At Home and Abroad

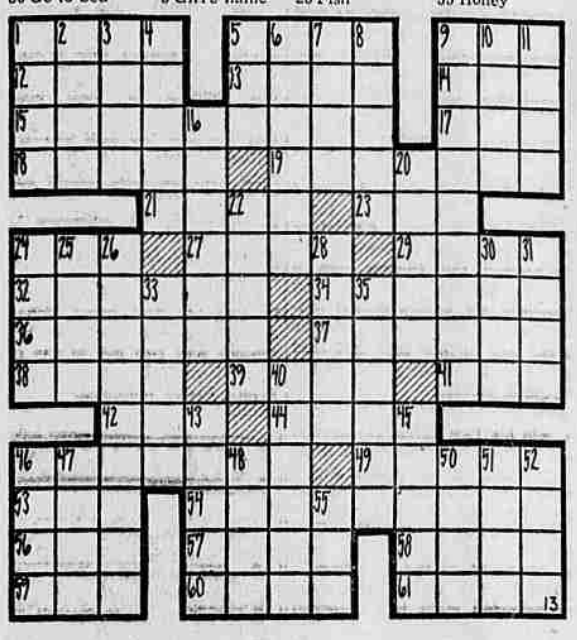
ACROSS

1 West Indian country
5 Arabian gulf
9 —— Vegas, Nevada
12 Algerian city
13 Valley
14 Japanese sash
15 American eagle (two words)
17 Tennis equipment
18 More furtive
19 Contrivances
21 Identical
23 Sun
24 That Sawyer boy
27 Kind
29 Chinese staple
32 Charm
34 Close again
36 Go to bed
37 Russian city
38 British trolley
39 Praise
41 Light brown
42 Number
44 Street sign
46 Dried grapes
49 Weird
53 Past
54 Drivers
56 Oriental coin
57 City in Pennsylvania
58 Precipitation
59 Worm
60 Turn over
61 Church recess

DOWN

1 Male swans
2 Russian river
3 Island near Java
4 Peruvian mountains
5 Girl's name
6 Weapon
7 Feminine name
8 Requires
9 Most solitary
10 Encourage
11 Perches
16 Rubber
20 Juniper
22 Motorists' resting place
24 Small pastry
25 Hebrew measure
26 Changes
28 Fish
30 —— Grande, Arizona
31 Enthusiasm
33 Citrus fruits
35 Taro roots
40 Attack
43 Saltpeter
45 Ancient city in Jordan
46 Destroy
47 Time periods
48 Roman ruler
50 Harvest
51 Eye part
52 Serf
55 Honey

Answer to Previous Puzzle



Strange As It Seems

Khrushchev Hails Soviet Dam As 'Great Victory'

By HENRY SHAPIRO

KUIBYSHEV, U. S. S. R. (UPI) —Premier Nikita S. Khrushchev hailed as a "great victory" Sunday the construction of the world's largest hydro - electric power station by the Soviets in one - third the time taken by Americans to build the Grand Coulee Dam.

Khrushchev spoke at ceremonies opening the Kuibyshev Dam on the Volga River 500 miles east of Moscow. He referred only briefly to the situation in the Middle East where he said the threat of war is "still very acute."

The Soviet premier taunted the United States for the length of time it took to build Grand Coulee in the state of Washington. He said it took 20 years to build Grand Coulee — "the most famous American station" — while the Kuibyshev station took only seven years.

He said the speedy construction of the Kuibyshev Dam — which measures almost 3½ miles across and backs up a 2,502 square mile artificial lake — was a "great victory" for Soviet technicians, scientists and workers.

But, he added, future dams would have to be built even faster to enable "our industry to develop quicker, so that our industry may produce many valuable consumer goods."

(In Washington, Federal Reclamation Commissioner W. A. Dexheimer said "any time we are given a full program and the money we can build dams just as fast or faster then they can." Dexheimer said it took only seven years to complete the original Grand Coulee program laid out by the Reclamation Bureau.

(He said "the rest went in as needed, and we didn't anticipate that much power would be needed at first.")

Krushchev said the dam put Russia in "first place in Europe and second in the world" in electric power production.

A decree of the Supreme Soviet announced the new power station would be known as the "Vladimir Ilyich Lenin" station.

CANINE CROONER—Beside an "open-mouthed" stump that's almost a dead ringer for him, Alto the pooch croons a tune at Temagami in northern Ontario. Alto's accompanist is a fishing guide who prefers to be known as "Harmonica Joe."

