

PRISON BREAK

From Oklahoma, stark tragedy. Two men dead, another is dying, and six dangerous, violent criminals are at large. Another large scale jail delivery from the State Penitentiary at McAlester.

The scene, a brick yard, about half a mile from the main prison buildings, the brick yard where the convicts do their enforced labor. The midday hour just over, the prisoners just through with their lunch. All of a sudden, there's a signal and a rush of trampling feet. The prisoners, pulling knives and guns from hiding places, swarmed over the guards!

Volleyes of shots rang out. In all corners of the yard hand to hand battles ensued. The first to be killed was a foreman of the guards. Then one of the convicts lay dead. Twelve of his mates rushed for a truck standing near the gate. By that time bells were clanging and the penitentiary's siren was hooting its dreaded message. Six of the would-be runaways were recaptured. But at least six others got away. With them they took a guard as hostage. He's still missing.

However many there were, they made their getaway. Even

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Warden Kenny of the State Pen is not quite sure how many of them. He estimates the number ~~xxxxxxx~~ somewhere between six and ten.

Warden Kenny believes the men have long since ditched the truck and split up and parted company. They are at large now, somewhere in Oklahoma, either in pairs or singly, a menace to everybody in the neighborhood.

This is the sixth jail delivery from that Oklahoma Penitentiary at McAlester in the last three years. On May thirty-first, Nineteen Thirty-Three, convicts got away from there after a sanguinary outbreak. In August of the same year, a couple of men escaped, who later were recaptured. July seventh, Nineteen Thirty-Four, another jail delivery from McAlester, followed by still another September Twenty-Seventh, Nineteen Thirty-Four. Seven convicts escaped by tunneling under the wall. Four months later, on January Fourteenth, Nineteen Thirty-Five to be exact, four of those same seven escaped again. What a prison.

POLITICS

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Senator Borah seems to have met his Waterloo in Ohio. That was to be the crucial state in his fight for the Republican nomination. But the primary returns indicate that he'll have only five delegates. And as a result of this primary, the historic name of Taft will be offered to the Republican Convention at Cleveland next month. Forty-seven delegates will go to Cleveland, favoring Ohio's favorite son, also the son of the late President and Chief Justice.

Up to now, the country at large hasn't heard much of young ~~Mr.~~ Robert A. Taft. But he's well known in his own state and particularly ^l in Cincinnati. In spite of his youth, he led and won a distinguished fight for municipal reform. In fact he completely changed the city government. ~~of Cincinnati~~

Those primaries are a great and grievous set-back for the Idaho Senator. However, they don't necessarily mean an advantage to his foremost rival, Governor Landon of Kansas. The Number One man in the Taft delegation from Ohio is Clarence J. Brown, the newspaper publisher of Manchester. Clarence Brown is known throughout the country as the leader of the Frank Knox-for-President movement. So that Ohio vote,

if anything, rather complicates the picture. Political dopsters are now guessing that it might land the nomination ~~of~~ for young Mr. Taft as a dark horse compromise candidate.

So much for the Republican side. On the Democratic side, Mr. Roosevelt won, but Colonel Breckenridge, running without any organization, piled up a Democratic anti-New Deal vote of more than ~~fff~~ fifteen thousand. The President getting some 200,000!

Meanwhile, our only living Ex-President was having a busy twenty-four hours. Mr. Hoover presenting the medal of the Explorers Club to Lincoln Ellsworth for his achievements in the Antarctic - at the Waldorf; visiting the Philatelic Exhibition at the Grand Central Palace in New York; attending a meeting of the directors of the New York Life Insurance Company, addressing the Womens' Republican Club! Outside of that he had nothing else to do.

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Something happened in Albany, New York, today which is of national importance. President Roosevelt's Social Security ^{plan} ~~program~~ has run into a snag in his own state, a snag which is unsurmountable for the present at least. Mr. Roosevelt has made no bones about letting the world know that this measure is the one on which he lays the most emphasis of his entire program. When Congress passed the Social Security Bill last August, he declared: "That's the best news that has come out of Capitol Hill in many a long day."

But the passage of that bill through Congress was only a part of the fight. It has to be ratified by all the individual states. The expense of the social program has to be divided between the states and Uncle Sam. So far thirty-five of the states have ratified it in one form or another. Thirty-two of them have passed laws to provide old age assistance. Nineteen provide for the x blind and eighteen take care of dependent children. But New York, ^{the President's} ~~his~~ own state, stands in the opposition column. The Assembly, which is controlled by the upstate Republicans defeated the bill for the third time in

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succession. It was a close margin, only three votes. Those three votes dispose of the measure for ~~the~~ this year, at any rate.

ZIONCHECK

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A notable contribution to the gaiety of nations has been made by the now celebrated Congressman Zioncheck of Washington. Mr. Zioncheck, as the whole world doubtless knows, is honeymooning in Puerto Rico. And has he been having fun! Leaving his bride at the hotel yesterday, he went fishing. He borrowed a motor car from one of the bankers of San Juan. Then he hired him a negro fisherman as a guide and went out on the deep blue waters of the Atlantic with rod and line.

History doesn't say whether he caught any ^{fish.} ~~thing with~~
~~the rod and line.~~ But it does say that on his way home he caught a truck, caught it on the front end of the ~~borrowed~~ borrowed car. The driver of the truck demanded damages on the spot. Thereupon Mr. Zioncheck informed the driver that he was a Congressman and could not be held up. The driver blocked the road with his truck and called a policeman. Mr. Zioncheck said to the policeman: "I'm a Congressman and you can't arrest me." The cop used his discretion and Mr. Zioncheck proceeded.

