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Pushbutton War Weapons Build A Nest Of Nightmares

By THE ALSOP
WASHINGTON
ABOUT a year from today, if all goes as expected, a prototype of the first true intercontinental missile, a Ramjet known as Navaho, will be tested in the Caribbean proving grounds. And about 18 months from today, according to present schedules, a greater and more terrible weapon, the intercontinental ballistic missile, known as Atlas, will also be tested.

To most people, these facts may seem no more than a passing glance. Yet the near prospect of the testing of these weapons has profoundly revolutionary implications, which are causing a passionate debate in the Pentagon and the National Security Council. The outcome of the debate will deeply affect the economy and the grand strategy of the United States, and indeed, this country's chances of survival in any future war. To understand what the debate is about, the basic facts about the missile weapons must be understood. Navaho is designed to travel to its target at a speed of over 2,000 miles an hour at an altitude of 60,000 to 80,000 feet. Atlas, an entirely different kind of missile, is designed to travel at the fantastic speed of 10,000 miles an hour or more, reaching a maximum altitude of around 600 miles.

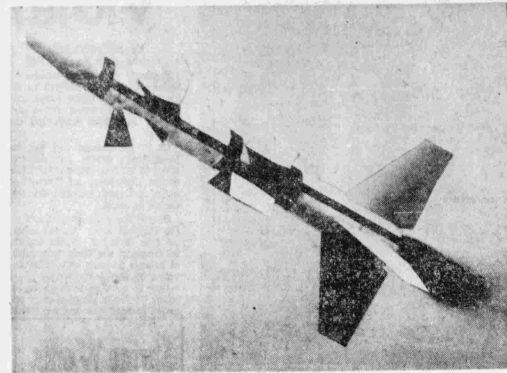
CRUCIAL DIFFERENCE
Both missiles are of intercontinental range—more than 5,000 miles. But the difference between them are crucial. Navaho has been intercepted and shot down by the enemy known or projected. Atlas cannot be intercepted and is already capable of carrying as a warhead only a rather small atomic bomb. The Atlas warhead will be a very powerful hydrogen bomb.

These are some of the reasons why Atlas, unlike Navaho, has been called "the ultimate weapon." But it must also be understood that there is a wide gap between the testing of a prototype and the possession of a decisive number of these terrible weapons for use in war. And the gap is likely to be much shorter in the case of Navaho than in the case of Atlas.

One of the missile-makers most nightmarish problems is the problem of guidance, of directing a missile to a target half a world away. The problem has been largely solved, at least on paper, in the case of Navaho, thanks in part to a lesser missile called "Sark." Sark is subsonic and militarily almost without value, but experiments in guiding it have been useful in the development of a guidance system for Navaho.

Moreover, in the case of Atlas there is a special difficulty that does not affect Navaho—"re-entry." The problem is to find some way to prevent Atlas from burning up, like a meteor, when it re-enters the earth's atmosphere.

Developing accurate guidance for Atlas, with its incredible speed and other characteristics, is something else again, and although progress has been made, the problem is by no means solved.



The Talos Missile: Bigger Brothers Are Coming

one site, and the cost could easily go much higher. Obviously, if and when the time comes when Atlas missiles and Atlas sites are dotted all over the country, the cost will be astronomical. Given these facts, it is easy to understand why the debate in the administration is all about. There is no longer any argument about the need to win the race for the ultimate weapon, and the President has given the Atlas program the highest priority. But the security-minded strongly argue that putting all America's chips on Atlas involves insupportable risks. There is no assurance that the Strategic Air Command's B-52s will not be rendered obsolete before the still non-existent Atlas is operational in useful numbers. Therefore we must have Navaho, and such other improved manned aircraft as the B-50, to bridge the gap between the B-52 and Atlas, and to make certain that this country retains at all times its retaliatory striking power.

Above all, the security-minded maintain, the United States must be able to fight other kinds of war, besides the suicidal push-button war of total destruction for which Atlas is designed. In sum, the near prospect of the testing of the intercontinental missiles is beginning to generate another great debate on defense, and this may be the most crucial debate of all.

