

Chapter 1 : Local Cincinnati Breaking News and Live Alerts - WLWT News 5

After World War I, Kenwood's tree-lined boulevards became especially attractive to wealthy Chicago Jews, including Nathan F. Leopold, Sr. Leopold, Sr.'s parents, Samuel and Babette, had emigrated to the U.S. from Germany after the failed revolution of in that country, settling first in Michigan, where Nathan was born.

The Loeb's owned a summer estate, now called Castle Farms, in Charlevoix, Michigan, in addition to their mansion in Kenwood, two blocks from the Leopold home. Though Leopold and Loeb knew each other casually while growing up, meeting in the summer of [12], their relationship flourished at the University of Chicago, particularly after they discovered a mutual interest in crime. In a letter to Loeb, Leopold wrote, "A superman He is not liable for anything he may do. Emboldened, they progressed to a series of more serious crimes, including arson, [15] but no one seemed to notice. Disappointed with the absence of media coverage of their crimes, they decided to plan and execute a sensational "perfect crime" that would garner public attention, and confirm their self-proclaimed status as "supermen". They spent seven months planning everything from the method of abduction to disposal of the body. To obfuscate the precise nature of their crime and their motive, they decided to make a ransom demand, and devised an intricate plan for collecting it, involving a long series of complex delivery instructions to be communicated, one set at a time, by phone. They typed the final set of instructions involving the actual money drop in the form of a ransom note, using the typewriter stolen from the fraternity house. A chisel was selected as the murder weapon, and purchased. Loeb knew Bobby Franks well; he was his second cousin, an across-the-street neighbor, and had played tennis at the Loeb residence several times. Using an automobile that Leopold had rented under the name "Morton D. Ballard", they offered Franks a ride as he walked home from school. The boy refused initially, since his destination was less than two blocks away; [21] but Loeb persuaded him to enter the car to discuss a tennis racket that he had been using. The precise sequence of the events that followed remains in dispute, but a preponderance of opinion placed Leopold behind the wheel of the car, while Loeb sat in the back seat with the chisel. Loeb struck Franks, sitting in front of him in the passenger seat, several times in the head with the chisel, then dragged him into the back seat, where he was gagged and soon died. While Loeb went about his daily routine quietly, Leopold spoke freely to police and reporters, offering theories to any who would listen. He even told one detective, "If I were to murder anybody, it would be just such a cocky little son of a bitch as Bobby Franks". Though common in prescription and frame, they were equipped with an unusual hinge mechanism [27] purchased by only three customers in Chicago; one was Nathan Leopold. Their confessions otherwise corroborated most of the evidence in the case. Caverly to impose sentences of life imprisonment. Crowe, presented over a hundred witnesses documenting details of the crime. It is hardly fair to hang a year-old boy for the philosophy that was taught him at the university. Now, your Honor, I have spoken about the war. I believed in it. Sometimes I think perhaps I was. I approved of it; I joined in the general cry of madness and despair. I urged men to fight. I was safe because I was too old to go. I was like the rest. What did they do? Right or wrong, justifiable or unjustifiableâ€”which I need not discuss todayâ€”it changed the world. For four long years the civilized world was engaged in killing men. Christian against Christian, barbarian uniting with Christians to kill Christians; anything to kill. It was taught in every school, aye in the Sunday schools. The little children played at war. The toddling children on the street. Do you suppose this world has ever been the same since? How long, your Honor, will it take for the world to get back the humane emotions that were slowly growing before the war? How long will it take the calloused hearts of men before the scars of hatred and cruelty shall be removed? We read of killing one hundred thousand men in a day. We read about it and we rejoiced in itâ€”if it was the other fellows who were killed. We were fed on flesh and drank blood. Even down to the prattling babe. I need not tell you how many upright, honorable young boys have come into this court charged with murder, some saved and some sent to their death, boys who fought in this war and learned to place a cheap value on human life. You know it and I know it. These boys were brought up in it. The tales of death were in their homes, their playgrounds, their schools; they were in the newspapers that they read; it was a part of the common frenzyâ€”what was a life? It was the least sacred thing in existence and these

