectures piled upon conjectures. The world was baffled.

Lindbergh Baby Kidnapped!

The baby's diet. Anne Morrow Lindbergh, with the solicitude of eternal mother love, broadcast the list of her child's foods. The heart of a nation ached. Milk and cereal. Cooked vegetables. Stewed fruit. The baby's diet.

Lindbergh Baby Kidnapped!

What the baby looked like. Twenty months old. Blue eyes. Fair and curly hair. Fair complexion.

At the time of the abduction, the famed "eaglet" was garbed in a white sleeping suit. He was able to walk a little. He could talk a bit, but used only those "few simple words such as a child beginning to talk would know."

Lindbergh Baby Kidnapped!

Mothers, everywhere, read eagerly. Fathers, with eyes upon their offspring, were engrossed, too. Every scrap of description was seized upon with avidity. He had a chubby face. True, chubby faced babies are to be seen throughout the world and always will be, but *this* baby had a chubby face and that became synonymous with the Lindbergh infant.

Lindbergh Baby Kidnapped!

Famous men dropped their work. The president of a college. The Governors of several states. United States Senators and Representatives. Ministers and priests and rabbis. Financial wizards and

industrial magnates. Overlords of the underworld. The gamut of American life, shocked, stunned, inarticulate.

Lindbergh Baby Kidnapped!

Three words rang around the world. Sober, erudite editorial writers penned suggestions prescribing the best methods of conducting the search—as they saw them. Learned men threw customary dignity to the proverbial winds and entered the search. Everywhere, everyone offered aid. Yet the bald, inescapable fact was that the Lindbergh baby had simply dropped out of everyday existence. For once the whole of the world was stumped; for once the unthinkable had actually taken place.

Lindbergh Baby Kidnapped!

Into every home in the land, the subject was carried as common conversation. The days passed. There were optimistic statements from the famous men who were players in the greatest drama of the ages. Still more days passed. Everyone held out hope. Each day dragged by. Each hour seemed an eternity. It could not last forever! It could not!

Yet the days became weeks and the search went on. And still—

Lindbergh Baby Kidnapped!

The words seared the minds of men. The mystery gripped them. The unknowable confronted them. All they saw, or heard, or thought of was

Lindbergh Baby Kidnapped!

CHAPTER II

THE RANSOM BABY

The most famous baby in the world!

The infant who had endeared himself to the hearts of a nation on the very day of his birth!

The child whose disappearance shocked millions!

What did he look like? What sort of a life did he lead? How was he cared for? Who were his companions? Whom did he resemble? What was his disposition? Was he robust? Was he an average, normal child?

Only the relatives and the most intimate and close friends of the Lindberghs knew that Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr. was 30 pounds of soft chubby babyhood, that he had blue eyes the color of the sky on a soft summer day; that his hair was light, and curled in precious little ringlets about his head. And that he stood 2 feet 9 inches in his stocking feet.

Like his father, the Lone Eagle, he had a very deep dimple in his chin, the adorable cleft being the most distinguishing mark of identification on the child. And he had a broad baby smile which made those few persons who were privileged to see him his immediate slaves for life.

When he was born, on his mother's 24th birthday, June 22, 1930, in a specially constructed hospital at the home of his grandfather, the late Senator Dwight W. Morrow, at Englewood, New Jersey, it was an international event. He weighed 7¾ pounds and his certificate was filed on June 25, 1930 by the attending physician, Dr. Everett M. Hawks of New York City.

But baby Lindy had not yet been named at the time. It wasn't until July 17 that a supplementary certificate was filed registering the name of Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr. During the following months swarms of newspapermen attempted to obtain a glimpse of him, but he was carefully protected from all outsiders. It wasn't until great pressure had been brought to bear upon his proud father that the Colonel issued snapshots of the child to the newspapers—snapshots he himself had taken.

But the world knew him as Anne and Lindy's baby. He had been lovingly known as "Lindy's baby," since that day when the long road leading of Englewood and neighboring districts picked flowcred shrine—the day after the story of the baby's birth was published. Little children from the town to the Morrow gate became like a path to some saers and clutching them in damp little palms, carried them to the guards for Lindy's baby.

Mothers throughout the country watched hungrily for details of the child's development. Was he to

be trained according to an established method or would he be reared as their own children were? Surely, nothing was too good and no method too careful for this precious little child.

In September, of 1930, Lindbergh relented from his steadfast rule not to divulge the child's development to the world and disclosed that the baby's first book was to be "The Painted Pig," a work of the child's grandmother, Mrs. Elizabeth Morrow. And a month later he announced that when the baby reached the proper age he would be permitted to choose his own life's work. This was in answer to the steady requests concerning the baby's future that came pouring in.

During this time so many gifts were received by the Lindberghs for their baby that it became a real problem. They came from all parts of the world. As one magazine writer said at the time:

"To acknowledge them individually was completely out of the question. To have returned them without a personal explanation to those who sent them would have seemed an ungracious act, while to send the gifts of others to charitable organizations might also have appeared as a signal lack of appreciation."

It is understood that the problem was finally solved when the Lindberghs hired a warehouse for the express purpose of storing their baby's gifts.

Aside from this he led a quiet normal life—so

quiet that a visitor at the Lindbergh home might not have been aware that a child was in the house. He was carefully and scientifically brought up. His clothes were always of the "sensible" type and almost from the moment of his birth he was placed "on his own."

For instance, there was no such thing as Master Lindbergh being afraid to go to sleep alone in the dark, or crying lustily until someone picked him up from his crib or carriage. And when visitors at the Lindbergh home commented that the radio might disturb the baby they were informed that he was not a nervous type. Evidently Lindy and his little wife were in complete agreement concerning the rearing of their child—and one of their joint decisions was that he was not to be spoiled.

To the reporters and the waiting public, however, practically none of this information concerning the almost royally guarded infant was available. Unanimously, it seemed, Anne and Lindy had decided that the world was not to share their baby. He was theirs. Publicity of any kind would be harmful. He was to be kept as far away from it as it was humanly possible.

As he grew older and he clearly indicated the brightness of a youngster far beyond his age he was enrolled in a pre-kindergarten class of the school run by Anne's sister, Elizabeth Morrow, at Englewood. There he was learning to talk and to toddle about

when he was so suddenly and ruthlessly snatched from his crib at the Hopewell home of the Lindberghs.

That he would be an embarrassing problem to his captors was revealed by his grand-aunt, Mrs. Hilda Morrow McIlvane at Meadville, Pa., shortly after the kidnapping took place.

"He has a telephone trick that may give the kidnappers away," she declared. "If he ever gets into a room where there is a telephone he will persist in taking down the receiver and talking into the phone, perhaps thereby giving the operator a clue to his presence.

"The baby looks so much like his father that no one could mistake his identity. He heartily dislikes strangers. I know he will cry and fuss and be unmanageable with his kidnappers, possibly betraying them.

"He is unusually bright, walking and talking in a way far beyond his 20 months. After his first shyness at his aunt's nursery school he was at ease in the kindergarten, playing with older boys and girls. And he has learned to count to four."

Though there have been stories to the contrary little Lindy has never been in a plane. His famous father had decided there was plenty of time to begin, although the baby had listened to his daddy's voice when the Colonel spoke on the radio from Tokio on August 28, 1931 after completing his flight to the

Orient. It was at the Morrow Summer home at North Haven, Maine, that the child heard his father's voice. Upon the latter's return, in October, 1931, little Lindy was removed to the Hopewell home.

"Charlie" was the pet name by which the baby was known to the family of Morrows and Lindberghs. Though Colonel Lindbergh himself began to call his infant son by this diminutive and the others in turn picked it up, the flying Colonel also had another nickname which he alone used when speaking of or to his son. It was "It." In fact it was recorded that this was one of the first two words the baby had learned to say. He had learned to repeat the name his father gave him. The other word in his early vocabulary was "Betty," the first name of his nurse.

In the isolated Hopewell home the only playmates that the golden haired baby had were two playful dogs, a wire haired Fox terrier and a Scotch terrier, "Boggie" and "Scottie." At the time of the kidnapping Boggie had been sent to Englewood to be treated for a bad cold. Only Scottie who was never meant to be a watchdog, remained. If Boggie had occupied his kennel near the house the intruder would have had a much more difficult task. And on this night of all nights even Scottie, accustomed to sleep in the hall outside the nursery, was in another wing of the house at the time of the kidnapping.

On that evening the careful mother and nurse en-

tered the nursery at about 7:30. There, because Charlie had a cold, Mrs. Lindbergh rubbed the child's chest with on ointment in an effort to ease the cold, while the nurse cut a piece of flannel from an old shirt to keep the little white sleeping suit from being stained.

Less than an hour later, at 8:20, the child's father returned home but decided not to make his customary trip to the nursery because the baby was already asleep. At 8:30 the nurse made another visit to the child's bedside where she tucked the flannel cloth more closely under his chin, turned out the lights and went downstairs. At 10 o'clock when she returned for a final inspection before retiring she discovered that the baby was gone.

A strange coincidence concerning the disappearance of the Lindbergh baby is related by Irita Van Doren, wife of Carl Van Doren, author, who asked Mrs. Dwight W. Morrow to serve on a committee for a literary affair.

Mrs. Morrow was reluctant to accept and when pressed, gave this reason:

"I am afraid to accept. I have never accepted work in a public cause without something terrible happening to some member of my family. Oh, I know you think I'm foolish. It does seem terrible to have a superstition of this kind, but I won't let it influence me. I'll serve."

It was that evening that Mrs. Morrow's grandson was kidnapped!

But to those who were distressed over the possible fate of this blue eyed infant after he was stolen it was disclosed by Dr. Arthur Frank Payne, child psychologist and author, that little Charles Augustus, Jr., was undoubtedly the least discomforted of all. While his parents were suffering an agony of grief almost beyond description and his other relatives were prayerfully watching the fleeting minutes go by, the baby concerned would be scarcely aware of the change in his surroundings, no matter what they were, according to Dr. Payne.

In fact, the psychologist declared that the child would very likely make up to his kidnappers and be just as interested in them as individuals as he was in his nurse, his mother, his father, or any other persons with whom he came in contact. And if the child was fed the average good food he would not even mind the change in diet.

"The Lindbergh baby probably is not even aware that anything has gone wrong," Dr. Payne declared at the time. "He was a healthy normal child and even if he was afflicted with a slight cold, a change in diet will have very little effect on him, if he is not actually neglected. Undoubtedly the entire routine of the baby's life was suddenly changed when he was kidnapped but even that is unlikely to have any serious results."

"He may have been a little fretful at being forced out of his usual habits, or being handled by somebody with a different manner and touch from that of his nurse. But that would not be serious and would prove no shock to him in any way."

The kidnapping of an older child, Dr. Payne pointed out, is apt to be a terrifying experience. Then the imagination has begun to work, and the small prisoner suffers from all sorts of imaginary dangers.

"But in a sense a baby of twenty months is the most courageous animal in the world," the professor said, "because he has not learned as have the consciously aware, 'to die many times before his death.' He can suffer only in the moment while something actually is happening. He is not afraid of tomorrow or even of the next minute, and he does not even know that he is an individual."

Baby Lindbergh was reared scrupulously along the lines laid down by child health experts at President Hoover's White House child welfare conferences. Both the child's parents attended the conference in November, 1930. Anne Lindbergh, looking like a little girl in her brown suit, and her aviator husband, flew there and back. During the meetings she sat in the front row, note-book in hand and her eager eyes glued on the speakers. Those statements which might affect her child were eagerly jotted down.

At some of the meetings she was accompanied by her husband. Other times she went with Mrs. Breck-

inridge whose husband conducted a session on physical education for children in which Colonel Lindbergh was especially interested. However, that section concerning the pre-school child was most interesting to Anne.

Everything that the White House experts prescribed for babies, Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr., had. He had fresh country air. He slept in a quiet, airy room. There was careful supervision of his diet. And he had two quiet, poised and self-controlled parents. This was especially essential and this he had, even when he was lost to them. Charles and Anne Lindbergh remained self-possessed for the sake of their child even after he had been taken from them. Stoically they took the blow that fate had dealt them, but grimly they refused to believe that their child was lost to them forever. They continued the search.

In the meantime suspicion stalked the nation and swept across the seas. A blonde baby! It was enough to point the deadly finger of doubt upon any man or woman, no matter how respectable.

From Mexico to Canada, from the Pacific to the Atlantic Coast, reports of babies believed to be little Lindy drifted into Hopewell, day after day after day.

Colonel Lindbergh and the brave little Anne talked on the telephone with persons all over the

United States—persons who believed they might have come upon the missing child.

"Blonde," a voice would say.

"Yes, but—" and then the conversation would reveal some minute detail that did not tally with the real baby.

Always disappointment and despair—but always optimism and hope.

The check-up always ended either on the cleft chin, a mole, or the child's resemblance to his dad.

Hundreds of times, Mrs. Lindbergh herself went to the telephone to answer these queries. Many of the "finds" instantly flashed across the nation and momentary hope was revived. These children, believed to be the eaglet, soon became so numerous that even the Lindberghs were laconic, though always eager, in responding to official queries concerning children picked up at all sorts of places.

Even at Juarez, Mexico, a report came of a woman who had been seen crossing the border at El Paso, with a baby resembling Lindy, junior. It was not only difficult, but actually impossible to determine the value, if any, in these inquiries. It could never be known, of course, yet any one of these children might have been removed from some home to make way for little Charles, in order not to arouse suspicion where he was being held.

One innocent, little child—America's Baby! Where was he? The question remained unanswered.

CHAPTER III

THE CRIME THAT SHOOK THE WORLD!

From the very beginning, the reports surrounding the abduction of Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr., from his crib in the lonely Lindbergh homestead, were contradictory, at variance and sometimes actually evasive.

Of course the baby had been kidnapped. But the very act appeared to have been so conceived that, like the crime in a mystery story, suspicion pointed to numerous persons despite their known probity. The lack of clews, or at least the lack of clews made public, added to the hopelessness of deducing what motives might have prompted the kidnappers. From the start the principally ascribed motive was ransom.

The first reports were that the baby had been snatched from its crib between 7:30 and 10 o'clock, on the night of March 1, 1932. Colonel Lindbergh and Anne Lindbergh were in the house at the time, as were their servants, concerning whom more will be said. It was well established at the time that no person of the Lindbergh household was in the baby's nursery when the kidnapper or kidnappers entered the room. The fact that some person of the house-

hold may have been near the room was, and remained for a considerable period of time, pure conjecture.

Betty Gow, the child's nurse, discovered the kidnapping, at 10 p. m. She entered the nursery according to these first reports, merely as a matter of course. She had wanted to make sure that the child was not ailing for any reason, that it was adequately covered, and asleep. But when she reached the crib, she found it empty.

According to the early story, the nurse thought at first that the child might have rolled out of the crib and tumbled to the floor. She thought too, that little Charles may have scrambled about and hidden himself under some piece of furniture. She searched the room, without any results, of course. She noticed, at the conclusion of her search, that a window was closed—when it had previously been opened,—and she observed that a ladder was in place against the sill. The last observation was reported as authoritative in the newspapers the next morning, though later developments altered that report as they did others.

Betty Gow then rushed downstairs, the first version had it, and hysterically notified Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh. The couple hastened to the nursery. They made a hurried search and soon realized that the baby really was gone. It was 10:40 p. m., according to the news dispatches, when Colonel Lind-

bergh called the police at New Jersey State Headquarters, at Trenton, and told them by telephone what had happened. Within ten minutes every communication method known to modern science had been placed in operation.

How the conflicting stories, from the start, served to perplex the careful observer, is well demonstrated at that juncture. So reliable a newspaper as the New York Times, on its first page, on March 2, carried two stories concerning the notification of police. One of them said that Colonel Lindbergh notified the "state police." Another said that it was Police Chief Harry H. Wolf, of Hopewell, summoned to the Lindbergh home, who actually informed the "state police" of the abduction.

There were five persons altogether in the house when the marauders made good on their wild crime. Besides Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh, and the nurse, Miss Gow, there were the butler, Oliver Wheatley, and his wife. All were originally reported on the lower floor of the house, though later, it was said that Mrs. Lindbergh was on the second floor.

It was immediately obvious that the isolated terrain had proved to the kidnappers' advantage. The culprits had evidently, according to immediate police theories, exercised great caution, but had been aided by the lonely, deserted area in which the Lindbergh home was located.

The site of the Lindbergh estate was taken into

consideration. It is a rambling, two and one-half story building constructed for the Lindberghs while they had been touring the Orient by airplane during the summer of 1931. Native field stone was used in constructing the homestead. It was covered with white cement and was three miles distant from Hopewell. Any guess as to how the crime was perpetrated must, therefore, have been made with the location in view, for the kidnappers did not have a smooth highway and easy mode of escape.

The Lindbergh home is a half mile from the nearest traffic artery, the Stoutsburg-Westville highway. Woodlands stretch on all sides and no other homes are near.

Immediately after the abduction, Colonel Lindbergh and the State Police made a search of the neighborhood, but found nothing of any value as far as a hint as to the identity of the abductors or the mode of escape was concerned. It was immediately assumed that the kidnappers had parked an automobile on the highway a half-mile away, and had walked to and from the Lindbergh house.

Guards were placed at all points on neighboring highways to search passing automobiles and some supposed clews were actually broadcast by police.

The first authentic police warning sent out to all police stations, read:

"Colonel Lindbergh's baby kidnapped from Lindbergh home at Hopewell between 7:30 and 10 p. m.

Boy, 19 (the age was wrong) months, dressed in sleeping suit. Search all cars."

Colonel Lindbergh was frantic from the outset. He literally exhausted himself in his ceaseless search in the vicinity of his home, whilst Anne Lindbergh, despite the severity of the blow, bore up courageously.

Among the first to be at the side of the distressed couple was Anne Lindbergh's mother, widow of the late Ambassador Dwight W. Morrow. With her came Anne's sister, Elizabeth. They hastened from their home in Englewood, New Jersey, which had been left under guard.

At Smith College, Northhampton, Mass., Miss Constance Morrow, youngest of the Morrow girls, was guarded by two plainclothesmen of the local police department. Three years before the Lindbergh kidnapping, threats had been made to kidnap Constance. At that time, it was threatened that the girl would be killed unless $50,000 was paid. Colonel Lindbergh hastily took the girl from Northhampton to her mother's country home, at North Haven, Maine, on that occasion.

There was another Morrow child who was also carefully guarded. He was Dwight, Jr., a student at Amherst College. At the time of the kidnapping, he made a hurried trip to the side of his family.

During the first forty-eight hours, two outstanding facts evolved. The first was the reported ransom

note, supposed to have been left by the abductors, demanding $50,000 as the price of the child's return. That this note had been left by the kidnappers was later emphatically denied by those leading the search.

The second significant point was the paucity of minute facts available concerning the kidnapping. True, the day after the kidnapping, a postcard was intercepted at Newark, New Jersey, by Maurice Grady, a postal clerk. He was on the alert, under government orders, for any clews in the Lindbergh case. While sorting mail, he came upon a card addressed to "Chas. Linberg, Princeton, N. J." Hopewell is near Princeton.

The message scrawled on the card, said to resemble the handwriting on the supposed original ransom note, read:

"Baby safe. Instructions Later. Act accordingly."

There was no signature on the card. The police felt that they had the jump on the abductors, for they had anticipated an effort to communicate with the Colonel by mail and had asked postal authorities to be on the lookout. The search in Newark was a literal fine-combing of the neighborhood where the card was mailed and where it even had been bought in a post office sub-station and candy store at Plane Street and Central Avenue, Newark. The only result of a heated, relentless pursuit of all clews, was a description of a man said to have purchased the card. He was described as a "dark, soft-spoken man."

Mrs. Annie Fischer, who lived a block away from the post office sub-station, told police that she had seen a sedan containing three men and a woman, who had a baby wrapped in a blanket, in front of her house at about 1:30 p. m. on March 2, the day after the abduction. A man got out of the car, Mrs. Fischer told detectives, and asked her if she could rent a few rooms for light housekeeping. She informed him that she could not and he departed with the others in the car. She described the fellow as "a smooth-spoken man," conservatively dressed in dark, unobtrusive clothing.

Even as "hot" a tip as this, led nowhere and, so far as outward appearances were concerned, the police gave up all hope of success along that channel and abandoned the inquiry.

The Newark episode, as time passed, proved to be a model for others. Time and again "inside tips" developed, were quickly investigated and proved to be entirely without value in solving the mystery.

Those who sought a basis upon which to pursue the abductors faced a blank wall. The reason was always the same: there were "no clews" left by the abductors at the Lindbergh home.

Sherlock Holmes himself would have been balked. What were the facts?

Well, there was this:

"The kidnapper was in stocking feet. Either that, or he had heavy stockings drawn over his shoes. His

footprints extended from the spot underneath the window from which the child had been taken to a point fifty feet away, where the ladder was found. Then the footprints ran toward the Hopewell road and were joined by another set of footprints, those of a woman."

The foregoing summarizes the findings of Major Charles Schoeffel, of the State Police, immediately after he arrived at the Lindbergh home and had made a personal survey of the whole area. He added that he had followed the trail of the footprints for two miles through woods and fields towards the Hopewell road, but had lost the track when the footprints reached hard, high, stony ground.

This police official's statement was important not only because it came from a man trained to have an acute power of observation and accuracy in such matters, but also because it furnished part of a foundation for those studying the case.

Added to the infinite collection of yarns attached to the original story of "what happened," was the presumably authentic account of Constable Charles E. Williamson, of the Hopewell police. It was he who was among the very first to rush to the Lindbergh home on the night of the kidnapping.

One of the many stories was that Colonel Lindbergh telephoned the Wilburtha Training School of the State Police, a few miles away. Williamson was, however, supposed to have been the first officer to

reach the scene. When he arrived, he said, Colonel Lindbergh was already on the lawn of the estate searching with a flashlight. The Colonel was bareheaded, wearing a black jacket.

Lindbergh told him, Williamson said, that he had heard noises outside the library window, directly under that of the nursery through which the baby was kidnapped. Colonel Lindbergh was working in the library at the time, according to Williamson, and thought that the noises were merely those made by the wind, whipping about the mansion and slamming shutters to and fro.

It was Williamson who first pointed out that the kidnappers seemed to have chosen a night when the winds would make sufficient noise to hide their own depredations. To this, Brigadier General Jay J. Morrow, Mrs. Lindbergh's uncle, added the point that the kidnappers had chosen a night for their crime "when the baby's own parents did not know in advance that they were going to be in Hopewell."

A curious fact about the Colonel's liking for the site of his home is that he chose it, among other reasons, because the air currents are excellent for flying planes. The Lindbergh field had been under construction for months prior to the abduction. Yet it was the very "perfect" air currents that fooled the Colonel! The noises of the kidnappers, which he seems to have heard, he thought had been caused by winds, or "air currents!"

Two days after the kidnapping, the first denial of the existence of a ransom note left by the kidnappers, came from John F. Toohey, secretary to Governor A. Harry Moore, of New Jersey. The report concerning the ransom note and the $50,000 demanded ransom he characterized as "fictitious." Despite continued statements of this kind, it was widely recognized that, had a ransom note been left by the abductors, it would have been wise for Colonel Lindbergh not to make public its contents. The "leak" concerning the ransom note came in the first, heated moments of the case, before Colonel Lindbergh and his aides had had a chance to give sober thought to the dangers involved.

As a matter of fact, a famous editor of a New York newspaper made the flat statement that he possessed "the text" of the ransom note and had refrained from publishing it solely because of his desire to protect the interests of the Lindberghs.

The records show that what happened after the abduction obscured the circumstances of the kidnapping itself. Countless "crank" and "nut" letters poured in upon the Lindberghs. Messages of sympathy came from an endless array of world-famous folk. Earnest letters from ordinary, every-day folk, also filled the mails. Policemen, reporters, celebrities, over-ran the Lindbergh place. Despite the desire of everyone concerned to "keep a cool head," the wild confusion mounted until nothing came from

the pursuit of the kidnappers except a series of innumerable chases after "clews" that probably ought to have been investigated and yet that provided nothing of any importance in the search itself.

How easily even Lindy's orders were disobeyed and obstacles placed in his path is evidenced by the story of Edward Copner, Hopewell mail carrier.

The flood of letters to the Lindberghs required mail bags and Copner delivered them in a truck every day. On one occasion, some state troopers at the entrance to the Lindbergh home stopped Copner's car and demanded that he leave the mail sacks at the gate, with them. Copner had evidently heard of the Colonel's wish that mail be directly delivered, so that the way might be paved for the kidnappers to reach him without interference.

"They can't interfere with Uncle Sam, no matter who they are," Copner said, and he threatened to drive away without delivering the mail if the troopers persisted. Then they allowed him to drive right up to the Lindbergh home and deliver the mail himself.

No man was ever more anxious to be "reachable" than Lindy, in those trying times—and, by a curious quirk, no man was more difficult to reach.

The origin of the version that placed the Colonel at a desk near the very window where the kidnappers' ladder was placed, can be definitely traced to Gov-

ernor A. Harry Moore, of New Jersey. In piecing together the facts concerning the kidnapping he said, two days after the crime, that the aviator went into the room directly under the nursery, at 9:15 o'clock. According to Governor Moore, Colonel Lindbergh was at his desk, at the window, from 9:15 o'clock on. Had anyone gone up a ladder, Lindbergh would have seen him, the Governor said.

Since the Colonel was supposed to have arrived home around 8:30 p. m., according to the Governor's perception of the events, the kidnapping must have been perpetrated between 8:30 and 9:15, a total of forty-five minutes, during which the Colonel was not at the window directly under the spot against which the ladder had been placed to effect the abduction.

Governor Moore said that the investigators shared the view that two men did the job. In view of the infinitude of stories, this contribution to the maze is worthy of consideration.

Three days after the abduction, Colonel Lindbergh and his wife sounded the keynote of their attitude in any future dealings with the kidnappers when they signed a plea published throughout the country in facsimile.

It read:

"Mrs. Lindbergh and I desire to make a personal contact with the kidnappers of our child.

"Our only interest is in his immediate and safe

return and we feel certain that the kidnappers will realize that this interest is strong enough to justify them in having complete confidence and trust in any promise that we may make in connection with his return.

"We urge those who have the child to select any representative that they desire to meet a representative of ours who will be suitable to them at any time and at any place that they may designate.

"If this is accepted, we promise that we will keep whatever arrangements that may be made by their representative and ours strictly confidential, and we further pledge ourselves that we will not try to injure in any way those connected with the return of the child."

The statement was considered a departure from complete reliance on police. Issued so early in the chase, it was looked upon as a gesture made in despair. Inasmuch as it was rumored for days, after this pronouncement, that the Lindberghs were in contact with the kidnappers, the general view was that such negotiations would be confidential and that, therefore, the facts would never be known until the Lindberghs chose to make them known.

Did the Lindberghs really get a note from the kidnappers, other than the ransom note, during the first three weeks of the mystery?

The curious as well as devious manner in which

communication was finally established—in the case of "Jafsie"—will be described later.

At any event, the baby had been missing six days when the bald announcement was made by the Associated Press that two notes had come to the Lindberghs from the abductors and that the Lindberghs were convinced they were at last in communication with the persons who kidnapped their baby.

One of these notes, the Associated Press said, was on paper identical to the paper of the original ransom note. The handwriting was also very similar. The other note was typewritten, but the paper was the same.

Governor Moore promptly announced that he would "erect no barriers between the Lindberghs and the kidnappers."

Captain John J. Lamb, of the state police, said his men had orders to "do anything possible" to help the kidnappers restore the baby.

The confusion was so general that, when an "official story of the kidnapping" was issued *a week after* the kidnapping, it was taken in all gravity by officials, the press and the public.

Major Charles Schoeffel, Deputy Superintendent of the New Jersey State Police, made the official statement. It was explained that, because of the hour at which the "details" of the kidnapping were given out on the morning of March 2, the facts had been "misunderstood."

The New York Times announced, in publishing the report: "In view of the many conflicting reports which have gained circulation (since the kidnapping), the (official) statement is printed herewith."

The importance of the Schoeffel announcement was never doubted, for two primary reasons. The first was that its very nature might reveal what the Lindberghs thought it best to keep quiet about, in order not to frighten the kidnappers and perhaps force them into doing something that would gravely endanger the child's life. The second was that it might disclose some genuine facts that would be valuable in pursuing the guilty persons.

This, then, was the official statement, as published:

"The baby was discovered missing at 10 o'clock. He was put to bed at 8 o'clock by his nurse, Betty Gow. At 8:30 Miss Gow returned to look at the baby and he was safe. She did not return until 10 o'clock and the baby was not there. He had been lifted from his crib and carried out in his night-dress, a sort of baby-bunting affair.

"There were two windows in the room, unlocked. Entrance had been gained through a window with a wooden shutter, which was unlocked. The reason why the shutter was unlocked was because it was warped. The Colonel had tried to fasten it, but was unable to do so.

"On the sill of the window, about twelve inches wide, were found dirt tracks made by either hands

or feet. On the floor beneath the window was a small box. There were more tracks on the floor to the crib and back to the window.

"Underneath the window were prints made by ladders. There were also footprints, presumably made by a man in slippers or in his stocking feet. There were no heavy heel marks. These prints led to a wooded rocky section about seventy feet west of the house. At this point we found a makeshift ladder.

"There were footprints which continued from the ladder toward Hopewell Road and these footprints were followed a distance of two miles by Colonel Lindbergh and members of the State police before they lost track of them. This shows that no automobile was in the vicinity of the home. They lost the tracks in a wooded section with underbrush and rocks scattered about."

The finding of the ladder "against the sill" was at first reported, yet the official statement ignored that report. It was also pointed out by many observers that the investigators on the case had been very backward about mentioning the "small box" that Major Schoeffel said was found "on the floor beneath the window." Besides, the question of footprints would have prevented any sleuth from drawing sensible deductions. Some of the investigators held that the footprints were distinct only as far as the point where the ladder was found. They asserted that from that

point on, the trail was followed by broken underbrush, but not by footprints.

Even more puzzling were the early, but constant reports of supposed official probers that the "disturbed underbrush" led the trail to Featherbed Lane, a half mile behind the Lindbergh house, and at that point, automobile tracks were found. Major Shoeffel did not mention the automobile tracks and said, in fact, that the footprint-trail ended nowhere.

What if the early reports did agree that the telltale ladder was in "three sections"? They might, at least, have agreed on such a detail! It apparently had been made in such a way that it could be carried easily, either by hand or in a car, and any real handy man might have fashioned such a ladder. If three persons had perpetrated the crime, as was widely suspected, then each might easily have carried a section of the ladder. It was generally agreed during the first twenty-four hours, that the leaving of the ladder at all was an accident; presumably the sections had become somewhat stuck together, having been fastened with wooden pegs in order to make the job easy and noiseless. The kidnappers apparently did not wish to spend the time, or take the chance of unloosening the parts of the section ladder and then take them away.

Even on such points as the detailed nature of the ladder, the story as given out at the Lindbergh headquarters, was inconsistent. Whether reporters garbled

the stories is conjectural. They probably did not. Had a concise statement been made originally, it would have been broadcast with pretty nearly perfect agreement in all newspapers.

Too much stress cannot be placed upon the facts—or the reported facts of the actual kidnapping. After all, if anything were to be accomplished by sleuths, it had to be on the basis of the facts. One little recognized point was that efforts to hold facts back from the public were something of a boomerang. The entire nation had turned detective, hence the entire nation needed whatever few hints the actual kidnapping might have developed. Of course a lucky break, it was felt, might solve the mystery without recourse to facts—but that depended upon chance, a sorry basis in such an emergency.

True enough, if the victims were to tell something that would indicate knowledge of the identity of the culprit, and if that version were to become public knowledge, the kidnappers might have been tempted to kill the child, burn its body, and eliminate all evidence. On the other hand—well, it was a ticklish spot for everyone concerned at Lindbergh headquarters!

This glimpse may indicate the importance of the *facts* of the kidnapping: had a clew been unearthed that a man, with the initials "X. Y." had committed the kidnapping, something tangible would have been known and public aid might have been valuable. A

handkerchief dropped by the kidnapper, for instance, might have left such a clew.

Thus, an Associated Press report of the "new" facts cannot be overlooked.

More than a week after the abduction, the Associated Press contradicted the earlier report that Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh were in the library of their home when Miss Gow notified them that the baby was gone.

The news service reported that it had learned authoritatively that Mrs. Lindbergh was on the second floor of the building at the time. Colonel Lindbergh, it was said, was downstairs and Miss Gow is said to have remarked:

"I guess the Colonel must have taken him (the baby) downstairs."

The Associated Press version is, then, that Mrs. Lindbergh went into the nursery where she was joined a few minutes later by her husband.

The Associated Press left no doubt about the ransom note. It announced not only that the Colonel had found it, but added that, while Lindy was never in doubt that his child had been kidnapped, once he had investigated, he did not actually find the ransom note until "some hours later."

Of course the newspapers generally were blamed for failure of the authorities to find the baby. There were those who defended them as a conveyor of in-

formation. But nobody could agree on the fine line between service and hindrance.

Dr. John Grier Hibben, president of Princeton University and a confidante of the Lindberghs, said, "if the Lindbergh baby is not found it will be the fault of the press for their interference in the case."

Thus the facts were published—with denials, alterations and more denials—and there is nothing to indicate precisely to what extent, of any, the press "interfered," though the presentation of the actual facts of the kidnapping might have proved helpful for all interested parties.

Eleven days after the kidnapping, the fact that Mrs. Lindbergh was taking a bath, in the upstairs bathroom, at the time when Betty Gow first found the baby missing, was reported. Although on the same floor with the nursery, her presence in the bathroom would not necessarily have made it any more likely that she would have heard the kidnappers than that her husband, in the room below, might have heard them, it was pointed out.

How the facts of the abduction grew and grew in significance could not have been better shown than the revised version—one of many—that came from police on Wednesday, March 16, more than two weeks after the actual disappearance of the famous "eaglet."

The Hopewell police had had time to think it over. They reconstructed the crime from the "known

facts." And they were definitely of the opinion that three persons committed the kidnapping. The three, it was said, parked their car on Featherbed Lane and each proceeded to the Lindbergh house carrying a section of the tell-tale ladder.

The trio assembled the ladder with wooden pegs so that no noise was made. It was then, according to the police theory, that one of the men placed the ladder against the side of the building. Fifty feet away, behind a group of trees, his two confederates hid. Various versions of the affair had revealed a chisel, later found at the spot where the ladder had stood. Consequently, police believed that the lone kidnapper carried the chisel with him to pry open the window, if that became necessary. As was known from the beginning, the window was not locked, so the kidnapper must have dropped the chisel to the ground, according to the police version.

Police tested the ladder. It was too frail, they found, for two men to stand on it at one time. They also studied the nursery and came to the conclusion that it would have been impossible for the kidnapper who had entered the room to carry the baby in his arms while climbing out of the window and then down the ladder. The only remaining guess, then, was that a second confederate had emerged from the clump of trees, climbed the ladder, and had taken the baby in his arms, from the abductor inside the room.

Remember that the baby had been sleeping. A man might conceivably, with great strain, have climbed out on the ladder alone, but he surely would have awakened the baby and its cries might have led to detection. So the police stuck to the idea that a second man actually assisted. Thus, after the fellow who had taken the child at the top of the ladder, reached the ground with the infant in his arms, the police announced that the man inside the nursery room must have climbed out and gone down himself. He, it was, who probably carried the ladder away.

The pegs on the ladder must have stuck, police said. After a few futile efforts to separate the parts of the ladder, the presumption is that the kidnappers abandoned it, fearing that if they delayed, they might be caught. Then the three abductors fled across the estate to the waiting auto. The car had new tires, according to the police version.

