

HAUPTMANN

Today the story turns into sheer emotion. That's to be expected after last night's verdict, with the death penalty.

Hauptmann's nerve is shaken. He is even weakening, refusing food.

But he told the Press he was innocent - no confession to make
He protests he did not kill the baby. He talks of his own baby.

This is the deeper in pathos, because, with Hauptmann guilty,

still the major contention of the state was that he did not intend

to kill Baby Lindbergh. There's a strange and bitter quality

offeeling in the picture of a kidnapper who did not intend to kill.

You can sense the double tragedy - doing the deed he did not intend

to do, and then dying for the deed he did not intend. ~~to do~~ But

it is all a part of that most venomous of ~~all~~ crimes - kidnapping.

The law justly imposes its fullest penalty as punishment for the

taking of a life, whether intentional or not, in the commission of

a crime. And the taking of the hapless victim's life in ~~the~~ ^{a kidnapping}

~~course of a kidnapping~~ is, according to any justice - murder.

But beside all this there is every reason why Hauptmann,

with all his wooden impassive demeanor, should break out in

despair. His case will be appealed, of course. That will

automatically delay the day of death. But according to all precedents, it is most unlikely that the New Jersey Court of Appeals will reverse the Flemington decision. The defense took plenty of exceptions to the conduct of the trial, as the defense always does. But the New Jersey ^{Appeal} court seldom reverses a decision, and the defense does not seem to have any complaint drastic enough to make it likely that there will be a reversal in this case.

Beyond that, there is only the ^{United States} Supreme Court, which almost never reverses, ~~EXCEPT~~, save in extreme cases. There is a possibility of a commutation of the sentence by the Governor of New Jersey, which is most unlikely, since the Governor himself appointed the Attorney General to prosecute the case, the Attorney General who insistently demanded the death penalty,

And then there is the doomed Bronx carpenter's wife, with her baby - steeped in pity. And another figure that we haven't heard so much about - Hauptmann's mother. They say that back in Germany she is broken with grief, and wants to send an appeal to President Roosevelt to save her son. ^{RP} And the theme of emotion extends to the jury. They say that juror Number Seven is

resting his shattered nerves. He's a recreation director. The report is that he was the last to hold out against the extreme penalty. He wanted life imprisonment. The story goes that ^{other} ~~two~~ ^{jurors, including two} ~~of the~~ women voted the same way about it, until the fourth ballot, and then they gave in to the majority. Juror Number Seven stuck it out for over eleven hours, and he is reported to have been almost in a state of collapse when he finally yielded, and voted - Electric Chair.

The army battling against crime is being reinforced. The Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice commanded by J. Edgar Hoover is increasing the number of its agents to a total of seven hundred -- seven hundred of those Federal men who have been hunting down the gangsters so relentlessly. A crime laboratory will be established, with a training course in crime detection. City and state policemen will have a chance to enroll and brush up their sleuthing,

This follows the decision of Congress to double its appropriation for the Department of Justice. Five Million dollars are being put up, the sinews of war for the Government war against crime.

RELIEF

President Roosevelt sent a message to a man in Chicago today saying, "Dear Sir: Will you kindly spend four billion eight hundred million dollars?" Meaning that the President asked the gentleman in question to organize an Advisory Committee to supervise the use of the proposed immense fund for work relief. Who is it that is offered this tremendous Public Works ^{command?} ~~force~~ Why, Robert E. Wood, President of Sears-Roebuck & Company.

One interesting angle is that when you give the gentleman his full title, his name reads General Robert E. Wood. He's a West Pointer -- reminding us of that other West ~~Point~~ Point General, Hugh Johnson, who beat the drum of history as Captain of the NRA.

Robert Wood served in the Philippine insurrection as Lieutenant in the Third U. S. Cavalry. Then he turned to army administration and ~~became~~ became Chief Quartermaster. He was director of the Panama railroad during the construction of the canal from 1905 to 1915. Then he retired to private life and business, until the World War, when he was Acting Quartermaster -

General of the army, with the title of Brigadier. ~~General.~~

Then he became Vice-President of Montgomery Ward & Company, a mail order house. His further progress led him to that company's ~~principal~~ principal rival, Sears-Roebuck, of which he now is President.

