

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:-

Tonight the most tense of drama is being enacted off the New Hampshire coast -- the harrowing drama of a sunken submarine, ^{Men} ~~men~~-trapped in an ~~xx~~ iron shell on the floor of the ocean, while on the surface there's an immense activity of suspense and rescue. All afternoon the utmost rescue power of the United States Navy was converging to a point ten miles south-east of the Isle of Shoals off Portsmouth. -- (There two hundred and forty feet below the surface of the sea lies the United States submarine SQUALUS, which sank today -- sixty-one men aboard.

Rescue ships are there, ^{others} and are on their way, airplanes too -- with all modern equipment for submarine life saving, and ~~xx~~ experts to work that equipment.) Pontoons for hoisting, divers and all their paraphernalia, complicated machinery, submarine rescue chambers -- everything that science has created for such a task.

There is one fortunate coincidence. The Navy doesn't have to sent its newest diving equipment from Washington to

Portsmouth. Last week it was decided to do diving experimental work at that harbor, and the equipment was sent there -- for experiment. Now it's being used in dead earnest.

The experts are optimistic. (They think tonight they will save the crew of the SQUALUS,) and bring to a happy conclusion this latest story of submarine mishap and peril.

SUBMARINE

Last September at the Portsmouth Navy Yard, there was a launching celebration. The craft was a three hundred foot ^{under sea boat} ~~submarine~~ of the latest type, built under the Naval Expansion Program. The new sub was christened - the SQUALUS, which ~~is~~ a zoological name for "shark". ~~The SQUALUS went sliding down to sea.~~

Today, off Portsmouth, the SQUALUS was on a routine cruise. She had aboard ^{her} a crew of sixty-two, ~~men~~, Commanded by Lieutenant Oliver Naquin of Louisiana. The SQUALUS plunged ~~through the surface~~ ~~of the ocean~~ in a routine dive, and then - failed to rise to the surface.

A sister submarine, the SCULPIN, spied a buoy on the sea - a buoy such as submarines release if they sink. The SCULPIN picked up the marker, on which ^{were} ~~was marked~~ the telltale words - "The submarine SQUALUS is sunk here." From the buoy a cable led to the sunken undersea boat, a cable for telephone communication - ~~that is~~ standard equipment for modern ^{vessels that dive.} ~~undersea boats.~~ So the submarine on the surface had ~~is~~ telephone communication with the submarine on the bottom, and there was a tense dramatic conversation. Lieutenant Naquin, the commander of the SQUALUS, reported the sunken boat was lying

~~at the bottom~~ at a depth of two hundred and forty feet. He said the accident had been caused by the jamming of a valve. The valve had failed to close, and water poured in and flooded several compartments. The water-tight mechanisms of other compartments had worked, however, and these were dry. Lieutenant Naquin stated that all of the sixty-two men aboard were safe and sound - and they had air enough to last ~~them~~ for forty-eight hours.

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Such was the conversation that transpired with all the drama that surrounds a sunken submarine. It was only a brief conversation. Because of the strength of currents and the drifting, the cable that connected the phone to the foundered sub was strained to the breaking point - ~~it~~^{and} broke. ~~And~~ In the middle of ~~the~~^{that} telephone talk there was sudden silence - communication cut off.

Tonight the Navy Department announces the rescue measures that are being put into operation. First, there will be an attempt to raise the submarine. That may be done by restoring its buoyancy. Lieutenant Naquin himself in his telephone conversation suggested that the jammed valve might be repaired by the descending divers. They might be able to close it. Then the water could be pumped

out of the SQUALUS and it would rise to the surface of its own buoyancy. Or, the submarine may be lifted by main force, hauled to the surface.

If attempts like these should fail, the rescue chamber ^{will} ~~may~~ be used. This recently invented device is a sort of miniature submarine. With men inside to operate it, the rescue chamber is lowered by a cable on to a sunken ^{boat.} ~~submarine~~. The lower part of the chamber then is fastened to a hatch of the submarine. When all is made fast, the hatch is opened and the men inside the sub climb up into the rescue chamber and are thereupon drawn to the surface.

If the rescue chamber should fail, there's one last resort - Momsen lungs, as they are called. These lungs are a contraption devised to enable men to rise from the depth to the surface of the water. Wearing Momsen lungs, men may get out of a foundered submarine and be carried on up to the surface and safety. The lungs are standard equipment, and the SQUALUS has ~~many~~ enough of them for each member of the crew. The navy officials say, however, that they'll be used only as a last emergency, because they're dangerous at best, and they won't work below two hundred ~~and forty~~ ~~or two hundred~~ and fifty feet. The SQUALUS lies at a depth of

two hundred and forty feet. Right at the limit.

