

After <sup>ing</sup> I <sup>ed</sup> had graduated from college ~~and was starting~~ forth to seek a congenial way of earning my living. I had gone to Chicago early in the summer, in a somewhat dispirited mood, for I had broken my engagement to a handsome young poet and musician and was not at all sure what I really wished to do in the future. I was staying with friends on the South side of Chicago near the University. I called and went to see an <sup>employment</sup> agency to survey the field of occupations and the possibility of finding a <sup>niche</sup> ~~nitch~~ for myself. I had majored in English Literature in college, plus minoring in a <sup>other</sup> ~~great many~~ things, so that my education as a whole was <sup>rather</sup> ~~quite~~ versatile in languages and <sup>social</sup> ~~applied~~ sciences. I was told by the agency to go to see the reference librarian at the Newberry ~~Reference~~ Library in Chicago where there was a first folio of the Shakespeare <sup>P</sup> plays, and that this librarian <sup>knew of</sup> ~~had~~ a possible position in which I might be interested. I had never in my life heard of the Newberry ~~Reference~~ Library. Although I had spent all my life in Northern Indiana, not far from the city of Chicago, I did not even know that a <sup>≡</sup> ~~first~~ <sup>≡</sup> folio of Shakespeare was any nearer to me than the moon. But I took the el and went to the Newberry ~~Reference~~ Library. I was <sup>awed and</sup> ~~greatly~~ <sup>impressed</sup> ~~stunned~~, shall I say, by the sight of the <sup>First</sup> Shakespeare folio. It was something of the feeling, I suppose, that an archeologist would have, when he suddenly realized after years of digging that he was <sup>side</sup> ~~in~~ the tomb of a great pharaoh of past history. ~~You can see from all this, that~~ I was very young and very naive. I learned that the librarian who was to interview me, was a young woman who had graduated from <sup>Earlham</sup> College in Indiana, a Quaker college <sup>which</sup> where I always felt that I should have <sup>attended</sup> ~~gone~~ when I was unable to obtain admission to Swarthmore College, these being the two Quaker colleges that in my youth I had known anything about. I had felt that my many generations of Quaker ancestry, on my father's side, should have brought the complusion, on the part of my father,

after applying for (but not winning) a scholarship to Wooster

although he was no longer a practicing Quaker, to see that I got to a Quaker college.

But he was uninterested in my going to college anywhere, with ~~the result that~~ I was admitted to college <sup>Wooster in Ohio with some college credits advised</sup> ~~by my own efforts~~ and borrowed the money from ~~him~~ <sup>my father</sup> at six per cent interest to pursue my four years of college education. #

the young woman

was expected

informally for a little while, she told me of the position that she had to

find someone to fill. It was something so startling that I could not grasp it all

at once. It seems that there was a very wealthy man who lived on an estate outside

of Chicago, who had become interested in the disputed <sup>authorship</sup> ~~ownership~~ of the Shakespeare

plays and was carrying on an investigation of some kind at his estate and that he

wished a college graduate who ~~knew English literature~~, at least had a background

of study in English literature, who would work as an apprentice and as sort of a

leader

forerunner for this authorship study or investigation, whatever it was that was

going on, at his estate. ~~He was~~ <sup>This hypothetical person, preferably female,</sup> to be young, personable, attractive and a good

talker. As time went on, and she <sup>was</sup> eliciting from me her impressions, I suppose,

as to whether or not I would fit the job, ~~she decided~~ she decided to telephone

this millionaire at his Chicago office and let him know that <sup>a candidate</sup> I was there at the

library and he could interview me at that time, if he wished. Instead of <sup>requesting</sup> sending

her to send

me to his office, he decided to come to the library. # He arrived. He was a large

man, bearded, which was very unusual in those days, not too well dressed, but with

a ~~very~~ dashing, imperious manner. He wasted no time; he didn't wish to talk to me

at the library but at once invited me to go with him to his estate at Geneva,

Illinois and spend the night. I was a bit taken back because in my youth and

and small-town origin and habits

innocence, this kind of thing seemed a bit startling to me. But he was the kind

of man who did not take no for an answer. His <sup>town-city</sup> car, with a chauffeur, was waiting

outside and I proceeded with him to the Chicago Northwestern <sup>railroad</sup> station and we took

a train for Geneva, Illinois. He talked about everything under the sun except the

possibly forthcoming position, until we got <sup>on</sup> to the train and sat down. Then after

a very few moments, he turned to me, sitting next to the window, and shouted,

presidential

some of the most important things happened five years before and four years after

"WHAT DO YOU KNOW?"

~~When~~ I was realizing by this time that I <sup>probably</sup> ~~must~~ appear ~~that~~ a demure little nobody to him. <sup>Up to then</sup> I had done no talking whatsoever, for he had kept up a constant stream of conversation. I was dressed in a grey faille dress with a white <sup>P</sup> ~~peter~~ <sup>P</sup> ~~pan~~ collar. My hair was unpermanented and very simply dressed, I wore the simplest kind of hat anyone could wear in those days. Although I had had a reputation for volubility in college, I certainly was anything but that in the presence of this awesome person, about whom I had up to that moment, not formed any very favorable opinion. So when he thundered at me, "well, what do you know?" ~~and~~ I leaned as far away from him against the window as possible, and looked at him quizzically out of my half turned <sup>eyes</sup> ~~head~~ and said, in a firm but low tone, "that remains, Sir, for you to find out". My answer apparently pleased him, for he burst forth in a loud guffaw which could be heard all over the car. <sup>#</sup> After that the restraint between us somewhat eased and the rest of the short journey was passed in pleasant conversation by his narrating to me in a more or less calm and restrained manner, that <sup>Boston</sup> a woman, <sup>Mrs.</sup> Elizabeth Wells Gallip, had discovered a cipher which proved that Francis Bacon had written Shakespeare. He, George <sup>Fabian</sup> ~~Fabian~~, Colonel by ~~title~~ <sup>and invariably addressed by that title</sup> courtesy of the Governor of Illinois, had decided that this was a cause which had been unjustly frowned upon by academic circles and that he, George <sup>Fabian</sup> ~~Fabian~~, who was quite accustomed to getting his way in the <sup>in</sup> world, in whatever pursuit he chose to undertake, was determined that he would force the academic world to accept Mrs. Gallip's cipher and thus he, George <sup>Fabian</sup> ~~Fabian~~, would become known to posterity as the man who proved the real authorship of Shakespeare. I realized that I am <sup>relating</sup> this <sup>account in accordance with</sup> ~~narration~~ to my interpretation <sup>of the real meaning behind</sup> which I read into his words. My interpretation, however, <sup>was</sup> ~~has been~~ <sup>correct</sup> proved by events in the years following.

When we arrived at the railroad station at Geneva, Illinois, we were met by a limousine and driver who drove us the ~~short~~ mile or mile and a half to Riverbank, the three hundred acre estate of this man, which spread along two sides of the Lincoln Highway, between Geneva and Aurora, Illinois. On one side of the highway, there was a high stonewall with impressive gates. He told me that that side of the property was cut <sup>in two</sup> by the Fox River and that his own residence, swimming pool, stables, etc. ~~were~~ were in that part of the estate. Our car, however, turned into the part of the estate which was on the opposite side of the highway. ~~There~~ <sup>The limousine stopped in the porte cochere of</sup> I was taken to a handsome, medium-sized house known as "The Lodge", <sup>where I was</sup> to meet Mrs. ~~Elizabeth Wells~~ <sup>U</sup> Gallop. ~~There~~ <sup>U</sup> she and her ~~maiden~~ sister, Miss Kate Wells, resided and ~~where~~ <sup>U</sup> they had all of their ~~accoutrements~~ <sup>books and papers</sup> to prove their ~~certain~~ claim that Francis Bacon was the author of the Shakespeare plays and sonnets.

This lodge was ~~stayed~~ <sup>U</sup> , of course, with servants and it was there that I was to ~~spend~~ <sup>U</sup> the night in a guest room. When we arrived at the dinner table, after I had been ~~briefly~~ <sup>U</sup> very briefly introduced to Mrs. Gallop's work, I met <sup>two</sup> the young men <sup>obviously scientific or professional</sup> who were pursuing occupations of some sort or another on the estate and who were not living in the Lodge, but who took their meals there. Mrs. Gallop <sup>U</sup> presided at the head of the table. She was an elderly woman of ~~extremely~~ <sup>handsome and</sup> aristocratic appearance and her varied conversation was of ~~travel~~ <sup>both American and English</sup> and residences abroad, her stays with various distinguished families, who believed in her cause and <sup>some of</sup> whom had financed her over periods of years. But I could not help but deduce from this conversation and some following ones, that Mrs. Gallop ~~had~~ <sup>U</sup> dwelt only among those who agreed with her premise and that she had <sup>had</sup> little

personal contact with the viewpoint of those who did not believe in the non-Shakespeare authorship of Shakespeare.

Before I returned to the city the next day, I had had two or three hours of consultation with Mrs. Gallop and gathered some idea of what was facing me. There was a plan <sup>for</sup> of obtaining <sup>a</sup> certain number of girls or young women of considerable native intelligence, not necessarily college graduates, who would become students under Mrs. Gallop and master her cipher <sup>method proving her claim</sup> of Bacon's authorship of the plays and by proceeding over the same ground she had covered, prove that her decipherments were correct. Then after that, they would go on to <sup>working out</sup> ~~reading~~ other portions of ~~the~~ cipher from the plays and other works of the Elizabethan era, (because Mrs. Gallop's researches had led her into the claim that Bacon had authored many other distinguished works of the Elizabethan age in addition to those of Shakespeare. ~~He~~ <sup>was, of course,</sup> During my short visit there, ~~he~~ <sup>passed</sup> ~~over~~ <sup>the</sup> part of the estate which was on the other side of the Lincoln Highway and <sup>through</sup> ~~to~~ which the Fox River ran. I saw the Roman swimming pool which Colonel Fabian <sup>had</sup> ~~had~~ built <sup>on</sup> in the edge of the river (although the pool itself was fed by spring water, not river water); ~~the~~ bridge he had persuaded the state of Illinois to permit him to build across the Fox River, a fight which he told me <sup>gleefully</sup> ~~laughingly~~ had gone on for years because the Fox River was theoretically a navigable stream and it had taken him, even with his no mean powers <sup>of</sup> and persuasion, some years to convince the state engineers of Illinois that it was not a navigable river and <sup>that</sup> therefore he could build the bridge. On the land on the opposite side of the Fox River from the villa, his own residence, he had erected a Dutch windmill which he had bought in Holland and had removed <sup>it</sup> ~~its~~ entirely <sup>to</sup> his estate and had it reconstructed there. The villa

itself was a rather small house and quite informal in appearance. It was obvious to me, even on this initial visit, that Colonel Fabyan had a passion for <sup>furniture</sup> things which swung <sup>from above</sup> on supports, rather than ~~sat~~ <sup>nesting</sup> on legs on the floor or the ground. For the living room, or drawing room, in the Villa, was furnished mostly with divans and chairs which swung on huge chains from the high beamed ceiling. The beds in his and Mrs. Fabyan's quarters, were also swung on chains in the center of large rooms. The grounds outside the villa on the hillside, with enormous ~~great~~ trees, had many hammocks swung around a fireplace as large as a room, built like a <sup>shallow</sup> pool, low in the ground. And besides the hammocks and divans, ~~Swung from the enormous trees on chains~~, there was a large wicker or reed arm chair which swung on chains, which I suppose were <sup>thirty</sup> or <sup>forty</sup> feet in <sup>length</sup> extent, ~~from an enormous tree~~ <sup>a large branch of</sup>. This came to be known to us as "the hell chair". In it, Colonel Fabyan sat and swung back and forth with his habit of chain-cigarette smoking and with a tendency of poking the enormous fire and refueling <sup>it</sup> even on summer evenings, because he considered this ~~great~~ huge fire a means of keeping away <sup>a</sup> mosquitos. And so evening after evening he sat there in the hell chair, with anyone he could gather around, either guests from the city or from <sup>distance</sup> ~~where~~ away or a few of us on the estate; and if anything displeased him, he would stand the ~~person~~ <sup>him</sup> offending person, up before the hell chair and literally give ~~them~~ <sup>him</sup> hell. Thus, the name. ~~It~~ was never spoken of in any other way.

As the summer progressed and I had mastered the details of Mrs. Gallop's cipher system, Colonel Fabyan began to invite as guests to the estate, <sup>of English</sup> various Professors, from all over the country, who were to come to see and be conquered. My job was a kind of public relations and lecturer type of job, to introduce Mrs. Gallop's material which

could be thrown on a screen and placed for viewing by these visitors. <sup>I was</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>expected</sup> also to work with them to ~~the point~~ <sup>where</sup> they understood the cipher method and how Mrs. Gallup applied it to the plays.

Tape #2

These Professors, in turn, were polite, uncommenting or downright challenging, if not to say hostile. This latter ~~was~~ <sup>true</sup> of the great John M. Manly ~~x~~ of the University of Chicago. He even tried some tests of his own devising on Mrs. Gallup and was ~~scarcely~~ <sup>skeptical</sup> and scoffing from then on. <sup>B</sup> But more ~~scarcely~~ of this later.

At any rate, the summer passed delightfully. <sup>I</sup> It was a very beautiful estate, in a beautiful part of the country and there were many glamorous and exciting guests whom I met casually or for longer periods. There ~~was~~ <sup>were some</sup> a young man who was there in a scientific capacity, who ~~was~~ <sup>were</sup> very happy to have the companionship of young women. ~~and~~ We swam in the Roman swimming pool, we bicycled over the country roads, we drove occasionally in the roaring Stutz Bearcat ~~x~~ belonging to a young bachelor engineer ~~x~~ who also was employed on the place. ~~This reminds me, to relate that~~ <sup>#</sup> Colonel Fabian had many other activities on the estate beyond his interest in Mrs. Gallup and her Francis Bacon cipher dealing with Shakespeare. <sup>F</sup> For example, under the direction of <sup>Prof.</sup> Mr. Wallace Sabine of Harvard University, Colonel Fabian was building on his estate a <sup>special</sup> ~~sound~~ laboratory, the first I believe, in the United States ~~x~~ outside of Harvard's, for the testing of acoustics and acoustical properties. This young engineer I mentioned, by the name ~~x~~ Eisenhower, was an engineer employed full time to go ahead with such instructions as Dr. Wallace Sabine left from time to time after his visits while the sound laboratory was being constructed there. That summer also, Colonel Fabian brought Dr. Paul Sabine, a younger relative of Dr. Wallace Sabine, with his wife and family to Geneva,

to be the real operating brain of the experiments to be continued after completion of the sound laboratory. The Sabines lived in the village of Geneva and not on the estate.

The handsome, <sup>(with the strongly intellectual face)</sup> ~~somewhat European~~ appearing young man, whom I had met at dinner on the first night when I was at Riverbank on ~~road~~ <sup>trial</sup>, before coming there to live, was employed as a Geneticist. Colonel Fabian had established a greenhouse and <sup>The Lodge</sup> adjoining laboratory for the conduct of experiments in the field of Genetics. This dark <sup>haired</sup> young man ~~x~~ experimented with the fruit fly, <sup>Amphilophila</sup> ~~Drosophila and Caliphora~~ and with plants, testing the **Mendelian** law of heredity. There was a windmill which was in the center of the laboratory where this young man worked. Colonel Fabian <sup>ya</sup> had constructed <sup>a</sup> sort of studio on the second floor of this windmill house and that was where the young man lived. I saw him always ~~of course~~ at meal times and on off hours when all of the young people on the place were swimming, bicycling, riding, etc.

After Colonel Fabian hired me, he lost no time in finding young girl apprentices to study ~~under~~ the techniques of Mrs. Gallup's cipher, <sup>in order to</sup> ~~under her~~ corroborating <sup>a</sup> what she had already done, and afterwards to attempt to bring about ~~@~~ decipherments of fresh material from the Elizabethan books. By the end of that summer, there was a group of possibly ~~eight or~~ ten young people.

Also, during that summer, Colonel Fabian established still another experimental laboratory, that of chemistry. He hired to become the ~~leading~~ leader of that activity ~~x~~ a young woman graduate of the University of Chicago.

~~Another activity on the estate, which was not one of the Colonel's interests, but of Mrs. Fabian's, was <sup>The breeding</sup> a large group of prize cattle. Mrs. Fabian was an animal lover and had launched a herd of~~



prize winning cattle. I recall that one of the purchases made by the Fabyan's for her herd, during the time that I was living on the estate, was a bull for which they had paid thirty thousand dollars, I believe <sup>the highest unheard of sum of</sup> in Scotland. The name of this bull was <sup>Ocean Blue.</sup> ~~(forgot)~~ and he <sup>later sculpted in bronze and was</sup> was ~~put into~~ ~~to be seen~~ in the Chicago Art Museum.

This and other <sup>extraordinary</sup> ~~fabulous~~ stories came more or less gradually to my attention during that first summer at Riverbank. <sup>Fabyan's manner of</sup> From the first I had been struck with Colonel Fabyan's ~~unusual~~ dress which he invariably wore while away from his Chicago office. It was a kind of <sup>Edwardian costume,</sup> ~~twentieth century~~ ~~Don Juan~~ thing, what one might mistake at first appearance as <sup>although ya</sup> ~~a riding~~ an original riding costume, <sup>and</sup> ~~Colonel Fabyan~~ never rode a horse. He was, in manner and conversation, as startling as his ~~gross~~ manner of dress. He was very profane, he bellowed at people. He gave orders on every phase of life, even dictating what sort of clothes I should wear and where I should buy them, <sup>angering</sup> ~~angering~~ me somewhat by this because what resulted was that I spent more for my clothes than I could afford. But if I <sup>ever</sup> raised my voice, and complained ~~ever~~ about this, he always reminded me to hush, that he was quite sure that the label of Marshall Field in my ~~clothes~~ clothing meant a great deal more to me than the fact that I had to go into debt to buy them. <sup>when it came to</sup> Magnanimous ~~millionaire~~ that he was, indulging his personal whims of scientific and literary pursuits on his estate, he was downright niggardly in some other aspects. For example, in travelling into Chicago, to his offices there, he wore disreputable looking clothes, <sup>but they were</sup> always striped trousers and ~~a~~ formal morning dress. His shirts, however, <sup>were</sup> always frayed as to the cuffs. On one occasion that summer, I recall, that he went back and forth to Chicago for days, with a triangular snag very prominently in the front of his

trousers. Even ~~x~~ we underlings ~~x~~ commented on this and protested <sup>but</sup> ~~and~~ Colonel Fabian would only laugh. However, after some time, ~~the~~ <sup>his</sup> secretary ~~of~~ <sup>in</sup> the Chicago office ~~x~~ managed to get him to change clothing in the office there ~~on the excuse that,~~ <sup>by urging him to</sup> well, he put on a somewhat better ~~dress~~ <sup>suit</sup> for some business function, ~~she~~ <sup>and that</sup> would send these others to the cleaners, ~~she,~~ <sup>she seized the opportunity and</sup> however, gave them away and he never ~~got them~~ <sup>saw</sup> back again. But many, many times, I have seen him, riding from Chicago ~~at~~ <sup>in</sup> the dining car, end seat, where he sat facing the entire remainder of the car, and ~~in~~ <sup>after</sup> lighting a cigarette, ~~he was a chain~~ smoker ~~by the way,~~ he would take <sup>the</sup> match and burn the frayed threads from the edge of his cuffs protruding below the sleeve of his coat.

# Other peculiarities that became evident to me, shortly after arriving, was his great desire to appear as a knowledgable person in the fields of science and learning which he chose to establish on his own place. I learned almost with a shock, that he actually had no education himself, although he had come from the distinguished blueblood <sup>Fabians</sup> Fabian's of Boston and his father <sup>had been</sup> was the head of the Bliss Fabian <sup>Company</sup> Corporation, the largest cotton goods corporation in the world at that time, ~~that~~ <sup>16</sup> He, George, had run away from home when a boy and had grown up, I believe, on the lumber docks in ~~Chicago~~ Chicago, ~~after~~ being disinherited as a black sheep by his family. Later he had gone as a young man into the lumber regions of the north and had made quite a reputation for himself as a forceful person who would go far in this world. Whether <sup>from</sup> a sense of humor or a desire for revenge, when he was nineteen he went to St. Louis and obtained a job as a salesman with the St. Louis office of the Bliss Fabian Cotton Goods Corporation. He made a bargain with the manager of that office ~~x~~ that he was never to be known by name, but that the reports of his sales would go into the Boston home office simply as the accomplishments of "Mr. X".

# At the end of two years, he had made such ~~an~~ <sup>an</sup> amazing record of sales, that the Senior Fabryen in Boston demanded that the St. Louis manager bring this remarkable young <sup>Mr. X</sup> ~~salesmen~~ to the home office. This <sup>a</sup> meeting took place, not long after that. And as the story went, I ~~might state here that~~ learned this from one of the ~~head~~ officials in the Chicago branch of the firm at that time). ~~That~~ there was a very dramatic and emotional reunion between father and son. To make a quick ending to this story, I will state ~~it~~ <sup>that</sup> briefly <sup>the</sup> <sup>when</sup> father died two years later, the young man not only inherited millions in actual money, but he was made, under the terms of his father's will, the head of the Chicago office which was the second largest office of the corporation. # In the meantime, the young man had married the daughter of <sup>Minneapolis</sup> ~~an~~ an army officer, <sup>by the</sup> name was Nelle Wright. # It was <sup>a considerable time</sup> after this that he established the estate, Riverbank, at Geneva, Illinois and began developing his hobbies. The fact that he had no education, I <sup>surmised,</sup> ~~assume,~~ ~~made him or~~ gave him the determination to accomplish as much as <sup>a person with</sup> ~~one of~~ a great deal ~~more and~~ more advanced education could have done. This I believe to be the reason for his establishing ~~the~~ the various scientific laboratories there. It <sup>was</sup> ~~is~~ also the reason, I believed, that he <sup>with</sup> ~~succumbed~~ having no native analytical ability, <sup>and no</sup> ~~due to his lack of~~ formal education, he succumbed to the startling arguments of the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare and had been persuaded by friends of Mrs. Gallop's, <sup>U</sup> ~~in Boston,~~ who were themselves blueblood families of <sup>U</sup> ~~Boston,~~ that here was a cipher system which was really scientific and would prove to the world that Francis Bacon wrote Shakespeare. Hence, he had undertaken to bring Mrs. Gallop <sup>U</sup> and her sister to Riverbank and conduct this pursuit of converting the academic world to the ~~ardent~~ <sup>U</sup> ~~ardent~~ belief of Mrs. Gallop.

and by this time of himself, *although I am sure he had never read a*

It is easy to see, therefore, why, when he brought scientists and literature Professors to the estate to see, hear and be impressed, that he would himself, personally, take them on a conducted tour of the estate; proudly showing them what he had there and with a kind of beat-the-chest manner, say to them, one and all, "see, here I am, a man *and* even without a high school education, I have built up here an institution in these sciences and arts which will rival the universities!" After I arrived at Riverbank, he used *to* almost invariably take me on these drives around the estate, *and* thus attempting to develop in me a kind of *gift* ~~code~~ for public relations, *George Fabian, ypa.* In spots where he might fumble or falter, I came to believe, he expected me to fill in with statements or conversation which would not only arouse confidence but present a reaffirmation of the statements that Fabian himself was making. I became very much impressed with Colonel Fabian's capacity to sound, to everyone except a real scientist or expert in a given field, like an expert himself. I never saw him read anything beyond a newspaper headline. But he kept people about him all the time, talking. He had an ~~absolutely~~ absolutely verbatim memory and a photographic eye. Whatever anyone said to him, technical or not, he could repeat in almost a parrot-like fashion. Thus, to the unweary, he appeared like someone who *knows* what he was *doing* *As time went on, the dark-haired young man, who was in charge of the Genetics experiments, was found to be a gifted person in the realm of photography. So in his spare time* service by Colonel Fabian, who got some idea that, by enlarging the type forms in the Elizabethan books, ~~that~~ the differences which Mrs. Gallop claimed were there would show up and would be very useful in experiments, *and thus* *scholars* *that* *ya* *ya* convince the academic persons who Colonel Fabian was quite sure would sooner or later succumb to his great salesmanship and endorse Mrs.

Gall<sup>u</sup>pp's work. This order on the part of Colonel Fabien<sup>ya</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>for</sup> the young man to go into this <sup>type</sup> side of affirmation of Mrs. Gall<sup>u</sup>pp's work, threw him and me together a very great deal, <sup>in and out</sup> ~~outside~~ of social hours.

