## 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 Norfolk, 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'clock 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 storming back shouting that they had been converted to Communism. They raised general cain and even stabbed the captain. Then, according 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 across the Black Sea to Constantinople. There they took a Turkish crew aboard and now are on their way back to the United States.

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 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 of Pagodas finally had to fire on the mobs.

I call it the City of Pagodas because there are hundreds

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 ago and who during the war quickly became a multi-millionaire.

I went to call on him. It was midday and blistering 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.

## SUBMARINE

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 was 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 of their New Year's leave of absence was postponed and because they were ordered to prepare for an immediate voyage.

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and now we come to

different kinds of opinions people can have about the same thing. The subject happens to be one in which meet all of us are interested—namely, when we leave 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, declared 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

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 thought and imagination.

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 arguments in a way that gives us a fairly comprehensive 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?

Here's good news for farmers. The House 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 Warmers 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. That seems to be the explanation of the big accident 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 had set a job--and none of us are going to envy 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.

Well, there are some doctors out at in an Illinois hospital who want 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 call "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 wak class headache once every two weeks. for three months. And Theodore says optimistically that he'll have no trouble doing that.

FOOTBALL



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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 whomeous 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.

Now comes one of those yarns that remind us of the old line about TELL IT TO SWEENEY. A burglar in Brooklyn was arrested as he was trying to break into a house. The New York Telegram informs us that he said he was no burglar at all, merely a victim of a burglar. He was going after medicine for his sick wife when a robber held him up and took his money. The robber gallantly said:- "Sorry, old man, but I'll tell you what you do. Here's my gun. Now, go ahead and get yout money back - from somebody else." Which he did. When he gets into court the judge probably will say:- "GO TELL THAT TO SWEENY."

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

There <u>is</u> a Podunk--and surely that ought to be the News Item of the Day.

In fact, there are many Podunks.

One 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.

I had the information from the United States Postal Guide which lists no such phase name as Podunk. However, an avalanche of letters has descended upon me telling me how wrong I was. There are so many Podunk letters pouring in that I haven't even had time to read them all.

L. W. Ripley, of Glastonbury, Massachusetts, writes:--

"What? no Podunk? Tut, tut. One might as well say No Heaven or No New England."

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

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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 F. Fletcher, of Hazardville. Connecticut, tells me that Podunk is about five miles northeast of Hartford. and is a part of the town of South Windsor. Mrs. Frank H. Lee, of Revere. Massachusetts, mentions the Pddunk 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 W. Lynch, of 17 Ithaca, sends me a clipping from the Ithaca Journal-News, and about a bundred 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

has a school house, although nobody goes to school there any more. The children of the eight Podunk farmers all go to school in Trumansburg nowadays.

Oris 4. Ryant, of New Field, N. Y., sends me a clipping from the Syracuse Post-Standard. The Post-Standard also gives me a beautiful razzing for saying that there's no Podunk.

Mrs. Anderson Bowers, of Garden City, Long Island, comes forth with the news that there's image a Lake Podunk too.

And Earl Shepherd, of Richville, N. Y., makes an excellent suggestion. He says I ought to apologize to the people of Podunk for telling them that they don't exist.

letters from Connecticut and New York, now the folks in Massachusetts are up on their hind legs howling lustily. Dr. Berry, of East Longmeadow, Mass., says that the real Podunk is just south of Spencer, Massachusetts. He tells me that the Massachusetts Yankees for years

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 down 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 Podunks.

Long live Podunk!

And, -- SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW NIGHT.