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TUESDAY, MARCH 12, 1957

Rep. Love's Postage Prepaid Agreement

THE American Museum of Political Gimmicks will soon receive our copy of Rep. Jack Love's "annexation postcard."
It seemed a shame to waste the two-cent stamp so generously provided, and there seemed no other fitting place to send the card.

his constituents' desires. He wanted only negative answers and he wanted those from only a minority of the people he was elected to represent.
In the light of this, we hope Rep. Love will spare the General Assembly and the public any assertion that postcard replies represent a significant reflection of public opinion on annexation.

The Waste Of A Capable Ambassador

THE State Department is about to achieve another of those magnificent malfunctions for which it is so justly noted.
State's leading expert on Russian affairs, Charles E. Bohlen, is to be sent to Manila as ambassador to the Philippines.
The reasons are depressingly familiar. Bohlen's keen ear could be used in the sensitive listening post of Vienna but that post is earmarked for a "deserving Republican."

less depressing post after four harrowing years of dining dark purposes in the melancholy Soviet metropolis.
State agrees Bohlen deserves a change. But it seems to be prescribing virtual retirement and a waste of experience and talent acquired through 26 years of diplomatic service.

A Morality Play In One Angry Act

POLITICS being the art of how who gets what, when and why, Charlotteans may be in for some suspicious Thursdays when they journey to Raleigh Thursday to thank the Joint Appropriations Committee for its generosity to community colleges.

make a mockery of honest conservatism?
A frenzied shuffling of papers and feet will be punctuated by the pounding of a gavel. "I'll entertain a motion to reconsider the community college budget," the chairman will shout, eyeing the Charlotte delegation menacingly.

From Sniffles To A Code In The Head

IT is considered downright irreligious in times like these to view science with alarm, but here goes.
Elsewhere in these pages there appears a description of a new medical nomenclature system now in use by more than 85 per cent of America's hospitals, where, in every ailment to which man can fall prey is given a number. The number for a particular disease enjoys universal recognition among participating clinics, so that theoretically a patient can transfer from one to another while under treatment. Then, by deciphering the number of the patient's ailment the new hospital will be able to dig in, so to speak, and continue the treatment required.

We don't want to appear in the role of obstructors of progress. But in this day of UNIVACS, RAMACS and other electronic gadgets for sorting, filing, remembering and transmitting data, we fear the ever-present possibility of a garble. We fear for the consequences of a short circuit or burned-out tube when a separated shoulder comes through as a ruptured appendix, or water on the knee is transmitted as indurif, or a man suffering from dermal graphism is treated for a peptic ulcer.

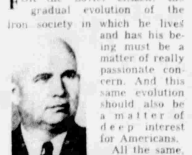
From The Durham Morning Herald

'DROPS OF RAIN'

AMONG "the drops of rain that keep a human spirit from death by drought," John Galsworthy includes "apple trees in spring." A blossoming apple tree is indeed one of the loveliest sights to delight the eye. Such a memorable sight it is that not only does the immediate vision bring pleasure, but the sight becomes fixed in the "inward eye," to use Wordsworth's phrase, and remains long in memory.
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By JOSEPH ALSOP



OUR Soviet citizen, the gradual evolution of the iron society in which he lives and has his being must be a matter of really passionate concern. And this should also evolve to a matter of deep interest for Americans.
All the same, the evolution of Soviet society that began with the death of Stalin has neither softened nor deflected Soviet foreign policy. On the contrary, while considerably more supple than their late master, Stalin's heirs have actually proven somewhat more adventurous. And on the basis of a rather intense experience in the Soviet Union, this reporter is convinced that a wholly new generation of Soviet leaders will probably have to come to power before there is any real change in the meaning of "peaceful co-existence."

At the present juncture, moreover, the West has found its ineffective way to exploit the Soviet setbacks. Yet the Soviets are exploiting the Western setbacks with great daring and astuteness. Thus Soviet world strategy has actually gone forward. What then is the nature of the Soviet strategy, which the Western allies must somehow find means to parry?

It comes in three parts. Towards the United States, the Soviets present a firm military front. At the same time, they seek bilateral negotiations between the two great powers, but always and only on strictly Soviet terms.

GREAT INNOVATION
In all the vulnerable and semi-colonial areas in which the Western powers have vital interests, meanwhile, the Soviets are doing everything possible to transform the inflamed native nationalism into a weapon against the West. In Stalin's time the center of this effort was the Far East. But the great innovation of the Khrushchev era has been Soviet intervention in the Middle East, where Stalin hardly raised a finger after his retreat from Azerbaijan.

In his talk with me on this issue, Nikita Khrushchev openly indicated active Soviet support for nationalization of the Middle Eastern oil sources, whence flows the economic lifeblood of Britain and western Europe. This he revealed the



Reds Capitalize Swiftly On Western Bobbles

Soviet aim. The masters of the Kremlin do not want Communist satellites in the Middle East. They want Soviet-backed, unconditionally anti-Western Arab governments which will nationalize the oil sources and take other steps of a similar nature.

CRIPPLING THE WEST
This Britain, particularly, is to be ruined. France and the other western European powers are to be weakened. And by this economic flank attack, the chief transatlantic partners of the Western alliance are to be knocked out of the great power game.

But while they are thus encouraging their Arab friends to strike at the vitals of Britain, France and the other European nations, the Soviet leaders are shrewdly seeking quiet another sort of success in Britain and

France. In both these countries, the men of the political right place the whole blame for the setbacks in the Middle East on the follies of American policy, conveniently forgetting their own follies. And on the political left, the American alliance has always been a source of profound disgust.

