

(D)

Cartoon: "Birdseye View of Dillinger"  
A car disappearing in a cloud of dust;  
eight hundred and seven bullet holes; wit-  
ness getting "eyeful" under a store porch.

Altogether too much hip, hip, hurrah for  
the amount of burlesque. Delirium calls  
for mutes and pianissimo. Hysteria, same.  
Fortissimo should be reserved for stiff neck  
action.

My compatriots should not mourn over  
the weakness of editorial America—they  
are trying to uphold a defenseless premise.

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20th '34, 7.45 AM. Hinckley, Minn.

You think all those stories about the little boot-  
black that got to be a millionaire is for the pur-  
pose of encouraging your little bootblacks.  
Your nickel is in the wrong slot.

Those stories are for to convince you it is proper  
for to have million dollars

Brevity after all is not the soul of wit. It is  
but the limit of coherent utterance.