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DETROIT MAN'S LIFE

By Mikhail Sholokhov

See Page 20

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ELECTRIC WELDER AT WORK ON A MOSCOW APARTMENT HOUSE.



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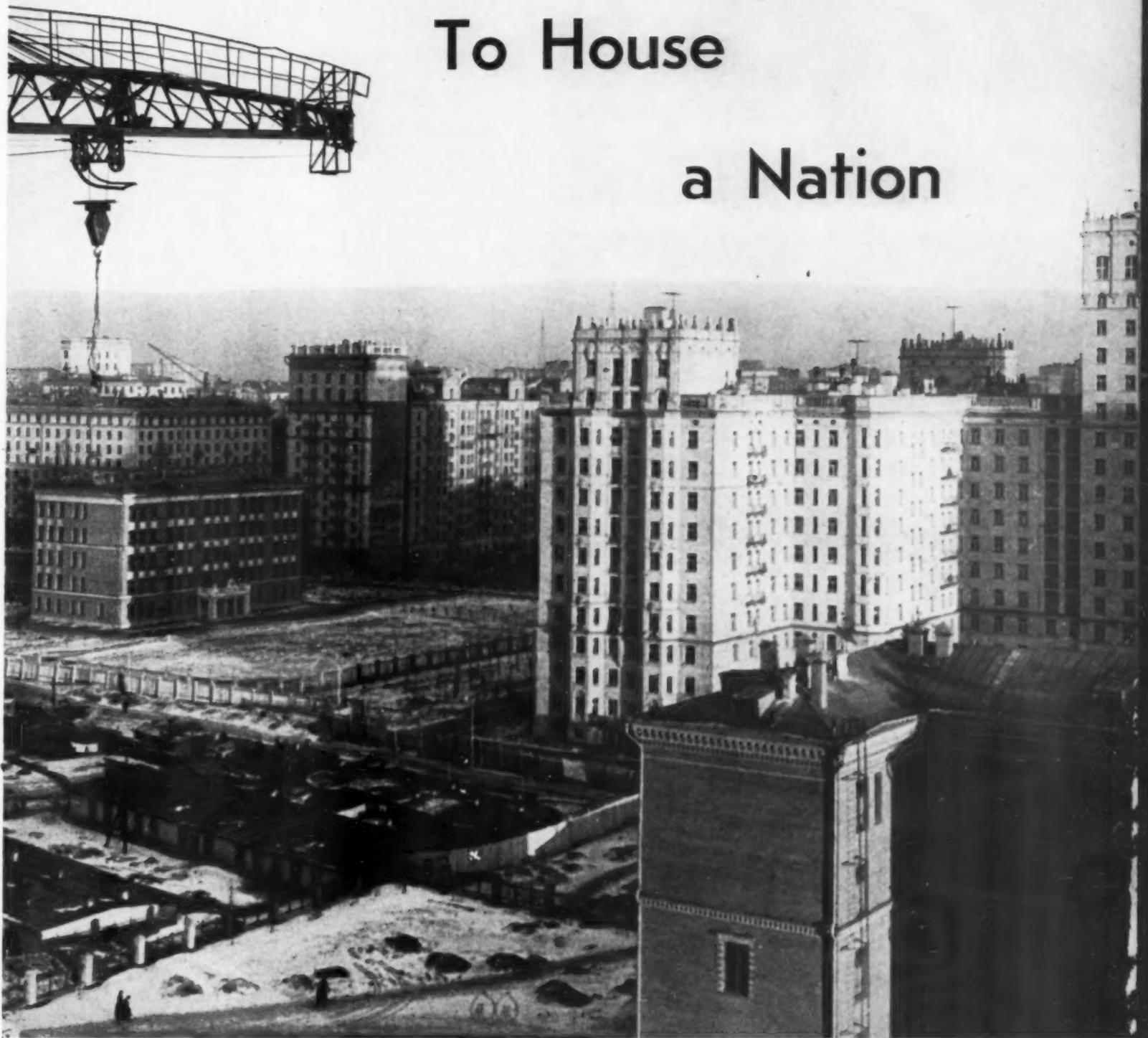
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To House

a Nation



This year the Soviet Union will erect in its urban communities apartment buildings which will provide more housing than the present combined dwellings in seven of the country's major cities—Kiev, Tbilisi, Baku, Gorky, Kharkov, Sverdlovsk and Chelyabinsk—a total of 495 million square feet of new living space. This is roughly the equivalent of well over 1.3 million three-room apartments. Extensive housing construction is also going on in rural areas, where only last year 700,000 houses were built.

Construction of new housing on this great and ever-expanding scale has been going on since the earliest days of the Soviet Union. Almost one-third more living units will be built this year than in 1956 and nearly as many as went up in the five years before the war. Under the current Five-Year Plan covering the period between 1956 and 1960, the urban population alone receives for occupancy on an average one new five-story building with fifty apartments every twenty minutes. And yet this prodigious building program will not meet the country's housing shortage.

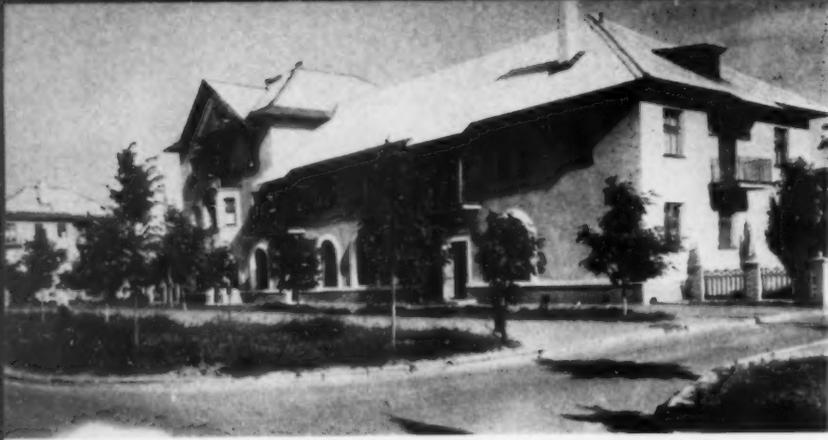
Why?

A glance at the forty years since the October Revolution in 1917 gives the answer. In czarist Russia, eighty per cent of all urban dwellings were wood frame houses of one or two floors. Only a very few had central heating; no more than ten per cent had running water; two or three per cent had sewer connections and only five per cent had electric lighting.

According to the 1912 census, 300,000 Moscow workers lived in 25,000 airless flats with rooms like closets, crowded with beds and pallets which were rented out for the night. Workers in the industrial areas of Baku, the Urals and the Donets Basin lived even more miserably, in damp and unheated mud huts, with two or three persons sleeping on each of the planks which went for beds.

Not everyone in Russia lived this way. The aristocracy and the people of wealth moved with the seasons from mansions or luxury apartments

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ARCHITECTURAL STYLES VARY FROM SECTION TO SECTION OF THE COUNTRY, AND ARE DETERMINED TO A LARGE DEGREE BY CLIMATIC CONDITIONS AND NATIONAL PREFERENCES. TOP: A WORKERS' RESIDENTIAL AREA IN ZAPOROZHYE, UKRAINE. CENTER: AN OIL WORKERS' TOWN IN BASHKIRIA, RUSSIAN FEDERATION. THIRD PICTURE: METALLURGISTS' STREET IN KOMSOMOLSK-ON-AMUR, THE FAR EAST.



THESE PRIVATE HOUSES IN AN UZBEK VILLAGE ARE OWNED BY COLLECTIVE FARMERS.

To House a Nation *Continued*

in Moscow and St. Petersburg to villas on the Black Sea coast of the Crimea. But this was a very small group. The overwhelming majority of urban Russia lived in unbelievably crowded and disease-ridden slums.

One of the earliest acts of the new Soviet government was to move hundreds of thousands of the poorest families into the palaces and the great mansions. This provided decent housing for at least a part of the most poverty-stricken section of the population, but was far from meeting the need of millions.

In the years following, with the destruction caused by civil war and foreign intervention, the housing situation became even more aggravated.

The government made a gigantic effort to meet the problem. In the period between 1918 and the beginning of the Nazi invasion, 1.3 billion square feet of new housing was constructed in cities and towns. By 1940 the urban housing area, as compared with pre-revolutionary times, had more than doubled.

But even this growth was not able to keep pace with the increase in urban population. With the rapid industrialization of the country, there was an influx of people into the cities. Between 1926 and 1941, the urban population swelled from 26 to 61 million.

The War

Today, the Soviet Union's urban population stands roughly at 90 million. In the past 20 years it has increased by 50 million, a figure equivalent to the total population of Britain. But still in the face of this vast migration to the cities, the housing shortage could by this time have been met, so much attention and energy had been devoted to it, had not the war stopped all building and brought large-scale destruction in its wake.

