

FLOYD

L.J. - Sunoco. Monday, Oct. 25, 1934.

They've got Pretty Boy Floyd. ~~They~~ Shot him dead. The word was that the last of the Dillinger big-shots was crawling wounded, probably desperately wounded, possibly mortally wounded, crawling away, through the woods, out in Iowa. Federal agents told of still another gunfight among the trees and underbrush, and they dropped Pretty Boy with a well-aimed bullet, so that he crept away into the thicket like a wounded animal. Now comes the last word, the wound was mortal. They had killed him. Found him dead.

It all followed that earlier weekend gun battle in the wooded hill country near Wellsville, eastern Ohio, where the last Dillinger desperado shot his way out of a trap. He was wounded in that fight, and a companion battling along with him, was captured, an outlaw named Richetti.

Yes, Pretty Boy Floyd got out of that police net, but the government men, the local police and a posse hung on his trail across country in a determined manhunt - a manhunt that has now ended, with the killing of Pretty Boy in the woods near <sup>East</sup> Liverpool, Ohio.

Floyd's story is a good deal like that of other recent mid-western desperadoes. He comes from a family of hill people down in Oklahoma.

His father was killed in a mountain feud. Pretty Boy, a pleasant faced, pink cheeked lad, began his career as a killer by avenging his father's death. That's what his Oklahoma neighbors say. Ten years ago, when he was nineteen, he married an Indian girl. The police have been after him for at least eight bank hold-ups and two murders. They also suspect him of that massacre at a railroad terminal in Kansas City, where several officers were shot down in an attempt to free a prisoner. His friends claim he hadn't robbed a bank in more than a year, ever since an Oklahoma bank-job in which a pal of his was shot dead by a cashier. Pretty Boy was so badly broken up by his crime buddy's end, that he refused to have anything more to do with bank stick-ups.

His mother is very religious, a severe bible reading woman of the hill country. She said she wanted her son back - she wanted him back dead, so that he may rest in a grave beside his father's and atone for his sins in the eternal Hereafter. And now her stern desire will be gratified. The last of the Dillinger Mob.

RACE

The great sky derby has turned out to be the most thrilling race in the history of aviation. <sup>That string of</sup> ~~The pack of~~ planes <sup>has</sup> strung across the map <sup>has</sup> ~~sky-hounds have~~ been flying the enormous distance from England

to Australia -- nearly equivalent to halfway around the world -- <sup>and</sup> <sup>doing it</sup> at almost incredible speed.

~~But~~ <sup>But</sup> let's see how the race stands right now. Scott and Black, the English aces, are still far in the lead. They are four hours ahead and they have almost reached their goal. Tonight they are <sup>catapulting</sup> ~~winging~~ <sup>east</sup> across the Australian continent. They stopped at Darwin, on the extreme north coast, this morning. And immediately took off for Charleville, their next required stop. And after Charleville comes Melbourne, the goal, at the southern tip of Australia. So Scott and Black look like sure winners -- unless they encounter some mishap.

The amazing thing is that they flew from London to the north coast of Australia, where they arrived this morning, in two days and four hours. That's four days under the previous record. Chopping four days from a six-day record is simply bewildering.

The leader, Flight Lieutenant Charles William Anderson Scott, is a veteran British speedster. In 1932 he set an earlier speed record from England to Australia.

In second place is the Holland pair, Parmentier and Moll. The fliers are Netherlanders, but the plane is American, a Douglas air liner equipped with Wright Cyclone Engines, like the fleet used by T.W.A. in America.

And in third place tonight is an outfit one hundred per cent American, fliers and all -- Colonel Roscoe Turner and Clyde Pangborn. It's amazing that they are in the race at all, because they were lost over India in the night and couldn't find their way to the airport at Allahabad. They landed finally and made a couple of wisecracks before they took off again.

Turner, who is an amateur lion tamer, said they had been all over India except across the Himalayas. Pangborn explained their difficulty by saying that Turner the lion tamer was afraid to land because he was scared of tigers. After their mishap of getting lost, Turner and Pangborn jumped on to Singapore and proceeded to disappear. They

50  
were missing most of the afternoon. From this it was assumed that they were flying the full hop from Singapore to Darwin, Australia, across ~~the Bay of Bengal~~, the Dutch East Indies, and the dangerous Timor Sea, without making any of the stops permitted -- this in an attempt to make up for the time they lost by missing their way over India.

And there is another plane to be mentioned, mournfully, one fatal crash is reported. The British fliers, ~~the brothers~~ Harold <sup>D.</sup> Gilman and James Baines, came to disaster in southern Italy. They left Rome at terrific speed. And then, over the mountains of Southern Italy, their plane burst into ~~fire~~ flames and crashed on a mountainside.

