

LINDBERGH

C.T. Linnoco. Tues., Feb. 17/35.

James - Waldorf  
Ch. - [unclear]

Amman  
1935

I suppose it was inevitable - inevitable that there should have been an outbreak ~~at~~ Flemington. An outbreak in the courtroom and something of the sort among the crowds outside. The crowds had come <sup>flocking</sup> ~~flocking~~ at such a rate! ~~The~~ court room packed with such a suffocating jam! a riotous holiday spirit mingled with half hysterical emotionalism! - On top of that, the Attorney General's relentless and impassioned demand all day long today, that Hauptmann be sent to the chair. These were factors likely to cause an emotional explosion.

<sup>And</sup> It came late this afternoon. Attorney General Wilentz was blazing his picture of Hauptmann as a monster of crime and insistently calling for the death penalty. There was a sudden, vivid disturbance as a man arose in the stifling courtroom and shouted to the Judge, a man wearing a Roman collar, a priest apparently: "Your Honor", he cried, "I have some information about this case." Instantly an alert deputy, Alvah Niper, seized him, clapped a hand over his mouth, and half smothered the rest of his statement. What he said never got to the ears of the jury. But here is what it was:- "In my church somebody confessed to this crime."

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He was quickly hustled out of court, while the lawyers for both prosecution and defense crowded before the Judge, debating the strange interruption. Judge Trenchard ordered the court ~~the~~ room cleared of the spectators, and the deputies and state police proceeded to drive the thronging mob out of the court room, down the stairs and out into the street.

The interrupter turned out to be the Reverend Vincent Burns, Paster of a undenominational church at Palisades, New Jersey, a church not affiliated with any other religious body, either Catholic or Protestant. They say he is a brother of the man who wrote the book: "I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang." He could have been held for contempt of court, but they did <sup>not</sup> bother. They merely hustled him out of town.

The disturbance inside the court room was almost equalled by the disturbance outside. All day long cars and busses from many miles away brought hosts of people to Flemington. They milled around in front of the courthouse, a surging, shouting, laughing mob. They tried to burst their way in. The doors of the court house had to be barred to keep them from being forced open.



When the jurors emerged, the crowd swooped down on them. The state troopers had a battle on their hands, before they could <sup>open</sup> ~~clear~~ the way. They were finally able to beat back the mob, and <sup>clear the space</sup> ~~open the way~~ in front of the courthouse.

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And to finish it off, somebody tried to take a punch at one of the Assistants to the Attorney General. It happened after court had adjourned. Mr. Peacock of the prosecution staff was pushing his way through the milling throng when a man attacked him, tried to hit him. The assailant was flattened by one of the deputy sheriffs who jabbed him in the pit of the stomach with an elbow and knocked the wind out of him.

LINDBERGH

The day long attack of Attorney General Wilentz was a blistering performance. The prosecutor was having his big day. Yet it began with that honeyed courtesy that often sweetens the <sup>opening</sup> ~~beginning~~ of a lawyer's address. Defense Attorney Reilly in his <sup>yesterday had</sup> summation <sup>1</sup> paid compliments to his rival. But <sup>out-Reillyed</sup> Wilentz ~~outrivaled~~ <sup>1</sup> Reilly -- so much so that he got a laugh.

"Not even in five thousand years of experience," he declaimed, "could I even approach that masterly ~~and~~ performance of Mr. Reilly yesterday." Then he added a finishing touch of flattery by describing Mr. Reilly in ~~these~~ these terms: "He's a most imposing fellow," cooed the prosecutor, "a good looking fellow."

9 The Not even the best friends of Edward J. Reilly would claim a beauty <sup>prize</sup> ~~prize~~ <sup>1</sup> for him. His majestic qualities are those of a paunch, a jowl and double chins, as is the case with many of us.

But when the sugar of politeness was over, Wilentz launched into a vitriolic denunciation which did not spare those shining merits of Attorney Reilly. "It's a <sup>scandal</sup> ~~scandal~~ <sup>1</sup> and an outrage," shouted Wilentz, "that counsel should be able to ~~execute~~ <sup>execute</sup> ~~execute~~ <sup>1</sup>



assassinate the character of honorable people." And that, of course, has reference to the way Reilly has been smearing prosecution witnesses all over the place.

