

Shall there be any more such public circuses such as the Hauptmann trial at Flemington? Shall the proceedings against man or woman on trial for their lives continue to be made a hippodrome, a show for the curious, the morbid and prurient?

These questions have been occupying the attention of the American Bar Association at Boston. The lawyers in convention call upon everybody to help in putting a stop to such vaudeville expositions except the lawyers themselves.

Now I happen to be a newspaper man and so am in a position to tell you that newspaper men deprecate and deplore these things just as much as anybody else. No sane man fails to realize that such proceedings are undignified. Any sane man considers it disgusting that the minute a suspect is arrested he should be, almost literally, tried at the bar of general public opinion before a properly selected jury has a chance to hear and weigh the evidence in the case. Reporters, editors and other people who convey the news to you

simply
are doing a natural and inevitable thing. They are supplying
a demand, a clamorous public demand, *that should be headed off by law,* Whenever a celebrated
case breaks it is the lawyers on both sides who break their
necks and stumble over each others' feet to carry their cases
to the newspapers months ahead of the trial.

I've talked to celebrated criminal defense lawyers.
Their excuse is: "We have to do it in self defense." Then
they explain: "What is the first thing a district attorney
does? The minute he thinks he has a case he gives it to the
newspapers, pours out columns upon columns of propaganda
infinitely damaging to the rights of the defendant." And so,
say the criminal defense attorneys, we have to retaliate. We
supply the public with information to create an atmosphere of
sympathy for the defendant.

The prosecutors on the other hand say: "We are
public officials, and the public demands information. We give
out only legitimate information. It is the professional
criminal defenders who are at fault. The minute a man or
woman is arrested in a celebrated case they scramble all over

18

each other to offer their services. Then they fill the channels of public information with masses of immaterial, irrelevant stuff; the criminal's aged mother, his poor little wife, how good he is to his little sister. They even defame the memory of the murdered man to create the sentiment that he should have been murdered anyway.

There you have both sides of the case. The Bar Association in convention at Boston declares:- "We must not have two trials, one in court, and one outside." And further:- "There is grave danger in the dramatization of crime and the exploitation of the criminal."

The Bar Association seems to have been considering specifically the trial of Bruno Richard Hauptmann. The report of its special committee on publicity and criminal trials hands a whack on the knuckles to Governor Hoffman of New Jersey. The committee's report says: "The spectacle of a member of the Board of Pardons going about searching for evidence which many impugn the verdict is repugnant to our sense of propriety and is in our opinion unwarranted."

19

So much for criticism. The Bar Association committee has sixteen constructive ideas:- "No camera^s in the courtroom; no use of subpoenas by state or defense to provide friends with seats in the courtroom; no bulletins by either defendant or prosecutor; no comment by defense counsel of the day's proceedings in the courtroom." And here's a slap at the Hauptmann jurors:- "No vaudeville appearances by jurors after a trial."

POLITICS

The political situation, though it's peculiar, is not unique. There is a two-fold interest in ~~the~~ campaign. As the primary returns roll in, we ask first: "What do the voters think about the New Deal?" But secondly and almost as timidly, we ask: "What have they done to the Townsendites?"

Actually, there's nothing new in that. Exactly ~~four~~ ^{forty} years ago, there was a parallel situation:- In the Gay Nineties, the ~~Wave~~ decade, ^{Politicians} ~~people~~ were trembling in their shoes over the menace of the Populist Party. To be sure, ^{it wasn't} ~~they weren't~~ proposing any such novelty as the Two Hundred a Month Pension for everybody over sixty, with a four per cent general sales tax to finance it. But the ^{Populists} had several planks similar to those we hear advocated by ^{Father} ~~the~~ Coughlin, ^{the Reverend} ~~the~~ Share-the-Wealth Smith, and Dr. Pension-Everybody Townsend. Free coinage of silver, clamored the Populists; abolition of the national banks; currency inflation; money to be loaned by the government at two per cent on agricultural crops; government ownership of all railroads, canals, telegraphs, telephones.

So today a bulletin from California is particularly

interesting. California is the birthplace of ^{Dr. Townsend's} ~~the~~ O.A.R.P. ~~in~~
~~eleven out of twenty congressional districts of the Golden State.~~
~~Townsendite candidates were endorsed by the Democratic voters.~~
~~But~~ There's consolation for those who don't look kindly upon
this amazing plan. The whole strength of the Townsend organization
had been thrown to a Mr. Sheridan Downey, Dr. Townsend's lawyer.
Mr. Downey was ~~px~~ spectacularly defeated. On the other hand,
poet John Stephen McCroarty, author of the San Gabriel Mission play,
author of the original Townsend legislation in Congress, was
renominated.