COLD FEAR
In this confused state of public opinion, the Soviet leaders hope to make great gains with still another weapon—the cold fear which always inspires wishfulness and bad judgment. With virulent anti-Americanism already rampant, they are going to brandish their new arms. (It is a fair bet that they will shortly make some sort of public show of their new arm, the medium range ballistic missile with an atomic or hydrogen warhead,

which will inspire very cold fear indeed.) And they are going to say to our partners in the Western alliance: "The Americans are terrible people anyway. If you only were not linked with them, we should be nice as pie to you. So you run the risk of being devastated by these dangerous toys of ours in a quarrel between us and the Americans, just because you obstinately continue to grant the Americans bases in your countries."

Once again, in the interview he granted me, Nikita Khrushchev quite discernibly hinted at the possibility of a new alliance. He also quite confidently predicted that the American overseas bases would eventually be liquidated.

GIGANTIC UPSET

By these means, in sum, the masters of the Kremlin hope to secure a gigantic upset in the world balance of power, only comparable to the upset in the European balance of power that occurred in the twenties.

If you look at this Soviet foreign policy cold bloodedly, without even the slightest indulgence or easy indignation, you have to admit that the Kremlin's masters are very far from stupid on weak. Their strategy is not only presently held, well adjusted to the means at their disposal, and they know the whole well calculated to attain the aims they have set for themselves.

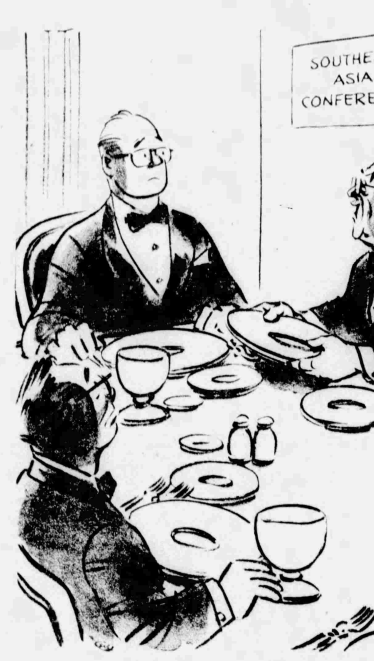
In truth, the Soviet strategy is a genuine question of power is successfully upset as to how will the United States around United States then react?

'My, What Lovely C-H-I-N-A'

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'My, What Lovely C-H-I-N-A'



My, What Lovely C-H-I-N-A

Baseball Was Democratized

By Cambria's Dusky Latins

By ROBERT C. RUARK

IF THIS were about 18 years ago this time, we would be waiting breathlessly in the lobby of the Hotel Augiebit in Orlando, Fla., to see what new wild animals Mister Joe Cambria, a fugitive landowner from Baltimore, had trapped in the wilds of Cuba for the late Clark Griffith's Washington Senators. Cambria was a one-man scouting section for Griffith, but he concentrated on the Caribbean beat.

Cambria did as much as the next man to democratize baseball, long before Jackie Robinson put the official seal on it, for some of Joe's Caribbean imports varied excessively in pigmentation, or sunburn.

But at least he was the first, so far as I know, to deal extensively in the products of Cuba and Venezuela's "beisbol," to the consternation of some of the lantern-jaws from the Carolinas, who were prone to view any turner who couldn't speak English with a deep suspicion. This also applied to Yankee.

SO HE WAS
One of the first of Cambria's imports was a nice little guy, built like a tank and as hard-legged as a bulldog, named Roberto Estellella.

Bobby said he was a third baseman, and so he was, because he had a positive bullfighter's bravery for stopping wicked hoppers with his chest, chin, or skull. He had wrists like other people's ankles, and he could muck fast stuff, but he broke his back and his heart with breaking stuff.

He went up and then down in the majors, and finally drifted away from the canebreaks. Cambria was a squatly, swarthy little Italian, and he had one dream: To unearth one great player from what he believed was a vast reservoir of talent in the Antilles. He fetched him in by drops—short ones, fat ones, old ones and young ones.

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People's Platform

Man's Best Friends Make Fine Photos

Charlotte
THE very first thing I look for in The News on Thursday nights is "The Dog of the Week."

This is not only because, as a dog lover, I appreciate your generous gesture on behalf of man's best friend but also because animals make fascinating photographic subjects and I love to look at pictures of them.

Your dog pictures become more and more appealing each time. No wonder the county pound is swamped with calls.

Incidentally, you might run a cat picture every now and then. Cats and kittens are given away.

I do hope you will continue to show these pictures for a long, long time.

—EFF BELL

There's Always One Who Will Forgive

Charlotte
I AM sure today many boys and girls and men and women have made many mistakes out in the world. People point their fingers and say they have awful characters.

When people do so many unclean things they ruin their name and disgrace themselves in the eyes of others.

I have heard so many times that when you lose your character your best thing in life is gone. But I am sure that no matter how low and sinful a person gets he can repent and change his way of living. There is one who forgives and forgives.

Those who have fallen by the wayside can come back to God and rebuild their names by giving a Christian life.

Many may sin and do wrong and the world may not know it. But God knows it. He is the one we must answer to. Yet today many people are drifting away from God, never knowing when their lives may end.

—MRS. MAYME BARGER

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