

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us, No Fear Shall Awe"
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The Big Blur

An Albany, New York, chemical engineer has set a record of some kind with a tour to end all quickies that covered every state in the union and the District of Columbia during his two-weeks vacation. Driving a 1939 car with a 1948 motor, he toiled the highways from New York to New England then south and west to California and north and east back to Albany in 243 1/2 hours.

You can produce the same effect by speeding up a technical motion picture travalogue and playing a wire recorder backwards. The vast and varied panorama of America — from Maine's weathered and silvery fishing shacks to Florida's blue lagoons to Oregon's cathedral forests — would be reduced to a gray blur. And the sounds of a nation's people and a nation's geography — from Manhattan's syncopeated cacophony to the seduction of southern California's slow-rolling surf to the high and achingly silent desert plateaus at night — would become a shrill and meaningless gibberish.

If Edward Rice's 9,243-mile trip is not the average tourist's dream of seeing the country, it nevertheless shows that "it can be done". . . like channel-swimming or flagpole-sitting. And how it was done will be of interest to people who are fascinated by difficult feats which make good copy for future "believe it or not" columns. This sightseer to end all sight-seers, allowed himself one heavy meal a day, about five hours sleep a night and \$1,000 for expenses. His speed averaged 37.96 miles per hour, 680 miles per day and his car consumed 16.9 miles to a gallon of gas. He had one blow-out and some burned-out points. He left his wife and three children at home.

Next time, he says, the family will go with him and they'll spend a long time "enjoying and sharing the beauties of our great country." Well, we should hope so. Most people who spent their vacations on as rigorous a schedule as Hotrod Rice set himself would have to come home and rest up for two weeks. Besides, they wouldn't have much to show for their trip besides some headlines in the newspaper pointing them out as a curio.

How a Town Improves

After the close of the summer session Dean Robert Gregg of Willamette university left to spend a brief vacation at his old home in Ohio and then to join Mrs. Gregg in a visit at her former home in Vermont. From Wellington, Ohio, the good dean sends us a clipping from the local weekly paper in which, the editor, Ernie Henes, reviews his 25 years as editor. His town, it seems, has in that period emerged from one lacking sewers paving to one modernized, with proper sanitation, good library and schools. Simply he relates how these changes have come about, modestly understanding we are sure the part which the editor must have played in obtaining these civic betterments. He has given quite an accurate picture of how improvements come to a community, regardless of its size; first the ideas, then the sifting, then the decision and action. His report is worth quoting in part because the description is so universal in its application:

Wellington, we believe, has shifted with and solved the demands of our day as well as most communities.

To do the job there has been a constant parade of new faces — mayors, ministers, council

members, school executives, board members, clerks, committees, commissions, trustees, well wishers and critics.

There have been endless proposals advanced to solve the 1001 moves that have been necessary to keep pace with the ever-changing picture. All required analysis, study, decision and action. Community building does not just happen — it is something created by much hard work on the part of interested citizens. Nor is there ever a day when citizens can sit back and say — "The job is done; now we can rest," for one change calls for another and it is good that it is that way.

Looking back to 1924 I can say without hesitation that our greatest need then was for public spirited men and women, able and willing to give of their time, their energy, their thought and their money for the unselfish development of the community. The same is true today and will be true 25 years hence.

It has indeed been a pleasure to know and to work with the people of Wellington. My little contribution has been nothing compared to the opportunity you have given me to grow, develop and increase my capacity to help with the unfinished business. Let's get on with our task.

Defense Line Across Balkans

The Greek army must be making real headway against the guerrillas — a news report says that King Paul watched an attack from a forward observation post in the Grammos mountain section, against the border of Albania. He would hardly have done that a year or two ago lest he be captured.

It is true that the weight of American arms and the benefit of American instruction are helping the Greeks to rid their country of the rebels. The Peloponnese or southern peninsula is quite free of the "varmints" now. What are left are confined largely to the Grammos mountain pocket.

One reason for the change of fortune in the Greek civil war is the closing of the Yugoslav border to guerrilla trespass. This is one fruit of the Cominform denunciation of Marshal Tito. No longer do the reds retreat into Yugoslav for rest and recruitment and replenishment of supplies. They still have Albania, but this is not an adequate base for their operations.