# His Name was William F. Friedman, and we were married within <sup>a</sup> ~~the~~ year.

This young man was the antithesis of Colonel Fabien<sup>ya</sup>. <sup>He</sup> was gentle, considerate, polite, very handsome, always immaculately dressed,

whether it was tennis dress, laboratory costume or social affairs, dinner dress, whatever. As we were thrown together so much in our

examination and propagandizing <sup>ya</sup> as indeed Colonel Fabien forced upon us, of Mrs. Gall<sup>u</sup>pp's cipher, we had many quiet talks ourselves. Even that first summer, we began to wonder about the authenticity of

Mrs. Gall<sup>u</sup>pp's "solution". [It was convincing and indubita<sup>o</sup>ly true that Francis Bacon had invented a really scientific and workable and provable

cipher system; it could quite obviously be applied as an explanation, as Mrs. Gall<sup>u</sup>pp claimed, for the use of two different forms of type which

appeared in all Elizabethan books; it could certainly do all the things that Francis Bacon had claimed for it in his own description of his

invention in "the advancement of learning". However, the application of this cipher to the type forms in the Elizabethan books, ~~x~~ required so

much personal judgement, so much variation, that we even then began to

<sup>These troublesome doubts arose in spite of</sup> doubt, ~~although all of the superficial arguments for Mrs. Gall<sup>u</sup>pp's cipher being accurate and authentic, <sup>Indeed they</sup> were very convincing, ~~indeed~~~~

When the two of us or either of us alone attempted to raise any question with Colonel Fabien<sup>ya</sup>, we were shouted down; we were not there to question

but to follow his lead and to convince the academic world of the authenticity of the work.

quote

However, it was not long until a new interest diverted some of  
 Colonel Fabien's attention. Being a man who loved power, he had  
 acquired a certain amount of influence in Washington. Along with his  
 minus qualities in education, he had, either as a natural gift or <sup>by</sup>  
 acquired <sup>sition</sup> it, an extraordinary capacity for seeing into the future,  
 sensing developments that others, even those at the hub of a wheel,  
 did not. Thus it was, that he sensed early in the winter of 1916 and  
 1917\* that this country was going to be in war. His interest in  
 cipher had led him to <sup>collect</sup> ~~deduct~~ what little fragmentary knowledge there  
 was in those days concerning military ciphers; in short, he saw war coming for the  
 U.S. and <sup>ya</sup> also he knew that the U.S. had no capacity whatever to deal  
 with the secret communications of an enemy, even in peace time, let  
 alone in war. <sup>take</sup> He therefore, began to organize and establish a staff  
 who could <sup>take</sup> ~~pick~~ over these duties of reading enemy secret communications,  
 if and when war would be declared. He convinced Washington that the  
 government would be much too long in establishing such an organization;  
 that he, George Fabien, could with his own personal ability and money  
 establish an organization to do this work on his estate. Hence, it  
 came about that even before the United States had actually declared  
 war, Colonel Fabian had a tiny nucleus of operating staff prepared to  
 go ahead with this plan which he had "sold" to Washington. <sup>Thus</sup>  
 it was, that my husband and I found ourselves no longer a Geneticist  
 and an English literature student, but the heads of this staff. <sup>turned public relations activist for a human dynamo</sup>  
 Colonel Fabian began at once to have us train <sup>tiny</sup> the staff which had  
 been working with Mrs. Gallop, ~~the tiny staff,~~ and also to employ  
 others, including stenographers and translators. He had operating at  
 Riverbank, therefore, practically a going concern when declaration of  
 war was ~~finally~~ made and Washington began to send us material which  
 we solved and returned to Washington. <sup>At</sup> At that time in the United

States, there were possibly three or at most four persons who knew the meaning of the ~~word or the term~~ codes and ciphers. They were ~~army~~ <sup>cryptographic</sup> officers who had dealt with ~~communications~~ communications in their professional careers. Among these were ~~then~~ Major Joseph O. Mauborgne, who had as far back as 1912 solved the Playfair cipher, which was the official British Army cipher at that time. He was the first ever to solve it <sup>and described his solution in a tiny pamphlet</sup>. There was also Parker ~~Hitt~~ <sup>Hitt</sup>, who had written a small booklet going a short way into the solution of general ciphers and cipher systems. This booklet was called ~~the Elements of~~ <sup>MANUAL FOR THE SOLUTION OF MILITARY CIPHERS</sup> and was used for instruction at the ~~school~~ <sup>ARMY</sup> army school at Leavenworth, Kansas. A third army officer was Major Frank Moorman, who became the head of the code and cipher branch at General Headquarters in France and was there throughout the war. The two young officers, Mauborgne and ~~Hitt~~ <sup>Hitt</sup>, were both brought to Riverbank by Colonel Fabien <sup>ya</sup>, and from that brief meeting to ~~this at~~ the present time, we are still friends and admirers <sup>MUTUAL</sup> of each other. It was obvious that with the exception of the twelve page pamphlet describing Major Mauborgne's achievement on the Playfair cipher, and the thirty page booklet produced by Major Hitt for use at Leavenworth, there was nothing in the English language which could be considered a book of instruction of any nature whatsoever. ~~We~~ therefore ~~came~~ <sup>we</sup> became the learners, ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> students, ~~and~~ the teachers, and the workers all at once <sup>and</sup> at the same time. ~~I~~ <sup>I</sup> in this enterprise which Colonel Fabien <sup>ya</sup> had launched as a gesture for Washington <sup>was one</sup> into which we had been forced by the mere physical fact of having been present on his estate at the time he conceived this striking idea, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> the fact that we became the leaders, I suppose, indicates that he had been ~~impressed~~ impressed with our abilities. ~~Colonel~~ <sup>ya</sup> Colonel Fabien brought in two Spanish translators and, of course, a German translator, and we set to work. One

\* Major General Mauborgne, retired from the Army Signal Corps after serving as Chief Signal Officer; Colonel Hitt retired

and Mexico. The material was sent to Riverbank usually by mail but occasionally something was urgent and was ~~telegraphed~~ telegraphed in cipher to Riverbank and we worked on it at top speed and returned the information <sup>in cipher</sup> by wire also. For eight months, we, this energetic but small unit of workers on the Fabien estate, <sup>ya</sup> Riverbank, at Geneva, Illinois, performed all ~~cipher work~~ code and cipher work for the government in ~~Washington~~ Washington. We did work for the Army and Navy Departments, <sup>for the State Department,</sup> for the Department of Justice, for ~~Censorship~~ <sup>Censorship</sup> and for the Post Office Department. ~~There were many amusing things, items,~~ <sup>did</sup> which turned up in the course of the work. Particularly, <sup>hours</sup> this type of ~~item~~ item come from the Post Office Department and the Justice Department. I recall in one case that I myself worked for ~~days~~ <sup>hours</sup> upon a message ~~in~~ Czech in cipher which turned out to be, when finally mastered, in the ~~language~~ <sup>Czech</sup> language, and after <sup>an</sup> ~~the~~ exaggerated amount of effort by me and others who did not know the Czech language, had reduced it to something which seemed logical in that language, it was submitted to a Czech translator and turned out to be <sup>merely</sup> a love note from a Czech to his ~~girlfriend~~ <sup>girlfriend</sup> during some travels, ~~on his part.~~ <sup>During</sup> During the following eight months, after Colonel Fabien <sup>launched</sup> launched this unit for the solution of secret communications, he made several trips away from home on behalf of his interests which in turn were in behalf of the government. On these trips he always took young Friedman with him. I recall that Colonel Fabien <sup>ya</sup> used to depart with a small handbag <sup>no larger than a present-day woman's purse</sup> for luggage. My husband told me that <sup>the Colonel</sup> he carried in <sup>he</sup> this handbag several changes of stock, the upstanding type of collar which <sup>he</sup> affected and always wore. He took no change of suits, <sup>and</sup> no change of laundry, ~~and~~ stating that he could always have <sup>a</sup> suits cleaned and the laundry laundered over night <sup>ridiculed</sup> wherever he was. He ~~was~~ <sup>ridiculed</sup> my young husband who maintained



~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

his fastidious appearance at all costs, because the young man insisted upon carrying a full suitcase of complete changes of clothing which <sup>was sitting</sup> ~~would befit~~ <sup>occasion for</sup> for whatever duration of the trip ~~was being taken.~~

When my husband returned from these trips, he used to tell me with considerable amusement of Colonel Fabien's behavior. I've already mentioned <sup>the Colonel's</sup> ~~his~~ practice of keeping a car and a chauffeur in Chicago as a fulltime employee, although Colonel Fabien <sup>ya</sup> by this time was only going into his Chicago office three <sup>half-days</sup> ~~mornings~~ a week. On these <sup>journeys</sup> ~~trips~~

my husband told me, he would take a taxi in the morning and they would start, for example, from the Willard Hotel in Washington to the War Department, on what is now known as Constitution Avenue. After some

consultation there, <sup>ya</sup> Fabien would go with an official, or would be sent by some official perhaps, to someplace <sup>some</sup> ~~a long~~ distance away such as, for example, Annapolis. Fabien and Friedman would be dispatched for this <sup>ya</sup> ~~outlying~~ and sometimes fairly distant area in an official War Department <sup>company with</sup> ~~car~~. However, Fabien's <sup>ya</sup> ~~in~~ variable practice would be to

<sup>order</sup> ~~have~~ the taxi, which he had hired in the morning and told to wait for him outside the building on Constitution Avenue, to follow the official car. On one occasion when the taxi returned them to the Willard

Hotel, <sup>ya</sup> ~~my~~ husband noted that Fabien <sup>the Colonel</sup> ~~paid~~ a bill of thirty-five dollars. He said to Fabien, "why do you do this? Here we were gone all day and you did not use this taxi for one moment. Why did you have him

follow you? You certainly didn't need him." Fabien <sup>ya</sup> said, "Yes, I didn't need him; but who knows, I might have needed him." <sup>#</sup> And yet the next morning my husband was made to go forth from the Willard Hotel to buy

a morning newspaper upon the street because Colonel Fabien <sup>ya</sup> ~~refused~~ to pay the fancy price, as he called it, ~~@@@~~ which was demanded by the

newstand in the hotel for morning newspapers. In other words, he would not pay seven cents, eight~~x~~ cents, ten cents, for a five cent newspaper; my husband must walk a block or more away and pay five cents for a five cent newspaper and bring it back to Fabien<sup>ya in</sup> to the hotel. # Friedman also made some trips to Boston with Colonel Fabien<sup>ya</sup> and, although, staying in a hotel in Boston, they were invariably invited to dine with the eldest brother of George Fabien<sup>ya</sup>, then head of the Bliss Fabien<sup>ya</sup> Corporation. And F For these occasions, of course, the Boston family and guests, if any, were always in formal evening dress, even if there was no one except the family present. However, George Fabien<sup>ya</sup> was so <sup>intent</sup> ~~intent~~ upon preserving his image of the black sheep of the family, that he not only would refuse to wear evening clothes to his brother's home or the home of ~~the~~ other relatives or friends in Boston to dine, but he refused to let my husband wear evening dress ~~as well~~. They occasionally carried such clothes for appearance in other places, but Fabien's vanity had set up this image of behavior with his family <sup>there</sup> and ~~there~~, evening clothes were forbidden in his ~~book~~ book - a mode of conduct which embarrassed young Friedman greatly but ~~even~~ he did not dare transgress Colonel Fabien's orders. # This imperious mode of conduct of George Fabien<sup>ya</sup> which was felt by those immediately around him in his entourage but about which nothing could be done by his "underlings", was undoubtedly felt sooner or later in Washington. The Departments of the United States Government finally became im-<sup>and</sup> patient, so they ~~said with the length of time consumed by sending all~~ ~~traffic in secret communications out to a small town west of Chicago~~ ~~and wait for its return from there;~~ <sup>it was seriously urged ya</sup> ~~and~~ demanded that Colonel Fabien remove his cipher and code unit in toto to Washington and turn it over to the government for operation there. This, Colonel Fabien<sup>ya</sup> not only refused to do, but we, who performed the work for him, were not even

We only learned of it when

told about his having been broached by the government with this plan, until the government organized and established a cipher bureau located in military intelligence in Washington and ~~thus~~ removed from under Colonel Fabyan's jurisdiction, the work which had been done on his estate, and which had given him such a great thrill and feeling of personal triumph and power. He was by virtue of being a censor in a way of any knowledge which came to us and at times I regret to add, a censor of our personal mail. He became the supreme commander of our personal lives .....

(relating life at Riverbank...Tape #3)

# For example, my young husband learned many months later, that he had been requested by the War Department for service in this special field and had been offered a commission. He was wanted for work in this field at General Headquarters of The American Expeditionary Forces in France. However, during the time intervening, which was the better part of a year, work had gone on at Riverbank. Four regularly commissioned young army officers had come to Riverbank for specific and detailed training to proceed thereafter to GHQ, AEF. One of these four, <sup>Golden</sup> Lieutenant J. Rives Childs, became a lifelong friend of ours. He stayed at GHQ, AEF all during the war and later, after the war, went with <sup>Herbert</sup> President Hoover to the Food Distribution Program in Russia and Eastern Europe. There, he met a distinguished young white Russian noble woman, married her and later went into the Foreign Service <sup>of</sup> for the United States. He ~~retired~~ <sup>retired</sup> as a full Ambassador and has been living in Nice, France since, editing and publishing the ~~magazine~~ <sup>Journal</sup> CASA NOVA <sup>GLEANNINGS</sup>. It was for this magazine, that my husband did the research in the life of Cosa Nova and discovered what a great man

Keep

Casanova

CASANOVA had been in many fields of science, far beyond his time, and this was true no less to cryptography than of the other fields he delved into.

Casanova

CASANOVA had analyzed and determined the method to solve without the key, ciphers based upon what is now known as a vigenere Table. This first method of solution has throughout the last hundred years of history, in the world of cryptanalysis and cryptography, been given the name of Kasiski, the German who is credited with first having solved this particular cipher system, whereas, I've always related, CASANOVA had done it almost a century before.

To resume the story of our life at Riverbank, during the months before World War I began and the first year thereafter, in addition to training these four students, we were doing the work for all departments of the government which had to do with coded or ciphered correspondence. Knowing nothing about either Kasiski or CASANOVA at the time, we determined our own method of solution for this type of cipher, with aid from the Hitt Manual, which was very commonly used between Mexicans and Germans, as Germans carried on correspondence with people in the United States and other countries. We know this method now as a poly alphabetic cipher. That is, letters...one, two, three, four, five, six, of a given message are each enciphered by a different cipher alphabet and then the cipher alphabets are repeated, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. The number and identity of alphabets employed was determined by a key which neither my husband nor I had studied but a sufficient amount of which we quickly grasped which would suffice for the purpose of deciphering in Spanish, so long as we had expert translators to convert the language into English. Messages were also in German, which was a language familiar from High School and College study, to both my husband and to me.

Some of the oddments that were sent to us from Washington, were some from the Post Office and the Department of Censorship. These were likely to be in almost any language. I recall one message in particular

Key Code

This was true

delved

of

into

in 1863

as already

Casanova

PK

poly

ic

for example

The number and identity of alphabets employed was determined by a key

which

from our knowledge of them which

convert

carry

which was a

~~which was on a postcard. I labored over it, in fact, for some time and began to get fragments of something which I thought was language, a strange language which I did not recognize, but, between the smatterings of language among our stenographers and students and translators, we found enough fragmentary knowledge to piece together this particular message. It turned out to be entirely innocent. In content, it was~~  
~~in <sup>the</sup> Czech language and was the love message of a suitor in this country to his fiancee in his homeland.~~ ~~¶~~ Since all our solved material was returned to Washington and several copies were sent, there were, of course, in the files in Washington, not only our completed plain language messages in whatever language but the <sup>final</sup> ~~work~~ sheets were shown in which the method and the keys and the steps of solution were clearly indicated. Hence, it was, that after a while, ~~perhaps about~~  
~~December of 1917, the War Department, that~~ this method of wiring or mailing messages out to a little town west of Chicago and then waiting for a reply, by wire or letter, was a matter of inconvenience which the War Department ~~could not~~ ~~up with~~, could bear with no longer. ~~Hence~~, they demanded that Colonel Fabian transplant his whole cipher bureau, bodily, to Washington and operate directly under the aegis of the War Department.

~~This was another one of the instances where Colonel Fabien played God and determined what was to be done with our lives. We workers knew nothing whatsoever of this until Colonel Fabian had roared a final NO, emphatically, to the War Department, and they had, just, in just as loud a roar, informed him that they would, in that case, set up their own cipher bureau in Washington. And, therefore, we all were left actually, , after the time required for the new, <sup>ly</sup> organized cipher bureau in Washington to take our solved messages and work with out solutions and keys and get the know-how to go ahead,~~

Keep?

we were left with no work to do, which was really pertinent to the war then going on. The Cipher Bureau in Washington had to be formed, of course, from people who had only dabbled in cryptography and (only two of those) <sup>plus</sup> others who knew nothing whatsoever. This was a small group in the War Department as it was a small group at Riverbank. The head of the Cipher Bureau was the great Professor, John M. Manly of the University of Chicago. He was commissioned ~~I believe~~ <sup>a</sup> Captain <sup>in the</sup> afterwards Herbert O. Yardley, who became so ~~infamous~~ <sup>infamous</sup> in connection with the book, THE BLACK CHAMBER, who had been ~~a telegraph operator of the~~ telegraph operator in the State Department, was also commissioned and placed in this bureau. <sup>Also</sup> a college professor from New York by the name of Charles J. Mendelssohn, an expert in Greek and Latin and many modern <sup>and especially fluent in German</sup> languages, but who knew nothing of ciphers and codes. <sup>Likewise</sup> a newspaper editor from a small town somewhere, <sup>were chosen the</sup> and thus ~~intellectual~~ "brains" were gathered together for this Cipher Bureau. But as for a <sup>woman</sup> ~~common~~ man, or <sup>or working</sup> anyone with any actual knowledge of the subject, there were none among this personnel of the newly created Cipher Bureau.

Soon, thereafter, the material which had been coming to us from Washington was no longer forthcoming. Colonel Fabien <sup>ya</sup> still did not reveal to my husband that he had been <sup>requested</sup> asked for <sup>service in the Army</sup> not, indeed, he did not reveal to any of us <sup>in</sup> in ~~this~~ <sup>group</sup> Cipher Bureau, that we had been asked for ~~to be sent to~~ Washington. ~~Perhaps I did not relate at the beginning of this episode of my life and my husband's, that Colonel Fabien~~ <sup>ya had been</sup> was the <sup>sole</sup> financial <sup>support</sup> ~~backer~~ of the project at Riverbank. In other words, he was giving the entire effort, paying all expenses, including the salary and the living quarters and food for all of those of us who were at Riverbank and Uncle Sam was spending not a penny, except the <sup>infinitesimal</sup> ~~cost~~ of the transmission <sup>on</sup> ~~of the infinitesimal not worth mentioning cost~~ of the material sent to Riverbank. <sup>Fabien</sup> Colonel <sup>ya</sup> who loved power and had enjoyed to the last

degree, his command over the United States Government, as it ~~was~~<sup>were</sup>,  
 during these months he had operated gratis this accomplishful effort,  
 now began to feel frustrated because he still was not holding this  
 hand of power. Therefore, he developed an idea that he would <sup>make an</sup> offer  
 to the Government to train a vast number of officers for overseas  
 work in code and cipher, both cryptographic and cryptanalytic stages  
 of the work. They would not necessarily be located at General Head-  
 quarters of the American Expeditionary Forces where enemy ciphers and  
 codes were ~~being~~ solved, but they would be ~~equipped~~ equipped with adequate  
 knowledge to ~~operate~~<sup>head</sup> in units of command in the field <sup>because of</sup> and understanding  
 how communications operated, what was proper to do and what was  
 dangerous to do, and thus <sup>Supervise</sup> ~~command~~ the communications ~~and of their~~  
 operations in the field with the utmost capacity and knowledge. With  
 this idea in mind, he again, with his persuasive manner, assembled <sup>operating in Washington</sup>  
 a group of approximately eighty officers who were soon thereafter  
 slated to go overseas. These officers came to Riverbank and they and  
 all our staff were housed in the Aurora Hotel in Aurora, Illinois.  
<sup>early 1918</sup> For two months, during ~~the~~ <sup>1918</sup> early ~~nineteen eighteen~~, we assiduously  
 instructed these officers in the science of cryptology, covering both  
 phases of cryptography and cryptanalysis. At the <sup>P</sup> end of that time, they  
 went on their way and our cipher unit, at Riverbank, was again left  
 with no official orders or work from Washington.

It was at about this time, that my husband learned that he had,  
 almost a year before, been offered a commission to go overseas in this  
 work. He only learned this because at this time he began to insist  
 that he too wished to go overseas, and demanded that he be allowed to  
 take examinations for a commission. ~~To make a long story short,~~  
 he did succeed in gaining a commission and left for France in ~~July~~  
~~it was~~ May of 1918.

He proceeded at once to GHQ of the AEF and went to work in the unit under the command of Colonel Frank Moorman. Colonel Moorman had been placed in command of this unit because he was a Single Corps officer; all such work at that time was under the Single Corps of the Army, and Moorman had been one of that less-than-handyful of Army officers who ~~delved~~ before the war had ~~delved~~ slightly into the subject of code and cipher. He directed both the code half of the unit overseas and the cipher unit. There, my husband worked for the duration of the war. Although he had not been in the unit from the time of its first establishment at GHQ, he ~~was~~ <sup>nevertheless</sup> ~~the person~~ the officers selected of all those present, to stay behind at the end of World War I following the Armistice, to write the history of ~~the section and their work~~, both in the code field and the cipher field. He was thus retained in France until April of 1919, at which time he returned to the United States.

During <sup>1916 and 1917</sup> the time that we had been working at Riverbank, among the visitors who came, were not only <sup>such as</sup> Lily <sup>Langtry</sup>, Bill Burke, a movie director or two and, of course, a stream of college professors who came, more or less reluctantly, to look into Mrs. Gallop's claim that her cipher proved that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. Among all these were a few who came to ask for help. One day into our office strolled Colonel Fabien <sup>ya</sup> with a large heavy-set man <sup>carrying</sup> ~~accompanying him with~~ an <sup>an</sup> attache case in his hand. In his normal ~~stentorian~~ <sup>stentorian</sup> voice, Colonel Fabien <sup>ya</sup> introduced the gentlemen as a representative from Scotland Yard, who had come to us for help. What the Scotland Yard official brought was a significantly large mass of correspondence, that is letters, which had been intercepted by either British or United States censorship officials. The correspondence passed between <sup>a</sup> ~~that~~ number, perhaps nearly 200 agents, <sup>of</sup> Germans and Hindus, who were fomenting a revolution in India, which



they were convinced would be successful because Great Britain was so busily engaged in her war with Germany. We took a preliminary look at this mass of correspondence. Many of the letters were very long but the fortunate thing, ~~that~~ <sup>which</sup> was revealed at once, was that the signatures were in the same type of cipher as the body of the letters. This cipher consisted of groups of three numbers, such as, 26-2-39, ~~4-1-7~~ 4-1-7, and the like. In many of these numeral groups of three, throughout ~~the~~ <sup>a</sup> whole letter, the middle number would be either 1 or 2. Then another ~~group of letters~~ <sup>mass of correspondence</sup> (showed also) groups of three numbers but in this case, the middle numeral might be any number, such as 4-21-8, 9-23-2, etc. This, even in our early days of self instruction about ciphers, we recognized as a kind of code. In other words, ~~a code book~~ ~~which~~ instead of being a formal code book consisting of groups of letters, such as J A K R E, to represent a word, phrase or sentence, this ~~the~~ <sup>was a</sup> type of code book the Hindus and Germans were using, ~~was something which could be, some type of book, which could be carried about~~ ~~with~~ <sup>on</sup> the person, and not arouse suspicion. Curiously enough, this ~~system~~ <sup>method</sup> is still regarded today by the innocent, as being impregnable and they say incredulously, how in the world could a cipher letter composed from an unknown book in this manner be deciphered, unless one knew the book ~~or what the book was?~~ <sup>and had a copy?</sup> The manner of ~~utilizing~~ <sup>enciphering a message</sup> ~~a~~ book, showing groups of numbers such as 4-21-8, is to turn to page 4, find a letter such as E, which one needs ~~to~~ <sup>on</sup> decipher a message one is composing, then the second number records the line of that page 4, and the ~~third~~ <sup>third</sup> number is the letter desired, <sup>in that line</sup>. In the case of the second ~~series~~ <sup>series</sup> of letters where the middle number of each series of three was always one or two, was obviously enciphered by use of a dictionary or a similar book, where words appear in two columns ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> a page, <sup>since</sup> the 1 and 2 always ~~being~~ <sup>were the</sup> a middle numeral, ~~revealed~~ <sup>we concluded</sup> to us that this was an

~~SECRET~~ \*\*\*\*\*

Reference

encipherment by word and not by letter. It is an extremely laborious type of encipherment and the only reason that any one would use such a method would be for the purpose of ~~concealments~~ <sup>eluding censorship</sup>.

My husband and I started to work upon this great mass of material. We had for hints, to start with, ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> assumptions, the names of a few of the leading conspirators. The leader in the United States was a Hindu prince by <sup>the</sup> name of Haram <sup>bdw</sup> Lal Gupta. We were also supplied with two or three other Hindu names and the name of a German or two, although the British ~~we~~ knew far less about the German conspirators than they did about the Hindu members of this secret organization. We knew that this mass of correspondence, if deciphered, would be used in trials against the Hindus and Germans in the United States who were conspiring to foment <sup>the</sup> ~~this~~ revolution in India against Great Britain. The United States, <sup>was</sup> ~~of course,~~ <sup>is</sup> responsible for enforcing neutrality and since these men were present in the United States, they would be, when arrested, tried in this country.

To make a long story short, we did decipher both types of correspondence, the dictionary type and the other type ~~which~~ which came from a book in English, of general text of some sort. We started, of course, with the bare hint that we had, by which we substituted letters or the series of numbers of numerals used for signatures at the end of the letters. In the <sup>second series,</sup> ~~first case,~~ ~~we,~~ that is of the numbers, such as ~~4-21-8~~, we were able not only to decipher practically every word of the <sup>correspondence</sup> ~~letters,~~ but we were able to build up a kind of skeleton text of the book which had been used by the conspirators. We were convinced that the book was ~~@~~ on the subject of political science or <sup>a</sup> ~~^~~ closely related subject, that it concerned Germany in some manner or other; we were also able to state with authority that on page 7, for example, line three, there appeared the word <sup>t</sup> ~~constitution~~; that on page thirteen, line

ll, appeared the word government. In this manner, we built up a set of requirements <sup>by means of</sup> which the volume, carried about as a code book by these conspirators, might be located. Colonel Fabian <sup>ya</sup> spared no expense after we had deciphered the letters to locate such a volume. He phoned, he wired, he cabled to Great Britain <sup>U</sup> with a full and complete description such as we could offer, for such a book. None was forthcoming. <sup>#</sup> Some months later, there came a day when <sup>fifty</sup> some Hindus and Germans were brought to trial in Chicago, charged with the crime of which they were actually guilty, which was the conspiracy to foment a revolution in India against Great Britain <sup>U</sup> while she was at war with Germany. My husband, William Friedman, was to appear as a witness in this case, in Chicago. Although we were such a short distance away, he, nevertheless, stayed in a hotel in Chicago during the time he was waiting <sup>to appear in</sup> for the trial. He had been advised by the prosecuting attorney, that, although our decipherments of the messages was convincing and complete, for any one who could understand the processes involved, ~~but that~~ a jury might find considerable difficulty in being persuaded of the credibility of the solution. He regretted that the actual book used by the conspirators had not been located. <sup>#</sup> Consequently, as William Friedman spent time listening in the court room and going back and forth to a hotel, he continued his search for this book in whatever manner he could. One morning, as he was walking along South <sup>Clark</sup> Park Street toward the Federal Court House, he passed <sup>the world-famous bookstore</sup> ~~the famous~~ McClurg's, ~~the most famous bookstore in the middle west at that time.~~ He, on an impulse, walked in, asked for the Political Science Division and was taken to an upper floor where a great number of books on this subject of recent years were displayed. He rummaged about and, ~~one~~ miracle of miracles, came across the book which satisfied our requirements. The book used by the conspirators for this group of correspondence was ~~one~~ Price

Collier, author; ~~x~~ book title, "Germany and The Germans". The ~~Chicago~~ Chicago trial ended in conviction of all fifty some Germans and Hindus.