The keynote of the prosecutor's speech was summed up in a phrase of Wilentz when he called Hauptmann "Public-Enemy-Number-One-of-the-world." He pictured the Bronx Carpenter in sinister terms:

"You can see him when he comes into this court, walking like a panther."

However, Hauptmann may walk naturally; when he comes into the courtroom he does have to worm and sidle through the crowd.

He struck an exceedingly contrasting note when he referred to Jafsie, whom Reilly had virtually skinned alive. Wilentz described the vociferous doctor as "sweet as sugar and pure as snow."

He gave a new and darker picture of the crime,

when he attacked the defense argument ~~that~~ that the child didn't cry out when kidnapped and hence must have been taken by servants in the house.

"If the kidnaper was a stranger, why didn't the child cry out?" Wilentz demanded. "Because he crushed the life out of the the child in that very room. Right in ~~the~~ its crib, the little ~~the~~ voice was stilled forever."

That doesn't jibe with the common prosecution notion that the baby was killed when <sup>*the kidnapper*</sup> ~~he~~ fell from the ladder.

The Attorney General was more dramatic today than the Defense Attorney was yesterday. He gesticulated more. He pounded the table more. He employed a bit of forensic acting when he came to the defense claim that Hauptmann was framed.

"Schwarzkopf, stand up," cried Wilentz. And the head of the State troopers in charge of the case against Hauptmann, arose.

8 "Now look at him," Wilentz called to the jury, "there he stands, an honorable man, a graduate of the United States Military Academy. He has German blood in him. Does he look like

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a man who would deliberately frame Hauptmann?"

The prosecution's demand <sup>the Defendant</sup> that ~~Hauptmann~~ should

be sent to the electric chair ended with a dramatic plea to the jury -- to be firm. "Be strong," cried the Attorney General to the twelve ~~men~~ men and women who will decide Hauptmann's fate.

The judge will charge the jury on points of law tomorrow morning. And then those twelve men and women will retire -- to decide Hauptmann's fate.

PLANE

Meyer.

Feb. 17, 1935.

Xerox

ante

Zehe Meyer

2/20



ZEKE MEYER

I am rather dizzy with the idea of speed tonight, peculiarities of speed, freaks of rapid motion. Meaning, that I have been talking with Zeke Meyer who's sitting here. Zeke is the veteran automobile racer who took care of the automobile side of that spectacular flight in which for the first time in history an airplane soared aloft, carrying a motor car slung ~~below~~ beneath it. His job was, from a mile high, to climb down through a trap door into the front seat of the Ford roadster, and start the engine of the car while the observation plane flew alongside to check the quick starting Blue Sunoco under those rigorous conditions, winter weather, high altitude and rushing airplane speed.

I've been talking to Zeke, and his experience was truly a record-breaker - and a curious one. He has been an automobile racer for nineteen years, one of the regular winners of prize money at the Indianapolis classic, but he had never been up in an airplane before - until he was engaged to make the Blue Sunco test in that airplane-automobile experimental flight just completed. Some beginning for a novice!

L.E.: How did you feel about it, Zeke, when high in the sky, on your first airplane flight, you climbed down into the roadster hung beneath that plane?

ZEKE MEYER: I kept thinking I'd been in a lot of funny automobile rides in my time, but it certainly would be funniest of all if that car dangling to that plane should break loose with me at the steering wheel. I figured I'd do that one mile auto ride from five thousand feet in the air, in nothing flat.

L.E.: With you ending up flatter than that! But stranger still must have been that occasion when you accidentally broke the speed record for driving backwards! Zeke tells how in the Indianapolis race of Nineteen thirty-two he was wheeling around for a couple of laps to warm up his car. He was blazing down the straight-away, and just coming to a turn, when he took his foot off the accelerator. And that did something funny to the clutch. It caused the car to spin all the way around and start running backwards - backing up the track at a terrific clip. How fast were you going, Zeke?



