

C. J. - Lunoco. Tues., May 19, 1936.

Chamber
1936

TOWNSEND

~~They had~~ Some diverting proceedings in ~~the capitol~~
Washington today. ~~On~~ ^a committee room, a big table, and around
it the members of the Congressional Investigating Committee, and
the witnesses who were to give testimony. And on all sides the
crowd jammed in, sitting, standing.

The principal witness ~~was~~ a venerable gentleman, tall,
gaunt, lantern jawed, sixty-nine years old. ~~He~~ ^{a man who} can look back on
an interesting life history. He grew up on a lonely Illinois farm,
~~wanted~~ and wanted to be a doctor. He was thirty-six before he
could complete his medical training and get his license. He
practiced in the remote black hills of South Dakota, with patients
miles apart, and no autos in those days. It was a hard life and
eventually he broke under it. His health became bad. He moved
on to the salubrious sunshine of California, was an assistant city
health officer for a while, then returned to private practice.
He was a plodding old doctor when - came the depression. Economic
cure-alls were the rage, so why shouldn't an aged doctor ^{figure out} ~~find~~
a cure for the country's ills? So the physician brooded; and
~~result~~ ^{result} a prescription. From then on his story is well known -
the foundation and rise to glory of "Old Age Revolving Pensions"

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Incorporated", otherwise known as the Pension Plan.

So today it was the Doctor himself who testified before the Congressional Committee that is out to investigate the formidable political movement that he created - especially its financial aspects. The proceedings, the questions and answers, were of the familiar rambling sort, ~~and~~ (wandering all over the place - questions about this thing and that, answers about that and the next, ~~and~~ the reading of documents, letters and what-not.) The documents in this case were largely letters written by Dr. Townsend to his principal colleague and disciple, Robert E. Clements, with whom he has since broken.

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Hammering along the financial line, the Congressional investigators wanted to know how much the Doctor had got out of the Townsend Plan. To this - he denied that he had made a ~~big~~ small fortune out of the old-age pension organization. He admitted that he had received sixty-nine thousand dollars thus far, but added that he and his wife have less than five hundred ~~of that~~ ^{of that} left. He said he had spent most of the money for business expenses connected with the Plan.

The theme of finance was again introduced when a letter was read from Dr. Townsend to his chief lieutenant, Clements. "There's a hatful of money," wrote the Doctor, "for those who stay in the movement."

Another thing developed today was - power and ambition. Dr. Townsend wrote to Clements, saying: "You and I have the world by the tail on a downhill pull." He gleefully told how the sweep of the Plan was giving ~~x~~ congressmen the jitters. "It is fun," he wrote. "They are swamped with mail and don't know what to do about it."

The investigation today made it clear that the plan of the Townsend Movement was to establish a third party - to wait until after the Republican and Democratic conventions, and then launch another party for an aggressive old-age pension campaign.

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The proceedings revealed the not-surprising fact that, after the enormous national success of the Plan, the Doctor has a pretty good opinion of himself. In Townsend literature his picture was printed along with a couple of others, pictures of Washington and Lincoln. "I like that kind of company" - ^{was} ~~the~~ the Doctor's

slant on ^{it.} ~~it.~~ Today, in that committee room at the capitol in

Washington, the aged physician uttered one vehement denial. No!

~~—~~ he hadn't said it about the old folks who supported the

~~Plan.~~ Plan. He denied that he had called them: "old fossils".

Altogether, it was an interesting affair, worthy
of a thoughtful frown - and a smile.

NAVY

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Secrecy is the father of rumors. What the human race doesn't know, the human race imagines. The ^{U.S.} Navy is shrouded by a veil of secrecy, and has been for days. All that's known is that the fleet is maneuvering in a theoretical defense of the Canal Zone. The admirals rejoiced this year that they could conduct their war games under wartime conditions, not a newspaper reporter aboard, not a flash of information given out, everything hidden as in war.

So - the rumor hit the headlines today - collision at sea, a crash, ~~an~~ ^a mishap during maneuvers, two giant sea fighters rammed ^{ing} each other, limped ^{ing} into port, disabled. The vessels named ~~was~~ ^{are} the great battleships MISSISSIPPI and NEW MEXICO. The report gained such wide circulation that the Navy issued a swift denial - no collision, no accident of any sort.

