LOWELL THOMAS' BROADCAST FOR THE LITERARY DIGEST SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1931

POLAND

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:

In the quaint old world town of Poznan, in Poland, there was a solemn Fourth of July celebration today. A huge statue of Woodrow Wilson was unveiled.

The International News Service reminds us that the American wartime President took a considerable part in the reestablishment of the freedom of the Polish nation. This is appreciated by the Poles, especially by the great Polish patriot and musician, Paderewsky.

It will be remembered that Paderewsky, world famous as a virtuoso on the piano, became the head of the Government of the reborn Polish nation. Paderewsky in his labors for Polish independence, had enjoyed the deep sympathy and the help of Woodrow Wilson.

And that huge statue of America's war president which was unveiled today was donated by Paderewsky.

The unveiling ceremonies were attended by the President

of Poland, by the American Ambassador, and by Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, who had journeyed to Europe just to attend this event. A message from Mr. Hoover was read, in which the President recalled the part that Polish lovers of freedom had taken in the establishment of American independence. President Hoover spoke of how Kosciuko Pulaski and other Polish volunteers crossed the ocean and fought in the ragged regiments of Washington.

Well, just one thing was missing from the stately ceremony over in Poland today, one person was absent. Paderewsky, was not there. The famous pianist remained in Switzerland at the bedside of his wife who is critically ill. In fact she is so dangerously ill that Paderewsky could not attend the dedication of the statue that he had donated.

And another figure was unveiled today - down in Brazil.

It is a statue of liberty presented by Uncle Sam to the people

of Brazil as an expression of good will. It stands, appropriately,

in Wilson Avenue, a thoroughfare which Brizilians have dedicated

to the American war president.

The International News Service tells us that President
Vargas of Brazil and the American Ambassador were there, max and
a gathering of glittering officials - also a huge crowd of people
who shouted with loud Brazilian cheers. And Uncle Sam isn't
always cheered in South America.

I don't suppose there is any further possibility of a mand doubt about what's at the bottom of that quarrel between the vatican and the Fascist Government of Italy. The controversy has taken a highly dramatic turn, with the latest maxxxxxxxxx Encyclical of Pope Pius XI which is made public today. This document, issued by the Pontiff, was taken secretly out of Italy and made public in France, just so the Fascists could not suppress it and keep it from reaching the outside world.

The Encyclical is also printed today in the official vatican newspaper. Of course, that newspaper, which is printed in Rome, could be suppressed by Mussolini's government. In having the Encyclical taken to france, Pope Pius was making doubly sure that his message would reach the whole world. In fact, the Pontiff is appealing to the world against the Fasciat government.

That new Encyclical does not mince words. It complains in strong

1 terms against the actions of the ² Fascists, and goes on to state clearly and precisely the issue between the Papacy and Mussolini -/that issue is the question of youth.

The Encyclical declares that the ⁷ Fascists insist on having entirely in their hands, the education of children, and that the Black Shirts make it a point of doctrine that they and only they shall be allowed to mould the minds of youth.

The Pope contradicts this strongly. He declares that the Christian Church shall and must have the right to instill Christian ideas into the minds of the growing generations.

The Pope denounces the Fascist oath which Italian children are required to take. That oath binds the youngsters to devote themselves to the cause and the theories of Fascists.

And so the controversy between Pope Pius XI and Mussolini has blazed up again, and one cannot help remembering the many struggles during 2,000 years between the Popes and the Princes of the Earth.

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Well, the French government celebrated the Fourth of July - yes celebrated it by giving out the statement we've been expecting. It's a carefully phrased communication. The International News Service summarizes the statement as setting forth that an agreement has been reached on all important principles involved in the Hoover plan. Financial details still remain to be thrashed out before that suspension of reparations of war debts can go into effect.

But everybody seems of the opinion that these details
will be settled in due course. Most of the morning papers carry
headlines indicating that the matter has been settled and that
the French have agreed to the Hoover plan in a way satisfactory
to the United States.

In Washington, however, as the Associated Press tells us officials of the State Department don't say that a satisfactory understanding has been definitely reached. But they say they are sure that it will be. It's just a question of a little more time and a little more discussion.

