

L. T. - Sunoco. Monday, Apr. 23 '34

DILLINGER.

Good evening everybody, Not since the days of the James boys has there been anything to match this Dillinger affair. Not since that wild post-civil war period of the Quantrill gang and the Youngers has there been a story so wild and incredible as the career of that desperado who is being hunted in the Wisconsin woods tonight.

The police and Federal Agents say they are sure that the bandit they trapped was Dillinger but there is no absolute certainty. This morning the gang was surrounded in a Wisconsin Lake resort. There was a pitched battle, pistol fire, rifle fire and the warlike rattle of machine guns. It must have been as much of a major engagement as any fought with outlaw gangs in the old semi-anarchic days of the wild west. <sup>Two men</sup> ~~Four men~~ were killed, four <sup>more</sup> wounded. One of the murdered men was a Federal Agent. The others were bystanders.

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And what was the outcome of it all? It looked as if it were the end of Dillinger. But not at all. Public enemy number one and his henchmen escaped, literally shot their way out of the trap. However there are three prisoners--women.

Dillinger and his mob fled into the wilds of ~~the~~ Wisconsin wood<sup>s</sup> and there ~~tonight~~ the manhunt is on with hundreds of state and federal officers combing the timber and thicket of the forest land. ~~Later bulletin may come through.~~

Here's one slant on these desperate events. They are not a bit like the state of gang affairs under prohibition-the battles of the mobs in New York and Chicago, taking 'em for a ride, the big shots living in million dollar apartments, the gunmen flaunting in glittering night clubs and all that gaudy lurid hecus pocus. This Dillinger villainy harks back to the earlier day of the bandit chases of the wild west. Have we

reverted from Capone to Jesse James? A strange question but its in the logic of the news.

~~End Story.~~

shocking crime that occurred on Broadway, New York, Saturday night. Captain Mike McDermott head of detectives at the West Sixty Eighth Street Station New York has written me an account of this affair in such vivid police-magazine like terms that I can't do better than repeat it.

"Two veteran police detectives," writes Captain McDermott, "apprehended two suspicious looking men on Broadway. To search them in a more secluded spot they walked their prisoners away. But when only a short distance from the corner these men both drew revolvers from under their coats and shot detectives Garvey and Gleason. Garvey, ran into the street and dropped dead. Gleason, shot in the chest crumpled on the sidewalk. The two murderers then ran away. Their identity is still unknown."

NOSE FOLLOW DILLINGER.

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And, police all over the country are looking for a man with a peculiarly shaped nose. It is all because of a shocking crime that was committed on Broadway, New York, Saturday night. Captain Mike McDermott head of detectives at the West Sixty Eighth Street Station New York has written me an account of this affair in such vivid policemanlike terms that I can't do better than repeat it:-

"Two veteran police detectives," writes Captain McDermott, "apprehended two suspicious looking men on Broadway. To search them in a more secluded spot they 'walked' their prisoners away. But when only a short distance from the corner these men both drew revolvers from under their coats and shot detectives Garvey and Gleason. Garvey, ran into the street and dropped dead. Gleason, shot in the chest crumbled on the sidewalk. The two murderers then ran away. Their identity is still unknown."

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unknown.

Captain McDermott<sup>and</sup> the police are resorting to the unusual device of asking the cooperation of everybody in the catching of these murderers. The principal information they have is that one of them had a peculiarly shaped nose, long and lean, and with strangely receding nostrils. That one was five feet eleven inches the other five feet seven, both of them well dressed.

Few of even the most desperate crooks venture to incur the particularly vehement hue and cry that follows the killing of a policeman.

~~End Story.~~

## PUBLISHERS.

Big newspaper doings in New York. The men who keep us informed about the world, who in fact keep us aware that there is a world, are gathered at the Waldorf <sup>-Astoria</sup> tonight--  
The American Newspaper Publishers Association and The Associated Press. The Publishers bring the report that business is on the pickup all over the U.S.A. And they have one of the best ways of knowing--advertising. That's an almost unfailing barometer--advertising. When your favorite paper begins to be full of ads it means business in your town is on the mend.

So I wonder how the publishers liked the note of caution introduced by Secretary of State Cordell Hull. In an address to the Publishers Association and The Associated Press he told why the Administration in Washington does not want too spectacular a recovery. That would not be in the spirit of the

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new deal he explained .

