

'MYSTERY WOMAN' MAY BE USED TO REFUTE JAFSIE'S STORY OF KIDNAP - MURDER

Defense Produces Surprise 'Exhibit' During Grilling of Educator; Dr. Condon Admits Knowing Her.

(Continued From Page One)

Four months later he died on his native soil. Before he left, he turned all his possessions over to Hauptmann, including, according to the stolid Bronx carpenter, a shoe box which contained nearly \$15,000 in the ransom bills.

Fisch and Hauptmann had been in partnership, Hauptmann says, in the fur business.

The defense strategy revolved, again, around their theory that the crime was committed by a gang rather than a lone wolf. In reading over the ransom notes received by Dr. Condon, Mr. Reilly roared each reference to "We" he found in them.

He plans to attack the case against the former machine runner of the imperial German army on the technical grounds that the indictment against him alleges that Hauptmann alone conceived and executed the crime.

The Bronx schoolmaster, who reached his 75th birthday anniversary only two days ago, was in fine fettle as he parried Mr. Reilly's questions. He met belligerency with snappy retorts.

Admonishes Defense Counsel

He instructed counsel not to shout at him, "because I'm not deaf." Occasionally he wagged an impressive finger in Mr. Reilly's direction, as though he were admonishing a pupil.

Over and over again, the red faced, flushed defense counsel, carried Jafsie through the details of his meetings with the man he says is Hauptmann, in the Bronx cemeteries. He made him describe to the minutest detail every occurrence of the dark nights on which he says he talked at length with the extortioner.

Dr. Condon was asked to demonstrate how "John" had his coat collar up around his chin. He hunched his chin down and pulled the collar of his blue serge coat up around his neck.

Q—What kind of a hat did he have on? A—May I borrow one and show you?

Gets Hat From Spectator

Mr. Reilly procured a hat from a spectator and Jafsie said the hat held in his hand was similar to John's, but John's brim was turned up.

Jafsie was in much better form than yesterday afternoon. He took a part in the legal proceedings, and seemed to realize that he could not ramble through his testimony. Time and time again he shook his head and laughed when he saw Mr. Reilly was on the verge of protesting against "unresponsive answers," and shaking his head, declared, "You're right, Mr. Reilly."

There was, too, a disposition on his part to prove to the courtroom fans that he was a man of extensive knowledge, particularly regarding all forms of athletics.

He didn't try to "correct" Mr. Reilly's English as often as he did when the Brooklyn lawyer's questions began to fluster him late yesterday afternoon.

Lindbergh Listens Intently

The interest Hauptmann displayed in the proceedings of the last two days seemed to have died down, and while he listened to all the testimony, there was considerable apathy in his appearance, and he was slumping down in his seat.

Col. Lindbergh, his hair rumpled and tossed, watched Dr. Condon's performance intently, however, and he and his close friend, Col. Henry Breckinridge, appeared to be digesting every word of the story.

Once, when Jafsie complained Mr. Reilly wasn't "talking English," the attorney said:

Q—We differ about English, don't we? A—No, it's the way you express yourself.

Q—You don't want me to talk baby talk do you? A—No.

Q—Did you visit City Island about April 10? A—I believe I did.

Admits He Told Neighbors

Q—When you went to City Island, whom did you go with? A—Friends of 35 years' standing and neighbors.

Q—Did you tell any of these City Island people that you thought a gang of four or five people committed the kidnapping? A—I don't remember.

Q—Did you on April 10, 1932, tell your neighbors at any time that you were the Jafsie of the ads? A—I don't remember.

Q—Did you ever tell any one you

were the Jafsie of the ads? A—Yes.

Q—Then you did tell the neighbors of the island you were the Jafsie? A—Generally speaking, yes.

Q—Will you give me the names of some of the people you told that you were the Jafsie in the ads? A—Jafsie ran over a list of his neighbors' names and said he talked to them about the case, "after some one else published the fact" that he was Jafsie.

Stops to Adjust Suspender

Q—Did you ever see a woman took part in the negotiations? A—Mr. Wilentz objected because the question did not include "name, time or place." The objection was sustained.