The fascist invading armies burned and destroyed more than 1,710 cities and towns and 70,000 villages. Seven hundred and fifty million square feet of dwelling area was leveled and twenty-five million people left without a roof over their heads.

Construction began again, almost before the invaders were driven out, and since the end of the war building has been moving at an accelerated pace. In the five years between 1946 and 1950, the living space of houses rebuilt and those newly constructed in towns and industrial communities amounted to more than 1.1 billion square feet; in the five years that followed, to 1.6 billion square feet. In other words, from 1946 through 1955 the urban population received the equivalent of over 7.3 million apartments or homes of average size. In rural areas some 5 million houses were built during the same period.

PRIVATE DWELLING OF A MINER IN THE TOWN OF VATUTINO, IN THE UKRAINE.





IN THE PAST 30 YEARS THE COUNTRY'S URBAN POPULATION INCREASED FROM 26 MILLION TO ALMOST 90 MILLION. AS A RESULT, HOUSING IS CONSTANTLY EXPANDING. IN 1956 ALONE THE EQUIVALENT OF MORE THAN ONE MILLION APARTMENTS WAS CONSTRUCTED IN URBAN COMMUNITIES, IN ADDITION TO 700,000 HOUSES IN RURAL AREAS.

The pace is even more rapid today. A preliminary estimate drafted for the period between 1956 and 1960 called for the construction in urban communities of 2.2 billion square feet of dwelling area, twice that of the previous five-year period. At present the estimate is being revised upward. But even the preliminary estimate will mean new housing for eighteen million people in towns and industrial communities alone. In addition to this building program, which is carried on at government expense, citizens will build approximately five million private homes with help from municipal and village government bodies.

The goal is ambitious but far from utopian. It is estimated, and conservatively, that within the next ten years every Soviet family will live in a comfortable house or apartment equipped with all modern conveniences.

Who Builds Houses?

Major housing construction is done by the national government. From year to year housing allocations take up an increasing portion of the budgetary investments. In 1956, for example, these allocations came to 25 billion rubles; for 1957 the figure is 30 billion rubles.

Most residential buildings in cities and towns are government owned and are maintained by local authorities. The citizen pays nothing to get an apartment. He is assured permanent tenancy and may leave the apartment to his heirs if he wishes.

Rent is fixed by law and cannot be increased. It comes to from three to five per cent of a worker's income. This does not cover the cost of maintenance, and budget appropriations make up the difference. In spite of this rents have remained stationary since 1926, although wages have risen considerably since that year. Rent for an apartment with 430 square feet of living space, for example—this is in addition to kitchen, bathroom and hall which are considered auxiliary—is thus fixed at 53 rubles monthly.

Although the bulk of housing is built by the government, public organizations and private citizens are encouraged in every way possible to do their own building to meet their own housing problem.

A "Build Your Own Apartment" movement with wide support from the press and government agencies has blossomed into a nation-wide

activity in the past two years. Many thousands of families have already moved into private houses or houses built by joint effort.

It began in the Molotov automobile plant in Gorky. Workers in one of the shops formed a housing cooperative, obtained a site from the local authorities, building materials, trucking and technical advice from the plant management and set to work in their free time to build an apartment house.

Their project was so successful that workers in other shops followed suit, with the result that 456 families have now moved into new apartments. The "do-it-yourself" movement has spread to other parts of the country.

The private citizen who wants to build his own home can obtain a lot free of charge from his local town or village council. If he has insufficient cash, he can get a home-building loan for a sum not exceeding 7,000 rubles to be repaid over a seven year period at a low rate of interest. The 1957 national budget provides 1.8 billion rubles for such loans.

Entire streets of private houses have been built in many cities and towns since the end of the war. Working people in Stalino Region, the Ukraine, for example, built 20,000 houses for themselves with state loans, during the past five years. In Miass, Ural's industrial center, 2,500 homes were built. During the past year, people in Frunze, capital of Kirghizia, built 1,000 private homes.

Between 1951 and 1955 approximately a million private homes were built by individual citizens in urban communities out of their savings or through building loans. Present estimates indicate that from four and a half million to five million private homes will be built during the current five-year period. From 1926 to 1955 the area of privately owned houses increased from 1.2 billion to 2.2 billion square feet and the figure is rising sharply. To further encourage home building, the government has expanded its sale of prefabricated housing components to private citizens.

Home building is proceeding apace in rural areas, too. Farmers obtain long-term credits, building material, manpower and transport from the executive boards of the collective farms. The Kalinin Collective Farm in Minsk Region, Byelorussia, for example, has

Continued on page 4



BUILDING SITES ARE BECOMING ASSEMBLY LINES. WHOLE WALLS ARE CONSTRUCTED INDUSTRIALLY AND ONLY NEED ON-THE-SPOT FINISHING. FRAMES, DOORS AND SASHES ARE DELIVERED ALREADY PAINTED AND WITH GLASS IN PLACE. OTHER SECTIONS HAVE A FINISHED CEILING FOR ONE STORY AND A FLOOR FOR THE ONE ABOVE.

To House a Nation *Continued*

made loans to members of the farm to the amount of 1,200,000 rubles.

Collective farm villages are being rebuilt in various parts of the country. The Byelorussian Planning Institute for Village and Collective Farm Construction has drawn up modernization plans for 200 villages and is preparing plans for another 120.

Housing Is Planned

Whole residential districts are carefully planned to include park, shopping and entertainment areas and to provide each apartment with maximum light, space and convenience. Moscow's southwest district, the scene of a big housing development now in construction, is a case in point. The spacious apartments are well equipped. Heat, hot water, light and gas are supplied from a central heat and power station. Basement garages for car-owners will store and service cars.

The district is provided with a shopping center, restaurants, a mechanically operated bakery, a large market. Five hospitals, several clinics, a maternity home and a center for education in hygiene are being built. The district will have sixty nursery schools, eighty kindergartens, two music schools for children and forty ten-year combined elementary and secondary schools, each to be built on a plot running from two and a half to three and a half acres, to allow for wide lawns.

To provide sport facilities for the district, ten stadiums, nine indoor and outdoor swimming pools and a summer ice-skating rink are being built, and each of the apartment houses are provided with children's

playgrounds and courts for volleyball, tennis and basketball.

This wide-scale planning and over-all construction is made possible in large measure by the fact that land in the Soviet Union is not privately owned; all land is in public ownership. It is therefore feasible to plan not single districts alone but whole cities. Magnitogorsk in the Urals, Komsomolsk-on-Amur in the Far East, Kirovsk on the Kola Peninsula, Angarsk in Siberia, Alpatyevsk in the Tatar Republic and some other cities were built as integrated units.

One of the major problems which city planners are working on at present is to relieve overcrowding in the larger cities by building companion towns close by with widespread park areas. Such towns as Darnitsa near Kiev, Bakal near Chelyabinsk, Sumgait at Baku, Rustavi near Tbilisi, and Volzhski near Stalingrad originally grew up around large industrial enterprises and were not designed with the specific function of relieving congestion in the cities close by, but the experience acquired in building these towns has been very fruitful in planning the new companion towns.

These towns will be built adjacent to forest areas, lakes and rivers, along electrified railway lines and motor highways. Selected factories from the larger nearby city will be moved to the companion town to cut down travel time to and from work. Since, however, some of the companion town residents will be working in the city, architects plan to locate the town no farther than an hour's travel from the city. Planners incline to limit the towns to populations of from forty to eighty thousand. They think these figures provide the best and most healthful

living conditions with maximum modern conveniences. The two and four-story apartment houses will be built to standard design.

Prefabricated Apartment Houses

The vast scale on which building is done in the Soviet Union requires that an industrial technique be used. As in the production of big industrial machinery, sections of a building are constructed at different plants and are assembled at the construction site. A prefabricated reinforced concrete apartment house is really not construction in the old sense of the term. It is an assembly of parts made at various factories, which can be erected with speed and maximum efficiency.

This is particularly true for large-block and large-panel construction. In putting up Moscow apartment houses, like those on Peschannaya Street, wall panels with window openings, staircase landings, flights of stairs and floors are put together. Frames, doors and sashes are delivered to the construction site completely ready for assembly and installation, painted and with glass panes already set in.

This assembly method of prefabricated structural elements is used in Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, Magnitogorsk and other of the larger cities. It makes possible greater speed, saves labor and allows for more economical construction. It is by virtue of these savings that the five-year plan now in operation calls for a sixfold increase in the production of prefabricated reinforced concrete over the previous five-year period.

The extremes of climate create problems which do not exist in countries with more even temperatures and make construction generally more expensive. Engineers last year tackled the troublesome problem of building in permanent frost regions. In Yakutsk, until very recently, only wooden houses were built. Brick foundations tended to settle when the ground thawed and develop cracks in the structure. Engineers tried a foundation of reinforced concrete pillars, with aired cellars, to allow for a constant circulation of air under the buildings. Handsome brick houses, resting on huge reinforced concrete piles, now tower in the center of Yakutsk.

