

CONGRESS

Congress is in session. That almost seems news, with the way the trial at Flemington has been monopolizing newspaper space. The drama on the witness stand has been so overshadowing that we've heard little of what Congress is doing. But it's about time to observe that the lawmakers are starting out on proceedings that are going to be of the greatest importance to the nation. The social legislation now pending, old-age pensions, and unemployment insurance, is going to affect the lives and happiness of millions.

The point of news is that Congress has finished its discussions and wranglings about organization and about who shall be on what committee, and today marked the beginning of a period of real work. Right off the bat we find Senator Nye requiring another Hundred thousand dollars to continue the Munition Inquiry. Also and the debate begins on whether Uncle Sam should join the World Court. By Wednesday, that most powerful of congressional sub-committees, the Ways and Means,

will have started to thresh out its policy concerning the Veterans' Bonus.

Congress is expecting another message from the President this week, with some precise details about that social legislation. There seems to be a little doubt now about the President's figure for old age pensions. Some dopsters are saying that it will be Forty-eight Dollars a month for everybody over sixty-five. Others don't believe it will be more than thirty dollars a month, which is in harmony with the pay of the Civilian Conservation Corps.

The Old Age Pension question is putting Congress under a bombardment. The law-makers are getting thousands of letters from constituents - most of them over sixty. Anyhow, it's a drive for the Townsend Plan, which would provide Two hundred Dollars ~~mm~~ a month for everyone unemployed, over sixty.

The much-vexed controversy concerning the rules and regulations the government clamped down on Wall Street, was tranquilized a bit today. The Securities Exchange Commission, which governs the sale of stocks and bonds throughout the country, announced the modification and liberalization of its rules. Business men have been complaining that these rules have been so strict and stringent that millions of dollars worth of stocks and bonds could not be issued. The new changes concern the amount of data which companies are required to give before they can float new securities. The complaint has been that the amount and kind of information demanded is such that anybody trying to give it is taking a chance -- that some questions were not clear, that certain statements were required which could not possibly be guaranteed. The Commission, headed by red-headed Joe Kennedy, has cut down the amount of data it is demanding, so the companies can float securities without going on record to such a drastic extent.

But Chairman Kennedy announces that there will be no relaxation of vigilance, and that purchasers will be protected against fraudulent stocks and bonds. He adds that the new changes will

GOLD

It looks as if it will be two weeks before the Supreme Court announces its decision on ~~the~~ gold. That's a period of real suspense ~~that~~ ^{with} plenty of people wondering whether the highest justices are going to toss out the Administration gold policy, and what would happen if ~~the nation ever suddenly taken off~~ the dollar were suddenly changed from its Fifty-nine cent value and were switched back to its former full hundred per cent value in gold.

From Washington comes indication that the government is trying to figure out what to do if the Supreme Court should decide against the gold policy. They say the Congressional leaders close to the President are already laying plans to meet the possible contingency. They are outlining new substitute legislation to keep the gold situation about where it is, even if the Supreme Court should declare the gold ~~class~~ ^{policy} unconstitutional.

One most interesting thing about our present ^{gold} situation comes, not from Washington, nor from any place in this country, but from Holland. A case involving Uncle Sam's ^{yellow metal} ~~gold~~ policy came before the Court of Justice at the Hague. This is no international tribunal, but a high law court of the ^{Netherlands.} ~~Dutch nation.~~ A group of

holder^S~~ing~~ of Royal Dutch oil bonds appealed to the Court, pointing out that these bonds had been floated not only in Amsterdam, Holland, but also in New York. They specify for payments in gold or its equivalent. Could American holders of the Dutch bonds demand payment in gold or in currency to the value of gold? This is pretty much the same ~~question~~ as the cases before our own Supreme Court, only it's a Holland court passing on Holland bonds owned by Americans.

We don't know what our own Supreme Court will say, but here's the verdict from The Hague. The court ruled that, in view of Uncle Sam's gold policy, Americans could not expect gold payments ~~xx~~ as interest on the Dut~~ch~~ bonds, and must be content with payment according to the present value of the dollar. That is, they will get the same number of Fifty-nine Cent Dollars as they would have got One hundred Cent Dollars before the ~~G~~old Act.

Tonight's headlines for the Flemington trial are two familiar ones -- identification and handwriting. The identification came as a flashing bit in the middle of a weaving and interweaving of handwriting perplexities. And you can use the familiar beguiling expression -- surprise witness.

