

Today & Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann

U.N. AND THE U.S.A.

This country has a double role in its relations with the United Nations and during the past few hectic days we have acted in both roles. In the one we are one of the members, in our legal rights like all the others except that we are one of the five great powers with a permanent seat and the right of veto in the Security Council.

In our other role we are the host of the United Nations organization in New York, a role in which we have special duties and responsibilities, some of them unwritten and some of them written.

In the second and special role we are committed to something more than the defense and promotion of our own national interests — to something more than the defense of our own alliance. We are committed to the defense and promotion of the United Nations as a world institution. We are committed to the protection, not only of the physical presence of its buildings and its members on Manhattan Island, but also to the protection of its dignity and its authority.

The United Nations is a youthful society and all the world has access to it. Its dignity and authority require that all shall have access who have a legitimate right to come to its headquarters, and that includes even non-members seeking redress against what they regard as their grievances.

IT IS a complete misunderstanding of the special character of our relations with the UN to speak of Khrushchev, Castro, Kadar, and the others, as "unwelcome and unwanted guests." They are not in New York as the guests of the United States or of anyone else. They received no invitations from anyone and they needed none. The fact that they are not welcome to Americans has nothing to do with anything. They are here because, whatever we may think of them, their governments are members in good standing of the United Nations, and we are committed to defend their right to be here.

We are under no obligation, of course, to grant them the right to do more than to have free access to the United Nations. They are not visitors to the United States, and they have no unrestricted right of travel.

Whether the restrictions imposed on Khrushchev and Castro were smart is another question. Mr. K. was able to make a bigger show in Harlem, which is open to him, than he could have made by spending his nights on Long Island. The official who designated the restrictions on Mr. K. and Castro seems not to have been told that the main and opening theme of the Assembly turned on the admission of 13 Negro republics.

OUR commitment to the UN is deeper and is older than the location of its headquarters in New York. Indeed the headquarters were located in New York because we pleaded for this and persuaded our allies, including at the time the Soviet Union, to vote for New York.

The argument, which for my own part I never agreed with, was that instead of placing the UN in a small neutral country, it should be placed in the United States. Why? Because this was the only way to make sure that, unlike 1919 when we repudiated the League of Nations, we would stay in the United Nations.

In any event, the United Nations is in New York, and its presence there is a monument to the fact that twice in this century, after each of the world wars, we have been the principal champions of a universal society to maintain the peace. This is what confers upon us the privileges and duties and the vexations of our second and special role.

WE should play this role proudly. We should realize that the defense of the UN, as the

Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop

THE REMORSELESS RIVER

New York-Khrushchev, or Eisenhower, or Castro, or Hammarskjöld no doubt should be the subject of this report. But the spectacle of this United Nations General Assembly all but demands some mention of a rather less personal and much less mortal hero.

History is in truth the hero here, and not these tiny, improbable, impermanent, national leaders who are posturing before the world and the UN audience and the folks back home as politicians have postured since the beginning of time. Consider, for example, what lay behind the formal, outwardly so up-to-date ritual of the admission of the new nations to the UN.

Immediately behind this ritual, of course, was the considerable drama, in itself world-transforming, of the sudden surge and almost equally sudden collapse of the Western imperialist impulse. These Africans, these Cypriotes, belong to new-made nations which are hardly nations, at least as yet. In fact, they are imperialist leftovers, whose future abruptly depends on the will and wisdom of the once-ruler because of the abrupt withdrawal of the former rulers.

Driving up to a pulpwood-size tree, the machine sheared it neatly off at ground level, pulled it through a delimiting device and at the same time sawed it into sticks of cordwood length. Then, catching the sticks in an attached cradle, it tied them together into bundles, each containing a cord, and deposited the bundles on the forest floor.

IN THE SOUTH, they have long been treating loblolly as a crop. Its reproduction cycle there is somewhere in the neighborhood of 35 years. This harvesting machine that is being developed by International Paper Company will CHEAPEN GREATLY the cost of harvesting. Thus it will add materially to the value of the South's great loblolly stands.