The procedure halted while Jafsie adjusted his right suspender.

"It hurts a little bit," he explained.

The defense was attempting to prove that Jafsie actually was a garrulous old man, who told whatever stories suited his fancy to any one who would talk to him. It will bring a number of witnesses to the stand who will say that Jafsie told them strange tales about the ransom negotiations and his part in them.

Q—After the defendant was arrested did you ask Detective Callahan of the Bronx for some pictures of this defendant so you could study them?

Q—Did anybody give you pictures of the defendant? A—No.

Q—Did you say to Callahan, don't tell anyone you gave me the pictures?

A—No. (Emphatically.)

Saw Hauptmann in Bronx

Q—Where were you when you saw Hauptmann in the Bronx in the latter part of August, 1934?

A—I was riding in a bus.

Q—Give me the number of the bus?

A—I don't remember.

Q—Give me the chauffeur's license?

A—I didn't take it.

Q—Did you make an outcry? A—In the bus, yes.

Q—Give me the name of some one who heard you? A—I didn't ask any one for his name.

Q—Did you tell the bus driver to run this man down? A—No, he couldn't run him down in that traffic.

Q—Fifty people might have been killed.

Mystery Letters Revealed

Q—Where did the man go? A—He disappeared in the woods up by Pelham-park.

Q—Then it is your sworn testimony that you saw this man you say paid the ransom to—the man who double-crossed you—and you made no effort to capture him?

A—Yes.

Q—Did you ever tell any one at City Island you were receiving mail from the kidnappers?

An objection to the question was sustained.

Q—I ask you whether you ever received this letter? (Reilly handed him a letter.) A—Yes.

Q—When? A—I can't say exactly.

Q—Can you say if this letter was received during ransom negotiations?

A—I couldn't say.

Q—Did you receive this letter? (A second one was given him.) A—Yes, in November, 1932.

Admits Knowing Woman

The letters were offered in evidence by Mr. Reilly. Justice Trenchard termed the procedure irregular.

Mr. Reilly led out of the crowd a woman in a green dress and hat, and brought her up to the witness chair. Her name was given only as "Mrs. Koeran."

Q—Did you ever see this lady before?

Jafsie looked at her intently, and said:

"I believe she came to my house one time with a Mrs. Bush."

Q—Did you give her any letters and did you tell her that the handwriting in those letters corresponded to that in the ransom notes?

A—Not that I recall.

Mrs. Koeran, a middle-aged woman, turned and went back to her place in the section reserved for witnesses.

Denies Ouster by School

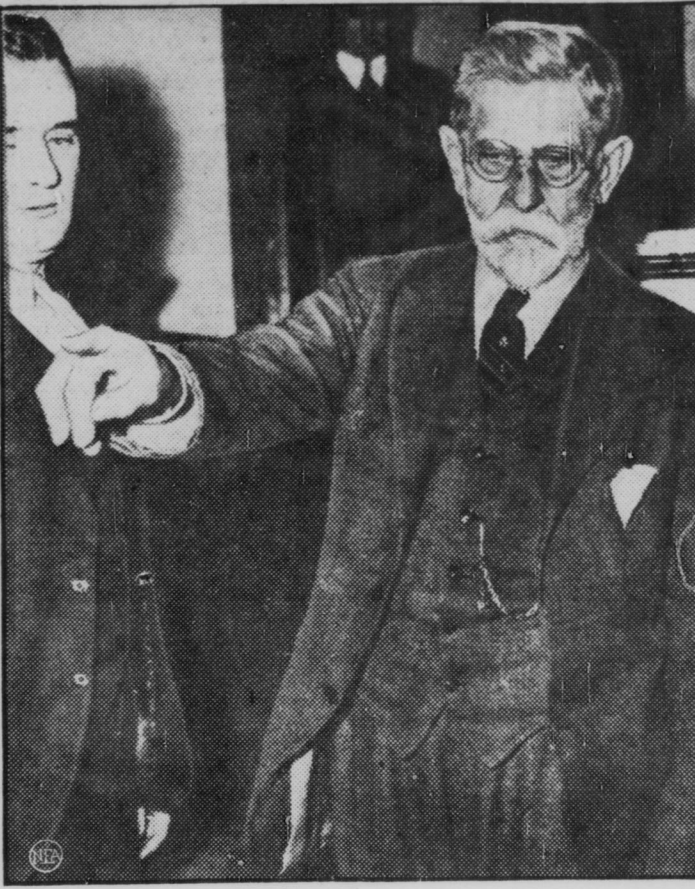
Mr. Wilentz asked that the letters as evidence, be read to the jury. Mr. Reilly protested that the letters would be more intelligible to the jury when the defense's case was in progress.