It was quite a beguiling young lady who unexpectedly took the witness stand for the prosecution -- Miss Hildegard Olga Alexander of the Bronx -- the sort of blonde that gentlemen prefer. -- ^{She's} a model for teagowns, pajamas and negligees.

She told a story of having been in the Fordham railroad station of the Bronx during the time when the Jafsie ransom negotiations were underway. She was about to make a telephone call to her mother when she saw Dr. Condon on his way to a train. She had known him for ten or twelve years, he being a familiar figure in her neighborhood. She knew that the doctor was dickering with ransom ~~papers.~~ ^{affairs.} It was in all the papers.

So her eye was instantly taken when she saw a man watching Jafsie, a man about fifteen feet away from him, peering at him intently. She testified she was so impressed, that when

Expert Osborn, attorney Reilly introduced the name of she went ahead and called her mother, she mentioned the circumstances, of the man watching Dr. Condon. Later, she related, she saw that same unknown man on the street.

And then ^{came} the identification. Miss Alexander declared that when Hauptmann was arrested and his pictures appeared in

the papers, she instantly recognized ^{him} as the man with peering eyes who had watched Jafsie. *The prosecution theory is that Hauptmann was shadowing Jafsie to see whether he was coniving with the police.*

In defense attorney Reilly's cross-examination, the main bone of contention arose when the young lady, upon being asked, said ~~that~~ ^{that} on the night she saw Hauptmann and Jafsie,

she had had dinner at a Chinese restaurant. Attorney Reilly demanded who her escort was. Prosecuting attorney Wilentz objected. It was the usual sort of argument about whether she should be made to tell who her escort was. She solved that difficulty by saying she had no escort.

That was the identification ^{which} ~~that~~ flashed in the person of the young lady who models for ~~ex~~ tea gowns, pajamas and lingerie - flashed amid a day of handwriting arguments, which brought up some insinuating points. In Cross-examining ~~examining~~

Expert Osborn, attorney Reilly introduced the name of Hauptmann's former friend - Fisch. A card said to be in Fisch's handwriting was ^{put in evidence.} ~~introduced.~~ Osborn was asked whether he had studied the script that Fisch wrote. He replied he had. The importance ^{of all} of this ^{rests} ~~by the contention by the defense rests~~ in Hauptmann's story that he got the ransom money from Fisch and in the defense's contention that it was Fisch who wrote the ransom notes.

In the cross-examination of still another ^{expert,} the point was made of the way the name "New York" is written in the ransom notes. It is hyphenated - a dash between the New and the York. And Hauptmann, in his own admitted writing, wrote New York that way. Attorney ~~Wikenx~~ Reilly's questions attempted to bring out the supposition that foreigners would be likely to ~~px~~ hyphenate New York. And this is the germ of what is likely to be the handwriting angle of the defense - that those peculiarities in the ransom notes ^{that} were also peculiarities in Hauptmann's writing, are the sort that might readily occur in the script of a foreigner, particularly one used to the German language - Fisch's for example, as well as Hauptmann's.

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The line of attack which the defense intends to make against the prosecution's handwriting experts was revealed when there was some powerful cross-examination on the subject of what a graphologist was. The defense hammered on the angle that a graphologist was somebody who reads your character, your morals and your future from your handwriting. The prosecution experts denied they are anything like that. The defense's contention will be that the experts who are swearing that Hauptmann wrote all the ransom notes, are a lot of fortune tellers.

Beyond that, there was little more than a mess of minute fine points about the letters of the alphabet. Yes, and the picture of burly attorney Reilly and a burly handwriting expert, each with cues in their hands, sticks with which they point at the alphabet picture charts. They looked like a couple of pool players, ready to start a game or maybe to start a fight, batting each other over the head. But they ~~did nothing~~ neither play pool with the cues nor fight with them.

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left { ~~But all the excitement in Flemington was not in the court room. There was a bit of agitation in the dining room in~~

JAFSIE

~~While the trial at Flemington is tangled in masses of~~

~~graphological technicalities,~~ ^{Well,} you can depend on Jafsie to provide something lively - in his own flowery English. His latest diffusion is another letter to the editor of the BRONX HOME NEWS, the paper to which he wrote that first epistle which got him into the kidnapping ~~XXXXX~~ case and cost Lindbergh Fifty thousand Dollars.

