

*Carnegie*  
*3/30/36*

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

The New Jersey Court of Pardons held a stormy session this afternoon over the fate of Bruno Richard Hauptmann, Now that the Bronx carpenter has become the football of violent party politics, the excitement over this emotional affair is almost tumultuous. Half of the nation has been on the keyveve all day. Hour by hour we waited for the crucial flash from Trenton. And that decision by the Court of Pardons dumped the pardon grimly back on the shoulders of Governor Hoffman, so the next inevitable question was: "What will His Excellency do?"

And grimly New Jersey's Governor accepted the challenge. His answer is, "No more reprieves." In other words, Bruno Richard Hauptmann will die tomorrow night in the electric chair at the State Penitentiary in Trenton.

This makes the Lindbergh case almost unique in the history of criminal jurisprudence. Of course it was unique anyway, by virtue of the world-wide fame of Colonel and

Mrs. Lindbergh. And now we have a man going to the chair for a crime to which two other separate individuals have confessed. However, one of them, the disbarred lawyer, Paul Wendel, asserts ~~stoutly~~ stoutly that he signed his confession under torture. As for Gaston B. Means, now serving a sentence in Uncle Sam's penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas, nobody believes a word he says.

Nevertheless, all these circumstances help to make the Hauptmann Affair stand out in the history of crime. It seems to me that one fact at least is clearly established in this sordid and unsavory tragedy. Many lawyers, many authorities, many students of criminology, complained that the wheels of American justice grind far too slowly.

Nobody can say that the utmost has not been done to prevent Hauptmann's being the victim of a miscarriage of justice. His lawyers, Lloyd Fisher of Flemington, Judge Polk of Somerville, have fought to the bitter end. And more than a year has passed since the dates first set by Supreme Court Justice Trenchard for his execution. Governor Harold Hoffman has further delayed the man's death at considerable cost to his own personal career. The Governor has been bitterly attacked by not only his Democratic opponents but by Republican critics. Until today he has stuck by his guns, he has stoutly maintained that he was not satisfied with that trial at Flemington, that there were too many doubtful points which the evidence did not clear up. It is indeed said that before he intervened in the Hauptmann case, the Republican leaders were considering him for the nomination for Vice-President at Cleveland next June. And when he issued that reprieve the Tycoons of the G.O.P. promptly dropped him. Not that they doubted his motives but because they feared that his conduct had damaged his popularity beyond repair.

Even in the face of that information, Harold Hoffman continued to fight it out along that line. But his announcement from Trenton today expresses plainly his realization that he can't do any more. The confession of Paul Wendel, even though he is a disbarred lawyer, a man who has done time in jail, affords no justification for another reprieve. The ugly sound of "third degree," of confession obtained as they were in the Middle Ages by torture, throws it beyond the pale of consideration. That's the only thing we can infer from Governor Hoffman's ~~next~~ decision.

They tell us there was a pathetic attempt at a smile on the face of Mrs. Hauptmann as she entered the Trenton Penitentiary this afternoon. But she couldn't keep it up, she broke down and wept openly. The guards were silent as they ushered her into the cell house. Around her husband's cell there was a heavy screen. Behind that screen were uttered words, probably the last words, ever to be exchanged between the convicted man and his unhappy wife.

## SUPREME COURT

Today might be described as children's day in the Supreme Court of the United States. The nine venerable justices handed down two decisions both of which affect the interests of the young.

One of them concerns that much publicized young heiress, Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt. I suppose there's not a man, woman or child in the United States who is not familiar with that sensational and distressing affair. The supreme bench represented the last hope that the widow of Reginald Vanderbilt had, to regain the full custody of her young millionaire daughter. She protested that she had not had a fair show in the courts of New York State. One after another of them ruled against her, the Supreme Court, the Appellate Division, and the Court of Appeals, the highest in the State. Today's decision of the nine old gentlemen in Washington destroys Mrs. Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt's last hope. Young Millionaire Gloria remains in the custody of her multi-millionaire aunt, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, the sculptress and art patron. Mrs. Vanderbilt will have to content with weekend visits from her daughter.