## ABYSSINIA

Behind the imposing facade of the Italian-Abyssinian row, it is apparent that the Emperor Haile Selassie is in a touch spot, -- however you say that in Abyssinian. The King of Kings and Lion of Judah has not only the frowning Black Shirt Dictator in Rome to contend with, but also his own tribal Ethiopian chieftains in their lion skins. And they are frowning too.

One angle of the trouble along the border of Abyssinia and the Italian-African colonies has been -- the turbulent semi-independance of the Abyssinian tribes.

The fighting between the Italian troops and the Abyssinian is explained in part by the fact that the dusky tribes have a way of going on the rampage whether the King of Kings says so or not. But it goes further than that.

The Emperor in the barbaric capital of Addis Ababa has the most difficult sort of problem in the belligerent temper of his warlike nobles, powerful chiefs and tribes. He, having traveled in Europe and in this country too, knows something

about modern armies and mechanized warfare, which the chiefs of the tribes do not. They haven't much idea of machine guns, motorized artillery, armoured tanks and bombing planes. They just don't know what they're up against. The hot-headed warriors merely recall that their fathers wiped out an Italian expeditionary force forty years ago. So why not do it again?

The report is that the Council of great nobles that surround Haile Selassie has been clamoring for war. Weeks ago, at the very outset of the border troubles, they urged the King of Kings to declare war at once. But the Lion of Judah knew better. He's holding back from a clash, and by doing so he's risking the contempt and hostility of the great nobles of his semi-feudal domain. So the King who rules on the throne of the Queen of Sheba is confronted with two thorny problems:-



Can he restrain the tribal chiefs from making local attacks, going on the warpath against the Italians, raiding and sniping? If he can't, it will certainly provoke war. And moreover, can he, while trying for peace, retain the support of his warlike nobles, who will look upon a peace policy with scorn and indignation? Heile Selassie is massing hosts of his own warriors on the troubled frontier, while the mobilization is on in Italy.

~~However these questions may be answered,~~ It is perfectly apparent that Mussolini means business. He is presenting iron-clad demands -- that the Abyssinians must guarantee peace along the border, that they must pay an indemnity for the Italian troops killed. That they must make a formal diplomatic apology, must ~~salute~~ salute the Italian flag, and must agree to accept the decision of a mixed Italian and Abyssinian commission, which will settle the dispute concerning the boundary.

It is exceedingly significant that Balbo is called to Rome. As Governor General of <sup>the</sup> North African province of Lybia, he has been outside ~~ex~~ the bright circle of limelight.

But now he steps back into the highly illuminated picture, becoming a member of the war council at Rome and summoned to confer with the Duce. It is believed that if a war develops, Balbo will command the Italian forces. Mussolini is aware of the advantages in this. Balbo, by his great mass flight across the ~~Atlantic~~ Atlantic and back, made himself a glamorous figure for all the world. And he would lend regard and sympathy to an Italian expedition into the dim fantastic land of Ethiopia.

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The title borne by the great nobles and war leaders of the King of Kings is -- Ras. That's a familiar word in cross word puzzles. It may become familiar in the news, with many an

Ethiopian Ras, clad gorgeously in a lion skin, leading his horde

against <sup>machine guns, tanks and Savoia Marchetti</sup> ~~the mechanized regiments of Italy~~

bombing planes.



## LINCOLN

While the whole country celebrated the Birthday of the martyred President, Abraham Lincoln, let's see how two particular citizens observed it - the President of the United States and the only living Ex-President, Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Herbert Hoover.

At the White House the President turned down all appointments, except one. He received William Henry Gilbert of York, Pennsylvania - a ninety-three year old Civil War veteran. He is the only surviving member of the group of the guard that stood watch over Lincoln's bier in Philadelphia, while the funeral cortege of the martyred Emancipator was on its way to the Lincoln home at Springfield, Illinois.

HOOVER

Herbert Hoover is taking today's observance as the occasion for his first appearance at a microphone since he left the White House. He will make an address at the Lincoln Day Dinner of the National Republican Club, at the Waldorf in New York tonight. His speech will be broadcast, the voice of Herbert Hoover heard once again, throughout the land!

And the voice of this particular speech maker will not be heard throughout the land any more tonight. And,

SOLONG UNTIL TOMORROW.