Jafsie's latest flowery effort is an exceedingly flowery bouquet thrown at himself. "Tell the mothers of the Bronx", he writes, "they can leave their babies sleeping in their cribs while they are busy with their household duties, and that my efforts for the return of the little golden-haired Lindbergh baby were directed for their protection and the safety of every child in the world. "

Jafsie certainly has a crush on that dear old English language. He's great on grammer, but he doesn't pay so much attention to the old classical virtue of ^{modesty.} ~~restraint.~~

And here's another ^{trial} oddity: -
There was a bit of agitation in the dining room in →

the local Union Hotel when two headliners from the New York Social Register sat down at a table - Mrs. Ogden Mills and her daughter. Yes, they sat down at the dining room table and then calmly produced their own lunch, which they proceeded to eat.

Said the waiters: "You can't do that!" To which the ladies replied: "We can and will." There was quite a stir before the Manager came along and developed a fine flow of tact. At last reports it is undecided whether ~~he~~ it was a case of rich folks going economical or being afraid of Flemington food.

SAAR

The Saar Valley election is done and over with, but doubt and tension still envelops the whole affair this evening. According to the mechanics of the election, the votes have not yet been counted, and here comes a report from Geneva, indicating that unless the Germans score a seventy per cent majority, the League of Nations may ~~refuse~~ refuse to turn the territory over to the Nazi Reich. The general principle behind this would be that such a decision as *giving the country* ~~turning the territory over~~ to the Nazis should not be made on the basis of a close election, with the anti-Hitlerites almost equal to the supporters of Hitler in numbers. And anything less than a seventy per cent majority is a close election *according to the League.*

If this were to happen, with the refusal to follow a simple majority decision, it would stir up a wild outbreak of anger in Germany. The Berlin government would start rearming at a feverish rate and would immediately break a number of understandings and peace agreements that have been negotiated. The officials of the League know this full well when they speak of the necessity of a seventy per cent majority in the Saar. So that puts a dramatic uncertainty into the election returns, *an element of* ~~equaling only the~~ excitement that has been lacking ever since it

became apparent the Germans were almost sure to get a majority.

The election returns will be announced tomorrow morning at eight o'clock, German time, which will be two A. M. our Eastern Standard Time. So you will find those really momentous figures in your morning papers.

It is believed that any sort of crisis will be averted, averted by the news that a majority of as much as 80 per cent voted for return to Germany.

The outstanding feature of the latest royal wedding is that it was turned into a Royalist demonstration by three thousand Spaniards who flocked to the Eternal City ^{of Rome.} At the marriage of Princess Beatriz of Spain today, King Alfonso was received with such a demonstration of cheers from assembled Spanish Royalists that the Italian police had to step in and quiet the enthusiasts.

The Ex-king of Spain presented his daughter in marriage to Prince Torlonia, scion of one of the oldest noble houses in Italy. The bridegroom's mother was an American, the former *Another girl from Flatbush Avenue.* Elsie Moore of Brooklyn. [^] He is not of royal blood, and they say that is why the Ex-queen of Spain, Victoria, was not there. Granddaughter of Queen Victoria, she is opposed to the idea of the idea of the royal princes and princesses of Spain marrying beneath the rank of royalty, *marrying into Brooklyn.*

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It was a solemn ceremony in one of Rome's most beautiful ancient churches. The bride is exceedingly religious. Once she wanted to become a nun. They say that ^a ~~the~~ previous engagement of her's, to the Spanish Prince, Alvaro, was broken because the Princess insisted on taking her fiance to church every morning at seven o'clock. That was a little too arduous for the Prince.

That loud chugging noise which echoed from the latitude of Philadelphia today was concerned with the opening of the Philadelphia Auto Show. No, it wasn't the ^{new, flossy, startling, sleek} spick and span, up-to-the-minute 1935 models that raised all the clattering, clanking row. It was the Fourth Antique Automobile Derby, the old car race, which has now become a feature of the ^{big} Philadelphia Show.

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I don't know how many an ancient bus started the derby, but twenty-eight of them reached Convention Hall without falling apart. And they came rattling in from all sorts of places in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland. Each had to be more than twenty years old and travel more than twenty-five miles. The first prize, quite appropriately, was awarded to the oldest rattle-trap in the derby -- an 1897 Winton. It puffed and wheezed all the way from Cape Charles, Virginia, to Philadelphia, which sends me puffing and wheezing all the way from here at Rockefeller Center to the nearest beanery ~~for some goulash, and~~

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^{and} SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.