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## Should We Swap Bases?

In a dramatic message to President Kennedy, Chairman Khrushchev has offered to dismantle "offensive" Russian weapons in Cuba (this is the first time he has admitted that they are offensive) if the U. S. will dismantle forward missile sites in Turkey.

It is most unlikely that the President and his advisers will buy the new Russian proposal—because of its timing if for no other reason. And it is immediately complicated by two fundamental factors—the flat refusal by Castro to allow any UN observers on his soil, and a statement by the Turkish foreign minister that removal of American weapons from his country is "out of the question."

Mr. Kennedy may choose to make the Khrushchev offer a talking point for a few days, allowing tensions to simmer down. But it would be a dangerous path, since Russian stealth and deceit brought us to the present impasse, to bargain away our initial demand for an unconditional removal of Russian missiles in Cuba.

At the very least, one would expect the Russians to stop their frantic work to make the missiles operational; but as late as Friday night, American intelligence reports showed work at the Cuban missile sites continuing apace.

The Khrushchev offer, to the extent of its good faith (which may be small), is a hopeful sign insofar as it illustrates that showdowns, if successful, may have their good effects.

The U. S. may not believe that it can give *quid pro quo* at the expense of its NATO alliance with the Turks; but it is equally clear, as Walter Lippmann has suggested, that crises must not rule out diplomacy—for from the nettle, danger, once Khrushchev fully understands American determination to resist his adventures, there may eventually be plucked a long-range settlement in the field of arms control, say, or precaution against surprise attack.

As Mr. Lippmann says: "I have lived through two world wars, and in both of them, once we were engaged, we made the same tragic mistake. We suspended diplomacy when the guns began to shoot. In both wars the result we achieved was a great victory, but we could not make peace. There was a mood in this country today which could easily cause us to make the same mistake again."

Mr. Lippmann is saying, indeed, what Ambassador George Kennan has said somewhat differently: Democracies, like giant dinosaurs, willingly suffer the most outrageous prodding and goading with patience up to a point, but once aroused lash out and retaliate so massively that they can afford opportunity for ultimate accommodation.

In two world wars the United States pressed forward resolutely toward unconditional surrender, winning the wars massively, but then losing or coming near losing the peace.

Let us examine the essential foundation of Mr. Lippmann's argument—which seems to us to be: Because of the nuclear "balance of terror" (and perhaps because of Mr. Lippmann's own talk with Chairman Khrushchev, the Western Alliance can do business with Moscow. In a word, honorable negotiations are possible; if this country ever reached a Turkey-Cuba bases agreement, its terms would be carried out.

The same belief was expressed the other day in a letter to The New York Times by Prof. Jonathan Harris of Columbia University who declared that "it is probable that the Soviet Union has no more intention of making a first strike from Cuba than the United States has of launching a first strike from Turkey."

This strikes us as speculative. There may be some evidence that the Soviet

Union would not start a war it could not finish, but would Chairman Khrushchev hesitate a moment if he thought he could achieve a "successful" first strike?

We doubt it. And therein lies the trouble with these tenuous negotiations, most of which call for giving something away which the Western Alliance already has intact (Turkey) for something which the Soviet Union has sought to attain by stealth and cunning while we looked the other way.

It is really not logical to equate the motives of the Soviet Union with those of the United States, however sanctimonious that may sound. The United States sought no aggrandizement from World War II; we brought home our forces then, the most powerful in the world and disarmed only to discover that the Soviet Union, under Stalin, had no intention of abandoning its pattern of world conquest.

Only after Stalin proved that determination after time did not re-arm and reassert our power. Ever since we have found it necessary to stave off one Soviet effort at subversion after another, until now Soviet missiles have been clandestinely placed in our own back yard.

Would Chairman Khrushchev place a correct interpretation on any softening of our initial (and unconditional) contention—that aggressive weapons should be dismantled and utterly removed from Cuba? Once we began the tedious process of negotiations, we would almost surely discover that Premier Castro or his Russian overlords had no intention of slowing down their build-up in the Caribbean, for to slow it down might mean the difference between their survival and extinction in any showdown to follow.

