

GERMANY

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Let's go back to ancient Rome for a comparison, - the Praetorian Guard. Hitler's Praetorians, vastly more powerful than those of any Roman emperor were on the verge of revolt. And Hitler seized the rebellious leaders of his Praetorian Brown Shirts and executed them, stood them against the wall and shot them, dozens of them, with a pitiless vengeance that recalls those murderous Mexican days of Pancho Villa.

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at Munich. Goering now looks like the man of the hour in terror-ridden Germany. One rumour is that he is slated to become Vice Chancellor, successor to Von Papen.

On the other hand Von Papen himself becomes more and more a key figure. Of course it was he who began the present series of ructions with his speech denouncing Nazi suppressions. He represents the conservative opposition. His present status seems to be ambiguous. He is reported to be detained under guard in his own house. His name occupies a dominant position in the latest statement of President Von Hindenburg. The old general who is reported to be very ill has expressed his public thanks to Hitler and Goering for having suppressed the revolt of the radical, wild-man element of the Storm Troopers. But Hindenburg calls upon Hitler to protect Von Papen. He holds Hitler responsible for Von Papen's safety.

Another personality that emerges is Lutze who becomes now, head of the Brown Shirt Storm Troopers. Some call

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him One-eyed Lutze. He lost an eye in the World War. He was prominent in Germany activities in the Ruhr, when that district was occupied by the French. He is regarded as Hitler's man.

And now for the principal personality that has disappeared. Captain Roehm, commander of the Storm Troopers, who, like so many of his fellow Storm Troop leaders was stood against the wall and shot. He was one of Hitler's most intimate friends from the very beginning. He became one of the most powerful and arrogant of the Nazi overlords. He was an evil center around whom infamous scandals revolved. They say that he begged Hitler personally to kill him. The first report was that he had committed suicide. Now it is revealed that they tried to persuade him to kill himself, but he refused and so he was executed.

The situation is enormously confused. Talk of a monarchy, military dictatorship and further revolution. But just now Hitler seems to have things in the strangling clutch of an iron hand.

MEXICO

South of the Rio Grande a new personality takes his place in the spotlight - the new president of Mexico. Of course it's no news that General Cardenas has been elected. That wasn't news last week, or even a month ago. There is really only one political party in Mexico, the Government Party. The other candidates ~~didn't~~ ^{didn't} have a chance. General Cardenas belongs to the ruling clique, that has put its candidates in power ever since the days of Obregon.

News or no news, today is a good time to take a closer look at the new president of Mexico. He is only 39. He is a full-blood Indian. They say he has never forgotten a friend nor forgiven an enemy, and that sounds like an Indian. He is a protege of Mexico's Iron Man, former President Calles. When military rebellion flared up against Calles in 1929 it was General Cardenas who led the army and squelched the revolt.

As you can ~~readily~~ ^{readily} guess from the layout, ~~the~~ new president, ~~means the~~ same old policy in Mexico - a socialization ~~tendency~~ ^{etc.} tendency in favor of the working classes, ~~the~~ division of large estates among the poorer farming class and a continued opposition to the church.

CHILE

Whew, it's hot! But, down there below the equator it's cold. I can't help saying -- it's chilly in Chile. Of course, Chile has two meanings: Chile as in con carne and chilly as in ten below zero.

Anyhow in Chile, as in South America, there's a hot fight going on in some mighty cold weather. It's a revolt in the high Andes, those dizzy valleys where it's cold all the time. (And of course it's winter now below the equator.) A thousand revolutionists have been battling ^aagainst the soldiers of the government way up in the Andes. Today the war has quieted down a bit, but now the weather. With a temperature of 14 degrees below and violent blizzards raging, the fighters have gone into winter quarters. In Andean igloos or their equivalent. The government claims it has put down the revolt. Anyway, the weather has -- temporarily, at least.

Ayers.
July 27
1934.

INTRO TO CAPTAIN AYERS.

Thirty-eight years ago when Theodore Roosevelt^{Sn.} was police commissioner of New York City, a young man just out of college, went ~~out~~ looking for a job. That was an old story even thirty-eight years ago. This young collegean went to police headquarters and asked for a job. He wanted to be a cop.

"What have you been doing?" he was asked.

He knew that if he said he was a college graduate he would get the raspberries. So he replied:- "I am a farmer."

That got him a job, a shield, a blue uniform and a night-stick.

