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**DUROCS**, either sex, all ages, guaranteed to please or return my expense. Bred since 1902. C. F. Waldo, DeWitt, Nebraska.

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**REPORT ON THE RUSSIANS.....**



*by*  
**W. L. White**

**INSTALLMENT FIVE**

"This morning," says Kirilov, as we climb into the waiting Zees, "we visit fur factory." In his bright lexicon, a factory is any place where something is produced. This one turns out to be a collective mink farm. It was once a village. The houses still stand along the mud street. The biggest, which probably belonged to a thrifty kulak who was liquidated in the thirties, is now the administration building. The communal kitchen and dining room is in the second biggest house. A nursery school is in a third.

In the director's room is the usual picture of Stalin, the usual carved furniture. The director is a lean, gentle farmer. His face and neck are weather-beaten. So are his hands. So are the faces and hands of his assistants. These are rugged, intelligent farmers such as you might find in the Farm Bureau Office of Lyon County, Kansas.

This director gives us some statistics. His collective has 1,200 hectares (hectare=2 1/2 acres), of which animal cages occupy about forty. It raises minks, silver foxes, sables and martins. Mink pelts bring almost \$12 each, and at a wholesale price of about \$800, you can buy the seventy necessary for a coat, which will retail at about \$2,500. It takes about sixty-five sable skins to make a coat, and these pelts are sold at prices ranging from \$50 to \$600 each. Only one or two sables are born in a litter and it sometimes takes a hunter two weeks to find and kill a single animal. Wild sable pelts sometimes bring \$500 each. The darkest and silkiest made up into a coat bring as high as \$45,000.

Practically all of them are sold in New York. In normal times, also London and Paris. Very few in the Soviet Union.

I get a brief attack of social conscience. Here this half-starved nation is forced to put skilled farmers to raising useless animals for the cream of the foreign luxury market so that Russia may buy useful machines.

The mink farm is orderly and clean, and the sturdy farmers seem to know their business thoroughly. The supervisors, both men and women, are "agronomes." They have degrees from agricultural schools in veterinary science.

A visit to what Kirilov calls a meat factory, which is, however, not a stock farm but a packing house. Since it is food, we are again garbed in rumpled, slightly soiled white. It differs little from an American packing house, but they show us something they say is a Soviet invention. The cow, instead of being slugged with a hammer, is struck just at the base of the skull with a javelin, tipped by an electrically charged needle. This stuns but does not kill. Her heart continues to pump out blood after her throat is cut and while, suspended by the horns, she moves down the disassembly line to be skinned.

I say "she" advisedly for Soviet beef consists almost entirely of worn-out old milk cows, calves, or an occasional bull whose romantic fires have burned to embers. Almost no cattle are raised to maturity purely as beef. Here it is the end product of the dairy business, as it is over most of Europe.

In the Soviet Union tenderness makes little difference since, due to the lack of refrigeration, almost all red meat is prepared as smoked sausage. During our entire stay in the country, only twice were we offered steak.

We were surprised at this plant to find that the basic wage was only 500 roubles a month—instead of the customary 750. However, the fact presently comes out that workers who overfulfill their norms (almost all of them do) get an extra dividend, not in money but in meat, which is infinitely more important.

Joyce and Eric return wide-eyed from today's trip. They visited a large Russian military hospital, a section of which is devoted to the repair of genital wounds. They have here developed a surgical technique to treat men who have had their vitals blown away in battle.

Although visiting Soviet doctors have free access to Allied hospitals on the Western fronts, it is most difficult for Allied medical observers to visit Soviet field hospitals. This is not entirely because of the traditional Russian suspicion of foreigners. They are a proud people, and conceal their weaknesses. Their general standard of medical care cannot compare with that of the Western countries.

They spend freely on the more spectacular branches of medical research, but under this trust, the average Russian doctor has less training than a good American nurse. So when permission to visit a Russian hospital is refused by the Soviet method of delay and postponement, the real reason often is that the Russians know the foreigner would learn nothing new except the meagerness of their equipment. For the general poverty of the country extends to medicine. Yet even

though Soviet doctors have less training than American doctors, their people probably get better medical care than do many Americans in the lower income groups, who cannot afford good doctors and yet are too proud to go to charity clinics. And Soviet medical training has made great strides in recent years.

