

Quinn
M.C.

HAUPTMAN.

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In the Hauptmann appeal to the Supreme Court ^{today we} ~~we~~ find an expression that stirs the imagination darkly. The expression is -- circus maximus. Hauptmann's appeal to the nine high justices uses that classic Roman term to describe the court trial at Flemington. Well, the circus maximus of ancient Rome was the Amphitheatre where the gladiators fought. The giant Coliseum itself was the greatest Circus Maximus of all. So visions are evoked of the yelling throng in the stone seats, of Senators in their white togas, and supreme above all - the purple emperor. And in the arena gladiators battling with sword and shield. And sometimes they made a lake of the circus maximus where gladiators and ships fought seabattles -- to the death.

Those antique visions give us the gist of the complaint that Hauptmann makes in his desperate fight to avoid the electric chair for the kidnapping and killing of Baby Lindbergh. His lawyers in huge legal documents declare that the trial was unfair. And, using their own words -- that Prosecutor Wilentz was guilty of bullying and argumentative treatment of Hauptmann and other defendants. →

2. HAUFMANN.

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That -- Justice Trenchard's charge to the jury was argumentative and not dispassionate. That the jury was subject to mass coercion.

In other words, claims the appeal, the Flemington trial was a circus -- a Circus Maximus.

The story begins with a visit to a fashionable apartment. They are traced to the second floor. The building superintendent after a search, finds the body of Fritz Schmitt, a German economist and wealthy industrialist lying in his apartment, shot four times with a thirty-two calibre revolver. In an adjoining hallway, the building inspector saw a blonde girl, but while he examined the body she vanished. He telephoned downstairs saying: "Watch the doors and don't let anybody leave the building."

The police came, and then on a fire escape landing, the detective found the blonde girl. She was sleeping a big handbag to her head. He took the handbag from her. In it he found a series of objects that gave a point by point revelation.

KILLING

A drama without mystery - take today's crime sensation in New York. It's not a case where a clue was found. There was a whole handbag full of clues - a complete story told in the contents of one of those capacious receptacles in which women carry odds and ends of every sort. ~~everything but the~~
~~handbag~~

The story moves with a swift intensity. Shots heard in a fashionable apartment. They are traced to the twenty-first floor. The building superintendent after a search, finds the body of Fritz Gebhardt, a German economic expert and wealthy industrialist lying in his apartment, shot four times with a thirty-two calibre revolver. In an adjoining hallway, the building inspector saw a blonde girl, but while he examined the body she vanished. He telephoned downstairs saying: "Watch the doors and don't let anybody leave the building."

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The police came, and then on a ^{third floor} fire escape landing ~~at~~
~~the third floor~~ a detective found the blonde girl. She was clasping a big handbag to her bosom. He took the handbag from her. In it he found a series of objects that gave a point by point revelation.

2-KILLING.

There was a diamond engagement ring, -- she and the German industrialist had been engaged to be married. There was a thirty-two calibre revolver with four shells exploded -- to match the four thirty-two calibre bullets that had killed Gebhardt. There was a blood stained article of apparel, which seemed to indicate that after the shooting the girl had thrown herself on the dying man with remorse. And the handbag contained the girl's will. She had made the will just a couple of days before, dividing her possessions -- a hint that, planning to kill her fiance she had intended to commit suicide. So she had made a will. But her nerve deserted her at the last moment.

That's the story told by the handbag. There's one more fact that can be added. Despite the diamond engagement ring -- Gebhart, it is learned, had a wife and children in Germany.

Drama, yes -- but no mystery.

STRATOSPHERE.

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What is the most valuable treasure in the world tonight? Many a man of science will answer that by pointing to a collection of sealed containers that have been packed with infinite care for shipment to Washington. They are on their way tonight - the recording instruments of the great stratosphere flight, on their way to be studied and verified by the Bureau of Standards and by the scientists of the National Geographical Society. In that adventure out to the weird space where the atmosphere begins, the miracle is this - it was so perfectly successful that the complicated array of scientific gadgets taken to the stratosphere returned to earth uninjured.