He made a competent cop, was promoted and in time became the head of one of the most important and perplexing of police bureaus -- The Bureau of Missing Persons. Captain John Ayers has handled some three-hundred-and-fifty-thousand cases, people disappeared, men, women and children, vanished, the immense tragedy of the missing. Among them we find such well-known, pitiful names as Dorothy Arnold, Grace Budd, Judge Crater, and the Lindbergh baby. And right now -- the Poderjay case. The disappearance of Agnes Tulverson thus far comes under the head of missing persons. Captain John Ayers has been in charge of it

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all along -- until right now.

He has just retired, retired after a long and distinguished career of active service. And now he can tell. For the department regulations that command reticence, are off. Captain Ayers is free to discuss his most mysterious case. I've asked him to tell us about it. He is ready at the microphone. Go ahead and take the air Captain Ayers. Go ahead Captain Ayers.

FOR CAPT. AYERS:

Well, Mr. Thomas, in all my long years of service as head of the Missing Persons Bureau. I consider the disappearance of Agnes C. Tufverson, the brilliant woman attorney, as one of the most baffling and mysterious cases on record. This woman, charming, brilliant and scintillating with personality, made a trip to Europe one year ago and met on the boat train between London and Southampton a suave, dark-haired, erect gentleman who eventually introduced himself as Captain Iven Poderjay, of the Jugo-Slavian Army. To make a long story short, the Captain came to this country on the same boat with Miss Tufverson. And in the course of five months had wooed and wed her. Now, here is what makes this one of the most baffling of disappearances: Miss Tufverson lived in a modern Manhattan apartment house. From there she planned to leave with Poderjay on a honeymoon trip to Europe and India. The evening before she telephoned her sisters in Detroit, outlining her plans for a happy trip. The gallant captain also got on the phone and reassured the sisters about the happy future in store for Agnes.

Said he: "Instead of losing a sister, you now have gained a brother." We later discovered they did not sail as

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planned. He had made no reservations. They quarreled. She returned to her apartment. Shortly after, he followed.

Later that evening he left on a shopping tour on Third Avenue and came back with a large truck. House employees remember that the Captain accompanied the trunk to the apartment himself. There were three trunks in the original honeymoon baggage. Two days later four trunks were taken to the White Star pier. And Miss Tufverson was never seen again. We have established that Poderjay sailed alone. The star of this drama is 3,000 miles away, and if we brought him back to re-enact this drama we must produce the lady in the cast - Miss Tufverson. Where is she? Whether Poderjay is lying or not, no crime or murder can be established without finding her body. And what faces our detectives is the task of finding a lone woman, dead or alive, somewhere between New York and Vienna, with the Atlantic Ocean thrown in.

Same old question tonight: Was it -- or was it not--
Dillinger? This familiar query now has three separate and
distinct angles.

There was that murderous bank robbery, with a blaze of
gun-fire and killing, at South Bend, Indiana. Authorities are
still repeating their belief that it was Dillinger and his gang.
~~But there's nothing one hundred percent certain about it.~~

And, there's ~~nothing~~ ^{that} ~~certain about~~ a sinister abandoned
sedan found at Goodland, Indiana. It was punctured with bullets.
Inside were stains of blood -- all the marks of battle. Several
boys declared that they saw a party of men make a swift transfer
from that battle-scarred car to another. They relate that two
of the men had to be helped along, ~~from car number one to car~~
~~number two.~~ They appeared to be wounded. All of this ^{seems to} ~~would~~
fit in ~~neatly~~ with the desperate hold-up, ^{at Goodland, Indiana.} ~~another grim~~
~~question mark.~~ Another grim question mark.

One thing is certain. There's a doctor at North
Webster, Indiana, who declares emphatically: "No, it wasn't
Dillinger." But it might have been one of the chief lieutenants
of Public Enemy Number One. Still the question mark.

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The affair of the doctor and the desperadoeson this occasion differed from the usual pattern. The doctor treated the desperadoes^{and the desperadoes} [^]slugged the doctor. That's the difference: the slugging.

Two men roused Doctor Leslie ~~Ma~~^{ard} in the dead of night. One had an injured arm, hurt in an automobile accident so he claimed. But, the doctor saw it was a bullet wound. He did the usual bandaging, gave an injection of anti-tetanus serum -- against lock-jaw. Then the two men demanded drugs-- narcotics. The doctor said he hadn't any. And they slugged him to the floor, unconscious, with the butts of their guns. It is believed that one of the gangsters was a prominent lieutenant of Dillinger's.

And so doubt and uncertainty are more puzzling than ever around Public Enemy Number One, a regular maze and haze of question marks.

