

L.T. SUNOCO - JANUARY 7, 1935 - Monday.

*Chamber  
Fox*

Good Evening, Everybody:-

If this evening's story needed a headline, a title, we wouldn't have to look far to find one. There's a good old form of title for a novel, <sup>a</sup> short story, or a chapter heading -- The Woman in Red, the Man in Black. Today's title would be -- The Girl in Brown. For this was Betty Gow day, down here at Flemington, New Jersey. To be sure, it was a trial at law, ~~an affair between justices.~~ It concerns the kidnapping and murder of an infant child, and a man's life is at stake. But the mood of exciting spectacle and of dramatic thrill-hunting still persists. So it is quite in key to speak of this fourth day of the trial of Bruno Hauptmann in the Lindbergh case, as the story of the Girl in Brown -- or Betty Gow day. *And in some ways the days keep getting bigger and* ~~still treating this court proceeding with the air of~~ *bigger down here.* ~~sensation and spectacle that surrounds it today was the biggest day thus far.~~ <sup>77</sup> Public curiosity had the leisure-

opportunity of a weekend to make itself more evident than ever.

*Capt. Nichol of*

*the* State troopers down here tell me that twenty thousand cars

streamed into this little town yesterday, bringing perhaps a hundred thousand sightseers, although there were no sights to see, save the red brick courthouse, closed on Sunday.

The first spectator to get into the courtroom this morning was a man who had arrived at three a.m. He had been standing in line for hours and hours for the privilege of being one of the mere hundred spectators allowed in -- in addition to the hosts of the press. And that chap had to fight for his right to enter first, argue with two women who had got there at three fifteen a.m.

And today that extravagant circus spirit, which has been noted all along, reached a height of the grotesque in a local restaurant which posts its bill of fare with the label of "Trial Menu." The dishes listed as:- Lindbergh steak, Hauptmann beans, Trenchard roast, with Bruno gravy. And the Trial Menu cards ends with Gow goulash -- a rather ghoulish sense of humor. But in a way, that enterprising restaurateur

was right in climaxing that outlandish menu for today with the name of the young woman who, ~~from the opening seat of~~  
~~went to the witness stand,~~ occupied that seat of courtroom eminence -- the witness stand.

Yes, she was the girl in Brown, a trim small brown hat, and a trim brown frock. The newspaperwomen in court agreed that Betty Gow was well dressed. The men, I imagine, felt that thrill of sympathy which an attractive woman on the defense always favokes. Betty Gow has been described as pretty. And she is that -- in unusual fashion. One thought that must have been in many minds was -- that she was not the type you'd expect in a nursemaid, ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~, not the hale combination of rather awkward health and plain simplicity. Miss Gow is a young person of obvious superiority. She's ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ <sup>very</sup> slender. She has ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ quite a long neck, on which sits a small head, with exceeding poise. Sitting very quietly, she revealed an ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ <sup>instinctive</sup> grace when at times she would turn to look at something pointed out on the map behind her. She has small features, pert, with curious turns of delicacy, and shadows of brooding meditateness.

A romantic minded young woman, you might guess. And right there we come to points of defensiveness on her part as she faced the long ordeal of cross-examination by Hauptmann's lawyer. Attorney Reilly pressed her with questions concerning her acquaintance with the Scandinavian sailor, Johnson -- ~~with~~ questions which led up to the fact that Miss Gow had ~~xx~~ been in Johnson's company the night before the kidnapping; and that she had received a telephone call from Johnson on the evening just before the kidnapping took place. Betty Gow's pride and sensitiveness flashed repeated <sup>ly in</sup> ~~and~~ characteristic exchanges with Reilly. Time after time he referred to the man as "Red" Johnson, and she sharply and insistently replied in terms of -- Mr. Johnson.

Miss Gow is an intelligent young person. Though Scottish, she speaks with no broad burring Caledonian accent. Her speech is British, precise, cultivated. Her answers to all the myriad questions were competent, to the point, and neatly phrased, not merely Yes and No, but "Yes, of course," -- "Not at all" -- "I shouldn't say that."

