

DIARY

July 29, 1945.

Sunday

Had bad day. Went to bed.

Worried over the deteriorations in relations. Called up JIM BYRNES and went over to see him.

Because of New Mexico development (\*), he felt secure anyway. He elaborated upon the extent of the power of the atomic bomb. I suggested that it might not possibly work again, and in any event, it was full of unknown and dangerous psychological explosive power.

If the Russians felt that they had been pushed out of allied cooperation in this situation, it would engender bad feeling -- possible hostility, and ultimately a race in the laboratory armaments, which would culminate in the annihilation of one or the other, or perhaps both; that they were on our borders; apparently they wanted to be friends, and it was wiser to keep them friendly, anyway, until we knew that it was hopeless. In my opinion, they were acting in good faith because of their own fears, and because of uncertainty as to whether we were "ganging up" on them with the British or not. That it would be too bad if we were either needled or jockeyed to pull British Empire chestnuts out of the fire.

I asked him again -- "so what?" I urged him to go after a real settlement, shake it down, for the responsibility was his.

(\*) Atomic Bomb