

SMUGGLING

No earthquakes tonight. Just news of peace from the United States Canadian border.

The old story of rum running across the Canadian border seems likely to become an obsolete yarn of other times - now that there is a treaty agreement between Uncle Sam and Canada. During prohibition days there was incessant palavering between American and Canadian authorities about the sneaking of liquor across the border. But there couldn't be any real understanding because of the different viewpoints. The United States was dry, Canada was wet. They looked at things in a different way.

Now it's another story. Now both nations regard rum-running in the light of ordinary smuggling. So today President Roosevelt announces that the governments of Washington and Ottawa have agreed on terms for a treaty to put a firm and decisive stop to the liquor smuggling that has been depriving both nations of lawful revenue. The President specified that our own Treasury is losing forty million dollars a year in excise taxes. This is the first time an anti-smuggling arrangement has been made between any two nations.

The President's announcement adds that in the fight against liquor smuggling we are now getting the cooperation of England, Cuba and Mexico.

WASHINGTON

Reminiscences of older scraps within the New Deal are ~~evoked~~ evoked by the new battles in the alphabet agencies.

A year ago there was a lively tussle in the A.A.A., the Agricultural Adjustment Administration. George Peek, then the Administrator, had a resounding clash with two other leading lights - Chester Davis of the Farm Bureau Administration; ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~George~~ ~~the other~~ Jerome Frank, attorney for the A.A.A. And George Peek lost out. He departed from the Agricultural administrative halls, and became the President's advisor on foreign trade. In the present imbroglio we once more hear the names of Chester Davis and Jerome Frank. Chester Davis, now Administrator, is staging a big shake-up of the A.A.A., from a to z. And Jerome Frank is on his way out, together with several other colleagues of the liberal wing.

It is a scrap between Liberals and Conservatives. Frank is a Liberal agricultural paladin, one of the first collegiate leading lights of the Brain Trust. ~~He's one of the finished Felix Frankfurter group, a scintillating disciple of that brilliant head of the Harvard Law School, who has sent so many of his legal talent to the offices of government in Washington.~~

A newspaper man once said of him - "Jerome Frank is one lawyer who watches the bread lines more closely than he does the stock quotations."

In Battle No. 2 Donald Richberg now is the target for shafts launched by the Secretary of Labor, Miss Frances Perkins. It concerns the renewal of the Automobile Code, which is in large part an adjustment between capital and labor, and would naturally be of considerable interest to the Secretary of Labor. But the other night Miss Perkins went to a White House function and there she learned for the first time that the Automobile Code had been renewed. Donald Richberg, as head of the N.R.A., had presided over the drafting of the terms for the renewal. Why didn't he tell the Secretary of Labor something about it? That's what Miss Perkins wants to know.

----- c -----

But the biggest battle of all, with the broadest implications, is the one between the Administration and the American Federation of Labor - over that Automobile Code. Last night's Presidential rejection of the A.F. of L. demands has hardened the lines of contention. And today the Federation of Labor swung into a campaign of defiance.

The point at issue is clear and unequivocal. The Automobile Code, as renewed, does not provide for the unionization of the employees in the motor industry under A.F. of L. auspices.

The Federation is determined that auto workers shall be enrolled in its own ranks. So the labor leaders are battling against the Code. <sup>π</sup> They are demanding that the present Automobile Labor Board be tossed in the discard, because it was this board which came to the conclusion that the automobile workers wanted their own independent unions and not an affiliation with the A.F. of L. Mr. Roosevelt, in a letter which he has made public, tells the Labor leaders flatly that it is for the President, nobody else, to say whether or not the Automobile Labor Board shall be continued.

---

And now we come once more to Donald Richberg. The Federation of Labor has been attacking him as the one responsible for the renewal of the Automobile Code. But the President, in his letter, takes <sup>a</sup> ~~the~~ stand that is considered <sup>a</sup> ~~his~~ defense of Richberg. Mr. Roosevelt declares that he himself takes full responsibility for the Code renewal.

The A.F. of L. is replying with <sup>a</sup> logical counterstroke. The union leaders are opening a campaign among the automobile workers to line them up and organize them in A. F. of L. unions.

To me the most perplexing and baffling point of testimony at Flemington today was the statement that the ransom note on the window sill was not held down in any way. A lively wind was blowing in the window; yet that slip of paper stayed right there, and was not blown <sup>off.</sup> ~~away~~. Of course the defense angle would be that the note couldn't have remained there from the time the child was taken until the kidnapping was discovered, and that therefore somebody in the house must have put it on the window sill. But it wouldn't have stayed put for somebody in the house any more than for <sup>an outside</sup> ~~the~~ kidnapper. The note on the window sill was found by Colonel Lindbergh himself. As the story was brought out in court by the testimony of State police officers, it leaves only ~~but~~ blank perplexity.