boys were trained to this cruelty. It will take fifty years to wipe it out of the human heart, if ever. I know this, that after the Civil War in , crimes of this sort increased, marvelously. No one needs to tell me that crime has no cause. It has as definite a cause as any other disease, and I know that out of the hatred and bitterness of the Civil War crime increased as America had never seen before. I know that Europe is going through the same experience today; I know it has followed every war; and I know it has influenced these boys so that life was not the same to them as it would have been if the world had not made red with blood. I protest against the crimes and mistakes of society being visited upon them. All of us have a share in it. I cannot tell and I shall never know how many words of mine might have given birth to cruelty in place of love and kindness and charity. Your Honor knows that in this very court crimes of violence have increased growing out of the war. Not necessarily by those who fought but by those that learned that blood was cheap, and human life was cheap, and if the State could take it lightly why not the boy? There are causes for this terrible crime. There are causes as I have said for everything that happens in the world. War is a part of it; education is a part of it; birth is a part of it; money is a part of it—all these conspired to compass the destruction of these two poor boys. Has the court any right to consider anything but these two boys? The State says that your Honor has a right to consider the welfare of the community, as you have. If the welfare of the community would be benefited by taking these lives, well and good. I think it would work evil that no one could measure. Has your Honor a right to consider the families of these defendants? I have been sorry, and I am sorry for the bereavement of Mr. Franks, for those broken ties that cannot be healed. All I can hope and wish is that some good may come from it all. But as compared with the families of Leopold and Loeb, the Franks are to be envied—and everyone knows it. I do not know how much salvage there is in these two boys. I hate to say it in their presence, but what is there to look forward to? I do not know but what your Honor would be merciful to them, but not merciful to civilization, and not merciful if you tied a rope around their necks and let them die; merciful to them, but not merciful to civilization, and not merciful to those who would be left behind. To spend the balance of their days in prison is mighty little to look forward to, if anything. They may have the hope that as the years roll around they might be released. I do not know. I will be honest with this court as I have tried to be from the beginning. I know that these boys are not fit to be at large. I believe they will not be until they pass through the next stage of life, at forty-five or fifty. Whether they will then, I cannot tell. I am sure of this; that I will not be here to help them. So far as I am concerned, it is over. I would not tell this court that I do not hope that some time, when life and age have changed their bodies, as they do, and have changed their emotions, as they do—that they may once more return to life. I would be the last person on earth to close the door of hope to any human being that lives, and least of all to my clients. But what have they to look forward to? And I think here of the stanza of Housman: I care not, your Honor, whether the march begins at the gallows or when the gates of Joliet close upon them, there is nothing but the night, and that is little for any human being to expect. But there are others to consider. Here are these two families, who have led honest lives, who will bear the name that they bear, and future generations must carry it on. He watched him, he cared for him, he worked for him; the boy was brilliant and accomplished, he educated him, and he thought that fame and position awaited him, as it should have awaited. Should he be considered? Should his brothers be considered? Shall these be taken into account in this general bereavement? Have they any rights? Is there any reason, your Honor, why their proud names and all the future generations that bear them shall have this bar sinister written across them? How many boys and girls, how many unborn children will feel it? It is bad enough as it is, God knows. It is bad enough, however it is.

Chapter 2 : The Chicago Crime Scenes Project: Bobby Franks' Home

At p.m. March 8, a male flagged down police to report a home invasion at his girlfriend's house, police said. After responding to the report, a year-old woman told investigators that Jankovich, her ex-boyfriend, forced his way into her home in the block of Kenwood Drive about p.m. March 7 and wouldn't allow her or her 4-month-old daughter to leave.

