

C. J. - Lunoco. Friday, March 27, 1936.

Amman  
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TOWNSEND

( The Townsend investigation today produced mostly figures, but then that's what the congressional investigation committee wants to look into - the finances of the Old Age Pension Plan. )

Today's witness was the same as yesterday - R. E. Clements, the Townsend organizer who recently quit the job. The first figure that the proceedings brought forth was the total amount taken in by the Townsendites since January, nineteen thirty-four, a little over two years. It's a few dollars short of nine hundred and fifty-two thousand. During the last three months of Nineteen Thirty-Five, they took in three hundred and fifty thousand.

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One thing the Committee is keen about is - how much of the cash had the chiefs of the Organization been getting? Witness Clements testified that as second in command to Dr. Townsend, he received twelve thousand five hundred and eighty five dollars in Nineteen Thirty-Five. That was partly salary from the organization and partly income from the Townsend Weekly and the Prosperity Publishing Company which publishes the weekly.

Evidently fireworks were not so much ~~an~~ in evidence.

The question and answer routine so far has been largely arithmetic, reciting figures and adding them up.

HOOVER

DOUGLAS

The news from Washington tonight brings us a report of a man and a job, a personality and an appointment. And this is regarded as a sign of the times, a political portent. First, let's look at the man - and then at the job.

He is Lewis Douglas. His grandfather was Canadian - a Scot, who wrote and taught history and made a fortune in copper. Lewis Douglas' father was Rawhide Jim, a pioneer of Arizona, a miner, founder of the town of Douglas, Arizona. Lewis Douglas himself went from college to the World War and brought back a Belgian Croix De Guerre. He taught history at Amherst and chemistry at Tarrytown, and then went back to Arizona and became a miner and a grower of citrus fruits. He went to congress and served three terms. The richest man in the lower house, he always rode to and from his office on a bicycle.

*- or rather trying to do a balancing act.*  
Lewis Douglas leaped to fame as a balancing champ. Balancing

what? He wanted to balance the budget.

He was president Roosevelt's director of Budget in the early days of the New Deal. His slogan was -- economy. He said:

DOUGLAS

"Don't let's pay out any more than we take in." In other words -  
balance.

So, it was a sign of the times and a political portent -  
in those early New Deal days when Douglas resigned. It was a  
sign - that the era of spending and giant appropriations had  
arrived. Douglas, the balancer, stepped out, and became an  
open critic of the New Deal - in public opposition. Yet he  
and President Roosevelt remained firm friends.

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That's the man. Now, what about the job which today's  
report says he is likely to get? The same sort of job. They say  
that President Roosevelt will appoint Lewis Douglas to work with  
the Byrd Committee cutting down expenses. He is still Douglas the  
balancer, still the champion of keeping the budget in the black.  
So there's the sign and the portent. Douglas back working on the  
budget would mean - turn to economy, a new departure from the  
policy of spending.

~~(note - In the grand national story I've kept out all  
mention of sweepstakes - orders from down stairs. I'll probably  
send only twelve pages.)~~

HOOVER

When a man's early life and success were in mining the quest for metals in remote, exotic places -- he is indeed qualified to sit in the company with Explorers. Today's new member of America's famous scientific society known as The Explorers Club adventured for years in remote parts of Australia and the Far East. China and the South Seas. He won a fortune out of the ores that are buried in the earth. And finally -- he became president of the United States.

Today in New York, at the Waldorf-Astoria, Herbert Hoover was inducted as a life member of that distinguished body the Explorers Club, the twenty-ninth life membership it has ever granted.

## FLOOD AFTERMATH

Last night and today I drove through an immense area affected by the recent floods -- along the valleys of the Susquehanna, Shenango, and Tioughnioga Rivers. It's amazing how quickly things drop back to normal after a flood. None of the roads are tied up now. In fact they are all in good shape except for a few bumps here and there, bumps such as you find on all roads after the break-up of cold weather.

In Binghamton, the lower part of the city where the water swept through the Polish residential section, every family has a rowboat. Thus they are always ready for high water when the Shenango starts doing a fandango. After each great flood the Red Cross helps them put their houses in shape. They re-decorate, and even get new carpets. But the main part of the city wasn't affected.

