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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1957

Peace And The 'Balance Of Terror'

AN OPINION sampler making his way across the country this morning got little response from a 73-year-old farmer he met in West Texas. "I do my chores, read my paper," the old man said. "The rest of the world can go to blazes."

now rests—on a "balance of terror" compounded of atoms and missiles. And it is in fear that new hope and new faith must be found. "Our plight is critical," said Gen. Omar Bradley last night to the St. Alban's Convocation, "and with each effort we have made to relieve it by further scientific advance, we have succeeded only in aggravating our peril. As a result, we are now speeding inexorably toward a day when even the ingenuity of our scientists may be unable to save us from the consequences of a single rash act or a lone reckless hand upon the switch of an uninterceptable missile. For 12 years now we've sought to stave off this ultimate threat of disaster by devising arms which would be both ultimate and disastrous. This irony can probably be compounded a few more years, or perhaps a few decades. Missiles will bring anti-missiles, and anti-missiles will bring anti-missiles. But inevitably, this whole electronic house of cards will reach a point where it can be constructed no higher.

UNFORTUNATELY most Americans could not make the sort of an accommodation with crisis this Christmas. For if they have not known the full measure of folly the old man has witnessed, they are up against a threat that he could never have comprehended. They, in their ignorance, lack assurance of a future for their children. Even in the leanest, hungriest years, the man had that—an inner certainty that things would work out, better days would come again, that in this world of men and land Americans trained in self-reliance could wreak from the soil some sort of life.

"IT MAY be that the problems of accommodation in a world split by rival ideologies are more difficult than those with which we have struggled in the construction of ballistic missiles. But I believe, too, that if we apply to these human problems the energy, creativity and the perseverance we have devoted to science, even problems of accommodation will yield to reason. I confess that this is as much an article of faith as it is an expression of reason. But this, my friends, is what we need, faith in our ability to do what must be done. Without that faith we shall never get started. And until we get started, we shall never know what can be done. When we are going to muster an intellectual leader to do what must be done, Sputnik and dedicate it to the preservation of this Satellite on which we live?"

And he was right, of course. Tomorrow, for men of 73, always came. Those tomorrow, now turned yesterday, were always free of fear that the destruction of war would come to the land itself. Wars were things to go off over the ocean to fight, trouble in the old world that had to be solved before it contaminated the new world.

Gen. Bradley believes "that we can somehow, somewhere, and perhaps through some as yet undiscovered worker thinker and leader find a workable solution." The solution, when it is found, will be the same offered the world by the man whose birth Americans are celebrating in this season. The task of the engineer and the scientist is to teach man to take out of mothballs the humane apparel he always has possessed but seldom uses—reason.

IT IS NO longer so, America no longer is immune to physical destruction. Prudent Americans feel fear in Christmas season that this has come to pass, a fear that was not quite submerged in the gay appearances of the holidays, nor quite eased by the tired words of tired politicians and diplomats.

IF FEAR provokes the use of that weapon, fear will have been a beneficial part of this Christmas season in America. For there is one thing certain. If man merely does his chores, reads his paper and says the rest of the world can go to blazes—it will.

The High Cost Of Not Raising Hogs

SECRETARY of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson can no more avoid the grapes of public wrath than Congress can guarantee good growing weather for the wheat belt. He is both the inheritor and preserver of too many "necessary evils" thrust upon him by politics and pressure groups.

ing 100 hogs? I plan to operate on a small scale at first, holding myself down to about 4,000 hogs, which means I will have \$80,000.

Typical of the latest indignities being heaped upon his unhealed head is an open letter to the Department of Agriculture attributed to one Octave Broussard of Louisiana. It goes something like this:

"Now another thing: These hogs will not eat 100,000 bushels of corn. I understand that you also pay farmers for not raising corn. So will you pay me anything for not raising 100,000 bushels of corn not to feed the hogs I am not raising?"

"My friend Bordeaux over in Terrebonne Parish received a \$1,000 check from the government this year for not raising hogs. So I am going into the not-raising-hogs business.

Secretary Benson will survive the joke all right. But will the economy survive the real situations which spawned the joke?"

