## INTRO.

Lowell Thomas' Broadcast for The Literary Digest. Wednesday, March 4, 1931.

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Bood Evening, Everybody!

Good Evening Everybody:

I suppose this evening's keynote should be "GOODBYE FOREVER", that is, goodbye to the 71st Congress of the United States. It said farewell to the country and passed out of existence at noon today.

And that leaves the halls of Congress vacant until next December, when the 72nd Congress will go into session. The last hours of the dying Congress were marked by a combination of bitterness and friendliness. There was a lot of bickering and tangling of political threads. The United Press informs us that the most important fact was that Congress did not pass the Muscle Shoals bill over the President's veto. There was a vote and the Muscle Shoals advocates could not get together the two-thirds majority necessary to pass

a bill over the protest of the President.

In the Senate the session ended with a filibuster. Senator Thomas, of Oklahoma, announced that if the Senate didn't take up a bill having to deal with oil, why he'd stop everything else by making a speech and just keep ing on talking. The Senate didn't consider the bill, and Senator Thomas tied up the proceedings by talking right on to the closing hour.

According to the Associated Press, these obstructive tactics caused the Senate to fail to adopt a notification informing the President that the Senate had finished its term. It has always been the rule for the Senate to notify the President, and this is the first time that the Upper House has failed to do this.

In the House of Representatives the session ended with loud singing. A couple of orchestras were pressed into service and the Congressmen were the chorus. They sang Sweet Adeline, Silver

Threads Among the Gold, The Sidewalks of New York, and similar classics.

Several solos were sung, one by Representative Ruth Bryan Owen, of Florida, the daughter of William Jennings Bryan.

As the minutes moved toward noon the friendliness and the singing became more hilarious, and then the 71st Congress passed into history with everybody singing the sonorous strains of GOD BE WITH YOU TILL WE MEET AGAIN.

I see that the quarter, the twentyfive cent piece, two-bits, is going to
have a new face. At present when you
pitch is heads with a quarter it's a full
figure of Liberty or a head with classical
features that's on top.

An Associated Press dispatch states that Congress has passed a bill to place the head of George Washington on the two-bit piece. This will be in commemoration of the 200th birthday anniversary of the First President which occurs in 1932.

Well, "heads" will be George
Washington, but "tails" is still a matter
of doubt. They haven't decided what is
to go on the reverse side of the twentyfive cent piece. That's up to the
authorities of the Treasury Department.

Whatever happens, I hope it will always be a case of heads you win."

All day a wild storm has been raging along the New England coast. At Hampton Beach, New Hampshire, the wild furious Northeaster was combined with the highest tide they've had in those parts in forty years. The raging seas swept right on over the beach.

According to the International News Service fifteen cottages fell into the sea.

The breakwater at Great Boar's Head, New Hampshire, was smashed down. The mad surf even hurled stones against the line of houses near the shore.

At Nahant, Reviere, and Winthrop, cottages were swept away and in some places people were marooned in their houses when the storm-beaten sea surged over the shore.

Between the tide and that howling Northeaster, even the old-timers shook their grizzled whiskers and marvelled at the fury of the storm.

A couple of burglars tried to steal an American military airplane. They didn't succeed, but just the same the United States Government is minus one plane.

It happened at San Jose, Costa Rica. A plane, belonging to the Marine Corps carried Colonel Cruse, the American military attache, and landed him at San Jose. A Costa Rican chauffeur and a mechanic forged a permit that got them through the police guard stationed around the American plane.

According to the United Press, they climbed in and started off. Apparently they didn't know how to fly or even flutter. Because they had no sooner taken the machine off the ground then they proceeded to take it for a nose dive. The plane was a complete washout.

The chauffeur and the mechanic are in the Costa Rican cooler, and the police are trying to find out just why they wanted to steal that plane when they didn't know even how to fly.

This evening the famous Einstein is leaving us. He sails tonight.