So a prospect opens of a termination of the Greek civil war and of erecting an anti-soviet front across the Balkans from Austria to Greece. Albania would lie west of this line, but it would be impotent because isolated. Russia's dream of a window on the Adriatic would be blasted. The Austrian peace treaty is yet to be agreed on, but deputies are working on its terms now with some hope of an understanding. Expensive though it has been, the Truman doctrine of containing communism by supporting Greece and Turkey seems on the way to success, thanks in no small degree to the split between Tito and Stalin.

Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek has appealed to nationalist forces to wage a "finish fight" against the communists. That's what they have wished.

Where does this magic figure of Five Per cent come from? Could it be the hangover from pre-repeal days when agitation started for five per cent beer?

Anyway the Truman administration will be the first one to go down in a deep freeze.

Alcohol in Tractors to Aid Koreans

By James D. White
AP Foreign News Analyst

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 28.—(AP)—The serious young American was the only other foreigner on the train, so we sat together in the diner.

Chinese and Formosans at the other tables sat apart from each other and ignored us. They also ignored the green Formosan scenery that dragged past the worn-out little train. My friend kept looking out the window, at the December fields, at the peasant following water-buffalo around in water up to their knees. The drowned furrow patterns had not changed in thousands of years.

I asked him, "So you're an agricultural engineer? What can you do for those characters out there wading around in the mud?"

"In time, a good deal, maybe," he grinned. "Right now I'm stuck with tractors."

"Tractors?" I gasped. "Tractors in these little rice-paddies?" "Not these," he laughed. He explained that he was working for a Chinese government agency. It had some tractors from UNRRA and was trying them out on some land it had just reclaimed by diking and irrigation.

"The fields are new and big and the tractors work fine," he said.

"But we're being licked by the fuel problem."

He said nobody in Formosa had the American dollars to buy gasoline.

"We've got plenty of alcohol, made right here out of sugarcane waste, but we don't know how to get a tractor to run on alcohol. That's what I'm working on — a dozen mechanics, and we're trying every way we can imagine to change tractor motors around so they'll burn alcohol—but no luck yet. It may take years to find the way."

I smirked. "Friend, the way was found during the war and you've somehow missed it. It will cost you an airmail stamp to find out by writing to Washington, but somewhere in the archives is a report of alcohol test run in 1943 or '44 with ordinary

automobile engines."

I had written a story about it once.

He sat up. "Break this to me gently," he pleaded. "Here I beat my brains out on this thing and along comes a lousy reporter with the answer. Name your price—Chiang Kai-shek's gold, Mao Tse-tung's head, anything—but tell me what happened."

I gave him the name of the agency and the engineers who ran the tests during those gasoline-scarce days, and he sighed.

"If I can just get hold of that report it will save us thousands of hours of groping around in the dark. We'll have fuel, there'll be a market for this alcohol nobody wants, and . . . and

"That's the trouble," he went on. "There aren't any libraries out here, and no way to get at the results or research that's been done all over the world. America alone has hundreds of trained men who know, or know how to go about finding the answers to the big questions here."

"Not just about farming, but

Literary Guidepost

By J. Norman Lodge
RED FLANNELS AND GREEN ICE, By Arthur Pocock (Random House) \$2.75.

The Navy, Army and Air Force, not to mention the Marine Corps, have had their books dealing with World War II. Now comes the Coast Guard with Red Flannels and Green Ice, through the eyes and pen of a junior officer on Arctic duty.

It, of course, in nowise details the multifarious duties that branch of service accomplished, but it will serve to get the wearers of the shield into at least a part of their rightful glory.

"Red Flannels and Green Ice," winner of the Servicemen's Prize contest, is NOT a dull book. In fact there are delightful passages that will bring a near belly laugh to any salty veteran of the past war.

Especially good is Mr. Pocock's description of an executive officer, "The Exec" to all followers

about all the ways people make a living." He waved his arm at the window.

"Look at those people out there, wading around in the mud. You can't change that overnight; but you can show them better plows, better animals, better seeds, better crops."

"You can teach their towns to make better fertilizers, better cloth and other simple things like paper and hardware that change medieval misery into something approaching a peaceful modern life."