In a word, we are answering Mr. Lippmann by asking these questions: Will Fidel Castro become anything less of a mad dog if we try to pet him, or even let him to live with him? Will Chairman Khrushchev interpret our move to negotiate as the fair-minded, reasonable move it undoubtedly would be, or would he interpret it as further proof that the "United States is too liberal to fight?"

These are important questions, for the cold war has been "ended" by our offering to place NATO bases in Turkey on the sacrificial altar. That would constitute only another first step—either in the direction of debilitating appeasement or a genuine resolution of East-West differences.

In truth, any equating of our forward bases in Turkey with the Soviet Union's forward bases in Cuba ignores the motivations of the two powers and their past record of behavior. Our military establishment, deployed belatedly, is trying to halt the Soviet Union's announced objectives of "burying" us.

It is time for the Soviet sector to set us a good example, of the kind Mr. Lippmann contemplates. Chairman Khrushchev could show us the way by doing exactly what President Kennedy has demanded: Dismantle and withdraw his missiles from Cuba.

Then, moving forward from such a demonstrated interest in ending a cycle of mutual fear, the two major powers might have something to negotiate.

*Thought for the Day (by Sydney Harris):* "The men who crack most easily are those who are afraid to expose what they consider a 'weakness—who feel they must always seem strong and decisive and self-assured, even when the occasion calls for doubt and deliberation. To be really strong means having the courage of strength to admit a weakness—just as the truly brave man frankly confronts his fear."

## The Listener

Give ear to my words, O Lord, consider my meditations—Psalm 131.

Moffatt, following an ancient Latin scholar, translates this latter phrase, "hear the murmur of my soul." This suggests something of great importance that often happens in prayer: God really listens. He hears, not only the words of our petitions, but the deep hungers and questions and complaints of our hearts.

Many of the most powerful forces of our lives work below the level of consciousness. How often we exclaim to ourselves, "Now why did I do that?" It was not what we intended to do or say; but some impulse rose up from deep within us and carried us contrary to our conscious will. Psychologists have likened our selves to icebergs, the greater bulk of which is hidden beneath the water; so that the currents of the sea often carry them against the winds that blow on the surface. Or we are haunted by unspoken, and often unrecognized, questions and doubts. A doctor said to a patient who was beset by loneliness and fears, "Do you really believe in God, or do you pray simply because that is something expected of you?" The question, said the patient, shook him to the foundations of his life. Did he really believe, or was he talking to an emptiness? Do not we, for all our protestations of faith, sometimes feel ourselves utterly alone, in the midst of a vast, unresponsive world?

The way out of loneliness is to have some one who listens. We find that sometimes with our human friends. How much it helps to speak of our sorrow to

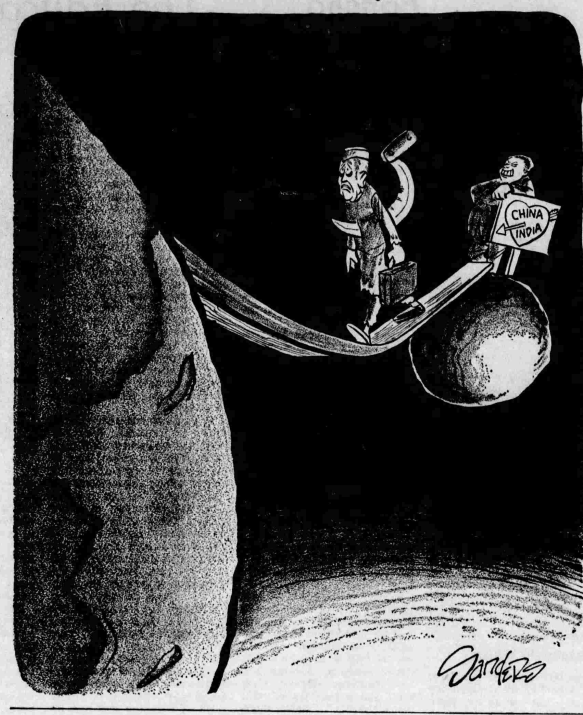
one who has shared that experience and so can understand it. "A burden shared," the saying goes, "is a burden halved." But we need someone who listens to our whole selves, who hears the murmur of our hearts. "Thou understandest what I thought after," said the psalmist. He knows us better than any friend can; better than we know ourselves. And yet He accepts us! A poet spoke of friends

