

Lowell Thomas Broadcast  
for the  
. Literary Digest  
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INTRO.

Good Evening, Everybody. Yes, Brazil is still in eruption--the stock market took a bump today--another plane is on its way across the Atlantic tonight--a sensational trial has come to an end out in India--and the Gertrude Thebaud, with her sails bellowing in the wind, won the Gloucester Fishing Schooner race. That's the way the headlines shift--just like a kaleidoscope. But let's hop down to Washington first.

If this thing happened in a battle, there would be national mourning--but as it is, only a few of our big navy advocates are in mourning. You see Uncle Sam has decided to drop 49 ships, and with them go 4800 men. This is done to adjust the Navy to the requirements of the London Treaty.

The first units to be clipped will be the destroyer and submarine organizations.

None of our new cruisers is to be junked. In fact, we are building more of these. One old armored cruiser going to the junk heap happens to be

a famous ship. Remember the Spanish-American War, the battle of Santiago, the destruction of Cervera's fleet?-- Well, the cruiser New York, was Admiral Sampson's flagship at the battle of Santiago. They call her the Rochester now, and she's old and obsolete. And she's on her way to the boneyard.

That sounds like peace--well, maybe. But I'll bet Brazil would like to have all the ships we are going to junk. The first stiff encounter between rebels and Federal troops occurred this afternoon. Thirty thousand revolutionists, led by Yargas, the man recently defeated for president, were held up in their advance on Sao Paulo. Both sides suffered losses. According to the International News Service, the revolutionists soon expect to make a joint attack on the two principal cities of Brazil --Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo.

The Brazilian government rushed steamers up the River Plate today. After loading up with cattle and food, they are to be hurried back to Rio, where there is danger of a food shortage if the rebel siege cuts off the back country.

This revolution in Brazil has gotten beyond the comic opera stage. It's taking on the aspects of a bitter civil war -- perhaps the worst in the history of South

America, according to the Associated Press correspondent on the scene. Yesterday, as you know, the rebels captured the third largest city in the country -- Pernambuco-- which, by the way, is nearer Africa than it is to Texas.

### MARY GARDEN

Mary Garden came in from France today. The famous diva has forsaken opera, and is on her way west to go into the talkies. Mary says that she doesn't smoke, she doesn't drink, and she doesn't play the stock market. She says, "I have no vices". Good for Mary. But she's missing a lot of fun.

### STOCK MARKET

Evidently it's lucky she doesn't play the market. W. S. Cousins, financial editor of the International News Service, reports a bad day in the stock market. This is the first time that all important industrial shares have fallen below the level of the panic of last November, says Mr. Cousins. Some individual stocks have fallen below that dead-line at different times, but not the general average of the so-called representative stocks. Now, they too, have gone.

One event that aggravated the drop was the failure of a large Wall Street brokerage house. A house with ten offices in various sections of the country, and a large clientele of margin traders. They were suspended from the Exchange--for insolvency.

LIT. DIGEST

But here's a ray of sunshine--an unexpected one--that I ran into this afternoon at the Literary Digest office. It has to do with employment. And rays of sunshine have been pretty scarce in that field lately, so I'll just pass this one on to you. I know it made me feel good, and maybe it'll give you the same kind of a kick.

Just as I got to the Digest office, they were cheerfully paying off a crowd of extra workers--two thousand, one hundred and twenty-five of them in one department alone.

I found out that these extra workers had been engaged by The Digest in connection with the distribution of the new world Atlas you've been hearing so much about.

It takes thousands of pairs of hands to pre-

pare, and address, and mail the millions of Atlas letters that have been going out to you. This is a first-class news item, especially coming at a time when there is so much gloom in the air about unemployment.

In order to give full information about the new Atlas, the Literary Digest is spending more than a quarter of a million dollars -- and most of it goes out in wages.

Merely to address the envelopes for the letter which you should receive any day, if it hasn't reached you already, has provided employment for more than 2,000 people:

And all this is only a part of the complex prosperity cycle or wave started by the Digest-Atlas job; for it has brought work to paper mill and printing shop employees, office workers, and many others. The more such waves we get started, the pleasanter life will be for us this winter.

#### AMERICAN LEGION

Today is the last day of the American Legion Convention in Boston. Yesterday was not altogether a success for the Legionaires. A chilly New England rain swept in from foggy Newfoundland way, and washed out a monster clam bake and the giant fireworks display. However, the grand ball and midnight frolic was an all 'round suc-

cess--and Detroit won out in the race to get the convention next year. Today the election of the National Commander was held. This signal honor goes to a man from Topeka, Kansas. His name is Ralph Thomas O'Neil. he's a lawyer and a graduate of Harvard--and a veteran of the Argonne battle.

