



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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Guest Editorial

Let Us Now Honor Mothers

By LeGETTE BLYTHE

Author of 'Bald Galilee'

ACTUALLY we know little about her. She was a descendant of the great king, but so were countless others in Israel. For David had been dead a thousand years and the royal blood had run thin.

She must have been a sweet, unaffected peasant daughter, a girl from the other side of town, except that there was no other side of town in Little Nazareth, whose mud huts and cattle sheds and sheepfolds clutched tenaciously the side of a hill that thrust itself up through the floor of Esdraelon's valley.

She hadn't a chance to amount to anything, the best people of Israel would have agreed had they ever heard of her. For what good could come out of Nazareth, the very mention of whose name invariably invoked a shrug or a smirk or a sly snicker?

She must have been desperately poor, too, for who in Nazareth wasn't poor, and while she was still hardly more than a child she married a poor carpenter who had nothing but a tiny shop behind their little house, and a hammer and a saw and a foot-saw and a chisel or two, and a warm smile and a calm gentle way.

ONE day they set out for their ancestral Bethlehem to be enrolled in the Roman census and when after a long time they returned it was whispered about that the poor girl's baby had been born in a cave stable because no one had offered them a night's lodging.

She must have had a hard time of it, this round-faced, black-eyed little Galilean mother. Before the sand, which heard was long enough to trim on the chin of her tall first-born, her husband was dead and the responsibility of the home was on the boy.

And he must have caused her much worry. Not because he wasn't a good boy, a fine, clean, manly young man. Not because he wasn't willing to work, for without a murmur he carried the burden of their living.

But because he was so improvident. No sooner had he collected the few Roman coins from a roof repaired or a cart wheel mended than he squandered them on food for passing beggars or a coat for a naked fellow tramping from the east of Ptolemais to Tiberias on the little sea. Nor did her mild reproaches and gentle scoldings change his ways.

"But you'll never have anything, my boy," she would protest. "You'll die without owning a roof over your head."

She was right. He died a young man under but the blue canopy of his Father's house.

Time For Educational Statesmanship

IN a period of deep uncertainty about the directions of Tar Heel higher education, the voice of the House Appropriations Committee sounded bold and clear this week. It approved legislation to establish a new state-supported college in Charlotte and to appropriate \$150,000 to operate it during the 1955-57 biennium.

The action had double-barreled significance.

It raised Charlotte's hopes for a state college in the neighborhood.

It gave dramatic, timely support to the argument that a system of regional colleges is the answer to the state's booming population increases in the college-age bracket.

Having survived the frying pan of committee consideration, the measure must now brave the fire of House floor action. A lively skirmish is expected. Legislative purse strings are getting tighter by the minute.

The importance of the bill should not be underestimated. It represents a practical, realistic solution to an educational problem which deserves thoughtful attention.

Starting in 1958, the first of North Carolina war-born babies will be of college age. The demand for higher education will increase sharply—particularly in the large population centers like Charlotte.

Tar Heel educational institutions—private as well as public—are already hard

pressed because of heavy enrollments. Over 15 out of every 100 Tar Heels in the 18-21 age group go to college. A much higher ratio is expected during the next few years.

The primary problem is simply one of capacity. According to some experts, as much floor space will have to be provided for U.S. higher education in the next 15 years as colleges have built since Harvard was founded over 300 years ago.

There is already talk of limiting enrollments to young people of the highest aptitudes. This, we believe, would be fundamentally wrong.

Higher education must be provided for as many people as possible.

Certainly one of the most sensible ways to do this is through the regional college plan. Institutions of higher learning should be established in major population centers so students may live at home and commute to nearby classrooms daily. No expensive dormitories would be needed. A lot of recreational facilities—so important where students live on the campus—could likewise be eliminated from plans.

In an regional college system, populous Mecklenburg would be the logical place to start. There is the special attraction too of the offer of assets and facilities of the city's youthful, struggling Charlotte College.

Clearly here is an opportunity for far-sighted educational statesmanship in Raleigh.

THAT COUNTRY STORE FRAGRANCE

JUST ONCE more a man would like to open the door to an old-fashioned general country store and whiff the distinctive fragrances he remembers.

