



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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Editorial Correspondence

With Booze And Bravado The Army Makes Its Pitch For Mobile Missiles

By CECIL PRINCE
Editor, The News

WHITE SANDS, N. M. THERE are two ways to prevail here. One is to stare into the glare of a nuclear explosion. The other is to watch a guided missile leave the earth with a cargo of death and follow its ghastly glow to the point where destruction is total and absolute.

During a lavish public relations extravaganza called "Project Ammo," the Army this week invited 400 hand-picked gawkers to admire both views. The atomic bursts were phony. The rocketry was real. And for a few shattering seconds each time a count-down was completed, so was hell. It was at least as real as man can presently make it.

Since 1944, when the German V-2 was perfected, rockets and guided missiles have given the military mind a means toward an end. That end might be called the "ultimate weapon." The Army proved at White Sands and at Fort Bliss, Tex. this week that the ultimate weapon—at any range—is frighteningly possible.

The possibility is particularly frightening when one compares U. S. Army rocketry to the similarly daring advances of Soviet science half a world away. As the philosophers have said, the mathematical intuition of the mind to follow the mirage of the absolute is the same intuition that halts the mind in flight and whispers slyly, "How strangely the pursued resembles the pursuer."

At times, Operation Ammo seemed only to lack the appearance of Zsa Zsa Gabor and Gen. Rafael Trujillo Jr. to give it the status of what VARIETY would call a bofo attraction. It was perhaps as costly a circus of modern destruction as the Army has ever staged. A part of the check was picked up by the U. S. corporations that have profitably cornered the missile-making field. But the Army's share was considerable. The missiles themselves are highly expensive. In addition, two B-17 bombers, an F-80 jet fighter plane and an M-4 medium tank were offered up as sacrifices to Army marksmanship, and the free liquor provided for guest gawkers would have put Louis XIV's court to shame.

On hand for the excitement were top military leaders (130 general officers, totaling 260 stars), key executive department personnel, including the secretary of the Army, leading industrialists, missile designers and more than 120 newsmen who wondered occasionally why they were there and why their travel expenses to Project Ammo had been so generously paid. "After all," one southern reporter mused, "it's just a little 'let's shoot' match."

But this was more than a shooting match and most newsmen knew it. It was primarily an advertising promotion of the Army's special role in rocketry and, incidentally, space exploration. It was also a public celebration of the military-industry teamwork that has been responsible for whatever progress the Army has enjoyed in the missile field. Finally, it was a pointed pitch for the concept of limited war—with unlimited means.

In two days, a dozen rocket or missile systems were unveiled and nine were actually fired. To old rocket hands, the show was alternately boring and exciting. The Army tried not several painfully familiar old chestnuts (the Nike Ajax surface-to-air missile, the Corporal surface-to-surface missile) during Project Ammo's early stages. Comic relief was provided, unintentionally, by an experimental armed helicopter unit—modern in appearance but appallingly vulnerable to any squad of Revolutionary War irregulars armed with squirrel rifles. And, of course, at least one well-oiled general, who should remain nameless, found it necessary to regale misbelievers with posthumous praise for the horse cavalry (yes, the horse cavalry). It was a touching, if slightly fuzzy, reminiscence of nobler times when war was not so elaborately nuclear.

IT was later, when the Charlotte-made Nike made its first public appearance, that missile-fanatics oohed and



The Target: An F-80 Jet

ached with genuine enthusiasm. The Nike Hercules, manufactured by the Douglas Aircraft Co. in Charlotte (with electronic guidance and control systems made by the Western Electric Co. in Burlington, Greensboro and Winston-Salem) was clearly Project Ammo's brightest star.

The Hercules is a second generation surface-to-air missile, the successor to the Nike Ajax, also made in Charlotte at one time. The Hercules is bigger, better, faster, deadlier. It is part of a system which electronically acquires a target, then causes the missile to destroy it. Unlike the Ajax, the Nike Hercules can engage and destroy either single planes or a whole formation of aircraft. Its atomic warhead gives it the ability to kill any known manned aircraft flying today or likely to fly in the near future.