Prefabricated construction has developed a whole new variety of building machinery and tools. There are machines that prepare materials, those that fabricate parts and those that prepare whole sections of interiors such as bathrooms and kitchens.

This highly organized type of modern building has developed alongside a modern science of construction which cuts across national boundaries. Soviet builders have incorporated and refined many of the technical advances developed by American and European builders. The country's seventy construction research centers led by the Academy of Construction and Architecture have, in turn, made their contribution to better housing.

A New Architectural Style

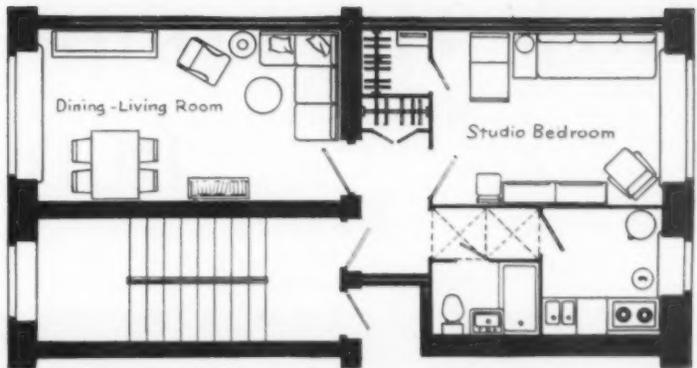
Of recent years, Soviet architects have abandoned many of the tendencies of the past which proved ill-advised. For example, the old inclination toward pseudo-monumentalism, a completely non-functional approach, has long been discarded.

While the stress in housing construction these days is on prefabricated parts and standardized materials, architectural design varies according to national tastes and traditions in different parts of the country. City planning is directed toward large housing projects with an eye to maximum comforts and conveniences for the dweller and to lawn and garden area. Architects have also revised building heights downward. Moscow's apartment buildings run from eight to fourteen stories. The future basic building unit will be the four to five-story house with one or two bedroom apartments.

The first such large block of houses made up of apartments of varying types but all carefully designed as model apartments will be ready for occupancy in a few months. Architects will then choose the best of these apartments, in the judgment of the tenants, as models for mass-scale construction.

Soviet architects have been searching for a new architectural style which will blend with modern building techniques and new materials. Such uncritical adaptation of classical architectural forms as the "decoration" of the façade with two-story-high columns is very much a thing of the past.

Architectural competitions now under way in the Soviet Union for designs for houses, schools, theaters, and resort buildings are aimed at fostering a new architectural style that will abstract the basic values of the total architectural heritage and relate them aesthetically to modern building concepts.



PLAN OF A TWO-ROOM APARTMENT. RENT IS FIGURED AT THREE CENTS A SQUARE FOOT OF LIVING SPACE, AND DOES NOT INCLUDE KITCHEN, BATHROOM OR HALLS.



SIMPLE FURNISHINGS REPLACE THE OLDER, MORE CUMBERSOME DESIGNS. ABOVE: CORNER OF A LIVING ROOM. BELOW: DINING AREA OF A LIVING-DINING ROOM.



HOW THE KONDRATYEVS

BUDGET THEIR INCOME



MIKHAIL KONDRATYEV, AN AUTOMOBILE PLANT FITTER FROM THE CITY OF GORKY ON THE VOLGA RIVER.

One Family's Living Costs

The summary of the living costs of Kondratyev's family, drawn from the following article, is fairly representative of the budget of a worker's family of five.

Total income of the family is 2,270 rubles per month after tax deductions. The husband is a fitter in an automobile factory, the wife holds a part-time teaching job. Rent and utilities take 4.7 per cent of the budget; all

taxes for the family total 9 per cent. After food, rent and all taxes, the family has 36 per cent of its total income left for clothing, recreation, culture and savings.

There is no allocation for medical or dental care, social security or old age insurance because all of these items are fully covered without charge by governmental budget appropriations, along with guaranteed full employment.

By Leon Bagramov

What are the living costs of an average worker's family in the Soviet Union?

With that question as my assignment, I arranged to meet Mikhail Kondratyev, a fitter in the automobile plant in the city of Gorky, on the Volga River, some 250 miles east of Moscow. Kondratyev's job is a skilled one and the plant is one of the largest industrial units in the country.

Kondratyev has a wife and two children. I would guess his age to be about forty. He is a calm, unhurried type of man who appears to know what he wants and where he is going.

Because the questions I had to ask were necessarily personal, I felt a little hesitation at first, but the Kondratyevs proved to be good natured and most cooperative.

Wages Plus Extras

To return to the beginning, however, I met Mikhail Kondratyev for luncheon at the Gorky plant and immediately set out on my task. "How much do you make?" I asked.

"It varies. You see we have a piecework system here. Some months I make more, some less."

"An average figure, then."

"It averages about 1,600 rubles a month."

"That comes to 19,200 rubles a year," I figured aloud. "About 400 rubles a week, and since you work a 46-hour week you make approximately nine rubles an hour."

"That's right," he agreed.

"How do your earnings compare with others in the plant?"

"Well, I'm not in the low bracket, but I'm not at the top, either. It all depends on the job. Take my friend Alexander Tyurin. He's a drop hammerman and never gets less than 2,000 rubles a month. That's about average for the forge shop. Alexei Kositsyn, a job-setter in my shop, runs to about 2,500 rubles; another friend, Volkov, is a pattern-maker and a real crackerjack at the trade. He took his month's vacation recently and got his average month's pay of 3,000 rubles."

"How much vacation do you get?"

"Two weeks. But that depends on the job too. Die makers, drop hammermen and foundry workers get a full month, but their work is harder and more wearing. But I actually get a month's vacation."

"I was in the navy during the war and contracted an inflammation of the spinal nerve endings. It's not too serious and doesn't keep me from working, but occasionally it catches up with me and I get extra time for treatment and rest. It is pretty well cleared up now."

"How are you paid for vacation?"

"For my regular two weeks, I get my full average wages. For time over that I'm paid ninety per cent of my wages by the state social insurance fund."

Kondratyev told me he had been getting regular treatment for his condition in sanatoria in the Caucasus, the Crimea and the Baltic coast. Accommodations in these resort areas run from 900 to 1,200 rubles a month. But Mikhail, like other workers, pays only a third of the total, the remainder being covered by his trade union out of the state social insurance fund toward which workers make no contributions.

In addition to getting 90 per cent of his wages while undergoing treatment at the reduced rates, he gets 200 rubles for traveling expenses, also paid out of the social insurance fund.

The Family Income

On the following day I met the rest of the family. Kondratyev's wife, Alexandra, a tall, blue-eyed blonde; her mother, quite chipper for her age; and the two children: Nina, age seven with dangling pigtails, and three-year-old Yura, youngest and noisiest of the family.

Alexandra wanted all the news of Moscow before she'd let me begin asking questions. That finished, we began.

"You told me yesterday," I reminded Mikhail, "that your pay averages 1,600 rubles a month. How much of this is take-home—after tax deductions?"

"About 1,470 rubles," he replied. Tax deductions amount to slightly less than 9 per cent of a worker's total income.

Turning to his wife, I asked if she kept the family accounts. Alexandra smiled and answered: "Not a good guess. My mother manages the house. I help when I can, but I teach mathematics part-time in a high school. I much prefer that to housekeeping, and still I have lots of time to be with the children. You see I get a two-month paid vacation, and also the regular spring and winter school vacations. I enjoy my job and although it's not at all necessary for me to work in order to make ends meet, the extra kopeck does come in handy."

"How many rubles are packed into that kopeck?"

She laughed. "Eight hundred."

"After tax deductions?"

"Yes, that's my take-home."

I went to figuring again and stated the family earnings at 2,270 rubles per month after taxes or 27,240 per year. (The ruble's official exchange value is four per dollar.)

With the income and tax questions resolved, we turned to expenses and other outgo.

The Kondratyevs set a good table of substantial if not fancy food and find that it takes approximately half their income. They consume a weekly average of 15 pounds of meat and fish, about 16 quarts of milk, and some fifty-sixty pounds of fruit and vegetables.

Mikhail likes to garden and the family raises some vegetables in one of the individual plots for kitchen gardens furnished to plant employees at an annual rental of four rubles—about the price of an evening movie. And the rental includes plowing and hauling by the plant's tractors or trucks.

Just two years ago the family moved into an apartment in a new housing project. Their rent is just two per cent of their income or 42 rubles a month without utilities. Rent for everybody in the country is based on actual living space and the kitchen, bath, corridors and so forth are provided without charge. The utilities add 74 rubles a month and cover electricity, steam heat and hot water. This gave me a figure of about five per cent for rent and all the utility services for a month, which is customary as rent never exceeds four to five per cent of income.