Some weeks passed and a second trial was set for hearing in San Francisco, California. In this case, there were more than a hundred Hindus and Germans on trial. It was against this group of Germans that our solution of the code-cipher letters, the numeral series showing <sup>ed</sup> either <sup>1</sup> one or <sup>2</sup> two as the middle number of the three-numeral groups, ~~was to be introduced in evidence.~~ <sup>in which</sup> ~~for an agent composing the letter, he got~~ whole words for each series of three numbers. ~~could be designated instead of single letters - a less laborious type of encipherment than the other, of course.~~ <sup>could get</sup> The numeral <sup>3</sup> three-2-7, for example, would mean page 3, column 2, line 7, ~~perhaps~~ perhaps ~~it~~ was the word for AND; similarly, ~~another~~ another indication of this type of encipherment was that many of the first numerals of these groups of three ran considerably greater in numerical order than those in the other groups of letters, where laziness and haste had persuaded the conspiring letter writer to choose his single letters from the early pages of the "Code Book" ~~used~~, rather than to select them from all pages; consequently, we never saw high numbers, such as 187 or 312, which could certainly <sup>have</sup> ~~had~~ been used had the correspondent <sup>been</sup> ~~industrious enough in the other type of system.~~

Here ~~x~~ we were dealing with <sup>a</sup> ~~the~~ dictionary and we had great success, as we had before. We felt that it was not a too-modern dictionary, that it was a dictionary which had been published <sup>well</sup> before 1900, but we could state with absolute certainty that on page thus and so, column thus and so, appeared this word or that word which ~~revealed the two texts in these letters.~~

Again Colonel Fabien <sup>ya</sup> wired and telephoned all over this country and cabled to Great Britain with no result. The book was not forthcoming from anywhere. Of course ~~x~~ we did not know the title, we did

not know the <sup>origin</sup> name, all we knew was that it was a two volume English-German dictionary. We could not, of course, determine which was volume I and volume II. There came the day when William Friedman proceeded to San Francisco to appear again as an expert witness in the trial against more than one-hundred Hindus and Germans there. Again, while waiting to be called to the witness stand, he continued his search for the elusive dictionary. One day he went across the Bay to the University of California and searched through the library. This would seem like a very possible source for an old dictionary. However, he had no luck. He was <sup>walking</sup> somewhat disconsolately across the campus at the University and met face to face a man he knew but whom he had not seen since his early years at Cornell University. This man had been his instructor in English <sup>during</sup> his freshman year in college. The now Professor at the University of California, greatly surprised to see my young husband, asked him what was his reason for being there. When my husband explained, the young Professor said "have you tried the Co-op?" My husband replied, no, that that had not occurred to him. He was directed to its location and then he himself went to the Cooperative bookstore. It was, at that time, attended by an elderly man, who, interested in my husband's request, was very helpful and industrious in a search for such a book. He rummaged for a long time among books on dusty shelves and in piles on the floor. He finally pulled forth a book and said, "here is a German-English dictionary, but I fear it is not the right volume." My husband took a look. The dictionary was dated 1880, which was about the date that we had believed the dictionary to be. <sup>As</sup> ~~and~~ he looked <sup>through</sup> on the pages for certain words <sup>he</sup> ~~and~~ found that it was the <sup>dictionary and the correct</sup> correct volume. It was the English-German volume of the two volume dictionary. <sup>The other volume was missing</sup>

Thus for the second time, the kindly goddess of luck had brought forth fortunate encounters with needed evidence and my husband <sup>once</sup> ~~@@@~~ again demonstrated his <sup>innate</sup> ~~great~~ good luck, which has followed him throughout life, of meeting quite by accident some person who <sup>it</sup> turns out may be of great value or use to him. In this case, of course, it was books - books which it seems <sup>to us</sup> could easily have been found from our descriptions, ~~when these books were requested.~~ *But were not.*

<sup>e</sup> This San Francisco case, charging conspiracy against this great number of Hindus and Germans, had received more attention than the Chicago case. There ~~is a~~ <sup>was that</sup> special reason for this ~~because~~ a Hindu, by name, Ram Chandra, had turned state's evidence and was testifying for the prosecution. Each morning, the more than a hundred defendants were brought into the court room under heavy guard, and removed at the end of each portion of the trial. Other Hindus, whether a part of the conspiracy or not but at least ~~some~~ who had not been detected, as such, were greatly interested in the trial and <sup>held</sup> ~~had~~ constant attendance in the court room. A very few days after the trial began and Ram Chandra was in the witness chair, answering questions elicited by the prosecution, there was a sudden stir in the court room. A Hindu in the gallery, looking down on the audience, pulled a gun and shot Ram Chandra dead as he sat in the witness chair. A United States Marshall, from the main floor, took aim at the assassin in the gallery and he too, lay dead. This case with two Hindus dead within a matter of seconds, in the court room, of course received considerable attention in the press. Both of these Hindu-German conspiracy cases ended in conviction and sentences <sup>b</sup> for all concerned. The leader of the conspiracy in this country, Prince Haram <sup>b</sup> da Lal Gupta, however, escaped to Mexico and never served <sup>NIS</sup> sentence.

It was a matter of considerable regret to me that I could not accompany Mr. Friedman to San Francisco or that I had not been summoned as a ~~code~~-witness with him on this matter, since we had completed this task completely alone, but someone had to stay behind and ~~sort of~~ oil the machinery at Riverbank. During this period, while we were the Cipher Bureau, at Riverbank, my husband began writing on solutions of ciphers. The reader may recall<sup>x</sup> that I stated in the beginning, that so little was known in this country of codes and ciphers, when the United States entered World War I, that ~~we had~~, we ourselves<sup>x</sup> had to be the learners, the workers and the teachers all at one and the same time.

<sup>A</sup> William Friedman's brilliant mind had leaped forward. In less than a year, he had developed methods of decipherment in systems which had hitherto been considered completely ~~in the cipher (revolt)~~ <sup>indecipherable</sup>. I recall that <sup>that</sup> year, I joined him in the production of a brochure entitled, "The Solution Of Running Key Cipher<sup>s</sup>". This was the first of a series of brochures. Colonel Fabry<sup>on</sup>, as always, spared no expense to ~~bring~~ <sup>bring</sup> forth results of any experiments on his property. He, however, loved power so much that he was utterly unwilling for anyone to have his name appear as ~~the~~ <sup>author</sup> author of any text produced ~~on~~ <sup>on</sup> any subject at Riverbank. ~~He~~ <sup>Fabryan</sup>, therefore, had published these brochures <sup>under his copyright</sup> at his own expense and privately. There was only a letter of transmittal in the beginning of each brochure from my husband, a more or less tangible evidence of authorship but the appearance of his name on any title page or elsewhere as author, was not permitted by ~~this~~ <sup>Fabryan</sup> dynamic man.

Another instan<sup>ce</sup><sup>x</sup> during our residence at Riverbank, which ~~proves~~ that ~~others came to us for help~~, was that after <sup>the</sup> actual arrival in France of the American Expeditionary Forces, the use of a ~~machine~~ <sup>device</sup> cipher<sup>s</sup> was contemplated; that is, a cipher device which had been developed by the British and believed by them to be indecipherable. Although the Playfair

cipher (~~of which more later~~) had for generations been the official field cipher for the British Armed Services, they now believed that they had an indecipherable cipher produced by this small ~~machine or device~~ <sup>operated mechanically</sup>. Their own experts had tested it and pronounced it invulnerable, as had the French, ~~and as~~ <sup>50 too</sup> had the newly formed cipher bureau in Washington. However, Professor Manley of the University of Chicago, who, as I ~~had~~ <sup>have</sup> related, had become ~~the~~ the head of the Cipher Bureau when ~~formed anew~~ <sup>although no working experience</sup> in Washington and who had himself had a life time hobby of cryptography, ~~and~~ had seen demonstrated his capacity in ~~the field of~~ <sup>the</sup> solutions of the ciphers in the great masses of material turned over by Riverbank to the Cipher Bureau when it was formed in Washington, ~~and who~~ had made the statement in writing of William Friedman, "In thirty years, close association with men of science, I have rarely, if ever, met one whose powers of scientific analysis ~~was~~ were as great as those of Friedman". Hence it was, ~~that~~ Professor Manley <sup>who</sup> suggested that the officer, ~~who, by the way had formally been at Riverbank before being commissioned and made the liaison officer between France and Washington, this officer was sent to Riverbank bringing this so-called quick stone device for study and analysis by those of us working on ciphers there.~~ <sup>be sent</sup> We were given five short messages to solve. We had <sup>never</sup> seen the ~~machine~~, the small ~~machine~~ <sup>device</sup>, ~~and we knew the principle on which it worked.~~ <sup>but</sup> It was an eccentric device, ~~an inner and outer disc~~ <sup>consisting of an inner movable</sup> and <sup>each</sup> ~~fixed~~ <sup>and an outer disc</sup>, each containing an ~~alphabet~~ <sup>alphabet</sup> either straight, normal, that is A to Z, or it could be key word mixed, <sup>or</sup> random mixed ~~or whatever~~. The inner disc which ~~also contained an alphabet~~, was, however, not concentric, that is, it did not <sup>move</sup> ~~preve~~ according to a fixed pattern, letter number one on the outer disc set at letter number one on the inner disc, letter number two on the outer set at letter number two on the inner and so forth. The inner disc moved at irregular intervals because the outer disc had

with the cipher bureau had been in Washington



twenty-seven intervals and the inner disc twenty-six. Of course, when these five short messages came to us for solution, we had no knowledge or even a wild guess as to the sequence of letters on either of the two alphabets. ~~However,~~ <sup># Nevertheless</sup> William Friedman set to work upon these messages, ~~It~~ <sup>in</sup> looked like an ~~un~~ <sup>in</sup> surmountable task, because, in the first place, for a field decipher used ~~on~~ <sup>in</sup> a war, on a battle front, <sup>it</sup> would be utilized probably ~~one~~ <sup>so that</sup> hundred to two hundred times a day, even if the key changed everyday there would be a great mass of messages to study. But as I stated before, here were five short messages and we were dealing completely with two alphabets, one moving irregularly against the other and with no knowledge of either. <sup>#</sup> My husband lined up the five short messages and began to puzzle ~~them~~ out. After a number of hours of work, he believed that he had the basis of the alphabet on the outer disc. The reader should understand here, that with such a very small amount of <sup>text</sup> material in a case of a complex cipher of this sort, the only hope of solution would be to make assumptions or guesses at the text and attempt to build up an alphabet or ~~in~~ <sup>a</sup> part, at least, of an alphabet. The ~~assumption~~ ~~assumption~~ <sup>assumption</sup> that Mr. Friedman made after <sup>nearly two</sup> ~~some many~~ hours of work was, that the person who had enciphered these test messages had used in one of the alphabets the word "cipher". <sup>#</sup> This proved, of course, at once that it was a key word based alphabet. He reasoned, therefore, that if <sup>the</sup> ~~a~~ person who enciphered these messages ~~were~~ were so foolish as to use a word connected with the process or associated with the process itself, ~~that~~ the other word forming the basis for the other alphabet would be of similar nature. He therefore began to try to build up a second alphabet based upon every word ~~in~~ <sup>with the</sup> which in his mind he could conjure up as ~~an~~ associated word <sup>with</sup> "cipher". After some <sup>hours of</sup> ~~more~~ <sup>further</sup> work, and he had gotten nowhere, he appealed to me. I was sitting across the room from him very busily engaged on something <sup>else</sup> of urgent importance. He

asked me to lean back in my chair, close my eyes and make my mind blank, at least as blank as possible. Then he would propound to me a question to which I was not to consider the reply to any degree, not even for one second, but instantly to come forth with the word which his question aroused in my mind. I proceeded as he directed. He spoke the word "cipher", and I instantaneously responded, "~~machine~~ machine". Thus, this proved to be the correct word. The officer in Washington had broken a fundamental rule; that is, when choosing a key word, never choose one which is associated with the project with which one is engaged. For example, if the reader is engaged in counterfeiting ten dollar bills in lots of one thousands, and he would be wise to not send a communication to a friend using the key word counterfeit ~~bills~~ or even the word <sup>money</sup> counterfeit. Nevertheless, the word machine, which <sup>had come forth</sup> I <sup>was</sup> had reacted with a <sup>spring like</sup> ~~elasticity~~ elasticity, when asked the above-related question by William Friedman, was the correct word. It had not been attempted ~~in use~~ in this solution by my husband, because with his <sup>scientific</sup> meticulous accuracy in details, he would never have thought of the ~~wheatstone~~ cipher device as a "machine". ~~Among~~ Among the several ~~words~~ words which he had tried to pair up with the word cipher which he had assumed as a key word for the first alphabet were words like, ~~alphabet~~ <sup>alphabet itself</sup>, indecipherable, solution, system, method, and the like. But since a very small hand-operated device was before him, it did not occur to his meticulous mind to use the word machine. Nevertheless, "machine" it was.

The five test messages were solved and on their way back to Washington within <sup>a few</sup> three hours of the time they had been received. The waiting ~~world~~ <sup>military authorities</sup>, British, French and American, who had expected to install this device on the western front as a means of communication in the front lines <sup>were constrained to cancel those plans</sup> was dashed to earth. Not many months after

and mem p 3 quote 2 Fabryen 1-19

Kind enciph by word, not letter, as 2nd to alr 1 or 2 -  
p 31 "Run. Key Ciphers" together

William Friedman departed from Riverbank as a young Lieutenant and had  
 proceeded to France, <sup>in May, 1918</sup> activities at Riverbank began to die, slowly, it  
 is true, but nevertheless, ~~to pass out of existence~~ <sup>steadily</sup> as this ~~young~~  
~~person~~ or that ~~young person~~ took up more or one kind or another or  
 departed for more busy and perhaps more lucrative jobs. I stayed at  
 Riverbank until late August and then I too determined to leave. Colonel  
 Fabien's <sup>ya</sup> deceptions while posing as a great benefactor to us in our  
 individual lives had caused me to ~~lose~~ <sup>lose</sup> my taste for connection with  
 this institution. ~~In~~ <sup>ya</sup> addition, all during the time I had been at  
 Riverbank, whether actively or in a minor way being associated with  
 Mrs. Gall<sup>u</sup>sp's cipher <sup>work</sup>, I was becoming dissol<sup>u</sup>tioned with her and her  
 work. No more sincere person ever lived, I am convinced, but she  
 was a victim of ~~what is best~~ <sup>to</sup> call, perhaps, auto-suggestion. She  
 had been a teacher of English Literature. She had studied many of the  
 Elizabethan books and had noted the variant forms of type used in those  
 books. It occurred to her that the use of these differing forms of  
 type might have some significance, ~~and it was suggested to her by the~~  
~~fact that~~ <sup>when</sup> she and her sister, Miss Kate Wells, had been influenced to  
 work with Dr. Orville <sup>a physician</sup> Owen, in Detroit, who had developed what he  
 called a word cipher, ~~a~~ method which he used to prove that Bacon<sup>@</sup> wrote  
 Shakespeare. Dr. Owen had become so convinced that Bacon was  
 Shakespeare, that he persuaded ~~Colonel~~ <sup>Colonel</sup> Fabien <sup>ya</sup> (and here again, we  
 learned of this long afterwards) to finance him as he conducted diggings  
 in the River Wye, in England for Shakespeare manuscripts. But this is ~~@~~  
 not a ~~s@~~try of Dr. Owen. Mrs. Gall<sup>u</sup>sp, however, through this association  
 with Dr. Owen, became interested in the authorship of Shakespeare.  
 She was a far <sup>more knowledgeable</sup> ~~greater~~ ~~student~~ than Owen and ~~thus~~ <sup>thus</sup> her interest <sup>was caught</sup> in  
 the variant forms of type used in Elizabethan books, ~~she was, unlike~~  
~~Owen,~~ <sup>which was not</sup> familiar in a scholarly manner with the works known to be  
 Francis Bacon, <sup>35</sup> and she knew of his mention of a cipher system in the

1605 edition of The Advancement of Learning. <sup>This smaller Bacon</sup> ~~The Advancement of~~  
<sup>volume</sup> Learning was published in 1623 in Latin, in a ~~very~~ greatly extended  
 form, ~~in which~~ <sup>Francis</sup> Francis Bacon describes a cipher method which he said  
 would defy detection, that it was a perfect method of concealment.  
 He stated that he had invented this cipher system when he was in Paris  
 in his early youth, and that he had never doubted its value. Mrs.  
 Gallop applied ~~to~~ this cipher system of Francis Bacon's to the type  
 forms in the Elizabethan books. And to her eyes she was able to  
 classify them in the manner dictated by Bacon in the De Augmentis  
Scientiarum. Day Of The

I had, as I said before, become ~~dissolutioned~~ if not completely  
 dissolutioned, <sup>S</sup> ~~I had become~~ <sup>(and) at least</sup> very skeptical of Mrs. Gallop's work.  
 The method was absolutely scientific, it certainly could have been used  
 in the books of the Elizabethan period, but that it was used, I was not  
 ready to admit. In the summer of 1916, I had myself spent many hours,  
 days and even weeks trying to see the classifications of the type  
 forms that Mrs. Gallop claimed to see. The young students who were  
 brought there to work under my direction had never been able to de-  
 cipher <sup>independently</sup> a simple message, not even a single word. I, therefore, could  
 not honestly stay at Riverbank laboratories and continue to work in  
 Mrs. Gallop's field. This <sup>a</sup> and much more complete story of the Fabien  
 - Gallop connection and the Baconian "ciphers" is told in the book  
 written by my <sup>husband</sup> assistant and me, called The Shakespearean Ciphers  
Examined. <sup>Hence</sup> There is no point in going further with that particular  
 story here. Suffice it to say, that it was my doubts of the authenticity of  
 work ~~of~~ which led me to leave Riverbank in the Autumn after my husband  
 had gone to France, <sup>now</sup> ~~some five or six months earlier.~~ <sup>Insert</sup>

Here from p 38

that also my considerable doubts as to what either my husband or I would have our eyes with all

omit  
P 37 through 45 (37)  
Begin after page suitable for a "Memo-  
ries of a Peculiar Person" ???

It was with mixed feelings that I prepared to take my departure. I spent the last few ~~weeks~~ days going over the estate at Riverbank, remembering the people and events ~~which~~ <sup>who</sup> and which had come and gone during the time I was there. I ~~remembered~~ <sup>remembered</sup> Billie Burke having climbed the sixty foot heavy ~~rope~~ <sup>hempen</sup> rope-ladder spider-web which had been woven by sailors <sup>and</sup> in which Colonel Fabien <sup>ya</sup> used as a backdrop for his outdoor recreation spot, outside <sup>the</sup> the Villa, <sup>and</sup> where he gathered people in the evenings around <sup>an</sup> an open fire. <sup>#</sup> I remembered the zoo. Yes- Riverbank had a <sup>small</sup> zoo. <sup>were</sup> Animals ~~were~~ <sup>ya</sup> Mrs. Fabien's first love. She had the usual types of animals seen in any zoo; proper <sup>cages</sup> ~~cages~~ were built for them on the estate, in that area which was between the Lincoln Highway and the Fox River. She also had enormous flocks of ducks on which some kind of experiments were being conducted ~~at~~ according to The Colonel's ideas. She had on a large glass enclosed porch outside the dining room of the villa, the <sup>ya</sup> Fabien home, a chimpanzee in a heavy iron cage, who was called Patsy. Patsy was extremely jealous of Mrs. Fabien, <sup>ya</sup> <sup>and</sup> he was her particular pet. She even took him out of the cage and took him for walks. He disliked and distrusted everyone else. <sup>When</sup> persons were dining in the dining room inside, Patsy used to shake his cage and roar violently and carry on in a temperamental manner, quite characteristic of the most <sup>tempestuous</sup> impetuous two year old child. <sup>#</sup> <sup>I</sup> <sup>remembered</sup> that <sup>was</sup> There was in the living room, in the villa, an instrument of which I <sup>had</sup> never heard and <sup>have</sup> ~~had~~ never seen the like of since. It was called the choralcelo. It was a kind of pipe organ, being equipped with pipes as an organ is but it was also a combination piano-organ. Colonel Fabien <sup>ya</sup> had offered to permit me to learn to play it while I was there, but there had never been time for that. The Villa was, of course, equipped with the great pipes necessary to play the instrument. After the sound laboratory was built under the direction of Dr. Wallace Sabine <sup>ya</sup> of Harvard, Colonel Fabien bought a second of these instruments

patented and sold under that name.

the Colonel's Laboratories, was about the activities going on in

and placed it either ~~in the sound chamber or~~ in the laboratory building attached to the sound chamber. There he had this instrument used for testing ~~the~~ acoustical properties <sup>and substances.</sup> It was at this laboratory that the first preparation ~~(material)~~ for making rooms and auditoriums carry sound well, was perfected. This material which could be applied to the walls of auditoriums and rooms and thereby vastly improve the acoustical properties of that room <sup># I remembered</sup> was called Sabinite, I visited several times the

Genetics Laboratory, which had been the province of my young husband and above which in studio quarters, we had spent the first few months of our married life. There ~~was no Geneticist there at that time.~~ <sup>replaced him</sup> The ~~Drosophila and Galiphora,~~ <sup>Amphiphophila</sup> the tiny fruit fly, which had been the subject of my husbands experiments ~~@@@~~ under Colonel Fabien's <sup>ya orders</sup> direction, and the bottles in which they <sup>had been, by means of forceps,</sup> were married and divorced and their descendants counted and examined for color of eyes, lack of wings, etc., all were gone. <sup>chief engineer Mr. Washburn</sup> There ~~was an engineer and an assistant or two who~~ were carrying

<sup>work</sup> on with the sound laboratory. Mrs. Gallop and Miss Wells, her sister, were living there in comfort and continuing their work, day after day. Although it was in 1889 that Mrs. Gallop <sup>put on</sup> had first revealed her "discovery" to the world, <sup>pp. 36</sup> ~~and~~ it was still not accepted in the scholar world. <sup>#</sup> I recalled many amusing incidents which had occurred while we were there. My young husband and his Genetics experiments were the object of a search one time by Chicago newsmen, who had heard some rumors that Colonel Fabien <sup>ya</sup> was testing a Genetic experiment of the effects of planting wheat or oats by the Almanac rather than by agricultural science. The newsmen tried to reach Colonel Fabien, <sup>ya but</sup> he was away. My husband was accompanying him on one of his trips. Mrs. Fabien <sup>ya</sup> was reached by a newsman calling from Chicago, who stated to her that he understood that there was an experiment ~~of~~ <sup>it</sup> which there might be of considerable interest to the public ~~going on there;~~ <sup>he said,</sup> which was connected with mutations or other

move to bottom p. 36

genetic changes caused by moonlight. He had already told Mrs. Fabien<sup>ya</sup> that he was in reality <sup>seeking</sup> searching for William Friedman. When the news man asked Mrs. Fabien<sup>ya</sup> if it was not true that Friedman was planting oats according to the light of the moon, she replid<sup>e</sup>, "For all I know, the young man is probably <sup>sowing</sup> planting wild oats<sup>by moonlight</sup>, right now". This story caused great amusement and Colonel Fabien<sup>ya</sup> told ~~of~~ it many times as a means of embarrassing my ~~young~~ husband in front of other people. # I recall<sup>ed</sup> another amusing story which turned on Colonel Fabien<sup>ya</sup> himself. One night the telephone rang and during the night,<sup>in</sup> the wee small hours, when Mrs. Fabien<sup>ya</sup> reached for the telephone, it was George Fabien<sup>ya</sup> on the other end. He said, "hello my dear.....I'm in jail". Whereupon, she replied,<sup>sweetly</sup> "Oh...are you dear? Well, telephone me when you get out", and hung up the receiver. # I recall<sup>ed</sup> Colonel Fabien<sup>ya</sup>'s passion for buying "junk." He went about to express and railroad freight offices buying up unclaimed and damaged express and freight shipments of one sort or another. He had built on the estate a small single gauge railroad which led to a building which he appropriately named, "Temple de Junk". Many times he would have no idea what was within the packages. When these had been shipped to their final destination in the Temple de Junk, Colonel Fabien<sup>ya</sup> would gather a small crowd about him as the packages were opened. There was occasionally some consternation but most often it was laughter. I recall one instance when a large carton about five<sup>feet</sup> by five<sup>feet</sup> was opened, it was found to contain nursing bottles; another box was found to contain a vast quantity of mens' shoes but they were all for the left foot. Also, on~~a~~ one occasion, a small carton about two<sup>feet</sup> by three feet was found to contain nothing but ~~undeveloped~~ <sup>photographic glass plates</sup> Kodak film. Colonel Fabien<sup>ya</sup> picked one or two of them, held them up to the light ~~and looked at them~~ ~~and~~ and found that they were photographs of nudes. His curiosity was intrigued and he immediately ordered William Friedman, whom he had dubbed the official photographer of



the Riverbank estate, since this happened to be one of the <sup>advocations</sup> of ~~William Friedman~~, <sup>this young man</sup> He ordered, as I said, ~~William Friedman~~ to go at once to his laboratory and develop the entire <sup>carton</sup> ~~content~~ of <sup>plates</sup> ~~film~~. This ~~had~~ happened before I came into the picture at Riverbank, but as it was told to me, Mr. Friedman protested after a while because there ~~was~~ <sup>were</sup> no ~~film~~ <sup>plates</sup> after some dozens and dozens had been developed which were not ~~photographs~~ <sup>photographs</sup> of nudes. Even that subject can grow tiresome, it seems, after a while. ~~I~~ recalled one or two occasions when we on the west side of the Lincoln highway, that is, that part of the Riverbank establishment devoted to at least semi-academic and scientific work, even we were concerned and worried for a period of a few days when word of Mrs. Fabien's <sup>yan's</sup> prize animal ~~(s)~~ was ill or had a broken bone or something of that sort. Mrs. Fabien ~~loved~~ <sup>she was</sup> not only wild animals but <sup>more</sup> passionately devoted to her herd of prize cattle, who were shipped here and there to fairs all over the country and, if my memory serves me correctly, won her several ~~ribbons~~ <sup>prizes</sup>. There was a Dr. Henderson, a veterinarian, who <sup>had</sup> charge of the health and welfare of the cattle. And I recalled <sup>ed</sup> the business, the bustle, the almost hysterical occupation of everyone, servants <sup>and</sup> workman <sup>and</sup> on the estate, <sup>including us scientific all we</sup> ~~semi-academic~~ workmen too, were all in a feeling of tenseness and keyed up to a high degree when ~~the cattle~~ the prize cattle were to start forth on a journey in their rounds of exhibitions. I think that I've already related that "<sup>Ocean</sup> Blue Blue", the prize bull, which had been imported from Scotland and had been purchased for thirty thousand dollars, had ~~been~~ his likeness incorporated in bronze in the Chicago Art Museum. ~~I~~ recalled <sup>ed</sup> all over ~~again~~ my anger at Colonel Fabien for running my personal ~~life~~ <sup>ya</sup> to the extent that when I needed to buy articles of clothing, he insisted that I be accompanied by the secretary in his Chicago office, a <sup>large</sup> woman <sup>about</sup> ~~under~~ <sup>-five</sup> forty, of ~~great~~ distinction and accomplishment but hardly a person I would have chosen to select my clothes for me.

