

LT in
Flemington,
New Jersey
for
~~Land~~
Hauptmann
trial.

Jan. 27
1935.

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:

I had expected to find a circus day furore here at Flemington, New Jersey, where I am tonight. And I had rather expected not to say so much about that circus angle, because it was so sure to be described in full and on all sides. But the turmoil is so stormy and curious that it is impossible not to comment upon some of the more striking things I've seen.

We all knew that there'd be something of a carnival spirit here at the trial of Bruno Hauptmann. And it is carnival, though, noisy, pushing, jolly, laughing; a hurly burly with a touch of grimness, a frolic overshadowed by the most sensational and most pitiful crime of our time, and by the figure in the courtroom foreground, the gray-faced stolid silent man on trial for his life.

The chief of police has had to put on two new cops to take care of the crowds, which increases his police force to three.

You should have witnessed the sight when the ten jurors chosen today filed out of the courtroom into the street,

in the face of batteries of still and motion picture cameras, placed on top of automobiles, trucks and wagons. Crowded on the stoop of the little red-brick building, pushing, shouting, laughing, eager to get into the motion picture, was a jam of humanity, children mostly, it seemed to me; creaming and giggling prank-playing youngsters.

About the ten men and women already selected -- all but two -- they were chosen with an amazing speed, with a minimum of wrangling and challenging. I was told at the office of Sheriff John H. Curtus that last year they had a minor murder trial down here, and it took them nearly a week of arguing and scrapping to pick the jury.

Now about what kind of jury it is that will try Richard Bruno Hauptmann for the murder of Baby Lindbergh. Just ordinary folks. You will find that fact emphasized and detailed in your newspapers. The first chosen was Rosie Pill, just a rural New Jersey housewife. A couple of laborers, a couple of farmers, an insurance agent, another housewife. Just how average a collection of small town people was forcibly brought to me when at the

Sheriff's office, I asked for the outstanding characteristics of the six jury men and four jury women. They thought a while; everybody knows everybody down here. And as for outstanding characteristics, the only thing they could pick was that Charles Walton, a machinest, used to be a baseball player. He hasn't played for a few years. But not so long ago Charlie Walton was renowned in these parts as a star semi-pro, a third baseman. One prospective juror upon being asked how old he was, said he didn't know. He was excused because he looked plenty old. Another juror was excused because he is sixty-eight. The Judge by the way is seventy-three.

Justice Trenchard is one of the most dignified men in these parts, yet he has a beaming smile, shellrimmed glasses and grey hair. A ruddy face that beams in competition with the red necktie he wears along with his judicial robe.

Here's a detail to show what a sleepy place this turmoiled town ordinarily is. The clock in the courtroom has stopped. It is eternally a quarter to five by that clock. But Chief of Police Walter is here beside me so I'd better not say Flemington is sleepy.

Williams.

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INTRO. TO MR. WILLIAMS

I had various encounters today with old newspaper friends -- naturally. The press is so heavily represented here that the county courthouse is jammed with newspaper men's desks and telegraph instruments, every place except the ladies' rest room. I had one surprise meeting -- with Douglas Williams, whom I find to be a brother of that same Captain Valentine Williams who, on Xmas eve, told us the story of the first Xmas of the World War.

Douglas Williams is one of the group of foreign correspondents covering the trial -- evidence of its world-wide interest. He told me a moment ago, the last great trial he covered was the Caillaux trial in Paris many years ago. Now here in America he represents The Daily Telegraph, one of London's most important newspapers. He has come with me to the little room behind the local pool parlor, where I am broadcasting. His slant on the courtroom proceedings should be different. Am I right, Mr. Douglas Williams?

FOR MR. DOUGLAS WILLIAMS

Well, Mr. Lowell Thomas, you saw it as well as I. I can only give you an Englishman's viewpoint. Today's scene in the old-fashioned courtroom here at Flemington seemed to the British eye an interesting cross-mixture between decorum and ballyhoo and rustic informality and the dignity of the law.