"What I want to know is, in your opinion, what's the best kind of farm not to raise hogs on and the best kind of hogs not to raise? I would prefer not to raise razorbacks, but I will just as gladly not raise Berkshires or Durocs. If I can get 10,000 for raising 50 hogs, then will I get \$2,000 for not raising 100 hogs?"

Mr. Benson did not personally manufacture the current trends in farm legislation. They have been building up over several decades. At some point in U. S. history, however, the public will realize that there is no future for the farmer or for the country in the kind of high scarcity pay-offs, plowed-under crops and jerking puppet strings from Washington that have so often characterized agriculture policy in the past. And that's no joke. Mr. Benson.

From The Raleigh News & Observer

'THE OCCONEECHEE KID'

TODAY the man with the best (proudest) foot forward wears fancy socks, even argyles, knitted by his own dear wife. It used to be that the man wearing wife-made socks wore his trousers a few inches lower than customary. Mealy for the times, the homespun garment had inconspicuous connotations. It meant that the crop was plentiful and the merchant found no artistic release in josting in his precious ledgers. Even those gallant souls addicted to the doctrine of too poor to paint, too proud to whitewash had no inclination to be a sockless wonder.

a popular brand, and the euphony stuck. True, there were "Pillsbury Wonders," "Red Band Boys," and "Self-Rising Demons," but eventually all the hapless weights were encompassed by the titillating "Oconeechee."

The homemade shirt was all right from the neck down, but the collars of the most adroit home seamstress looked as if they had been slapped on a honey-suckle vine. Homemade suspenders couldn't stand the yanks of the store brought red "fireman's," but they induced a lot of elegant walking. Because of the place it was worn, homemade underwear wasn't objectionable. That is, until some snide sneak saw it waving like a flag of abject surrender on the clothes line. A lot of rich men in the state today were formerly known as the "Oconeechee Kid." A good cloth flour sack was just right for drawers. Oconeechee was

But, the "Oconeechee Kid" evidently had a firm foundation. Today, as he swings triumphantly into his green cottage in suburbia, even an astute observer could not tell him from the man of childhood affluence who was not only born to the manor, but also to such lavish trappings as the union suit and b.v.d.s.

The Atlantic Monthly survives to the age of 100, without, as far as we know, ever having run a picture of Zsa Zsa Gabor or Jayne Mansfield. — JACKSONVILLE TIMES-UNION.

A husband is a man you never really get to know if you meet him only when his wife is around.—CLEVELAND (GA.) COURIER.

Heard the one about the Texan who moved to Oklahoma and raised the I.Q. of both states? — AMARILLO (TEX.) GLOBE-TIMES.

The Conundrum: When Is An ICBM Not An ICBM?

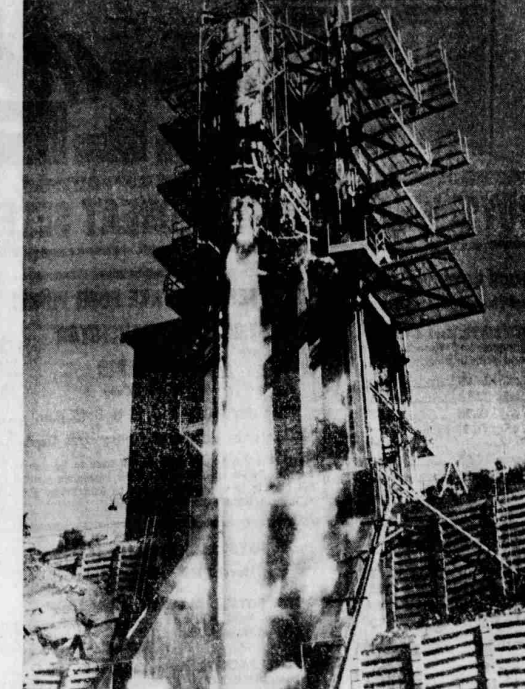
By STEWART ALSOP

WASHINGTON WHEN is an ICBM not an ICBM? The conundrum is prompted by the proud Air Force announcement that the Atlas intercontinental missile had been successfully fired.

The firing was certainly a notable achievement. There should be no mistake about that. Sending a thing weighing a hundred tons, 20 feet higher than Cleopatra's Needle, and stuffed with incredibly complex equipment a five hundred square foot space for 10,000 miles or so, is nothing to sneeze at. Since serious work on Atlas started only in 1954, the Air Force and the Convair Company which is the prime contractor for the "beast," as it is known among those who work on it, can no doubt take a bow.