When the Kondratyevs moved to the new apartment, Alexandra, woman-like, just had to have a little new furniture. So they invested in another bed, table, sideboard and a late model radio set for 2,715 rubles. This was a straight cash transaction from accumulated savings. They operate on a strictly cash basis and prefer it that way. As Mikhail said: "I'd hate to have anything around not paid for."

Last year the family laid out 3,800 rubles for clothing: two men's and one boys' suits; two women's and children's winter overcoats;

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ALEXANDRA KONDRATYEVA RELAXES FROM HER TEACHING BY SEWING FOR DAUGHTER.





ALEXANDRA'S PART-TIME TEACHING ADDS TO BUDGET.



"IF WE WIN IN THE BOND LOTTERY, I GET A NEW DRESS," SHE SAYS AS HUSBAND READS THE LIST OF WINNERS.



PLANT LUNCHEON BREAK OFTEN INCLUDES DOMINOES.

HOW THE KONDRATYEVS BUDGET THEIR INCOME *Continued from page 7*

some dresses for the mother and daughter, and shoes for everybody. There was an additional 800-ruble item for linens and undergarments.

The Kondratyevs are regular movie fans and take in most of the domestic and foreign films, attending either a movie house or the showings at the plant's recreation center. They spend about forty rubles monthly for films and attend the theater or opera about 12 times annually—about the average for many workers. The city of Gorky with its 880,000 population has five theaters, including an opera and a philharmonic hall. These monthly trips to the theater are an occasion—and the Kondratyevs blow themselves to orchestra or dress circle seats at 15 rubles a pair.

Inveterate readers, the family borrows most of its books from a branch of the city library, but once in a while they invest in a volume they want to keep. Last year book buying took 325 rubles, including supplemental texts for the children and books on educational methods for Alexandra. They also subscribe to a daily paper and magazines, adding 110 rubles to the outlay for reading.

Like many another Soviet family, the Kondratyevs have established the habit of setting aside a portion of their income to accumulate money for large purchases. Mikhail has a savings account in the local bank for this purpose.

From time to time the family buys a government bond. These bonds pay interest in the form of lottery winnings and last year the Kondratyevs won 600 rubles.

Invisible Income

"No more questions?" Mikhail asked with a smile.

"Haven't you had enough?"

"Well," he said, "about everything but the most important one."

"What's that?" I replied.

"It's something you cannot put down in figures," he said. "The big thing is I feel we are moving ahead—getting somewhere. Of course there are many things I still don't have. I wouldn't mind having more money or getting a car—my wife might want more pretty things—and so on. But when I think back to what I started with, I can really see how far we've come. Twenty years ago I was only an unskilled laborer. Now I have a trade. Before we lived in a factory barracks. Now we have this nice apartment. Although I didn't finish grade school, my wife went through college. Her father was an ordinary farmer.

"We live a full life now. And we have few worries about our children, their education and future. When they finish school they can go on to any college and select the career they want. Tuition is absolutely free even through college. And they'll receive scholarships, too, for their maintenance. If they choose an art or a musical career, they can go to the best schools or conservatories without cost. Right now we can send them to a kindergarten or summer camp and pay only a small portion of the actual cost of accommodations. We don't care to do so now, but perhaps later we'll take advantage of this opportunity.

"When the two children were stricken with flu and tonsillitis this year the doctor made ten house calls . . . at no cost." Mikhail explained that he was examined and treated at the clinic twelve times, and Alexandra five times. Although the family spent thirty rubles for drugs, there was no charge for any medical or dental services. All are absolutely free to everyone. A minor illness or a major operation by a first-class specialist—a single filling or a complete set of dentures—all come under the free services guaranteed all citizens for life. When Alexandra had the two children she received special prenatal care, had the children in a fine maternity hospital without paying a ruble and got eleven weeks maternity leave on top of her two months paid vacation.

"Alexandra and I have no doubts for ourselves, either," Mikhail went on. "Our jobs are guaranteed. We have no fear of unemployment. I can change over to another job, or get another task here at the plant. Should I be disabled in any way I still draw a substantial portion of my average pay. My old-age pension will give me 800 rubles a month plus 15 per cent for each dependent—without deductions."

Mikhail stopped and smiled, a little embarrassed. "Excuse me for making so long a speech—but that's what I meant when I said you hadn't asked the most important question."

Kondratyev said he had seen so much progress he was absolutely certain that all the things he wanted would be coming soon for both himself and his family. He recalled the series of price reductions in food and consumer goods since the end of the Second World War, and added that "only last year the old-age pension law was changed to increase benefits, so were disability pensions. School fees previously collected for higher education were abolished, paid maternity leave granted universally to all women was increased from 77 to 112 days, the working day was cut without reducing wages.

"All told, these social security measures and other benefits we enjoy add a third to every worker's income. Those things are invisible income for any family. They increase the purchasing power of our ruble. We are accustomed to them and regard them as part of our income, as a share of our cash earnings. They are now a fixture in our way of life." ■



BEVERAGES FOR ENTERTAINING ARE LISTED AS INCIDENTALS BY THE KONDRATYEVs.

SOME HUMOR AT THE THEATER. BOTH MOVIES AND THE THEATER ARE GREATLY ENJOYED BY THE COUPLE, AND THEY REGARD BOTH AS NECESSARY TO THEIR CULTURAL LIFE.



Shortly before the ice broke up on the turbulent Kuban River and its water flowed once more over the plains of the North Caucasus, the collective farm which bears the name of the river held a general meeting to discuss the results of the past year and to elect a new executive board, since the term of office of the old one would soon expire.

The large club auditorium was filled, and many people had to stand in the hall, where the hum of voices could be heard under a haze of tobacco. Each farmer had a vote in the decisions, and nobody wanted to be left out.

When the chairman of the executive board, who was making the report, announced that

the farm had turned out more than twenty-six million rubles' worth of produce in 1956—two million more than in 1955—he was interrupted:

"We could have done better!"

There was a murmur of approval in the hall, and the speaker, laying down his notes, had to agree.

"That's true. Of course, the incomes of our farmers in the past five years have nearly quadrupled, the average income of the family has increased from 8,000-10,000 to 30,000-40,000 rubles a year. But I won't deny that we could do better."

The farmers discussed the chairman's re-

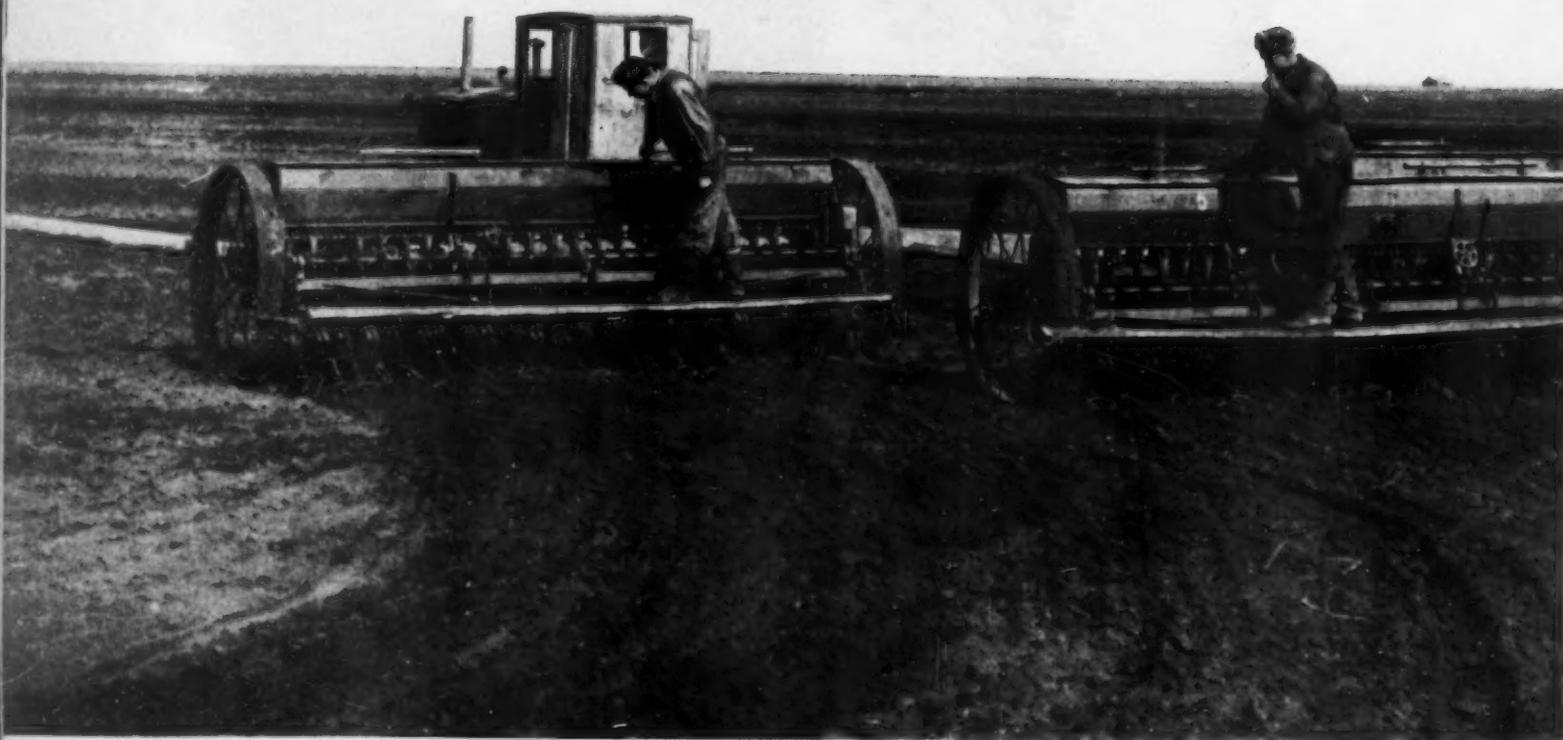
port, making less of their achievements than of the possibilities that had been neglected.

