

ATOMIC

L.I.-P+G Wed. May, 24 - '50

Today's news gives us a tremendous detective story - in the case of Harry Gold, charged with atomic espionage in collaboration with British scientist Dr. Klaus Fuchs. Yet, at the first glance, it looked like an easy bit of sleuthing.

Last night we heard how, in prison over in England, Dr. Fuchs has been talking to American agents of the F.B.I., telling them all he knows about the spy business, in which he was the leading figure. But Fuchs never did give them the name of Harry Gold of Philadelphia. Because he didn't know. At the time of his conviction and all along, he declared that he was never aware of the identity of the Red agent he dealt with in the United States.

All he could provide was a description - "a stocky man, round face, receding forehead, of Slavic appearance, foreign origin." Fuchs gave him verbal explanations of atomic bomb secrets - so he had to be a scientist, to know what it was all about.

That was what the F.B.I. had to go on - and they began an enormous job of looking for technicians who would fit the description. Here's an example - they found that in New York alone there are several thousand firms dealing with chemistry and employing many thousands of technicians. The F.B.I. looked over legions of scientific workers, and came up with a list of - twelve hundred. That many - who might fit the description given by the British atomic spy.

Then they traced the movements of all of these back in Nineteen Forty-five, when Fuchs handed over the key secrets of the bomb. Thereby - picking out those who might have met Fuchs at the times he transmitted espionage information. The list of twelve hundred was narrowed down to several hundred, then several score. Finally, after months of immense labor, they found there was only one - whose movements, five years ago, showed that he could have contacted Fuchs at the right times and the right places -

including New Mexico, where the headquarters of the atomic bomb was out on the desert, [^]Los Alamos.

So that put the finger on Harry Gold, of Philadelphia - short, pudgy, round faced, born in Switzerland of Russian parents - and, by profession, a biochemist. About eight days ago, they began to question him - asking about his movements in Nineteen Forty-five. He denied everything, but made one slip - stating that he had never been west of the Mississippi River. But they knew he had been at ^Santa Fe, New Mexico - and, caught in a lie - he broke down and confessed, last night.

(Yes, he admitted, he was the man who transmitted atomic information given by Dr. Klaus Fuchs. He said he did it because he thought it best for the world - the Soviets entitled to have the atomic secret.

All of which represents a detective story of major proportions - not to mention the sinister meaning in terms of the spy work that sent atomic bomb secrets to Soviet Russia.)

FOLLOW ATOMIC

Here's the latest ~~A~~ dispatch from Washington stating that Harry Gold was recruited for Red spy work ~~and~~ ~~by~~ by Jacob Golos, then head of a Soviet espionage ring in the United States. This Jacob Golos was the boss of Elizabeth Bentley, the one-time spy courier who has made sensational revelations about Red espionage.

Elizabeth Bentley gave the F.B.I. the name of Harry Gold, and he was called before a Federal Grand Jury in Nineteen Forty-seven. But nothing was then known that could connect him with atomic espionage - until the case of Dr. Klaus Fuchs put the F.B.I. on its huge sleuthing job. The trail of which led to Harry Gold.

ATOMIC STRIKE

A wild cat strike at the great atomic plant, Oakridge, Tennessee, seven hundred construction workers walking off the job -- where they were employed in the huge Gaseous Diffusion Uranium Separation plant. Union officials, engaged in negotiations, say the strike was unsanctioned and called it -- wildcat.

BRITAIN

Great Britain is willing to resume talks with Soviet Russia - on atomic energy. This was stated in the House of Commons today by Foreign Under-Secretary Ernest Davies, who disclosed that the atomic problem was prominent among the subjects discussed by Trygve Lie, Secretary General of the United Nations, during his London conversations with Prime Minister Attlee and Foreign Secretary Bevin. Which, of course, had to do primarily with what the Secretary General was told by Stalin in Moscow.

In the House of Commons today there was no inkling about any word that Trygve Lie may have brought from Stalin. The statement merely being that Great Britain was prepared to resume atomic talks - within the United Nations, as soon as the deadlock over China has been settled.

ATOMIC - WATER

An atomic promise was made today - which, if it should be fulfilled, will be of enormous consequence to this nation.