The sleuths built up a somewhat detailed picture. They held that one of the men had a flashlight and used it in the retreat from the house to the car, for his tracks were firm and straight. The tracks of the other two "zigzagged" as though they were feeling about in the dark, so it was concluded that they had insufficient light to point their paths for them.

Upon these deductions was based the conclusion that an organized gang did the kidnapping and that they had been watching the place for a long period of time, before attempting the bold crime.

These then, are the outstanding facts as they were known from the start—mighty little to work on and productive chiefly of endless theories. But it was upon the deductions that much reliance had to be placed. The outside reports took care of themselves. They were automatically sifted out.

If, as was so generally conceded, as time wore on, the Lindbergh abduction was the "almost perfect crime," why did not the kidnappers think of the simple and ancient trick of cutting the telephone wires? That question was asked countless times—and is still being asked. Every fiction thriller, every motion picture in which a crime is shown, every stage play—all criminal drama includes the severed telephone wires.

True enough, if the wires had been cut in the Lindbergh case, the escape of the kidnappers would have been doubly assured.

The reason why the abductors did not cut the wires was that it was impossible. Of course they might have succeeded in severing the wires *inside* the house. Or they might even have "tapped" the wires, somehow, before the crime. But cutting the wires would have been an unnecessary hazard to face and would have consumed precious time, when every moment counted.

The answer is a simple one and one often ignored by students of the incident:

The telephone lines at the Lindbergh home were

buried under the ground for several hundred feet in a lead conduit.

The kidnappers would have had to dig down into the earth, after having located the course where the wires ran. And they would have had to use sharp and efficient tools to cut the wires. They probably did not think it necessary.

Still another poser confronted all observers.

Those familiar with the almost impenetrable wall that was built around the Lindberghs by police guards and others will always be puzzled by two quite obvious problems. The first is, how could the kidnappers have reached the flyer or his wife with a confidential message that nobody else would know about, if the abductors desired to do so? The second is, why could not Lindy foresee that, the instant he notified police of the kidnapping, he was erecting a barrier between himself and the kidnappers, to say nothing of the publicity which was certain to act, in some respects, as an added hazard to the perpetrators of the crime?

The answer to the second query can be provided completely, although it did not become public knowledge until almost a month after the crime.

Lindy did not open the ransom note until after the police arrived at his home. If it had been possible for him to fathom the contents of that note, it is highly probable that he would not have called in the authorities. For the note specifically warned against

publicity and police activity. What he did do was a perfectly natural thing for an intelligent man to do. As soon as the abduction was evident, he sealed the nursery by locking the door. His reason, of course, was to prevent anyone from disturbing the room, erasing possible fingerprints, or destroying possible clews. He knew that inexperienced persons, by handling objects about the room, or walking in it, would obliterate any marks left by the abductors that might have aided a police search.

Chief Harry Wolf and Constable Charles Williamson, both of Hopewell, were the first police officials to arrive. These two men, standing at the threshhold of the door to the nursery and viewing the room from that point, with Colonel Lindbergh, saw the ransom note pinned to the window sill.

They agreed with Lindbergh that the message, in a tightly sealed envelope, should not be opened until experts arrived.

It required an hour for the authorities to reach the Lindbergh home. Fingerprint experts came and began setting up apparatus used to record any clews. They used stenciling and photographic devices. Finally, they picked up the letter gingerly and cut open the envelope without making any marks on its outside. They then extracted the letter. An hour had passed before this point was reached and still the Lindberghs did not know what the note said. The letter bore no fingerprints. Its exact contents were

never known to more than three or four persons, and Wolf and Williamson themselves did not know what it said. Of course the tenor of the note was and is known.

By that time, of course, the die had been cast and there was nothing left for Lindbergh to do. The police had been called in and he could not have erased the error if he had desired to do so.

A curious problem arises, though, as to how the kidnappers could have reached the Lindberghs personally. If, as it seems fair to assume, the actual abductors had wanted to reach Lindy or Anne in person, there is nothing to indicate that it could have been done. Messages could be conveyed only through intermediaries and while this method may be safe, it is hazardous. There is no doubt, therefore, that any negotiations would have been impeded, or at least retarded, because any emissaries, no matter how trusted, added to the difficulty of establishing clear understandings.

Whether the precise occurrences, established beyond doubt and question, on the day and night of March 1 will ever be recorded indisputably, is a matter of conjecture. It is certain that no two complete authentic accounts have agreed. Many of the reports were vital to any study of the case, however, and it is in this spirit that one of the so-called official statements issued from the Lindbergh police headquarters should be considered.

The Lindberghs, the police said, had had no callers at all, at their home, on the day of the kidnapping. Miss Gow, the nurse, had positively not left the house all day. Colonel Lindbergh himself had been in New York and had not arrived home until 8:20 o'clock that night. He and his wife dined almost immediately. The authors will show herewith that that statement was not accurate. Miss Gow was not at the Lindbergh home all that morning.

Well, then, what *actually did happen* on that night, already stamped indelibly upon human history?

What *are the facts?*

It will be the effort of these writers to present an accurate account of what took place, after a thorough study of every shred of information available. In presenting their deduction, however, the writers wish it clearly understood that they do not believe any conclusive, unquestionable, complete and final record of the facts is, or can be in existence.

Perhaps the best reason for this is the very evident fact that no person, however acute or observant, is so careful of time, of incident and of environment that he or she, at any subsequent date, can say with absolute certainty that a given thing happened precisely in a given way at a given time. Certainly, if one knows that one is going to be questioned, one can make special efforts to observe time, place, manner and details. But the Lindberghs did not know, and could not have anticipated that it would make

any difference whether they could say within two, or five, or ten minutes, *exactly* what they said and did and where they were on that night.

Thus, unless there was a specific reason for saying that an incident occurred, for example, at 1:30, only an estimate can be made. A coherent account of the occurrences, then, would seem to start with Saturday, February 27, when Mrs. Lindbergh and baby Charles returned to Hopewell for a week-end, after a three weeks absence. The Lindberghs had remained at the Morrow home in Englewood on the two prior week-ends, although it had been their custom to spend frequent week-ends at "Eagle's Nest," Hopewell.

Colonel Lindbergh arrived at Hopewell on Saturday, after his wife and child had made themselves at home.

That evening, little Charles Augustus showed signs of an oncoming cold. Mrs. Lindbergh, ever alert to the child's condition and, mother-like, aware of its slightest discomfiture, knew that it needed attention. Oliver Wheatley, the butler, made a couple of trips to Hopewell for medicine and a thermometer for the baby.

During the ensuing two days, the child's condition became clearly worse. By Tuesday morning, Mrs. Lindbergh realized the child needed constant attention. She telephoned Englewood and summoned Betty Gow, the nurse.

A fact which must not be overlooked is that, on the fateful evening when Charles, Jr., was deftly lifted from his crib, Colonel Lindbergh drove back from New York where he had missed a dinner at New York University because of confusion over the date. One report was that he had "missed" the dinner because he had learned that the baby was sick.

The Colonel returned from town and wheeled into the gravelled enclosure back of his new home at 8:20 p.m., ten minutes before Betty Gow, the child's nurse, visited the baby in his nursery room and saw him for the last time.

Chronologically, it would seem the events came in this order on Tuesday, March 1:—

1:00 to 2:00 p.m.—Betty Gow arrives at the Lindbergh home.

3:00 to 4:00 p.m.—Mrs. Lindbergh leaves the child in the nursemaid's care and goes outdoors, for a walk.

5:00 p.m.—Mrs. Lindbergh returns from her walk. She and Miss Gow discuss the child's condition. The nurse sews a flannel shirt for the baby to wear, to keep him warm.

7:30 p.m.—The little boy's chest has been rubbed. He smiles at Mrs. Lindbergh and the nurse, who attend to him. He is tucked in his crib, far enough away from the windows not to be in any draft. Mrs. Lindbergh, satisfied that he is comfortable, leaves the

room. Miss Gow, assured of the child's comfort, puts out the lights and leaves also.

7:35 p.m.—Mrs. Lindbergh sits in a comfortable chair in the living room, downstairs, awaiting Colonel Lindbergh's return from New York. She also decides to do some writing at a desk, nearby.

7:45 to 8:00 p.m.—Betty Gow, on her way to the kitchen, stops off where Mrs. Lindbergh is sitting at her desk, in the living room. The nurse reports that the child is comfortable and asleep. Mrs. Lindbergh continues writing at the desk. She listens for the sound of the Colonel's car. She knows that he will arrive at any moment. She hears occasional sounds, but ascribes them to the wilds and the winds.

8:20 to 8:30—Mrs. Lindbergh hears the scrunch of an automobile, the hauling of brakes, and cough of a motor. The Colonel enters, greets his wife affectionately.

8:35 to 9:35—Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh have dinner, downstairs. They sit by the fire in the living room for a while and enjoy gazing into the embers of the hearth, chatting about various affairs of the day and the household.

9:35 to 10:00 o'clock—Colonel Lindbergh sits at a desk, near a window, writing. He arises occasionally and moves to other parts of the room. (It is possible and probable that some of this particular period of time, due to ordinary, human errors of observation, may have been spent far from the window.

He may even have left the room at 9:35 or thereabouts, when—) Mrs. Lindbergh leaves the room and goes upstairs, to bathe. She had left her toothbrush in the baby's bathroom and went to get it.

9:50 to 10:10—(this time overlaps that above, because there is undoubtedly some possibility of error here)—Miss Gow, who has been in the kitchen and in the quarters of the Wheatleys, visits the nursery to make sure that baby Charles is warmly tucked in his crib. She fears he may have tossed about and kicked off the covers.

She finds the crib empty. She looks about, hurriedly. No sign of the child. She goes to the bathroom and knocks at the door. Mrs. Lindbergh responds.

"Did Colonel Lindbergh take the baby?" Miss Gow asks.

Mrs. Lindbergh responds that she does not know.

The nurse runs downstairs and seeks the Colonel. She finds him alone. No sign of the child. She tells him the child is not in the crib. Colonel Lindbergh and Miss Gow come up the stairs and meet Mrs. Lindbergh going into the nursery. The Colonel, grim faced and wondering, glances about the room. The child has been kidnapped and he knows it. He sees the ransom note but decides not to touch it until fingerprint experts arrive.

The Colonel seizes a rifle from another room and rushes outdoors. All is black. His child is gone!

Mrs. Lindbergh dresses frantically and searches the house.

If the statement is made that nobody knows what happened that night prior to the kidnapping the answer would be: "Well, the Lindberghs do!" They do and did, in the sense that any mortal can tell, to the best of his recollection, what has happened at any given time. But, in view of the varying stories so clearly at odds, the foregoing seems to be a concise presentation of the facts before the kidnapping on the basis of the known reports and detailed statements.

But how about the kidnappers? What did they do?

Well, folks, that's another story!

CHAPTER IV

THE WORLD THEORIZES

Theories! Theories! Theories!

From the very moment that the tiny blue-eyed eaglet was snatched from his nursery crib, men and women throughout the world turned detective. Most of them carried on their sleuthing only within their minds. But there were others with time to spare who entered actively in the hunt for the criminals. Everyone had his explanation of the terrible crime. Everyone had his theory of the who, how and why.

There were theories from seasoned professional detectives. From learned men of law. From vicious, known criminals. From internationally recognized notables. From authors. From housewives. From adventurers.

Many of the theories were given the test of investigation and trial. Others, on the face of them, appeared ridiculous. Most of them were carefully considered. And it is undoubtedly a fact that many crack-brained ideas were sifted to their groundless conclusions. On the basis of the known facts the theories broke down into certain divisions.

They were:

1. It was perpetrated by an organized gang.
2. It was the work of a maniac.
3. It was done by an inexperienced person seeking the ransom.
4. It was part of an international intrigue to embroil this nation with some foreign nation.
5. The baby was kidnapped by a childless woman whose hungry arms sought to clasp the most famous infant in the world.
6. It was done by an "unprofessional" gang of kidnappers.
7. It was the work of a dope fiend.

In so dramatic and sensational an occurrence, it was to be expected that the theorists and participants would include all types of persons with all types of viewpoints. Thus, it is not surprising, though picturesque indeed, to find that those who aided in the early pursuit were persons in the Hopewell neighborhood impressed into service more or less, though happy to be of aid.

Such an unique character was Oscar Bush, a trapper of the Sourland Mountains. Six feet tall, lanky, and hardened to the outdoor life, he was among the very first at the Lindbergh estate the day after the kidnapping. Trapper, hunter and fisherman—those were Bush's occupations. Small wonder that he knew the hillside as no other man! He was invaluable and it is entirely probable that, had the kidnap-

pers not mapped out the escape so carefully and had they taken a chance on an overland run, Bush might have found them.

It was four o'clock in the morning when James Wyckoff, Bush's uncle, called to him at a little cottage in the mountains where he was spending the night with an old retired sea pilot. Wyckoff, despite Bush's incredulity, told him that Colonel Lindbergh wanted him "right away."

Bush was at the Lindbergh home in no time. He met Colonel Breckinridge, Lindbergh's attorney, there. He looked at the ladder and judged that it was not a mountaineer's ladder and probably had not been made in the Sourland territory at all. Upon second thought, Bush was of the opinion that the ladder, if used, would have broken into pieces. It was too weak, he thought. He suspected that the ladder had been used as a "bluff" and the baby had been gotten out of the house in some other way.

Had the ladder been used, he reasoned, it was by a light man, one weighing not more than 125 pounds. Otherwise, it would have buckled under, he was sure.

Bush's report about the footprints that he saw when he was summoned to the scene was significant. He clearly charged that some of the pictures of "footprints" published in certain newspapers were not the real footprints at all. Enterprising reporters and photographers had bribed a taxi driver to walk in

some mud in his stocking feet, at "two dollars a step," Bush asserted.

The original kidnappers' footprints, Bush said, were small. The man who did the job had a crooked toe on the right foot, Bush added, and it showed in his prints. The tracks led back 100 feet from the window, he insisted, and were lost at Featherbed Lane. There were traces of only one man, according to this veteran trapper who had tracked animals and who certainly ought to have known what he was talking about.

After looking over the tracks, concerning which Bush had his doubts, he went back to the house to look over the scene where the ladder had been placed against the building. He suspected that the footprints may have been a ruse of some kind, though he did not say in what respect.

If the ladder had been used, Bush contended that the two uprights placed in the ground should have made deeper holes. The holes in the soft earth were only an inch deep, he said. He asserted that there was a discrepancy in explanations of how the ladder had been used. He pointed out that the kidnap-ladder would have hit the nursery window about in the middle. If the ladder had been placed against the window without the shutters closed, it would have rested against glass!

The only alternative was that it must have been pressed against one closed shutter.

But Bush observed when he climbed up another ladder to the window, that there were no marks on the shutter!

The trapper re-enacted the kidnap scene to ascertain if he could find any clews. In an exclusive story in the New York Evening Journal, Bush related what happened when he undertook to play the part of the kidnapper. From the morass of misinformation, from the almost incredible inconsistencies, Bush's version stands out like a beacon light. It is worthy of reproduction here, just as he told it, for it is, in any event, highly significant.

Note this wary trapper's powers of observation—perhaps eclipsing those of many an experienced detective.

Bush said:

"The kidnapper had closed the window after him, when he left, but he hadn't had to jimmie because neither the window nor the shutter had been locked. There was no marks of violence on the window frame, although the troopers had picked up a chisel close to where they found the ladder lying, that must have been brought along for that purpose.

"Careful, like the kidnapper must have done, I opens the window and sticks my head inside. It went up easy, without making a squeak.

"The house wall is about a foot and half thick, and the sill of the window is almost that wide. Setting just below the window inside is a long, low cedar

chest, on top of which is a large black leather suitcase, and on top of that, a baby's tinker toy, one of those jointed wooden rabbits on wheels that kids pulls around on a string.

"If the kidnapper had knocked that down on the floor, it would have made a lot of noise.

"I goes carefully over that window sill for the mark of a footprint, but there isn't even a speck of mud to be seen, neither on it nor on the cedar box and the suitcase.

"The man that got into that window had to be pretty smart on his pins. For he must have left the window sill, box and all to the nursery floor, without even grazing the toy bunny.

"A large rug covered the middle of the floor, leaving a few feet of hardwood floor all around. And the crib, of dark wood with high slat sides, stood on the farthest side of the room. In the middle of the room was a square table, and there was several small chairs.

"On the side of the room was two doors. The nearest was ajar and I could see the hall and the stairs beyond. The other was closed.

"On the strip of wood flooring around the rug was a couple of muddy footprints headed toward the crib. They didn't show up where they hit the rug, and you couldn't see any coming back toward the window.

"I didn't step into the room to examine those prints

and what I could see of them was not very clear. I'm not sure they was the same as the prints in the mud below, though they may have been.

"But here's the baffling thing:

"Coming back, like going in, the kidnapper must have left that cedar chest and suitcase and tinker toy, with the child weighing forty or fifty pounds in his arms. (It actually weighed less, but Bush's error is not important.) And he did it without leaving the smallest smudge from his foot or hands on the window frame!

"Standing on the ladder with the boy slung over his shoulder asleep, and being careful not to wake him, he must have got that note he had written out of his pocket, placed it on the sill where the Lindberghs found it, and then closed the window after him, to prevent its getting blowed away by that wind.

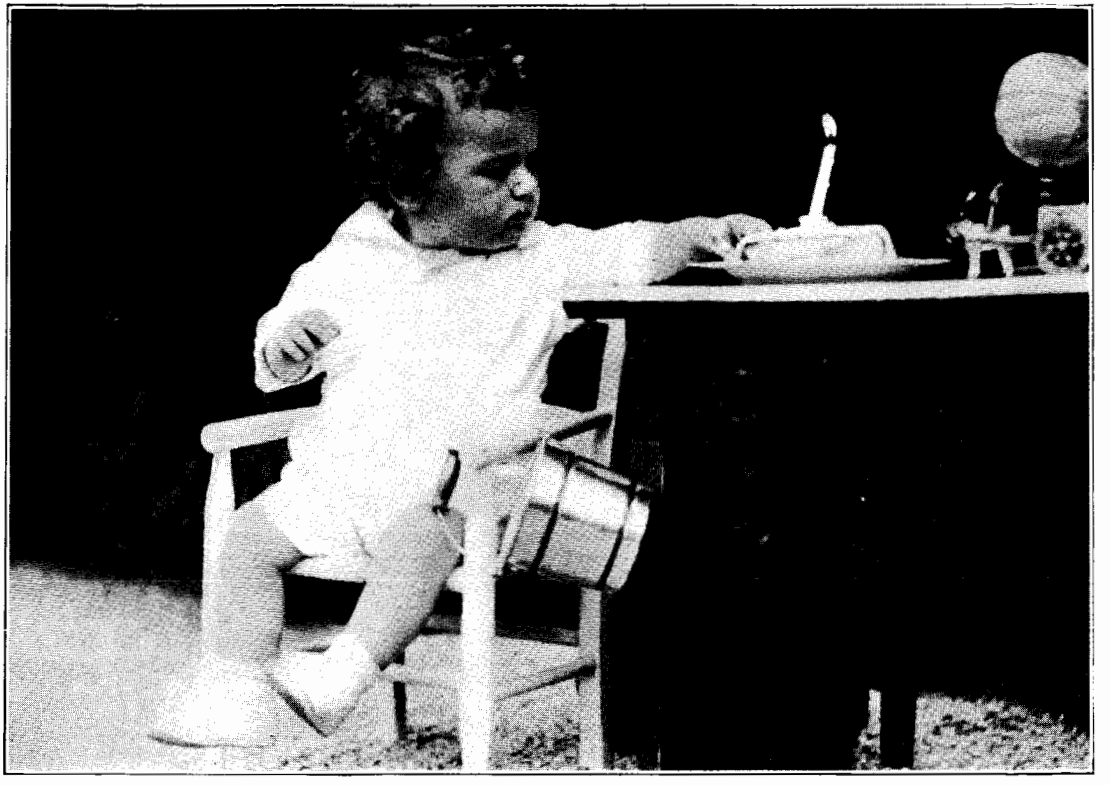
"Could anybody do that?

"I'm not sure of it.

"Most of us mountaineers is pretty lightfooted—but the guy who accomplished that trick could get a job as a circus acrobat any time."

Of all the descriptions that came out of Hopewell during the first three discouraging weeks, it is doubtful if anything matched Bush's version of the situation.

The trapper disagreed with the police methods from the start. Here, of course, he went into the



The One Year Old Eaglet.

realm of strict opinion. But his opinions are not without significance, for he was one of the few men present who really knew the countryside. He contended, firstly, that the police, at any cost, should have put bloodhounds on the trail of the kidnap car at once. He cited his own experience with hounds and declared that he believed the dogs would have led the way to a clew. Secondly, he flayed police for failure to go deep into the mountainside, nearby. He was reasonably certain, he said, by a process of deduction, that the fleeing kidnappers had gone from the Lindbergh home, by way of a circuitous route over the mountains, to Neshanic. They would have known, if they knew the terrain as Bush believes they did, that the only way to escape the police search coming into Hopewell would be through the isolated, muddy and almost impassable roads to Neshanic.

And at Neshanic, Bush pointed out, access could be had by good roads to Easton, Pennsylvania, to Summerville, New Jersey, or to Jersey City, with a quick jump across the water to Staten Island, New York.

Bush leaned toward the Jersey City theory declaring that suspicious-looking characters, reputed aides of a bootleg gang, had been haunting the mountainside and all had come from Jersey City.

It is certainly highly significant that, on the very day of the kidnapping, reports from the police investigation of the footprints held that "they found what appeared to be two imprints of feet, big mas-

culine feet, apparently bare or stockinged and of such size as to suggest that the stockings may have been drawn over shoes to minimize sound in walking and climbing."

This official description of the footprints followed a journey over the route of the supposed kidnapper by Colonel Lindbergh, accompanied by Capt. Charles Schoeffel, of the state police, Chief Harry Wold and Constable C. E. Williamson, of the Hopewell police—and on the very night of the kidnapping. A woman's footprints were described as meeting those of the men, some distance from the house.

On the one hand, Bush, the trapper and woodsman, found *small* footprints so clear that he could say that one of the man's toes was bent, while on the other, police averred that the man's feet were quite large and apparently his shoes had been covered with stockings, so that his toes could not possibly have shown. Rarest of rare conflicting versions!

A theory held by Clifford Snook, Chief of Police of the Township of Hopewell, was that the kidnappers were helped by some of the natives of the Sourland country. A thorough search of the woods should have been made immediately, he declared, in a criticism of the methods of the State troopers. Two weeks after the kidnapping took place he asserted that the state police, "think they're pretty smart, yet if one of them stepped half a mile off the road he'd be lost."

He insisted that the troopers were "working in the dark and just following clews that were brought to them."

Snook was following a clew of his own which concerned a heavy coat like a lumberman's jacket which had been found soon after the kidnapping in a clump of bushes where the kidnappers' trail was lost. The jacket clew did not materialize, however.

As unusual a theory as was advanced was suggested by Val O'Farrell, former ace police detective and present head of the private agency bearing his name, on March 5, three days after the kidnapping, in a copyrighted statement in the Daily News of New York City.

"The child made no outcry when he was taken from his crib," O'Farrell pointed out. "In the rough handling, the child would probably have received if a lone intruder picked it up from its crib and then swung with it through the window to the ladder, the baby might be expected to have awakened and cried. But it didn't.

"The child, according to its parents, was never at ease in the presence of strangers. Is it possible that the baby recognized the face of the person who lifted him from his crib that night and so went docilely into the arms of his abductors?"

There are experts, however, who worked up this phase of the case from another standpoint. They were of the opinion that strangers could have cov-

ered the child's face with chloroform or, perhaps, muffled it before lifting it from the crib to stifle any outcry.

From the very first day of the kidnapping, however, O'Farrell in his copyrighted statements insisted that the child was stolen by professional thieves, reiterating this theory day after day in the Daily News of New York City.

"Let Colonel Lindbergh check and recheck with the greatest care, persons close to his household," he advised. "Professional thieves stole the baby and these thieves had an accomplice close to Lindbergh himself."

O'Farrell was of the opinion that all of the early supposed ransom demands were "phonies" made while the real kidnappers were in hiding, waiting for the storm to blow over.

"These demands are from the jackals that prey on the expert criminals and the jackals are now attempting to win the Lindbergh ransom by fake offers to return the child they do not possess," was his conjecture at the time.

The former police detective discarded any belief that the baby was stolen by a crank, a fanatic or a demented woman—or that the baby was stolen for revenge or to satisfy a maniac's craving for publicity.

"The boy was stolen for one object—money," he insisted. "The Lindberghs need not be discouraged if negotiations for the return of the baby take several

days after contact has been established with the real kidnappers."

As time passed and little evolved from the unprecedented investigation that literally swept the earth, one question perplexed all observers: what DID happen to the kidnappers?

Surely the kidnappers had come in an automobile. They could not have walked, for they then could not have escaped. Surely they had brought the ladder with them. It could not have been conjured up out of thin air. Surely the kidnappers had to pass over roads in the neighborhood and had, therefore, to be seen by someone. Of course there were numerous reports that promised some results, but when these were not corroborated by other persons than the first to tell the story, they were not conceded much importance.

The question, narrowed down to a simple problem which, briefly stated might be: If the kidnap car came over a certain route and left over a certain route, not necessarily the same one, why would not a very careful check reveal persons who could describe the kidnap car and perhaps indicate the roads it took?

It was not until more than two and a half weeks after the kidnapping, that such a coherent story did evolve.

Farmers were questioned. Persons who lived in the section or who might have passed through it at about the time of the kidnapping, were examined.

From them, the first conclusion was that the car containing the kidnappers probably did not reach the Lindbergh estate through Hopewell.

In fact, it was deduced that the car probably came from the north, over the mountains, to the Sourland hill where the Lindbergh homestead stood.

Other inquiries indicated that the kidnappers did not escape by the same route that they had come. Rather the statements of nearby residents, when pieced together, indicated that the kidnappers had escaped by a southern route, and then southeast, along the Stoutsburg-Wertsville road, in the general direction of Skillman, a community nearby.

There was one road that the police, converging upon the Lindbergh home from outlying sections, did not take. That road was the pathway north over the mountains from near Skillman to Zion and Neshanic.

The story of Ben Lupica, a student of Princeton Preparatory School, who lived about a mile and a half from the Lindberghs, gave every reason to believe that he had seen the kidnappers' car but, of course, did not know it at the time. Lupica saw a car, on the night of the kidnapping, with two sections of a ladder resting across the seat. He himself had been driving home in an automobile. Of course he did not take the car's license number, because he then had no reason to.

It was at about six o'clock on the fateful night of

the abduction when Lupica, on his way home from school, stopped at his roadside mailbox. He took out a letter, sat in his parked car, and proceeded to read the letter.

In a short while, another car approached from the north. Lupica paid little heed to it. He happened to notice, however, that the man in it wore a black overcoat and fedora hat and was thin of face. Across the seat of the car, one piled on top of the other, were two sections of a ladder.

That was all there was to it. But because he very rarely met folks on the road whom he did not know, Lupica told a friend of his, Nelson Wyckoff, about the incident, the day after.

That was one story that seemed to stand up under examination and certainly bore the marks of a valuable find.

Next in the circumstantial case was Mrs. Henry Wendling, who lived in a farmhouse on the Zion-Wertsville Road. This woman must have seen the same car as Lupica, for she described it as he did and she had seen it between 5 and 6 o'clock. It was bound west and would have entered the Hopewell-Wertsville Road where Lupica was, later. Mrs. Wendling, however, was unable to describe the man in the car, for she placed no importance on the matter at the time.

Two sedans entered the Hopewell-Wertsville road leading to the Lindberghs' at about 7:40 o'clock on

the night the child was stolen, according to Archie Adam, office manager of the State Village for Epileptics, at Skillman, who saw them. Adam's office is about three miles east of Hopewell.

Adam was headed toward Hopewell at the time he saw the two cars and they were coming from the village. Adam remembered the autos because he nearly ran into one of them and had to swerve to avoid a collision. He could not describe the occupants of the first car, but was sure that there were two men in the second.

These clews could not be neglected. Any person who saw any car anywhere in the neighborhood, might have held a tip of immense value. The police realized this and availed themselves of every chance to piece the various stories together. Most of the persons who did see cars, of course, could tell only stories, without details, for none of them was customarily so observant that the mere passing of a strange auto would have aroused suspicion.

Though it was felt everywhere that the baby had been kidnapped via the "inside tip" method, the theory was seriously advanced at one time during the investigation that there was no "inside tip"—that no "inside tip" was necessary. The Lindberghs, it was reasoned, had no drawn curtains over their windows. At night, when the lights were turned on in any of the rooms, it was a simple matter to stand on a nearby

hill and, with the aid of binoculars, look down into the rooms and see all that went on there.

It was felt that such a person might have stood guard with a flashlight signal while two others waited near the house to swoop down upon the child and carry him off the instant they saw the flashlight which told them the coast was clear. There might even have been more than one such signal, it was argued. The house might have been entirely surrounded on nearby hilltops. Each of several men might have been instructed to watch one room. Each was to flash his signal the instant that room was clear. Thus, it was thought, the kidnappers might have been absolutely certain of success before they entered the house. And thus the "inside tip" idea was, for a moment, discredited.

The theorists persisted.

Drug fiends, "hopped up to give themselves nerve for their bold crime," were suspected by Ellis Parker, chief of Burlington county detectives as having committed the crime.

"On the face of it you can see that such a crime requires tremendous nerve," Parker declared. "And once those dope fiends get loaded up they will do anything—they'll try to lift a locomotive off a track. I think you'll find that when they're captured they'll be drug users."

The kidnapping was the act of an insane person,

was the conclusion drawn by Robert Isham Randolph, head of Chicago's famous "Secret Six."

"No organized gang of kidnappers ever would attempt such a crime," said Randolph who had been running down kidnappers from coast to coast for two years. "There are many kidnapping gangs with enough facilities to carry out the job but none of them is brainless enough to try it. They know that the whole country would be looking for them—and that the man who flew the Atlantic alone wouldn't be an easy victim."

Even an ex-kidnapper offered his advice to the thousands on the hunt for the person or persons who abducted the golden haired baby of the Lone Eagle and his young wife. From Scranton, Pa., Pat Crowe, who kidnapped Edward Cudahy back in 1900, advised Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh to "pay the kidnappers anything they demand, be it $50,000 or a million.

"Lynch them, burn them, quarter them, do anything you want, but get the child back first," he recommended.

Max Price, New Haven, Connecticut, broker, and victim of a kidnapping plot on Jan. 28, 1930, called the abduction of the little eaglet an inside job.

Mrs. Dwight W. Morrow, mother of Anne, from the beginning, was also of the opinion that the kidnapping was an "inside job." She said that there was no other conclusion, since it had been the Lind-

berghs' habit to spend week-days with her, at Englewood.

"How," asked Mrs. Morrow, "How would the kidnappers have known the Lindberghs were staying at their place at Hopewell on Tuesday night, when Charlie and Anne had never done so before?"

"It was their practice," she added, "to spend the weeks with me, at Englewood, and the week-ends here at Hopewell. Someone who knew about their change in plans, due to the child's cold, must have kidnapped the baby."

Money was the motivating force of the crime, according to Dr. Carl J. Warden, professor of psychology at Columbia University, who blamed the kidnapping on a "super-gang."

"Prohibition, with its breeding of 'gangs' and 'rackets' is directly responsible for this latest affront against society," he said. "In my opinion the only way to stop kidnapping is to repeal the prohibition law with all that it stands for, in the way of rackets."

Thus the better known men and women of the land hazarded guesses all of which probably left little room for any possibility that the kidnapping had been perpetrated in a manner nobody had imagined. Every man and woman had his or her own ideas as to the motivating forces behind the kidnapping.

The conjectures of trained observers were pertinent. Basil Gallagher, a reporter on the New York

World-Telegram made a comment which received close attention from all acute observers.

"The actual kidnapping was done by one person," Gallagher said, three days after the Lindbergh baby had been taken.

"I will take the word of the two backwoodsmen, Oscar Bush and James Wyckoff, who examined the terrain and had the first good look at the footprints, that the moccasined feet which showed in the soft mud around the house were the prints of a man. He made two trips to carry the child away over the pasture land southeast of the house."

Later, Colonel Lindbergh was quoted as saying that he had observed three sets of footprints, one of them steady and straight, the other two zigzagging over the area. This report was corroborated by other persons believed among the earliest on the scene.

Thus all theories were hampered by disagreement of the facts. One newspaper commentator, for example, assumed that no marks were found in the nursery to indicate that entrance had been made through the window, yet presumably authenticated reports held otherwise.

Forrest Davis, another writer for the World-Telegram, held that an organized gang would have used a "store ladder," and not a hand-made one. He ruled out the theory that a professional criminal had done the job, for that reason. Yet professional criminals might have been obliged, by the nature of

their plans and by their desire not to transport a ladder very far, to rely upon a home-made ladder. Further, a store ladder could be more easily traced than a makeshift one.

The notion that the abductor, if a total outsider to the Lindbergh family, might have been a person who did not realize the magnitude of the crime before it was perpetrated, held up well and was supported by many knowing individuals. That theory, of course, was followed by the deduction that the kidnapper was not an habitual, or "experienced" criminal.

Joseph Gollomb, anthologist of crime and mystery story writer, when interviewed the day after baby Lindbergh was kidnapped, felt that the crime was the work of an exhibitionist, "delighted by the enormous magnification of his ego such a crime would bring."

Warden Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing Prison was of the opinion that the abduction was the work of amateurs and not professional criminals, adding that the prisoners from the underworld under his jurisdiction at Sing Sing were resentful at the crime played upon their hero's baby.

Dr. Albert Einstein at Pasadena, California, insisted that:

"Kidnappings as personified in the holding for ransom of Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh's baby are a sign of lack of sanity in our social development

rather than a lack of laws or collapse of law enforcement agencies."

Jack Lait, famous author, propounded the theory that it was a dare that inspired the kidnappers. What he termed the "Lindbergh atrocity" was a gesture of supreme braggadocio by a gang "swollen with success," he pointed out.

"Crooks very often are like that—colossal egoists who take passionate professional pride in the superspectacular," was his dictum. "Most of them would rather grab off a Vanderbilt or a Rockefeller or a Coolidge for $10,000, than a Jones for $100,000.

In the midst of the early excitement of the affair, one sane, solid note was sounded insofar as advice went. It came from William J. Burns, former chief of the United States Secret Service.

"There is nothing for the Lindberghs to do but pay the ransom and get the baby back," he said. "If the baby is restored unharmed, the American people might almost forgive the kidnappers. But if anything happens to this celebrated child, punishment of the crime will be speedy and certain."

It was Burns' contention that the kidnapping had been done by drug addicts, emboldened beyond normal daring by narcotics. He believed that the offering of rewards for the capture of the abductors should be discouraged. Rewards suggest punishment and make the kidnappers panicky, he said.

Only money was the motive for the crime, in

Burns' opinion. There was nothing to indicate that revenge or fanaticism was at the back of it, he commented.

Walter Winchell, foremost Broadway columnist, accepted the theory of Edward P. Mulrooney, Police Commissioner of New York City, that it was an inside job—and that the ladder was placed near the window as a "prop" to serve as a subterfuge.

In his column in the New York Daily Mirror he asked:

"How in the world did the guilty one get into the room (where no clews or footmarks were found) and with only one arm free—get down that unusually wide-runged ladder without breaking his neck?"

Dr. Amos T. Baker, famous psychiatrist, declared himself "stumped" when he was unable to indicate any abnormalities which would identify the kidnaper.

He suggested however a solution when he declared:

"The loss of a child often causes women to kidnap other infants, a mental derangement caused by the dominating passion of mother-love."