It should be noted that the Supreme Court's ruling expresses no opinion upon the fairness or unfairness of the decisions of the New York judges. Uncle Sam's highest bench merely declines to review the case.

The high court's other decision is far more significant. It concerns not merely one little individual, but literally hundreds of thousands. Some time ago the New York Assembly passed a law establishing minimum wage rates for women and children. The Governor of New York and most of his subordinates claimed that the welfare of a state, suffers when women and children are put to work at excessively low wages. They adduced figures to support this claim. They pointed out that in sections where sweatshop wages are paid to women and children, the public welfare department of the state has to spend huge sums to maintain a proper standard of public health, to prevent disease and starvation.

A majority of the New York Assembly took this view when the bill was passed. Some manufacturers contested it. New York judges, including those of the Court of Appeals,

pronounced it unconstitutional. And the state appealed from that ruling. And today the Supreme Court spoke. It didn't pass on the bill. It announced its consent to consider it, and set aside Tuesday, April twenty-eighth, to hear arguments.



## EASTER

New York folks had a spectacular reminder today of the arrival of spring. Both natives and tourists in the neighborhood of Rockefeller Center were startled to observe ~~xx~~ the air around the seventy-two story R.C.A. Building filled with hundreds of many colored "egg-shaped" balloons. The spectacle was a bit puzzling at first, most people didn't know what it was all about. Then it turned out that it was the beginning of the Rockefeller Center Easter celebration which will go on for two weeks. And there's a trick to those balloons. Each one of them has in it a merchandise bond. Anybody who catches one of those balloons can cash those bonds in for whatever he or she may fancy, at any of the shops in Rockefeller Center.

A sight that got the crowds was the collection of a thousand live rabbits of every imaginable color, in the Rockefeller Plaza. White, grey, brown, blue, black. They are not painted. They are painted that way. Incidentally, the management had a tough time getting those rabbits. Bunnies, it seems, ~~xx~~ are scarce this year. In the first place, many of them failed to pull through the tough winter. On top of that came the floods. So Rockefeller Center literally had to scour the country to obtain

enough of the animals to make it possible to <sup>sell</sup>~~dist~~ribute them  
at the rate of one thousand a day.

## HITLER

That German election has aroused a new case of the jitters in some parts of Europe. They are afraid that after ninety-nine percent of the voters have endorsed Hitler's policies, he will be spurred on to fresh hostilities, to more sabre-rattlings. ) Gloomy prophecies are being uttered, gloomy and tremulous. In Paris, for example, political observers are predicting that the next Nazi move will be to grab Austria. And Paris isn't the only capital that is shaking in its figurative shoes. Pessimists in Prague believe that General von Blomberg has his eye ready to cross the frontier for a march on Vienna. What's more, they believe that to reach the key points in Austria, some German divisions will goose-step through Czechoslovakian territory.

Of course such reports are all guesswork. There is nothing in the news from Berlin to substantiate them. The probabilities are that they are born of excitement and fear.

British observers, on the other hand, are taking it easy. They decline to get the least bit heated up over yesterday's voting. One London paper says "The result was a foregone con-

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and the very size of that monstrous majority is in itself proof of how unreal it all is." Altogether, most of the London commentators decline to take the affair seriously. However, the old thunderer, the LONDON TIMES, declares that Hitler "certainly added to his prestige," when he made forty-four million Germans goose-step to the polls and write "Ja." But the really amazing thing is that almost half a million summoned up enough nerve to write "Nein." Of course, in so doing, they merely got their ballots thrown out. That is all. The London Times also prognosticates that the ninety-nine percent approval of his policies will give Hitler a chance to show his statesmanship and perhaps make a really effective contribution to the peace of Europe.

## ETHIOPIA

It sounds dramatic and sensational when we hear from Ethiopia that "Harrar is in ruins - bombed by a great squadron of Mussolini's planes." But one suspects that the real facts are not as ominous as such words might indicate. Some of the men who have been to Ethiopia and returned, such as Lawrence Stallings, says that over here in America the ancient city of Harrar would pass for a ruin anyway. So when we hear of Harrar being devastated, we mustn't visualize a modern, handsome, well built city, but a collection of one or two-story mud houses. The only buildings with any pretensions in Ethiopian cities are the churches, and most of them are not much to look at. That's what correspondents tell us.

