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MAN IS BORN
TO BE HAPPY

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PLANNING A NATION'S ECONOMY

BY NIKOLAI BAIBAKOV

Chairman,
State Commission for Long-Term Planning
of the USSR Council of Ministers

Despite its immense territory, large population and great natural resources, old Russia accounted for only 2.6 per cent of the world's industrial output.

Under the czars, the country was 14.5 times behind the United States in total industrial output and 21.4 times behind in per capita output. Moreover, the economic lag behind more developed nations kept increasing. For example, Russia's per capita production of pig iron in 1900 was one-eighth that of the United States; by 1913 it was reduced to one-eleventh.

During the First World War the lag became still greater and brought Russia to the verge of economic bankruptcy. The standard of living corresponded; it was miserably low.

The First Step

In 1920, shortly after the October Revolution, 200 engineers and scientists, working closely with Lenin, drew up a plan for the country's electrification, the first attempt ever made to plan scientifically for the reconstruction and development of industry on a nation-wide scale.

There were those who considered the plan to electrify and industrialize the war-devastated country as utopian, an extravagant fantasy of the "Kremlin dreamers." But the plan helped to gather the forces available and to use them wisely and economically.

The plan was completed in ten years instead of the fifteen that had been projected. By 1934, fourteen years after it had been approved, the Soviet Union was producing six times as much electric power as had czarist Russia.

The electrification plan marked the beginning of planning the country's economy. It was the first step on the long and hard road to bridge the wide economic gap between the Soviet Union and the more highly developed industrial countries of the world.

Planning on a nation-wide scale is the only possible way of ensuring a proper relation between different industries, and between industry, farming and transportation. It provides for the most advantageous distribution of industrial plants in relation to raw material, fuel and consumer. It opens up great possibilities for specialization in industrial and agricultural production, as well as for the over-all development of the country's economic areas and resources.

Five-Year Plans

All planning in the USSR is preceded by an assessment of how previous plans were fulfilled; then the general direction and targets of the new plans are fixed. National economic plans are set up on a five-year

basis, from which yearly, quarterly and monthly plans are drawn.

The five-year sequence of national planning was adopted for very practical reasons. At the present level of science and engineering it takes about five years on an average to build and begin operating large industrial plants, hydroelectric stations, canals, railroads and other such enterprises which involve large capital investment. Five years allows enough time to chart economic development fairly accurately and to check the efficiency of new machinery.

When top planning bodies are drafting the development of the country's economy the local management and trade unions make suggestions which are incorporated in the nation's plan. Scientists and research institutions are directly involved in national planning, along with governmental bodies and industrial, agricultural and commercial enterprises. The fact that there is such wide participation both in working out the plan and in determining methods for its fulfillment is a real stimulus to local initiative.

Planning bodies of each Union Republic and of the USSR itself set the total goals for a five-year plan. They determine what products and what quantity each branch of industry and agriculture shall produce. The plans list what is necessary for better operation of existing facilities and for more rational employment of national resources. The plans establish the amount of labor needed for expanding the economy and provide for the training of new workers.

Our plans also list steps to be taken to raise living standards. They fix the growth and distribution of the national income and set the increase in real wages or purchasing power of workers and farmers. A good deal of attention is paid to steadily advance both the quantity and the quality of consumer goods, to increase retail trade and provide more housing. The development of schools and hospitals, medical services and cultural institutions is covered by the plans.

In short, our five-year plans outline all types of steps to be taken for improving the welfare of the entire nation.

Despite the War Ravages

By virtue of the successful completion of the first two five-year plans, started in 1928, the Soviet Union became an advanced industrial country with a highly developed agriculture. The Second World War interrupted the rapid economic progress.

The war resulted in enormous damage to the whole economy, especially to the most developed regions in the western part of the country, and severely retarded its rate of development. Millions of Soviet people were



killed and maimed. The cost of destroyed mills, factories and mines built by the labor of many generations is estimated at 679 billion rubles, roughly half the damage caused by the war to all the countries which took part in it.

Untold work and energy went into rehabilitating the ravaged economy, particularly in the areas of military operation. At the same time new factories, railroads, houses and schools were built, and all phases of the economy expanded.

In the period from 1946 to 1950, with the Fourth Five-Year Plan in operation, not only was the prewar industrial output reached, but it was exceeded. The Fifth Five-Year Plan (1951-1955) resulted in a further increase. By 1955, industrial output was 220 per cent higher than in the prewar year 1940, gross harvests of major farm crops had largely increased, as had the yield of animal husbandry.

Looking Ahead

There are large problems, however, still to be grappled with and solved: increasing consumer goods production to satisfy ever mounting demand; expanding housing which lags behind growing requirements; raising the general standard of living. These were pondered over by government bodies and scientists when they began to draw up the Sixth Five-Year Plan for the period between 1956 and 1960.

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NATION'S ECONOMY

Continued from page 1

Citizens throughout the country submitted suggestions to the planning bodies. Many were incorporated into the final plan. Others were invaluable in helping to freshen the stereotyped thinking that sometimes occurs to afflict official bodies.

In the Sixth Five-Year Plan, as in all our previous plans, we are continuing the emphasis on the development of heavy industry as the key factor in the advancement of other industries and agriculture. On this basis the production of consumer goods, public housing and social services are being further broadened.

Our plans map out a unified, national effort to reach these goals, utilizing the established industrial centers in the western, central and Urals areas to capacity, along with the development of new industrial bases in the eastern part of the country. At the same time we shall draw on the vast and untapped natural resources of the east in an orderly program.

Results of the Plans

The Soviet people saw that in 1956, the first year of the Sixth Five-Year Plan, the national economy continued its rapid development along the road of progress.

Industry ended last year with an output that was eleven per cent above the previous year. That is only a bare statistic until it is shown that this increase alone—the surplus eleven per cent—is more than three times the total annual output of Russian industry before the October Revolution.

In 1913, which was the highest point of pre-revolutionary production, Russia ranked fifth in the world in total industrial production and fifth in steel production, sixth in coal mining and eighth in the generation of electric power. Today the Soviet Union occupies second place in its total industrial production. It holds second place in steel, coal and electric power. In a comparatively short time the Soviet Union with its planned economy has outpaced all other countries except the United States.

In the twelve months of 1956 the Soviet Union produced 49 million metric tons of steel or eleven times better than 1913. About 430 million metric tons of coal was mined or fifteen times the 1913 mark. Oil in 1956 came to 84 million metric tons—nine times higher than 1913. And in the generation of electric power the 1956 total of 192 billion kilowatt-hours was about 100 times the pre-revolutionary mark.

Our planned economy secured a solid foundation for steady development of agriculture. The grain crop in 1956 was the highest in the history of the country. This was mainly a result of the opening up of vast new lands in the east that were supplied with modern farm machinery by heavy industry. Grain deliveries in 1956 were one and a half times larger than in the best previous years.

Similar records were made in many other fields of agriculture. Milk production, for example, showed a 32 per cent boost in 1956 over the previous year. Butter has shown a 45 per cent increase in the past three years.

More agricultural production means greater possibilities for consumer goods industries, and better living is a natural result. The statistics show that last year per capita con-

sumption of meat and lard was 62 per cent higher than the prewar figure for families of manual and white collar workers. They consumed 92 per cent more fish and fish products and used 86-87 per cent more eggs and sugar. Proportionately good increases were registered for farm families.

Our plans provided for steps taken in 1956 that resulted in more benefits for the people. Pensions were increased and paid maternity leave lengthened; wages were boosted for lower paid workers and working hours were cut without reducing wages. Wholesale prices paid farmers for cotton, vegetables and fruits delivered to the state were raised.

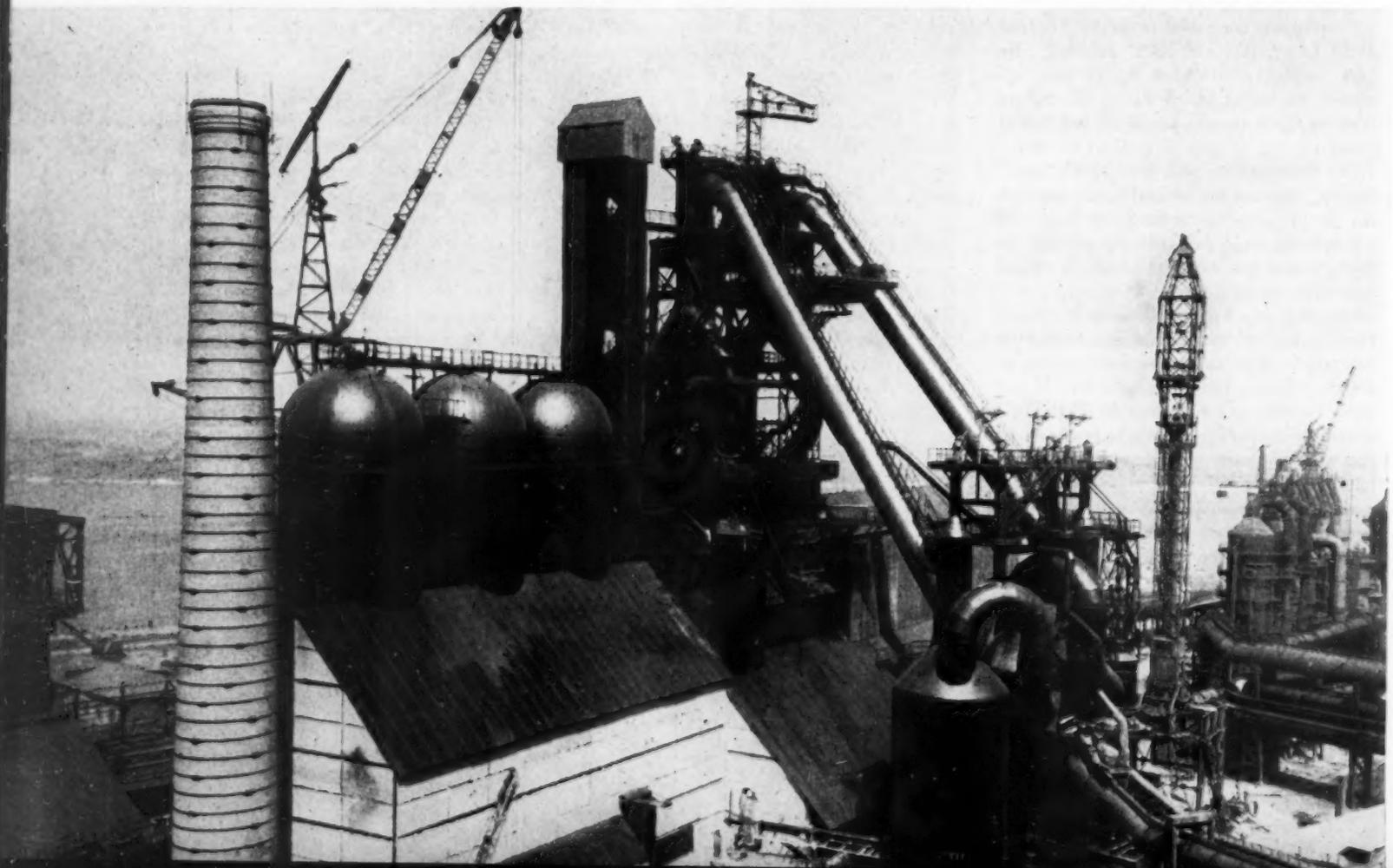
Tabulation of all the benefits shows that they take annually 35.5 billion rubles from the national budget. This money is used directly to raise the real income and improve the living standards of the people.

Attainment of these successive goals, each a bit higher than the previous plan, is not easy. The people are aware of this, but they know that what they lack today, they will have tomorrow. They are conscious of the fact that their efforts help not only the nation, but each family as well.

This feeling creates an atmosphere of confidence. It breeds security among the people, because they need only glance back to see how far they have come.

Fulfillment of the Sixth Five-Year Plan will bring the Soviet Union closer to its principal economic task—to increase production per capita of population. That great and yawning economic gap which once existed between the USSR and the most highly industrialized countries is rapidly narrowing. It will not be long before this gap is completely bridged. ■

A NEW SOVIET BLAST FURNACE BUILT IN 1956. EMPHASIS ON HEAVY INDUSTRY IS PLANNED FOR ADVANCING THE OTHER BRANCHES OF THE NATIONAL ECONOMY.





"WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO FINISH YOUR WORK SO THAT WE CAN GO HUNTING?" ASKS REX, FAITHFUL OLD FRIEND OF NIKOLAI SEMENOV.

SOVIET SCIENTIST AWARDED NOBEL PRIZE

By Leonid Leonov

Nikolai Semenov is tall and thin. He stoops a bit as he walks up and down the floor of his study with quick steps. The keen glance in his screwed up eyes and his nervous, restless fingers convey the impression of great energy.

Forty of Semenov's sixty years have been spent in scientific research. Those were years of hard, painstaking work, of hopes, bitter disappointments and great victories, victories which have gained the high appreciation of world scientific authorities. In 1956 the Swedish Academy of Science conferred upon Academician Nikolai Semenov of the USSR the Nobel Prize for his pioneering studies in the kinetics of gaseous reactions.

"My first independent work," Nikolai Semenov told me, "was published in 1916; ever since then all my research work has been connected with chemical kinetics, the science of chemical processes. My colleagues and I had a great interest in the physical investigation of chemical processes, and we were deeply convinced that physics is the key to the most important and at the same time least explored problems of chemistry. All this has enabled us, after years of work, to

create a new division of chemistry, the science of chemical balances."

The Academician walked over to a big bookcase near the window, saying:

"I have here almost all the fundamental works written by different scientists on the theory of chemical chain reactions. The collection sums up the experimental materials accumulated in chemistry over many decades. This theory, together with my investigations in the inflammability of gases, furnished the basis for new ideas about the chemical processes and contributed to the solution of important practical problems: the technology of chemical and oil production, the prevention of fatal explosions in mines, and the combustion processes in diesel and jet motors."

Semenov paused for a minute and then began pacing the floor again.

"We have succeeded in elaborating theories of thermal explosions and in establishing the relationship between combustion, explosion, the spread of flames, and the laws governing the reactions of burning. That in its turn furnished the basis for successful development of the

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Nobel Prize

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THE 60-YEAR-OLD SCIENTIST HAS SPENT 40 YEARS STUDYING CHEMICAL PROCESSES.

SEMENOV OFTEN STOPS IN TO LISTEN WHILE HIS WIFE GIVES A SINGING LESSON.



numerous methods of controlling chain reactions and processes of combustion."

These discoveries and investigations, which have been singled out for the Nobel award by the Swedish Academy of Science, are the result of the intensive labor of the large and coordinated staff of the Institute of Chemical Physics, of which Semenov has been the director since its foundation twenty-five years ago.

Opening one of the albums on the desk, the Academician pointed to the photograph of a young man with an unruly shock of hair.

"It seems only a short time ago that the young scientist Victor Kondratyev came to us, but he is already an academician, and in the autumn of last year he represented the Soviet physicists at the Sixth International Symposium on Combustion, which met in America. The young physicist Alexander Shilov," continued Academician Semenov, pointing to another photograph, "began to work at the institute immediately after graduating from the university. We argue very often, but I am convinced that he will make a truly great scientist."

Semenov told me a great deal about the capabilities of his pupils but, naturally, very little about his own. However, all the employees of the institute, from rank-and-file workers up to the scientists who are conducting independent research, spoke with great warmth and pride of their director, of his personal charm and of his work as a great scientist. Enthusiasm for scientific research, creative approach to any problem and great energy are the distinguishing features of Academician Semenov, the features characteristic of his style of work. In the words of Academician Victor Kondratyev, "Academician Semenov has never been known to repeat what he himself or others have said or done. He is always original, and this, together with his ability to distinguish in everything the most important from secondary things, lies at the basis of his remarkable discoveries."

This is not merely a statement made by an old friend; it is the opinion of a colleague who has been working with Semenov for twenty-five years.

However, Semenov's interests are not limited to science. He devotes himself with equal ardor to his hobbies—hunting, gardening and architecture. The scientist spoke with great enthusiasm about the restoration of the ancient mansion which houses the institute. Carried away by his story, he caught my hand and literally dragged me toward the window where I had a good view of the friezes and capitals of the columns.

In the afternoon I visited Nikolai Semenov at his home. At the entrance I found a young boy. Switching his school bag from one hand to the other, he looked hesitatingly at the door. The boy entered the house with me, and while we were exchanging salutations, he had rapidly thrown off his coat and slipped into the room. Smiling in spite of himself, Semenov said in a stern voice: "Will you please come here, Mitya, and tell me what's new at school."

I had the impression that the grandfather was getting ready for a serious and perhaps not very pleasant conversation with his grandson, for a man-to-man talk.

While this was going on, Natalia Semenova, the scientist's wife, invited me upstairs. In the big living room I found three young women at the piano. They were employees of the institute headed by Semenov and pupils of his wife, who teaches singing. While Semenov believes that the girls would make successful scientists, his wife thinks that they have a talent for music. Perhaps they are both right.

The Academician joined us soon, and from his beaming face I judged that the conflict with his grandson had been settled satisfactorily.

The singing lesson continued, and we walked quietly out of the living room and into the study.

There was a big batch of letters, postcards and telegrams on the desk, all containing congratulations on the award of the Nobel Prize. The messages were from relatives and friends, colleagues who had been working with Semenov for many years, and scientists who knew him only through his work. There was a letter from an old friend and colleague, Sir Cyril Hinshelwood, President of the British Royal Society, who was co-recipient with Semenov of the Nobel Prize for chemistry in 1956.

Semenov was very glad to learn of the honor conferred upon his colleague, regarding the award of the Nobel Prize to a British and Soviet scientist jointly as a symbol of the great idea of cooperation among the scientists of different countries.

Time was flying. Mitya had long been asleep, and the piano was silent. It was time to go, and I left Nikolai Semenov with sincere wishes for his good health and success. ■



AMERICAN GUESTS WATCH ONE OF THE MACHINES ON AN AUTOMATED LINE AT THE MOSCOW BALL-BEARING PLANT. TOURING THE USSR THEY VISITED FOUR CITIES.



DURING SIGHT-SEEING TOUR IN LENINGRAD

AMERICAN BUSINESSMEN LOOK AT THE SOVIET UNION

By Leon Bagramov and Dmitri Petrov

Forty-five American and eight Canadian manufacturers, bankers, lawyers and economists spent a week in the Soviet Union. They toured Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev and Kharkov, and saw industrial plants, stores, factories, cathedrals, museums and theaters. They found, to the surprise of at least one of the visitors, that people in the Soviet Union like to laugh.

Dmitri Tryaskin, chief technologist, acted as guide for the visiting group of American and Canadian businessmen when they went through the First Moscow Ball-Bearing Plant. "By way of introduction to our plant," he began, "you may be interested to know that thirty years ago the spot you are standing on was a city dump. Our plant has set the tone for the whole district in face-lifting the landscape. As far as the plant itself is concerned, the bearings we manufacture are used for automobiles, tractors, machinery, ships, aircraft and a dozen other industries."

The visitors asked about Tryaskin's own background. He explained that he had been working at the plant since it was built. He had

studied after working hours, gone through one of Moscow's technical institutes and then was licensed as an engineer.

"The director of our plant, Anatoli Gromov," he added, "did much the same thing. He started working here as a lathe operator. Many of our people take advantage of the opportunities open to study either in evening classes at the Engineering College or through the plant's lecture courses and technical film showings. In addition, we have a well-stocked library of Soviet and foreign technical literature."

Then Tryaskin was asked one question after another.

"How many people work at the plant?"

"Over 12,000."

"How many directly on production?"

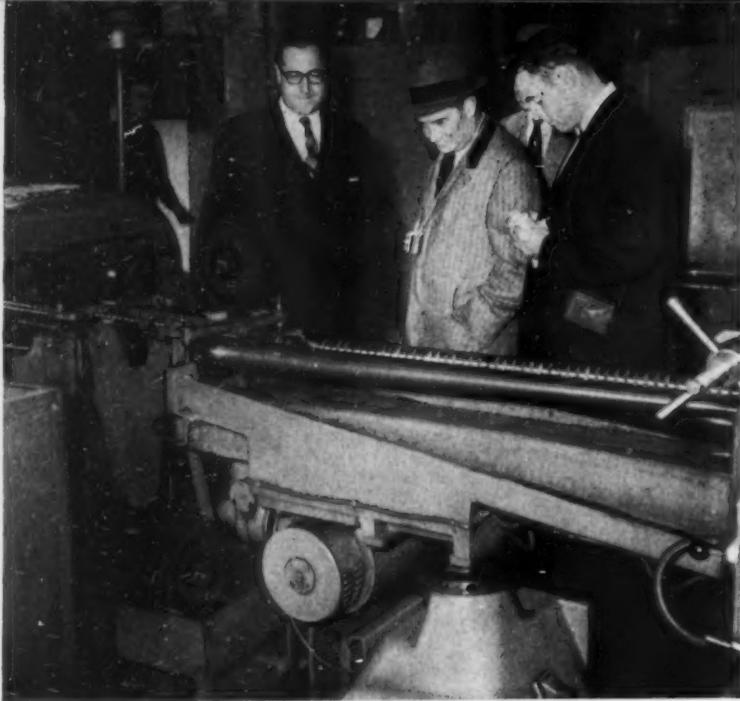
"Eighty-nine per cent, not counting foremen, shop superintendents, and so on."

"Who finances the plant? Who decides on changes, expansion?"

"The Ministry of the Automobile Industry."

"What are average wages like?"

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AMERICANS FOUND MANY INTERESTING MACHINES AT THE BALL-BEARING PLANT.



A GROUP OF TOURISTS INSPECTED THE SESSION HALL OF THE SOVIET PARLIAMENT.

ANNA GRINENKO (CENTER) WELCOMED AMERICANS WHO VISITED CANDY FACTORY.



AMERICAN BUSINESSMEN LOOK AT THE SOVIET UNION

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"Our average wage is 800 rubles a month. Skilled workers earn from 1,200 to 2,000. Most of the people are on piecework."

"How much do you pay shop superintendents?"

"From 1,600 to 2,000 rubles a month, depending upon production in their shop. There is also a bonus for meeting and exceeding production quotas."

"How about vacations?"

"Workers get annual paid vacations of two, three or four weeks, depending on the kind of work they do."

Many of the questions centered around real wages—what did the wages actually buy?

