LAME DUCKS

Good Evening, Everybody!

Lowell Thomas' Broadcast for The Literary Digest. Page Saturday, February 28, 1931.

Well, folks, it looks as if the
Lame Ducks were just going to keep on
Iimpling. They may be limping around down
in Washington a hundred years from now,
for all anybody can tell.

The efforts in the Senate and the puter and one and for all to House of Representatives to end the Lame Duck session has ended in a fiasco. Senator Norris, of Nebraska, has been trying to put through an amendment to the constitution to abolish those limping canvas-backs. He wants to put an end to the system whereby Senators and Congressmen just keep on legislating for months after they've been defeated in the November lections. In other words, the idea would hereful awmakers take their predecessors' places right after the lections.

Both the Senate and the House of Representatives agree that something ought to be done, and each appointed a committee to hold conferences on the subject. The trouble is that when the two committees pot together they couldn't agree.

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The International News Service informs us that the committees reported today that they couldn't arrive at any harmonious understanding, a-tall, or at-all at-all if you prefer. Senator Norris himself admits there's no chance of his proposal making any further progress in the present session of Congress. And so the Lame Ducks are just going to waddle along,

limping and quacking in the same old way.

GAS WELL

Out in Pennsylvania they're tackling a big job over the weekend. They're making a real hefty attempt to tame that wild gas well at Wellsboro. That old gusher on its rampage is now shooting oft 150,000,000 cubic feet of gas per day. It busted loose a week ago with a daily flow of a million cubic feet. Then it quickly ran up to 40,000,000 and has been increasing ever since.

According to the International News Service, a corps of workmen, wearing gasmasks, are sinking 50 tons of casing and 2 tons of fittings into that wild well.

And if everything goes right, they ought to have it under control by Monday. Meanwhile, the whold countryside is filled with the roar of that unleashed gusher. It's in a beautiful section of Pennsylvania, a region called the Endless Mountains, a favorite haunt for tourists. But none of the motorists out that way will get anywhere near that gusher. No Siree. State troopers are patroling the highways to keep everybody away, while the dangerous Work of capping the well goes on.

BUSINESS

Now, let's see. This next item might as well begin something like this:

"What'll you have, ma'am?"

"Why, I want two heads of cabbage, Mr. Valente." Or, "What'll you have, sir?"

"Well, I need a pair of ear muffs, Mr. Holmes."

Just multiply that sort of thing a few million or billion times, and you'll have a huge lot of retail trade. In fact, the retail trade of the country adds up to a staggering figure.

According to the International News Service, the Department of Commerce estimates the retail trade of the United States, for one year, at 45 billion dollars, and the goods bought for that money will make one vast mountain of cabbage, ear muffs - and so on.

BAD BILLS

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In Hartford, Connecticut, somebody had a bright idea for collecting bills. But that bright idea isn't working any more--it out of the picture.

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A collection agency got a bright yellow automobile which was called the Bad Bill Car. They sent it around to the houses of people who owed bills and wouldn't pay up. It was a dramatic way of advertising that Mr. So and So hadn't paid for his electric washing machine or new suit of clothes.

The collection agency **wanth** warned people that if they didn't perfup, would draw up to their doors. I don't know how successful the idea was in getting the money, but the United Press informs us that it did arouse considerable indignation. And so the Hartford police stepped in. The head of the collection agency was arrested and had to pay a fine.

And that's the end of the Bad Bill Car. - but bad bills, I suppose, will be with us forever. MODEL

Step up girls! And gaze upon a perfect man - that is, he's a perfect man as a model for masculine tailoring in other words, a clothes horse.

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The Clothing Designers Executive 5 Association is in taxa session now in 6 New York. The clothing designers set 7 out to seek a model who would best 8 display coat, vest, trousers, and 9 overcoat. They were very particular 10 11 about the kind of Adonis they needed. 12 In fact they gave minute specifications 13 for a perfect man. The New York World-14 Telegram gives them as follows:

A perfect man must be five feet eight inches tall. He must weigh 17 140 pounds, chest 36 inches, waist 18 31 inches, hips 37 inches. His leg 19 must be 32 inches long, and his sleeve 20 dimension must be 17½ inches.