And this Kuban farm has many possibilities. It covers an area of 25,000 acres of wheat, corn, sunflowers, hemp and tobacco. It has vegetable gardens and orchards, thousands of cows, sheep and pigs, about 15,500 chickens, ducks and geese in the poultry section, and an apiary with 500 hives.

The main agricultural work on the farm is mechanized by state machine and tractor stations. The farm's inventory includes five power plants, three mills, a brickyard, a woodworking shop, a machine shop, an incubator which cost a million rubles to build, twenty-eight

SPRING ON A COLLECTIVE FARM

By Mikhail Sukhanov





SPRING SOWING PLAN IS WORKED OUT BY THE COLLECTIVE FARM EXECUTIVE BOARD. IT IS THEN DISCUSSED, CHANGED IF NEED BE, AND ADOPTED BY ALL FARM MEMBERS.

trucks, five tractors and a radio center. There are three clubs, open every night, with libraries and large auditoriums for showing movies and giving concerts.

All this belongs to the 1,158 families of the village of Konstantinovskaya who have voluntarily joined together to form the Kuban Collective Farm. It is their farm and they decide how to run it. Whatever they produce is theirs to dispose of as they see fit. The harder they work, the more they have.

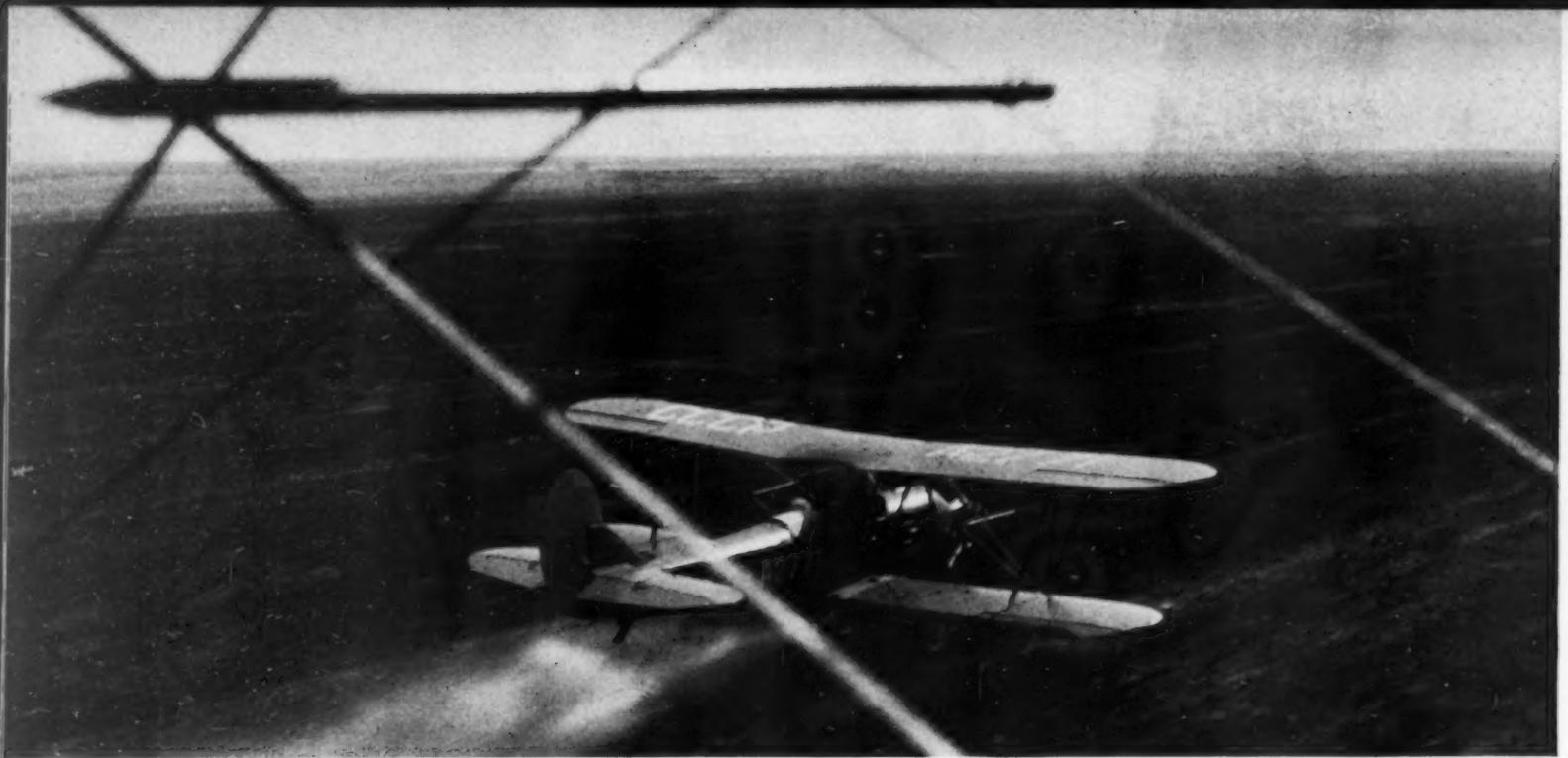
The farmers decide what funds are to be set aside for the farm's maintenance, equipment and expansion and the amount to be spent for various other things, including the social and cultural activities of the farm as a whole. What is left is divided among the membership. The kind of work a farmer does and the amount are the only things that determine how much he earns.

When the harvest is in and the accounting made, the farm sells a specified amount of produce to the state and gets a good price for

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◀ There's no law that says you can't ask your girl to a movie while preparing spring seed for sowing.



PLANES ARE USED FOR POLLINATING AND FERTILIZING THE FIELDS AND GARDENS. LATER IN THE SEASON, THEY ARE USED FOR SPRAYING AND DUSTING THE PLANTS.

**SPRING
ON A
COLLECTIVE
FARM** *Continued*

it. If the farmers decide to sell the surplus to the state, they get an even higher price. However, they can sell it on the open market if they prefer. The problem of overproduction doesn't exist. There's always a ready buyer.

In addition to the things the farmers own jointly, each family has as its own personal property, a house, a garden, cattle and poultry.

