

LINDBERGH

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:

It was like strokes of a hammer at Flemington today. Bang, bang, bang, as the prosecution put on its rebuttal witnesses to smash the defense testimony. Swift and tense, one stroke after another, one witness after another.

It was about noon when Defense Attorney Reilly announced -- "the defense rests." Previous to that he had put on a witness who swore he had seen a man and a woman in an automobile with a ladder -- time and place connecting with the kidnapping. The man in the car was not Hauptmann, didn't look like Hauptmann. But this conflicted with the word of a previous defense witness, the Princeton student Lupica, who told of seeing a man and a ladder in a car, and said it wasn't Hauptmann, but that it did look like Hauptmann.

And Defense Attorney Reilly had a complaint to make later in the proceedings - a complaint that Secretary of the Interior Ickes had refused ~~a~~ to allow a P.W.A. wood expert to testify for the defense. But late in the day word came from Washington Secretary Ickes said this was not so, that the expert could go to

Flemington.

But now let's consider the swift logic of the rebuttal. Let's take various points testified <sup>to</sup> in Hauptmann's favor, and <sup>then</sup> tie each one <sup>to</sup> ~~with~~ the controverting evidence the State produced today.

Benjamin Heier had testified <sup>for Hauptmann</sup> that he saw a man resembling Isidor Fisch jump over a wall at St. Raymonds Cemetery on the night when the ~~ransom~~ <sup>ransom</sup> money was paid in that same cemetery. Heier said his car was parked there from eight-thirty until nearly eleven.

Today Joseph Farber swore that on that evening, at about nine-fifteen, his car had run into Heier's car on upper Sixth Avenue in Manhattan. Those two points are far apart.

The young Swede Carlstrom had testified for the defense that he saw Hauptmann in the bakery shop on the night of the kidnapping.

7 Today another Swede named Larsen swore that he had spent that entire night with Carlstrom at a house out in New Jersey.

The defense has been intimating that Isidor Fisch committed the kidnaping. But today ~~ex~~ three witnesses swore that



on ~~that~~ <sup>the kidnap</sup> night, Fisch was at a house in the Bronx. *An alibi,*  
~~a~~ most telling alibi, because the time was fixed. *kidnap* ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> night  
in the Bronx house Fisch signed a promissory note. And the  
note was produced in court. *¶* The defense claims that Fisch  
got the ransom money, and that he was rich after the time of  
the payment of the ransom. The rebuttal of this line of defense  
testimony brought to the stand the long awaited witness ~~Hannayx~~  
Hannah Fisch, sister of the dead Isidor; ~~she~~ *a* small dark  
woman, ~~she~~ Polish by origin, but she spoke quite *a* classic  
German. She gave copious testimony pointing not to her brother's  
wealth but to his poverty. She swore that when he returned  
to Germany she helped him unpack his bags. The only money  
he had was five or six hundred dollars. She told how he went  
to the hospital and died. She ~~claimed~~ <sup>swore</sup> that Fisch, instead of  
having plenty of money while in America, had been helped  
financially by the family back in Germany. *said she had* She ~~made~~ <sup>made</sup> no claim  
for any estate of her brother's in America -- although the  
ransom money which Hauptmann claims Fisch left with him would  
have constituted quite a sizeable estate. She said she had

no idea that her brother had left any possessions back in America.

In his own testimony Hauptmann had sworn that he had told New York Police Commissioner O'Ryan about the money hidden in the garage. Today General O'Ryan swore that Hauptmann told him nothing of the sort, <sup>and</sup> that he <sup>had</sup> made no mention to the police of the hidden ransom money.

And then once more the defense claimed <sup>that</sup> Fisch had money after the ransom payment. His former landlady while he was in New York swore that Fisch had occupied a room rented from her at three-fifty <sup>dollars + cents</sup> a week, that he had few clothes, and what clothes he had were shabby.

There will be a court session tomorrow, the first Saturday session since the trial <sup>began.</sup> ~~began.~~ Mrs. Dwight Morrow, Mrs. Lindbergh's mother, was at the trial today. She'll testify tomorrow. This will concern the defense witnesses who swore of having seen the suicide ~~murder~~ maid, Violet Sharpe with a ~~blond~~ blond baby on the evening of the kidnaping. They say that Mrs. Morrow will swear that Violet Sharpe was not out of



her house that night.

In the Flemington courtroom <sup>during</sup> the past few days things ~~have been~~ <sup>became</sup> rather drowsy, but they ~~came~~ <sup>snapped</sup> to life with a tense interest as the prosecution delivered those swift strokes of rebuttal.

