

RONALD L. RIDEOUT, ALLEGED HOLD-UP MAN, NOW ADMITS THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY

(Montreal Standard)
"Hold ups are the bunk, being a criminal, doesn't pay, there isn't any percentage in it."

These short terse sentences coming from the lips of Ronald L. Rideout, self confessed gunman and wanted in Canada for three hold-ups, tells a tale of repentant youth.

Lying in a lonely prison cell in Buffalo awaiting deportation to Canada, the stick-up man told W. D. MacWorth of W. D. MacWorth & Co., Limited, Montreal, investigators for the Canadian Bankers' Association that if he ever gets out of jail he is going to lead a different life than the one he has been living for the past three years hunted by the police of three Canadian cities who are now awaiting his return to have him stand his trial for stealing money from three banks amounting to over \$20,000.

"I have had a good time? Well, maybe, but it was a game, that hasn't been worth the candle," he said.

"Boy, when you've got money in your pockets if sure gets fast and anyway, I always was a gambler, that is what made me think of the idea of robbing the bank at St. Anie de Bellevue. Gee, you should have seen that manager's face when he was all set to hear some very confidential details from his head office through me, and I stuck a gun under his nose."

Asked as to the details regarding the preliminary plans he made for

the hold-up in Winnipeg just a few weeks ago. Rideout told of going to a second-hand clothes store near the bank and picking out a suit of dark overalls and a second-hand shirt.

He told the owner of the store that he hadn't any money with him but he was expecting some soon and as soon as he got it he would come in and get the clothes. He expected it the next day.

The following afternoon within two minutes of leaving the bank Rideout appeared in the clothing store clad in his shirt sleeves, having ripped off his jacket and vest before entering the shop. It was only a matter of seconds before he was into the overalls and shirt, paid for them and was out on the street with the stolen money in a paper bag looking for a taxi.

That evening he boarded the train, for the east, dressed in a \$175. overcoat, which he had purchased in Toronto some time previous, while the police of Winnipeg were frantically searching for him in every hook and cranny.

Slipping through the cordon of police that was drawn up around the station in Winnipeg, Rideout calmly bought his ticket for Toronto and boarded the train.

Nobody bothered him at all and he reached the Queen City without any notice being taken of him.

As he sat in the cell in Buffalo with his head in his hands he looked far from the cool, calculating bandit

who had held up the entire staff of three banks and got away with it.

Just twenty three years of age and a graduate of the University of New Brunswick in Fredericton in 1928, Rideout has as his first position that of an advertising solicitor for a Canadian magazine.

This job lasted only a few weeks before he felt the call of Broadway and he headed for New York city where he secured an excellent position. It was not long, however, before his inveterate taste for gambling got the better of him and he found himself up to the ears in debt owing over four thousand dollars to two different parties.

Both parties threatened him. One was going to let his boss know about the debts while the other party threatened to bump him off.

Thoroughly frightened the youth, who only a few months before had been sitting in school learning Latin verbs, went to his boss and told him that a rich uncle was taking him to Scotland for a holiday and he wanted leave of absence. This was granted him and he left that night for Montreal.

While visiting friends in St. Anne de Bellevue, he ran short of money and went to the Bank of Montreal to cash a traveller's cheque. The small number of staff and the layout appealed to him as an easy place to hold up.

Within the week Rideout had held the bank up and decamped with over eight thousand dollars.

After a man has laughed at your joke over the telephone, he expects you to hang up.

This season isn't so backward, after all. The worms have already had radishes out of our little backyard garden,

ELEANOR HOLM LIKES TO SWIM

Los Angeles, July 29—Be the scoring by beauty, stroke or speed, these Olympic swimming girls will give their moneys worth in the stadium waters.

"There is a thrill about competing for your country—it gets in your blood," said Eleanor Holm, holder of the worlds record in the back stroke. "You don't ever want to do anything else."

An ex-follies girl, Eleanor has had what most American girls would consider the greatest thrill of all—being behind the footlights in a Ziegfeld show. But that's all over now.

"I lost my love of the stage in the four weeks I was in the follies. It's hard work—harder than swimming."

And it's just as easy to understand the beauty of Greta Garbo when Sweden also produces divers like Ingeborg Sjöquist.

Fair haired and blue eyed, Miss Sjöquist is having the time of her life. A printed cloth hat, made almost like a sunbonnet, accentuated her blond attractiveness as she told through an interpreter of following in her sister's footsteps by participating in the Olympics.

