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C. W. C.

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The profoundly disturbing thing in the new turn of the Hauptmann Case concerns not merely the guilt of the prisoner but also the doubt and misgiving that all the sensationalism and hullabaloo may raise in the public mind. It isn't surprising to find a detective, a detective of some not^e disagreeing with ^{the} verdict in so flamboyant and tragic a case. Detectives often disagree with something done by another detective bureau. ^{And,} They're likely to form ideas of their own, and get hunches.

I recall what was told me by a detective friend of mine, Mike Fiaschetti, now a Deputy Commissioner ⁱⁿ ~~of the~~ New York, ~~Department~~ ~~of Markets.~~ Right after the Lindbergh kidnapping Mike told me the baby would be found within a radius of a few miles of the Lindbergh home. That turned out to be true enough. In the case of Hauptmann, Fiaschetti always argued ~~with me~~ that the Bronx carpenter was not the actual kidnapper. I discounted that with the feeling that a big and not at all shrinking violet sort of crook-chaser would be likely to take exception to the other fellow's police work in a sensational case.

As for Ellis H. Parker, who has achieved some New

Jersey sleuthing renown as chief of the Burlington County detective force, newspapermen know him to be a fertile-minded chap, whose ideas are frequently original, and who breaks into the newspapers every now and then. He might readily be a type to disagree.

Still, we find the mention of Parker drawn into the case by no one ~~xxx~~ else than the Governor of New Jersey himself. Yesterday we heard Governor Hoffman revealing that he - the Governor - had had a secret nocturnal talk with Hauptmann in his cell. And then he recommended that all the members of the New Jersey Court of Pardons should go and see and talk with Hauptmann.

Today Governor Hoffman exploded another sensation when he announced that Ellis H. Parker, New Jersey's best known detective, is convinced that Hauptmann is not guilty. And that Governor Hoffman's predecessor, now Senator Moore, called Parker into the case to make an investigation. The then Governor Moore requested this in a letter to Parker, and Parker has been sleuthing ever since.

Governor Hoffman makes it clear, however, that right now the Burlington County detectives investigation is in no sense official.

There's all sorts of secrecy about what Sleuth Parker may have found out. Nobody will say whether any new evidence has been uncovered. Only that he believes Hauptmann not guilty.

It is well to be as reasoned and detached as possible in all this amid the fog of sensationalism, and the stirring up of doubt in scare-headlines, as the date for the execution of Richard Bruno Hauptmann draws nearer.

It was a red letter day in aviation when the China Clipper took off, ^{(And it was again} ~~also~~ [^] when it completed its trans-Pacific flight by landing at Manila. And I guess you can count this as a red letter day, ~~also~~, because today the China Clipper completed the ^{first} ~~^~~ round trip. The big bus landed at Alameda Air Field, after flying through the night and making the last lap from Honolulu, Twenty-four hundred miles in seventeen hours.

The flying time for the round trip of sixteen thousand miles was a hundred and twenty-three hours and fifteen minutes -- five days *across the Pacific and back.*

BYRD

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I see that tonight is the night of the ^{Boze Art} Beaux Arts Ball, New York's big society affair. I'm not so good at reporting the social events of the blue blood, high and mighty. They don't seem so important. ^{I'm better on items from the farm.} But there's always ~~fascination~~ ^a fascination in - contrast, the strange juxtaposition, side by side, of two things startlingly different. For example, I observe another event staged in the same hotel, where the haughty and snooty ^{Boze Art} Beaux Arts Ball is being held. That other event - the presentation of ~~the~~ ^a pathetic, tragic memento to Admiral Byrd. So, let's look at the two affairs, with an eye to contrast.

In one case we see the grand ball room of the Waldorf flaming in a riot of fantastic color, the splendors of India and the gaudy sights of the circus. For the rich and the high-hat will disport themselves with a combination of fabulous Hindustan and P.T. Barnum. There'll be a circus parade in the ~~grand~~ ball room - Believe-it-or-Not Ripley opening the affair. An exhibition of circus freaks and monstrosities. The ball that follows will be high society turning into maharajahs and maharanees of India. Right now scores of social regitrites are laboriously togging

themselves in glittering turbans and nautch-girl costumes. And they'll dance as imitations of the Akooned of Swat and the Begum of Bhopal. But I wonder how good the imitation will be, how far even those bedecked millionaires will be able to duplicate the encrusted masses of diamonds and accumulated treasures of rubies and pearls that gleam on the Maharahnee of Seringaptam or the Majarajah of Patiala, when there's an occasion of state. I doubt if there are enough jewels in the whole social register to match the knee-deep heaps in the vaults of the Nizan of Hyderabad.