So the scientists ~~ask~~ are all agog. If the tale can be told at all, those instruments will tell it - the story of whether the cosmic rays way up there where the air ends, are powerful enough to transmute matter. Transform one element into another - as the alchemists of old dreamed of doing. And there's another question those instruments certainly should help to answer.

2-STRATOSPHERE.

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How high do living spores exist. Spores are tiny particles of living matter, minute living things that drift in the air. How high ^{do} they rise into the outer atmosphere. Also - how ^{do} the radio waves behave up there in the thinnest air that man has ever penetrated.

So those packing cases that are on their way to Washington tonight are loaded with treasures - treasures of science.

OIL

I am in Philadelphia tonight, broadcasting from the Bellvue-Stratford. Here before me in this Grand Ball Room are hundreds of members of the Philadelphia Traffic Club. And here by the way is a traffic item:-

Even if you live to be hundreds of years old, you'll still be able to get your supply of Blue Sunoco. We learn that tonight in an answer just given by the American Petroleum Institute to the old, old question -- "Is our oil supply in any danger of running out?" There have been plenty of alarming theories that we're using up our petroleum deposits so fast that they won't last much longer. This gets an authoritative denial from Axtell Byles, president of the Petroleum Institute. He reports on a countrywide ~~survey~~ survey just made. The survey shows that there's enough oil in the American ground to provide gasoline for motorists for centuries to come.

CANADIAN TREATY

Here's a fact that's well to remember: away back in the middle of the last century Canada and the United States had a treaty of trade reciprocity. It was signed in 1855, but was enforced for only ten years. The trade treaty was terminated during the confusions and arguments of the troubled period of the American Civil War. Then later on, about a score of years ago, there was attempt to renew Canadian-American trade reciprocity. A treaty was formed but was not accepted by Canada. Coming down to now the significant thing is -- that in 1929 Canadian-American trade amounted to a billion four hundred million dollars. Now it has dropped to little more than a third, half a billion. Hence the feeling that something out to be done about it. And the present moment ties back to that date of 1855, because the treaty just negotiated by the Premier and the President has been formed along the lines of that earlier treaty, which was in force for ten years.

What does reciprocity mean? Well, you buy from me and I buy from you. We reciprocate, mutual trade.

A reciprocal lowering of tariffs. I cut my tariffs on your goods, and you cut your tariffs on my goods. The up to date thing is to apply this cut-rate principle to certain classes of goods, the kind ~~xx~~ you can buy from me and hurt your industry the least -- the kind I can buy from you and hurt my industry less. So the question is, what kind of Canadian goods and what kind of American goods will get the benefit of the new reciprocity?

That's an official secret, information ~~withheld~~ withheld, but there's some pretty sound dope that gives us plenty of hints. Canada will make tariff concessions on such varied American products as oil, coal, machines, automobiles and dried fruits. That's an indication and the probable list. The United States will cut tariffs on Canadian wood pulp, news print, lumber, dairy products and whiskey. The cut tariff on whiskey has a special angle -- beating the bootleg smugglers.

In a more general sense the treaty is said to guarantee that Canada will straighten out her tariff system, make it more stable and more simple. (Right now Canadian customs authorities are able to jockey the rates against American products with constant

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changes. But hereafter, the Canadian tariffs will be ~~put~~
put on a permanent basis.)

That's the gist of the dope on the new Canadian-American
trade treaty, which promises to be a mile-stone in the history of
two good neighbors.

BANKERS

The nation's bankers at New Orleans heard their retiring president, Rudolf Hecht, demand that the Government withdraw from business as soon as possible. Then the men of finance heard a message from the President. Mr. Roosevelt calls for the banks of the nation to release credit - lend more money, put cash into circulation. But the President qualified that with a judicious phrase - He said: "When it can be done upon a sound basis, go ahead and provide credit to business, industry and real estate." But many would like to hear a definition of that phrase "sound basis."

Such were the high lights of the proceedings of the meeting of the American Bankers Association, in New Orleans,

SHIP.