At White Sands this week, Charlotte's powerful Hercules scored a perfect kill on a simulated target. It was accurate to 100 feet. Gen. W. E. Laidlaw, commander of the White Sands Missile Range, "a completely successful firing."

These four words can mean much to Charlotte's economic future.

Douglas Aircraft, already a vastly important industrial addition, will become more important in the months and years ahead. That much is certain after this week's demonstration. Furthermore, the Army can announce today that the Nike Hercules has finally become "operational" and is already guarding Washington, New York and Chicago. It is, in the words of experts here, "the most effective weapon in America's air defense arsenal."

AMONG other lethal weapons of the space age proudly displayed at White Sands and Fort Bliss this week, only one was a total flop. Ironically, it was the Navy-developed Talos, a surface-to-air missile designed originally for shipboard use. The Talos is now under study for a possible integration into the Army's air defense system as a land-based anti-aircraft missile with a mission similar to that of the Nike Hercules. Armed with a new-type warhead never before tested, the Talos failed to detonate when it neared a drone B-17 target plane. The Army doesn't know why. Neither does the Navy.

The week's most spectacular demonstration was out on the Hawk—"Homing All the Way Killer," a surface-to-air missile system designed to defend against enemy attackers flying at low altitudes to escape detection. One 16-foot Hawk scored a direct hit on an unpowered F-80 jet fighter plane five miles away before the eyes of excited spectators in its first public demonstration. This pinpoint accuracy may be adopted by the Marine Corps.

Other weapons brandished at White Sands ranged from the five-foot-long Dart anti-tank missile, which easily dealt with an old M-4 tank at a range of 7,000 feet, to the huge 70-foot Redstone surface-to-surface missile which was pointed to with pride but not fired.

In between, there were impressive firepower demonstrations by the Little John and the LaCrosse, both comparatively small and highly mobile battlefield weapons, and a briefing on the Sergeant, a large and fast-moving successor to the older, weaker Corporal.

TOWARD the end of this circus of carefully calculated destruction, the enthusiasm of the gawkers grew. There was finally a tendency to break into applause, and even cheers when a "kill" was made.

The roar of the rockets, the hollow rumble of faraway impacts, the applause and the cheers all seemed to be strangely out of place in this desert they call the Tularosa Basin—a name that rolls so pleasantly on the tongue.

The buffalo, the antelope and the desert highbush have gone but the landscape remains as one of the great natural wonders of North America—a rough and rugged desert of great, unchanging beauty and space.

The only predatory animal left here is man, and this week he was very busy with his chores.

Despite the elation, there was something a little sad about it all. And a little frightening too. For hell is a place very much like White Sands, N. M.

U. S. Must Not Blunder Into Guerrilla War In Lebanon

By WALTER LIPPMANN

THERE is a certain vagueness, perhaps deliberate, in what President Chamoun of the Lebanon has been allowed to tell himself about American military commitments. He is said to think that if he asks for British American armed intervention, having failed to get U. N. armed

intervention, we are in honor bound to send in the Marines and the paratroopers. It is very hard to believe that London and Washington have really put themselves in a position where Mr. Chamoun could decide to make us take part in the Lebanese fighting. Such a delegation of authority to a foreign politician, and not even one of the loyalty of his own army, would be so imprudent that one cannot imagine President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles making it.

If we had made such a promise, it would be severing any ever contemplated in any of our many pasts, doctrines, and declarations. For in this case we would find ourselves committed to much more than the defense of a country which is the victim of aggression. We would be committed to a particular individual in the internal affairs of that country.

There's Still A Place For Funny Drunks

By ROBERT C. RUARK

PALAMOS, Spain. PERHAPS I am incurably frivolous, but with so much clowning the globe, I kind of like it when the cycle turns silly and some of the old nonsense turns up.

We come today to the Viscount Enchome, 21, six feet six inches tall, heir to the British Earl of Eildon. He just got "sent down" for a prank. Frank is generally called a "rag."

