

LINDBERGH--1

The drama at Flemington today was ~~a~~^{of} duel personalities, a clash of temperaments. Two men, standing in utter contrast, ^{stood} also in ^{an} opposition of mind and will. And out of this ^{study in} ~~study in~~ personalities, ^{there emerged} ~~emerged~~ sudden startling flash, ^{ca,} strokes of evidence that may be of decisive issue in the court battle, ~~of~~ fateful meaning in the destiny of Richard Bruno Hauptmann.

There on the witness stand is Lindbergh, the familiar figure of world-wide admiration. You know him so well that you can readily see him in the eye ~~of~~ the mind--trimly slender, comely of face, long legs rather dangling as he crosses them. You can also picture his manner, figure it in advance--cool, collected, quiet-spoken, brief, courteous. It would astonish you if you heard that Lindbergh had flared up, had lost his self-control, his temper, his hitherto unflinching poise. But that is not to be told. He was imperturbable when he was a lone eagle flying the Atlantic. He was just as imperturbable today, as he spoke startling words in the trial of a man accused of the murder of his infant son.

But the other man, Lindbergh's opponent--you can not so

readily picture in advance what he was like in the court room
duel. For it was a duel - a cross examination. Edward J.
Reiley, counsel for Hauptmann, said yesterday in a terse adroit
way that there were questions he wanted to put to Lindbergh,
that he would cross-examine him, sharply and persistently.
Well, Edward J. Reiley is considered by many to be the most
adroit trial lawyer in New Jersey, victor of a thousand battles
as Attorney-for-the-Defense. He was sure to be a clever
relentless cross-examiner. Renowned he is in his own legal
sphere; but not the figure so familiar to all as Lindbergh.
How would the counsel for the defense comport himself? Would
he rampage, shout his questions, try to brow-beat -- as so many
lawyers do when trying to break down a witness. All of that had
to be answered by the actual event today.

Attorney Reilly is a large man, with a large nose. In every respect he is of ~~im~~ imposing bulk, and has a quality of dignity to match it. He ~~could~~ be an upper-crust Irish politician, stately and suave. He cuts the figure of a Senator. ~~involve him in~~
~~control~~ And he stands, large and imposing facing Lindbergh -- a man of granite opposed to a slender man of steel. If Lindbergh was calm and ~~was~~ self-contained, so was Reilly. If Lindbergh was courteous, Reilly ~~was~~ courteous too. There were no dramatics on either side. It was a long and intense cross-examination. That really describes the day in court -- cross-examination. And the struggle between the attorney-for-the-defense and the witness for the prosecution was waged with a quiet courtesy, all the more deadly because ~~it~~ was so quiet and courteous.

Attorney Edward J.

~~with~~ Take the climax, for example, when Reilly thrust Lindbergh the most breath-taking question of the day. He was suave and urbane as he asked:- "Do you honestly believe Hauptmann is guilty?" Lindbergh replied with three words, three words as quiet as he has ever spoken in his quiet-spoken life, yet there was the emphatic point of a rapier ~~stroke~~ stroke as he responded:- "Yes, I do."

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As the court room battle flashed its tense stroke and counter-stroke, there were the inevitable exchange so familiar when a cross-examining lawyer tries to out-fense the witness, throwing arguments at the witness, trying to involve him in contradictions and inconsistencies. The Hauptmann defense opposes the prosecution theory that one man did the kidnapping, and to this suggests the counter-contention that the kidnapping was the doing of a gang. Hence the acute point when Reiley's questions developed the idea that Lindbergh himself had once believed that a gang, not one man alone had committed the crime.

And this brought in the name of John Hughes Curtiss, the Norfolk Boat builder, who led Lindbergh on that pitiful wild-goose chase. Curtiss then pretended that he was in contact with the kidnapping gang that had the baby. Today here's the form the battle took. Reiley pointed out that Lindbergh must have believed, when he went with Curtiss, that he was a gang. Lindbergh admitted this, but immediately he came back with a counter stroke. He said he had changed his mind about the gang

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part of it when he ceased to believe in Curtiss, after he was convinced that the boat builder's statements were false.

