

STRANGE STORIES THAT JAFSIE TOLD

SUBMITTED TO THE LKH FORUM BY RICHARD SLOAN & MARK FALZINI

WHAT do you really think of this old fellow Jafsie? Is he on the level? Has he got all his buttons? Or is he just a charlatan who likes to see his name in the newspapers?"

Hundreds of people have asked me these questions—and others somewhat less polite—in the last few months. It is not easy to give answer. Once I told Jafsie that he was an enigma. The term pleased him and more than once he has repeated it about himself with satisfaction. Today he is more of an enigma than ever before—a curious problem in personality. Certainly Jafsie is neither charlatan nor liar; he is not a crackpot. From the first, I believe that his motives have been honest, his actions honorable, and his mind as clear as most human beings' that magazine editors meet. Then what is Jafsie afraid of? That he does have some great secret fear I feel sure. That is why he remains to me an enigma, curious, tantalizing, and slightly preposterous, as he stands with patronizing smile in the very midst of horror.

I first met Jafsie in the autumn of last year. For a long time I had been trying to induce him to tell all that he knew about the Lindbergh case in a narrative that we could publish in Liberty. Finally I invited him to spend a week end at Sandalwood, my home outside New York City. The reply from Jafsie was characteristic:

"I shall be glad to accept this invitation if I shall be able to attend Mass on Sunday morning."

And on the long drive from the railroad station to my home, Jafsie labored faithfully with our chauffeur, who, it appeared, had not been to Mass for a long time.

Although he had been traveling all night, Jafsie showed no fatigue. His eyes twinkled. His smile was expansive. In spite of his mighty bulk—he is a huge man, a former boxer and football player—he moved with brisk and hearty tread. At first I felt that his manner was a little too urbane, too soft, too complimentary. Broadway people might call him a "smoothy." His voice had the husky sweetness of an angel with a slight cold; his smile was childlike and arch, his dancing eyes were positively liquid with affection for us all. He chose the most uncomfortable chair he could find, spread his palms over his knees, declined tobacco and alcohol, and promptly began to talk.

Then I discovered at least one characteristic of Jafsie that set him apart from all others. Probably he was the most talkative man who ever lived. His voice rose and fell in measured cadence; his hands moved in pliant, dramatic-school gestures; his face was by turns fright-

ened, surprised, amused, aghast—all in punctuation and illumination of his talk.

At first I had thought him insincere. On second thought, he seemed to me only a childish and wandering old man. In both instances I was mostly wrong. But, for that first hour, incoherence itself seemed to sit in my living room, talking glibly and endlessly. The fault, however, was not in Jafsie but in me. It was true that, in his ineffable garrulity, his excited interest in every facet of what he calls "the case," he did bounce, glide, slither, and leap from one point to another with bewildering agility. He did ramble, but the main trouble was that he assumed I already knew many facts of which I was not at all aware. So we began very badly and went from bad to better.

Slowly I obtained from him a clear outline of the major steps in the ransom negotiations. With this firmly in mind, I suddenly found myself not only able to understand Jafsie's limitless oration, but fascinated with it, beguiled with his discourse, held as if under the spell of a great storyteller. When midnight came, Jafsie was still talking and all of us were still entranced.

Early the next morning he left to attend Mass. During service there occurred one of those gaudy episodes which are a clue to another side of Jafsie's enigmatic character. The truth as I see it—and I think this episode helps to prove it—is that Jafsie is at heart what Broadway calls a

"ham actor." Perhaps that is his greatest fault, and God knows it is a harmless one. It is not an illness peculiar to Jafsie alone—there are very few of us who have not known its sweet infection. Jafsie does love the limelight, loves to see his name in headlines, and pouts when some one else steals the front page.

Naturally, when he went to Mass at St. Patrick's Church in our little town and was not recognized by any of that quiet congregation, Jafsie was disappointed. The time came for the ushers to take up the collection. A sedate young man came to the pew and offered Jafsie the collection box. The mystery man put a dollar in the box, then leaned forward and in a stage whisper said to the collector:

"Will you please meet me outside as soon as the service is over?"