Atomic power to produce - water.

The statement was made before an appropriate gathering, a meeting of the American Waterworks Association. Norman Beers, editor of the magazine Nucleonics, declared that the growing water shortage in this country can be solved by the construction of huge atomic plants along our coasts - atomic heat used for distilling sea water ^(into) fresh water. He said that nuclear furnaces for that purpose, could be planned with little delay, and added: "There don't seem to be any unsolved engineering problems in the proposal."

The proposal ^{is} to have the atom put the ocean into service in such matters as irrigation.

WAVELL

Britain loses one of the most distinguished of British commanders in the Second World War - Field Marshal Earl Wavell.

He it was who won the first victories to cheer the British

people. *Victories over the Fascists in North Africa*
~~after that series of disasters, the sweep of the~~

Hitler blitzkrieg, the Dunkirk evacuation, the fall of France,

the bombing of Britain. "Blood, sweat and tears," as Churchill

said - and then the sudden brightening, the first victories

over an enemy army. Wavell, in North Africa, inflicted a

series of defeats on the Italian Fascists - and the British

rejoiced, as only people can when they see ~~that~~^a tide of

disaster beginning to turn.

(Field Marshal Earl Wavell was his country's hero in the first part of the war - after which North African affairs took a turn for the worse, with the arrival of that redoubtable German commander, Rommel, and his North Afrika Korps. The final victory on the desert was left for Montgomery, Monty of El Alemein - and meanwhile Wavell was transferred to India,

as Viceroy. But Britain never forgot that first thrill of victory he gave them - and tonight they're mourning Field Marshal Earl Wavell.

DRAFT

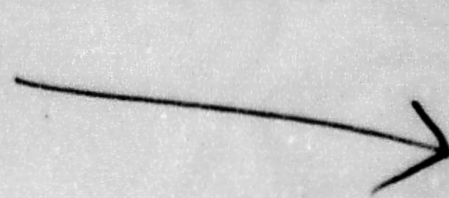
The House of Representatives has voted to continue the peacetime draft for two more years. However, nobody to be actually inducted into the defense forces until Congress takes another vote giving its okay.

DEMONSTRATION

There was a wild scene in New York tonight, a demonstration against a meeting addressed by General Lucius Clay, former American military commander in Berlin. General Clay denounced Soviet policy in Germany -- while outside, there was a riot by pickets from the members of the American-Jewish Labor Congress. They shouted that the gathering was sponsored by an anti-Communist organization, was a Nazi rally. The uproar so great that Mounted Police had to ride their horses through a yelling mob.

STASSEN

(Now let's hear from the Deacon - who addressed the Northern Baptist Convention today - Deacon Stassen. Others may know him better as the President of the University of Pennsylvania, but at the Boston Convention he goes by the title he enjoys at his local church. So he was introduced today as - Deacon Stassen. He called on all the churches - rekindle "the spirit of stewardship." And - summoned the churchmen of the nation to rally against, what he called - "the advance of Communist dictatorships.")



FOLLOW STASSEN

Later in the day the Northern Baptists Convention voted to change its name, dropping the sectional term "Northern". So now it is -- The American Baptists Convention.

WIFE

A sad story from Robinsville, Illinois - a ~~wapping~~ tearful story. The pathetic scene was enacted in the bar room - haunt of the weeping jag.

A farmer came in with a small girl, a pretty little two-year-old. He stood at the bar and said - his wife had died. Whereupon, with tears in his eyes, he patted the head of the little girl and moaned - "Your mommy is dead. Baby, you have no mommy."

It was so sad that the other customers bought him drinks. Even the bartender passed over a drink, his heart melted by the farmer and his tiny daughter. "Your mommy is dead, baby, you have no mommy."

Then the door banged open, and in came the farmer's wife - mad as a hornet. She picked up her little girl, and seized her husband by the collar, and dragged him out. That -- was mommy.

PRESS CLUB

This being a news program, let's join some of our illustrious colleagues in social life at the National Press Club in Washington. The story comes on the news wire today, and takes us into that inner sanctum of the correspondents who cover the White House and Congress.

It seems that Warren Francis, Washington correspondent of the Los Angeles Times, dropped in at the Press Club - to look up something in the library. He had a package with him, and this he left on the bar in the tap room - while doing an hour of research on a headline story.