Meanwhile, Dillinger's father is again in the news. He's ^{that} a farmer at Mooresville, Indiana, honest, hard-working, and kind to reporters, That's what keeps him in the news. He admits he has letters from his public enemy son, who writes home and tells the folks all the news -- just a wandering boy,

perhaps just a wee bit homesick. In one letter he confided wistfully that the profession of banditry:- "sure keeps you on the move, ~~pop~~."

The most recent thing that Dillinger, Senior, told the reporters was that ^{Dillinger's father} ~~he~~ had had offers to go on the stage. A vaudeville house in New York tried to sign him to a contract, also a side-show at Coney Island. In one case he was offered five hundred dollars a week. But the simple, plodding, laborious ~~an~~ old farmer, who happens to be the father of America's Public Enemy Number One, has turned down all such gaudy offers.

"I got to think about ^{these here} ~~the~~ crops," he explains. He's not stage-struck. He was never meant to be an actor, but his son -- is a bad actor.

Here's another question, did Henry Ford join the N. R. A. or didn't he? General Johnson was jubilant at first, but now he doesn't seem so perfectly certain that the Monarch of Motordom has fallen entirely into line with the codes, and the coded. *Anyway the* ~~the~~ certainty seems to be that a long step has been made in bringing Henry Ford and the government together on ~~the~~ the N. R. A. question. I understand that the peace-making work was done largely by Congressman Kval^f of Minnesota and Congressman Goss of Connecticut, who acted as go-betweens in the exceedingly diplomatic job of conciliation and compromise.

BASEBALL

Here's a question that's puzzling those mighty men of baseball, the New York Yankees. Is it Cicero, Caesar and Catullus? Or is it the old folks at home? The pitchers and outfielders of the Yankees don't go in for Latin literature very much, although they have been known in their sweet ~~musical~~ melodious barber-shop way, to sing the "Old Folks at Home."

Anyway, Jonny Broaca is some pitcher. His week-end win over the Washington Senators has ^{again} made him the ~~current~~ sensation of the American League.

57 Johnny Broaca jumped out of a Yale classroom this spring right into the big leagues. He celebrated his graduation from Old Eli by swinging his right arm at the batters and blinding them with speed and curves. Just how good the boy can be is illustrated by the one game he has lost. He allowed three hits -- and lost. But it's mostly been win, win, win with Johnny Broaca. Looks like a classical education might help a fellow's curve or put a hop on the old fast ball.

But then again, there's Johnny's father working in a mill up in Massachusetts. He's been working hard all his life. And, Johnny's mother works hard too, the way a mother has to

in a laboring man's cottage in a Massachusetts mill town. And there you have the big ambition of Johnny's life -- to get his father out of the mill and get his mother some of the comforts she has never had. That's the thing that puts stuff in a boy's right arm -- when he faces the murderous hitters of the American League.

what makes him pitch like that?
So the Yankees are asking: ¹Is it Cicero, Caesar and

Catullus? Or is it the old folks at home? I wonder what

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Babe Ruth thinks about it? He never had much Cicero^{or} Caesar ^{or}~~and~~

Catullus. And, as he was brought up a waif in an orphan asylum,

he never had any old folks at home. *Good old Babe!*

WEATHER

temperature Yes it sure is hot tonight. And that brings us to the subject of wrist watches. What have wrist watches to do with the hot weather? Well my answer is; what have wrist watches to do with the time of the day? No, I'M not getting thermometers mixed up with chronometers, farenheit tangled up with time pieces. It's Purdue University that has time and temperature all in a snarl. it works. it doesn't keep us cool.

Some brilliant genius has invented a wrist watch that doesn't keep time. Of course there are a lot of us dumb geniuses who can produce wrist watches that don't keep time. But this Purdue timeless wrist watch keeps your veins cool while our timeless wrist watches keep us hot under the collar. Instead of works that don't work, the Purdue wrist watch has inside of it a pellet of dry ice, which does work. Dry ice is colder than wet ice, - it burns you, if you know what I mean. It is one of those chemical wonders that preserves a tremendous amount of cold; so that when you wear that combination of a wrist watch and an icicle it has a chilling effect on the veins of the wrist, cools off the blood stream, and lowers the

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temperature inside, no matter what the temperature may be outside. In other words you are completely air-conditioned, a human ice box.

Whew! I certainly could use one of those refrigerating wrist watches right now; but all I have is this miserable old fashioned, obsolete, out of date non-ice-berg wrist watch that merely tells time. But it works. It doesn't keep me cool. It burns me up with the realization that it's time to say --
SOLONG UNTIL TOMORROW.