

*Handwritten note:*   
 735

The jury is still out at Flemington -- no verdict yet. The Judge completed his charge at eleven-twenty-five this morning, ~~and~~ The twelve men and women immediately afterward retired to a room in the courthouse, where they will stay until they have decided the fate of Bruno Richard Hauptmann. Lunch was served to them at one o'clock, sandwiches and coffee.

It has been noted that during the hours they've been out they have not sent <sup>out</sup> to the Judge for <sup>any</sup> clarification of <sup>any</sup> ~~any~~ point of law or evidence -- though juries in their debates frequently do seek enlightenment.

They may return any one of three verdicts: Guilty, which would mean the electric chair. Guilty with a recommendation of mercy, which would be a mandate for a sentence of life imprisonment. Or -- Not Guilty. These three choices were outlined in the Judge's charge to the jury.

HAUPTMANN

6  
The trial took on a new aspect the moment the Judge began reading his charge, ~~to the jury~~ - an aspect of dignity, in thorough contrast to the shouting of lawyers, bickerings with witnesses, protests, <sup>+</sup> interruptions. Mr. Justice Trenchard gave a solemn, dignified and imposing show.

There was a tone of severity; ~~too~~, the rigor of the law. He drew for the jury a sharp distinction between reasonable doubt -- and possible doubt. To acquit the defendant, the doubt must be within normal bounds of reason, and not merely <sup>the fact</sup> that one might possibly find a way to raise a doubt. <sup>¶</sup> Then, point by point, the Judge considered the opposing arguments of prosecution and defense and gave them a cold judicial analysis. Repeatedly he would restate a bit of evidence and ask: "Now, can you believe that?" He continually analyzed the credibility of the witnesses - as when he said: "It has been argued that Dr. Condon's testimony is improbable, but you will observe that there is evidence of witnesses of unimpeachable character which corroborates Dr. Condon in part."

Concerning the famous shoe box, he pointed out that no one but Hauptmann ever saw it, not even Mrs. Hauptmann. He urged the

7  
jury to ask themselves carefully whether they could believe Hauptmann as a witness. They should consider the probability or improbability of his testimony. They should reckon with the fact that he has been convicted of other crimes, <sup>that is</sup> in estimating his credibility as a witness.

Somehow this deliberate judicial tone in summarizing the evidence seemed to bear heavily against Hauptmann, and this impression was heightened by the terrific solemnity with which Judge Trenchard declared:- "I charge you that if murder was committed in perpetrating a burglary, it is murder in the first degree, without reference to the question whether such killing was willful or unintentional."

While on the bench, the <sup>Majesty</sup> ~~figure~~ of the law was propounding the menace of justice, there was something on the nearby wall that simply glared with symbolism. In terrific black and white stood out a large figure - Thirteen! It was a big calendar, hitherto concealed from view by charts, maps and photographs hung on the wall. Today those exhibits were cleared away and the calendar hung in full view. And today is the thirteenth!

18  
Hauptmann showed every sign of nervousness throughout the Judge's charge. He twisted in his seat as the grave words from the bench seemed to give a severe aspect to the point of evidence against him. His lawyers were by no means cheery. They are making objections to nearly every paragraph of the Judge's charge. They claim it was unfriendly to Hauptmann. They are preparing to use it as the groundwork for a possible appeal.

The prosecution, on the other hand, is jubilant. They regard the Judge's charge to the jury as favorable to the State's case all along the line.

While life and death is being weighed by the twelve men and women in a room in the courthouse, Flemington has increased ~~and~~ enlivened, <sup>and</sup> heightened ~~the~~ that carnival mood <sup>which</sup> ~~that~~ from the beginning has surrounded the most famous trial for life on this planet. Groups of women stand on the street. There are family parties: Pa and ma and the children, Grandpa and Grandma, and maybe Auntie too. The bar at the Union Hotel is more crowded than ever with merrymakers. In the courthouse there are games of checkers, chess, contract and <sup>Premiere</sup> pinocle, and even craps.

One of the lively moments of the day came late in the afternoon when Mr. Justice Trenchard, walked into a courthouse crap game; or almost did. When they saw him coming the gamblers grabbed the rolling bones and snatched up their money in a panic. One newspaper man is reported to have lost thirty-eight dollars, which indicates it was a pretty hot game.

And similar scenes must have been witnessed when life and death were at stake in the Roman Coliseum.

Tomorrow morning's papers are likely to give the verdict.

