The Germans are striking more and more at British sea lines of communication. Today Berlin claims a spectacular success - the destruction of a British convoy on the high seas. According to the German version, this was the doing of the pocket battleship—SEA-RAIDER which has been previously reported on the loose.

The SEA RAIDER, of the type of the ill-fated pocket battleship GRAF SPEE, is said to have spotted a big convoy, and shelled it to destruction - sinking the ships. A heavy loss of tonnage for the British, claims Berlin. London, on its part, gives no confirmation of the pocket battleship attack on the convoy.

And the Germans tell of air attacks on a convoy today, bombing planes catching a fleet of merchant vessels, blasting them, sinking some and damaging others. This may be the same thing as an attack which London tells about, though the British version is very different. The London Air Ministry states that a Nazi squadron attacked the British convoy, and that a number of the air raiders were shot down - no mention of ships that may have been sunk.

The bombing of London goes on, the air raiders striking

still again tonight. We have another revelation of famous buildings hit, and this time the most celebrated structure of all is mentioned -- the Tower of London. Nazi bombs hit the Tower, and blasted it severely. The British account tells of one vast chunk of masonry ripped loose and falling into the courtyard of the Tower. So the blasting of bombs recalls famous and historic memories. Grim and tragic memories, the Tower of London where so many great and notable prisoners were held -- most often for execution, the headsman's axe. Two Queens of England, Queens of Henry the Eighth, Lady Jane Grey, the Earl of Essex, Sir Walter Raleigh, and others whose names are on the pages of history. And then that most pitiful of all stories, the Two Little Princes in the Tower.

Another landmark that was hit - the Church of St. Clement
Danes, one of the numerous architectural works of Sir Christopher
Wren, but built on the site of a far older Church. The name, St.
Clement Danes, indicates that the history of the site goes back
to those dim days when the Danes, the Norsemen, invaded England,
the days of Alfred the Great.

British retaliation is severe. We have a report today

of one of the heaviest air raids the R.A.F. has carried out.

They hit again at Krupp, Germany's greatest armament plant.

The London account tells how the Krupp plant was blasted by hundreds of bombs, and describes the vast area of buildings in these words - "one huge sheet of fire."

About the war in Greece - once again there's not much to say. The weather has turned bad again military operations. The Italians have made advances, moving on. Their obvious strategy is to fight their way through the ranges of mountains of northwestern Greece. The most difficult kind of mountains, and fight their way to the plains of Thessaly. There be much easier - in Thessaly, famous of old for its horses, as the Hellenic classics tell us. The Greeks on their side, admit withdrawals - these followed by counter-attacks and successful defense. They say that British planes have joined them, the try Greek air force to bomb the rear of the Italian lines.

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A year ago there was sensational news about the annual meeting held by the Nazi Party leaders in Munich. At that celebration a bomb burst shortly after Hitler had left. It killed a number of people, but missed the Nazi Fuehrer.

Munich. The Nazis in their shrine held the customary celebration of the Beer Hall Putsch, so important in the career of Hitler.

WHATEX I'll bet they took plenty of precautions to be sure that nobody planted any dynamite this time. Hitler made his usual speech. It had been scheduled to be broadcast, but wasn't.

Berlein gives a mere summary, and that's perhaps enough -- if not too much. It quotes Hitler as shouting: "The Nazis have won the victory over Judaism and are going to win the victory over Great Britain."

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President Roosevelt revealed today that in the armament program it's to be -- fifty-fifty. The United States will get half of the war materials we are manufacturing, and Great Britain will get half. The President called this proportion a sort of rule of thumb, sort of working principle - nothing rigid, but subject to change. Hitherto, the proportion has been fiftyxfxfxxx fifty-five per cent for the United States and forty-five per cent for the British. But now it's to be half and half - with all the armament being turned out. This applies particularly to the crucial matter of war planes - flying fortresses, for example. There has been much discussion about the possibility of Great Britain getting some of those giant bombers which the Army has now, although it has been said that Britain does not particularly want them - they're not quite up-to-date. They lack a rear 2un machine turret.

The President today mentioned flying fortresses - and spoke of them as coming off the assembly line. That would seem to mean that the fifty-fifty does not apply to the sky monsters that we now have, but to those that will be produced - a more advanced type.

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Immediately after the presidential announcement, the Priorities Board of the Defense Commission stated that the British Government had been granted permission to negotiate for the purchase of twelve thousand war planes in this country. This fits in with what the President had to say in one of his campaign speeches - that Britain be permitted to get twelve thousand more planes over here. They've already ordered fourteen thousand, so now the total figure is twenty-six thousand - that

We are told today that the conscription organization is not going to be used as a bureau for finding missing persons. Since all men between twenty-one and thirty-five are required to have registered, quite a number of people have been thinking that they could use the registration as a way of locating men who have disappeared. So Set the Selective Service Headquarters have received stacks of letters from mothers who want to find sons they can't locate, wives who are in search of their husbands, and creditors who are after fellows who left without paying their debts. This flock of inquiries brings a declaration today from Draft Director Dykstra. "It is not the disposition of the selective service system," says he, "or the purpose of the Act to provide means to reveal the location of registrants to persons from whom they wish to keep aloof for personal reasons."

So you won't be able to locate men by getting them looked up on the registration list.

In Washington, the question is stirring again - shall Congress admourn? The same question as last summer, when the Administration wanted Congress to go home - but the lawmakers insisted on staying on the job during the crisis. Now again Democratic leaders are saying - let's go home. They think that the present Congress should wind up its work and quite by next Friday. Meaning - this Congress would pass out of existence, the newly elected legislative body to take over on January Third.