Michael Fiaschetti, detective who has worked upon more than a dozen kidnappings, came to this conclusion:

"It was an inside job, done by somebody with brains enough to plan the job, but not enough experience to see how hard it would be to collect. If I were on the case I would concentrate on people who

knew the house. They talk about workmen. All right, workmen could know where the room was. But how would they know the child was alone, how would they know about the unhooked screen?

"I think they will find that child within a few miles of the house, alive or dead. I think there is a terrible risk that the fools who took him will kill him in a panic when they find they can't get rid of him."

And still the theories persisted.

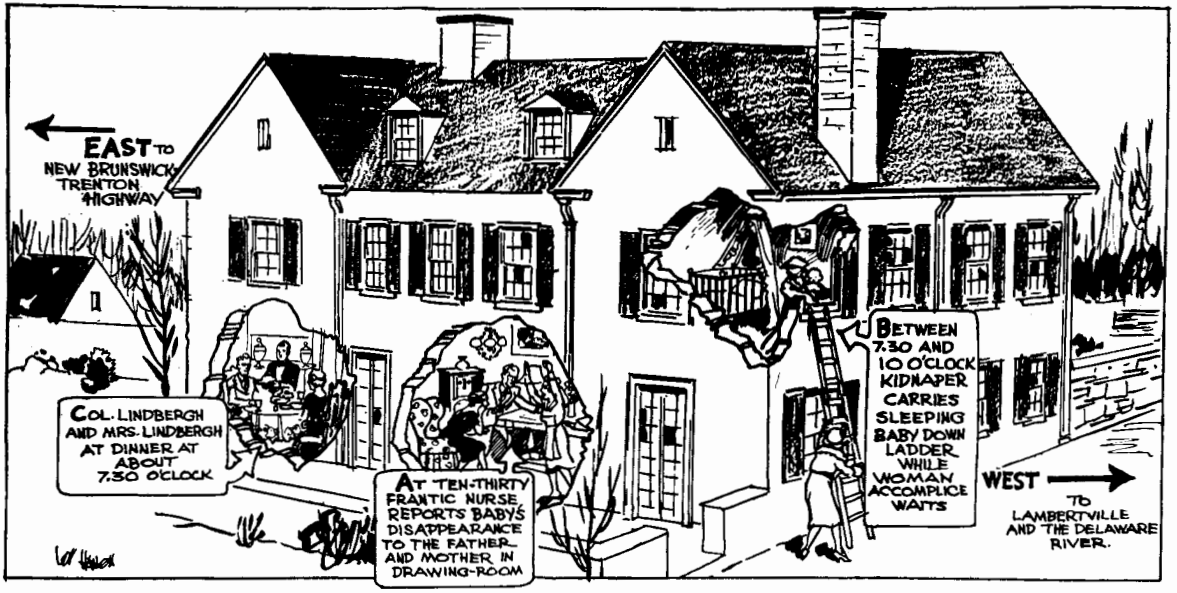
"The kidnapper was bowlegged." Such was the statement made by a man who desired to remain unnamed, but who had spent more than 35 years studying the human foot and making footwear of all descriptions to fit it.

Upon examination of a photograph of the footprint found beneath the Lindbergh baby's window the morning after the kidnapping he expressed this opinion.

"Bow-legged persons are known to bear heavily on the outside of the foot," he declared. "That the owner of this footprint is bow-legged is easily discernible in the picture because the impression is decidedly deeper along the outer lines of the footprint."

The expert added that the owner of the footprint also wore deeply ribbed stockings of the golf hose type. He discredited the fact that they were worn over shoes or that moccasins, rubber-soled shoes or galoshes were worn instead.

"Moccasins have smooth, even soles," he said.



How Lindbergh Baby Was Kidnapped.

"Rubber-soled shoes are never lined vertically as was the footprint. The purpose of the lines is to prevent slipping, so they must be placed horizontally or diagonally to accomplish this end. Only a deeply ribbed stocking could make the clear, straight, vertical line that was seen in the footprint."

One theory grew in popularity as time wore on. That was the notion that the baby was kidnapped by a person or persons who had secreted the child within ten or twenty miles of the Lindbergh home. The contention was based on the argument that the kidnappers could not have gone far from the scene of their crime without being detected.

The major guesses concerning the perpetrators of the abduction narrowed down, after the first fortnight into the following basic premises:

Firstly, that the kidnapping was not done by a total outsider relying upon his own observation solely. It was argued that in such case, that is, if it were an outsider, the kidnapper would have been crazy and would therefore have been apprehended within a short time.

Secondly, that the kidnapper must have gotten information inside the house, somehow. Any one of those familiar with the place, might have given information without realizing that such data was being given to a potential kidnapper.

Thirdly, that more than one person, probably three, had kidnapped the child. Had it been one

person, the argument went, the same would have been true as in the case of a total outsider—such a person would be wholly or partly insane and would therefor have been caught, almost immediately.

Fourthly, it was generally held impossible for a woman to have done the kidnapping alone. The physical problem of carrying the ladder, climbing it, securing the child, and making an escape, was considered impossible for a woman to undertake. In fact, even for a man, it was pointed out, the job would have been superhuman.

These, in truth, were not very gratifying conclusions, nor very definite ones. But they at least ruled out some general theories and narrowed the kidnapping down to some logical bases.

More than one person, then, kidnapped the baby. Those persons knew what they intended to do and were—relatively, at least,—sane persons. If a woman were involved, she was a mere accomplice.

So the main theory ran.

Now as to intent. Was it the machinations of a jealous, angry, cruel group? Was it the plan of an experienced, monetary gang? Was it the plan of amateurs who did not realize the extent of the crime and who, therefore, were so bold?

The most generally accepted answer was that the kidnapping had been done by persons who wanted money. Next most popular as a theory was that the kidnapping had been done by persons who wanted

revenge for some fancied wrong. And the third theory that had its supporters was that the kidnapping had been perpetrated by persons who, being slightly awry mentally, found in the act the "magnification of the ego" that Joseph Gollomb described.

Of course the kidnappers, if they wanted money, could not have and would not have attempted to negotiate in the early stages of the game, whether experienced or no. Even a blind man could have seen the suicidal aspects of trying to prod his way through a veritable army of police to negotiate with the Lindberghs or even their representatives—at least during the first fortnight or so.

Perhaps the most popular general idea of what happened—always bearing in mind that these theories were based upon "known facts" before any clews arose that indicated any possibility of the *real* facts—was that the kidnapping had been done by a gang. The gang as generally pictured, wanted money.

The public idea—at least that public close enough to the case and familiar enough with the details not to be misled by wild tabloid newspaper headlines—was that the gang was not wholly professional. Else it would have realized the hopelessness of collecting money easily and fast. The gang was deemed "amateurish," but calculating and intelligent There were three to five persons in the gang and one of them might have been a woman.

Information that made possible this most impos-

sible of kidnappings, came from some person inside the house, at some time, inadvertently and without any suspicion as to the ultimate results. The gang, having gotten the baby, found itself holding a red hot coal. It therefore, "dug in" until the storm might blow over, then to begin negotiations—or perhaps give up.

That was the general public viewpoint, as it stood after a full survey of all the facts and after gangsters, authorities and volunteers of all kinds had failed to dig up anything really significant about the kidnapping.

Always it must be remembered that the slightest error would have brought detection. The kidnapper made no mistakes. The kidnapper could not have been stupid.

Fantastic rumors came out of New Jersey. One of them persisted though it never reached the news columns. It was whispered that the reason why the Lindberghs had so much difficulty recovering their child was because Baby Charles had not remained in the hands of his original kidnappers. This group, the yarn had it, had seen an opportunity to rid themselves of their human burden and had "sold" him to another group of kidnappers for $50,000.

Even then, Lindy might have managed to make connections with the second group except that the unusual transaction was duplicated, this time the ad-

vantage to the second group being the sum of $100,000, so the rumor ran.

And so it went. Baby Charles, the whispers persisted, had been transferred from one gang to another, each gang "cleaning up" on the transaction. The "sales talk" of each gang seeking to "sell" the golden haired child was that his folks were willing and ready to pay any sum for him—even if that sum reached the million dollar mark.

Innumerable vicious rumors spread by word of mouth. They never found their way into print because they were libelous. Nevertheless, many persons who, by retelling scandalous stories could gain the limelight, were not beneath passing on these unsubstantiated stories. None of the principal characters in the drama were omitted from this type of under-handed attack.

Whispers—theories—rumors—under-cover talk—but it persisted—and who was there to affirm or deny?

CHAPTER V

CLEWS—CLEWS—CLEWS!

Many a fiction mystery story has depended upon nothing more tangible than a whiff of Oriental incense for its solution. The popular conception of a perfect thriller is a crime in which the much-sought clew is so infinitesimal that not even the use of a microscope can reveal it. Such a crime tests the fiction hero's ingenuity. It is beneath the dignity of the sleuths in a fiction story to spend their time on crimes where clews are as common as the blossoms in Spring.

Unfortunately, this picturesque idea so popularly espoused by fiction writers, is not necessarily true in real life. In the Lindbergh case, for instance, there were so many clews that the whole world was kept busy trailing them, not without some confusion and bitter futility.

True enough, few of the clews were based upon traces left behind by the abductors at the scene of the kidnapping. Many of them were, in fact, pure hunches or weak rumors, some of them even maliciously spread by gossipers and morons. Other

clews came from reliable sources and on the very face of them warranted inquiry.

The extent of the investigation was greater, almost beyond question, than any similar probe ever conducted in America. The futility of most of the investigations soon became apparent.

But the general view was—and justly so—that the authorities could not afford to neglect any hint, no matter how trivial. Many a notorious criminal has been caught because of the slightest misstep. Many a brutal, well planned crime, has been solved by a minute clew that normally might have been overlooked. In such a case as the Lindbergh kidnapping, it was therefore suicidal to fail to overturn every stone, regardless of how silly it may have seemed.

For a while, the appearance of Henry Johnson, better known as "Red" Johnson, caused a sensation. Johnson, a deckhand on the yacht of Thomas W. Lamont, was a friend of Betty Gow, the Lindbergh baby's nurse. Within a few days after the trail led to him, a series of mysterious facts seemed to pile up evidence that might have indicated that he had served as a figure in the kidnapping, if only unwittingly. He was later exonerated, but the hysteria of the moment must have caused him some concern, when he was under scrutiny—if he was a thin-skinned person.

He was taken into custody in Hartford, Connecticut. By coincidence, a postcard purporting to have

been mailed by the kidnapper, was found in the post-office at Hartford. And to add to Johnson's troubles, an empty milk bottle was found in the green Chrysler coupe that he was driving. State Attorney Hugh M. Alcorn, of Connecticut, whose long record included the trial and conviction for murder of the notorious killer, Gerald Chapman, immediately conducted the investigation into Johnson's activities, in person.

The sailor freely admitted his friendship with Miss Gow, the nurse. He said that he had been "going with her" for about three years. He explained that, being out of work, he had sought shelter in the home of his brother, John, in West Hartford.

Johnson's arrest was followed by an almost endless building up of curious facts. It was pointed out that he had left Lamont's employ on the yacht, "Reynard," in January. Inquiry at the shipyard where the boat was in drydock, revealed that many step ladders were used around the place. The storage yard, owned by the Consolidated Shipbuilding Corp., on the Harlem River, in The Bronx, New York City, became a center of activity for a day. Detectives examined the ladders in the yard and compared them with the ladder found at the scene of the Lindbergh kidnapping.

As one of the shipyard executives commented, however, "a ladder is only a ladder and they're all pretty much the same." There was nothing to indicate that the ladder found at the Lindbergh home

had come from the shipyard—and nobody believed that it had, so the inquiry was abandoned at that point.

Those who had been following the case did not place too much reliance upon the Johnson arrest. The principal reason for this was the police discovery that Johnson had had an appointment to meet the nurse on the night of the kidnapping. They had planned to "go out on a party."

As was her wont, Miss Gow had spent the week-end at Englewood, where the Morrows lived. It was fully expected that the Lindberghs, in accordance with their custom, would leave Hopewell at the end of the week-end and come to Englewood.

On Sunday and Monday evenings, the days before the kidnapping, Miss Gow and sailor Johnson went out together. They had an appointment, also, for Tuesday evening. But meanwhile little Charles Augustus, Jr., had contracted a cold and Mrs. Lindbergh decided that she could not take the chance of moving the baby. She summoned the nursemaid from Englewood to Hopewell, unexpectedly, on Tuesday afternoon.

Johnson learned from a mutual friend that Miss Gow had gone to Hopewell. He waited for the night telephone rates to go into effect and, at 8:47 p.m. on Tuesday night, called the nursemaid on the phone. He made the call in a drug store in Englewood. The phone conversation may have been going on, be-

tween Johnson in Englewood and Miss Gow in Hopewell, at the very time when the abduction was taking place.

Johnson was reported as asking Miss Gow, "How's the baby?" when he got her on the phone.

Police demanded to know the reason for his solicitude about the child.

"It was on account of the baby she couldn't meet me," Johnson responded. "Naturally I'd ask about the baby."

After the phone conversation, Johnson took Mr. and Mrs. Johanne Jung, friends of his, for an auto ride around Englewood. The Jungs were employees in the Morrow household.

Returning to his boarding house about midnight, Johnson spent the remainder of the night there.

The next day, Jung read about the abduction in the newspapers. He immediately went to Miss Elizabeth Morrow, sister of Mrs. Lindbergh, and indicated that Johnson, as Miss Gow's friend, would clearly come under suspicion. Jung suggested that Miss Morrow call the Lindberghs and explain where Johnson had been during the time when the baby was presumably snatched from its crib. Miss Morrow sent the message, as requested.

Each time that Johnson came to the Lindbergh home, he said, he was with Miss Gow. The first time, the building was still under construction. It was in the Autumn of 1931. On New Year's Day

following, he said, he paid a second visit. His third and last visit was about two weeks before the abduction.

Despite numerous alleged weak spots in this account of his activities, police questioned a dozen persons directly or indirectly associated with Johnson. His story seemed to stand up in its entirety.

The authorities, however, grilled him for several days. There is now no doubt that some of the investigators believed Johnson to be innocent but felt that, since he was nomadic by nature, he may have given information to the kidnappers without knowing it. For that reason, they held onto him for a week, but Deputy Chief of Police Frank Brex of Newark, exonerated him then.

During the period of Johnson's detention, on no criminal charge in connection with the abduction, the reason given for holding him was that he had entered the United States illegally, from Sweden, in 1927.

Interviewed by reporters on his first free day, Johnson ascribed the kidnapping to "an inside job." He said that it was his opinion that nobody employed by the Lindberghs was responsible, but would not amplify his view.

How mystery was allowed to creep into these inquiries and often create impressions later proved false, was well demonstrated in the Johnson case. Considerable doubt existed regarding his phone call

to Hopewell, New Jersey, to express merely "regrets."

It was simple enough, but it caused endless furore, demonstrating, if such demonstration were necessary, that very often the ordinary things that human beings do, can appear to be quite mysterious if placed under close inquiry.

This persistent questioning of the sailor boy-friend of Betty Gow had its purpose, however. It all hinged upon his knowledge of the change of plans made by the Lindberghs—their decision to remain at Hopewell due to the illness of their baby boy. Johnson knew of the sudden change because of the "date" with Betty Gow which had been called off for that reason. Authorities had checked up and discovered that very few others knew of the Lindbergh's decision to remain at Hopewell.

Thus the minute and persistent investigation of Johnson's every action—not because it was necessarily felt that he had anything whatever to do with the crime. As a matter of fact it was felt that the sailor was an innocent bystander who had been drawn into the affair. However, authorities believed that he might unwittingly have told someone of the change in plans—someone who was close to the kidnappers—someone who might have been the actual kidnappers. Knowledge of the change of the Lindbergh's plans might have come from Johnson, they

reasoned. And so they questioned him—questioned him—questioned him!

Five days after Johnson had been "cleared" by Deputy Chief Brex, a sudden call for him came from Colonel Lindbergh, at Hopewell. Colonel H. Norman Schwarzkopf, Superintendent of New Jersey State police, telephoned to Newark, where Johnson had been detained by authorities, asking that he be delivered to the Lindbergh home.

At Hopewell it was explained that detectives were merely checking up on Johnson's story.

Colonel Lindbergh also wished to question Johnson personally, it was said.

Schwarzkopf's official statement on the sudden recall of Johnson was epitomized in the comment that "it was desired to take him over the ground to verify his statement that he had been to Hopewell several times."

However, two nights after Johnson was brought to the Lindbergh estate, he was returned to Jersey City.

"No information of consequence was discovered" as a result of his examination, Colonel Schwarzkopf announced.

Johnson's brother, Fred, was meanwhile closely questioned at Jersey City, as were Mr. and Mrs. Jung. A number of women who were said to have been friends of Johnson, were subjected to close examination.

And now, with "Red" Johnson presumably out of

the case, Jersey City detectives took his brother into custody on suspicion, also, of having entered the country illegally.

On his way back to the Newark police headquarters, Johnson burst the bubble that had reflected most importance on his visit to Hopewell. He said he had not seen Colonel Lindbergh or Colonel Breckinridge, while at Hopewell. While he was at the Lindbergh home, he slept in the cellar, he said. All that had happened, he related was that questions had been hurled at him by Colonel Schwarzkopf, Captain J. J. Lamb, and ten troopers.

Miss Gow herself was not without queries from authorities. She was born in Scotland and her mother, in Glasgow at the time of the kidnapping, made public a letter from the girl.

In view of the innuendos that attached to the girl's name, though proved groundless, her letter was pertinent.

Referring to the abduction, she wrote to her mother, "It is the most cruel thing I ever knew."

Continuing, she said,

"I discovered that the baby was gone when I went to lift him at 10 o'clock, as usual.

"The Lindberghs were here (Hopewell) for the week-end, along with the baby, but he caught cold and Mrs. Lindbergh sent for me to come down (from Englewood) rather than move the baby.

"His cold had gone to his chest a little bit and I

made him a little flannel vest, rubbed his chest and got him fixed up and left him asleep peacefully.

"We guess they took him while we were all having dinner."

After discussing the clews, the nurse concluded:

"I just feel numbed and terribly lost without that darling. I love him so. Mrs. Lindbergh has been very brave about it. She's wonderful."

Miss Gow was 26 years old—although other reports had it that she was 28, and who is to question a woman's age?—and came to this country about four years prior to the kidnapping. She was employed by the Lindberghs on recommendation of Elizabeth Morrow, sister of Mrs. Lindbergh. Miss Morrow's personal maid was a friend of Betty Gow. Shortly after the kidnapping, police cleared all employees of the Morrows and Lindberghs of any complicity in the crime.

Described as a cheerful, slender girl of "undiminishing smile," she was best known because she had been frequently seen wheeling the Lindbergh baby about, in a carriage, on the Lindbergh property. The nurse was employed when the baby was six weeks old, succeeding a nurse named Marie Cummings. Miss Gow's record was carefully investigated and even her prior employment, with a Mrs. Moser, in Detroit, in May, 1930, was checked up. Before that, she had worked in hotels and various homes as

a housemaid. Her brother, William, lives with her mother, Mrs. Taylor, in Glasgow.

Despite the expressions of confidence by the Morrows and Lindberghs in the girl, police inquired into her past. Soon there came to light the arrest of girls named Betty Gow. One girl was said to have been deported in 1927, bearing an identical name.

A curious sidelight on the lightning-like speed with which clews were tracked down, was the national pursuit of persons named "Gow." The presumption seemed to be that anyone by that name might have been related to Miss Gow, though her own statements were an open book. Thus, besides the girls named Gow who were traced, men of that name also came under scrutiny. A fellow named Scotty Thomas, of Wyandotte, Michigan, was held in the search that stretched across the nation. It was believed he might have been known as Scotty Gow. He went to La Salle, Ontario, to be confronted by a man named Arthur La Framboise, who was supposed to have had some valuable information. La Framboise had known a character by the name of Scotty Gow. But Scotty Thomas proved not to be the man.

On the same day, the Scotty Gow chase extended across the nation to other cities. New Jersey authorities had heard that a Scotty Gow had been a member of the notorious kidnap clique, the Purple Gang, of Detroit. But police of the latter city had heard

nothing of such a man. The Purple Gang, they insisted, had been out of existence for some time.

To Boston the chase went. The United States Marshal's office there said that a William Campbell, in the East Cambridge jail, had gone under the name of Scotty Gow. But a dispatch from Cambridge soon revealed that William Campbell, 26 years old, of that city, denied he was "Scotty Gow," asserting he never had used the name or had known anyone by it.

It was a typical national check-up, with typically little results.

Raids on apartments throughout the larger cities, such as Philadelphia and New York, were common. The mere report that adults had been seen carrying an infant similar in appearance to the famous kidnapped child, was considered sufficient for police to question the guardians of the child. More than 500 such challenges and inquiries were recorded in the first month of investigation. But those were not the "scares" most productive of interest, though of temporarily sensational value to the newspapers.

Always it was felt that the Colonel's willingness to pay $50,000 ransom—and the figure was reported as high as $250,000—would bring forth either the kidnappers or an informant. It was because of the known readiness of the flying ace to pay for the return of his child that many of the clews seemed so promising.

Some of the clews were so alluring to investigators that, in many instances, the heads of police departments themselves assisted in running down reports. Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney, of New York City, worked until the early hours of the morning on such clews.

"Every suggestion, every clew that reaches us, no matter how flimsy it appears, is being run down," he said, after one such fruitless search conducted under his supervision.

Miss Dorothy D. Walker, employe in a restaurant and ice cream parlor in Pennington, New Jersey, eight miles from the Lindbergh home, was one such person who was looked to for aid. She had described three "dark men of foreign appearance" who had driven up to the place where she worked as waitress, asking the way to the Lindbergh estate. But careful inquiry disclosed—nothing.

Tracking clews was no haphazard undertaking. Within a few days, the Lindbergh estate had become a nerve center for communication. The secluded home, with its garage, was transformed by police into a veritable headquarters for all secret operatives.

Radio engineers installed short-wave broadcasting and receiving instruments in the Lindbergh garage. This enabled them to dispatch auto patrols instantly, from almost any point in the East, to any point at all, without the loss of a second. Thus, if a "tip" broke, the short-wave radio broadcaster announced it and

the nearest police station was on the job, by auto, in a few minutes.

The teletype, a more or less recent police innovation, was not overlooked. The Lindbergh estate became the center for a teletype hook-up that stretched through the east. The New York Police Department was linked into it. Fifteen private telephones wires, connected with police headquarters in the vicinity, completed the communications layout. If police had a confidential message to convey to the departments of other communities, the operator at the Lindbergh estate was able to send the message by teletype and it was reproduced instantly on recording machines in hundreds of police stations.

It is therefore all the more amazing that some of these early, "red hot" tips did not bring results, for there seemed to be no chance that any person could elude police once the scent had been established.

Mind you—these arteries of communication were in addition to the organized and the volunteer search all over the world!

Here was a mystery, indeed! Here was a thriller that eclipsed all previous thrillers, whether fiction or fact!

On the fourth day following the kidnapping it was estimated that the search being conducted was costing the State of New Jersey at least $15,000 a day. In the expenses were included the salaries of men engaged in the man hunt, the cost of equipment em-

ployment, and telephone and telegraph charges. How much more the search had cost Colonel Lindbergh, privately, is not known.

In less than three weeks a card index listing 1,400 persons who had been questioned and discarded as the kidnappers of the baby, appeared to be the sole accomplishment of the forces of the law. At this juncture it became more evident than ever that the crime was likely to remain a mystery until the baby stealers themselves chose to make a move towards solving it.

How many a tip dovetailed perfectly with a theory, was well shown in a series of clews that were carefully sifted at Hopewell more than two weeks after the crime. It will be recalled that there was a police theory of the actual method of the kidnappers, announced on Wednesday, March 16. The following day disclosed an inquiry along lines that seemed to substantiate the theory. The police notion was that three persons were involved.

A blue-green sedan, with New York license plates, was seen in the vicinity of the Lindbergh home several times before the kidnapping. It carried three men.

The first recollection of the car was that of Theresa Dersi, a music student, 19 years of age, residing near Featherbed Lane. She said that she had seen the car on February 22, with three men in it.

The men asked her the way to the Lindbergh home, she told detectives.

Alfred Hammond, a watchman at the Skillman railroad crossing, told of having seen a car that seemed just like the car described by Miss Dersi, only five or six days before the abduction. The car passed between 8 and 9 o'clock in the morning, Hammond said.

John Dougherty, a telephone lineman, went further in bearing out this story. He was on the road near the lane to the Lindbergh residence, when he saw the auto. Still nearer, it was seen by Jay Moore, a farmer's son. Miss Dersi was the nearest to the Lindbergh home to see the auto. Miss Rebecca Bush, of Zion, reported having seen the car east of the local postoffice, indicating that it may have returned by the north route to Zion. The car was never seen after March 1, the day before the kidnapping.

Police did not fail to track that clew, either. But the clews simply added to the endless trail.

The problem of checking reports of all varieties from the far corners of the world gradually assumed tragic-burlesque proportions. True enough, any clue might locate the baby. But where there were so many supposed traces, so many probable leads, the police, the private investigators and the volunteers constantly found themselves on the brink of sheer absurdity.

The reports grew cumulatively. In a single day,

as many as four babies were found in various sections of the country, each at first seriously considered the Lindbergh baby.

As long after the kidnapping as March 18, these reports cropped up. Four babies were found, described as the missing child, and then left to their guardians. At Creston, Iowa, Mrs. Florence Bayne, 40 years old, of Jerome, Arizona, was accosted in a hotel with a 20-months old infant. The baby's description, when sent to Hopewell, proved that the child was not the much-sought "eaglet." At the same time, almost, a child seen in the Albano Inn, at Trenton, was "suspect." Inquiry revealed the baby in question to be the grandson of Joseph Albano, proprietor of the place. In The Bronx, New York City, still another infant was investigated. And in Waterbury, Conn., a fourth child was believed to be the Lindbergh offspring. All such clews led exactly nowhere.

One of the curiosities of the Lindbergh case proved to be the immensity of "positive clews." Time and again, information was made public that would have led anyone to believe that the Lindbergh child might be returned, or located, at any minute.

Perhaps, should there ever arise again a case comparable to this one, police will be able, from the experience gained in the Lindbergh chase, to distinguish more quickly between fact and fancy. Whether many of the persons involved in these "clews" were really

convinced that they were telling the truth, will never be known. Many of them undoubtedly believed their own stories. Some were liars on the face of it. And still others may have been led to believe they were telling the truth because they had become so excited by the chase that their minds had become sopped up in it and their imaginations had gotten the best of them. After all, the distance between imagination and fact is not so far.

An example of what seemed like a significant clew was that furnished by Calvin Petty, a farmer of Kingston, New Jersey, about twelve miles from the Lindberghs.

On the Saturday following the kidnapping, Petty said that he was approached, at about 8:30 p.m., by a man who promised to give him the Lindbergh baby, and pay him $100 for the "trouble." The "trouble" was the returning of the child to its parents.

Petty said that he had walked out of his home when an automobile was passing. The driver stopped the car some distance down the road, Petty said, and a man walked back and asked, "Do you live here?"

Petty said he did.

"How much would you take to return the Lindbergh baby to its home, in your own automobile?" the man is supposed to have asked Petty.

Petty told the authorities that he had answered "twenty thousand dollars." The figure was the "first to enter" Petty's head, he explained.

The stranger then announced that he would bring Petty $100 in an envelope, in one dollar bills, Petty related. The money and baby would be delivered to him on Monday, two days after the visit, the unknown man told Petty, according to the farmer's story.

Then, Petty said, the man threatened to kill him if he dared relate the story. With that edict, the stranger raced down the road to the car and the auto sped off before Petty could get a glimpse of it or of the license plate number.

Petty described the man as about 35 years old, an American, short and heavy set with a mark like a mole on his right cheek. The derby that the man wore was several sizes too large for him and was jammed down over his head, to the collar of his gray coat.

The story was checked but was apparently groundless.

Henry F. Meyers and Frank Spurlle, two more local farmers, then told stories of having seen a number of men in an automobile performing mysterious trips through the countryside. They described how some of these fellows met another man in a clump of bushes, handing him a package and departing after a whispered conversation. Authorities believed that incident to be the possible delivery of liquor by bootleggers.

One man actually confessed that he was the driver of the kidnappers' car and his confession at first caused

consternation and was then quickly discarded. That man went so far as to name the place where he said the baby was left when he departed from the company of the kidnappers.

This unusual confession was made by a man who described himself as Ignace Blaustein. He had been apprehended in Boise, Idaho, on a charge of stealing clothes and jewelry from a fraternity house at the local university. He had, when arrested, "confessed" to police that he was the chauffeur for the Lindbergh kidnappers. He gave the police a Newark address where he said the kidnappers and baby were living at the time that he had left them, a few days earlier. The confession was made in Pocatello, Idaho, and despite the distance—across the continent—the check-up was made instantaneously. Police said that the address given as the hide-away of the kidnappers had revealed nothing.

One of the sensations in the case which, probably because it was enshrouded with so much mystery, aroused the hopes of the followers of the Lindbergh case, was that which originated in the Tombs—the New York City prison. One of the go-betweens of the Lindberghs, made a visit to the Tombs after midnight, to consult with a prisoner there. Joseph Fulling Fishman, New York City's Deputy Commissioner of Corrections admitted that the emissary had been there, but declined to describe the nature of the visit. Commissioner Richard C. Patterson, Fish-

man's superior officer, remained silent in the face of reports that the prisoner had been rushed to the Lindbergh home to attend a conference there.

The incident stirred the city. Things began to hum. Reports, the eternal lifeblood of the Lindbergh case, indicated anything and everything.

On the following day, Colonel H. Norman Schwarpkopf admitted that a prisoner from the New York City penitentiary on Welfare Island, in the metropolis, had been transferred to the custody of the New Jersey authorities, while information that he had imparted was being investigated.

This time the authorities were proceeding cautiously and the secrecy seemed likely to bring out something valuable.

The prisoner around whom so much secrecy had been thrown proved to be Charles Oliver, described by police as a "Chicago hoodlum" who had acquired a criminal record since he had left the Windy City and come East.

Oliver described a plot that he said he had discussed with William Gleason, of Cliffside, New Jersey, when the two of them were serving time in the Hudson County Penitentiary in New Jersey, sometime earlier. Gleason, said Oliver, had conspired with him to kidnap the Lindbergh baby. They were to leave the child with Mrs. Catherine Duchek, Gleason's landlady, according to Oliver's story.

The fact that Gleason had since been discharged

from prison led police to believe that he may have carried out the plan, without informing Oliver about it. Both Gleason and Mrs. Duchek were closely questioned. But most vigorous inquiry revealed nothing that would indicate their participation in the crime. Gleason, who had been detained by police, was then freed.

Still another example of accumulating evidence that seemed sufficient to establish a link with the abduction was the case of the Engstenbergs.

This unusual clew came to the attention of the authorities when newspapers began to publish the statements of C. Leandro Lightfoot, wealthy sales manager of a large concern, residing in Franklin Park, a suburb of New Brunswick, New Jersey, about twenty miles from the Lindbergh estate. Lightfoot and his wife described the mysterious disappearance of their former servants, Paul and Catherine Engstenberg, Germans, who had been in the Lightfoot employ for only a month.

On the night of the Lindbergh kidnapping, Mr. and Mrs. Lightfoot said, their two servants had borrowed the Lightfoot automobile and had returned it caked in mud, after travelling 60 miles instead of 14, as they had promised. And on the day after the kidnapping, accompanied by inexplicable excuses, the Engstenbergs suddenly resigned as household employees and departed. The missing couple used a

different name when she employed them, Mrs. Lightfoot said.

A series of curious facts came to light. Lightfoot had asked Engstenberg to make a ladder for him. A chisel was missing from the Lightfoot estate. These articles, of course, were linked to the Lindbergh affair.

Finally, police located the missing pair. They had secured employment in Ardmore, Pennsylvania.

They explained, for instance, that the reason why they had left the Lightfoot home so hurriedly and mysteriously was that they had concocted some harmless "fibs" in order to depart without telling the Lightfoots the real reason for resigning—the fact that they could not get along with the Lightfoots' son, a 12-year old student at Rutgers University.

Five days after the first excited alarm was sounded for the Engstenbergs, the couple had been brought to the Lindbergh estate and had explained their activities to police satisfactorily. They were cleared of complicity in the case—and returned to obscurity.

It was not uncommon for old kidnappings and kidnap plots to be unearthed and re-examined. The theory here was that a kidnapper or potential kidnapper might have repeated the act in the Lindbergh case.

Stanley Crandal, of Rochester, New York, who was implicated in the kidnapping of Verner Alexanderson, of Schenectady, New York, was questioned

by police, but found to have no connection with the Lindbergh case. A co-plotter in that case, Harry C. Fairbanks, was found to be still in jail. A better-known kidnap plot was that which had as its purpose the abduction of Max Phillips, wealthy retired collar manufacturer of Eatontown, New Jersey. This fantastic scheme, which had exploded some time earlier, involved a man named Frank Berg. The latter was sought by police and found. Upon questioning in connection with the Lindbergh case, it was announced that the man could not have had any connection with it and he was exonerated.

Every kidnap case that occurred in this country for years earlier was thus probed completely. Kidnappers were checked up. Many were found to be still in jail. Those out on parole, or at complete freedom, were rounded up in all parts of the country and thoroughly questioned.

Naturally, the police were early urged to inquire into the identities of the men who built the Lindbergh house. It was argued that the kidnappers must have had knowledge of the layout of the rooms. It therefore followed that a workman employed in constructing the building might well have informed the kidnappers of the location of the nursery and given other tips.

An official communique from Colonel Schwarzkopf settled that phase of the clew-chase.

"Careful and thorough check has been made on

more than 100 former employes hired to assist in the construction of the Lindbergh residence," Colonel Schwarzkopf said. "Nothing of any kind was found to link them with the crime."

It will be observed that no stone was left unturned—however repetitious the turning of stones might have been.

The somewhat bizarre figure of Antonia Chowlewsky, who, because of her occupation, became better known as the "pig woman," shed a glow across the dour Sourland hills. The "glow" was the woman's ever-present story about kidnapping rumors in the hills before ever the Lindbergh baby was taken away.

The first published interview with the "pig woman" was had by Joan Lowell, the writer, and Antonia's version was told in a copyrighted story in the New York Evening Journal, exclusively.

The pig woman lived on a half-forgotten, isolated road near Zion, a hamlet in the hills. The most important point in her story was that, on the night of the kidnapping, somebody had broken into a locked summer cottage that she owned. A woman and several men left muddy tracks on the floor, she said. Major Schoeffel, of the New Jersey State troopers, called her statement highly significant, but it was later contended that the "muddy tracks" might have been made either by investigators, after the crime, or by persons who had broken into the place for any reason, some period before the crime.

Antonia clung to the view that local folks had kidnapped the baby.

A stranger moved into a house up the road from her in July, 1931, she said. The man came over one day and, after guarded hints, informed her that someone who "didn't like the Lindberghs" might be "paid well" for their views.

The man came from Brooklyn and was accompanied by another man and two women, the pig woman said.

Antonia said she was afraid to "talk too much"—afraid of the mountain folks, she added. Her occupation as a "pig renderer," gave her opportunity to know the neighboring folks whom she apparently did not get along with, very well. Her job was slaughtering pigs and she did the smoking of the ham and bacon, as well. Her job, she indicated, wasn't conducive to warm friendships in the region.

Since no curtains hung in the Lindbergh home, she said, their business, despite their ideas of isolation and their love of it, was as open as "a goldfish bowl."