The sedate young man stared blankly and passed on. But when the Mass was over Jafsie waited outside on the stone steps until he appeared. Then, with forefinger and thumb, Jafsie seized the young man's necktie. In a confidential tone he said:

What Manner of Man Is the Enigmatic Go-Between of the Lindbergh Case? —Here Are Some New and Intimately Revealing Sidelights on His Character and Motives

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by
FULTON OURSLER

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Jafsie's geometrical sketch of Hauptmann, with his three signatures as Dr. John F. Condon, Jafsie, and "L. O. Nehand," all embroidered as he penciled them on a curtain in the author's library at Sandalwood.

"My boy, please don't misunderstand me. You probably realize who I am. Doctor John F. Condon—Jafsie. Surely you have heard of Jafsie."

A great light dawned upon the young man, whose name, by the way, was Arthur Parent. He shook hands and asked what he could do for Doctor Condon.

The visitor smiled, with a hint of deep mysterious knowledge in his twinkling eyes.

"I would like to exchange neckties with you right here and now," proposed Doctor Condon. Releasing his hold on Parent's cravat, he began to untie his own, meanwhile casting a merry smile at all the faces suddenly ringed around the two of them.

"But what for?" faltered the young man.

"Or," said Jafsie, "if you don't like my tie, I'll buy yours anyway."

The young man shook his head in bewilderment.

"If you would like to have my tie," he said in a low voice, "I would be proud for you to take it, Doctor Condon, and I would be proud to wear one that you had worn. But I would like to know why you like my tie."

By this time Jafsie had an attentive audience of perhaps half a hundred people. He held up the young man's necktie in his hand and pointed out the pattern and its significance. It was a yellow tie figured with intersecting circles. The reader will recognize that this was a resemblance, no doubt accidental, to the symbol that appeared on all the ransom notes in the Lindbergh mystery.

Not even the solemnity of that hour in church, the dimness of light streaming through stained-glass windows, nor the lulling music of the organ could

distract those truant old eyes from mystic symbols which had played so hellish a part in the greatest disappointment of his life.

There you have Jafsie, a part of him at least, summed up in an episode. He is essentially histrionic; he must be important and cut a figure. For that reason, Jafsie will festoon his simplest acts with some inexplicable mumbo jumbo, and then triumphantly demonstrate before he is through that it is all really very logical if you have the right key.

There was, for example, later that Sunday, the curious business with the picture he drew on the curtain.

If the reader will forgive a necessary personal reference, there is a small stage for children's plays set up in the library of Sandalwood. The curtain for this tiny stage consists of long pieces of unbleached linen on which house guests have inscribed their autographs. These signatures, with comments, pictures, and other whimsies, are embroidered in bright colors.

Just before lunch that day, we asked Jafsie if he would register on this curtain. He chose for himself a blank space bounded on the north by Mary Pickford, south by Colonel Louis McHenry Howe, east by Bernarr Macfadden, and west by Victor "Throttlebottom" Moore. Instead of signing his name, Jafsie began by drawing what seemed to be the upper half of an apple pie. Under this half-circle he drew an isosceles triangle. The combination of the two gave a geometrical suggestion of a human head, which he emphasized by rounding the chin and inserting eyes, nose, and mouth.

"This," explained Jafsie, "is



Jafsie wearing the church usher's tie, patterned with intersecting circles, for which he gave his own in exchange.

a duplicate of the drawing that I gave the federal detectives as I remembered 'John' after I had talked with him by the tool house across from Woodlawn Cemetery. Tell me, does it look like Hauptmann or not?"

We thought it did. The reader may form his own opinion by studying Jafsie's drawing reproduced in these pages. Notice also the signature "L. O. Nehand." Jafsie signed this with a flourish. Hands folded across stomach, he smiled benevolently and explained how that was his code signature for correspondence with Colonel Lindbergh. But when he wrote Lindbergh a letter signed "L. O. Nehand" (lone hand) the Colonel forgot the arrangement and thought the letter was from a crank.

