

The prosecution at Flemington today kept building its case along two familiar lines -- identifications and the kidnap ladder. The identifications of Hauptmann are logically at two separate kinds -- those that connect him with the Bronx payment of the ransom money, and those that an place him on the New Jersey scene of the kidnapping. All the identifications before today were of the ransom kind -- save one -- the manufacture when the same vector of the Prussian army who declared at he recognized Hauptmann in an automobile near the Lindbergh estate.

Today's identification witnesses were two, and both connected Hauptmann with the New Jersey kidnapping area. One was Millard Whited, a farmer and logger, who lives in a patch of scrub timber behind the Lindbergh estate. He told, slowly and drawlingly, how he had seen Hauptmann twice in the two weeks proceeding the kidnapping. He told of a mysterious stranger lurking in the brush, and that mysterious stranger he identified as Hauptmann. Under crossexamination he was not certain of the exact days, but insisted that they were during a couple of weeks before the Lindbergh baby was stolen.

The second identifier was Charles Rossiter,

a young salesman of Maplewood, New Jersey. He told how two

days before the kidnapping he saw a man standing behind an

automobile about six miles from Hopewell, where the Lindberghs

lived. The salesman related that he stopped his own car, thinking

the man might be in trouble, a flat tire or something like that.

He offered to help. But the man refused; and he identified that

man as Hauptmann.

These witnesses are exceedingly important, because the most serious gap in the prosecution's case heretofore has been the scarcity of evidence to show that Hauptmann had been in the Lindbergh vicinity. In every criminal case it is most important -- to place the defender at the scene of the crime.

Justice Trenchard finally admitting that significant and much disputed object. And the testimony began in an effort to connect the ladder with Hauptmann. A lumber man, a State

Senator from South Carolina, told of a man shipment of beams

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from his yard to a lumber yard in the Bronx. Thus began the effort to trace the wood of which the ladder is made.

A central contention of the prosecution's case securical in testimony when Max Rausch, who used to be Hauptmann's landlord, swore that ak after the kidnapping he found that in the attice of Hauptmann's house -- a board was missing. The Attorney General didn't explain to the jury what this detail was intended to signify, but it is known that the prosecution plans to prove that this missing board was used in making the ladder.

The proceedings tomorrow will continue along the ladder line.

Attorney General Wilentz expects to have all his evidence in and close his case, perhaps by the time the morning session closes, or not long thereafter. Then this most celebrated of trials will climb to new drama, when the prosecution begins its witnesses with Hauptmann himself. The Bronx carpenter will take the stand in his own defense, and the witness following him will be his wife. So tomorrow new interest will be drawn to the little courtroom at Flomington. I'll be drawn there drawn through the snew along the road to Flomington, to get first hand impressions, to breadcast from there

will be able to drive his program through with all the swiftness that he demands, in spite of rumblings of rebellion in Congress.

Even among the Democratic law-makers there are loud sounds of discontent, with members coming in open opposition to what they call "the gag rule." Congress has adopted the strictest kind of regulations to keep a flood of debates from slowing up machinery for passing the social security laws the President wants. And it isn't the social security that's causing the uproar, but the fact that Congressmen and Senators are asked to appropriate billions without having anything much to say where the billions will be spent.

The President is firm in his insistence that there be no obstruction and no delay. With the most overwheling majority that any President has ever had, Mr. Roosevelt is not likely to be patient with any attempt to impede his control.

A new man has just got a job at the War Department in Washington. He was employed at the recommendation of General Douglas MacArthur, Chief of Staff. His name is Walter Waters.

Walter Waters was commander of the Bonus Army. General Markhux

Remember when ther collidad.

MacArthur was Commander of the United States Army. Remember that

bonus march on Washington in President Hoover's time? For two

monthsthat vigilant band of veterans, led by Walter Waters, plagued

and pestered the White House, demanding immediate payment of their

Compensation Certificates. Finally President Hoover could stand it

no longer and ordered out the troops. And General MacArthur sent

his war tanks and cavalry down Pennsylvania Avenue. The bayonets

flashed and tear gas burned, as the bedraggled bonus army was

throws of of Washington amid the

evicted, with a loud protests from its commander, Walter Waters.

