



(Associated Press Photo)
DOCTOR JOHN F. (JAFSIE) CONDON
A recent photograph

Jafsie Tells All!

REVEALING
THE INSIDE STORY OF THE
LINDBERGH-HAUPTMANN CASE



By

Dr. John F. Condon



Published by

JONATHAN LEE PUBLISHING CORP.
ONE HUNDRED TEN WEST FORTY-SECOND STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Copyright, 1936,
JONATHAN LEE PUBLISHING CORP.

PRINTED AND BOUND IN THE U. S. A.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
<i>Foreword</i>	7
I. WHY I ENTERED THE CASE	11
II. I RECEIVE THE KIDNAPER'S NOTE	37
III. I MEET THE KIDNAPER FACE TO FACE	59
IV. I GET PROOF THAT "JOHN" IS THE KIDNAPER	83
V. MY DISGUISED VISITOR AT MIDNIGHT	101
VI. THE ZERO HOUR APPROACHES	123
VII. MY RENDEZVOUS IN THE CITY OF THE DEAD	145
VIII. WE ARE DOUBLE-CROSSED	169
IX. I RENEW MY VOW	193
X. MY SEARCH ENDS	217

FOREWORD

OF "the greatest criminal case in all human history," probably ten million words have been written and ten thousand photographs published throughout the civilized world. In this case, three figures stand out above all others. They are: Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, Dr. John F. (Jafsie) Condon, and Bruno Richard Hauptmann. The first will probably never tell his story, the third cannot tell his, while as to the second—for almost four years he steadfastly refused to do so, except for his trial testimony, even in the face of misrepresentation, vituperation, and vile slander.

Why did Jafsie refuse to reveal the inner motive that impelled him to enter the case and refuse to answer his slanderers directly?

Only those who have had the privilege of knowing this remarkable man personally, have been in a position to understand. His following words show one of the strong influences that guided him: "My one desire, my only thought from the first has been to place that baby's arms again around its mother's neck." Later, he insisted

FOREWORD

on maintaining silence until the appeal of Hauptmann's conviction had been passed upon by the Highest Court.

Yet Doctor Condon, for fifty years a teacher in our public schools, who in his own community is most beloved by his neighbors and their children; this same Doctor Condon, 75 years of age, deeply attached to his home, a devoted father, gentle of voice, kindly of manner, considerate at all times of others, ever ready to help the unfortunate—financially and spiritually—he it is who was called "King of the Kidnapers," and "Hauptmann's Accomplice." This might well have been a matter for laughter and ridicule on Doctor Condon's part, for he has a keen sense of humor, had not a mother's broken heart in her agony of tears, stilled his lips.

But now the scene has changed. Mrs. Lindbergh has found sanctuary in England with her second-born child, her husband with her. Now the trial is long past, the verdict given, the conviction upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States. Now the real truth can be told; the scandal-mongers, the yellow press, the vultures and jackals of tragedy and death driven to cover.

In the following pages the gentle Doctor Condon, Titan of courage, devout man of faith, fervent patriot, tells for the permanent record of History, for the verdict of Mankind, not for the passing throng, the true story

FOREWORD

of the vital, heroic part he played in the Lindbergh-Hauptmann case—a part that will go down through Time as one of the finest, most unselfish records of conduct any man could bequeath to posterity.

THE PUBLISHERS

WHY I ENTERED THE CASE

“THE CAFETERIA COLLEGE OF THE BRONX” was holding class.

We sat in Bickford's Restaurant in Fordham Square. It was well after ten—I had come there from my lecture at Morris Evening High School—on the night of March 1st, 1932.

“Whitey” McManus, who worked in a bank and wanted to become a stationary engineer, had just worked out on a napkin the exact capacity of a hypothetical boiler.

Time passed swiftly as we drank coffee and veered from mathematical problems to a discussion of the relative values of the world's various police systems.

Eustace, assistant janitor in a public school, and Kelly, a Park Department employee, liked the French Surete.

Stevenson, a tiler, joined Stafford, a railroad signalman, in pointing out the legendary supremacy of Scotland Yard.

Maher, who as a steamship engineer had touched at every port in the civilized world, quietly reminded us that we must not overlook the methodical efficiency of Wilhelmstrasse.

To “Red” Brown—he's a member of the New York Police Department today—and myself was left the defense