She was at her best at one point when she was denying that a picture which Reilly produced was a picture of ~~herself~~ herself. The bulky imposing lawyer compared it insistently to an admitted picture of her, demanding: "Isn't it the same face? Isn't it the same smile?" Then he hammered home, pointing to the hats <sup>in</sup> ~~in~~ the two pictures:- "Isn't it the same <sup>And</sup> hat?" he demanded <sup>it</sup> with a shade of belligerence. Betty Gow took one glance and replied, curtly, devastatingly: "No, they are not the same." It was the final word, the feminine word, on the subject of hats. And it made the big fellow seem clumsily, obtusely masculine.

That prepared the crowd for another swift flash that came when Reilly started to question with lawyer-like aggression and obvious sincerity: "You're a very bright young woman," he began.

"Oh yes," she flashed back. And the crowd broke into laughter and loud applause, a gale of handclapping, which made Justice Trenchard declare he'd clear the court if there was another outbreak of the kind.

But these impressions of a good-looking, nimble-minded, utterly self-possessed young woman, are the mere ~~xx~~ superficial. Betty Gow's slender ~~fine~~ fingers writhed at times, and constantly, before answering a question, her lips moved and twitched, in a characteristic way. At times her face was haunted -- for example, when Reilly pressed her with the fact that she knew the baby had a cold, yet she *had* remained away from the child until the evening of the following day. At Englewood she had gone out for a drive with the sailor Johnson that night. She didn't volunteer to go to the baby at Hopewell. "And you say you were so devoted to the child!" That was the gist of Reilly's argument, seeking to cast ~~down~~ doubt on Betty Gow's affection for the ill-fated little boy. And it was then that the strain of emotion inside ~~of~~ the young woman seemed to cast a <sup>*dark*</sup> shadow over her face.

Though she maintained the reserve that is the tradition of her Scottish race -- the hammering of questions was an ordeal of torture. In the Middle Ages ~~they called~~ <sup>*was called*</sup> "examination-by-torture" -- "putting the victim to the question."

It seems apt to use that for a figure of speech -- to say

that Betty Gow was put to the question.

Yet it was for the most part dogged insistence on the part of the inquisitor, with little of the bluster of the wilder sort of cross-examining lawyer.

But she never lost her poise, and played the part of a superior young woman, not the nursemaid type. But then let's remember that Scotch nursemaids are of prestige and renown in swagger circles the world over. At the old imperial court of Russia, Germany, and all Europe, they always had Scottish nurses in the royal and great noble families. In the aristocratic circles of Britain the nursemaid-governess does not belong to the servants' quarters, at home she dines at m'lord's table. Her rank is quite dignified.

Betty Gow did break down. But that comes later.

In his ~~own~~ cross-examination of ~~Betty Gow~~, Attorney Reilly consistently referred to some phase or other of his main contention -- that the crime was an inside job, the doing of inmates in the Lindbergh home. He drew from the young woman fact after fact ~~that~~ to support the argument that no outsider could have known ~~that~~ the baby had been brought to Hopewell at that particular time, would have known just where the child was to be found, or that the shutters had not been locked, and could not have been locked, because the wood was spr<sup>u</sup>ng. He questioned her concerning people whom she might have told about the movements of the Lindberghs. He asked her if she had told Hauptmann, to which she replied, <sup>with the swiftest</sup> "No." He laid stress on the fact that she <sup>the</sup> had told <sup>"Red"</sup> Sailor Johnson. He referred significantly to the dog in the house, which, cared for by the butler Whately and his wife, had failed to bark at whatever noise <sup>or</sup> the kidnapping might have made. His questions carried the hint that Betty Gow, herself, knew more than she admitted. He came close to an outright accusation when he asked her about the thumb-guard the Lindbergh baby had worn at the time of the kidnapping --



*the kind of*

thumb-guard to keep the child from sucking his thumb. One of

the strange points involved in Miss Gow's testimony was that she had found the thumb-guard weeks after the crime, had found it on the long driveway from the Lindbergh house to the gateway of the grounds. Seemingly, the thumb-guard had been lying there on the roadway unnoticed, in spite of all the sleuthing and searching. The cross-examining lawyer demanded point-blank -- whether Betty Gow, herself, had not placed the thumb-guard in the road, and then had gone ahead and found it there. Mrs. Lindbergh's

testimony in which she told that she had gone out there walking about earlier in the evening and tossed pebbles up at the baby's window. At this point Betty Gow fainted. It was all very quiet. She just slumped in her seat in the second row. She had every reason to faint, after the strain of her ordeal on the witness stand. And she was in the hottest and most suffocating part of the little courtroom, which was jammed and packed to the extent of a breathless crush.