Tryaskin used rents as an illustration. "Rents," he explained, "average only four per cent of wages. That is because housing is not run for profit, it is a responsibility of the plant and of the state. To make comparisons," he emphasized, "you must keep in mind that for everybody who works here, the plant is not only the shop, it is the plant hospital, with free medical service; the plant kindergarten and nursery, where children are taken care of during the day; and many other services which are not reflected in the wages."

The Americans continued firing questions all through the visit, particularly when they went through the standard bearings shop. This is an automatic shop, and very few workers were in evidence on the floor. If not for the roar of machines, one could easily have thought the shop was not working. But there were the signal lights glowing steadily to show that the complicated process of producing a bearing ring without human hands was going on, and there were the rings moving along one after another on conveyor belts. As the visitors were walking through, one of the signal lights flashed. It was signaling for an adjustment, and immediately an operator popped up beside the machine.

"What do you think of the plant?" the American businessmen were asked.

William S. Snead, chairman of the board of the Emerson Electric Manufacturing Company of St. Louis, was impressed with the equipment and automation, but he thought the machines were geared too slowly.

Mr. Hurst, vice-president of the Aeroquip Corporation of Jackson, Michigan, confessed that he had been under the impression before this trip that all workers in Soviet factories got about the same pay. He thought it only fair that extra skill and responsibility should be paid for, and he was glad to find out that the Soviet Union agreed with him.

Candy House

Candy House is a big red brick building situated on the stone embankment of the Moscow River. Its confections are popular all over the country.

The American visitors were welcomed to the factory by its director Anna Grinenko, a rather young, pleasant-faced woman.

"Do you have any trouble marketing your products?" one of the people asked.

"None whatsoever," Anna Grinenko answered. "As a matter of fact, we have difficulty keeping up with the demand. We turn out 50,000 tons of confections annually, and they are snapped up immediately."

The visitors asked about production methods, raw materials, wages, the living and housing conditions of employees. They commented on the order and the spotlessness of the shops, and on the machines, many of them automatic, tended by workers in white smocks and caps.

"Many of the processes are mechanized, as you can see," explained Ivan Vorobyov, an engineer. "We are working toward complete automatic production."

One of the visitors asked with a smile if the workers were forbidden to eat candy on the job.

The director laughed. "No, of course not. And neither are our visitors." Norton Faus, of New York, and John Emery, of Cincinnati, helped themselves. They liked the candy, they said.

Over tea, served with cookies and sweets made at the factory, the talk and the questions went on. Anna Grinenko told them that an American tourist, Mr. Morton, of Milprint Inc., Milwaukee, had visited the factory not long before. "His firm does packaging and lithographic printing,

and he asked for samples of our wrappers. His company sent us a letter of thanks only a few days ago."

Ivan Vorobyov asked whether the visitors would care to see the factory's kindergarten. It was a two-story building set among young trees. The children danced, sang and recited poetry for the visitors.

The kindergarten takes care of 125 children from three to seven years old. The parents, all of whom work at Candy House, bring their children to the kindergarten in the morning and call for them in the evening. Parents may, when necessary, leave their children overnight. In the summer the whole kindergarten moves out to the country.

One of the Americans asked how much the kindergarten charged. The teacher replied that parents paid from 40 to 90 rubles a month, depending on how much they made. It usually did not exceed ten per cent of wages.

Sight-seeing

The American businessmen visited Kiev, the Ukrainian capital, a pleasant place to be in the fall, with its golden chestnut trees and fresh breeze from the Dnieper River.

Some of the guests went off to look at a shoe factory, the others drove to a machine works which turns out turret lathes and horizontal automatic machines.

In one of the shops Fred M. Hauserman, of Cleveland, noted the high skill in reading the blueprints displayed by the young worker Felix Bogdanovsky, who had learned his trade at the factory vocational school. In another shop the visitors stopped to ask about a posted list of eleven workers who had been commended—with bonuses—for exceeding the production quota. Richard Barker, of Washington, had his picture taken with one of them, Vladimir Lyakh, both smiling into the camera.

John W. Hubbel, vice-president of the Simmons Company, New York, asked to see a furniture factory. The Kiev furniture workers gave him a cordial welcome. He distributed samples of the mattress fabrics his company puts out. He bought a mattress of local manufacture in one of the stores, and took some good-natured ribbing from his traveling companions as a consequence.

When the visitors went sight-seeing, they wanted to take in everything: the St. Sofia and Vladimir Cathedrals, the Kiev-Pechorsk Monastery, museums, residential areas, stores. They stopped to talk to people on the street, in book shops, at a farm food market.

Mr. L. de Leeuw, vice-president of Aluminum Limited Sales Incorporated, thought Kiev meat and vegetables were moderately priced. He was pleased to see Mark Twain in the Ukrainian translation displayed in a book shop.

Kharkov, the Ukraine's second largest city, was the next stopover. There they visited the big Tractor Plant which turns out 250 million dollars worth of machines a year. They also saw the Kharkov Electrical Machine Plant which manufactures turbines and electric locomotives as well as vacuum cleaners and other consumer items.

In the director's office they were introduced to engineer Liliya Nesterova, 27-year-old graduate of the Kharkov Polytechnic Institute, who heads the plant's new techniques division.

Mr. Hubbel wanted to know whether Liliya Nesterova received the same salary as a man for the job. She said, "Yes, of course." Then he shifted his questions and asked her, "Why don't you use lipstick?"

She looked a little startled for a moment, then burst into laughter. Vasili Borushko, the chief engineer, answered for her, "You can see for yourself she doesn't need to. Besides, her four-year-old son doesn't approve."

Borushko got the talk back to the plant. He spoke with such enthusiasm about the plant, the advantages of the electroslag method of welding invented by Academician Paton of the Ukraine and about hydrogenerators for the country's big electric stations, that one of the visitors said, "I'd be glad to have a fellow like that in my outfit. He's a crackerjack salesman."

Engineer Borushko laughed and said he liked his job, and finished his "sales talk." "We're producing machines for export now. We'll be glad to fill orders for American companies."

The American businessmen spent a week in the Soviet Union. That, of course, is barely enough time to get acquainted. But every traveler knows that there is one advantage in a brief introduction to a country and its people. It gives you a grasp of essentials—they are not so likely to get swallowed up in a mass of details.

With this in mind, we asked our American guests, "What made the

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HOWARD E. WHITAKER LOOKS AT A CHART SHOWING THE TREND OF PAPER OUTPUT.



JOHN W. HUBBEL OF NEW YORK WANTED TO KNOW WHAT RUSSIAN CZARS SLEPT ON.

BOTH CASES, FATHER AND SON, SHOW A KEEN INTEREST IN THIS MACHINE TOOL.



AMERICAN BUSINESSMEN LOOK AT THE SOVIET UNION



The youngsters who attend the candy factory's kindergarten are pleased with their visitors.



A group of American tourists visited the Machine-Building Pavilion of the Industrial Exhibition in Moscow, where the most modern and complex machines developed in the country are on display.



Reception arranged by the USSR Chamber of Commerce was conducted in a friendly atmosphere.

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greatest impression on you in the Soviet Union?"

"Many things," answered Russel Robins, vice-president of the L. A. Young Spring and Wire Corporation of Detroit. "If you are speaking about your cities, then I would say Kiev is the most beautiful. If you mean industry, then in my opinion the Kharkov Tractor Plant is your finest. If you want me to choose the monuments which most impressed me, then I would pick the Moscow Kremlin. If you are referring to the arts, then I must say that your ballet is incomparable. But perhaps the thing that struck me more than anything else was the warmth and friendliness of every person I met on my trip through your country."

Walter Steffler, of the Robertshaw-Fulton Controls Company of

Greensburg, Pennsylvania, added he had had an idea that Russia was full of gloomy, unhappy-looking people, and he had found as many smiles in Russia as in any other place.

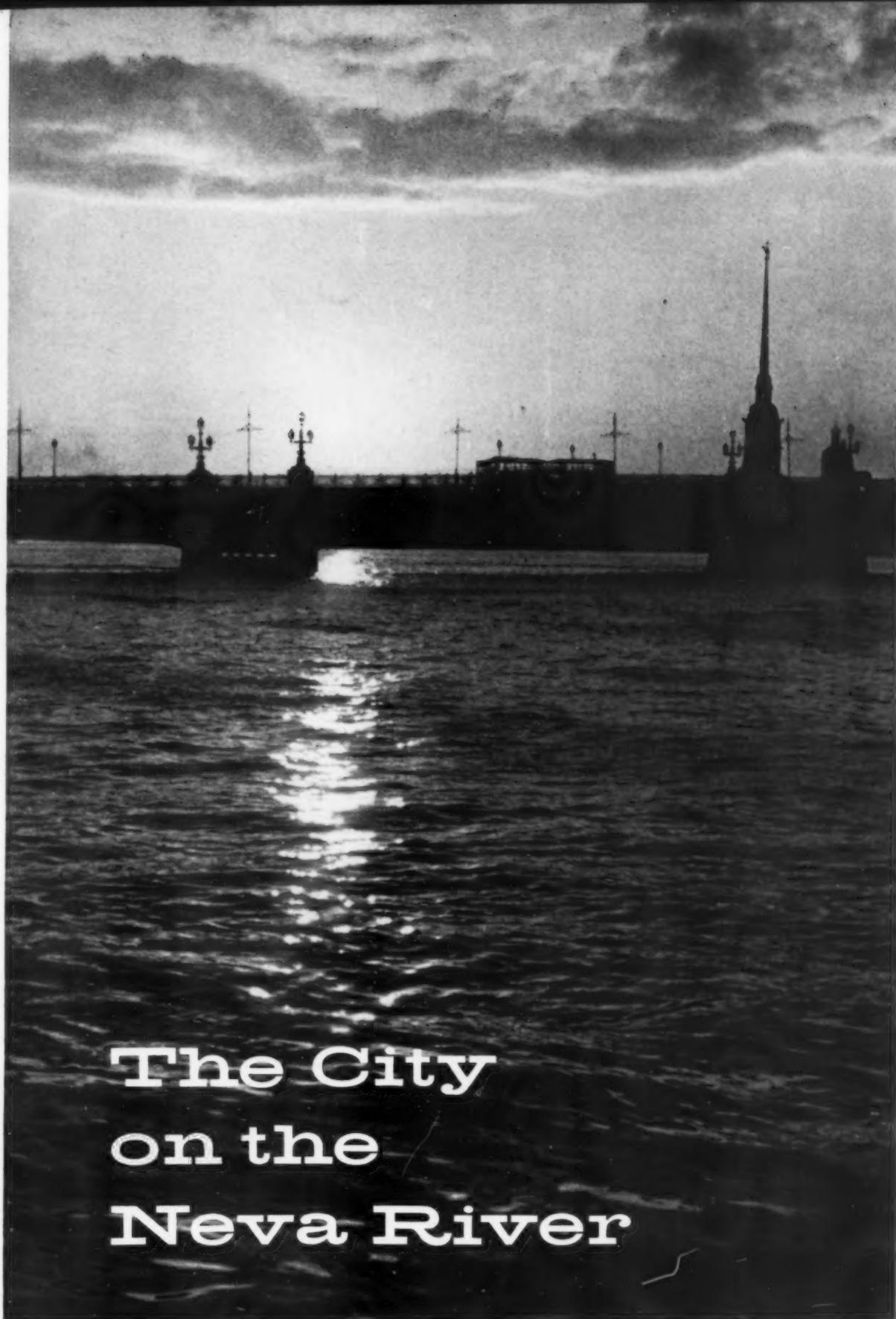
Ray R. Eppert, executive vice-president of the Detroit Burroughs Corporation, makers of office equipment and calculating machines, said he had been impressed most by the level of education and culture.

Norton T. Faus put it succinctly. "It is the rise in the living standard of your people that struck me most."

A number of the visitors said they had been impressed by the important part that women play in every phase of the country's life. Others spoke of the care given children. But almost without exception, they remarked on the mutual value of such visits. ■

RUSSEL ROBINS (RIGHT) AND WALTER STEFFLER (CENTER) DECIDED TO TALK TO THE FIRST PASSERS-BY, WHO HAPPENED TO BE MR. AND MRS. GOLDBERG OF MOSCOW.





The City on the Neva River

A Visit to Leningrad

By Vissarion Sayanov

There was once a giant who was sent to the cold north to build a city. He fashioned building after building, towering to the sky. But each time when he thought his task was done, he looked about him and saw that his buildings were sinking into the earth. He had built on a bottomless swamp.

This was a legend which arose 250 years ago, when St. Petersburg—now Leningrad—

was being built on the swampland on the shores of the Neva River where it flows into the Baltic Sea. In high water the river flooded the forest that had been cleared for the city, and the swamp sucked in building foundations.

So, the legend continues, the giant decided to build the entire city in the palm of his hand. When he had finished building, he stamped the earth down with his two great feet and set

his city down carefully. The swamp could not suck it in, and it is still standing there, firm and solid.

Leningrad today continues the work of that legendary giant. Its new buildings are made of great prefabricated sections and precast concrete. It has even tunneled under the ground that the giant stamped hard for its miles of subway. *Continued on Page 10*



The City on the Neva River

Continued from page 9

The history of Leningrad is closely connected with the history of Russia during the past two hundred and fifty years. This is the city of Pushkin's poetry and Dostoyevsky's novels, of the music of Glinka and Tchaikovsky, of the paintings of Fedotov and Repin, and of the scientific findings of Mendeleev and Pavlov.

The first Russian university was founded there and the Russian Academy of Sciences. Palaces, arches and graceful columns of the city are history embodied in stone—the Winter Palace of the Russian czars and the Smolny School for Girls of the Nobility which became Lenin's revolutionary headquarters.

Workers of St. Petersburg were among the most advanced and skilled in the country. They were also in the front ranks of the revolutionary movement of the Russian people and led the fight for more democratic rights, for better living and working conditions.

The October Revolution of 1917 was cradled in the city, and from there it spread through the country. The fighting traditions of the city's workers placed them in the front line again when the young Soviet state was threatened by the counter-revolutionary forces of civil war and intervention soon after the overthrow of the old despotic regime in 1917.

In 1924, at the death of Lenin, the name

of the city was changed to Leningrad to honor the memory of the founder of the Soviet state.

But it was not only in battle that the people of this city were strong. Workers and seamen joined by engineers and educators united with the same energy and spirit to help rebuild the country. Leningraders went wherever they were needed to participate in construction of new factories and power plants. The city's industry supplied machinery and the city's craftsmen lent their skill to teach new workers how to use and maintain it.

There is history in Leningrad's development as a modern industrial city. It produced the first Soviet tractor when the country was only beginning to mechanize its agriculture. Now the manufacture of complex equipment for the overall expansion of Soviet industry constitutes the major portion of the city's many and varied products.

Today Leningrad is no longer the largest industrial center. Other, younger cities with modern industries have arisen across the country. But now as before, the stamp "Made in Leningrad" on turbines, motors and all kinds of precision machinery means high quality and top performance.

There is history in the growth of the city itself. Many generations of talented architects and city planners helped to give its buildings and streets a very attractive appearance. Clothed in granite and marble, decorated with parks and monuments the city from its earliest years was considered as one of the most beautiful in the world.

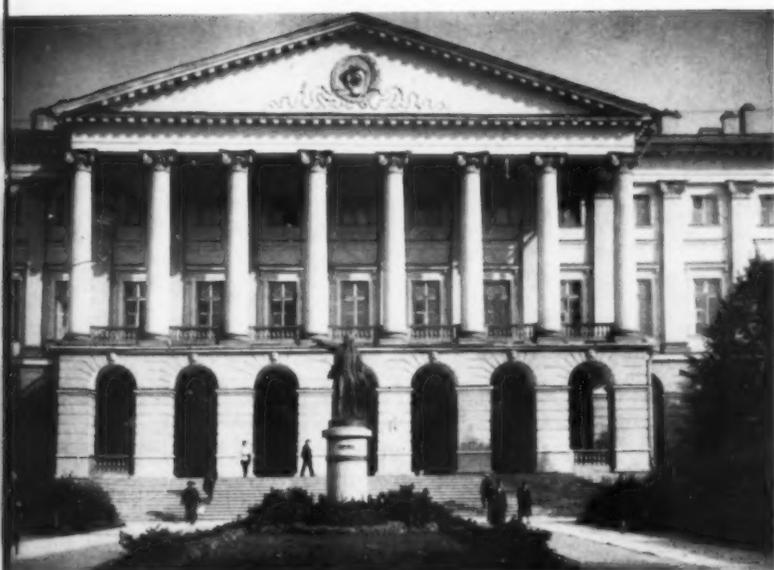
But side by side with this wealthy section in the center of the city there existed dark squalid houses on its outskirts, the swarming saloons, the narrow streets with wooden sidewalks. This was where the city's workers once lived.

A few of such landmarks remain today as

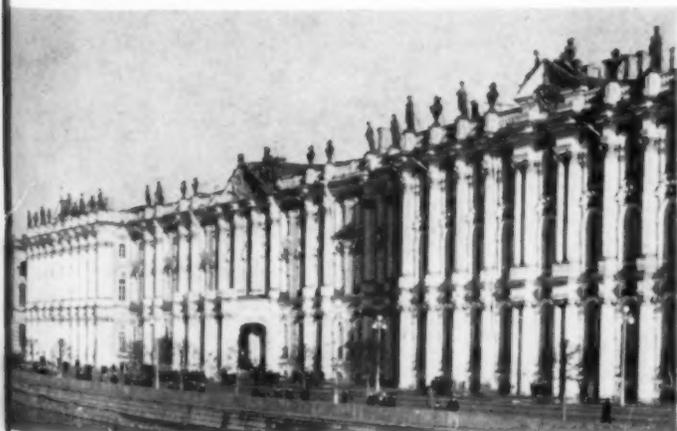
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An apartment house shattered by Nazi shells in 1944 (above) and the same corner restored five years later. Leningrad survived 900 siege days.



SMOLNY. FROM THIS BUILDING LENIN DIRECTED THE 1917 OCTOBER REVOLUTION.



THE WINTER PALACE. HOME OF THE CZARS IS NOW THE HERMITAGE MUSEUM, OPEN TO THE PUBLIC.

STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT WHO FOUNDED THE CITY ►





The City on the Neva River

Continued from page 10

tokens of the past. In great measure, they have been replaced by modern apartment houses, broad avenues and green parks. If not for the Second World War, these spacious squares and beautiful houses would grace the whole city.

Nazi invaders besieged Leningrad, and for 900 days shells and bombs battered at its streets. Hitler's generals had no doubt they would break the siege. Stacks of permits they had printed up for a victory parade in the city were among the debris they left behind when they were driven out of the Soviet Union.

The people of Leningrad, bolstered by their traditional fighting spirit, refused to yield. They took up arms and helped the Soviet army defend their proud city. These people stood firm through all the long days of the siege, fighting both the enemy armies and the equally dangerous peril of starvation and cold.

With the support of the entire nation Leningrad had won the victory, but the damage to the city was heavy and took years to repair.

Now Leningrad has not only been rebuilt, it has grown since the war. But even the additional construction—about 50,000 new apartments in the last five years alone—has not been enough to take care of the increasing population.

More than three million people live in the city now, and housing is the number one problem. It is being met with new buildings going up in ever increasing numbers. The 250-year-old city on the Neva River is growing and expanding with the energy and spirit of youth. ■

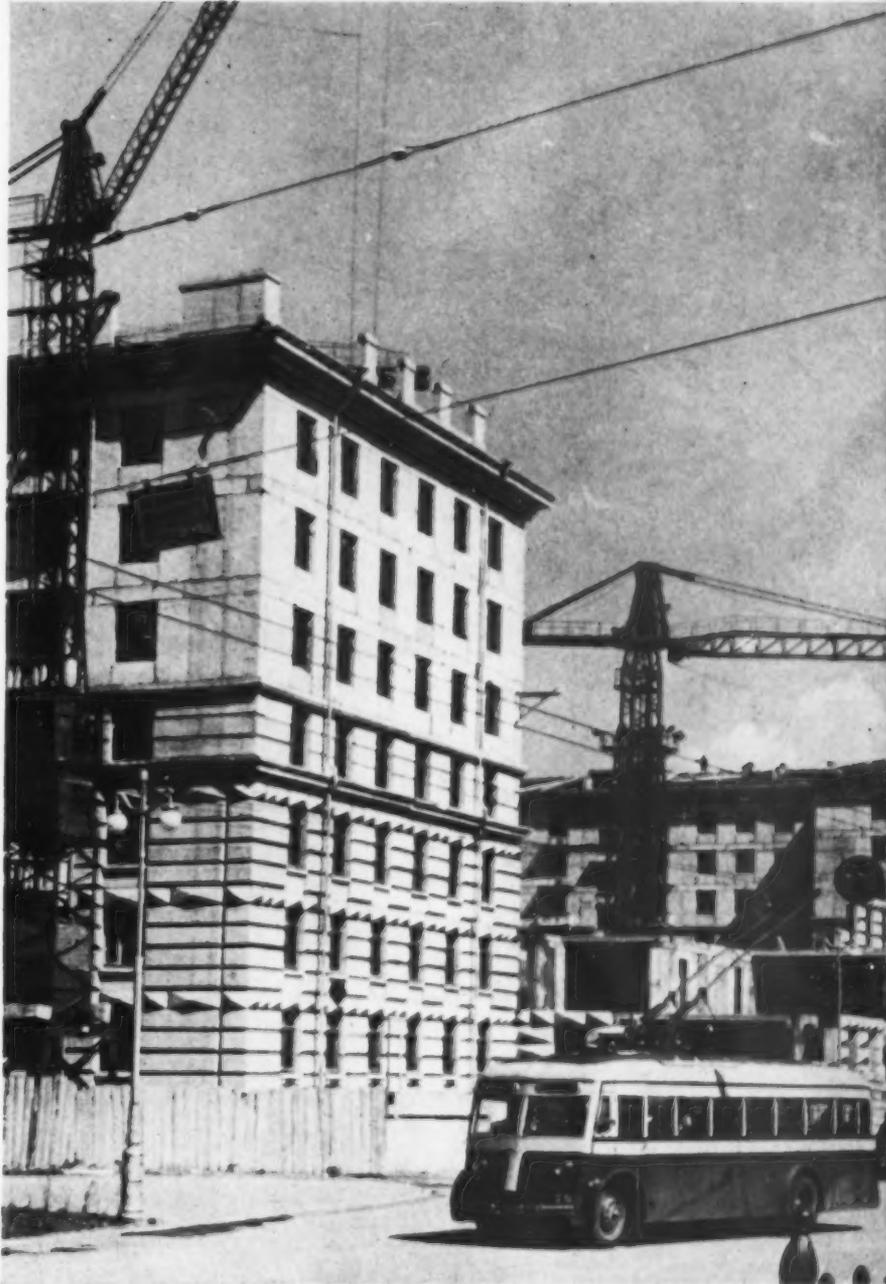
◀ NEVSKY PROSPECT IS LENINGRAD'S BUSIEST AVENUE.

