

SPIES

C.I. - P. & G. Monday, March 7, 1949. (Portland)

The House of Representatives has passed a bill for an American espionage service. This measure gives full legal standing to a top secret organization already in operation for two years -- the central intelligence agency. The idea is to gain information through spies, ^{and} the bill passed today provides that foreigners from behind the Iron Curtain may be admitted to the United States in return for giving secret information to American Intelligence.

On the other side of the fence, Red ~~espionage~~ espionage -- a Federal Grand Jury is prepared to receive evidence against Judith Coplon, twenty-seven year old employee of the Department of Justice; and, Valentine Gubitchev, Soviet engineer ~~at~~ in the employ of the United Nations. They were caught in that detective story chase over the weekend - the woman employee of the Department of Justice accused of planning to transmit secret information to the Soviet engineer. The Grand Jury will hear the evidence on Wednesday.

The word is that Judith Coplon, in jail, has clammed up, refusing to answer any questions. The suspicion is that she is only a part of an espionage ring -- it seeming unlikely that a young woman employee of the Department of Justice would be the only one passing out information for the Soviets. She was employed in the section where Foreign agents are registered. There are hints that other government employees may be involved.

SOVIETS

Word from London -- that the Foreign Ministers of Great Britain, France and the United States will meet within a month to confer on the possible meanings of the cabinet shakeup in Soviet Russia. Molotov out as Foreign Minister, succeeded by Vishinsky. Gromyko going up to the post of number one Deputy Foreign Minister, that same Gromyko so well known in this country, who cast so many of those Soviet vetoes at the United Nations.

All the world is still wondering what it means. So there will be a meeting of the foreign ministers of the western power Big Three, to discuss the matter and exchange information. This -- to be held when the conference gathers to conclude the North Atlantic Security Pact.

There is more and more suspicion that the removal of Molotov may really be a promotion. That seems to have been indicated by a message from the British Ambassador to Moscow, with surmises that Molotov might be rising to Stalin's job -- Prime Minister.

Today brings a new version of that -- speculation in London that the Molotov business may mean -- three man control, a triumvirate. The reasoning goes this way: Stalin right now holds the three top posts in Soviet Russia. He is Premier and head of the government. He is Secretary General of the Communist party. He is Generalissimo of all the armed forces. The triumvirate idea is that these three posts will be taken over by three different members of the politburo.

Molotov, quitting the post of Foreign Affairs, would become Premier and head of the government. Malenkov to become Secretary General of the Communist party. Malenkov has often been mentioned as a possible successor to Stalin -- and Secretary General of the Communist party may well be the most important post of all. That's what Stalin was, when he seized control of Soviet Russia. Command of the Army? The report names -- Bulganin. His name is virtually unknown - but right now he is minister of the Armed Forces of Soviet Russia.

All this assumes that the aging Stalin would hover above it all as a sort of "grand old man". The triumvirate groomed as his successor.

ADD SOVIETS

Another London interpretation is -- that Stalin has revised his foreign policy setup, in preparation for a show-down with the West. It isn't clear how the removal of Molotov would promote a more drastic policy -- unless on the theory that the loud shouting Vishinsky is still more ~~ixxixx~~ violent.

On the other hand, we find this bit of news from Berlin:- The Russians today cancelled aerial maneuvers and target practice in the sky lanes of the air lift. They abandoned their plans after a protest from the American authorities. So it may be that, for the first time, the Reds have listened to a western complaint. However, the latest is this: -- American authorities saying that it may be just a coincidence that the Red plans were changed right after the American protest.

COMMUNISTS

In New York the trial of the leaders of the American Communist party got along today to the selection of a jury. That would seem to be just about the first thing in a trial, but the proceedings have dragged along ever since January Seventeenth, while the defense ~~lawyers~~ lawyers for the Reds took up seven weeks, arguing against the grand jury system. They certainly were allowed to have plenty of time, and plenty of say -- as they delayed and obstructed. They do things faster than that in Soviet Russia, ~~except~~ especially when enemies of Stalin are on trial. But now, at length, after seven weeks, Federal Judge Medina ruled against the latest arguments, and ordered the selection of the jury to begin.