These two men were Richard Loeb and Nathan Leopold. They were the privileged heirs of well-known Chicago families who had embarked on a life of crime for fun and for the pure thrill of it. There were also a pair of sexual deviants who considered themselves to be brilliant -- a claim that would later lead to their downfall. When captured, the case became known as "the trial of the century". Nathan Leopold had been born in and from an early age had a number of homosexual encounters, culminating in a relationship with Richard Loeb. He was an excellent student with a genius IQ and was only 18 when he graduated from the University of Chicago. Like many future killers, his family life was totally empty and devoid of control. His mother had died when he was young and his father gave him little attention. Richard Loeb was the son of the Vice President of Sears and Roebuck and while he was as wealthy as his friend, Loeb was merely a clever young man and far from brilliant. What he lost in intelligence, he more than made up for in arrogance however. He fancied himself a master criminal detective but his dream was to commit the perfect crime. With his more docile companion, Leopold, Loeb began developing what he believed to be the perfect scheme. He also constantly searched for ways to control others. Not long after the two became friends, Leopold attempted to initiate a sexual relationship with Loeb. He would engage in sex with Leopold, but only under the condition that the other boy begin a career in crime with him. Leopold agreed and they signed a formal pact to that affect. Over the course of the next four years, they committed robbery, vandalism, arson and petty theft, but this was not enough for Loeb. He dreamed of something bigger. A murder, he convinced his friend, would be their greatest intellectual challenge. They worked out a plan during the next seven months. For a victim, they chose a 14 year old boy named Bobby Franks. He was the son of the millionaire Jacob Franks, and a distant cousin of Loeb. They were already acquainted with the boy and he went happily with them on that May afternoon. They drove him to within a few blocks of the Franks residence in Hyde Park then suddenly grabbed him, stuffed a gag in his mouth and smashed his skull four times with a chisel. He fell to the floor and bled to death in the car. When the brief bit of excitement was over, Leopold and Loeb casually drove away, stopped for lunch and then ended up near a culvert along the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks. Franks that he could soon expect a ransom demand for the return of his son. However, by the time the letter arrived, workmen had already stumbled upon the body of Bobby Franks. Leopold had dropped his eyeglasses near the spot where the body had been hidden and police had cleverly traced the prescription back to him. The ransom note was discovered to have been typed on a machine that Leopold had stolen from his fraternity house. The police quickly traced the note back to the killers. After questioning, Loeb broke first. The people of Chicago, and the rest of the nation, were stunned and soon people were crying for the blood of the two killers. It was fully expected that the two would receive a death sentence for the callous and cold-blooded crime. Then, in stepped Clarence Darrow. Darrow would have less trouble with the case than he would with his clients, who constantly clowned around and hammed it up in the courtroom. Darrow was fighting an uphill battle but he brought out every trick in the book and used shameless tactics in the case. He declared the boys to be insane. Leopold, he said, was a dangerous schizophrenic. After this weighty proclamation, Darrow actually began to weep. The trial became a landmark and some say a bad one in criminal law. He then began to describe a detailed description of what would happen to the men as they were hanged, providing a graphic image of bodily functions and physical pain. Darrow turned to the prosecutor and invited him to perform the execution. Loeb was observed to shudder and Leopold got so hysterical that he had to be taken out of the courtroom. Darrow then wept for the defendants, wept for Bobby Franks The crowded courtroom during the trial. The master manipulator won the case. He only managed to get that after threatening to sue them. Leopold and Loeb were sent to the state prison in Joliet and officials there were ridiculed by the public and the press for the special treatment they received. Obviously, money was changing hands as each enjoyed a private cell, books, a desk,

a filing cabinet and even pet birds. They were also allowed any number of unsupervised visitors and were allowed to keep their own gardens. In January though, Loeb was murdered by another prisoner who claimed that he had killed the other man because he had tried to make homosexual advances toward him. The attacker slashed Loeb 56 times in the back with a homemade knife and left him to bleed to death in the shower room. In fact, the murder had been committed because the other prisoner felt shortchanged because Loeb had not given him as many cigarettes as he had given to some of the other prisoners. Leopold lived on in prison for many years and was said to have made many adjustments to his character and some would even say had rehabilitated completely. Even so, appeals for his parole were turned down three times. Finally, in , his fourth appeal was pleaded by the poet Carl Sandburg, who even went as far as to offer Leopold a room in his own home. Finally, in March of that year, he was released. There, he worked among the poor, married a widow and died in . Although ghosts of violent murder have often been believed to walk the earth, the spirit of Bobby Franks has always rested in peace, perhaps because his killers were brought to justice. There is one spirit believed to linger from this case however Reports tell of instances where the ghost of Darrow has been seen along the back steps of the Museum of Science and Industry in Chicago. The apparition is reported dressed in a suit, hat and overcoat and bears a striking resemblance to the attorney. The figure is reported to stand and stare out across the water before disappearing. Why his ghost walks is unknown The Hyde Park-Kenwood neighborhood that was scarred by the murder of Bobby Franks is much changed from . The residence of Nathan Leopold at South Greenwood Avenue was destroyed and the property was subdivided.