It seems odd that some of the elementary detective facts of the case should be brought out so late in the trial -- the beer mug for example. <sup>State</sup> ~~Six~~ police testimony now relates that on the floor near the baby's crib stood a beer mug, ~~in~~ not too common an object in those prohibition days. The defense angle is that any intruder entering through the window into the dark

room would stumble over the mug and knock it over. It was upright when found. The inference is once more -- an inside job.

The most clearcut evidence for the defense concerned the famous ladder. Hauptmann's lawyers hammered away along two lines - fingerprints on the ladder, and the question of whether the ladder produced in court was precisely the same as the one found after the kidnapping. In the course of questioning a procession of witnesses, the defense lawyers took their digs at the way the State troopers had investigated the kidnapping in the beginning. The defense tried to paint a picture of bungled detective work, and they did make it uncomfortable for the State police and their commander, Colonel Schwarzkopf who sat in court.

The most important witness in this connection was Dr. Erasmus Hudson of New York, creator of the Hudson Process for bringing out <sup>u</sup>fingerprints. Dr. Hudson is a chemist, a large man of impressive personality. Naturally, he talked about fingerprints. The state police found no prints on the ladder. They didn't use the Hudson silver nitrate process, because that had not been devised at the time of the kidnapping. When his silver nitrate



process was applied some twenty-five hundred fingerprints developed on the ladder. This of course is explained by the fact that the wooden object had been handled extensively by many people. Dr. Hudson contradicted the state police, who had declared that none of these later developed fingerprints were of any importance. The doctor said that about five hundred of them would have been of value to the investigation. It was repeated again that none of the fingerprints were Hauptmann's.

Dr. Hudson's testimony assumed a most pertinent significance, when he declared that his silver nitrate process would have brought out the fingerprints of the man who made the ladder and had handled it, unless that man wore gloves. This would mean that if Hauptmann is the ladder builder, the absence of any fingerprints of his could only be explained by the assumption that he had worn gloves in making the ladder, every time he touched it.

Then came something of a bombshell when Dr. Hudson testified that the ladder today is not the same as when he examined it first. He said there were some nail holes in it now

that were not in it then. And this of course had a possible bearing on the way the prosecution expert identified a board in the ladder as having come out of Hauptmann's attic. One important point of identification was by means of nail-holes in the ladder.

As so often has happened in this confusing case, there was contradictory cross currents of evidence concerning the ladder. A witness earlier in the day gave testimony about Hauptmann's attic. A plumber who had done some work there related that while doing a plumbing job he had been in the attic. And he had not observed that any board was missing in the floor. His work in the house was long after the kidnapping. But then the plumber's testimony was not a hundred per cent positive - merely that he did not notice any board missing. And moreover the wood expert who previously testified for the state swore that he had studied that particular board in the ladder long before Hauptmann was arrested.

The plumber's testimony went on to sustain Hauptmann's story about how he first found the money in the shoe box that Fisch had given him, because water had leaked on it. The plumber testified that he was in the Hauptmann house to repair a leak.

And there was some more shoe box testimony, when Sam Streppone, who keeps a radio shop, swore that Fisch had left a package in his keeping for a while and then took it away - a package something like a shoe box. That

4  
testimony was rather negative when Attorney General Wilentz demanded of the witness whether he had ever been in an insane asylum, and the answer was "yes". It turned out that Streppone had not only been in an asylum but had been under observation for insanity five times.

The dead furrier was prominent in the testimony of the woman who figured romantically when Hauptmann was being cross-examined, Mrs. Greta Henkel. Steadily chewing gum, she testified that it was she who introduced Fisch to Hauptmann. She too supports the implication that it was Fisch who got the ransom money, and ~~turned the shoe box over for safekeeping.~~

The fireworks in her testimony came when the cross-examiner tackled the theme of her acquaintance with Hauptmann. In <sup>the Bronx Carpenter's</sup> ~~Hauptmann's~~ own testimony Wilentz cast the implication that Mrs. ~~Henkel~~ Hauptmann did not like her husband's association with Mrs. Henkel. Today Mrs. Henkel denied everything. Wilentz ~~ya~~ came at her with hammer and tongs. She admitted that Hauptmann had visited her, but that was all there was to it - just an acquaintance. And the prosecution did <sup>in</sup> not get anywhere particularly <sup>in</sup> trying to develop the romantic angle. Mrs. Henkel's husband was in court.

It was to be observed when the proceedings were over, that Hauptmann for the first time showed a recognition of anybody but his wife. He winked at Mrs. Henkel, and she waved back to him.

## BASEBALL

I'm glad to see that the Boston baseball tangle has been solved. The old city of the Puritans, otherwise known as Bean Town, has been a red hot baseball burg for many years.