The swave courtesy of the attorney for the defense was perhaps at its extreme, when he let fly a sensational innuendo -- a hint. It was a sinister inference directed at no less a person than the eccentric Dr. Condon, that curious "Jafsie", who persuaded Lindbergh to toss the \$50,000 ransom over the cemetery wall.

In his questions to Lindbergh, Rielly implied that Dr. Condon might have known more about the crime than he admitted. Jafsey might have had something to do with it.

P Here's one of Rielly's most insinuating questions:- "Might not the master mind behind the kidnaping have advertised a reward for the kidnapers?" From that line of development it looks as though Jafsey might have an interesting time, if and when he gets on the witness stand.

In the courtroom duel Lindbergh certainly had none the worst of it. He was as competent a witness as he ever was a flier, and you know about him as a flier.

Of course, there was a third man watching the struggle. What was he thinking? Hauptmann! For the first time Hauptmann began to show evidences of some inward stir and turmoil. His face twitched, and his eyes turned to Lindbergh incessantly.

Hitherto the two men had not so much as exchanged glances. But today Hauptmann stared at Lindbergh. They say he outstared the

Lone Eagle of the Atlantic. *P What?* ~~the what~~ next? Monday will tell us about ~~the case~~ that. The case is adjourned over the week-end.

FOLLOWING LINDBERGH--1

These are only a few more of the millions of words pouring out about the trial. The court proceedings at Flemington^g are more heavily covered than any other event since the Peace Conference at Versailles. The number of words and pictures far exceed any of the famous trials of the past. The English newspaper men are wiring so much news home that Western Union has installed a direct teletype machine from Flemington right to London. They bang away on typewriter keys at this end; and the typewritten copy comes out ^{at} the other end in London. So the British public is getting the news as promptly as neighboring New York and Philadelphia.

Three New York newspaper photographers have got leave of absence from their editors and are operating ² ~~the~~ developing plant, developing a film in a hurry for the news reel camera men. One Philadelphia newspaper has a flying dark room, ~~the~~ the photos ~~are~~ developed en route, while flying through the sky.

A deserted field has been converted into an airport, where twenty planes are doing a rush business, hurrying pictures to make the editions in the large cities of the East.

The town is crowded with more than six hundred newspaper reporters, artists, photographers, news reel men, radio ~~men~~^{people}, and telegraphers. They are ^{each} spending about \$10.00 a day. The local restaurants are unable to feed the crowds. So a cafeteria has been established at the Flemington Methodist Church--good food, too. *You know those suppers given by the Ladies Aid Society.*

Pierrot.
San. 47
1935.

INTRO TO PIERROT

The other day a group of adventurous men, explorers and world-travelers, headed by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt and Martin Johnson, voted Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, the greatest hero-adventurer of our time.

Colonel Lindbergh, of course, receives a constant flood of letters from young men, boys, wanting to know how they can have adventures. Perhaps the man who can best answer that question is sitting beside me tonight. He is in closer touch with the boys of America than any one I know -- because he is the editor of the largest boys' magazine -- The American Boy. He is also the director of what is called the "World Adventure Series," at the Detroit Institute of Arts. And he has been something of an adventurer, himself, having spent years vagabonding up and down the world. Mr. George Pierrot what do you tell boys who want to be like Colonel Lindbergh -- who yearn for adventure?

FOR MR. PIERROT:

Just get off the beaten track with little or no money and you'll have adventure enough! I once wandered over Europe and Africa, for months, and it cost me about a dollar a day.

But adventure is a state of mind. It is something within, rather than without. Two men can take the same walk. One will come back brim full of the story of the interesting and amusing time he had. The other will return, bored. He has seen nothing, heard nothing. He'll tell you in all seriousness that nothing happened. And nothing did -- so far as he was concerned. We can't all follow in the footsteps of the world's greatest aviator, Colonel Lindbergh. But, we can have adventures. Travel is one way, education and adventure all done up in one package. And you can go anywhere, anyt ime - provided you don't care how you get there!

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NAZI

Germany is still seething with rumors about that Nazi convention. The official version of the event indicates that Hitler suddenly called the mass meeting of his lieutenants from all over Germany, as a demonstration of Nazi solidarity.

"We've got to stop the foreign lies about Germany!" - that was Hitler's own explanation in the speech he made before the assembled leaders. He was referring to rumors spread far and wide that as soon as the Saar Plebiscite is over, Germany will face a crisis in the Nazi government, with a possible collapse.

