

DILLINGER

HELLO AGAIN!

It does make a pat story, lively gossip, that Dillinger was betrayed by a woman, -- one of his girl-friends who gave the tip that trapped him to his doom?

Certain it is that there was a tip, some definite secret word, telling exactly where Public Enemy No One would be, and just when. It had to be from somebody close to him to give the Federal Agents the accurate information that he would go to that particular Chicago Movie house at that particular hour.

The official announcement is that the tip was given to the local police authorities at East Chicago. Of course, the detectives in any precinct have their sources of information, and their stool pigeons. And the fifteen thousand dollar reward for Public Enemy Number One, dead or alive would be a glittering incentive to any stool pigeon.

But it's much more dramatic to have it -- one of Dillinger's women that she delivered him to the manhunters.

The real reason seems to be ^{the} statement of bystanders who

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described one curious detail. The Government Agents were waiting, watching, guarding, with every avenue of escape closed. It was like a ring of iron around that movie house ^{where} they had seen Dillinger enter -- with two women. He came out with the two women. These disappeared as the government men closed in. They got away. It is said that one of the two women raised her hand and fluttered a handkerchief. It is surmised that she was signalling to the waiting officers, which is known in criminal lingo as "putting the finger" - ^{of death} She was putting the finger on Dillinger.

Then of course, the swift climax, and close. Dillinger suddenly saw that he was trapped. He started to run, drawing his automatic, a fusillade of shots -- and that was the end of the greatest manhunt this country as ever seen.

The chief manhunter is a little fellow from Chicago, Melvin Purvis, Head of the Department of Justice offices in the Windy City. They call him "Shorty". He's small and frail. He's ~~He's~~ Soft-spoken and mild-mannered. By birth he's a member of an

aristocratic South Carolina family; by training a lawyer, a
defender of criminals. Then he got tired of defending them and
started catching them. He became a Department of Justice agent.

He's only thirty-two, and says he's lucky to have lived
that long. He isn't married, he says it wouldn't be fair for a
wife to run such a risk of being made a widow at any time. His
hobby is practising shooting. The object of his life -- was
Dillinger. His particular pal and closest friend, one of the
men in his department was killed by the arch-criminal. So Melvin
Purvis swore vengeance. And his time of vengeance came, as he
sat in his automobile, outside that motion picture theatre and
directed his men ^{as} while they laid and sprung the trap that made an
end of Public Enemy Number One.

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Something more serious will turn up when a delegation
of prominent citizens presents the President with a petition
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And, there's another angle to the festive-pre-

PRESIDENT

Out in the middle of the Pacific Ocean festive preparations are being made, for of course, preparations should be as festive as possible when the President of the United States is coming. At Honolulu the Chief Executive is to be driven through streets lined with thousands of school children, not to mention huge crowds representing all the variagated races that inhabit Hawaii. He will be shown all the sights, or nearly all. He will be lucky if he succeeds in missing one single beauty of nature. And, talking about beauties of nature, he will see some Harvard baseball -- with the Harvard team on its way to China playing an exhibition game. It doesn't say who the John Harvards will play against -- maybe nine Hawaiian ukelele players batting with Hawaiian surf boards.

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parations, not altogether in the spirit of lighthearted tropical merriment:- Four tall, square-shouldered men are in Honolulu. They have already been received with suitable dignity, but not by any bevy of Polynesian beauties, each with a flowery lei around his neck. Instead they were met by the Chief of Police. They displayed no interest in ukeleles, pineapples or surf pounding in the moonlight. They were interested principally in the local cops. And those four men are just about as powerful as kings in Hawaii tonight. They are Secret Service men, professional cousins of those Department of Justice agents who trapped Dillinger.

They're on one of the biggest jobs of their lives. This is the first time a President of the United States has gone visiting out on the broad Pacific.

The man in charge out there in Hawaii tonight is William H. Moran, Chief of the United States Secret Service. Chief Moran was to have retired months ago because of the age limit. He's seventy. But President Roosevelt issued an executive order keeping him on the job for two years more.

His hair is white as snow and he has a beak like a hawk. He is the only man who by law can govern the President, direct his movements. He joined the Secret Service fifty-two years ago, and his series of promotions began, when as a young agent in Louisville, Kentucky, he nabbed a big gang of counterfeiters.

Phony silver dollars were being passed at a lively clip. Moran got a map of the city and stuck a pin at every location where a counterfeit dollar was reported to have been passed. He noticed that one particular section of his map became covered with pins. He concentrated on the locality where the pins were thickest. I suppose the counterfeiters were a bit lazy, saving shoe leather, inclined to pass their false coins in their own neighborhood. The pins told the story. Moran concentrated his efforts in a brief radius, and got the gang.

There was one dissenting vote in the report of
By the way, in Washington, or in the news reels, you may have
~~noticed a~~ tall stalwart fellow here and there standing with his arms
folded. ~~That's~~ ^{He's} a Secret Service agent, guarding the President. *And,*
He hasn't got his arms folded just because he hasn't anything
else to do with them, or because he's striking a snappy pose. The
Secret Service men carry their pistols in holsters under their
arm-pits.