The Russian Museum. There are 46 others in the city displaying both national and worldwide cultural, technical and scientific treasures.





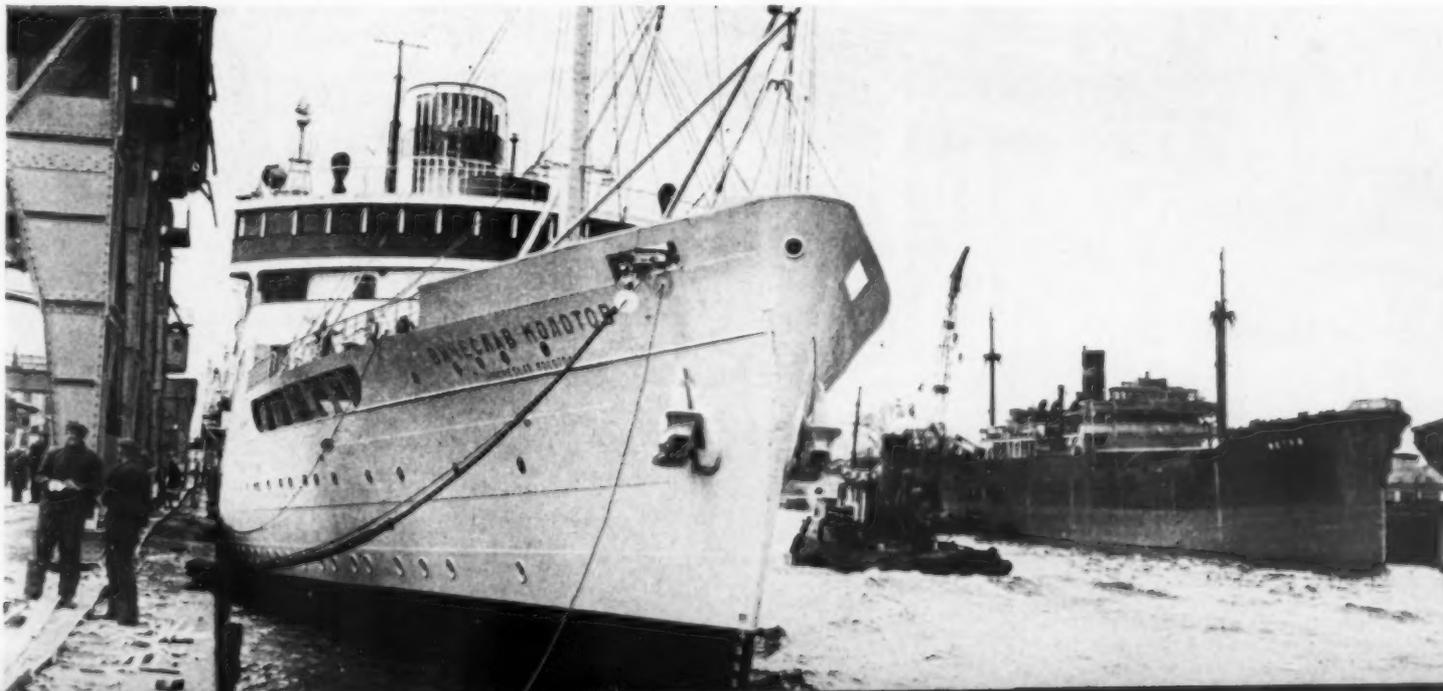
Leningrad is famous for its skilled workers and well-equipped plants that in prewar 1940 were able to produce 12 times more than in 1913. The figure for 1956 is almost three times that achieved in 1940.



New apartment houses are going up all over the city. In the last five years about 50,000 apartments were built, but even this rate is not enough to take care of the increasing population which now is more than three million.

See more pictures on pages 14 and 15

LENINGRAD'S SEAPORT LEADS THE COUNTRY IN SHIPPING AND ITS DOCKS ARE ALWAYS BUSY. THIS VESSEL IS ABOUT READY TO LEAVE ON THE LONDON RUN.





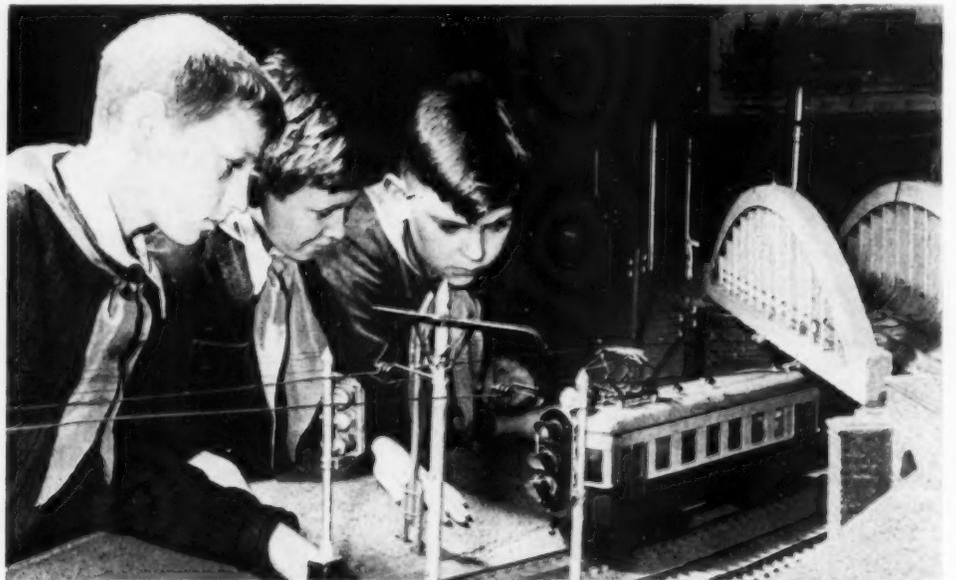
Biology students in a laboratory at Leningrad University. There are 75,000 college and university students in the city.



Grigori Zimin, veteran of the Lomonosov Porcelain Factory, puts the final touches on a vase he has painted. The factory is 300 years old.

The City on the Neva River

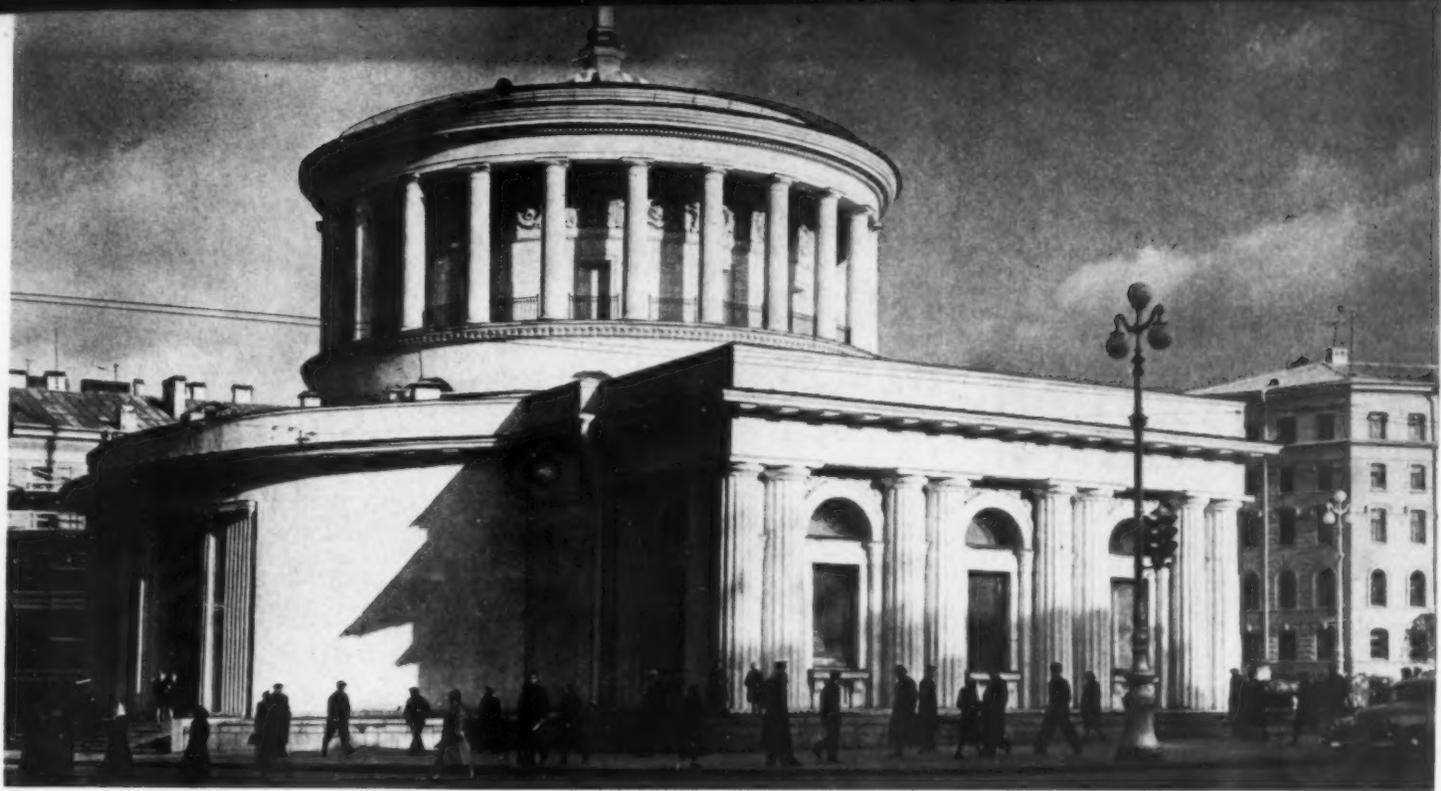
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MODEL ELECTRIC TRAIN AT LENINGRAD CHILDREN'S PALACE. YOUNGSTERS MEET IN HOBBY GROUPS AFTER CLASSES.

THE LENINGRAD POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE IS ONE OF THE CITY'S 52 COLLEGES. FOR SCIENTIFIC WORK IN VARIOUS FIELDS LENINGRAD HAS 150 RESEARCH CENTERS.





TYPICAL LENINGRAD SUBWAY STATION. BUILT SINCE THE SECOND WORLD WAR, SUBWAY GIVES RIDERS MODERN RAPID TRANSIT PLUS SOME EXAMPLES OF GOOD ARCHITECTURE.



The famous fountains in Petrodvorets Park near Leningrad, which were destroyed by Nazi invaders, have been carefully restored.



The Boston Symphony Orchestra playing in the Grand Hall of the Leningrad Philharmonic Society. The city has 18 theaters, 83 social and recreational centers, as well as 1,700 libraries.

The archway lights in the lobby of a Leningrad subway station show off the rich decor. Engineers dug in the city's swamplands and overcame the problem of underground water.

Visitors admire French art in one of the Hermitage halls. This museum displays art treasures from all over the world.



INHERITANCE UNDER SOVIET LAW

By Georgi Pavlov

"Being of sound mind and body, I bequeath . . ." These words are more than the beginning phrase of a legal document. Very often a last will and testament tells the complicated story of a man's life, character and relationship with other people.

Moscow's Probate Division is a library of these condensed autobiographies, with their

Philologist Sergei Sobolevsky draws up his will at home with the assistance of a lawyer.



YELENA TATAYEVA'S RIGHTS TO A LEGACY HAVE BEEN FULLY ESTABLISHED AT A MOSCOW PROBATE OFFICE.

drama to be read between the lines of stiff and formal wording. Lyudmila Subbotina is a practiced reader of these autobiographies. She is head of Moscow's Probate Office No. 1.

Soviet citizens, like people anywhere, have the right to bequeath and inherit personal property. Probate offices, of which there are 35 in Moscow and many elsewhere in the

Tatyana Davydova, Moscow's youngest notary. Notaries are qualified to give legal advice.



country, handle the procedures connected with inheritance and protect the right of legatees.

Lyudmila Subbotina, in her years of work as notary, has drawn up thousands of wills and probated many estates. We asked her about some of the inheritance cases which have gone through her office.

"Here is one we handled recently," she told us. "Nora Luksh, a 15-year-old girl, was left an orphan. Her grandfather, who died intestate, left a house which the girl, in the ordinary course of events, would have inherited. The old man, however, had married again shortly before he died, and the young widow made up her mind to appropriate everything he left, including the house. And to make sure she got everything, the very enterprising widow claimed that Nora wasn't her husband's grandchild at all. Her neighbors were outraged and came to see us. We set about finding documents which would establish the record of birth of Nora's mother. Through these we proved that the girl was the granddaughter of the deceased. The widow had to curb her appetite, and Nora, who was certified as heir, received half the estate."

"Do you have many such characters?" we asked Lyudmila Subbotina.

"They're around," she answered. "The country isn't populated by angels, but we manage in one way or another to expose the frauds. They usually overplay their hand."

Search for an Heir

Under Soviet law the testator's wishes as expressed in his will cannot be changed. That frequently creates a problem for the probate offices in cases where the heir cannot be located.

property which consisted almost entirely of toys, some of them almost 200 years old—the estate of a collector. "It took us ten days," he said, "to do the inventory. But to go back to the missing heir. . .

"The search for Mikhail Gersevanov—that was the son's name—kept us busy for months. It was just within the six-month limit after which the inheritance reverts to the state that the heir was found. We were all very glad to be able to close that case. But another complication arose. The documents to show



"It is sometimes very hard to find legatees," says Ivan Ponarin, a veteran Moscow notary.



Anna Chernomordik willed her rich collection of pictures to the Tretyakov State Gallery. Alexander Notkind (left), Secretary of the Gallery, inspects the legacy of the deceased at her home.

deprive non-able-bodied heirs of the share they would be entitled to if he had died intestate. If there are no heirs-at-law, an individual is free to will his property to anyone.

Property may be willed to an institution. Professor Vladimir Arshinov, in his last years, made a bequest of all his property to Moscow University, to be used as grants for young scientists. He had no kin. Such bequests are not rare. There are numbers of people who leave collections of books and paintings to museums and libraries.

The laws regarding inheritance are defined by the civil code of each Union Republic of the USSR. Under Soviet law there are two kinds of heirs: heirs-at-law and heirs under the will. If neither exists, the property of the deceased passes to the state. Legal heirs are those who are entitled to claim the property of a person who has died intestate.

The civil code defines three classes of heirs. In the first class are the children of the de-

Continued on page 18

A spectrophotometer helps Alexei Shumsky prove a will has been forged. The would-be heir will get a prison term instead of a legacy.



Ivan Ponarin, veteran notary, told us about one of his "headache" cases, as he called them.

A Moscow woman, widow of a scientist, willed her property amounting to some 200,000 rubles, to her son. She died suddenly, without leaving any record of her son's address, and neither relatives nor neighbors knew where he lived. The notary locked and sealed the apartment and got busy trying to find the son. In cases of this kind, the law requires that all property must be carefully listed in order to safeguard the estate.

Ponarin interrupted his story to tell us that he had had to take an inventory recently of a

that Mikhail was the deceased woman's son could not be found. He had to file a court petition, and on the basis of testimony of witnesses and family photographs the court was able to certify him as heir."

Inheritance Laws

Soviet citizens have complete freedom to dispose of their property. A testator may will all or part of his property to one or more heirs; he may disinherit all or any one of his heirs. However, the law does not permit him to deprive his children who are minors or to

INHERITANCE UNDER SOVIET LAW

Continued from page 17

ceased, the surviving spouse, non-able-bodied parents and other non-able-bodied dependents who had been supported by the deceased for at least a year before he died.

If there are no heirs of the first class, the estate is divided among heirs in the second class, able-bodied parents of the deceased. In the third class are brothers and sisters of the deceased. Legal heirs share equally in the estate.

Heirs in Foreign Countries

Those cases involving heirs who live in foreign countries or those who are left property by relatives living abroad, are handled by a special group of lawyers, the Foreign Legal Collegium.

We dropped in to see businesslike Georgi Cheburakhin, chairman of the Moscow Collegium. He showed us a letter from a San Francisco client that he had just received, thanking him for "the care, attention, speed and efficiency with which you handled my

claim for the estate left by my deceased brother. I received a considerable sum of money as a result of your efforts."

"We get many cases of foreign heirs," Cheburakhin added. "It is not always an easy matter to locate them. We secure the help of lawyers abroad. The other day, for example, a colleague in Israel helped us locate an Israeli legatee, who was entitled to some 70,000 rubles left by her father, a Soviet citizen. Recently we transferred 75,000 Swedish kronor to a Swedish citizen, legal heir to an estate left by his mother, who died in the USSR. The Collegium is now handling the case of the late Professor Yuli Makalevich, of Lvov University, one of whose heirs lives in the United States."

Each one of the cases the Collegium handles seems to be different and individual.

"It's what makes our work difficult and interesting, at the same time," Cheburakhin said smiling. "There is always a personal story hidden behind the legal phraseology." ■



This is the daily portion of inheritance deeds which go through the hands of Georgi Cheburakhin, chairman of the Foreign Legal Collegium.

Andrei Korobov, vice-chairman of the Foreign Legal Collegium, tells Hanna Gopstein that she will receive 30,000 dollars. She is one legatee of scrap-metal collector, Benjamin Epstein, late of the USA.

The repository of current deeds of inheritance at the Foreign Legal Collegium is graphic proof of the amount of work which has to be handled.





SIBERIAN *Diamonds*

DIAMOND ROCK FROM THE YAKUTIAN DEPOSITS IN ITS NATURAL STATE (ACTUAL SIZE)

By Vladimir Smirnov

The discovery of new diamond-bearing earths in Siberia is the conclusion of a hundred-year search for this most brilliant, most costly, most imperishable of precious stones.

It was a hundred years ago that Russia's first diamonds were found in the Urals. Then, at the close of the last century, travelers stumbled on a few minute diamonds in the basin of the Yenisei River, in Siberia. That set off a search in which hundreds of prospectors combed the forests of the Urals and Siberia for years.

In the Urals the search was moderately successful. Alluvial deposits,

not rich, but valuable enough to be worked, were found. In Siberia the search was fruitless.

But prospectors are notorious optimists. And geologists, supported by the evidence of earth samples and geologic structure, are only a little less so. They were insistent that diamond lodes existed in Siberia and were even able to locate the approximate areas where they should be found, if only they were searched for.

During the Soviet period the search was made by parties of these

Continued on page 20

THIS PLANE BROUGHT THE GEOLOGISTS' PARTY TO THEIR BASE IN THE DENSE FORESTS OF SIBERIA. THE REAL WORK OF PROSPECTING ONLY BEGINS AT THIS POINT.



Diamonds

Continued from page 19

obdurate geologists in the wilds of Yakutia, an Autonomous Republic in the northeastern part of Siberia. And after hardships and disappointments that would have discouraged less stubborn men, they found their first tiny diamond in a sample of earth from the Tunguska River basin. That was in 1947.

A tiny crystal—but vastly encouraging. They extended their survey far to the north. Cutting their way through hundreds of miles of dense forest, they marked the places for intensive prospecting.

In the dead of the Siberian winter they set up base camp on the banks of the Tunguska, a river long notorious for its angry and perilous rapids. Gear, food and equipment were brought in by reindeer sled and by plane.

With the first melting of the river ice in the spring, the party outfitted canoes and set off downstream. What with the current, rapids, and high water, it was tricky, dangerous boating.

At the Ulakhan-Khana rapids, the river drops suddenly and then rushes through a narrow two-mile-long gorge strewn with knife-edged rocks. Any one of them can rip the bottom out of a boat. Yakut rivermen know better than to try to shoot the Ulakhan-Khana rapids in high water.

But time was pressing hard. So Alexei Konenkin, in charge of the expedition's flotilla, decided to chance it. The boats were tied together in groups of three for greater stability, and while the women members of the party waited on shore, the men pushed off into the swirling waters.

It was touch-and-go, but they came through without damage.

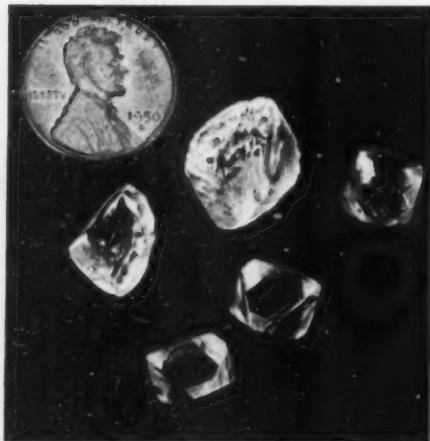
They saved two weeks that way—a crucial two weeks because it was at the very end of their prospecting program that they found diamonds.

The first one weighed only 20 milligrams, a tenth of a carat, but it could not have generated more excitement if it had been as large as the Cullinan or the Kohinoor.

Everybody in the vicinity rushed to the Yakut log cabin where the expedition had camped to have a look at the tiny stone that had been paid for with so much effort and trouble. And then—the diamond slipped out of someone's hand and was lost. They searched the floor inch by painful inch. They decided to burn down the cabin and then sieve the ashes and earth. But before that, they made one last search of their clothes and shoes, which they had shaken out ten times already. They found the diamond, inside the flap of the rubber boot of one of the geologists.

Geologists can be as romantic and as fanciful as the next fellow. They called the first lode "Zarnitsa,"—Summer Lightning—because it lighted the road for their next discovery. The second one, found in another district, they called "Peace Pipe," for reasons unexplained. After that other diamond deposits cropped up.

