# LOWELL THOMAS BROADCAST FOR THE LITERARY DIGEST SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1931 

## INTRO

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY!

I wonder if the principal topic of conversation out your way tonight is how congested the roads were, and how hot it was? I've just been talking with two friends, an artist and a doctor, both political refugees from Venezuela and they said emphatically that it never seems this hot even in their tropical native land down near the Equator.

It has been fairly broiling along the Atlantic coast -and a shade cooler in the West.

This morning I suppose a few million folks shook out the old swimming suit and counted the moth holes and then took the first dip. And, oh boy, what a grand and glorious feeling! As usual Memorial Day exercises were held all the way from Bandy Hook and Asbury Park to the Golden Gate. Perhaps the most important ceremony this year was at Valley Forge. A huge crowd gathered in the historic valley, the valley where Washington and his ragged Continentals starved and froze through a bitter winter.

Today's Valley Forge gathering was of national interest, for the President of the United States was there. President Hoover took the occasion to deliver a serious declaration. His speech dealt with the subject of business conditions.
"The American people," declared the President, "are going through another Valley Fo re at this time."
mr. Hoover spoke right out, with the amplifiers carrying his voice to every section of the immense crowd. He told the people of this country that extreme fortitide and sacrifice are necessary if prosperity is to come back. The President called it a battle, a battle that cannot be won by any single stroke, or by any one strategy sprung from the mind of any single genius.

That seems like a sound idea. The International News Service reports the President as saying there isn't any kind of magic or snake doctor medicine that will help things along. What's needed is effort and courageous optimism.

Well, I too was scheduled to make a Memorial Day
address -- for my American Legion friends at Larchmont, New
York. We started out in a car, Earl Garey, the Larchmont Commissioner of Police, an old Chicago law school classmate of mine - and right away the congested condition of the roads began to gum things up. It seemed as if all the cars in the country were packed on the highway between New York City and Larchmont. And then we ran into parades, one parade after another. There must have been a hundred parades.

An escort of motorcycle police picked us up on the edge of Manhattan and for long stretches whizzed us north at 70 miles an hour.

But, by then, we were an hour late, and I arrived just five minutes after the crowd had started home. So the American Lesion boys and their neighbors at Larchmont didn't hear any Memorial Day address -- and maybe that was a great relief to them.

But I stayed as long as I could anyhow, and instead of speechifying, we had a session of story telling and general jollity.

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Page 5 expected that about three men would be killed in the course of the maneuvers but the number of casualties was exactly zero.

A steamship disaster is reported on the Pacific Coast. The steamer Harvard, running between San Francisco and Los Angeles, had 500 passengers aboard.

The ship hit a reef at Argwello Point, 75 miles north of Santa Barbara. Men, women, and children were ordered to the boats as the ship sank.

In response to the distress calls many wett vessels
hurried to the rescue. The U.S.S. Louisville, Uncle Sam's newest cruiser, got there first. The people were in the boats. They were near shore, but had been ordered not to try to land because of the dangerous surf and rocks. The Louisville rescued every one of them. Reports from the United Press and the International News Service inform us that there were no casualties,

And that makes a happy ending to what might have been a terrible disaster.

I suppose you've heard all about the big auto races at Indianapolis and how the winner was Louie Schneider, a former Hoosier motorcycle cop. The 500 mile classic was slowed down a
bit by rain. Billy Arnold of Chicago looked as though he had the race in the bag at the 400 mile mark, but a big smashup with another racer put him out of the running.

Old Man Unemployment has just been given a good slap by the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen.

The brotherhood is holding a convention at Houston, Texas, and has passed a new regulation which will provide jobs for 10,850 railroad trainmen who are now out of work.

The way the boys are doing it is by limiting the working hours of the men who are on the job at present. For example, the men in the railroad yards will be allowed to work only 26 days a month.

And train crews are to be held down to a limited mileage. That is, their work in terms of miles will be cut so that men out of jobs will be needed to fill in.

The Associated Press states that the new ruling will become effective as soon as arrangements can be made with railroad executives.

Memorial Day is always an important date in the sports world. In Philadelphia the track stars of the University of Southern California swept to victory in the Intercollegiate Track and field Meet. Leland Stanford came in second, and the University
of Pennsylvania third. Vic Williams, a human bullet from sunny Southern Califormia burnt up the cinder track in the '440'. He equalled the worlds record which was made back in 1916. Williams time was 47 and four-tenths seconds.

In South Dakota, on the Pea Ridge Reservation, the old days have come back again. The Indians are camped upon the prairie. And all the ancient glory of the red man is seen--teepees, campfires, buckskins, feathers, beadwork. And echoes are ringing of Indian oratory as the great men of the tribes hold forth with high and mighty declamation.

In other words, a grand congress of the Sioux Indians is being held. All $\ddagger$ he various tribes of the sioux Nation are there. They have journeyed from far and wide, some in wagons, some on horse back, and some in automobiles.

This congress of the Sioux Nation is being held at the Holy Rosary Mission. It's under the direction of the Jesuits, and important eccliastics from the western states are attending and
${ }_{21}$ confabulating with the Indians. Vital
${ }_{22}$ social problems of the sioux are being
${ }_{23}$ threshed out. It appears that the Sioux, like many other Indians, and also like plenty of Caucasians, are
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oppressed by the pinch of poverty. Something must be done to raise their
3 economic status.
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But the three days during which the Sioux congress will hold its sessions ${ }^{6}$ will not be entirely given over to serious debate. There are dances and festivities, and jolly powwows. And tomorrow night the Indian girls of the 10 Holy Rosary Missions school will stage an Indian play. the The chiefs and the braves will see their daughters acting their parts and speaking their lines, the way the pale faces do in their theatres.