LATER that day he mystified me with two stories that still need straightening out. I repeat them here because they seem to have a definite bearing on important issues in the Lindbergh case.

The first story was told as a result of an impertinent question.

"I hope you will forgive me, Doctor Condon," I began, "but I think you ought to know what some people say about you."

"I know already," he replied mildly. "Some think I belong to the kidnapers' gang; others that I am a crackpot—they call me 'wacky'!"

That word "wacky" is one of Jafsie's pets. He uses it to mean crackbrained. He repeats over and over again that he is not and never was "wacky."

"People say," I persisted, "that you told different stories day after day to the reporters, and that often one story did not agree with the other."

"That's true."

His eyes looked off into the distance and he lifted a forefinger like a clergyman.

"I did that deliberately. I was told to do it. I did it at the request of the two Colonels—Lindbergh and Breckinridge. It was part of a deliberate plan to mislead the defense. They thought I was muddlebrained, senile, wacky. Reilly thought he would make mincemeat of me when he got me on the stand. Well, read the testimony. I convinced the jury, at least, that I knew what I was talking about."

Here was what seemed to me a new and extraordinary angle. Before I could follow it up at that time, Jafsie skipped to another astonishing disclosure.

"There is one point which I have never revealed," he declared. "It has to do with my conversation at the tool house with Hauptmann. I asked him where he left the first ransom note in the nursery. He told me 'on the crib.' That did not sound right to me. All previous statements had placed that note on the window sill. When I went back and told Colonel Lindbergh, he declared that this detail proved conclusively that the man at Woodlawn was the man who had taken

the baby. As it was explained to me, the place of the first ransom note was purposely misstated in order to provide a means by which a ransom negotiator could definitely prove he was the actual kidnaper."

Jafsie made this statement and has several times reiterated it. Yet all the testimony in the Lindbergh case still places that note on the window sill. Here is an extract from the testimony of Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh at the trial:

Q. Did you see a note in the room—a paper or what?

A. Yes. I am not at the moment certain whether I saw the note at that time or the next time I entered the room.

Q. I see.

A. But either the first or second time; I came back very shortly.

Q. How much time intervened, did you say, between your first visit into the room and the second that you refer to?

A. I should say not over five minutes.

Q. At any rate, on one of those occasions you found the note there?

A. I had found a note unopened on the window sill on the southeast corner of the room, on the window facing east.

Q. Did you find it? Or was your attention directed to it by any one?

A. No, I found it.

Q. I see. And I understand you to say on the window sill?

A. On the window sill.

Here, so it seems to me, is a question of fact that deserves investigation. To this day, Jafsie insists that the man in the cemetery said he put the note on the crib. And Jafsie also maintains that Colonel Lindbergh confirmed the extortionist's statement; that the reports given out were intentionally misleading. Yet, two years afterward, under oath, Colonel Lindbergh testified he found the note on the window sill. What is one to judge from this? While there may be some perfectly simple explanation for this discrepancy, is it not too important to be ignored? Certainly, if Jafsie was mistaken, it was the only time I was ever to catch his memory off guard. Not only did he remember events clearly, but with astonishing precision, especially in small details. Moreover, his mind was both alert and subtle.

FOR example, when he bade us good-bye on that first visit, I stood at the open door of the car and asked:

"One final question, Doctor. Are you absolutely certain in your own mind that Hauptmann had no accomplices?"

"I think he did have an accomplice," he replied.

"Who?"

"I will answer that by telling an old Irish story. Says Mike to Pat. 'What do you think of a woman who deceives her husband?'"

"Says Pat to Mike, 'She's terrible.'"

"Says Mike to Pat, 'What do you think of a man who deceives his wife?'"

"Says Pat to Mike, 'He's a miracle man.'"

And laughing softly to himself, Jafsie rode away.