MACON

Everybody is saying today, so let's join in the chorus - that nobody seems to have any luck with those big dirigibles except the Germans. They fly regular Zeppelin service across the Atlantic from Europe to South America, and ~~they~~ never seem to have any accidents. The Graf Zeppelin has sky-voyaged around the world repeatedly without mishap, while England, France and the United States have built ~~the~~ giant sky bags, one after another, and <sup>of them</sup> everyone has come to disaster. We have seen the Shenandoah, the Akron <sup>off the California course.</sup> ~~Los Angeles~~ and now the Macon wrecked in the sky. Of course we have one big dirigible left, an old-timer - the Los Angeles. But the Los Angeles was built for us by the Germans. <sup>So</sup> Maybe luck isn't the answer. Maybe the Germans build these huge gas bag balloons better than anybody else.

And of course the Macon disaster now adds to the chorus of opposition, another big argument for those who oppose the dirigible. In fact, it would seem likely that we won't build any more of them. After the wreck of the Akron, no more would have been constructed - if the Macon had not already been in process of being built.

Investigation got promptly under way today; one by the

Navy, another by the Naval Committee of the House of Representatives, a third by the House Patent Committee. There will be the usual quizzes to find out what really happened, and why.

There have been one report after another. One report has it that individual gas compartments exploded in the great hull of fabric. Another tells that the Macon lost her rudder. There's a story told by a man on the ground, who declares he saw the rudder, itself of inflated balloon construction, explode. The latest and most likely is that water got into the calcium carbide. Only one ~~xxx~~ is certain:- that Commander Wiley, who was second in command on the Akron in her disaster, handled the Macon splendidly after the accident. He immediately sent out distress calls. He brought the crippled bag to the surface of the ocean, and there the United States Navy, rescue vessels, came speeding. Thanks to capable action, only two men are reported lost - although there could so easily have been a calamitous tragedy, with the loss of perhaps all the eighty-three men aboard.

This afternoon the three naval cruisers, the Richmond, the Concord and the Cincinnati steamed into San Francisco with their cargoes of survivors.

Reichers .

Feb. 13, 1935.



## FLIGHT

Sooner or later television will come, and sometimes we certainly need it. That's what I thought while working on a motion picture news-shot of the flight of the airplane that carried an automobile under it. It was over at the Fox Movietone Studios, and the film was most striking. I wish I could show you right now what a futuristic spectacle it made. However, all the newsreels have it, I believe, and will be showing it for the next three weeks -- a combined flight of the airplane with an automobile underneath -- an experiment to test the starting qualities of Blue Sunoco Motor Fuel under the most rigorous open-air tests ever devised.

The pilot of the Uppercu-Buranelli broad-cabin transport was Lou Reichers, trans-Atlantic flyer. Lou tells me that flying an auto a mile above the earth was as big a thrill as his adventurous sky voyage across the ocean three years ago. As I recall it, Lou, you spanned the Atlantic, went winging across Ireland -- and got lost in a fog.

LOU REICHERS:- That's it. I cruised back and forth, trying

FLIGHT - 2

to get out of the blinding mist. I caught a dim glimpse of a lighthouse. Then I saw a ship. My supply of gasoline was almost exhausted. So I headed for the ship, got near it, and flopped into the water. It was the United States liner "President Roosevelt."

L.T.:- Yes, I recall, that was one more rescue for the famous rescuer, Captain Fried. But Lou, what was the most thrilling moment of that Blue Sunoco airplane-automobile test flight?

LOU REICHERS:- Some people thought the auto might fall off. But I wasn't afraid of that. The Burnelli type of plane has a very broad cabin, twelve feet wide, as compared with five feet for the other big air liners. That provided enough space under the cabin to attach the auto strongly enough to stand any strain. But the big thrill was snow. At five thousand feet it was snowing. You will recall, Lowell, that it wasn't snowing on the ground. I don't know what became of that snow up there. Maybe it landed on the clouds below and stayed there. But we were flying through a blinding white blizzard, with that automobile slung beneath the cabin.

L. T.:- And that observation plane was crowding around to spot the signals indicating how fast Blue Sunoco would ignite in the open, rushing through the icy air, at zero, high altitude, at airplane speed. A rigorous test, and successful! But how about ice up there, Lou?

LOU REICHERS:- That's always a danger to a plane, and I didn't have to do much figuring to realize that ice forming on that auto under the cabin would be no joke. That roadster might have collected huge masses of ice.

L. T.:- An airplane flying an ice-wagon! Not so good!

DUKE

A bride is always a figure of golden sentiment, and when the bride is the richest girl in the world, the sentiment is triply golden, gilded all over the place. It has been noted quite a while that James H. R. Cromwell was a devoted admirer of Doris Duke, the twenty-two year old <sup>Bull Durham</sup> ~~tobacco~~ heiress. And so when Jimmy Cromwell was observed visiting New York's Municipal Building this morning, no one supposed he was in quest of a dog license. Marriage license was the supposition, <sup>the</sup> and fact. The wedding was celebrated at the house of the bride's mother. Immediately afterward the bride and bridegroom boarded the Italian liner Conte di Savoia and sailed ~~for Europe~~ on their honeymoon.

