13 June 1946
Munich

Dear Folks:

Pitho, we definitely said that we were going to Czecho-
slavakia two days ago, it has been shored back, first until
today, and now until Monday.

Two days ago General Jay, (he who wanted to take our house and
decided not to) related a curious tale to our Chief, and asked that it
investigated. He himself
had learned about the thing thru
the accident that someone had casually related
it to him. The story is this.

Last August, 1945, in
north-east of Czecho-
slavakia
By the way, two things occurred. A Countess was robbed of a large amount of jewelry; her husband, the Count, "died"; and three American officers are involved in some way. One of the officers is here in Munich in the regular army, another one was supposed to have revealed possession of certain of the jewels in Montreal. The value of the jewels was about $100,000. Incidentally, in army files there is no record of a complaint having been made.

Now, our job will be
more or less "breaking the earth."
We shall have to: (1) search Czech police records for a "countess" who was robbed of jewelry last August; (2) inquire into the nature of the count's death; (3) get the records of Czech police investigation, with all available details; (4) interview all the people involved whom we will have uncovered in our search. (All this without knowing the countess' name, or in which part of Czechoslovakia she lived or died. It is by no means definite that it occurred in the American occupied strip, since it was fashionable to "week-end" all
So, we held up our departure for a couple of days, planning to leave this morning. Planning to leave......

I have probably already remarked, how in our business, “troubles never come singly.” It seems that all our cases group themselves perhaps 75% into definite rush periods. This morning was the worst example of this. By 9 a.m., having ½ of our agents out already, we had received three more cases, two of them important, violence on
Americans. In spite of the fact that everyone was busy, Berg and I still planned to take off for Heidelberg. We would leave at noon.

About 11:30 a.m., as I was lounging around our house, I got a rush telephone call to run down to our downtown office. (I was the only German speaker here.) I ran down, and found the M.P. station standing on its head.

The case that two of our agents took this morning was the shooting of two M.P.'s by an unknown
person. I sensed that something big must have broken, if I was told to stand-off from the Czech departure, for the £100,000 jewel robbery (with all the excitement over the Hesse jewels) was considered our biggest case.

Something big had really broken. The wounding of the two M.P.'s had ballooned into something fantastic.

They had gotten hold of the assailant's girl and were questioning...
her. In her purse they found 7 photos of a blond man, who, someone noticed, had a strange resemblance to the extent photo of Martin Bormann, Hitler’s deputy. One of our agents took a photo of Bormann over to a wounded M.P. in the hospital, and without knowing whose photo it was, the M.P. shouted: “That’s him! I’d know that face anywhere!”

Well, all pandemonium broke loose! Counter Intelligence Corps was called in, and shortly 4 Agents were in yelling questions at the girl. There
were already 4 of us, and M.P.'s 8.
kept drifting into the room. The very
room of the questioning was the perfect
picturing of the confusion. Everyone got
the idea to "get out ahead" and get the
credit for catching Bornmann. Unfortunately
this afternoon was the perfect example
of how not to work a case. Such a
complete chasse you cannot imagine!
I didn't know where witnesses were;
copies of the interviews were grabbed up
and run off with; CIC called kidnapped
the witnesses. It was just this way
that the Passau case (murder of three officers)
was lost. In the first 36 hours
following commission of the crime, about 4 local agencies had pulled a similar stunt, and by the time the only trained criminologists in Europe could get there, namely us, there was actually a path worn thru' the fallen plaster in the room of crime. The case was lost in the last 36 hrs.

At first I loftily scorned the idea it could be Bormann. I had reasons, good ones. But late this afternoon, CIC announced that the Bormann Investigative Staff (yes, there is one) in Frankfurt had announced that the man's name who shot the M.P.'s, HELMUTH SCHMITZ, was one of the aliases of Bormann! And little Bobby got in the by now wildly uncoordinated and
frantic steeplechase. Just as I changed into civilian clothes and was about to take off in a German car with a German Criminal policeman, we got a telephone call that Schmitz had been captured and wounded by the German Police. We were the only ones who had notified the German Police. By the way, it definitely was not Bormann. This fellow is about 10 years too young.

Also today, one of our Agents plus a German policeman caught HARTMANN, the former chief of the GESTAPO in Luxembourg. He was one of the few big Gestapo men still at large. CIC was furious that they had been robbed of the "catch." That's the way CIC is.

But has this been a day! Will probably leave Monday, 17 June 46 for Czechoslovakia. Love, Bob.