In the months that followed, Jafsie worked closely with us while putting down on paper the grim and heart-breaking story that only he could tell. Then suddenly one day Hauptmann, in the death cell in Trenton, New Jersey, broke his long silence. It was an ominous, almost accusing utterance, in which he said:

"I earnestly wish this gentleman [Doctor Condon] would make a full confession. Not only do I wish this in my interest, but also in the course of justice. Because he is holding the key in this case, and with it the key of my cell."

WAS Hauptmann about to confess?

And if so, did he mean to drag Condon down with him in that confession? I telephoned Attorney General David T. Wilentz of New Jersey, who had prosecuted Hauptmann. From Wilentz I had the assurance that the prosecution still had full confidence in Doctor Condon.

Meanwhile, I had also arranged to talk with Doctor Condon in New York over that Arabian Nights machine of modern times called the teletype. Here is the conversation that went back and forth on the electric typewriter:

SECRETARY: In the office right now is Doctor Condon.

F. O.: Hello, Doctor Condon. I am delighted to be able to talk with you again and hope you are in good health and your usual fighting spirit.

CONDON: I am exceedingly well pleased to hear from you and hope you are well.

F. O.: Now, Doctor, I don't know how you feel about taking sudden trips, although I know you have taken some exciting ones. But it does seem to me in view of the dispatches today that your story has suddenly assumed an even greater importance in the mind of the public than ever before. I think you and I should have the opportunity for a full and careful discussion and I would therefore appreciate it if you could come up here for another visit.

CONDON: It is a delight to my soul. It is most remarkable that I put on my old coat—the one that I offered to Hauptmann on the Saturday night in the woods. As far as I am concerned, I am practically there. There must be some way for a human being to carry out his wishes now and again, and I wished that some little message would come from you and that wish has been granted. As in every other case during my life, I have been faithful to my trust. I have not betrayed any confidence and have given unreserved whatever came to my mind one hundred per cent in connection with the most dastardly case of all times. It seems to me that any admission by the culprit at any time now will redound to his discredit and act as a boomerang in his case at a time when he needs all the penitence and retribution that can be marshaled in his behalf.

F. O.: Well spoken. Can you make it up here?

CONDON: I am ready to start now.

By midnight he was on the train. The next morning, in a barbershop in Providence, the reporters found him and plied him with questions. He arrived at Sandalwood bearing a basket of lovely flowers which he had purchased from a roadside nurseryman. That flower man did recognize Jafsie and named a dahlia after him. By the time he reached the house, newspapers were telephoning from all over the country. He promised to give them a statement later that afternoon. Meanwhile we talked over many disputed points in the case. Some of Doctor Condon's remarks I shall give here from stenographic records taken at that time.

But let me pause to point out one curious happening—a mystification that the Doctor never did clear up. He arrived wearing that mighty coat of which he had spoken in his teletype conversation. Its huge folds covered him from ears to ankles. Upon his arrival he placed the coat carefully on a divan in the living room and solemnly requested that no one touch it or go near it. Then we repaired to the library to go over disputed points in evidence.

We were there for hours. When we finally returned to the living room, the coat had disappeared. Seeing this, Jafsie at once manifested intense dismay. His face had the tragic air of one who has lost his all. Of course the mystery was quickly explained: some one, forgetting orders, had hung the coat in a closet. When I lifted it from the hanger, I was astonished at its weight. There was something in the bottom of that coat that weighed many pounds. I put the coat back on the divan, and there it remained until late that night when Jafsie left. Why was he so concerned that no one go near his coat? What was it that weighted it down so heavily? I do not know.

As a result of those talks with Jafsie in the library, however, I did get to know more about his theories of the case. Point by point we checked on objections that were being broadcast by defense lawyers.

THERE was, for instance, the matter of the man with the handkerchief. Partisans of Hauptmann declared that when the story of the ransom payment was first aired in the Bronx courthouse, it was stated that Colonel Lindbergh, while waiting in the car outside of St. Raymond's Cemetery, saw a man go by with a handkerchief to his face, and that he dropped this handkerchief as if in signal to some accomplice. During the murder trial at Flemington this story was not told. People were asking why. Jafsie, who was at St. Raymond's with Colonel Lindbergh, dismissed this report as unimportant.