That was how the proceedings began today - but the defense lawyers promptly made another motion -- this one against President Truman. They charged that the President violated the Constitution and interfered with the trial when he called the top Red leaders -- traitors. The term was applied to Communist National Chairman William Z Foster and the Red General Secretary,

Eugene Dennis, who last week, declared that the American Communists would support Soviet Russia in case of war. Foster ~~was~~ ^{is under} indicted ^{ment} -- but because of a heart condition, is not ^{being tried.} ~~testifying~~ Dennis, however, is the leading defendant charged with conspiracy against the United States.

Today Judge Medina rejected the demand that the case be thrown out of court because the President called those Red leaders - traitors. He ordered proceedings to go on, for the selection of a jury.

TRUMAN

From the Presidential vacation retreat, Key West, comes the word that Secretary of the Army, Kenneth Royall, will soon retire from office. We hear that this may be announced at any time-- his resignation having been decided upon before the President left Washington. If so, it would be the second change recently in the defense command -- Royall followed ^{my} Defense Secretary Forrestal, ~~in~~ into private life.

Another headline from Key West deserves the frontpage only because President Truman is so famous as an early riser. Today he slept late, and even a twenty-one gun salute couldn't get him up. Harry Truman is usually up at six. The guns boomed at eight o'clock. But he just turned over and slept until nine-thirty. That news was enough to send the reporters hurrying to the wires with a bulletin, Truman Sleeps Late.

RICHLAND

Driving from Spokane to Portland this weekend we came to an area that made me suddenly remember a news story I had related a year or two ago -- telling how a whole city was being moved, a new one built, the old one left a ghost town. That was at the great atomic power project, Hanford, Washington. Some fifty thousand atomic plant workers of the emergency war period, moved outside the atomic area. The idea now to establish a more permanent city, outside the zone of danger and ~~egg~~ near enough for daily commuting to the atomic plants.

As I followed the road map I saw that our trip ~~was~~ was taking us ^{near} ~~to~~ that neighborhood. The Hanford-atomic area only a few miles away. So why not make a detour, ~~and~~ have a look? We stopped, and I phoned the Director of the entire project, Fred Schlemmer. He said: "Come on over" Which we did; and he met us.

Thereupon, he took us on a tour, showing us first the city that had been moved - like shifting a piece ~~of~~ on a chess board. Actually there are two

new towns now -- Richland and North Richland. The former a community of thirty-five thousand people, streets lined with brand new one-story-houses, many still in process of ~~xxxx~~ construction. One of the freshest, liveliest communities we had ever seen. This western trip had been taking us to ghost mining towns, abandoned relics of the past. But here was the contrast -- a city that seemed as if it had sprung suddenly out of the wilderness, the dry sage-brush country of the West. In this case atomic, not gold.

Richland, is ^{the} a new permanent city for the atomic workers, and one striking feature is - the busses. Great lines of busses, that take the people back ~~fx~~ and forth ~~ix~~ on their twenty-to-thirty-mile trip each day, to work at the atomic plants. The busses that run bumper to bumper during the hours of going to and from the job.

North Richland is different - for construction workers only. Those who are building the new plants that are going up. And its a trailer town. Blocks and blocks

of trailers, like houses along streets, each with a government built ^{wooden} canopy over it; on a small plot of ground, most of them with gardens. There the twelve thousand construction workers now live - as the great atomic ~~max~~ development grows and expands.

One peculiar angle is this - business opportunities. Richland, coming suddenly into being as if by magic, ~~we~~ needs stores and restaurants, commercial establishments of every ~~sort~~ sort. The atomic development is encouraging private enterprise to come ⁱⁿ and start in business -- not wanting the town trade to be a government affair.

From Richland we ~~drove~~ ~~to~~ went on to the atomic area, which as you would expect is heavily guarded, on the ground, soldiers with revolver in holster, a half-track with machine gun mounted. Airplanes patrolling in the sky. I never saw a place more carefully guarded.

Well, the Hanford atomic area covers more than six hundred and twenty square miles - western sage brush desert for the most part. Along the Columbia

River, which provides great amounts of waterpower, and pure cold water. It seems that the qualities of purity and coldness are needed, for the atomic purpose.