"My sister, Lala, took third place in the 1929 Olympic games. I don't know whether or not I will be able to do as well."

"After one has made both ends meet," remarked the Man on the Car, "the next thing is to tie them together with a savings account."

This is the way it is with many of us. We can x it up with our science but there are the neighbors to be reckoned with.

NEW YORKERS LIVE IN THE MIDST OF CONGESTION ON SUNDAYS AND WEEK DAYS

New York, July 29—The New Yorker lives continually in the midst of congestion. He works in it. He battles with it in any journey he makes about the city. He doesn't know his neighbor but that doesn't keep him from rubbing elbows with his neighbor. He can't get away from it even when he wants to play. For Sundays and holidays, he has his choice of the seashore, lakes, woods, mountains or even parks. But he takes his congestion right along with him. The wilds, in a manner of speaking, are only a comparatively short distance from Times Square. But try to get to them and get back again on Sundays and holidays.

Being a creature of habit, the New Yorker always takes the same route. If the subway is tied up, he gets lost trying to get home or doesn't even make the attempt. The same holds true when he seeks diversion. Hence, on Sundays and holidays, the early evening traffic becomes so dense that a mile an hour is progress indeed. There are other roads of course. The trouble is, the New Yorker doesn't know them. And in many districts a certain amount of main road travel is necessary. There are traffic policemen almost everywhere. But they don't seem to help much. In fact, a driver friend holds that traffic officers really snarl things up.

Those New Yorkers who desert the City of the Seven Million for the great outdoors during the summer months also take their congestion right along with them. The bungalow colonies within commuting distance are built up solidly. Those who are looking for privacy find far less than they do in their own homes even if the city homes are but cells in hives of humanity. Apartment walls are at least thicker than bungalow walls and the next door neighbor can't poke his

head into the home. In many summer colonies nearby, this is not only possible, but is done.

New Yorkers, accustomed as they are to congestion, do not mind this over much. That the neighbors may see and hear does not seem to be any deterrent. Parties are common property. Those not in attendance can see and hear—above all, they can hear. Family fights are not private either. That doesn't seem to be any deterrent to either combatant. But then the mountain air or the salt tang of old ocean possibly are compensations. Also it is not necessary to subscribe to a newspaper to keep track of what's going on in the community.

All of this reminds me of a family that went tout into the woods for a picnic. After a long search, they found a delightful spot beside a brook. It was encountered quite by accident. Hence, strange as it may seem, there were no other parties present. The born and bred New Yorkers spread out the luncheon only to gather it up again, load it back into the car and start off in search of another place. Finally they stopped where parties were fighting for space. The other place had been too lonely. Hence, as said, the New Yorker can't escape congestion.

Public beaches in this vicinity are always crowded. That is, they are crowded when the weather is pleasant and a beach is not worth much at any other time. Those who have the privileges of private beaches do not escape. Private beaches hereabouts are not wide open spaces. Instead, they are narrow strips of sand fenced in with wire barriers. So they, too, are crowded. There might be some escape were it possible to "stagger" Sundays and holidays. But summer couldn't be staggered. And New York keeps right on growing.

CHATTY BOSTON NEWS LETTER SAYS THEY PULLED TEETH EASY IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

(New York Sun)
New York's first earthquake, first commuter, first bloomers, automobile, murder and other quaint bits of the lighter side of history were recounted on The Sun's Rays page some time ago. Since then The Sun's Rays reporter has unearthed a few more funny bones out of the story of this old town.

For instance, in matters of dental hygiene it is interesting to recall the first reference to dentistry in New York. It was made in an ancient weekly paper for January 6, 1735, in an advertisement reading as follows: "Teeth drawn, and old broken Stumps taken out very safely and with much Ease by James Mills, who was instructed in that Art by the late James Reading deceased, so fam'd for drawing of Teeth, he is to be spoke with at his Shop in the House of the Deceased, near the Old Slip Market."

Then there were the first fire engines—nothing like the fire engines of Today, nor like those drawn by prancing steeds which most of us remember so well. Just crude contraptions for pumping water by hand. Well, they managed to put out their first fire successfully after the house had been burned down!

The chatty old Boston News Letter, main source for current events in those days, tells us that the blaze on December 6, 1731, occurred "at the Joyner's House in this City," and began "in the Garret when the People were asleep and burnt violently." The reporter of that day was kind enough to add that the fire was "extinguished after having burnt down that House and damaged the Next."