Finally, the state agreed the let-

HAUPTMANN'S NONCHALANCE VANISHES UNDER 'GUILTY' BRANDINGS



Nonchalance vanished and Bruno Hauptmann sat with chin in hand, his face appearing as if carved from stone, when witnesses branded him with guilt.



The gnarled finger of an 87-year-old Prussian army veteran, leveled accusingly at Bruno Hauptmann, touched off the greatest sensation of the trial, when Mandus Hochmuth (above) of Hopewell, N. J., declared that he saw the accused in a dim green sedan, containing a ladder, near the Lindbergh home on the day of the kidnapping.

ters could be withheld temporarily. Q—Were you transferred after being principal 3 years of a Public School 32 at the teachers' request? A—At my request.

Mr. Reilly and Mr. Wilentz engaged in debate on the method of questioning. Mr. Wilentz protested the "assassination of a witness by inference." A moment later Mr. Reilly thundered:

"Isn't it a fact that you were transferred from the public school by the Board of Education at the request of teachers for conduct unbecoming a gentleman with a woman teacher?"

Hauptmann Rushed Away

"No," Dr. Condon replied, smiling.

Court recessed for lunch. Hauptmann was rushed from the courtroom. Two guards grabbed the prisoner's hands. Hereafter he has made his way from the courtroom leisurely—a guard in front and to his rear.

At the noon recess a woman said: "Dr. Condon, that was a terrible question for Mr. Reilly to ask you."

"Yes, it was," Jafsie replied. "I had his hanging on the ropes and he resorted to fouling."

C. Lloyd Fisher, associate defense counsel, was the first of the battery of lawyers to make an appearance in the court this morning. He chatted casually with Hauptmann, who appeared even more pale than usual. His eyes are sunken, and there are deep black circles beneath them.

Mr. Fisher announced today he would call the newspaper men who heard the Bronx carpenter call Joseph Perrone a "liar" to the witness stand. He wanted testimony introduced to show his client's reaction to the charge that he (Hauptmann) sent a note by Perrone to Jafsie.

Mr. Reilly, obviously resenting the general impression that the 74-year-old school teacher bested him during two hours of cross-examination yesterday afternoon, intimated early he would keep Dr. Condon on the stand all day.

But aside from personal vanity, it was essential to his case that he either obtain some modification of the positive manner in which Dr. Condon identified Hauptmann as the ransom collector, and by implication, as the kidnaper, or discredit him in the eyes of the jury.

Accuses Suspect Three Times

Not once but three times, in a loud voice, carefully enunciating every syllable, Dr. Condon said the mysterious John to whom he paid the ransom in St. Raymond Cemetery, the Bronx, was Hauptmann. It was the most damaging evidence the state has elicited to date against the taciturn German carpenter.

When Jafsie leaves the stand he will be replaced by Arthur Koehler, expert lumberman of the Government's Department of Agriculture.

Mr. Koehler will testify that the wood used in the kidnap ladder is of the timber grown in only two parts of the country—in upper New York state and in a section of Wisconsin. Lumber from the Wisconsin section was shipped by the National Mill and Lumber Co., a Bronx distributing firm.

Handwriting Experts Due It has been ascertained that Hauptmann bought lumber from the Bronx firm that distributed the Wisconsin product. It is also a matter of record that an 18-inch length of wood missing from the floor of the attic in Hauptmann's Bronx home fits snugly into a groove of the kidnap ladder.

