

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:-

Last night I remarked that the old year had closed with the most important world event of the entire twelve months -- the Japanese denunciation of the Naval Treaty. And tonight let's observe that the New Year begins with the affair that's likely to be the most spectacular news event for 1935 -- the trial of Hauptmann, which begins at Flemington, New Jersey, tomorrow.

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It is being remarked once again how the trial of important criminal cases are turned into circus acts and vehicles for public sensation. And this is truer in the case of the Hauptmann trial than it has ever been before. The proceedings will be

covered with <sup>an</sup> elaboration of reporters, telegraphic-news-flashing, photographers, and radio. It is easy to make satirical and philosophical remarks of criticism, saying that it is neither wise nor rational to sensationalize a criminal trial to that extent. But I won't make those remarks of satire and philosophy, because

I'm <sup>scheduled</sup> ~~going~~ to be there. I'll be at <sup>the</sup> Flemington, <sup>court room</sup> ~~New Jersey~~ tomorrow, observing the events, and <sup>(will)</sup> ~~will~~ broadcast from there in the evening.

<sup>after all</sup> it's not extraordinary that there should be so much popular interest, ~~in the proceedings that will be enacted in the little~~

~~Jersey courtroom.~~ The Lindbergh kidnapping stands as the most notorious and shocking crime in our history. Just give the most satirical of philosophers the bare facts. Tell him who Lindbergh is, inform him of the pitiful circumstances of the kidnapping, of the wild hunt that followed, then of the blank mystery, and finally of the startling break and the peculiar air of puzzlement

that surrounds Hauptmann. And <sup>your cynic will agree</sup> ~~no one~~ ~~agrees~~ ~~that~~ there's no wonder the American public is watching the case, as it has watched no other, and that every agency for disseminating news, impressions, ~~of~~ opinions and stories, is being concentrated in that small New Jersey <sup>town.</sup>

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Meanwhile, the case is resting and quiet, waiting for court to convene tomorrow. Word comes that there has been a silent stream of people, filing through the jail for a look at Hauptmann, possible witnesses who may or may not testify that they saw the Bronx carpenter in the neighborhood of the Lindbergh home about the time of the kidnapping. This points to the very heart of the prosecution's case. They'll have to connect Hauptmann with New Jersey.



## BONUS

1935 opens with a bang in Washington. Government news spreads its big headlines with the very beginning of the year -- naturally, because the new Congress is about to open its session. And today, on the New Year Holiday, we hear advance detonations of what promises to be the first big Congressional battle.

The bonus liners are certainly drawn with clear decision. Yesterday President Roosevelt led with the most complete and emphatic refusal and today the American Legion comes forward with the terse and unqualified statement of its position. Frank Belgrano, National Commander of the Legion gives out the statement that the great veterans organized categorically demands the immediate payment of the money due to the veterans and will battle through with all its power on that issue.

The president's refusal yesterday and the Legion Commander's renewed demand today are like trumpet calls rallying opposing armies upon the eve of a big scrap.

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Questions are being asked about the Panama Canal. Why has the area of the locks been closed to the public? Why have police guards been doubled, ~~and~~ no one admitted without a special pass? On one Panamanian golf course, the golfers have to cross the locks to finish their eighteen holes. When they do they are escorted by armed sentries across the closed area. Yes, questions are being asked, particularly by ex-Senator Reed of Pennsylvania, The Senator and his wife got off a cruise boat at the Canal Zone, and were forbidden to have a look at the locks -- even a glimpse.

One rumor is that the Canal authorities have received word of a threat to blow up the machinery that controls the locks. Some say the dynamite threat was received by H. M. Thomas, Assistant Superintendent <sup>at</sup> ~~of the~~ Gatun ~~locks~~. Others say the menacing note was addressed to a Panama City newspaper publisher. But the military authorities scoff at the bomb talk. They say similar precautions always are taken when the locks are being overhauled, and they are going to be overhauled, the job to begin this week. Government authorities in Washington say they don't know anything about it.



Later reports today spoil a perplexing mystery story -- the puzzle of the South American diplomat, who was found dead in a doorway in New York's theatrical and night-club district.

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Senor Ernesto Chacon, his young wife and baby daughter stopped off in New York enroute for Berlin, where the young diplomat was to have taken the important post of Ecuadorean Charge d' Affaires. Late Sunday night, Senor Chacon left his wife at their hotel, saying he would be back in an hour or so. He didn't return.

Yesterday, New Year's Eve, his body was found in a doorway. Only one dollar ~~was found~~ in his pocket; although he was supposed to have had considerable money.

Elements of mystery were there -- ~~the~~ murder on New Year's Eve! Had the South American diplomat been robbed and killed, or had he been gipped and beaten in a New York clip joint? Or was it some strange South American affair of assassination?