NO SLEEPING Yet the question remains, when is an ICBM not an ICBM? And the answer is that the Atlas missile test-fired last night is not an ICBM. It has about the same relationship to an operational ICBM as a five-year-old child to a full grown man. And it is important to understand this, lest the Atlas firing is used to lull the country back into the slumber into which it was enjoying before the Sputniks so rudely awakened it. The "beast" that was fired last night is, in the words of one who knows, "just a helluva big rocket." A true ICBM is a lot more than a "helluva big rocket." To be sure, the initial stage of an ICBM is just that. But getting the "helluva big rocket" into space is only the first, and in some ways the easiest part of the job of creating a true ICBM.

AMICABLE DIVORCE Consider what the Air Force and the Atlas people still have left to do. First, they must marry the second stage missile to the "helluva big rocket," and what is more difficult, they must arrange for an amicable divorce between the two. The divorce must take place hundreds of miles in space, at a speed that the human mind cannot fathom. The divorce must be so smooth and



Fiery Gases Stream From Redstone Rocket Engine During Recent Test

fiendly the second stage will continue on its predetermined course without being deflected so much as a hair's breadth from its predestined target. The nose-cone of the second missile must then swoop down from space through the atmosphere towards its target, like a meteor.

But unlike most meteors, it must not be burnt up on the way by the friction of the air, which converts our earth like a protective blanket. The problem of getting the warhead in the nose-cone down to earth without burning up is the problem of "atmospheric re-entry," of which the President

talked in his "chins up" speech on Nov. 7. The President was correct—the word is not too harsh—into claiming in that speech that "our scientists and engineers have solved" the re-entry problem, and into showing the nose-cone of a Jupiter missile to "prove" it.

In fact, the problem has not really been fully solved at all, certainly not as regards the ICBM. The problem of re-entry revolves entirely around the speed at which the nose-cone re-enters. The nose-cone the President so proudly displayed to the television audience re-entered at less than 10,000 miles an hour. An intercontinental ballistic missile, to achieve its vast range of 5,000 miles or more, must travel at speeds greater than 15,000 miles an hour. It is a very rough rule of thumb that the problem of successful re-entry just about doubles with every additional thousand miles of speed.

ANOTHER HURDLE So that is another hurdle that must somehow be overcome before we can claim to have an ICBM that really is an ICBM. And perhaps the toughest of all the hurdles ahead is truly accurate guidance. For the range of destruction even of a hydrogen warhead is not unlimited—to be truly effective, the warhead must be brought down within five miles of the target. To do this, at a range of 5,000 miles, is distinctly more difficult than, say, to hit the exact center of home plate with a baseball thrown from way out in center field.

SOVIET PROGRESS We cannot be absolutely sure that the Soviet ICBMs already tested are wholly accurate, or even that their warheads have been successfully re-entered; although we do know that the Soviet missiles, unlike the Atlas, are staged missiles with an "operational configuration." But the available evidence—including the astonishing Soviet technical proficiency as demonstrated in the Sputniks—suggests that the Soviet ICBMs will be operational very soon, if they are not already.

Secretary of the Air Force James Douglas expressed a hope—which sounded more like a slip of the tongue—before the Johnson Committee that we would have operational ICBMs before 1960. If Douglas' hope comes true those closest to the situation will be jubilantly flabbergasted. Indeed, they are more inclined to agree with Gen. Curtis LeMay's doubts, also expressed before the Johnson Committee. But we can catch up at all. The Atlas firing last week may be taken as evidence that LeMay's hope is probably too gloomy, if this country has the will to roll up its sleeves and get down to work. The Atlas firing was no more than that.