After Mr. Koehler will come the experts—men versed in the microscopic quirks of handwriting. They will testify that the handwriting in the ransom notes corresponds with Hauptmann's. Hereafter he has been forced to inscribe after his arrest. They also will say it corresponds with the handwriting on his automobile license application.

When the defense opens its case, Hauptmann's lawyers will bring their own handwriting experts to the stand who will testify that Hauptmann's script bears no resemblance to that of the ransom notes.

Today is the day that Mr. Reilly promised to name four persons—two men and two women—as the kidnappers. He already has begun to hedge on that promise, and the last thing he is going to subject was that "nobody is going to bully me into doing this until I get good and ready."

He was referring to demands by the state that if he had evidence implicating anybody in the kidnapping, it was his duty to step forward and present it to the court.

GRACE M. E. CHURCH ASSIGNED NEW PASTOR

Rev. Brooks Shake to Be Succeeded by Lawrenceburg Man.

The Rev. W. C. Calvert, for the last eight years pastor of the Lawrenceburg Methodist Episcopal Church, has been appointed to succeed the Rev. B. Brooks Shake at the Grace M. E. Church here, it was announced today by Bishop Edgar Blake, Detroit, Mich., and the Rev. Dr. William C. Hartinger, Indianapolis district superintendent.

Rev. Shake was called to the Elkhart (Ind.) Methodist Episcopal Church. Rev. Calvert will assume his duties here Jan. 20.

Thieves Get Medical Supplies Medicine and other supplies valued at \$25 were taken last night from the parked car of Dr. C. S. White, Rosedale, Ind., he reported to police here.

HILL FOLK TAKE JAFSIE AS ONE OF THEIR OWN

Genial Doctor 'Packs Them In' for Battle With Debonair Reilly.

BY JAMES C. AUSTIN

United Press Staff Correspondent

FLEMINGTON, N. J., Jan. 10.—The townsfolk flock to old Flemington County Courthouse in greater numbers than ever before, for one of their own is on the stand, and handing it back, word for word, to a New York attorney who wears striped trousers and a morning coat.

The old gentleman on the stand is not a resident of Flemington or Hopewell, but he might have been lifted from a farm in this section.

He is Dr. John R. Condon of the Bronx, a 74-year-old educator—a Bachelor of Arts, a Master of Arts, and Doctor of Pedagogy. But for all his degrees, for all his education, for all his years of teaching, he's "just folks"—and the townspeople like him because he talks their language.

He's old and he's just a bit inclined to slip in an opinion or two in the midst of some very important testimony. He's no respecter of persons in that he says his piece and you can take it or leave it, but his words are tempered with the mellowness of three score years and fourteen.

Although the Jafsie of the Lindbergh case might incline a bit to the side of sentimentalism he was what it takes to captivate the citizens of Hunterdon County—those at least who were able to crowd into the courtroom. News that Dr. Condon was on the stand spread like wildfire.

Hundreds Jam Main-St. At least a thousand more persons than ever before, jammed Main-st. in front of the Courthouse.

The entrance was roped off on either side of the steps, but ropes are simple barriers to cross or duck under when the man who gave up nights of rest, days of peace to help the Lindbergh family, is on the stand.

Dr. Condon sits complacently. He enjoys the show—not because he is the principal for the moment, or because he is telling his story under state auspices, but because he is attempting to clear a good old Irish name often confounded with innuendos, rumors, implications.

He said as much today when Attorney Edward J. Reilly—the man who wears striped trousers—questioned the aged Bronx educator whose gray hair is almost white and is tousled, whose clothes would not be injured by a pressing.

Dr. Condon is genial, he's friendly, he wants the world to know that he worked like a Trojan for the solution of the most important kidnapping and murder of modern times.

He is sold on his part of the historic payment of ransom, the visits



Dr. Condon

JILTED SUITOR GETS DRUNK, HEAVES BRICK, WINS BACK SWEETIE

By United Press

CHICAGO, Jan. 10.—Miss Sonya Green, 22, wouldn't marry Edward Leszyski. She was emphatic about it.

Edward felt so badly that he took a few drinks to forget. In fact, he felt so badly that after the drinks he tossed a brick through the window of a store belonging to Sonya's brother-in-law, Joseph La Zar.