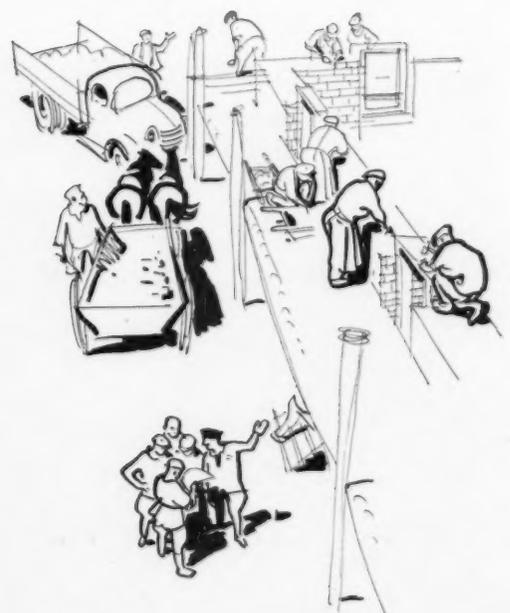
The collective farm fields are cultivated with tractors and other machinery supplied by machine and tractor stations on a contractual basis. Airplanes are used for pollinating and fertilizing the fields and gardens. Automatic watering devices as well as a mechanized kitch-

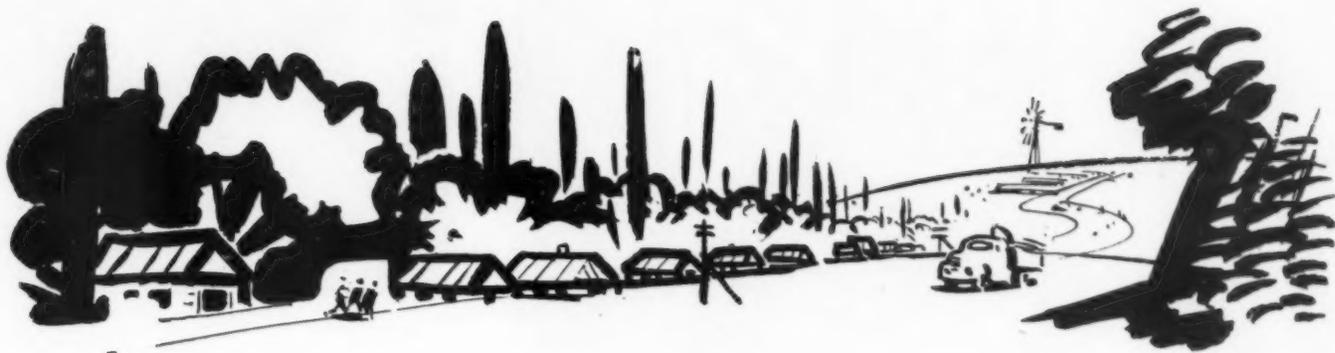
en for the mixing of fodder have been installed at the livestock section. Mechanization enables the farmers to run their huge enterprises efficiently.

Machine and tractor stations have been a tremendous aid to the farmer. In a sense, it is the way the government has subsidized mechanization of agriculture. The cost to the farmer is nominal, but the advantages are many. Since each machine and tractor station works the fields of many farms, there is no problem of idle time of machinery. The equipment is up-to-date and the operating costs are low. The farm does not have to employ service crews or



LARGE MACHINERY IS SUPPLIED TO THE COLLECTIVE FARM BY STATE MACHINE AND TRACTOR STATIONS.





worry about repairs. The stations have staffs of agronomists and technicians whose advice is available whenever it is needed. It all helps to lower the cost of production, and the farmer knows it.

The time has passed when the farmer was at the mercy of nature and its vagaries. In spite of unfavorable weather conditions last year, the collective farm harvested more than thirty-seven bushels of wheat per acre. The

other crops grown on the farm produced good harvests, too, with the exception of hemp.

But to return to the meeting. The farmer Dmitri Milshin, a little old man, stood near the platform.

"We all know," he said, "that the better things go for the farm, the better things are in every home. In my family we earned about 30,000 rubles last year and we're building a bigger house."

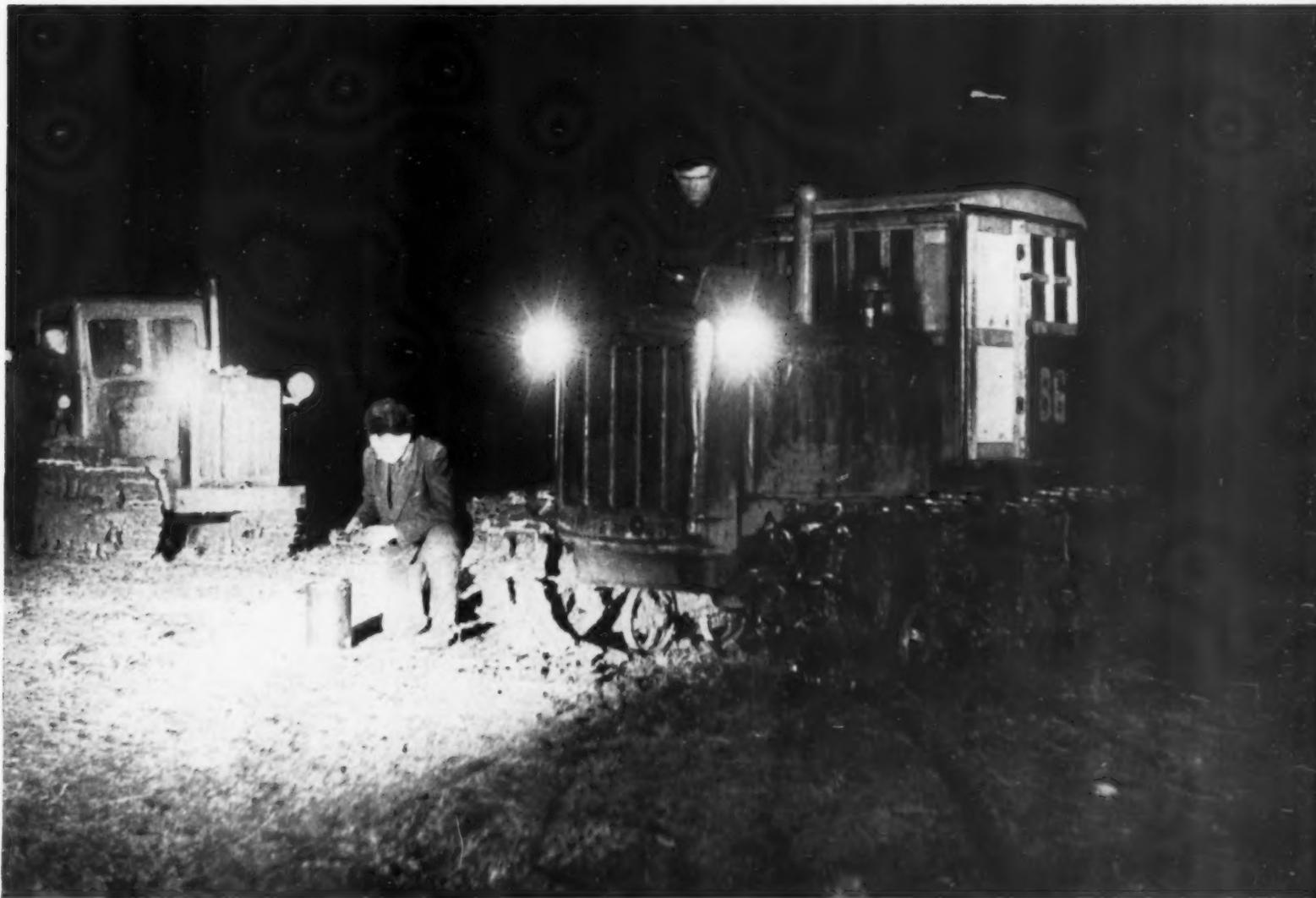
"What are you boasting about?" a woman's voice interjected. "You're not the only one. Almost the whole village has been rebuilt."

The little old man was slightly embarrassed, but waved his hand and added:

"Who's boasting? The reason I mentioned it is that I don't want to move my old furniture into the new house. I'd like to buy new things, but there isn't enough money. And

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FLOODLIGHTS ILLUMINATE THE FIELDS, AND PREPARATIONS ARE MADE FOR NIGHT SOWING. THE COLLECTIVE FARM PAYS ONLY A NOMINAL FEE FOR USING THESE MACHINES.





SPRING CLEANING IS WORK, BUT FRESHLY PAINTED WALLS AND SPARKLING WINDOWS MAKE IT WORTHWHILE.

SPRING
ON A
COLLECTIVE
FARM *Continued*

SCIENCE REACHES OUT EVEN TO REMOTE RURAL AREAS. THESE LABS HELP REMOVE GUESSWORK FROM FARMING.



Farm's new incubator which cost a million rubles. With 15,500 chickens, soon things will be lively.

there would be if our executive board were on its toes."

The board's smallest mistake had not escaped the farmers. They complained that the production of a pound of meat cost more than on the neighboring farm, that the milk output was too low and that not enough attention was being paid to improving the cattle, or to the orchards and vineyards.

Fourth Term for the Chairman

It was important to increase the variety of agricultural produce, but that was not enough. The cost of production had to be cut, too.



Collective farm membership is not static. Here a recently joined member gives a neighbor a light.

This was the chief demand expressed by all.

The meeting ended late. As the farmers noisily left the hall, Fyodor Buzyanov, a tall man with lively dark eyes, put away his papers. He had just been elected chairman for the fourth time.

When Buzyanov was a youngster, his father died, and he started to work in the fields at a very early age. His love of the soil decided his life's work. It is twenty years since he graduated from the Timiryazev Agricultural Academy and he is an experienced agronomist and an able organizer.

Buzyanov listens carefully when the farmers discuss the work of the farm. He's a good chairman precisely because he takes the opinions and suggestions of the members seriously. He encourages initiative and makes sure that each farmer does the work he prefers and is best suited for.