Ohyes, here's an odd one. Page 7

Gost, When I first read this next 1 2 dispatch I thought it must mean my own 3 house. It talks about a raggedy window 4 shade and a patched lace curtain - you 5 know, the kind of window shade with 6 frayed edges and a few crinkles in it 7 through which you can see the daylight, 8 and the kind of lace curtain that is 9 mended here and there. You know how 10 once in a while we have them hanging in our windows when they ought to be tossed in the chunk heap.

Yes, I had a sneaking suspicion 14 that somebody was saying that a few of 15 the shades and curtains in my house are 16 on the bum.

However, it's all about some 18 vastly more venerable and august dwelling. It's about the first mansion of the land, the presidential mansion, the White House. The United Press informs us that passersby in Washington have noticed that on the Pennsylvania Avenue side of the White House there is a ragged window shade in one window and

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a patched lace curtain in the other. It looks tike some of us poor people live there.

But the explanation is: Hoover economy. They say that each year it is customary to renovate the shades and curtains of the White House during the summer when the President and his family are away on vacation, but this year President Hoover is has called for economy. He says expenses must be cut down; and anyway, Mr. Hoover isn't enjoying the usual presidential vacation this summer. He's busy with affairs of state in the White House right now.

And so, the usual summer renovation didn't most take place - hence the shabby shade and the mended lace curtain in the window of the White House.

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This evening on the gray choppy waters of the North Atlantic not far from the New England coast ten tiny craft are steering East -- ten yachts. They are on their way across the ocean, headed for England.

Les, This afternoon was starting time for a trans-Atlantic race.

The International News Service tells us that the ten trim little craft are competing for the Prince of Wales Cup.

The race is from Newport to Plymouth -- a distance of 2.956 miles. It will take the vachts something like three weeks to sail the distance.

Well, there was only a breath of air off Newport this afternoon, and a fog lay on the water, but the brave little fleet spread its sails and headed out for the wide spaces of the sea.

They say this will be one of the most adventurous races in the history of yachting. And so let's all wish fair weather and a good breeze abeam for the ten sailboats that are scudding along with tall graceful masts and white billowing sails.

Now comes a two-to-one proposition. In the big tennis tournament at Wimbledon, over in England, the United States has gained two titles and lost one. An American won the honors in the men's singles. Germany takes first place in the women's singles. And mouse as the International News Service tells us, an American team won the men's doubles.

George Lott and John Van Ryn won their match today against the French team of Cochet and Brugnon.

And so it's two victories and one defeat for Uncle Sam.

Well, folks I want to tell you in advance that the poor old dog didn't have a license, and the Judge knew that by law a dog is required to have a license. And that Judge felt he was required to see that the law was observed. And with that preliminary I'll go ahead with the story.

Pal was just a mutt. His master says he's a good dog, a faithful dog, and a smart dog. But just the same, we can't call him anything but m-u-t-t -- mutt.

Pal didn't have any license, and they brought the dog and his master into a South Chicago court before Judge John J. Lupe. Pal, just a mutt, stood before the magistrate of the court -- and the old dog wagged his tail. He didn't know what it was all about. He didn't know that in the ordinary course of events. He was due to go to the pound, and then -- well, you know what happens to a dog that hasn't got a friend.

There, also before the magistrate

of the court, stood Pal's master, Fred Zasznelto. Fred is II years old, and he wore an old shabby pair of overalls.

The Judge asked Fred why he didn't have a license for his dog Pal. The II-year-old boy had been standing with his head down, frightened by the policemen and the Judge, but when he heard that question -- well, he knew what the answer was. He was ready to cry, but he fought back his tears and just told the court:-

"I ain't got any money," he said,
"and if I had any I couldn't keep it for
myself. And I couldn't spend it for a
license for Pal, because my Mother would
need any money I could get."

Judge Lupe didn't quite know what to say to that. You know how it is -- a Judge is a stern and solemn man, but sometimes he can't help feeling the way the rest of us do. So he just asked Fred another question.

"What kind of a dog is that?" the Judge inquired.