Chapter 3 : LEOPOLD & LOEB: CHICAGO'S THRILL KILLERS

Two brothers have been arrested after a year-old man was abducted from his Kenwood apartment, officials with the Hamilton County Sheriff's Office said.

Leopold, son of a shipping and paper magnate, lived in the mansion at S. The home at S. Greenwood was built in by Charles B. Van Kirk, one of the founders of the Chicago Board of Trade. Later, he became a major player in paper mills as well, forming the Fiber Can Corporation, and operating a paper mill at suburban Morris, Illinois. The Leopolds had three children: Foreman, Samuel, and Nathan, Jr. In the fall of , Leopold re-enrolled at the University, seeking a degree from the Law School. Both were students of epicurean and nihilist philosophies, with Leopold a master of medieval erotic literature and an avowed atheist. In any case, for adventure and thrills, the two first hatched a plan to kidnap the son of a wealthy Chicago family for ransom, puzzling for months over the question of how to collect the ransom without capture. Finally, they pieced together a complex and daring plan. The father of the kidnapped boy would be directed by taxicab to a 63rd street drug store, where he would receive a telephone call telling him to immediately catch a southbound train from the nearby station, presumably before police could be notified. On the train, he was to find a note telling him to throw the bag containing the money from the train at a certain point between two stations, where Leopold and Loeb would be waiting to receive the loot. The kidnapping and murder itself were no less carefully planned. Leopold planned to rent an automobile, by which the victim would be spirited away. However, then as now, rental service companies demanded reliable credit before allowing a borrower the keys. Mason, giving a work telephone number associated with a local lunch counter. Ballard certainly did work for him " and was one of his best employees. The two agreed that after classes on Wednesday, May 21, , they would say they went to the north end of Lincoln Park to look for a particular bird Leopold was hunting, a heron-gull. Their story would continue with the two drinking gin and wine in the park, with the younger Loeb becoming mildly drunk. With their story straight, Leopold and Loeb drove around the neighborhood on the afternoon of the 21st, looking for a victim. At the Harvard School, a private primary school for wealthy children on Ellis Ave. Come in a minute, I want to ask you about a tennis racket. Later at trial, Loeb would claim that he was driving while Leopold delivered the fateful blow to the victim in the back seat; Leopold claimed the opposite, and it was never determined who actually killed Franks. In any case, a taped-up chisel blow to the head rendered Franks unconscious just minutes after he got in the car, and a gag placed in his mouth quickly suffocated him. They played cards until late that night. Of course, Bobby Franks was already dead, and the family did in fact contact police, but the police chose not to file a formal report immediately in order to keep the supposed kidnapers in the dark while detectives followed up leads. The unidentified boy was found naked except for his eyeglasses, strewn a few feet away in the mud, and one stocking. The railroad man who found him placed the glasses back on his face and called for backup in moving him to the morgue. Just before the taxi arrived, however, word came by telephone: Just one thing was wrong: Bobby Franks had perfect eyesight and never wore glasses. Hence, the famous clue that would finally break the case. This fact narrowed the list of suspects to just three in the Chicago area, one of whom was Nathan F. The attention of the police, which had initially focused on various teachers at the Harvard School where Franks attended, and a suspicious druggist who had recently attempted suicide, turned completely to Leopold. You see, I am interested in ornithology [study of birds]. I frequently go there with classes and with companions. I believe I was there either the Friday or the Saturday just before the murder. But had the glasses lain in the dirt for a week, as Leopold claimed, they would have been covered with dirt and streaked with rain, when in fact they were found completely clean. Next, Crowe showed Leopold the ransom note, which had been published in the newspapers during the past week. Do you think that you could have written such a letter? There is one mistake in the letter. The word kidnapping is spelled kidnaping. I noticed it at the time. Leopold confidently repeated the alibi he and Loeb had agreed upon, describing their travels to Lincoln Park to look for birds, the drinking, the girls they met in Washington Park, and so on. The police began to believe that Leopold was in fact innocent, the victim of an unusual and coincidental set of circumstances. During 30

