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## AIMEE BRIDE AT 17

She Fell in Love at a Revival

FELT THE CALL TO RELIGIOUS  
WORK ON LONELY SLEIGH RIDEAIMEE SEMPLE  
McPHERSON HUTTON

BY LAURA LOU BROOKMAN

NEA Service Writer

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AIMEE McPHERSON—the "mag-

netic, golden-haired angel of

Angelus temple"—wore a blue suit

trimmed with blue fox fur and a

modish Eugenie hat when she and

David L. Hutton, were married in a

tri-motored passenger plane at

Yuma, Ariz., because "Married in

blue your love will be true."

How different this sky elopement,

heralded around the world, from

the "simple home ceremony years

ago in the little Canadian town of

Ingersoll, Ont., when Aimee Eliza-

beth Kennedy, 17, tripped altarward

with Robert Semple, preacher and

boilermaker!

No reporters, no photographers at

that wedding.

There was no elaborate trousseau

either. There was no posing before

motion picture cameras. Aimee, the

blushing bride, had seen only one

motion picture show in her life at

that time. She had attended just

one dance—and danced with the

village preacher.

THOSE were the days when

Aimee was a red-head. She

attended Ingersoll collegiate insti-

tute and her chief claim to distinc-

tion was the fact that when school

programs were given Miss Kennedy

always won applause for speaking

the best "piece."

She had admirers—yes, indeed.

In 1907 Aimee entered a popularity

contest staged by the Woodstock

(Ont.) Sentinel-Review.

She won more votes than anyone

else and was awarded the grand

prize—a free vacation trip down the

St. Lawrence to Quebec. It was

Aimee's first view of the world out-

side the small Canadian commu-

nity—a world she was to encircle

and conquer.

She was not given the title, "Miss

Popularity" (it was before the day

of beauty contests), but that prize

triumph held all the significance

and glamour for the girl who sub-

sequently "Miss Manhattan" and

"Miss Chicago" have known.

That trip seems to have been a

turning point in Aimee Kennedy's

life. She was pretty, 17, rather well

developed, but still girlish. Life

Kennedy household, but, as usual,

Aimee won. She gave up school and

was steadfast in her attendance at

the mission house until the end of

the meetings.

Mr. Semple departed to conduct

evangelical work elsewhere. There

were letters, however. Aimee corre-

sponded with the tall young man

with the curly hair and he came

back.

She was helping a neighbor care

for her two sick children when, as

she tells it, "the door opened and

a man walked in. He was offering

his services and prayers."

After he had prayed the children

fell into a quiet sleep and we sat

down side by side by the light of

the shaded lamp to read the Bible.

"Robert talked earnestly of what

a life of faith meant, the sacrifice,

the joy, the reward; then, reaching

over, he took my hand in his and,

telling me of his love, asked me to

become his wife and enter the work

as a helpmate by his side.

I said 'Yes' to God and 'Yes' to

Robert."

THE marriage was arranged. The

young couple's honeymoon was

a trip to Stratford, Ont., where

Semple worked as a boilermaker

in a locomotive factory, preaching

at night. Aimee plunged into house-

work, played, sang and testified at

the night meetings.

After six months in Stratford

they set off on a revivalist trip

across the country. Then they

sailed for China by way of Great

Britain and the continent.

One of the anthems with which

they spurred on converts at their

meetings was the following, sung to

the tune "Bringing in the Sheaves":

Bringing in Chinese,

Bringing in Chinese,

We will be rejoicing,

Bringing in Chinese."

In Hankow, China, Semple fell ill.

He was sick just one month and

died. A month later a baby girl

named Roberta, was born. The 20-

year-old widow started home with

her tiny daughter and eventually

reached New York to join her

mother.

Life could scarcely have been

blacker than it must have looked at

this time. Aimee was without money,

in poor health, and with a child to

support. She and her mother took

up revival work.

Presently the horizon brightened.

Aimee met Harold McPherson and

again she fell in love.

Next: Aimee weds Harold Mc-

Pherson on a "companionate" un-

derstanding, but their romance ends

in divorce when she returns to

preaching. She builds Angelus

Temple.

Greets Sisters

Welcoming Pythian Sisters of

Indiana at an informal reception

in the Denison tonight will be two

junior auxiliaries—Semper Fidelis

council No. 10 and Friendship

council No. 8, both of Indianapo-

lis.

Miss Lorena Denham of 2615

North Gale street, royal princess

of council No. 10, is an Indiana

university student. She trans-

ferred to the Bloomington school

after two years of study at Butler

college.

LAUNCH U. S.  
CASE AGAINST  
'SCARFACE AL'Government Charges Vice  
King Owes \$215,000 Tax  
on His Income.

SMASH AT JURY FAILS

Defense Attempt to Change  
Makeup of Panel  
Is Overruled.