The plants ~~are situated~~ on the banks of the Columbia, each some miles from the next one - so that they ^{all} would not all go up, in case of an accident, I suppose, with bleak emptiness, and eerie emptiness in between.

So what do they look like, those atomic "piles"? They produce plutonium, the vital radio-active element for the atomic bomb. Well it would be appropriate if I could say ~~that~~ those atomic "piles" have a weird fantastic appearance, strange and unearthly. And they do - only no more so than the weird oil refineries we now are accustomed ~~to~~. In any average industrial city ~~as~~ they would attract no particular attention. At least that's the way it seemed to us as we had our look at the famous Hanford atomic piles-- where the research of science is creating, not only atomic weapons, but also the atomic power that promises a miraculous future for civilization.

NEWSPAPER STRIKE

I'm in Portland tonight, with a chance to note what it's like in a city without newspapers. A strike is on, and for seventeen days the two local papers -- great papers they are, the Portland Oregonian and the Oregon Journal -- have been tied up. In Chicago they have, likewise, a prolonged newspaper strike, the printers out, with the Chicago papers able to publish by using an engraving process. The Chicago papers look different, but, they appear regularly.

In Portland, however, it is a strike of the pressmen, and you can't get out any kind of newspaper -- not without those printing presses. So here, the best the people can do is to get newspapers from Seattle, a couple of hundred miles away, or read the typed or mimeographed sheets put up in hotel lobbies and shop windows.

The seventeen-day-blackout of the local papers in Portland has produced some peculiar results. Business, of course, is affected badly, depending as it does on

advertising. Hardest hit are the florists, who report a fifty percent drop in business during the strike.

Because of the absence of obituary notices, the people don't know about funerals, to which they would send flowers.

The movies, too, are having a tough time. Hardly able to sell tickets because of the telephone calls. People, accustomed to looking up film attractions in the paper, now phone the theater to find out what picture is on. One girl in a box office is quoted, after answering the telephone for the twenty-seventh time in quick succession, "they are driving me crazy," she sighed, "hardly have time to sell tickets."

But there is one bright feature, from the view of newspaper editors and reporters temporarily off the job. They say that during the seventeen days of the strike, not one big news story has broken in Portland, not one headline. So, broadcasting from this fair city tonight, there is no news about Portland - except that there are no newspapers.

ODOM

Bill Odom is flying over the American continent heading East -- his second attempt to fly non-stop from Hawaii to the east coast of the United States in a small plane, single engine.

ADD ODOM

The latest -- Bill Odom reports storms in his path, bad flying conditions, he may not be able to make New York, the question is -- how far across the continent will he make it tonight?

PARACHUTE

Now comes a story of the parachute jumping sailor. They fished him out of the Pacific Ocean, and he was in the hospital today, suffering from shock and exposure. ^{It} Sailor James Coates, ~~xxxx~~ in his own words, "just loves to make parachute jumps". ^{The} ~~first~~ ^{first} time he tried it was over land, ~~I don't know. But somehow or other that adventurous~~ and he broke his leg. ~~Jackter in the Navy decided that he wanted to go floating down through space on the wings of billowing silk.~~

~~So, he began some days ago, by bailing out from a plane he came drifting down, or rather, swinging down, and hit so hard that he broke a leg.~~

~~That didn't discourage him, but~~ ^{so} he figured ~~that the next time~~ he'd better try it over water -- that being a ~~mix~~ sailor's native element, also softer, ~~when you hit~~. Hence, the parachute-jump into the Pacific Ocean.

He hired a private plane, and took along a life raft -- the pilot tossing out the life raft after the sailor had jumped. But, ~~when he parachuted down and splashed into the sea,~~ the life raft ^{landed} ~~was not~~

too far away ^{for the sailor} ~~and for him~~ to reach -- and there he was in the ocean, twelve miles off shore. He started swimming ^{(but it} ~~was~~ ^{was} a long way to go. Luckily, a couple of fishermen saw him, and dragged him into their boat.

Well, I don't know what the ^{parachuting} ~~parachute~~ sailor will do next. He has tried it on land, and at sea. Maybe the next time he ^{if} ~~could~~ try landing on a cloud.

And now Ken Tules will you parachute in and take over.