I sure you folks have guessed it - by Major Jimmy Bealittle,
the famous daredevil of the heavens. Jimmy sides with Billy
Mitchell in calling for one big air service.

And I'd take Jimmy's opinion. I'd also take the
opinion of the other experts of the government board, so what?

AVIATION

There was one dissenting vote in the report of the committee that was studying Army aviation. I mean that part of the report which opposed the unification of the air services of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps. There has long been a demand for a unified Air Corps -- argued most frequently and loudly by General Billy Mitchell. However, the committee, headed by Newton D. Baker, advised: "Keep 'em separate." The vote was eleven to one. And the one dissenting vote was cast - sure you fliers have guessed it - by Major Jimmy Doolittle, the famous daredevil of the heavens. Jimmy sides with Billy Mitchell in calling for one big air service.

And I'd take Jimmy's opinion. I'd also take the opinion of the other experts of the government board. So what?

FRANCE

The President of France is asking the Chamber of Deputies not to overthrow the present Cabinet -- while the French Minister of War ~~is~~^{is} talking about ~~the possibility of another world war.~~ *another world war.*

Politics is boiling inside the French government, and the President is afraid of another blow-up like the one that accompanied the Stavisky scandal. So he makes a call ~~upon~~ *for* unity and patriotism.

Well, unity and patriotism are likely to be bolstered up by good stiff war talk, and that's what Marshall Petain, the Minister of War, delivered with vivid expressions of alarm. He's the far-famed defender of Verdun, this tall and stately warrior. He saw plenty of the last World War, and he foresees plenty of the next one. Addressing a group of Army Reserve Officers, he declared that World War Number Two will break like a flash of lightning.

"You will barely have a few hours," he told the Reserve Officers, "in which to rejoin your regiments before you are under fire. You will have under you," he added, "troops not so well trained as in 1914."

He did not explain what country he expected France to be fighting. Germany perhaps -- but I don't see how the French can expect such a terrific struggle in the near future with the more or less disarmed Land of ~~Hitler~~ *Goethe and Schiller*. Maybe the General meant that anybody maybe fighting anybody else at almost any time. And he may be right.

The curb on the Youth Movement comes because of the protest of German parents. They claim that all the war activities, especially the marches at night have kept the kids from home too much, and have stopped their studies. So Hitler has said to the militarized youngsters "Go back to papa and mama."

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GERMANY

Here's another one of those indications that Hitler is toning down the flamboyant hi-jinks of the Nazi regime.

One of the most ambitious novelties of the New Germany has been the Nazi Youth Movement, a kind of wilder and woolier variation of the Boy Scouts. But now Hitler has ordered the Youth Movement to go easy on all pomp and circumstance and militaristic rigmaroll, also to stop pestering civilians. The boys in uniforms made a special nuisance of themselves by stopping automobiles and demanding free rides.

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It's really most significant, because the Youth Movement, with its tremendous regimentation of the young, has been the way by which the Nazis have expected to make the coming

generation one hundred percent Nazi. It has been the keystone

of their plan to make their regime permanent -- just as the Communists of Russia, and Mussolini in Italy, make every effort to get hold of the minds of youth.

They barricaded themselves in the underground vaults of the bank and announced they would stay there until they got a fifty percent increase in pay. And their wives cooperated with them by smuggling in food and tobacco.

What was the answer? Well, it's familiar. Tear gas. Police managed to inject some tear gas into these vaults, and that broke the strike.

Somewhat disturbances in Europe have more original angles than they have over here. I suppose we Americans are more matter of fact and serious, ^{we lack} those fine points of dramatic imagination, which make almost any reaction in the Latin countries seem like a stage play.

SPAIN

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We haven't any monopoly on strike news over here. Spain ~~is~~ jumps in with a fancy bit. Two hundred workmen employed at the Bank of Spain staged a strike, but not a walk-out. They barricaded themselves in the underground vaults of the bank and announced they would stay there until they got a fifty percent increase in pay. And their wives cooperated with them by smuggling in food and tobacco.

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Somehow disturbances in Europe have more original angles than they have over here. I suppose we Americans are more matter of fact and serious. ^{We lack} ~~and~~ those fine points of dramatic imagination, which make almost any ruction in the Latin countries seem like a stage play, ~~are missing in us.~~

ANDORRA

Here's a question: "Who is Boris?" The Spanish police would like to find out. He says he's King of Andorra, but they don't admit that.

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The tiny semi-independent nation in the Pyrennes is having a good deal of trouble with the royal problem;-- to be a monarchy or not to be a monarchy. We heard sometime ago how a Chicago millionaire offered to buy the throne of Andorra. The Andorrans refused, some say because the price was too low. Boris didn't offer any money for the throne. He doesn't seem to have any money. But what's a small detail like that to Boris? He simply moved in and proclaimed himself king. ^{But} He wasn't even a king for a day. His subjects refused to pay homage, and he was put in jail -- which is distinctly not homage.