~~It was @@@@ soon evident to me after the beginning of the first of these expeditions into Chicago, that I learned the real reason for it.~~  
 Colonel Fabien<sup>ya</sup> insisted that I buy everything, every single article of clothing from hose all the way up to hats, in all layers, at Marshall Field & Company. I protested that their @@@@ prices were not within my range. Colonel Fabien<sup>ya</sup> insisted that whatever I bought could be charged to his account and I would pay him back, as I could, <sup>out</sup> ~~all~~ of my salary. I was utterly helpless because he controlled my personal funds to such an extent that I had no other choice than to follow his orders. To this day, I remember particularly one hat, a winter hat which the secretary insisted upon my having which cost fully three times what I had ever in my whole life, up to then, paid for a hat. A winter coat too is etched into my memory, Because<sup>x</sup> of the anger that I felt at so much of my money going into Marshall Field clothing when I could have <sup>done</sup> ~~done~~ very nicely with much less expensive articles and have used my money for other things. ~~My~~ My personal life at Riverbank it self, too, was completely at the command of Colonel Fabien<sup>ya</sup>. My evenings, at his orders, were always spent, with rare exceptions, explaining to visitors and showing moving pictures of Mrs. Gallip's <sup>Bilateral</sup> ~~by literal~~ cipher. In the day times too, when he returned from the city with visitors, he would seek me out to accompany him and his visitor or visitors, about the estate showing this or that activity and I soon learned that my role was to hold forth at every possible point upon the cipher proving that Bacon was Shakespeare. In fact, at the time I was hired by Colonel Fabien<sup>ya</sup> and went to Riverbank, it was called to my attention that George Fabien<sup>ya</sup> was suing a movie producer, by name, Selig Harrison, who had produced a Shakesp~~ezze~~ play in Hollywood, @@@ in which I ~~believe~~ Norma Shearer was the heroine, and in view of the fact that this movie producer expected to at that time produce other Shakespeare plays in the form of movies, Hollywood version,

10

Colonel Fabien <sup>ya</sup> sued him. I have forgotten the exact title or legal claim in the case but it was the subject of news items, getting <sup>from</sup> ~~one~~ <sup>many</sup> to ~~one~~ paragraphs over a period of days, even weeks, in the Chicago newspapers. I have even at the moment forgotten ~~of~~ the outcome of this case. I think it was ~~x~~ perhaps a stalemate and neither Fabien nor Harrison won, but it did satisfy Colonel Fabien's <sup>ya</sup> ~~requirement~~ <sup>intention</sup> of getting ~~the~~ claim of the Baconian authorship before the public in the form of newspaper headlines and stories. I recall hearing many rumors afterwards from persons who came to Riverbank that this had been a matter of what is properly called ~~x~~ collusion, between the movie producer and George Fabien <sup>ya</sup>.

~~I~~ <sup>I recall</sup> that time after time on the above mentioned rounds of demonstration by Fabien <sup>ya</sup> to ~~get~~ at Riverbank when I was made to accompany him, that many times he took <sup>visitors</sup> ~~them~~ over the show part of the place, that is, the side of the estate which was east of the Lincoln highway and ~~which~~ <sup>the Japanese garden developed</sup> ~~it~~ included the Fox River and the Dutch windmill on the other side of the river, the swimming pool, the zoo, ~~etc. etc.~~ As the limousine with the chauffeur would pass by the great stone entrance onto the highway to cross to the other side where were the scientific and engineering and academic pursuits, that Colonel Fabien <sup>ya</sup> would <sup>make his</sup> ~~state~~ in a very dramatic ~~statement that he~~ voice, and I always had the feeling that he was at least figuratively ~~beating his chest with this remark:~~ "And now <sup>you</sup> ~~we~~ will see here that I, <sup>learning</sup> a man without a common school education, had built up an institution of which <sup>would</sup> ~~will~~ rival ~~the~~ ~~medium~~ universities".

A claim which he could ~~certainly~~ make in at least one respect, that of the sound laboratory which perfected Sabinite, and whose engineering staff went on to inventing, developing the invention of instruments <sup>and some which, I am told, have become standard and name</sup> which were of the great war-time use, I am ~~not~~ familiar with the names of these <sup>inventions</sup> ~~devices~~ but I have seen them. The engineer, Mr. Eisenhower, who was at Riverbank when I arrived, <sup>remained</sup> ~~stayed~~ there and although he himself

The direction of the garden to the head under

Service

is, at the present time, no longer living, his son is still carrying on, I understand, engineering work at the estate Riverbank, which <sup>When both</sup> Colonel and Mrs. Fabien <sup>ya</sup> had died, <sup>the estate</sup> was left to the state of Illinois for a state park with the sole exceptions of the engineering and sound laboratories. <sup>ya</sup> Colonel Fabien, in demonstrating this claim, which I quoted above, also did demonstrate how a boy could grow up to be a very powerful and rich man, at least in those days, although he had no formal education. [ I learned while at Riverbank from one of the persons employed in the Bliss-Fabien <sup>ya</sup> Cotton Goods Corporation, of George Fabien's <sup>ya</sup> background. He had been away from home, in Boston, when he was a lad, and perhaps he had not finished common school. He ~~also~~ spent some years on the lumber docks of Chicago and then went North to lumber forests, at the age of nineteen, had gone to St. Louis and procured a position as salesman in the Bliss-Fabien Cotton Goods Corporation. He revealed himself to be who he was, that is, the eldest son of the Fabien, the senior member of the firm in Boston. But he made the manager of the St. Louis office promise that all sales made by him, ~~as~~ George Fabien, would be reported to the home office as those <sup>of</sup> Mr. X. After two years when Mr. X's sales had made such an astonishing effect in Boston at the home office, the senior Fabien demanded that the St. Louis manager bring this Mr. X to Boston so that the senior Fabien could meet him. And thus was staged a dramatic reunion between father and <sup>prodigal</sup> particle son. George Fabien was reinstated in the family graces along with being given the managership of the Chicago office, the second largest office of the firm. And two years later the father died and my understanding was, that at that time George Fabien had not <sup>only</sup> inherited his share of the corporation but several millions in cash. <sup>live</sup> He did not ~~live~~ at all like the ordinary millionaire <sup>and</sup> was noted for his excentricities, and as I learned during my residence at Riverbank, in the nearby towns of Geneva, St. Charles,

<sup>and</sup> Aurora, the whole estate was the subject of much speculation and even gossip. Although he almost invariably wore his own devising of a riding costume when he was on the estate, he never rode. Although he had many and all kinds of cars, and machines on the place, he never used any of them. ~~And~~ ~~some~~ some period in his life, after Riverbank was established and he had perhaps tired of Mrs. Fabien's pursuits in which he could not whole-heartedly join, he had conceived the idea of building up what he called his institution of learning.

During those days and weeks when I was making up my mind to stay or not to stay, the most insistant thought coarsing through my mind over and over again, was that I really could not believe that anyone's eyes could see what Mrs. Gallop's eyes had seen in the Elizabethan type. ~~Some~~ I was convinced that Colonel Fabien <sup>ya</sup> would insist that <sup>I</sup> go on with this attempt to break the back of the academic world <sup>and force</sup> in its determination not to <sup>the</sup> recognize <sup>tion of</sup> any other authorship for the great plays ~~than that~~ of Shakespeare - and of course Colonel Fabien <sup>ya</sup> maintained that it was academic prejudice and not <sup>conviction</sup> their being convinced that Mrs. Gallop was wrong in her "discovery" - I resolved that I must leave. ~~By this time the armistice had occurred and my husband had been asked to stay in France.~~ <sup>war in Europe was believed drawing to a close</sup> There was, therefore, no point in my, ~~so~~ I thought at least, going on with military cipher work and making any attempt to join the cipher bureau in Washington. I returned, therefore, to my home town, where my father was living in <sup>our home</sup> the house with a housekeeper after my Mother's death and had had <sup>at</sup> that time two paralytic strokes but had recovered sufficiently to be able to ~~be about,~~ walk about <sup>a little</sup> more or less. At any rate, I felt that ~~the~~ ~~some~~ for the short time that my husband remained in France, I could give some attention to him. Although my father had been a character somewhat like George Fabien in his rigid requirement of running everyone's personal life.

# It was April, 1919

I obtained a part time job in the local library to pass some of the time away and stayed in this small town of Huntington, Indiana until the letter came with the news that my husband was coming home. I went to join him in ~~soooooo~~ New York City. From there we went to Pittsburgh to visit his family and we began to discuss what he should do <sup>and</sup> in the field he should pursue in looking for a peace time position. Colonel Fabian had been <sup>ya</sup> ~~soooooo~~ <sup>cabling</sup> wiring my husband in France for months to come back to Riverbank, even stating, "your salary has been going on. Come immediately, your services <sup>there</sup> are ended." <sup>On</sup> For one thing, we were both in accord, <sup>and</sup> that is, ~~@@~~ both of us doubted the validity of Mrs. Gallup's cipher <sup>we felt</sup> in spite of our great respect for her as a person of distinction, <sup>that</sup> and ~~that~~ therefore, we could not return to Riverbank. My husband made inquiries and we went several places <sup>in</sup> other cities, for him to be interviewed in connection with <sup>a</sup> ~~the~~ position, ~~perhaps the reader will recall that~~ my husband was first and foremost a Geneticist, but he felt that he would like to have a position in industry somewhere in some manner where his extraordinary gift of scientific analysis could be utilized. ~~#~~ We never learned how.....End tape # 6

self-deceived though we believed her to be

We never learned how Colonel Fabien managed to follow our day by day whereabouts, but he did it very accurately because every time my husband had an interview somewhere, in connection with a position, another telegram would arrive from Colonel Fabien. "Your salary <sup>ya</sup> has been going on. Return to Riverbank at once." We finally gave up to the point of having a discussion with ourselves as to our future ~~course~~ course of action. We decided that we should return to Riverbank and listen to Colonel Fabien's proposition. That we would likewise <sup>ya</sup> have three conditions dictating our return there which we would insist upon, the first, that we should not live on the Riverbank estate, <sup>ya</sup> two, that we should be free to live our <sup>ya</sup> personal lives without ~~the~~ direction or dictation from Colonel Fabien and three, that we should be permitted absolute freedom to prove or disprove Mrs. Gallop's "cipher".

~~We therefore proceeded to Riverbank and had an interview with the Colonel.~~ He quite readily, in fact too readily, ~~we should have suspected,~~ we should have suspected, agreed to our conditions, and salary was discussed, and he insisted on giving us a ~~month's~~ <sup>lump sum</sup> ~~salary~~ <sup>covering both of us</sup> as one being not a salary for me and a salary for my husband. We ~~agreed~~ <sup>agreed</sup> to that and within a short time ~~had returned to Riverbank.~~ One of our expectations, of course, was that my husband <sup>would</sup> be presented <sup>on his return</sup> with a check, so often mentioned in Colonel Fabien's pursuing telegrams that his salary had been going on. However, days, weeks and months, passed by and we were doomed to disappointment. Once Colonel Fabien <sup>ya</sup> had the bird in the hand, he forgot or deliberately ignored the promise <sup>made by cable and telegram, it is true,</sup> ~~unsolicited,~~ of course, on my husband's part, but nevertheless a promise made several times. <sup>ya</sup> Colonel Fabien managed to gather together a small group of fairly interesting people and proceeded with the work of testing and authenticating Mrs. Gallop's cipher by their attempts, <sup>then</sup> first, to authenticate Mrs. Gallop's reading <sup>of</sup> ~~and~~ cipher messages, ~~but~~ to elicit further readings by their own efforts. William

Friedman began to write, at Colonel Fabien's ~~orders~~ <sup>urgings,</sup> some brochures and pamphlets on the solution of <sup>military</sup> ciphers. These were privately published by George Fabien <sup>ya</sup> and my husband's name ~~was~~, as in the case of the first one on ~~running-key~~ <sup>running-key</sup> ciphers, did not appear except on the letter of transmittal, which ~~was printed in each brochure.~~ We also valiantly tried to get Colonel Fabien <sup>ya</sup> to consent to some psychological tests of Mrs. Gallop. With our limited knowledge of psychology, it seemed to us that her belief in the cipher had been so great that her eyes had been influenced to see things which no other eyes could see. However, every time arrangements had been made for an expert to come to Riverbank and proceed with such a test, Colonel Fabien <sup>ya</sup> managed somehow to have the plans changed or canceled. Thus, as time went on, we began to be convinced that he would never fulfill his promise to permit us to "prove or disprove Mrs. Gallop's cipher".

Also, <sup>S</sup> shortly after our return, requests and urgings began to come from Army officials in Washington, who had been so impressed ~~and interested~~ with Williams Friedman's abilities in the field of communications both in cryptography and cryptanalysis, that they wished him to accept a permanent <sup>a</sup> commission in the Army. Colonel Fabien <sup>ya</sup> finally agreed that he should take a physical examination for a commission in the Army which was given at a nearby Army post. Mr. Friedman failed in this examination, the medical examination showing, so it was claimed, a heart murmur. Thus ended a <sup>and later</sup> commission in the regular Army. However, the same Army officials began ~~then~~ to press him to come ~~to~~ to Washington as a civilian. The first offer which came to him was for a salary considerably larger than what he was making at Riverbank. They also offered me a <sup>position</sup> ~~commission~~ <sup>at</sup> about one-half the offer they were making William Friedman. We proceeded to inform Colonel Fabien <sup>ya</sup> of this offer and to state frankly that we were eager to accept it. He began to argue that how much better off we would be by staying at



Riverbank and he said, "Whatever they offered you, I will double." This was not the only factor which prevented us from leaving after the first such offer, but simply because <sup>Colonel</sup> the <sup>so</sup> put ~~many~~ many difficulties in our way ~~and that~~ we gave up after a time and settled back expecting to stay at Riverbank for an indefinite period. However, it did not take long to find out that Colonel Fabien <sup>ya</sup> had no intention of keeping his promise ~~here~~ <sup>promise</sup> as he had not <sup>kept it</sup> about the salary which he claimed had gone on all the time William Friedman was in France. We were expected to work at exactly the same salaries we had had from him before these urgings came from the War Department in Washington. He completely ignored <sup>his</sup> ~~the~~ verbal promise to double the salary.

After the exact and identical situation ~~at~~ some months later had occurred over again, he offering to double the salary offered by Washington and then later reneging on his promise to do so, we were beginning to learn that if we informed him of a plan which we might have in the future of leaving ~~at~~ Riverbank, that it would be impossible to discuss it with him, ~~before him~~, that is, it would be unsafe to do so.

So it was ~~at~~ that at the end of 1920, we conducted a negotiation with the War Department in which we signed contracts which were to begin January 1, 1921 for a stated salary. We then prepared to leave Riverbank ~~gradually and~~ quietly. When it was almost the actual day of our departure there, which was just before the Christmas holidays in December of 1920, we then informed Colonel Fabien <sup>ya</sup> that we had had a third offer from Washington, that we had accepted it and had signed contracts and were leaving Riverbank within a few days. At last <sup>departure</sup> ~~fact~~ was a faite accomplie. George Fabien <sup>ya</sup> accepted his fate, although not in a very gracious manner.

One of the items which we were forced to leave behind, was ~~the~~ <sup>a</sup> completed manuscript of William Friedman's for a very important piece of writing in the elucidation of cipher solution. It was the manuscript which

finally came into print under the title, THE INDEX OF COINCIDENCE. Although all other of William Friedman's brochures had been printed in the vicinity of Chicago, this manuscript was not treated in that manner and my husband was left to wonder a long time what had happened to this important piece of scientific analysis. Finally a long, long time after we had taken up residence in Washington, two bound copies <sup>came</sup> had come from Colonel Fabien. He had <sup>ya</sup> placed indeed Mr. Friedman's name upon the title page (by the way, this was one of the conditions we had made on returning to Riverbank, as well as the others mentioned, namely; that anything which either of us or both of us together wrote while we were at Riverbank would be published with the correct name as author). However, as time went on, this proved to be another example of Colonel Fabien's deceptions. This brochure, William Friedman learned, <sup>some</sup> ~~two~~ two or three years later, had been published in French in France, had been attributed, although not shown on the book itself, to ~~forget name~~ <sup>a</sup> well known Frenchmen in the field of intelligence and communications, <sup>and</sup> ~~that~~ that the two copies which had been sent to William Friedman in English with his name on the title page had been printed separately and individually for him alone, so that he would not discover that Colonel Fabien had had the pamphlet printed in France <sup>ya</sup> without any indication of its true authorship.

It was particularly ironic that this brochure should have been published in France and attributed to someone other than William Friedman, for it is considered by experts in cryptanalysis to describe one of the most important principles which has become the basis of modern cryptanalysis. ←

As a postscript, I will ~~complete the story of the foregoing in a brief a manner as possible, and state that~~ later all of the series of Riverbank pamphlets were properly established under William Friedman's authorship by the copyright office and today these pamphlets are genuine collectors items. Some of them are no longer in existence, ~~in~~ <sup>that is,</sup>

are not available, (50)  
further copies, although greatly in demand by collectors.

Our arrival in Washington in January of 1921, was exciting. I myself had never been in Washington before. Housing was very scarce, in fact unobtainable, <sup>as</sup> as was proved by the fact that we had been in Washington exactly one year before <sup>even one</sup> any apartments in any part of the city became available, although it was a pursuit of mine daily to cover the field for available living quarters.

In our official capacity, we went to work for the Signal Corps which was and still is the communications arm of the Army. The Signal Corps was housed in a low ~~wood~~ <sup>flat</sup> temporary building on what is known now as Constitution Avenue. Major General George C. Squier was the Chief of this branch of the Army at that time. He had achieved some fame as a minor inventor in the field of radio, as had the then Colonel Joseph O. Mauborgne, ~~whom~~ <sup>whom</sup> we had met in the very early days of the war, and who was in 1921, in charge of the Research and Development Division of the Signal Corps. My husband's great capabilities were believed by Colonel Mauborgne to be such that eventually he would develop devices or machines in the field of communications which would be greatly useful. Our desk work, however, at that time consisted in revising and creating new codes for Army field use. The experience of the war had taught everyone that codes must ~~be~~ <sup>part</sup> be two part codes: one for enciphering and one for deciphering and that they must be of frequent ~~change~~ <sup>ISSUE</sup>, in other words, they must be changed frequently. For one year I worked with William Friedman on this phase of employment with the Signal Corps. During that time the American Telephone and Telegraph Company had developed a ~~very~~ large machine which was called a tele-printer and which could by the simultaneous use of tapes, punched with ~~morse signals~~ <sup>the 5-unit code called the Baudot code</sup>, one tape being a cipher key and the other a plain text key, ~~that~~ <sup>being</sup> the end results <sup>produce</sup> could be an automatic encipherment fed out on a third tape which would be the original plain language <sup>converted</sup> into cipher. My husband played with and tested the machine, over and over and

over again. Its advantages and drawbacks were all carefully assessed. One of <sup>its</sup> the drawbacks <sup>was</sup> being, ~~of course~~, that it was so large a machine that it could never have been used anywhere except in a sizable headquarters office.

Although <sup>if not I,</sup> We worked very assiduously and at least my husband produced things of enormous value to the Signal Corps. We were enjoying our life in Washington, the capital city, to the <sup>the</sup> utmost. The population of Washington had grown from a mere ( ) in 1915 to three hundred and sixty-five thousand by the end of the war. There were four legitimate theaters and I, who had grown up in ~~what might be termed~~ rural Indiana, was starved for theater. We attended, at least three times a week, one performance or another. The winter was very beautiful. The days very sunny, seemingly quite warm in the daytime and nights not too cold. No ice whatsoever, and no bad wind and very little snow) all elements which had been present with us in over-abundance in the Chicago area. We foolishly concluded that the climate in Washington would always be like that, exceptionally lovely winter. # I recall very vividly the inauguration of Warren Harding, <sup>in March 3, 1921.</sup> As now, <sup>the</sup> ~~an~~ inauguration ceremony took place on the East Capitol steps. However, there were no seats provided, no amphitheater arrangements, just the bare ground for those interested who came to stand <sup>around</sup> ~~in and~~ the bare steps <sup>with the</sup> ~~and~~ ceremony taking place upon the steps with ~~as~~ little formality, ~~as possible~~. I recall that we had no difficulty getting fairly close to the front of <sup>the</sup> ~~an~~ audience for that inauguration. There were no microphones in those days and so the audiences were perhaps smaller because everyone knew that it would, <sup>be</sup> impossible to hear in the open without a set of <sup>ear</sup> microphones. Although it was a March day, it was <sup>rather</sup> very pleasant, mild weather and we were not uncomfortable at all standing in the outdoors, ~~for sometime~~, first waiting for the official party and then waiting until the new President had been sworn in.

As Harding's term went on, many rumors flew about Washington, about the greenhouse on H Street and the poker games in that house and Harding's cronies and his use of the Edward McClain house on I Street, his friendship with Edward McClain, the publisher of the Washington Post, <sup>and many others</sup> etc., etc.

Therefore as time went on and the Teapot Dome scandal broke on the public, we were not particularly surprised that Edward McClain's name should be brought into this matter. The Congressional investigation <sup>McLean</sup> ~~Committee~~ <sup>Committee</sup> used William Friedman's services to decipher the private correspondence in this shocking case wherein the Secretary of the Interior, Albert Fall, was not only indicted but convicted and served a long prison term for his complicity in selling government property for <sup>use</sup> ~~private property~~ <sup>private</sup> to other developers. To this day, we have never understood how Edward Boheny was not guilty, since he <sup>was the payer of</sup> had paid to Fall the bribe, <sup>yet</sup> and that Fall was guilty of accepting the bribe. William Friedman was <sup>so</sup> much commended by the Congressional investigating committee for <sup>his</sup> ~~work~~ in this case and the Washington newspapers reported fairly full accounts of the revelations of the ~~Congressional~~ Committee with the result that Edward Bell McClain <sup>McLean</sup> sent for my husband one day, <sup>some</sup> a good many months afterwards, and requested ~~or~~ inquired into the possibility of having a private code constructed for his personal use. Apparently <sup>e</sup> the fear that had struck him with the revelations in the Teapot Dome scandal and his friendship with the chief operatives in the Teapot Dome plot, if I may call it that, had caused him to determine that it was unsafe to use <sup>McLean</sup> ordinary means of communication. After my husband had been broached by McClain in this matter, we consulted a lawyer. The lawyer said it was <sup>all</sup> ~~all~~ right for us to go ahead. I say us, because I was not in office then, having resigned and <sup>was</sup> ~~staying~~ <sup>was</sup> at home, <sup>our plan</sup> and the idea was that my husband would be the director and that I would do the hour to hour work of compiling this private code.

at Herling's farm west on, many towers flew about Washington about  
 the residence on B Street and the tower house in that house and Herling's  
 - friends and his use of the Edward Herling house on I Street, his friends  
 this with some accounts, the publisher of the Washington Post and  
 - Herling as the went on and the Herling house scandal broke on the  
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 - able to do this.

The Navy Department wanted  
 my husband, but he chose to stay  
 with the Army. This was a case of "If  
 we can't have William Friedman  
 we will make use of his brains  
 through his wife". Navy officers  
 spent approximately four months  
 persuading me to accept the  
 position. The Navy Communications  
 Section had had a young woman  
 a mathematician, in their employ  
 as a code cipher specialist,  
 who had been trained by William  
 Friedman, but she had left the  
 Navy to join Hebern, inventor  
 of the Hebern cipher machine,  
 whom she had met while he was  
 attempting to sell his invention  
 to the Navy.