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Three sailors saved - they saved themselves - in that sea tragedy of the Philippines. For twenty-four hours a cast-away company of fifty-four people have been on that desolate rock, ^{at} the San Bernardino Straits, ^{- in the Philippines.} Their ship, the British freighter Silver Hazel, smashed to pieces on the rock. A wild typhoon raging. Three American destroyers standing by, but the seas are too terrific to let them do anything to rescue the castaways. ^{Nevertheless} Those three Hindu sailors ^{- Lascars -} on the rock had the hardihood to put out in a boat. Taking their lives in their hands, they fought their way in a wild venture, and reached one of the destroyers safely.

ITALY.

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The text of the Italian note of protest, as published today, is pretty much the same as the gist given out yesterday by the Italian Ambassador to Washington. Only - the tone is more belligerent than you'd expect, belligerent as Mussolini is known to be. His threat, (delivered to all of the League of Nations members,) to meet league sanctions with Italian sanctions, doesn't sound so formidable - rather pathetic in fact. Italy would refuse to buy from the nations that have boycotted her own products. But Italy is one, and those others are many, (and moreover it is only to be expected that the Italians wouldn't buy anything they could help from other countries, Only necessary materials.)

But the threat to withdraw from the League of Nations is a bit more significant - especially to France. Paris doesn't want Rome to get out of the league.

As to the reported threat to withdraw the Italian army at Brenner Pass, which would mean leaving Austria at the mercy of Nazi Germany - that's mostly a report in Paris.

2-ITALY.

The situation was such, I suppose, can be summarized
Meanwhile, ^{the members of} the League of Nations are preparing their
replies. France and England are drafting theirs together. The
dope is that the French and British will reject the Italian
protest and say that they will go ahead with the sanctions, but
will take ^{still} pains to leave the door open for negotiations to
settle the Italian-Ethiopian brawl.

who served with the garrison in France, lost a leg, disabled
to issue with "What Price Glory", and the "Big Parade", and who
has a soldierly eye for military affairs.

Talking about the Ethiopian army and the drilling of
the huge hordes of tribesmen in European fashion, Reelange
puts the military angle this way: "The black warriors," says he,
"seem to think that because they know the Manual of Arms, this
enables them to fight the Italian troops on equal terms. They
do not realize that their training by European instructors is
worthless without the support of airplanes and artillery." In
other words the warriors think that because they can drill, they
can defeat mechanized warriors.

So it's no wonder that Stallings goes on to tell that -- as he phrases it: "The chieftans are aghast at the ease with which their men are mowed down by the Italian machine guns whenever their black warriors make a show of resistance."

There's one group of war heroes over there in Africa whose exploits are not getting so much attention -- not getting a play in the news dispatches. Because those heroes in question write the news dispatches. The newspaper men in Ethiopia have not been burning the cables with tidings of their own mid-adventures. But I have learned something about them from letters that Laurance Stallings has been writing back to us. They've got to be interpreted in connection with the fact that the former Marine who lost his leg in the war has a complicated artificial limb almost up to the right hip.

So here's an excerpt from a letter he wrote to Trueman Tally, head of the Fox Movietone. "We had a little trouble," writes Stallings, "One bad time with some drunken natives. I got them put in irons. And once I got slugged down in a free

-for-all with some war-crazed tribesmen. Then I kicked an usher - in the middle of Haile Selassie's biggest church festival." A kick from the one-legged Stallings -- that's news.

Another time he writes: "Fell fifteen feet last Saturday. Mule and I tumbled into a rock gully. Mule did his best but I beat him to it. Fell on him. Not him on me. I hurt his leg."

But here's what caps the climax. "Was kicked by a mule last week," writes Stallings, "kicked on jaw where I had tooth extracted last Spring. Had to go to Djibuti. Got it scraped. A pleasant operation without anesthesia."

Later comes the message: "Face a lot better. Lanced it with a pocket knife and iodine at Diredawa, two nights ago fearing poison.

And then later on: "All of the war correspondents and newsreel cameramen out here have a disease known as Djibuti spots, which is nothing in the world but plain old-fashioned itch."

And there's someone right here who has the itch. The

ETHIOPIA - 4

N.B.C. engineer is jumping around and waving in a way to indicate that he has the itch to turn his dials and put me off the air. So --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.