One point is to be made clear in this <sup>tremendous</sup> ~~tremendous~~ sky derby. There are two races -- a straight-out speed race and a handicap race. The handicap race includes more stops, covers a greater distance, and is based partly on pay load carried. Thus the Dutchmen, Parmentier and Möll, seem likely to win second place in the speed race, but they are also eligible for the handicap race, and <sup>may</sup> ~~will~~ win that event too. ~~The same~~

~~goes for Turner and Pangborn. They may place in either~~

~~race~~ But the British aces, Scott and Black, are eligible to win the speed race only.

Yes, it's the most thrilling air race ever staged, and one of the most significant, <sup>By</sup> that tremendous record-breaking performance of cutting four days off the London-to-Australia record, Scott and Black have proved the practicability of the swiftest kind of air service between Britain and the great southern continent. The Dutch, with their great air line from Amsterdam to the Dutch East Indies, have been ahead of the British thus far in the Europe-Orient Air Transport service. But, as a result of the present tremendous speed and distance accomplishment England is likely to push to the fore, with a regular service between London and Melbourne.

JUGOSLAVIA

There are significant indications this evening concerning one critical question raised by the assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia. Political observers have been wondering how well the Belgrade government will be able to carry on. ~~King Alexander had held the exceedingly discordant elements of his kingdom together with an iron rule, and his death suggested the likelihood that these discordant elements might tend to pull apart.~~

~~All of this is reflected in the efforts of the regency of Belgrade to form a coalition cabinet of national concentration. The regency ruling in the name of ~~the~~ boy king, Peter, consists of three men, chief among whom is Prince Paul, relative of the late King. Prince Paul is a strong advocate of a coalition government including the various discontented elements, such as the Croat, Macedonian and Hungarian minorities, but he hasn't been able to get them to pull together in a single governmental team, in the interest of national harmony.~~

So the latest word is that the Prime Minister in power at the time of the assassination will remain on the job. Prince Paul has asked Premier <sup>To</sup> Uzonovitch to keep his present administration going.

Prince Paul still hopes to form that coalition government harmonizing all the elements of the Yugoslav melting pot, but meanwhile

~~Uzunovitch remains the helmsman at the wheel.~~

52  
The Premier

is a peasant-born statesman, a giant of a man, sixty-four years old. He was formerly a country magistrate. His face is as round as a moon, a full moon with huge ~~■~~ fierce mustaches. His expression is good-natured and benign. When he faces a group of hostile politicians, he ~~smiles~~ smiles an angelic smile and says he is just a country magistrate, and ~~needs~~ needs their help. This impression of mild benevolence is encouraging in the Prime Minister of the government which has a central place in the present European complication.



TYPHOON

The Phillippine typhoon ~~you~~<sup>we</sup> heard about Friday ~~certainly~~<sup>arrived</sup>  
~~kept its~~<sup>on</sup> schedule and a calamitous schedule it was. Many  
casualties ~~were~~ reported in the Islands and ten thousand people  
homeless -- as a result of the second China Sea typhoon <sup>to crash down on the Philippines</sup> in two  
weeks.

I suppose it was part of that same atmospheric disturbance  
in the Pacific that hit our own West Coast and ~~raised~~ havoc  
along the Columbia River ~~near Seattle~~ -- fifteen killed, many  
injured, heavy property damage. The fury of the wind tossed a  
sturdy steamer ashore and ~~it~~ ripped the liner President Madison  
away from her pier, tore her loose and ~~set~~<sup>sent</sup> her floating.

The Bankers Convention in Washington is a picture of mingled praise and blame, blame predominating. In ~~the~~ public address<sup>es</sup> and in private conversation, the bankers on one hand advocate cooperating with the government and on the other hand launch some exceedingly critical attacks on the New Deal. In ~~ex~~ a way the two things go together. In calling for cooperation with the Administration, the big financial men explain~~x~~ their dissatisfaction with the President's accusation that they have not been cooperating.

So we find Francis Law, president of the financial ~~bankers' headquarters at the Willard,~~ get-together at the ~~Willard Hotel,~~ urging his fellow bankers to march beside the administration in fighting the depression. And he added his belief that American banking is sound.

Right on top of that Robert Haines of North Carolina arose to ~~announce~~ the President's last fire-side radio talk. He directed his ~~say~~<sup>shaft</sup> against the presidential reference to bankers. "You may recall that in his speech, Mr. Roosevelt suggested that bankers in England cooperated more fully with their government than our bankers have done with Washington," ~~he said.~~

The American Legion convention at Miami is veering ~~in~~ inevitably to that much disputed subject -- the bonus -- just as ~~had been~~ predicted. President Roosevelt's ~~speech~~ on Friday asking the veterans not to press their demands for immediate payment, has not stemmed the bonus tide.

The question flared up in a ringing address from the convention platform today. Yes, that address rang loudly, but even so there was a moderate, middle-of-the-road tinkle in it. Senator Ste<sup>h</sup>wer of Oregon was emphatic in calling upon the veterans to demand cash payment of the bonus -- eventually. But he advised them not to insist on immediate payment.