Today I visit Eric and Joyce at the embassy and am invited to lunch. Never have simple, vitamin-stuffed dishes like canned pineapple and tomato soup made with condensed milk tasted so good.

Afterwards Joyce and I follow Eric up to his room. He brings out a list. "This is the itinerary they've worked out for the Urals trip. It's too long. Lots of places I'd like to see, but my chamber meeting starts the twelfth and I absolutely must be back for that."

Just before Johnston left America, the Soviet Ambassador promised his Russian trip would include both an interview with Stalin and a trip to the front. The latter is now going to be delivered, only we are to visit not the German front but the Finnish.

It is necessary first to go to Leningrad. The reporters are excited because Eric has agreed to take half a dozen of them along. So far none of them have been able to get near

rusting ruins of wrecked tanks. "Now somebody," said Eric, "ought to do a magazine piece about these Russian women. Look at them out there—back working already—clearing things up. The women of Russia! Probably the engineer and fireman on this train are women. Look at all the women we've seen in the factories. Those women out there don't shrink from hard work! They're practically keeping Russia going! The magnificent women of Russia!"

We glide through a wood as heavily blasted by artillery fire as those in the Somme in 1916. Only a few shattered, branchless trunks protrude above the shell holes. Here the Red Army's excellent artillery had to blast the Germans out of every inch of ground.

The colonel tells us that these German fortifications were built when they cut the railway line, completing the encirclement of Leningrad—in late 1941 and early 1942. This encirclement was only broken by the Russians late in 1943.

We now pass a railway siding where the heavy machinery of a factory stands loaded on flat cars. It is a former Leningrad plant, returning from its wartime exile in the Urals.

As we drive from the Leningrad station to our hotel, we get a good look at the city. It is a beautiful, spacious, well-planned town, built over two hundred years ago on the shores of the Baltic.

As part of a drive toward Westernization and modernization Peter the Great built his new capital on the shores of the Baltic, giving Russia a window on the civilized outside world. There is in its beautiful, clean architecture little suggestion of Russia. The architects were all French or Italian. The city might be part of Paris except for its public buildings and palaces are painted lemon yellow, the color of the czars.

It is, of course, now run-down and dilapidated. Yet, somehow, we all felt we were back in Europe, in a gently cultured, comfortable world.

Russians, proud of Leningrad's war-suffering, are always annoyed if you mention the fact that the town is less damaged than London. Actually the beautiful old central part is almost intact, except for broken window glass and nicked cornices. Shell or bomb craters are rare.

In Leningrad we are put up at the Hotel Astoria, one of the relics of czarist grandeur. Eric has what could be no less than the former Romanov bridal suite and we inspect this with awe. There is a large dining room, a spacious sitting room and a thundering big bedroom with matching double beds covered in silk brocade. The rooms are done in the lavish style of czarist days, and there are several pieces of porcelain bric-a-brac, thick with china cupids tickling each other or else pinching the gilded bottoms of angels.

Opposite our hotel is St. Isaac's Cathedral, but there is no hint of Europe in its architecture. It squirms with Byzantine ornament over which float onion-shaped spires. It is Russia, and back of Russia, the Eastern Empire of Constantinople, and back of that Bagdad and the temples of Asia.

Before the war most of Russia's highly skilled precision workers lived here and it was the center of Russia's precision industries, which, however, were only about 10 per cent of the whole. Leningrad also made tractors and comparable machines. Most of this factory equipment and the people who worked at it were loaded into freight cars and hauled halfway across Russia to the Urals, Siberia, or the Chinese border, where they are now operating.

We are taken to Leningrad's city hall and there meet the official architect of the city—Alexai Baranov. On the wall is a huge map of future Leningrad. Some of this grandiose plan had been built before the war; most of it is still only on paper.

Leningrad's intellectuals continued with this planning during the blockade, as both architects and people were sure their town would never fall. Like everything in Russia, it is very impressive in its blueprint stage.

On to the new Palace of the Soviets, the hub of the future city. We drive down a wide street between rows of six-story concrete barracks—like workers' apartments. Suddenly the city stops. Beyond the last apartment are the open fields of a collective farm, whose buildings we can see in the distance. But near us is not a shack, a shed, a bungalow, or an old fence. We have emerged into open fields of grain and potatoes.

Here a city follows, not the contours of the land nor the desires of the people, but a blueprint on a drawing board. Suppose those people in that six-story concrete workers' barracks had been able to choose, would not some of them have preferred modest bungalows here in the outskirts?