Antonia looked upon the kidnapping as a job of vengeance by a Brooklyn racketeer bent upon fastening the blame on a rival. The man had gotten local folks to do the kidnapping, the pig woman said. Although her theories were somewhat fantastic, her facts were not. She pointed out, for instance, that the supposed "racketeer" whom she had not seen since the summer before, appeared suddenly on the

Zion road, in an automobile, the day before the kidnapping. He drove off without speaking to her.

On another occasion, when a baby's diaper was found in one of Antonia's abandoned huts, the pig woman asserted that her confidence in her own theory—that local folk did the abduction—was based upon her belief that they wanted to get Colonel Lindbergh to move away. The reason for that, she added, was that his presence brought a possibility of detection in the apple-jack industry, which flourished in that region.

Spectacular raids in and around New York City, on apartments and other places, in a police search for Harry Fleischer, New York and Detroit gangster, attracted wide attention. Fleischer was reported to have been a member of the original "purple gang" of Detroit. According to reports, he was in hiding with Abe Wagner, a racketeer of New York's East Side.

Elaborately and dramatically staged raids, particularly one at Greenport, Long Island, availed little in the search for this pair. It was later reported that they had gained shelter aboard a rum runner, beyond the twelve-mile limit and the Coast Guard had been urged to aid in the search.

Another pertinent reason for the search for Fleischer and his aide was given. The hunt, it was said, resulted from a story that had come from a truck driver who had observed a Chrysler coupe on

Bergen Street, Newark, at 9:30 a.m. on March 2, a short time after the abduction.

Captain of Detectives Harry Gauthier, of Jersey City, had a talk with the truckman. The man said that the coupe was speeding when he first saw it.

The Captain quoted the truckman as follows:

"The coupe ran over a crate and punctured a tire. One man was changing the tire as I drove past, in my truck. Another man sat inside the coupe with a baby, wrapped in a light woolen blanket in his arms.

"As I passed, the man pulled his hat over his eyes and turned the baby's head away. But I could see the child had yellow, curly hair and I got a good look at that man's face before he pulled his hat down. The fellow changing the tire turned his back to me."

The truckman who had read of the kidnapping that very morning, tried to find a policeman, but when he returned to the scene, the coupe was gone. He then told his employer who brought him to Gauthier. With detectives, the chauffeur, went to New York and in the Rogue's Gallery, picked out a photograph of Fleischer as the man whom he had seen in the coupe.

The mere chase of clews was not enough and the close advisers of the Colonel apparently recognized that fact. They offered constructive suggestions designed to meet any emergency. The Colonel, it must be observed, had issued formal announcements intended to make the way easy for the kidnappers to

get in touch with him. He had arranged to have police cease opening his mail. He had appointed underworld envoys. He had pledged his word not to divulge the identities of the kidnappers. He had, in fact, made every conceivable offer to clear the way for negotiations.

Still another arrangement was planned, and it was advanced by Mrs. Lindbergh's uncle, Brigadier General Jay J. Morrow. The plan, when finally arranged, was looked upon as the only fool-proof one advanced.

Lindbergh was secretly to secure the aid of a lawyer having widespread contacts with the underworld. The lawyer was to be authorized to pay the ransom to the kidnappers and promise that they would not be molested.

The procedure was then that the kidnappers would place the baby with some family totally disinterested in the case. The lawyer was then to be notified of the whereabouts of the child. The kidnappers were to flee to a foreign country. When the child had been recovered, Colonel Lindbergh, under General Morrow's plan, was to send the money to a foreign country where the kidnappers might get it—and escape.

From these and other incidents, the conclusion that a wholly unprecedented organization was in hot pursuit of the kidnappers, is inevitable. Never before

in history had so many persons sought the whereabouts of one person—and that one person a 20-months old baby!

CHAPTER VI

THE LADDER—A CLEW?

No crime was ever committed without a clew.

That is the edict, from time immemorial, to which every criminologist subscribes. No matter how clever, no matter how carefully planned, no matter how extraordinary the intelligence of the criminal—in short, no matter how perfect the crime may be, a clew must be left. The very act of a crime involves a clew. Anything that is done leaves its mark.

True, the Lindbergh kidnappers left footmarks. True, they left a chisel. True, they left imprints on the road where their car parked. And they left a ladder!

Of all the clews, surely the ladder most deserved investigation. A chisel, after all, is a chisel. Even if the shop were found in which the chisel had been bought; even if the manufacturer's name were ascertained, the chisel would prove a difficult clew. It is not here ruled out as a clew, nor was it ruled out by police. But there was nothing unique about it—nothing whatever that stood out. The same was true of the footprints and the auto-tire marks. Even if the tires on the kidnap-auto were new—nothing un-

usual could be ascertained from that. Incidentally, there were no fingerprints.

Now as to the ladder, two important considerations must be borne in mind. The first is that the ladder may not have been used at all. The second is that, of course, it was used.

In the first event, the ladder could have been no more than a clew as to the identity of the kidnappers, for whether they used it or not, it was *their* ladder. And if it wasn't theirs, it surely belonged to *someone.* Find the owner of the ladder and you have a lead to the identity of the kidnapper.

It is a curious as well as pertinent fact that when descriptions of the ladder were given out, for public consumption, with the hope that public aid might be had, the descriptions of the ladder differed. In view of the fact that the stories of the facts surrounding the actual kidnapping also differed greatly, there is no doubt but that aid of the public, which at the time might have been assumed to be needed, was balked by the publication of so many stories. This was not the fault of the newspapermen, but of the sources of information, in all probability.

On the very day, for instance, when the New York American was describing pencil marks on the lumber of the ladder, the World-Telegram announced: "there were no pencil marks for measurements before cutting."

It is not known, nor has it been announced since

the ladder was kept from public view by police, whether these pencil marks existed. Unimportant? Well, in this one case, nothing was unimportant, as the chase soon proved.

The only actual clue on the ladder itself was pencilled very crudely with the initials "YP Class D." Of course this led to a thorough visit to all lumber yards where any such marks might have been made as identification, but nothing materialized in the early inquiries.

One theory had it that the ladder had been used somewhere in the rear of the house. According to that notion, the kidnappers had gained access to some other room on the second floor of the building and had gone through the hallways and rooms to the nursery. But Mrs. Lindbergh, at least so it was held, was on the second floor, in the bathroom of the house, when the kidnapping took place. She might have heard the kidnappers. And besides, why would the kidnappers use a ladder on some room other than the nursery, when they could just as well go into the nursery directly? Detection? Hardly that. They stood as much chance of being detected in any room.

Now if the ladder were not used—by any stretch of the imagination—it had to be brought to the property by somebody and that somebody was undoubtedly a link in the chain leading to the kidnappers.

The ladder, therefore, loomed up from the start as a significant clew.

The ladder was in three sections, each seven feet long. All three sections were made of pine. One official description had it as yellow pine, another as Southern white pine, but it was the latter. The wood was new. The sections were made so that each would telescope into the other. Each section was slightly wider at the bottom than at the top, to permit the parts to fit.

Now, the two top sections were carefully made. The steps had been sunk, or mortised into the side planks, or uprights.

The tops of the steps on each of the two top sections were flush with the uprights. Thus the middle and top sections had been carefully made.

In the top section, four steps had been mortised into the uprights, about twenty inches apart. The steps were two and three-quarter inches wide and an inch thick. They had been secured in two uprights that were three inches wide and one inch thick. Two nails were used on each side of each step, making four nails to a step. Eight-penny wire nails had been used throughout.

In the bottom of each of the uprights of the upper section of the ladder, was a notch about eight inches long. The notch was used to hook down over the next lower section, forming an extension to the middle section of the ladder.

The saw marks were newly made on the raw ends of the lumber. The only marks were rough pencil scratches, obviously placed there by the carpenter who did the job, to indicate where the steps were to go. The marks were on the uprights.

In the top section, then, there were plenty of clews to work on, because there were identification marks that no maker could mistake.

Now as to the middle section of the ladder:

It was almost the same as the top section as to general structure. It had four steps. The two lower steps were only a few inches apart. They were mortised into the uprights and fastened with the same type of new eight-penny wire nails.

About six inches from the top of the middle section was a wooden rung, fitted into holes that had been bored into the sides of the uprights. The rung acted as a support for the top section when it rested on the lower section. The device, of course, is known to anyone who has ever handled a section ladder.

At the bottom of each of the uprights in the middle section, notches had been cut to permit it to fit into the lower section of the ladder.

And at this juncture in the description of the ladder, comes an important point. Much stress was placed upon this point at the time of the crime. Wedges of wood were broken at the bottom of each of the two uprights in the section. The breaks ex-

tended from the bottom and front of the section to a point opposite where the notch terminated.

If you visualize that, you will see that, if weight were placed on the ladder, it might have weakened at the spot where the notches were—and broken. On the other hand, the wood might have been broken if the kidnappers had sought hurriedly to separate the section and, being unable to do so, had strained at them and split them.

The bottom section of the ladder was held most significant, however. It was made of the same wood and nails as the upper sections of the ladder. It had only three steps.

But the steps were nailed on the uprights instead of being inset or mortised into the beams.

The opinion of authorities, when they saw this, was that the bottom section had been made hurriedly. And that it had been made after it was learned by the kidnappers that the other two sections were not long enough to reach the nursery window of the Lindbergh home. This naturally led to the conclusion that the kidnappers had made two trips to the Lindbergh home. The first trip was to ascertain details—and it was then learned that the two sections together were too short to reach the desired window. The second trip was for the kidnapping. Therefore, it was reasoned, the kidnapping had been planned and had not been done on the spur of the moment, out of some emotion. Of course the distance might have

been learned by the kidnappers from some innocent person—and the correction in the size of the ladder then made.

But such a line of reasoning involved the theory that the kidnappers had been in touch with the innocent informant for a period of time almost right up to the kidnapping, when the mechanical details were being worked out. That was deemed improbable, for the kidnappers, it was assumed, would have been shrewd enough to realize that questioning of all such innocent informers by police would have revealed the persons to whom they had given such information—particularly such minute information—and the police would thus have learned the identity of the kidnappers.

Official statements, at the time of the kidnapping, were to the effect that there were five steps on the middle section.

The number of steps was important. If there had been twelve steps, as the official version totalled it, the steps would have been nearer together, on an average. Two of the actual eleven steps were so close together that a person using the ladder probably would have attempted to use one and not the other. Thus the usable steps narrowed down to ten in number. And on a twenty-one foot ladder, that would make them about two feet apart. Try climbing a ladder with steps two feet apart!

And thereon hung another important theory.

A man might climb *up* a ladder with rungs two feet apart. But could *any* man climb *down* a ladder, with a sleeping baby in his arms—and with rungs two feet apart. Well, maybe a man *could* do it. But *would* he, if he were planning a kidnapping? Wouldn't he be sure that his ladder was, firstly, strong; and secondly, that its steps were near enough together to make his climb *easy and speedy?*

Upon this point much discussion arose. And much of it gave weight to the notion that the ladder had never been used at all, namely, that it had been used as a "prop" to throw suspicion off the right track.

The fact that the abductors could have gotten out of the house by a door, without arousing the Lindberghs, was admitted by Colonel Schwarzkopf, on March 8. He had surveyed the layout of the house and conceded that it was possible that the ladder might not have been the way out used for the kidnappers, once the baby was in their hands.

The "prop" theory, then was plausible.

But that was an endless chain. For it presupposed that the kidnappers were *positive* that nobody could ever find where the ladder came from, who made it, or how it had been transported to the scene of the crime.

Would the kidnappers have taken the chance of leaving a clew behind them—a clew with so much "personality" as a home-made ladder—for no other

reason than to make it *appear* that they had used the ladder? That was a poser!

On the other hand, if the kidnapping had been planned—and everyone believed that it was—then why did they not take a fool-proof ladder with them? Wasn't it somewhat haphazard to use a ladder that had steps far apart, that couldn't be taken apart when it had to be—and that had a hastily made bottom section?

It is evident that the ladder, inevitably had to figure in the case, whether it was productive of results or not. It was the one physical clew that had sufficient points in it to trace, with a reasonable assurance that the effort would lead somewhere. Time and again, mysteries have been solved wholly by clews furnishing fewer leads than this one.

And the ladder was so weak that it might have been broken under the pressure of use! As a matter of fact, the authorities had ruled out any belief that only one person had done the kidnapping, because it was assumed that the climbing of the ladder was difficult and that, therefore, one man could not take the child out the window and down it. One man, inside, must have handed the child to another, waiting, on the ladder, it was reasoned.

An ordinary ladder, and a poorly made one! A bundle of wood and a few nails. And yet the *most important crime clew of all time!*

CHAPTER VII

FORBIDDEN PRIVACY

They wanted privacy.

Brave, boyish Lindy and the gentle girl he married, Anne, wanted to be far away from the admiring crowds, the adoring throngs, the inquisitive, the spying, and the devoted mobs who stormed the popular couple wherever they appeared. They wanted to be alone with their love and their love's expression, Baby Charles.

And so they built the little white house on the wind-swept hill. Here, they felt, they would find tranquility and peace. Here, at last, the world would not take the trouble to follow them. Here, away from the constant gaze of the populace, they could live and love as they pleased—just the three of them —the Lone Eagle, his clear-eyed girl-wife and their golden baby with the eyes and hair of his famous father and the dainty nose of his aristocratic mother.

"Anne and I want the baby to grow up just like any other boy," the happy Colonel told his friends when Baby Charles first arrived to bless their love. "We are so afraid that the publicity we have had will be disastrous to his healthy development. We want

to lead the lives of a happily married couple and we want our baby to lead the life of a normal child."

Poor Lindy!

Little did he guess as he spoke the words, that joy and happiness were to be swept from his grasp by someone who would not stop to think of his wishes. Little did he dream that the haven of comfort and peace which he had carefully built for himself and his precious little family was to be ruthlessly destroyed by an unknown hand.

"We want to lead the lives of a happily married couple!"

That was his wish, his dream, his aspiration. It had been love at first sight that day in December of 1927 when he met the daughter of his good friend, Dwight Morrow, the American Ambassador to Mexico, during his good will trip to South and Central America. And there, under the sunny Mexican skies of Cuernavaca, Morelas, their romance had flowered.

Often they strolled together about the grounds of the spacious Morrow estate. At first he talked of his ambitions and of the future of aeronautics. Sometimes he touched on that lone trip across the Atlantic Ocean. To her receptive ears he revealed the details of that adventure of adventures.

Never would he forget their first air flight together. Anne had been a bit nervous on that day. But she had been a brave girl and soon she had become a full-fledged aviatrix with many a solo flight to her

credit. Over the beautiful hills and valleys of the Mexican countryside they flew together—and their love grew and blossomed into a beautiful flower.

Try as he might to keep his romance to himself the world soon learned of it and demanded to know more.

"You belong to us," it seemed to say. "Everything you do, or say, or think, is our affair. You made it so when you brought a bit of color into our otherwise drab lives with your daring, romantic flight across the gigantic span of water. After that courageous feat you lost all claim to future privacy. We adore you—your daring, your courage, your boyishness, your reticence, your modesty. And because we worship you, we will not leave you in peace."

But Lindy could not understand this attitude of an idolizing people. Slowly a feeling of resentment grew in him. To him the adoring men, women and children who sought to know his every thought were merely prying, inquisitive busybodies who refused to allow him the privacy he prized so highly.

On February 12, 1929, their engagement was announced. Beyond a brief statement to that effect, nothing was said. It came as a surprise to the public, for rumors first named Elizabeth, Anne's sister, as the youthful Colonel's fiance. Even that had been a surprise, for the famous flier was shy by temperament. His earlier associates related stories of his having "fled from women."

Lindy and Anne were quietly married at the Morrow home in Englewood, on May 27, stealing a march on the reporters and cameramen stationed all around the estate for weeks, in anticipation of the happy event.

Even on his honeymoon, Lindy and his bride were not allowed to be alone with their new-found happiness. They had escaped everybody by their quiet marriage. They were off on their honeymoon before the astonished news hounds realized what had happened. And now these very same news hounds were bent on making up the lost opportunity.

Then followed a merry chase with bride and groom the hunted, and reporters and cameramen from every metropolitan newspaper, the hunters. Occasionally the hunters spied the couple who were on a yachting trip, and then the newspapers were treated to vague, long-distance "shots" of Lindy on the boat or Lindy pouring water into a pail or Lindy repairing a mast. Anne never appeared in these pictures.

From that time until she presented her proud husband with a 7¾ pounds boy baby the public continued its interest in the minutest details of their lives. It was because of this never-diminishing curiosity that Lindy, a few weeks later, handed out photographs of his heir to the representatives of the newspapers.

The young couple made their famous trip to the

Orient, in 1931, leaving their precious offspring in the care of his grandparents, the Morrows, at their North Haven, Maine, home. It was while they were in the Far East that they learned of the sudden death of Dwight Morrow, which brought their trip to a hurried close.

Simplicity was the keynote of their lives after Lindy and Anne returned from their trip to the Orient. Almost as if he realized that every unusual move meant copy for the huge presses in the newspaper plants they sedulously kept out of the limelight. Like any normal, happy, congenial young couple they lived quietly in the long, rambling stone house they had painted white to match their love. Because they enjoyed simple things they had copied the house from the French provincial style. Alone it stood in the center of 550 acres of rough land, studded with forest and underbrush and large, uneven boulders.

Here, at last, Lindy felt that he was safe from the prying eyes of the world. Here he felt the security and peace he had missed since that epoch-making flight. Now he could take from life the things he enjoyed. If he wished to walk bareheaded through the woods, there was no one here to stop him and ask him to smile into a camera. If he wished to frolic with his Scotch terrier, there was no one to look with greedy, inquisitive eyes upon the innocent diversion.

And if he wished to whisper again those words of love to the sweetest girl in the world—or if he

wished to shout them to the skies—here, at last, he was free to do so. Here he could place his arms adoringly about her without the awful fear of being seen by hundreds of thousands of prying, grasping-for-romance eyes. Here he could relax into the young, happy husband that he was, instead of the idol a worshipping mass of people had made of him.

Their home of twenty rooms was fashioned after the manner of French country homes. From the front door a small entrance hall leads into the cheerful living room which to them, is the very heart and centre of their house. It is the largest room in the house with fireplaces at each end. French windows look out upon a stone-paved terrace, beyond which the land extends away to Colonel Lindbergh's private landing field.

Surrounding the living room are dining room, kitchen, pantry and back porch. The customary French barn is replaced by a three-car garage attached to the house. At another end of the building on this floor are two small chambers used as a den and a guest room.

The stairway leading upstairs arises from the entrance hall to the family private chambers. Lindy's and Anne's rooms are directly above the living room, with baby Charles' nursery adjoining. The servants' quarters are over the garage, and the third floor consists of an unfinished attic.

This, then, was the happy, peaceful and quiet home

chosen for disruption by a cruel fate. The very sanctuary which Lindy had at last found for himself, and where he was learning to lose his resentment against a prying world, was to be the scene of a tragedy which shook the very foundations of every home in the country.

Somewhere, someone has said that it was the young Colonel's pathetic desire for privacy which became a boomerang to him. For, so well did he shield his baby from the eyes of the world, that even the family's intimate friends could only give a vague description of the child after the kidnapping.

"If it is humanly possible I'm going to keep our baby away from the public," Lindy had said. "I'd like to have him grow up unspoiled. We feel that baby Charles and our private lives can be of no concern to the public. It's going to hurt that youngster if he finds himself in the news all the time. I've had a hard time myself and I want to try and save him from it."

Serious, logical words. Human, pleading words. Yet it was these very words and the acting upon them which checked, to a degree, the country-wide search for the stolen baby. For few there were who had seen the little eaglet. Only a comparative handful of persons knew what Baby Charles actually looked like.

Until 10 o'clock on the evening of Tuesday, March 1, there was nothing to alarm the parents of

the blue-eyed laughing baby insofar as their child was concerned. True, he had a slight cold and so had they, but such things were expected and unavoidable. Minute attention was given Baby Charles, and Anne, too, was careful not to stand in a draft, for only a short two months before she had joyously told Lindy that another baby had been promised them in September — another child to call them "Dad" and "Mumsy."

But this was Tuesday evening, March 1. One minute there existed in the white stone house on the hill a happy, contented family of three, envied, yet unapproached by the outside world. The next minute the horrified scream of a woman announced the sudden, astounding fact that Baby Lindbergh had been stolen—stolen out of his own little crib in the nursery. Betty Gow, the baby's nurse, had found him missing. Kidnapped! The word seemed preposterous in connection with this child. It couldn't be! It must not be true!

But it was. Stunned and horrified, the first action of Anne and Lindy was to call the police. It was a cruel joke, they must have felt. No one would dare to steal their baby! How could anyone think they could get way with it? Who would play such a preposterous trick upon them? This was no matter for fooling! The baby had a cold! He should not have been taken out!

But down in their hearts the young couple knew

that it was not a joke. The ransom note revealed that. The impossible had happened. Some one had dared to steal their baby to obtain a large sum of money for themselves. Of all the millions of babies in the world, theirs had been picked for this terrible reason. Their helpless little boy-child, their curly-headed, blue-eyed innocent baby, their idol, had been stolen from them, almost before their very eyes—and they had been oblivious of the plot!

The mother heart in Anne Lindbergh almost stopped beating as her mind pictured the terrible things that could now befall her child. While her husband led the police through their home, showed them the nursery with its empty crib, took them through the rest of the house and the grounds, and answered the hundreds of questions they shot at him, Anne's mind struggled against the fearful thoughts which persisted in intruding. Sometimes she broke down.

"Oh, my baby," she moaned then. "Where are you? What have they done to you? Will I ever see you again? Will I ever hold you in my arms once more?"

Her answer was only the whistling of the wind in the trees outside.

During that first awful night they tried to console each other—these two youthful parents.

"Don't worry, Anne," said Lindy. "He'll be back soon. They can't get very far with the police on their

trail. They didn't get much of a start. They're somewhere near here. Any minute we may hear of their capture."

But the minutes stretched into hours, the hours into days, and the days into weeks. Always Anne tried to control her grief and anguish. For now she had another life to think of, another baby life which had been given into her keeping and whose safe entry into the world depended upon her.

"I must be careful," her wracked mind kept repeating. "I must not allow myself to grieve. It isn't good for the baby."

But soon the thought of her first-born taken from her arms by an unknown hand, returned to torture her anew. Sometimes a cold, numb feeling took the place of the aching sorrow that consumed her. Occasionally she found courage to smile when it was expected of her. The officers of the law, intent upon their work of rescue, always found her courteous, pleasant and considerate, despite the intense pain that shook her very being.

That first night! Always it will live in the memory of Lindy and Anne as the most hideous, horrible nightmare of their lives. Always it will return to torture them with its wretchedness, misery and impotence.

The dawn found Anne's face grey and haggard from the terrific strain. Lindy, too, had added years to his looks. The appealing boyishness was now re-

placed by a direct, forceful attitude. Teeth clenched, they faced the second day of their vigil. With outsiders they never lost their calm poise. With each other they tried desperately to be brave. Alone, each dared not face the terrible facts without falling into a fathomless pit of despair.

If only she had decided as usual to return to Englewood, the home of her mother, after the week-end spent at their Hopewell home, instead of remaining because of the baby's cold! They didn't want to move little Charles for fear his cold might get worse, and now someone else had moved him for them—someone who undoubtedly lacked the tenderness of a mother.

How her own mother, Mrs. Dwight Morrow, had gasped when she had told her the terrible news over the telephone! Now she was here at the house with Anne but her own sorrow at the loss of the child so overwhelmed her that she was forced to bed with the shock of it all.

There were those who pitied Mrs. Morrow even more intensely than her daughter, Anne. For to her the sun rose and set in her grandchild. Baby Charles was her especial charge when Anne and Lindy went off on their flights or visits. The baby hands of her daughter's child had wound themselves firmly around her heart, so firmly that she could hardly withstand the shock of his disappearance.

The first day of the baby's absence passed. The

second evening arrived. Still the baby was among the missing. And now the lovely white farmhouse that had been built as a retreat assumed a ghostly appearance. Gone was its quality of peace and quiet. Gone was the feeling of security that it exuded. Now it appeared like a white ghost in the darkness—a ghost with bright flashing eyes, for the house was alive with lights throughout the night.

The wind that had howled so furiously during those terrible moments when the baby was snatched from his crib, covering the crime and escape of the kidnappers, continued to whistle and moan through the trees. Occasionally a silent, black figure would saunter close to the house, searchlight in hand, to examine the shrubbery or ground, for the search for clews of all kinds was on.

Inside the house Anne, a pale, pitiful figure in a white flannel sports dress, walked through the rooms. Aimless and lost she appeared, this expectant mother mourning for her stolen baby. Always she would return to the nursery, for there it was that Charlie had last been, where he had slept so soundly and peacefully.

Helpless she would gaze at the little crib with its simple, white rumpled bedding. Her baby's head had rested on that pillow only last night. Where was he tonight? Was he crying? Did he need her?

Maybe—but she dared not think the thought that pounded at her tired brain for recognition. Her baby

was alive! He must be alive! The kidnappers wanted money. Well, they should have it—all of it—as long as they brought him back to her—unharmed!

Sometimes she sat at the dining room window, looking listlessly out. It was the only room where privacy was still left her. Everywhere else throughout the house, detectives, state troopers and other officers wandered in and out in their search for clews. Upstairs ten cots had been moved in for some of the troopers. She had insisted that they remain there during the search. And now, in their handsome gray-blue coats and dark blue pants with the yellow stripe, they were seen everywhere.

The house, white as chalk in the starlight, might have been a weird setting in a lurid mystery thriller. Scrub cedars and second growth timber surrounded it. The gravel driveway led down a half mile of winding, muddy lane until it reached a small house of lights—the dwelling rented by a press service. Back of the house a tangled wintry wilderness. In front of the house—underbrush. All around an inky blackness, except for the occasional twinkling lights of farm houses miles apart.

Another night of waiting—another grinding vigil that brought a deeper look of despair into the eyes of the little mother. And then, when she could bear it no longer—the thought that her baby was not being properly cared for—she begged that the child's diet

be divulged to the newspapers and be broadcast by radio everywhere.

"Whoever you are who has my baby, be kind," she seemed to say in that pitiful disclosure. "Take care of him. He has a cold. He needs more attention than a perfectly healthy child. I, his mother, ask you to keep my baby safe for me. You took him from his crib dressed only in a white one-piece flannel sleeping suit. He may have caught more cold. Perhaps you didn't wrap him securely in a blanket. The nights are so chilly here. His regular, normal diet may help. Please! Please! Feed it to him!"

And so, throughout the length and breadth of the country, the diet of the little 20 month toddler was broadcast. Mothers everywhere learned that Lindy, Jr., had subsisted thus far on the following daily menu:

One-half cup of orange juice on awakening.

One quart of milk a day.

Three tablespoons of cooked cereal morning and evening.

Two tablespoonfuls of cooked vegetable once a day —preferably peas, carrots, spinach or potatoes.

The yoke of one egg.

One baked potato or rice.

Two tablespoonfuls stewed fruit.

One-half cup prune juice after the afternoon nap.

Fourteen drops Viosterol (a cod liver oil preparation) during the day.

When she realized that the items of her baby's diet had probably seeped into every home in the country via the newspaper and radio method Anne breathed a sigh of relief. That would help, she decided, to keep her baby in normal health, despite the strain of living in a strange environment and being cared for by unknown persons.

Her baby was normally a healthy child and she wanted him to remain so. She almost smiled as she remembered the idle gossip that had been current when the child was first born. Somehow some people got the impression that her little sparkling baby wasn't quite normal. They whispered that he was a deaf and dumb defective. Her baby not able to talk! How silly! He was already saying the adorable, sweet little words of babyhood. Of course he had learned to speak his nurse's name first but that was only natural since she was constantly with him and always cared for him. But he would soon learn to call her "muvver" and his father "da-da."

Not only could he talk but he had learned to count to four as he climbed the steps. What a picture he was with those tiny, golden ringlets encircling his head, those light, questioning blue eyes and funny little nose! A reminiscent smile appeared in her eyes as she remembered that on those occasions when he counted to four as he laboriously climbed the stairs, he would start and count all over again when he reached the fifth step. His nurse had been teach-

ing him to unfasten his shoes and dress himself lately. Of course he was too little to do it yet, but he would have learned very quickly. He was a bright child.

That night, the third since the baby had disappeared, Anne slept. In the morning she arose a bit refreshed after the first night's sleep since the baby had been taken away. Grim and stoical she faced the dawn, dressed herself in a simple little sports costume with white flannel skirt and continued her vigil.

Now it was that Anne's courage upheld the rest of the family. It was her bravery that served as an example for Lindy and her mother. Without flinching she continued to endure the greatest agony a mother can undergo. Instead of giving in to her sorrow and fears she now tried to sustain the man she loved who, by this time, was himself almost a physical and nervous wreck.

Not for a moment since they discovered their loss had he thought of anything but methods of bringing their child back. Hours he had stood at the telephone, answering the hundreds of incoming calls with supposed tips telling where the child was or how it could be recovered. For endless more hours he had been busy phoning the police, detectives, friends —covering every possible phase of the search. Sleep to him was unthought of.

There were times when his mind became confused with the endless complications. Then he would yank

his short leather coat from its closet, whistle to the white terrier that was his constant companion, and rush bareheaded off into the woods where matters could be threshed out and straightened after a long, hard walk with the terrier at his heels. Sometimes he walked so fast that the tiny dog had difficulty keeping up with him. Then Lindy would stop, pick the animal up in his arms, hug it closely to him and continue the stroll.

An hour or so later he would return with new ideas on continuing the man-hunt that stretched from coast to coast and even onto ships leaving the country. Conferences with the police chiefs and his aides would follow. Instructions would be given out. A renewed hubbub of activity would be felt. Slowly but surely Lindbergh's tremendous vitality was being worn down. Never a robust looking man, his face grew thinner and more pallid. The loose hanging clothes he wore seemed to become more baggy. But he was oblivious of all this. His chief concern was locating his baby son.

Where did Lindy get his stoicism? How could he bear up under the terrific strain of his baby's loss?

These questions, asked by hundreds of thousands throughout the country, found their answer in the aviator's mother, Mrs. Evangeline Lindbergh, and grandmother of the kidnapped baby. It was she who, during that famous ocean air voyage made by her son, calmly conducted her classes at Cass Technical

High School, Detroit, Mich.,—as though nothing unusual was happening.

Similarly, while the whole United States and Canada were frantically searching for her famous 20 months old grandson, she again held classes, though this time she showed the effects of many sleepless nights. Though her pupils were round-eyed with the sensational news, they did not comment to their teacher on the tragedy. Mrs. Lindbergh heard seven classes a day.

"I'm trying to carry on with my work," she said the day after she learned of the kidnapping. "I shall endeavor to keep calm, and will not allow myself even to think that my little grandson will not be speedily returned to his parents. I am grateful for my work, as it makes the hours pass a little less slowly.

"My brother, at our home on Lake Point Avenue, is in constant touch with my son, and no time will be lost in notifying me if I am hearing my classes."

Where did Lindy get his stoicism? The answer is, from his mother.

Anne, like the loyal wife and mother she was, accepted the responsibility for the spirit of her household. She knew that if she broke down it would bring her husband that much nearer collapse. She gave a sigh of relief when, on the morning of the sixth day of the fruitless search, she learned that Lindy had at least had some sleep. She had been

afraid he would crack under the terrible strain or become ill from the effects of the cold which had not had an opportunity to improve.

That morning Anne telephoned her sister, Elizabeth, in Englewood, and delightfully told her:

"Charles is feeling better and has had some sleep."

It was Mrs. Morrow, Anne's mother, who had by this time, taken charge of the household. Her own grief carefully withheld, she now became "boss," managing the affairs of the 20-room house with its unusual number of inhabitants quietly and competently. Gratefully Anne now leaned upon her mother who made the beds, helped her plan the meals and even waited on table. Every morning Mrs. Morrow telephoned her home in Englewood and ordered the preparation of the food by her own kitchen staff. When the food was prepared it was taken by auto to the Lindbergh home.

The food Mrs. Morrow served the troopers and her own family was simple but abundant. Butter was served in large plates as at a farmhouse table. Milk was brought in big yellow pitchers. Fresh vegetables and rich cream formed part of the menu and the helpings to the troopers were lavish.

And so the days passed. Anne Lindbergh, poised and cultivated, accepted her cross and bore it with fortitude and courage. Colonel Charles Lindbergh maintained a similar courageous attitude although, as time passed, a haunted look came slowly into his face.

Mrs. Morrow remained with both of them, encouraging, smiling, helpful.

Hundreds of clews were traced to their discouraging conclusion. Thousands of letters poured into the house. The police continued their excursions in and outside of the house. Reporters tried desperately to gain admittance to the house but few managed to reach the couple whom they were ordered by their editors to interview. Beyond the gaunt hills a world waited, throbbing with sympathy at the mere mention of their names.

Millions of interested sympathizers throughout the United States and in other countries scanned the newspapers daily for the latest word concerning the outstanding crime of the generation which "Public Enemy No. 1" of this country had perpetrated. Countless men who were once envious of the youthful "Slim" Lindbergh and his miraculous feat now sympathized with him. And women mentally applauded his helpmeet, the little woman who managed somehow to control herself in this tragic situation for the sake of her unborn child.

Eagerly these men and women scanned the daily papers for reassuring news. Hopefully they read about the little household—about Lindy and Anne and Anne's mother—about Mrs. Aida de Acosta Breckinridge, the beautiful wife of Lindy's chief advisor, Colonel Henry Breckenridge, former assistant to the Secretary of the Navy, and a distinguished at-

New Portrait of Mrs. Lindbergh.

torney. This was the couple who stood loyally by their youthful friends in their hour of need—Mrs. Breckinridge by the side of the poor little rich mother, and the Colonel at the beck and call of the bereaved father.

When Mrs. Morrow donned an apron and went smilingly to work waiting on table and making beds, Mrs. Breckinridge, a member of one of the most socially prominent families in the country—a woman brought up in luxury and with many servants, also pitched into the housework.

There were others in the household who commanded the attention of the newspaper readers—"Ollie" Wheatley and Mrs. Wheatley, the butler-chauffeur and his wife who acted as maid and cook. Wheatley was a short, wiry Scotchman with a pronounced Harry Lauder burr in his speech. They were said, however, to have come from Birmingham, England, in April, 1930, and to have lived for two weeks in a rooming house of Mrs. S. Kruger of New Rochelle. Then they were employed in a country home at Mendham, N. J., coming to the Lindberghs when they left the employ of the owner of that estate.

The only other person in the employ of the Lindberghs was Betty Gow, Charlie's nurse, the vivacious, brunette with bobbed hair and blue eyes. A bonny lass from Glasgow, Scotland, she became known as the "girl with the Scottish heather in her hair" for

she had come to the United States only three years before and spoke with a Scotch accent.

For approximately a year she had been in the employ of the Lindberghs and always she had pleased them with her work. No words but those of highest praise were voiced to inquirers by those who knew her. Before going to work for the Lindberghs she was employed as a nurse for the child of Mrs. Warren Sullivan of 82 Glenwood Road, Englewood. Of her Mrs. Sullivan said:

"She proved the most wonderful nurse for children I have ever known. She was loyal, willing and devoted to her charge, as well as highly trained for her work. She was employed by me for about six months, leaving on February 22, of her own volition, to enter the Lindbergh household.

"Before coming to my home, Miss Gow was employed for six months by Mrs. Caroline Gibbs, in Teaneck, and lived with her brother, William, and the latter's wife, in rooms above the Gibbs' garage. The brother was killed in an accident about a year ago, and six months ago his widow and baby son left on a visit to Scotland.

"I would have been glad to have had Miss Gow remain in my home indefinitely, and I am certain she is above the slightest suspicion in this case."