STRATOSPHERIC COST
Finally, Atlas will not only be an enormously expensive weapon in itself, its launching sites will also be hideously expensive to build and maintain. There is a planned appropriation in the next budget of \$10 million for just

Little Hope Creek Tolerated Too Long

THE right to breathe freely ought to be inalienable, even along the banks of Little Hope Creek. Efforts of private citizens to prove that point in Mecklenburg Superior Court are admirable. Whatever the various residential and industrial rights involved, Little Hope needs to be cleaned. It has stunk through many a spring, summer, fall and winter. And this community is a little too advanced to continue to tolerate an open sewer.

If Little Hope had offended the community's pride as it has its tolerance might not have been carried to the point that citizens were forced into expensive court action in order to get relief.

There would have been vigorous attempts to equip county government with authority to regulate industrial waste disposal.

Judicial Reform: A Job Half Done

WHETHER a Mecklenburger is appointed Superior Court solicitor or not, North Carolina's solicitor districts should be reformed to minimum standards of efficiency in the administration of justice. In one of its more pilloried moments, the last General Assembly shuffled judicial districts without laying a finger on solicitor districts.

Mecklenburg used to be in the same judicial district as Gaston. Now it is a judicial district all by itself and Gaston is in another district. But it appears

Industry, of course, has special requirements and problems. But this fact lays down some ground rules on relationships of residential and industrial areas. The need increases as the county becomes more and more industrialized and urbanized. The protection citizens are seeking in court should be a function of government in a metropolitan area.

There may be some satisfactory treatment of the local problem by the North Carolina Stream Sanitation Committee. If not, the county should seek special legislation.

Little Hope has been a special problem. There will be others as the county grows. The extent of home rule must grow, too.

The Ire Is Isolated But Still Persists

IN air pollution control, it is axiomatic that where there is smoke there is ire. Often, the wrath is equally shared by stack owners and their victims. Clouds of early morning smog offend the midtown stroller's nostrils. The necessity to conform to rigorous requirements offends the chimney keeper's dignity.

But because of a skillful, kid-glove approach to public relations, Air Pollution Engineer Charles Frost is working quiet wonders with building owners who have been aiding and abetting smog conditions for years. The ire is being isolated and contained—all in the breasts of innocent smog sniffers who must walk or drive through midtown streets on hazy mornings.

A measure of progress was reported to the City Council yesterday. But, obviously, much remains to be done. The smog persists.

We commend Mr. Frost on his techniques, his diplomacy in a delicate field

of education and enforcement, his plans for a school for janitors and building supervisors, his perseverance. He clearly deserves the community's and the Council's wholehearted support. This is a job which must be done and done well. Obviously, Mecklenburg deserves a full-time solicitor of its own. The bulk of the case load is here and so are the solicitor's chief duties. A resident solicitor would permit the court to operate with a great deal more speed and efficiency.

There must be other examples of judicial imbalance across the state. The job legislators started in 1955 should be finished in 1957.

Not Joe Smith

THE GOP's unexpelled Joe—McCarthy—says he'll run for reelection in '58 to "continue the fight to get the United States out of the United Nations and the United Nations out of the United States."

In this endeavor he will have the best wishes of certain foreign powers who generally wind up on the short end of U. N. notes. It might be copying McCarthy to identify these powers, however, and we shouldn't like to copy McCarthy, not even against its inventor.

marksmen, she battled the Ku Klux Klan when nightriding was again in flower. Later, she spoke up loudly for civil liberties during a period of extreme labor unrest in North Carolina. Finally, however, she adopted a peculiar brand of paleolithic conservatism that became her pride and joy and dominated her well-read Raleigh column, INCIDENTALLY.

But through all of her changes of heart she never deviated from the conviction that "the freedom of the human mind is the most precious possession of the race. . . . Through this freedom all human progress, spiritual, intellectual, social, and scientific and material has been accomplished."

Her own mind, so wondrously free, will surely be missed in what has become an age of pussy-footing and timidity.