Then the evidence went on. The famous letter was

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Then Betty Gow left the stand. I remarked before that she broke down. Yes, and in some respects that was the most dramatic incident of the day.

She was followed on the stand by State troopers, and detectives. There was testimony of yellow mud in the baby's room, the same mud as outside -- also of marks in the mud below the window such as would have been made by a ladder. And footprints. A man's footprint pointing toward the ladder, and a woman's a few feet away. This tended to hark back to Mrs. Lindbergh's testimony in which she told that she had gone out there walking about earlier in the evening and tossed pebbles up at the baby's window. At this moment Betty Gow fainted. It was all very quiet. She just slumped in her seat in the second row. She had every reason to faint, after the strain of her ordeal on the witness stand. And she was in the hottest and most suffocating part of the little courtroom, which was jammed and packed to the extent of a breathless crush.

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introduced. Then it all got legal and technical, the immediate human touch lacking after Betty Gow fainted, after the girl in brown was helped out of the Court.

PRESIDENT

Down here in Flemington the news from the outside world somehow seems of little importance. But there are ~~important~~ events to be chronicled in other parts of the globe. There is the President's budget message to Congress -- calling for an expenditure of eight and a ~~h~~ half billion dollars. Four billion for regular government expenses, and four and a half billion for recovery and relief -- the program of public works that the President called for in his message of last Friday. ( The President, who did not deliver his message in person today, spoke of budget balance. He said it isn't possible yet. He calls it a partial balance, the ordinary government expenses balancing with income -- ~~income~~ and only the relief expenditures in the red. )

ADD PRESIDENT

And there was something of a bombshell in that budget message. Among the other items, the President asks for eight-hundred-and-seventy-five million dollars to be allotted for Veterans relief. This is twenty-five per cent more than the veterans relief figure in last year's appropriation. And immediately the opinion was expressed that Mr. Roosevelt is asking to stem the ~~px~~ bonus tide. In the face of a powerful Congressional move for the money to be paid the veterans, the President anticipates by boosting the veterans relief twenty-five per cent.

AUTO SHOW

The word from Grand Central Palace in New York is -- looking and buying. The Thirty-fifth ~~the~~ Annual Automobile Show is in progress. Record crowds are jamming the place, looking at the new cars and they say they are not only looking, but buying. One manufacturer reports a two hundred percent increase in his sales the first day this year, as compared with the first day's sale of last year.

As soon as I can get away from the Flemington trial I'll head for that Auto show.

SHIP

The Ward Liner, Havana, was built a sister ship of the Morro Castle, but how different the stories are. Only one passenger died, of apoplexy in a life-boat -- when the Havana ran on a reef in Cuban waters. And now for the latest word about the crew. All of the one hundred and twenty-six are accounted for -- except one. And the Ward Line claims that this one man is not lost.

So it's much better news than could have been expected when the story begins with a ocean liner, wrecked on a reef in a tropical storm.

FRANCE

The National Safety Council ~~concerns~~ turned out  
The biggest bit of foreign news ~~concerns~~ an  
announcement from Rome. It tells us of what has been accomplished  
by the visit of Foreign Minister Laval of France to Mussolini  
of Italy. The announcement is that France and Italy have  
signed a treaty guaranteeing the independence of Austria. Italy  
all along has been acting as a big brother to independent  
Austria. Now France joins in with a formal treaty guaranteeing  
the Vienna government against control by Hitler.



## ACCIDENTS

The National Safety Council has just turned out a list of the strangest accidents in 1934.

I'm happy to see that ~~one~~ the list is the incident of the young lady of Gary, Indiana, who was taking a bath <sup>in her birth-day clothes,</sup> when she slipped on the soap with such free-for-all abandon that she went flying out of the window, ~~she~~ fell three stories, landed <sup>ing</sup> in a soft-cushioning sand pile, and ~~suffered~~ <sup>ing only</sup> from extreme embarrassment.

Almost as extraordinary as that is the case of the young man in Los Angeles who <sup>e</sup> became tired of life, turned on the gas, and then sought the solace of a last cigarette, <sup>which ignited the gas and</sup> The explosion blew him out of the window.

In France, a nine-year-old boy was sucked into a wheat binder. He came out of the other end neatly wrapped in a sheath of grain and hurt not a bit.

Yes, those are strange accidents, almost as strange as if some night I should forget to say:-

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.