After the baby's kidnapping the Scotch girl appeared fully as heartbroken as the child's own mother —a pitifully tragic figure she was. To her had

been entrusted the care of the most famous baby in the world. She had been given the joy and the privilege of watching this adorable child grow before her very eyes. And now he was gone—stolen during that short period of time after she had put him to sleep at 7:30 and when she came to see that he was comfortable at 10 o'clock. Hers was the scream that had ultimately awakened a world to the knowledge that the son of the Lone Eagle had been kidnapped.

These there were besides Scottie, the terrier, at the house perched on the hillside when the tragedy occurred. These were the persons who became the by-word of practically every family in the country. A glimpse of them, a talk with them, became the major pursuit of every reporter assigned to the famous Lindbergh case.

To these sympathetic yet voracious news hounds an incident which occurred during the height of the excitement, became a story they loved to tell. With policemen and detectives and State troopers running excitedly in and out of the house, with reporters and outsiders knocking at the door for admittance, with women sobbing fitfully and men shouting angrily, Andrew Miller, 10 year old son of Mrs. Marie Miller of East Anwill Township, suddenly appeared at the Lindbergh residence and asked for admittance.

He wanted to use the telephone, he told Lindy, to call a doctor for his mother who wasn't feeling well, he said. Would Mr. Lindbergh please allow

him the use of the phone for just a few minutes? They were neighbors, he added. Lindy, distracted and worried as he was, assigned "Ollie" Wheatley to make the call for the boy and forgot the incident.

The doctor was summoned, the boy returned to his home and a short while later a sixth son was born to Mrs. Miller. He was christened Frederick Franklin. Though Lindy did not know it, he was lending a helping hand at the birth of a baby boy while he himself, was sorrowing over the loss by kidnapping, of his own.

Never did the unhappy couple lose confidence that their baby was alive, well treated and would be ultimately returned. Seventeen days after his baby's disappearance the baby's father is quoted as having said to a close friend:

"I am certain he is alive, because I believe his own intelligence would have saved him from death at the hands of the kidnappers. Unless he died of exposure, he lives and will be brought back.

"The child is so exceptionally bright, good-natured and appealing in personality," the friend explained, "that he amuses and endears himself to all who meet him. The charm he exerts over people is spontaneous and quickly felt. It is this charm that his parents believe would serve to stay the hand of the kidnapper were it lifted against him."

Colonel Lindbergh, never fleshy, was said to have lost 20 pounds in the first two weeks and three days

of searching for his lost baby. At first he refused to sleep at all and as a result his eyes grew blood-shot and sunken. Later, however, he was forced to take some rest but he continued to lose in weight.

In all those first weeks of suffering, if Lindy ever felt a desire to succumb to his sorrow, to bury his face in his hands and cry aloud with the pain in his heart, he did not show it. Instead he bent every ounce of energy to the task at hand—the finding of the baby. Relentlessly he drove himself. Wherever there was a clew he followed it to the very end. He was merciless with himself. He did not matter. He must find the baby. There was Anne who was suffering. He must help her—and himself!

And Anne?

"I feel sure Baby is alive," was her only positive remark about the entire episode. At sea about all else, this one belief was the anchor upon which she tied her hopes, her courage, her strength.

Perhaps it explains the absence of scenes of wild hysteria, of frantic pleadings, of fainting spells and all the other manifestations of mother-suffering that almost inevitably become part of women when their children have been torn from their sides by an unknown hand.

Instead of succumbing to the awful fear that would have been normal in any other woman, Anne determinedly went about the business of helping to find her baby. This mother whose misfortune had

shocked the world went calmly about the task of reading innumerable letters addressed to herself and Colonel Lindbergh. They had made an offer to the kidnappers to hold strictly confidential every communication that came by mail and now it was their task to sift through the massive pile of mail from sympathisers, cranks and trouble-makers and attempt to find a communication from the kidnappers themselves, if such a communication were sent.

Every letter that appeared as if it might be authentic was set aside by the little woman and held for the inspection of her husband who was not idle a moment in his determined search. For hours and hours she pored over the letters, hoping desperately to find a clew that would ultimately lead her to her baby. Though everyone about her tried hard to spare her she refused to resign the task and, at one time, worked a stretch of 15 hours until her ebbing strength forced her to discontinue.

After that she sat, in weary resignation, in a deep, comfortable chair in the library, reading one of the books taken from the built-in shelves stretching from ceiling to floor. Her boyish husband hovered about her, almost pitifully seeking to comfort her with little solicitous words of endearment. Often he would suggest another book and eagerly hand it to her in the hope that she might forget her sorrow in the absorption of its pages.

But his effort was useless. Yes, these were her

beloved books, the books she had accumulated in her twenty-five years, the books she loved so well,—but they had lost their attraction now. She had brought them with her when their Hopewell home was finally completed and had lovingly placed them on the newly-built shelves. There had been so many that Colonel Lindbergh's books, which were mostly scientific works, had been temporarily placed upstairs in his bedroom.

Often she paced the floor. From the library to the dining room, with its long table bare, its furniture of light maple and curtains of pale gold. From the dining room back to the library, again into the dining room and thence to the entrance corridor, with its floors of hard wood on which were scattered a few hooked rugs. Sometimes she would look at the huge desk in the corridor, placed there since the disappearance of the baby, for the business of finding him. Here much of the official matters were taken up. The huge piece of furniture before which she halted must have seemed an intruder to her. And then she would continue to pace.

Down the corridor she would walk, past the library and into the small guest room with its lovely, four-poster maple bed. Out again and into the small reception room in the rear and back again in the living room with its large French windows. But still the turmoil in her brain had not cleared.

A glance into the small pantry back of the dining

room would reveal Ollie Wheatley, the butler, helping his wife prepare a tasty dish to tempt her vagrant appetite. Back and forth from pantry to the large kitchen beyond, she would see them travel, their faces set in resigned sorrow.

Occasionally she would find her way to the sun porch where, with her mother and Mrs. Breckinridge, she would sit and try to read. What else was there to do?

And so the days passed. Sometimes there were visitors. Constance, her youngest sister, came from Smith College, to comfort Anne during the Spring holidays. Elizabeth, at whose school little Charlie had been doing so well, often drove out from Englewood to see what she could do to help.

Poor Anne!

In those days she was a picture of sorrowing, suffering young motherhood. Always small, her sorrow seemed to make her even smaller, and now she seemed a quiet, beaten, lost little person. The thousands of letters she had read as her part of the work of locating her stolen baby had taken their toll upon her nerves. It had been decided that she was to read no more of them. They were mostly from cranks, anyway, some of them containing dire threats and warnings which hardly served to improve her frame of mind.

Occasionally her mother insisted that she must take a walk in the air for her health. And on those

days she would stroll through the grounds arm in arm between her mother and Mrs. Breckinridge or her sister, Elizabeth, if she happened to be there at the time. Though she carried a handkerchief and it was frequently lifted to her face, it was not because Anne was crying. The cold she had when the baby was kidnapped still clung to her, forcing the use of the dainty bit of linen.

The chief concern of both Anne and Lindy during the turbulent days was each other. Ever watchful that the anxiety, doubt and strain of the tragedy did not cause a collapse in the other, both carried on with iron will—each dreading that the break-down of one would be followed by the collapse of the other.

Poor, unhappy, adored young parents. They had wanted privacy. It was little, they felt, to ask of the world. Just to be left alone, to live quietly and comfortably in their white nest perched on the hillside. To live far away from the awed, worshipping throngs. To be normal, contented parents of a normal, contented baby.

They wanted privacy. Had it been too much to ask?

CHAPTER VIII

CARNIVAL OF THE CRANKS

Crank letters cropped out in the Lindbergh case as in no other criminal case in history. They had been expected and they lived up to expectations. Some of them were plainly written by insane persons. Others had been penned by nitwits. Still more came from persons with a degraded sense of humor. The variety was as wide as the variety of the human race. The number of letters has never been tallied. In all probability 75,000 would be a mild guess.

The letter-writing nuisance assumed such monumental proportions that reproduction of any number of the communications would be impossible here. However, in the height of the crank letter avalanche, Dr. Carl J. Warden, professor of Psychology at Columbia University, struck a stinging blow at the "bugs" who wrote silly letters to the Lindberghs.

"The greater number of these letter writers," said Dr. Warden, "are persons mentally unbalanced. They are border line case paranoiacs. By that I don't mean they are insane, but they are filled with delusions of grandeur, owing to the Lindbergh case. They believe that Lindbergh may send them an answer

which they can show to their friends. It makes them look important.

"Some of the writers of these crank letters are monomaniacs, emotionally unbalanced. Some are evidently seeking publicity. If such letters could be stopped, a real clew might be obtained."

The view that the crank letters were standing in the way of progress, by obstructing the mail and otherwise annoying everyone bent upon solving the crime, was shared widely by educators, law makers, officials and other aides of the Lindberghs. Proposals went so far as to make "crank letter writing" a crime, thus establishing a hazard for the writers if they were located.

The unfortunate part of the matter was that, in a case full of absurdities, even absurd letters could not be overlooked. Thus, a crank letter often could not be distinguished from an important one. And many a false clew was tracked down with resultant waste of time, on the tip of what Dr. Warden called some "monomaniac."

Ingenuity was shown by the hoaxers. At the end of the third week of the search for the abductors, a dead pigeon was found in East Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania. There was a note attached to its leg which read:

"Pulled off the job in fine order. Made a clean getaway. No one even suspects me. Will meet you

Monday as planned. Will have the dough with me. Yours, Red."

If course "Red" Johnson's name was connected with this note. But inquiry soon revealed that some boys in East Stroudsburg had pinned the note to a dead pigeon's leg as a prank!

More importance was credited to another message, attached to another dead pigeon's leg. This bird was believed beaten down by a storm in Connecticut. The message was supposed to have been decoded by a local bootlegger who was expert in such things.

The message said:

"All lines unsafe. Kid in yacht. Making no port. Well trained care outside United States jurisdiction. Return bird."

Whether it was any link to the abduction is not known, but a pedestrian on Riverside Drive, New York City, at about Seventy-sixth street, reported having witnessed some mysterious actions involving a pigeon before the dead bird was found.

This pedestrian described how two rough looking men stopped in a battered car with torn isinglass and the curtains up. One of the men got out of the car. He looked cautiously up and down the Drive and evidently imagining himself safe, took a pigeon from under his coat. He tossed the bird up and it flew toward New Jersey. The pedestrian's story was subjected to inquiry by police.

Colonel Lindbergh was reported, on March 4, to have received a note from the supposed kidnappers bearing three pricks of a pen point. The note was described as having many points of similarity with the original ransom demand.

It read:

"Insert in a New York paper if you will meet the $50,000 ransom. It must be paid in bills of not over $20 denomination. Do not worry about your child's health; we have children of our own. After the money is in our hands, you will be told where your baby can be found. Deal with no others. You know our mark."

And underneath were the pin pricks.

The epistle was put down as another crank letter, but an especially vicious one. Of course there were notes that threatened death to the baby. One of these even referred to another disappearance case, to make it seem that an organized gang had taken baby Charles.

In any event, spurious or real, the "three dot" note forecast the use of newspaper advertisements in the case. It was not such a note as that described herewith, nor was it even the threats, that most aroused the better-thinking class of people. It was the false "news story" that not only did harm to the investigation, but actually hampered it. Among these fraudulent stories—in which it must be said that many of the newspapers played no part—the sup-

posed assurances received by the Lindberghs, directly from the kidnappers, were the most unfair and unjustifiable.

It was not infrequent for newspapers, in several cities, to broadcast "Baby Safe, Anne Hears" across their front pages. Then, upon close reading, it developed that a rumor had been spread that someone had telephoned Mrs. Lindbergh on a private wire and had assured her that the baby was safe.

These stories, written and published for sheer sensational promotion, were never backed up with facts and did no more than stir the public and inform it falsely. Many of the yarns were deliberate hoaxes and "pipes."

Spurred on by the publicity attaching to the Lindbergh case, cranks sent threatening letters to many notables throughout the country. It became, almost, a fad.

Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth, widow of former Speaker Longworth, of the House of Representatives, received a note, about a week after the Lindbergh abduction, demanding $1,500. Three weeks later, another note came to her home in Washington, D. C. Failure to pay, she was told, would mean that she would have to "suffer the consequences." The nature of the "consequences" was not made clear. Mrs. Longworth has one daughter, Paulina, five years old, but the child was not mentioned in the letters.

Sir Willmot Lewis, Washington correspondent of the London Times, received similar notes. The second one was addressed only to Mrs. Lewis. It demanded $1,500, also. The Lewises have a four-year-old son.

Ben Lyon, the motion picture star, who was also at Washington, was the recipient of a threatening note that demanded $500.

All of the letters were turned over to the Washington Police Department. The writers apparently made no effort to carry out their threats, however.

The Lindbergh affair was thus a carnival for all of the crackpots, the "nuts" and the "bugs" who unfortunately find their places in society without obtrusion and do not make nuisances of themselves until such an incident as this one comes along.

As one observer put it:

"You can't legislate nitwits out of existence. You can't put them in jail. You can't even hurt their feelings. All you can do is ignore them. And then they'll either write you letters, or write letters to the editor of your local newspaper, denouncing you."

The cranks certainly had a picnic when baby Lindbergh was kidnapped. Their actions will stand for generations as a monumental proof of how depraved and indecent some of the so-called civilized race can be.

An example of the typical crank letter was mailed

to Mrs. Lindbergh from New York, the day after the kidnapping.

It read:

"You read this letter and keep your mouth shut. Don't open your trap to a living soul. If you do, it will be your last tale.

"Your father has plenty of money, so do as you are instructed and no harm will come to you.

"Remember the fate of the Smith girl (Frances St. John Smith, college girl, whose body was later found in a Connecticut river and who was said by authorities to have been a suicide!) who received a similar letter and did contrary to our instructions by making it known to her father and two friends. She was dropped out of the picture.

"So will you, if you tell anyone. We want $50,000. Will forward instructions. Do not set a trap. Price will be high and penalty severe."

That particular missive didn't perplex police as much as its sender had thought. His memory was apparently bad. The police had a better recollection this time.

It seems that, in 1929, when a ransom-kidnapping letter was sent to Miss Constance Morrow, sister of Anne Morrow Lindbergh, demanding $50,000 as the price for freedom, its contents were very similar to the Lindbergh baby threat note.

The note to Miss Morrow, in 1929, began "You read this and keep your mouth closed. Don't open

At Lindy Jr's First Birthday

your trap to a living soul, or it will be your last talk."

It rambled on, in the same vein.

Postal authorities tracked down the sender of the original letter, finding a man in Massachusetts who had been employed sometime earlier as a government decoder. The fellow was not even arrested, at that time, for he was considered harmless.

It was deemed established that the same man had written the Lindbergh crank letter, but it was considered necessary to check up on the facts, because, although harmless in 1929, the man might have known something about the kidnapping in 1932. Last reports were that he still took as much delight in annoying folks with his poisonous, threatening letters, but was just as harmless and hopeless as ever.

Kidnap notes swamped police. Telephone wires burned while the near-insane staged an orgy. Even the wireless felt the effect of the "nut" messages.

Sergeant Reilly, New York State Police, informed Capt. J. J. Lamb, of the Jersey State Police, that he had been informed of a mystery wireless message caught by Chief Radio Operator William Garrett of the American Airways, at the Albany, N. Y., airport.

The wireless message, which was preceded and followed by peculiar signals, read, in Morse code:

"Lindbergh baby safe. Acknowledge via N.B.C."

The wireless message may have been sent from New Jersey, Garrett said. Garrett, by the way, has

an excellent reputation as an operator. After it came over the ether, the sender ceased operating, so there was no way of tracing the source of the message. It was undoubtedly just another crank with a perverted sense of humor.

The New York Police—as well as the police of other communities—had more than their share of quacks and fools. One call came from a woman, who refused to identify herself. She telephoned, four days after the abduction, that she knew that the Lindbergh child was being brought to Albany. New York's teletype system sped the message to every precinct in the city and the message was relayed to Albany. The rumor was that the kidnappers had dyed the child's hair black to avoid detection. Police felt that, however, even though the kidnappers had long since found a hiding place, no clew should go unchecked. These reports caused some excitement and hard work, but universally came to nothing.

There were so many letters and telephone calls traced to their origin, that no count can ever be made. In all cases, the persons were found to have known nothing whatever about the case. It was just a yearning to be in the limelight that generally prompted them to do such silly things. On some occasions, they were obviously persons who needed medical attention, or the services of a psychoanalyst.

Cranks! Cranks! Cranks!

Never was the world so full of them!

CHAPTER IX

ENTER GANGLAND!

Once the Lindbergh baby's abduction had been announced, there were few sensations that could shock the nation. Yet, in a case chock full of sensations, it is doubtful if anything approached, or to this day approaches, the enlistment of the aid of the underworld in the search for little Charles Augustus, Jr.

In the halls of Congress, in the churches of the nation, in the schools, the forums—everywhere the entrance of the underworld into the Lindbergh case provoked discussion that often became acrimonious.

When the presence of underworld negotiators reached the point where Arthur Brisbane, noted and sedate editorial writer, interviewed "Scarface" Al Capone, in the latter's cell in jail, the very height of incredible occurrences had been reached. Even earlier, the power of the gangster had been felt, but Brisbane's famous interview accentuated the part that gangland plays in the nation's affair.

It must be remembered that Lindy himself was no mere political character. He was no mere industrial

magnate. Nor was he merely a specialist—a scientist, a doctor, or a lawyer. He was, indubitably, the international idol, the epitome of youthful perfection, the youth after whom other youths fashioned their aspirations. He was the personification of character, of truth, of uprighteousness.

Lindy was as far removed from gangland—or had been, in his achievements—as the most distant star from this earth. In fact, nothing in the public mind could possibly have linked Lindy, under any circumstances whatever, with the disreputable characters of the underworld.

It was not so much that the gangsters with whom Lindy dealt were of themselves questionable characters. On the contrary, according to their lights, they were "honest men." And the anti-prohibitionists went so far as to characterize them merely as products of an age. It was the distance in aspiration, in social life, in noble achievement that separated Lindy from these underworld aides by a bottomless chasm of infinite breadth.

But Lindy did have to call in the fellows who live outside the law. Whether it was wise or not, will always be a subject of debate. There is much on both sides.

An insider at the time expressed the opinion that, in all probability, no group of kidnappers would deal through the underworld emissaries appointed by Colonel Lindbergh. He explained that the kidnappers

would fear two things, if obliged to deal with known racketeers: firstly, that the racketeers might unexpectedly turn on them, kill them and take the baby either for themselves or for the police; secondly, that the racketeers would demand a big "cut," or portion of the ransom.

It is evident that the kidnappers would have been unlikely to walk into a police headquarters and deal through police—that would mean prosecution. Thus, the channel opened in good faith by Colonel Lindbergh, namely through the underworld, had its dangers even for the kidnappers.

With these two channels barred, the kidnappers naturally would have to depend upon disinterested emissaries from the outside. Such men must be of known integrity, in order that the kidnappers might be assured of a square deal—and by the same token, their very honesty might make the kidnappers feel that the men would turn them over to police.

The shock came, officially, on Sunday, March 6, 1932. For it was on that date that the famous Lindbergh Note was published.

It read:

"If the kidnappers of our child are unwilling to deal directly, we fully authorize 'Salvy' Spitale and Irving Bitz to act as our go-betweens. We will also follow any other method suggested by the kidnappers that we can be sure will bring the return of our child."

The note was signed "Charles A. Lindbergh and Anne Lindbergh."

Little did the world dream that the day would come, as it actually did, when "Salvy" Spitale, overlord of the underworld, would be able to tell eager newspaper reporters, after a visit to the Lindbergh residence, that he had been "treated just as if we were society folks."

Immediately upon publication of the note, the wiseacres pointed to the phrase "any other method." It was generally believed that the kidnappers had managed to communicate with the trans-Atlantic flyer and had demanded an underworld character as chief negotiator.

Thus, it was argued "any other method" meant that the Lindberghs were willing to use gangster go-betweens, or "any other" means of dealing for the return of the child. It was this fact that later gave credence to constant reports that the baby had been returned and that the fact was being kept secret until the kidnappers could escape, by boat or airplane, to some foreign nation. The report of an agreement of this sort—even going so far as to describe details—was common for weeks. It was pointed out, as negotiations through Spitale proceeded, that a lawyer had been appointed to deal in such a way that the ransom money could have been sent abroad for the kidnappers to secure after they had made good their escape.

The more popular theory was that the appointment

of Spitale was a "thrust in the dark." It was pointed out that, had the abduction been committed by skilled, organized criminals, they would not deal with the reputable citizens, nor with the authorities, for they would naturally have feared arrest and prosecution. Through a known character of the underworld, it was thought that such organized criminals might deal.

While much is known of Spitale and Bitz, the undeniable fact is that they have been above the average in intelligence, for they have never made known in detail the method of their livelihood which, of course would have been an impossible procedure in any event. What was definitely known of Spitale, particularly, was that, in his own way and according to his own standards, he was a "square shooter" who would stand by his word and who could be trusted.

The two men were known to have been friends of Jack (Legs) Diamond, bootlegger and gangster who was murdered in Albany some time before the Lindbergh kidnapping.

That they were not friendly with Diamond at the time of his death, was also known, for the report was common that Diamond had "double crossed" them in bootlegging deals. Where Diamond was trusted by no one, Spitale was believed in by everyone with whom he dealt in the particular strata that he had chosen for his somewhat precarious, though lucrative, livelihood.

There was much to buoy up hope in the appointment of Spitale as a go-between. Bitz was looked upon merely as a lieutenant of the gang chief. Spitale was a man of considerable reputation and stories concerning his human and humorous character placed him in bold relief.

Perhaps the most characteristic yarn on Spitale has to do with his purchase of a $4,000 automobile. After the car had been delivered, so the story goes, Spitale found that he had been "stuck," that the motor was defective and that the car was virtually useless. He tried to negotiate with the concern that sold him the car, in vain.

Then, it is related, Spitale gave up hope of regaining any part of the lost money. He drove away from the automobile agency disgusted and was gone for some time. When he returned, his car was decorated—of all things—with numerous lemons, strung from mudguard to mudguard. The car was then parked outside the auto agency's store, for passersby to note. Later, it was retrieved, but the embarrassment to the agency was reported as slightly more than considerable.

Spitale, then, was reliable, human and gifted with a whimsical sense of humor. Strange fellow! He lived on Central Park West, in New York City, in a sumptuously furnished home where he supported his wife and two children in luxury.

"When I was first approached by a representative

of the Lindberghs," Spitale said, "I said I did not like to have my name dragged into such a delicate situation, but that if I could help in any way to aid the Lindberghs to get back their child, I would be only too glad to do so, and would take any sacrifice upon myself that would aid toward that end.

"I ask whoever has the child to communicate with me at the earliest opportunity, either through a representative of the Lindberghs or through the Lindberghs personally."

And then Spitale unburdened what he called the real reason for his presence in the case:

"Nothing in the world would have brought me into this very delicate situation if I did not know what it is to be a father—having two children of my own—and if I did not know that the missing child is not only the child of the Lindberghs, but the child of America.

"I told the representative of the Lindberghs that I was concerned only with one thing—to recover the child, alive and in good health.

"My only thought is that, as a man of my word, my promise that I will play ball with the kidnappers assures them of a square deal."

Stirring words, those! Strange words from a so-called thug!

The knowing persons shook their heads dubiously. Spitale, they felt, had overstepped his bounds. He had made a mistake. Those "in the know" agreed

that Spitale was risking his life and his source of income. He had been lured, they believed, by the chance to be of service as few men in history had been a savior before. Not the spotlight, but the cloak of sanctity, it was conceded, had attracted Spitale. The circumstances under which the man became an actor in the drama were, indeed, unique.

Further than this, it was known that Spitale, a quick thinker, had always made it a rule to avoid the limelight. Publicity was bad for his "business," whatever that was. He knew it and he had never courted fame. It was only a matter of time before the predictions of the "insiders" began to come true—namely, that Spitale would be the butt of abuse, that he would be looked upon as a personification of the underworld and flayed accordingly, because so fine a man as Lindbergh had been forced to call upon him.

Whatever Spitale was, or by this time is, nobody can deny that he was in what he called "a very delicate situation," perhaps more delicate than even he realized.

Two important developments then gave promise that Spitale might succeed where others had failed. First, announcement was made by Governor Moore, of New Jersey, that police had ceased opening the Lindberghs' mail and that the kidnappers could now write directly to Lindy or Anne, without fear of in-

terception or detection by police. With Spitale on the job ready to respond to letters in person, it was believed that only a few days remained before the mystery would be solved.

Added to this was the presence of Colonel Henry Breckinridge, legal adviser to the Colonel. A man of dignity, of high reputation and known intellectual capacities, it was pretty generally conceded that his operations with Spitale must have been productive of promise, or he would never have been a party to such a mode of procedure.

Colonel Breckinridge's mysterious missions to and from the Lindbergh residence began almost simultaneously with the advent of the underworld through Spitale, in the case.

Meanwhile, two more underworld figures broke upon the horizon with startling impact. They were "Scarface" Al Capone, most notorious of all American gang leaders, and Morris Rosner, a figure less known to the public.

Capone was sensation enough, but after all, he was in jail in Chicago. Rosner, on the other hand, plunged into the search with such a flurry of activity that rumors began to spread that he had an inside track.

By the time Rosner got into the case, which was more than a week after the kidnapping, no less a person than Colonel H. Norman Schwarzkopf, Superintendent of New Jersey State Police, conceded

that the Lindbergh personal inquiry and the official probe had been separated. He commented that, regardless of what Colonel Lindbergh may have done privately, the constituted authorities were proceeding according to law. The statement was considered double-edged. It might have meant that the kidnappers could expect no immunity if police laid hands upon them. And it might have meant that, if the abductors dealt with Colonel Lindbergh, they could get their ransom and escape, the police winking an eye. The latter was purely a theory, however, but not a too fantastic one in a thoroughly fantastic case.

In any event, the spot was ripe for Rosner as well as Spitale and Bitz. Rosner was characterized as having "the confidence of high government officials and important underworld figures as well." It was generally known that he frequently made his headquarters at the Lindbergh home.

During the exciting and secret trips of the trio, Spitale and Bitz suddenly appeared in Brooklyn Federal Court to answer an old charge of conspiracy to smuggle booze ashore at Gerritzen Beach, Long Island, the summer before. They were exonerated, as were others tried with them, in two days. Abraham Kesselman, their lawyer, announced during the trial that the pair would speed to Detroit as soon as the court hearing was concluded, on a clew in that city.

The presence of Isaiah Leebove, an attorney for

Spitale, in Clare, Michigan, seemed to bear out that story. But when, on March 12, Spitale and Bitz were acquitted of the liquor charge, they vanished on unknown missions in and around New York. Mystery—and mystery—and mystery!

Even more inexplicable was Rosner's now famous assurance on the day of Spitale's acquittal, that the Lindbergh baby was safe. The statement was a shock, for reputed underworld characters were not believed to be sensation-seekers, making wild statements simply for publicity.

Rosner was quoted in a copyrighted interview with the Associated Press, as having "definite knowledge that the lost child's safe return was only a matter of time."

Colonel Breckinridge promptly came back with the declaration that Rosner's statement, if he made it, was "not authorized." The contradictory statements were not cleared up.

Colonel Schwarzkopf went even further in a denial of the Rosner report. He quoted the Lindberghs as saying that they had no knowledge of any "family" that Rosner was supposed to have mentioned as having taken the baby.

Spitale covered his tracks. Reports flew about him. His $30,000 tapestry, hung in his palatial apartment, was described in detail by the gossip mongers. But his activities were kept secret and his statements were guarded.

Rosner, on the other hand, professing reluctance to talk nevertheless did commit himself and apparently embarrassed other investigators. Whether his action was part of a plan to send messages to the kidnappers could only be conjectured. At any rate, word went out that Rosner had the official approval of United States Senator Elmer Thomas, of Oklahoma, who had recommended him as likely to be of value to the Lindberghs.

Reports had it that the socially prominent Congresswoman, Ruth Pratt, of New York, had also expressed confidence in Rosner's ability to deal with the underworld.

All this, of course, was based upon the popular notion that a gang of organized kidnappers had done the job.

Al Capone, it seemed, shared this viewpoint. In his interview with Arthur Brisbane, which drew nationwide comment, both for and against the incident, Capone said, "There isn't a mob that wouldn't trust me to pay that money, if the relations of the kidnapped child wanted me to pay it. There isn't anybody that would think I would tell where I got the child, or how I got it, or who had it."

Answering Brisbane's question, Capone commented, "Can I find it? How do I know?"

The nature of Capone's bargain was based upon his volunteering to act as intermediary for the Lindberghs. He offered to be accompanied by Thomas

Callaghan, trusted head of the United States Secret Service Guard, as evidence of his good faith. And to top it off, Capone was willing to send his young brother to jail, in his place, until he himself returned.

"I don't want any favors if I am able to do anything for that baby," he added.

The impression of gangland's part in the search was at one moment ridiculous, at another, promising. Due to the lack of any official supervision, it was natural that the part played by gang leaders in any negotiations not only could not be known, but never will be known.

At midnight on March 7, for instance, a mysterious caller came to the Lindbergh home. That man was described as the "go-between for the kidnappers." A "break" was expected in the case in twenty-four hours. The man, said to be a lawyer representing the kidnappers, telephoned Colonel Lindbergh from the "Stuyvesant exchange" in New York City. The Colonel had a personal car meet the man at the Princeton station of the Pennsylvania railroad. Secrecy enshrouded the whole affair. Colonel Breckinridge, as Lindbergh's counsel, was to make the ransom money available. The conferring parties met. The man left. And exactly nothing came of it.

While "Scarface" Al Capone was crying from his jail in Chicago for a chance to get free to search for the child, and while he was ready to post as high as $500,000 guaranty of his faith, a widely known kid-

nap expert asserted that Capone had "engineered the abduction from his cell in the Cook County Jail, Chicago." Authority for the charge was Lieutenant William Cusack, of the Chicago police department. He insisted that Capone wanted freedom from his 11-year jail term for federal income tax evasion and that the return of the baby was Capone's idea of a bargain. Authorities at Hopewell ignored this view.

Nevertheless, after Arthur Brisbane had interviewed Capone, Max Silverman, Newark bondsman, announced that he had two hundred $1,000 bills in his pocket and was ready to hop the next airplane to Chicago, to put up cash bail for Capone, if the authorities would allow him to go free to hunt for the missing baby.

Interest in Capone as a factor in the return of the baby naturally centered also on the activities of Bitz and Spitale. It was generally spread in the underworld that these two had at their command, at instantaneous notice, $250,000 in cash. The New York Daily Mirror asserted that the quarter of a million dollars rested in a vault in J. Pierpont Morgan's Wall Street bank.

This led to the belief that the infamous "Purple Gang" of Detroit, which police there said had been destroyed, held the child. The pursuit of the remnants of the "Purple Gang" occupied considerable time of the police of several cities for five weeks, but the chase was quite fruitless.

Thus the paradox puzzled a nation—in fact, the world. On the one hand were the Lindbergh and Morrow families, the very essence of high American ideals. On the other, the potentates of the shady world where men live with guns and crime. Whether these gang leaders, bootleggers, and criminals were really sympathetic with the Lindberghs, as the man in the street was, will never be known. If we may judge them by what they said, the Lindbergh kidnapping was to them as horrible a crime as ever was committed—and, in addition, unpardonable, even in a criminal!

The Capone-Brisbane interview was just an incident, so far as work was concerned in the search, but a significant incident, indeed. Firstly, the necessity for consulting the known law violators to solve the most heinous of modern crimes, had been openly conceded by persons in high stations of American life. Secondly, the attitude of the criminal side was publicized and indicated that, if the abductors should prove to be underworld characters, they would be utter outcasts even among the denizens of the underworld.

Truly the Lindbergh kidnapping was the most dastardly of crimes, for even the gang leaders shuddered at its brazenness and its cruelty and its absolutely unbelievable audacity.

A peculiar conflict of interests came when Colonel Schwarzkopf issued his communique promising im-

munity to informers. On March 12—a mighty active day in the search and a significant one, too—he formally stated that circulars broadcast throughout the police headquarters of the nation, promised that the police would be willing to forget the source from which information might come leading to discovery of the child's whereabouts. The police pronunciamento stated that secrecy would be pledged to informers in the case.

Notwithstanding this bid to any possible underworld characters who might have been tempted, for any reason, to provide a tip, Colonel Schwarzkopf emphatically denied any desire to connect with the underworld, once more making clear that Lindy's gangster emissaries were Lindy's business, but had no connection with the official inquiry.

"The identity of all people disclosing information leading to the recovery of the baby will be treated in confidence," he said. "We shall adhere strictly to this guarantee of confidence."

Then the high police official commented that the constituted law enforcement agency of New Jersey had not sought the aid of any underworld figures nor had it agreed to extend immunity to those actually guilty of the crime.

A week later, the Colonel found it necessary to explain:

"While we have been credited through the press

with appealing to the underworld for help, there is absolutely no connection directly or indirectly between the underworld and the police officials in charge of the investigation. Therefore, if any information has been obtained from the underworld with reference to this investigation, it has never been made known to this department."

Nevertheless, the underworld and the constituted authorities worked side by side, with the same objective in mind, despite apparently different methods.

There was undoubtedly conflict between the two forces.

The most forcible indication of this internal strife came in the plea issued by Herbert C. Wildey, Morristown Chief of Police and president of the New Jersey State Association of Police Chiefs. He called upon membership of the organization to make a concerted search and concentrate their energies, fifteen days after the abduction.

His statement was pertinent in this respect: that it denounced the underworld connections with the case. Had the statement come from those not actively engaged in the search, it would have been merely an expression of opinion, but from a police officer, it was full of meaning.

Wildey said:

"If the citizens of this nation are depending on the habitues of the so-called underworld, to recover the

loved ones who have been ruthlessly taken from their homes, it is time that fact be made known so that the state and municipal governing bodies may dispense with their police departments and dicker with the lawbreaker at so much a case, thereby saving the taxpayer considerable money."

The obvious sarcasm failed to elicit any response from Spitale, or Bitz, or Rosner, or any other gangland chief representing the Lindberghs.

In fact, on the same day, a spokesman of unimpeachable integrity said that both the police and the special emissaries of the Lindberghs were up against a stone wall, and a blank wall, at that. The Lindberghs, he said, had not been in contact with the kidnappers at any time.

Whatever the viewpoint of the world at large, it was unquestionable after three weeks had elapsed since the kidnapping, that there was as little hope in the underworld go-betweens as in the police.

In fact, exactly a fortnight after the harrowing discovery of the baby's disappearance, a semi-official statement said that the Lindbergh board of strategy believed that the best, if only, hope of getting back the baby "lies in private negotiations with the kidnappers." Then, it was admitted, Spitale, Bitz and Rosner had produced nothing.

Such statements as these gave support to the unauthenticated rumors that an agreement had been

reached but that everything was being kept quiet while the kidnappers were being given time to make their getaway. It is highly probable that this rumor led police, early in the chase, to put a foolproof guard on steamships of all descriptions leaving this country. Many tips developed as a result of the steamship guard, but all were pointless.

It is a curious fact that little more than a week after Spitale came upon the scene, with Bitz as his shadow, he quickly dropped out of sight and even the newspapers paid little heed to him except to comment upon his failure to produce results.

During the week when he was watched by the newspapers, however, the police having agreed to allow him to work in his own way without molestation, there was ample evidence that Spitale had been "on the go," touring underworld haunts. The night clubs, with their gay exteriors and tinsel decorations, were known to have been visited by Spitale who was thoroughly familiar with what went on underneath the surface. He spread the word that he was "ready to do business."