But let's leave the wealthy and the proud to their gilded revelries and go on to that other affair, just held in that ball room at the Waldorf, the presentation of that priceless memento to Admiral Byrd. Yes, more priceless in its way than all the jewels at tonight's Beaux Arts Ball, - than, all the diamonds, rubies and pearls at the durbar of Hahri Singh, prince of India. Yes priceless, but not festive joyful or gay; but dark and tragic!

Of course, ^{At} that party for Dick Byrd of the Antarctic, the inevitable subject would be - Ellsworth. They talked about Ellsworth, wondered about Ellsworth, still missing with his pilot on the vast silent ice of the Antarctic continent. What's happened to those two brave explorers, who days and days ago took off in their plane to fly across the south polar wilderness? Did they actually reach their destination on the other side as we all have hoped? Is it merely that their radio is dead, silent, unable to communicate? A number of rescue ships are now on their way to find out. Or, were they forced down, lost in the frightful frozen desolation - lost forever in a modern Ice Age?

These dark questions were in mind, when they made the presentation of that invaluable gift to Dick Byrd. What was it? Why - a memento of Scott, the tragic explorer Scott who fought his way to the South Pole, only to find that Amundsen had got there first. (Yes, Amundsen, had beaten Scott in the race to discover the South Pole, the same Norwegian Giant of exploration who later was to be lost in the Arctic rescue of the balloon party of the Italian NOBILE.)

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You may recall how with bitter tragedy Scott learned on reaching the South Pole that he was not the first, but only the second. Then fate struck still harder. On the way back disaster overwhelmed the party, blizzards, ice storms; they couldn't struggle through -- not all of them. Some got back, but others died. Scott himself - perished on the ice, died in his tent within fifteen miles of the next deposit of supplies, not knowing he was near them.

The present given to Byrd was a letter written by Scott, as he lay dying in his tent in the Antarctic. It's a page with writing in feeble, fading pencil strokes, written by a failing hand. In his last hour, Scott wrote this letter to Sir Edgar Speyer, who was his broker. Lady Speyer, widow of Sir Edgar, now gives the letter to Admiral Byrd. In it the dying Scott writes: "We have been to the Pole, and we shall die like gentlemen." He thanks his generous backer. He praises the courage of his companions. and with failing pencil writes the last thought:- "I have my wife and child to think of. The wife is a very independent person, but the country ought not to let

my boy want an education and a future."

Two things seen at the Waldorf, the pity of the tragic Scott in the bleak Antarctic, and the glowing frivolities of a circus parade and East Indian splendors at the Beaux Arts Ball.

ETHIOPIA

There's a tone of kingly dignity in Haile Selassie's instant protest to the League of Nations. It is phrased in a stately way, with the traditional syntax of royalty. Speaking of the Italian bombers that blasted his military headquarters on the northern front, the City of Dessye, he says: "They might well believe themselves authorized to bomb us when we depart to share the vicissitudes of our troops and to defend our soil." So Haile Selassie doesn't blame the Italian war planes for attacking his headquarters with high explosives from above. ~~But he bitterly~~ denounces the bombing of women and children and hospitals. ~~His~~ ~~complaint goes this way.~~ He says:- "But to bomb open cities such as Dabat and Gondar and numerous villages, containing non-combatant peasants, and to bomb Red Cross hospitals, unquestionably violates international law."

In that Ethiopian protest to the League of Nations we have a sketch outline of the main things that happened today. A fleet of great planes, ten of them, sailed over Dessye, the concentration point of the northern Ethiopian army. They made one attack and then another, and dropped hundreds of bombs - incendiary and high explosive. They blasted the city from end

to end. They smashed Haile Selassie's palace. The roaring of the motors gave advance notice that the planes were coming, and the Emperor got clear to a safe place. He is described as having borne himself with great courage, seizing a machine-gun and firing it at the war birds overhead. And one ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ ^{engaging} detail tells us of the courage of his small son, the thirteen year old Duke of Harar, who stood in the palace grounds and watched the sky bombardment, quite unafraid.