Such are the tensely dramatic facts as the United States Navy musters all of its rescue power to save the men from the sunken coffin at the bottom of the sea.

The weather is a good -- which is a mercy. Darkness is falling on the scene. But here's the latest. Admiral Cole reports that the rescue will go on all night -- in the glare of searchlights.

GAMBLING

An international problem of state is buzzing in Los Angeles. Today the sheriff of the southern California metropolis made a formal request of the State Department in Washington. He asked Secretary Hull to cancel the diplomatic immunity of a foreign consulate. He wants the sacred protection of diplomatic privilege taken from the Los Angeles consulate of the Dominican Republic. Why? The sheriff wants to raid the place as a gambling house.

The sheriff reports that the Dominican consulate has become one of the most ~~flourishing~~ flourishing gambling houses in Los Angeles. He charges that within its diplomatic precincts big games are being run, with money stacked high on the table. He says that guests by the scores go to the consulate to gamble - they are admitted by written invitation, and the sheriff infers that these guests are nothing more than customers.

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The law has been eager to get at the consulate gambling house, and have a good old-fashioned raid. But - diplomatic immunity! A short while ago, the sheriff sent an inquiry to Secretary Hull - "What would happen if he ordered his men to bust into the Dominican consulate, and raided it as a gambling joint?"

The sheriff responded that if the sheriff did that he might get three years in jail, three years in his own prison, and be liable to a big suit for damages. That made the sheriff think twice.

So now his second thought is to ask the State Department to raise that diplomatic immunity.

PALESTINE

The British plan in Palestine was okayed by the House of Commons today. There was sharp criticism by the Labor Party ~~which~~ ^{ing} condemned the official white paper, which decrees that there shall be an independent Holy Land with an Arab majority of two to one, and which severely restricts ^{ing} Jewish immigration for five years, ^{after that stopping} and then proposes to stop it altogether. There has been bitter Jewish protests the world over. ^P Today the Commons voted ⁱⁿ ~~it~~ supported ^{of the} ~~that~~ white paper, two hundred and ~~xx~~ sixty-eight to one hundred and seventy-nine.

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ROYAL VISIT

(In Canada the royal visit continued on its triumphant way today, with King George and Queen Elizabeth speeding out into the spacious lands of the Canadian midwest - where Indians gazed with astonished eyes at the ceremonies for the sovereigns of empire.)

From Washington we have news about the United States aspect of the royal tour. That most heartburning aspect - the list of those ~~who will be~~ invited to the garden party for the King and Queen at the British Embassy. Today Lady Lindsay revealed ~~the~~ a number of names on the list. Prominent among them we observe - capital and labor. J.P.Morgan, John D.Rockefeller, Jr., Henry Ford. Also A.F. of L. President William Green and C.I.O. John L.Lewis. Former President Hoover was invited, but he won't be able to attend. And Lady Lindsay said she believed that former presidential Candidate Alfred M. Landon was on the list. In every case, wives are invited along with husbands - but no sons and daughters. This the wife of the British Ambassador emphasized once more - alas, no daughters.

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Lady Lindsay was asked - did the list include any of the American relatives of the Duchess of Windsor? Would the royal party

be graced by any kinfolks of that Wally of Baltimore, for the love of whom Edward the Eighth gave up his throne? The British Ambassador's wife replied she didn't know. She said she didn't even know who the American relatives of the Duchess of Windsor are. ^{So the} ~~The same~~ answer to the question is ^{undoubtedly} no - the two-letter word that does not begin with a "K".

QUEEN MARY

Their Majesties, George and Elizabeth, got a cablegram from London today, a cablegram which must have started out something like this:- "Queen Mother ~~was~~ not severely injured, after automobile accident." And the message might have used the words - "miraculous escape." That's ~~it~~ what the news dispatches from London are saying - that Queen Mary's escape without injury was something like a miracle.

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The Queen Mother with two of her suite, was driving along the highway near London. Her big car, marked with the royal arms, was speeding ~~along~~ toward Wimbledon - where the international *tournaments take place.* tennis ~~matches are played.~~ A heavy truck was coming in the opposite direction - when something happened. The truck hit the royal limousine, crashed into the radiator on one side. The impact knocked the Queen Mother's car off the road and down an embankment. It rolled down a steep slope, and landed on its side. The occupants might well have been killed, but when bystanders rushed to the scene, they saw the seventy-two year old Queen Mary herself opening the door of the overturned car and climbing out. Then she tried to climb the ~~embankment~~ embankment to the road, but it was too steep. Nearby, some house painters had ladders, and one of

these was placed up the slope. The Queen Mother climbed the ladder to the road. She was shown to a house of a nearby physician. He found the Queen Mother shaken and bruised as were the others who had been in the car with her. Queen Mary, however, was able to sit down and have tea with the doctor's wife.