[Have continue & finish  
 - glory of Hebern]

Here insert text from p 54

McLean

We were advised

That, ~~as I said~~, we <sup>should</sup> execute a contract with McClain and do it on a basis of a firm <sup>agreement for</sup> contract and money being paid as certain portions of the work ~~was~~ <sup>were</sup> completed. ~~This we did and I spent approximately six months with my husband's help in evenings when he was at home in preparing a ten thousand group private code for the purpose demanded. I might make a comment here that by this time we were becoming weary of very wealthy men and their dealings in money matters. After all our unfair treatment at the hand of George Faben, we now found that we were going to have a great deal of difficulty in holding Edward Bell McClain to the terms of the contract. To make @ a long story short, we @ had a delay of something like two years or more before we were finally able to collect from him the money which the contract plainly called for at set and certain dates.~~

During this period, I had spent approximately six months working for the Navy Department, here ~~again~~ <sup>ya</sup> in code compilation. I had also given birth to our first child and by this time we had taken a house in the country, very much in the country, as it was in those days: a five acre place in the heart of <sup>nearby</sup> Maryland <sup>in</sup> tall forest trees and with nothing visible within sight anywhere. Now it is a part of what is known in Washington as the greater metropolitan area and is heavily built up in all directions from that handsome country place which we named Green Mansions ~~after the Win. Jackson novel~~ <sup>END</sup>

During our <sup>more than</sup> two years residence at this country place which, I may interpolate, was really in the country at that time, although now it is completely surrounded on all sides by a greater Washington area, suburbia and exurbia. During our little more than two years residence at Green Mansions, we learned @ two important lessons about living and people. We learned, for example, that anyone who has a country place or a watering place never becomes lonely; <sup>one</sup> indeed, hardly has an opportunity to do what one wishes or even ones' chores on the place because everyone who drives for entertainment <sup>and</sup> in passing of time on weekends and summer

I will work here to be omitted and reorganized. (p 53 + 54, 18 p 55)

McClain p 54 (2)

evenings, invariably drops in on <sup>one</sup> you. We, I suppose, entertained more people at an outdoor cook-out supper in one year there than we would have in five years or <sup>more</sup> perhaps even ten in a city house <sup>with garden</sup>. The other life time lesson that we learned was, as our lawyer put it, that "rich people never pay their bills".

That winter of 1924, we spent approximately six months working in our <sup>second-floor</sup> upstairs library before an open fire, my husband in the evenings ~~only~~ after he returned from the city and me all day long as well as evenings, on <sup>the</sup> two-part code which ~~Edward Bell McClain~~ <sup>McLean</sup> had contracted for and for which money was to be forthcoming during the progress of its preparation. We had great difficulty collecting any money from ~~Edward Bell McClain~~ <sup>him</sup> and we waited a long, long time, indeed, before he made his final payment, contract or no contract.

Edward Bell ~~McClain~~ <sup>McLean</sup> was the son of the founder and publisher of the Cincinnati <sup>E</sup>nquirer and many years before, <sup>the</sup> <sup>latter</sup> had placed his son in charge of the Washington Post which by that time he had acquired, and the rich young playboy had married Evelyn Walsh, daughter of a very rich family who had come from the west and built a great residence in Washington on Massachusetts Avenue. She had been a debutante at the same time as Alice Roosevelt, daughter of Theodore Roosevelt. She had appeared in newspapers all over the country in a reproduction of a portrait which had been painted by one of the foremost artists of that time. After she married Edward Bell <sup>McLean</sup> ~~McClain~~, uniting two great fortunes as they did, they occupied <sup>sizable</sup> an estate, really ~~an estate~~ with a nine hole golf course, on Wisconsin Avenue in Washington. This is now <sup>McLean</sup> where the <sup>the McLeans</sup> McClain Gardens complex of apartments lie, but at the time we knew <sup>the McLeans</sup> them they were still living at Friendship and it was while they were living here, that a three year old son was kidnapped, only to be later killed when he ran into the street before a passing automobile. The <sup>McLeans</sup> ~~McClains~~ later had other children and among them a daughter Evelyn, whom I remember when I ~~went~~ went to the home at Friendship for ~~luncheon~~ luncheon one day

transfer to p. 53

move to p. 53

Back page 54

omit ?

See insert on back of page put where?

I left at (P. Sunday)



Insert

of the McSeans  
The <sup>decent</sup> town house on I street,  
two blocks from the White House,  
which had been gossiped about so  
extensively in the tales re "the  
Harding Gang", was used almost  
exclusively for parties by the McSeans. We  
attended a party there during  
the period we were "working for"  
McSean. This

a New Year's Eve

during the time we were constructing his code, and <sup>had</sup> seen her at the age of four crawling about on the drawing room floor sucking upon a bottle. I later saw, as we walked toward the dining room where Mr. and Mrs. <sup>McLean</sup> McClain, a golf partner of <sup>his</sup> the husband, and I had luncheon, that we had passed a smaller dining room where a nurse was feeding the children and how shocked and horrified I was to see that with this mass of servants in this rambling great house, the children were fed from jars and boxes and containers in which the food originally arrived, including milk bottles.

We had now been in Washington almost four years. Although we had originally come upon the basis of a contract for services <sup>for</sup> of six months, that contract had been extended for another six months, <sup>and at the end of they</sup> Then I decided <sup>because a regular employee</sup> not to work in office any longer. My husband went with the Signal Corps on a ~~basis of a special~~ specialist appointment through the Civil Service ~~to work for the Signal Corps~~ and I began to stay at home and write a book. I thought it would be for children on the ~~origin and~~ origins and development of the alphabet. This book has never been finished by the way I found <sup>it</sup> just the other day, two or three of the beginning chapters in typing, among my papers, <sup>with marginal hand-drawn illustrations.</sup>

We had grown very fond of Green Mansions. However, my husband was <sup>could not tolerate not being</sup> a person who drove himself to be busy every minute and he found that the two hours or more which <sup>it</sup> took him to drive in and back from <sup>in</sup> downtown Washington, Constitution Avenue as it is known now, took a slice out of his day <sup>which</sup> he was reluctant to give up. We wrote the owners of Green Mansions and asked ~~one~~ either to buy Green Mansions (this in order that we might do with the house what we pleased in the way of remodeling) or would like to break our lease in order to move into the city. The price that we were asked for the place, we thought ~~was~~ much too high. As we look back on it now, of course, the price was nothing, seventeen thousand five hundred, ~~I think~~, for five acres in a spot which now sells per one third

were for several thousand dollars. We regretted very much to have to <sup>50- to 70-</sup> leave this comfortable old house nestled in the great mass of ~~seventy~~ ~~five to eighty~~ feet tall forest trees; its acre or more of apple orchards; its garden with the more than one hundred <sup>kind of</sup> prize iris which the owners had grown; the spot on the knoll in the forest trees at one side of the house where the hammocks and open fireplace were, and the swinging chairs, a la Riverbank, which we had <sup>placed</sup> ~~seen~~ there. We regretted ~~indeed, I say,~~ to leave Green Mansions behind, but my husband felt that time was important to him ~~so~~ <sup>it</sup> so we engaged to build a house in Chevy Chase, D.C., one quarter mile south of Chevy Chase Circle, west of Connecticut <sup>one</sup> Avenue. This house was finished and we moved into it in late 1925. Our beloved Cassie, an extraordinary fine person and marvelous cook and housekeeper, had been with us since <sup>it</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>before</sup> the birth of our first child and had always lived in our house except for her days off. She too, was glad to return to the city. Although unmarried herself, she had a home in the city with a brother who was widowed and had two children. She spent all her time off with them and for them. ~~So she,~~ Cassie, of course, had her room on the third floor in our house in Washington, and in the summer of 1926 our second child, this time a son, was born. I recall one of the ways we had saved money when we were building the lawn and garden after moving into the Chevy Chase house. To go back two years, we had purchased a thoroughbred Airedale puppy when we lived at Green Mansions when the puppy was six weeks old, to be a companion and a watch dog for our baby <sup>daughter</sup> ~~Barbara~~. The two grew up together and the dog was, indeed, a kind of private bodyguard for the child because when she began to walk and would roam from the house and disappear where we knew there were copperheads and rattlesnakes, Cassie or I would whistle for the dog and the dog would come trotting back from a direction which, we knew if he took it, would lead us to the child. We had named the dog Crypto. He grew up and was an absolutely wonderful dog for the type of situation we had at that

time. However, when we moved into the city, we found that Crypto was more of a chore than a joy. Crypto was so used to being unrestrained in the country that he roamed, and not always thoughtfully in the proper places, on neighbors' property, tearing and trampling upon flower <sup>beds</sup> ~~beds~~ and plantings. The neighbors began to complain, but by this age Crypto was extremely difficult to teach <sup>the acquisition of new</sup> any change of habits. So that, when a landscape gardener whom we had engaged to come and contract for sodding our lawn and planting our garden, fell in love with Crypto, we traded Crypto to the landscape gardener for the sod which created our back lawn. This story has <sup>a</sup> sad endings because it was not more than three months later that Crypto had dashed forth onto a through highway <sup>on</sup> which the gardeners' business was located and had been killed by a passing auto. Crypto was the first of many dogs and cats we supplied for our children. The dogs always were a grief to us because things happened to them in a manner more or less similar to what had happened to Crypto.

[ It was only a very short time after we had moved into the Chevy Chase house that I was called by Captain Charles Root, a Coast Guard officer who had the title of Intelligence Officer for the United States Coast Guard. He was extremely interested in developing ~~an~~ anti-or counter-intelligence work by the Coast Guard in its duties as one of the law enforcement agencies of the Treasury Department. At this time, of course, smuggling <sup>of</sup> liquor was beginning to be a ~~@@~~big time business. <sup>The 19th Amendment to the Constitution, making the Volstead Act</sup> Captain Root had been working with Harry Anslinger, who was at that time a vice-consul in Nassau <sup>in</sup> the Bahamas. ~~It is easy for the reader to understand that~~ the water routes back and forth between the Florida coast and the Bahamas and also Florida to Cuba and back, <sup>had become</sup> ~~was~~ one of the highways of liquor smuggling. These men tried to procure my husbands services. He was very much interested in his work for the Signal Corps, for by now he had done <sup>considerable</sup> ~~much~~ development work in the field of inventions and had gone far beyond anybody else of the day in the cryptanalytic side of

cryptology, that is, the solution of "enemy" codes and ciphers. Hence, <sup>employers inside and outside government, so it came about</sup> when my husband was unavailable, my services were requested. I was <sup>that</sup> appointed a "special agent". <sup>to be paid by Department of Justice, on loan to</sup> A special agent is someone who does not <sup>in those days</sup> have to conform to the requirements of office hours and the like, but is <sup>he can best pursue</sup> expected to go wherever and be wherever his scenting nose leads him in ~~pursuit of the investigation~~ on which he is engaged. For this reason, it came about that I was able to do the work for which I was requested at our home. In other words, I went to Captain Root's office, collected ~~papers and information and the like~~ materials, took ~~it~~ home and when solved the material was returned. Our younger child was at that time, less than a year old, hence I hired a nurse for the children. Her name was Carlotta and she was a lovely fine girl. She and Cassie got along beautifully. Carlotta came at seven in the morning and stayed until seven at night.

The Prohibition Amendment to the constitution had been established and the law became effective on January 28, 1920. Numerous books have been written about the early days of rum-running, both by rum-runners and about rum-runners. It was at that time that the phrase, which is still in our American language, "the real McCoy", came into existence. One of the first and most famous of the rum-runners was Captain William McCoy, who became <sup>known</sup> famous for the excellence of the liquor he sold. Of course, all liquor was claimed to be uncut and unadulterated but during the prohibition era this was not, the rule, by any means. Although in the early years of rum-running, New York and its vicinity even to the end of Long Island, was a hotbed of liquor smuggling, <sup>a</sup> a great deal of this liquor ~~of course,~~ came from the Bahamas and for that reason Mr. Anslinger, Vice Consul in Nassau, had become almost fanatically interested in this <sup>licit</sup> ~~elicite~~ dealing. He had persuaded the Justice Department to establish a Bureau of Foreign Control and he had become the head of it. It was thus, that Captain Root, of the Coast Guard Headquarters in Washington and Mr. Anslinger worked together and at the time ~~I have mentioned~~, I was called

in to solve the secret communications of rum-runners. During the years that prohibition had come into effect, ~~the number of persons interested~~ in the great profits in this illegal occupation had attracted many persons and operators. The Coast Guard, being the organization <sup>which</sup> at sea had to combat the rum-running vessels, had need of something more than just patrol by Coast Guard vessels to operate effectively, ~~against these rum-runners~~. Captain Root, as the head of the ~~somewhat~~ newly created intelligence office at the Coast Guard Headquarters, had, through Mr. Anslinger, <sup>and other means</sup> come into possession of stray communications which, in one manner or other, <sup>were</sup> was connected with the liquor smuggling on the east coast. These messages or communications were, <sup>usually</sup> not by any organized group but by <sup>individuals</sup> operators, ambitious men who aspired perhaps to be the Capones of the profitable game of rum smuggling, <sup>and hence</sup> the communications I solved were scattered in origin. I recall a single long message which had come to the United States by telegraph from Havana, Cuba. It, when examined by me, revealed it self as a transposition cipher. Since this was the only communication I had ~~seen~~ between ~~these~~ these correspondents, there <sup>only method to use</sup> was nothing to do in my attempt to solve it ~~except~~ <sup>was by</sup> trial and error. I remember <sup>that</sup> a very young Lieutenant in Captain Root's office, <sup>he</sup> ~~totally~~ un- experienced in this field, suggested to me when I told him that it was a <sup>Columnar</sup> transposition cipher, as ~~shown~~ <sup>had shown</sup> by my analysis, which could only be solved by an infinite number of trials and that if I could guess a keyword which might have been used, the problem would be simplified and that it might be the only method of ever solving the message. In his <sup>inexperience</sup> ~~innocence~~, the <sup>young</sup> man suggested that probably the keyword Havana had been used as a method of transposing the columns in the message. I laughed at him, saying that no one in his right mind would ever use as a keyword the name of the city from which he was sending a message. However, the young man was proved right and I wrong because after I had worked a long time <sup>laboriously</sup> ~~going~~ through the trials of solving the message by analysis, I

*find that*

did ~~try~~ the word Havana and ~~found that indeed it~~ had been used as a key word. I decided right then and there that I ~~could~~ <sup>would</sup> not permit my mind to become so rigid as to exclude the obvious but that hereafter, I would try first that very sup<sup>o</sup>sition and thus clear away the possibilities that the sender of a ~~secret~~ <sup>secret</sup> message had been so foolish as to employ a tool of ~~the~~ <sup>such</sup> naive practices.

*solved several problems for*  
~~analysis for~~

Although I had ~~performed a few pieces of~~ <sup>analysis for</sup> ~~secret~~ Captain Root and Mr. Anslinger before 1927, this was my first official and more or less permanent connection with the business of smuggling. The Prohibition Amendment had now been in effect for more than seven years. Neither my husband nor I had ever been consumers of alcohol except an occasional glass of wine and therefore we were not among the people who ~~during~~ <sup>during</sup> prohibition, insisted upon having their drink at all cost. We read the newspapers, we heard mention of such things as bathtub gin, we knew that in the very ~~early~~ early years of prohibition there had been a widespread practice of procuring doctors permits, <sup>for acquiring "skirts"</sup> But the thirst of residents of the United States could not be satisfied by this slow and laborious process. Thus it was, that the smuggling in of liquor from the sea routes on all coasts of the United States was begun during <sup>by</sup> ~~the period~~ <sup>the 1920's</sup> since 1919. New York, of course, had been the leading port of entry for the smuggled liquor, but the whole Atlantic coast with its coves and inlets its chopped waterline, with its many secluded spots where boats might secretly dock and unload, created a problem which defies description. The country was a seething hotbed of irreverence and defiance for this unpopular law. In spite of the fact that thousands upon thousands of persons were arrested each year, that is, the "small fry", prohibition became more and more unforcable as time <sup>en</sup> had gone on. The irony of this as it has been called by one writer, the dry decade, was, that although Prohibition could not be enforced in the United States, bills had been

introduced in Congress to require Prohibition in the Philippines and several other places in the world where the United States had a supervisory control over the area. <sup>added</sup> The irony ~~of this~~ is, that bootlegging was reported to be very common in the halls of Congress. I quote from the book, RUM ROW by Robert Carse, published in 1959, "the moral tenor for the nation was set in Washington, where in the halls of the Capital and the Senate Building, bootleggers busily solicited trade from the solons". Carse goes on to relate, that liquor was delivered in broad daylight to private clubs by uniformed policemen. He cites instances of this in Chicago particularly. <sup>#</sup> In New York, <sup>a</sup> the sort of international headquarters for rum row, it was said that policemen made arrests at the rate of fifteen thousand a month. These were not the big time operators, of course, but again the "small fry". Frank Costello had been <sup>dominating</sup> operating in the New York area as the head of a tremendous gang of operatives. It was said that Costello took his directions from Bill Dwyer, (this person in later years was confused in the public mind with the mayor of New York). Dwyer was serving time in the Atlanta penitentiary. He was a rich young man, very well educated and an intimate, it was said, of Jimmy Walker, the then mayor of New York. When Fiorella La Guardia was elected to office as mayor of the city of New York, he made ~~as~~ a statement that there were two hundred and fifty thousand speak-easies in New York City alone. La Guardia estimated that it would take two hundred and fifty thousand policemen to enforce the law in New York <sup>city</sup> and that it would probably take another two hundred thousand to keep the police in line. The liquor, of course, which came in during the operations of such persons as Frank Costello's gang plus innumerable individual operators, was gobbled up with great eagerness by the dispensers of the alcoholic drink and <sup>c</sup> cut usually about ~~at~~ five times before reaching the consumer. However, the thirsty public drank the result and no questions asked.



As I became more familiar with this game, I realized how a conscientious officer like Captain Root of Coast Guard Intelligence would become very eager to find means of aiding the Coast Guard job of patrolling the waters in this fight against the rum smugglers. It was estimated that the coast of the United States in its entirety meant approximately ~~nineteen~~ thousand miles of area which the small agency, the Coast Guard, had to patrol and protect in this battle. # I stated before, that although I received my material ~~from~~ <sup>from</sup> Captain Root and returned it to him, that actually I was appointed as a special agent of the Bureau of Foreign Control in the Department of Justice. In 1928, however, I was transferred to the Customs Investigative Service in the Bureau of Customs, ~~still~~ <sup>Treasury Department,</sup> ~~under~~ <sup>holding</sup> the title of special agent. The Bureau of Foreign Control in the Justice Department went out of existence as a result of Mr. Harry Anslingers' persuasive powers with Congress, ~~who he persuaded to establish~~ <sup>and was established</sup> a new agency which would be called the Bureau of Narcotics, ~~and~~ <sup>it</sup> would be another law enforcement agency of the Treasury Department in addition to the five law enforcement agencies already there. # In my work ~~for the~~ Customs Bureau, In the years 1928 to 1930, I became familiar with many of the rum smuggling operations in the Gulf of Mexico area and also on the Pacific Coast. # As the smugglers began to take to the air waves, <sup>that is, shortwave radio,</sup> as a means of communication with their <sup>agents</sup> ~~operatives~~ on land and sea, there were three government agencies, <sup>operating</sup> ~~in use~~ of their own wireless intercept service. In addition to the Coast Guard, there was the Alcohol Tax Unit, <sup>Communications</sup> and the Federal Commission. As usual among government agencies, there was rivalry, <sup>became a</sup> many of the cases of those caught in this ramified game of rum smuggling ~~were~~ the source of jealousy and some suspicion among these operating agencies. The Customs Agency Service, however, went quietly on with their thorough investigations and concerned themselves not at all with this inter-agency struggle or indeed, with wireless inter-

We learned of the plan for the use of short wave (radio) through solution of their messages

J R possibly new chapter could begin 10 lines above at my mark # because from there on you "settled" professional differences

cept in any way. It was, generally speaking, the customs service for which I appeared in <sup>the trial of</sup> cases after arrest ~~and trial~~ of smugglers on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico and on the west coast. I appeared as an expert witness in several cases held in Galveston, <sup>also</sup> ~~or~~ Houston, Texas, and New Orleans, Louisiana. I had also made a trip to ~~the~~ west coast in the summer of 1928 to instruct shore operatives there against the Pacific <sup>Coast smugglers</sup> operators who were, so to speak, of a different class from those on the Atlantic coast. Indeed, in the latter case, <sup>activity in</sup> the Atlantic area between Florida and the Bahamas was sporadic and scattered, <sup>for</sup> and the smuggling from the Bahamas was very small indeed, compared to the other areas.

By <sup>early</sup> 1930, <sup>(smuggling of liquor had become a gigantic problem)</sup> I had persuaded the Treasury Department <sup>that a</sup> ~~that a~~ <sup>unit</sup> cryptologic unit should be formed and that young people with the proper qualifications should be trained in this mental battle against the underworld of smuggling. The idea was accepted and I found that I was to head a small unit, the physical location of which would be in the Coast Guard, the better to receive rapidly the wireless intercepts by the Coast Guard radio staffs which had expanded greatly in the last two or three years; <sup>however</sup> ~~but that~~ this unit <sup>was to</sup> ~~would~~ serve all of the law enforcement bureaus of the Treasury Department. The unit was small indeed, <sup>and</sup> the appropriations forthcoming were only such as would pay for modest salaries. <sup>I had</sup> ~~were~~ two secretary-stenographers (I hired girls) and ~~for~~ four persons who came from civil service registers, having passed examinations for one or another analytical sciences such as physics, chemistry, mathematics. On such registers ~~I~~ found no girls, hence, the four in this category hired were young men, <sup>who</sup> some were just out of college and it was their first job, <sup>and</sup> ~~one of them, I think,~~ <sup>only</sup> had been a <sup>teacher</sup> teacher for a <sup>year</sup> short time, before. ~~I~~ I recall that ~~when~~ I was compelled by the civil service law to take the highest person of the three names submitted from a given register unless I could show cause not to do so. I had been forced to accept a young man from New York City who was a "brain". He was only 21 years of age,

Ph.D.

the civil service record showed, but he had a Ph.D. degree from Columbia University and he had made the highest grade that had ever been made on a civil service examination in mathematics. He came to the office was given a desk and ~~given~~ a series of lessons which I had prepared to submit to these young trainees. <sup>lessons composed beginners</sup> They ~~were~~ beginning courses in the solution of codes and ciphers without a knowledge of the keys or systems used. ~~They~~ <sup>and a problems</sup> were simple, these preliminary lessons and the answers to the questions <sup>and a problems</sup> therein, were to be submitted to me in writing when finished.

In the case of this 21 year old Ph.D. <sup>(Jorky)</sup>, I was appalled after the first few lessons to observe the fact that he <sup>although born and brought up in New York</sup> ~~could not~~ <sup>did not</sup> ~~understand~~ <sup>comprehend</sup> the English language, <sup>at least nothing outside strict mathematical language.</sup> I called him in and talked with him personally, going over his papers and explaining this and that, and then gave him the same lessons to do over again. Within two days he was back at my desk demonstrating no understanding whatsoever of the subject he was supposed to be mastering. <sup>but</sup> that instead ~~proposing~~ proposing to me a system for what he boldly termed the indecipherable cipher. As you might guess from his history, this indecipherable cipher was based upon mathematical curves. When I explained to him that it would be impossible to use such a system, either by air waves or cable or telegraph <sup>therefore</sup> (TAPE TWISTED 42 on machine)..... in <sup>this</sup> that modern day would be of extremely limited use indeed, <sup>if at all,</sup> he argued at length with me, not accepting my statements in the least degree. After this kind of thing had gone on for a number of days, I decided that it was useless to attempt to train him in this field. ] I therefore called the Civil Service Commission and explained and asked them to send me three names again from the top of the register of mathematics, which was done. In the meantime, I told the young man that he should resign. He was quite recalcitrant and saw no reason, he said, why he should resign. I explained then that there was a very good reason, ~~that~~ if he resigned his name would be returned to the civil service register and he would still be eligible for any position anywhere in the government in the

field of mathematics for which he was fitted properly, <sup>and</sup> that he was <sup>utterly</sup> unfitted for this particular field. For a few days he obstinately stuck to his ground that he would not resign, but <sup>finally</sup> <sup>so</sup> then he did stop and left my office and the building. Within an hour or two I had telephone calls from Capitol Hill. He had gone to a ~~Congressman~~, his Congressman from New York and also to one of the New York Senators and objected to what he called my rugged treatment. These men turned him over to their administrative assistants from <sup>whom</sup> ~~home~~ the telephone calls to me had come. I explained, patiently, exactly what had happened and ~~what~~ <sup>and that I was convinced he</sup> wherein the young man failed, ~~indeed~~, could never succeed in this particular field, and <sup>they</sup> were quite satisfied and I heard no more about this.

The <sup>three</sup> ~~four~~ young men who came from physics, chemistry or mathematics registers who then became regular employees of my unit, were able, agreeable and cooperative. Two of them were still in my unit when we were taken over by the Navy in World War ~~Two~~ <sup>II</sup> in toto. Also, one of the girl secretaries had resigned to marry and had been replaced by an extremely gifted young man, who, although he had come in as a ~~secretary~~ secretary, proved the most able, <sup>imaginative,</sup> and persevering and generally gifted of all of the young men who worked with me in this unit. I was associated with him also in <sup>WWII</sup> the war, ~~work and following that,~~ he having been exempted, ~~of course,~~ to holding a commission during the war and being assigned to this work, decided that he had better get his army service over with, since he was <sup>still</sup> young enough to be subject to the draft. He had been attending college through all this period at night and had won his degree there and as in other extracurricular activities, had gained considerable distinction as a <sup>performing</sup> pianist and <sup>as a</sup> composer of <sup>REVUES</sup> reviews in the amateur musical circles of George Washington University <sup>and</sup> or elsewhere in Washington.

After he had completed his army service, it came about that I was able to place him in a ~~limited area~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> the field <sup>of</sup> cryptology and communications with the International Monetary Fund, where he has served with great

success and distinction ~~and is there to this day as the head of the~~ <sup>communications</sup> cable and correspondence division of that international organization.

