

'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.

Pisch 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 gunner 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.

Admonished 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 minutes detail every occurrence of the dark nights on which, he says, he talked at length with the extortioneer.

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 prodded 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 no 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 ruffled 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 to 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 associate 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 kidnaping? 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

HAUPTMANN'S NONCHALANCE VANISHES UNDER 'GUILTY' BRANDING



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 E. Condon of the Bronx, a 74-year-old educator—a Bachelor of Arts, a Master of Arts, and Doctor of Dr. Condon 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 tousled, whose clothes would not be injured by a press.

A proposal for the opening of of Prospect-st to Brookville-rd through use of Government labor will be presented to the county commissioners as will a proposal for widening and improving S. State-av from Raymond-st to State Road 31.

Jafsie, by his own boast, is a hard-working man. He was retrained 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.

JILTED SUITOR GETS DRUNK, HEAVES BRICK, WINS BACK SWEETIE

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

Edward felt so badly that he took a few drunks to forget. In fact, he felt so badly that after the drunks 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 rumor 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 Johansson, was held soon after the Lindbergh kidnaping 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 notes 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 retrained 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."

Wednesday is the day designated by the Sheriff as visiting day for Mrs. Hauptmann. As she entered the barred doors of the prison from on front of which her husband will emerge as a free man or a doomed man, she was striving to blot out the deep, gray furrows and the blue smudges. She was trying to recall the blithe young Anna from the Fatherland who had caught the fancy 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 pallor remains. His peculiar eyes that are not convex eyes should be, but flat and opaque, have sunk deeper into their sockets.

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 Schoeller Hauptmann, wife of the accused kidnap and murderer, had collapsed. I m e d i a t e l y came the clickety-clack 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, sat Mrs. Hauptmann as calm as a cucumber and twice as cool.

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

Three times she has watched 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 parenthesis 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."

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