"If there were only some system—some plan—to unlock all this knowledge and bring it to the millions and millions of people here in Asia who need it most."

A few weeks later I read an item that I knew my friend in Formosa would like. It was President Truman's inaugural speech last January.

Point four in that speech outlined a program to export technical knowledge and capital to under-developed parts of the world.

of Neptunus Rex. His humor is not forced and, strangely enough in a new author, is not sarcastic. To find delightful descriptive writings by a new author is, to the literati, like the finding of a new DiMaggio or a Ted Williams to the baseball world. Mr. Pocock has filled the bill.

The author gently weaves you through banter and nonsense until he has a grip on your imagination. He then launches into a serious dissertation on the work of the Coast Guard in polar ice.

From a showerbath during an Arctic storm to "sex life in a deep freeze" you'll chuckle over this rollicking account of the Coast Guard's Greenland patrol.

While "Red Flannels and Green Ice" may not become a best seller it will to all who want a hell-bottomed dundee, be on a "best reader" list.

It's salty, yet as refreshing as clear cool water.

Mac Reports Blow-by-Blow Giraffe Fight

By Henry McLemore
KRUGER NATIONAL PARK, Transvaal, South Africa, Aug. 28.—(Special)—Two bull giraffes fought to the death a few miles from Skukuza rest camp this morning, and we were lucky enough to see this battle between the sky-scrappers of the animal world.

Rangers who have been here since this vast reserve was opened, and where more than a million beasts live and kill just as they have since creation, told us that what we saw was a rarity among rarities.

The fight took place a hundred or so yards off an automobile trail, in low bush, and must have been going on some time when we arrived because half a dozen cars had already pulled up alongside the road to watch the awesome battle.

Maybe it was ignorance on my part, but it was not until I came to the park that I learned what terrific fighters giraffes are. They look innocent and clumsy as they wander about feeding off the tops of trees, or awkwardly bending their great necks to drink from a water hole, but they are among the toughest animals in the world.

Their skin, which glistens so beautifully in the sunlight, is an inch or more thick, and is about as tough as armor plate. And the kick they can deliver with their legs, especially their hind legs, is the most devastating blow in the animal kingdom.

One lion won't attack a giraffe. He has to have the company and aid of two or three of his fellows before he will wage battle, and even then he isn't too keen about the whole thing.

One of the rangers told us, as we sat around a campfire within the fenced-in rest camp, that only a few weeks ago the park had lost a truck when the driver tried to nudge a giraffe off the road where he was standing and enjoying the sun.

"That giraffe was in no mood to be nudged," the ranger said. "When the driver, blowing the horn, bumped him gently with the bumper, he turned his back to the truck and started lashing out. He kicked off the fenders, stove in the bonnet, demolished the radiator, and badly damaged the motor. We won't be using that truck for a long time. The driver wasn't hurt. He just sat in the car and let the giraffe wear himself out on the car."

(Distributed by McNaught Syndicate Inc.)

GRIN AND BEAR IT

By Lichty



"... And I consider it an insult, Sir, that you only charge 3 per cent for having some influence with me!"

thing. Nearly all of the crippled lions which the rangers have found in the park, and had to destroy, bore the imprint of a giraffe hoof. Usually the giraffe strikes a lion on the back, breaking the spinal cord, and thus paralyzing the lion.

Our driver-guide estimated that the giraffes we saw fight stood between 18 and 19 feet in height, and that they had come to blows over a girl friend.

Being mute, they didn't make a sound during the battle. The only noise was the crashing of the bush and small trees of the battleground. They pawed at one another with their front feet, each trying to get the other in a position where a knockout blow could be delivered by the pile-driver hind legs.

We had watched the two bulls for about 20 minutes when one of them — the smaller one, in fact — got his opponent where he wanted him. The end came quickly. Lashing out with his hind legs, he tore a gaping wound in his antagonist's chest, and then belabored his sides with punches that soon finished him off. The battle over, he trotted off into the high bush and disappeared from sight. The only witnesses to the fight, excluding the humans in the cars, were a pair of jackals who sat calmly through it all, waiting to feast off the vanquished.

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