Wonderful smells hit the nostrils as soon as one stepped inside. Some of the fragrances were blends; some were individual aromas and stood forth like the clear streaks of color in mother's favorite marble cake. You quickly recognized the pungencies of the big cart-wheel cheese, pickled herring and salt codfish. When those were mingled with the nostril tickling smell of fresh ground coffee, you had an aroma no manufacturer of Subtle Night or Temptation De Luxe perfume could achieve.

Good and satisfying smells came from the counter heaped high with stiffly

starched overalls and heavy woolen pants, felt leggings and thick union suits; there was an acid richness from the rubber arctics, leather work shoes and rubber boots. It was a good fragrance from the hemp rope, harness, leather straps, logging chains, tobacco, cold oil, oranges, hazelnut molasses, open barrel of common crackers, buckets of chocolates and hard candies, keg of pickled herring, bacon and ham, bolts of gingham, percale and calico, woolen blankets and codfish. When those were mingled with the nostril tickling smell of fresh ground coffee, you had an aroma no manufacturer of Subtle Night or Temptation De Luxe perfume could achieve.

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Destruction Of The Human Race: '40 Cents A Head'

By STEWART ALSOP

WASHINGTON

THEORETICALLY, the entire human race can be for all practical purposes be eliminated for the small sum of about 40 cents per human, give or take a few cents either way.

The authority for this statement is found in a rough estimate recently made by the distinguished physicist, Dr. Leo Szilard. Dr. Szilard estimated the cost of covering the globe, on an over-land, checkered pattern, with lethal concentrations of radioactive fallout.

ATOMIC ARITHMETIC
In arriving at his estimate, which he emphasizes is informal and subject to drastic revision, Dr. Szilard used the Atomic Energy Commission's figure of 7,000 square miles of lethal radioactivity per thermonuclear weapon. He then drew on his knowledge of the nature of the new weapon—knowledge now shared by every competent physicist in the world and tacked up the cost of the number of bombs needed to blanket the world. In terms of lithium, tritium, uranium, and other materials.

The resulting computation came to about \$1,000,000,000, plus or minus a few hundred million. Given a population of about 2.4 billion, this works out to a per capita cost of roughly 40 cents.

CUT RATES
The notion of ending human life on this planet at such rates may seem rather ferocious, even though, as Dr. Szilard points out, it is "not one of the major planks of the atomic bomb." Of course, the estimate is deceptive, since it makes no allowance for the cost of delivery or the attrition of delivery. In the event, a deliberate, unopposed effort to commit global suicide—and the human race is, presumably, not yet ready for this. Even so, Dr. Szilard's little calculation cannot be dismissed simply as a peculiar

sort of scientific joke. Dr. Szilard is a most serious scientist. Working as he does in the field of atomic energy, he made an enormous contribution to man's foolhardy triumph over the atom. And although his estimate is a casual one, made in part for his own amusement and instruction, it has a serious significance of its own. QUANTUM JUMP
For it serves to point up a fact that very few people even those in the higher reaches of Washington officialdom—have really grasped. The new kind of

thermonuclear weapon (it should not properly be called a hydrogen bomb) represents a "quantum jump" at least as important as the first atomic bomb. "Quantum jump" is a scientist's shorthand for an unprecedented, situation-transforming scientific breakthrough. The simple, disagreeable fact is that American scientists—and Russian scientists too, alas—have done what was previously thought to be inherently impossible. They have found a way to use uranium 235—natural uranium, the stuff that is dug out of the ground,

as bomb material. This has been public knowledge at least among scientists, ever since the Japanese announced the presence of split atoms of uranium 235 in the fallout from our Pacific thermonuclear tests.

AGE OF PLENTY
How it is done is of no interest to the layman. What is of interest to the layman is that this enormous scientific advance opens up the possibility of genuinely unlimited destruction at very low cost. Combined with the fact that

phenomenon it basically transforms the whole world situation. For example, since the entire Soviet stockpile of atomic bombs can now be used as mere triggers for the immensely more powerful thermonuclear weapon, the Soviet stockpile has been multiplied by a factor estimated as high as 100. The Soviets have thus presumably overnight entered the age of atomic plenty.

