

REPORT ON THE RUSSIANS.....

W. L. White

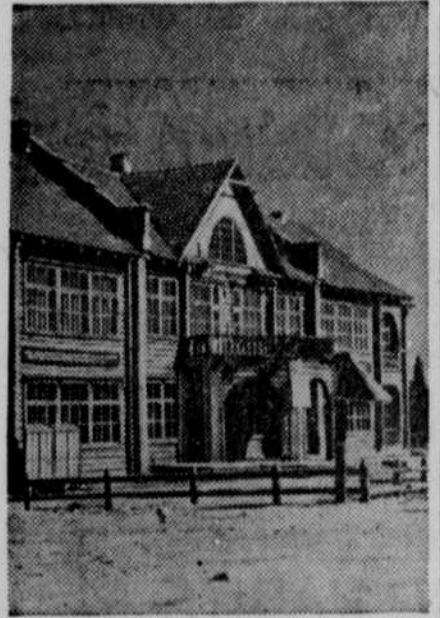
INSTALLMENT SIXTEEN

The Uzbeks, racially, are a mixture. They resemble the near-by Afghans, and others might have Persian or Arab blood. Occasionally we see a Mongolian face which has strayed down from Kazakhstan.

Tashkent is an enormous sprawling city of cracked and peeling stucco with wide, hot, dusty streets. We arrive in the clean, comfortable office of the director of the Stalin Textile Trust and what with the heat are frantically thirsty. They start to open champagne but we plead for water. So they bring out bottles of that warmish pink soda pop. Mercifully, there are on the table half a dozen fresh peaches. In half a minute the plate is empty and in another half minute it contains six peach stones. Nothing ever tasted so delicious and we realize how starved we have been for fresh fruits and vegetables.

Since we crossed the Ural mountains we have seen little American machinery—indeed, few foreign machines of any kind.

There are 14,000 workers in this textile plant and 80 per cent are women. The raw material is cot-



A typical Russian school building in its republics.

ton, grown under irrigation in this valley. They also weave silk, which they import.

The workers' hours run from eight to ten daily according to their age, and they average more than 1,000 roubles per month, although some crack ones make as high as 4,500. In addition each worker averages between five and six meters of cloth per month as a premium.

The mayor of Tashkent is a dark little Uzbek, a friendly but rather timid Oriental. His name is Sadik Khusaynov. Before the war, he tells us, Tashkent had 700,000 people and more than 50 per cent were Uzbeks. At the peak of the evacuations, there were 900,000 but now it is back down to about 850,000.

Many machine-building industries were evacuated here with their workers—mostly the light and medium but a few heavy machine industries as well. They also make aircraft here.

A big, handsome, full-faced Russian with very blue eyes sits down by the mayor. He tells us they have here a plant making Douglas planes. Also a light machine tool plant converted to turn out arms and ammunition for the Red Army; shoe factories, garment industries, plus a plant for making emery stones needed by heavy industries.

The handsome young Russian is Rodion Glukhov, vice-premier of the Uzbekistan Republic. Now and then he interrupts—always picking up for the mayor if he falters.

Evacuees came with their plants, and will stay permanently. The plants came from Moscow, the Ukraine and the North Caucasus. And from Leningrad they have many skilled workers and engineers. He tells us Leningrad is anxious to have these engineers back, but Uzbekistan is anxious to keep such valuable men. It will be for Moscow to decide.

He tells us that Uzbekistan before the war had 6,200,000 people, so the addition of 2,000,000 refugees was a big task. But when we ask him how he managed it, he politely refers us to the mayor.

A huge munitions plant evacuated from Rostov-on-Don had left its foundry behind, which had taken two years to build. Here in Tashkent they finished one in twenty-eight days. A great aviation plant was moved from Moscow; within a month it was up to 80 per cent of its former production.

The dacha where we stay is comfortable and spacious. This rural mansion is a rest home and summer vacation place for members of the Uzbekistan cabinet.

Now another character enters the scene—a plump, middle-aged woman called Nona. She has large, warm blue eyes. She is the hostess and the kind of big, friendly, jolly girl who makes herself useful on picnics.

Nona spoke excellent English, which she had learned in a most curious way. She had been the "mother" to a number of interned

American pilots who had been forced down on Russian soil after Aleutian bombing raids. They had been housed under guard in a dacha similar to this and Nona was in charge. She was fond of them all, and they had brought their troubles to her. What her job is we never learned. She is by Soviet standards remarkably well turned out, with plenty of afternoon and evening gowns.