The interesting thing is - how the ^t rumor began. The truth is, ~~that~~ tonight the MISSISSIPPI and ~~the~~ NEW MEXICO are on their way back to port - San Pedro, California. They have left the fleet in its maneuvers, and are going home. The reason ~~is~~ - turbine trouble. Both vessels have been in

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service for twenty-one years, ^{and} ~~and~~ any craft may have difficulties from worn gears and bearings - especially old ships. But there was this coincidence, that the MISSISSIPPI and the NEW MEXICO developed turbine trouble simultaneously. ~~and~~ Their engines went wrong ~~and~~ at the same time. That ^{was} ~~was~~ enough to start rumor going. What is it that happens to two ships at the same time? Why, collision of course!

And rumor no doubt was helped, for there had been a minor collision - ten days ago. This fact was kept hidden, because of that wartime secrecy, and ~~it~~ only revealed today. ^H The cruiser ^{in the manuevers} MINNEAPOLIS ran into a merchant ship. Neither vessel damaged seriously.

CHESS

In these violent days, the ancient game of the intellect doesn't make such big headlines as beak-busting in the prize ring or Bold-venture winning the Preakness. But, the Chess championship is big news to the devotees of kings and pawns. And I've just heard ~~xxx~~ about some of the dramatics of the American championship tournament. For there are dramatics in those battles on the chess board, which are supreme for slowness and inaction. Take the tale told about the new American champion himself - the one-time child prodigy, Samuel Reshevsky. Twenty years ago, during the World War - the Germans captured Warsaw. The city was terrified as the Kaiser's columns marched in. Suddenly a German colonel stamped in to a Warsaw Chess Club, spiked helmet and all. He sat down at a board and called for a game. The chess players all hung back - afraid -- all save a little boy, a tiny Jewish lad. He climbed on to the chair ~~xx~~ opposite the ferocious warrior and said he'd play. The colonel laughed. And that Prussian played a strong game of chess. But the lad beat him. The word spread, the boy became

a nine-day wonder among the Germans. And that began the fame of Samuel Reshevsky, infant prodigy.

Now let's come down to the tournament just over. The former boy wonder has now reached the mature age of twenty-five, immigrant to America, graduate of the University of Chicago. And this time he was not the boy-wonder in this tournament. The youngest player was Albert Simonson of New York. And the tournament turned into a duel between the two. When the last games of the round robin were to be played, they were at the top. Each had a game with another player. If Simonson, the youngest of all had won his, he might have copped the championship. But he went to pieces, played badly, and lost. He lost only two games in the entire tournament, his first and his last. Reshevsky got a draw in his last game, and won the title recently resigned by the old American champion - Frank Marshall.

CAPTAIN BARTLETT

du

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Wish I was a boy again and could go on that expedition to the Arctic. A bunch of ~~boys~~^{lads} are going north to capture and bring back live walrus pups, polar bear cubs, and musk-oxen. It's all under the auspices of the Chicago Zoological Society. Captain Bob Bartlett of the Explorers Club of New York, most famous of all living Arctic navigators, will be in command. The boys will go on Captain Bob's veteran sailing ship, The Morrisey. And ^{as} she sails north to Newfoundland, Labrador, Spitzbergen and Greenland the boys ~~ix~~ will handle the sails and help operate the ship. On land the lads will help capture the polar bears and walrus. It almost sounds too good to be true.

BULLETS

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In London, parliamentary circles are steaming-over with the latest incident of controversy between Great Britain and Italy. Today's word is that a group of influential M.Ps. are hammering at the Foreign Office, demanding action against the Italian Military Attaché to London. They are planning to question Foreign Minister Eden in open parliament, calling for him to answer - what he intends to do about it. They want London to ask Rome to recall that Military Attaché, and replace him with somebody else. Such is the tempest that is storming over one of the most amazing stories ever told .

~~This fantastic tale grew out of affairs no less majestic than the dispute about poison gas and dumdum bullets in the Italian-African war.~~ The Ethiopians and the British charged before the League of Nations, that the Italians were using deadly gas. The Italians countered by accusing the Ethiopians of shooting dumdum bullets - to which they added - that the dumdum bullets had been provided by the British. The Italian newspapers printed what they called documentary proof, confidential papers, showing British sales of ~~dumdum bullets to~~ *soft nosed bullets to*

the Ethiopians.

Now we come to a beguiling figure - a mystery man, an ingenious intriguer - Colonel Pedro Lopez. If the stories be true, Colonel Lopez appears to be something of a magnificent rogue, who put it over on the British, on the Ethiopians - and maybe on the Italians, although that seems to be highly doubtful. Anyway, Colonel Pedro Lopez put it over plenty.