The village of Marathon between David Harum's home town of Homer, and Binghamton with its quaint Three Bears Inn, looks as though it has been visited by cyclone, earthquake and flood.

As I came through a few hours ago, tributaries of the

Tioughnioga were still flowing across the road in a few places. But traffic is uninterrupted. You can go anywhere without fear of washouts or typhoid or anything else.

MAXWELL ANDERSON

Some years ago two men on the editorial staff of the old New York World Collaborated and wrote a play. One was Lawrence Stallings, the other was Maxwell Anderson. The result was - "What Price Glory!" And over night two unknown editorial writers were catapulted from nowhere to the forefront of American Drama. Their war play was one of the phenomenal successes of the American stage. <sup>H</sup> Many a brilliant production came out of the old New York World. It was famous for that. Of all - I suppose the most spectacular success was "What Price Glory".

Now - take the fact the owner of the World was the legended Joseph Pulitzer, and that he founded the Pulitzer prizes. These are yearly awards to the best novel, history, newspaper story, play, and so on. For years the Pulitzer prizes have been something of an additional insitution.

Last year the Pulitzer award for the best play aroused a storm of dicussion. The leading pundits of the drama disagreed with the selection. The dramatic critics declared that there were better plays than the one that got the prize. Following that,

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the theatre experts founded an award of their own - a prize granted by the New York Dramatic Critics Circle. They don't say they did this, because of any dissatisfaction with the selection of the Pulitzer prize winners. But there it is, a rival award. Today the critics announced their first selection for the dramatic honors of the year. Who gets it?

The play is "Winterset". Scene - the lower east side of New York. The scenes blaze with pity, indignation and contempt. The moral - that you've got to live by compromise.

Who is the author? That's the irony of it. He is a great craggy fellow with a heavy mustach, son of a roving baptist preacher in the middle west. He was instructor of English at Stanford University. Then he became a newspaper man. His name is Maxwell Anderson - one of the two editorial writers of the Old New York World, who leaped from obscurity to glory by writing - "What Price Glory!"



## BATTLESHIP FOLLOW NAVAL TREATY

Here's a familiar question. Do you believe in reincarnation? I mean - the reincarnation of battleships. You can give the answer, when you've heard the story.

Thirty-seven years ago, the pride of the United States Navy was - the CHICAGO. In those days armored warships were made of wood, with iron plates plastered over the wooden hull. But not the CHICAGO. She was launched in Eighteen Ninety-Nine, a revolutionary experiment, built entirely of steel. When it was found that she could navigate as well as the others, or better - that changed naval construction over night. The old time warships with steel-plated-on-wood were about as effective as so many rowboats, against an all-steel monster.

For many a year now, the CHICAGO has been obsolete. She has been lying idle and useless in Pearl Harbor, far off Hawaii. Just lying there, ~~and~~ rusting. What's the fate of a played out ship like that? Commonly, to be sold for ~~x~~ junk. That's the predestined fate of the CHICAGO. Who buys the junk? Foreign nations frequently, especially the Japanese. So a report is that the CHICAGO is likely to be sold to Japan, as scrap metal. The

Japanese way is to resmelt junk iron, and build new ships.

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So there's the prospect that the one time pride of the United States Navy, first American all-steel warship, may die the death of a junk, and be reborn as a powerful new ultra-modern battleship of Japan. That would be a strange incarnation!

## SPIES

~~Note this can hold over if necessary.~~

Sometimes you can scan a couple of dry looking figures, and see in them all sorts of beguiling romanance. For example, here's a bit of statistical information we have from England. It comes along with those myriads of numbers that tell of London's new giant armanent program, the countless Pounds Sterling being spent on new war ships, guns and fighting planes. The bit of bookkeeping that catches the eye gives us two figures. One is eight hundred thousand dollars. That much was spent last year on the British Secret Service - Secret agents, espionage . The second figure is a million and a quarter dollars. That's how much they will spend this coming year on the British spy system. Nearly double. A third of the secret service total will be devoted to countei espionage - hunting down foreign secret agents, spying out the spies.