That evening Nona goes into town with us to the local opera house (new, and well-done with Oriental decorations copied from ancient Uzbek designs) for a concert. They give, especially for us, one act of an opera based on an incident in Uzbek history. This is followed by a couple of vocal numbers and then by a "jazz band" which is on tour from Georgia (U.S.S.R., not U.S.A.).

About half the crowd in this theater is Russian and half Uzbek. Watching the Uzbek opera I realize that the most admirable thing about the whole Soviet Union is its colonial policy—its relationships with the smaller and sometimes backward races. This is partly accounted for by the fact that Russians historically have few race prejudices.

Instead of Jim Crowing the weaker peoples, the Russians lean over backward to give them titles and offices which are rather beyond their capacities. At first, I jumped to the conclusion that the native officeholders were stooges, dressed up and provided with fancy offices but with little real power. But we learn that the premier of this republic is an Uzbek and a smart one—an old-time Bolshevik with a steel-trap mind, highly respected in the party councils. We are assured he is no stooge. He is apparently as powerful here in his own right as was Manuel Quezon in the Philippines.

Since I am so keen on ancient cities they offer a brief tour in the Oriental quarter of Tashkent. The old city is a labyrinth of winding alleys like those in the Arab Medinas in North Africa, the old quarter of Jerusalem, the Cairo bazaar, or the cities of Afghanistan across the border. But just outside this old city are two beautiful new white buildings, both ornamented with Uzbek designs—the post office and a huge cinema.

At first there seems nothing to see in the ancient city but adobe walls enclosing cobbled streets—with here and there a carved doorway. There are no windows in the walls. A shabby old man offers to show us his house. With an ancient, six-inch iron key he unlocks a door under a pointed wooden arch, and we step out of the drab alley into a gem of a garden with a fountain in the center. At one end of this patio is his home—two clean, whitewashed rooms, some low furniture. On the floor is a mellow Oriental rug which he says was his grandfather's, and a polished brass samovar.

The old man tells me, as Nona interprets, that in writing any of this in America, I should understand that he is an old man, who well remembers the days when the emirs ruled this land. And that in those days he was not a man. But now he feels like a man, and is treated like a man, and for this he has to thank the Revolution and Comrade Stalin.

All Soviet streets are clean—even the crooked alleys of this Oriental town which elsewhere in the east would reek of garbage. But I must for the record tell Hal Denny's story of the eager professor.

Hal was New York Times correspondent in Moscow. One of his afflictions had been the numbers of eager tourists who came every summer to study the marvels of the Soviet system and become authorities on this Land of the Future.

A professor of municipal government in a mid-western college arrived to spend a month studying his specialty. After two weeks in the library he showed up at Hal's room, breaking in on a party of homesick correspondents, and began to talk about the marvels of the Soviet town-planning system.

All, all was marvelous, the eager professor insisted; their methods of police protection, taxation, utilities, elections, and administration! Yet on the rather unimportant topic of sewage disposal there seemed to be no literature.

Could Hal tell him what they did with their garbage?

The answer, instantly given by a roomful of correspondents, rose in spontaneous chorus: "They eat it!" In this hungry land there are no dogs, cats or cockroaches. Tin cans and carefully straightened nails are sold in the market place. In passing let it also be on record that we saw no beggars.

Forty-year-old director, Afanasy Yarinin tells us this Tashkent plant builds Douglas airplanes. It arrived here from Moscow in November of 1941 with 7,000 workers, and thirty-five days later was in production. Now they have 14,000 workers building a Russian modification of the DC-3 and turn out six planes daily. The Red Army has modified the Douglas so that it can be used as a

combination transport, paratroop ship, hospital plane and night bomber.

Because it sometimes goes into battle, a huge transparent gun blister bulges from the top of its fuselage, creating a wind-drag cutting off at least 50 miles per hour. They use wood in the floor-braces, partitions and doors. The director insists it is as good or better than aluminum and easier to work.

Perhaps in Russia, where both aluminum and tools to work it are scarce. But aluminum is stronger and wood, under machine-gun fire, dissolves to flaming slivers.

Russia pays no royalties to Douglas, having paid a flat sum in 1939 which the director believes was \$2,500,000. Before that, his chief engineer, Boris Lisunov, worked in the Douglas Long Beach plant for two years, so they needed no American help when they set up production in Moscow. Only about 5 per cent of the machinery is American; the rest was made in the Soviet Union.