Republican leadership, however, popposed to adjournment. Congress should stay in session until at least Christmas, they say. Today the Republican leader in the lower House, Congressman Joe Martin of Massachusetts, spoke his mind thusly: "The President's emergency still exists and as long as it does I believe we should stay here."

It looks as if there might be a bit of battle on the subject - the first congressional scrap after the election.

Already we get premonitions of Nineteen Forty-Four the next election year. Will Willkie run again? He seems to be all set to remain the leader of the Republican Party in the most vigorous way. Today's story concerns the prospects of another Willkie candidacy - indirectly. It's about New York District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey - that same Dewey who made such a tremendous run for the governorship and then was out in front for the presidential nomination, only to be headed off by Wendell Willkie. The New York World Telegram today states that it has information from associates of Dewey that he will not run for New York District Attorney again. He is quoted as saying that he feels he has finished the job of breaking the alliance between racketeers and politicians - that was his special task. So he intends to run for governor in NineteenForty-Two. And if he wins, he'll try to get the nomination for the presidency in Nineteen Forty-Four.

Such is the story the NEW YORK WORLD TELEGRAM has today.

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Today's disastrous plane crash at Rio took the lives of the Cuban Minister to Brazil, the nephew of the Brazilian Cardinal. They were among the twenty-two passengers aboard the big airliner, which was destroyed in a collision with another plane. It was a most spectacular tragedy - in the sky above the great and ornate Of a South American line, City of Rio. The big airliner was roaring along, and nearby was another plane; the a private craft with two men in it. Somehow, nobody knows just how those things happen - the two ships of the sky ran smash into each other. They instantly collapsed and fell. The airliner plunged into the harbor. The smaller plane crashed into a street nexxbyxxx near the water. All lives were lost in one of the worst air disasters that South America has had.

And now -- let's breathe easy and heave a sigh of relief.

A terrible alarm has turned out to be false. It seemed to be one
of the most frightful perils that ever confronted this woe-begone
world. Not some kind of death-dealing war plane. It was worse
than that. Think of it - a flying pole cat!

This was the horrifying rumor that spread in Boston -the word that pole cats had grown wings. It was whispered that they
would fly around in flocks. Imagine great squadrons of winged
wood-pussies air raiding a modern metropolis -- attacking our
homes, our American homes; our air conditioned homes!

It all began at the New England Museum of Natural
History, of which Explorer Bradford Washburn is the head. The
Zoological exhibit included various specimens of the - mephitis
mephitica; commonly known as the skunk.

In one glass case was a most astounding spectacle -- a pole cat with wings, big white wings, like the wings of a goose!

Crowds flocked to the museum to see that eighth wonder of the world.

How come -- the pole cat with wings like a goose? Some surmised that somebody had crossed a skunk with a goose. Massachusetts

farmers shook their heads and said it couldn't be done. So there was only one other inference. And a terrifying inference it was.

That one branch of the genus mephitis mephitica had grown wings.

Flying pole cats! Obviously, if this were true, and the winged kittens were multiplying and growing numerous, the human race would have to move to another planet. They'd go, even if they had to take Eitler along with them.

Today the scientists of the museum explained it as follows:- A-Boston newspaper ran an imaginary story about a weird new fangled animal. To make an illustration, some kind of queer combination was needed. So they took a stuffed polecate and attached a pair of goose wings to it. And this was put in a showcase at the museum -- at the exhibition. The scientists thought it was a whimsical idea, a touch of comedy amid the zoological paleontology and ichthyology. They call it comedy -- frightening us poor mortals with still another shivery scare -- the flying pole cat with wings like a goose.

In New York they're trying to figure out the perplexing problem of -- the ghost ship. Tonight, right in the busy entrance of New York harbor, lies the spooky craft -- floating upside down, its keel sticking out of the water.

Time was when the sailing ship BLUEBIRD navigated the ocean, a brave spectacle of spreading white canvas. There, for years, as a mere hulk, she lay aground on the Jersey shore near Keyport. There had been a fire - the deck was badly burned. The One day recently an especially high tide came in, and the BLUEBIRD floated off the short Wind and current carried the two hundred and fifty foot bulk right out into the shipping lanes a menace to navigation. Harbor boats towed the BLUEBIRD to an anchorage off Staten Island, and the government hired a wrecking expert to dispose of the derelict. Sink her out at sea. So they loaded the BLUEBIRD with ballast, filled her ancient hold with enough rocks to sink an ocean liner. They towed her out to deep water, knocked plugs out of the bottom, and let the ocean in. And, down went the BLUEBIRD. She sank with a mournful splashing. Down to Davey Jones! Locker - or so it appeared.

The wreckers were just leaving the scene in their boats, when up came the BLUEBIRD. It was strange, it was ghostly. How could the ship come floating up with all that ballast of rock? The answer was forthcoming. The BLUEBIRD, emerging from the depths, appeared bottom side up. On her way down she had turned over and spilled out her load of rocks. All the wreckers could do was tow the BLUEBIRD back towards shore again. They hauled her to Sandy Hook, and anchored her there.

But the BLUEBIRD wouldn't stay anchored. She broke away, and upside down, went drifting into Ambrose Channel, the main entrance of New York harbor. And the BLUEBIRD a menace to navigation there! United States Army boats got on the job, and towed the derelict over to one side. They anchored her there, and set up lights, to keep steamers from running into the BLUEBIRD. That was last night.

The most plausible suggestion sounds like a pretty tough job.

Turn the BLUEBIRD over, fill her with ballast again, and sink her once more. But how are you going to turn over a two hundred and fifty foot hulk? Anyway, if they do, they'll take care this time to tie the rocks in - so they won't fall out again. Lots ring the bells in honor of the Bluebord, Hugh.

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