"The man with the handkerchief," he said, "was seen only by Colonel Lindbergh. It would be impossible for me to see him, inasmuch as my

back would be toward him for the entire distance to 'John' in the cemetery. It would be physically impossible for that man to be Hauptmann or 'John,' because I kept my eyes riveted on the spot from which the voice came with the words, 'Hey, Doktor,' and no man crossed me or crossed between me and 'John' during the entire transaction. It would be impossible for any man to get where I saw the man, or Hauptmann, without my noticing him as I went toward him, if he had come from the spot where Colonel Lindbergh said he saw him drop the handkerchief. No one else but the state prosecutor could answer the question as to why this matter was not introduced at the trial."

ANOTHER mystery which has been frequently discussed was the absence of fingerprints in the nursery. Not only were no fingerprints of intruders discovered: apparently the police found no fingerprints whatever. Surely, it was argued, there should have been fingerprints of the baby, the mother, nursemaid, and others somewhere on the furniture or woodwork. I asked Jafsie what he thought of this, and he said:

"As far as the family were concerned, the care of the furniture by a good housekeeper would necessitate the rubbing of all polished surfaces if the person working cared much about his job and took a pride in the appearance of the room.

"Second, the one who took the baby might have had—and this is my belief—gloves on.

"The nonappearance of fingerprints, in my opinion, is not altogether true, because on the side of the window casement, just about the height of a man around my height, the impression of the thumb and the base of the thumb was plainly marked on that casement, and I called Colonel Lindbergh's attention to it on the night I slept there. Now, a man taking a left hand that way could have the burden in his right hand, and that is all you need have. And it also demonstrated that the man carried the burden in his right hand and leaned on the casement getting out of the window. Now, that was my impression all the time. I do not know whether the Colonel called the attention of the police to that or not, but he was the one I was helping.

"There is one mystery about the case in the room where I slept—the nursery. I was informed that there were no fingerprints in that room. The smooch I called Colonel Lindbergh's attention to seemed to have been passed over. But, taking an angle of about thirty degrees above the floor and looking out the southern window, I saw foot-tracks from the foot of the cradle on the rug—from the foot of the cradle right out the window—which no one noticed. That brought me to the theory that the baby was dragged down to the foot of the crib rather than being taken from the head of the crib.

"If there were no fingerprints of the family in the room, I will concede it as a mystery I cannot explain."

Another point which has been raised against Jafsie was the reduction in the amount of the ransom money. Lindbergh and Condon brought seventy thousand dollars to St. Raymond's Cemetery. But Condon, by arguing with Hauptmann, got him to accept fifty thousand dollars. To many minds this seemed an unreasonable thing. Why did the kidnaper take less? During our conference I put this up to Jafsie, and here is his reply:

"I have made a very deep study of the known bent of criminal minds. I wish to state, first, that no such statement was ever made to Hauptmann by me that I had seventy thousand dollars with me. I valued my life too much to make any such statement whatever, for any man who has been in the professional field will tell you, and I have been told by those who are the greatest in the United States, that that was the time he would have shot if he wanted to get away from me—the high point and crucial moment—and I knew it.

"I merely said, 'It was so hard to get seventy thousand dollars—why don't you stick to what you promised in your note to me?'

"I said, 'I suppose that you are aware that times are hard. That is, I mean, in that sense hard—depression.'

"We are in the time of depression, and I told him it was exceedingly hard for Colonel Lindbergh to get that amount of money.

"HIS exact words were: 'I suppose, since we can't get seventy, I must take fifty.'

"You can rest assured I did not wait after that, but said: 'Please give me the note.'

"I haven't got it with me.'

"How can I get it? I can't give you the money without the note.'

"He said: 'I'll go and get it in a few minutes.'

"I said: 'Well, you go and get the note and I'll go and get the money.'