A few months ago the first Yakut diamonds were shown at the USSR Industrial Exhibition in Moscow. A large-scale diamond mining industry is beginning to develop in Yakutia, centered in Mirny, a new town which has sprung up near the "Peace Pipe" deposit. A steady stream of building materials and machinery is pouring into the pioneer town by rail, air, and water. And it will not be long before the remote forestland will be changed into a new industrial area. All because of a glittering crystal with properties that cannot be duplicated. A jewel, of course, but more important, an almost irreplaceable element for precision instruments, for drilling rock and for grinding and polishing the hardest of materials. ■



THE SIZE OF THE ONE-CENT PIECE CAN GIVE YOU A GOOD IDEA OF THE SIZE OF YAKUT DIAMONDS.

THE DIAMOND'S HARDNESS MAKES IT A USEFUL TOOL.



FINAL PREPARATIONS ARE MADE FOR A TRIP DOWN THE TUNGUSKA RIVER IN SEARCH FOR DIAMOND DEPOSITS.





BIOLOGISTS ARE PREPARED FOR AND ACCUSTOMED TO COVERING LONG DISTANCES IN CANOES WHICH OFTEN ARE THE ONLY MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION IN SIBERIAN FORESTS.

AFTER A DIFFICULT JOURNEY THROUGH THE FOREST, A HALT LIKE THIS ONE SEEMS PARTICULARLY PLEASANT.





ENTIRE CITIES AND TOWNS ARE PLANNED AND VISUALIZED WITH THE AID OF BLUEPRINTS, DRAWINGS AND SCALE MODELS IN THE STUDIOS OF SOVIET ARCHITECTS.

CITIES BUILT TO A PLAN

By Alexander Petrov

Future Soviet historians, looking for a name to describe the thirty years between 1926 and 1956, may call it the Age of New Soviet Cities. From the clearer and less turbulent view of the future, this could well express the moving spirit of these three decades, during which 564 new cities and 1,069 new towns were added to the Soviet map. Magnitogorsk, Karaganda, Komsomolsk-on-Amur, Stalinogorsk, Magadan, Molotovsk, Krasnouralsk, Angarsk, Norilsk, Balkhash, Sumgait, Zhigulevsk, Chirchik—these are new names in the geography of Europe and Asia.

Many of the cities already have hundreds of thousands of residents. Some have grown into important industrial and administrative centers.

The postwar five-year plans, blueprints for the development of the national economy, have constructed Salavat and Almetyevsk, Chernikovsk and New Kakhovka to mention only a few infant cities with populations that already range from 50,000 to 100,000 people.

These are planned cities, built to design. They are not the old spontaneous and chaotic jumble of houses grown up around an industrial center. Proximity to coal and oil, to metals and sources of power is

important, but these are cities for people to work and live in. Therefore, climate, landscape, sanitation, the million and one items that determine the well-being of a city's people, are also important.

Selection of a site for a new city is not simply a problem for engineers; it becomes the mutual concern of forestry people, of sanitation experts, of meteorologists and a multitude of other specialists.

How a City Is Born

The State Institute for City Planning in Moscow has laid out dozens of new cities.

Let us look at the Institute at work. It had long outgrown the quarters it occupied for the twenty-five years since it was founded and recently moved to a new building. In the studios architects work at drafting tables. On the walls are photographs of rivers, lakes, forest areas. These are projected sites for new cities photographed by surveyor teams. On another wall are blueprints and sketches.



THE NEW CITIES CONTAIN BLOCK AFTER BLOCK OF BUILDINGS WHICH MAKE UP ARCHITECTURAL ENSEMBLES AND YET AVOID MONOTONOUS REPETITION IN DESIGN.

Here is a photograph of the Angara River in Siberia, a great body of water channeled through high rocky banks. Its great sources of energy, latent for ages, are now being tapped. Work is in progress on the huge Bratsk Hydroelectric Station in this wild and virgin forest region. Large tracts of land will have to be cleared to provide a site for the future city of Bratsk. Down river, a large reservoir will be formed when the dam is completed. And on its shores, two more cities, nameless as yet, will be built.

What will these new cities be like—Bratsk and the two yet unnamed?

They will consist of carefully planned streets lined with beautiful houses. The most modern building materials and methods will be employed. The majority of the apartment houses will have four and five stories. There will also be groups of small cottages built in the pine woods on the banks of the Angara.

Beaches for bathing and boathouses are provided for in the blueprints. So are playing fields for soccer, tennis and other sports. The blueprints have made careful provisions for preserving forest areas by incorporating them into the city limits. This is not done for reasons of beauty alone, trees mean fresh air and good health. On the edge of these pine parks will be theaters and schools.

Even a change in temperature is being planned for. The great Bratsk reservoir will improve the climate. Architects are considering the construction of vacation hotels and rest homes. With the fast passenger jetliner TU-104 in service, it will be within holiday reach even of Moscow residents.

A City Born Prematurely

Some cities are born almost prematurely, before either a plan is thought through or design laid out. Almet'yevsk, in the Tartar Autonom-

ous Republic, is not old enough for mention in any except the latest texts on geography, but it is a bustling, rapidly growing city built around newly discovered oil fields.

As soon as the first derricks had been erected, log cabins to house the influx of oil workers began to dot the steppe. They were not luxury cottages. They were livable, that is perhaps as much as can be said for any beginning housing in a boom town. The city spread out from these cabins. On the city blueprints today they show up as rows of dots on the southern outskirts of Almet'yevsk.

The center of the city now is a park. Radiating out are wide boulevards lined with newly completed apartment houses. The building program is proceeding rapidly in various parts of the city. In the west district a large new residential section is just about ready for tenants. Farther downtown is the future business section, with office buildings going up. Two small rivers run through the city. They are to meet when the dam, now in the blueprint stage, is completed. Then the rivers will spread into a lake with a stadium to be built on its shore.

The land around Almet'yevsk is raw, little more than steppe—long grass and open field. But the country is already beginning to lose its naked look. Young trees and bushes and shrubs of all kinds have begun to freshen the landscape.

A whole group of schools are already functioning, set up around Almet'yevsk's major industry. There is a technology school for training petrologists, schools for oil drillers and associated educational centers.

New Kakhovka, a city founded at about the same time as Almet'yevsk, has had a more systematic and, in some respects, a happier childhood. It is situated on the left bank of the Dnieper, a deep coursing and beautiful river. The foundation for the first house was laid at the same time as work began here on the construction of the hydroelectric station.

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THE CITY OF NEW KAKHOVKA HAS ARISEN IN THE SOUTHERN UKRAINE ON THE LEFT BANK OF THE DNIEPER, A DEEP COURSING AND BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

CITIES BUILT TO A PLAN

Continued from page 23

The main structure of the station was still on blueprints when New Kakhovka was already posting its first street signs and house numbers on schools, public library, hospital, department store, and communication center. The city of New Kakhovka was built for permanency right from the beginning.

Groups of Cities

Some of the projects, which the State Institute for City Planning is designing, are so huge that they will cover an area as large as many European countries.

These city planners no longer think in terms of single cities, it is regions they plan for. There is the Krasnoyarsk region in Siberia, for

example. Industrial plants are being built in the neighborhood of Krasnoyarsk, and a new city for its workers on the bank of the Yenisei River.

The city has been conceived as a group of self-contained districts, each of which will have its own stores, parks, theaters, athletic fields, in order to cut down the great amount of unnecessary time that city people spend in traveling from one end of town to another.

Construction of the new city on the Yenisei has already begun along a picturesque stretch of the river. Green walls—parks and wooded areas—divide the future self-contained districts.

When the Russian writer Chekhov went to the island of Sakhalin in the Far East at the end of the last century, he traveled through Siberia. At that time it was a wild, cold and desolate region, sparsely settled but astonishingly beautiful. Chekhov wrote in his notebook after he had seen the Yenisei, "What a wonderful life will in time flourish on these shores."

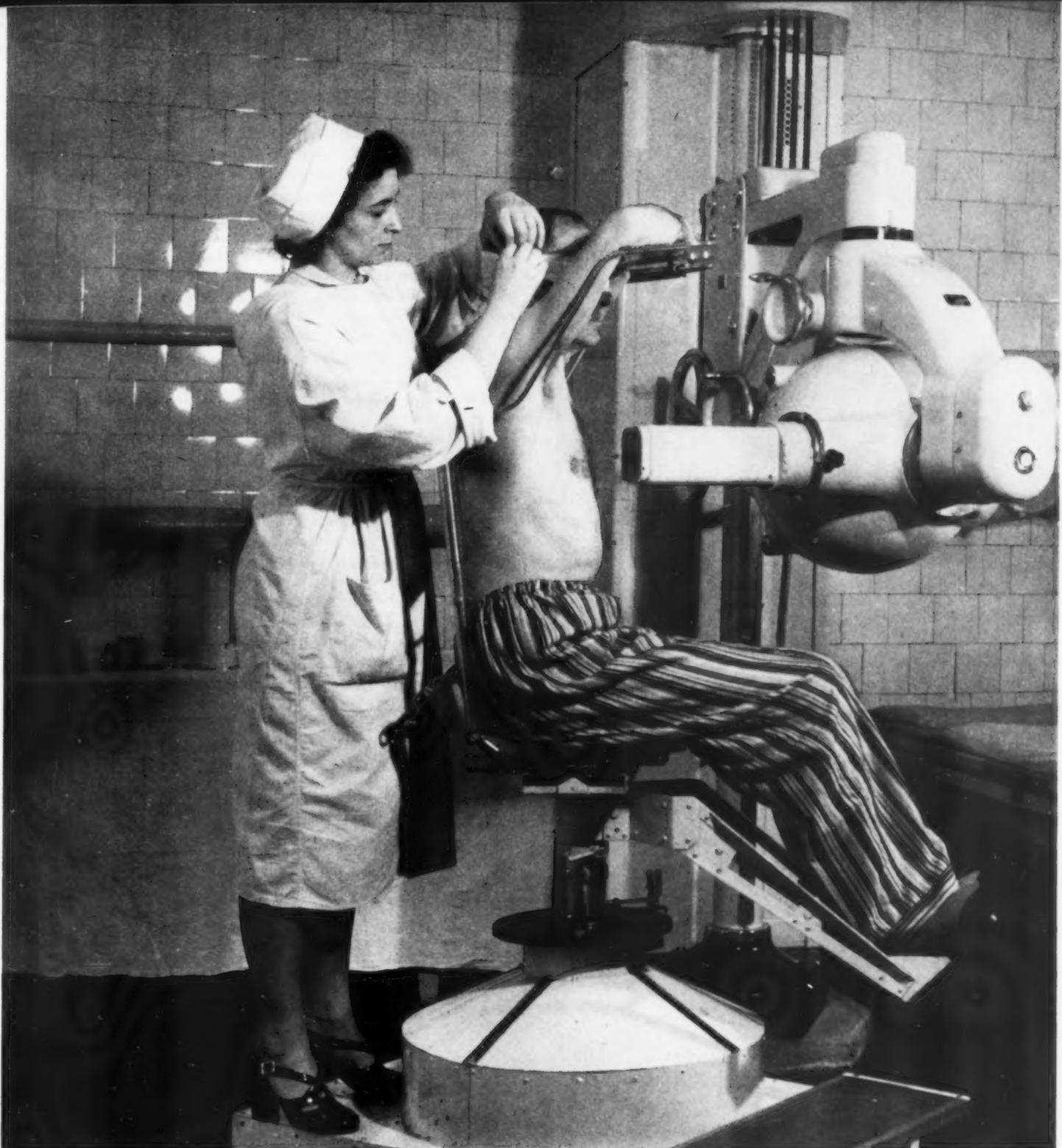
He wrote more prophetically than he knew. ■

SCHOOLS ARE AMONG THE FIRST BUILDINGS TO BE CONSTRUCTED IN NEW TOWNS.



MANY RESIDENTS IN NEW CITIES PREFER COTTAGES TO APARTMENT BUILDINGS.





NURSE IS ADJUSTING PATIENT'S POSITION FOR TREATMENT WITH THE COBALT GUN "GUT-400." APPARATUS IS SWITCHED INTO POSITION FROM AN ADJOINING ROOM.

THE ATOM BATTLES CANCER

By Ilya Korabelnikov

"My heart has been bothering me more and more lately," Valentina Ivanova told the doctor at the hospital.

The doctor put her through an examination. He found nothing wrong with the patient's heart, but he did find something else—a suspicious lump in her breast. "Have you had this swelling long?" he asked.

"I guess so," the patient replied, "but it hasn't given me any trouble."

"I think we had better have a look at it right away." That same day Valentina was placed under observation at clinic of the First Medical Institute in Moscow.

It was a tumor, but was it benign or malignant? And how was it to be treated? Even biopsy, the microscopic examination of a piece of

the tissue removed from the tumor, did not satisfactorily answer these and other questions.

Three days later Professor Pavel Yaltsev of the Institute looked at the test results and the X-ray plates. "To establish a final diagnosis," he concluded, "we will have to give the patient a radio-phosphorus examination. Beta particles will tell us what kind of tumor this is."

Valentina was given some sweet-tasting water to drink. "This is what we call an indicator," the physician explained. "It's a harmless dose of radioactive phosphorus with glucose."

Two hours later an instrument to measure radioactive concentration

Continued on page 26



PROFESSOR PAVEL YALTSEV USES THE COBALT GUN IN THE FIGHT AGAINST CANCER.



THE COBALT GUN SHOWN HERE HAS REPLACED SURGEON'S KNIFE IN MANY CASES.

A RECORD IS MADE OF THE THYROID GLAND'S REACTION TO RADIOACTIVE IODINE.



The Atom Battles Cancer

Continued from page 25

was applied to a healthy part of her body. It was then moved to the breast region. The rhythm of the instrument changed sharply. It showed that the radioactive phosphorus had accumulated in the area of the tumor. Forty-nine hours later the amount of phosphorus absorbed by the diseased gland was measured again. It had increased.

There was no doubt now that the original diagnosis was correct. The tumor was large and cancerous. The surgeons scheduled operation in a month. In the meantime, the patient underwent what we might term atomic energy treatment.

Cobalt Gun

Of all known radioactive isotopes, radioactive cobalt has the widest use in medicine. It is produced with comparative ease and much more cheaply than radium by exposing a substance to neutronic radiation in a reactor. It has even a more important advantage. Its life is very short, whereas radium disintegrates very slowly. Sixty years ago, when scientists first tried to destroy cancerous tissue by radiation, they found that the radioactive substance itself sometimes becomes a source for disease because it took years to disintegrate.

The heavy lead-sheeted door swings open on the room faced in white tile. Rising to the ceiling is a huge piece of apparatus charged with radio-cobalt, the "GUT Cobalt 400 Gun." Professor Yaltsev turns the control wheel, and the instrument lowers a 1300-pound lead ball to the table. Imbedded in the lead ball is the tube carrying the radioactive cobalt.

The patient is brought in. The lead-covered door which seals off the radiation room from the rest of the hospital is shut tight. In the adjoining room a nurse is seated at the control board. She announces into the microphone, "I am now beginning treatment." Cobalt is critically active and must be most carefully controlled and rationed.

Professor Yaltsev watches the progress of the treatment. He talks to the patient by radio. "How do you feel?" The patient says "All right."

This treatment continued for a month, and then the tumor was removed by surgery. But there was no assurance that surgery removed all the cancerous cells. Therefore radiation treatment continued after the operation to make certain and to prevent relapse.

It is true that with our patient, Valentina Ivanova, the cancer had progressed to a point where surgery had to be resorted to. But there are many patients who are cured of cancer by use of radioactive isotopes alone.

In Soviet medical practice radiation is being used increasingly for diagnosis, for preoperative and postoperative treatment, and for investigating complex biochemical changes in the body.

Bloodless Operations

Dr. Lubov Kazakova, assistant professor of radiology at the First Moscow Medical Institute, has been working with radioactive iodine in the diagnosis and treatment of thyroid gland disorders.

A physician brought in a young woman for consultation. She had come from a distant Siberian town. The physician thought an operation was necessary, but he was afraid the patient's heart would not stand the strain. The woman looked old, she had been so worn and emaciated by illness. Her neck showed the bulge typical of thyroid gland disorders.

"I've been taking iodine for several years now," she told Dr. Kazakova, "but I don't get any better."

"Don't worry," the doctor reassured her. "We'll cure you with atomic energy."

Physicians have long been aware that a sick organ will absorb certain drugs more readily than a healthy one. But they were not able to exploit this phenomenon until they learned to use tracer atoms. Introduced in proper amounts, radioactive iodine reacts favorably upon the thyroid gland. This is the basis for treatment.

The patient swallowed the prescribed indicator dose of radioactive iodine. Then Dr. Kazakova applied a small metal tube to her neck. The tube was connected to a dosage meter, the dosimeter, and switched on. The dosimeter showed that the thyroid gland was rapidly absorbing the iodine. It registered twenty-five impulses, which increased within fifteen minutes to fifty-three, then to seventy-two. Within two hours it was registering 110.

A thyroid gland functioning normally will absorb eight to twelve

per cent of radioactive iodine in two hours. The absorption in this case was thirty-five per cent. This confirmed the diagnosis.

The treatment, which stretched over a three-week period, required that the patient take a drink of water containing 1-2 milli-curie of radioiodine once a week.

At the end of three weeks, when the patient was told she could go home, she protested that there was no improvement, her neck was still swollen.

The doctor calmed her down, with some considerable persuasion. He tried to explain that the radioactive iodine she had absorbed would continue its healing work, that it needed time. "Wait a month or two," he said, "and you'll be talking differently."

About two months later, the patient sent her delighted greetings to Dr. Kazakova. The thyroid swelling had disappeared, and she was feeling well and hearty.

It was not too long ago that a thyroid gland disorder indicated a complex and sometimes dangerous operation. Today radio-isotopes substitute for the surgical knife simply and safely.

Radioactive substances may be administered in different ways. For radiation of internal organs, tumors of the stomach, for example, the substance is injected with a probe which is then withdrawn. It may be injected into the bloodstream, taken internally, or applied on a dressing.

Radiation is used with some frequency now for cosmetic reasons. An Institute physician was called on to remove a birthmark. It was a deep red angioma, a growth made up of dilated blood vessels, which covered a girl's cheek from nose to forehead.

For each of five days the physician applied a dressing steeped in radioactive phosphorus to the affected skin. At first the color of the birthmark deepened, then it began to fade. Three days after the treatment, the face was clear.

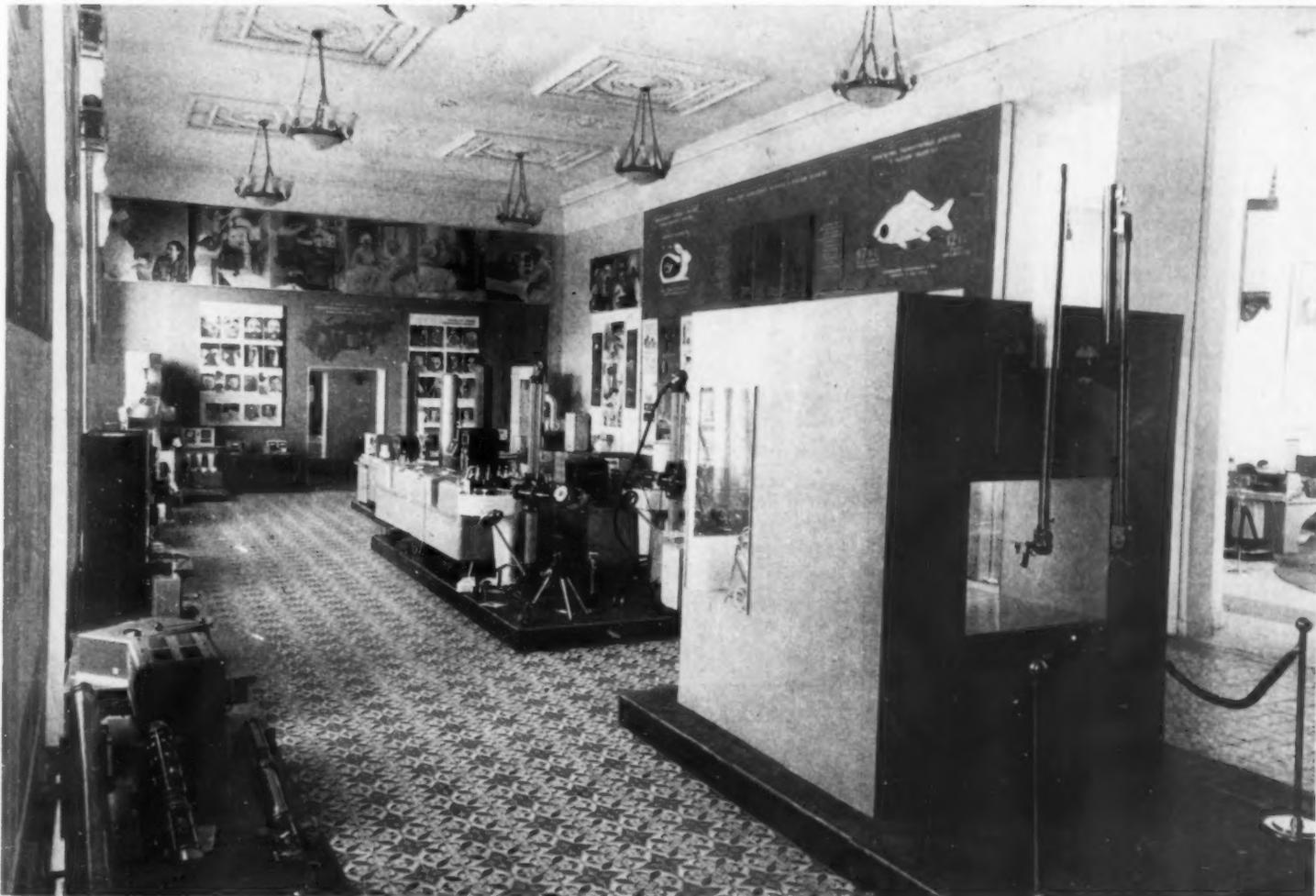
Although radiology is a young science, its area of use is growing wider almost by the hour. The possibilities it opens for new advances in the war against disease seem to be infinite. ■

(Abridged from the magazine *Science and Life*.)



An exhibit in the 1956 USSR Industrial Exhibition in the Atomic Energy Pavilion. This therapeutic gamma-apparatus is used to treat deep-seated cancerous tumors. Poster at right shows some results of such treatment.

THIS EXHIBITION PAVILION SHOWS ONLY A FEW OF THE VARIOUS APPLICATIONS OF RADIOACTIVE ISOTOPES IN INDUSTRY, AGRICULTURE, MEDICINE AND OTHER FIELDS.