The number of reporters packed along the narrow benches was specially amazing and one rather wondered whether the fifteen or twenty men assigned by each paper to report the story could do a better job than just two or three.

Hauptmann was an interesting study. With his slicked back hair, his freshly shaved face, his neat grey suit and clean blue shirt he looked more like a tailor's summy than the prisoner for whose benefit so many people had come to Flemington. Three and a half months in prison had, it is true, given his cheeks an unhealthy pallour but his demeanor was unchanged. As he walked into the court, preceded and followed by State troopers so smartly uniformed in blue and yellow, he faced the crowd with a bland set stare as though saying:- "Well, I'm in a tough spot but I'm not done for yet."

Occasionally as the tedious business of filling the

jury panel proceeded, he would look across at his wife on the other side of the court and would exchange a sickly smile with her where she sat a rather pathetic looking figure, her untidy blonde hair covered by a sort of piebowl hat, - beside her sitting the girl-reporter-watchdog assigned to follow her every movement by the newspaper syndicate that has bought up her story.

^{Am}
~~Another~~ interesting feature of the day's thrilling scene was the dramatic proximity of Lindbergh to Hauptmann. They sat in the same row within arm's length of each other -- but each seemed carefully to avoid glancing in the other's direction.

I was interested every moment of the day, and know that my English readers are as keenly interested in the trial as I am.

WASHINGTON

The principal excitement in Washington today concerned the problem of -- where are we going to live? The members of the Seventy-third Congress arriving in the national capital, for the opening session tomorrow, went around looking for homes. And there were loud yowls of annoyance. Because Washington is full up. The flood of government workers in Washington for the sundry activities of the New Deal, caused a shortage of living quarters, and in consequence the Congressmen and their wives have had plenty of trouble finding accommodations.

"The "Where do we live" question has not been answered. But the "Who's the leader" question is a question no longer. The Democrats got together today and as was perfectly well known in advance, elected Senator Joseph T. Robinson, of Arkansas, to be the New Deal Field Marshall in the Upper House.

And as per schedule Representative Byrnes is to be Speaker of the House.

ALBANIA

Today news from Albania emanates from the Greek Island of Corfu, which is just off the coast of King Zog's domain. Albania, itself, is closed by a stiff censorship, through which fragmentary reports of rebellion against King Zog have been filtering. Today's report from Corfu tells us of a bomb, a bomb hurled into the royal palace in the Capital city of Tiranana. It was ~~intended~~ designed to blow up the king, and it did -- partly. They say King Zog was wounded by the explosion -- how seriously it is not known. The Corfu report goes further with the statement that a general mobilization of the Mohammedans has been ordered. The inference is that King Zog, who is a Moslem, himself, has called the forces of his co-religionists to his aid.

They say that Christians are excluded from the mobilization order. From all of this we can further infer that the revolt against Zog is to some extent a split between the Mohammedan and Christian parts of the population. There's a powerful Moslem group in Albania, left over from the old days of the domination of the Turk.

This is about as much juice as can be squeezed

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from the brief dispatch from Corfu -- of an exploding bomb
and of a mobilization of the Moslems.

Last night I told how they are going to stage a spectacular military parade of the international troops policing the Saar Valley for the election. Meanwhile, what are those international troops doing? A report comes of wild ^{disorders} ~~scenes~~ following the celebration of New Year. Festive crowds turned into fighting crowds. Mobs roared through the street^s, looking for battle. At Saarbrucken and in villages throughout the Valley of Coal Mines, there ^{has} been an epidemic of street brawls, with all sorts of promiscuous shooting. The ^{unconfirmed} report tells us of at least two persons killed, and ~~at least~~ a hundred wounded. The authorities, with all their international soldiers, ^{couldn't stop it.} ~~seem to be helpless.~~

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Meanwhile, Geoffrey Knox, head of the League of Nations Commission governing the Saar, announces that in addition to the big military parade, there'll be a political amnesty on January seventh. They'll turn loose all the prisoners ^{- mostly Nazi -} jailed for various political violations. That, of course, is intended as a gesture of peace. They seem to need gestures of peace in the Saar, maybe something even stronger and more peaceful ^{than gestures.}

POLAND

I wish I knew what was happening right now in a certain coal mine over in Poland. Tragic possibilities are suggested by the story -- another one of those suicide strikes. Sixty miners are deep in the black pit and vow they won't come out unless their wage demand is met.