Thereafter he dropped out of the news, save for an occasional mention - he was organizing a bonus organization of Khaki Shirts; later he was a cement mixer on the San Francisco-Oakland Bridge.

Building, at the recommendation of General MacArthur. From Bonus & W.S. Grang.

Maybe the General thought a man with such organizing ability should be Maybe the General thought a man with such organizing ability should be useful, and thought it was wise to put so active a bonus agitator on the payroll.

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In Nebraska the crise story wait a minute, I don't mean that: It a banking story. Anyray, the banking story concerns the fact that several weeks ago the financial institutions with state money on deposit, proclaimed that after April first they would no longer pay any interest on public funds. This meant that both state and municipal moneys on deposit would no longer draw any interest.

Apparently all the banks had agreed on this policy, for when the state asked other institutions to take its money and pay interest, they all refused.

That started quite a row in the State Legislature, into the thick of which a young State Legislator now jumps, brandishing a bill for the creation of a state-owned bank, the Bank of Nebraska. If the bill passes, the State would start its bank off with a hundred thousand dollars in cash and a million dollars of government bonds now in the State Treasury, all of this to be makedxempt bank capital. Nebraska would place all its deposits in the bank, and money put in by ordinary depositors would earn a two per cent interest and would be exempt from state taxation.

If the project were to go through, it would be still

another "government in business" undertaking. To the students of American history it would recall early and uproarious days of banking in this land. I mean those wild political struggles waged around the Central Government Bank and the final crushing by Andrew Jackson, of what he called "The monster", - the Central Government Bank.

The King wants to go back to school. That's the word from Yugoslavia. The boy King Peter wants to leave the crown and throne dignity of the palace at Belgrade and return to Sandroyd, the quiet rural school in England that he was attending when the assassination of his father crowned and pathroned him as King of the Yugoslavs.

They say that his mother, Queen Marie, and his uncle, Prince Paul, are willing for him to resume his English school days at Sandroyd, but the other two regents who with Prince Paul rule the country, are opposed.

Miss Sylvia Crowther has just returned to England. She was the royal nurse to King Alexander's children for seven years. She was with the little boy Peter while he was at school in England. She accompanied him when he returned to Belgrade. Now, her arrival back in England has caused quantities of speculation about the little sale. King. Process. That has been followed by some quiet investigation at Belgrade, and from this results the tale of the juvenile King who wants his old school days back.

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I am sorry I can't do any telegustatory or telpfactory broadcasting tonight. But maybe it won't be long before both kinds of radio entertainment will be possible for both the nallette and the nose. Yes, they concern the man senses of taste and smell. This is foretold by Dr. Alfred N. Goldsmith, famous consulting engineer of the R.C.A. Manufacturing Company. Dr. Gold smith addressed four hundred scientists in Cleveland today and took an advance look - or maybe an advance taste or an advance smell - into the future of radio and sound films. He declared that some day radio will be able to convey tastes and savors through the loud speaker. That's telegustatory broadcasting. Also scents and perfumes through the loud speaker. That's telolfactory broadcasting. So, when the announcer tells you about candy or pickles, he will at the same time transmit a taste of the delicate sweetness of candy or the sour vinegar of pickles. If the broadcast is advertising perfume, you will get a whiff of the exotic fragrance, instead of a blast of hot air -- while if it's a limburger cheese broadcast - you can throw open the windows.

And in the case of a sound film like Martin Johnson's

"Baboona" just launched with such great success here in New York, you'll be able to smell the African jungle. And in "Baboona" Martin and Osa have brought back nearly everything in Africa but the smell!

I don't know how much good those ultra-modern improvements would do in my own particular case. You'd hardly want a taste of Blue Sunoco, nor would you douse a known handker-chief in Sunoco 20-W and wave it voluptuously under some well-beloved nose.

Some years ago a skinny lad sold peanuts on a train,
went to an art school in Chicago, served in France as an ambulance
driver, came back and got a job with an outfit that was making
motion picture cartoons for advertising. The next thing you know,
that slender young man created Mickey Mouse.

popularity of Walt Disney's rodent. Wild tribesmen go crazy over

Mickey. Mouse. In Japan no movie house could survive without

whimsical Mickey. Now, the most striking incidence of all comes
along, -Mickey Mouse has saved a big corporation from bankruptcy.