"The statement that I told 'John' that I had the seventy thousand dollars is not correct. I never made the statement, nor did I state to any one until the articles came out that I had the seventy thousand dollars—because I didn't. The Colonel had the seventy.

"I was in constant touch with G-men, with the police department and state troopers, present during their questions and the answers given to them, and the accounts of their investigators, especially the G-men.

"It was reported in my presence by these authoritative powers that in stocks and bonds in Hauptmann's name, given in April, 1932, which was the month I gave the money, they figured it all up to \$49,680. The bank account, the stocks and bonds, added to the \$14,000 and the \$5,000 specified, would make up 49,680, making a balance of \$320.

"I considered all matters with reference to the ransom bills of signal importance, inasmuch as I placed that box with the money in it on my left hand, extended my right hand out to the kidnaper, and simultaneously gave him the box as I took the note. The box contained \$50,000, of which \$49,680 have been recovered, \$320 to be accounted for still.

"It may seem strange that I paid such minute attention and have gone

that at the present moment I am dealing with matters that seem to me to be new evidence of first importance, and if people will refrain from interfering with me, in a short time I hope to have the entire mystery cleared up. However, I feel bound to add that this new evidence, which seems almost certain to be proved correct, not only confirms my testimony at the trial but also adds to it."

Science Says the Lindbergh Baby Was Killed in Cold Blood

Thirty-one days before the body was discovered, a medical psychologist, studying the ransom notes, said the kidnaper had murdered his victim!

Ten days after the tragic discovery, the same scientist said the murderer lived in a certain part of the Bronx and could be identified by looking up his car license. Two years later it proved to be true!

Equally startling deductions by this scientist about details of the case that are still mysterious will be disclosed for the first time by Leigh Matteson

In Liberty Next Week

into this money matter in detail, but the honor of my family and my own reputation depend upon a true statement regarding this financial deal. Unkind people have said to me:

"Will you give me half?"

"What did you do with the money?"

"Where did you get the fur overcoat?"

"Did you put it over the hedge and let Al Reich it?"

"These did not annoy me, but they did hurt members of my family, who begged me not to enter the case at all under any consideration whatever.

"Regarding the ransom notes—and I handled every one of these notes except the first three, which came to Colonel Lindbergh and Colonel Breckinridge—I opened the notes, handed them to Colonel Lindbergh in my home. I just opened them and read them and handed them to him. He handed them to Colonel Breckinridge.

"After, he said: 'May I take these?'"

"I told him he could have everything in the house. If there had been any doubt in my mind (as to my own innocence), would I have surrendered any of this evidence?"

AS Jafsie paused and listened, a knock came at the door of the library. Reporters were waiting. As I opened the door Jafsie gave a start of surprise; for leading the procession was a man in uniform—the local police chief. The strain under which Doctor Condon had been laboring for weeks was plainly evident in the start of surprise he gave at that moment. Then he passed it off with a laugh and shook hands with the officer. But in that moment he had earned my pity. The man was afraid.

He was still slightly nervous as he gave to the reporters the statement which appeared in all American newspapers the next day and which concluded as follows:

"Furthermore, even after the conviction I have continued my efforts in investigating disputed points of the case. I do not hesitate to say

That new evidence of which he spoke has already been printed in Liberty of March 28.

It was after the reporters were gone and we were at dinner that Jafsie told the strangest of all his stories, of something that had happened to him, so he said, a long time ago: "I was manager of our football team and we had traveled to Chicago. I was staying at the Palmer House, where you could see the silver dollars in the lobby floor. I was in my room at the hotel when a knock came at the door. My caller was a little man I had never seen before. He said:

"Doctor Condon, you must come at once to save a human life."

"But I shook my head and explained I was not a medical doctor.

"Nevertheless," persisted the curious-looking man who had come out of the night, "you must come to save a human life."

"I have never turned a deaf ear to such an appeal. I went with him.