We are taken out into the desert to visit the Stalin-Chirchik Electro-Chemical Trust, which, when unscrubbed, turns out to be a Soviet Muscle Shoals. They have dammed the Chirchik river, providing the 100,000 kilowatts of electric power necessary to run a huge nitrogen-fixation plant, which makes 80 tons of ammonia every twenty-four hours. Before the war it turned out 600,000 tons of fertilizer per year.

Without a minute's rest (because eating is the most gruelling part of our work) we are packed into cars and after a half hour's drive unload at a "fruit factory," an irrigated valley.

They walk us down an incredibly long arbor where grapes hang so low they knock our hats off. At its end we arrive at a pavilion where (Oh, Heaven! Be merciful before these well-meaning people kill us!) a long table is set for another banquet.

They tell us they are experimenting with cotton. This sovkhoz (state farm) raises seed for all the kolхоз (collective farms) in the region.

This experimental station was started by an ancient Oriental with the jaw-breaking name of Rizamat Musamukhamedov. He is sixty-three and started working in the vineyards as a boy of thirteen. He is an Uzbek of a peasant family, a thin, dreamy man with an Uzbek skullcap (or tubeteyka) and a scraggly beard out of Arabian Nights. He has on his coat the ribbons of many state decorations.

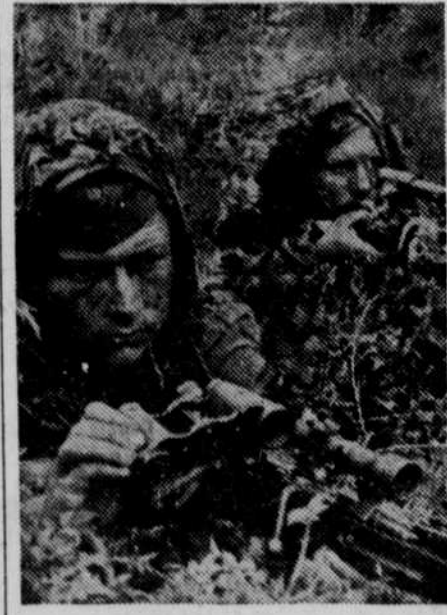
The Russian director, Abram Malchetez. The big struggle since the war, he tells us, has been for sugar. Four refineries were evacuated from Ukraine to Uzbekistan, still others to Kazakhstan.

Since the Germans seized the sugar beet fields of the Ukraine, Uzbekistan has planted 35,000 hectares in beets for sugar, with this year another 15,000 hectares for seed for the liberated Ukraine.

Irrigation is responsible for the heavy yield of the seventy-five kinds of grapes grown here.

The average yield is 22 tons per hectare, with water supplied three to five times a season so the yield is steady. Samarkand is an even richer grape country. And, as here, the little hand-work done is on the grape collectives—most of it being done by tractor.

What we have seen of Soviet agriculture has been uniformly good. Since I come from a farming state



The Republic of Uzbekistan furnished some of Russia's best fighters.

I could not be badly fooled. True, they have shown us their best. But it is at least as good as our best.

We return to the dacha in time to change our shirts for the local opera. We see something called "Ulug-Beg," which was one of the titles of Tamerlane, and its story is of his times. Between acts we are taken into the banquet room (Yes, God help us, the usual table laid) to meet the composer, a slender young Russian intellectual. His wife, a handsome but worn-looking girl, who has written the words—not in Russian, mind you, but in Uzbek—is here to explain the plot.

Douglas so that it can be used as a



New Columbia Sheep—Made-to-Order Breed

Developed for Dual-Purpose Requirements

The need for a breed of sheep that would produce both wool and meat efficiently resulted in work being undertaken by the USDA about 1912 to find such a breed.

The result of years of extensive work was the introduction of the Columbia sheep, which combined the most desirable characteristics of the Lincoln and Rambouillet. The breed was more than a quarter of a century being developed.

The breed as developed to such a point that it has its own registry organization, the Columbia Sheep Breeders' association. It is primarily a range sheep but is being used to a moderate extent in farming areas.

Columbia sheep are free from wool-blindness and skinfolds. The body is long, but is symmetrically proportioned with a good balance between width and depth. In 12



An Idaho Columbia ram showing the desirable characteristics of this newer breed.

months a typical Columbia ewe grows a fleece weighing about 12 pounds, which contains approximately 50 per cent clean wool about 3 1/4 inches long.

New Corn Ear Worm Control Recommended

A new contact insecticide has recently been developed for the control of corn ear worm on sweet corn and hybrid seed corn, as a substitute for pyrethrum.