Tonight the boys are streaming back to their homes all over the country. They had a hilarious time, everybody agrees. The Evening World comments on the fact that not one Legionaire, out of the 70,000 present, was arrested by the Boston police. Of course, says the World, someone did throw a bed into the court of the Hotel Statler. A group did appropriate a police patrol wagon and drive it around the block from national headquarters. Somebody did give the razzberry to high public officials who wore plug hats. And some did march down the

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The Cincinnati-Times Star carries a story tonight about one man who wasn't there. He is a Congressional Medal man, one of America's greatest war heroes, and he happens to be a particular friend of mine. His name is Sam Woodfill, and he's in the Edward Hines hospital out in Chicago. I want to tell you something about

the thing that Sam did--the thing that won him the highest American military decoration.

He is tall and stalwart, with a long face, and weather beaten. Physically, he is the very picture of the two characters I have given him: the old time American soldier and the old time American pioneer. He was an old timer in the army, a sergeant. And he is of pioneer stock. His forebears were Indian fighters. Sam too lived a pioneer life. For years he was in the army up in Alaska.

This is his story: An American pioneer in the World War, a sort of Daniel Boone left over in this modern age, a Daniel Boone with a rifle thrown into a modern war of machine guns, giant cannons, airplanes, tanks and poison gas. For Sam is essentially a rifleman. As an Indiana farm boy he was brought up on squirrel shooting, and then for years he tracked big game and became a famous hunter in Alaska.

He had the temporary rank of captain, when he was leading a company in the Argonne. The Germans were fighting savagely. Men were dropping all around. Sam's company had run into a concentration of machine gun fire.

Then Sam did a thing that can be explained by using only one word--pioneer. It was prompted by instinct come down from Indian fighting ancestors, and

instinct cultivated by years of stalking game. He went out alone and attacked a series of machine gun nests, one after another, single-handed, stalking the enemy the way the pioneers used to fight Indians, the way Sam himself had bagged caribou, moose and bear in Alaska.

Crawling along the ground like an Indian, Sam slid into a shell hole. Bullets grazed the dirt in front of him. There were three machine gun nests nearby. One was in a church tower. He couldn't see the gunners, just the little window from which they were firing. He drew a bead on the window, and pulled the trigger. Then he fired again. The typewriter rattle of the machine gun ceased. There was another gun in a stable. A board had been removed. From a hole enemy machine gun bullets rattled out in a staccato stream. Sam silenced that one too--by shooting through the hole.

Enemy fire now was coming from a machine gun straight in front. He couldn't quite locate it. Still flat on his stomach, he worked round a knoll. Forty feet in front was a clump of bushes. Out of it stuck a vibrating muzzle. Sam slid his rifle over a heap of gravel. He couldn't see the gunners. Then he caught a glint of light behind the muzzle. A square helmet. He pulled the trigger. The helmet disappeared. A shadow moved, a second man taking his dead comrade's place.



Sam again pulled again. The second man dropped. Another appeared, and met the same fate. Four times a man took a dead comrade's place to work that gun. Those Germans were game. There was no doubt about that. Every man of the gun crew lay on the ground except one. He tried to escape. Sam picked him off as he ran.

Woodfill knew his men were coming up behind him now. But he pushed on ahead. Suddenly he stumbled over a green-gray figure. Another dead man. Huh. Not quite. It jumped up and drew a Luger. Sam shot first.

Ahead was another machine gun nest. Sam crept upon it, and picked off the gunners just as he had done before. Then he ran over. As he did so he ran into three ammunition carriers. He took their arms and sent them back.

There was still one more position from which Germans were cutting down Americans with rapid fire. Sam silenced it the same as before. Five in all was the number of machine gun nests that this reincarnation of Daniel Boone attacked and put out of commission that day. After the last one he pushed on into the enemy lines and jumped into a trench where he found two Germans.

And now occurred a swift climactic fight. Woodfill shot down the first German. The second was leveling his rifle. Sam's pistol missed fire. He closed with the man, and as he did so, grabbed a trench tool, a short which was lying on the side of the trench. He struck a sav-

vage blow with it. The German fell. And at that moment Sam saw the man he had shot rising to a position. In his death agony the German soldier was bringing up his luger to kill his killer. Woodfill leaped upon him, and cracked him down with the trench tool.