He had a fine champagne party to celebrate his dismissal from Magdalen—pronounced Maudlin—college for several sins, one of which was shooting one of the Magdalen deer and barbecuing it. Then there was something to do about his pet Spanish snake, and the girl friend who took it for an airing.

RISKY DRIVING

So great was his farewell party that a couple of hundred of intimate friends got loaded on champagne in one grand room, and some risky driving on bicycles, purloined from workers in the Trinity quadrangle.

Friends said that shooting a Magdalen deer was "part of the family tradition." The Viscount's father and grandfather, when they were up at Oxford, each had scragged one of the pet hounds. The Viscount said, "They were not sent down. It is only in the Socialist age that people are sent down for pranks."

'GOOD SHOW'

It is possible that Pons and Grandpère did NOT barbecue the deer on the banks of the Cherwell. In any case, the Earl of Eildon's offer to replace the sacrificed stag from his herds on his 10,000-acre estate in Devon did not keep the Viscount in college. Down he was sent, and the latest press advice is that he's going to Mallorca with an 18-year-old girl. Jolly good show, say I.

There ain't enough people being sent down from Oxford these days. Any young man who gets into a jam, or who is a greedy gund, and the whole damned world is so glad, so free of champagne parties for irreverent and Spanish snakes being taken for arms around the necks of pretty girls at barbecued sacred cows—or deer—that the general trend of the times has turned to bass.

YOUNG FOGIES

I know that young wasters are not in the majority in England, but when one of Eildon's herds set swims the Thames or the Viscount gets sent down I feel the world is better for a little hubbly-bubbly. The more young folk of America turn old before they're chased a crack at being young.

Youth is a time to get sent down from Oxford, which the good Lord knows is still enough if you stay there. Youth is a time to shoot a sacred cow and barbecue the bloody thing in full sight of the cops.

Grin nobility and intense purpose in search of dull security flamboyant destruction do not entirely make a world. There ought to be a picnic, a Sunday at the beach, somebody standing on his head, the faintest fancy drunk anything except the dimly dazed procession toward the infinity of destruction. I applaud the Viscount for being sent down with the champagne corks popping.

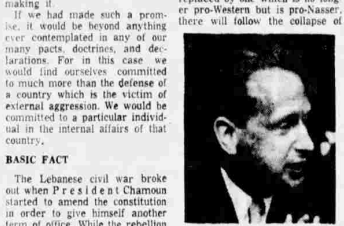
Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON. WHEN Bernard Goldfine came to Washington to confer with Sherman Adams last May and registered under an assumed name at the Sheraton-Carlton Hotel, he borrowed the last name of the manager of the Sheraton-Palace Hotel in Boston. This is the hotel where Sherman Adams rolled up some \$2,000 worth of hotel bills in several different rooms which he claimed he thought were Goldfine's regular suite.

The name under which Goldfine registered at the Sheraton-Carlton in Washington was Bernard Sawyer. Sawyer is a name which has since been played by Goldfine under his name, but didn't even come in a Vegas card.

Unofficial Counsel

Jim Hagerty denied with vigor and determination that he had been masterminding Goldfine's legal



DAG HAMMARSKJÖLD
Support in Good Faith

BASIC FACT

The Lebanese civil war broke out when President Chamoun signed to amend the constitution in order to give himself another term of office. While the rebellion has undoubtedly been encouraged and helped from Syria and Egypt, the basic fact is that if the Lebanese Army had been willing to act for Chamoun, it could have suppressed the rebellion. Inasmuch as President Chamoun cannot use effectively his own army, there is on the face of it reason to believe that the conflict is, as the U. N. observers have indicated, primarily an internal affair.

Had we promised Chamoun to intervene if he called upon us, we would have committed ourselves to the personal fortunes of one Lebanese politician. There is no public evidence that we have actually done this though it is true that in his recent press conference, Mr. Dulles said that we might intervene if Chamoun should call upon us.