Today's report kills all of these surmises. <sup>A post mortem</sup> ~~an examination~~

by the New York Medical Examiner discloses that natural causes, internal congestion, <sup>brought about</sup> ~~caused~~ the death of the Charge d' Affaires, that the Republic of Ecuador was sending to Berlin.

## SAAR

The foreign headlines for the coming year begin early, with the glare of black type scheduled for the second week in January -- the Saar Valley election on the 13th.

The first spectacular proceeding, in advance of the battle of votes has just been ordered by Geoffrey Knox, the British Commissioner, who in the name of the League of Nations rules over the disputed valley of coal mines. The rosy-cheeked Commissioner has decreed a blaze of brilliant pageantry, a formal full-dress review of the international army that has been sent to police the election -- British, Italian, Dutch and Swedish. The soldiers of various lands with the glow and color of full-dress, will march and counter-march, plumes waving, sabres flashing, cannon rumbling and military bands blaring. And the Saar Valley will witness probably the most spectacular military show put on since the World War. Its purpose is to give the Saarlanders a brilliant eye-full of the power that's there to keep the peace and impress them with the fact that there had better be no trouble.

One outfit, however, will not be represented in that military parade-- the so-called Safety Patrols. Their existence



is not openly admitted, Nazi units of fighting men, determined that the Saar shall vote for Hitler. Reports continue to come through of the march and counter-march of these Nazi safety patrols. The League of Nations has been trying to disband them, but without much success. In fact, those safety patrols act pretty much as though they were regular Hitler storm troop units. They are all set to take their place as the local storm troops, when the Saar votes to return to Germany.

Nations have been changing their names at a great rate during recent years. Bohemia is now Czesolavakia, Serbia is Yugoslavia. Japan has decreed that its official name is Nippon. Holland has out-lawed the use of the terms Dutch and Dutchmen. <sup>Q</sup> Dutchmen is a Hollander or a Netherlander, <sup>to you,</sup> ~~not~~. And now along comes Persia. If the decree <sup>of</sup> ~~of the~~ Teheran is observed, the historic name of Persia will vanish from the present day world, <sup>— as sure as the Law of the Medes and the Persians.</sup> Yes, the name immortalized by ~~Herodotus and Xenophon~~ <sup>Herodotus and</sup> Xenophon will be used no more.

Persia has decreed that its official name hereafter will be Iran, and gives its reasons for the change. Persia Proper is only one small district of the nation. We recall that the original Persians were an unimportant tribe ~~which~~ under the leadership of Cyrus conquered <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ vast empire. Iran on the other hand is the proper geographical name for what is now Persia, the whole region of high table land--the <sup>Iranian</sup> ~~Iranian~~ Plateau. The change goes into effect on New Year's Day, which however, does not mean today. New Year's in Persia is celebrated on March 22, so the old land of Darius and Xerxes will end the old year as Persia and begin the new year as

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Iran.

And neighboring Turkey is beginning its first year under a new system of names. Some weeks ago the modernizing Mustapha Kemal ordered the abolition of the traditional titles of Turkey, Pasha, Bey and Effendi. He himself is giving up his familiar title of Mustapha Kemal Pasha. The Pasha is out. But he's taking a new up-to-date title in place. He's now Mustapha Kemal Ataturk, Not Attaboy, but Ataturk, meaning Father of the Turks, a name of honor conferred by the national assembly.

Personally, I'm rather sorry to realize that there are no more Pashas, Beys or Effendis among the Turks. I happen to have known several glamorous figures who might have been quite a bit less glamorous without those titles.

For instance, Nouri Bey, one of the most gallant men in the Arabian army, with Colonel Lawrence. Nouri Bey had been an officer in the Turkish Army. But there was Bagdad Arab blood in his veins, so he did everything he could to ham-string the Turks. He deserted them and joined the Arab revolt in the desert. The last time I saw him

was some years ago in Bombay. At that time he was one of King Feisal's cabinet ministers in Bagdad.

Then there was Jaafar Pasha. He was a jolly old scoundrel, and what a scrapper! He had been decorated by both the Sultan and the German Kaiser. *During the World War he* ~~He also~~ crossed the Mediterranean from

Constantinople in a Turkish submarine and joined the wild Senusi

tribe, the fiercest and most fanatical warriors of the Sahara. ~~They~~

*He led them in* ~~were at that time waging~~ a hot campaign against the British in *Egypt.*

~~They~~

*In fact*  
~~With~~

my friend Jaafar Pasha and his howling desert

Bedouins repeated the feat of Kipling's fuzzy wuzzy<sup>idol</sup> who broke the British Square. They licked the British in a pitched battle.

Even the second battle was a draw. But the British have an aversion to staying licked. At the third attempt they routed the Senusi army, and captured Jaafar. But it was only because they brought the formidable Dorset Yeomanry and the Duke of Westminster's Rolls Royce armored cars into the fight.

They imprisoned Jaafar Pasha in the famous old Citadel in Cairo. But one night he tied his blankets together and dropped



out of a window. He would have made his getaway but for the fact that he took a nasty spill into the moat surrounding the citadel and broke his leg.