The spray is a liquid solution of styrena dibromide in a mineral oil and is applied to the corn silks as soon as their ends appear brown. It is necessary to treat more than once as all ears do not show brown at the same time. The spray is applied with a hand applicator which measures a 20 drop dosage from a half pint container.

Feather Fabric Will Add to Farm Income



The washed, stretched and dried fibers are wound on spools.

America's poultry industry can produce 35 million men's suits annually. A new feather fabric that looks like wool but is warmer, softer and lighter, has been developed by USDA specialists.

Feather protein is converted into fiber by treating the feathers with a reducing agent and a special type of wetting agent, or detergent, in water solution, then forcing the resulting spinning solution, or "dope," through the tiny holes of a spinnerette into an acid-and-salt solution that sets the streams of dope into fibers. The fibers are then stretched and dried and treated to remove the detergent so that the regenerated protein is left in true fiber form.

It is not expected that feather fabrics, due to small volume available, will ever prove a serious economic threat to cotton or wool, nevertheless feathers do offer additional revenue for the poultryman, and will compete more with higher priced fabrics.

Cultivation Increases Bermuda Grass Yields

Oklahoma experiments have proved that disking the grass sod of bermuda lightly every other year will cause an increase in yield of about 26 per cent. The tests were made on a thin or poor stand of grass.

It was found that bermuda would respond to heavier disking than the common native grass. Tillage seemed to prevent the grasses from dying in the center of the clumps.



Merle Oberon

MERLE OBERON has changed her appearance once in her movie career; when she shot to stardom as Anne Boleyn, with Charles Laughton also making his bow to American movie audiences as Henry the VIII, she had an odd, exotic kind of beauty. Ensconced in Hollywood after the British picture had brought her fame, she changed her type,



MERLE OBERON

became just a very beautiful young woman. But she'd like to change it again, for at least one role; says she wants to be really homey, and play one of those heavy, dramatic roles that would bring her a new kind of fame. Maybe some day she'll get her wish. Meanwhile, her new picture is "Night in Paradise," for Universal, with Turhan Bey.

Lucille Ball, who plays a secretary in "The Dark Corner," doesn't have to fake the scenes in which she types. She used to be a stenographer—says she hated it so that she decided on the starvation-to-model route to stage and screen.

Bandleader Harry James has turned romantic actor; in 20th Century-Fox's "Do You Love Me?" he vies with Dick Haymes for the favor of Maureen O'Hara. He says his success will be entirely due to the coaching he gets at home from his wife, Betty Grable.

Those Goldwyn Girls who are touring the country are realists. Said one, "We're too short for show girls, we're not the cute type." Some of them feel that trying for dramatic roles is too hard — it means working hard with coaches, going to bed early every night, exercising, dieting, struggling. They figure being fashion models at \$125 a week is a lot easier and more fun.

"The Theater Guild on the Air" is required listening for 200 students at Michigan State college; as a part of their course in radio education, they prepare short, critical reviews of the Sunday night productions, over ABC.

Radio programs have given away everything from live goats to small fortunes; now the sponsor of the Woody Herman show on ABC Friday nights will give the band to the winner of a contest. On June 21 the band will play in the winner's home, on the front porch or the auditorium of the local high school—if you win and want to give the band away you can still keep the thousand dollar additional prize.

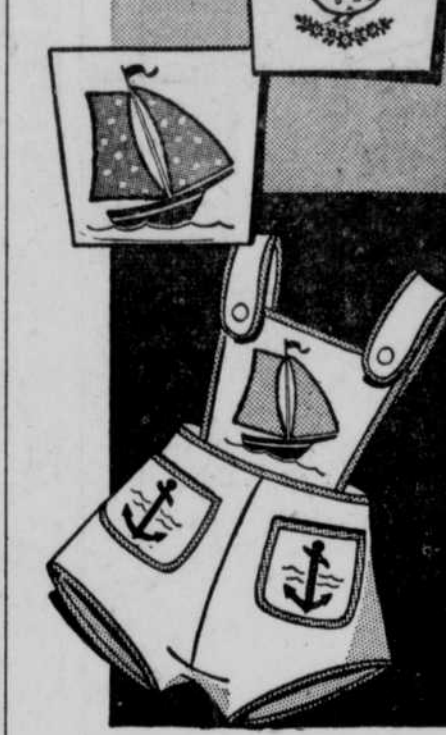
Two Walt Disney cartoon characters are regular members of the "Amos 'n' Andy" program. They are Clarence Nash (Donald Duck) who does the theme whistle that opens and closes the program, and Jim Basquette, who is "Uncle Remus" in the new Disney series.