as "those who know us well."

It is thus that God deals with us; and so we are admitted to a comradeship that does not fail.

The King James Version brings another insight: "Consider my meditations." That word "consider" suggests that prayer is laying our thoughts and desires before God to let Him sort them out. What is it that I really want? Are my prayers the expression of my true and deep desires? If the things I ask were granted, would they be good for me? I should like to be relieved of this difficulty. But would that take away also the opportunity for growth and strength? I beg to be set free from pain; but is it through this very pain that God is seeking me? Now that my prayers are spread out before God, which of them is worthy of His presence? R. G. Lindstrom, writing of the religious life of Abraham Lincoln, said that "Lincoln learned in this quiet of listening prayer how to think in terms beyond mere personal ambition and personal good, in an area of universal good." Can I pray, "Give me this day my daily bread?" Or must I, when I become aware

## Back To Reality



Paraphrased HENRY BELK

If tobacco's future goes up, I'll be in smoke.

There's nothing like a freeze to testify to a hard winter.

Won't traffic casualties ever diminish?

Many a due process becomes overdue.

What other kind of awakening there besides rude?

Does the coffee break ever suit anybody to a tea?

Panic buying, wherever it can occur, means food on the run.

International punctuation consists largely of question marks and exclamation points.

This Cuban blockade may even change the course of history.

Stopping of that Russian tanker showed that our quarantine machinery was well oiled.

Suggestion to India's Premier Krishna Menon to stop the Red Chinese personally?

Insecticides present their problem, but most man-made poisons must come from the tongue.

First phase of that debate between Ambassador Stevenson and Deputy Foreign Minister Zorin moved to a photograph.

Put it either way you please in those hotly contested congressional races: Both sides are running scared and will be scarred after the election.

"Blocking With Head May Be Ruled Out," asserts Raleigh News and Observer headline. Aw, well, who wants to be a block-headed anyway?

That He is listening, pray, "Give ear," when He is listening to us, must we not listen to Him?

Thus coming into the presence of One who listens brings us to reality. Wrote Emily

Herman: "When a crisis finds us unready and inadequate to its demands, it is largely because, while we have jostled our brethren along the high-road of religious activity, and kept ourselves busy in the house of organized effort, we have neglected the garden.

The glare of the road and the bustle of the house have deceived us. We thought our selves sterling coin, and when the hand of our Maker rang our metal against the counter of hard fact we were dismayed at the hollow sound. Had we but submitted ourselves to the gentle testing of the garden, we would have escaped this shame. For the garden is a great touchstone. In its clear, quiet light, what passed as gold under the limelight is seen to be itself; beside its delicate bloom the pageantry of the public highway appears as so much crude pretentiousness. No soul can remain utterly artificial in the garden of secret fellowship. Its sunshine like the poison germ of unbelief."

For a long and happy life, get yourself a fishing hobby. It certainly keeps people young. Look at Dr. C. F. Stronisher of Goldsboro, now above 80, and look at M. S. Andrews of Goldsboro, who can pass for 60.