N.C. Whets The Basic Wits Of 'The Greasy Grinds'

By ROBERT C. URARK

PALAMOS, Spain THE engineers who seem to have galloped into the glamor department these days, displacing movie stars, light-entertainers, and jet pilots as the shining young knights of the moment, this would be due to a certain amount of scientific fiction. Russians have been writing for us to read, using such simple words as Sputnik.

yeil-leaders chanting, "Progress carries on space, we'll all wind up in outer space! Scheme a scheme, scheme!" Political appointments, geographical consideration, and race-

creed or color would not apply. If a guy can set fire to a Bunsen burner and cube the root of nothing to the nth power, let him putter for enough years to qualify himself to lose a collar button and

blow up the world. The government grabs the tab—food, laundry, room and tuition, plus clothes and enough dough for a beer now and then. When the egghead graduates, he is allowed

to go into any private enterprise he wants to, or stay in government service. The only marker he'll have to sign is a guarantee that he won't take up hallie or interior decorating after he gets his plastic sheepshead. He must work in some field of science or research.

was a time, when I was a callow youth, when majoring in textiles or engineering put you down into a severe social strata, and you generally went to the state's sort of trade school to learn how to mix a fiber or triangulate a piece of cloth. Engineers never had any time, they were always stuck off in a lab playing tic-tac-toe with a slide rule.

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Now here's where we get real crafty. We are assuming that the government has picked up the check for an individual who will go to work for private industry. So let the hiring company pay a good chunk of the educational cost, prorated on how many nice guys they hire. They burn up a lot of loot now, trying to find serious young fellows with a passion for atom-stirring, and they'd get their bait back early if they had a steady supply of sharp-headed scientists ripening every June.

APPLE PROBLEMS I have no graduable ax here, because I never did figure out what would happen if John had two apples and Mary had three if Pete could cut down a tree in six minutes. The way I had it figured, everybody should take care of his own apple problems.



'Boy, These New Cars Will Do Anything'

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GIVE HIM A BREATHHER So I think we need a new, taxpayer academy so poor old MIT can take a breather. We have an Air Force Academy, a Naval Academy, and a West Point for the soldiers, so is there anything really wrong with shoving up a sterile structure and calling it the U. S. Scientific School? That microscope seems more important these days than a slick technique used by the throne. The red Mo-

As I said, I grind me no axe. If John had six apples and Mary had three quinces, I couldn't care less, because I am basically a peach fan when the cherry season is over.

As I said, I grind me no axe. If John had six apples and Mary had three quinces, I couldn't care less, because I am basically a peach fan when the cherry season is over.

BACK IN CAROLINA I see nothing but sense in the small provision of a highly technical school to whet the basic wits of the greasy grinds. As an example, I cite you the greater University of North Carolina in Raleigh where I was born. Most of the females attended the Woman's College in Greensboro. A majority of the scientists pay tuition at North Carolina State in Raleigh. The university proper in Chapel Hill gets the liberal artists and the lawyers and doctors and such-like, but also accepts coeds, physicists, engineers, geologists, journalists and anything else that likes the climate—while allowing most of the basics of specialization, such as textiles and teaching, to take place in Greensboro and Raleigh. It's been a good system and has worked well for a long time.

Quote, Unquote "Thrift is a wonderful virtue, especially in an ancestor."—Jack Paar. "Thrift is . . . not a virtue and it requires neither skill nor talent."—Immanuel Kant.

Drew Pearson's Moroccan King Sends U. S. Greetings

MOROCCO KING Mohammed V of Morocco granted me the first audience he has given any American since his extended tour through the United States, and during the course of the audience he asked that his special Christmas greetings be extended to the United States and the American people.

His Majesty's pure white, flowing robes contrasted with the green of the room and the gold of the throne. The red Moroccan fez on his head was almost hidden by a pure white turban. It was a vastly different setting from that in the Sheraton Park Hotel in Washington where the King had patiently stood in line to greet me and 2,000 other guests after his brief

visit with the ailing President Eisenhower. "What was the chief impression you brought back from the United States?" I asked. "I was impressed with the friendliness of the American people. They were most cordial and gracious to me, my daughters and all of my entourage. I was also impressed with the diligence of the American people, both your officials and the workers."

United States. Unfortunately, they were disrupted by certain problems, but now I am happy that we are close together again. I hope that many Americans will visit Morocco and learn to know it.

Greetings Extended "I wish you would extend through your newspapers my Christmas greetings to the American people," concluded His Majesty. "I should like to extend my greetings to all people and especially to the American people who have been so kind to me. Will you please give them that message?"

Multitude Of Problems The King's plane had touched down in Morocco on its return from America just a few hours after I, mine, and while I had taken the Harlem Globetrotters and a patriotic group of New York entertain-

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