At Irvington, New Jersey, the Lionel toy making concern in toy trains and so on have a huge plant. Business fell off. The firm went into bankruptcy. Then somebody hit upon the idea of producing a toy excursion train with Mickey and Minnie Mouse as passengers.

Today a federal judge discharged the receivers of the concern, took it out of bankruptcy. He gave this decision after the passengers and Minnie brought such huge business to the firm as to pullit out of the red and liquidate the debts.

Pigeons for sale, military pigeons. It seems like the beginning of the end for those war birds, real birds with beaks and feathers. They say the radio and other modern means old-fashioned of communication have made obsolete the carrier pigeon that flew with messages through the heat of battle. The United States Signal Corps has many a coop of pigeons, and now they'll be sold. /Pigeon headquarters is at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, and there an auction will be held at which two-hundred-andninety-six of those birds of war will be put under the hammer. I don't mean they'll be hit with the hammer although it's almost as sad to think of those feathered heroes being knocked down to the highest bidder.

Monmouth are Mocker and Spike, both with war department citations for valor in France. Mocker got his declaration for carrying a message on the battle front. Hextender expension to the same of shells he got one eye shot away by a piece of shrapnel. Yet he kept on and delivered the message.

Spike was the hero of the Meuse-Argonne sector during some of the fiercest fighting of the World War. He carried over fifty messages while the guns were thundering and the shells were crashing.

I think it's an ungrateful nation that would sell Spike and Mocker to the highest bidder. But maybe that won't happen. Maybe those two birds will be exceptions. They say the soldiers at Fort Monmouth-wouldn't stand for it. They want to keep the two pixemax pigeon heroes, and when Spike and Mocker die the boys want to have them stuffed and mount them in glory at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington.

Endreson on Mc Kenney. San. 227 1935. Rockefeller Center full of interesting guests for the broadcast:motor boat enthusiasts and fishing captains. It happens that
each year the New York Motor Boat Show is put on at the same time
as the annual meeting of the Eastern Fisheries Association, which
assembles the hardy skippers from up and down the coast.

Tonight it's even better. Not only have we fishing captains, but also a moose caller from Maine. Just what the relation is, I don't know, because the moose is neither fish nor a motor boat; and while hunters do call the moose, fishermen commonly whistle for fish and for motor boats.

However, Champion Moose Caller Ross McKenney, is a prominent personality in the exhibit of the State of Maine at the Motor Boat Show. His moose call is a center of attraction. Champion Rose McKenney is Vice-President of the Maine Guides

Association and he was official Moose Caller for the late

Theodore Roosevelt, in that Bull Moose Campaign for the presidency when the Moose call didn't call enough votes.

The fishing skippers sitting around me tonight have been displaying considerable curiosity about moose calling. In fact, I see Captain Endresen of the fishing boat Venture eager to say something. What is it, skipper?

CAPTAIN ENDRESON: Well, I was wondering, Lowell, when you call a moose - does a moose always heave in sight?

L.T.: That's a fair question, what about it, Ross?

ROSS McKENNEY: I'll tell you! I went out in the woods one

morning and started to call. And a moose answered. I called

again, and the moose called back. I was sure I'd get him. I

kept calling all day, like this: (Call), and the moose answered

every time, but I never did see him, never got a shot.

CAPTAIN ENDRESON: It must have been a heavy fog, when the siren keeps tooting and nothing heaves in sight.

ROSS MCKENNEY: There was no fog at all. The next day I was talking to Fred Robinson, the Tall Story Champion, and he was telling me how he was out after moose the day before, and he kept calling all day long and the moose kept answering, and he never got a shot. There wasn't any moose at all. Fred and me

were just calling each other all day long.

L. T.: And you're lucky you didn't shoot each other. Well, what's your best moose-call like?

ROSS MCKENNEY: It's like this: (C-a-1-1-s)

L. T.: So that's what makes the bull moose, come ambling to his mate. So that's the call of the Bull Moose! And my call is:- So-o-o-long --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.