AUTOMOBILE

It is rather a dramatic coincidence that the renewal of the Automobile Code has <sup>been</sup> followed so promptly <sup>by</sup> the publication of the report on the automobile industry. There has been plenty of controversy about the Code renewal and that controversy will flare all the higher as the result of the glaring picture painted by the Committee which President Roosevelt appointed to investigate America's premier industry. There will be increasing agitation against the Code renewal, with a large possibility that the Code may be revised. Beyond that - the automobile report will cause a new wave of discussion concerning the mechanical age and its <sup>human</sup> ~~crastic~~ problems, the adjustment of the masses of mankind to the cohorts of machines.

The Committee spreads out a double <sup>splash</sup> ~~dash~~ of the most glaring colors - both praise and blame. The praise tells of ~~the~~ astonishing technical advance. The report holds <sup>up</sup> the motor industry as possibly at the very top of everything in this country ~~or~~ <sup>for</sup> scientific resourcefulness, engineering skill and ultra-modern efficiency. Automatic production at the zenith, speed, economy, magnitude of mass production - all these things at a pinnacle.



Praise can hardly go further, but it leads to blame.

A social philosopher, <sup>upon hearing</sup> ~~grown very weary~~ of this swift machine-age-development, might ask: "But hasn't that affected the human side, dislocated the relations between ~~the~~ industry and human labor?" The Committee report answers: "yes". Yet, from the angle of mechanical progress, it is still praise - when we hear that because of the marvelously increased efficiency of mechanical production, thirty cents now produces the results that three dollars used to produce. That nineteen-men operating the latest advanced type of machinery can achieve the results that it used to take two hundred and fifty men to do. But from that very fact you <sup>might</sup> ~~can~~ deduce the possibility of unemployment. And the report of the President states with emphasis that the very progress of the automotive industry has aggravated the unemployment problem. Likewise, there is a declaration that ~~automobile~~ building has been speeded up to such an extent that only the younger man can <sup>up with</sup> ~~keep~~ the pace. The worker is through at forty. This, the report says, gives an age limit from ten to twenty years lower than the age limit in other industries. The speeding up is attributed to a sharp edge of intense competition.

The main thing that runs by implication through the whole report is the old problem of men and machines - a dark picture of human labor problems balanced against a bright picture of brilliant technical advance.

And the bright picture can be brightened a little more. In its survey of the motor industry, the Committee declares it has found the "most phenomenal growth", to use its own words. Here are some figures given out by the Automobile Manufacturers Association, which show that during last month business took the biggest January jump in history, save for those two big boom years, nineteen twenty-six and nineteen twenty-nine. Three hundred and six thousand cars were turned out last month, an eighty-seven per cent increase over January 1934.



Last night I raised the question whether this winter might not be considered the time marking the end of the depression. And more and more the answer seems to be - yes.

Here's a curious side angle. The Automobile Club of New York has taken a poll among New York motorists concerning a proposed increase in the gasoline tax. The State Legislature is contemplating a tax increase of one penny per gallon on motor fuel. And the odd thing ~~that~~ the poll revealed is - that half of the automobile owners did <sup>not</sup> even know that an increase of the ~~gas~~ gas tax was being planned. They will have to pay, but they hadn't taken notice. But then, that's the way with old John Q. Taxpayer.

GOLD

It certainly doesn't seem that the Supreme Court will give its gold decision tomorrow. Having adjourned for the week-end, is there any chance of the fateful announcement before Monday?

Of course, if the high justices had been really clubby they might have made some slight announcement, in a sort of side whisper last night -- to a man who is particularly interested in the decision. That man is the President of the United States. Last night there was a gala dinner at the White House, the annual White House dinner to the Supreme Court. I wonder what the President thought as he gazed at the nine justices dining at his festive board -- the man whose expected decree concerning the President's gold policy has the world agog?

Of course, Mr. Roosevelt, about the time dessert came on might have leaned over confidentially and remarked:- "By the way, Mr. Justice Hughes, what about gold?"

And the venerable Chief Justice might have moved over just as confidentially and in one of those dinner-table whispery chats replied:- "Well, Mr. President, it's this way. We have decided that your gold policy ....." You can fill in the




rest of it yourself.


There's one White House custom at these grand dinners which had all sorts of meaning. Mrs. Roosevelt had the dinner served on gold plate. I wonder whether the President, as he gazed at the Supreme Court flashed on<sup>e</sup><sub>A</sub> of those Roosevelt smiles, and fingered the edge of his gold plate meaningfully.