Many times I've been asked as to how my <sup>direction</sup> ~~direction~~, that is the direction and superior status of a woman as instructor, teacher, mentor, and slave driver to men, even to commissioned <sup>and non-commissioned</sup> officers, how these men <sup>was</sup> ~~accepted my~~ authority. I must declare with all truth that with one exception, all of the men young or older who have <sup>worked</sup> ~~worked~~ for me and under me and with me, have been <sup>true colleagues</sup> ~~most helpful~~ and have never been obstructionists in any way. I recall particularly that just before ~~the~~ <sup>World</sup> War II, in the period when the Treasury Department was responsible for the enforcement of neutrality after the European war had begun and the United States was not then at war, ~~that~~ I trained four non-commissioned Coast Guard officers in the work of classifying intercept correspondence and in the processes of solution, ~~that~~ <sup>they</sup> these men <sup>were not young</sup> when they were leaving at the end of their course took particular pains to inform me that when they had received their orders to report to my office for training that they had had great misgivings, <sup>but</sup> that the two years training had been one of pleasure and benefit and profit in every way <sup>and</sup> that they could not have asked for a more agreeable supervisor or person in authority above them. It was likewise <sup>true</sup> ~~too~~ of the court officials and attaches, the judges and the United States <sup>Attorneys</sup> ~~attaches~~, <sup>and</sup> the numerous other many officials with whom I came in contact ~~with~~ at the time I was called as an expert witness, that I have never received any <sup>+</sup> thing but the upmost ~~and~~ <sup>open</sup> courtesy (and in many cases ~~even~~ admiration.) Their astonishment at the work I had been able to ~~do and~~ bring to a conclusion which was a powerful means of supporting the battle they were fighting was, I think, the greater, because I was a woman. In fact, in all those areas, wherever in this country or in Canada ~~I~~ I have appeared, I have found no jealousy whatsoever of the fact <sup>or</sup> that this success had been won by a woman, that this or that feat had been accomplished by a woman; in fact it was quite

~~still~~ <sup>chief</sup>  
~~authority~~

all down to 10 years

nut?

?

agencies themselves. (67) My tiny unit solved matter all for the alcohol tax unit, the F. C. C., and the F. B. I. the contrary. <sup>who then took the ball and ran with it, when they "made cases" it was always they who solved</sup>

Few persons in the present day realize anything of the enormity of the situation in the United States while <sup>the</sup> Volstead Act, which created the so called prohibition era, was in effect. For the government law enforcement agencies had <sup>no</sup> more taste for it than the public who loved their drink. But the government officials, <sup>(with minor exceptions)</sup> ~~whose~~ who were honest at least, had no choice but <sup>to</sup> pursue the rigid torturous paths of attempting to defeat the operations of the criminal gangs who were so intent upon mulcting the public. There <sup>were</sup> ~~was~~ not only the far ranging gangs of operatives under Costello in New York, but there was the Torrio-Capone gang in Chicago. Capone was said to make from <sup>fifty</sup> ~~sixty~~ to one-hundred million dollars a year from beer alone. Rum smuggling became the new criminal occupation. Andrew Sinclair, <sup>\* \* \*</sup> better known as the author of <sup>use as a footnote</sup> FRIEND MY ~~COUSIN~~ JUDITH, a novel which upset <sup>even</sup> the town of Cambridge, <sup>(England)</sup> his university and his university there, but also the author of PROHIBITION-ERA OF EXCESS, a tremendous tome which he wrote after two years of assiduous study in the United States upon a fellowship, <sup>As he describes</sup> prohibition, <sup>it</sup> ~~it~~ became "the golden <sup>grease</sup> Greece through which organized crime <sup>insinuated</sup> itself into a position of incredible power in the nation". There have been many books written about the "roaring twenties", the rebellion of the young generation, the sex, the depredation, the excesses of that period, the kind of life described <sup>in</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>the</sup> F. Scott Fitzgerald novel, ~~titled~~ THE BEAUTIFUL AND DAMNED. All of these things were as nothing, in my opinion, among the contributing factors to the decline of uprightness, if not to say morality in the United States, <sup>compared</sup> ~~was due to~~ the criminal syndicates which flourished so widely, so <sup>boldly</sup> ~~boldly~~, and so freely, because of the existence of the Volstead Act. <sup>Never had the criminals found such a gushing well of profits. Never had the anti-criminal forces encountered such universal tidal waves of law-breaking.</sup>

*vast majority of enforcement agents*

Conscientious though the ~~powers that be~~ in the government were, it is true that it was a battle lost from the beginning. Furthermore, the organization among criminals has never been broken up since their origin in the ~~era of Excess~~ *As Sinclair* ~~as it is called by Sinclair.~~ ~~As this young man~~ states, "the ~~Volstead Act~~ ~~Volstead Act~~ not only placed a severe strain on U.S. courts but it nearly burst the prisons with seventy thousand arrests in one year in the New York area alone." The U.S. Commissioner dismissed ~~as a~~ *that is,* rule nine cases out of ten, ~~or~~ *enable* fifty thousand cases a year, in order to ~~keep~~ the courts ~~able~~ to ~~work~~ work at all. There was also a great deal of time spent in prosecuting prosecutors. When indictments did indeed reach a court and a jury, the juries made acquittals the ~~rule~~ rule. In San Francisco, a jury was actually tried itself for drinking up the evidence. The Wickersham Report in 1932, which surveyed the whole matter of prohibition in this country, stated, "a law can only be enforced when the majority of people support the law".

*the foregoing is*

This was a very small fraction of the background with its myriad reasons why the Prohibition Amendment had to be repealed and the Volstead Act wiped off the books, which occurred in 1934. Sinclair states, "the preoccupation of the twenties ~~was~~ *with* sex and the liquor was displaced by a more basic search for food". He was referring to the great depression which followed the stock market crash of 1929 and was at its height when President Hoover left the White House and Franklin Delano Roosevelt came in for his first term. Sinclair ends, "a rebellion against reform can only flourish on Easy Street". ~~It~~ *#* has been said that America has the strongest criminal classes and the weakest public sentiment against them of any highly civilized people. Hence, it took a great depression to arouse public sentiment against the cause, that is, the Volstead Act, ~~and the prohibition era,~~ *resistant* for the fact that the great criminal gangs had developed because of ~~them~~ *it*. All thoughts were turned now to food and jobs.

*#*

President Roosevelt was determined that the 18th Amendment, always referred to as the Prohibition Amendment, must be repealed. In the Washington Post had some recollections and comments

new to Chap 10

by <sup>Gabbett</sup> Harry Gavit: "Thirty years ago this Thursday, the United States climbed bleary-eyed aboard a strange water wagon ending a fourteen year unbinge and/surpassed in many of its aspects before or since".

Utah had just ratified the twenty-first amendment making the repeal of the eighteenth amendment, that is, the Prohibition amendment, as extinct as a Dinosaur. The "Noble Experiment" was dead. There had been only two states which had not ratified the original eighteenth amendment and finally they saw their vindication, Connecticut and Rhode Island.

To quote the <sup>Gabbett</sup> Gavit article further: "The <sup>Instead</sup> ~~stata~~ of the sober industriousness the Valstead Act, <sup>had</sup> envisioned, there was unleashed the era of gang warfare and bathtub gin; of commonplace corruption @ in high places and of a national resentment no other single piece of legislation had ever aroused". It was true that all during the Prohibition era, drinking had been taken up as a kind of dare by the very young and the very old! <sup>t</sup> Two classes about whom generally speaking no charge of imbibing <sup>b</sup> anything beyond an ice cream soda would ever have been made before. Now the fun of defiance was gone. As <sup>Gabbett</sup> Gavit says, "with nobody around to tell you you couldn't have one, an awful lot of the fun was gone".

My husband and I, during all those years of Prohibition, had had no particular strong conviction on one side or the other. We were a bit disgusted with ~~acquaintances~~ <sup>acquaintances</sup>, some of them even friends, ~~of ours~~ who spent time at supper and dinner parties telling of how they created their bathtub gin and how much of it they consumed. During all those years, <sup>at</sup> wherever drinking we did was on the two occasions when we were in Europe, <sup>where it is our custom to drink wine with meals.</sup> We were in Europe in 1928 when my husband was sent by the United



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States Government to Brussels, Belgium to the International Telegraph Conference as Executive Secretary <sup>and Technical Advisor</sup> of the United States Delegation; and <sup>where</sup> again in 1932, he represented the United States in a double capacity at a very much larger and more ramified international conference. — The International Radio Conference where his position in the United States Delegation was that of technical advisor <sup>and committee chairman</sup>; but at the same time he was <sup>a</sup> the United States Representative for the International Telegraph Conference. In 1927, the first international conference in the field of communications, meaning radio and telegraph, <sup>had been</sup> was held in Washington. This was near the end of the ~~Coolidge~~ Coolidge administration. There were, I believe, at that time, eighty-seven countries represented, ~~at this conference in Washington.~~ My husband had written a <sup>brochure</sup> pamphlet published by the government printing office, called "The History Of Code And Code Language". In this publication, the title Code And Code Language is a technical <sup>term</sup> ~~one~~ and is used properly to describe the medium which is used for economical and (or) secret <sup>five or ten figure or letter groups which</sup> are used <sup>and</sup> in order to transmit by telegraph, radio, cable, etc., <sup>perhaps</sup> and ~~even in the future in space, such as the Telstar extended, if I may use such a term.~~ As with so many of my husbands contributions in the field of communications, this publication was a "first", <sup>and</sup> it became a unique item <sup>and up to the time it was written,</sup> even to this day, remains <sup>the</sup> standard <sup>publication</sup> record. It was greatly in demand by foreign governments in the late twenties <sup>and the thirties</sup> when international communications rules and regulations became of ~~interest~~ <sup>to</sup> interest ~~so many nations as the world became more international.~~ Whereas, for example, in 1927 there <sup>had</sup> been only eighty-seven nations represented at <sup>the</sup> this communications conference in Washington, in 1932 in Madrid, there were more than a hundred governments which sent delegations to that ~~great~~ conference which lasted from August to <sup>late</sup> early December, 1932.

(3)

It had been quite easy for me to accompany my husband to Europe in 1928, because as I have related before I was not a full time employee <sup>with prescribed</sup> in any office <sup>hours.</sup> At home we had our marvelous Cassie, cook and housekeeper, who lived in the house and had been with us since before the birth of our first child. Also there was present in our home at that time an Englishwoman friend of ours whom we had met first at <sup>the</sup> Riverbank <sup>estate</sup> in Illinois who had become an American citizen and had done service as a yeomanette in the United States Navy during World War One. She had come to Washington for a special six months <sup>assignment</sup> engagement with a government department. She was staying as a guest in our home and was devoted beyond description to our two children as, indeed, they were to her. With this happy arrangement, <sup>I was</sup> ~~we were~~ free to leave with <sup>my husband and</sup> the official delegation when it departed on the <sup>old</sup> famous ship Leviathan, ~~and until our~~ <sup>we</sup> returned about ~~to~~ the first of <sup>November</sup> ~~December~~ of that year. In 1932, the situation as far as our household was <sup>concerned</sup> was quite different, our beloved Cassie <sup>having</sup> ~~had~~ died at the age <sup>of</sup> 39 of cancer. We had at <sup>a</sup> ~~that~~ time of the conference in Madrid, a housekeeper, Alice, who also lived in our house except for Thursdays off, and who was also a ~~very~~ very fine person. But at this time I was spending full time in office because in 1930 my office had <sup>become</sup> ~~been~~ physically located, <sup>in the Bureau of Customs, but</sup> in the Coast Guard Headquarters in Washington for reasons stated <sup>heretofore,</sup> ~~above~~ and I was in office <sup>the whole day.</sup> In the <sup>office</sup> work at that time, there were some crucial matters and I felt that I could not go to Madrid with my husband when he left in August of 1932. However, I kept receiving messages from him, even ~~from~~ telephone calls, urging me to come. Finally I had worked out a plan which would enable me to go to Madrid. I made up my mind that I should go one Tuesday night. ~~And,~~ in the next two days I had arranged affairs at my office and at my home, had packed up the belongings necessary for a prolonged stay of my two children and housekeeper and had put them on a



Spain and planned to take an American Export Line vessel from the port <sup>command</sup> at the Strait of Gibraltar. However, my husband received a message from Madrid to return to the still unended conference. We returned to Madrid and later went from there straight to Paris and again returned home on the Leviathan, arriving as stated before just two days before Christmas.

One of the fortunate <sup>by-products</sup> to us for my husband having been appointed to these international conferences of 1928 and 1932, <sup>was that</sup> we had been absent from the United States during all of the hysteria, the <sup>re</sup> ~~incriminations~~, the bitterness, the ugliness of the Presidential campaigns <sup>of those years.</sup> By the time we returned <sup>in 1932</sup> of course, Franklin <sup>D.</sup> Roosevelt had been elected to office.

~~During~~ <sup>T</sup> those months, very delightful for the most part, which we had spent abroad, had at least for the time being wiped from our thoughts the searing memories of the preceding summer when Washington was the mecca for the ~~Army~~ <sup>dy</sup> of the Unemployed. To my ~~dying~~ <sup>dy</sup> day, I shall never forget the picture <sup>which I</sup> ~~in my memory~~ of having watched with field glasses from the roof of the Army and Navy Country Club, <sup>namely</sup> the riding of Douglas MacArthur on a white charger <sup>the length of</sup> from Pennsylvania Avenue, <sup>past</sup> on-passed the Capital and crossing the river to Anacostia. He was accompanied by other uniformed men on horseback and it seemed to us <sup>he was</sup> to ride like a conquering Napoleon <sup>on</sup> to Anacostia where the unemployed, who were finding such refuge as they could in shacks and tents, were driven from their <sup>improvised</sup> shelters by the Army contingent and a fire was set to destroy their shelters.

Although <sup>III</sup> as thinking intelligent persons, voteless it is true by virtue of residence in the District of Columbia, but still with opinions of our own, we had been very happy to see Herbert Hoover succeed the <sup>dour</sup> ~~doer~~ and laconic Cal Coolidge as President. By the end of the Hoover regime, however, I had a feeling <sup>cowring</sup> ~~that~~ of a man ~~cooing~~ under his desk, as the

The next day of local one Washingtonian published a photograph of Douglas MacArthur on a white charger riding up onto the top of the Capital building. I saw it in a newspaper.

great engineer in the White House, seemed to flounder in this all-  
 absorbing problem of depression following the stock market crash of  
 1929. I recall in this connection that I had even written my family.  
 I was speaking of the Presidential election in 1932 in spite of my  
 convinced radicable impression, that is, that my Indiana family were  
 high bound Republicans who had never under any circumstances vote for  
 any other ticket, ~~the~~ <sup>with the</sup> only time a single soul out of the enormous  
 Smith clan had ever departed from the traditional Republican Party was  
 when Teddy Roosevelt ran on the Bull Moose party in 1912, a campaign I,  
 although a child at the time, ~~now~~ <sup>still</sup> recall very well indeed. As I said,  
 I was really taking a great chance of alienating them for a lifetime when  
 I wrote them and practically forbade their voting for Hoover in that  
 election. As I look back on it now, I realize that Hoover was one of  
 the finest men we had ever had in the White House. His stature today  
 as an elder statesman is true of his eminently qualified capacity to  
 handle a ~~Presidency~~ <sup>Presidency</sup> in his later years, although having been a rather  
 poor Quaker boy, who, in the beginning of the ~~day~~ <sup>hey</sup> day of engineering had  
 become so great a success in the engineering world, that he had made  
 millions. I believe he is rated one of the three or four richest  
 Presidents this country has had in its entire history. But, by the end  
 of his four years in office, I had become so sickened by the actions  
 which came about through his, I believe, ~~failure~~ <sup>that this came about through</sup> failure to act rather than  
 to act. In other words, I feel that MacArthur was far more to blame  
 for the heartless ~~treatment~~ <sup>and brutal</sup> treatment of the unemployed. I have never been  
 able, to this day, to bring myself to believe that Herbert Hoover,  
 Quaker, humanitarian, excellent father and family man, and noted for  
 his kindness and considerations of others, that he of all people  
 would ever have ordered the burning at Anacostia that I had witnessed  
 by means of field glasses from ~~the~~ <sup>a</sup> club roof in Virginia. ~~A few months~~

over

Smith

Di

add: ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> service after WWI as head  
 of a ~~major~~ <sup>major</sup> food Relief Program in Europe

Hoover's stature today is probably of  
 the finest men we had ever had in the White House  
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(start) #68 (75)

to be a

in fact, although I may prove myself to the majority of the heretics  
 in saying so, my impression ~~was~~ of President and Mrs. Hoover in the  
 White House had been that he was a far more considerate and thoughtful  
 person in respect to others than Mrs. Hoover. My impression of him  
 was that he was a tremendously shy and sensitive person and the waves  
 of sympathy were felt, ~~by those who miss him~~ rather than the latter  
 having been expressed by him directly or in words. Mrs. Hoover, on the  
 other hand, impressed me as being a person who made use of what we now  
 call the creation of a public image ~~in~~ her national work with the  
 Girl Scouts and similar activities. ~~I recall with considerable amuse-~~  
~~ment a personal conversation at the White House which I shall relate~~  
~~later. (See page ?)~~ ~~humor.~~ ~~I sensed humor~~

by found her stiff and solemn

(REST OF PAGE LEFT TO BE FILLED IN WITH CANCELLED TEXT REFERRED TO ON TAPE #11

she had, it was certainly not akin to mine

Both Mrs. Hoover and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt were very thoughtful and encouraging to career women. Mrs. Roosevelt particularly, never failed to include us in her winter tea parties and spring or summer garden parties, ~~for~~ usually those for "ladies only".

conversations

Perhaps begin a new chapter here with a title which makes reference to "The Press"

~~(8)~~ 75 a League of Women Voters

For many years I had been a member of the board of directors.

I had worked in both fields of my interest. I lectured and debated with the National Womens Party who were sponsoring the Equal Rights amendment which would, at least in those days, have wiped off the books all the special legislation for the protection of women for which we had fought for so many years; I worked also in the interest of the city of Washington. I headed a committee to make a study of the finances in the District of Columbia, what taxes were collected and how, how the money was spent at the dictates of the House of Representatives and the Senate of the United States; I argued and fought both in the District of Columbia and in the National Convention biennial conventions of the National League of Women Voters for national support of the prime needs of the District of Columbia.

Therefore, on the day of the inauguration of Franklin D. Roosevelt, I took our nine year old daughter with me to a special vantage point at the corner of Fifteenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue across from the main Treasury building and a left hand turn upon the inaugural parade route. My purpose being there was to distribute literature to all passers-by or droppers in to the office which the League of Women Voters had rented for just that purpose. I remember my daughter very well, always a gracious and friendly child, she was a ardent worker that day in passing out the leaflets and literature and thus she herself in a sense was in the mainstream of the inaugural parade. I recall that nearing the time when the parade had turned right on Fifteenth Street and was proceeding forth, that I had taken her by the hand and crossed Fifteenth Street and proceeded to the building on the north side of Pennsylvania Avenue directly facing the parade as it would pass at that point within a block of the White House. I took the child to an upper floor where there was a narrow terrace with a brick wall around two

use or not use ?

(9) 75-6

Use or not use?

sides of the building and outside the windows we climbed through a window and from this upper floor she was, with my help, able to elevate herself sufficiently over the brick balustrade to view @ at very close range the entire inaugural parade. She was then satisfied, she had seen an inaugural parade. Four years before, at the inauguration of Hoover, I had bought tickets for the grandstand in front of the Treasury Department in the same block where she was looking out from an upper floor of a building and my son, my mother-in-law, and I had sat through a drenching rain continuing for hours before the Hoover inaugural parade had reached that point. Therefore, both children felt that Mother had now done her duty, each had viewed an inaugural parade from one of the finest vantage points along the entire route. I remember that it took my fur coat many weeks to dry after the experience of sitting through the drenching rain of that day, March 1928. Since the Washington weather was always unpredictable and likely to be as bad or worse in March than in January, the decision was made later to move the inauguration back to January. Of course, the great length of time between the election and the inauguration had begun in colonial days because of the great length of time it took the President elect and other ~~people~~ <sup>people</sup> to travel the distance necessary in those days. With modern transport, the need for such a length of time had long since disappeared. Now-a-days, of course, in the electronic age, thousands of people attend the inauguration ceremony with chairs placed on the Capital steps for the VIP's and on the surrounding grounds facing the steps for the lesser members of the public who, even though it be a January day, go equipped with such preparations as if they were going to a football game in the late fall. Although for many years now, our home has been on Capital Hill within two ~~blocks~~ blocks of the Capital.



p 76

Although <sup>(10)</sup> my home for the past years  
Presidential elections ~~has been~~ on Capitol Hill

~~and my husband have never even~~  
 walked to the Capital grounds to take whatever look possible on the day  
 of any inauguration, we find it much more comfortable, thanks to the  
 electronic age, to see it in its entirety on television rather than to  
 experience personally only a tiny section of the beginning ceremony and  
 the parade thereafter. In fact, with the two exceptions, when I took  
 first our son and then our daughter to an inauguration parade, I have  
 never in my life taken any interest whatsoever in the parades of the  
 great, <sup>or</sup> the near great. I have never been a hero worshiper nor an  
 autograph seeker; ~~hence~~ perhaps my attitude towards parades is related  
 to those attributes. I recall that at the time of King George and Queen  
 Elizabeth's visit to the White House in 19... My office/<sup>was</sup> located in a  
 building on the south side of ~~the~~ Pennsylvania Avenue <sup>with a</sup> direct view  
 of the ceremonial parade in ~~the~~ honor of their <sup>ies</sup> Majesty. All government  
 offices were closed for the day <sup>at</sup> from eleven a.m. My husband and I  
 chose to go to the Army and Navy Country Club in Virginia and remain  
 there until the parade was over. Hero worship <sup>especially</sup> has ~~likewise~~ never  
 been something I have enjoyed when directed at me personally. I remember  
 very keenly the annoyance which I suffered in Vancouver, British Columbia  
 when there in ~~1938~~ 1938, ~~and~~ a story was published in the Vancouver newspapers  
 about my participation in the Gordon <sup>Lim</sup> ~~Lynn~~ narcotics case. Thereafter I  
 found that my life was not my own. In the Vancouver Hotel where I stayed  
 a rush of flunkies and bellhops leaped at me as I entered the door when  
 I returned to the hotel and the attentions poured upon me by everyone in  
 the hotel from then on became so distasteful to me that I quietly moved  
 to another hotel and used the name of Mrs. William Friedman instead of  
 the professional name with which I <sup>had</sup> ~~been~~ been connected at the <sup>other</sup> ~~earlier~~  
 hotel. This was true also of news stories written concerning me which  
 became so prolific after that particular case in Vancouver. There were  
 many stories authorized by the public relations office of the United States

the favor  
 to beg  
 all others  
 in the room rushed up to beg  
 I don't remember  
 I had every waiter

When I appeared at the dining-room entrance not only the lead-waiter met me

new chapter "The Press" ~~list~~ 76

~~My husband and I~~ and my husband have never even  
walked to the Capital grounds to take whatever look possible on the day  
of any inauguration, we find it much more comfortable, thanks to the  
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Treasury Department, and there were others completely unauthorized which came to my attention from here and there which were offensive to me, *et al*  
 Because they were written in a lurid manner or because they contained assertions and statements quite untrue. I wrote a letter recording in writing my protests to the Public Relations <sup>Director</sup> of the Treasury Department requesting that thereafter no one but no one from the world of the press or radio would be given permission to get so far as even an interview with me. At that time, I supplied the Public Relations Treasury Chief with the bare facts of my life and career and told them that they were authorized to use them in anyway they deemed essential for the public relations of the department. But as far as I was concerned, I felt too uncomfortable not knowing from day to day what might be said about me in some far part of the world, for it had come to the point where unauthorized stories were appearing even in the European press. Even this did not stop the straight <sup>news</sup> press stories, sometimes including photographs made of me during cases in court where I <sup>had</sup> appeared as an expert witness. Sometimes they proved to be somewhat amusing, such as a New Orleans case where I spent several days on the witness stand. I appeared in press stories as "a pretty middle aged woman", (with photographs snapped of me as I <sup>sat</sup> ~~stepped down from~~ the witness chair one day ~~and left the court chamber~~ <sup>mouth</sup>) and the same day in another part of the country I was described as " a pretty young woman in a frilly pick dress". I was still young enough at that time to be piqued by the earlier description and annoyed at the frivolous adjectives in the second. Although, as I have stated already, ~~I~~ <sup>my</sup> all connections in every professional way had been ~~on~~ <sup>or</sup> more or less ~~of~~ <sup>was convinced</sup> an equality with men, I ~~felt~~ that the fact that I was a woman and that the field in which I operated was so unusual that the press became so intrigued with these two aspects of the case that they lost sight of restraint. I do not mean to say, however, that all my relations with journalists were "fouls".

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I find that as I go over the limited number of press stories that I still have in my possession, that I have kindly memories, speaking generally, of women, both interviewers and feature writers. Among them Carol Frink of the old WASHINGTON HERALD; Mary Hornaday of the CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR; Alice Hughes, the NEW YORK TIMES; the brief mentions by Malvina Lindsay; a story by Bess Furman of the old WASHINGTON TIMES, presently Public Relations Advisor, Department of Health, Education and Welfare; feature writers, Mary Jane Brumley of the WASHINGTON STAR; Katherine Kellock, SUNDAY MAGAZINE-WASHINGTON STAR; Leah Stock Helmick, whose lengthy story won a READERS DIGEST prize. Of this latter's story, an abbreviated version was first published in the AMERICAN LEGION magazine. Since ~~in those days~~ it was a practice of the READERS DIGEST to appear at least to fulfill their claim of only re-printing from other magazines or sources.)

Foot. note

One man among the press who was a respectable and cooperative interviewer, carefully staying within the territory of safety and exposing nothing beyond the point he was requested, was A. H. Williamson of the Vancouver, British Columbia News Herald. The men for whom I still feel a flash of irritation, after all these years were: Theodore Adams of the AMERICAN MAGAZINE-"People Section"; Fulton Lewis, Jr. of Washington, D.C., a thundering, blaspheming, ill-bred blunderer <sup>or</sup> into forbidden territories such as I had never met before or since; and Pat Frank, the ~~now~~ <sup>later</sup> very respectable novel writer, book interviewer, whose name ~~is~~ <sup>was</sup> seen constantly in the National Press, but who, ~~it seems~~ <sup>back</sup> in those days, was struggling for a foothold anywhere. He could grab it and permitted his name to be used as the author of a feature article in the ATLANTA CONSTITUTION which was one of the most lurid, hodge-podges of misinformation picked up from headlines and scraps of information ~~he had~~ culled from other sources, locked together in a revolting mass and sold ~~it~~ as a respectable feature story. ~~But then~~ I would have expected that one of the few <sup>ed</sup> respective newspapers in the south, the ATLANTA CONSTITUTION, would have had better

*these are important*

judgement than to use such an article. So part of my irritation falls upon the head of this newspaper as well as of the writer. One of the fictions which somewhere, somehow, first appeared as a statement and then was perpetuated thereafter in a manner most annoying to me and which must have been extremely annoying to my husband, was the idiotic statement that I, this "wizard of codes and ciphers" had taught the science to my husband. Of all the unfounded statements made concerning me in the public press, this was the most confounding. Although I took every possible opportunity of refuting it, it kept appearing here and there in press stories up to the time of World War Two. As I had related before, we began at the same time in this field of analysis. We were teachers of ourselves, simultaneously, as well as of others, we were merely the leaders. This ridiculous story of my having taught my husband was still appearing many years after some daring imagination had first perpetrated it, for there was sent to me from London *only a few years ago,* by someone unknown to me, a clipping from the DAILY SKETCH of London, repeating this oft-told fiction.

