WASHINGION

Lowell Thomas' Broadcast for The Literary Digest. Page Saturday, April 18, 1931.

Good Evening, Everybody!

Well, it looks as if Uncle Sam is rolling up his sleeves, and hitching up his red, white, and blue suspenders, and making a big effort to help men get jobs.

Secretary of Labor Doak announced today a complete reorganization of the United States Employment Service. A films federal employment bureau is going to be established in each of the 48 states, and one in the District of Columbia.

This nation-wide employment service will be divided into seven branches, which, according to the Associated Press, are:--building trades, mining and quarrying, manufacturing, transportation, clothing, mercantile, and Marine seamen. Unemployed workers in all those lines of endeavor are going to get jobs if good old Uncle Sam can possibly arrange it.

The federal bureau in each state will work along with the state employment service. In addition, the Veteran's Service will be enlarged and also the Farm Employment Service. and that's good news.

Now, let me see if I can get this next line off with a proper Shakespearian declamation.—AN OWL! AN OWL! MY KINGDOM FOR AN OWL! In other words, WE WANT OWLS! WE WANT PLENTY OF OWLS! WE WANT HUNGRY OWLS! So sing the islanders of the Lacadives.

The Lackadive Islands are coral reefs in the Arabian Sea to the west of the southern coast of India. They're romantic islands. They have the beauty of the east and the tropical sea, but what they need is owls--screech owls, wise owls, hoot owls, No, it's no laughing matter. The man It's not right to say: HAW! HAW! What's needed is a good: HOO! HOO!

The romantic Lackadive Islands are overrun by a plague of rats. Millions of rodents swarmed over the coral reefs and are doing extensive damage to the cocoanut plantations. No Lackadive Pied Piper has appeared on the scene. And as for cats--well, the Islanders thought about cats the first thing.

They imported cats; but the climate of the Lackadives is such that poor Pussy died. Between the heat and the rain, the cats couldn't stand it at all.

Then the Islanders thought of crows, hoping that the birds would eat the rats. But the crows couldn't stand the climate either. The CAW!CAW! of the crows grew weak and faint. And now it's a case of HOO! HOO!

An Associated Press dispatch from Madras informs us that the owl experiment is the last hope of the lovely, romantic, rat-infested Lackadives.

And now here's another somewhat similar case.

Two young women rushed into a police station at Washington, D. C.

"Rats!" they cried.

"What?" asked the sergeant at the desk.

The young women explained that they were on their way to Virginia in their car. They parked their car for a while, and when they went back they found they were unable to continue their journey on to old Virginia.

Why? Well, Rats. The policeman accompanied the pair to their car. And, according to the United Press, he found a well-organized convention of rodents seated in a circle around the machine.

"Shoo!" hollered John Law. The rats squealed and ran.

"Thank you, kind sir," the maidens said. And then they mounted their chariot and continued on their way on to old Dominion.

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At lunch today I saw a man at a nearby table busy with a pencil and sheet of paper. I noticed that on the paper a poem was typed, and he was altering a word or two.

Well, it was my talented friend, Wilfred Funk, the poet and author of "Manhattan's Bronxes and Queens". I sat down for a chat, and we started talking about dogs. He told me about a mim pup he has, and I told him about my being police dog, Boaz. In fact, the poem that he had in front of him was about dogs.

"It's to be printed in Harper's

Bazaar, "he told me, "and I'm just working

correcting it a bit, "he told me.

I read the verses and they were a charming bit, a sort of child's public prayer for his dog. Here's the way it goes:-"Father, in they starry tent

I kneel, a humble suppliant.
A dog has died to-day on earth,

Of little worth,

Yet very dear:
Shelter him in they arms,
If only

For a while:

I fear

He will be lonely: Shield him with thy smile."