BY RAY BLACK

United Press Staff Correspondent

FEDERAL BUILDING, CHI-

CAGO, Oct. 7.—Dwight F. Green,

assistant United States district at-

torney, launched the government's

first broadside at Alphonse Capone

today in an opening statement at

the gangster's trial that linked him

with Cicero gambling interests and

placed his income from the under-

world in a given six years at more

than \$1,000,000.

Green, calm, spoken, with gray-

ing temples, is the man who started

the government's campaign against

gangsters on the income tax front.

The years of study he put in on

such cases already has resulted in

the conviction of several of Cap-

one's right-hand men.

"Capone, the gambling house

overseer, owes the government

\$215,000 in tax on that \$1,000,000

income between 1924 and 1929,"

Green said.

Defense Move Fails

That charge, specified in two in-

dictments, is the one the gang

despot went to trial on Tuesday.

An attempt to change the makeup

of the jury by the defense failed

shortly after the session opened.

Attorney Albert Fink declared one

juror had not been "quite frank in

his statements Tuesday, if what

Attorney Albert heard overnight is

true," and demanded an investiga-

tion of the jury.

The jurors were dismissed and at-

torneys for both sides went to

chambers to confer. After a few

minutes they returned and Judge

James H. Wilkinson ordered the

trial to continue.

Jurors "Small Towners"

The twelve men sitting in Cap-

one's trial were sworn in by Judge

Wilkinson shortly after 4 p. m.

Tuesday. It took just four hours

to complete the jury.

It was the sort of jury the gov-

ernment prosecutors had sought,

the sort defense attorneys had

feared.

The twelve, all are more than

45 years old. All but one are from

suburban towns, villages, or farms.

The panel includes a farmer, two

retired merchants, a country store

proprietor, two painter-decorators,

a real estate dealer, an insurance

salesman, a clerk, a lubricating en-

gineer, an abstractor and a pattern-

maker out of work.

Yells His Denial

Jackson broke openly.

"Never in my life. Never. Never,"

he yelled.

And didn't you, in the hospital,

said a nurse said Mrs. Sim-

mons did it?"

"I did not. That wasn't me. I

might have thought it."

Although the state protested at

times to questioning, Tindall at-

tempted to show Jackson was

angry at Simmons and his wife.

He kept his wife from taking you

back?" he was asked.

"No," Jackson replied.

Refers to Prison Record

The defense referred to incidents

purported to have occurred after

Jackson's release from prison, fol-

lowing serving of a sentence for

Mann act violation.

Jackson denied he and the Sim-

mons family "had nothing to do

with each other," asserting John

Simmons was "over at our house

not three months ago."

The witness also said he had

worked on a farm owned by a mem-

ber of the Simmons family after his

release from prison.

"Carrie Simmons is one of the

finest women I ever saw," Jackson

proclaimed.

"Didn't Ben Scifres (Boone county

prosecutor and Roy Adney, his

aid, visit you at your farm and tell

you if there was false swearing in

this trial some one would have to

pay for it, and if Mrs. Simmons was

acquitted I'd have you indicted for

murder?" Tindall asked.

"Well your name wasn't men-

tioned," Jackson replied.

Defendant Listens Eagerly

"And didn't you tell Mrs. Charity

Simmons (mother of the defendant's

husband), that 'they're after you

and will get you yet?'"

"No, sir."

During this part of the testimony,

Simmons and his accused wife

leaned forward on the defense table

and listened eagerly to every word

Jackson uttered.

This afternoon, state's attorneys

said they would question Jackson.

Pretty and chic, Miss Vaneeta

Belle Paterson, 15-year-old Lebanon

high school junior, admitted in her

testimony that she knew but little

of what occurred before members of

the picnic group became ill.

She attended the reunion with

Marion Hickson, her sweetheart

and Purdue university student.

'Just Watched Marion'

She said she and Hickson did not

stay at the picnic tables, but sat on

an auto cushion nearby.

"You didn't think about watching

anyone?" she was asked. "You had

eyes for no one but Marion, didn't

you?"

"That's right," she answered de-

murely.

Referring to her and Hickson as

"you children," W. H. Parr Jr.,

youthful defense attorney, learned

from Miss Paterson that she had

gone to the aid of Jackson when he

was suffering from the poison.

"I tried to put a tablecloth over

him, but he told me not to cover

him. He said he was going to die,"

she testified.

Miss Patterson said she saw Mrs.

Simmons wringing her hands

when Lois Jackson removed one of

## Women Throng to Poison Trial Scene

POISON GUILT HINT  
FLUNG AT WITNESSSensation Sprung at Trial  
of Mrs. Carrie Simmons  
for Picnic Murder.

(Continued From Page 1)

throw part of it on the ground.

Jackson denied this.