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The stupendous new war machine Britian is building is *of* *great interest to spies,* ~~to flies~~ Foreign governments are eager to get technical information about just what the British war engineers are turning out. They'll pay good prices for the secret

dope. And then, England is an easy country for spies. You can land on its shores with a minimum of formality. You can live there without all the checking, registration and watching that goes on in continental countries. And the spies love it.

Englishmen recently woke up to the secret menace in their midst when the German agent, Dr. Gortz, was convicted of gathering data about the new sky fleet Britain is building. The Doctor, just to keep the spy story up to the romantic standard, worked with a beautiful blonde woman spy.

The British secret service has found that twenty per cent of the foreign spies are lovely ladies. They are used to decoy young British officers. Soft smiles and bright glances are the lure in getting technical facts about British gun building, warship engineering and his majestie's new great sky armada.

So today - London't vast military budget doubles last year's appropriation for the secret service - in spy hunt spy.

## GRAND NATIONAL

There's a rising vogue for horse racing in this country. Hundreds of thousands of people think they know more or less about odds, and take pencil and paper and racing forms and figure the chances on the track. Well, I'd like for some of these experts to tell me how they would calculate the odds on this story, how they'd have figured the chance of events happening as they did. I'll bet they'd answer -- a million to one, the long shot of long shots.

Over in England the Grand National is the classic of the steeplechases. The track at Aintree is the most difficult in all racing. The course runs four and one half miles over flat and dreary country near Liverpool. It has some thirty jumps, hedges and ditches for the riders to vault. It isn't <sup>the</sup> best place in the world to see a race, <sup>either.</sup> Only a quarter of mile of the track is visible from the grand stands. The crowd rarely sees the tumbling of horses and riders, the spills, the mishaps.

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~~Let's go back last year, when~~ the running of the Grand National produced a sensation in the world of sport. ~~Two horses~~ figure in the story: Golden Miller, <sup>was</sup> the favorite, <sub>^</sub> on whom the

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big money was bet. Reynoldstown -- was just a rank outsider, a hopeless long-shot. The epitome of the unexpected happened. Golden Miller fell, tossed his rider, and was immediately out of the race. There seemed small reason for it. The explanation was given -- that the flashlight of news photographers frightened the horse, and he stumbled. I remember how closely we studied the motion picture of the fall at Movietone as Ed Thorgergson did his sports description. And the race was won by the long shot, the outsider -- Reynoldstown.

That was dramatic enough, but there was still more to it. Reynoldstown's owner was an Irish horseman, Major Noel Furlong. That's ~~an~~ a snappy name for a horse racer -- Furlong. And who was Reynoldstown's rider? Well, the Major's son, a former officer in his Majestics Lancers needed money. He had to have some cash to get married. The prize money of twenty-five thousand dollars would come in mighty handy. So he climbed into the saddle as a gentleman jockey and rode Reynoldstown to victory. Then presumably the Major's son got married.

Now for the news today. This year's grand national was run. Once more Golden Miller was entered - the odds on favorite. Once more Major Furlong put Reynoldstown in the steeplechase.

GRAND NATIONAL 3---

And again Reynoldstown was a long shot. Let's keep on duplicating last year's story. Once more Golden Miller stumbled and fell, and again Reynoldstown galloped in to victory. This time the lucky long-shot was ridden by a professional rider, Jockey Walwin! Win is right.

8 1/2 Name your odds -- for having racing history repeat itself so precisely in two consecutive years.

## MAN O'WAR FOLLOW STORY OF FARM HORSES

Now for some more horse flesh. But it's not a story of this year or last year. It takes us back to Nineteen Nineteen and Twenty. In those two years, Man O'War, reckoned the greatest of all 'bang tails,' 'started' in twenty-one races and won twenty of them.

This weekend at Lexington, Kentucky, they're celebrating the nineteenth birthday of Man o'War - retired to the stud these many years. He is exercised eight miles every day, is weighed in every month, gets a physical examination every four months. The old horse is insured for half a million dollars.

Man O'War's worth more than that to Uncle Will, his old negro groom. Uncle Will, like a regular Old Black Joe, looks at the great racer and sighs:- "Boss - dat suah am de finest animule in de whole wide world." And --

SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.



Dale  
Carnegie.

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1936.

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