On the basis of that career you can picture all sorts of administrative talent, such as certainly will be needed in the administration of four billion eight hundred million dollars.

Ganger.

Feb. 14, 1935.

MOVIES

I have been talking about the movies with a gentleman in the studio here, a gentleman from London. He is a prominent personality in the thriving British motion picture industry, Gerald Sanger - head of British Movietone. We were talking about how the news reel in staid old London is different from the news reel over here.

I believe you told me, Mr. Sanger, that the House of Commons have ~~been~~ never been filmed?

GERALD SANGER: Right. We're too conservative for that. I recall the sensation there was when British Movietone News came out with the first pictures ever made of the Ministers of the Cabinet. That was in nineteen twenty-nine, when the Labor government was in power. Englishmen did not believe it would ever be permitted. However, one of our American colleagues was present - Mr. Truman Talley, head of the American Fox Movietone, which is affiliated with the British Movietone. He thought it could be done. In any case, there was no harm trying. He suggested the idea to Prime Minister Ramsey MacDonald, and the answer was "yes". That astonished everybody. I remember how I

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myself was shocked when the pictures came out. I was not then connected with the news reel. Since then I've changed my mind.

L. T.:- The familiar story of how modern mechanism is changing the more sedate ways of old.

GERALD SANGER:- Yes, it has even got to the point where Englishmen have allowed the motion picture camera to take a part in the secular round of sports. Our most sensational film concerned that most popular game, association football, or soccer. There was a contest in nineteen thirty-one between the crack London team and the Newcastle team from the north. There was a protest over a goal after the Newcastle team had scored. The referee disallowed the protest. When our pictures were developed, they showed most clearly that the Newcastle player passing the ball had been at fault. It raised a tremendous stir. In violation of all tradition, thousands of ~~men~~ people demanded that the evidence of the pictures should be accepted. However, in our well disciplined country, the referee's decision stood, pictures or no pictures.

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L. T.: I suppose, Mr. Sanger, that these iconoclastic innovations like the news reel cannot be allowed to go too far - especially in England.

OPERA

A new idea at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, raises the old question -- can grand opera support itself? Veteran fanciers of the lyric drama will answer with a doubtful shrug of the shoulders. The tradition is that opera must be subsidized.

There have been two shining exceptions to the rule. One is found in the San Carlo Company under the shrewd management of Signor Gallo. That wide impresario contrived to make a fortune with operatic tours from one end of the country to the other. The other exception was the Metropolitan Opera Company itself, which during the boom year not only ran without a deficit but ~~it~~ laid aside a million dollar surplus -- a surplus that since then has been more than eaten up by the depression.

However all this may be, the management of the Metropolitan announces that things cannot continue the way they've been going -- with large annual deficits at the end of each recent year. They are going to try to make the Met self-supporting by a policy of cutting expenses and increasing public support by more attractive sales of subscriptions for seats.

GOLD

A gold rush in France! No they haven't struck pay dirt outside ~~of~~ Paris. They're not trying any placer-mining ~~outside~~ ^{at} ~~of~~ Marseilles. No mining of any sort. But just the same, the French peasants have been ~~xx~~ digging up massive ingots of the purest ^{yellow} metal. It happened this way -- gold falling from the skies. ^R An air-liner took off from Paris for London. It had two passengers aboard, also eight heavy bars of gold, each encased in a wooden box ^x. The plane went into a wild gale, something of a tornado. It was buffeted by the swirling drive of air currents. It was tossed about so violently that the heavy boxes of gold were bumped up and down on the floor. They bumped so hard that finally they tore through, broke right through the floor of the plane. The two passengers saw the treasure disappear through the yawning hole and their own baggage follow, headed for the earth. They couldn't do anything about it. They could only hang on or they themselves would have headed down through the hole.

The plane survived its battle with the elements, and landed. And the pilot immediately notified the police. Then began an intensive hunt.

has just now been

But the discovery ~~was~~ made by a French peasant woman, Madame Dion. ^Walking across her farm near Amiens ~~when~~ she saw a curious hole in the ground. She looked into it, and three feet deep she saw a broken box and a glint of shining yellow. That's how ^{deep the bar} ~~xxxxxxx~~ the hoard[^] of gold had buried itself. She gave the alarm and that started the gold rush among the neighboring peasants. Scattered over the field they found other holes, where the gold had plunged itself into the earth. Six ingots out of eight were discovered and dug out. The remaining two kept the gold hunt alive ~~for hours~~, until they ^{now} ~~^~~ also ^{have been} ~~^~~ found.