David Sentner of the International News Service had an interview with the renowned discoverer of relativity and the gist of Einstein's farewell message to America was that he had been treated royally. In fact, he had been treated too well. He has been entertained so much that all he needs now is sleep. He says he is going to get plenty of it as the big ship trives its way across the Atlantic.

It seems that there are a lot of mistakes floating around. We used to think they were true, but a professor tells us they're all wrong. Whats all wrong? Why those old proverbs, adages, the old saws which were supposed to represent the wisdom of past generations.

According to the Associated Press, Professor Jenkins, of Cornell, tells us that those old saws are not only incorrect but they also have a bad effect on people.

For example, there's the one which states that

"practice makes perfect". The Professor says that's responsible

for a lot of dub golfers. No matter how much they practice tee

shots and putts they'll never be anything like perfect. They'll

still be duffers, says the professor.

Then there's the one about "you can't teach an old dog new tricks". Professor Jenkins says discourages a lot of people. And it's all wrong, because folks in middle

life can often learn new things quite as well as they could in youth.

A crack is also taken at # "early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise." Science apparently has discovered that some people can go to bed very early indeed and get up just as early, and they'll be manthing neither healthy, nor wealthy, nor wise.

There is one burning issue of the day about which I have been keeping a discreet silence. It's the great corn-pone and pot-liquor controversy which has been agitating the southern states.

As a native and resident of mid-western, western and eastern states I didn't feel sufficiently informed on the subject of old southern customs to say anything about such a matter as corn-pone and pot-liquor, and so I want waited for the new Literary Digest to come out. Today I looked through an advance copy of the new Digest, the March 7th issue.

The Digest gives an outline of how the great argument arose. Governor Huey Long of Louisiana started it all by saying that corn-pone should be dunked in the pot-liquor. Instantly the Atlanta Constitution leaped forward with the proclamation that corn-pone should not be dunked, but should be crumbled in the pot-liquor.

Whereupon the South was divided into two camps, the Dunkers and the Crumblers.

In the Funk and Wagnalls Standard Dictionary corn-pone is defined as "bread made of corn meal and sometimes with milk and eggs; also a loaf of such bread."

Well, to my untutored western mind that sounds like nothing more than corn bread.

The Digest quotes the New York World as saying that

pot-liquor is the product of a mess of greens boiled with a

piece of pork or a hog jowl. Some indignant Southerner complained

that pot-liquor was not in the Funk and Wagnalls Standard Dictionary

but Dr. Vizetelly, the managing editor of the big book, points out

that the word "pot-liquor" is among those present in the Standard.

However, if you look for it under "P-O-T-L" you won't find it.

It's among the subordinate words listed under the heading of "Pot".

Dr. Vizetelly states that dunk is not yet in the dictionary. He says it comes from the Pennsylvania Dutch who spell it "dunke". The learned doctor adds that the past participle is gedunkt - and that's all right by me.

The Digest goes on and quotes Governor Alfalfa Bill

Murray of Oklahoma. Alfalfa Bill says that corn-pone should be crumbled as a food for human beings, but it may be dunked as food for hound dogs.

The Virginian Pilot of Norfolk is quoted by the Digest as pooh-poohing the whole controversy. The Pilot says that it's all a species of traditional southernism that is part and parcel of the old Massa tradition which has vanished.

Meanwhile there is a similar controversy agitating
Sunny Italy. It's about spaghetti, not about how to eat
spaghetti, because every Italian knows that.

I told sometimes ago how the Futurist poet Marinetti has renounced spaghetti, saying that as a food it isn't so much.

Well, that has caused a perfect furor in Italy, especially in Naples which is the native habitat of spaghetti.

But now the ancient city of Genoa has entered an indignant protest because Marinetti not only condemns spaghetti but he also condemns ravioli. And Genoa is the birthplace of ravioli - that is, if ravioli can be said to have been born which is a point to be considered.

According to the Associated Press the Genoese point out that Christopher Columbus ate Ravioli, and was we all know, he discovered America. If Christopher Columbus hadn't eaten ravioli he wouldn't have discovered America, and if Columbus hands hadn't discovered America where would Tony sell his bananas?