Elsewhere in the primaries the New Deal standard
bearers romped home with an easy lead. In Mississippi, Senator
Pat Harrison, whose real name is Byron Tattum Harrison, beat his
opponent more than two to one. The Mississippi story is one of
those Pat and Mike yarns. Senator Pat's opponent was Ex-Governor
Mike Conner. The climax of the anecdote is that Pat put Mike
under the counter.

And in South Carolina, New Dealer James F. Byrnes
of Charleston got his renomination to the Senate by a landslide

over the opposition of two anti-Roosevelters. Though he comes from Charleston, Senator Byrnes is not one of the Charleston nobility. He is "just folks". It was he who put over the Baby Bond Bonus Bill for veterans that went through in the last term of Congress.

In Washington, D.C., and in the State of Utah, there is concern about the condition of a man popularly known as "Dear Old George." Officially, he is the Honorable George Henry Dern, Secretary of War of the United States. After a hard fought but obviously successful career, "Dear Old George" is facing the hardest fight of his life. He is gravely ill.

Bearing the patronymic of "Dern", it was inevitable that "Dear Old George" should have been in his earliest days rechristened "Gosh" Dern. At the age of Sixteen Gosh Dern worked in a freight and lumber yard to pay his way through college. He found time to become a crack football player. He was the star tackle of the University of Nebraska team in Eighteen Ninety-Four.

Then he turned to mining —

~~Mining~~ became shift boss, foreman, superintendent.

Not one of those right-hook-to-the-jaw foremen and superintendents, he did it with humor, with a wise-crack. Then he became general manager of the gold mining company. Finally - politics. Then governor. Gosh Dern managed to get on the right side of Mormons and Gentiles alike.

At a conference of state governors Franklin Delano Roosevelt met "Dear Old Geroge" Gosh Dern. F.D.R., who is no mean hand at

smiling himself, was attracted by the broad, humorous grin on
the face of George Dern. Made him ~~secretary~~ Secretary of War,
though that would seem to be a job with a frown. ^{HP Tonight} Countless friends
are watching the reports from the hospital where George Dern lies
fighting for his life.

BULLITT

There's a glamorous note in ~~the news that~~ ^{about} Uncle Sam's new
~~ambassador to Paris, will be the Honorable William Christian~~
~~Bullitt~~ ^{our new ambassador to France} To newspaper men ~~he~~ is known as just plain "Bill Bullitt,"
for he used to be one of them. Though he's a Philadelphia millionaire,
he was no dilettant^e newspaper man. He was a regular run-out-and-
chase-the-festive-item reporter. He was a reporter who had
something on the ball. ^{It} While he was still a newspaper man,
George Creel introduced him to President Woodrow Wilson.
Superficially, one would have said that there was little in
common between the Presbyterian, former president of Princeton,
and this combination of Germantown social-register-plus-item-
chaser. Strange to relate, Wilson liked ~~this~~ ^{the} smooth, round-faced
boy with the bland countenance, ^{and} ~~but~~ a lot of canny ideas behind it.
The War President sent him to Germany to find out what ^{was} ~~was~~ what.
Later on, Bill Bullitt was one of the press gang on that serio-
comic Ford Peace Ship, the ship that went over to Europe in
Nineteen Fifteen with the avowed purpose of "getting the boys
out of the trenches by Christmas."

Nobody held that against him. He chose that period to

get married. ^A His honeymoon he spent behind the German lines as a guest of some of the big shot excellencies and grand potentates of the Kaiser's Fatherland. ~~A keen fellow, he acquired a lot of inside dope on conditions throughout enemy territories.~~ When Uncle Sam jumped into the War, the State Department grabbed Bullitt as an expert. In Nineteen Nineteen, the Department sent him on a secret mission to Soviet Russia, the late Lincoln Steffins being one of his colleagues. Bullitt agreed with Steffins that the doctored reports sent by other emissaries were inaccurate. The other chaps were telling their home governments what they wanted to hear, that the Soviet ~~Government~~ was a flop, couldn't succeed, couldn't survive. Steffins and Bullitt saw behind the scenes, saw the truth. Bullitt drew up the report, recommending to President Wilson that the government of Lenin and Trotzky be recognized for practical reasons, since it was a de facto government and unshakeable. Woodrow Wilson, who abhorred the reign of terror by which the Bolsheviki held themselves in power, was shocked by this frank, realistic report, ^{and} ~~chucked~~ it into the waste-basket. Bullitt resigned, said "Good-bye please; I'm going

55

to the Rivera, lie in the sun and watch the world go to hell."