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The peasants part of the story is this. The gold still belongs to the people who shipped it, but according to French law, anybody who finds a buried treasure is entitled to ten percent of it. That applies ~~x~~ in this case. The total value of the gold was fifty thousand dollars, so now, five thousand dollars is being distributed among the peasants -- a mighty treasure of francs and centimes.

ITALY

In the maze of reports and counter-reports about the Italian-Abyssinian affair, one large fact stands significant and impressive [^] ~~is~~ the continued Italian military activity. There are statements that it is all precautionary, no major military campaign contemplated - but just the same Mussolini has mobilized a heavy striking power. There are reassuring stories that an agreement is at hand, virtually fixed up - but the great Italian concentration of force is moving toward Africa. (Maybe it all doesn't ~~mean~~ amount to so much, and maybe it is about to be settled - but if so, Mussolini has got out a mighty big cannon to shoot ~~at~~ a sparrow, which ^{they say} ~~it appears~~ won't be shot at all. There is a glaring disproportion, a disbalance between what is described as a minor affair about to be cleared up, and the heavy instruments assembled to deal with it.)

As things stand tonight, the Italian regiments are being concentrated in the ports of southern Sicily. Troops from the valley of the Po and the mountain sections of Ap^Penines, are gathering at those points nearest to Africa, most convenient for a voyage through the Suez Canal and down the Red ^{Sea.} ~~River~~ It is announced

that the transportation by sea will begin on Saturday, when the first of the recently mobilized battalions will set sail for Eritrea and Somaliland, on the borders of Abyssinia.

The newspaper reports have been telling us of machine guns, tanks and bombing planes, mechanized warfare for the rugged Ethiopian highlands. But in a way the most significant detail of this possible modern battle concerns, not warlike machinery, but doctors. Among the first to go are five thousand physicians. Mussolini has made a special point of mobilizing the Italian medical profession for service in Africa. A realistic hint of what may be coming!

Ethiopia has a great deal of healthful and salubrious territory, but an Italian expedition will also encounter all sorts of tropical dangers -- from fever to snakes -- from the Tse Tse fly to the spitting cobra.

This idea is expanded in the story told by a prominent Egyptian mining engineer, who has just come to the United States from Abyssinia. He is Saleh Bey, a graduate of Oxford, who has been making a mining survey for the Haile Selassie - King of Kings.

He says there is no doubt that the Italians could conquer Ethiopia, but he thinks it would be a costly victory. It's the old story of gorilla warfare. He doubts whether the Abyssinian army could do anything much. But it would be an endless skirmish against barbarous tribes on the warpath in a craggy, difficult country. There are stretches ~~xx~~ for hundreds of miles where not a drop of water is to be had. The land is infested with poisonous reptiles - those spitting cobras. Many of the tribes are cannibals and adept with poisoned arrows. So Mussolini is likely to need those five thousand doctors.

LORD LYTTON

I heard a distinguished Englishman express a compliment today that certainly ought to be passed on. Along with about a thousand other people I went to a luncheon given by the League for Political Education -- The Town Hall -- in the Gold Room at the Astor, a luncheon in honor of the Earl and Countess of Lytton. The earl is the grandson of the Lord Lytton who wrote "The Last Days of Pompeii." He is a distinguished English Statesman.

Well, Lord Lytton, who gets around over this earth a good deal, declares that he feels safer in an American airplane, in the charge of an American pilot, than he does anywhere else in the air. And that is just about the highest compliment ever paid to American commercial aviation.

And here's a valentine for some one. The speech of the day at the Lytton luncheon was made by a woman who is surely one of the most beautiful, one of the wisest, and one of the loveliest ladies that ever lived -- Mrs. Pearl Buck.

Fannie Hurst got off a good one at the luncheon. She told about a Mexican general who said he very much wanted to

meet a certain American General, because he had been told that
the American General could handle forty thousand revolutions a
minute. The name of the American General being -- General
Motors! And when that General gets tanked up with Blue Sunoco
how he does handle the revolutions!

And, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.