All that Whitey Ford asks of a new suit is that it looks old. Recently the NBC "Grand Ole Opry's" Duke of Paducah was lucky enough to get a new "radio suit," his first replacement in 14 years. It's an exact duplicate of his old tight-legged, pinch-backed, bay-window revealing green one, but allow's a little more leeway for the pounds he's put on as the years slipped by.

John Wayne, co-star of RKO's romantic comedy, "Without Reservations," is a charter member of a yacht club which stipulates that its members must have no yachts. It's the Emerald Bay Yacht Club, and the activities of its members are confined solely to writing each other insulting; memos and devising imaginary minutes of meetings that should have been held but weren't.

ODDS AND ENDS—Overheard at a Lanny Ross broadcast—"That's the best looking bunch of people on the air"—meaning Lanny, Evelyn Knight and Announcer Nelson Case. . . Alex Scourby of "The Right to Happiness" has recorded over 100 talking books for the blind, with the approval of the Library of Congress. . . Charles Irving, "Young Dr. Malone," admits that one of his hobbies is baking cookies. . . First time in 12 years that Johnny Weismuller's had a chance to tear clothes on the screen is in "Swamp Fire"—but throughout the first half of the picture he does nothing fancier than jeans and an old work shirt.

NEEDLECRAFT PATTERNS Youngster's Embroidered Sunsuit



LET the youngsters soak up sun in gaily embroidered sunsuits; each takes less than 1 yard of fabric! Appliqued boat and chicks.

A 1-yard remnant, plus scraps for appliques, makes each suit. Pattern 909 has transfer of 2 bibs, pockets, pattern pieces for sizes 1, 2, 3 and 4.

Due to an unusually large demand and current conditions, slightly more time is required in filling orders for a few of the most popular pattern numbers.

Send your order to:
Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept.
564 W. Randolph St. Chicago 80, Ill.
Enclose 20 cents for Pattern
No. _____
Name _____
Address _____

'Twas Embarrassing Moment for the Lady

After having completed her spring housecleaning, a housewife found (as who doesn't) that she had a lot of junk which should be hauled away. But after several days seeking, she was unable to find a man to do the job. Then one morning as she was about to give up the idea, she saw a truck coming along the street heavily loaded with an assortment of articles.

Running to the curb, she hailed the driver, and when he pulled up to a stop, she told him she had a load of trash she would like to have him cart away.

Drawing himself up with all the dignity he possessed, the man replied: "Lady, I'll have you know I'm not hauling trash! We're moving!"



Keeps for weeks on your pantry shelf... You can bake at a moment's notice

If you bake at home—you'll cheer wonderful Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast. Easy-to-use... extra-fast, Fleischmann's Fast Rising stays fresh, potent for weeks on your pantry shelf... lets you turn out delicious bread quickly... at any time.

No more being "caught-short" without yeast in the house... no spoiled dough because yeast weakened before you could use it. With Fleischmann's Fast Rising you can start baking any time... finish baking in "jig-time." It's ready for action when you need it. Get Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast at your grocer's.

For Your Personal Security Buy U. S. Savings Bonds!



A Sugarless Cake that's Truly Delicious!

Ingredients:
2 1/3 cups sifted GOOCH'S BEST ALL PURPOSE ENRICHED Flour
1 1/3 cup syrup
1 tsp. soda
2 eggs
2/3 cups shortening
1/2 cup water
1/2 tsp. vanilla
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 cup chopped walnuts

Methods:
Make mixture of the following:
2/3 cups shortening
1/2 cup water
1/2 tsp. vanilla
1 tsp. soda
1/2 cup salt
Combine all the first mixture with 1/3 the second mixture and mix well. Stir in two unshated eggs, then add remaining dry ingredients, chopped walnuts and beat well.
Mix 1/2 cup water and 1/3 cup syrup—bring to boiling point. Gradually add to above mixture and blend thoroughly to a creamy texture.
Bake in a loaf in moderate oven until done—about 20 to 25 minutes.

It's Free AT YOUR GROCERS Sugarless Cake Recipe Book

Ask your grocer for Gooch's Best's Sugarless Cake Recipe Book. Contains complete directions for making truly delicious cakes... with Gooch's Best Flour... and no sugar!
And remember... Gooch's Best Enriched All-Purpose Flour is the ideal flour for all your baking. Take home a sack today. Ask your grocer for Gooch's Best's free sugarless cake recipes.

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