This time the death-strike in the coal mine is made all the more intense by a new dramatic factor -- water. Water, two hundred and fifty cubic feet a minute, is seeping into the mine, slowly filling the shaft. The death strikers are in the water, which is slowly rising. Their threat has a double edge. The mine is of such character that if the pit fills up with water it will be almost impossible to work it again. The mine ^{would} ~~will~~ probably have to be abandoned, and of course, if the mine fills with water, the miners will be drowned. That's their double menace. Destruction for both the mine and themselves.

And right now is the critical time. The owners report that water will not rise dangerously in the mine shaft until evening of today --- right now.

For a singular ~~sight~~ sidelight on that amazing series of deaths in the zoo at San Francisco, let's consider the personality of the latest victim. George Bistany was the Superintendent of the San Francisco Zoo, and was known far and wide as a wild animal expert. He was of singular origin, born in Egypt. His father was an Arab, his mother a Spaniard. ~~That is~~ ^{an} exotic combination. His whole life concerned itself with wild animals, in killing them, capturing them, taking care of them. He began as a big game hunter, then turned to the collection of the creatures of jungle and desert, ^{the} for zoological garden.

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For the last twenty years he traveled in the remotest regions of the earth, and collected more than eight thousand of the rarest ~~xxxxx~~ birds and animals. His last trip was just a year ago, when he made extensive journeys in Africa and brought back a wild cargo for the San Francisco Zoo. He was boss of the animal collection out there on the coast and ~~had~~ been for a number of years. The half-Arab, half-Spaniard, born in Egypt, who had begun as a hunting killer of wild beasts, had come to devote his life to their care and well-being.

He was rather a fanatic on the subject of the happiness of his animals. He invented an electric fly-catcher to protect them from the insects. And during the great general strike in San Francisco last year, he rose to heroic heights. With the truckmen on strike, he couldn't get meat delivered, and the great carnivores of the zoo were hungry. George Bistany solved the difficulty with one wrathful threat, one tremendous gesture. He said he would load his lions on a truck and take them down to the packing house section, and let them get meat for themselves. "They've got to eat", he declared. "I don't think anybody ~~will~~ will dare to stop them." That turned the trick. The mere thought of a dozen roaring, hungry lions charging around in a packing house, brought immediate deliveries to the zoo.

But the episode of the zoo that touched Bistany's heart the most deeply was when his life was saved by Ginger, the orang-utan. Ginger was a huge ape of prodigious strength and the favorite of the zoo. ~~He~~ They say he used to keep order among the other animals. One day Bistany was attacked by another ape, and in ~~x~~ danger of being killed, when Ginger intervened, batted the other ape into submission

and saved the man's life. Bistany never forgot it. All his loyalty to his animals was concentrated the most intensely in the huge anthropoid Ginger.

The beginning of tragedy in the zoo came a week ago, when somebody poisoned Ginger - some malicious visitor they think. The magnificent ape died. Two days later Jack Bamberger died. Bamberger had been Ginger's particular keeper. "Poor fellows!" exclaimed Bistany, meaning both the ape and the man. "They had been together for years. The shock was too much for Bamberger." And it would seem as if that were really the case.

A day or so after that, Bistany himself fell ill. "I don't know what's the matter", he told the doctors. "I just seem to be dropping down. Ginger was my friend. He saved my life. He could lick thirty men."

Today comes word of Bistany's death. The doctors say it was some organic illness, plus a broken heart. The man had brooded and grieved himself to death, over the loss of his friend, the ape.

This is the end of a rather breathless broadcast prepared in a breathless hurry in this breathless town. And,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.