House Group Pushes For Nuclear Shelter Program

WASHINGTON (UPI)—A House subcommittee released a hitherto secret study today estimating that most of us — nearly 160 million persons — would be killed in an H-bomb raid now on 150 American cities.

This startling figure was contained in a study of probable effects of a nuclear attack prepared by the Rand Corporation, a research concern that does top-secret research for the Air Force.

The House military operations subcommittee, in releasing the study, said it was made by the Rand Corporation on its own and not with government money.

The subcommittee, which long has urged a 20-billion-dollar nuclear shelter program, renewed its appeal with release of the study. It said failure of the administration and Congress to adopt the program has put the nation in "mortal danger."

Rep. Chet Holifield (D-Calif.), subcommittee chairman, told United Press International that blind economy by the Eisenhower administration was blocking the shelter program.

"We spend 40 billion dollars a year for defense and it gives us no final defense," he said. "We gamble everything on the idea that our retaliatory power will prevent an atomic war. But what if it doesn't? The nation has virtually no civil defense at all."

The Rand Corp. study did not specify the degree of preparedness in individual cities nor name the 150 cities. But expert witnesses before the subcommittee—back by Holifield — said there was virtually no preparedness in any American cities.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

TUESDAY

9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Drivers License Examiner 106 Depot street.

6:45 p.m., Kiwanis club, Sacajawea.

7:30 p.m., Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, Odd Fellows temple.

7:30 p.m., La Grande district school board, superintendent's office.

Temporary Asylum Granted Polish Sailor

WASHINGTON (UPI) — The United States has offered to give temporary political asylum—and a chance at permanent residence—to a Polish seaman who said he would be killed or jailed if he went home.

U.S. Immigration Commissioner Joseph M. Swing has announced the offer would be made to 22-year-old Richard Eibel at a hearing in federal court at New Orleans. The announcement reversed an original refusal by Swing on grounds the sailor was not a bona fide refugee.

Eibel was released at New Orleans Friday night in the custody of his cousin, St. Louis rug maker Leo Marmor who has been leading the fight to gain asylum for the youth. They left for St. Louis.

Swing said Eibel would be given a chance to remain in this country 29 days under a seaman's conditional landing permit. Then, the commissioner said, he could leave on a ship of the Scandinavian Shipping Association, which has offered him a berth.

The Association has promised to land Eibel in "some non-Communist country," Swing said, after which he could apply to the U.S. Consul for a special non-quota immigration visa.

An Indian burial ground more than 200 years old is in the middle of the Muskegon, Mich., business district.

TOWN TAMER

By FRANK GRUBER

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THE STORY: Tom Rosser, the town tamer, has been offered a new horse by Joe Leach, the livery stable owner, for $150. Rosser learns that Leach has already turned down $400 for the horse.

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XII

LONG before he completed his examination of Alexander, Rosser knew that he had to own this horse. Money was no object. He would give every dollar he had in his pocket and more.

He came out of the stall to meet Joe Leach descending a ladder from a room over the stable. He was in his undershirt, but had put on his trousers and boots.

"How much?"

"What I said last night. A hundred and fifty."

Rosser's eyes went to the night hostler. "Didn't someone offer you four hundred for him?"

"Some people talk too much." Leach scowled at the hostler. "Get back to your nap, Amos."

The hostler went off and Leach dropped his voice to a confidential whisper. "Horse has a little flaw. . . . He can't stand to have any other horse pass him."

Rosser shook his head. "I don't need charity."

"All right, pay me more."

"Three hundred?"

"He's yours."

Rosser continued to frown. "For some reason you're trying to place me under an obligation. What do you want!"

"Your friendship."

"That's all?"

"That hard to believe, Rosser?"

"I won $500 last night. . . ."

"About what I lost."

Rosser made a sudden decision. "I'll buy the horse from you. For the $500 I won last night."

"You own Alexander."

"I also want a saddle."

"Alexander's private saddle goes with him."

He saddled the horse and with Joe Leach watching, mounted him and rode out upon the street. He trotted the magnificent horse out to open country, then gradually put him into a fast run, winding up in a gallop.

He took the horse back to the stable. Leach was gone, but he turned him over to Amos, the hostler. "He's all you said he was and more."

When he stepped out of the stable, Rosser saw the sheriff, Wes Parker, bearing down on him.

"Saw you riding Alexander," the sheriff remarked.