hours of questioning, Leopold held court with detectives and reporters, demonstrating his superior intellect on any subject proposed. Police very nearly released him. He demanded to speak with Crowe and District Attorney John Sbarbaro , and began confessing the true story of the murder. When told that Loeb was confessing, Leopold realized the jig was up and admitted his role in the killing. Do you recall when I was standing at my desk? I had my hand on my gun. A few days later, divers would find the typewriter, essentially closing the case on the two killers. An early notion to plead not guilty on defense of insanity was quickly rejected by their counsel, world-famous attorney Clarence Darrow who had defended the indefensible in Chicago before. Instead, Darrow convinced the boys and their families to plead guilty, and try to avoid the death penalty. A hearing before a judge began in late August, , and concluded on September . Both were assigned to Joliet penitentiary. Loeb, initially the more popular in prison, and the less aloof of the two, was murdered in the shower room in by a fellow prisoner who claimed Loeb had made homosexual advances toward him. Leopold served a minimum required third of his sentence and was released in , living the rest of his life as a hospital worker in Puerto Rico, where he died in . The story of the two brilliant young murderers who killed for adventure and pleasure was irresistible to newspaper publishers throughout the world. Were they jaded by the jazz-life of gin and girls, so that they needed so terrible a thing as murder to give them new thrills? After the trial, in October, , Nathan Leopold, Sr. The Leopold mansion was destroyed in the late s. The large home pictured at the top of this post was built on the site, but the photo below shows the home as it looked in the s. Nathan Leopold mansion, circa

Chapter 4 : Kidnapping in the United States - Wikipedia

Sheriff's officials said Miguel Garcia, who had been sought in connection with several felony charges before his death in Kenwood, is suspected of kidnapping and later killing Pacheco.

Ellis at the time of his kidnapping and murder on May 21, Franks, was a retired industrialist, formerly president of the Rockford Watch Company, with its factory in Rockford, 90 miles northwest of Chicago, and had at one time served as president of the Chicago Public Library. Franks had lately taken an interest in Christian Science. But in May, , Jacob Franks, his wife, Flora, and their three children, lived in peace at their large home, which towered over the corner of Ellis and 51st Street, also known as Hyde Park Blvd. The trouble started on Wednesday, May 21, Bobby Franks, then 14, was a small, thin boy, but active in sports, and on that afternoon, he had volunteered to serve as an umpire at a baseball game among his schoolmates at the all-boys Harvard School, located on Ellis, north of 48th street. The Franks Home at S. Ellis, at it appeared in Around 5: About the time he reached 49th street, he was hailed by a friend, Richard Loeb, who was sitting in a car with Nathan Leopold. Loeb, a frequent tennis partner for Bobby Franks, called out to him, asking him to get in the car so they could talk about a certain racquet Loeb was interested in. It was the wrong place, and the wrong time, for Bobby Franks. Within minutes, Franks was dead, suffocated and traumatized by sharp blows to the head. They had scolded Bobby before for coming home after 5: Franks called a close friend, former state senator and Chicago corporate counsel Samuel Ettelson, and the two walked back to the Harvard School, and finding a window open, searched the classrooms thoroughly for the boy. While they were gone, Mrs. Franks fretted at home. Of course you know by this time that your boy has been kidnapped. We have him and you need not worry; he is safe. We must have money. We will let you know tomorrow what we want. We are kidnapers and we mean business. If you refuse us what we want or try to report us to the police we will kill the boy. Franks dropped the telephone and fainted, and lay unrevived until her husband returned home. Believing now that their boy had been kidnapped, but was still alive, the Franks, along with family friend Ettelson, discussed their options until late in the evening. Franks and Ettelson decided to approach the police for help. Ettelson was close friends with Chief of Detectives Michael Hughes , and expected to find him when the two men arrived at the Detective Bureau. Welling about the situation, but swore him to secrecy until the morning, afraid that a police report would lead to publicity, which would cause the kidnapers to harm Bobby. With his fellow employees, they dragged the body onto dry land, and called for police from the East Side station. Since Welling had filed no police report, the East Side officers had no inkling that a boy from Kenwood matching the physical stature of their victim had been kidnapped. Instead, they assumed the boy they found was likely an accidental drowning. They searched the area around the scene, finding a single sock and a pair of horn-rimmed glasses they assumed belonged to the boy, and had all transported to the morgue. Ellis, hand-addressed to Mr. Highly unusual among ransom notes for its lucidity and clear prose, it was obviously the work of a lettered mind: As you no doubt know by this time, your son has been kidnapped. Allow us to assure you that he is at present well and safe. You need fear no physical harm for him provided you live up carefully to the following instructions and such others as you will receive by future communications. Should you, however, disobey any of our instructions, even slightly, his death will be the penalty. For obvious reasons, make absolutely no attempt to communicate with either the police authorities or any private agency. Should you already have communicated with the police, allow them to continue their investigations, but do not mention this letter. The money must be old. Any attempt to include new or marked bills will render the entire venture futile. The wrapping paper should be sealed at all openings with sealing wax. See that the telephone is not in use. You will receive a future communication instructing you as to your future course. As a final word of warnings “ this is a strictly commercial proposition, and we are prepared to put our threat into execution should we have reasonable grounds to believe that you have committed an infraction of the above instructions. However, should you carefully follow out our instructions to the letter, we can assure you that your son will be safely returned to you within six hours of our receipt of the money. Yours truly, George Johnson Pictured: Hand-lettered envelope in which ransom note arrived Believing he had only to