Mr. Zioncheck then got back to his hotel and got his bride. The newlyweds then proceeded to take the guide home,

PHILADELPHIA AUTO CLUB

The Philadelphia Auto Club has hit upon a curious idea, an old way of attracting attention. It has sent to each member of the Legislature a miniature auto to which are attached five bright pennies, one ⁿ of the hood, one of each side door, one on the rumble, and the fifth on the roof of the car. These five pennies represent the present Pennsylvania four-cent State tax on gasoline and one-cent Federal tax. With each automobile goes a large tag reading: "Mr. Legislator, please, please --" And so on.

So much for Pennsylvania. In New York we get the opposite side of the picture, the Legislature ~~reversing itself,~~ reducing the tax from four to three cents a gallon.

Six hundred and thirty-six million dollars collected in gas taxes throughout the U.S.A. last year.

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the guide meanwhile being fast asleep. When he arrived at the house where he thought the guide lived, the owner of the house said: "Senor, I don't know the man. This is my home." Thereupon he closed the gateway of the drive. Thereat Mr. Zioncheck shouted: "Gate or no gate, this bozo lives here and I'm going to take him home." So saying, he drove that borrowed car slap bang through the locked gateway. The owner of the property then emerged from his house, revolver in hand. He demanded satisfaction, not in cash, but by the good old code of the duello. Mr. Zioncheck didn't have a gun, and added that Congressmen don't fight duels. Things began to look bad for the jocular gentleman from Washington. A crowd of workmen, sugar cutters on the estate, came to the owner's rescue, waving large and businesslike machets^s, to the tune of, "Long live the Republic of Puerto Rico!" Again a policeman appeared to save the day for Mr. Zioncheck. After this, Mrs. Zioncheck asserted her bridal prerogative and took the wheel, but another complication was ahead of them.

On the way back to the hotel they ran out of gas. They were also out of cash to pay for any. Mr. Zioncheck got

out of that little difficulty by mentioning the name of the banker who owned the car and got his gas on tick. When that banker finally got his car back it had one broken spring, two smashed fenders, one crumpled bumper. The story goes that by the time Mrs. Zioncheck drew up in front of the hotel, not only the fisherman-guide, but the distinguished congressman also, were fast as sleep in the car.

But that wasn't all of Mr. Zioncheck's contribution to the comic spirit. Early this morning he decided that his life was in danger, and he telephoned the naval radio station at San Juan, demanding a bodyguard of Uncle Sam's marines. The officers in charge declined to send the platoon of leathernecks he requested. They tried to telephone Governor Winship. But the Governor's secretary declared His Excellency was asleep and refused to wake him. At seven o'clock this morning the Congressman tried to get the Governor on the phone himself. But that again was "no soap". Later on eyewitnesses in the streets of San Juan said that Mr. Zioncheck in his hotel was drinking the milk from coconuts and throwing them out of the window at passersby.

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The last that was heard of him, he had borrowed a car, another car, to drive to the Naval Radio Station to demand one of Uncle Sam's planes to fly him and his bride to the Virgin Islands.

SPORTS

An amusing fight is going on in the box fight world. It isn't a fight between fighters, but between promoters. Thereby hangs a tale.

Soon after the death of the late Tex Rickard, a gentleman named James J. Johnston, as some of you may know, took Rickard's place as fight promoter for the Madison Square Garden Corporation. With the Garden's five millions behind him, Jimmy Johnston, whom Damon Runyon christened "the boy bandit" became the chief tycoon of fisticuffs in America.

Then a gentleman named Michael Strauss Jacobs, better known as plain "Mike", appeared on the scene. He started life as a newsboy. For a while he sold candy on an excursion boat in New York and ended up owning the boat. After that, he went into business as a ticket broker.

He took a look at the monopoly of the champion box fight business owned by Madison Square Garden and Jimmy Johnston, the boy bandit. Then and there he decided it would be fun to give the fight monopoly a fight. So he organized the Twentieth Century Sporting Club, and soon was right in the center of the

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limelight. His most damaging coup de etat was to sign up Joe Louis to a long term contract.

The Garden management didn't worry much about Mike, since they had a monopoly on Champion Jim Braddock after he beat Maxie Bear. But only recently Mr. Johnston woke up to the fact that Mike Jacobs had signed the only two fighters good enough to drag the customers through the gate in a fight with Braddock:- Louis and Schmelling.

Now we learn that Promoter Johnson has offered Joe Louis a hundred and fifty thousand dollars to meet Braddock. Louis, with his customary verbosity, shook his head and pointed to Jacobs. That stopped all conversation.

The situation today is that the Madison Square Garden management must find somebody to fight Braddock, before August first. That somebody must be satisfactory both to the Garden and to the Champion. Otherwise the champion can tear up his contract.

As everybody knows, Schmelling and Louis are engaged to meet on June eighteenth. The New York State Boxing Commission

has announced that it will recognize the winner of that bout as the challenger for the championship. Whoever wins, the pawky Jacobs can appear before the Commission and demand that Madison Square Garden's monopoly of champion Braddock is null and void.

FOOTBALL FOLLOW SPORTS

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Foreigners
People often accuse us of taking our sports too seriously. *But just* Listen to what happened to a soccer game in Polish-Silesia, ~~the other day.~~ The goal keeper of the defeated side got mad when the opposing forwards shot the winning goal past him into the net. Out of his hip pocket he drew an automatic. First he potted the referee. Then he bagged the center forward, one wing forward and a couple of halfbacks.

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After that the crowd decided that it wasn't a private fight, that anybody could get in. There was a pitched battle with revolvers and stones. Many people were seriously wounded and the rumpus wasn't squelched until troops with rifles and bayonets appeared on the scene. Fifteen of the players are now in jail.

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And they say we take our sports too seriously. & s-l-u-t-m.