Such as it is, the bombarding of Harrar is the only actual event on the African front worth reporting in several weeks. As Marshal Badoglio reported to his chief, "otherwise nothing noteworthy."

Mussolini's colonial war has taken pretty much of a back seat. It has been pretty much off page one by the aftermath of Hitler's march into the Rhineland. The really important

happenings in Africa aren't happening in Africa at all. They're happening in Rome, behind the scenes. Since so little leaks out about them, they leave the field open to the guesswork reports from the grapevine bureau.

One theory is that Haile Selassie would have capitulated to Marshal Badoglio long ago, if he had dared. He didn't dare because such capitulation would have cost him his throne for the tribal chieftains would have rebelled. So the real purpose of such advances as the Italian armies have made, of such shows as the bombardment of Harrar, is to convince the chieftains that further resistance is useless, that Italy can't be stopped.

The political soothsayers are now prophecying a settlement within the next few months. Mussolini, as they have said all along, cannot afford a prolonged war, Italy hasn't the cash. And his real aim is a settlement that will give him, not the whole of Ethiopia, but rich, fat slices, in the north and south, just the fertile provinces suitable for colonization by Italians. Mussolini still doesn't dare use his full

EXMIRIA

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military strength against the King of Kings. There's still too much menace in the European situation, and he has to keep his crack troops at home.

## LUSITANIA

There's a daring and fascinating job ahead of an American cameraman. He's going to dive more than three hundred feet below the surface of the Irish Sea. And there he'll take movies, sound movies, of the fateful, historic LUSITANIA.

The man who is going to undertake this hazardous venture is Captain John D. Craig. Four years ago he was awarded the blue ribbon of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. He got it for an extraordinary bit of filming called "Wrestling Swordfish."

That described exactly what the film was. When he won that distinction, young Captain Craig was only twenty-seven years old. Since then he has taken under-water movies in the waters of thirty-nine different countries. So he has had ample experience and practice.

You may recall it was a year ago last fall that a Glasgow salvage company located the hull of the LUSITANIA in three hundred feet of water, off the coast of County Cork in Ireland. It's with the cooperation of that firm that Captain Craig is going to make his ~~an~~ amazing attempt. A diving



suit has been specially designed for the purpose, also special equipment. Craig has also designed himself an under-water camera, especially made to withstand the ~~the~~ terrific pressure at that depth. What's more, he'll carry sound apparatus inside his diving suit. In that way his observation of what he sees will be synchronized with the pictures.

## YACHT

We've all heard of men who had to have bedsteads specially built for them. Abe Lincoln was one. But I never before heard of a man who had to have a ship cut to his measure. That's what's being done at a shipyard in Holland. The man who has ordered it can well afford it. He's the Shah of Iran, or Persia as it used to be called. His Royal Highness is literally a royal highness; he is nearly seven feet tall. So his yacht, the CHAH-SEVAR, has to be built vertically. She'll have three decks. Each one of them must have a ceiling high enough to prevent any chance of the Shah's bumping his royal head. A three deck yacht, a hundred and sixty-five feet long, with a draft of only ten feet, offers a nice set of problems to marine architects. The CHAR-SEVAR has to have a shallow draft because in order to reach Iran, she'll have to go by way of Leningrad, thence through a series of canals to the Volga, thence down into the Caspian Sea.

As might be expected, the Shah's yacht will be a regular floating ~~in~~ palace. It has to be constructed throughout to accommodate the towering height of its royal owner. Even the

chairs in the bar have to be made high enough to accommodate the royal legs. His Highness once read in a book that a king of France, Charles the Eighth, died several centuries ago after bumping his head on a doorway of his chateau. So the royal ruler of the land that was once called Persia is not going to take any chance on bumping his royal cranium.

Well, that is that - and as my old friend Lowell Thomas has been saying for six years -- SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.