And in greater detail consider the case of Mrs. Haywood Lucas of Erwin. At the ripe age of 85, her cup runneth over when she goes ocean pier fishing. If Wade Lucas will turn the other way we will quote his description of a recent fishing trip his mother made to Morehead City:

"My mother is an avid fisherman and devotee to the fish off the piers at Atlantic Beach. She, my aunt, Mrs. Ed Holmes Sr., of Benson and a sister, who is in her sixties, fished off the Oceanic pier as the guests of the owner, Mayor A. B. Cooper of Atlantic Beach. Mayor Cooper met my mother

## Paraphrased HENRY BELK

### Ella And Tarheelia

Now that Ella has gone staggering north along the Atlantic, we can breathe easier. We now are past what is usually the worst hurricane season for this region. You will remember that the most destructive hurricane ever to hit in these parts in the memory of modern man was Hazel. Her storm first crashed into the section on October 15, 1954. After Hazel's date passes on the calendar we feel we are pretty safe until the next season.

As regards Ella, Chief Weather Forecaster Chick Carney of Raleigh gets our best how. He is hereby awarded the certificate of honor for duty performed in the best manner and beyond the call of duty. And why so much for Chick?

At 6:30 a.m. of the morning Ella was still loitering off the coast of Florida. Carney put a cautious but optimistic pronouncement. He saw in his charts and maps and reports some slight beginnings of conditions which would keep Ella from smashing full powered into our coasts. He gave this report, but not so flatteringly to Carney's disregard for the storm. Some six or eight hours later the reports from the hurricane plotting stations were taking official note of what was sure to happen earlier. He hit it right on the nose.

We thought that North Carolina fatalities were given a promising and attention which the situation did not exactly justify. All honor to the Weather Bureau for its diligence and efficiency, but in picking Place names by which a great mass of the public could picture the exact location of Ella, North Carolina didn't do so well. Let us explain.

First reports of Ella came out of Miami, once she had taken full storm size and was heading north. Then she was plotted off Daytona Beach. After that, though she was off the South Carolina coast most of the time, she regularly reported some miles south of Cape Fear.

South. Mention of Georgia and North Carolina coastal points never came. The weather bureau heard. Yet most of the time Ella was described as south of Cape Hatteras actually she was off South Carolina coast. We wish no one the ill will of a hurricane but we squirm under the picture the nation got as Ella lumbered along with locations of her path pointed to our shores.

Ella and no other hurricane is a lady. Why can't the Weather Bureau do the good women a fair deal by at least for some next few years giving the storms names of women? The weather bureau will say that it is fitting because tropical storms are flighty and women are flighty.

But so are men. Let's pick some as names for next year.

**Long And Happy Life**  
For a long and happy life, get yourself a fishing hobby. It certainly keeps people young. Look at Dr. C. F. Stronisher of Goldsboro, now above 80, and look at M. S. Andrews of Goldsboro, who can pass for 60.

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## JOSEPH ALSOP The Trap In Cuba

As more and more information seeps out about the President's grim, courageous decision on Cuba, the crisis that he confronted appears more and more terrifying.

The urgent political reasons for the President's decision have already been summarized in this space; but it now appears that these were not, after all, the dominant reasons. In Cuba, Nikita S. Khrushchev had in fact laid a trap for the military trap set for Kennedy. All other considerations were dominated by the need to spring this trap while it was still relatively harmless.

To understand the trap's nature, it is necessary to understand the existing balance of nuclear striking power—the delicate balance of terror that preserves freedom. For the Soviet trap was designed to upset this balance decisively.

In brief, the Soviets do not now have what some of the experts call a "free first strike capability," because they do not have enough long range missiles to cover the essential targets in this hemisphere. They would have had this kind of capability if they had gone all out to build ICBMs at the time when a missile gap was very seriously feared.

But at that time, three or four years ago, they sought to economize by limiting their quantity production of missiles to MRBMs and IRBMs—ballistic missiles of 1,000 and 2,000 miles range, respectively, in the current models. Thus they could threaten all European targets, but could not seriously threaten the U.S.

Contrary to Soviet expectations, this MRBM-IRBM threat to Western Europe failed to produce a major shift in Berlin. Quantity production of Soviet ICBMs was thereupon ordered. But almost simultaneously, after the election of President Kennedy, the U.S. long range missile program was greatly stepped up.

