

"THE MONKEY TRIAL"

A Reporter's Account
(by H.L. Mencken)

The 3rd installment in our series of
Mencken's reports from the trial.

July 16 (the fifth day)

In view of the fact that everyone here looks for the jury to bring in a verdict of guilty, it might be expected that the prosecution would show a considerable amiability and allow the defense a rather free play. Instead, it is contesting every point very vigorously and taking every advantage of its greatly superior familiarity with local procedure. There is, in fact, a considerable heat in the trial. Bryan and the local lawyers for the State sit glaring at the defense all day and even the Attorney-General, A. T. Stewart, who is supposed to have secret doubts about fundamentalism, has shown such pugnacity that it has already brought him to forced apologies.

The high point of yesterday's proceedings was reached with the appearance of Dr. Maynard M. Metcalf of the John Hopkins. The doctor is a somewhat chubby man of bland mien, and during the first part of his testimony, with the jury present, the prosecution apparently viewed him with great equanimity. But the instant he was asked a question bearing directly upon the case at bar there was a flurry in the Bryan pen and Stewart was on his feet with protests. Another question followed, with more and hotter protests. The judge then excluded the jury and the show began.

What ensued was, on the surface, a harmless enough dialogue between Dr. Metcalf and Marrow, but underneath there was tense drama. At the first question Bryan came out from behind the State's table and planted

himself directly in front of Dr. Metcalf, and not ten feet away. The two McKenzies followed, with young Sue Hicks at their heels.

Then began one of the clearest, most succinct and withal most eloquent presentations of the case for the evolutionists that I have ever heard. The doctor was never at a loss for a word, and his ideas flowed freely and smoothly. Marrow steered him magnificently. A word or two and he was howling down the wind. Another and he hauled up to discharge a broadside. There was no cocksureness in him. Instead he was rather cautious and deprecatory and sometimes he halted and confessed his ignorance. But what he got over before he finished was a superb counterblast to the fundamentalist buncombe. The jury, at least, in theory heard nothing of it, but it went whooping into the radio and it went banging into the face of Bryan....

This old buzzard, having failed to raise the mob against its rulers, now prepares to raise it against its teachers. He can never be the peasants' President, but there is still a chance to be the peasants' Pope. He leads a new crusade, his bald head glistening, his face streaming with sweat, his chest heaving beneath his rumpled alpaca coat. One somehow pities him, despite his so palpable imbecilities. It is a tragedy, indeed, to begin life as a hero and to end it as a buffoon. But let no one, laughing at him, underestimate the magic that lies in his black, malignant eye, his frayed but still eloquent voice. He can shake and inflame these poor ignoramuses as no other man among us can shake and inflame them, and he is desperately eager to order the charge.

In Tennessee he is drilling his army. The big battles, he believes, will be fought elsewhere.

**PILOT DROPS
4000 FEET AND
SALVAGES MAIL**

**"Doc" Collins Hires Truck
After Crash And Delivers
Cargo Safely**

WIND RIPS WING FROM HIS CRAFT

Lands in Parachute near Millstone PA

(By The Associated Press)

BROOKVILLE, Pa., Jul 19 - Paul F. ("Doc") Collins, premier "bad weather" pilot of the Air Mail Service, leaped 4,000 feet from his disabled plane over the village of Millstone at about 6 A.M. today and landed, safely in his parachute in a small clearing in the midst of this densely wooded country. Collins, the survivor of many a storm and gale over that section of the Allegheny Mountains which the air-mail pilots call "hell stretch" started out from Cleveland at 4 A.M. The mail from Chicago was four hours late due to the rough head winds that were blowing there. Collins ran into a line squall that tossed his ship around like a cork in stormy water. A cross-cross wind ripped a lower wing from the plane and sent it into a nose dive.



"Papa!"