As against this, we must assume that in supporting Mr. Hammarskjöld's efforts, we are acting in good faith, not merely trying to take back a promise that we wish we had never given. Now the U. N. action looks toward a negotiated settlement of the civil war, and any settlement would be primarily an internal affair.

HOW TO GET OUT? The trouble with this argument is that if intervention is attempted, as at Suez in 1956, and if the intervention fails, the Western position in the Middle East and beyond will be much worse than it is in a negotiated settlement. Chamoun gives up the three remaining months of his constitutional term of office. Now, there is no certainty that intervention would be successful, and I find it somewhat that no one who favors intervention has ever ventured to say what the Marines and the paratroopers would be told to do when they landed in the Lebanon.

'But Couldn't I Keep Him—And Write It Off As A Business Expense Like Goldfine Did?'



People's Platform

Candidate Casts A Vote Of Thanks

Matthews

Editors, The News:

THANK you for the interest shown by your paper in my candidacy for Democratic nomi-

nation on the County School Board. I shall appreciate your expressing my thanks to those friends who voted for me in the first primary and loyally returned with 1,000 more to vote for me in the second.

Their expression of confidence in me is heart-warming, and

shows from me enduring loyalty to them and the Democratic Party. I shall continue to be interested in the schools, as I am sure they will too. I pledge my support to the County School Board, and to the Democratic Party in the November election.

—DAN HOOVER

Goldfine Borrowed Hotel Man's Name

WASHINGTON. Chalk up another error for Hagerty. Here are the real facts.

Goldfine came to Washington under an assumed name in May to warn Adams that the Sheraton-Carlton Hotel was investigating him and that this might well lead to opening up the probe of the Harris committee, up to that point dormant.

Active Probe

Following the column of May 12, the Harris committee began an active investigation. At that point Goldfine returned Edward Bennett Williams, who was investigating him, and that this might well lead to opening up the probe of the Harris committee, up to that point dormant.

Hall Ponics

A lot of Ponics in New York have suddenly got cold feet about running for governor. They are only too delighted to let Nelson Rockefeller sleep (or even wake) all the horses. Len Hall, one of them, said that he was to be the candidate, has now got cold feet. Not even a team

say that he would have to drop Williams. He said he had been instructed by Sherman Adams to hire Roger Robb.

Robb has been the attorney for Admiral Lewis Strauss and the Atomic Energy Commission in purging Dr. Robert Oppenheimer. He also represented Peter Strobel, FCC Commissioner, who was charged with the case of the Pirelli Tire Trust—all conflict-of-interest cases under Eisenhower. Adams also faces a conflict-of-interest charge. Robb has been in close touch with the White House ever since.

Big Switch

This is quite a switcheroo for both men and the public. It is interesting to note that it was Adams—though by one man—Sherman Adams—who did not run for governor.

and how once in, they would be able to come out again.

GUERRILLA WAR

Presumably, the objective of the Marines and the paratroopers would be to seal the Syrian border, an operation which would require the pacification of the rebel areas behind the border, which are at least on the order of the country. This would amount to the military occupation of the Lebanon. There is no reason to suppose that the rebels would be down and surrender. There is every reason to suppose that they would wage guerrilla war, and that the United States Marines would find themselves in the same kind of underground war which the French Army has been fighting for several years in Algeria.

Nor is it probable that the British-American forces would be able to wage a self-contained war of pacification up to the Syrian border. Even if the Russians keep quiet, or just concentrate on Poland and Yugoslavia, the Arab world from Morocco to the Persian Gulf will be at least as inflamed as it was in 1956 during the intervention against Nasser.

NO ILLUSIONS

In fact, it is difficult to imagine how Nasser could fail to make reprisals for this second intervention, and as he and the United Arab Republic have physical control of the pipelines and of the canal, we must have no illusions about this being a little local operation. We would be striking at Nasser just enough to annoy him, just enough to provoke him, but not enough, as might theoretically have been done at Suez in 1956, to destroy him.