Well, after that bit of homage which Wilfred Funk
was paying to man's best friend, the dog, I felt that I ought
to add a tribute of my own. Or rather it wasn't my own. I
had a stack of letters along - letters from some of you who listen
in. And one is from James E. Nevin, of Youngstown, Ohio. He
tells the story of **RIXXXXX** a dog that was owned by a friend of his,
an army officer at Fort Omaha, Nebraska.

enthusiastic soldier. That pup watched the men on parade and listened to the thunder of rifle practice. He always went along when the men were sent to the hill west of the post for practice in wigwagging messages. The pup watched them for hours, day makes after day as they wigwagged messages with flags.

During the following hunting season the officer decided to try the pup out on birds. He took him to South Dakota in the broken, hilly section of the state, east of the Black Hills. They

were going through a section sparsely covered with patches of underbrush and small pines. The dog was about six hundred feet in front of his master, trailing back and forth, Suddenly he stopped. His tail stuck straight in the air. Then that tail began to move and wiggle. It was wigwagging. And here was the message which the faithful setter wigwagged to his master:

"JOE, HAVE YOU GOT ANYTHING BIGGER THAN BUCKSHOT?

IF YOU HAVEN'T, YOU'D BETTER BEAT 1T, BOY. THERE'S A BIG BROWN

BEAR UP HERE. AND HE'S GOING IRHGT YOUR WAY."

And that surely ought to make James Newin this week's grand Ananias of the Tall Story Club.

Anyway, between the tell one that he tells, and
Wilfred Funk's lovely little neom--we have lenty of homage
tonight to man's best friend, the dog.

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I want to say in advance that this n an official next dispatch is printe Soviet newspaper at Moscow. The Associated Press informs us that the paper is the Pravda, which states that the great Soviet tractor plant at Stalingsgrad, one of the largest industrial enterprises in the world has practically broken down. It is supposed to produce 50,000 tractors a year. During the past year it produced less than 3.000. Out of 1,586 tons of tractor# parts which were manufactured 1,196 tons turned out to be no good and had to be scrapped. The Pravda said says that there has been a riot of absurd inefficiency at that great plant which was to be one of the proudest achievements of communism.

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Axeurious story of the World War comes to light in Germany. A socialist deputy in the Reichstag has demanded an explanation for a curious bit of finance.

The German government has given 3 million marks in cash and a large income to ex-Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who is now living in exile in Germany.

According to the New York Evening Post, the explanation takes us back to the time when Bulgaria entered the war on the side of Germany. Before lining up his kingdom with the central powers, Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria wanted to withdraw & his private fortune from a London bank, where he kept it.

But the German war authorities were afraid that if he did so he would tip the Allies off to the secret of the fact that Bulgaria was going to fight on the side of Germany. So the Kaiser's government promised that if Ferdinand lost that money in the London bank the German government would make it good.

And now the German republic feels

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itself obliged to fulfill that old promise that the Kaiser made. Which under the circumstances seems rather sporting.

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DIGEST -- SPORT.

Well, let's have another one of those sport stories

from this week's Literary Digest. It's for all of you tennis

fans,

Just imagine Big Bill Tilden manufacturing the ideal tennis player, building up that ideal player by combining in him the various great qualities of many of the world's famous tennis stars. Just imagine.

The Digest informs us that Big Bill performs that very miracle in an article in the magazine "Tennis".

him that tremendous service which the brilliant Johnny Doeg shoots across the court. Next would come Cochet's forehand drive.

Then the backhand of Rene LaCoste. The overhead stroke of Borotra, the bounding Basque; Vincent Richard's volley; Cochet's half-volley; and --- Tilden picks his own chop stroke. He would take his own drop shot or maybe ink that of George Lott; the court-covering ability of Kozeluh or Cochet; and the will to win of Borotra, or Hunter, or Cochet. And, lastly, the court strategy and court tactics of Cochet. Sounds to me like mostly Cochet with a seasoning of some of the others.

Well, that's something for you tennis fans to think about. Maybe you'll agree with Tilden's selection for his mythical perfect tennis player, or maybe you won't. Anyway, Tilden tells just why he hit upon each good point. He reasons it all out and analyzes everything in that article quoted in this week's Literary Digest.

have flad to Liston, but other advices

Not much from Spain tonight. The headlines telling about the new republic are a bit smaller.