Spitale, when he did talk at all, was outspoken and seemed to have less to hide, strange to relate, than some of the police officials. He emerged from his place of hiding and the United Press quoted him officially on St. Patrick's Day, two weeks after he had been retained by the Lindberghs, on his activities.

Spitale said that he and Irving Bitz had been working constantly on the case. He admitted that he had about given up hope of accomplishing anything.

Referring to the underworld and those connections that he might be able to make, Spitale commented, "Either they haven't got the baby or else they are in a spot where they can't talk. Even our best connection can be damaged with all this heat and there's nobody crazy enough to take a chance of getting this rap."

Spitale added, "Maybe they are in custody right now," but he declined to amplify the statement.

Believing that the kidnapping was an "inside job," Spitale admitted that he had nothing upon which to base his theory, except his own deductions.

"Somebody inside the Lindbergh house, whether he knew it or not, was doing a lot of tipping off," Spitale said.

"No amateur could have done it without poolroom luck. If a real mob did it, the baby is alive and well and you can bet on that. Don't think they'd spare a thing in getting the best care for him."

He settled the reports of his going to Detroit by stating that he had no clews there and did not know anyone there. He considered running around the country as "ridiculous."

Perhaps it was not without some sagacity that he observed:

"Until the publicity dies down, I don't look for a break as far as the underworld is concerned. The fact that all the cops in the country haven't turned the baby up is pretty good proof no crank or amateur stole him."

That was Spitale! Outspoken, obviously straight-from-the-shoulder—and yet a king of the underworld!

CHAPTER X

KIDNAP EPIDEMIC!

While the Lindbergh kidnapping eclipsed in importance all other such crimes, the fact is that there had been a steady growing of such crimes with the Lindbergh affair as something of a climax.

Two thousand persons throughout the United States had been kidnapped in two years before the Lindbergh drama.

In fact, on Wednesday, March 2, less than twenty-four hours after the Lindbergh kidnapping, a boy was snatched from his parents at Niles, Ohio!

And, it developed some time later, attempted abductions had been reported in the vicinity of the Lindbergh home, at Hopewell, New Jersey, prior to the disappearance of the famous "eaglet."

But as if this were not quite enough, along came a would-be kidnapper on the early morning of Saturday, March 20, using the identical methods of the Lindbergh abductors—ladder and all! That time, the victim would have been, if the kidnapping had been successful, Diana Johnson, baby daughter of

J. Seward Johnson, wealthy vice-president of Johnson & Johnson, manufacturers of surgical supplies, at New Brunswick, New Jersey.

This orgy of kidnappings stirred the nation. The epidemic frightened mothers, everywhere. Even adults were not safe. Gangs in the Middle West were known to be specializing in kidnappings, though the victims were generally said to be bootleggers and other persons whose families might be able to pay ransoms, but who would not dare call in police because the kidnapped person had been engaged in shady transactions.

The attempt to kidnap the Johnson child was a sensation of the first order. (This Johnson family was not in any way related to "Red" Johnson, the friend of Betty Gow, Lindbergh nurse.)

The Johnson home, called "Merrywold," on River Road, near Highland Park, New Jersey, is only twenty miles from the Lindbergh homestead. The Johnson family is wealthy.

Johnson's own story of what occurred is, perhaps, the clearest told.

"This thing happened about three o'clock in the morning," Johnson said. "We have a suite of rooms on the second floor which is used as a nursery. We have four children, Mary Lee, five and a half years old, Elaine, four; Seward, three; and Diana who is not quite two months old.

"In the room the prowler tried to enter, our

trained nurse, Albertine Filiatrault, was sleeping on a cot close beside the bassinet where the baby, Diana, was asleep. The window was open, but it was protected by a screen. We had the screen placed there after a burglary in our house several weeks earlier. We also had hired a night watchman, after that affair, and put some special telephone lines into the house.

"The nurse was awakened by some one working at the latch on the screen. He had already cut through the screen, but was trying to get the latch open. Miss Filiatrault picked up a telephone beside her and called to John Shea, the night watchman.

"The man on the ladder, who had been trying to get into the room, undoubtedly heard the nurse, for he stopped working a minute. Then he started working at the latch again, but meanwhile, Shea got out of the house and the fellow heard him coming.

"Shea had a shotgun. As he came around one corner of the house, the marauder jumped all the way down from the top of the ladder, about fifteen feet.

"Shea fired at him, but apparently didn't do him any harm. The fellow pulled a pistol and shot back. Shea chased him around a corner of the house, but he disappeared."

The ladder that was found against the building, unlike the one in the Lindbergh case, belonged on the estate.

Inquiry by Chief of Police, George Smith, of

Highland Park, revealed that the screen in the nursery had been cut and every indication pointed to an attempted kidnapping.

About an hour and a half after this incident, Chief of Police Cornelius J. McCarthy, of South Plainfield, nearby, who had been awakened from bed, was driving along Hamilton Boulevard in that section, accompanied by Andrew J. Phillips, an assistant. They spied a stranger, walking along the thoroughfare and the two followed him into a restaurant. There, they accosted the man who is said to have attempted to draw a revolver. He was arrested and gave his name as George Malden, of New York. He was a big fellow—over six feet tall, with large hands and a vigorous, hard body. He was 36 years old and said his occupation was that of an iron worker. He had $25 in cash in his pockets when apprehended and the pistol police reported they had found on him, had four loaded chambers—and one that had apparently been fired within twenty-four hours before his arrest. He was held pending investigation.

Police then made efforts to connect Malden with a number of burglaries in that section, including the hold-up of Johnson, some weeks earlier, but Malden denied all of the charges.

Watchman Shea, when confronted with Malden, said that the latter was dressed like the man whom he had chased from the Johnson estate. Colonel H. Norman Schwarzkopf, to whom all of the data in the

Johnson case was sent, announced that he saw no connection between it and the Lindbergh affair.

At about the same time that the Johnson attempted kidnapping was attracting attention, a revelation came from Gustave Lockwood, an inspector of the Motor Vehicle Bureau of New Jersey, who had been assigned to the vicinity to track down automobile thieves. There had been a theory that auto thieves might, in some way, have been connected with the Lindbergh case, and every angle was being checked.

After considerable investigation, Lockwood managed to trick Sam Cucchiara, a Hopewell barber, into leading him to the farm of Caspar Oliver, at Rocky Hill Road, Blawenburg, a tiny hamlet scarcely a mile from Lindbergh's home. Oliver and Cucchiara, held by police on charges of being implicated in handling stolen automobiles, involved "Black Sam" Morgan, a Negro, of Stoutsburg, near Hopewell, who was also held by police.

But it was at that time that Lockwood made a statement that an attempted kidnapping similar to the Lindbergh one, had been reported in the neighborhood before little "Lindy," Junior, had been taken.

"Nothing has been said and nothing has been done about the attack made by kidnappers on a wealthy family living close to the Lindbergh home only six weeks ago," Inspector Lockwood said.

"The butler in that instance, heard a noise and

discovered a man in the nursery. The man leaped out of a window and escaped."

Lockwood revealed even another attempt.

"Even more startling," he said "was the experience of another wealthy family living between Hopewell and Princeton several weeks ago. Members of the family heard a noise upstairs while they were at supper. They ran up the stairs and found a man with their child struggling in his arms. The kidnapper dropped the child and fled, but we obtained the license number of his car—yet nothing was done about it."

Bevis Longstreth, president of the Theokol Corporation of Trenton, whose home is seven miles from that of the Lindberghs, identified himself and his family as one of the near-victims of the raids described by Lockwood.

Twice during January of 1932, Longstreth said, distinct attempts were made to enter his home. He put them down as "stupid fellows who were trying to break in." But three weeks after the kidnapping of Baby Lindbergh, Longstreth came to the conclusion that the motive of the marauders about his home was kidnapping.

There are four children in the Longstreth family—two boys, twelve and fourteen years old and two girls, four and eight.

One night, during the third week of January, William Gray, the butler of the Longstreth house, heard

a disturbance out-doors. He flashed on the porch lights and saw two men outside apparently trying to quiet the German police dog and terrier that the Longstreths had been keeping in kennels nearby. The men fled.

But two nights later, at about two o'clock in the morning, Gray was suddenly awakened by a noise that sounded as if a bucket had been kicked over on the veranda. The butler ran into the room of Cyrus, oldest of the Longstreth boys, and seized a shotgun. Then he stopped at Longstreth's room, awakened the master of the house, and quickly informed him that someone was trying to get in at the door.

Gray and Longstreth, who is six feet tall and a man well able to take care of himself, flew down the stairs and found a man working at the French door. Cyrus, the son, flashed on his room lights upstairs. In an instant, an automobile horn sounded near the house. It was a warning and the man at the door heard it. He ran off, just as the pursuing men reached the door.

Longstreth and the butler looked all over the place for clews. Down in the cellar, they found trunks overturned and concluded that, when the man found that he could not gain access to the house through the cellar, he had decided to try the front door.

The wealthy manufacturer—his concern produced

synthetic rubber—finally guarded his estate with four dogs and a number of watchmen.

It was not until the Longstreth incident became known generally that the reason why Colonel Lindbergh had never employed a night watchman, was explained.

In the famous flyer's words, as recounted later by a reliable person, the reason was:

"I don't want people to think it would be necessary for me to guard my place. I hope the people around here will consider me just a neighbor."

The Colonel's inability to conceive that anyone would deliberately seek to injure him, cost him much, indeed! What a difference it would have made, had he, for instance, retained the watchman who was employed when the Lindbergh house was being constructed! At that time, souvenir collectors swarmed about the place. A watchman was needed to prevent them from walking off with pieces of lumber. They had to be satisfied with bits of stone, part of which had gone into the house. But when the job was done, the Colonel felt that a watchman would have been an offense to his neighbors.

From these incidents, it would seem that not only a kidnap epidemic, but a kidnap scare, of national proportions, had developed.

And even these were not all.

There was the case of Jimmy de Jute, son of James de Jute, wealthy contractor, of Niles, Ohio.

Jimmy was abducted while on his way to school on Wednesday morning, March 2, the morning after the kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby. Jimmy was 12 years old.

The father's first move was to offer $1,000 ransom for the return of his son. The principal theory held by police was that vengeance had prompted the crime. The parents did not receive a letter, or a note of any kind, from the kidnappers.

Only one clew was held. Mrs. H. L. Woodward, wife of the rector of St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Niles, happened to see the kidnapping. She arrived too late to prevent it. But she described the kidnappers' car in detail. And she described the kidnappers.

Frantic efforts by police disclosed exactly nothing. One day followed another. In the heat of the excitement of the Lindbergh case, the de Jute kidnapping was somewhat dwarfed. But it played an undertone, nevertheless. No efforts were made to reach de Jute regarding ransom. The police were inclined to give up hope, though the father and mother remained optimistic.

It was not until four days after the child had vanished that a clew came. A mysterious telephone call came to the office of County Detective W. J. Harrison.

"Go to Scotty's place and you will find that de Jute kid from Niles," the voice said. Then there was a click. That was all.

Harrison called Mahoning County officers, as well as those from Trumbull County. A federal official accompanied them.

The searchers knew "Scotty's place" as a once notorious gambling house on the deserted Youngstown-Hubbard road. The place had been closed for several weeks and was also known as the "Hillside Club." It stood behind the roadway, in the rear of a gasoline filling station and barbecue stand.

Completely surrounding the building, to make impossible any attempted escape, the men rushed up to the door. They kicked it through. Inside, the place seemed empty. Smoke, however, had been seen coming from the chimney. The searchers found a stove, with a small fire in it. There were rugs about the barn-like room, but no furniture. An old mattress and two pillows lay in a corner. Nearby was a rifle and a pistol, with a partly eaten loaf of bread.

Harrison saw a book on the floor. He picked it up. It was a Strayer-Upton arithmetic, used in the middle grade in the local school. On the flyleaf of the book had been written, "James de Jute, 337 Robbins avenue, Niles, Ohio, grade 5 A, Lincoln School."

"Jimmie!" shouted Harrison.

"Yes sir, yes sir, here I am," an answer came, from behind a wall of the room.

The walls appeared to be quite thick. Harrison and Sheriff Risher, of Trumbull County, kicked the wall in. It proved to be a false one, made of plaster

board, apparently built in to make hiding possible. Within a few minutes, the fake wall was ripped away and—

There was Jimmy de Jute!

Beside Jimmy were two men, one of whom had a gun in his hand, but he was disarmed. The men were John Demarco, 30, and Dowel Hargraves, 27, both of Youngstown, though Hargraves came originally from Philadelphia. They were described later by police as habitues of poolrooms and speakeasies in Youngstown, both having questionable characters.

The two men were placed under arrest, charged with the kidnapping. The child was rushed home to his parents who were so overjoyed that they wept. The boy explained that he had been taken directly from the scene of the kidnapping to the hideaway. He had been there ever since. The men had fed him principally on soft boiled eggs. It had been cold, but the boy had been warmly clad, particularly with his "Lindbergh helmet," a heavy headgear.

The boy said he hadn't liked being kept in the "dark closet," though he said his captors hadn't exactly been cruel to him. They had often mentioned the "ransom;" he said, but hadn't threatened to kill him if his father failed to pay it. Although the men are said to have admitted that their sole motive was a desire to get some money, they had not yet asked for it when apprehended.

The de Jute kidnapping developed an angle which

was noted by all observers of such things. It taught the lesson that even mysterious actions of persons involved in kidnapping, after the actual abduction, do not always arouse suspicions of persons nearby. In front of the Hillside Club, where the two men had been keeping the boy, was the gasoline filling station. And attending to the wants of passing motorists at the station were Mr. and Mrs. Joe Garwood, operators of the "hot dog" stand and gas station. The couple were as surprised as anyone when the boy was found there.

Mrs. Garwood explained why.

The boy had been kidnapped in a tan coupe. "I had seen the coupe drive into the gas station several times, but I just didn't suspect anything. Didn't connect it with the kidnapping," Mrs. Garwood explained.

Reminded of the roadhouse and the fact that she must have seen someone going in or out, her explanation was a good one, if a disappointing one.

"There had been a watchman at the place ever since it closed," she said. "We thought that the watchman was having visitors. He had had visitors many times. When anybody came, we figured they were just keeping him company. Besides, we had suspected that a still was being operated in the building and we thought it best not to get in trouble and to mind our own business."

Prosecutor B. H. Birell, of Warren County, Ohio,

took the case to the Grand Jury and both Hargraves and Demarco were indicted. Whilst Jimmy went about his business, enjoying life, police hunted for a third man believed to have been in on the kidnapping. That man, it was believed, had been frightened by the "rumpus" that was raised by the abduction, particularly with the Lindbergh affair startling the nation. That, it was thought by police, accounted for his telephone "squeal" and the hope that he could escape.

On March 16, finis was written on the de Jute kidnapping. Dowel Hargraves was sentenced to life imprisonment before Judge Lynn B. Griffith in common pleas court, after a trial.

Judge Griffith said, in sentencing the man,

"Kidnapping strikes a blow at the tenderest and most sacred affections of human blood and is usually resorted to for revenge or extortion.

"By the Jewish and civil law, kidnapping was punishable with death, and by the common law, with fine, imprisonment and pillory. Kidnapping is an offense that is becoming all too prevalent in its appearances throughout our land in recent months."

The judge refused to show clemency to Hargraves and when Demarco went on trial, it was not expected that he would "beat the rap." Neither man would tell who the supposed third accomplice in the kidnapping was.

Demarco pleaded guilty to the charge, some days

later, and was sentenced by Judge Griffith to one to twenty years in the Ohio Penitentiary.

How the judge had sounded the keynote of suffering was well exemplified by the message that came to Mrs. Anne Lindbergh from Mrs. Ernest F. W. Alexanderson, of Schenectady, New York.

"She must not despair," Mrs. Alexanderson said of Mrs. Lindbergh. "She must not give up hope of getting her baby back."

Mrs. Alexanderson's boy, Verner, was kidnapped in 1923, when he was six years old. He was held by the kidnappers for six days and found at a fishing camp on Indian River, in New York State. Both abductors were arrested later and sentenced to prison.

Thus, whilst nations face problems unprecedented in all history, whilst men starve or roll in wealth, whilst wars are fought, whilst civilization faces new eras and new methods of living, kidnapping creeps in to chill the hearts of men. The epidemic was evident. Laws could not curb it. Police could not always apprehend the kidnappers. And the greatest crime of all, the kidnapping of the Lindbergh child, was written into the pages of history forever and ever!

CHAPTER XI

THE $50,000 RANSOM PAID!

Nothing could be more characteristic of a typical mystery story than that the guilty person should be the one least suspected of any part in the crime. By the same token, nothing could be more commonplace in the usual mystery story formula than that an individual who has been hidden in obscurity should suddenly drag forth evidence unseen by so-called experts, or advance a possible solution undreamed of by the closest observers.

In the latter respect, the Lindbergh drama, in real life, is marked by a chapter without precedent in the history of such events. No man could have been more unlikely to hold the key to the Lindbergh kidnapping than Dr. John F. Condon, 72-year-old former school principal.

When the famous "Jafsie" of the newspaper advertisements was revealed as Dr. Condon, the effect was unquestionably a surprise to everyone excepting those very few genuine "insiders" in the case. There were many reasons why nobody might have expected

that Dr. Condon would be the person who could bring to Colonel Lindbergh such convincing evidence as to prompt the aviator to pay $50,000 in cash as ransom for his baby son. Perhaps the best reason is that Dr. Condon had never been identified with anything that would indicate that a desperate kidnapping gang would wish to employ him as its intermediary—and further, his position of eminence was purely local. Within the confines of Bronx County, in New York City, Dr. Condon was known as a kindly, lovable educator with a great interest in children, a devotee of amateur sports, but a man unlikely to be hauled into the spotlight by any criminal gang.

It was not until April 10 that Dr. Condon's part in the negotiations became public knowledge, yet he had received his first note from the men who Lindbergh believed to be the kidnappers, on March 9, fully a month earlier.

During that time, Dr. Condon had managed to visit Lindbergh at the latter's Hopewell estate and the aviator had come to Dr. Condon's Decatur avenue home in The Bronx—all without detection by countless observers. While, for instance, the detention of "Red" Johnson was occupying the public mind, Dr. Condon was playing his difficult game quietly, patiently and wisely. The smokescreen of publicity behind which Dr. Condon, Lindy and his adviser, Colonel Breckinridge, carried on their negotiations, was swept away only by a series of inex-

plicable circumstances. And thereby hangs the most dramatic chapter of the whole affair.

Dr. Condon's first appearance in the Lindbergh case was a public and, indeed, a somewhat inauspicious one. A week after the kidnapping, he offered to pay $1,000 of his savings as ransom, in addition to any that might have been offered by Colonel Lindbergh. The offer was published in The Bronx Home News, a sectional newspaper in New York City, on March 8. Many such offers had been made by persons throughout the country. There was nothing about the proposal of Dr. Condon that might have been considered significant.

It was only a matter of hours before Dr. Condon heard from the kidnapers. The very next day, he received a letter from them. It demanded $50,000 in ransom and specified that the money must be packed in a box measuring fourteen inches, by seven inches by six inches. The demand clearly stated that the ransom must be paid in five, ten and twenty dollar bills. Dr. Condon, of course, was informed that he must secure authorization from Colonel Lindbergh to act as intermediary.

Inside the envelope, with Dr. Condon's letter, was another addressed to Colonel Lindbergh. After a telephone talk with the Colonel, Dr. Condon was convinced that the communications were authentic, for they contained unmistakable symbols that related them to the original ransom note left by the abductors

on March 1, in the nursery of the Lindbergh home at Hopewell. These circular symbols, with certain identification marks, bore the first and unquestionable evidence that the kidnappers were not mere impostors. They impressed Colonel Lindbergh immediately.

It was the night of March 9 that Dr. Condon received word by telephone that he was to make a hurried trip to Hopewell to consult with the famous flyer.

Despite obstruction by state police, Dr. Condon made his way to the Lindbergh residence. In the furore at the time, with thousands of clews claiming attention of authorities and the press, Dr. Condon managed completely to elude detection of reporters.

Dr. Condon, Colonel Breckinridge and Lindy talked over details until nearly daybreak. A bed in Baby Lindbergh's nursery was prepared by Colonel Lindbergh himself, for the educator-intermediary. It is related how Dr. Condon, more than ever sympathetic with the stricken parents when he realized that he was about to snatch a few moments sleep in the baby's own nursery, knelt down beside the empty crib in which the child had so often slept, and vowed that he would risk all for the infant's return.

In the morning, after a brief nap, Dr. Condon met Mrs. Lindbergh and sought bravely to buoy up her spirits.

"Look at the Colonel!" Dr. Condon said. "I do

believe he's jealous of me—and an old fellow, at that!"

Anne Lindbergh smiled at the sally, for she evidently admired the Doctor's confident expectation that he could bring back her much-sought baby.

On the afternoon of March 10, Dr. Condon managed to get away from the closely watched Lindbergh home, returning to The Bronx. It was while the Condon-Lindbergh plan for contacting with the kidnappers was unfolding at the latter's home that a hitherto unknown participant entered the Lindbergh mystery drama. He was John Hughes Curtis, Norfolk, Virginia, shipbuilder, who had been approached by a man who also called himself an emissary of the kidnap gang. He asked the shipbuilder to serve as an intermediary in dealing for the return of the child.

Curtis, who was unknown to the Lindberghs, began a series of futile long-distance telephone calls, in an effort to secure authorization from Colonel Lindbergh. How he finally effected contact with the flyer, will be related elsewhere. Why obstacles faced the efforts of Curtis and his associates, however, can be readily understood, for Colonel Lindbergh already felt confident that he had established genuine contact.

When Dr. Condon returned home he had with him a letter written by Lindbergh, appointing him official go-between. The note specified that the

money was available in the Fordham Branch of the Corn Exchange Bank, in The Bronx.

As to his next step, Dr. Condon was in some doubt. His mission was a dangerous one. His position required utmost secrecy. He knew that he must inform the kidnappers that he had been appointed emissary by Lindbergh, and that the ransom money was available. Where to turn? He had, for many years, been friendly with the editors of the Bronx Home News. He felt that he could trust them—that they would not betray him for their personal advancement under the guise of journalistic enterprise.

It was in the Bronx Home News, therefore, that Dr. Condon inserted the first of his famous "Jafsie" advertisements, on March 11.

It announced:

"MONEY IS READY. JAFSIE."

That very night, a telephone call warned him to be on the watchout for a message the next evening, March 12. He was told to be prepared to follow instructions.

True to their promise, the kidnap gang did get word to him. A taxicab chauffeur drove up to the modest Condon residence, a private house on a quiet street faced by frame homes.

Dr. Condon was handed an envelope by the chauffeur who immediately departed. Inside the house, the Doctor opened the letter and read it to those who

had assembled to aid him. They were Colonel Breckinridge, Max Rosenhain, a restaurateur, and Al Reich, a former professional boxer.

The reading of the note was an exciting moment. It represented the first concrete move toward negotiations for payment of the ransom. The letter was simple in its instructions. It ordered Dr. Condon to proceed at once to a deserted refreshment stand not far from the last station on the Jerome avenue subway line in The Bronx—adjacent to Woodlawn Cemetery. The Doctor was given forty-five minutes in which to make the journey.

Dr. Condon realized that he should have made the trip alone. But he could not drive an automobile. Reich, who served as bodyguard as well as friend, volunteered to drive the Doctor to the place. Since it had to be accomplished in forty-five minutes the educator realized that this was the simplest and best way to be there on time. It was 8:30 o'clock and the neighborhood to which they were going was, at that hour, desolate and inky-black.

The two set out. In accordance with his instructions Dr. Condon found a note under a stone in front of the refreshment stand. The note bore the tell-tale circular symbols assuring authenticity. It directed the Doctor to hasten to still another point, farther north, at what is known as 233rd street and Jerome avenue.

Reich sped up Jerome avenue to the meeting place,

parking his car some distance from the spot designated in the orders of the gang. Dr. Condon alighted and left Reich in the car, which had been parked in an isolated, dark spot, alongside the Woodlawn Cemetery walls.

After pacing up and down for several minutes, he began to doubt if he would succeed in making contact with the mysterious gang representative. He looked back. Reich was still there. The Doctor felt that, perhaps, Reich's presence was disconcerting to the kidnappers. He had almost abandoned hope when he observed a rustling in the darkness of the cemetery. A white handkerchief seemed to be waving.

This, apparently, was the kidnapper's invitation to Dr. Condon to enter the graveyard. The venerable professor, unafraid, walked through the gate, into the cemetery, with arms extended, his palms upraised, to indicate he did not carry any weapons.

"That man in the automobile, down the street, is a personal, trusted friend," said Dr. Condon. "You need not fear him. I cannot drive an auto. He had to take me if I was to get here on time."

The kidnapper seemed satisfied. It looked as if they might get down to business, when a sudden noise nearby frightened the stranger. Dr. Condon turned and saw a cemetery guard, in uniform, approaching them. The mysterious stranger vanished, vaulting over the 8-foot cemetery fence with the ease of some giant cat. Dr. Condon returned to the street

sidewalk and waited patiently while the guard passed on. The man appeared again. Dr. Condon suggested that they retire, for privacy, to an old deserted shack in Van Courtlandt park, some distance away.

Despite the cold, the two men conversed for an hour and a quarter. The stranger was clothed in a thin overcoat and obviously chilled by the cold air. Dr. Condon presented proofs of his authorization to deal for the baby's return. The stranger pledged to provide unquestioned proof that his group possessed the child. The baby, the unknown man indicated, was "on a boat somewhere."

Before they parted, the kidnapper's emissary directed Dr. Condon to insert a new advertisement in the newspapers. The new announcement was to be proof to the kidnap-gang that the spokesman had actually met Dr. Condon.

That was why the following advertisement appeared in The Home News on Sunday, March 13:

"BABY ALIVE AND WELL. MONEY IS READY. CALL AND SEE US. JAFSIE."

There was then no doubt that "Jafsie" was Dr. John F. Condon, for the gang, by reading the newspaper, could see their own advertisement, inserted by the Doctor, with his adopted nickname, fashioned after his own initials, attached to it. The gang was

thus assured that the contact man had talked with Condon.

At that juncture, with Colonel Lindbergh in constant touch by telephone, Dr. Condon took the local newspaper editors into confidence and they were aware of the details of the transactions without publishing a word, until Monday, April 11, when other developments forced the situation into the limelight. The copyrighted articles in The Bronx Home News, describing the Doctor's negotiations were accepted as the only genuine detailed presentation of the facts. Two of the New York tabloid newspapers came out with fantastic yarns, based upon fragmentary knowledge of Dr. Condon's participation in the case, but it was not until The Bronx Home News published the facts that the truth was known.

The succeeding days were trying ones for all concerned. Thousands of clews were being tracked down and, as is shown elsewhere in this volume, the world-wide interest was centering upon incident after incident, but never on this one.

Dr. Condon, in addition to the Home News advertisements, was inserting identical announcements in the New York American, a Hearst newspaper.

When he failed to hear from the kidnappers, he realized that he must make some assurances to them. That is why the following cryptic advertisement was published. (Its meaning can now be better under-

stood, for at the time, it seemed vague and, in some quarters, fraudulent.)

The advertisement appeared in the two newspapers on Monday, March 14:

"MONEY IS READY. NO COPS. NO SECRET SERVICE. NO PRESS. I COME ALONE LIKE THE LAST TIME. PLEASE CALL JAFSIE."

There was no response for a few days. Then, there came in the mail, a "token" that had been promised by the kidnap-messenger. It was offered as proof that the gang actually held the infant. With the token came a note stating that the $50,000 must be paid before the baby could be delivered. And then, within eight hours, it was said, the infant would be returned. The letter directed that an advertisement be placed in the newspapers stating, "I accept. Money is ready." This was to be done, of course, if Colonel Lindbergh really did accept.

But Dr. Condon wanted the baby when he handed over the money. That was why, on Wednesday, March 16, the advertisement read as the kidnappers had directed, with a significant addition:

"I ACCEPT. MONEY IS READY. YOU KNOW THEY WON'T LET ME DELIVER WITHOUT GETTING THE PACKAGE. PLEASE MAKE IT SOME SORT OF A C.O.D. TRANSACTION. COME. YOU KNOW YOU CAN TRUST JAFSIE."

On Thursday, Lindy himself sped from Hopewell to the Condon home, where he studied the token and

instantly announced it to be genuine. He later took it home to Anne who, with Betty Gow, identified it as proof that the persons asking ransom actually held the child.

A series of very disconcerting events then followed, all of them indicating that, if action were not taken quickly, the negotiations would become public knowledge and the publicity would put an end to all progress. A newspaper reporter, not from The Home News, began haunting Dr. Condon's home. The Doctor, a tall, robust man with ruddy features and a white mustache, was obliged to don his wife's clothing, as a disguise, in order to elude this reporter. His arm held by Reich, Dr. Condon walked haltingly from his home to a waiting automobile, a veil pulled down over his face, in an effort to deceive any possible watchers as to his real actions.

The need for action spurred this advertisement, on Friday, March 18:

"I ACCEPT. MONEY IS READY, JOHN. YOUR PACKAGE IS DELIVERED AND IS O.K. DIRECT ME."

The use of the name "John" was inspired by the fact that the Doctor had been told by his interviewer in the lonely shanty on the first night, that "John" was his name. The "ad" was a direct appeal to "John."

Nothing came in response to that plea, so Dr. Condone, on Sunday, March 20, wrote:

"INFORM ME HOW I CAN GET IMPORTANT LETTER TO YOU. URGENT. JAFSIE."

On the afternoon before that advertisement appeared, Dr. Condon was in a small store that he maintained near his home. He had been operating a bazaar for charitable purposes. A woman had entered the place, looked at a violin and then had blurted out:

"Nothing can be done until the excitement is over. There is too much publicity. Meet me at the depot at Tuckahoe on Wednesday at five o'clock."

A letter came from the kidnappers on Monday morning, two days after this conversation, insisting that the original orders be carried out. Dr. Condon had tried to evade these orders by finding some way to get the child when he paid the money. The kidnappers seemed impatient with such pleas.

That was the reason for the advertisement on Monday, March 21, which ran for several days and read:

"THANKS. THAT LITTLE PACKAGE YOU SENT ME WAS IMMEDIATELY DELIVERED AND ACCEPTED AS REAL ARTICLE. SEE MY POSITION. OVER FIFTY YEARS IN BUSINESS AND CAN I PAY WITHOUT SEEING THE GOODS? COMMON SENSE MAKES ME TRUST YOU. PLEASE UNDERSTAND MY POSITION. JAFSIE."

Two days later, Dr. Condon kept his appointment with the "violin customer" of the Saturday before. Al Reich drove him in an auto to the New York Central railroad depot at Tuckahoe, which is a suburban village. The mysterious woman was waiting for the Doctor. But all she said was:

"Keep advertising until you hear more. You will get a message later."

She walked away and Dr. Condon was left without any encouraging news. The kidnappers evidently knew that they had not only the Doctor, but Lindbergh as well, at their mercy. They were apparently dictating terms, not listening to terms from their victims.

While the "Jafsie" negotiations were in this state, an unusual development in the case served to distract public notice from any possible "leak" as to Dr. Condon's efforts. Yet this same development—that from Norfolk, Virginia, complicated matters exceedingly.

A circumstantial story came from Norfolk to the effect that the Lindbergh baby was known to be held aboard a boat in Chesapeake Bay. The baby's delivery was even scheduled for Friday, March 25. Three men were announced as negotiators. They were John Hughes Curtis, the shipbuilder, the Rev. Dr. Harold Dobson Peacock, rector of Christ Episcopal Church of Norfolk, and Rear Admiral Guy Hamilton Burrage, United States Navy, retired.

The men were of the highest calibre. Their story was convincing.

According to Dr. Peacock, the kidnappers were ready to return the child. The minister added that he was positive that the men with whom Curtis had been in contact actually were the kidnappers. The shipbuilder asserted that he had first heard from the gang on March 9 and that he had tried, in vain, to reach Colonel Lindbergh. He said he had called in Dr. Peacock and Admiral Burrage because he could not communicate with Lindy himself and he knew that these two men were friends of the Lindberghs and Morrows. Burrage had accompanied Lindy when the aviator returned from his triumphant European flight in June, 1927. The Admiral was in charge of the U. S. cruiser, Memphis, which bore Lindy back to this country. Dr. Peacock had been dean of the Episcopal Cathedral in Mexico City, when Dwight W. Morrow was Ambassador, hence was known to the Morrow family as well as to Lindy.

It is small wonder that, since these three men complained of their inability to "get in touch with" Lindbergh, the public could not understand their claims. Even Colonel H. Norman Schwarzkopf, head of the Jersey State Police, discounted their efforts with numerous comments, most of them declaring that the Norfolk information "has no specific significance in this investigation."

Lindy, operating through "Jafsie" and believing

that he had already established contact with the kidnappers, undoubtedly had little time to listen to the Norfolk men who were sure that they, too, had a line to the abductors.

Curtis had an interview with Lindbergh and presented his facts, returning to Norfolk with evident optimism. Meanwhile, the aviator was conferring with Colonel Breckinridge, Morris Rosner, an appointed intermediary, and others. The world deduced that the conferences were brought about by the Norfolk incidents, but those developments were only secondary and the immediate concern was "Jafsie" and his work to get the baby back.

The two branches of the negotiations created an unique situation. On the one hand, were reports from Norfolk of new contacts with the kidnappers, followed by mysterious trips by Curtis and his associates. There were also continued complaints of inability to talk to Colonel Lindbergh about their work, with non-commital statements concerning the flyer's attitude. All of this was made public.

Meanwhile, under cover, the Jafsie negotiations were rapidly reaching a crisis.

Nothing had been heard from the kidnappers and Dr. Condon was therefore prompted, on Saturday, March 26, to insert this advertisement:

"MONEY IS READY. FURNISH SIMPLE CODE FOR US TO USE IN PAPER. JAFSIE."

The advertisement was published for a couple of days and while it was running, a note came to the Doctor from the kidnappers. It clearly asserted that there would be no "simple codes" or "C.O.D. transactions." It intimated that if the payment were not made before April 8, the ransom would be $100,000 and not $50,000.

The Bronx educator realized that he could not win any of his points so, on Thursday, March 31, he announced in his advertisement:

"I ACCEPT. MONEY IS READY. JAFSIE."

Lindbergh made a hurried trip from Hopewell to the Doctor's home, again evading all watchers, and once more handed to the aged intermediary a note of authorization as a go-between. Lindbergh, Colonel Breckinridge and Dr. Condon waited patiently, after this advertisement had been published.

The tensity of the drama was heightened by the arrival of a letter at 10:30 o'clock in the morning on Friday, April 1, when Dr. Condon received instructions to insert the advertisement, which he did on April 2, reading:

"YES. EVERYTHING O.K. JAFSIE."

That advertisement, though it was not realized by the public at the time, was the crucial point in the whole matter.

It meant that Dr. Condon was prepared to accept the gang's terms; that he would agree not to try to trap them when the ransom was paid; and that he had the cash ready to hand over. The note from the kidnappers bore a clear warning that if they were deceived, the result might be disastrous.

Lindbergh himself, now eager to see his child once more, and certain that the terrible agony was about to end, worked feverishly to bring the negotiations to a close. He himself put the cash in the specially built box, in a downtown, New York, safe where it could be had at any time for immediate delivery, without arousing suspicion.

On Saturday, April 2, the historic date in the undertaking, Colonel Breckinridge remained at Dr. Condon's side, at the latter's home, awaiting the big break. In the afternoon, Lindy came himself, bearing the box and the money. The trio were nervous, anxious and hopeful. Every minute seemed eternally long. They waited—and waited—and—

Sharp at 7:45 o'clock, when nightfall was already upon them, the doorbell rang and Dr. Condon was handed a note by a taxicab driver who hurried away.

