

PACT

L. I. - P. G. Monday, April 4, 1949.

There was a ^{sense} ~~scene~~ of history in Washington today. ^(Richmond)

Sometimes world-changing events come about with little consciousness of the gravity of what is happening. But that was not the case this afternoon, in the signing of the North Atlantic Security Pact. ^{PA} One by one, the foreign ministers of ~~the~~ western democracies appended their names to the document. A book of ~~five~~ fifteen pages bound with red, white and blue ribbon. And, one by one, ~~they~~ each made a formal declaration of the reasons ~~reskity~~ of his own country -- for entering into the momentous agreement. The ^{nations} ~~countries~~ that signed represented three ~~million~~ hundred and thirty-two million people of the ~~the~~ Atlantic powers. The general theme was sounded by our own Secretary of State, Dean Acheson, who spoke first.

"We are met together" said he, "to consummate a solemn act". He described the treaty as a guide and a source of strength for the free countries of the West -- and a warning for any nation that may try the way of aggression.

The ~~xx~~ ceremony was held ~~at the State Department~~ in the ^{presence} ~~presence~~ of a thousand diplomatic and military guests, and was broadcast and ^Televised with an elaborate hook-up.

The voice of radio carried the ~~xx~~ signing to millions of people on both sides of the Iron Curtain.

The climax was an address by President Truman, who ~~stated~~ defined the North Atlantic Security Pact in the following words -- "an international agreement to safeguard the peace and ~~xxx~~ prosperity of this community of nations."

He said that its purpose was to safeguard countries that are ~~xxxxxx~~ in the President's words -- "haunted by the constant fear of aggression, and burdened by the cost of preparing their nations individually against attack." The President denied in the strongest words that the treaty has any aggressive purpose. He said it is merely meant to prevent what he called -- "the sickening blow of unprovoked aggression."

SOVIETS

While the Pact was being signed the Soviets issued another blast against it. Today in Moscow the official Red newspaper - Pravda, accused the United States of planning the Americanization of Western Europe. The whole continental military system, declared Pravda, was being converted into an integral part of the American military system under the leadership of the American general staff."

And the Soviet newspaper went on to make the usual charge of war mongering against the United States.

From Yugoslavia -- a report that 300 have been purged in Bulgaria -- charged with plotting against the Red Government.

RICHMOND

During the war we ~~xxx~~ all heard much about Richmond, the mushroom city on San Francisco Bay, the city where one fourth of our war-time merchant marine was turned out. I visited Richmond then, went through the vast Kaiser Shipyards and the much older giant oil refinery of Standard of California. And I then marvelled at the way Richmond, almost over night, had jumped from a city of less than twenty-five thousand to a city of over One hundred thousand.

Being out here *again,* on San Francisco Bay, I wondered what had become of Richmond, *?* When its huge shipyards closed down, did the population vanish, did it become a ghost city?

~~I spent a part of~~ *I* this weekend ~~investigating~~ *ed the* mystery. And you may be as surprised as I was to learn that *when* ninety-~~th~~ three thousand ~~xxxx~~ people in Richmond lost their means of livelihood over night, they *didn't* all flee to

other parts of the country. Many ~~of them~~ stayed, and others *Join them. Result, right now* quickly came to ~~take their places~~ *one of the fastest* Richmond is one of the most ~~vigorous~~ *vigorous,* ~~fast~~ *growing* cities in America.

International Harvester, Ford, Montgomery Ward, Standard of California, Santa Fe Railroad, and a whole string of other corporations have moved in. *TP At the moment* ~~And right now~~ there are

one hundred and ten thousand people in Richmond, an elaborate civic center ~~is~~ under construction, ^{and} its the third largest

city on San Francisco Bay, ~~and~~ the first port ⁱⁿ in tonnage

shipped. ^{TP} Young people ~~will~~ ^{elsewhere may} be interested to know that

in age it has the youngest population ~~of~~ ^{— more young people here than} any city in the

country. ^R Four hundred thousand dollars has ^{just} been raised for

a youth center, with one ~~xx~~ industry giving a hundred thousand

of that amount. One company has spent twenty ~~thxxx~~ million

here since the war. And the people of Richmond are working on

a project ~~whxxx~~ for a two-thousand-five-hundred acre park. ^{Yes,} It's an exciting adventure to see what has become of this

war-time ~~xxxxxxx~~ mushroom shipbuilding center.