~~This was in 19...~~ To return to men of the press, there was a widely printed press story with a by-line, Morris Gilbert, which first appeared in the New Orleans ITEM in 1933. He was listed as a NEA Service Writer. Although he had never interviewed me personally, he must have witnessed my appearance in court in some southern state, but unlike other press writers, he had stuck to facts and not woven fancy around those facts.

To return to one of the irritants in this field: one day as I sat at my desk in Washington, very busily engaged in some analytical work upon papers on my desk, with head down in deep concentration, I suddenly became aware of a presence, a something in my vicinity. Startled, I looked up and a few feet from my desk there was poised a camera aimed directly at me. The camera was before the eyes of a pudgy face, of the head, on top of a pudgy but tall body, and a brash somewhat belligerent voice burst upon me ~~from this body~~ saying, "just a moment, just a moment". I stood up from my desk and turned sidewise almost with my back to this interlopper and said, "who are you and what do you want?" Whereupon he began pouring

*one ?*

SP

forth a torrent of words stating that he was Fulton Lewis, Jr., gave the name of the paper or ~~a~~ news service he claimed to represent and that he must have the story and these photographs of me. I signaled to someone in my office to send for help and while I maintained my determination that he would receive neither photographs nor story, one of the officers from the intelligence office came up and told this brash young man that he must leave. For sometime thereafter, I expected almost any time to have some vengeful story or terrible photograph of me (of which many had appeared already which had been taken without my knowledge) and thus he would have his revenge, but at this time the Treasury Department was beginning to crack down on unauthorized press stories about the law enforcement agencies of that department. And it is possible that <sup>this man</sup> young Fulton Lewis was told that if anything appeared which had not been authorized by the public relations ~~press man in the~~ office of the Secretary of the Treasury, that he would be banned henceforth from the Treasury. I did know of this having happened in other cases. \*\* An instance of this was brought to my startled eyes in February, 1938. I bought on a train one day a current copy of LOOK magazine; it contained one page of photographs of women whose brief biographies were listed in the just-published first edition of the feminine WHO'S WHO- (naturally without photos). LOOK had selected a page full of women "whose careers were unusual", in the opinion of Durwood Howes, editor of the volume AMERICAN WOMEN. Years later when sorting scrapbook items, I came across the source for the photograph - a crayon drawing of me made by a <sup>Washington</sup> local artist. No credit was given by LOOK magazine.

\*\*INSERT

One amusing incident in connection with the press stories which was noted by numerous friends ~~and~~ who called it to my attention. The WASHINGTON TIMES of September 28th, 1933, showed a photograph of President and Mrs. Roosevelt, she with no hat and he with a hat on, with the headlines "President and First Lady In New York". For some reason or other, whatever story was meant to have accompanied this photograph, was completely non-existent, <sup>in fact</sup> there was no story anywhere in the paper which followed up

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<sup>the</sup> with above headline. But immediately adjacent to this photograph and extending exactly the same length in the column was a story with the headline, "Dope Capture <sup>made</sup> To Woman", and there followed a brief story to the <sup>effect</sup> ~~event~~ that a Washington woman had been responsible in "outwitting the master minds of an international narcotics smuggling ring". The story was a Universal Service press story ~~em~~ <sup>a</sup> emanating from San Francisco where the brothers Judah and Isaac Ezra had been arrested for extensive operations in smuggling narcotics earlier that year and at the time of this press story, had been sentenced to twelve years in prison. The press release from San Francisco had said that the woman who had solved the mass of correspondence had not been revealed in the ~~trail~~, rather they put it "the woman whose name was withheld", however, the Washington paper appeared in connection with my name. I had not appeared personally in the ~~trail~~ against the Ezra's in San Francisco because it was completely unnecessary; ~~since~~ there was ~~such~~ an enormous mass of correspondence wherein the evidence against them was so completely conclusive and so easily demonstrable that my appearance on the witness stand was quite unnecessary; ~~as~~ <sup>30c</sup> told in the ~~caption~~ relating to the Ezra case, ~~at~~ the Treasury Attache in Shanghai, China had supplied literally volumes of information and evidence. (FOOTNOTE: There was another instance of the amusing coincidence of headline and photographs in the case of R. Young <sup>our daughter</sup>, whose photograph in a <sup>poising</sup> diaphanous gown under the cherry trees by the tidal basin, the cherry blossom festival in those days being a simple sunrise ceremony on the grass by the Tidal Basin, and this appeared in a size which almost filled the front page of the DAILY NEWS, Washingtons tabloid newspaper on 19 . But the top of the front page of this same front page had in a ~~headline~~, in a black headline two inches high, "War Warning To Dictators". The reader whose eye as he walked by a newsstand would catch sight of the headlines, stop and as he looked <sup>at</sup> ~~down~~ the page see the large photograph of a lovely young girl in a dancing costume.

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In May of 1934, I was one of the women selected by Miss Margaret Santry, a radio reporter for NBC, who made a series of broadcasts called "First Ladies Of The Capitol". She had first covered society with a capital S, then wives of government officials and later career women in government service whose work was in one way or another unusual. I find that I still have a carbon copy of the script for the radio interview. NBC had been very generous about permitting me to bring our young son and daughter to the studios where they remained in the room where the technicians were instead of in the studio where Miss Santry and I were, thus the children got a real conception of how a broadcast over a national network was carried through. It so happens that my husband was on duty with the Army Signal Corps in Kansas on some early summer maneuvers. His absence from Washington, however, did not prevent his hearing the broadcast because he was, of course, in an ideal situation since communications is the business of the Army Signal Corps. Within a day or two following this, the script of the interview was reduced and made into a news report and this was published in the WASHINGTON POST on May 26th. I've never known whether the National Broadcasting Company or the WASHINGTON POST was responsible, but this POST article was accompanied by a reproduction of a crayon drawing made of me by a local artist named Davis while Miss Santry was in the process of preparing for the ~~Broadcast~~ broadcast.



(6)

*New York 83*

Of course, as the war in Europe broke out in 1939 and for sometime before, there had been extreme censorship of the press. However, there were efforts made by the press as always to obtain stories with the coveted "inside" information. I think that I have related elsewhere that it is the duty of the Treasury Department to enforce neutrality until the United States is actually in war, hence, from '38 through '41, my office was the eyes and ears for Henry Morgenthau, Jr., the Secretary of the Treasury, whose duties <sup>then</sup> ~~now~~ in addition to domestic law enforcement, comprised also the enforcement of neutrality. The radio intercepts increased into the thousands because the intercept services of the Treasury Department were expected to cover all Atlantic Ocean ship traffic from whatever type of ship might be crossing or in the water anywhere.....(END TAPE #12)

PICKING UP END OF(TAPE #12 ) Recorded on Tape #13 Requested break of lines...  
....Traffic has to be sorted, classified and if any text appeared which needed solution, it was our business to solve it if possible. Henry Morgenthau, who had been appointed by President Roosevelt to be Secretary of Treasury, was a very conscientious man I am sure, and set out to do his very best by every <sup>bureau</sup> department or activity whose business was the responsibility of the Secretary of the Treasury. Secretary Morgenthau brought with him to Washington a woman administrative assistant by the name of Mrs. Henrietta Klotz. In all my years of dealing with government officials and with women, in many, <sup>if</sup> ~~of~~ not most walks of life, and with men who were both superior and inferior to me in rank, ~~but~~ I had never had any contact with anyone of a long list of persons who had impressed me so unfavorably as Mrs. Klotz. She was a very small woman with an obvious feeling of tremendous insecurity which was revealed in her manner by the use of rapid fire dictator-sort of requests

(7)

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which, of course, issued from her as ~~parrot~~ <sup>peremptory</sup> orders. We used to have a saying in our office, that we always knew when it was four twenty-eight in the afternoon because the telephone invariably rang at four ~~twenty-eight~~ <sup>(so she said)</sup> or four twenty-nine, the closing hour being four-thirty, and it would be Mrs. Klotz on the phone with some snappish order from Secretary Morgenthau which always had to be executed by nine o'clock the next morning and ready for his perusing, even though her order might cover a demand for a report of a nature which would take at least three months to prepare. There was no use mentioning this fact to Mrs. Klotz, her order was a royal command. I recall that once ~~when~~ I attempted to explain to her while she was still issuing the telephone order that it would take a number of persons, a number of weeks to fulfill her demand, whereupon she said to me, "shut up, you fool". It is comforting, I hope to the reader, to relate that Secretary Morgenthau usually called the next morning and remanded the order, unless it was one which could be completed in a given amount of time. But he himself was not the person who demanded something of magnitude to be produced as of yesterday. Mrs. Klotz intrigued my psychological curiosity, therefore, when I saw her at receptions at the Morgenthau home, I used to attempt to engage her in conversations to find out something about her which made her tick. However, it was hopeless. Henrietta Klotz was just as insecure at an afternoon tea or on a social occasion as she was when operating as the official administrative assistant to a Cabinet officer. It was during the Morgenthau regime that the six ~~law~~ law enforcement bureaus of the Treasury Department were placed under one advisory-operating chief. He was to be called the Chief Co-ordinator, Law Enforcement Agencies. Harold Graves acted for a time as this Chief Co-ordinator, but not long after, Elmer Irey was appointed and served in this position as long as I had dealings with the Treasury Department.

important

(8)

*new chapter* CONEXCO IN THE GULF OF MEXICO  
85 sub title The Burt Morrison Case

For the first three or more years after Franklin D. Roosevelt became President, and during the beginning years after repeal of Prohibition, my office was busy with the *backwash* of the Prohibition era. With such vast amounts of money and large organizations as had been operating in the smuggling era, all activities could not cease and it was physically impossible for the smugglers to wipe out and cast into oblivion the results of their past operations.

Consequently, cases still arose for *a long time* ~~some time~~ thereafter, *and although* only the most important *those* and with the most far reaching implications reached the courts, ~~but~~ there was still much action to be taken. #

During the year of 1933, I appeared as a witness in the *e* Burt Morrison case, as it was known, in New Orleans. *e* Burt Morrison was the land agent for at first the Pacific and then the Gulf Coast of the United States, acting

for the *Jugernaut* ~~(?)~~ Company which *I have* already mentioned as the Consolidated Exporters Corporation of Vancouver, *known* in telegraph and wireless communications as CONEXCO. This so-called Burt Morrison case *was* considered so important, that

Colonel Amos W. Woodcock, Special Assistant to the Attorney General, conducted the case himself for the prosecution. He stated at the time ~~of~~ of the trial that the federal government had spent five hundred thousand dollars *and two* in ~~one~~ years in preparing the case. If I remember rightly, this was the only case against smugglers where my

work was instrumental in bringing *the* indictments against *the defendants* Burt Morrison and twenty-two *first* ~~code~~ defendants. *after which* ~~The reason being that~~ I was sent to New Orleans to testify before the Grand Jury as an expert witness, *and then again* when the case came to trial.

Colonel Woodcock stated in a letter to the Coast Guard that he did not believe it would have been possible to win this case without my testimony. Colonel Woodcock, *celebrated and* a nationally known attorney, had been at one period Director of Prohibition for the United States government. At the time of the preparation and trial of the case against *e* Burt Morrison et al, Colonel Woodcock had been recalled to the government as Special Assistant to the Attorney General for the *trial* of this case. ~~Burt~~

# Morrison had been operating as the land agent for Mexico in Belize, British Honduras

*1 was so important*

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and from there ~~into~~ various places on the Gulf Coast of the United States to make arrangements for the selling, shipping and landing of liquor. His ~~code~~ <sup>co-</sup> defendants in New Orleans were the people who aided in ~~or~~ <sup>one</sup> another phase of these operations, either at sea <sup>by</sup> transferring liquor to small boats, taking it into land and then <sup>or</sup> dismissing the cargo according to prearranged plans. At the end of the <sup>trial</sup> case, Burt Morrison and the other ~~case~~ defendants all received maximum sentences and ~~large~~ <sup>large</sup>, really considerable fines, all of which were later sustained by the Court of Appeals.

One newspaper item which appeared in ~~papers~~ <sup>papers</sup> throughout the south and in ~~briefers~~ <sup>briefers</sup> form throughout the country, related that in the course of the case when I was introduced, that the defense had objected to my appearance.

"Seven Defense attorneys jumped to their feet and protested in behalf of the twenty-five defendants on trial that Mrs. Friedman's translation was a matter of personal opinion. Judge Charles B. Kennamer ruled that she was an expert at a science ~~science~~ and permitted her to testify."

~~THE NEWS ITEM SAID~~

The news item went on to say, "Mrs. Friedman translated one message as reading, ~~ORDERED TRANSFER OF A LIQUOR CARGO~~ 'OUT OF OLD COLONEL IN PINTS'. Another she said, ~~ORDERED TRANSFER OF A LIQUOR CARGO FROM ONE SHIP TO ANOTHER ON THE HIGH SEAS~~ from one ship to another on the high seas".

I recall meeting this charge by the defense council in a number of ~~the~~ cases. The attempt was often made to throw me out of court, so to speak, by claiming that what I produced as plain language for the messages, was merely a matter of personal opinion. Another instance of this was carried even further in New Orleans ~~exactly~~ <sup>e</sup> one year later from the Burt Morrison conspiracy trial. ~~Other~~ <sup>The</sup> defendants in 1934, ~~were~~ <sup>all</sup> charged with conspiracy, numbered fourteen. ~~all~~ <sup>all</sup> had been associated in the Consolidated <sup>Porters</sup> Corporation activities on the Gulf Coast. At this time (END TAPE #13)

Keep  
left out  
O.L.

Tape #14  
Continue B. Morrison Case  
New Orleans 1933

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~~The press clippings which I have concerning that case, I think that I have already mentioned to some extent,~~ apparently numerous press people were present during my testimony because all over the country news articles appeared in which it was stated that I had been cross-examined by the defense attorneys and the number of defense attorneys <sup>24</sup> differed widely in the varying accounts. The ATLANTA JOURNAL of May 3rd, 1933, stated, "Seven defense attorneys <sup>24</sup> jumped to their feet and protested in behalf of the twenty-five defendants on trial, that Mrs. Friedman's translation was a matter of personal opinion. Judge Charles B. Kennamer ruled that she was an expert at a science and permitted her to testify. Mrs. Friedman translated one message as reading: 'OUT OF OLD COLONEL IN PINTS'. Another she said, ordered transfer of the liquor cargo from one ship to another on the high seas."

A New Orleans paper of May 15th, 1934 stated as follows:

"Testimony of Mrs. Elizabeth S. Friedman, Chief Cryptanalyst, Treasury Department, Washington, who decoded wireless messages, ~~said~~ during the alleged conspiracy, was the high point of yesterday's session."

Asked why certain "blanks" appeared in her translation of the code messages, Mrs. Friedman replied that, 'I may be an expert on secret writing, but I am not an expert on names of liquors. Those blanks concerned cargoes of various types of liquor.'

*Headline:*

HEADLINE: "CLASS IN CRYPTOLOGY. Mrs. Friedman at the instance of the government attorney, Norman, conducted a class in solving code messages illustrating to the jury with a blackboard how experts translate into plain language the most complex of code and cipher. Asked by the defense attorney, Edwin H. Grace, if the cipher word for alcohol could just as easily mean bananas or coconuts, Mrs. Friedman replied that, once any particular cipher system is worked out, no doubt can be entertained as to any single word appearing in a sentence."

*(This is not exactly what I said, suppose "a single word" was saubled in two or three words?)*

*this was the simplest of all ciphers, a mono-cipher substitution*

*on page 190*

*\* for note: question - ...*

You can get any other expert in the United States, said Mrs. Friedman, and he would translate these messages precisely as I have done, it is not a matter of opinion, but a matter of science. One message concerning a cargo of liquor translated by Mrs. Friedman concluded with the words, 'suggest give Grace case'. Edwin H. Grace, ~~was~~ <sup>who</sup> with Robert B. Todd in defending the men, maintained after yesterday's session, that the message referred to the case being tried in court, although attaches of the court, the jury and others who smiled when the passage, was read apparently took it to mean something else."

I recall very well the conduct of the ~~editors~~ class, as it was referred to in the foregoing news item. The defense attorneys had more or less naggingly continued questioning for sometime trying to trick me in one way or another and one of the things that they hit upon was to state that the names of liquors which I had used in the decipherment of the messages were not produced. It appeared by the same method as the general body of text. I sought an opportunity here to silence the cross-examination in a decisive manner. I turned to the judge and said, your honor, is there a blackboard available to the court. The judge spoke to the marshal and the defense attorney directed the marshal to bring in a blackboard. I was very ~~editors~~ quickly able to demonstrate the validity of the cipher method which had been used for the names of liquors in many of the messages because that method was simple mono-alphabetic encipherment. For example: THE OLD COLONEL has three e's and three o's. I put the words OLD COLONEL on the ~~editors~~ blackboard in caps and placed beneath the letters their cipher equivalents, thus the three o's were shown in each case to be the identical cipher letter and the three e's likewise. E, the most frequently appearing letter in English and therefore is usually represented by the letter which appears most often in a frequency table of any mono-alphabetic cipher, was present here only once but there were other names of brands which of course contained one or more appearances of the letter E and by quickly looking through the sheets of paper before me from which I had



trucks and several wireless stations and shipped millions of dollars of liquor through New Orleans and this vicinity to the middle West and East."

The same article mentioned me as the star witness, "of the so called million dollar rum conspiracy". The same newspaper reported at the time I had been sworn and was sitting in the witness chair that,

"Seven attorneys for the twenty-five defendants in the conspiracy case are destined to Mrs. Friedman's testimony on the grounds that her translation of the messages was a matter of personal opinion. But Judge Kennamer held with her that she was an expert at a science." (Italic )

This same observation was reported in other newspapers, as for example, the following day in the ATLANTA JOURNAL, which also quoted the instance of the reading of one message OUT OF OLD COLONEL IN PINTS - the message which had lead to the blackboard demonstration heretofore described. Truth of the important Burt Morrison case is brought forth accurately in the following quotation from a letter addressed to the Secretary of the Treasury from Amos W. Woodcock, the celebrated lawyer who himself lead the governments case against the smugglers organization. I quote,

to

"I am taking the liberty to bring to your attention the unusual service rendered by Mrs. Elizabeth Smith Friedman in the trial of the largest smuggling case which the bureau of Prohibition has made during the last two years, I prosecuted the case in the United States District Court at New Orleans.

Mrs. Friedman was summoned as an expert witness to testify as to the meaning of certain intercepted radio code messages. These messages were sent to and from Belize, Honduras, New Orleans, and ships at sea. Without their translations, I do not believe that this very important case could have been won.

Mrs. Friedman made an unusual impression upon the jury. Her descriptions of the art of deciphering and decoding established in the minds of all her entire competency to testify. It would have been a misfortune of the first magnitude in



the prosecution of this case not to have had a witness of Mrs. Friedman's qualifications and personality available." END LETTER

The case is referred to at some length in a memorandum from the intelligence officer at Coast Guard Headquarters to the Commandant of the Coast Guard. There are stated here truthfully and forthrightly, not only the matter of my appearance in the foregoing important case, but also the importance of the Coast Guard Cryptanalytic Section as the only agency with its purpose in the entire government outside the Army and Navy.

"There is attached hereto for your information a letter of appreciation from Colonel A. W. Woodcock, former Director of Prohibition, to the Secretary of the Treasury, highly commending the work of the Cryptanalysis Section at Headquarters in general and the work of Mrs. Friedman, Cryptanalyst in Charge, in particular . . .

The Consolidated Exporters Company is by far the largest and most powerful international smuggling syndicate in existence, controlling practically a monopoly of smuggling in the Gulf of Mexico and on the West Coast. More than two years ago Special Agents of Prohibition raided the headquarters of the syndicate in New Orleans and began an investigation of the smuggling activities of this syndicate of nearly two years duration at a cost to the government of several hundred thousand dollars. More than one hundred persons were indicted, including Bert Morrison and the ring leaders of the agency of the Consolidated Exporters Company, the headquarters of which were in New Orleans, from where smuggling activities were directed throughout the Gulf. The case against the ring leaders of the syndicate was a criminal one, the charge being conspiracy, and it was absolutely essential to connect these ring leaders with the actual operations of the smuggling vessels. There was only one way in which this could be done and that was through radio messages in code and ciphers originating in the office and illicit radio station of the Consolidated Exporters Company's agents in New Orleans, which show that the defendants actually directed the movements of the smuggling vessels.

*Indirect a Single Space*

Hundreds of radio messages in code and cipher between the rum running vessels and shore stations had been intercepted by the Coast Guard Intelligence Office in Mobile and many more were seized by the Special Agents when they raided the headquarters of the syndicate in New Orleans. All of these messages were forwarded to Headquarters where they were deciphered, decoded and systematized by the Cryptanalysis Section. When the United States Attorney went before the Grand Jury for an indictment, Mrs. Friedman was sent from Headquarters as a witness, and when the case came to trial a few months ago, Mrs. Friedman again went to New Orleans as a witness for the prosecution, and, as it developed, the star witness. It is unnecessary to elaborate on Colonel Woodcock's statement that without the work of the Coast Guard Cryptanalysis Section and Mrs. Friedman's expert testimony, he does not believe that this very important case would have been won. I neglected to state that the case was of such importance that Colonel Woodcock, former Director of Prohibition, was sent to New Orleans as Special Assistant to the Attorney General to prosecute the case in person.

It is an interesting commentary on this phase of law enforcement that the Coast Guard is the only agency of the Government connected with law enforcement which has such an extremely valuable section. The Department of Justice has no such section . . .

The Bureau of Narcotics and the Bureau of Customs, Department of Justice, and other agencies of the Government, frequently send codes and ciphers to this office for solution, which was one of the aims when the unit was established -- that of making the Coast Guard known as the law enforcement agency of the Government, in control of radio intelligence and cryptanalysis.

The letter of Colonel Woodcock to the Secretary of the Treasury indicated that this aim is being gradually achieved.

It is suggested that the attached letter be filed with Mrs. Friedman's record in the Chief Clerk's Office."

In a business such as mine has been, details and accuracy in details is an extremely important feature. Therefore, I, unfortunately, too often ~~expressed~~ <sup>felt the</sup> accuracy in others and after this important case was ended and I returned to Washington and newspaper clippings appeared from here and there over the country, I was somewhat annoyed to observe that in this New Orleans case the defendants were variously twenty-three in number of perhaps twenty-five, even twenty-seven; that the number of attorneys who had jumped to their feet and demanded that the judge rule out my testimony as a matter of opinion were seven, but other news items stated there were nine. These and other slight details are doubtless quite unimportant and certainly had no affect on the outcome of the case. The news item, however, which really annoyed me were those appearing in the ATLANTA JOURNAL from May 3rd to the 6th, 1933 because of the headlines attached to them. One headline read, "NEW ORLEANS COURT FREES EIGHT OF TWENTY-FIVE TRIED FOR RUM CONSPIRACY"; another stated, "DEFENDANTS SCORE AGAIN IN TRIAL OF GREAT LIQUOR PLOT". This annoyed me because it was untrue. The so-called defendants score could have referred to nothing more than the fact that all of the defendants were not found equally guilty, in other words, that some of them were found, then or later, guilty of a lesser charge than conspiracy. But as far as the chief defendants were concerned, Bert Morrison included, ~~and~~ it had ~~not~~ been proved that he was the "land agent" of the Consolidated Exporters Corporation of Vancouver, British Columbia and that he had operated between Belize, British Honduras and various points in the United States as the arranger for the carrying into shore from ships at sea, the liquor and also arrangements with the lower class of persons who took charge of the landing of the liquor and the disposing of it thereafter - Bert Morrison, I say, received a maximum sentence as did all of the other chief defendants.

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In a business such as mine has been, details and accuracy in details <sup>are</sup> is an extremely important feature. Therefore, I, unfortunately, too often <sup>expected</sup> ~~expressed~~ accuracy in others and after this important case was ended and I returned to Washington and newspaper clippings appeared from here and there over the country, I was somewhat annoyed to observe that in this New Orleans case the defendants were variously twenty-three in number of perhaps twenty-five, even twenty-seven; that the number of attorneys <sup>245</sup> who had jumped to their feet and demanded that the judge rule out my testimony as a matter of opinion were seven, but other news items stated there were nine. These and other slight details are doubtless quite unimportant and certainly had no effect on the outcome of the case. The news item, however, which really annoyed me were those appearing in the ATLANTA JOURNAL from May 3rd to the 6th, 1933 because of the headlines attached to them. One headline read, "NEW ORLEANS COURT FREES EIGHT OF TWENTY-FIVE TRIED FOR RUM CONSPIRACY"; another stated, "DEFENDANTS SCORE AGAIN IN TRIAL OF GREAT LIQUOR PLOT". This <sup>particu-</sup> annoyed me because it was untrue. The so-called defendants score could have referred to nothing more than the fact that all of the defendants were not found equally guilty, in other words, that some of them were found, then or later, guilty of a lesser charge than conspiracy. But as far as the chief defendants were concerned, Bert Morrison included, ~~and~~ it had~~nt~~ been proved that he was the "land agent" of the Consolidated Exporters Corporation of Vancouver, British Columbia and that he had operated between Belize, British Honduras and various points in the United States as the arranger for the carrying into shore from ships at sea, the liquor and also arrangements with the <sup>other</sup> lower class of persons who took charge of the landing of the liquor and the disposing of it thereafter - Bert Morrison, I say, received a maximum sentence <sup>and</sup> as did all of the other chief defendants.