Anyway, in 1492 Columbus he ate ravioli, and that's a mighty powerful argument.

At any rate the topic of the hour in Italy is ravioli - and the topic of the hour in America is corn-pone.

Information is leaking out about the terms of the naval agreement between France and Italy.

An Associated Press dispatch from Rome states that France is to have a warship total of 670,000. tons. The Italians are to have 441,000. The French quota, however, includes 84,000 tons of obsolete ships, while the Italian obsolete tonning is only 5,000.

So-far as efficient fighting ships go France has a tonnage of \$222 586,000 and Italy 436,000. This gives France the edge by 150,000 tons.

That makes it clear that Italy
has temporarily given up her claim to
have a fleet as big as France. The
Italians point out, however, that they
have not really sacrificed their claim to
naval equality with France, because the
agreement is to be in force only until
1936, when a new treaty will be
negotiated.

Thus, the superiority of the trench navy over the Italian is only temporary.

An International News Service flash from Rome states that it has been semi-officially announced that France and Italy have agreed that neither nations is to build more than 130,000 tons of warships each until 1936.

is now at peace, with the covernment,

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Just at noon today in a stately palace out in India two men put their signatures at the bottom of a sheet of paper.

Mahatma Gandhi, the Indian nationalist leader, and Lord Irwin, the British Viceroy, signed an agreement which puts an end to the rebellion in India.

And thus comes to an end that strange campaign to non-violent revolt and civil disobedience.

According to the Associated Press, Gandhi's Nationalist party, which is now at peace with the government, is prepared to enter a new big conference in which the leaders of the Indian people will negotiate with the British authorities for the purpose of making India a self governing dominion in the British Commonwealth of nations.

Anyway it is now to be hoped that India will be free both of violence and non-violence.

## RUBBER WHEELS

An Associated Press dispatch brings news that in France on the railroads they soon may have dining cars with rubber wheels.

Well, my experience with French railroads is that they can do enough bouncing without having rubber wheels. And then, why pick on the dining cars? I suppose they'll carry the idea further and have rubber soup plates, and then the bullion will bounce into your lap with a truly exhilirating abandon.

But, on second thought, rubber wheels may be preferable to square ones.

A famous war bird is dead - a pigeon.

The British used carrier pigeons a good deal to carry messages through shell fire. Scores of birds were used. Some were killed, but a number survived the war, and they were pensioned off and provided for as honored veterans of the World War.

A whole pigeon colony of these birds was kept at Twinkenham. One of the best known of these was Rupert had gone back and forth scores of times through the shell streaked sky above the battlefield of Ypres.

But now, according to the United Press, Rupert has come to a tragic end. He survived all the terrors of war, but at last an old \*\*xx \*\*Tom cat got him.

Rupert was taking it easy on a perch became when a tom cat sneaked up and that was the end of Rupert.

There is grief at Twinkenham and many a former Tommy would like

to get his gun sights lined up on
the murderer. If that should happen two learness of the line of the low cat.

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We now come to the subject of green whiskers--in other words, detectives, sleuths, gum-shoe artists, disciples of Sherlock Holmes, and so on.

I've heard of amateur detectives being told that they'd have to wear green whiskers as a disguise. Why? Well, so that in watching a suspect the detective can lie in the grass and not be recognized.

According to the New York Sun detectives down in Mexico City are using all kinds of elaborate green whiskers. For example, if you should happen to see an Indian maid coming along with a basket of flowers on her head, why the chances are that Indian maid isn't am Indian maid at all. She's more than likely a Mexico City sleuth, in disguise.

Wearing all varieties of green whiskers, the detectives go sleuthing around among the peons in search of local malefactors. They're said to be especially successful when disguised as Indian maids. According to the New York

Sun, a number of dangerous criminals have been apprehended when they sidled up to a comely Indian maid who turned out to be a Mexico City Sherlock Holmes.

And now I think I'll step out of my disguise as a purveyor of the evening's news, take off my broadcasting green whiskers, and say so long until tomorrow.