The note was brief and pointed. It said that Dr. Condon was to go to a place called "Bergen's Flower Nursery," at 3225 East Tremont avenue, in the easterly section of The Bronx. Only a half hour was given in which the long trip must be made.

The note added that there was a table in front of

the flower establishment and that under the table was a stone. Under that stone was— another note!

Lindy's excitement was obvious, despite his normally cool bearing. His baby son would be back! He donned his coat, as did Dr. Condon, and the two of them drove off in a light coupe. Between them was the box containing $50,000 in cash. They had to hurry, for the gang had arranged that they would have no time to spare to set a trap.

When they reached the flower nursery, they found that it was almost directly opposite an entrance to St. Raymond's Cemetery. The kidnappers evidently knew the terrain. They had selected Woodlawn Cemetery the first time—and now St. Raymond's—both of them deserted places.

Lindy was anxious to be with Dr. Condon. He did not want the veteran educator to face the risk alone. But the Doctor knew that success depended upon carrying out the kidnappers' orders and Lindy was forced to sit in the auto, keenly aware that the kidnappers might have been within a stone's throw of him. Dr. Condon found the note, as directed, under the stone. He and Lindy read it. It directed him to walk down the street to another thoroughfare known as Whittemore avenue.

Dr. Condon left the box of money with the Colonel and proceeded down the street alone. It was dark and eerie. There were no passing cars. Not a

soul was in sight. The dank gloom of the cemetery seemed to reach out and envelope him.

As he approached the corner of Whittemore avenue, a man and woman suddenly approached the Doctor. The woman said, "This is Whittemore avenue," and the couple passed on. Dr. Condon observed that Whittemore avenue runs through a part of the cemetery. He saw at a glance that, due to a high wall, heavy bushes and trees, and the tombstones in the cemetery, it would be simple for the gang to be in hiding without fear of detection. They could see him but he could not see them.

The professor walked along the thoroughfare. He halted a moment. He turned. A voice, some distance away, called to him. He could see no one, but retraced his steps down the street.

"Where are you?" the Doctor asked, as he approached an evergreen shrub at the end of the cemetery wall, a spot from which the voice had seemed to come.

"Here I am,!" said a man and the doctor saw the fellow emerge from behind the shrub. They were separated by the plant.

"Have you got the money?" the stranger asked.

"Yes," was the immediate response, "but I need a receipt to prove to Colonel Lindbergh that I have paid it."

"Wait here, then," said the man. "I will get the receipt. It will be directions to where the baby is to be found."

Dr. Condon saw the man hurry away, his form being hidden by the tombstones. The Doctor could not tell whether the man had hidden the note or had gotten it from somebody waiting behind one of the stones.

Returning, the stranger showed an envelope to Dr. Condon.

"Get the money," he said "and I will give you this receipt."

Dr. Condon sped back to Colonel Lindbergh, who was less than a city block away, though the kidnappers presumably were unaware of it. The flyer handed over the box. The Doctor returned.

The man was waiting. The Doctor presented the box and the man gave him the envelope in return. At the same time the educator asked for fair play. He explained that all he wanted was the baby. But he did not mention the fact that, in the box, he had placed another note, also pleading for a square deal.

Running back to Colonel Lindbergh, whose taut nerves were by this time at breaking point, Dr. Condon handed him the note. It was opened in an instant. It directed Lindy to go to Gayhead, a point at the southerly end of Martha's Vineyard, an island off the lower Massachusetts coast. The child, said the note, was aboard a vessel named "Sally," a 28-foot

boat. Two hours must pass, the note added, before the searchers were to start for the place. And they were informed that the two women guarding the child on the boat were innocent of any connection with the crime and unaware that the child was the kidnapped Lindbergh baby.

Lindy could scarcely contain himself. He sped back to Dr. Condon's home. They met Colonel Breckinridge, Al Reich and Elmer L. Irey, chief of the Internal Revenue Bureau's intelligence unit. The two hours were spent in rapid-fire conversation. By telephone, the Colonel chartered a Sikorsky amphibian seaplane from Hartford. He was anxious to get going. Finally, at three o'clock in the morning of Sunday, April 3, the party set out in Lindy's car for Bridgeport, Connecticut, where they had made an appointment to meet the special airplane. They made the trip from The Bronx in two hours, arriving just before daylight. The glistening scarlet plane swooped down to the waters adjacent to the airport shortly after sunrise. Colonel Lindbergh eagerly got into the plane, followed by Irey, Colonel Breckinridge and Dr. Condon.

Shooting across the waters of Martha's Vineyard, the plane did not miss a solitary boat without careful observation. Lindy, at the controls, found time to peer hopefully at each vessel, on the watchout for the one named by the kidnappers. All morning, the

four men flew about the neighborhood specified in the kidnappers' note. There was no trace of the boat. The flying ace held hope. He could not believe, at first, that the kidnappers had swindled him. He had lived up to every promise. Why had not they lived up to theirs?

Shortly after noon, Lindy brought the amphibian to earth near Cuttyhunk, a village in the neighborhood, where lunch was had. A few questions were asked of persons nearby and once more the plane took off. The afternoon was spent in the same sort of searching, with nothing to reward Lindy and his aides. Late in the afternoon, the trip was abandoned and the four men returned to town.

News of the search, meanwhile had spread and rumors were that Curtis, the Norfolk shipbuilder, was with Lindbergh. It was generally believed that the search had something to do with the developments in Norfolk, for Dr. Condon had not yet appeared in the drama as a public figure.

Undaunted, Lindy renewed his search the following day, this time being accompanied only by Colonel Breckinridge. They flew from Newark Airport early in the day and spent almost the whole day flying over the Martha's Vineyard region. Their search, of course, was vain.

In the succeeding days, Lindbergh felt that the kidnappers might not have "double-crossed" him,

though on Wednesday, April 6, Jafsie's pleading advertisement was first published. It read:

"WHAT IS WRONG? HAVE YOU CROSSED ME? PLEASE BETTER DIRECTIONS. JAFSIE."

Numerous reports from Hopewell, during the latter days of these negotiations, led to the general belief that the baby was about to be returned, though it was thought that the development would come from Norfolk. When a brush fire near the Lindberg residence threatened the homestead, Lindy himself came out to help extinguish it. His manner, observers noted, was cheerful. Outsiders did not know that he still hoped that the swindlers would return the baby to him.

Optimism was increased on April 6, when Curtis, in Norfolk, after one of his many mysterious departures, announced that the "baby is safe and well." He said he had met the agent of the criminals for the third time since March 9 and was confident that the deal would soon be consummated. The following day, Admiral Burrage announced that Lindy had asked him and his associates to "keep on trying."

Through all these dealings, the anguish of Anne and Lindy can be readily imagined. They had fondly expected that little Charles Augustus, Jr., would soon be back in his crib and the horrible incident would have been closed. When the kidnappers did not deliver the child after receiving the ran-

som, Lindy felt that something may have gone amiss. That was why he waited until late Saturday night, April 10, before he formally admitted that he had paid over the huge ransom without results.

The serial numbers of the five, ten and twenty dollar bills, totalling $50,000, were broadcast throughout the nation and almost immediately, bills were found bearing the numbers, indicating that the gang had distributed some of the money between the date of receiving it and the day when Lindy finally made public the fact that he had been "double crossed."

The news of the payment of the money broke up hope of re-establishing contact at once, with the kidnappers. Hordes of curious persons surrounded the Condon home in The Bronx. Every movement of the Doctor was watched and the constant visits of Colonel Breckinridge to his home served to heighten the attraction of newspaper reporters and others. So much were they haunted by pursuers that Lindy, on Thursday, April 14, issued a formal plea, in which Anne joined him, asking for secrecy. They pointed out that no contacts could be made or kept, with the abductors, so long as they were harassed in their every movement.

With the bursting of the "Jafsie" bubble, at least temporarily, hope swung back to the Norfolk intermediaries. On Friday, April 15, Curtis announced that he had talked with Lindy four times within a

few days and assured him again, that the baby was "safe and well."

To this, Admiral Burrage added the statement that Curtis had re-established his conversations with the kidnappers and that negotiations were rapidly progressing.

But the attitude of the Lindbergh board of strategy was epitomized on Saturday, April 17, fifteen days after the ransom swindle, when Colonel Breckinridge flatly announced that "Dr. Condon alone has been able to establish direct contact with the kidnappers." He joined the Lindberghs in their plea for privacy in order that negotiations might be renewed and carried forward.

The Norfolk men, in the face of this, remained "hopeful," as they described it, and said they were resorting to a policy of "watchful waiting."

It was natural, from such a confusing series of developments, that no trained observers could agree on the meaning, if any, of the "Jafsie" deal on the one hand and the Norfolk negotiations on the other. Even in authoritative circles, opinions differed.

One view held that one of the original kidnap gang had broken with his fellow-conspirators and, with the secret symbol and "token" had managed to swindle Lindy.

Another view held that the kidnap gang had decided to deal through two channels and collect ransom in both.

Theories, though interesting, were so often upset in the Lindbergh case that they were alway hazardous.

For instance, it is now known that at least one hoax was successfully played by a newspaperman who secured not only a verbatim account of the text of the ransom note, but also a full description of the secret symbols of the kidnappers. Within twenty-four hours after the kidnapping, this newspaperman telephoned from Chicago and gave the impression that he was the head of the police department of that city. According to this version, a New Jersey official, excited by the case and not wary of intrigue, willingly described the ransom note to the "chief of police of Chicago." He believed the man from Chicago when the latter said that he was searching for the criminals and that the text of the note would aid him.

Several such "leaks" were reported, so that mere possession of the so-called secret symbols was not guarantee of the identity of the kidnappers, though Lindy held them secret.

Denials as to the nature of the "token" that convinced Lindy he was dealing with the kidnappers through Dr. Condon, were frequent, though it was learned in quarters close to Dr. Condon that the sleeping jacket worn by Baby Lindbergh was the "token." Experts insisted that the only possible "token" could be a package of undeveloped photographic films, that could not be tampered with, show-

"Newest, Cutest . . . ."

ing the baby in a half dozen different natural poses. The "package" that Dr. Condon occasionally referred to in his advertisements, gave rise to the notion that the films had been used and not the sleeping garment.

As for the ransom-seekers who operated through Dr. Condon, the question that often arose was how they had come to choose him. It was pointed out that so clever a gang would have determined upon the mode of collecting ransom before committing the crime. Hence, it was argued, Dr. Condon probably was not decided upon merely because he had offered to act as intermediary.

The Doctor himself expressed the opinion that a former pupil of his, in the Bronx schools where he had been teacher and principal for more than 45 years, may have been responsible for the selection of himself as intermediary.

The Doctor never for a moment doubted that he was dealing with the real kidnappers and that they really intended to return the child. He had met one of the gang in person and knew the man. Who can say why the Doctor had such confidence that the abductors would live up to their word?

CHAPTER XII

HIDDEN EYES ON LINDY'S WEALTH

From poverty to riches!

Though Charles Augustus Lindbergh was a poor young man the day he took off from Roosevelt Field on what even veteran fliers regarded as a suicide expedition, his wealth today is estimated as between two and three million dollars.

The very moment that he stepped out of the Spirit of St. Louis after his epochal landing at Le Bourget and calmly inquired where he was, he acquired $25,000. For that was the sum he received as the Orteig prize. In addition to this his book "We" brought initial royalties of $100,000 from which royalties are still coming in.

His tour of the United States for Daniel Guggenheim netted him an undisclosed sum. His yearly salary as technical adviser of the Pan-American Airways and the Trans-continental and Western Air, Inc., is said to be $50,000. He is also affiliated with the Department of Commerce Aeronautical Division and the National Advisory Committee on Aeronautics.

Another source of income was the syndication of newspaper articles. All of this fortune was built on the fame which accrued to him after his solo flight to Paris.

Is it any wonder that it was his child the kidnappers decided to steal? Here was a child whose father had accumulated a fortune of millions in about five years. Here was a baby whose parents would undoubtedly be willing to sacrifice all of those millions, every penny they could possibly scrape together, if only their baby was returned to them unharmed. Here was a baby who was worth a king's ransom.

And, in addition to Colonel Lindbergh's personal wealth, there was also the estimated estate of $19,000,000 which Dwight W. Morrow had left to his widow. True, there had been no provision in it for the aviator and his wife, nor was the baby a direct beneficiary, but kidnappers would undoubtedly argue that the money would be at the disposal of the Lindberghs should anything happen to their child.

Besides, hadn't Dwight Morrow, in his will expressed "every confidence" that Mrs. Morrow would make provision for her children? A kidnapper or group of kidnappers would unquestionably argue that the money would some day be diverted to the Lindberghs—at least, a great part of it. It was known that Mrs. Morrow and the Lindberghs were friendly, that the airman and his wife and child lived at the Morrow residence in Englewood most of the time

and only spent week-ends at their newly-built $50,000 home at Hopewell.

This typical "Eagle's Nest" stood on the second highest eminence in the State and was almost completely cut off from the rest of the world. Kidnappers would consider it an ideal spot for their nefarious work. A narrow road, steep, rocky and someties muddy, wound up from the country below.

The site was selected from the air by the youthful Colonel and his wife. When the home was under construction the flyer was heard to remark:

"We flew over a great deal of country before we finally selected the site."

The estate is 48 miles from New York City and 13 miles from Trenton, N. J. It is within ten miles of the air-beaconed air mail passenger route between New York and Washington, and the "front yard" is a private landing field.

That was one of the precious results of the glorious flying venture of five years before—a private landing field. Here the wife of the "Lone Eagle" could sit at her front window and see her husband swoop gracefully down from the sky after a trip away from their comfortable fireside. And here, the golden curled eaglet, from his nursery on the second floor, could also wave joyously to his daddy.

"Slim" Lindbergh had risked much to obtain the privacy he so much desired—to create an atmosphere where his son could grow up "like any other normal

boy." Instead of detectives, he obtained servants he was sure he could trust, and two pet dogs.

But he had not taken into consideration the cunning of the slinking kidnappers who planned the crime with such deadly accuracy.

Fifty thousand dollars was the sum asked by the kidnappers as the ransom of Lindy's son. Throughout negotiations, however, it was generally believed that Lindy might have to spend a million dollars. The kidnappers knew the aviator had the money. They had taken extraordinary precautions to leave no clews behind and they had succeeded. What was there to keep them from exacting the huge sum?

Captain John J. Lamb, of the New Jersey State Police, who was throughout an active figure in the drama, indicated how much the Lindberghs might be expected to pay. Asked, three days after the abduction about the reported $50,000 ransom demand in the original note left by the abductors, Captain Lamb said, "I am sure that Colonel Lindbergh will pay much more than that amount."

To mercenary kidnappers, Lindy must therefore have seemed an easy victim from whom to extract a large sum of money.

CHAPTER XIII

BONANZA AT HOPEWELL

Hopewell, New Jersey, is a small village in the Sourland Mountains. Only those who have lived in, or visited for some period of time, a typical American village can visualize what Hopewell is like. Small, one-story "taxpayers" for the few stores. Frame dwellings here and there. Streets carelessly paved, if paved at all. Scattered homesteads. Sparsely settled regions outlying. And then what the city dweller knows as desolation—no homes for miles.

Hopewell had lived a quiet, unobtrusive existence. Its folk were country folk, minding their own business. It had its own life, its own ways, and its own ideas.

Picture then, the advent of more than 2,500 hungry, excited, noisy, talkative newspaper reporters, writers, photographers, detectives, police officers, celebrities, and assorted hangers-on.

Hopewell was jarred as no American town had ever been before. From an obscure, commonplace

village, it had become the veritable world center of curiosity.

Most of those who had come to town on the Lindbergh case had come to stay, at least until the mystery was solved. Naturally, Hopewell's facilities were limited. Telephones were precious. Food was, at first, hard to get. Hotel rooms were a rarity and it was not uncommon for a half dozen newspaper reporters to share a single room, sleeping in shifts.

It was inevitable that Hopewell would be startled out of its usual, quiet life. There could not possibly have been room for the hordes of reporters and police at the Lindbergh house, even if efforts had been made to put them there and even if their presence would not have interfered with the investigation and pursuit.

While the world was stirred, as never before, immediately after the news had streaked from land to land, the Lindbergh home became an object of pilgrimage. While the visitors undoubtedly were, in many instances, attracted out of a feeling of sympathy, thousands of them were thrill-seekers who could not keep away from the neighborhood.

The growing congestion of automobiles filled with sensation-hunters finally aroused the press, as well as authorities, with the result that, only four days after the abduction, the New York Evening Journal published a vivid, sharp and yet sympathetic appeal.

"*Autos, stay away from Hopewell!*" read a headline on the first page of the newspaper. And the appeal continued:

"Give the Lindbergh family and the authorities a chance.

"There is nothing you can see by going to Hopewell.

"You can do nothing except get into a traffic jam and have a rotten Sunday. Police lines won't let you get within two miles of the Lindbergh home.

"By going, you add to the confusion.

"You complicate a situation already tangled almost beyond hope by the morbidly curious and by souvenir hunters.

"Motorists, stay away from Hopewell.

"Don't make a circus out of a tragedy."

The appeal struck home to countless thousands, but there were, nevertheless,—and it may be said to the discredit of many otherwise good Americans—persons who jammed the highways around Hopewell for weeks—and who thereby obstructed police and the search.

Before the cyclone of outsiders hit Hopewell, the tail end of the twister struck the Lindbergh homestead.

The first batch of reporters and photographers began straggling into the 550-acre Lindbergh estate early in the morning on March 2, only a few hours after the abduction.

Quarters for the group were prepared in the Lindbergh garage and telephone linesmen began stringing wires across the mountainside. The visitors were cold from their long trek to the Lindbergh house. And they were hungry.

Colonel Henry Breckinridge, scholarly legal adviser to the Colonel, supervised the serving of coffee to the throng. Oliver Wheatley, the butler, and his wife, saw to it that everyone received a hot drink to ward off a severe cold from the chilly air.

Lindy himself was chasing clews and Mrs. Lindbergh, known then to face the birth of another babe, was not physically able to be of assistance. Not even the emergency phone service was adequate. The reporters' demands for telephone connections interfered with police calls.

As the day and night wore on, Wheatley, who had been in the Lindbergh employ since they leased their first home at Montrose, before moving to Hopewell, made sandwiches and literally gallons of coffee. Colonel Breckinridge proved a courteous assistant in the emergency.

When supplies were used up, Wheatley hustled to town, laid in a stock of things for sandwiches and gallons of milk, and renewed his task of providing food for the sundry visitors.

That first day was an exciting one for those at the Lindbergh estate. Major Thomas Lanphier, head

of an aviation concern, provided thrills for the reporters.

Lanphier was a friend of Lindy and, with Sergeant Harry Campbell, and a trooper, piloted a plane around the vicinity of the Lindbergh estate, searching for possible clews. He swept low in his plane, scouting across the mountain tops at breakneck speed. Finally, he dropped the plane low and then threw a written message to the assembled group. A scramble between reporters and state troopers for possession of the message ended with the troopers as victors. The message described an old parked auto seen some distance away. A hurried trip to the scene disclosed a broken down car that could not possibly have had any connection with the affair.

This incident served only further to indicate that the horde of visitors could not remain long on the Lindbergh estate. Consequently, there was no surprise when Colonel Lindbergh asked all reporters to leave, making arrangements for news releases through an elaborate system at Trenton. When the reporters departed for Hopewell, joining others already there, and when it became apparent to those arriving from New York, Philadelphia, and elsewhere, that nothing could be gained by a visit to the estate, Hopewell came into its own. It was jammed to the hilt. Occasional forays were made from Hopewell to the Lindbergh house, but not many of them and few that were fruitful.

To Paul Gebhart, proprietor of a typical village soft drink, tobacco and food shop, the Lindbergh kidnapping must always have a double thrill. He encountered more business when the full sweep of reporters arrived than ever in the history of the village. Gebhart was awakened at 1:30 o'clock on the morning of March 2, a few hours after the kidnapping. The first group of reporters yanked him out of bed to gain access to his telephone booth, the only one in town, and to buy cigarettes and coffee.

When Gebhart had closed his shop that night, with the customary receipts for the day, he might have counted $30 in the till. But the next afternoon, he was doing such a business that he even cashed money orders for $100 at a time. He was sold out. He got more stock and more help and his place soon became a haven for tired, worn reporters, movie cameramen and others.

"Gebhart's," it was said, had become as well-known to the reporters as "Lindberghs."

Extra telephones were installed in the place, the rooms were filled with reporters, and the jam had all the earmarks of an old-fashioned gold rush. The village merchant ordered stuff from Trenton and as fast as food and smokes and other supplies could come, they were consumed by the incoming mob. A stout fellow with a sandy colored head of hair, Gebhart was lethargic throughout, somewhat surprised, and yet a good business man.

The townsfolk were not as backward as might have been suspected. Like their city brothers, they knew that demand creates price. The result was a tilting of the cost of taxicab fares, food and lodging. Ham and eggs, normally costing thiry cents a dish, went to seventy-five cents. Rooms in whatever hostelries there were, cost $5 per day. Apple-jack, normally a quarter a drink, was boosted to a half dollar a drink. The newspapermen and women were spending the newspapers' money, so why worry? They didn't, and paid the bills affably enough.

The booming town was further crowded with curious motorists from afar, many of whom stayed for hours at a time in Hopewell, held by a fascination they could not explain.

Not all the Hopewell residents were happy at the intrusion. One unfortunate newspaper photographer stopped at a farmhouse about two miles from the Lindbergh home, to inquire the way. He had come from New York in a taxicab. The farmer, already annoyed by inquisitive persons all night, was awakened in the early hours of the morning by the cameraman. When the farmer opened the door, he pointed a shotgun at the newspaper photographer, who quaked aplenty. Behind the farmer, was his wife, with an axe in her hand, and a threatening grimace on her face. The photographer managed to gulp out his inquiry, but the farmer had scared him and he swiftly decamped.

Gebhart's place became more important as time wore on, for the Governor's official statements were issued from Trenton to Gebhart's, by telephone, for the newspaper representatives assembled there. It was a strange mixture of pathos and humor. The radio, one minute, might be booming forth a jazz melody. In an instant it might be turned off, while some reporter, on the telephone, might be taking down the latest grim news of the search.

Various proposals were made concerning the handling of the news of the Lindbergh case. One newspaper proposed a "moratorium," offering to withdraw its reportorial and photographic staff from Hopewell and vicinity, if the other newspapers would agree to do likewise. A number of newspapers joined in this plan, to aid the Lindberghs by giving them a chance to deal with the kidnappers. But the proposal never came to anything.

Dissatisfaction with the system of handling news which, as the days wore on, prohibited any direct contact with Lindy or his wife, was expressed by many newspapers. One of them proposed to Colonel Schwarzkopf that specially designated groups of newspapermen daily interview the famous aviator in person.

The plan was vetoed, though it might have done much to bring out the necessary facts and avoid confusion.

Radio made its big bid for news activity throughout

the kidnapping. The National Broadcasting Co., and the Columbia Broadcasting Co., maintained staffs at both Hopewell and Trenton, in New Jersey, and the dispatches that were sent out covered the world. Criticism was levelled, in some quarters, at the radio announcements which were frequently called misleading. It was pointed out that, once an erroneous statement had been made by radio, a correction would not necessarily be heard by the persons who listened in on the original incorrect announcement.

One of the most succinct statements in behalf of the newspapers was made by Amster Spiro, City Editor of the New York Evening Journal, who had announced that his newspaper had a copy of the original ransom note but, out of consideration for the Lindberghs, had refrained from publishing the note.

Spiro said:

"We have wired Colonel Schwarzkopf, asking that information be given out by the Lindbergh family to committees for the morning and evening newspapers, as statements given out by the state police are meager and evasive.

"In making this request, we pointed out that we are doing everything possible to aid Colonel Lindbergh and with his interests in mind have withheld publication of the text of the original ransom note left by the kidnappers.

"This note in our opinion contains matter that would be harmful to Colonel Lindbergh's cause. We

feel that a more satisfactory system of giving out information to the press would be in the best interests of the case.

"Publicity to a certain extent can help in solving the mystery."

Spiro's proposal was significant because the newspapers had run into some abuse as hindering the search. That the newspapers were balked in any earnest desire to be helpful was demonstrated by the editor's statement.

Other newspaper executives attempted to straighten out the difficulties without success. Considering the widespread conflicts in stories released from supposedly authoritative sources, it is not surprising that many errors did crop up in the newspapers. All of them were undoubtedly aiming at accuracy, and would have given the public more valuable service had the way been cleared for them as Spiro proposed.

Hopewell, the small town that had always gone its way as countless small towns throughout the nation, was thus jarred beyond its wildest expectations. It is small wonder that the newspapers and photographic syndicates that spread the news across the nation, floundered at times. On the whole, the job they did was a creditable one from the journalistic standpoint.

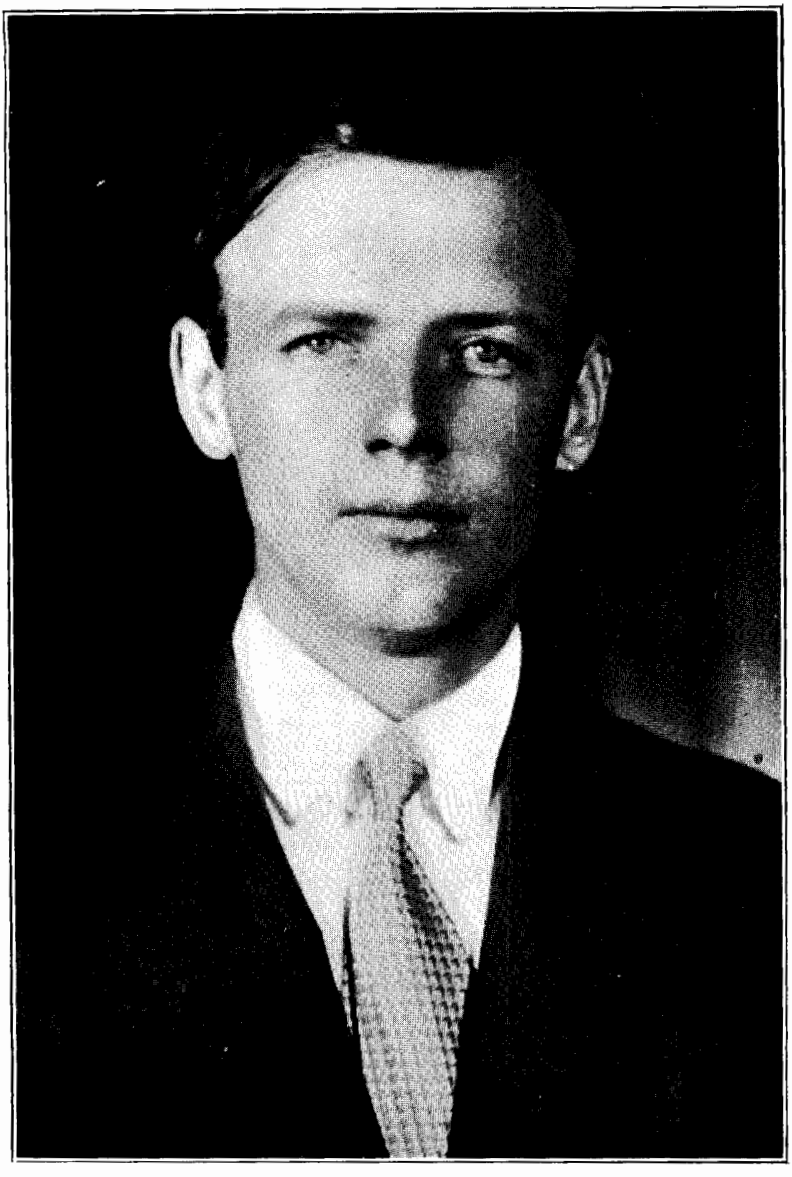
So acute were the news syndicates that one news-photographic service kept an airplane chartered between Hopewell, and the Newark Airport. In the

event that the baby was returned, it was felt that the pictures of the child could be shot out of Hopewell to the metropolitan press in a matter of minutes.

The nation may talk about the Lindbergh kidnapping for a century. Hopewell, New Jersey, will live with the event forever. Before the kidnapping, the town of Hopewell boasted historic background, notably the fact that George Washington had been there. Afterward — well, George Washington had been there—but so had the interest of the entire world.

To those uncommunicative folk who dwell in the Sourland hills outside the village of Hopewell, however, the tragic drama enacted in the Lindbergh homestead was not unusual. For this group of eerie hills on the Mercer-Hunterdon county line is the scene of weird legend. Strange things are said to happen in this land of mountain folk. Nothing is unexpected or surprising. And many stranger tales are told than that of the Lindbergh kidnapping.

When the wind moans in the trees—the same wind that covered the getaway of the Lindbergh kidnappers—when this wind howls dismally, Charley Sutphin who has seen many things happen in the 70 years of his existence, sometimes forgets the native reticence of mountain folk and tells tales of the strange doings that he vows take place in the Sourland hills. There's the story, for instance, of his own brother, Ike, now dead, who once claimed that he saw the ghost of "the headless one," a man without



His Son Kidnapped.

a head driving his horse and buggy over a rutted mountain trail through the wooded hills.

That's Ike's story. But Charley, too, has seen the spirits of dead folks wandering in the night. There's the ghost of Knitting Betty whom Charley has seen tirelessly knitting away at what—no one knows—for she always vanished when one came too close to her. It was Stook, the butcher, who killed her, so the story goes, thus making a ghost of her.

Often in the still of the night, the mountain folk claim they can hear her frenzied screams again as her lover's fingers close on her spectral throat. Many years ago this happened, but the shadows of the pair are still not at rest. That last tragic scene is re-enacted often, down to the last despairing cry of the dying woman. So the legend goes!

After the Lindbergh kidnapping the mountain folk pointed out that the haunt where the ghost of Knitting Betty was accustomed to meet her lover wraith on cold winter nights is now part of Lindbergh's back yard. And like Betty, those who pass away in this country return to the Sourland Mountains looking for their friends at the lonely windswept corners which the specters have made their own.

Another tale of the strange doings in this Sourlands is told by seventy-year-old Charley. This one is about the woodchopper who dared to touch one of these spectral women. She resented the contact

and so clearly did her hand sweep across his cheek that he carried the imprint of her fury to the day of his death.

It was in this country of the applejack distillers that Sam Cruse and Dory Cruse, Negro brothers, were shot to death in Princeton Basin in 1873. But like others of these people who pass away in violence, the two are supposed to return to earth on certain nights, according to Charley, and follow the living along the lonely roads.

High in the desolate reaches of these hills, the wraith of Pete Nixon is said to float to the weird music of his violin, searching—searching—for the head of Ben Peterson, which was supposed to have been removed with a shotgun in 1877.

These people also tell the story of the late Rev. George A. Eaton who was riding one night on the Rileyville-Hopewell road, returning home from the deathbed of a member of his congregation. He suddenly met the ghost of a man on a ghostly white horse. He recognized the man as the person who had just died.

The wraith demanded:

"Meet me tonight in the dark woods."

"No, I cannot," replied the minister.

"Then hold out your hand," demanded the dead.

The minister obeyed and the wraith touched it. From that time until his death the Rev. Eaton's arm was useless, the story-tellers say.

Such is the country where the fearless Colonel—the Lone Eagle—built a nest for his mate and their tiny eaglet. Such is the background of the folk who dwell in the Sourland Mountains.

CHAPTER XIV

A WORLD AROUSED!

Consternation! Anger! Sorrow! Despair! Curiosity! Pity!

The whole gamut of human emotion gripped the nation when newspapers flashed the report that a cruel, unknown hand had snatched Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr., from his baby crib and left his beloved parents bewildered and horror-stricken.

The reaction was felt throughout the country, from Wall Street to the humblest home in the farthermost hinterlands—from school campus to factory—from the mansions of the rich to the hovels of the poor. Mothers, fully aware of the torture which Anne Morrow Lindbergh was suffering, made vows and threats that boded ill for the kidnappers when and if they should be captured.

From Springfield, Ohio, Mrs. Opha Jackson, showed what she thought of the outrageous crime by wasting no time in wiring Governor A. Harry Moore of New Jersey that she was willing to pay $100 a

lash for the privilege of whipping the abductors of the Lindbergh baby when they were caught.

But that was not all. This woman was not content merely to listen to the whines of the guilty at her hands. So indignant was she at the abductors that to her the pleasure of seeing Colonel Lindbergh himself administer 20 more stripes to the kidnappers was worth an additional $2,000 at the rate of $100 a lash—and that was the offer she made.

On the other hand Wall Street, which is often said to have no heart, forgot money, stocks and bonds, and the depression, and disclosed a vein of sentimentality never before suspected. So curious and eager were they for news of the kidnapping that Wall Street reporters for metropolitan newspapers, were forced to learn the latest developments in the case before setting out on their daily rounds.

Instead of the usual, "Anything new on the market?" which ordinarily greeted the financial reporter, it was now, "Has the Lindbergh baby been found?" Bank presidents now requested that the reporters be prepared to telephone their offices for the latest news. And though occasional brokers felt it beneath their dignity to make personal telephone calls to the newspaper offices, these men nevertheless learned the very latest through the supposed curiosity of their secretaries who did the calling for them.

Speculators, gathered around the stock ticker to watch the jumping quotations on the tape, forgot

their missions and discussed the crime instead. In the exclusive clubs the Lindbergh baby's kidnapping became the exclusive topic of conversation. Apropos of this a prominent broker said:

"I attended a meeting at a club last night to discuss informally a new deal. What do you think? We discussed the Lindbergh case throughout the evening and went home without having thought about the deal. Imagine a bunch of brokers spending an entire evening talking about a baby?"

Simultaneously wealthy New Yorkers began seriously to discuss the possibility of obtaining insurance against the kidnapping of their children and the payment of large ransoms. The abduction of the Lindbergh baby had set them to thinking. Something had to be done, they decided, to protect themselves against the growing menace which had resulted in a crime, the magnitude of which to them was breathtaking.

So far as could be learned no such policy had ever been written. But the matter was being discussed in insurance circles and it was considered probable that policies of this kind, if applied for, would be underwritten.

Already wealthy parents had protected themselves against tuition losses incurred when their children were compelled to stay away from expensive private schools for illness or other reasons. An insurance broker, Alex G. W. Dewar of 370 Lexington Ave.,

underwrote such insurance. But it was difficult to fix a premium on the kidnapping policies, he pointed out.

At his office it was revealed that a kidnap policy would necessarily have a limited appeal because it would be wanted only by very wealthy parents whose children might become targets for kidnappers. The clause, however, might be written into other child insurance policies, it was suggested.

One insurance office pointed out that Lloyd's of London might write such a policy on demand.

The fear of mothers in New York City that their children might be the next scheduled for kidnapping was seen in the sudden employment of some of Columbia University's most powerful athletes to act as bodyguards for their children. Members of the Columbia football team served in that capacity.

Though the Lindbergh kidnapping influence in this protective measure was denied and the reason was given that the strong boys acted as "masculine influence," the report persisted.

"Many parents like the idea of having young men as associates for their sons," it was explained. "They want them to have more masculine influence. At the nursery age these boys have governesses and later their school teachers usually are all women. Also their fathers are so busy with business and professional life that they don't count much.

"Therefore, the students are in demand as companions and mentors. They may pass three hours

daily with the boys in their care, calling for them at school, romping with them in the park and helping them with their lessons at home. But they are not intended as protection against kidnapping."

In spite of this denial, however, from the Student Employment Bureau, the strongest men on the last season's football team continued to be employed as "masculine influence."

From Mrs. Clara Savage Littledale, editor of the Parents' Magazine, came several concrete suggestions for parents who were fearful that their children might be kidnapped.