In his six years as chairman of the farm, Fyodor Buzyanov has gotten to know the people he works with pretty well. He's not the only man who directs their work, of course. Other members of the board and the farmers in charge of field teams help him. The chairman's assistants are elected by the farmers themselves, and they pick the most energetic and experienced men on the farm.

Anatoli Zborovets was elected assistant chairman, and he has proved himself a very good organizer. Anatoli Kudinov, whom the farmers put in charge of field work, ran things so well that his team was soon the best on the farm.

Spring Chores

As the days passed, the demands of the season grew more and more insistent, compelling the men in the orchard and in the new village park to trim the trees, the kitchen gardeners to busy themselves with frames, the smiths to shod the horses, the tractor drivers to inspect their machines and put them in working order.

There wasn't a man on the farm who didn't have his work cut out for him. The agronomists and mechanics took stock of the plans of the brigades and the timetable of the tractor drivers, the livestock farmers fixed the fodder rations for the pasture period, the collective farm shops put up mobile booths for trade in the field, the directors of the kindergartens, of which there are five on the farm, stocked new toys and other equipment for their charges, whose mothers would go to work in the fields, and the smallest children gravely floated their little paper boats on the vernal brooks and puddles.

Glad of the sun, the housewives cleaned windows, which were now flung open, and had their cottages painted. The hum of saws could be heard over the entire village. The building season had come.

It was on a morning like this that a heated discussion took place in one of the collective farm offices. Joseph Voronin, the chief agronomist of the farm, proposed that the area sowed to corn be extended. The plan for crop distribution had been drawn up before spring.

and this would change it. His arguments were weighty enough, but Buzyanov and Kudinov didn't agree with him. Zborovets had not yet given his opinion. He was still examining the old plan. Maria Pavlova was in charge of raising corn with a group of ten girls. It was she who put an end to the argument when she sided with the agronomist. Zborovets, too, supported her.

"If that's how you feel about it," said the chairman. "we'll have to extend the land under corn."

The opinion of the group is the principle on which direction of the economic life of the collective farm is based. This guarantees a correct solution of all problems, including where, when and what to sow.

The farm expects a great deal from this spring. The members plan to increase the output of agricultural produce in 1957 by four million rubles and to raise the personal incomes of the members by 12 per cent. And this is not mere guesswork!

The plan for the current year has been well thought out and there is no reason for it not to be a success. It was drawn up by specialists, discussed before collective farm meetings and approved by the farmers at a membership meeting. A good deal to ensure its success was done during the cold weather. Agronomy and zoology courses were attended by hundreds of farmers all winter. These farmers don't go into their work blindly. They have a good knowledge of the requirements of modern science and use it. ■

ENJOYING THEIR LEISURE TIME TOGETHER THESE FARM GIRLS STOP TO HAVE THEIR PICTURE TAKEN.



THE NAZI INVADERS LEFT 25 MILLION PEOPLE HOMELESS IN SOVIET CITIES, TOWNS AND VILLAGES.

WE SHALL NEVER FORGET THE WAR'S HORRORS

The date June 22 is burned into the memory of the Soviet people as one of sadness and bitter remembrance. On this day sixteen years ago, the gray dawn found Nazi armies suddenly attacking our country without declaring war.

The Luftwaffe sowed death from peaceful summer skies. Lumbering tanks and the motorized legions of the Panzer divisions trampled lush growing crops and ruthlessly shot down adults and children alike.

The war with its horrible suffering continued four long years until at last the tide turned. Defeats were succeeded by victories. Then triumph crowned the united arms of the anti-Hitler coalition of nations led by the Soviet Union, the United States, Britain and France.

With peace, the war's astounding cost could be summed up. A total of seven million Soviet people died at the front and in Nazi-occupied territory. There were 25 million people homeless. More than 1,700 cities and towns and 70,000 villages were destroyed or severely damaged. Property damage equaled 170 billion dollars.

But not all the damage can be figured in terms of money, and it is impossible to replace everything that was lost—the fathers and sons killed or maimed, the children crippled, the priceless cultural and historical treasures ravaged, the time lost in the people's progress toward fuller lives.

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▲ Postwar scene in a Byelorussian village. Incalculable work went into the rehabilitation of 70,000 burned or destroyed villages left in the wake of retreating enemy.



▲ Ruins of the famous palace of Petrodvoretz near Leningrad, built in the early eighteenth century by the Russian architect, Varfolomey Rastrelli, who is of Italian origin. Among thousands of cultural edifices ruined or partly wrecked by invaders were 427 museums and 2,697 churches.



▲ Many Leningraders and guests from afar attended the opening of the Petrodvoretz palace and fountains after they were restored. Recovery of cultural facilities was a major task of the country's postwar reconstruction, but many priceless historic treasures were lost forever.

The country's postwar reconstruction program included a tremendous job of rebuilding 1,710 cities and towns in the mostly populated areas that had been completely or partly destroyed by the Nazi invaders. Photo shows Minsk, Byelorussian capital, after the expulsion of the enemy.



◀ Boulevard in a residential section of restored Minsk. Now the city has far more housing than before the war and its people have a much better community. There are many new industries providing an ever-growing stream of goods for the country's markets and offering thousands of jobs for the increasing population.



A new postwar school. Nazi-occupied territories lost 82,000 schools attended by 15 million pupils. The war toll also included 939 colleges, universities and scientific institutes looted or destroyed. Now the number of schools in the country is nearing the 200,000 mark, the number of college and university students reached two million or almost double the prewar figure.

This railway station in Smolensk was only one of 4,100 that were ruined by the invading forces. The enemy destroyed 41,000 of the country's 65,000 miles of track, 13,000 railway bridges, damaged or stole 15,800 locomotives and 428,000 cars.

▼ New railway station in the city of Smolensk built on ruins (see bottom picture). The country's railway system not only regained but greatly exceeded its prewar level. The volume of freight traffic in 1956 was 2.6 times larger than in 1940.





Completely or partly wrecked and flooded shafts and ruined surface plants were all the Nazi armies left of the mines in the Donbas, the country's most important coal producing center. Here and in the Moscow basin they destroyed or looted 1,135 mines with an annual production of over 100 million tons of coal—almost two-thirds that of the 1940 total national volume.



A restored mine in the Donbas. Postwar reconstruction program was not limited to restoration of the wrecked coal industry, a task of tremendous proportions, but dozens of new mines were opened on formerly occupied territory and in other areas. The program also included introduction of many new types of equipment. Today, the nation's coal production is 2.6 times the 1940 level.



The Nazi invaders severely damaged consumer industries. Postwar additions have expanded these industries to a level far above the 1940 volume, but the country's demand for many kinds of consumer goods still exceeds production.



This new livestock farm in an Estonian village is typical of what has been built in the Soviet countryside since the war. The scope of reconstruction can be estimated from the fact that approximately 40 per cent of the nation's agriculture—farms, machines, livestock and crops—had been destroyed or plundered by the occupying forces. The farmers received government aid, and now the collective and state farms have long since exceeded their prewar level in both equipment and production.

WE SHALL NEVER FORGET THE WAR'S HORRORS

Continued from page 16

Because of the vast and deliberate havoc caused by the enemy, there were skeptics abroad who believed the Soviet Union would be reduced to the position of a second-rank power, or that at least it would take long years of tedious work to mend the scars of war. Naturally enough, restoration of the war-ravaged economy was not an easy task. It consumed truly titanic energy and vast amounts of the nation's resources.

Great sacrifices were made willingly by the people, however, and this paid off in the final results. Now industrial output exceeds the prewar level by almost four times, and living standards are also higher than in the prewar period. Even so, it is evident that the nation's progress was greatly hindered by the war.