Then, along came another top flight newsman, who stood at the tap room bar, and noticed the package. Having a bump of curiosity, he opened it and found a number of small boxes labelled "Yummies." Whereupon he had an inspiration. He got some small dishes, filled them with the little round biscuits, and stood them on the bar - all ready for the cocktail hour.

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Pretty soon, in came Bill Kent of the Chicago Sun-Times. He saw the snacks on the plates, and they looked good. Sipping his drink, he tried one. Okay - and he took a handful, crunching away.

Next - Merriman Smith arrived, White House Correspondent for the United Press. He followed suit with the Yummies - as did Bob Casey, that famous reporter and author of books on the hard boiled comedy of newspapers and reporters. They were chewing away, and so were Truman Felt of the St. Louis Star Times and Ted Koop of C.B.S. - Not to forget Harman Nichols, who sends in ~~the~~~~the~~~~the~~~~the~~~~the~~ story today.

Then back came Warren Francis, fresh from his research in the library. He looked around for his package, and saw it over in a corner, plundered. Also - he noticed the illustrious newsmen, with munching jaws.

He let out a bellow - "Hey, that's for Rickey!"

"Who's Rickey?" they jeered. "You mean Gin Rickey?" they joked.

"Rickey," roared the outraged correspondent of the Los Angeles Times, "is my fox terrier."

A startled look came over the faces of great newspaper men, and Warren Francis ~~went on in a~~

~~sardonic tone.~~ Picking up an empty box from his package, he read the following from the label: "A

tasty snack for dogs and cats. Excellent for in-between feeding -- reward for good behavior or for

performing a trick." *So he read in Sardonic tone, ~~stet~~.*

~~Whereupon they all went looking for the~~

stet
~~unregenerate rogue who performed the trick.~~

BERGMAN

Well, finally and at last -- Ingrid Bergman has married Rossellini. They were wedded in Mexico today -- so announced by Rossellini ~~tonight~~ in Rome. Sounds like fast travel -- wedded in Mexico and telling about it immediately afterward in Italy, all the way across the Atlantic and part of the Mediterranean. But it was even more wonderful -- by proxy. The Swedish movie actress and the Italian film director were at their home in Rome, while the baby cooed in his crib -- as their marriage was celebrated in Juarez -- on the Rio Grande. They were unable to have a legal marriage in Italy, and so they resorted to a proxy affair in Mexico, with standbys exchanging vows for them. But it all seems to be legal, they are now man and wife, (as they might well be. Or -- so says the baby.)

ROMEO AND JULIET

From Italy, news of a sacrilege against romance
Thieves have stolen - the bed of Juliet, the chaste
couch on which Juliet dreamed of Romeo. It
happened near the city of Verona, where the Capulets
and the Montagues had their Shakespearean feud.
Some distance outside Verona, there's an ancient
fortress, legended as the castle of the Capulet family,
and from this Juliet's bed was stolen.

Actually, there are two cities which dispute
for the romantic honors of having been the home town
of Juliet - Verona and Vicenza. According to
Shakespeare, it was Verona - so that city enjoys the
fame, and the tourists. But the castle of the Capulets
is between the two cities, and recently an innkeeper
from Vicenza rented the venerable fortress - and
opened a tavern there. Moreover, he claimed to have
discovered the bedroom of Juliet - the very bed in
which she slept, sighing for Romeo. All of which
attracted plenty of tourists, with profits going to

Vicenza.

So now comes a counterblow -- struck by the opposing town. I don't know how many thieves there were, although two would have been correct - to conform with Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona." At any rate, the rogues broke into the castle of the Capulets - and carried off Juliet's bed.

A note was found, reading: "It worries me beyond words to stay in this sombre place and lie on so uncomfortable and hard a bed. My beloved Romeo is ~~and~~ of the same opinion. We therefore give this castle and the people of ~~Verona~~ Vicenza a long farewell. We are returning to our beloved Verona." Signed - "Juliet"

To which the proper quotation would seem to be: "Ah, ^{dear} Juliet, why art thou yet so fair?" *Nelson,*
you probably know the answer,

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and on this one