"I bought him."

Parker looked at him sharply. "Everybody in Great Plains has tried to buy that horse from Leach. He wouldn't sell."

Rosser grinned. "You one of the people who tried to buy Alexander?"

"Why not?"

"All right, Sheriff, I paid $500. What I won last night and what Leach lost."

"Leach plays cards with Charlie Hodder and Josh Moody."

"I suppose that means something."

• • •

PARKER grimaced. "They're what you might call the respectable element in this town . . ."

"Which side are you on, Sheriff?"

"That's a good question. I've even asked it of myself. I came to town two months ago and someone suggested I put my name up for sheriff. . . ."

"Who suggested it?"

"Not Riley Condor. He wasn't here at the time." Parker nodded toward Rud's saloon. "Ken Rud. And to save you time, I'll answer the next question. Yes, Rud and Condor are as thick as—as thieves. I can only add to that, that I knew Rud slightly some years ago down in—in Dodge City."

"You were in Dodge?"

"Passing through. I was driving a herd from Denton, Tex., to Wyoming. Rud had a place in Dodge City." Parker smiled crookedly. "Next question?"

Rosser shook his head. "I've asked about three more questions than I have a right to ask of a man I've only known for a day."

"All right," Parker said cheerfully. "Now answer just one question for me? Why are you in Great Plains?"

Rosser shook his head. "You don't like the answer I gave you yesterday?"

"Not especially."

"I wonder what kind of breakfast Mary Donley serves," Rosser said evenly.

• • •

AS they left the restaurant, Flon came toward them across the street. He was grinning wickedly. "Riley's back," he said, as he came up.

"That's supposed to mean something?" Rosser asked.

"He wants to talk to you."

"I'm staying at the hotel."

"You're pretty big," said Flon, "but take off the gun and I'll take you to Riley."

"Why don't you try taking the gun from me?" Rosser challenged.

Flon smiled at the sheriff. "You see, Sheriff, he's trying to make trouble . . ."

"Seems to me you're the one looking for the fight," Parker said sourly.

"Me? Why, I don't even carry a gun."

"You crippled a man less than two weeks ago."

"With my bare hands."

"You're not going to break any of my bones," Rosser said warmly. "I'm warning you about that right now. You touch me and I'll put a bullet into you."

"See, Sheriff?"

"Go back to Condor," the sheriff said, "tell him Mr. Rosser refuses to see him."

"No," said Rosser, "I'll go to him."

(To Be Continued)

OUT OUR WAY — By J. R. Williams

OUR BOARDING HOUSE — With Major Hoople

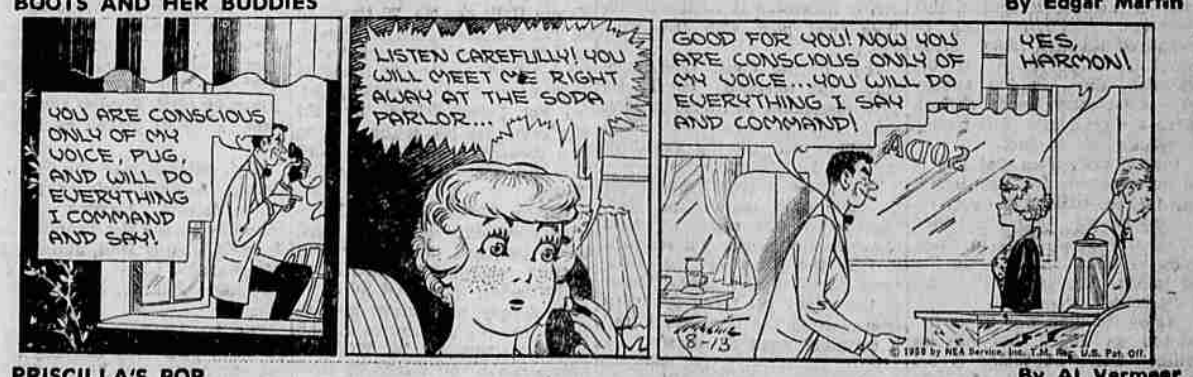
THE STORY OF MARTHA WAYNE — By Wilson Scruggs

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS — By Merrill Blosser

CAPTAIN EASY — By Leslie Turner

ALLEY OOP — By V. T. Hamlin

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES — By Edgar Martin



PRISCILLA'S POP — By Al Vermeer

BUGS BUNNY