(TO BE CONTINUED)



**Are You There, Mooney?**

Get set for more trouble. Man has now made contact with the moon!

He has communicated with it by radar. All he got back was an echo. But it is the No. 1 Echo of all Human History.

And there is this to remember: Give a scientist an echo and he won't rest until he gets an argument.

It's amazing. Hollywood would even call it colossal. The moon is 225,000 miles from the earth. That's even farther than the road companies of "Life With Father" and "Hellzapoppin'" have traveled jointly.

Up until now man has never been able to establish contact with the moon except through the Lick Observatory or Tin Pan Alley.

Scientists have been trying to communicate with the moon for ages, but all they got back was "They don't answer." The Man in the Moon has been one fellow free from the nickel-nickel-nickel jungle. He didn't even know what our best hair oils and nail polishes were.

But an American Signal Corps man, Lt. Col. John De Witt, has said "Hello" to the moon.

All we hope is that we don't send a message to the moon and get back, "So you're the guy!" or, "Remember, you started this business!"

The establishment of contact may mean the ability to detect rocket planes of the future and provide communication between the earth and great airships cruising near the moon, but the whole business fills us with goose pimples.

Splitting the atom and getting rebuttals from the moon all in one season is NOT good.

Elmer Twitchell, the well-known pinocchio wizard, astronomer and all-day sucker designer, says that he has been working on the problem of contacting the moon all his life. "I got answers," he declared today. "But no answer from any place is good unless it is signed."

Elmer says he even tried to contact the moon, using an irresistible question, "Would you be interested in a T-bone steak dinner for ninety cents?" He got an answer, "Is that with mashed or french fried?" which made him so sore he hung up without making certain whether it was from the moon or not.

**Are You \$50,000 Smart?**

To help raise funds for the Alfred E. Smith memorial hospital, a quiz with a winner take all prize of \$50,000 was conducted by John Kieran at the Waldorf the other night. Two men, W. R. Coe and Lester Stone, tied in a photo finish and split the prize \$25,000 each.

Inasmuch as \$50,000 marks a new high for quiz contests and everybody is saying, "Gee, I wish I had been there," we have secured the 12 questions and answers. Try them on your cerebellum:

1. What is the mean approximate distance from the earth to the moon? 239,000 miles.
2. What high office in the federal government was held by Aaron Burr? Vice President.
3. Who discovered Manhattan and when? Henry Hudson, 1609.
4. Of Rome, New York and Tokyo, which is the farthest north and which farthest south? North: Rome. South: Tokyo.
5. What is the highest mountain in the world? Mt. Everest.
6. How much does a cubic foot of water weigh? About 62 pounds.
7. Are the Philippines on, above or below the equator? Above.
8. Who composed Rigoletto? Verdi.
9. Who served the shortest term in the presidency? William Henry Harrison, who died one month after his inauguration.
10. What British monarch had the longest reign? Queen Victoria.
11. Give the name of the poem and author: "Smiling, the boy fell dead." Robert Browning's Incident of the French Camp.
12. How deep is the ocean at its deepest point? 35,400 feet.

**ATOP THE LIST**  
 I'd like to punch and also crunch  
 The fellow who first called lunch  
 "Brunch."

A fellow who deserves the hives  
 Makes whisky ads of Currier & Ives.

**DIAGNOSIS**  
 "What seems to be wrong?" the doctor asked us.  
 "I feel futile and frustrated. No pep," we explained.  
 "Ah," the doctor replied, "You're having a touch of reconversion."

Can You Remember—  
 Away back when everybody was saying, "If the war were only over how happy we would be?"

Hi—I see a mountain is to be named after Gen. Eisenhower. Ike's Peak, would you say? George E.

**Mother... here's a fast-acting chest rub**

that will not irritate child's tender skin Remember, your child's skin is thinner, more delicate than yours. He needs a chest rub that's good and gentle. Get the prompt, really effective results you want the soothing, modern way... just rub on Mentholatum. With no irritation to delicate normal skin, Mentholatum helps ease away soreness and tightness from cough-wracked aching chest muscles... response rise high into nasal passages, down into irritated bronchial tubes. Coughing spasms quiet down—your child rests better. Get gentle Mentholatum today. Jars, tubes 30¢.

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