But the picture isn't all a happy one. ~~Rxxx~~ Right

in the middle of Richmond, the ^{U.S. Govt} ~~United States~~ came in during

the war, during the ~~xxxx~~ national ^{crisis,} emergency, and built the

largest emergency housing development in our country. ~~It~~ had

to be done. They even threw up these flimsy structures right

next door to rather fine permanent homes that were already

here. ~~and~~ You can imagine ~~xx~~ some of the results from that.

But the really grim part of the picture is that these

buildings, put up to last ~~for~~ ~~xxxx~~ five years, have already

been up for seven, and ~~they~~ are jammed for the most part with veterans and their wives and babies;-- in houses that are a disgrace to America. Twenty-five thousand children and no place for them to play except in hideous empty lots where there isn't a blade of grass ~~and where~~ *spaces partly occupied by* garbage barrels, ~~are stacked.~~

The people of Richmond are up in arms about this .

this largest of all wartime
Uncle Sam having built ~~them~~ these houses they think Uncle

Sam should at least demolish them. It's one of the most sordid housing pictures in our land. And almost next door to the great University of California, on one of the most beautiful harbors in the ~~whole~~ world, ~~and~~ in one of the most vigorous communities. To paraphrase Shakespeare's play that got the Hollywood Oscar the other night, there is something rotten on San Francisco Bay.

housing developments!

If Uncle Sam will come and take away his ramshackled houses, the people of Richmond say they are going to make this one of the handsomest cities in the country. Actually they are going about it anyhow, but they want Uncle Sam to do his part.

ATOMIC

I spent this day of the signing of the Atlantic Pact at an appropriate place - the home

*atomic
high,
the
cyclotron.
rich
ings
to.*

~~Now~~ the climax of the trip this program has been making. All along, the high spot was scheduled to be San Francisco, with a visit to the atomic scientists at Berkeley -- the radiation laboratory of the University of California, the haunt of the original ^{atom smashing} cyclotron. Our acquaintance there dates back to the time when an old friend, Rex Barton, became administrator for a Pacific Coast phase of the creation of the atomic bomb. Our last visit was two ~~xxx~~ years ago. So now a report for today. The radiation laboratory, a number one headquarters for atomic research, has expanded greatly -- with a multiplication of magic. Right now, they have not only the cyclotron, but also the synchrotron, and are about to have a bevatron. ~~You know, girls, what it is to be about to have a bevatron.~~ The synchrotron comes first, ^{as} a follow-up to a bit of news we had several weeks ago. We then had the ^{story} ~~news~~ that a synchrotron had ~~gone~~ into operation in this country, incorporating an idea that had occurred independently to an American and a Soviet scientist. Over here, Dr. Edwin McMillan -- who gave generous and abundant credit to the Russian physicist, writing a friendly letter to him, and getting a friendly reply -- but

to

nothing has been heard since, from that Soviet physicist.

So now, we saw ~~the cyclotron in operation~~ a huge circular thing, with great rows of ultra-powerful electro- magnets. The cyclotron ^{does its atom smashing with} ~~produces~~ a high speed revolution of protons -- which are sub-atomic particles, with a ~~xxxx~~ positive charge of electricity. The synchrotron drives electrons round and round with tremendous velocity -- electrons having a negative charge of electricity. So new strange effects are brought about.

But there is another difference; the cyclotron is silent, the sub-atomic particles go speeding noiselessly. The synchrotron has an alternation of magnetism, the electro- magnets charging and discharging. That makes a ~~xxx~~ noise, a loud noise -- sounding something like the chugging and puffing of an old steam engine. Nothing weird or unearthly, as ~~was~~ you might expect in that realm of scientific fantasy.

The synchrotron is a favorite of Dr. Ernest Lawrence the Nobel Prize Winner who devised the cyclotron and is now the head of the radiation laboratory. Amid the silence of the other atomic operations, Dr. Lawrence enjoys the noise ^{of the synchrotron.} ~~the~~

He says: "This is the only thing around here that sounds as if it were doing some work."

There was one thing we did not see, ~~although it was~~
~~the miracle that was being wrought by the synchrotron. We did~~
~~not see~~ the invisible ray -- naturally, since it ^s ~~was~~ invisible.
We stood near it, as it streamed ten or twelve feet from the
synchrotron, to recording devices -- these ~~EXERTING~~ connecting
with a room full of strange instruments, where you saw dials
with streaks of greenish light, others with ~~gl~~ ghostly lines of
blue light -- eerie revelations of the invisible ray.

Dr. MacMillan, in a way, showed us ~~the~~ the ray - by
holding a recording instrument in its path -- and the needle
of the device went swinging over as if something violent had hit
it.