"Teach young children to reply correctly to the following questions," she said.

"What is your name? Where do you live? (Street, number, town and state).

"Teach children of five or so your telephone number. Have them rehearse, using a toy phone, calling central and asking for your home number, then carrying on conversation.

"Teach your children never to go to walk or to ride with anyone before asking you if they may.

"Never teach children to fear policemen, but rather to look to them as friends in any emergency."

In far off Vienna, Mme. Ludwig Horvath, herself the mother of ten children, was reported by the Budapest press in a copyrighted story in the New York Evening Post, to have pawned her wedding ring to pay for a mass to be said in one of the great

churches of the Hungarian capitol for the safe return of the Lindbergh baby to its parents.

Her wedding ring was the last piece of jewelry she owned but so concerned was she when she learned of the kidnapping that she immediately had a mass said for the baby Lindy's parents. In addition to this the good woman and her husband prayed every night for the safe return of the Lindbergh baby.

An astonishing example of the manner in which the Lindbergh case gripped the world was related in a dispatch from Olmutz, Czecho Slovakia, on March 25. Two thousand men and women jammed the railroad station of that place, demanding the arrest of a man carrying a two-year-old child. Police made their way to him with difficulty. There was fear that the man might have been dealt with severely by the crowd. Inquiry revealed that the mob had been led to believe that the man held the kidnapped Lindbergh baby in his arms. The poor fellow proved that he was a high school teacher in Prague and the child his own!

CHAPTER XV

CELEBRITIES!

When Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr., first saw the light of day, on June 22, 1930, which was the twenty-fourth birthday of his mother, Anne Morrow Lindbergh, the birth was an event of world-wide importance. From every corner of the civilized world congratulations poured into the Morrow home at Englewood, where the stork brought the world's most famous babe. The youthful daddy of the eaglet was himself a world-wide figure. But famous in a way not comparable to the fame of statesmen, of international financiers, of philanthropists. His was an ideal fame, a fame built upon bravery, upon lack of ostentation, upon modesty, upon self-sacrifice, in short, upon every virtue that man has held dear through the ages.

Is it, then, surprising, that when the little eaglet was stolen, the world's greatest array of personages should find themselves, in one form or another, in the whirlpool of events? Perhaps no man of fame was untouched by the episode. Suffice it to say that

the swiftly moving, international drama, attracted to the limelight the very cream of the world's renown.

President Herbert Hoover conferred with Attorney General Mitchel about the case less than twenty-four hours after the kidnapping. When the United States Cabinet met, the subject of conversation was not the nation's affairs—and the nation's affairs were at the moment as critical as that of any nation in history—but the kidnapping of Baby Lindbergh. And rightly so! For Baby Lindbergh represented an ideal—a principle for which men strive and thus an interest far beyond the day's events in importance.

From Paris, from London, from Berlin, from even war-torn Shanghai—from the furthest reaches wire dispatches came to the great American cities either of participation in the search, or regret and sorrow at the untoward incident.

It is not in any sense an exaggeration to say that, without exception, the Lindbergh kidnapping eclipsed in its ability to strike at the hearts of men, all crimes, all events, everywhere, and at all times.

It is a curious, but an immensely important fact that at the very time when little Charles Augustus, Jr., was snatched from his crib at Hopewell, New Jersey, there was pending at Washington, D. C., proposals to create a law that would have made kidnapping a Federal crime. Up to then, kidnapping was punishable by the several states of the Union.

In eight states, kidnapping was punishable by death. The states were Alabama, Delaware, Illinois, Kentucky, Missouri, Nebraska, Texas and Virginia. In Montana, kidnapping was punishable by a year in jail with no minimum set.

Shortly before the stirring Lindbergh episode, a threat had been made to kidnap General Charles G. Dawes, head of the $2,000,000,000 Reconstruction Finance Corporation. General Dawes himself had been inclined to scoff at the threat, but not so with other famous Americans. This and other critical events prompted the introduction in the United States Senate of a bill by Senator Patterson, of Missouri, making kidnapping a Federal offense, punishable by the United States of America.

Representative John J. Cochran, also of Missouri, had introduced the companion bill in the House of Representatives. The Senate Judiciary Committee, before which the Patterson bill had come and which had held hearings on the subject, had approved the bill.

Of course the Lindbergh kidnapping put to an end all attempts, at least for the time being, to pass legislation imposing heavier penalties on kidnappers. It was felt that the Lindbergh abductors, scared off by stringent new laws, would never have made any attempt whatever to return the child, if such legislation were put into effect.

Colonel Isham Randolph, of Chicago, head of the

"Secret Six" and a noted expert on the subject, had, however, travelled to Washington to urge passage of the Patterson measure just before the Lindbergh baby was taken. Former Congressman Cleveland A. Newton, of St. Louis, joined him at the Senate Judiciary committee hearings, in support of the bill. Newton pointed out that kidnappings had been growing in number. He gave the records of some of the states for the prior year. Here are some figures that indicate the growth of kidnapping and, in a sense, the handwriting was on the wall, when the Most Famous Baby in the World, was stolen:

California had 25 kidnappings; Indiana, 20; Illinois 49; Kansas 8; Michigan 26; Oklahoma 9; Wisconsin 8; Nebraska 6; Massachusetts 15, and New Jersey 10.

The proposal of Senator Patterson came to an abrupt postponement, after March 1, that fatal day.

But the "crime of the ages" had impressed upon every mind the real threat of kidnapping. It was related how Mrs. Hoover, vacationing on the boat "Sequoia," at Green Cover Springs, Florida, sent a secret service man ashore to get news and keep her posted on the progress of events.

Prayers for the safety of the missing child were universally offered throughout the nation. Individual creeds were cast aside. Difference of opinion about religion meant nothing. Roman Catholics, Protes-

tants, Jews, agnostics, heretics, believers in Confucious—all religions prayed for the safety of the babe.

Scarcely a house of worship in the land did not raise its voice in prayer. The clergymen of the nation, touched by the kidnapping, made it the subject of sermons.

Bishop William T. Manning, of the Episcopal Church, asked that prayers be said in all of the churches of his faith in the nation. Patrick Cardinal Hayes, of the Roman Catholic faith, in New York City, offered prayers also. Dr. Samuel Schulman, Rabbi of Temple Emanu-El, in New York City, joined in the prayerful plea for return of the child.

The nation's most widely known clergymen made radio broadcast appeals, as well. The Reverend Father Charles E. Coughlin, of the Shrine of the Little Flower, at Detroit, Michigan, spoke on a national hook-up in which he urged that the kidnappers bring the baby to some Roman Catholic sanctuary. Ministers of other faiths offered similar suggestions, in the belief that, if the kidnappers were Jew or Gentile, they would heed the urgent pleas of ministers of their faiths.

A few of the famed clergymen who joined in these pleas were Dr. Nathan Stern, Rabbi of the West End Tabernacle, New York, Dr. Christian F. Reisner, pastor of the famous Broadway Methodist-Episcopal Temple, Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, Dr. A. Edwin

Keigwin, Dr. Daniel L. Poling, Rev. Joseph A. Daly, of Mount St. Vincent College, Dr. Henry Howard, Monsigneur Michael J. Lavelle, Dr. Ralph Sockman, Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, head of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, Most Reverend John J. Dunn, Bishop Auxiliary of the Roman Catholic Diocese of New York, Dr. Alexander Lyons, Rabbi of the Eighth Ave. Temple of Brooklyn, New York, and countless others.

A curious sidelight on the international aspect of the kidnapping was the receipt, by Dr. Tehyi Hsieh, manager of the Chinese Trade Bureau at Providence, Rhode Island, of a message from the Changchow Merchants Guild of Peiping, China. The message came within twenty-four hours of the kidnapping, the news having circled the world in much less time, and the merchants of the Orient expressed their sympathy for the Lindberghs in such a time of stress.

Across the pages of the newspapers of the country, the names of famous men were strewn, all of them actors in the great drama, and all of them aiding in the search. Mayor James J. Walker, of New York. Mayor Cermak, of Chicago. Governor A. Harry Moore, of New Jersey. Governor Franklin Roosevelt, of New York.

Governor Moore offered a $25,000 reward for capture of the kidnappers. Alphonse Capone, jailed

racketeer, offered $10,000. These and other offers were withdrawn at Colonel Lindbergh's request, for he feared they would make the position of his child even more dangerous, the kidnappers undoubtedly being frightened enough by the hot pursuit.

William Whitla, Sharon, Pennsylvania, lawyer, who had been kidnapped when he was 8 years old, and for whom a $10,000 ransom had been paid, deplored the crime. Both of his kidnappers were captured. One died in jail and the other had been paroled and was still alive in Chicago.

Never before had such excitement struck the nation—not even in time of war. When Governor Moore called a conference of law enforcement agencies to map out a plan of action, representatives came from all cities east of the Mississippi River—and they came within a relatively few hours. States Attorney John A. Swanson, of Chicago, and his chief investigator, Pat Crowe, came to Trenton, New Jersey over night. Mayor James Hague, of Jersey City, was there. So was Police Chief Joseph Gurk, of St. Louis. Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney, of New York City. Commissioner Austin Roche, of Buffalo, New York. J. Edgar Hoover, of the United States Department of Justice.

Call the roll of America's police heads and you will find that they were in the very thick of it.

Within two days, more than 1,100 persons had

been questioned by police in connection with the kidnapping.

On a single day, March 5, 3,331 persons called the New York Times on the telephone and asked that newspaper for the latest developments in the chase. The National Broadcasting Company gave free rein to radio messages, as did other stations and chains.

President William Green of the American Federation of Labor asked the trade unions of the country to help in the search!

An international madhouse? Indeed!

Warden Lewis E. Lawes, of Sing Sing Prison, noted criminologist and rated one of the world's foremost experts, offered to serve as a go-between if the kidnappers felt that they would rather trust him in negotiations. Dudley Field Malone, famous lawyer, did likewise, as did many another celebrity.

Bernarr Macfadden, famous magazine and newspaper publisher, offered to provide money, to do all of the work, and to travel any distance under any conditions, guaranteeing freedom to the kidnappers, if they would give up the Lindbergh baby. Macfadden was ready to have $50,000 to give the kidnappers as ransom—and no questions asked.

World-wide pandemonium?

Irvin S. Cobb, famous humorist, was scheduled to address a group of brokers and traders of the commodity exchanges of New York City, at a dinner at

the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria, New York. He quit. He could not be funny.

"How could I?" he asked. "How could I be funny with such an ominous threat over our heads?"

A world astir?

By March 9, eight days after the kidnapping, 2,500 phone calls had been made to the Lindbergh home, of which 400 had been answered by the Colonel himself! The Hopewell telephone exchange, normally with four operators, put in thirteen more and plenty of additional wires.

Mayor James M. Curley, of Boston, on March 10, was the source of a report that the baby had been returned to the Lindberghs four days previously, on Sunday, March 6, and that the fact was being withheld until the kidnappers could make good their escape under a confidential agreement. That statement alone stirred the nation. It was denied. The most satisfying information that could be had was that someone had misinformed Curley.

A national melodrama?

Ely Culbertson, world famous bridge expert, announced that some cranks had written him a letter threatening to kidnap his two children, Fifi, three years old and Bruce, two, in a New York hotel. Mrs. Culbertson employed a guard to mind the babies thereafter.

Big names? Famous people?

Thomas W. Lamont, member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., and no less! He had once employed "Red" Johnson, the friend of Betty Gow, the Lindbergh baby's nurse!

News?

The world seized upon it, gulped it down hungrily, and demanded more!

CHAPTER XVI

OTHER BABY VICTIMS

From time out of mind, the stories of kidnappings have stirred mankind. Robert Louis Stevenson's famous novel, "Kidnapped," is merely one of the long string of such stories. Yarns of men shanghaied aboard vessels, in the olden days of the sea, have gripped the imaginations of men through the ages.

The fascination of kidnapping stories lies, perhaps, in the unknown—the absence of a human being from his or her usual environment, the lack of any trace of the beloved one. Man is attracted by the unknown, which explains the fascination of kidnapping stories. Always, the interest seems to center upon the questions "What happened?" and "Is he still alive?" The element of suspense is a vital one.

Add to this, the undeniable fact that the Lindbergh baby was, in truth, "the most famous baby in the world," and you can begin to comprehend what the kidnapping meant.

Kidnappers are not always malicious persons,

though their acts cause invariable horror to the close relatives of the victim. Many a woman has stolen an infant for no other reason than that, denied a child herself, she is determined by the mother instinct to take one, anyhow, from somebody else.

On the other hand, the most frequent reason for kidnapping is ransom. And that is the very reason why kidnapping is associated with suffering. Someone must be grieved and pained when a kidnapping takes place, else the abductors would be unable to squeeze money from them. In the Lindbergh case, this was not only achieved, but achieved in such a sense that the whole nation, the whole world, would gladly have volunteered to pay any price for the return of the stolen infant.

It is a curious fact that sympathy never goes to a kidnapper. Even murderers have been known to win public sympathy. Robbers have been known to demonstrate extenuating circumstances. But a kidnapper remains, in the mind and heart of the average person, a vengeful fiend, a blackguard and an unspeakable wretch.

There is no doubt whatever that, had some person been seized early in the Lindbergh case, as the kidnapper of the child such a person might have suffered at the hands of his captors if he were not protected by the authorities for formal trial in a court of law.

Since kidnapping has remained the most hated of

all crimes, it is a noteworthy fact that the Lindbergh case "tops them all." Already the famous baby's kidnapping has been characterized the "crime of all ages."

A glimpse into the kidnappings of the past will reveal their varying outcomes and motives. The Lindbergh case, standing out above them all in importance and brazen daring, recalls the long list of suffering individuals and families who have known anguish at the hands of kidnappers.

Until Baby Lindbergh was stolen from his nursery crib, the kidnapping of Charlie Ross was the celebrated crime in this genre. This Philadelphia youngster was playing on the lawn in front of his home on July 1, 1874, when two men drove by in a wagon. He climbed in with them and was never heard from again.

Walter Ross, Jr., who was six, went with Charlie, but a few blocks away from the home the two men gave him money for candy and put him down in the road. Twenty letters asking ransom were subsequently received.

Charlie Ross was four at the time of his disappearance. Years later a man named William Mosher was shot and killed during an attempted burglary on Long Island. Walter Ross identified the body as that of one of the kidnappers. Joseph Douglas, shot at the same time confessed that he had helped Mosher in the abduction, but died a few hours later

without disclosing what had happened to the youngster they led from home.

The third most sensational kidnapping case was that of Edward Cudahy, son of the famous Chicago millionaire family. Edward was 15 years old and well matured for his age when Pat Crowe, Western brave, and an accomplice, seized him half a block from his home in Omaha, Nebraska, on December 18, 1900. The next morning the boy's parents found a note tied to a stick in their front yard demanding a ransom of $25,000 or the kidnappers would blind their son by putting acid in his eyes. Instructions were given on where and how the money was to be delivered.

The instructions were followed carefully but only after the police had failed to locate the missing boy. Two hours and a half after the money was in the hands of Crowe and his accomplice, the missing youth stumbled up the walk of his home, safe and sound.

Edward was able to locate the vacant house in which he had been held but Crowe had run out of town immediately after the boy was let free. It wasn't until 1904 that the kidnapper was arrested in Butte, Montana after travelling throughout the country, openingly boasting of the kidnapping, and placed on trial. There he offered evidence to show that, after the kidnapping, he had been willing to return $21,000 of the $25,000 which he had received but that Cudahy had refused his offer.

The jury debated for 17 hours and found Pat Crowe not guilty. When the verdict was read the courtroom burst into a cheer. Crowe walked out a free man, cheered on the streets. Police had to clear a way for him. Eventually he wrote a book about it all and lived to send congratulations to Edward on his marriage and later when Edward became president of the Cudahy Packing Co. He lives today as does his victim. But when last heard from, Crowe was a vagrant in the Bowery of New York City.

Newspaper publicity proved instrumental in the solution of two celebrated American kidnappings, the Marion Clark and the Billy Whitla cases. Baby Clark vanished from Central Park in May, 1899—stolen by her own nurse, Belle Anderson. Her disappearance caused a nation-wide search for 11 days. The nursemaid and a couple known as Mr. and Mrs. George Beauregard Barrow were arrested when little Marion was found hidden in a cottage in the Ramapo Mountains, 19 miles from Haverstraw, N. Y.

Belle Anderson, betraying her trust, had turned the child over to the Barrows, who at one time had befriended her. Barrow was found to be a man of strange mental quirks who had explained to the nursemaid that making money by kidnapping was a simple matter.

Billy Whitla, 8, was kidnapped March 18, 1909, by a man with a horse and buggy who intercepted him on his way to school in Sharon, Pa. Ransom

of $10,000 was demanded and paid by his father, James P. Whitla, a wealthy attorney.

Within five days the kidnappers were arrested with $9,848 of the money in their possession. Set free by his captors, Billy had walked into the Hollenden House, Cleveland, where his father waited for him, after the $10,000 had been left as directed in a Cleveland candy store.

On May 11, 1909, James F. Boyle and his wife, Helen, were convicted and sentenced as the kidnappers. Boyle, who had a previous police record, was given life imprisonment. His wife, the daughter of a retired Chicago fireman, was sentenced to 25 years and a $5,000 fine. A Cleveland saloonkeeper won part of the money by informing the authorities the Boyles had been in his cafe. Another portion went to a Cleveland bellboy.

The maternal instinct—that sublime impulse that gives a woman the courage to live and die for her children yet which may drive a woman to steal another's baby for her own—resulted in the kidnapping of seven weeks old Carmen Sierra of 510 W. 125th St., New York. The child was stolen from her baby carriage while the mother, Mrs. Agar Sierra, was in a department store purchasing a toy. For ten days the hue and cry that was raised led the police and detectives through every house in the section where the baby was kidnapped as well as other parts of the city.

And then, through descriptions printed in every newspaper in New York City, the kidnapper was apprehended and sent to prison. The descriptions of the child had stressed the fact that she had a "webbed" right foot. A young girl in a furnished room house in Brooklyn had noticed that a woman in the house carried a child whose right foot had that distinguishing mark. She informed the police and a raid followed.

White and shaken, the kidnapper, Mrs. Betty Moore, a Hawaiian dancer of 22, was taken to court where she was questioned. There she told a pathetic tale of frustrated mother love.

"I stole her because she looked so much like my own darling baby, Agnes, who died four years ago," she sobbed. "You see, I can never have another baby. The doctors told me so after my baby died. I wanted one all my own, a tiny one that would learn to know me only as its mother. That's why I took little Carmen."

Where frustrated mother-love is concerned, the victim may come from a rich or poor family. Kidnapping for ransom, on the other hand, generally strikes the wealthy. Here is such a case:

When 13 year-old Adolphus Busch Orthwein, heir to the Busch brewery millions, rode out of the driveway of his home in St. Louis on December 31, 1930 to attend a New Year's Eve party at his grandfather's home at Grant's Farm, little did he dream that he

was to become one of those excitingly interesting persons, a kidnapped boy.

But that was one time when the New Year passed unnoticed by the Busch family. Near Lindbergh Boulevard, which bordered the estate on one side, a Negro stepped out of the trees, jumped on the running board of the car in which only Adolphus and the chauffeur were riding and leveled a revolver. He forced the chauffeur to alight and robbed him of $4.50. Then he took the wheel himself and drove off with the frightened boy still in the back seat. The chauffeur raced back to the home and spread the alarm.

Police were immediately notified and put on the trail of the Negro. The father offered to any person furnishing information leading to the return of the boy a generous reward with no questions asked. It wasn't until late in the afternoon of the next day that a Negro's voice on the telephone asked for the father of the boy.

The mysterious caller admitted that his own son had kidnapped Orthwein's son. But if Orthwein would promise not to prosecute the kidnapper, the man on the telephone said that he would see that Orthwein's son was returned safe and sound.

A meeting between the two fathers was arranged.

The Negro father explained that he wasn't sure that the boy was not harmed but declared he would kill his son if Adolphus Busch Orthwein was dead.

They parted but shortly thereafter the family of the missing boy received telephoned instructions to go to a certain spot three miles from the estate. Needless to say they raced and there, standing beside the road waiting for them to come, was their son, none the worse for his experience.

The family, true to its promises, kept all information from the police and the public. Later it was learned that Charles Abernathy, 28, the Negro kidnapper, had been out of work for six months with seven children to feed. He had kidnapped the boy and secreted him in his own home. His father had guessed, somehow, that it was his own son who had committed the crime when he read about it in the newspapers.

The same burning question that tortured the hearts of Anne and Charles Lindbergh once brought an agony of suffering into the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Raimonde Von Maluski, a New York City janitor and his wife.

A thousand times they have asked themselves, "Is my son dead or alive?" since that evening of March 29, 1925, when their 3-year-old son, Raimonde, Jr., was kidnapped from in front of their very doorstep at 600 W. 179th Street, New York City.

On that evening the boy, hearing the music of a Salvation Army band in front of his home, walked forth joyously with the permission of his mother, Mrs. Alice Von Maluski, who cautioned him to wait

there until she came for him. That was the last the mother saw of her child. When she went in search of him he was nowhere to be found.

Two days later Mrs. Mary Jones, 41, of 61 Third Avenue, was arrested and questioned. Suspicion pointed to her when it was learned that Von Maluski's assistant as superintendent of the apartment was Harold Jones, a youth of twenty and the woman's husband.

It soon developed that the young man was Mrs. Jones' third husband, that he had lived with her for only a short time and that when he came to live with the Von Maluskis she had begged him to return to her and had become incensed when he refused. She had threatened to "play a trick" on the Von Maluskis if he persisted in his refusal.

Later it was learned that she had offered three derelicts the sum of $100 to kill Von Maluski, the father, but they had refused. Witnesses came forward who swore they had seen her with a three-year-old boy whom she had picked up as he followed the Salvation Army band down the street. Taxi drivers were found who declared that they had driven Mrs. Jones and the little boy to different streets on that fateful evening.

The result was that the woman was sentenced to from 25 to 40 years in prison for kidnapping the child, but she protested her innocence and the child was never found.

A famous case in which the radio played an important part in finding a kidnapped boy was that of Verner Alexanderson, six-year-old son of Dr. E. F. W. Alexanderson, a prominent General Electric Company research engineer and consulting engineer for the Radio Corporation of America.

At mid-afternoon on the last day of March, 1923, eleven-year-old Edith Alexanderson, who had been playing with her blonde brother, appeared at the door of her home with the exciting news that two men had kidnapped Verner. They had taken him away in their automobile after promising him some "bunnies."

News of the kidnapping threw Schenectady, the boy's home town, into a state of high excitement. The General Electric's radio station, WGY, broadcast frequent descriptions of the boy. Then an Albany newspaper reporter, Jerome L. Smith, traced the license plate of a dusty automobile that a garage man had seen in the Alexanderson neighborhood. Through devious channels he discovered that the man who had driven it was Harry C. Fairbanks whose picture Edith Alexanderson identified as the man who offered "bunnies" to her brother.

Five days went by and the radio station continued to broadcast news of the kidnapping and a description of the missing boy. Far up north, at a cottage on the Indian River, a fisherman had been listening to his new radio. An announcer was describing the

missing boy. The fisherman picked up a paper and saw the pictures of the child and Fairbanks. The faces seemed familiar.

Nearby was a cottage he had rented a few days before to two men, a woman and a small boy. Then he remembered! The child's face in the paper was the face of the boy and the man's was that of one of the two strangers. The fisherman gave the alarm and sure enough, it was Verner Alexanderson, in excellent spirits, with the woman who was Fairbank's mother-in-law. Later Fairbanks and Stanley Crandall, his co-partner in the crime, were apprehended and sent to prison. Fairbanks, who had never asked for a ransom, protested that the reason he kidnapped the boy was because he had wanted to handle liquor from the camp and if there was a child playing there the place would be less subject to Federal scrutiny, he said.

A curious unsolved kidnapping mystery is that of seven-weeks-old Arthur Wentz, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. August Wentz, of 725 Home Street, the Bronx, New York City, on the sultry Summer afternoon of July 13, 1919. The mother had left the tiny baby in his carriage in front of a department store at 150th Street and Third Avenue to purchase him a new little dress. Three minutes she was gone. Three minutes during which a young blonde woman of only twenty, dressed simply in a dark suit and light middy blouse, casually picked the blue-

eyed laughing baby from the carriage and walked serenely away, never to be seen again.

A woman, who saw the actual crime take place, supplied the description of the kidnapper, but the mysterious young blonde was never located. Then followed the usual hunt with policemen and detectives searching cellars and rubbish heaps and making house-to-house canvasses. Dead or alive the baby must be found, they insisted. But every clew failed and a half year went by without any progress in the search.

Then, when the general public had almost forgotten the incident, the mystery seemed suddenly solved when Mrs. Wentz identified a baby in Bellevue Hospital as her own and took the child home with her. The infant had been abandoned in Grand Central Terminal with a note pinned to its garments requesting that he be turned over to Miss Nellie Bly, a famous feature writer on the New York Evening Journal.

Then followed a dramatic battle between Mrs. Wentz and Miss Bly which ended in court where Miss Bly, who had located the real mother of the child through her newspaper, produced the woman in person. The mother told a pitiful story of poverty and widowhood and three small children. She had decided to lighten her own burden in this manner, she said.

It was a keen disappointment to Mrs. Wentz who

believed that the child was hers because of a birthmark below the right ear which the two children had in common. The mystery of the strange disappearance of little Arthur has never been solved but the mother, who still resides in New York City, hopes that some day she may hear from her missing child.

The kidnapping of Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr., has topped a long list of kidnappings in recent years, bringing the realization that abduction for ransom has become another "racket"—a "big money crime."

CHAPTER XVII

THE WORLD VERSUS THE LINDBERGHS

"Lindbergh Baby Kidnapped!"

We return to these three historic words of our first chapter and, in retrospect, conclude that two immediate reactions set in, when those words were flashed around the world.

First, the Lindberghs wanted their baby back, immediately, safely and at any cost.

Secondly, the world wanted news of the hunt, immediately, completely, and at any cost.

The interests of the world and of the Lindberghs were exactly opposed from the instant that the Colonel called in police.

Let us view what would have been the ideal arrangement for the Lindberghs. If everything were perfectly arranged for the grieving parents, there would have been no law imposing heavy penalty in kidnappings. And there would have been no "hot pursuit." Both of those factors tended to throw fear into the heart of the culprit and induce him to do away with the evidence—kill the child.

Next, there would have been no barriers around the Lindberghs. Their home would not have been surrounded by police. There would have been no curiosity seekers crowding the highways for miles around Hopewell. There would have been no crank letters. Anne and Lindy would, in short, have continued to live just as they had lived before. (Remember, now, this is an ideal world that we are talking about, not the real one!)

In such event, the cowardly criminals would have been able to reach the Lindberghs easily. Either by emissary or by mail, the abductors would have demanded their ransom. With ordinary precautions and common sense, the Lindberghs would have been able to negotiate for the return of their child and the abductors would have escaped with their ill-gotten gains.

Now it is all very vehement and impressive to talk about punishment and about lessons to criminals of the future, but those things do not return a missing baby to its sorrowing parents. Maybe the parents of a child may harbor hatred against kidnappers, but their prime interest is to get the child back.

This is not to be deemed an effort to extenuate the crime, in any sense. Kidnapping is an heinous offense. It is unpardonable; it is cruel; it is inhuman. It is perpetrated by sniveling cowards and they are just the sort of base persons who would commit murder.

But when all is said and done (and much was said and done during the Lindbergh affair) the object of all the excitement was not to satisfy the morbid curiosity of a lot of people, nor to provide amusement for idiots, nor to martyr Anne and Lindy—but to *get back the baby*.

Everybody meant well. Intentions could never have been better. Even the police, often bungling and generally blocking access to the Lindberghs, had every good desire to serve nobly. But all this kept the kidnappers away and the Lindberghs barred from contact with them.

Here's a sample of good intentions gone awry: Three and a half weeks after the kidnapping—when one might have supposed that authorities would be in the mood not to talk too much about the chase, and thus ease the kidnappers' minds a bit, to encourage negotiations—three and a half weeks later, Colonel Schwarzkopf, of the New Jersey state police, described for the press in some detail, "the most elaborate investigation in police history."

The thousand-and-one leads followed by police, he explained, had been reduced to neatly annotated white cards, more than 1,500 of which had been filed in cabinets at the "police headquarters at the Lindbergh home."

But that wasn't all to prove how "elaborate" the investigation was. Colonel Schwarzkopf described the large scale maps of the country surrounding the

Lindbergh home. These maps were constantly used by the investigators. Multi-colored pins, flags and buttons had been fastened on the maps. Each color and object had a meaning: homes searched and cleared, suspicious places, and so on. Roads were penciled to show where the kidnappers may have gone.

"The lines and pins changed daily, much in the manner of those used in war-time maps indicating the movements of troops and trenches," an interviewer quoted Schwarzkopf.

Without any intention to be unduly critical of Schwarzkopf and conceding that his description demonstrated an ability to be systematic and a desire to do the right thing, may not this question be asked appropriately: what went on in the minds of the kidnappers when they read or heard of all this?

Picture a group of almost incredible persons so twisted mentally that they thought they could escape penalty for the offense and collect the ransom. Picture such insane daring. Picture the deluded, possibly unbalanced leader with abnormal ideas of his own power. Picture him reading such "news."

If he were so minded, do you think that such stuff would induce him to make efforts to "do business" with the Lindberghs? Do you think that such stuff would have induced him even to believe that the way was clear for him to return the child, at his price?

There is some room for doubt, it must be conceded, as to whether society's interests and those of the Lindberghs were the same.

But even that was not all. The police themselves did not get along so well. Either out of personal ambitions, or even because of sincere differences of opinion, they often hindered each other and thereby hindered the efforts to locate the child.

It will be a long time before the internal strife of police authorities will be known publicly, that is, in detail. We know now, that in the first three weeks, there was plenty of dissension. From what we know, we may deduce, just as policemen do, that all was not well among the "authorities." When a Grand Jury investigation was proposed by Elmer Hahn, chief detective of Hunterdon County, where the crime was committed, the proposal was not received enthusiastically. In fact it was shelved as efficaciously as possible.

Fortunately for all of us, Hahn was no man to keep quiet when he felt that he had something to say. And from what he said, we may well conclude that the authorities, who were undoubtedly sincere in their major intent, certainly bungled things.

Hahn and Sheriff William B. Weam, of Hunterdon, were among the earliest officials on the scene of the kidnapping.

But listen to part of Hahn's story:

"The Sheriff and I had trouble getting past the

state troopers the first time we went up to the Lindbergh house. The troopers weren't going to let us in. We were in an auto. I turned to the Sheriff and I said, 'I guess the Sheriff can go where he pleases, in his own county,' and we went in despite the troopers."

Hahn knew the territory. He should have! It was his territory—the terrain he was supposed to cover.

It was his opinion that an inquiry should have been made into the colonizing of the Sourland hills by New York City and other gangsters. The invasion by gangland began in 1925 and the racketeers had even established a sort of reign through slot-machines and the applejack trade.

Hahn would have finecombed the hills for the remnants of these gangs—most of the underworld retreated to the city for the winter—and he would not have let them out of his hands until he was satisfied that they really knew nothing about the abduction, he said.

From this, it may be assumed that the complaint of Hahn alone is the only basis for doubting the ability of the often lumbering, ineffective and unscientific machine that called itself the "arm of the law."

Such is not the case. Indications of failure to act while the acting was good, were numerous. Game Commissioner Alexander Phyllips, of New

Jersey, at the beginning of the search, offered to donate the services of a few of his game wardens, who were expert in such matters, for a pursuit of the kidnappers in the isolated, lonely mountain region. His offer was unheeded. But State troopers, with no experience in such matters, made desultory forays here and there.

Oscar Bush, the trapper and mountaineer who probably knew the territory better than any man there, indicated very clearly that the police did not do a good job in the hinterland, where the kidnappers might well have hidden.

In view of the influx of gangsters within recent years, in view of their knowledge of the territory, and in view of the fact that nobody except folks of the countryside knew the area well, it is certainly indisputable that the search of the mountainsides should have been quick, painstaking and expert.

Although the following incident of itself may not have meant very much, its implications are apparent:

Edward Kutchera, near whose farm on Neshanic Hill was found some lumber similar to that used in the Lindbergh ladder, told a story on March 14 that clearly indicated the lack of vigilance in the police search of the mountainous and impassable regions.

Immediately after the kidnapping, tire tracks were found on a little-used road on Neshanic Hill. There was a broken-down bridge on this road, pass-

ing over a small stream. The bridge had been repaired, shored up, apparently to allow an auto to go over it.

Now Kutchera, a New York City carpenter, had been in the habit of spending his week-ends at his little farm in the hills. He did not have an auto and he customarily hiked the three miles from the nearest railroad station. Kutchera was positive that the bridge was down—broken—impassable—as recently as the *Sunday before the kidnapping.*

The police did not find that, officially. Even if it had no bearing on the kidnapping, it surely deserved investigation more than did many of the clews that were pursued.

In fact, twenty-one days after the kidnapping, an automobile was found in a barn near Kutchera's farm. Up to that time, its presence in an unused place, was not known to police. In the car, which was a light delivery truck, pieces of lumber were found very similar in appearance to that used on the ladder of the kidnappers, left on the Lindbergh estate. The wood was described as Carolina pine. Auto tracks outside the deserted barn and summer cottage that comprised the property, were freshly made.

Just another clew? Perhaps! But here, at any rate, was something near the Lindbergh estate, and in the sparsely settled hills untrod by the troopers who should have been there within twenty-four hours after the kidnapping.

As State Senator Emerson L. Richards, majority leader of the New Jersey Senate put it, "the state police are bungling this case thoroughly." Senator Richards didn't want to embarrass the police "right now," on account of the Lindbergh case, but he said he would ask for an open investigation of police actions.

The outspoken detective, Hahn, who believed that an organized gang of racketeers did the kidnapping, had started things going when he called attention to the weakness of the pursuit. It soon developed that Ellis Parker, Camden detective known as a veritable blood-hound on such cases, had been ignored when he offered his services, early in the chase, but he was invited at a later date to aid. He turned down that offer, he said, because it was too late for him to accomplish anything, the scent having been lost.

And Hahn summarized it this way:

"I believe that when the shouting is over and the kidnappers are given a chance to act with some degree of safety, that the baby will be returned through direct negotiation with the family. I don't think that all the noise and the big organization has helped much."

The evidence against the world and for the Lindberghs is overwhelming. Offers of rewards, made by well-meaning persons, undoubtedly frightened any kidnappers away. Some persons proposed hanging for kidnappers—and the newspapers printed such

irate proposals. The result was that the kidnappers might have been tempted to kill the baby, in such a pursuit, at any time.

The cooler heads pointed out that the proper procedure, of course, was to offer to pay the ransom. Then, the wise way was to make it easy for the kidnappers to deliver the child and get the ransom. Such procedure would assure safe delivery of the baby. After that, as one observer put it, "it could be a case of 'every man for himself'."

The newspapers, despite condemnation in some sources, were not to blame. They were an instrument for conveying news. They had an eager public and a duty to that public. Besides, by spreading information, they were serving the cause, for many kidnappings have been solved through newspaper publicity, as have other crimes.

In the long run, the cranks, the sight-seers in automobiles, the well-intentioned, but at times, inefficient police, and other such influences all contributed to confuse and obstruct.

If, through this impenetrable wall, Colonel Lindbergh did confidentially manage to get a message to or from the kidnappers after the abduction, it was a miracle!

Did the world help the Lindberghs?

That question will ring out, without adequate answer, for years and years and years.

To these writers, the occurrences following the kidnapping remain:

The World versus the Lindberghs.