WINTER WONDERLAND



DON'T LET GO OF ME! A COUPLE OF NOVICES TRY OUT THEIR SKATES ON THE RINK AT MOSCOW UNIVERSITY.

Brisk winds, crystal-clear ice, majestic forests cloaked in frosty finery and set off by an endless vista of pure white snow glistening in the sun. Our winter is ever memorable and it makes the country a real wonderland.

One reason for this is that our people love winter so much.

It will be March when American readers see these pages, and the first thaws will have come to almost all of their country but to only the southern third of ours. Our major winter sports championships are determined in February and March, including the skiing events, speed and figure skating and, of course, ice boating.

In most parts of our country the city parks remain full of skaters from late in November until late March and the sport is equally popular in rural areas. Ice skating has a universal appeal, so the middle-aged and young adults

join the teen-agers and small fry on the rinks and ponds and rivers throughout the season. There are even some oldsters among the skaters who are surprisingly spry.

Children of all ages continue using the icy hills and man-made runs with their quick dips and sharp turns for the ever-thrilling sport of speeding on sleds. Almost every hill and knoll in the parks and along boulevard parkways is the scene of teen-agers sled racing. Especially popular are sleigh rides in the rural areas.

In the more advanced brackets we find famous teams and top-notch individual stars competing on the ice for league honors in speed skating and ice hockey in stadiums filled with loudly enthusiastic but thoroughly chilled fans. Somehow the heat of competition helps keep the spectators from minding too much as

Continued on page 30



SKIERS BOARD TRAIN BOUND FOR THE MOUNTAINS.



A PAUSE THAT REFRESHES. SKIERS TAKE TEA BREAK.

TRUE FISHING BUGS GET BITES THROUGH THE ICE.





A snowy beach in the Caucasus Mountains is as good a place as any for a sun bath.

Hardy souls, these men think it's fun to do their morning ablutions in icy mountain water.



Spectators are jammed into Moscow's Dynamo Stadium, braving winter's chilly blasts. This scene shows crack skaters competing in one of the many exciting skating events that really thrill viewers.



VACATIONERS STOP TO ADMIRE ICY STALACTITES.

WINTER WONDERLAND

Continued from page 29

they sit for hours watching exciting meets.

Ski trains from the larger metropolitan centers remain as popular now as earlier in the season, carrying skiers laden with equipment and accessories to the busy hillsides and mountains. And novices among the youngsters and the older generation continue practicing hard in order to be ready next season for the more difficult slopes.

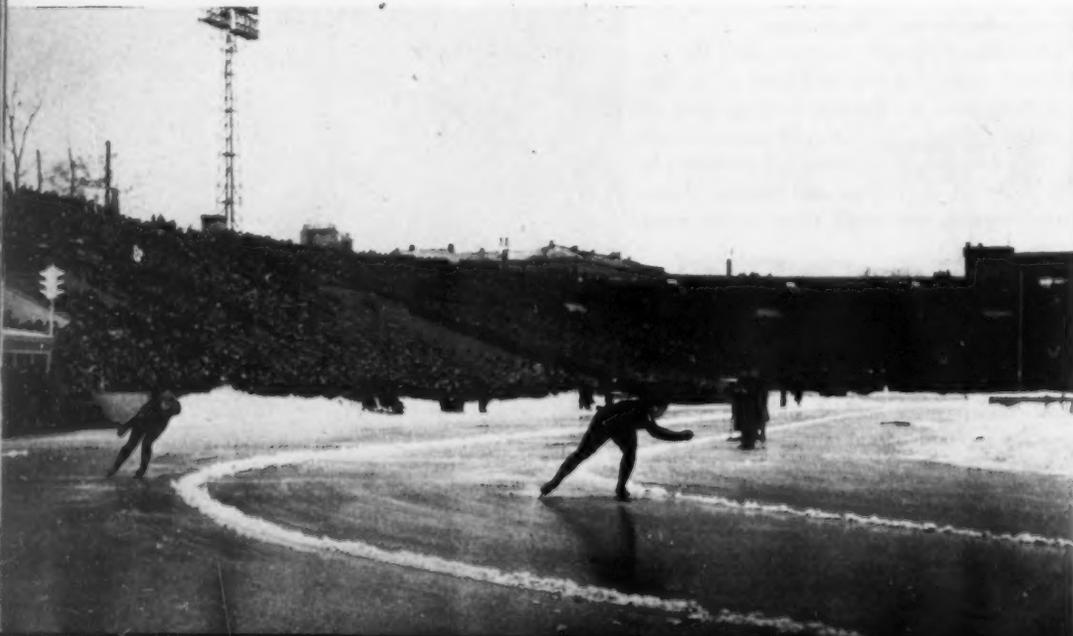
Skid trails through the forests and over the flat plains are crowded on week-ends and holidays. This sport is very attractive to the older generation that finds the jumps and mountain skiing overtaxing.

Ice boating is growing in popularity every year. Formerly the sport was confined to those areas boasting lakes and gulfs, expanses of open water. But the development of so many inland seas—reservoirs from the great hydroelectric stations springing up across the map of the USSR—has seen a spectacular increase in ice boating near many of the larger cities.

The solid thrills that come from flying over the ice at express-train speed are unmatched in any other sport. Although ice boating looks easy as the white sails whip past, so graceful and light, it is a sport demanding high skill, sound nerves and a considerable amount of practice.

From among the thousands on the ice, speed and figure skating and playing hockey, and the other thousands at sport club ski camps and parks, we feel sure that the Soviet Union will have many new contestants for the European championships next winter and for the 1960 Olympic winter games scheduled for California's Squaw Valley in 1960. ■

See more pictures on pages 31, 32 and 33





BEING TOGETHER IS OVER HALF OF THE FUN!

SAILBOATING ON ICE IS STRICTLY FOR THE DAREDEVILS WHO HAVE NO FEARS!



Rimmed by snow-capped mountains, this popular rink in Central Asia is the setting for many an exciting, large national skating event.

An expert takes a racing turn in the grand slalom. This calls for lots of practice, but there's an abundant opportunity for this at the ski camps.



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5
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UN



LOOK AT THESE YOUNG SKATERS! HOW HAPPY THEY ARE! AND DON'T DARE TRY TO DRIVE THEM OFF THE ICE AND BACK HOME TO WARMTH AND MAMMA'S PROTECTION!

THESE KIDS MAY BE FUTURE OLYMPIC CONTENDERS.

WINTER WONDERLAND

Continued from page 31

SNOWY PARKWAYS ALONG MAIN THOROUGHFARES GIVE THE TINY TOTS A CHANCE TO TRY SLEDS AND SKIS.





"TOMORROW SAME TIME, SAME PLACE, O.K.?"

MOUNTAIN SKIERS CAREFULLY CHECK THEIR EQUIPMENT BEFORE THEIR DESCENT.

THEY SLIDE ON SLED OR PADDED BOTTOMS.





A FARM FAMILY ENJOYING ITS SUNDAY OUTING.



SHOPS ARE ALWAYS CROWDED ON VIRU STREET IN TALLINN. THIS IS AN OLD DISTRICT IN THE CAPITAL OF ESTONIA.

ESTONIA

By Hans Leberecht

All roads in Estonia lead to the Baltic sea. We have always been a nation of sailors and fishermen and remain so today, even though many hundreds of thousands of our people have no direct relation to the sea. They work in factories and on farms, go to school, do scientific research and every kind of work you can think of, but it is the rare Estonian who is not a sailor in his leisure hours, or who is not, by virtue of a sort of national heritage, at home in the water. The Tallinn yacht club, which runs the USSR annual regattas, is very naturally expected to be one of the best in the country.

Estonia owes much of her mineral wealth to the sea. The combustible shale which runs in thick seams along the northern coast, fossilized remains of sea plants and animals, is the "brown gold" of Estonia. From it is processed cheap gas for household and industrial use, gasoline, sulphur, stearine, perfumes, acids for leather tanning and dozens of other products.

The coastal waters are dotted with trawlers fishing for the famous Tallinn sprats. Deep-sea fishing no longer has the hazards of the old days. Today the big trawlers with modern equipment, in continuous touch with weather stations, have made fishing a safe and very profitable occupation. There are fishermen who make enough to buy a car out of the returns of a three-weeks' cruise.

But Estonia isn't all sea. If you take the broad road along the bay, past the bronze angel that stands as a memorial to sailors lost at sea, you come to the Tallinn Field of Song.

Last summer 35,000 men and women gathered for the national Song Festival to sing before an audience of 100,000. It was the peak performance during the whole history of these traditional festivals which dates back to 1869. The great field was crowded again when I came to Tallinn in the fall to see the republic's Agricultural Fair.

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A JOKE IN THE MAGAZINE AMUSES FISHERMAN JAN VELK AND HIS FAMILY.

ESTONIA

Continued from page 34

Above each of the newly built wooden pavilions fluttered the Estonian flag, a wavy blue band on a red field.

I made my slow way through the crowds to the parking fields jammed with vehicles, many of them mud-spattered trucks that must have brought people from a hundred miles away. There had been a great deal of talk about this exhibition, with much newspaper publicity.

About 200 of the republic's best collective farms were exhibiting. On show were pedigreed bulls, sheep and hogs, and cows with record milk yields. A big crowd was gathered around Gormon, famous stallion from the 100-year-old Toris stud farm. Gormon, in a recent competition, pulled the fabulous load of 19½ tons! A magnificent animal, his great muscles ripple beneath his satiny chestnut coat.

But Gormon, I thought looking on a little sadly, was a museum piece, for all his strength and beauty. He could not compete with these shining rows of new tractors on display.

The Exhibition, which showed the big strides forward that Estonian agriculture had made, put me in mind of Kaaremm Vorepuu, a gray-mustached carpenter I had met on one of my trips around the republic. We had traveled together on top of a loaded truck coming from the saw-mill in Peningi, where his collective farm took its lumber to be sawed.

"We use the lumber up about as fast as we get it," he told me. Carpenters were putting up new cottages for the prospering collective farmers as fast as they could get the lumber seasoned.

By Boat Around Estonia

When you leave Tallinn, the seaport capital, you sail out of a busy harbor. Ships of many registries are being loaded with Estonian goods. In the Volta Electrical Engineering Factory, the largest plant in the republic, there hangs a big map of the world. Markers on it

THE COASTAL WATERS OF THE BALTIC SEA ARE DOTTED WITH VESSELS FISHING FOR SPRATS. ESTONIANS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A NATION OF FISHERMEN AND SAILORS.





A TRACTOR WORKS IN THIS SWAMPLAND TO ADD USABLE ACRES TO A FARM.

show where the factory's products go. Five years ago the arrows all pointed to cities and building sites in the Soviet Union. Today they point to Poland, Albania, China, Mongolia, Vietnam, India, Syria and Afghanistan.

Travel south along the coast in a motor vessel and in twelve hours you strike Pärnu, a major fishing and canning center. But Pärnu is also famous for its baths and resorts where people from all over Estonia come for vacation.

Turning back from Pärnu along a steep shore, you sail past mines of Estonia's shale basin. In the past its center used to be a small mining town. Today the modern city of Kohtla-Jarve stands in its place. Kohtla-Jarve has grown so fast in the last ten years that it has a population almost as big as Tartu, Estonia's second largest city.

Kohtla-Jarve used to be the only shale center, with a virtual monopoly on production of gas. Now a big shale gas plant is going up and shale oil refineries are being built in neighboring Ahtma. Apartment houses for the workers are already occupied. Children are at play in

Continued on page 38

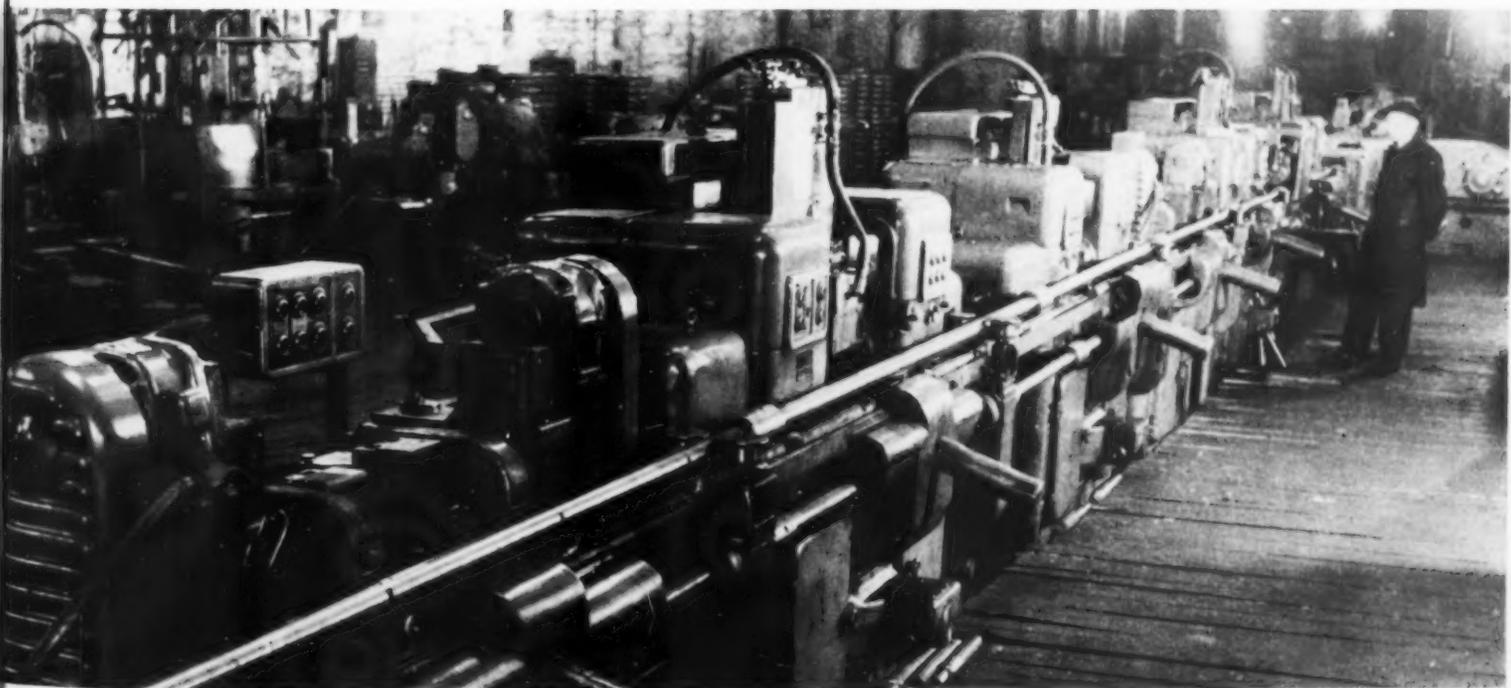


DAIRYING IS AN IMPORTANT PART OF ESTONIAN AGRICULTURE. THESE GREEN FIELDS PROVIDE ABUNDANTLY FOR THE NATIVE HERDS TENDED BY DAIRYMAIDS.



WELL-STOCKED STORES OFFER ATTRACTIVE MERCHANDISE TO FAMILIES LIKE THIS.

PRECISION TOOLED SHAFTS FOR ELECTRIC MOTORS ARE ROLLED OUT BY THIS AUTOMATIC LINE AT TALLINN'S VOLTA FACTORY—THE LARGEST PLANT IN ESTONIA.





"LONG HERMAN" IS ESTONIANS' WRY NAME FOR THIS LANDMARK IN TALLINN.

ESTONIA

Continued from page 37

new school playgrounds and in the evenings people sit around the new clubhouse.

Continue your traveling and you reach the mouth of the Narva River. There is good fishing in the river under the walls of the ancient city of Narva. But more important than the fishing is the new power station on Narva Falls. It has been producing electricity for more

than a year now. Plans have been drawn up for another big power plant here.

The erection of new power stations has been necessary in order to keep pace with the rapid expansion of Estonian industry and agriculture. All branches of our national economy have been developed, and in the postwar years there has been more than a tenfold increase in our industrial production. Estonia has witnessed entirely new types of industry that came into being along with new cities and towns.

A Vigorous Culture

But an advanced economy is only the means by which a fuller and richer life can be assured. Accompanying Estonia's vigorous economic progress is an equally vigorous cultural growth.

It has long been known that Estonia is a country with a highly literate, educated populace. Today our children are increasingly demanding more than a mere 10-year schooling. I find in my traveling about urban communities, fishing villages and farming centers that relatively few youngsters now halt their education even at the junior high school level. Remember, ours is a comparatively small republic with a total population of 1,100,000, and yet we now have about 12,000 college and university students compared with 4,700 in 1940.

Estonian novelists and writers are as productive now as in the past, but there is a major difference here also. Back in the old days an



"STOUT MARGARET" IS WHAT MOST ESTONIANS CALL TALLINN'S OLD FORTRESS.

A RESTORED THEATER IN TALLINN. IT WAS DESTROYED BY THE NAZI INVADERS WITH MANY OTHER BUILDINGS.



STUDENTS AT THE UNIVERSITY IN THE CITY OF TARTU.





THESE BUILDINGS ON A NEW STREET IN KOHTLA-JARVE, CENTER OF THE SHALE BASIN, ARE TYPICAL OF MUCH OF THE HOUSING CONSTRUCTED IN ESTONIA IN POSTWAR YEARS.

author would consider himself lucky if his work were printed in 3,000 or 5,000 copies. Today, however, books of Estonian fiction are issued in 10,000 to 50,000 copies, and many volumes are completely sold out within a few days after publication. Since 1940 Estonian publishing houses have released a total of 11,348 titles which were issued in a total of 75 million copies.

In the field of amusement we have well over 800 social-recreational centers and clubs offering a wide choice of attractions for individuals of all ages and tastes. They have, for example, about 7,000 amateur groups in various fields of art, encompassing 90,000 members. Every year sees festivals of collective farm and trade union amateur groups competing at the local level. Winners here are sent to the republican festivals, where the best performers compete for awards.

Estonia has nine theaters and opera houses. The oldest is the Vanemuine Theater in the university city of Tartu. It was founded in 1870 and one of its distinguishing features is a varied repertoire in the drama, musical comedy, opera and ballet.

Choral singing, traditional in Estonia, has developed widely in the past few years. Concert performances by our professional choruses, particularly the State Men's Choir, are popular throughout the Soviet Union. Their repertoire always includes songs of fishermen and the sea.

And so, we come back to the sea again which infiltrates all of Estonia's life, all its economy, its leisure and its creative work. ■

A RESTFUL HOLIDAY WITH MAGAZINE AND BOAT ON THE QUIET LAKE SHORE.



THIS COUPLE LOVES TO SAIL. THEY ARE MEMBERS OF THE TALLINN YACHT CLUB.





Valentina Kalinina,

STAGE AND SCREEN STAR

By Anatoli Finogenov

For Valentina Kalinina, ever since she can remember, the theater has been the most exciting place in the world. Her father, an engineer, and her mother, a doctor, did not share her passion for the stage. They hoped she would grow out of it. But Valentina knew what she wanted—a scholarship at the Moscow Art Theater Studio, bright goal of every aspiring actor.

She passed the entrance examination, not brilliantly—she was too shy—but the examiners must have been aware, even then, of her talents.

The Moscow Art Theater Studio has a long and eminent tradition of training. It was founded by two great theater people—Konstantin Stanislavsky and Vladimir Nemirovich-Danchenko, and has a worldwide reputation for dramatic realism and subtle character portrayal.

Valentina studied with the eminent Russian actors Olga Knipper-Chekhova, Vasili Kachalov and Nikolai Khmelyov.

She has the fondest recollections of her teachers. “They watched over us like parents,” she says. “I remember once walking home after a class, terribly discouraged, sure I would never become an actress, and I heard someone say hello to me. I looked up and there was the great Vasili Kachalov tipping his hat to little me. I was so confused I just stood there with my mouth open. A crowd began to gather on the street. He was Moscow’s idol, and everybody recognized him. All I could think of to do was to bow and run away. The next day I went up to him after class to apologize.”

“There’s nothing to apologize for, my dear,” he told me. “I knew you were feeling downhearted and I wanted to cheer you up a little. You’re doing very well. Don’t worry.”

Valentina was graduated from the studio with honors and was accepted as a member of the Art Theater company. Her acting as Florence in *Dombey and Son*, a play based on the Dickens novel, as Berengo’s granddaughter in Maeterlinck’s *Blue Bird*, and as the partisan girl Valya in Kataev’s *Power for the Soviets* soon showed that the company had acquired a gifted actress.

But it was the screen which made Valentina a household name. Her first big role was in *Lesson from Life*, a modern love story, released in 1955. Fan mail for her performance as Natasha, the young student who is faced with a conflict between her own promising career and the emotional needs of her husband, reached almost flood proportions for a young new actress.

For each of her roles Valentina puts in months of preliminary study. When she was preparing to play in *Dombey and Son*, she read all of Dickens’ novels and a small library of books on Victorian England. Then she took a trip to the Hermitage at Leningrad to study English paintings of the Dickens period.

She leads a busy personal life, too. She likes fashion shows and made a number of visits to the English show held in Moscow last summer. Her own preference is for Paris clothes.

She is an inveterate traveler. This past summer she traveled through the Far East. She likes to see new places and study the life of the people who live there.

Valentina is a movie fan in her own right. She likes Yves Montand, Robert Taylor, and Sergei Bondarchuk.

Her last starring role was Sophie, in Lillian Hellman’s *Autumn Garden*. She is now rehearsing in a new play, *A Nest of Gentlefolk*, adapted from the Turgenev novel. ■



VALENTINA KALININA DOES A LOT OF READING WHILE PREPARING FOR ROLES.



KALININA SPENDS A GREAT DEAL OF TIME OUTDOORS, WALKING IN THE COUNTRY.

ACTING THE PART OF SOPHIE—A SCENE FROM LILLIAN HELLMAN’S AUTUMN GARDEN





CREAM PUDDINGS AND MORAL FORTITUDE

A SHORT STORY

By Mikhail Zoshchenko

Last summer I stayed at a country hotel for my vacation. The manager, with that paternalism to which hotel administrators are happily addicted, tried to make up for the more obvious insufficiencies of his establishment by his bill of fare.

About his chef, a modest genius in the kitchen, there was not even a whisper of a complaint. His pies were delicious, his salads wonderful, and his entrées were exquisite.