From The Charlotte-Mecklenburg Tribune

In The Age Of Timidity, A Loss

THE death of Raleigh's Nell Battle Lewis strips Tar Heel journalism of one of its sturdiest and most original figures. For 35 years, she was the state's fiercest critic of contemporary society—whether it was "barbaric Gastonia" when striking mill workers needed a champion in 1929 or "Chapel Hill pinkies" when she jilted liberalism for good in the 1940s.

The victor of her writing in the RALEIGH NEWS & OBSERVER, and her enormous capacity for righteous indignation made her the target for frequent barbs. But she thrived on criticism. Never did she stop hacking away with a well-honed meet ax at what she called "false idols."

In her younger days she barbed reactionaries with the same peppery relish that she later reserved solely for liberals. Along with Gerard W. Johnson, Douglas Freeman, Virginia Dabney, Louis Jaffe and other skillful editorial

WHAT IS A COED?

BETWEEN the innocence of girlhood and the dignity of womanhood, we find the amazing creature called "the coed." Coeds come in assorted sizes and weights, but all have the same creed: To make it known with loud fanfare that they are on a diet and promptly forget it at mealtime. Coeds are found everywhere on the campus—blocking doorways, going up and down stairways, running for classes, stepping off curbs in front of trucks, whispering in the library and losing their pews in church.

Mothers worry about them, fathers dote on them, little brothers like them, teachers tolerate them and college boys can't make up their minds. A coed is a princess with a run in its stocking, beauty with curls in its hair and sophistication with its lipstick smeared.

When you are trying to be serious, a coed is a laughing, bawling, bundle of glee. But say something witty and expect her to laugh, her brain turns to cement and she looks at you wide eyed, without the least notion that anything funny has been said.

A coed is a composite—she has the verve of a fall morning, the persuasiveness of a Philadelphia lawyer, the demureness of a Mona Lisa, the mind of a Machiavelli, the tenacity of a shark, the heartlessness of a saint, the opti-

mism of a gambler and a secret weapon that turns men to jelly-tears. She mixes new clothes, dates, boys, Christmas vacation, cutting out, talking, convertible, athletes, furry stuffed animals, young handsome teachers, spring, being sophisticated, and expensive drinks.

Nobody else can attend college without deciding in what she is majoring. Nobody else can get so much fun out of sunlams, window shopping or ticket stubs. Nobody else can cram into one small handbag three weeks' history notes, four tubes of lipstick, a manicure set, 27 cents in change, a comb, 12 bobby pins, three keys, a bid to last year's senior prom, a powder puff, two chewed pencils, a package of filter cigarettes (no matches, of course), four sticks of gum and an autographed picture of Julius La Rosa.

A coed is a magical creature—you can lock your heart against her, but she'll steal the key; you can keep her out of your life, but you can't keep her out of your mind. Might as well give up she is your captor, your boss and your master. But when you bring her home at night from a date with only the shattered pieces of your bank roll left, she can make you feel like a million when she breathes those five magic words: "I had a wonderful time."

Little Hope's Lingering Smell

We Have No Law

By ANN SAWYER
Charlotte News Staff Writer

UNTIL the General Assembly gives the county authority to pass a waste dumping ordinance, dwellers along smelly, polluted streams will have to take their pollution to civil court.

That's what the folks along Valley Stream, commonly known as Little Hope Creek, finally did after exhausting all other resources.

They tried asking the industrial plants on Pineville Rd. to stop polluting the narrow, winding little stream. They called on the Health Dept. and the County Commissioners, but made no progress.

About two months ago, they asked the court for a restraining order and the second hearing on it this week set the protesting neighbors out in front.

Here's why the situation is so hotly debated. The stream, known as Little Hope Creek residents in Madison and Selwyn Pds.

On the matter of stream pollution, county attorney Henry C. Dockery said, "The Board of Commissioners have not passed and cannot pass any ordinance about it. We just don't have that power unless the legislature gives it to us."

On one occasion, when a delegation protested to County Commissioners, Dr. M. B. Bethel, city-county health officer, said if the county had a law covering the dumping situation the health department already would have acted.

"We have no laws," he said today, "That's why the people want to court."

PAID VISIT
Dr. Bethel said he paid his first visit to the offensive stream about three summers ago. Without authority from the legislature, he is not allowed to pollute, the only hope for the future appears to be in the North Carolina Stream Sanitation Act.