"He took me to a house somewhere in the labyrinth of Chicago. He opened the door with a key, and took me upstairs into a room, the door of which he locked. Then he took off his coat and hat and drew a pistol from his pocket. He commanded me to sit in a curious-looking chair across the room. Then he bound my arms and legs to the chair.

"Now, Doctor Condon," he resumed, "you have been brought here to answer a question. If you answer the question correctly, you may go out of here unharmed. It is your own life that you came here to save. If you fail, then that head of yours which now sits so snugly on your broad shoulders will join those others who have also failed. You can see them for yourself."

"I looked up, and what do you suppose I saw? There was a row of glass jars on a shelf—large glass jars—and in each one was a human head preserved in alcohol! I knew I had to think quickly. What was the question I had to answer?"

"The little stranger looked at me with a smug air.

" 'The question,' he said, 'is very simple. Who was the greatest man that ever lived?'

" I thought a moment. To me there is only one answer to that question and I gave it automatically:

" 'George Washington.'

" My captor laughed with great delight.

" 'No, no, no, you are wrong!' he crowed. 'You have only two more guesses. Go on—go on!'

" This time I was slightly more deliberate. Finally I ventured my second guess:

" 'Abraham Lincoln.'

" The stranger gave a squeal of pleasure.

" 'Wrong again!' he gloated, rubbing his hands. 'You've got only one more left. Hurry up, now! I can't wait much longer. It's your last chance!'

" I looked at him. He was a little fellow. In one hand he held the pistol. The fingers of the other were thrust between the buttons of his vest. His posture was familiar. It gave me a clue. Suddenly I said:

" 'Napoleon!'

" Weeping with despair, my captor unbound me, produced the key, and unlocked the door. I went back to the hotel unharmed, leaving the stranger crying bitterly in the company of his pickled victims."

Without exaggeration, that is the story Doctor John F. Condon told in the presence of a number of witnesses at the dinner table. What did he mean by it? He stated that he had often told the story to his classes. Was it some mistaken exercise in narrative technique? Or an exposition of some theory in the psychology of attention? Did he think that we would believe it had really happened? Did he himself believe that it really happened? I simply cannot decide.

But somewhere in the obscure recesses of that old gentleman's tantalized spirit there is a great fear. Jafsie is afraid of something. Perhaps it is a dread of retaliation from Hauptmann or his friends. Or it may be a fear of something unknown, something we cannot even imagine—some nameless dread.

Whatever the thing is, it is with Jafsie always. He

talks too much of not being afraid of anything—he doth protest too much. Is it because of this fear that he talks so boldly of being able to protect himself even at his age? Was it for this that his coat was so heavily weighted down? Does this inner fright explain his sudden departure into the jungles of Panama? Is that not why his mind dwells on such fantastic stories as the room with the pickled heads?

I have seen that fear in many guises. When I visited his home at the time he showed me the places and re-enacted the scenes of his adventures with Hauptmann, he took me to his bedroom—a small cubicle, its walls hung with a dozen violins, the paper scraped from the walls because, so Jafsie told me, government detectives had got into the house and looked for ransom money. Fear showed itself in some of his letters. Under date of December 11, he wrote me:

" My letter was opened and our mutual friends are like Sherlock Holmeses looking for a scent. I am swamped with officers, eavesdroppers, and busybodies."

Surely no man was ever more harassed. One simple fact stands out—that Jafsie did what he did out of a genuine desire to be helpful. He risked his life, not once but several times. He was brave and honest, and I believe the story that he told was true. His foibles are those of an old schoolmaster who, whenever he told a joke, was sure the children would laugh. Fifty years of teaching American children is enough to make any one tell strange stories. But it is also enough to build something strong and true in the character of any decent man, and that is how I think Jafsie comes finally into focus—decent, strong, and true, with an instinct for play-acting that cannot be cured.

I have told these things to Governor Hoffman of New Jersey. The Governor visited my rooms at the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria at 12.30 A. M., March 13. From then until 4.30 in the morning we discussed various angles of the case. The Governor asked me my true opinion of Dr. Condon. The paragraph above was my answer.

THE END