"Many" said the Secretary of State "are clamoring for any brand of business recovery regardless of whether it might be temporary or unsound. It behooves every citizen of business integrity to lend all possible aid to a policy of business recovery as broad as the material, moral, social and political welfare of humanity." Secretary Hull means a kind of recovery that will help everybody and will not be followed by another depression.

The secretary strikes a note that may sound strange after we quit worrying about hard times we have to worry about too much good times. In other words "Doctor don't let the patient get too well too quickly!"

**Endstory.**

STRIKE FOLLOW PUBLISHERS.

One of the publishers might have got up and said "It's all right Mr. Secretary, so long as we keep getting strike stories there's no danger of Uncle Sam's recovering too quickly." Any way no sooner are labor troubles settled in one part of the country than they spring up in another. To be accurate in two more cities, Cleveland and St. Louis. Mr. McGrady the assistant Secretary of Labor has plenty of work out out for him. ~~More work they shove on you.~~ Seven thousand men, mostly of the <sup>a great</sup> ~~Fisher~~ Body Works, were scheduled to walk out in Cleveland today and three thousand ~~out~~ in Missouri. Busy days for a labor abbitrator.

(~~Suggest you use Mickey Mouse for ending.~~)

~~End Story.~~

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WESTINGHOUSE

It's a little difficult for me to keep my thoughts straight tonight because my head is whirling with molybdenum discs, high-frequency-water-cooled-filaments and motor-driven caesium chasing a torrent of unpredictable atoms that are pivoting in resonant vibration.

In other words I've been spending the day with the scientists at the famous Westinghouse Research Laboratories.

One of the electrical problems of our day is how to keep high tension wires from breaking. They showed me the way they found the solution by using the stroboscope, -- making a vibrating wire seem to stand still, so they can examine it. They made water appear to be up hill, back into the faucet. They fired a bullet two inches in diameter, a ball, from a cannon, at a speed of four miles a minute and with the stroboscope I could see the bullet as though it were standing still in the air.

In order to study effects of lightning, they make lightning, keep it under control, whirl three million volts through the air and make that well behaved lightning strike in such a way that it will write out some word or letter.

With such renowned scientists as Doctor Chubb, Doctor

Spooner, and Dr. Phillips Thomas to explain the mysteries, they showed me how the star, Arcturus, lighted up the Chicago World's Fair last summer. They led me to a gadget where the electricity from my own body, just by moving my hand without touching anything, lifted a huge layer of iron weighing three hundred and fifty pounds.

In those Westinghouse Research Laboratories the scientists tell you about experiments that sound like tall stories, and then do them right before your eyes.

At lunch, with Mr. Frank Merrick, and Mr. Kintner, Doctor Frank Conrad, father of KDKA and radio broadcasting, and other Pittsburgh gizards, I heard about the new spirit that's in the air in this part of the country -- orders piling in, factories busy.

These are the men who are busy supplying us with the applicances of today, as they experiment with the things that will bring us to a still more fascinating age in which the energy of the atom will do all of our work for us.

And now from that Pittsburgh Westinghouse atom item let's go to a German item.

A woman sang three songs and read a letter. It was tensely dramatic and emotional. The singer was Madam Schumann Heink. She sang her three songs at a meeting of a nonsectarian league against Hitlerism and the Nazis. The letter was a threatening communication menacing her with death for supporting the Jews against Hitler.

That happened in New York. In Germany there was defiance too. Ten thousand German Protestants gathered in the old city of Ulm and denounced Hitler's Chief bishop. The Assembly called upon the Nazi state to keep its hands off the affairs of the church.

The storm that Hitler aroused does not seem to be subsiding. The Nazis have succeeded in arousing almost as much international protest as the Bolsheviks did in their early wild barbaric career. It is interesting to observe that the two nations that have stirred up the most bitter antagonism are

such direct opposites, the Red Communists<sup>ts</sup> of Moscow and those violent anti-communists, the Nazis. Well, extremes and extremists are always likely to be unpopular.

## FLOODS

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Spring is here as the season of floods. The robins are singing, the flowers are blooming, and the flood waters are rushing. And all because of that winter we had with its blizzards and heavy snows, The town of Costikan in Maine, is a deserted village tonight. The state police walked in today and told the inhabitants to move out. And three hundred men, women and children left their homes and went trekking away. The reason? ~~was~~ the Penobscot river, which is a raging bedlam of swirling waters. It is high above its bank. Four feet of water cover the state highway in some places. The Big bridge threatened with collapse has been closed to traffic. With the town of Costikan already abandoned, because of the oncoming flood, officials are afraid there may be an inundation of a large section of the countryside.

