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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1957

Soviets Battle Sub-Zero Cold To Farm Siberian Wilds

By JOSEPH ALSEP

The traveler in western Siberia must be prepared for surprises. Some of them, such as the surprise of open plowing...

None the less, no surprise has been quite on the level of the surprise produced by the first sight of the Siberian version of the carfare trailer line...

HAPPY SOUNDS

From the hut, sounds of happy, vodka-inspired Russian song drifted into the icy night...

"Why, we needed some spare parts to finish our winter machinery repairs at our Kholokho, so our chairman sent me and my buddies into town...

HIBERNATION

That will give at least some inkling of the long winter solitude that is accepted by the tens of thousands of people who have come to this region to plow its virgin lands...

The total of formerly virgin lands to be plowed this year will reach nearly 80 million acres — or

only a bit less than one third of the entire area of plowed land in the United States...

HUGE INVESTMENT

Around 80,000 new farm workers have come into the province with their families. The collective farms have invested 200 million rubles in their expansion...

IMPENSIVE EFFORTS

Such are the astonishing movements, such the immense efforts, such the outpourings of national resources...

IMPRESSIVE FELLOWS

Both were bulletproofed coats of stainless steel. The farmers of the long, hard experience, who had won higher agricultural training as Soviet agronomists...

semble the systems used on our big industrial wheat farms in the Dakotas. One subject only embarrassed them—the harvest of 1955...

The program is in fact an enormous gamble with the climate. Yet both Strukhov and Lepeka seemed confident they would win the gamble...

plane, and the tractors and other workers from collective farms have run into here in Akmolinsk were all first-class, courageous human beings...

"What IS 'Modern,' Anyhow?"



A C-Note A Week

Second Licensing Station Is Needed

STUBBORNNESS is not always an admirable trait. But the stubbornness of County Commissioner J. Herbert Garrison is worthy of the approbation of every Mecklenburger who has to climb behind the wheel of a motor vehicle.

Several weeks ago at Mr. Garrison's insistence the Board of County Commissioners offered to lease the state two acres of County Home property...

Mr. Garrison disagrees with the state official's reasoning and so do we.

The site is perfectly convenient to thousands of Mecklenburgers who now must waste valuable time and patience in the unhappy hour at the present

Civil Rights & Dynamite: A Question

EVEN the most dedicated adherent of federal civil rights legislation must have admired the South's skillful opposition this week.

And would southern resentment stirred by passage of the measures defeat their own avowed purpose?

Another and eloquent southern spokesman ranged against the administration's proposals great and fundamental questions of law and sociology...

Would legal proceedings designed to protect the civil rights on one group work against those of another group?

Let Penalties Stand For Drunk Driving

AN INDIANA judge once rejected a defense request for psychiatric examination of jurors in a robbery case with this ruling:

There is no statutory requirement that a juror be sane. Nor do jurors have to be wise, logical or public-spirited...

The basic defect of leniency in drunk driving cases is the encouragement it gives to highway slaughter. For the law itself to mitigate the offense might stimulate even more fatal forgiveness on

the part of juries and judges.

Certainly, in this instance, the law should not be weakened with the shortsightedness of those who fail to enforce it.

Instead of being modified, the present penalties ought to be reaffirmed and more widely publicized.

Judges and juries may not prescribe its punishment uniformly, but as it stands now the law does carry a stern warning.

How's That Again?

AFTER delivering a stern lecture on the virtues of old-fashioned harshness in dealing with youthful naughtiness, Judge Frank Huskins this week suspended the prison sentence he gave a 17-year-old girl for embezzlement...

There's Always Just One Trouble

EVERYTHING that deceives," said Plato, "may be said to enchant."

The sudden and thoroughly amiable arrival of the spill-personality season only underlines the old Greek's wisdom.

With so many imposters in the news—a would-be preacher in Kansas, a would-be teacher in Maine—one is tempted to ask to see the postman's credentials the next time he darts to ring twice.

But the inclination on the part of certain misfits to be somebody else is invariably exceeded by the inclination of

everybody else to be deceived.

Everything goes fine for a time. But mythology will out—and the final unmasking is always accompanied by unspeakable disillusionment.

Like when the agent burst into the producer's office. "I have a sensational talent outside—'built like Lancaster, sings like Pinza and acts like Brando'!"

"Bring him in!" "There's just one trouble," said the agent. "It's a girl."

From The Roenke (Va.) Times

POSSUM UP A YANKEE TREE

COMES news that the lowly southern possum has migrated to New England and is increasing its numbers "like all get out."

According to Connecticut's wildlife director, these migrants are now so numerous in his state that they can no longer be considered exclusively as a denizen of the Deep South.

Sadly it must be recognized that New England Yankees are exhibiting an inhospitable attitude toward possums. Newcomers have been branded as chicken thieves and therefore as nuisances and vermin to be exterminated.

Why our possums should want to leave their happy habitat in the South for richer attractions of life in Connecticut, of course, is inexplicable.

appreciate them, and don't begrudge their latching on to a pullet now and then.

Our New England friends had better be more tolerant of possums, for they are going to have to live with them too. This is an age of movement, they say.

A speaker on farm management, according to a story Dr. Timm of Texas A&M tells, had elaborated an audience of farmers at much length with wise advice. When at last he sat down, the chairman summed up: "What the speaker has said to us is very plain. If our outgo exceeds our income the upkeep will be our downfall."—MEMPHIS PRESS-SCIMITAR.