The funny thing was ~~we~~ when, ~~going to another place~~ ^{as we moved around,}
we ducked under the ray. It could cause injury if it struck
you, and we ducked down under as if it were a live wire -
although nothing could be seen. If a motion picture camera
had been there, filming the scene, it would have been a comedy,
the group of us, one after another, stooping low to get under --
nothing. ^{TP} That might have been ^{as} funny ^{as} ~~if~~ the thing we were
told later by the ~~wife of the creator of the synchrotron.~~ ^{young and attractive Mrs. MacMillan.}

experience)
~~A pleasant and attractive young lady, she told us of an experience~~

She had,

as the bride of an atomic physicist. In their new ~~xxx~~ home they had an electric clock, and the professor wrought one of ~~the~~ *his* miracles of science ~~and~~ ^{— he} made the clock run backward. The bride looking at the time now and then, ~~xx~~ thought she was going out of her mind. ~~And what~~ ^{sure was} the professor's dinner late that night.

From the synchrotron we went on to the bevatron -- a huge contraption -- though only a quarter scale model, scheduled to be tried out this week. The idea is to apply enormous electrical power, one billion electron volts to the speeding of sub-atomic particles. It was shown to us by Dr. Don Cooksey, and he was a bit apologetic -- when ~~xx~~ ^I asked about the name. The word cyclotron comes from cycle -- round and round. Synchrotron ties in with the word - synchronize.

we? lol, still with me? or did I lose you at that last

there is also a betatron -- named after the sub-atomic particle to which is attached a letter of the Greek alphabet - Beta.

But why Bevatron? Sounds as if it might connect with -- beverage.

So you might think the bevatron is something for mixing drinks.

R But not at all. Dr. Cooksey explained that the ~~xxx~~ name is merely the initials ^{10¹²} billion electron volts, tacked on to the Greek suffix, tron; which might be something to hurt the feelings

of a purist in word construction. I wouldn't tack three initials onto a Greek suffix -- even if I knew a Greek suffix. Hence the professor's embarrassment, admitting that they ^{call} ~~have~~ named it the bevatron merely because they can't think of a better name. In an atomic laboratory on ~~Kas~~ Long Island they are building a similar contraption and they have concocted the name - cosmotron -- from "cosmos". But, Dr. Cooksey explained that, out here, they think ^{that's} ~~looks~~ a bit ambitious -- they don't feel so cosmic.

However, the bevatron has a lot to do with cosmic rays - ~~ix~~ those streams of particles from planetary space. They are now being produced in the laboratory and are called -- mesons. We were taken into a little room where those cosmic ray mesons were being studied; and ^{there we} were actually shown ~~one~~ ^{me} -- ^{the} tracks of ^{a meson} ~~the particles~~ on a photographic plate. Various kinds of sub-atomic particles make individual ^{trails} ~~tracks~~ of their own, and you can tell them apart. Even we could tell the difference, shown the trail of a cosmic ray ~~ix~~ meson -- looking at it through an immensely powerful ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ microscope.

All this was displayed to us by the research physicist on the job - Dr. Wolfgang Panowski -- a young German with a shock

of blond hair and a round beaming face. He looked like a typical German musician -- with a face about right for blowing into a trombone. We were told how Dr. Wolfgang Panowski coming here as a youth from Germany, got his education under Dr. Hugh Taylor and other scientists at Princeton -- together with a brother of his. At Princeton they were called -- the smart Panowski and the dumb Panowski. The two graduated, first and second, at the top of the class -- the smart Panowski and the dumb Panowski.

Finally we visited our old friend, the cyclotron -- which we had seen on previous visits. It was rather like going up and shaking hands, if you could shake hands with a cyclotron. It was busy at its job of atom smashing.

We stood watching in awe as an enormous door swung slowly, closing as protection against the murderous radiation. The door a block of concrete weighing eighteen thousand pounds. The radiation was to be signalled by the flashing of a light, another

of the strange lights that are characteristic of atomic experiment.

We stood looking, waiting for the radiation when there was a sound that startled us -- a humming noise that rose to a shrill - as unearthly as atomic science itself.

But Rex Barton said: "Don't pay any attention to that -- it is only the vacuum cleaner."

In the hall a porter cleaning up had merely turned on his vacuum cleaner -- the same kind you use at home, and it made that familiar vacuum cleaner noise. But there, at the cyclotron, it made us jump. During our whole visit, in fact, the vacuum cleaner was the only thing that sounded at all atomic, and weirdly scientific, in this world of the magic of the atom. Well, anyway, it brought things down to earth with a laugh - that vacuum cleaner.

And now, Ken, a few sounds from you of neither the vacuum or atomic variety.