Early

likewise received sentences commensurate with the charge of which they were found guilty.

The following year in the same month of May, that is May 1934, another trial was opened in New Orleans. This was a kind of postscript to the conspiracy case of the twentysome ~~4~~ defendants the year before. Loose ends left over from the previous <sup>2</sup> Burt Morrison, et al, conspiracy were brought to trial and a fair number of persons, at this time fourteen ( but some news items said eleven) were ~~brought to trial~~ <sup>being tried</sup> in New Orleans. The indictment in this case claimed that this particular conspiracy had begun in the early part of 1931 and had continued through the early part of the year 1934. The reader will recall <sup>that</sup> ~~at~~ the very beginning of 1934 <sup>1</sup> had seen the ratification by the final state which meant the <sup>denuse</sup> passage of the Prohibition era. Therefore, this <sup>New Orleans</sup> case was another loose end being picked up ~~for~~ prosecution by the Federal Government. The TIMES PICAYUNE of New Orleans stated that fifty witnesses were called for the case and mentioned my appearance among them, stating that I had appeared in New Orleans before as an expert witness for the governemnt.

Here again, news items related that the defense attorneys, this time <sup>ed</sup> led by an extremely important ~~attorney~~ attorney in New Orleans named, Edwin H. Grace, had attacked my testimony and in one case had demanded of me why certain ~~blanks~~ blanks appeared in my translation of the messages. The news items stated that I had replied, "I may be an expert on secret writings, but I an not an expert on names of liquors". Defense Attorney Grace had pursued the subject by demanding why the cipher word for alcohol could not just as easily mean bananas or coconuts. The news item goes on, "Mrs. Friedman replied, that once any particular cipher system is worked out, no doubt can be entertained as to any single word appearing in a sentence. You can get any other expert in the United States, said Mrs. Friedman, and he would translate these messages precisely as I/done <sup>have</sup> <sup>I</sup> it is not a matter of opinion but a matter of science."

Another New Orleans paper as well as the one quoted above reported that considerable amusement had been afforded to the persons present in the court room when I had read the decipherment of a certain message which had stated, "Suggest you give Grace case". Of course, the case referred to meant the action of this attorney as defense council for the accused, however, all present including the judge, smiled because of the implication that the word CASE referred to a case of liquor. This was my last visit to New Orleans to appear as a government expert witness. Times were <sup>changing,</sup> ~~change~~, now that the Volstead Act had been repealed along with the nineteenth amendment and from henceforward, there were too many activities occupying the attention of law enforcement bureaus of the Treasury <sup>afford</sup> ~~Department~~ Department to ~~allow~~ time to try all..(END Tape #14)

*Immediately there was laughter in the court room*

Tape #14  
Continue B. Morrison Case  
New Orleans 1933

The press clippings which I have concerning that case, I think ~~that~~ I have already mentioned to some extent, <sup>A</sup>apparently numerous press people were present during my testimony because all over the country news articles appeared in which it was stated that I had been cross-examined by the defense attorneys and the number of defense attorneys differed widely, in the varying accounts. The ATLANTA JOURNAL of May 3rd, 1933, stated, "Seven defense attorneys jumped to their feet and protested in behalf of the twenty-five defendants on trial, that Mrs. Friedman's translation was a matter of personal opinion. Judge Charles B. Kennamer ruled that she was an expert at a science and permitted her to testify. Mrs. Friedman translated one message as reading: 'OUT OF OLD COLONEL IN PINTS'. Another she said, ordered transfer of the liquor cargo from one ship to another on the high seas."

A New Orleans paper of May 15th, 1934 stated as follows:

"Testimony of Mrs. Elizabeth S. Friedman, Chief Cryptanalysis Treasury Department, Washington, who decoded wireless messages, said during the alledged conspiracy, was the high point of yesterdays session.

Asked why certain "blanks" appeared in her translation of the code messages, Mrs. Friedman replied that, 'I may be an expert on secret writing, but I am not an expert on names of liquors. These blanks concerned cargoes of various types of liquor."

HEADLINE: "CLASS IN CRYPTOLOGY. Mrs. Friedman at the instance of the government attorney, Norman, conducted a class in solving code messages illustrating to the jury with a blackboard how experts translate into plain language the most [complex of code and cipher.] Asked by the defense attorney, Edwin H. Grace, if the cipher word for alcohol could just just as easily mean bananas or coconuts, Mrs. Friedman replied that, once any particular cipher system is worked out, no doubt can be entertained as to any single word appearing in a sentence.

\* Complex? Rubbish. Simplest cipher method possible: monoalphabetic substitution. These names of liquors were the only simple words in the methods used. It was my good

therefore the defense lawyer to have the names of alcohol brands.

You can get any other expert in the United States, said Mrs. Friedman, and he would translate these messages precisely as I have done, it is not a matter of opinion, but a matter of science. One message concerning a cargo of liquor translated by Mrs. Friedman concluded with the words, 'suggest give Grace case'. Edwin H. Grace, ~~was~~<sup>who</sup> with Robert B. Todd in defending the men, maintained after yesterday's session, that the message referred to the case being tried in court, although attaches of the court, the jury and others who smiled when the passage was read, apparently took it to mean something else."

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testified, my eye was able to catch quickly brand names which contained more than one occurrence of the letter E and also the word alcohol with e's and o's which when put upon the blackboard revealed the same cipher letters as had been used for the e's and o's of the OLD COLONEL which already had been placed <sup>there</sup> on the blackboard. By this time the defense attorneys were nervously indicating ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> they had had proof, and not black and white whiskey.

This demonstration in the court room by a blackboard seemed to set the press on fire. While I pursued my business quietly in New Orleans, both ~~short~~ <sup>short</sup> and long articles were appearing in the press all over the country. Although I had not spoken with any reporters and in fact could not have distinguished reporters in the court room from any of the general public, apparently they were there, because photographs of me and articles, short and long, appeared here and there and everywhere. Although I ~~did see~~ <sup>saw</sup> some of the items in the New Orleans papers while I was in that city.

This was a conspiracy case. I had been told throughout my work in this field for the government by the legal associates with whom I had worked, that the charge of conspiracy, whatever the background or specific conspiracy is, is by far the most difficult of charges to prove. Therefore, I was not surprised to learn from the newspapers, in this case, I being excluded from the court room until I was called upon to testify <sup>to</sup> whatever knowledge I had, did come from those either prosecuting or observing the case. <sup>said</sup> As I ~~read~~, I learned from the newspapers, for example in ~~the~~ New Orleans Item of May 2nd, 1933:

"The conspiracy case against the twenty-five defendants was made at a cost of about five hundred thousand dollars to the government, it was learned today and took more than a year to make. The charge is, that the ring leaders, Burt Morrison and — Goldberg, and the O'Neil Brothers, Joseph Merchant employing the other defendants, operated a syndicate which owned a fleet of rum ships, hundreds of

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trucks and several wireless stations and shipped millions of dollars of liquor through New Orleans and this vicinity to the middle West and East."

The same article mentioned me as the star witness, "of the so called million dollar rum conspiracy" *and reported Judge Kennamer's ruling that my testimony was admissible because I was an expert at a science and not a victim of my own report and opinion* The same newspaper reported at the time I had been sworn and was sitting in the witness chair that,

"Seven attorneys for the twenty-five defendants in the conspiracy case are destined to Mrs. Friedman's testimony on the grounds that her translation of the messages was a matter of personal opinion. But Judge Kennamer held with her that she was an expert at a science." (Italic )

This same observation was reported in other newspapers, as for example, the following day in the ATLANTA JOURNAL, which also quoted the instance of the reading of one message OUT OF OLD COLONEL IN PINTS - the message which had lead to the blackboard demonstration heretofore described. Truth of the important *ce of the* Burt Morrison case is brought forth accurately in the following quotation from a letter addressed to the Secretary of the Treasury from Amos W. Woodcock, the celebrated lawyer who himself lead the governments case against the smugglers organization. I quote,

"I am taking the liberty ~~of~~ <sup>to</sup> bring to your attention the unusual service rendered by Mrs. Elizabeth Smith Friedman in the trial of the largest smuggling case which the Bureau of Prohibition has made during the last two years, I prosecuted the case in the United States District Court at New Orleans.

"Mrs. Friedman was summoned as an expert witness to testify as to the meaning of certain intercepted radio code messages. These messages were sent to and from Belize, Honduras, New Orleans, and ships at sea. Without their translations, I do not believe that this very important case could have been won.

"Mrs. Friedman made an unusual impression upon the jury. Her descriptions of the art of deciphering and decoding established in the minds of all her entire competency to testify. It would have been a misfortune of the first magnitude in

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the prosecution of this case not to have had a witness of Mrs. Friedman's qualifications and personality available." ~~END LETTER~~

The case is referred to at some length in a memorandum from the intelligence officer at Coast Guard Headquarters to the Commandant of the Coast Guard. There are stated here truthfully and forthrightly, not only the matter of my appearance in the foregoing important case, but also the importance of the Coast Guard Cryptanalytic Section as the only agency with its purpose in the entire government outside the Army and Navy.

"There is attached hereto for your information a letter of appreciation from Colonel A. W. Woodcock, former Director of Prohibition, to the Secretary of the Treasury, highly commending the work of the Cryptanalysis Section at Headquarters in general and the work of Mrs. Friedman, Cryptanalyst in Charge, in particular . . .

*indent*  
"The Consolidated Exporters Company is by far the largest and most powerful international smuggling syndicate in existence, controlling practically a monopoly of smuggling in the Gulf of Mexico and on the West Coast. More than two years ago Special Agents of Prohibition raided the headquarters of the syndicate in New Orleans and began an investigation of the smuggling activities of this syndicate of nearly two years duration at a cost to the government of several hundred thousand dollars. More than one hundred persons were indicted, including Bert Morrison and the ring leaders of the agency of the Consolidated Exporters Company, the headquarters of which were in New Orleans, from where smuggling activities were directed throughout the Gulf. The case against the ring leaders of the syndicate was a criminal one, the charge being conspiracy, and it was absolutely essential to connect these ring leaders with the actual operations of the smuggling vessels. There was only one way in which this could be done and that was through radio messages in code and ciphers originating in the office and illicit radio station of the Consolidated Exporters Company's agents in New Orleans, which show that the defendants actually directed the movements of the smuggling vessels.

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Hundreds of radio messages in code and cipher between the rum running vessels and shore stations had been intercepted by the Coast Guard Intelligence Office in Mobile and many more were seized by the Special Agents when they raided the headquarters of the syndicate in New Orleans. All of these messages were forwarded to Headquarters where they were deciphered, decoded and systematized by the Cryptanalysis Section. When the United States Attorney went before the Grand Jury for an indictment, Mrs. Friedman was sent from Headquarters as a witness, and when the case came to trial a few months ago, Mrs. Friedman again went to New Orleans as a witness for the prosecution, and, as it developed, the star witness. It is unnecessary to elaborate on Colonel Woodcock's statement that without the work of the Coast Guard Cryptanalysis Section and Mrs. Friedman's expert testimony, he does not believe that this very important case would have been won. I neglected to state that the case was of such importance that Colonel Woodcock, former Director of Prohibition, was sent to New Orleans as Special Assistant to the Attorney General to prosecute the case in person.

" It is an interesting commentary on this phase of law enforcement that the Coast Guard is the only agency of the Government connected with law enforcement which has such an extremely valuable section. The Department of Justice has no such section . . .

" The Bureau of Narcotics and the Bureau of Customs, Department of Justice, and other agencies of the Government, frequently send codes and ciphers to this office for solution, which was one of the aims when the unit was established -- that of making the Coast Guard known as the law enforcement agency of the Government, in control of radio intelligence and cryptanalysis.

" The letter of Colonel Woodcock to the Secretary of the Treasury indicated that this aim is being gradually achieved.

" It is suggested that the attached letter be filed with Mrs. Friedman's record in the Chief Clerk's Office. "

Substant

Substant

Another New Orleans paper as well as the one quoted above reported that considerable amusement had been afforded to the persons present in the court room when I had read the decipherment of a certain message which had stated, "Suggest you give Grace case". Of course, the case referred to meant the action of this attorney as defense council for the accused, however, all present including the judge, smiled because of the implication that the word CASE referred to a case

of liquor. This was my last visit to New Orleans to appear as a government expert witness. Times were ~~changing~~ <sup>changing,</sup> now that the Volstead Act had been repealed along with the ~~nineteenth~~ <sup>Eighteenth</sup> amendment and ~~from~~ henceforward, there were too many activities occupying the attention of law enforcement bureaus of the Treasury, ~~afford~~ <sup>afford</sup> ~~Department to~~ ~~time~~ to ~~try~~ <sup>place on trial</sup> all... (END Tape #14)

"leftovers" of the Prohibition Era

150

(and the court room audience burst into laughter)

laughter

CONF. & CO. read 96  
Texas cases

It has been related elsewhere that I had been sent to Houston, Texas in 1928 to solve some messages which the District Attorney there had subpoenaed from Western Union and which was expected to produce evidence of value against defendants in the liquor smuggling business who had been indicted in the Southern District of Texas. I have related that a pile of messages had been subpoenaed from Western Union which was the size of a small trunk, ~~and these~~ ~~Among these~~ messages which I had sorted, classified and solved over a period of a month or more in Houston, ~~I had~~ <sup>and then</sup> returned to Washington, ~~and~~ <sup>Office</sup> whenever thereafter the District Attorney's in that district believed that cipher messages from which they obtained evidence and leads were of the water tight nature which could be used in court against any defendant, I was again summoned to Texas. ~~I appeared in more than~~ <sup>having been</sup> one case there. In June of 1930, I was requested by the United States District Attorney of the Southern District of Texas to appear in the <sup>session</sup> court which was to be held in Galveston for the trial of three men who were charged with ~~not only~~ conspiracy but the actual operation of smuggling of liquor from Belize, British Honduras, to the Texas coast. I arrived in Galveston about 9am on a Monday morning; the Assistant United States Attorney met me at the railroad station and we went directly to the courtroom. Judge J. C. Hutcheson was already on the bench and the clerk of the court was going through the roster of cases which would be heard. ~~When I,~~ <sup>as</sup> <sup>sat</sup> sitting in the back of the courtroom with Malcolm McCorquodale, the young Assistant District Attorney, <sup>I</sup> heard the names of ~~these~~ defendants, "Frenchy" Arnautou, Joe LaRosa and John Ratliffe known as "Little Business"; when these names ~~I say~~ <sup>read</sup> were heard off by the clerk of the court, the young District Attorney nudged me and said, "this is the case in which you appear."

Break  
None for

CONEXCO IN THE GULF  
sub-heading Texas cases

It has been related elsewhere that I had been sent to Houston, Texas in 1928 to solve some messages which the District Attorney there had subpoenaed from Western Union and which was expected to produce evidence of value against defendants in the liquor smuggling business who had been indicted in the southern district of Texas. I have related that a ~~pile~~ <sup>stack</sup> of messages had been subpoenaed from Western Union which ~~was the size of a small trunk.~~ <sup>would have filled</sup> ~~Among~~ Among these messages which I had sorted, classified and solved over a period of a month or more in Houston, I had returned to Washington and whenever thereafter the District Attorney's in that district believed that cipher messages from which they obtained evidence and leads were of the water tight nature which could be used in court against any defendant, I was again summoned to Texas. I appeared in more than one case there. In June of 1930, I was requested by the United States District Attorney of the southern district of Texas to appear in court which was to be held in Galveston for the trial of three men who were charged with not only conspiracy but the actual operation of smuggling of liquor from Belize, British Honduras to the Texas coast. I arrived in Galveston about 9am on a Monday morning, the Assistant United States Attorney met me at the railroad station and we went directly to the courtroom. Judge J. C. Hutcheson was already on the bench and the clerk of the court was going through the roster of cases which would be heard. When I, sitting in the back of the courtroom with Malcolm McCorquodale, the young assistant District Attorney, heard the names of these defendants, "Frenchy Arnautou, Joe LaRosa and John Ratliffe known as "Little Business", when these names I say were heard off by the clerk of the court, the young District Attorney nudged me and said, "this is the case in which you appear."

Judge Hutcheson, as is customary, requested the attorney or attorneys for these defendants to arise. I looked toward the <sup>front</sup> heart of the courtroom to take a look at the defense council <sup>set</sup> whom I would face when on the stand. To my astonishment, to put it <sup>as</sup> mildly as possible, I saw stand <sup>ing</sup> up and turning to face the Judge, thus giving me a quite clear look at the profile of this person, ~~was~~ a very buxom young woman, highly colored as to complexion, with flashing black eyes and hair, and, horror of horrors, shifting a wad of gum from one side of her mouth to the other <sup>as</sup> and she addressed the Judge, acknowledging that she represented the defense. I whispered to Mr. McCorquodale, "who in the world is that?" He smiled, and replied, ~~and said,~~ "there is quite a story here, I will tell you when there is a court intermission".

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There was a court intermission declared by the Judge at the end of the recital of cases and after Judge Hutcheson knew what was <sup>ahead of</sup> him in this session of court <sup>for</sup> in the Southern district of Texas. I could hardly wait to hear the story of the woman attorney. Her name, it appeared, was Sadie Bevalacqua, a local girl of Italian parentage who had grown up and been ~~educated~~ <sup>educated</sup> as briefly ~~as possible~~ in the Galveston school. At this late date, I cannot recall whether or not she was a high school graduate but if so, that had been the end of her education. She had married one of the local characters whose business had been that so common in Galveston during the Prohibition era. His friends had been the characters whose names had now been appearing for some years as defendants <sup>in</sup> trials for felony, conspiracy and the like. <sup>for smuggling liquor</sup> Whether the man Sadie married actually was a smuggler himself, I do not recall but certainly the associates with whom he and his buxom young wife, Sadie, <sup>I was told,</sup> comported themselves <sup>↑</sup> had been of the above mentioned class.



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There had come a time when Sadie's husband felt that he had made enough money that he would take his beautiful young wife to his homeland, Italy, which he did. When they returned to the United States, our immigration service had not permitted Sadie's husband to re-enter the country and he had been sent back to his homeland, never to return. The young wife, however, having been born <sup>in</sup> America, <sup>she</sup> was found to have a quite-in-order passport hence she was admitted, and returned to Galveston, her native city. Whether her motive for entering upon law practice was the need of money or simply her attempt to show her friendship for the former associates of her husband and herself, I do not know. But the truth is, that Sadie Bevalacqua presented herself to the elderly bearded group of men who constituted the Texas Board of Fire Examiners, in this period when it was totally unnecessary and definitely not required by law for a person to have gone to any type of law school or college and indeed had not even passed an apprenticeship in a practicing lawyer's office - it was entirely up to the state Board of Examiners, who if they were pleased by the applicant who appeared before them for oral examination alone, would deny or grant a license to practice law. I perhaps am cynical, but I <sup>inferred</sup> believed from this story that Sadie's appearance and her vocal affluence, her pertinence <sup>ness</sup> in verbal attack and the like, had <sup>so</sup> pleased the Texas Board of Bar Examiners, all of whom were men, of course, and so had launched upon her practice of defending <sup>by</sup> these <sup>such men as the</sup> whom I present <sup>documented</sup> would have called underworld characters. (Of course, the Prohibition era took thousands of people into illicit operations who would definitely would not have been underworld characters if it had not been for the unpopular feeling generally held against the law, the Volstead Act.)

Thus a modern version of "Sensanna and the Elders" came to life in Texas in the Roaring Twenties.

Whether or not any person could practice law in Texas.

omit?

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There was considerable argument in the Galveston courtroom when the United States Attorney, M. H. Holden, wished to introduce the telegrams passing between Belize, Galveston and New Orleans which Mr. Holden maintained, in part were proof of the conspiracy charge; and argument which was continued into the second day, Judge Hutcheson having ~~maintained~~ maintained that a "connection" between the persons named in the telegrams and the defendants must be shown. Finally, however, he agreed to permit the cipher telegrams to be introduced. I recall as I was sworn in and took my place in the witness chair, I observed the jury. I was convinced that they had neither the education or the native intelligence to understand the significance of the messages about which I was to testify. In fact, I recall observing them carefully while I sat in that chair waiting for some discussion (haggling, I personally should have called it) between the United States District Attorney, <sup>and</sup> the defense council <sup>se</sup> and the Judge <sup>until</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>when</sup> they made a final ruling that I would be heard. I remember thinking as I observed the jury during this period that they were probably persons as is all too often seen on juries who would decide a case on the color of a necktie, that someone such as one of the defendants <sup>or the District Attorney</sup> wore, or whether or not the jury liked ~~his~~ <sup>or disliked a defendant's</sup> appearance or felt that he had a raw deal in some minor detail of the <sup>was</sup> conduct of the case, or some other irrelevant point. However, I determined, if possible, to make an impression upon them. Therefore, I was very careful to speak in monosyllabic words, <sup>wherever possible</sup> ~~wherever possible~~ to omit the mention of all <sup>technical</sup> ~~concrete~~ terms, and to keep my testimony to the bare essentials which I felt would be comprehensible to such a jury.

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At the end of my testimony, Sadie Bevalacqua, of course, <sup>was told she could</sup> cross-examined. The word which had been used in these telegrams concerning purchase and shipment of liquor in cases was the simple code word

*It will be recalled that the "code" had been heard in the New Orleans*  
"coconut". The remainder of the messages had been in a more or less  
simple cipher system. I recall that Sadie Bevalacqua had asked me  
concerning a message which had stated, "advising can't send more than  
10,000 coconuts", from the Malhado Brothers in Belize to an alias of  
one of the defendants. Mrs. Bevalacqua, in her cross-examination,  
asked me, "if I knew whether Malhado and Son raised coconuts. I smiled,  
and said, "no, of course I did not know". The smile <sup>was</sup> being caused, of  
course, by the fact that the Malhado Brothers were <sup>well</sup> known to be in the  
liquor business and the largest importers and exporters to liquor  
smugglers of any place in the North American Hemisphere, outside of  
Vancouver, British Columbia. My general knowledge, however, <sup>if</sup> was not  
fitting <sup>however, for my general knowledge</sup> to be brought forth by me voluntarily, and so I kept silent.

70 Then Mrs. Bevalacqua said to Judge Hutcheson, shifting the ever  
present wad of gum from one side of her mouth to the other as she talked,  
"But your honor, this 'code' and 'cipher': I do not understand." Whereupon  
the judge <sup>quickly</sup> turned to me <sup>waiting for see to go</sup> without the defense council going further, ~~into~~  
~~her non-understanding~~ and directed me in a commanding voice, "please  
explain".

72 Here was my chance. <sup>for some fun</sup> I instinctively set forth on a period of verbal  
harassment of the <sup>bold</sup> brave defense council, <sup>se after</sup> having been so gentle and so  
careful in my handling of the jury. I thereupon, after the judge's  
command, launched into an explanation of the terms code and cipher  
which I <sup>loaded</sup> LOADED with as many technical terms as possible and made as  
complicated as possible <sup>and sat</sup> directly addressing Mrs. Bevalacqua,  
<sup>was</sup> hardly able to conceal my amusement as I saw her, like a drowning sailor,  
sinking underneath my barrage of polysyllabic phraseology. Sadie  
Bevalacqua struggled to her feet after about three minutes of my dis-  
course and said, "I object". This statement on her part brought some  
laughter in the courtroom. <sup>does not an</sup> For an attorney to object to the explanation  
which the attorney herself had demanded. However, Judge Hutcheson was

not amused. He pounded his gavel to silence the courtroom and directed his then very vocal command<sup>o</sup> to Sadie Bevalacqua herself *in a resounding voice, the courtroom of score barely* saying, "You asked for this explanation, now you're going to listen to it." Then turning to me he ~~said~~, "proceed", which, of course, I did with ~~only slightly lessened~~ <sup>no</sup> enjoyment of the experience. *commanded ing of my*

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The outcome of this particular case was ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> to the satisfaction of the United States Attorney's. Judge Hutcheson instructed the jury that there had been no proper connection traced between the cipher telegrams and the defendants. This, however, did not invalidate my testimony but simply proved that the District Attorney's office had not produced sufficient evidence to show that the aliases used in the telegrams were really those belonging to the three defendants.

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However, this case was immediately succeeded by another where a considerably larger number of defendants were tried. In these Galveston cases, as elsewhere <sup>and</sup> as had Sadie Bevalacqua in the case just described, *was* always challenged my testimony as a matter of opinion. Judge Hutcheson, of course, did not agree with this, ~~and~~ as in all other cases wherever they were, <sup>wherein</sup> the defense council had raised such an objection. <sup>se</sup> Sadie <sup>Bevalacqua</sup> was also overruled.

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Judge Hutcheson was <sup>shortly thereafter</sup> later appointed to the United States Court of Appeals in New Orleans, Louisiana where, so far as I know, he remains to this day. I had been told by the young assistant U. S. Attorney in Galveston when he related to me Sadie Bevalacqua's background story, that Judge Hutcheson was an extremely scholarly man and that ~~the~~, Judge Hutcheson actually suffered when he had to hear cases where ~~such~~ <sup>such</sup> defense council as ~~as~~ <sup>Sadie she</sup> appeared. Perhaps it was this feeling on his part which had moved him to command me to make the explanation which I had made on the witness stand, and also to silence Sadie when she attempted to object to my answer to her own question. <sup>a few</sup> Years later,

*[Handwritten mark]*

*happened to see*

*102*

(25)

I, by accident, saw Judge Hutcheson ~~sitting on a divan~~ in the Mayflower Hotel in Washington. I went up to him and greeted him explaining who I was and when I had first met him, and recalled the circumstance of my period of fun at Sadie Bevalacqua's expense. Judge Hutcheson then related to me that Sadie had a year or two before been presented to the Supreme Court of the United States for license to practice before the <sup>the</sup> most august law body in this country, and had been granted this privilege. She had been a successful practicing attorney in and around Galveston for some years, although the liquor smuggling days were over. But then, <sup>re</sup> ~~doubtless~~ as elsewhere, those who had learned the ways of the easy money in the liquor smuggling game, ~~doubtless~~ continued in allied branches which <sup>also</sup> afforded ~~easy~~ easy money gains. At any rate, Sadie Bevalacqua had not lacked clients.