CONVICT

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Last night's tornado in Arkansas turned into violence and shooting today - two men killed. The twister raged along a path of devastation, and did a million dollars' worth of damage. It hit the Cummins Prison Farm, where convicts were confined in barracks. There was a scene of mad terror, as the tornado wrecked the barracks. Convicts were injured, convicts were out on the loose, and ten of them made a getaway.

During the night there was a manhunt through the neighboring swamps, a search by officers, posse men and trusties of the prison. Today, two of the trusties, armed with pistols for the manhunt, were searching deep in the swampland. Suddenly, from behind a clump of trees, one of the escapers leaped on one of the trusties. And at the same time another fugitive grappled with the other trusty. The two escaping convicts ~~escaped completely~~ were negro desperadoes sentenced to long terms. There was a ~~desperate~~ ^{fierce} struggle ~~in the~~ ^{there in the gloomy} swamp, until one of the trusties managed to break loose and whip out his gun. He opened fire, and killed both of the escaping fugitives.

SPEEDSTERS

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At Los Angeles the police today started a strenuous campaign against a fantastic lot of speed maniacs , a drive against two outfits that might well be called - secret societies of speed. They have been staging breakneck races on the public highways at night, - organized races, carefully planned and cunningly arranged.

There are two groups of madcap young auto drivers - one called the Eighty-Five Mile Club; the other, the Hundred Mile Club. In order to join these outfits, a young fellow must show he can drive at eighty-five miles an hour for one club, and at a hundred miles an hour for the other. Secret speed tests are held - and these alone smash the traffic rules right and left.

But that's only the beginning. There's a hot rivalry between those two secret societies of speed, and they stage auto races at night - right out on the public highway. How do they do it, ^{and} in a traffic with plenty of motorcycle cops around? On a given night they'll flock to a certain section, and the members of the two clubs will collect red lanterns and detour signs from public road projects. With these they'll block off

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traffic along a stretch of boulevard. They'll cut off a straightaway for several miles. This is their racetrack, and along it the young racers go roaring - with supercharged motors, all souped up ^{for} with crazy bursts of speed. And any traffic cop butting in can't catch them - they're going too fast. ~~They run a race, and then they're gone, until the next time.~~ ^{The} next time they do the same thing all over again ^{on the outskirts} in some other section of Los Angeles. Thus far only two have been killed - when their cars collided.

Now the police are going after them hot and heavy, with a flock of warrants issued against the members of the Eighty-Five Mile Club and the Hundred Mile Club - those secret societies of speed.

POEM

When somebody walks up to a hard boiled city editor and hands him a poem, you don't expect ~~him~~ him to read the verses with any intense interest or profound feeling. Usually, he won't even publish the poem. Crusty city editors have a sour grudge against poetry. But it was ~~far~~ different in San Francisco today.

A young woman went to the city editor ^{of the SAN FRANCISCO NEWS,} and said: "My name is Babe Scott and I have a poem here which you may want to publish."

Then she explained: "It's a poem about aviation. I didn't write it myself - my brother wrote it. He's in the Army Aviation Corps, and

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he flies - his name is Witham Scott." The city editor ^{thereupon} ~~proceeded~~ to read the few lines of poetry with the deepest attention - with emotion. He was stirred by the verses, by the feeling they expressed.

Here is what he read:

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"When the last, long flight is over and the happy landing's past,
And my altimeter tells me the crackup's come at last --
I'll point her nose to the ceiling and I'll give my crate
the gun.
I'll open her up and let her zoom to the airport of the sun.
Then I'll meet my fellow pilots, now no longer flying low,
As I stow my crate in the hangar, on the field where fliers go."

When ^{the City Editor} ~~he~~ finished reading, the girl said brightly: "I

think it's a good poem, don't you?"

"I'll publish it," ^{growled} vowed the city editor. - ^{For he was} so, strangely
stirred by the flyer's rendezvous with death "of which Witham Scott
of the Army Air Corps had written.

The city editor said no more, and the girl went her way -
happy in having her brother's poem printed. The hard boiled
newspaper man could not bring himself to tell her what he had just
seen on the press wire - that her brother, ~~Private~~ Witham Scott,
of the Army Air Corps, ~~had been~~ killed just an hour before, when
an army plane crashed on Mt. Hamilton.

Tie that for tragedy, you poets!

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