But when Edward was taken to court, there was Sonya—smiling. And there was Mr. La Zar, also smiling.

"Sonya loves Edward," Mr. La Zar told the judge. "I will not prosecute."

The judge placed Edward on probation. Edward and Sonya left the court together. They went across the hall to the marriage court—and were married.

RED JOHNSON NOT TO RETURN TO U. S.

Betty's Ex-Sweetheart to Stay in Norway.

By United Press

OSLO, Germany, Jan. 10.—Henry (Red) Johnson, former sweetheart of Betty Gow, will not return to the United States to testify in the Hauptmann trial, he told the United Press today.

Johnson, a Norwegian and living here under his Norwegian name, Henrik Johanson, was held soon after the Lindbergh kidnapping because of his friendship with Miss Gow, and finally was deported.

Recently married to a Norwegian girl, Johnson is operating a fruit store here.

"I've been most interested in reading of the Hauptmann trial in the newspapers, but that is all I know about the case," he said.

He said he was arrested because he knew Miss Gow and other Lindbergh servants. He said the Hauptmann defense was foolish in suspecting the servants as they all were honest.

by night to two Bronx cemeteries, the talks—they may be construed as lectures—to the "John" of the case, the ransom money he received, his visits to Col. Lindbergh.

Look a moment at the crowd. The farmers, their wives, their children who swarm through the courtroom—all are hard-working people. They toil long and hard to earn a livelihood in their fields. They like honest expression; they like bluntness of speech.

Jafsie, by his own boast, is a hard-working man. He was retired from a vigorous life of teaching when he was more than 70 years of age. He wanted to work harder and longer. When counsel suggested that court be adjourned because the witness "may be tired," Jafsie protested:

"I feel fine. Go ahead. Go all night."

When Dr. Condon leaned forward to give Mr. Reilly word for word, the crowd gave its approval. It clapped its hands until Justice Thomas W. Trenchard rapped for order.

BRUNO'S WIFE HIDES FEARS BEHIND MASK

Mrs. Hauptmann's Cheerful Smile Now Grimace of Despair.

BY JANE DIXON

United Press Staff Correspondent

FLEMINGTON, N. J., Jan. 10.—The Hauptmann trial has reached a point at which anything might happen.

A rumor flashed through the grapevine to the effect that Anna Schoeffler Hauptmann, wife of the accused kidnaper and murderer, had collapsed.

I m m e d i a t e l y came the cloyingly sickly look of flying feet and in less time than is required to write of the rumor, there was a concerted rush to the front of the Hunterdon County courtroom. There, in the seat she has occupied at the defense counsel's table, Mrs. Hauptmann sat as calm as a cucumber and twice as cool.

Beneath her mask of cheerfulness and certitude, however, Mrs. Hauptmann is showing the strain.

Three times she has watched while men stepped from the witness stand and placing their hands on her husband's shoulder, said: "This is the man." Three times she has heard the lips of strangers frame the words that made of the father of her child, a baby murderer.

Anna Hauptmann still can smile. But her smile is frightening. It is more like a grimace than an expression of good cheer or of good humor. Deep, gray lines are like parentheses to her mouth with the drooping corners.

Fingers of sorrow that threaten to become fingers of despair have placed blue smudges under her pale eyes. Her flesh is colorless. Only during short recesses when she leans forward and exchanges hasty confidences with the prisoner, her husband, does she show a spark of the animation that characterized her first entry into the tragedy.

"I am so excited," she said at the close of the third day. "I go now to visit Richard."

Wednesday is the day designated by the Sheriff as visiting day for Mrs. Hauptmann. As she entered behind the barred doors of the prison from which her husband will emerge as a free man or a doomed man, she was striving to blot out the memory of Herr Hauptmann. Her effort was brave but futile.

Bruno Richard Hauptmann, the man of stone, has become the man of chalk. He remains outwardly immovable and impenetrable, but his body is numb and there is a chill to him. His color is gone. Only the prison pallor remains. His peculiar eyes that are not convex as eyes should be, but flat and opaque, have sunk deeper into their sockets.

Mrs. Hauptmann

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