Some of these quick-built houses need about two coats of wallpaper inside to strengthen the walls.—BARTOW COUNTY (GA.) HERALD.

A preacher recently announced there are 726 sins. He is now being besieged by requests for the list by people who think they're missing something.—CARLSBAD CURRENT-ARGUS.

People's Platform

Poet Or Politician?

Charlotte Editors, The News: "Poets Make Your Editorials, Anyway." Feb. 13 was evidently intended as a back-handed compliment to the Hon. Luther Hodges, governor of North Carolina...

Not self-considered as an expert "literation." I certainly have a deep appreciation for good poetry. Our governor is indeed a poet. Why, even his original platform...

Your descendants will read in history that he was our most valuable chief executive. —GRAMHAM C. REICH

Chiropractic Anthem:

How Long, Oh Lord? Myrtle Beach, S. C. Editors, The News: THERE is a greater incidence of injury to the "cervical spine" during childbirth than from rear-end auto wrecks as described in your Associated Press news article Feb. 13...

This is what the chiropractic profession has been trying to teach people about. These cervical spine injuries are known as vertebral subluxations and cause

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON I went out to Andrews Air Force Base the other day to get some idea of how well the Atlantic was protected. I was figured the best way to do this was to see for myself and take a ride in a jet.

One Way To Find Out I went out to Andrews Air Force Base the other day to get some idea of how well the Atlantic was protected.

Two Dog Pounds Duplicate Services

Charlotte Editors, The News: THANK you for the space given to expressing the "sadful truth" about our City Dog Pound. Only an enlightened public will demand an improvement in this operation.

It is a deplorable fact that the city and the county another, each with its duplication of services.

When you publish another picture showing how the water stands in the City Pound when it is high out.

Has America's Virtue Been Sold To Soud? Huntington, Woods, Mich. Editors, The News: LIKE a girl of the streets we have sold (said) our souls, our honor and the right to lead the free world.

Quote, Unquote Whenever one comes to close grips with so-called idealism, in wartime, one is shocked by its rascality.—H. L. MENCKEN.

AF Jets Safer Than Commercial Planes My helmet, built like a football player's, was indeed a well-built covering. Attached to it was the most frustrating gadget of all, the oxygen mask.

Interception Capt. Collins G. Shackelford of Holly Springs, Miss., of the 48th Fighter-Interceptor Squadron, had come up from Langley Field, Va., to meet me. They piloted the two "dodge" which "knocked" us out of the air. They first appeared on the horizon, Del., so small you could hardly see them.

Simulated Scramble To show how the 85th Air Division goes into action in case an unidentified plane appears off the Atlantic coast, Capt. Ben C. Murphy as if he were alongside me in a Washington sitting room.

So Much To Remember Frankly I had a hard time remembering just when you use the sea-marker, physical and the one in your hand, whistle for use in calling rescue ships, whether to use the smoke flares at night or the red flares in the daytime, or vice versa; and how long to leave the charcoal tablets in your rubber pad of seawater before you can drink it.

They Never Had It So Good

By ROBERT C. URARK

PALAMOS, Spain I GIVES you a power of pleasuring to read how all the college grads are swamped with job offers. According to the last thing I saw, the 1957 boys will average out to 100 bucks a head just for starters—double the average salary of 10 years past.

It brings a slow, glow smile, even though you know the buck doesn't procure the same deer as a long time ago when you leaped out into open anonymity. One hundred dollars. Each week that, bad coarse C-note that made you into a man.

NOT SO LAUGHABLE My first job paid me 10 bucks a week, on which I was supposed to keep myself fed, housed, and cleaned, with very little left over for such things as French mistresses and race horses.

There was a piece in Time recently which said they couldn't find enough new newspapermen for 'round. The average starting pay is \$316 a month. I recall getting married on \$30 a week as a newspaperman and wondered what to do with the extra bit.

He was a Scandinavian and I believe he is dead. I was a scared kid in a big town looking for a job, only looking for a job, any job, doing anything at all.

There was still another one who spent three solid years, beating over the head with his accumulated knowledge and fired me at the end of it because he felt there was nothing more he knew that he could teach.

This has been such a great racket, full of such wonderful people, that I think it's a shame to start out for big dough. You ought to suffer just a little bit, for fun, before they make you rich.

ALL GOOD

But he wasn't so untaunted, so lazy, so drunk, so rude that he didn't have a hell of a lot of time to teach a gawky country kid the rudiments of the business, and with no jokes about type-cast, either. I learned to read copy from Fitz. I learned a whole lot of things from Fitz, all good.

There was a guy who is now editor of the News. He was very large in concern, who once lent me his coat to go and cover a story, when he was very big and I was very little. He didn't leave the office until I had returned with the story, whereupon I went home coatless, and he put the story on the wire.

Another man who is a big editor for now and whom I will never cease to love was working on another paper. He had been a piano player and a taxi driver. He had a beard. He was an emergency manager editor.

Twice a week I called, and twice a week he looked up from his desk, waggled his beard

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Today's Kids Are Spoiled

My helmet, built like a football player's, was indeed a well-built covering. Attached to it was the most frustrating gadget of all, the oxygen mask. Because of the high altitudes you have to use the mask at all times, inside the mask right under your nose is a tiny microphone. A wire connects it with the front cockpit, enabling me to talk to Capt. Ben C. Murphy as if he were alongside me in a Washington sitting room.

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