But he didn't stay there long. The Versailles Treaty came up for consideration by the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate. Senator Borah and Senator Lodge had heard that Bill Bullitt had a keener insight into the innermost workings of European diplomatic maneuverings than anybody else. They summoned him from exile. Then he told that Committee what he had observed and learned. That got him into the headlines and also into the bad graces of a lot of ~~powerful~~ people. Bill Bullitt ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ retired once more and took a fling in movies, and amused himself generally in a desultory way.

~~Then came the Roosevelt regime, and the moment when F.D.R. decided that Uncle Sam should take a realistic rather than an idealistic and sentimental position on eastern European politics.~~

When ^{Franklin} ~~the~~ Roosevelt decided, after a great lapse of years and many international complications to recognize the Soviet, Bill Bullitt was a natural for the post of ambassador to Moscow.

So now he becomes Uncle Sam's Envoy Plenipotentiary at the Quai d'Orsay. It is a curious transition, an interesting

event.

Personally, ~~Bill~~ Bullitt is a smooth-shaven fellow of medium height, almost as bald as a billiard ball. But, ~~even so~~, a rather good-looking chap, ~~He has~~ the good looks of intelligence and breeding. Despite his position in the ~~Germentown~~ social register, he is anything but snooty. If he ever had inclinations that way, his newspaper experience would have knocked that out of him. ~~He is~~ ^h youngish fellow, still in his forties. Somehow one gets the idea that smooth, hairless young man is going places.

RUSSIA

Only two evenings ago, I had occasion to comment on explosive news from the Far East -- the execution of nine agents of the Soviet Government by the Japanese authorities in Manchukuo and the imprisonment of eighteen others. Today's story from Moscow seemed almost like a direct answer to that challenge, that reported statement by Josef Stalin, the Red dictator. The story that came by way of London. That message of "war". Coming. Be ready for it.

The London evening news said it had picked this terror fraught warning out of the air. That the man who today exercises in Russia more power than was ever wielded by Czar Peter the Great or Ivan the Terrible had broadcast the challenge in a rapid appeal to the comrades of the Red forces: "We are on the eve of war," Stalin is supposed to have said. "Any moment now you may be called upon to lay down your lives in defense of the proletarian Fatherland."

By way of warning to the rest of the world, he was supposed to have added the information that the Red army represents the last word in modern efficiency. His own words were even

quoted as follows: -- "Everything money could buy, everything the genius of man could invent, everything the loving labor of workers could make, has been given into your hands for the defense and glory of the Soviet."

The Red dictator's threat might have seemed an answer to the growing rumors of a secret treaty between Hitler and the war lords of Japan, that is in case either Japan or Germany comes to grips with Russia, the other will get into the fight. But the latest is, the Stalin war scare denied -- denied absolutely, by the Soviet Government.

Meanwhile the cable from Norway was carrying something true and factual: (Trotsky ordered out. From his exile in the land of the Vikings, the former sharer of the Bolshevik throne has been fulminating against the trial and execution of Zinovieff, Kameneff and their confederates. He's been vowing vengeance.

To which the Norwegian government, which has been generous and hospitable to the Bolshevik exile, replies: "Rouse mit lim." In other words, here's your hat, what's your hurry?)

Come again sometime when you can't stay so long.

(In more formal, official terms, His ^{Scandinavian} Majesty's government announces that Comrade Trotzky has abused ~~his~~ ^{the} hospitality given to him, violated the conditions under which he was given asylum.

Meanwhile, the Ogpu, the Soviet secret police, were making their answer in characteristic fashion to Trotzky's denunciation. ~~propaganda~~ They arrested his former secretary, the journalist Karl Radek,) more popularly known as the "Puck of the Soviet revolution:"- ~~He~~ a small, wizened, bald-headed chap, with short-cropped gray whiskers on his chin. ~~But~~ He stares at you through thick double lens glasses. But behind those glasses has been one of the most keen witted, ironical brains in revolutionary circles. Throughout the exile of his former chief, ^(Radek) ~~he~~ has been allowed to remain in Moscow. People supposed that he had turned his coat, that he was in the good graces of the Stalin regime. But now it looks as though the Ogpu is about to pluck the wings of the "Puck of the revolution." & s-l-u-t-m.

8 1/2

9

9 1/4