It was some time before that when the first hoboes put in their appearance at New York's back doors. They must have been humming their way from the distant hamlet of Harlem, for the Governor's Council on March 30, 1691, ordered all "tramps to be arrested."

The first broker apparently got his

job through charity when Man Peeck or Peeck, but burdened with a wife and nine children," was appointed on February 25, 1656 (back in the Dutch days), "as a broker to both the Dutch and English merchants of the city, because he speaks both languages." His commission was three cents on "every pound Flemish, Holland currency involved in the transaction, to be paid fifty per cent each by the buyer and seller." That was the first instance of the brokerage system in New York. Look at it today!

The old town found it expedient to appoint its first fire wardens the next day after Peeck got his brokerage job, because everybody was roofing his house with straw or reeds and letting chimney sparks fall where they would.

Broker Peeck and his two languages by the way, must have been a learned man, for shortly before he broke into history, Gov. Nicolls appointed one Thomas Carveth, to be "a Publique Notary in this Towne of New Yorke because there is no other notary in this city who understands the English Tongue." Thus Tom became the first English Notary Public on October 26, 1664.

CHICAGO FAIR HALL GAS LIGHTED

Chicago, July 30—One of the score of "superlatives" promised for Chicago's 1933 "Century of Progress" exposition is already on display and "working."

It is the gaseous tube illumination in the Hall of Science—said to be the most extensive use of this illuminating system in one building in the world.

On the tower of the building alone there are 2700 feet of tubing, on the pylons there are 1280 feet and inside the great hall 780 feet.

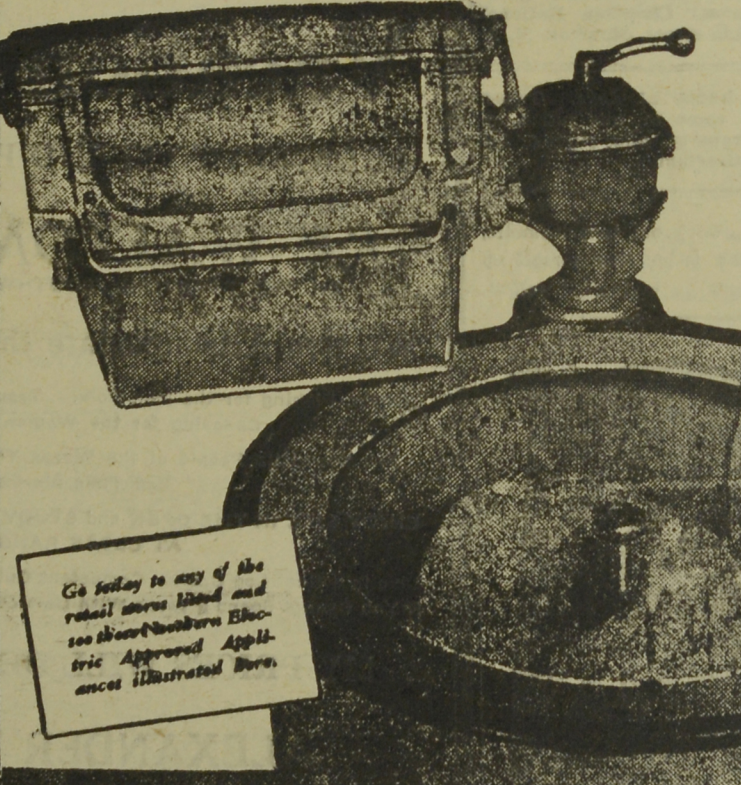
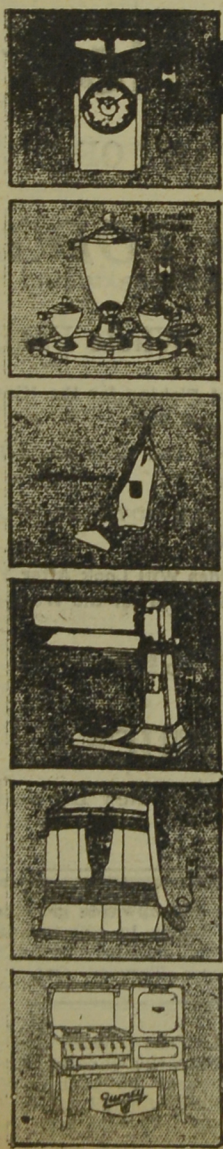
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