5  
1

She has been called the golden girl, because of the gold in her hair and, ~~what~~ in her bank account. On her twenty-first birthday, a year ago last December, she got a ten million dollar slice of her inheritance, and that was just an appetizer. There are plenty of more millions to come, just how many has never been officially stated. Doris Duke inherited the immense wealth of her grandfather, James Buchanan Duke, the man who started out with a pair of mules. In the old days he drove his mules loaded with

tobacco over the country roads of the Carolinas, and trudged from house to house, from store to store, peddling Cut Plug and "the makings" for cigarettes. When he died, instead of a team of mules, he had a string of thoroughbred race horses, estates in North Carolina, New Jersey and on the French Riviera. Also - he had given away forty millions to Duke University.

Doris Duke, as the richest girl in the world, hardly qualified as a social butterfly. She is studious, very religious and an enthusiast of outdoor sports. She might have married almost any sort of foreign title that she pleased, and become a duchess or a princess - or even a queen. Instead, she chose a plain American - Jimmy Cromwell son of Mrs. E. T. Stotesbury of Philadelphia. (The bridegroom has a reputation as a sportsman, and he is also a writer - on political and economic subjects. One of his associated is Father Coughlin, the radio priest.)

The Dog Show at Madison Square Garden is attracting great crowds as usual, and all the blue ribbon dogs of the country, from Mexican Hairless to those huge Pyrenees Snow Dogs, brought over by the Cranes of ~~Muskan~~ Needham, are on their best behavior. I noticed that one of the exhibitors today is the new governor of Pennsylvania. In a chat with Governor Earle, he told me a curious thing about his political career. Two years ago, he had never dreamed of entering politics at all. He was a Republican. One day he ran into William Bullitt, our present ambassador to Russia, at the Ritz here in New York. On the spot Mr. Bullitt sat down and converted Mr. Earle to the cause of Franklin Roosevelt. Fired with this new enthusiasm for F. D. R. he campaigned and helped Mr. Roosevelt get elected. Whereupon, Mr. Earle was made American Minister to Austria. Then he jumped into the Pennsylvania campaign, ran for Governor and <sup>won - all</sup> ~~was elected~~ ~~in two years.~~ <sup>in two years.</sup>

Men around him say ~~that~~ he has no further political ambitions, ~~just wants to do the best job he can, and for that reason, although he was elected by the Democrats, he is~~ <sup>so he's</sup> calling in men from the outside to help with the government of the

Keystone State. For instance, Bob Johnson, the ~~popular and~~ energetic business head of Time Magazine, a Republican, is handling the relief job in Pennsylvania, spending more than twenty million dollars a month.

By the way, how popular do you think Mr. Hoover is in his own party? Maybe here's a bit of information that will give us some idea. Usually when the Republicans hold their Lincoln Day banquet they hire a huge banquet room, one that will hold thousands. This year they decided that it might be a good plan to just use a small room for the banquet. Ten days ago less than two hundred had indicated their intention to attend. Then the word went out, announced in this broadcast, that ExPresident Hoover would speak at the banquet. Whereupon they were swamped with requests for tickets and, <sup>Frank Ready who handled the affair said that</sup> last night a crowd of Republicans stormed the banquet hall -- twice as many as the room is supposed to seat. ~~And the enthusiasm for Mr. Hoover was immense.~~

ESCOFFIER

8 1/2  
This afternoon I ran into <sup>the famous</sup> Oscar ~~of the Waldorf~~ and sat yarning with him, although it was he who did the yarning, about Escoffier, the greatest of chefs. The death of Escoffier has stirred endless reminiscences in the hotel world - for he was a man of many anecdotes.

Oscar told me how the venerable lord of cookery had begun his immense fame. The youth, Escoffier, was called to the <sup>French</sup> Army for military service. He displayed such skill at regimental cookery that during the Franco-Prussian War he became personal chef to the French Commander, Marshal Bazaine.

9  
In the disastrous fighting, Escoffier was captured by the Prussians, among whom he once more displayed his talents to such effect that he presided in the kitchen of Emperor William the First. That monarch, who was always out of temper, because of the crudities of his German cooks, released Escoffier - saying that if he had known the young French chef before, he would never have declared war against France.

9 1/2  
**But** somebody will declare war against me unless I say -

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.