In long range missiles, the current balance is therefore almost equal within 15 months. The U.S. will have no less than 600 operational ICBMs in hardened launching pads. This means that the U.S. will have a close-to-invincible missile force at least until another great change in the grisly missile art again alters the equations.

One can hardly doubt that the prospect of this immense increase in U.S. nuclear striking power importantly influenced the Soviets to push the issue of freedom towards a final climax. But the Soviets still lacked "free first strike capability," the risks of pushing the issue were very high and were unavoidably very terrible.

"Free first strike capability" (which the U.S. long enjoyed but which the Soviets were denied) is the power to take the offensive against your opponent's nuclear strength with your own first strike, so that your opponent's will be reduced to a point considered acceptable.

## TAR HEEL TALK

### Where Fall Lingers

For those of the Upper Piedmont who were not able to get to the mountains before fall winds and heavy frosts dismantled the autumnal color show, there is closer at hand a countryside jaunt which, taken in relative proportion, is a comfortable compromise.

Take off from Greensboro on U.S. 421, swing onto N.C. 22 near the southeastern city limits, wind around a few curves in the Pleasant Garden vicinity and then straighten out for a few miles.

That last tomato, be it said in appreciation, had been hoarded for a week or 10 days in the refrigerator. Tomatoes off vines in the neighborhood have an impact that shames any tomato when applied to the ones pulled green and shipped hundreds of miles.

Our last tomato was compounded and suggestive of the warmth of summer sun. It was of the distilled essence of red and white, with a deep, mellow, proper accent for salads or vegetables.

Actually our laziness on the farm explains why we do not have locally grown tomatoes until frost. Late season ones are more trouble. They require stricter disease and insect control methods. They need irrigation, at times, and we must have some protection against scalding heat as they attain growth.

But late tomatoes sell for a higher price. They are much sought after. Some energetic and forward-looking Western North Carolina growers have found this out. They have developed tomatoes of excellent size and firmness and freedom from blemish which they ship to our Eastern part of the state. They are not as good as locally grown ones, but they are much preferred over tomatoes shipped from Florida or elsewhere.

**A Lesson**  
(Doris W. Brown in The American Character)  
The lesson of American history is that no nation more cheerfully turns swords into plowshares or puts them in the deep freeze—where weapons, unlike meat, do not retain their pristine freshness. The other side of the lesson is that no other nation turns plowshares into swords with such speed or has so many plows to turn. The country that was using wooden model weapons on the eve of the Civil War found it necessary in 1940 and 1941 was a great military power by the end of 1942 and the greatest military power by the spring of 1944.

There was a lesson that the Germans had been taught in the First World War, but had to be taught all over again in the second.

Another alternative, of course, is to go on into Southern Pines or Pinehurst where restaurants and clubs may be found to fit your taste and your pocketbook.

There is some color left from lingering autumnal flowers, in the resort area. But mostly it's greenery, from the sod of the golf courses to the sighing, towering branches of the irreplaceable pines. There's grace and rhythm to their sway and a plaintiveness in their whispering that you get from no other tree.

The warm, sunny fall has brought golfers in record numbers to the state's golfing center. There have been tournaments galore. The tournaments have added to the section's attractions. But the courses have meanwhile been every day a little more over the state, the South and the country, who simply came to enjoy the salubrious weather, the tempo and the urge to play golf. It has been a golfer's fall, and the end is not in sight. Winter slips lightly upon the area. It is almost a thermal belt; and now are the days when any one who really wants to play golf cannot bundle up and go to it.

While Pinehurst has its resort and golf clinics, I find myself more in love with Southern Pines every time I go there. There's something about the place that bespeaks all-around living—a blend of many things and qualities which seems to set the appeal. It is a place that has the appeal for others that it has for me. I would soon become too big a retirement center to retain its prestige. It is a place that has the appeal for others that it has for me. I would soon become too big a retirement center to retain its prestige.