The more serious side of the gold news reiterates the fact that the Administration is all set with emergency legislation. ~~in case the Supreme Court decision is against the gold policy.~~  
~~In that event, new legislation, is already drafted, will be hurried to Congress.~~ One angle is that if the devaluation of the dollar is declared illegal by the Supreme Court, why holders of government bonds, in an endeavor to collect according to the value of gold, would have to present their cases to the Court of Claims. That means suing the government. We know that the federal government can<sup>^</sup>not be sued unless it first gives permission. This permission will not be likely. Instead, it is expected that Congress would pass a bill affirming the impossibility of gold cases <sup>being</sup> ~~to be~~<sub>A</sub> considered by the Court of Claims.

WEATHER



In Switzerland winter sports have been cancelled for the time being. They got a lot of snow over there, so skiing events have been called off. Too much snow, avalanches. Tremendous slides have been thundering down the mountainsides. Villages engulfed by them. Fifteen casualties reported, where an avalanche overwhelmed one Swiss town. In the alpine parts of Italy and Austria, a wild blizzard and many snow slides have ~~is~~ disrupted communications.



From all over Europe comes word of the devastating grip of the bitterest kind of winter - outbreaks of influenza and pneumonia among the peasants. In Spain, warm, sunny Spain, frosty weather has brought wolves. Heavy snows in the mountains, where the wolves have their haunts, have driven the wild beasts down to the lowlands, where they have been raiding the livestock. And cases are reported of wolves attacking human beings.

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## SKI

Here's the latest word from Kitzbuehel. Where is Kitzbuehel? It's in the heart of the Kitzbuehel Mountains. And all the folks in Kitzbuehel are atwitter, because the Duke of Chester is there. In other words the Prince of Wales is skiing in the Tyrolian Alps. And you can't get a room for love nor money in that corner of Austria. People from all over ~~the~~ Europe wanting to ski with the Prince, or maybe they just want to kibitz at Kitzbuehel and see H.R.H. take a nose dive into a snow bank, have rushed there.

Curious the way sports sweep across the world. America seems to have gone ski wild. The reports are that the greatest crowds in history are flocking from the cities, to ski at Franconia in the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and world-famous Lake Placid in the Adirondacks, Norfolk in the Berkshire Hills of Connecticut, in the snowy hills around Montreal, Ottawa, and Quebec. And my mail is full of letters telling about winter carnivals:- A big one this week at Petoskey, Michigan, where they are going to crown the Winter Queen of Michigan. And a thousand beautiful college girls have invaded Dartmouth and are making the Dartmouth boys hearts beat faster tonight. The silver jubilee carnival is on at Dartmouth.

STALIN

The man who is perhaps the earth's most powerful ruler has got a government job. With more authority over life and death than even Hitler or Mussolini, Stalin, the Red Dictator, has finally taken a post in the Kremlin government. Hitherto, Stalin has been technically a mere private citizen, no more than the head of a political party. But it <sup>is</sup> the Communist Party, <sup>which is</sup> absolute in the land of the Soviets. He was on the outside, but he <sup>was</sup> ~~is~~ master of things on the inside.

And now we hear that Stalin has just been elected a member of the <sup>is</sup> Presidium of the Soviet Central Executive Committee. That's ~~is~~ an official government council. So Stalin, who ~~is~~ has always been on the outside, is now on the inside.



END

In arranging our nightly broadcast, the point always comes up: what kind of item to use for an end. Sometimes there is something obviously appropriate for a close, and sometimes there isn't. Tonight there is - the Nineteen Hundred Club.

Forty-one years ago, twenty-eight students at Cornell signed a pledge to meet for dinner in Nineteen hundred, and then to gather again once every five years. The Nineteen Hundred Dinner was duly celebrated at the old Waldorf, then New York's social center, where the club was received by the ~~the~~ renowned Oscar, then in the early days of his young distinction as a host. This year they're gathering again, tomorrow night, and once more Oscar will receive them - those that are left.

One is Colonel J. W. Beacham, the only man in Cornell history ever to have been captain of both the football and baseball teams in the same year. He served in the Phillipine Insurrection and,

was on General Pershing's staff in France.

But let's look at the distinguished guest who carried off the honors at the Club meeting in nineteen fifteen. Into the august portals ~~of the Waldorf~~ came Edward Newton, the ancient negro

janitor who then had worked at Cornell for thirty-eight years. ~~He~~

*An old white-haired Uncle Tom (he)*  
*boys*  
dropped in on a surprise visit to the ~~men~~ he had known as students, and ~~he~~ carried off the honors, <sup>^</sup> *they made him* the distinguished guest of the evening.

The Club has a song which they always sing. It has a refrain, which is entirely appropriate to repeat right now. Here's the way it goes:

Through sunshine and through rain

Until we meet again

In other words, SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.

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