follow the directions in the letter to recover his boy, Jacob Franks set out for the bank immediately. The writer of the letter certainly seemed like a rational man. Franks insisted there be no mistakes in following the orders he had been given, no opportunities for the kidnappers to harm Bobby. When Ettleson told him he had received word that telephone operators were gossiping about the tracing hold on his phone, Franks called off the tracing. No publicity was to get in the way of the ransom payment. Time dragged until 3: Franks was to enter the cab, with the money, and order the driver to take him to the drug store at the corner of 63rd St. There he would receive another call. On the train was a note indicating the money should be thrown from the train at a certain point where Leopold and Loeb would be waiting to collect it. It was a cinematic, but practically perfect, plan. When the cab arrived at his home a few minutes later, Mr. Franks rushed out with the money. Entering the car, he asked the driver to take him, as quickly as possible, to the drug store at the corner of 63rd St. Was it Kimbark Ave.? Just then, the telephone rang. It was his brother-in-law, Edwin Gresham. News about the dead boy found in the culvert on the far south side had made its way back to Lieut. Welling, who immediately saw the implication, and Gresham had been asked to go to the morgue to check whether it was Bobby. It was, of course, and just then he called the Franks residence with the terrible news. The cab driver was sent away. The police, now investigating a murder, immediately turned their attention to the teachers at the Harvard School. Then, as now, male teachers were seen with some suspicion, and the writer of the ransom note was clearly well-educated. The police questioned students at the school. Does he ever put his arm around you? Do you ever feel odd around him? Reporters at the stationhouse yelled pointed questions, pointedly asking each if they had girlfriends or wives. Walter Wilson, math teacher at the school, was grilled especially closely. Coincidentally, one of those pairs belonged to Nathan Leopold, who lived in North Kenwood, just around the block from the Franks home. Once Loeb admitted the crime, Leopold did too, knowing that the key to avoiding the noose was to paint Loeb as the brains of the operation. Both pled guilty to the murder of Bobby Franks, and with the help of superstar attorney Clarence Darrow, both narrowly escaped the death penalty in favor of life sentences. Shortly after the verdict, Jacob Franks moved his family out of the home at S. Besides a desire to leave the place where they were constantly reminded of their lost son, ghoulish tourists took photographs and knocked on the door at all times. The home was sold and the family moved into a large suite at the luxurious Drake Hotel on N. Franks home auction notice from September, Jacob Franks died in , and Flora remarried Albert Louer, a Chicago attorney, in , remaining at the Drake Hotel until her death in . The home at S. The Manaster family moved in , and the home was renovated for use as a school. By , the old building had become the DeLena Day School, which began as a nursery and grew to offer classes through 8th grade. The DeLena School remained open until December, . Since then, the building has remained empty. The building is currently in a serious state of disrepair, with overgrown landscaping and crumbling steps.

Chapter 5 : Police: Kidnapped man found duct-taped in stolen car; 2 arrested

KENWOOD "It looks like work at the historic Franks mansion in Kenwood, where the victim of the so-called "perfect crime" lived more than 90 years ago, will restart after years of delays.