Bombs hit the American Hospital run by Seventh Day Adventist missionaries. ^{It had a giant American flag painted on its roof.} An incendiary missile set it afire.

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But again they had warning and were able to get the patients into the open, so none were killed. The casualties don't seem to have been heavy, but they included women and children. A Belgian officer, aide to the Emperor, was wounded, and so was a nurse.

The bombing of Desseye was merely one of a whole series of sky strokes. All along the line the Italian planes roared, bombing, striking at towns and villages - such as Dabat and Gondar, as Haile Selassie mentions in his protest to the League. It is believed that all this ^{straffing from the} ~~spinning around the~~

sky marks the beginning of the expected big offensive by Mussolini's men, ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ the attack in the air leading the way for an attack on the ground.

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In a way, today's bombs tie in with what we hear on the diplomatic front. Rome indicates that Mussolini is certain to turn down the peace plan that has been drawn up by England and France. Yet, he won't reject it ^{so as} ~~in a way~~ to discourage negotiations. They say that Rome will use the peace plan as a lead-on to other proposals and counter-proposals - these to develop after the Italian armies in Ethiopia have made another big push ^{and} have driven forward in a violent attempt to smash the Ethiopian army. Then, so the dope goes, Mussolini, with more territory in his possession, and victories under his belt, will feel himself in the right position to talk settlement with London and Paris.

As for victory - the Italians ^{announce} ~~report~~ one that has a better sound than the crashing of bombs. The Fascist medical headquarters ^{says} ~~reports that~~ it has ^{waged} ~~watched~~ a successful fight against tropical disease. They have done it by vaccinating the natives against smallpox and meningitis. They've even conquered

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malaria in the miasmal river valleys of southern Ethiopia.

They claim there are now only eleven malaria cases being

treated in that haunt of the anopholes.

JAPAN

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London tells us the British government is drawing up a still stronger message to Tokio. Both England and the United States have already made representations to Japan, cautious queries about the things that are happening in northern China. Now we hear that London is preparing a straight out protest, pointing a warning finger at the Nine Power Treaty, saying to Tokio: "Be careful and don't do anything that will violate that Treaty!" Well, what will the Japanese say to that?

They're saying it already - with several different answers. The nations who signed the Nine Power Treaty promised to respect the integrity of China. But says Tokio: "We're not doing anything. If the northern Chinese provinces want to get free of the Nanking government, it's their own doing."

Tokio takes the obvious attitude - that autonomy for northern China is a spontaneous thing, of native Chinese origin. ~~But is it so spontaneous? Isn't it the sort of spontaneity that is all conveniently fixed up, just so much camouflage, something under cover? The outside world believes yes that behind the agitation to get the northern provinces away from~~

China, is the hand of Japan.

However, Tokio does not put all its eggs in one basket, all its answers in one explanation. Today a Tokio foreign office spokesman contributed a new idea to the discussion. Said he: "The Treaty guaranteeing the integrity of China has never been fully effective." Of course the cynic might answer that it certainly wasn't fully effective when Japan seized Manchuria. Japan blames China for the ineffectiveness of the treaty, making it a dead letter by not living up to her own obligations of maintaining a stable government, of dealing in a responsible way with other nations, and so on.

Meanwhile, the fighting planes of Nippon are roaring over the cities of northern China, displaying the power, menace and warning of the island empire.

RADIO

Down in Miami, a hundred and fifty men are setting sail tonight, for Havana, and they're not likely to be lonesome. A hundred and fifty hale fellows ~~will~~ well met, one on one boat! They can have a lot of fun in each other's society. Especially - when you consider that they are members of the International Radio Club. That club consists of owners and operators of broadcasting stations in the United States and Canada and Latin America. They have plenty of radio matters to talk about on their way to the ^{in convention} ~~reception~~ in Havana. So they are not likely to be lonesome. [^] I had [^] a telegram from Jack Rice, President of the International Radio Club, who tells me that they're taking along twenty beautiful blond girls, who will compete in Havana for the title of radio queen. No, they are ^{going to be} not [^] lonesome. Jack also informs me that they're being serenaded ^{on the boat right now, by the} ~~by the~~ [^] celebrated Ensueño Orchestra, ~~that is~~ composed of twelve beautiful Cuban señoritas. How could they be lonesome? ^{It well -} I'm going to Maine. And I may be lonesome. And ^{59 1/2} ~~along~~ until Monday.

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