The superiority of our Strategic Air Command over the Soviet "Long Range Air Army" still provides us with an important margin of superiority. But this margin cannot be expected to last forever. What happens when it is lost when the Soviets can visit wholly unmitigated destruction on this country as we already can on Russia? Will not our Strategic Air Force, the center of our military power, then be neutralized?

OPERATION STAND-OFF
The Air Force itself has recognized that this is a serious question, which needs a serious answer. Under the sponsorship of the Air War College a study called "Operation Stand-Off" is now going forward. The underlying assumption of "Operation Stand-Off" is that both sides will fear to use the thermonuclear weapon, and that therefore any future war may be only a limited war.

The Air Force, it must be said, deserves credit for the courage to undertake such a study. Since the above assumption strikes at the very heart of American strategic doctrine—above all Air Force doctrine—since the past, it has always been regarded as the ultimate heresy even to consider the possibility that the Strategic Air Arm and the thermonuclear weapon might not be used. Yet if one considers seriously the essentially suicidal nature of the new thermonuclear weapon, Dr. Szilard's 40-cents-a-head estimate, it is a possibility which must surely at least be taken into account.

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After Atoms, Rock Fights

By MARQUIS CHILDS

WASHINGTON

ONE distinguished public figure after another has testified in the Senate hearings on revision of the United Nations Charter, giving general or cautious approval to the world organization. In marked contrast to this cautious approval is the testimony presented in behalf of those who know with exact scientific knowledge the full and terrible measure of the destructiveness of the arsenal of atomic-hydrogen weapons.

Professor John S. Toll, head of the Department of Physics of the University of Maryland, testifying for the Federation of American Scientists, urged a drastic revision of the U. N. Charter giving increased recognition to a world court with jurisdiction over all questions of atomic inspection and control.

The testimony presented by Professor Toll was largely ignored, perhaps because it seems so remote from any changes in the U. N. Charter contemplated by anyone with authority. But, as one of the younger generation of atomic physicists that helped to unlock the secret of atomic fission and thereby make possible the atomic bomb, Toll shares a deep sense of responsibility for trying to prevent the mutual annihilation of another war.

LIFE AND DEATH

This is reminiscent of the reply Einstein is supposed to have made when he was asked for a prediction as to the weapons that would be used in World War III. Speaking with his heavy accent in his dry, unemotional manner, the great scientist is said to have replied:

"I cannot say what the weapons of World War III will be, but I can forecast the weapons of World War IV. They will be rocks."

What the scientists have to say on this issue of life or death may have a visionary and impossible sound. But there is nothing visionary about their knowledge of the fantastic destructiveness—thousands and thousands of times greater than ever before—that man has at his disposal.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON
TOP Republican governors in Washington this week rebelled privately but vigorously against the idea of acquiescing in the nomination of a GOP candidate if Ike does not run.

Informed that the President had been trying to sell "his boy Dick" GOP governors threw up their hands. They remembered the all too recent Gallup poll showing Kefauver running far ahead of Nixon in a test presidential heat. And no matter how much the likes of Dick, GOP politicians are making it clear they don't like Dick themselves.

It is not to be known that Ike bowed out of the proposed trip to San Francisco for the 10th anniversary of the United Nations. The excuse Eisenhower gave was that his schedule was too crowded. When San Franciscans checked his schedule, however, they found it was not too crowded, but like Ike was just pushing Nixon to the fore instead.

Note—Simultaneous word from the White House continues to be that Ike just doesn't want to run and that it will take more than a team of horses to pull him into the race.

Oyster Admirals

It looks as if the chief beneficiaries from the oyster digging by Navy men at government expense near Newport News, Va., were the admirals. An in-

'I Kind Of Dread This Route'



GOP Governors Nix Nixon For President

vestigation by the Navy at Chestham Annex, Pa., recently reported by this column, shows that for years civilian workers have been employed by the Navy Department at the taxpayers' expense to dig oysters and send them to the high brass in Washington and Norfolk.

Although junior officers were officially in charge of the operation, they now develop that among the admirals who got the oysters were Vice Adm. "Oyster Porks Charley" Fox, Rear Adm. John Ende Wood, former commander of the Norfolk Supply Center, and Adm. T. Earle Hipp, also stationed in Norfolk.