Jaafar Pasha, like Nouri Bey, had Arab blood in his veins. When he heard about the Arab revolt, led by Hussein and Feisal, he said to the British: "Let me go just long enough to take a crack at the Turks."

The British took him at his word. When the World War ended, the Arab regular army was commanded by my friend Jaafar Pasha. So there was a man who served as Commander on both sides and was decorated by both sides. Now a cabinet minister in Bagdad.

Yes, with the elimination of those picturesque titles, Pasha, Bey and Effendi, still more romance will have vanished from the immemorial East.

HONORS

Over in England one ~~overwhelming~~<sup>shadowy</sup> news item on <sup>any</sup> New Year's Day is the announcement of the New Year's Honor<sup>s</sup> List, the titles and declarations granted by His Majesty, the King. The ~~English~~<sup>British</sup> public is endlessly interested in who's being given a peer<sup>age</sup>, and who has been made a Knight of the Garter. <sup>??</sup> This year's Honor<sup>s</sup> List has a wider interest because of the speculations aroused by the extraordinary distinctions conferred upon the Prince of Wales. King George ~~has~~<sup>today</sup> made his eldest son an Admiral of the Fleet, a General of the Army, and Chief Marshal of the Air Force -- all at the same time. And people are asking-why. <sup>??</sup> The pertinence of the question is sharpened by a ~~revelation of~~<sup>(survey of)</sup> the honors that the Prince already enjoys. He ~~already~~ is a Prince, a Duke, An Earl, ~~and~~ a Colonel of seventeen Regiments, a<sup>n</sup> officer of half a dozen orders of chivalry, a Knight of the Garter, a Knight of the Thistle, and ~~the~~ Master of the Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleets. Now, in addition, he becomes ~~an~~ Admiral of the Navy, ~~a~~ General of the Army, and Chief Marshal of the Air Force.

The significance is that the Prince of Wales ~~is~~<sup>now to</sup> honored with every distinction that the King can give him. That is -- with



one exception. At a recent exhibition of the Scots Guard in London, His Royal Highness, while examining a set of bagpipes, observed that he, himself, can play the pipes a bit, and frequently does these days.

But right there his brother, the Duke of York, quickly intervened:-

"I don't think you'd better <sup>try</sup> them now," <sup>He said it</sup> ~~he remarked~~ gently but firmly.

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The reason is that the Duke of York has heard the Prince of Wales play on the bagpipes. So, we are compelled to relate that there's one title which His Royal Highness, does not enjoy. He can not be called "Royal Blower of the Pipes of Scotland".

Even the King could not confer that dignity upon him -- not truthfully. <sup>And so</sup> ~~so~~ His Majesty has had to content himself with supreme naval, military and aviation titles for the successor to the throne.

Now about the question -- why? Some observers of royal ~~in~~ affairs are making the surmise -- that the Prince of Wales is going to get married. The King and Queen for a long time have been eager for the wedding bells to ring out for that royal bachelor <sup>who seems</sup> so adverse to matrimony. <sup>Hence</sup> ~~so~~ the rumor ~~is~~ that the King with one stroke has granted the final dignit<sup>y</sup> as a reward to the Prince, reward for his promise to marry in the near future.

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And Canada's interest in the ~~Royal~~ Honor<sup>s</sup> list is concentrated on the ~~knights~~<sup>names</sup> of Canada's two most famous northland fliers. The King has made Clennell Dickens and Wilfred May member<sup>s</sup> of the Order of the British Empire. These two aviators have become famous for their mercy flights, sky dashes to the rescue of people ~~in~~ lost in the frozen Arctic wastes. And they also figured in a grim manhunt in 1932, the search for Albert Johnson, the mad-hatter of the North. Dickens and May spotted the mad-hatter ~~and~~<sup>en</sup> entrenched in a cabin in the Yukon and took part in a fight that resulted in the capture.

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Of the two new~~y~~ flying members of the Order of the British Empire<sup>i</sup> particular interest attaches to Wilfred May. They call him Wop May, ~~and~~ as a war flier he took part in that most celebrated of air battles, when Baron Manfred Von Richthoven, the German Ace of Aces was shot down. Richthoven was after Wop May in that wild dog fight. He was diving after him, prepared to shoot him down. But Richthoven, himself, was shot down. Some say that a young Canadian aviator, <sup>Royal Brown,</sup> winged the Baron. Another account has it that <sup>Australian</sup> ~~Canadian~~ machine gunners on the ground brought Richthoven down.



History is in dispute on this point, the only certainly being that the Red Devil of Germany was diving after Wop May, now the mercy flier of Canada who is on the King's Honors List today.

I wonder how many have been listening to my words wise and otherwise tonight? That Rose Bowl game is still on the air with Alabama leading a few minutes ago, Maybe everybody has been listening to the game. Maybe there's not a solitary ear attentive as I say,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.