And I'Il bet those Indian girls are going to get a big hand.

Some years ago when 1 was in Southern Asia collecting first impressions of that bewildering and romantic part of the world, one of the sights in India 5 that gave me a particularly bewildering peculiarities of the land of the Hindustan.

Well in this week's Literary Digest there's an article which starts out with this sentence: INDIA IS MAKING ITS OWN BRAND OF CHRISTIANITY.

The Digest quotes from an article by John Steele, in the Chicago Tribune, which explains that in India young

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Christians have become tired of near imitations of the West.

It galls their racial pride, the Digest quotes Mr. Steele as saying, to be reminded that the church they/dre attending is an imitation of a church in Scotland, or an exact replica of a Wesaky an church in The western church architecture is a misfit in India. The result is that native architecture is now being employed in Christian churches. The Christian colony at Tiruppur, is building a real Hindu temple, a Christian place of worship. modelled on a beautiful piece of Dravidian architecture near Tinevelly. And, American church hymns are not at all suited to the Indian temper ament. Both the words and the

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$$ tunes are foreign and incongruous. And ${ }_{21}$ so the hymns are being Indianized. They're being sung to native Hindu tunes, that strange, $\min ^{\prime}$ rental music which bewilders the Westerner tim so much. Well, they are translating the

Bible into the languages of India, and they're pouring Christian theology into the moulds of traditional Indian thought. Yes, as the Digest says-INDIA IS MAKING ITS OWN BRAND OF CHRISTIANITY.

This Texas Guinan affair is certainly becoming hectic. It's a case of "Off again, on again, gone again, Finnegan".

The latest news is that the president of the French republic has taken up the case of the queen of the Night Clubs and her troop of night club beauties.

The International News Service reminds us how first the French immigration authorities at Le Havre told the big whoopee mamma that she and her whoopee girls would not be allowed into France.
ivext the case was taken under consideration by higher authorities at Paris. Then the word came once more that it was "nix" for Tex-back to the United States for her and her chickens.

A cable to the New York Herald Tribune tells us that when the big jazz baby of Broadway got that piece of bad news she put on a one-woman
show, all by herself. She passed in rapid succession from anger, to tears, to scorn. She wept bitter tears and told the french what she thought of them, and then she spoke loud and angry words and once more told the French what she thought of them.

But now the word comes that the case has been appealed to the President of France. He is now considering the matter, and it may still be that the jazz queen and her band of chorines may see the lights of gay Parse. Texas say she! willing to give odds that they will.

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A report from Rome tonight states that the Fascist government of 3 Italy has ordered the immediate

An election will be held tomorrow. No, this
will be no political affair. It won't have any importance in the solution of any international problems. In fact, so far as the practical affairs of the world are concerned that election wont amount to anything.

Tomorrow, the Knights of Malta will elect a new

Grand Master.

It will be an occasion of splendid medieaval pomp. On the Aventine, one of the historic seven hills of Rome, overlooking St. Peters, is the priory of the Knights of Malta.

Members of the order will march in solemn procession. They will near the historic raiment of the Crusading Knight of Old -black silk mantles with white crosses on the shoulders.

And then in quaint old fashioned way they will
case their ballots, and elect a new Grand Master.
For nine hundred years there has been a succession of Grand Masters of the Knights of Malta. The new one who will be elected tomorrow
is the 76th. He will stand a romantic figure reminding one of centuries past. As for immediate importance in this world of machinery and modern mechanism--well the Italian Government rates the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta as a Prince and pays him princely honors. It's just so much charming, stately ceremony.

The Associated Press reminds us of the magnificent $h$ is tory of the Knights of Malta. Originally they were a max brotherhood formed to help pilgrims who made the long journey through Medieaval Europe, to the holy places in Palestine. But they quickly turned into a fighting, warlike organization, a brotherhood of knights doing battle with the infidel $\$$. Together with the $\mathrm{A}_{\mathrm{l}} \mathrm{lemplars}$, the Knights of Malta were dominant figures during the crusades. After the crusaders had los $t$ the Holy Land, the Knights established themselves on the Island of Rhodes, and there at the Gate of Asia, they defended Christendom against the tremendous power

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of the Turks. They had to withstand the whole mighty armament of the great Turkish Sultans. They were besieged in their Island stronghold but beat of $f$ 5 the attack. Then the Turk made his 6 supreme effort. The attack was of savage 7 intensity. The cause of the Knights 8 was hopeless. They couldn't possibly hold out forever but they made such a desperate defense that the Grand Turk himself was impressed. Honor able terms were made. The knights left Rhodes and were given the Island of Malta instead as their stronghold. And from then on they held Malta.

The Turks attacked them again and again but the heroic brotherhood held out.

Well times changed and the world became ant her kind of world. The military order of the Crusades became an anachronism among the modern nations. And all that is left to day is a continued tradition that has lasted through the centuries. A still

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surviving brotherhood keeping fresh before $u s$ a gorgeous page out of the history of the Medieaval Ages.

But wait a minute, I'am dreaming, away--and brave been suddenly awakened-dragged out of those visions of the past into the workaday world of 1931. Announcer Neil Enslin is pulling me by the sleeve, and telling me to snap out of it. He's telling me it's time to leave the romantic world of the Middle Ages, time take off my chain armour and pack my bathing suit and start for the Jersey Coast and say SOLING UNTIL MONDAY.

