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Another day had passed and the cameras had more grim news to record. Pathe flies along the Edinburgh-London rail route, where six miles from Berwick-on-Tweed, the Scottish Express lies wrecked. Switched to a side line, the train crashed a few hundred yards out of a wayside station in Northumberland. The nation was still reading of the Croydon rail crash, when news came through of 24 more deaths two days after the disaster, another fourteen were still missing. The engine was buried in a ten foot culvert. Twelve coaches were hurled from the track down the Embankment.

Amid the wreckage lay passengers' small belongings which in themselves told the tragic story.

Breakdown gangs were on the job soon after news of the crash came through.

While Britons discussed the two rail crashes which killed seventy people in 56 hours, the American people were full of the Hollywood witch-hunt, playing before a packed house in Washington. America's fear of Communist subversive activities has developed into hysterical frenzy which grows daily. Appointed by Congress to investigate, Chairman Parnell Thomas opens the hearing:-

First of the screen stars to testify before the Committee on un-American activities, is veteran actor Adolphe Menjou. Once known as the screen's best-dressed man, he states:-

The Court is packed with fashionably dressed women as witness Robert Taylor takes the stand. In answer to a Committee question on whether the Communist Party should be outlawed in America, Mr. Taylor replies:-

The Congressional investigation is not a judicial hearing. But refusal to testify results in a "Contempt of Congress" charge. Next on the list of witnesses is Ronald Reagan who says:-

The week ended with the cameras reporting yet another disaster. As fire engines race to London's dockland, eight thousand tons of rubber and resin go up in flames. Under billowing clouds of black fumes, faced by fast spreading sheets of flame, four hundred firemen battle with the blaze.

Nearly bales of wool are threatened with destruction, as the flames spread.

Through streams of molten rubber come reinforcements for the fire fighters. It was the biggest fire in London's dockside since the war. Flames shot hundreds of feet high.

As Pathe flies over the heart of dockland, the blaze still rages out of control. It took a nine hour battle to check the flames.