The Boston diamond troubles have been so diplomatically settled that in the announcement issued from the high and mighty baseball conclave at the Waldorf-Astoria, there is not even a mention of dogs. You fans will recall that the whole thing started with the proposal to introduce the racing grey-hounds at Braves Field. Somehow the canines chasing the mechanical rabbit are not supposed to be so refined, as a pair of spikes coming into second base. Then Judge Fuchs, the Boston National League magnate, announced that he couldn't pay the rent for the ball park, and would be evicted from Braves Field unless he were allowed to collect a little extra gravy on dog races at night.

That was the reason for the emergency league meeting held here in New York, at the Waldorf, and now the solution comes along. That National League itself is taking over the lease for the ball park, standing good for the rent, so the Braves can go on playing baseball in Bean Town.

## BASEBALL

I'm glad to see that the Boston baseball tangle has been solved. The old city of the Puritans, otherwise known as Bean Town, has been a red hot baseball burg for many years.

The Boston diamond troubles have been so diplomatically settled that in the announcement issued from the high and mighty baseball conclave at the Waldorf-Astoria, there is not even a mention of dogs. You fans will recall that the whole thing started with the proposal to introduce the racing grey-hounds at Braves Field. Somehow the canines chasing the mechanical rabbit are not supposed to be so refined, as a pair of spikes coming into second base. Then Judge Fuchs, the Boston National League magnate, announced that he couldn't pay the rent for the ball park, and would be evicted from Braves Field unless he were allowed to collect a little extra gravy on dog races at night.

That was the reason for the emergency league meeting held here in New York, at the Waldorf, and now the solution comes along. That National League itself is taking over the lease for the ball park, standing good for the rent, so the Braves can go on playing baseball in Bean Town.

FRANCE

France celebrated an anniversary today, and did the celebrating with an outbreak of trouble. It was the anniversary of Bloody Tuesday. Just one year ago the famous Stavisky riots occurred in Paris, when, in the midst of the wild financial scandal centered around the Russian~~x~~ adventurer, mobs stormed through the streets in furious demonstrations against the government. Twenty-nine people were killed in battles between the rioters and the police.

It is characteristic of France that there were solemn ceremonies today dedicated to the memory of those <sup>who</sup> lost their lives in the Stavisky riots. At historic Notre Dame a *Requiem* mass was celebrated, and a coffin draped in black symbolized the victims of last year's outbreak against the government. And Premier Flandin attended, representing the government at the ceremony of mourning.

The authorities were taking no chances. Eighty thousand troops and police were massed to suppress any outbreak. Paris from one end to the other was under heavy guard. In spite of the overwhelming display of force, there was a series of disturbances

At Notre Dame an immense crowd gathered and were held



in check by the cordons of police. Royalists and Fascists were out by the tens of thousands. There was a succession of angry incidents and one serious clash when a column of Fascist students defied the police. They sang the "Marseilles", and shouted:- "France for the French!" A violent battle of clubs was staged, before the police drove the disturbers away.

There was an ugly scene when Premier Flandin arrived at the cathedral in the company of the Chief of Police. He was hissed and booed, and there were ~~xxx~~ shouts of "Assassin."

At the Place de la Concorde, where last year's riots took place, people laid wreaths of flowers on the monuments to the victims of the riot. The monuments were splashed with red paint to symbolize the blood that had to be shed when the police had chased the mobs on that Bloody Tuesday a year ago.

In other parts of Paris there were hostile encounters between bands of marching Fascists and parties of Socialists and Communists.

SHIEK

8

Over in England they are preparing for the King's Silver Jubilee, the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of his reign. And along comes one announcement which does stir up visions of exotic romance. We are told that in the parade of Oriental royalty attending His Majesty's Jubilee will be Abdullah Ben Jasim, Shiek of Elcatar. And, he is the king of the precious oyster, the Shiek of Pearls. Abdullah Ben Jasim's principality of Elcatar is on the eastern shore of Arabia, where the limpid sea waves wash upon the burning sands. Burning sands is right. When the Shiek of Pearls wants boiled eggs for luncheon, he merely has them buried in the sand. And in two minutes they are cooked. ~~the~~ <sup>it</sup> those are pearl-diving shores, with fabulous fisheries famous from of old. ~~he~~ <sup>The Shiek</sup> owns four thousand negro slaves, and these are his pearl divers. He ~~owns~~ <sup>operates</sup> eight hundred pearling vessels. He reigns in ~~the~~ <sup>a</sup> fantastic palace, guarded by negro giants with swords. His court is composed of dancing girls, jesters and astrologers. Each day great heaps of pearls are tossed at the foot of his throne, for his inspection.

9

In London Shiek Abdullah Ben Jasim of Elcatar will not stop at a hotel. He will have a house of his own. One of the most devout of Moslems, he will not live under the same roof as infidel Christians.

END

9 1/2  
Well, I've got a dinner date with a couple of infidel Christians, so I'd better say --- SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.