That snow was pretty and exhilarating several

months ago but now the piper must be paid, and in many places all over the country the flood waters are swirling.

Crossing an island in the Ohio River on Sunday with Eldon Wilson I saw how the houses in that island section of the City of Wheeling are built up on high foundations, to escape floods. At Ashland, Kentucky, members of the American Legion pointed out a low stretch of land along the Ohio River. Every year for fifty years, they said, some optimist plows it and plants corn. Every year the flood comes and washes it all away. Is that optimism, or what?

At Paintsville and Ashland, Kentucky, everybody is busy, and the vast American Rolling Mills plant is running full tilt -- hoping it will last, and afraid it's too good to be true.

In Moundsville, West Virginia, in the heart of the mountains, where they are waiting eagerly for Gen. Johnson to break down and settle all these coal problems, Mountaineer Clarence Johnson took time off to tell us a tall story.

WEEK-END

Over the week-end my travels have taken me through parts of four states, Ohio, Kentucky, West Virginia and Pennsylvania. Everywhere I find people busy. At St. Clairsville, Ohio, home of the principal coal mine in that state, every house is taken. Local editor, MacWilliams, told me that although they have an all mechanical mine, where machines drill the holes, plant the blasting jellatine, load and transport the coal, -- without it being touched by human hand, -- the machinery has increased the number of men working in the mine. After the coal is washed even the waste-dust is pressed into brickettes, wrapped in paper.

At Paintsville and Ashland, Kentucky, everybody is busy, and the vast American Rolling Mills plant is running full tilt -- hoping it will last, and afraid it's too good to be true.

In Morgantown, West Virginia, in the heart of the mountains, where they are waiting eagerly for Gen. Johnson to crack down and settle all those coal problems, Mountaineer Clarence Johnson took time off to tell me a tall story.

Everywhere I am asked:- "What has become of the Tall Story Club?" So, tonight, just for a moment we'll hold a meeting, long enough to hear from blonde mountaineer Johnson.

It seems that he and Mayor Summers, of Morgantown were on a hunting trip in the Smoke Hole country, in the eastern mountains of West Virginia. "One night," says Clarence, the hunter, "we came to a cabin and decided to see if we could get a bite to eat, and maybe stay the night. It was a cabin with one lone room. The mountaineer and his wife had four children -- and only one bed. So we figured we would have to sleep out under the tree. But along about eight o'clock the old timer and his wife put the two youngest children in the bed. After the children has gone to sleep the parents lifted them out and put them in the corner, on the floor. A little later did this with the other two -- into the bed, asleep, and out into the corner -- still asleep, of course.

Then our hospitable host said everything was all fixed for us and the Mayor and I were to take the bed. The mountaineer and his wife insisted. So we did."

"Next morning when the Mayor and I woke up we found ourselves on the floor in the corner, and the old man and his wife



in the bed."

Yes, I think that entitles Clarence Johnson of the Morgantown Lions Club, Liars Club, I mean, to a special hand-tooled diploma as this month's giraffe of the Tall Story Club.

GIRL.

Even King Solomon would have had difficulty with this next problem. A judge in Spokane said to a fourteen-year-old girl; "You know, Mary, how your foster parents have cared for you, how they love you and how you love them; you know that your father is wealthy and he can give you a fine home, <sup>W</sup>what do you say?"

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Now what should the girl have said? Her father wanted her, ~~stop~~. Her foster parents wanted her. Her father was rich; her foster parents comparatively poor.

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They had adopted the girl when she was a baby and her father broke, penniless. When he became wealthy his first thought was to get the girl back. The couple that raised her wanted to keep her. And that did make it a hard problem for fourteen year old Mary. Many of us will see in her dilemma a profound human problem. A problem mighty difficulty to solve. It was solved by the heart of the young girl herself. Here's what she said to the judge with tears streaming down her cheeks and her

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voice choked with sobs:- "I want to live with my foster father  
and foster mother." She wept. "I want to live with them even  
if I have to dress in rags."

GOLD

Gold rush in Russia. The Soviet claims there are fabulous gold deposits in the Ural Mountains at Bereznovsk. That sounds like a sneeze, Bereznovsk. It is described however as a vertiable mountain of gold. Of course there won't be any prospectors and claim jumpers in the old American fashion. In the land of the Soviets the government does the gold mining! Nevertheless the Russians are rushing for gold, and I'm rushing for McKessport, Pa., and, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.