Feed your guests and you've won your battle, was the manager's motto. And so it was, verified almost daily by one or another of the vacationers who came to offer up thanks for an excellent management and a wonderful chef.

But like most of us, our benevolent manager was not satisfied to leave well enough alone. After one particularly Lucullan feast, he addressed us. "With your kind permission, my dear guests, I should like to convey your thanks and appreciation to Ivan Fomich, our talented chef. This formal statement of your esteem will spur him on to still greater and more brilliant efforts."

The manager was indeed a prophet in the

land. Dinner next day was a masterly creation.

I spoke of the virtues of moderation, did I not? Unhappily, it was not a virtue which recommended itself to our manager. If one was good, he clearly reasoned, a dozen was twelve times better. So that it was not long before he addressed us again. "You have this last day or two tasted the fruits of your tribute that I was so happy to convey to our Ivan Fomich. But, my dear guests, what, after all, is a verbal expression of thanks? Once spoken, it is gone, without body. It has no meat and bones, if I may use a professional figure of speech. Now, if you were to draw up a laudatory address to our chef, the management would be gratified to place it on display in the lobby."

The document that ensued surpassed even the hopes of the manager. Phrased in the finest florid tradition, it carried the signatures of the five among the guests who had been most regular in their daily homage to the manager, and was even framed, by an artist among us, in a design of ribbon, flowers and heroic laurel.

The results? Had Ivan Fomich not sur-

passed himself daily, we would not have believed our taste buds. The salads? Unbelievable! The pastries? As crisp and as delicate as snowflakes. The desserts? Astonishing. Even the entrées—a Beef Stroganoff, in particular—converted the one vegetarian among us to a belief in the eventual perfectability of man in an animal world.

The greatest enthusiasm, however, almost a locomotive fervor, was manifested by a long, lanky and mercurial young composer who sat at our table. The word *sat* hardly does justice to the composer. Unlike our more ordinary chairs, his must have concealed a spring which jerked him to his feet at frequent but unanticipated moments, to the spasmodic distress of a thin, unhappy-looking philologist who had come to the hotel for a quiet and complete rest. The quiet extended to himself. He spoke rarely and frugally. His wife, however, a lady with detailed if somewhat sketchy opinions on most subjects, more than balanced off both the professorial reserve and the thin diet to which her husband was regulated.

The composer's enthusiasm reached a point after one dessert, which could no longer be

contained. In spite of the philologist's dyspeptic glare, he leaped to his feet and shouted, "You must taste this cream pudding. It's a miracle of cookery."

The philologist looked at him sourly. But the composer was too ebullient to be put off. "It's amazing. I insist. You must taste it. It's an experience I can't let you miss."

The philologist touched the edge of his spoon to the cream pudding. There was almost the ghost of a smile on his face as he took a whole spoonful. It was one of Ivan Fomich's special culinary delights. Even the philologist was moved to turn to the composer and say, "A nice pudding." But the young man had already forgotten the philologist. He sprang up again, this time to address the dining room in general on the cream pudding. Concluding, he said, "We have not done more than pay token tribute to this divine gift of Ivan Fomich."

The philologist's wife proposed a collection to buy a cigarette case, but the composer bristled at that suggestion.

"You do not tip genius. It is an indignity for an artist," he said irascibly. "A master should receive his due." And he began to applaud loudly.

The other diners, busy with the dessert, looked up puzzled. Thereupon, the composer made a tour from table to table, whispering in each and every ear.

When the dessert was finished, the guests, at a dramatic signal from the composer, rose as a body and burst into a storm of applause. And the younger folk, to add both spirit and sound to the occasion, stamped on the floor with both feet. The noise was impressive.

The manager walked with the dignity befitting the occasion into the kitchen. "Ivan Fomich, please."

Ivan Fomich came to the door of the dining room. The professional dignity of his tall white cap somewhat offset his limp drooping gray mustache. He wiped his face with his apron and looked bewildered. The composer rushed toward the piano and thundered out a march, using mostly loud pedal. The dining room reverberated.

The manager pushed Ivan Fomich to the center of the room. He stood as though nailed to the floor by the racket, his mouth open, his sweaty face red and white by turns, as the applause waned and surged.

The manager raised his hand, and a hush fell upon the dining room. "Dear Ivan Fomich," the manager began, "your predecessors in our hotel have for a long time been upsetting the public with their so-called cooking. Allow me, therefore, in the name of all our guests, present and future, to thank you again and again for your cooking, which has brought a—a . . ." he stumbled for a moment and then finished in a burst of glory, "glowing sunshine into our kitchen and into our stomachs and hearts."

The applause broke out again as the manager embraced Ivan Fomich and kissed him on both cheeks.

More applause and then silence again as everyone waited for the cook to acknowledge the ovation. But Ivan Fomich was not practiced in this difficult art. His gestures rather than his speech served to convey how deeply he was touched. He took off his cap, clutched it to his heart and with arm extended to the

waiting assemblage and his mustaches twitching, he muttered, "I tried . . . I did . . . I promise. Thanks . . . Thank you, one and all, one and all. And the manager." He bowed deeply, closing and opening himself like a pair of scissors.

Stormy applause. Crash of music. Cries of, "Bravo! Bravo!"

Ivan Fomich opened and closed again, and lunch and the ovation was over.

Now, I myself did not witness the events that followed. These are the reports of eye-witnesses.

At five that afternoon Ivan Fomich, accompanied by his nephew, Fedyushka, the second cook, went to pay a call on some fishermen friends in the village nearby. There he hired a boat, complete with two oarsmen, sealing the deal with a couple of rounds of drinks. He had the boat decorated with greenery and rugs, installed an accordion player in the stern and set sail, floating slowly and monumentally past all the hotels that dotted the lake shore, ours included.

All the way, he stood up in the boat like a statue, his arm on the shoulders of one of the oarsmen, amid the rugs and the greenery.

It was when the boat turned about sharply for its second cruise that Ivan Fomich, overbalanced by wine and applause, fell overboard, capsizing the boat in the process.

Fedyushka and the oarsmen successfully swam to shore and Ivan Fomich and the accordionist were fished out by a passing rowboat.

This saga we learned about, to our cost, the next morning, when, instead of one of Ivan Fomich's delectable breakfasts that we had been trained to expect, our waitress brought us farina.

We were speechless. It was only the doctor of philology, a thin and pedagogical smile on his face, who found words. "I have always been of the opinion that elaborate praise demands of the recipient a special kind of fortitude." His vocal effort for the day completed, he shut his mouth and maintained his customary silence.

But his helpmate, as usual, proceeded to decipher this profound idea and explained in great and lengthy detail that the doctor did not mean that people should not be praised, praise was educationally valuable and sometimes resulted in really wonderful transformations in individuals. This with case histories cited of friends, relatives, near and far acquaintances, and so on. It is only when it is overdone, she went on, that it can lead to such scandalous occurrences as with our chef, who must have lacked moral fortitude.

We were very willing to let her have the last word on the subject, but not so the composer,

for whom we felt the first stir of admiration—a man who stuck to his guns.

He could not find words strong enough to express his disagreement with the philologist's wife, he indicated with considerable emotion. He expressed himself as committed to the theory that praise was always good, that there was no such thing as inordinate praise and that our cook, once he had recovered from his *accident*—this word he underlined—would surpass himself yet again.

For five days we yearned for Ivan Fomich, even in his less inspired moments, and ate the food of ordinary mortals.

Then, on the fifth day, dubiously tasting a meringue, we beamed all at once and all together. Ivan Fomich was back.

And the composer, unnaturally becalmed for these five days, shot up out of his chair like a bullet and, staring down at the philologist's wife, said triumphantly, "Well, what about this meringue? People who talk about too much praise," he said scornfully. "There is no such thing. The honors we paid Ivan Fomich have only given wings to his art."

But for the philologist's wife her temporary silence was only a retreat in order to ensure an advance.

The excellent meringue, she opened up, only proved her point. "It is all a matter of moral fortitude. Take a weak person, for example, who had no moral fortitude. He is led by praise to stop where he is, to think there is no room for improvement. Or he can become depressed by a first failure and try to drown his despair in drink."

The composer leaped from his chair and tried to say something, but she went on.

"And why is that? Because he is not a first-class master of his art, but only an inexperienced helper. But how could that happen to our chef, who is a first-class master? Praise can only shake him for a moment. The meringue shows that his character is basically strong, that his moral fortitude is excellent. And why is that? It is because he is a first-class master."

Even our young composer was momentarily staggered by the bewildering spiral of the logic of the philologist's lady.

And before he could recover, the philologist himself added, "Strength of character and moral fortitude, young man, are essential in every profession, music no less than cooking. That, too, is too often attended by inordinate applause."

The composer looked around him for support. He was clearly overwhelmed by the double-barreled attack. But we—we were busy with Ivan Fomich's meringue, which transcended logic—even the philologist's lady's. ■

(Abridged from the magazine *Neva*.)





TEACHING CHILDREN TO GET ALONG WELL WITH OTHERS, A VERY IMPORTANT PART OF SUCCESSFULLY EDUCATING THEM, BEGINS IN NURSERY SCHOOL AND KINDERGARTEN.

RESPECT FOR FATHER'S WORK WILL CREATE A GOOD ATTITUDE TOWARD HIS OWN.



BRINGING UP PARENTS

"What do I do when Vanya—or Johnnie—goes into a tantrum?"
 "If I have to punish my child, how should I do it? And what about this whole idea of punishment? Is it right?"
 "How can I guard my adolescent child from picking up harmful attitudes? How far should I go in keeping my children from bad influences?"

These are only a very few of the multitude of questions which plague parents. They talk and argue about them all the time. More often after the problem has already cropped up than before it happens, they write to the home and school columns of Soviet newspapers and magazines, looking for answers. Here is one such column, written by Alexei Levshin for the magazine *Woman Worker*, dealing with father-child relationship.

What Does "Upbringing" Really Mean?

This letter comes to us from a small town in Stalingrad Region:
 "I want to get your opinion about this situation in our family. Our son Victor had to stay in after school because he hadn't done his German homework. I told him that the next time it happened, I would punish him by not letting him go to the movies. We live in an out-of-the-way place and we don't get to see the movies very often, so that you can see this is pretty drastic punishment.

"But it was only a short while after that Victor again 'forgot' to do his homework, this time in Russian. It happened that the new film *Merry Stars* was playing that Sunday, and we had planned to see it. Victor hung around all morning looking unhappy, but he was reluctant



A SPIRIT OF "TOGETHERNESS" IS CAREFULLY DEVELOPED BY CONSIDERATE PARENTS, WHICH HELPS CREATE A HEALTHY EMOTIONAL CLIMATE WITHIN THE FAMILY GROUP.

to ask whether he was going to be allowed to come with us.

"I paid no attention to him but, believe me, inside I was as unhappy about it as he was. Should I let him come along? Shouldn't I? One minute I told myself that it would be bad to give in. The next minute I rationalized that, after all, he was only a child and that it was really my fault that he didn't have a sense of discipline about his homework. This went on for about fifteen minutes until I got fed up arguing with myself. I ran into the house, almost yelled at the boy, "Go on to the movies," and then ran out again. It sounds silly as I write it, but I'm sure that any parent will understand that I was troubled.

"After the show my wife spoke to the boy and told him how disturbed I had been. He's a good youngster and he made all sorts of efforts to show me how sorry he was, the way children do. What bothered him most was that I had been so upset about it. He promised faithfully that it would never happen again. And, to tell the truth, both his marks and his general behavior at home have improved noticeably.

"What bothers me about this whole thing is that I suspect that I took the easy way out."

The Answer

Any parent, or, as a matter of fact, any grown person who has to deal with children, will understand why Victor's father was disturbed. But the fact that it was the easy way out doesn't make it any the less the warm and human way out. Certainly the feeling one gets from the letter is that of a very real and very warm relationship between father and son.

As for the inconsistency in the father's behavior, consistency is not always a virtue, not if it replaces affection. We would venture a guess that the contradictions in his father's actions did not escape Victor. More likely they surprised him, touched him, made him determined to work hard to please his father. It is always surprising how sensitive children are, and how sharply they respond to the reactions of their parents. That, perhaps, is the secret of being a good parent, to be a warm and human person.

K. D. Ushinsky, the great eighteenth century Russian educator, expressed the same idea in more formal terms. "The child," he said, "is brought up and develops both mentally and ethically only under the direct influence of human personality, and it is impossible to replace this influence of human personality by any forms, any disciplines, any rules or timetable."

Probably every one, some time or other, has tried to explain this puzzle. Here is one family. The children are brought up by the book. The parents follow all the best rules. They see that their children get up on time, exercise, brush their teeth—all by the most approved method. The parents go over school work painstakingly every day, lecture the children on good manners, teach them respect toward other people. Not a thing is left out. And yet these same children grow up lazy, selfish, thoroughly impossible adults.

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ONE SECRET OF BEING A GOOD PARENT IS TO BE BOTH WARM AND UNDERSTANDING.





A FATHER'S GENUINE INTEREST IN THE ACTIVITY OF HIS CHILD, MAKES THE BOOK HE READS, THE TOY HE PLAYS WITH, OR THE GAME HE INVENTS MORE MEANINGFUL.

BRINGING UP PARENTS

Continued from page 45

Take a second family. No approved methods, few rules and fewer lectures. The words "child development" and "upbringing" do not seem to be in the family vocabulary. And yet the children grow up to be mature and responsible people.

The secret, if there is one, is the emotional climate of the home. A family is not simply a group of children and adults living under the same roof. It is a living entity, made up of small things like a caress, a joke, a gesture, a laugh. It is made up of fuss over a new toy, of solicitude over a skinned knee, of confidence and small concerns—a kinship and sharing in spirit. Children grow strong and straight in that kind of emotional climate.

An engineer, one of our readers, dropped into our office for a talk. He was very much worried about his son. The boy had become reticent. He was often rude to his father. His school work was poor, and he was keeping company with very questionable friends, at least in his father's opinion.

I talked to the father—incidentally, a very intelligent man.

"What does your son read?" I asked.

"I don't know," he shrugged his shoulders uncertainly, "probably what he's assigned in school."

"Do you and your son do anything together—walk, fish, bicycle?"

"No," he said with some heat. "I think he ought to be on his own. He's not a baby."

"Theater, concert?" I pressed.

"No," and then he added hastily, "Don't get the notion that I ever refuse him money for movies, or the theater, or anything I think suitable for a boy his age."

"Can't you understand," and I must admit I grew a little heated myself, "that this isn't a question of money? You're depriving your son of the very things that mean family—your warmth and concern, your attention and interest in what he's doing."

He protested. "We take care of the boy. We give him everything he needs. I always ask him about his marks. I sign his report card. We don't neglect him."

"But you're still missing the point. Here you are, an engineer. You're working in an interesting field. Have you ever tried telling your son about it? Have you ever tried to explain to him what your

work means to you, how you feel when you build something, develop a new method, work out a creative design? You are a man with a rich background of experience. Interesting things happen to you every day. You meet exciting people. Have you ever shared even a little bit of that with your boy? You say he's no longer a child. Has it occurred to you that he might be interested in the books you read, that he might like to discuss some of his own ideas with you?"

The engineer didn't have much to say after that.

More often than talk of this kind, a small family incident will teach parents to see both themselves and their children with clearer eyes—that is, if they want to look. Here is one such incident, described in a letter from another reader.

Alexander Makeyev, a specialist in farm mechanization, is in charge of a machine and tractor station. He likes his work, and not only devotes all his time to it, but his total interest as well. As a result, he has very little left over for his family. His major contribution to the family circle is to examine his children's report cards. This he does faithfully. When the children want to tell him things or ask him questions, he thinks himself very patient and long suffering when he doesn't cut them short with "I'm busy, don't bother me now." As a result, the older children have learned to stop bothering him at all.

Makeyev was ill one day and was looking over some of his work at home. The iron-clad rule was to leave father alone when he was working. But his youngest, an eight-year-old, hadn't learned the lesson as well as the others. She looked through Makeyev's envelopes, ruffled through his papers and kept asking questions. Makeyev answered one or two impatiently.

The child picked up a card which showed the relative standing of all the machine and tractor stations in the region. "It looks like my report card," she said. "Whose report card is it?"

Makeyev explained, "It's mine. It shows how our station is doing and whether I work well or not."

The child grabbed the paper and ran to her mother, yelling in excitement. "Look, here are papa's marks. He's not fair. He wants to see ours, but he never shows us his."

"That childish remark," Makeyev writes, "kept me awake most of that night. It struck me all of a sudden that I had shut myself off so completely in my work that I had locked myself away from my own family and my children. It occurred to me that night that parents sometimes need more upbringing than their children do." ■



EACH SPRING THE KABARDINIANS DRIVE THEIR HORSES, CATTLE AND SHEEP INTO THE MOUNTAIN PASTURES ABOVE THE CLOUDS AFTER WINTERING IN THE VALLEYS.

When we decided to make movies of the Alpine pastures of Kabarda high in the North Caucasus, I was aware that we'd find no wild nomad tribes such as I had read about as a boy, but I was quite unprepared for what we saw.

Our cars climbed steadily into the mountains of this isolated mountain country. Kabarda is one of the Autonomous Republics and much of it is 10,000 feet above sea level.

Reaching the top, we looked around and noted two neat white cottages with people outside playing chess and listening to the radio. There was not a sign of the old primitive huts of years ago.

"If you want to hear about the wild nomad life of our herdsmen," they informed us, "ask old Mezhgakhov. He remembers it. As for the huts, they've been gone a long time. You will have to sleep in a bedroom and put up with some current magazines and a radio."

"The old order certainly passed away quickly," one of our cameramen observed.

During the summer the herdsmen come to these cottages to rest and spend their leisure time. Mail, newspapers and magazines are received regularly.

We stopped at an Alpine dairy farm and watched the white-clad milkmaids making "sulguni," a Caucasian salt cheese. Later we filmed a herd of the famous Kabardinian horses and caught some of the grace and skill of a drover breaking in a wild horse.

Further on we took pictures of herdsmen grazing their sheep in the flower-studded pastures high above the clouds. They wore heavy black fur cloaks with white hoods over their round hats, for it is very chilly here even in the summer months. Standing in their great cloaks, they looked especially tall and regal against the backdrop of the mountains.

As we drove down to the valley with our films, we took a last look backward at the snow-capped peaks. They, at least, were unchanged. ■

ONLY THE MOUNTAINS HAVEN'T CHANGED

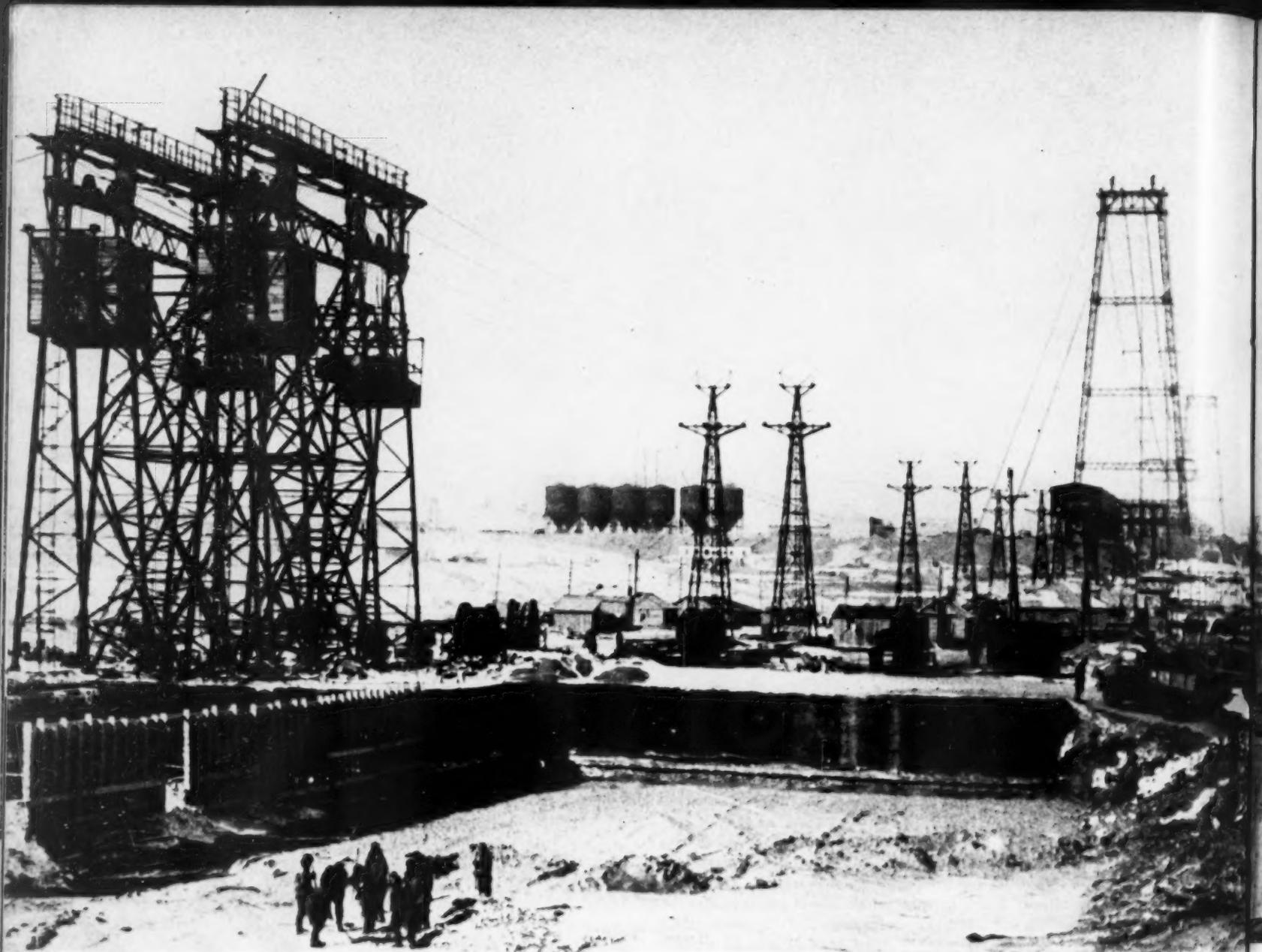
By Vasili Katanyan



SHEPHERDS AND MILKMAIDS RELAX WHILE LISTENING TO A RADIO BROADCAST.