The latest event is the trial of General Berenguer by the republican government. Berenguer, was the dictator picked by King Alphonso to rule Spain for a while. His dictatorship didn't last long, but it was strict while it lasted. He was one of the chief enemies of the Republicans, and today they put him on trial, and a verdict has been handed down.

The General has been reported to have fled to Lisbon, but other advices indicate that he is in Madrid. The International News Service informs us that he was tried for severities he practiced against the Republicans, and also for bad generalship in the disastrous war which Spain waged against the north African tribes a few years ago. General Berenguer is blamed for the defeat of the Spaniards and the loss of 10,000 men.

Well, the indictment against the General was severe, but the Republicans

have shown themselves to be lenient. They found the former dictator guilty of the charges against him, but only sentenced him to dishonorable dismissal from the army. Of course, it's a bitter pill for an old warhorse to be read out of the army.

But, just the same, it's several shades better than being stood against a wall at sunrise - or sent to jail.

According to the Associated Press, the troublesome
Catalonian question is being passed on to the Spanish Parliament,
the new republican parliament that still remains to be selected.

Meanwhile, the Province of Catalonia will be allowed to have the
local autonomy and home rule which it demands, until the Parliament
has a chance to debate, and argue, and wrangle, and vote upon the
future status of the discontented province.

Portugal seems to be making headway against the recent revolutionary troubles that bother that republic.

Government warships have won an easy victory in the Azores, where the soldiers occupying the islands have risen in revolt against the Lisbon authorities.

The International News Service informs us that the rebels on the island of angra have just surrended and that loyal troops have occupied the town.

Two other islands of the group had already been captured by the government forces. The Associated Press cables that the warships have informed the rebels on the island of Termeria that if they the not surrender they will be bombarded.

 Down in Nicaragua, Americans are dm fleeing from the inland sections to the coast. In places that are threatened by bandits and rebel attacks, citizens of the United States are abandoning their homes and business establishments.

According to the Associated Press,, Secretary of State Stimson's warning to Americans in Nicaragua, that the United States Government equidn't protect them unless they were near the coast, has resulted in swift activity. The Americans are leaving. They were thrown into consternation by the official proclamation.

The New York Evening Post tells us that the new policy of the government has provoked a lively controversy in Washington. But that the administration will probably be supported by the United States Senate, which, headed by Senator Borah, is said to be against American intervention in Nicaragua.

The Post goes on to inform us that it is even suggested that the recent

disturbances, in which Americans have been killed, have been provoked by interests who want the Marines to stay in Nicaragua, and are trying to create a situation that will keep them there.

Meanwhile, additional Nicaraguan soldiers have been ordered to the town of Blue Fields, against which Sandino's rebels are said to be concentrated.

The W. P. reports tonight that a spokeoman for the amer. Fort, made an interesting announcement tonight. It was, that Wash regards Sandins as a bandit & an assauin but that the War against S. will be covered by the M. Mat Guard

Now, listen to this line, folks. It says the more he is scared the better he plays. Louis Armstrong is a negro cornet player who toots a jazzy cornet in a nightclub orchestra. His employers complained to the police that hoodlums have been following Louis around and threatening him. The hoodlums just tell that colored cornet player what they're going to do to him--how they're going to sock him in the jaw, and beat him up, and tap him over the head with a piece of water pipe. And, according to the Associated Press, Louis is just naturally scared stiff.

But, admits the employer, the more they scare him the better he plays the cornet. When they really get him trembling in his shoes, with cold shivers running up his spine, why then he can tootle that old brass cornet so jazzily that the girls on the dance-floor sway and sway until they nearly fall over. Hot Mamma!

Well, that may be true of a

colored cornet player, but it would be entirely different for the radio news broadcaster. If anybody scared me the way they have been scaring Louis, I wouldn't be able to talk or even stutter.

In fact, the mere thought of it leaves me almost speechless. And I don't feel capable of saying anything more than--

So long until Monday.