The new website has a cleaner look, additional video and audio clips, revised trial accounts, and new features that should improve the navigation. The murder trial of Richard Loeb and Nathan Leopold that shocked the nation is best remembered decades later for the twelve-hour long plea of Clarence Darrow to save his young clients from the gallows. His summation, rambling and disorganized as it was at times, stands as one of the most eloquent attacks on the death penalty ever delivered in an American courtroom. Mixing poetry and prose, science and emotion, a world-weary cynicism and a dedication to his cause, hatred of bloodlust and love of man, Darrow takes his audience on an oratorical ride that would be unimaginable in a criminal trial today. Even without Darrow in his prime, the Leopold and Loeb trial has the elements to justify its billing as the first "trial of the century. The crime that captured national attention in began as a fantasy in the mind of eighteen-year old Richard Loeb, the handsome and privileged son of a retired Sears Roebuck vice president. Loeb was obsessed with crime. Despite his intelligence and standing as the youngest graduate ever of the University of Michigan, Loeb read mostly detective stories. He read about crime, he planned crimes, and he committed crimes, although none until were crimes involving physical harm to a person. For Loeb, crime became a sort of game; he wanted to commit the perfect crime just to prove that it could be done. Like Loeb, Leopold was a child of wealth and opportunity, the son of a millionaire box manufacturer. At the time of their crime, Leopold was a law student at the University of Chicago and was planning to begin studies at Harvard Law School after a family trip to Europe in the summer. As a student of philosophy, Leopold was attracted to Friedrich Nietzsche. At one time Leopold contemplated killing Loeb over a perceived breach of confidentiality. This relationship, described by Darrow as "weird and almost impossible," led the two boys to do together what they almost certainly would never have done apart: Motives are often unclear, and they are in this trial. Murder was a necessary element in their plan to commit the perfect crime. The two teenagers spent months discussing and refining a plan that included kidnapping the child of a wealthy parents, demanding a ransom, and collecting the ransom after it was thrown off a moving train as it passed a designated point. Neither Loeb nor Leopold relished the idea of murdering their kidnap victim, but they thought it critical to minimizing their likelihood of being identified as the kidnappers. Their victim turned out to be an acquaintance of the two boys, Bobby Franks. Franks was simply in the wrong place at the wrong time. Loeb asked Franks to come over to the car, asked him to get in the car to discuss a tennis racquet, then killed him with a chisel as the two drove off. Most evidence suggests that Loeb, sitting in the rear seat behind Franks, killed the boy with several blows to the head see the testimony of defense psychiatrist Bernard Gluek, who says Loeb admitted to being the killer , but there is some dispute about this. Leopold and Loeb drove their rented car to a marshland near the Indiana line, where they stripped Franks naked, poured hydrochloric acid over his body to make identification more difficult, then stuffed the body in a concrete drainage culvert. Franks received a phone call from Leopold, who identified himself as "George Johnson. Franks, however would not get into the Yellow Cab that pulled up in front of his home. He had just received another call, this one from the police, spoiling hope that the perfect crime would be executed. The body of Bobby Franks had been identified; a laborer happened to see a flash of what turned out to be a foot through the the shrubbery covering the open culvert where the body had been placed. Ransom note sent to Franks There would have been no arrests and no trial but for what the prosecutor called "the hand of God at work in this case. The glasses, belonging to Nathan Leopold, had slipped out of the jacket he removed as he struggled to hide the body. They had an unusual hinge and could be traced to a single Chicago optometrist, who had written only three such prescriptions, including the one to Leopold. When questioned about the glasses, Leopold said that he must have lost them on one of his frequent birding expeditions. He was asked by an investigator to demonstrate how the glasses might have fallen out of his pockets, but failed after a series of purposeful trips to dislodge the glasses from his coat. Questioning became more intense. Leopold said that he spent the