If any of you men who are
 listening fit those dimensions, you are
 entitled to tell your wife or sweetheart
 that you are a perfect man. If your
 hgx height is below five feet seven,

MODEL - 2

you are classified as a short. If 1 you are than five feet ten in 2 height, why you are a long. To be in 3 the perfect class your waist must be 4 five inches smaller than your chest. 5 If it is within two inches of your 6 chest you are a "split stout" - I wonder 7 where they get the "split' from? If 8 you are as big around at the wast 9 waist as you are at the chest you are 10 a stout, and if your waist spills over 11 the edge you are a corpulent, in other 12 words, fat, Mister, you're fat. 13

Well, five bundred men presented 14 themselves before the Clothing Designers 15 Executive Association as perfect men. 16 The Clothing Designers say that the 17 trouble was that there was som much 18 perfection among them. They could have 19 picked a dozen that were really super-20 perfect. As it was they picked one. 21 He fits the measurements to a T. He 22 wears a bandkerchief in his breast 23 pocket and carries a stick. He is 24 described as being grave of feature - and 25 Pick anybody frivolous. 21-31-5M

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CUBA

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Here's a curious turn of affairs down in Cuba. An aide de camp of President Machado has been arrested and is accused of being implicated in the recent attempt to bomb the President.

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The plotters planned to lower a bomb through a ventilating opening and drop it into the bathroom while President Machado was bathing. The bomb got stuck in the ventilating shaft and exploded. It did a good deal of damage to the bathroom but didn't hurt the President.

According to the Associated Press, the soldier who lowered the bomb was arrested and he states that he was hired to do it by the President's aide de camp, Commander Manuel Espinosa.

The aide de camp is a brotherin-law of the man who until last Tuesday was the Mayor of Havana, and who has been regarded as a political enemy of President Machado. Five others are involved in the plot and they are to be court-martialed. Yes, that's a strange tail.

NAVIES

Word from Rome today was what 1 everybody expected. The Italians have 2 0.K.d the British proposal on the subject 3 of how big the fleets France and Italy 4 should have respectively, and the 5 Associated Press states that this means 6 that the two Mediterranean countries 7 8 are joining Great Britain, the United States, and Japan as parties to the 9 London Naval Treaty. That three-power 10 treaty will now become a five-power 11 treaty.

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Of course France will still have 13 to O.K. the British agreement with Italy, 14 but as Great Britain and France have 15 already made an agreement on this same 16 subject between themselves, it's expected 17 that the government at Paris will fall 18 automatically in line. It's just a formality. 19

The terms of the agreement at 20 Rome are being kept secret. The delegates 21 met yesterday afternoon and Arthur 22 Henderson, Foreign Minister of Great 23 Britain, and A. V. Alexander, First Lord 24 of the Admiralty, were on one side, while 25

NAVIES - 2.

Mussolini and several of his ministers 1 were on the other. The proceedings 2 ended with an O.K. from everybody. The 3 news, however, was not givenout just 4 then. According to the International 5 News Service, it was kept back over 6 night and was released only today. 7

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And so that thorny question of 8 naval rivalry between France and Italy 9 is out of the way until 1936. when the 10 whole question of naval armament of the 11 five big naval powers will be thrashed out again. 13

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CARUSO

Now comes one of the weirdest stories I've run across in a long time. It's about **a** society of 48 people who gather at night with fantastic rites to worship in the mausoleum of the greatest tenor of our time, Enrico Caruso.

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They say that one of the ceremonies 8 which the 48 adorers perform is to change 9 the graveclothes which the famous tenor 10 | wears in his last sleep. Matters have 11 gone so far, that, according to the 12 Associated Press, Mrs. Caruso and the 13 other heirs of the tenor of the golden 14 voice have ordered the tomb to be sealed 15 and a stone wall has been built across 16 the entrance. 17

Caruso's body was embalmed by 18 Neapolitan undertakers according to what 19 they calim is a secret method modeled 20 and on the embalming methods of the 21 ancient Egyptians. Mrs. Caruso, who 22 was an American society girl, is said 23 to have had this done so that her 24 daughter, Gloria Caruso, might see the 25

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1 body of her famous father when she 2 grew up.