A HERD OF HORSES RACES OFF FOR RICHER GRAZING ON THICK MOUNTAIN GRASS. KABARDA IS A COUNTRY IN WHICH MANY PARTS LIE 10,000 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL.





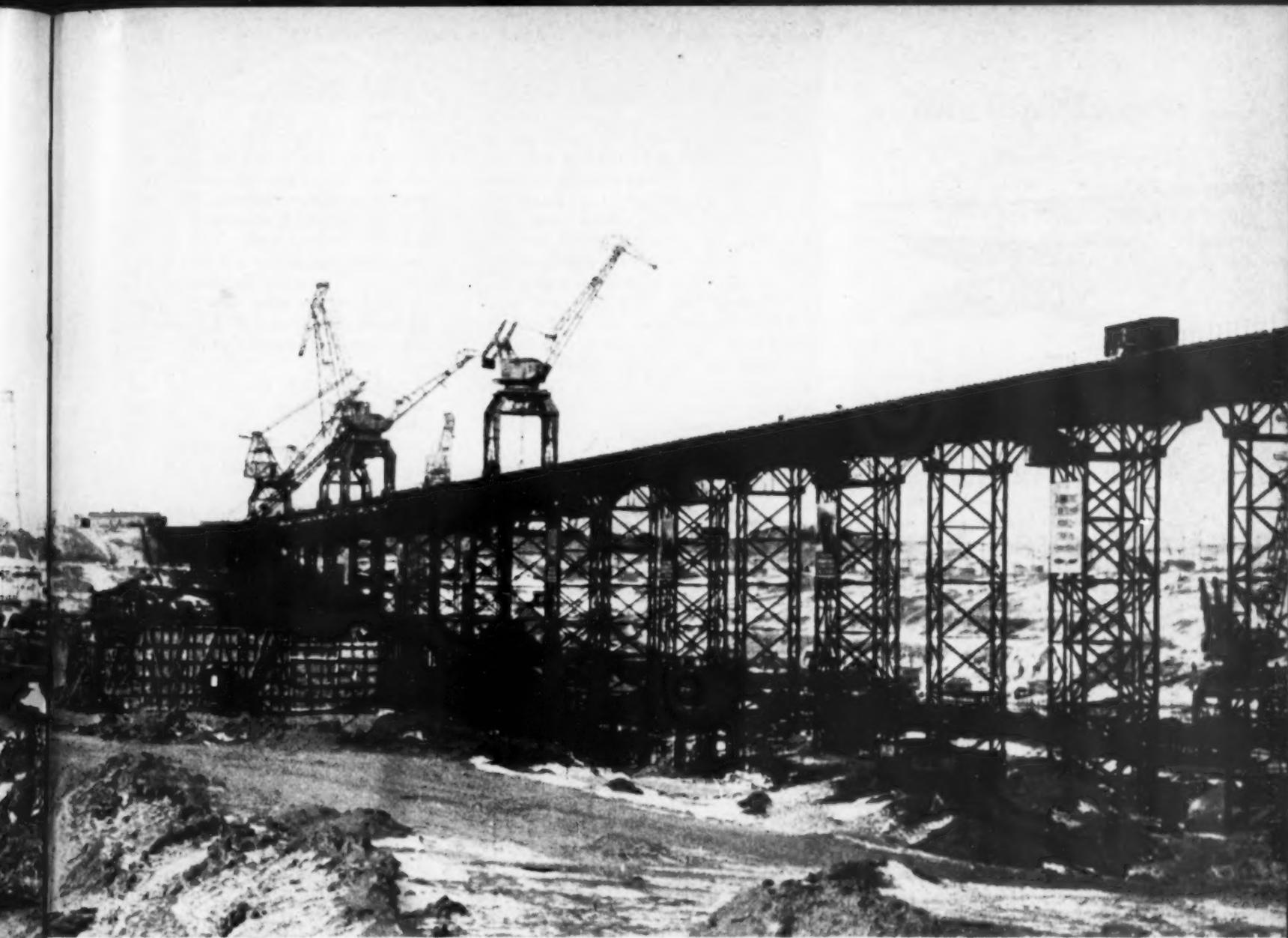
CONSTRUCTION ON THE STALINGRAD HYDROELECTRIC POWER PROJECT ON THE VOLGA IS PROGRESSING RAPIDLY.

IVAN NETAYEV, EXCAVATING MACHINE OPERATOR, ABLY HANDLES THE CONTROLS.



HARNESSING THE VOLGA'S POWER

By Vasili Yefimov



WHEN COMPLETED, THE STATION WILL PRODUCE MORE THAN ELEVEN BILLION KILOWATT-HOURS ANNUALLY.

I am a student at the Academy of Arts in Leningrad. Besides the usual classwork, all of us draw outside of school, each in the field of his choice.

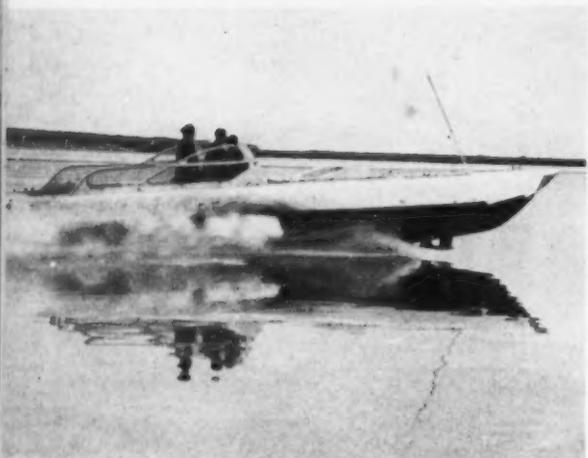
During recent years I have read and heard much about exciting construction projects going on all over the country. I wanted to get to one of these busy sites so that I could observe the people working there and depict them in my drawings. With this in mind I spent my last vacation on the Volga River, where the Stalingrad Hydroelectric Station is being built.

When I came to the construction site, I saw a bustling pit, with hundreds of trucks rolling back and forth, bulldozers and scrapers working here and there, excavators biting out big chunks of earth, cranes pushing up into the sky. Above all this towered the huge steel stockade and the masts of the cableway. At first I didn't even notice the people, but it didn't take me long to realize that every phase of the work was under the expert guidance of the human hand.

For several weeks I lived among the builders of the huge power station, watched them at work and at leisure. Here are two of the many drawings I did while I was there. On the right is a sketch of Georgi Rshtuni, who came to the construction site from Armenia. He took a job as concrete worker at first to get practical experience. Now he is superintendent of a building section. On the left is a sketch of Ivan Netayev, excavator operator, whom I used to watch for hours on end maneuvering his huge machine as though it were a precision instrument. ■

GEORGI RSHTUNI WORKED HIS WAY UP TO SUPERINTENDENT OF A BUILDING SECTION.





Pilot model of a motor launch with underwater (hydrofoil) wings being tested on Volga River.

Winged Ship

A boat propelled by submerged "wings," or hydrofoils, built at the Krasnoye Sormovo Plant in Gorky and tested on the Volga has developed a speed of 75 miles an hour.

The movement of the novel vessel is based on the following principle: the lifting power developed by the wing moving under water pushes the hull above the surface, with the result that water resistance is sharply reduced and the speed of the boat is increased.

A passenger ship with submerged wings has been designed on the order of the Ministry of River Transport of the Russian Federation, according to Nikolai Zaitsev, assistant chief designer of the Sormovo Plant. The experimental vessel is under construction and will be completed in time for the 1957 navigational season.

Although the boat will resemble an excursion ship in outward appearance, it will be more stream-lined, about 88 feet long with a beam of 14 feet. There will be one deck and accommodations for 66 passengers. It will

be fitted with a diesel engine with 700 to 750 horsepower.

The ship will have two wings—one forward and the other aft. At low speed it will move like other ships, with its hull in the water, but as it gains momentum, the hull will gradually rise until it is out of the water at the 35-mile per hour mark.

Only the wings, propeller, rudder and part of the stays connecting the wings with the hull will be in the water as it advances to high speed. Wings and stays are so designed as to ensure low resistance and high lifting power.

The ship's controls are centralized and it can be operated by one helmsman. It will be highly economical to operate because of a drastic reduction in fuel consumption.

In mass production, designers believe, the cost of ships with the submerged wings will not exceed that of an ordinary vessel.

It is planned to build passenger ships as well as freighters with the new design. ■

Cartoonists Corner



SAY IT WITH FLOWERS.



THEORY AND PRACTICE



VILLAGE CHORUS COMPOSES ITS OWN SONGS.

Life is full

in Ilovka

By Rostislav Iyulsky

It was during the rush of the harvest season that I visited the collective farm in the village of Ilovka in Central Russia. In the daytime the village seemed deserted, except for the trucks driving occasionally along the main street. Everyone was out getting in the harvest.

I walked around Ilovka most of the day. It is an attractive village, the main street shaded by young poplars, the neat houses outlined by shrubs and creepers. I learned that the collective farm had almost 20,000 acres sown to wheat, rye, oats and corn; a poultry farm, a stud farm, and a 2,500-acre truck farm. Its property, appraised at a few thousand rubles when it was organized twenty years ago, is now worth millions.

The first public structure I came to was the Agricultural Building. I had been to other such buildings on big collective farms, but this one was unusually imposing for a rural community. Villagers called it by the rather ponderous name "Ilovka Branch of the Academy of Agricultural Sciences." It houses farm laboratories for testing soil, plant foods and growing techniques, and an auditorium for meetings, lectures by farm specialists and other functions.

Near this building was the village clubhouse. It was empty when I looked in during the day. When I came back in the evening, however, the club was bubbling with activity.

In the ground floor lobby a dramatic group was doing the Chekhov comedy *The Bear*. On the stage a chorus was rehearsing against a background of unrelated accordion music coming from a room off stage. I asked Nikolai Ryzhykh, the club manager, whether I could look in. He said apologetically:

"That's our new accordion trio. They've only been playing together for a week, and they get all flustered if anybody watches them. Let me take you upstairs to our acrobats. They thrive on attention."

The group of husky looking lads were throwing each other around the gymnasium. What they lacked in technique, they made up in activity and laughter. There is also a dance group at the club, but they had worn themselves out the night before rehearsing until past midnight. "Probably decided to take a rest tonight," commented Ryzhykh.

"When do you put on your shows?" I asked.

"Not till the harvesting is over. Then we really get going."

The next day I visited one of the three collective farm kindergartens. After the children had gotten over their first shyness, they made a ring around me. They even insisted I sit in one of their small chairs and have lunch. There was much giggling until I was rescued by the young teacher, Valentina

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LIFE IS FULL IN ILOVKA

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Kuznetsova. This was her first job, she told me. She had been graduated from the teachers' training school only a few months before.

The collective farm has a beautiful ball park. The soccer field is well laid out, but the stadium isn't up to standard. I asked about it and found I had touched a sore spot. Apparently an argument had been going on for some time between soccer enthusiasts and the collective farm management. The soccer fans—and the teams—want more lighting for the stadium, and the farm management says no.

What I gathered after listening to the heated discussion that my innocent question had generated was that the farm power plant had to run to capacity to provide power for farm operations and for lighting homes and streets, and that the farm management refused to give priority to soccer. The soccer group, on the other hand, refused to wait until next year, when the new power station was to be finished.

On my way back from the stadium I stopped to look at a new two-story school building going up and then visited the hospital. I got into a conversation with Vasili Besedin, the doctor. He was full of a recent victory he had won over the farm management.

"The collective farm handles millions, and I have to fight with them for X-ray equipment. They tried to put me off with the excuse that the district hospital some three miles away has X-ray apparatus. Then they changed their tactics. 'Forty thousand for X-ray! What did I think, that the farm was growing thousand ruble bills?' I figured enough was enough. So I took it to the general meeting of the collective farmers, and they voted the money."

After that recital, of course I had to see the X-ray room and the rest of the hospital. I found it modest but well equipped. There was a dental clinic, a laboratory and a special room for physiotherapy.

That evening there was a dance outside the clubhouse. Dancing is a major sport at Ilovka. It gets the young people from the whole surrounding area. The dancing started with music by the village band. But the band was exhausted much before the dancers. A couple of accordionists took over the job. When they hollered quits, the record player took over.

The dances, once the young people really got their steam up, were something to watch. Ordinary dancing was much too tame for them. They jigged, they turned, they twisted through all sort of impossible steps, and they seemed to be having a hilarious time.

Late in the evening came the singing—gay songs and lyrical songs, and songs about local people made up on the spur of the moment. And then, as the couples moved closer together, love songs that blended into the quiet summer night. ■



THE FARM'S CLUBHOUSE SEATS 500 FOR CONCERTS AND MOVIE PERFORMANCES.

EVENING AND A LOVE SONG IN THE FIELD WITH A BACKDROP OF SUNFLOWERS.





A well-equipped maternity home furnishes every modern service for mother and child.



RACING HORSES ARE RAISED ON THE FARM. FANS LIKE TO WATCH THEM TRAIN.

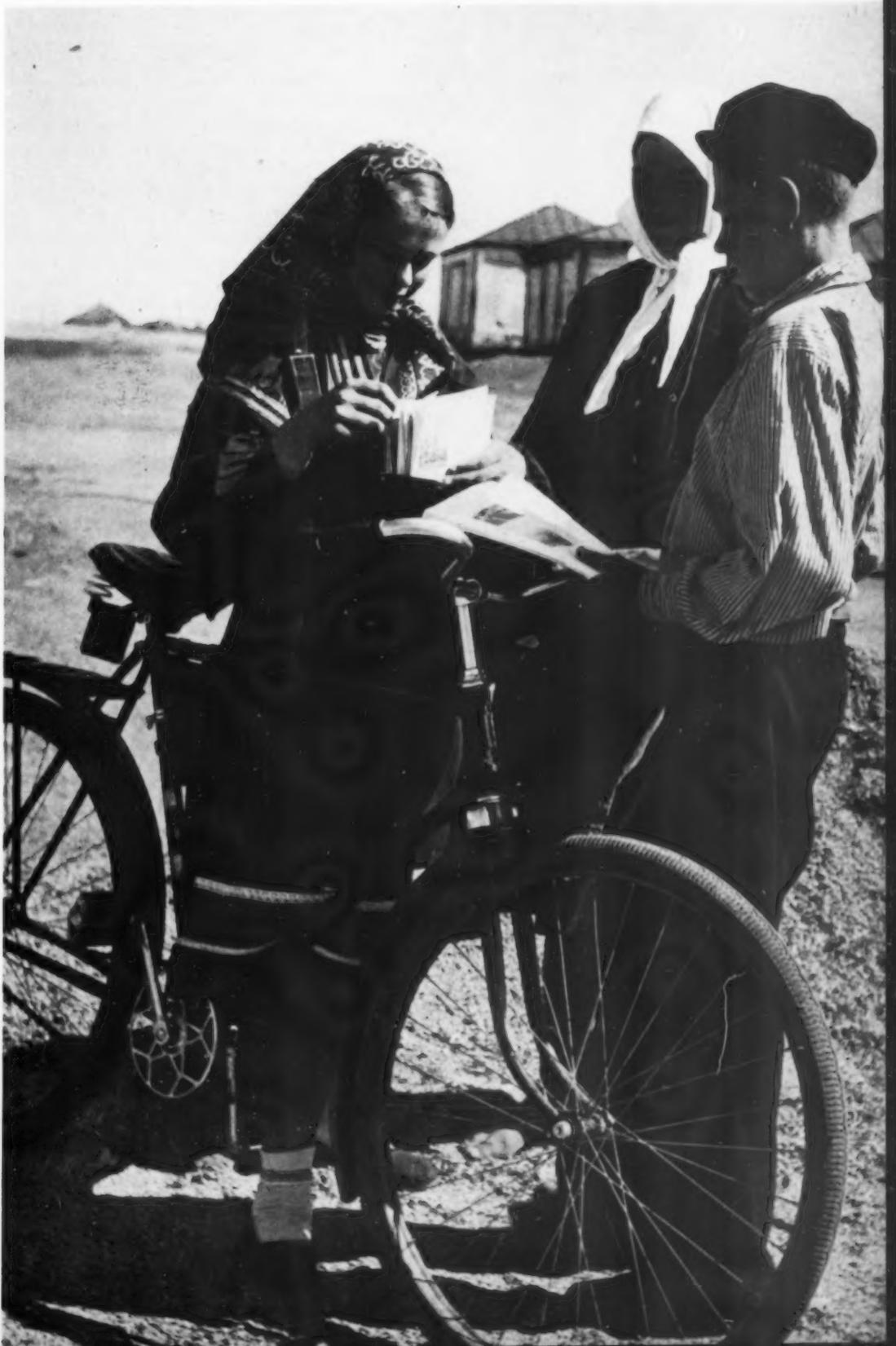
THE VILLAGE LETTER CARRIER BRINGS MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS EVERY DAY.



This 76-year-old farmer, who is a crack chess player, teaches a youth in the yard.



Ivan Popov, one of the Ilovka farmers, is a member of the Russian Federation's Parliament.



BAGGING A MOUNTAIN GOAT

By Vadim Gippenreiter

It began to snow at noon. The snow came down heavily and it was so quiet you could almost hear the snowflakes falling. That night the snow stopped and stars came out in a velvety dark-blue sky. A cold stillness hung over the mountains. You got the feeling nature was afraid to stir for fear of crumpling her white finery.

We had been waiting impatiently for that snowfall, and in the evening we began making our preparations. The snow had covered all the old tracks of the mountain goats. Now when they came down the mountainside we would have no difficulty in trailing them.

It was still dark when we set out. The steel cleats of our boots bit into the snow, frozen earth and rock. The mountainside climbed sharply toward the sky. At dawn we took cover behind a ridge and sat down to rest. After the exertion of climbing, my companion's hands trembled as he raised his binoculars.

There are lots of hunting enthusiasts in our country who spend their vacation every year stalking game in new and different places. One of them was the sturdy young man now by my side in the heart of Central Asia.

Nikolai Gromov, a high school teacher from the northern town of Kirovsk. He was so lost in admiration of the sunrise that he paid no attention either to his weariness or his snow-covered, frost-stiffened clothing.

The mountains lay in a cold shadow. Only a few of the peaks were tipped with gold. As the sun rose higher, more and more snowy slopes began to sparkle in its rays. Soon only the valley far below remained in shadow, plus a blanket of clouds.

Details of distant slopes stood out sharply in the glasses. In places, a bluish mist shrouded cliffs, bushes and snow, giving them depth and calling up that mood of romanticism you get high in the mountains. Before us stretched peaks of the towering Tien Shan.

Studying the slopes, we caught sight of wavy silver threads crossing a narrow pass. They were mountain goat tracks. After a while we saw tiny specks moving along a slope. But they were too far away.

All morning and early afternoon we tried to come within range of the goats. The southern slopes had melted in the sun and turned yellowish-brown from the autumn grass. Luck still eluded us. Finally we de-

cidated to split up: Nikolai would creep up on the flock from below while I climbed still higher.

I heard a short whistle—the goats' danger signal. Then a few shots rang out, echoing back from the slopes. The goats strung out in single file and ran for safety. As they pushed through the virgin snow, leaving a deep trench behind them, they kept changing leaders, the same way skiers and mountain climbers do.

All of a sudden a large buck with sharply curving horns ran by close to me, and a second later a bullet whistled past my head and whammed into the powerful body of the animal. I dashed across the slope, up to the crest, and then stopped short. The dead goat lay there on the rock in front of me, his huge horns lowered.

"You got him!" I called out to Nikolai.

Another goat ran by not far away; evidently he had strayed from the flock. Nikolai waved his hand and grinned—one was enough for us.

"Just look at the size of him!" he said when he came up to the goat. "I'd travel to the ends of the earth for this kind of game." ■















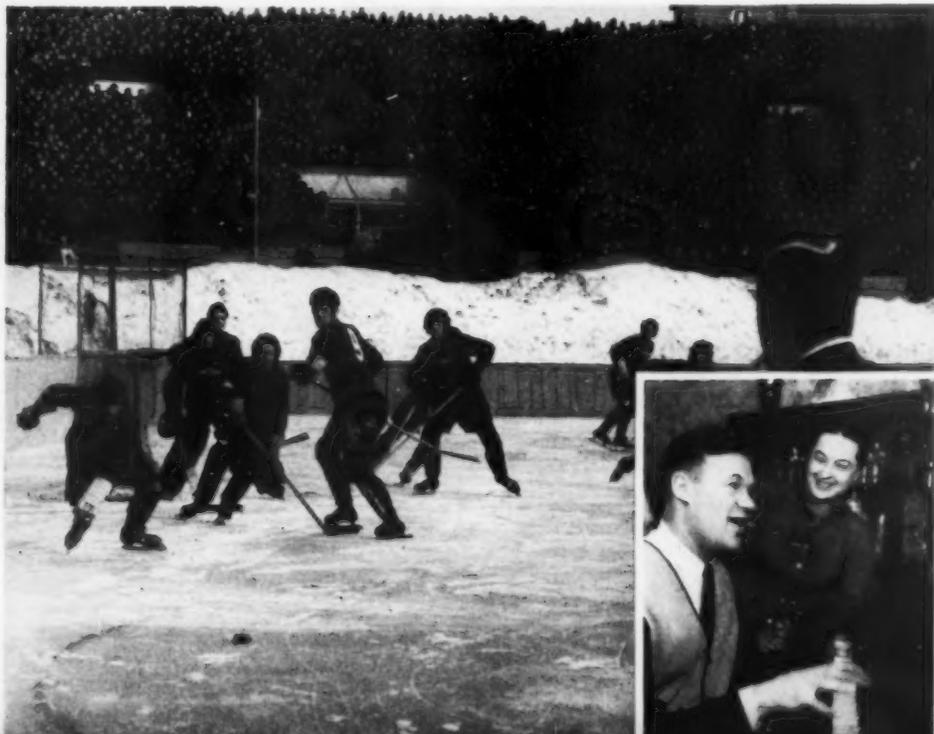


AT A STADIUM IN MOSCOW DURING AN ICE HOCKEY MATCH. THE GAMES DRAW ENORMOUS CROWDS EVERYWHERE AND ENTHUSIASTIC FANS COME DESPITE SUB-ZERO COLD.

CANADIAN HOCKEY RUSSIAN STYLE

By Victor Kuprianov

Vsevolod Bobrov, captain of Army Hockey Team (No. 9) during a game for the USSR championship. At the right, Bobrov shows his wife Tatyana how to take some high notes. She is a musical comedy actress.