Well, I don't think that was a very bright question. The Judge could easily tell just what kind of a dog Pal was. Anybody could tell that Pal a 100 per cent example of m-u-t-t -- mutt.

mutt to you and me, but to Fred -- well, just listen to what Fred said:-

"Judge," he declared, "my dog Pal is the smartest dog in the world. He can do a lot of tricks. If I throw a stick, why, he just runs and gets it and brings it back to me. And it takes a smart dog to do that, don't it?

"And he plays with us boys all the time, Judge. He's just milke another boy. When we go swimming, we always take him along with us. Why, Pal is so smart, Judge, that he can swim better than team. Me.

"He's a good dog, Judge, and he
likes all the boys. But he likes me
better than anybody in all the world.
And please, Judge, don't let anybody take
him away and kill him. I just can't get

along without Pal."

Well, as I said before, Pal had to have a license. That's the law. And Judge Lupe felt that he had to uphold the law. He couldn't allow a dog without a license to be at large in his jurisdiction. That's all there was to it.

"your dog Pal has got to have a license."

And when Fred heard that he hung his head and began to cry.

Meanwhile, the Judge was fishing about in his pocket. He pulled out 3 dollars.

"You take this money, Fred,"
commanded the Judge, "and you get a
license for Pal." Thet3 dollars would pay
for the license and leave a little bit
over."

They say that during this scene many people in the court room dabbed their eyes with handkerchiefs. And I'll bet they did. Anyway, this evening Pal, with a perfectly shining brand new license is out with Fred and the boys -- probably out swimming.

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Let's revamp the first line of an old nursery rime and make it go something like this: XWIII you come into my parlor, said the spider to the rattlesnake.

We all know that a spider ean eat a fly, but this week's Literary Digest, in describing the bill of fare of some spiders, includes frogs, lizards, bats, mice, birds and even rattlesnakes.

Of course, the common small spider that lives in the cobwebs of old attics, is not likely to walk up to a big rattler and look him in the eye and say - yum, yum, what a fine hotdog you are.

But, of course, there are many kinds of spiders including big ferocious and dangerous spiders. Take the well known and justly famous tarantula, for example. Wouldn't a pitched battle between a giant tarantula and a rattlesnake be worth watching? It would, if you had the gumption to stick around.

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The Literary Digest quotes from an article in the New York American by Ur. E. W. Gudger of the American Museum of Natural History. The Digest informs us that Ur. Gudger is an expert on spiders. The Doctor takes off his hat in admiration to a small but game little spider called Dolomedes. The Doctor tells how Kid Dolomedes has been known to go fishing. No. there's no occasion for saying - Will you come into my parler, said the spider to the fish. Kid Dolomedes doesn't persuade the fish to climb, jump or fly into the spider's web. Kid Dolomedes takes a dive into the water, grabs a small fish, and drags it out on the land and eats it.

In the Aquarium of Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, a spider went after the goldfish in a choice collection, and devoured segeral of them.

And then in Porto Rico there's an enterprising spider that eats lizards.

And so it isn't so surprising

when we read in the Literary Digest
that a big poisonous spider, may be a tarantula,
east kill a rattlesnake and eat it.

on the other hand, I've a newspaper clipping here about the misadventures of a rattlesnake. It is sent by C. E. Riley of Brooklyn. Mr. Riley comments that the tale sounds tall enough for the Tall Story Club.

It tells us that Bill Gates of Nashville, Indiana has a store. It doesn't specify what kind of a store, but out in front, as a display, Bill had a cage and in it a big rattlesnake.

That was all right until Bill decided to give the rattler something to eat. So he dropped a mouse into the cage.

Magnificent tall story teller when he goes on to inform us that the next thing he observed was that the mouse was eating the rattles right off the rattlesnake's tail. I don't know what the reptile was doing all this time, but Bill solemnly declares that the mouse was doing one fine job of eating those rattles.

In order to save the rattlesnake's life Bill had to remove the mouse.

Yes, sir, and the next thing on the program will be for

me to make out a hand-tooled diploma of membership to the Tall Story Club for Bill Gates, of Nashville, Indiana.

Meanwhile - SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.