No wonder Sam got the Congressional Medal. No wonder Pershing called him "America's greatest soldier." Then at the end of the war he was mustered out. His captain's commission was temporary--one of those jawbone commissions. The army was his only life. He re-enlisted as a private, and became a sergeant once again. After he had been a Captain, that was a come-down. Of course, the army couldn't keep all those wartime officers, but one suspects they might have made an exception in the case of "America's Greatest Soldier". But Woodfill did not complain. He was too much of a soldier. He always accepted things.

Several years ago, having served his full stretch of over thirty years, which entitled him to his pension, he was retired. Although he had been a captain they retired him only as a sergeant. He and his wife bought a little farm in Indiana, just

over the line, not far from Cincinnati.

I like to think of Woodfill as a Daniel Boone come down as an atavism into a modern world. He makes a curious study, this man who killed so many men that day, and is so mild, so lacking in swagger and pugnacity.

### ATLANTIC CROSSING

Well, I certainly feel like saying "Hail Columbia" to this one. The International News Service just brings me word that the steamer Quaker City has sighted the airplane Columbia out over the Atlantic headed east.

Another transatlantic hop for the Columbia. This is the same place that Chamberlain piloted from here to Germany three years ago.

This time it is being flown by Captain J. Errol Boyd and Lieutenant Harry Conner, who took off from Newfoundland today for a non-stop flight to England. Boyd is a Canadian, Connor an American. Here's a Goodspeed to you, Columbia, out there over the ocean.

### AVIATION FLASH

Another aviation dispatch has just come in. The private amphibian plane in which Marshall Field III of Chicago was honeymooning in Africa with his bride, crashed today on the frontier of Uganda in East Africa. Neither Field nor his wife was injured.

### MURDER IN INDIA

From a New York Times correspondent out in Northern India comes a story of a sensational murder trial. It ended today, with the release of eight native prisoners, a sentence of life imprisonment on the wild Andaman Islands in the Bay of Bengal for seven, and death for three. The trial was for the murder of an English police officer and one of his native assistants. It seems to have been a tumultuous one. First the prisoners went on a hunger strike, and later, when they were brought into court, they smashed up the dock. The men who are to die are Raj Guru, Sukh Dey, and Bhagat Singh. In addition to being found guilty of murder, they were convicted of what the court termed "waging war against the King-Emperor."

FREAK FLASHES

Down in Georgia, a railroader tried to cure cricks in his neck by what he thought would be a simple neck stretching operation. The Associated Press says his rope proved too short, and he nearly hanged himself.

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The International News reports that a couple just married in Amsterdam, Holland, were flabbergasted to find on their wedding certificate this stamp "Certified for Human Consumption". In other words, "Fit to Eat". It appears the mayor who married the pair was also public meat inspector. He used the wrong stamp.

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NEWS ITEM OF THE DAY

Up at Gloucester, Massachusetts, there was a boat race today -- not million-dollar racing yachts, but just every-day fishing schooners. And that race is the news item of the day. I asked McClelland Barclay, the artist, to pick out the most interesting story in today's papers. Mack draws those pretty girls' heads on magazine covers, and makes a mint of money that way --

but his heart is in boats. He is an old Gloucester man himself. So he picked the race. The contestants were the Canadian champion, Bluenose, and the American, Gertrude Thebaud. The first boat to take two heats was to win. The first leg was run today. And if you were to meet an old salt up around Gloucester way who sailed on the Gertrude Thebaud, you'd hear some such story as this:

BOAT RACE

"Why, mate, the Gertie sailed plumb away from that there Bluenose, from Nova Scosh 'course, I know the Bluenose is champ. But she ain't going to be -- come sundown tomorrow. Not her.

"That thar Gertie' s as neat a schooner as ever hauled a trip of mackerel off the banks, matey. She just left that Canadian wind wagon behind from the start. She had a big sea and a storm to help, says you?

"Ho, ho, storm, your aunty, mate. The sea was just lumpy, and the wind--well, if you think that thar was a blow, you ain't seen nothin'.

"Say! The Gertie left that Blue Nose a good knot astarn. They went out with every rag drawin', mate; and you wait 'til tomorrow. We'll get a second leg on this cup, sure. Takes two straight to win, mate, sure's

Davy Jones'll get my bones.

"What--afraid? 'Course all the other American boats that won so far in them races come to a bad end. Don't I know the Esperanto--her that won some years back--broke herself to bits on Sable Island right after? And the pretty Puritan, yep, she win and gets the same fate? Sure, I know. But d'ye think, mate, that'll stop us from takin' the prize? Dash my lights, matey, it's plain you ain't no sea farin' man, not you. Here's to the Gertie, mate. And Skipper, Ben Pine, that brung her through."

Which reminds me that it's time for me to furl my sails and throw the anchor over until tomorrow at this time - so Good Night.