Admiral Wood, now retired and living at Elkton Park, Pa., was quite frank in admitting that he relished oysters. "Did you know, admiral," he was asked by this column, "that oyster digging was going on at Chestham Annex?" "Yes," said the admiral, "as a matter of fact I received a quart personally every once in a while. But as far as I knew, they were being gathered during off-duty hours."

"Did you assume, admiral, that the employees themselves were volunteering their free time to supply oysters for Navy officers?" "Well," parried the admiral, "there are all kinds of good things done in that part of the country—fish, oysters, lobster. I just assumed some of the officers went out on weekends and picked

up these oysters."

Actually, oyster digging for the benefit of admirals by Navy personnel cost the taxpayer about \$2,000 a year.

Consumer Champion

It isn't often that a high-up official who loses his job goes back home to run for humble office. Usually he sets up a plush law firm in Washington, or becomes a lobbyist or just rusticates.

However, Tom Buchanan, hard-bitten former chairman of the Federal Power Commission, has gone back to his home town of Beaver, Pa., to run for judge of the court of common pleas.

Buchanan is the FPC chairman who did almost more than any other man to protect consumers of natural gas and electricity from the big gas and power companies. As a result, Sen. Bob Kerr of Oklahoma, champion of the big gas companies and an oil-gas millionaire himself, helped knock him off the FPC.

Washington Pipeline

It's a safe prediction that Anthony Eden will win the British elections. He

should gain around 90 seats. . . . The Federal Reserve Board is seriously considering increasing margin rates on the stock market again—this time up to 80 per cent. . . . Senator Fulbright of Arkansas will stage a full-dress probe of proxy fights. The Wolston battle with Montgomery Ward will be a feature. . . . Arkansas voters are amused when Carroll Cone, Washington lobbyist and vice president of Pan American Airways, made a speech in Little Rock urging Senator McClellan of Arkansas for President. If McClellan hadn't been the featured speaker at the McCarthy hearings last spring, he would have been a dead duck politically, even in Arkansas. . . . Solicitor General Simon Sobeloff, who refused to sign one of Attorney General Brown's "witch hunting" orders before the Supreme Court, can have a judgeship any time he wants it. . . . Thurman Arnold, when assistant attorney general, got a U. S. circuit judgeship when he started to prosecute Pan American Airways during the Roosevelt administration. Harlan F. Stone, attorney general, got a judgeship when he got a Supreme Court judgeship when he started to prosecute the Aluminum Corporation of America. Justice Department officials who are conservative but don't conform politically get judgeships handed them on a silver platter no matter what political party is in power.

Through Iberia In A Taxicab

By ROBERT C. RUARK

MADRID

THIS IS getting to be like the Perils of Pauline, and now I know I am divorced, because what wife is going to believe that I just drove in from Lisbon, Portugal, to Madrid, Spain, in a taxi, when I am supposed to be coming from Rome, Italy, and then I said, "Oh, no." Because that hunter's sixth sense told me that there wasn't going to be any plane, because in the next half hour that plane was going to be learned from Lefebvre. And I thought, "Bourget is a good hour, maybe more, the other way from Orly."

WORLD TOUR
So we went up and asked, tearfully, what anybody had going anywhere, and Air France said they had a nice line of seats to Lisbon, Portugal, and that maybe if I things didn't work out from Lisbon I could buy a passage to America and maybe fly into Madrid via New York.

So that, dear diary, is how I wound up in Lisbon, in a new hangar in the Hotel Aviz, and sent the next telegram.

It looked to me that I was either going to live the rest of my life in Portugal or else act fast. So I hired a taxi.

I have hired a taxi often, once from Rocky Mount, N. C., to Kingstree, S. C., but I must say a taxicab from Lisbon, Portugal, to Madrid, Spain, is quite a more ambitious undertaking than from Rocky Mount to Kingstree.

We tied the meter down and settled on the approximate cost of the taxi as a fee, and this, dear diary, is how I come to know so much of the Spanish and Portuguese countryside.

I ain't home to Mama yet and I really ain't going home to get big dogs, and don't want them set on me.