The Spanish police have him now in jail at Barcelona, and they are conducting an inquiry to find out who he really is, the man-who-would-be-king. He's perfectly willing to tell them, but they would like to have a birth certificate, an af-

fadavit by his parents, and a line or two out of the old family Bible. He talks a dozen languages and has identified himself in each one, but the police don't believe him in any of them.

He claims to be the Baron of Skoseyreff and Count of Orange. Instead of Count, the police say "no account", and instead of Orange, they say "lemon". He explains that he is of Dutch descent, but the Catalonian cops think he is Polish.

He adds that he is broke. They believe that all right. He explains that he is waiting for an American girl-friend to send him some money. Well, those benevolent American girl-friends over in Europe are an old stand-by for all sorts of gigolos. American womanhood, when decorated with a bank-roll, inspires faith and hope, and supplies the charity.

Boris claims that an American lady friend promised to send him the money to raise re-enforcements to conquer his kingdom. He declares darkly that any attempt to deprive him of

his royal crown will result in a great war in the Mediterranean. Adjusting his monocle in his eye, he states that three of the world's greatest powers are ready to come to his rescue and defend his claims. Two of these great powers are European, the third is the United States. That makes the comedy complete to the last giggle, with visions of the American fleet steaming in warlike array to put King Boris-the-First-of-Andorra on his ^{Pyrenean} throne. He seems to have a lot of confidence in America-- the American Government, and ~~that~~ American girl-friend.

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I can tell you who Boris is not. He isn't Prince Mike Romanoff, because Mike is ^{now} tending bar in a New York night-club.

So all we can ~~do or~~ say about the man of mystery is that he is King-Boris-the-First, ^{would-be} Monarch of Andorra, now in jail in Barcelona;-- and, the Spaniards are going to deport him.

SOUTH AFRICA

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There's a lot of air-conditioning these days. And now they're trying it where they certainly need it most -- in a South African gold mine. A New Jersey firm has an order for an artificial cooling system to be installed in a very rich and very deep mine near Johannesburg. It's said to be the largest project of the sort to be attempted. For a cooling effect it will be the equivalent of dumping four million pounds of ice daily down the mine shafts.

Good work, I say -- I've felt the heat in a deep mine. And nowhere do they come hotter than in the baked and blistering Transvaal.

SCIENCE

From the wilds of Russian Turkestan comes news that will make us think reminiscently of that old school text book of Roman History, the one with the pictures of senators in their togas, legionary soldiers with shield, sword and javelin, and of course the chariot race.

The archeologists with pick and shovel have found the ancient capital-city of the kingdom of the Parthians, and are digging it up. They've already found some amazing ruins, including a giant city wall.

Remember what the old school history told us about the triumvirate of Caesar, Pompey and Crassus, and how Crassus, the millionaire, the richest man in Rome was killed and his army destroyed by the Parthians? Well, by the time those archeologists get finished we'll know more about those magnificent barbarians who fought on horseback with bow and arrow and were the deadly enemies of the grandeur that was Rome.

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When you finish thinking about the Romans and the Parthians -- give a thought to the Astecs. A learned professor

tells us that they were the first aviators. Long before the white man came to the New World, there was an Aztec emperor named Netzahualcoyotl, (I wonder if he could pronounce his own name?) Anyhow he could fly like a bird; not in an airplane, but in a glider -- something like a modern glider. It had wings made of stork feathers. And the mighty emperor Netzahualcoyotl used to go sliding through the sky on regular business trips from his mountain palace to his subjects who lived in the valley. This is the story told to a gathering of Spanish scientists by Professor Tanenbaum, a Polish scientist. He showed them a stone engraved picture of the Aztec glider, and added that he had seen another picture which showed that the Aztec aviators wore goggles, just as do the pilots of today.

Well, we know that the Aztecs had a great civilization in Mexico, long before the Spaniard ever got there, but when the Polish professor Tanenbaum tells about Aztec aviation and the emperor who flew in a glider made of stork feathers, that seems a little extreme to a plain American. And causes some of us to say:- "Oh Tanenbaum, Oh Tanenbaum!"

GARTER

In England two ducks, peers of the realm have died, and that has left two vacancies in the renowned Order of the Garter. So two garters are now to be bestowed. A noble lady, who happens to be the richest woman in England, makes this suggestion, that she should be given both, -- because one alone would be of no use to her.

I suppose that quip about one of the most ancient orders of chivalry will shock a few serious Britishers, but really it's quite in keeping. For the Order of the Garter was originally founded on a bit royal repartee - a noble wise crack. Remember how the great King Edward Third found a lady's garter, and the courtiers grinned? "Ha ha - what ho" quoth the king: "Evil he who evil thinks". And this is still the royal motto of England. And my motto is:

SOLONG UNTIL TOMORROW.