twenty-first of May picking up girls in his car with Loeb and driving out to Lincoln Park. Among the items found in a search of the Leopold home was a letter written by Nathan strongly suggesting that he and Loeb had a homosexual relationship. He said he was certain that the Leopold car, the one the boys claimed they had spent the night driving around with girls, had not left the garage on the day of the murder. Loeb confessed first, then Leopold. Their confessions differed only on the point of who did the actual killing, with each pointing the finger at the other. His opinion of Darrow would soon change. He later described his attorney as a great, simple, unaffected man, with a "deep-seated, all-embracing kindness. With "not guilty" pleas, the state had planned to try the boys first on one of the two charges, both of which carried the death penalty in Illinois, and if it failed to win a hanging on the first charge, try again on the second. The guilty plea also meant that the sentencing decision would be made by a judge, not by a jury. Caverly, was a "kindly and discerning" man. With the public seemingly unanimous in calling for death, Darrow did not want to face a jury. The best talent psychiatric talent had to offer was sought out by both sides to examine the defendants. Even Sigmund Freud was asked to come to Chicago for the trial, but his poor health at the time prevented the visit. The prosecution argued that psychiatric testimony was only admissible if the defendants claimed insanity, while the defense argued strenuously that evidence of mental disease should be considered as a mitigating factor in consideration of the sentence. Judge Caverly listens to testimony of a boy who talked to Loeb The trial technically a hearing, rather than a trial, because of the entry of guilty pleas of Leopold and Loeb lasted just over one month. The state presented over a hundred witnesses proving-- needlessly, in the opinion of many-- every element of the crime. Lay witnesses, classmates and associates of Loeb, were offered to prove his belligerence, inappropriate laughter, lack of judgment, and childishness. The state offered in rebuttal psychiatrists who saw normal emotional responses in the boys and no physical basis for a finding of mental abnormality. On August 22, , Clarence Darrow began his summation for the defense in a "courtroom jammed to suffocation, with hundreds of men and women rioting in the corridors outside. Never before or since the Leopold and Loeb trial has the deterministic universe, this life of "a series of infinite chances", been so clearly made the basis of a criminal defense. She works in mysterious ways, and we are her victims. Nature takes this job in hand, and we only play our parts. In the words of old Omar Khayyam, we are only Impotent pieces in the game He plays Upon this checkerboard of nights and days, Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays, And one by one back in the closet lays. What had this boy had to do with it? He was not his own father; he was not his own mother All of this was handed to him. He did not surround himself with governesses and wealth. He did not make himself. And yet he is to be compelled to pay. He reminded the judge how little Leopold and Loeb would have to look forward to in the long days, months, and years ahead: The reporter wrote, "There was scarcely any telling where his voice had finished and where silence had begun. It lasted for a minute, two minutes. He sarcastically attacked the arguments of "the distinguished gentlemen whose profession it is to protect murder in Cook County, and concerning whose health thieves inquire before they go out and commit a crime. The "real defense" in the case, according to Crowe, was "Clarence Darrow and his peculiar philosophy of life. He called the murder "a crime of singular atrocity. He said that he was doing them no favor: In , Loeb was slashed and killed with a razor in a showroom fight with James Day, another inmate. Day was acquitted by a jury. Leopold managed to keep intellectually active in prison. He taught in the prison school, mastered foreign languages, worked as an x-ray technician in the prison hospital, reorganized the prison library, volunteered to be tested with an experimental malaria vaccine, and designed a new system of prison education. In , after thirty-four years of confinement, Leopold was released from prison. To escape the publicity accompanying the release of *Compulsion*, a movie based on the crime and which Leopold and his lawyer, Elmer Gertz, challenged in a lawsuit as an invasion of privacy , Leopold migrated to Puerto Rico. He wrote a book entitled *The Birds of Puerto Rico*. Despite saying in an interview that he was still deeply in love with Richard Loeb, he married. Leopold said he often found himself wondering during his years in Puerto Rico at what point the thirty-four dark years in prison became balanced by the subsequent sunshine of freedom. Leopold died following ten days of hospitalization on August 30, The next morning his corneas were removed. One was given to a man, the other to a woman.

Chapter 6 : An Account of the Leopold and Loeb Case

Two other Napa men, year-old Jose Cortes-Siordia and year-old Luis Avila Arriaga, were arrested in April in connection with the Rohnert Park kidnapping, according to the Press Democrat.

Chapter 7 : Wisconsin man charged with home invasion and kidnapping in Round Lake Park

On an afternoon in May , the sons of two of Chicago's wealthiest and most illustrious families drove to the Harvard School for boys in Kenwood and kidnapped a young boy named Bobby Franks.

Chapter 8 : Leopold and Loeb - Wikipedia

Cincinnati police are looking for a man who kidnapped and carjacked a year-old outside his apartment in the CUF neighborhood. By Amber Jayanth. Published October 18, at PM.

Chapter 9 : Table of contents for Library of Congress control number

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