Foreign Minister Eden told Parliament that this resourceful fellow was really a British subject, born in Poland. He goes under various names, Lopez being the latest. The Foreign Minister described him as "a notorious purveyor of false information and forged documents."

Colonel Lopez went to the British armament firm of George Bates, Limited, and there presented a false letter of introduction from the Bank of Egypt. He told George Bates, Limited, he was commissioned to buy munitions for Ethiopia, including dum dum bullets. Bates, Limited, replied that was against international law. Then the alleged emissary ~~then~~ explained that Ethiopia was "swarming with leopards", and the

BULLETS - 3

Ethiopians wanted the dumdums to shoot the leopards. George Bates, Limited, fell for that one, and turned over to him a quantity of the forbidden bullets. But the Colonel wasn't satisfied with that. He also demanded an official letter, signed by the firm, assuring the Ethiopians that the dumdums were of British manufacture. And, they gave him that letter.

Then this resourceful citizen went to the Ethiopian Ambassador in London. This time using a different name, Colonel Gustav Messler. He said he'd procure from a British firm a supply of munitions for the King of Kings. The Ethiopian said. Whereupon the Colonel drew up a list of munitions. The Ambassador gave the order and signed the document. On the list was the

following:- three million dumdum bullets. Foreign Minister Eden explained to the House of Commons that the Ethiopian Ambassador didn't know that that item was on the list, ^{just} ~~he~~ didn't read the document carefully *word for word.*

What Colonel ~~Pedro~~ Lopez did next may be surmised.

The Foreign Minister declares that shortly afterward, all of these nicknacks found their way into the hands of the Italian government, the soft-nosed bullets, the letter from George Bates, Limited, certifying that they were ^A British manufactured, and the Ethiopian Ambassador's list ordering three million dumdums! *And ^{forthwith the} ~~the~~* evidence was spread in the Italian newspapers.

Capt. Eden
~~The Foreign Minister~~ relates how he spoke to the Italian Ambassador, Dino Grandè, and warned him against the machinations of ^{this} Colonel ~~Pedro~~ Lopez. Grandè, replied he himself knew nothing about the man but would be on the lookout for him. Nevertheless, the British found out that the Italian Military Attache was having dealings with the Colonel. The question is, did ~~Colonel~~ Lopez also take in the Italians? Or did they buy his dumdum documents with a wink? Or did they put him up to it,

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plan the whole thing themselves? Or - on the other hand, was the British firm by any chance willing to sell soft-nosed cartridges to the Ethiopian government to ^{shoot} ~~shoot~~ leopards? And was the Ethiopian Ambassador willing to buy three million dumdums, also to shoot leopards?

You can guess how Rome answers these questions. Today a spokesman from Mussolini describes the explanation of Foreign Minister Eden as "a page from a dime novel." The spokesman for

Mussolini, ^{is wrong,} ~~in Rome,~~ ^{are not so} ~~or not, sounds~~ pages out of dime novels, ~~is~~ ^{fantastic.} ~~is~~ ^{fiction never so strange as that.}

MYSTERY MEN

So much for the priceless Colonel ^{Pedro} ~~John~~ Lopez. ~~and~~

Now let's notice two other mystery men who ~~have~~ appeared briefly in the news, two doctors.

There's an insistent rumor that Dr. Herman Gortz is to be released from his English prison. He is the German spy who was sentenced ~~for~~ after a sensational trial in London some weeks ago. Describing himself as a physician and a novelist, he visited England, ostensibly to write a novel. Then the British secret military police caught him making sketches of the Royal Air Force station at Manston near Margate. And they found in his possession other bits of military information. But the Doctor said he was just collecting material for his novel. ^{He} He had with him a beautiful blonde secretary and explained that she was merely taking dictation and typing his novel. But the British authorities said it was a case of romance -- romance between the German secret agent and ~~his~~ a blonde spy. So Dr. Gortz was given a heavy prison sentence.

But from ^{Berlin} ~~Paris~~ come rumors of a deal, not an eye for

MYSTERY MEN

an eye, but a spy for a spy.

^ The Germans have an important British secret agent at present. And the reported transaction is -- you give us back our spy and we'll give you back your spy -- my spy, your spy.

The British government denies all this but London opinion surmises there must be some truth in it.

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Recently a prisoner was released from the jail where Dr. Gortz is being confined. He tells how the Doctor received a visit from his solicitor after which he was much elated. "I shall not be here much longer," he confided to his fellow prisoner. And he gave intimations of the deal -- a spy for a spy.

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And -- SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.