A mausoleum was built and in it a glass coffin, and in this glass coffin Caruso lies. Thousands of visitors go to see the body of the tenor who for so many years enchanted audiences at New York's Metropolitan Opera House. But now that society of 48 worshippers has caused a change. And the tomb of Caruso has been walled up. A door is still left through which visitors will be admitted only under strict supervision. Well, three cheers for dear old Piccadilly.

If you have ever seen the English in their native habitat, in London or elsewhere, you will know that they seldom shout and wave their monocles no matter how excited they get.

But last night British reserve went by the boards and Londoners threw their toppers in the air, waved their jolly old walking sticks and went wild with enthusiasm.

For what? For one of her poor boys from the London slums. A lad who migrated to America some twenty years ago and who since then has made himself one of the most widely known man who ever lived - I mean, of course, the little man who has made this old planet rock with laughter. I mean Charlie Chaplin.

Last night, the elete of London, peers and peeresses, authors, artists, statesmen and nearly all the big wigs of England turned out in ermine and boiled

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CHAPLIN - 2

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shirts to witness the first showing of Charlie's new film. Chaplin himself was in the audience sitting in the dress circle **kew** between Bernard Shaw and Lady Astor.

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For hours before the doors opened, crowds began collecting in the streets. By eight o'clock the jam stretched for blocks. The police were helpless. Nothing could drive the people away -- not even a cold winter rain that fell in a steady downpour.

Nothing less than an earthquake could have shaken the determination of that crowd to get one glimpse of the world's most famous clown.

According to the United Press, London had not witnessed such a demonstration since Armistice Night, thirteen years ago. And first nighters who had seen most of the town's openings for the last thirty-five years, they may, could remember nothing to approach last night's enthusiasm.

At the close of the film

CHAPLIN - 3

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Chaplin walked out on the empty stage, alone.

"It would be silly of me" he said, "to say how much I feel all this, "e said." This has been a wonderful for me, coming home to my own country like this."

One of the feature stories in this week's Literary Digest, tells how Charlie defied the talkies, how he had the courage to spend two years making this silent film when all the big theatres in the world were demanding sound productions. This Literary Digest article goes on to analyze the reasons for his success and to show the methods employed by Charlie Chaplin to convulse his audience with laughter one moment and to to their tears the next.

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LEITER

I have a letter of correction here in which the boys at the Greensborg Fire Station say I'm all wrong. Not long ago, I told how a man took a fire to the fire station. His car started to blaze and he drove the conflagration around to the nearest fire house to be put out.

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8 Well, the <u>facts</u> are all <u>right</u> but 9 where I seem to have gone wrong was to 10 refer to the incident as being <u>exceedingly</u> 11 unusual. And that is where the boys at 12 the Fire Station jump on me with both 13 feet.

T. T. Gaulden who is a fireman at Greensboro, North Carolina, writes to tell me that in Greensboro the rule is that if the fire-wagon has to go out of the city limits to put out a fire, the proud possessor of that fire has to pay \$50.

Naturally, there are a lot of people
Who don't enjoy paying \$50 -- me for
Example. And these thrifty folks,
Whenever they can, take their fires into
Greensboro. Some of them are considerate

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enough to transport smoke and flames right to the Fire Station.

"It is nothing new" writes Fireman 3 Gaulden, to have fires brought to our 4 station down here. Fifty bucks is fifty 5 bucks. On one occasion we had a call to 6 go to the Davey and Elm Street crossing 7 and found that the railroad had brought 8 us a fire over a distance of four miles away 9 It was a car that had started to blaze. 10 |

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Fireman Gaulden goes on to tell me that when the boys in the Fire Station at Greensboro heard me imply that the taking of a fire to the fire station was something unusual -- they just said: "Shucks, there's nothing new about that." Well, I think I'll mention something else now that isn't new, in fact, I've

18 else now that isn't new, in ract, i ve 19 said it many times before. It may not be a 20 new, but I can tel I from my stop watch 21 that it's necessary. And it goes like 22 this:- So long until Monday.

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