The purpose of the committee is to classify all state streams and tributaries as to their best usage. The group started in the east and is now working in the Catawba Basin.

When the work is completed, Dr. Bethel said, "those streams must conform to their usage classification."

Local streams included in the Catawba Basin have not been classified yet.

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'Come In, Friend—I Welcome Suggestions'

Some Negro Schools Separate & Unequal

Editors, The News:
I ASK the white people of Union County what price are you willing to pay for continued segregation? Let's face up to the fact that segregation comes high these days.

It is past time to realize that hand-picked Negroes appointed over our schools, who are afraid to ask for school equipment and supplies that are the basic essential of even a third-grade school because they value their jobs more than the progress of the Negro people, can no longer be counted upon to defer the advent of democratic education.

These conditions are intolerable. The segregationists have no ground for argument of "separate but equal." Our Negro schools are being forced to become the four-hundred-dollar-a-year schools, and a market place of money changers, rather than institutions of full-time scholars and teachers.

Let there be no mistake about it, the Negro is aware of his being short-changed in Union County, and that he has a right to suffer relief by virtue of the Supreme Court decision of May 17, 1954.

It is fortunate that Union County has not been beset with suits of integration, but to enlighten Negroes, this intolerable situation leaves very little choice.

—ROBERT F. WILLIAMS

HERB LOCK
DISEASE THE WASHINGTON POST

Quote, Unquote
You sometimes have to answer a woman according to her womanliness, just as you have to answer a fool according to his folly.

—Bernard Shaw
A man makes a woman not what she says, but what she listens to. —George Jean Nathan.

It saves a lot of trouble, if, instead of having to earn money and save it, you can just go and borrow it. —Winston Churchill.

At 20 you have the face which God gave you; at 40 the face life gave you; at 60 the face you deserve. —Albert Schweitzer.

Marriage: The state or condition of a community consisting of man, mistress and two slaves, residing in all two. —Ambrose Bierce.

Trade who originally put up his own money for the Pageant of Peace, felt that peace must be universal, not confined to one religion. He argued that the spirit of Christmas had come to include world brotherhood and peace on earth, rather than merely the celebration of Christ's birthday.

One of the most important features is a series of pageants in which the embassies of every nation are invited to portray either the Christmas spirit or the spirit of peace.

Last year when the Pakistani embassy contributed a mosque there was some objection from local clergy. This year their objections are stronger. Some have even suggested that only Christian countries portray either the Christmas spirit or the spirit of peace.

At a meeting of embassy representatives, Mr. Chun Prabha-Vivadhana of Thailand got up and said: "My country is Thailand. She is not Christian. We cannot put up a tree, but we will have our symbol at the pageant. So there."

Means Peace
The Pakistani embassy also pointed out that "Islam," the word on the miniature mosque which they wanted to exhibit, means "peace."

Adams Decided
Finally the matter was referred to assistant president Sherman Adams. Adams has had a lot of thorny problems to decide. He didn't shy away from this one.

His decision was in favor of world peace and brotherhood, the broader interpretation of Christmas. Non-Christian countries, he added emphatically, including the Arab nations, should be invited to attend.

Table with 2 columns: Time and Price. Includes entries for 3:00 P, 3:30 P, 4:00 P, 4:15 P, 4:30 P, 4:45 P, 5:00 P, 5:15 P, 5:30 P, 5:45 P, 6:00 P, 6:15 P, 6:30 P, 6:45 P, 7:00 P, 7:15 P, 7:30 P, 7:45 P, 8:00 P, 8:15 P, 8:30 P, 8:45 P, 9:00 P, 9:15 P, 9:30 P, 9:45 P, 10:00 P, 10:15 P, 10:30 P, 10:45 P, 11:00 P, 11:15 P, 11:30 P, 11:45 P, 12:00 P, 12:15 P, 12:30 P, 12:45 P, 1:00 P, 1:15 P, 1:30 P, 1:45 P, 2:00 P, 2:15 P, 2:30 P, 2:45 P, 3:00 P.