Lowell Thomas' Broadcast for the Literary Digest. Monday, January 5, 1931.

## AIRPLANES

Just about now the full moon ought to be rising way over on the west coast of Africa, and as that moon gleams down on the tropical sea twelve giant airplanes will be taking off from the shore and winging their way out over the Atlantic. They will be doing that poetic thing if the weather propitious. The United Press informs us that the big Italian air flotilla which has been waiting in Portuguese Guinea will start tonight for South America. Four squadrons of three machines each Will take off, one after another in the light of the full moon. Let's hope they have better luck than Captain McLaren and Mrs. Beryl Hart who started for Paris last Saturday and wound up in liorfolk, Virginia. It looked for a while as though the "Trade Wind" had been forced down at sea, but luckily they managed to put in at Norfolk.
According to the International News Service they expect
to take off again at six o lock tomorrow morning.
Next comes word of a mutiny on an American ship in

Russia. The ship is the Hopatcong. She was lying in the harbor of odessa. The crew went ashore. Pretty soon they came storing back shouting that they had been converted to Communism. They raised general cain and even stabbed the captain. Then, ac cording to the Associated Press they went ashore again, and stayed there. The captain was in the hospital for ten days. Finally he and his officers navigated the ship ac ross the Black Sea to Constantinople. There they took a Turkish crew aboard and now are on their way back to the United States.

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News flashes from across the Pacific are beginning to
reveal that all this trouble in Burma has really been serious.
The revolt against the British seems to have been suppressed finally,
but for a while the rebels put up a surprisingly stiff fight.
You'd think that British troops in Upper Burma would
have nothing more to encounter than villagers and tribesmen armed
with primitive weapons, and that's what they usually have. But
apparently they ran into rebel tribes with modern fortifications,
sniping posts, modern weapons, and organized by a mysterious
blond leader who wanted to make himself king. They called him
the man who would be king. He had a strange fortress-like palace
in the depths of the jungle.
Meanwhile in addition to this rebellion they have been
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having more riots in Rangoon and the struggle raged fiercely
all day yesterday and today. It started as a race riot between
the Burmese and the Chinese. They went at each other with stones,
whips and iron bars. The police of the city ot Pagodas finally
had to fire on the mobs.
I call it the city of Pagodas because there are hundreds

BURMA - 2
of pagodas in Rangoon - running all the way from tiny ones to the world famous Shwe Dagon, covered with gold clear up to the tip of its spire.

The Burmese claim that the Chinese are pushing them out of Rangoon. And they are right. Chinese emigrants come there penniless and in no time they are prosperous. For example, just outside Rangoon is one of the most extraordinary palaces in the world. It was built by a Chinese coolie, a coolie who came to Rangoon not so long $a<0$ and who during the war quickly became a multi-millionaire.

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\text { I went to } c \text { all on him. It was midday and blistering }
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hot. As we drove through the great gateway to the fairy-like palace - not a soul was stirring. So we wandered around, and we even took a look at the kitchens, and there we saw the great millionaire and his wife - sleeping. He on top of the kitchen table and she on the floor under the table. The coolie had been used to sleeping on hard boards all his life. In dozens of rooms were the luxurious beds from Paris, but he and his wife preferred the table and the floor.

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    And now comes the British Admiralty. "NO, IT WAS NOT A
MUTINY," say the Sea Lords. But they have had some trouble in the
British Navy nevertheless.
    Forty-two members of the crew of H.M.S.Lucia, a mother
ship for submarines, are under arrest. Maybe it wasn't mutiny,
but those sailors did a bit of protesting in a way that wss not
according to the rules. The whole affair is being kept secret,
but the United Press informs us that the sailors of the Lucia
made a demonstration protesting because their New Year's
leave of absence was postponed and bscause they were ordered to
prepare for an immediate voyage.
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an example of how many different kinds of opinions people can have about the same thing. The subject happens to be one in which of us are interested--namely, whee en we le ave old Mother Earth, where do we go from here?

Professor Helder, a teacher of philosophy, wrote to a number of important people and asked them what they thought about immortality of the soul. He wrote to both believers and non-believers.

Lorado Taft, the famous sculptor, declare that he was an agnostic--that he just didn't know. Said he:- "HOW CAN I BELIEVE IN THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL WHEN I HAVE NO INFORMATION ON THE SUBJECT?"

The cynical Mr. Mencken, our caustic critic, who, as we all know, is not orthodox about anything--well, Mr. Mencken says that he can't find any evidence of immortality, and that he doesn't desire immortality anyhow. Dr. Raymond Fosdick, pastor of

## IMMORIALIIY - 2.

New York's magnificent new Riverside Drive Baptist Church, thinks that it cannot be that man's struggles and aspirations are obliterated by death. That would be

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irrational says he.
    Dr. Abraham Cronback of the Hebrew Union College,
declares that without immortality there is a paralysis of all
thoucht and imagin ation.
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    The Rev. Father Woodlock of the Jesuit Church of London,
    holds that the heart's hunger for survival is a natural appetite
and will be gratified by immortality, just as the hunger for food
is gratified by food. He doesn't think that immortality can be
convincingly established by reason, but he declares that christian
revelation guarantees it.
These are only a few of the ideas and opinions given
on one side or the other. You'll find them in an article in the
current issue of the Literary Digest. The Digest sums up the
conflicting ar euments in a way that gives us a fairly compere-
hen side survey of man's views on the hereafter. It's an article
to make us sit back and think a bit. I wonder what your views
are?