HERE in Southern Oregon and Far Northern California we have huge stands of jackpine. The jackpine is a kisser's cousin of the loblolly, that has been instrumental in bringing approximately half of the pulp and paper industry of the United States to the South.

Our stands of jackpine are native — that is to say, they have grown up wild. As a result, this first native stand tends to run more to limbs than the cultivated loblolly of the South. That makes it more costly to harvest. But this new machine takes off the limbs as it harvests the tree. In addition, it cuts the tree up into cordwood lengths and BINDS THE BUNDLES, much like a modern grain self-binder.

from the record of the rocks. The rocks to read are in Tassili, in the North Sahara, a place so dry and bare and lifeless that any man who goes there risks his life. The brilliant French student, Andre Lhote, took the risk with a strong team to help him. And he and his team brought back the Tassili rock-frescoes, carefully copied, with their late paleolithic spearman, and their ominous, brooding, nameless gods, and their cattle and charioteers and Egyptianized beauties, and their scenes of the chase and love and war.

Layer upon layer of the human past, intrusion after foreign intrusion, can be deciphered in these works of magic art.

But above all, one can decipher a vast catastrophe of nature — the gradual drying up, the transformation into desert and the limitless Sahara, which once was rich with meadows and sweet streams and full of game and green with grass to pasture the horses of the Tassili char-

looters and the herds of the Tassili cattle-tenders.

IN THAT catastrophe, ethnologists now think, is the real reason for the dark men in neat blue suits who came to the bar of the UN to represent the new African states. Before the Sahara became desert, the Negro peoples lived further north, and Africa's dark center, it is supposed, was the preserve of the little pygmies who still lurk in the forests. But nature acted. History commanded. And so the pygmies lost their heritage, and the contestants for the Congo today are Kasavubu and Lumumba and Colonel Mobutu.

History never rests and is always commanding, more over. It will not stop there. But what will be the next command? Will these people or their children, or their children's children, honor the Kremlin, or the UN secretariat, or their generous friends from Washington and London, Paris and Brussels? Or will they perhaps honor one among themselves who has the knack of Shaka, the great Zulu emperor — the knack of

organizing power out of chaos? It was only one hundred years ago, remember, when Shaka's warriors sang to him:

"Thou that are great as the mountains!
"Thou that are black!
"Thou that art vast as the sea!
"Thou that growest while others are distracted!"

BUT the empire of Shaka, who taught serious war-making to peoples who did not understand what war could be, also fell in the end before the guns of the West, which are now three-quarters silenced. So one is forced to conclude that history is like the river in the wise image of the old Greek, Heraclitus — the river in which no man could ever bathe twice, because "the waters are always flowing on," and so it was never the same river.

He also darkly said: "The name of the bow is life; its work, death," and he added that war "is Zeus," meaning that the destinies of men and nations are always settled by conflict in the end. But if

Heraclitus was right about his river, as none can doubt, who looks at this UN session, one must pray that he was also wrong about our destiny's true master.

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William S. White



JOSEPH ALSOP

In the Days News

By FRANK JENKINS

Is anyone in our State of Jefferson old enough to remember when self-reapers began to take the place of the old-fashioned "cradle" — which in itself was a great improvement over the plain scythe or sickle?

I SUPPOSE not. Cyrus McCormick invented the first reaping machine in 1831, which was 129 years ago.

WHY ALL this philosophizing about grain and machines to harvest it and when they made their first appearance.

Well . . . the reaping machine, was the progenitor of the self-binder, which in its turn led by slow steps to the modern combine that not only reaps the grain but actually threshes it and then pours it into trucks that haul it to what we used to call granaries but now are coming to call storage elevators, brought about revolutionary changes in the grain business.

What I've been leading up to is that a machine has just been invented and fairly well developed that will probably bring about changes in the harvesting of pulp timber — INCLUDING JACKPINE — that may be as revolutionary in the pulp timber business as was the reaping machine in the grain business.

IT IS KNOWN as the Busch Combine, after its inventor and developer, T. N. Busch, of International Paper company. The first prototype, after seven years of development work, made its debut recently before 400 members of the American Society of Foresters in Alexandria, La.

Here is what it did while the visiting foresters watched:



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