Right after the Second World War, in 1945, a touring Soviet soccer team relaxed between matches by watching the British play ice hockey, and its members were greatly impressed by the game played with the puck.

One of the soccer players, Vsevolod Bobrov, took a leading part in a decision to take the new game back home. He was one of the USSR's top-flight players, and when he departed from the soccer field to sponsor the new Canadian ice hockey, many fans took a very dim view of his choice.

It is a bit more than ten years now that the game was first introduced in our country. Today we have several thousand teams engaged in ice hockey and the fans snap up millions of stadium tickets each season.

Soviet ice hockey made its debut in the international arena in 1954, when it surprised everybody by winning the world title. When the Soviet team appeared to defend the crown in 1955, it was a recognized front-runner to repeat, but Canada swept in from across

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CANADIAN HOCKEY RUSSIAN STYLE

Continued from page 57

the Atlantic ocean and took the bow.

Our boys learned their lesson and did their homework immediately afterward, and they put all this to good use in the early winter of 1956, when they shut out both Canada and the United States to become triple champions: World, Olympic and European.

By the time this article is on the newsstands and in subscribers' hands, the World Championship Hockey Tournament will be in full swing in Moscow, concluding on March 5. Acceptances have been received from the United States, Canada, Sweden, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Austria, Finland, and Norway. German and Italian teams are considered likely to enter, and a Japanese squad has expressed interest.

But practically every expert agrees that the title will be fought out among the Canadians, Americans and our lads.

Soviet fans are proud of the way their players developed the game. Most of them came from the ranks of soccer clubs and at first they had difficulties to overcome. Ice hockey required year-round training, and there wasn't an indoor rink in the country. To prevent unnecessary conflicts with the soccer partisans, an artificial outdoor rink was built in Moscow. This made year-round training possible, although open-air ice in warm weather is not precisely the best solution. In Novem-

ber 1956 a huge indoor arena that will enable 14,000 spectators to watch in comfort was completed here.

Our ice hockey is played from the local level to the truly big league classification. Our big leagues are called Division A, which includes 16 of the country's strongest clubs, and Division B with 30 clubs.

In Division A we have three stand-out teams—which we regard as head and shoulders above the rest (quite as Americans regard the New York Yankees in baseball). They are Army, Moscow Dynamo and Wings of the Soviets. These three clubs comprise the all-USSR squad which represents the country in international meets.

It is captained by Army skipper Vsevolod Bobrov, 34. Old? He doesn't think so and plans to keep going strong for another two years at least.

Big league hockey for the USSR title is not the only major fight in our ice hockey. There also is the USSR Cup play-off. This is an open tournament, and in its first rounds there is a country-wide network of local seeding tournaments. Then the big league clubs step into the fray. Naturally the major leaguers make the best showing, but the system of pitting the boys against the men on a championship field means much to the younger clubs. It gives them seasoning in tournament play, and they pick up many pointers they'd otherwise miss. It also affords an opportunity for new blood to win earlier recognition, and makes possible a comparison of coaching methods.

Hockey is actually in its swaddling clothes here, and there are many loose ends in training methods that must be tucked in. One of our big problems is to maintain a constant

level of play all season. Another is to narrow the gap between the leading contenders and the cellar dwellers—which I understand is something of a problem in the American League in the USA.

At present fans here jokingly call the world champion team "the old guard," because its captain is 34 and some of the leading players are rapidly moving up to him in age.

Older teams seem to be a distinguishing feature of Soviet sports, something like the 1956 Dodgers in the National League in your country. But our situation is easily explained. Sports here are not restricted to school and college, but are played at the amateur level much beyond college days. There is a network of trade union and other sports clubs with truly excellent facilities, including full-sized stadiums and top-notch coaching. And we think it proves that an athlete is not old at thirty. Look at your Ted Williams returning to the Boston Red Sox at 34 as a top-flight hitter.

But let's turn to the so-called crystal ball and see if you can spot anything I am unable to make out:

The all-USSR team that appeared in the 1956 Winter Olympics does not differ in many respects from the one we shall field in Moscow for the big February 24-March 5 international meet. What does the record show?

First of all—the all-USSR scored 25 goals and let only 5 get by. They did not lose a single game. What is more, they scored shut-out upsets of Canada and the United States. Holding these teams scoreless does take a bit of doing—some smooth team play, an airtight defense and a crack goalie.

So let me introduce the boy who did the trick. He is Muscovite Nikolai "Eat-Em-Alive"

USSR vs CANADA IN THE 1956 OLYMPICS. A DOWNED CANADIAN WATCHES THE PUCK SPIN TOWARD HIS GOAL.



SOVIET COACH CHERNYSHEV ROOTS FOR HIS TEAM.





Dmitri Ukolov knows more than just hockey! Teammates say he'll make someone a good wife.



The "Three Musketeers" and their flat tire! Valentin Kuzin, Yuri Krylov and Alexei Uvarov.



Army players warm up on hot tea with lemon between the periods of a fast hockey match.

Puchkov. He's just a baby—24. Observers at the winter Olympics gave him many write-ups, and he deserved them. He is tall as goalies go, with the kind of physique the girls admire. This boy has a reputation for being able to stop anything. His teammates jokingly told me he practices by stopping flies from getting into the net. He is as cool as they come—a Yogi Berra type, if I may use a baseball simile again.

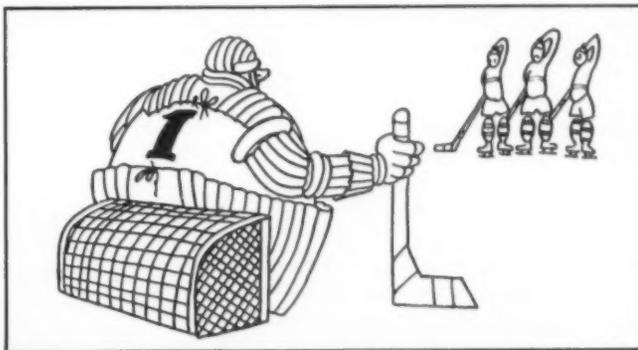
Now a word about the man who scored the last goal at the Olympics. He is Valentin Kuzin—29, and a chauffeur by trade. He is one of those forwards who plays to win. That explains his two scars and flattened nose. A headlong dive on the ice is not a beauty treatment.

Kuzin, like Puchkov, came from soccer to hockey. As a matter of fact, in 1951 he was still playing for the Dynamo Club, which has won more than one USSR title and Cup. Kuzin likes to make lightning decisions on ice. In the final game against Canada he was the spark plug of the Soviet attack. In the second period he dropped his stick in one of the scrambles. He immediately stopped the puck with the blade of his skate and made a perfect pass to teammate Krylov who rushed up to send the puck swishing into the cage. He's a dangerous forward, and speed is his middle name.

The skipper of the team, Bobrov, plays with Army. In 1955 he graduated from the Air Force Academy and now says he will have more time for hockey. This man is what you'd expect a hockey player to look like. His shoulders are miles apart, and when he's out on the ice, it is hard to believe they come so broad-shouldered. He has been in sports for 20 years now and plans to bow out two years hence.

The question most fans are asking is—What happens when the old-timers go? Are there enough youngsters to keep the championship tradition going?

The answer is: Definitely yes. ■



GOALIE NIKOLAI PUCHKOV KEEPS THE UNITED STATES TEAM FROM SCORING DURING THE 1956 OLYMPIC MEET.



EVERY MUSIC LOVER IS MY FRIEND

Says VLADIMIR ZAKHAROV,

Concert Hall Manager

Even though I'm a reasonably sociable sort of fellow, it's really amazing the number of friends I suddenly acquire before every concert, particularly for those that are sold out.

My phone keeps ringing like mad. Hundreds of people, it feels like, introduce themselves as old friends, or friends of friends I never heard of. They know the concert has been sold out for weeks, but surely I have a couple of tickets put away for an "old pal." A concert hall manager has no problems about his social life.

Seriously though, I do get to know many of the regular concert-goers, people in all sorts of trades and professions. Last year, among the 350,000 people who came to concerts at the Moscow Conservatory, I made friends with machinist Yuri Glukhov, journalist Mikhail Kremnev, army officer Boris Petrov, engineer Alexander Baranov, violinist Eduard Grach and bookkeeper Leonid Rutkovich.

Our big hall at the Moscow Conservatory featured a number of new artists last year. Besides such masters as Emil Gilels, Leonid Kogan, and Mstislav Rostropovich, performances were given by the pianists Vladimir Ashkenazi and Dmitri Bashkurov, the tenor Alexander Maslennikov and others. This year, we plan to present a new group of talented young musicians.

We did a number of first performances. Of particular interest was Dmitri Shostakovich's new violin concerto, performed by David Oistrakh with Eugene Mravinsky conducting.

This year we will present Shostakovich's Sixth Concerto, and, we hope, his new Eleventh Symphony. There are other first performances we have scheduled—a violin concerto by the young Georgian composer Taktakishvili, a suite from a new ballet by the Azerbaijan composer Kara-Karayev, and a group of four ballads, *How Long Will the Kite Hover Above Us?* by Yuri Shaporin, for which we forecast a very enthusiastic reception.

Concerts by foreign musicians played to big audiences at our hall last summer. We had performances by the Boston and London Symphonies, the French pianists Samson François and Monique Haas, the Argentine guitarist Maria Louisa Anido, the Polish pianist Adam Garasewicz, the American tenor Jan Peerce and the brilliant violinist Isaac Stern.

This year our concert bill will feature the "Greek Caruso" Kokolias, the Vienna Boys' Choir, the Czech Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Anczerl, the American conductor Dimitri Mitropoulos, and British and Austrian conductors. Our audiences are eagerly awaiting their arrival. And so am I, in spite of the fact that I will undoubtedly be overwhelmed by "old friends" pleading with me for tickets. ■





LENIN STADIUM IN MOSCOW WILL BE THE SCENE OF THE INTERNATIONAL SPORTS CARNIVAL IN JULY TO WHICH 86 ATHLETIC ORGANIZATIONS HAVE BEEN INVITED.

MOSCOW SCHEDULES JULY SPORTS CARNIVAL

By Ivan Zubkov

Assistant Chairman, USSR Olympic Committee

An international friendship sports carnival is scheduled to start in Moscow on July 29, 1957, with entries open to sport clubs and national teams of countries belonging to international sports federations, as well as to individuals.

The event will be under the sponsorship of the USSR Olympic Committee and will coincide with the World Youth and Students Festival.

These games, which will be held for the third time, are beginning to be traditional. The second World Youth Games, held in Warsaw in 1955, drew an entry list of 4,580 athletes from many countries.

Because different sports are differently developed in the various countries, the USSR Olympic Committee has decided to satisfy the sport tastes of all continents by including twenty-four events for men and fifteen for women in the program.

Both sexes will compete in basketball, in cycling on track and road, volleyball, gymnastics, rowing, track and field, swimming, high diving, handball, archery, tennis, table tennis, fencing and badminton.

The men's program will include in addition boxing, wrestling (Graeco-Roman and free style), water polo, Rugby football, modern pentathlon, soccer and field hockey.

Gold, silver and bronze medals will be awarded for the first three places to individual and team winners.

The International Sport Games will be open to all sportsmen, irrespective of creed, race, religion, or nationality. There will be no domi-

nating political or other trends at the Games.

The USSR Olympic Committee has sent invitations to 86 national Olympic committees and international sport federations. Most of them have already confirmed their intentions of sending teams or individual sportsmen.

The International Sport Games will be held at the Lenin Stadium in Moscow which was completed last summer. Lovers of travelling will meet in one of Moscow's picturesque suburbs for an International Outdoor Rally.

A word about those who, though insufficiently prepared to take part in the official contests, would like to match skill and strength with sportsmen of their own level. This possibility will be provided by the volleyball, table tennis and chess tournaments to be organized, with prizes for the winners.

Young men and women attending the Games will also receive special sport pins which will be presented to those who comply with easy requirements in three events—running, jumping and shot-putting or pole climb. The USSR Olympic Committee is instituting two grades of pins for overall showings in these three events. These pins, as well as the badges of the World Youth and Students Festival, will be excellent souvenirs of this friendship rally.

Moscow is preparing an interesting and diversified program for all those who arrive for the Festival and Games. ■



VLADIMIR KUTZ (LEFT) IS CONGRATULATED BY RUNNER-UP GORDON PIRIE OF BRITAIN AFTER THE 10,000 METER RUN. KUTZ SAID HE WAS FRESH ENOUGH TO RACE IT AGAIN.

OLYMPIC PARADE

Individuals in Kaleidoscope

Track and Field

Our first picture is a dazzler—Vladimir Kutz. This 29-year-old sailor with wings on his heels makes motor cars his hobby when not engaged in breaking records and winning gold medals. Kutz has an intense distaste of being behind. As Victor Kuprianov, Moscow sports commentator, noted in our previous issue, his method of running is a timed perfection and he keeps a pre-set schedule. In taking gold medals in the 5,000 and 10,000 meter runs, Kutz not only added another name to Olympic records, but his victory suggested the need of overhauling running tactics. Before Kutz the conventional tactic was to let the other man pace you and then race out from behind in the home stretch to win. Now all this is under reconsideration. But will such a shift come in time? It takes long training to run against the clock like Kutz.

Next in view comes Inessa Yauzeme. She is 24 and a medical student from Riga. She

also is one of the exponents of the belief that a husband and children should not keep a wife out of sport contests. She not only believes this is so, but goes all-out to prove it in the javelin throw. Her daughter is not yet four years old, and Inessa has been throwing the javelin for nine years, since she was 15. At first she was not too successful, but being a very willful girl, she took her training seriously and never lost heart. She first emerged as an athlete of championship caliber last spring, but even then she would not commit herself about the Melbourne games. She told the reporters at that time: "If I win, it will be hard training and a little luck."

Following in line comes Tamara Tishkevich. Here is a 25-year-old professional engraver who etched her name across the Olympic medal in the shot-put. The event has long been held to be a Soviet monopoly. Galina Zybina, 1952 Olympic winner and world-record holder, and her teammate Tamara have been taking turns besting each



Shot-put winners: Tamara Tishkevich (USSR) first, Galina Zybina (USSR) second, and Marianne Werner (Germany) third, receive their medals at the 1956 Olympic Games, Melbourne.

other. Tamara proved best this time. Extremely muscular at 220 pounds, she believes a shot-putter must train constantly to keep in form. If she feels the need, she'll toss the shot from 75 to 100 times at a training session, and 60 heaves is about average. She has been putting the shot from her school days and finds it a fascinating sport. Her ambition is to break the world record held by Galina . . . and she is gradually getting closer.

Boxing

The pugilists dance their way out to front and center after a pretty so-so record previously. There were three gold medal winners, plus one silver and two bronze medals accompanying the Soviet team when it returned. Britain had 2-1-2 and the USA 2-1-0, respectively.

A featherweight is first in the ring: Vladimir Safronov. He is an Army boxer from Chita, Siberia, and a real dark horse. Unheard of before the Olympic trials, he never held a USSR title. But young Safronov's Olympic crown was won the hard way—by outboxing Tommy Nichols of Britain, a boxer with international experience to spare. The Soviet fighter's medal was more than just an individual's victory. It showed that trainers here are on the right path in developing young boxers.

Our light welterweight steps up and under the lights. He is 24-year-old Vladimir Yengibaryan from Yerevan, Armenia. A vocational school graduate, he is an electrician by trade. His has been an up and down career—mostly down until his comeback. He hit the headlines in 1953 when he took the European crown. Then he went into a fistic spin and fans began to wonder if he wasn't through with the ring as a career in sports. Then the fighting Armenian won his way into the Olympic squad and his coaches stopped him from boxing and had him training in everything else in order to rid him of the staleness that can mar the performance of the best glovemen. As a result he showed up in Melbourne fresh as a daisy and slugged his way to the crown with an ability not only to take it—but to dish it out. He uses his head as well as his heart and can duck and block punches with the best. His performance is an example of the emphasis we now place on skill.

Among our middleweights the standout is Gennadi Shatkov. A graduate law student of Leningrad, he has been boxing for 11 of his 24 years and has run up a formidable record. In 1955 he won the European title and wide recognition as one of the top contenders for the Olympic crown. An intelligent boxer, Shatkov is cool, careful and deliberate. His precision blows land where they do the most damage. He has some unusual proof for a pugilist that he is seldom caught off guard: Shatkov's nose is long, thin—almost fragile—and for a boxer is extremely straight. He started life with his parents, believing him destined for a career as a poet or musician. He still recites poetry like a veteran. He can perform quite well on the piano and is no

Continued on page 64



FEATHERWEIGHT VLADIMIR SAFRONOV (LEFT) vs. TOMMY NICHOLS OF BRITAIN.



VLADIMIR YENGIBARYAN GETS A PEP TALK FROM HIS MANAGER IN A CORNER.

LAWYER-BOXER GENNADI SHATKOV (LEFT) SHOWS GOOD FORM IN THE RING.



Olympic Parade

Continued from page 63

worse at the chessboard. Shatkov majored in international law, and his teammates say he has lots of punch for a barrister and should win all his cases.

Rowing

A newcomer to the sculls, only 19 and with but three years of experience as an oarsman, Vyacheslav Ivanov was perhaps the darkest of dark horses at Melbourne. He turned to sculling seriously only in the past year and had to be coaxed to stay on because he preferred the strongmen's sports. In 1955 Ivanov was among the also-rans in the races for the USSR championship. But only a year later he surprised everybody by outstroking Yuri Tyukalov and Alexander Berkutov, the top USSR singles men, to take the title. He has been a riddle to the wisecracks in rowing because he takes it easy most of the way and darts out in front at the last lap to win at breakneck speed. There was speculation about whether this was a tactic or just luck. He did it once here in Moscow. He did it again at the European championships at Bled, and repeated in Australia. Maybe that explains why an unknown youngster generally wins the Olympics singles event . . . setting a pace that can be maintained only by a younger man.

Young Ivanov won in Melbourne, and the two Soviet competitors he defeated in the tryout races here, Tyukalov and Berkutov, immediately teamed up as a doubles crew that won its way to an Olympic gold medal, also. However there is one factor against these two—age. They are crowding the 30 mark, and age is a sore spot with Soviet oarsmen.

Weightlifting

An ex-deep-sea diver turned medical student next catches our attention in the form of Arkadi Vorobiev. This strongman is 32 and has held the world and European titles in the middle heavyweight class of weightlifters since 1953. He took one of the three gold medals won by Soviet athletes in this event. (The U.S. entries took four gold medals.) Vorobiev will soon begin teaching medicine. He has two daughters and has his heart set on a son to complete his family. Asked about his sports activities, he said: "If you want to be a good performer, you've got to know how to relax and take it easy. Sleep is very important." Of course, when he was cramming for his final examinations, he got precious little of it, but he still managed.

Another medical student, but this time with a flair for the opera, is lightweight Igor Rybak. At 22 he is the baby of the Soviet squad, and ringside spectators swear they hear him humming arias while preparing to hoist the bar.

Our third weightlifting medalist, age 26 and a chauffeur by trade, is the man Tommy Kono predicted would win the Olympic title: Fyodor Bogdanovsky. Kono made his prediction two summers ago while visiting the Soviet Union

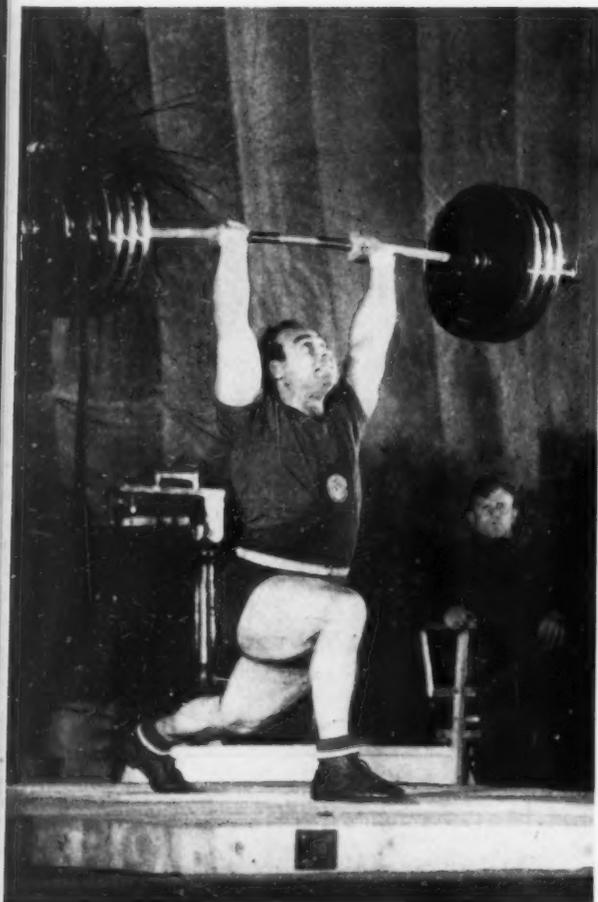
with an American team. Bogdanovsky is a high-strung character, husky and broad shouldered. With his fine smile and physique he could make the cover of any health magazine published.

Gymnastics

Upsets are rare in gymnastics. One seldom sees a dark horse win here. After nine years of training, our all-round women's champion is 22-year-old Larissa Latynina. She lost her father in the Second World War and lives with her mother. Today she is a student of physical education and hopes to become a teacher, specializing in gymnastics. Larissa impresses everyone with her seemingly effortless performance. She remains cool always—and that is a helpful trait to a performer who must appear in eight exercises in a two-day test.

Our male champion is Victor Chukarin. At 35 he abstains from both tobacco and alcohol, which may help explain why he won over younger men in Melbourne. He lives at Lvov in the Ukraine, where he is taking a course in the physiology of sports. It is reported that he plans to go into research when he quits major sports activities.

This partial list of Soviet Olympic winners should provide more fuel for the old argument on how age affects athletes' performances. Those named above range from 18 to 35. How long can you keep up competitive sports? ■



RECORD-BREAKING HEAVE BY ARKADI VOROBIEV.

VICTOR CHUKARIN DEMONSTRATES HIS TECHNIQUE.



GYM CHAMP LARISSA LATYNINA IS INTERVIEWED.

WIVES OF ESTONIAN FISHERMEN. (See Story Page 34) ▶