## WASHINGTON

Here's good news for farmers. The How se of

Representatives passed a bill today authorizing the president to distribute forty-five million dollars to the farmers for drought relief. This is to help them buy seed for the next crop. The bill then went to the senate ans was promptly
passed there, with the senate adding a provision for fifteen
million to be given to needy farmers to buy food.
According to the Associated Press, this addition was
made on the motion of Senator Carroway of Arkansas. Senator
Carroway declared there was distress among the farmers in his
state who need food.
The Senate also passed a motion asking President
Hoover to give the Senators full information concerning the
situation in Nicaragua.

This next dispatch concerns misunderstood signals.

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That seems to be the explanation of the big accicent in New
York harbor in which the army dredge Raritan had a collision
with the New York Savannah liner "City of Montgomery." The
government dredge sank like a rock, but the crew managed to get
to the lifeboats - that is, all but two men. They found themselves
on the deck with the water rushing upon them. According to both
the International News Service and the United Press they climbed
up the rigging as fast as they could and the water kept rising
beneath them. Finally they were away high up on the mast, and
they sat there for a while. The water was shallow and the mast
stuck up above the surface. Finally they were rescued and both
declared they had no ambition to become flag pole sitters after
this thrilling experience.
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Here's an unemployment item that tells about a man who a job--and none of us are going to en wy him. Although in a way it's a good job. He gets $\$ 50.00$ a month and room and board free, and he doesn't have to do much of anything.

Weld, there are some doctors out at a hospital who wan the to study headaches. They wanted to give a job to a man who had the right kind of headache. 750 applicants came looking for that job. The lucky one, or perhaps the unlucky one, was Theodore Roberts. He has what the doctors enthusiastically calla "the most perfect headache in the world". He has had it for years. It's a wonderful, headache. So he gets the job and, according to the International News Service, all he has to guarantee is to produce a first 区 ak class headache once every two weeks. And Theodore says optimistically that he'll have no

Now we come to the old idea that international sport helps to create friendship between nations－that is， maybe．

They had a football game down in Peru between a Uraguayan team and a Peruvian team，and a few people were killed in the riot．According to the Associated Press the Uraguayans won and the Peruvians didn＇t like it．There was an M昡区民 uproar．A soldier tried to cross the field and a policeman tried to stop him．Other soldiers charged in to help their comrads．The police started to shoot．The fighting spread through the crowd．Stones flew and pistols were fired．Five people were killed and many more hurt．
merely a victim of a burglar. He was coin after medicine for
his sick wife when a robber held him up and took his money. The
robber gallantly said:- "Sorry, old man, but Ill tell you what
you do. Here's my gun. Now, go ahead and get you money back -
from somebody else." Which he did. When he gets into court
the judge probably will say:- "GO TELI THAT TO SWEHLY."

Now that Christmas and New Year have gone and the holiday season is over, let's turn to the subject of Podunk.

There is a Podunk--and surely that ought to be the News Item of the Day. In fact; there are many Podunks. Ore evening, not long ago, I made the rash statement that there was no such town as Podunk. Whereupon I plunged myself into a maelstrom of trouble.
had the information from the united States postal Guide which lists
 an-avalanehoof letters has doseencted upon me telling me how wrong 1 was.
There ape so many Podunk letters pouring in that 1 haven't even had time to pad them all.
L. W. Ripley, of Glastonbury, Massachusetts, writes:--
"What? no Podunk? Tut, tut. One might as well say No Heaven or No New Eng and."

Mr. Ripley goes on to say that there most certainly is a Podunk up in

Connecticut, and he concludes his letter with these scathing words:--"The colonial records of Connecticut contain many references to Podunk and its claim to renown are fixed for all time. No Podunk? Well, well, well."

Henry $\mathbb{F}$. Fletcher, of Hazardville, Connecticut, tells me that Podunk is about five miles nor theast of Hartford, and is a part of the town of South Windsor. Mrs. Frank H. Lee, of Revere, Massachusetts, mentions the Podunk River, which flows into the Connecticut River. Yes, but that's not even half the story. It appears there's a Podunk in New York too. Mrs. Jack Lynch, of Ithaca, sends me a clipping from the Ithaca Journal-News, and about a hundred others have sent me that same clipping. Well, the Journal -News certainly takes me for a ride. It assures me that Podunk is a mile west of the village of Trumansburg, up in the Finger Lake country. This New York Podunk has a population of eight farmers. It even

## PODUNK - 4

have cracked jokes and laughed at that Massachusetts Podunk.

But Pennsylvania jumps into the controversy too. J. B. Prouse, of Philadelphia, says they have a Podunk dow in his neck of the woods.

And even the Middle West has its Podunk. Russell Berndt tells me that the great and soverign State of Minnesota has a Podunk just east of the town of Blue Earth, where he lives. It has three houses.

What? No Podunk? No wonder folks are writing in saying, "Tut, tut."

I'm going to end this evening's broadcast with a special salute to all the Podunks and to eight inhabitants of each separate one. I was wrong. There is a Podunk. There are several Podunks. In fact, I hope there are a million Podunk. Long I live Podunk!
And, -- SO LONG UN M IL TOMORROW NICHT.