55

The case of Tom Mooney ~~was~~<sup>is</sup> in the courts again -- this time the Supreme Court of the United States. ~~Now his~~<sup>Mooney's</sup> long fight for freedom has finally reached the highest tribunal in the land. His attorneys have petitioned for the right to move for an original writ of habeas corpus, which means a request for a new trial in the courts, <sup>on the ground</sup> that the witnesses against him were perjured, and that the California courts refused him any redress.

If the move ~~through~~<sup>before</sup> the Supreme Court should fail, the prisoner at San Quentin has still another chance -- for Upton Sinclair has promised to pardon him if he gets into the Governor's chair; and Sinclair's rival, Governor Merriam has said he would consider the matter, if elected.

RACKETEER

A minor international mystery is growing about a killing in New York. At first glance it looked like an ordinary gang affair, a shady character shot down on a New York street. The police had no difficulty in identifying him as Joseph Lee, a racketeer working on the fringe of big doings on Broadway. One of his pockets was turned inside out. It looked as if some other crooks of the underworld had killed and robbed him.

But today the gang crime developed into something of an international affair, when it was found that just before he was killed, Lee had made a visit to a couple of Cubans, on a secret mission from Havana, ~~who were~~ living at a hotel under ~~assumed~~ ~~names~~ names. They ~~told~~ <sup>These Cubans are</sup> a story of how the racketeer had somehow found them and come to their door without announcing himself at the hotel desk. He told them he had ~~met~~ met them in Havana and they thought vaguely that perhaps he had. Anyway, ~~it was xxxxxxxx~~ he was a most jovial and hospitable acquaintance. He wanted to take them out on a party, show them the speedier places along Broadway, give them a high flying fling of New York night life. They refused. ~~He~~ He insisted, overwhelming them with expressions of friendship. They refused stubbornly, until finally he left.

It turns out now that the secret mission of the two Cubans in New York was to buy gunboats for the Cuban government. They were commissioned to spend three hundred thousand dollars for coast patrol craft. One surmise was that the racketeer went to them in an effort to get an agency for a brand of Cuban rum, but a later suspicion is that he knew of the secret-boat-buying-angle, and was trying to use this information for an international kidnapping job. He wanted to abduct them, figuring that Cuba would pay a big ransom rather than have the deal for coast patrol boats made public and thus come to the knowledge of rival politicians in Cuba. *If kidnapping was the plan* ~~they~~ declare the Cuban emissaries, the joke was on the racketeer - because there was no political angle of secrecy to their mission.

27  
Anyway, the racketeer, having failed to get the Cubans to go on a night life joy ride, was shot down right after he left their hotel - maybe as a mere episode of underworld robbery. Anyway, that brings us to an ironical conclusion - the fact that all the publicity has wrecked the boat-buying mission. The Cubans had hoped to buy more cheaply by keeping it secret that they were in the market. But now that everybody knows, the price of boats will rise. So the two

emissaries are going back to Havana. They have had enough of Broadway. The mere invitation to see the bright lights turned out to be plenty!

## MODELS

In New York labor pickets are on the job, and those labor pickets look like a chorus in a musical comedy. They are the fashion models of the metropolis, and it's beauty against beauty - the models against the society debs. It all comes about because of late, society girls and even matrons have made a fad of posing in fashion shows, <sup>at the Waldorf, mainly</sup> ~~They~~ *At big fashion shows. They* like to get up there and display their graces in the latest gowns for the delectation of thousands. They like being models.

*58* So the professional models, who make their living by posing, are *- not your arms or mine - their own* in arms. They say the debs are taking their jobs, making it hard for them to earn a living. The society buds don't need the money, so they work for nothing or give what pay they get to charity. Miss Gertrude Meyer, a leading spirit in the revolt of the models, speaks her mind this way:- "Thus far those rich society women have taken a thousand jobs away from us poor working girls."

*58 1/2* And then the models add some even more acrimonious accusations:- They declare that the debs have lowered the standards of the modeling profession. The society beauties don't know how to walk, don't know what to do with their hands. They never trained for hours practicing posture and a graceful gait. The debs are gawky and awkward, say the models.



So on New York's busy streets the picket  
~~So in front of New York department stores the big~~ line is

parading. Beautiful models carrying banners - "Down with the  
debutantes."

BABY

From a happy midwestern home we learn that baby will now have a chance to broadcast. The nursery is upstairs, the parents' living quarters are downstairs. So the ingenious father has rigged up a microphone at the cradle, connected with the loud speaker downstairs, so that if baby cries at night the howls and yells will be broadcast to Papa and Mama as loudly as the United States Marine Band - a rousing program for three o'clock in the morning. And then those parents will hope for baby broadcaster to sign off, as I am now going to do with a nightly - SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.