After the stand we took in the Suez affair, we are committed by our own acts and declarations to a policy of co-existence with Nasser. The policy may not work, but the alternative is a military intervention against him, we are offered enormous risks without any serious prospect of success.

The true alternatives, so it seems to me, are on the one hand a negotiated settlement of the

Lebanese civil war; this would mean the departure of Chamoun and a Lebanese renunciation of its adherence to the Eisenhower doctrine. The other alternative is intervention to keep Chamoun in power. This would mean, so I believe and greatly fear, an indefinite, ineffective, prolonged engagement of our forces in the wretchedness of guerrilla warfare.

Mr. Goldfine Hit Town With Mouth Sealed

By DORIS FLEESON

WASHINGTON. Mr. Goldfine did not seem anything like the Bernard Goldfine who was in Washington since President Calvin Coolidge appointed a fellow-Vermonters, John Sargent, to be his attorney general.

Coolidge was having trouble with the Teapot Dome scandals and he charged Sargent not to talk to reporters. Sargent took this admonition literally, refusing to reply even when an exasperated reporter who had found himself in the small hours at Union Station for nothing said, "Well, your name is John Sargent, isn't it?"

Mr. Goldfine was met by one of his Boston attorneys, Samuel P. Sears, who snapped at reporters that his client was saying "absolutely nothing." When one suggested that Mr. Goldfine might say something simple, "like you're glad to be in Washington," Sears waved his arms and shouted, "No, no."

LOTS OF LAWYERS

Lawrence Cohen, another Goldfine lawyer from Boston, had already made it official that his client—or perhaps one should say "their client," since Goldfine seems to have more lawyers than Carter has pills—is "a terrible witness." It was clear at any rate that a determined effort was underway to stop him from the kind of broadsides which the old associate who fingered him for the Harlan consumptive, millionaire John Fox of Boston, had been firing.

For it also became apparent over the weekend that Sherman Adams, with the help of President Eisenhower, was directing from the White House a determined effort to keep Goldfine out of the Adams matter. "I assume he'll be in his own party."

HISTORIC OCCASION

Vice President Bulwark Nixon spoke up for Adams and the administration generally. White House press secretary Hagerty extended the recklessness of the Fox charges and Adams held his first press conference. Adams did not answer questions but it was a historic occasion nonetheless.

Roger Robb, a Goldfine attorney from Washington, was described by the Boston contingent as a kind of staff and their channel to a Madison Avenue public relations firm, advising them on procedure. Robb, well known as an Adams associate, says, "No doubt Goldfine talked to Sherman Adams about a lawyer. I assume he talked to a lot of people."

SALVATION SOUGHT

Adams inevitably hopes to find salvation in the confusion. Fox's recklessness has loved the subcommittee to defend its own proceedings but still on the record are Adams' own admission about his Goldfine gifts plus the fact that Goldfine got consent decrees, no prosecution, despite repeated findings of the Federal Trade Commission. And the gift-giver's corporate records and tax returns are still to come.

The political problem is as simple as ever: anything many Republicans are even more interested in as they watch Adams fighting to save his job. Admittedly they are candidates, who have parted with him to enter—but they represent all phases of the party spectrum and they are in an untenable position. Adams stays on, no matter what happens.

This aspect may very well show up in votes on vital parts of the President's program which are approaching a showdown in Congress.

One thing is certain. It is now too late for closed hearings or a new bill remotely resembling the omnibus to the subcommittee's work. When the public sees a man in government, it is merciless.

Of Oyster Bay horses where his father used to be a jockey for Teddy Roosevelt could get him to run.

Sen. Walter Maloney has also developed a sudden case of "after-you-Alphonse." Maloney has a lot of business in the New York Senate and is just too busy to run.

Big Switch

This is quite a switcheroo for both men and the public. It is interesting to note that it was Adams—though by one man—Sherman Adams—who did not run for governor.

The reason for Sherman Adams' gift-taking, plus his business, reputation, plus his family, have convinced both Len Hall and Maloney that they should let Nelson Rockefeller have the field entirely to himself.



Charlotte's Nike Hercules