"Our adversaries must know," Hitler declared, "that it is useless for them to speculate on German disunion."

Goering, the Heavy Fist of the Nazis, followed Hitler and devoted his speech to ringing assurances to Der Fuehrer that the Nazis are 100% loyal to him, and that they will back him up in the campaign to stamp out the lies -- particularly those rumors about a threatening crisis.

These official statements of what went on in that secret meeting in the Berlin Opera House are not so very reassuring to the

Germans. Even suppose they ^{statements} give a complete account of what trans-
pired behind closed doors--~~the~~ ^{Hitler's} extreme concern ~~of the~~ about those
rumors of a Nazi crisis might argue ^{that he's worried over the} ~~a bit of worry about the~~
possibilities of just such a crisis. From this side of the ocean
one might surmise that when Hitler so dramatically called a mass
meeting of the Nazi leaders, his purpose was not merely to denounce
the foreign lies, but also to make sure there might not be some
truth in those lies.

PRESIDENT

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To those of you who heard President Roosevelt on the air today, I don't have to say -- the prophesy was fulfilled. I mean, the prophesy that the President's message to Congress was scheduled to be one of exeptional weight and importance.

There was a flash of the startling in some of his more energetic and vividly animated phrases. Let's recall how he declared that a "continued dependence upon relief induces a spiritual and moral disintegration fundamentally destructive of the national fibre." And let's cock an attentive reminiscent ear to the echo of the Chief Executive's scathing judgment that "to dole out relief in this way is to administer a narcotic -- a subtle destroyer of the human spirit." ^P Sounds like a rugged individualist speaking, doesn't it? But it's Franklin Delano Roosevelt, master of the New Deal, who creates further astonishment with another phrase of lively epithet. "I am not willing," he flashed, "that the vitality of our people be further sapped by the giving of cash, market baskets, of a few hours of weekly work cutting grass, raking leaves, or picking up papers in the public parks."

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It rather sounds as if the President were going back on his New Deal, and forgetting the "forgotten man". But wait a minute, President Roosevelt continued saying:- "This decision brings me to the problem of what the government should do with the approximately ~~five~~ five million unemployed now on the relief rolls."

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Then he outlined his solution for the problem. And once more we see Franklin Delano Roosevelt in his familiar guise as protagonist of the New Deal. He re-emphasised the recent administration policy of turning unemployables back to local charity. Even before the depression, he pointed out, there were ~~more~~ a million and a half unemployed people dependent on local welfare organizations.

The remainder of the unemployed, who are simply victims of the depression will still be taken care of by the government. They will receive the benefit of a new and revised public works program.

What the President said about the new and revised program stands as one of the most significant parts of his message. It will be based on useful work, important enterprises. It will be a sort

of government enterprise that will not infringe on fields that Congress represents a parade of colorful characters -- a cowboy may otherwise be tilled by private capital. To every able-bodied citizen the President pledged a job.)

And not only that! ^{He gave} a further pledge of unemployment insurance and old-age insurance.

Speaking in visible person to the ^{Seventy-Fourth} ~~Forty-seventh~~ Congress of the United States, and in radio person to all the people of the United States -- President Roosevelt summed his program in one characteristic phrase, when he spoke of guaranteeing everyone "the security against the major hazards and vicissitudes of life," as he phrased it.

speeches in blank verse. He delivers an oration and recites a poem at the same time.

cow-boys, fudge, and speeches in blank verse - and

SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.

CONGRESS

Aside from the panorama of political action, the New Congress represents a parade of colorful characters -- a cowboy law maker Congressman Gassaway wore cowboy boots on the ranch in Oklahoma and is still wearing his high-topped, high-heeled, cow-country foot gear in the Halls of Congress.

And there is the motherly fudge-expert, Mrs. Hattie Carroway of Jonesburg, Arkansas, Widow of Senator Carroway. She has been in Congress ever since 1931. And she has never said anything for the official record except "yes", "no", and "present" when the roll is called but how she can make fudge!

Representative Finley Grey of Indiana, writes his speeches in blank verse. He delivers an oration and recites a poem at the same time.

Cow-boots, fudge, and speeches in blank verse - and

SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.