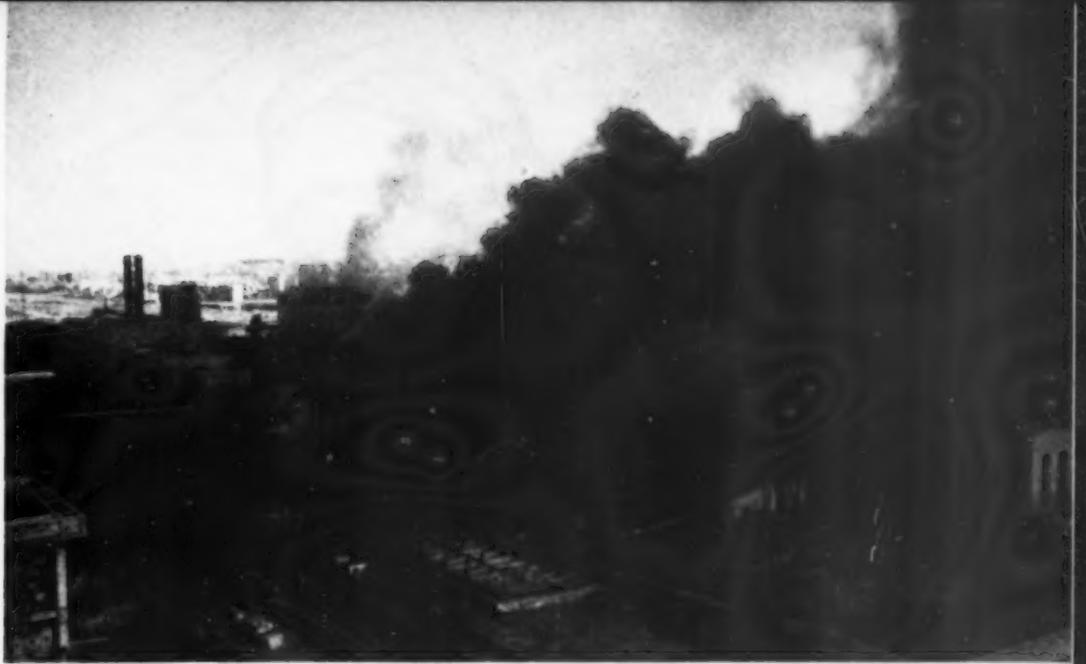
Had it not been for the toll the war took in losses and sacrifices, much more would have been achieved. Its consequences are still felt in such fields as housing, although thousands of villages and towns have been built anew and millions of houses and apartments erected along with new buildings for colleges, theaters and schools.

Our people have a deep hatred of war. It is a hatred born of the firsthand knowledge of the misery, sacrifice and suffering it brings. ■

Monument in Tallinn, capital of Estonia, to Soviet soldiers who fought to liberate their country. People in every town and village gratefully remember those who made supreme sacrifice for victory of anti-fascist coalition.



The Nazi invaders set fire to iron, steel and metal working plants at Dniepropetrovsk. As a result of the destruction on occupied territory, the country's metal production was cut in half. The total loss of all industry as a whole was 31,850 enterprises employing 4 million workers.



View inside a shop in a restored tube-rolling mill in the city of Dniepropetrovsk. This plant is but one in a vast program of reconstruction carried out on formerly occupied territory. Industry in other parts of the country has expanded and the nation regained its prewar level of production as far back as the year 1948. This level has now been exceeded by about four times.



The victory celebrations in the year 1945. V-E Day in Moscow is shown in the photo below with American soldiers joining street throngs in their mutual joy over the war's end. In the photo at the left you see American and Soviet generals shaking hands near the German city of Torgau, on the Elbe River, where the allied troops met.





A MAN'S LIFE

By Mikhail Sholokhov

The first spring after the war was an unusually vigorous and persistent one on the upper reaches of the Don. The warm, gusty winds blew in from the Azov at the end of March and in two days stripped the sands bare on the left bank of the river. The ravines and gullies in the steppes were swollen with snow and the rivulets dashed madly into play, breaking through their covering of ice. The roads were nearly impassable.

And it was in that inclement season of bogged-down roads that I had to journey to the Cossack village of Bukanovskaya, not a great distance—only forty miles or so—but a hard stretch. My friend and I set off before sunrise, and though our pair of well-fed horses stretched the braces to bursting point, they were just barely able to drag our lumbering cart through the mud.

Where the going was especially hard we would get down and walk alongside. It was not easy to tramp through the deep wet snow underfoot, but the shoulders of the road fringed with ice crystals that sparkled in the sun made even harder walking. It took us some six hours to cover a distance of twenty miles and reach the crossing of the Yelanka River. A small stream during the summer, it now overflowed its banks by a full half-mile onto the floodlands. We let the horses go, since there was an old jeep waiting for us across the river. The driver and I gingerly took our places in a leaky, flat-bottomed boat that had room for only two of us, while my friend stayed behind with our belongings. No sooner had we pushed off than little fountains sprang up through the half-rotted bottom. We stopped up the holes with whatever lay at hand and bailed until we reached the other side. It took us an hour to make the crossing. The driver then brought the jeep down to the pier and got back into the boat.

"If this damned tub doesn't fall apart in the water," he said, "I'll be back with your friend in two hours. Don't expect us any sooner."

The silence at the pier was as complete as it is in deserted places only in the depth of autumn and early spring. The moist air was full of the bitter fragrance of decaying alders. A broken fence gate lay on a strip of sand by the water, a good place to sit down and have a smoke. But pushing my hand into the right pocket of an old padded army jacket I had put on for the trip, I was vexed to find that my package of Belomors was wet through. I tenderly extracted the cigarettes—they were all wet and brown—and laid them out on a fallen fence post one by one. It was noon and the sun was as warm as in May. The cigarettes would soon be dry, I hoped. This was the first really warm day since winter and it was good to be sitting there, alone and with quiet all around.

After a while, I saw a man on the road coming toward the river. He was leading a little boy by the hand, a child of five or six. They walked slowly toward me, as though they had come a long way. The tall man, his shoulders somewhat bent, detoured around the jeep, came up close and hailed me in a slow, tired bass: "How are you, brother?"

"How do you do?" I shook his hard, calloused hand.

"Say hello to this uncle, sonny." He bent

over the boy. "He drives a car too, just like your papa. Only you and I drive a truck and he runs this little jeep."

The boy raised his eyes to mine, as clear as a bright summer sky, and gave me his cold hand. The father unstrapped his thin knapsack and sat down alongside me. "This passenger of mine is a nuisance," he said. "He gets me all worn out. If I take a long step, he's got to start galloping. It's not easy to match one's pace with such a soldier. Where I would ordinarily take one stride, I've got to take three, and so we keep moving ahead like a horse and a turtle. And I've got to keep an eye on him all the time. The minute I turn away, he's splashing through puddles or breaking off an icicle to suck instead of candy. It's no small man's job to travel with such passengers and to rough it at that." He was silent for a while. "It's a sad business smoking alone, as sad as dying alone. But you're rolling in wealth, aren't you? Smoking cigarettes! Too bad you got them wet. Well, brother, tobacco that's wet is like a horse that's been doctored—good for nothing. We'd better roll us a smoke with my stuff."

He pulled out a worn tobacco pouch of purple silk from a pocket of his khaki trousers. On a corner of the bag, as he smoothed it, I could make out the stitched message: "To a dear soldier from a schoolgirl of the 6th form of Lebedyan Secondary School."

For a long time we sat puffing the coarse tobacco in silence. I was about to ask him where he was going with the child, what had urged him to travel in the spring thaw, but he forestalled me with questions of his own:

"You been at the wheel through the whole war?"

"Nearly."

"At the front?"

"Yes."

"Well, I got my share too, brother, had my fill of troubles to the brim."

He laid his big brown hands on his knees and slumped forward. I glanced at him and was strangely troubled. Have you ever seen a pair of eyes that seem to have been sprinkled with ashes, eyes filled with such grief and loneliness that it is hard to look at them?

He picked up a crooked twig and sat tracing figures in the sand for a moment.

"There are times," he said, "when you can't fall asleep at night and keep looking into the dark with empty eyes and wondering: 'Why has life mauled me like this, why punished me so?' And there's no answer—neither in the dark nor in the sunshine. . . . I don't suppose there'll ever be an answer." He came suddenly to himself and fondly urged his little son: "Go on, my dear, go play at the edge of the water. There are always things that little boys can find where there's a lot of water. Just see that you don't get your feet wet!"

I had been stealing glances at both father and son as we sat smoking. The boy was simply but properly dressed. Everything about him showed a woman's care, a pair of capable motherly hands. The long jacket lined with worn fleece sat well on him, and I could see that a tear in his sleeve had been stitched with an expert hand. But the father was dressed differently. His padded jacket had been patched carelessly and coarsely

where it had worn through in several spots. His army boots were nearly new, but the tops of his woolen socks were moth-eaten and obviously had never been touched by a woman's hand. I thought: "He's either a widower or just can't get along with his wife."

As though he read my thoughts, he started talking again:

"My life was ordinary enough at the beginning. I was born in Voronezh Gubernia in 1900. During the Civil War I served in the Red Army, in Kikvidze's division. In the famine of '22, I went to work as a hired hand for the rich farmers in the Kuban—that's how I survived. My father, mother and little sister at home died of hunger. And so I was left alone, with not a soul in the world. I returned from the Kuban within a year, sold the cottage and went to Voronezh where I first worked in a carpenter's co-op and then at a plant, learning the fitter's trade. Soon, I got married. My wife was an orphan brought up in a children's home. She was a good girl, I tell you. She was attentive and cheerful, helpful and clever, much too good for me. She had learned the meaning of spite and evil as a child and this, perhaps, told on her character. . . .

"In '29, I got a hankering for combustion engines, learned how to drive and took to the wheel of a truck. I was soon so used to it that I didn't want to go back to the plant. There was more fun behind the wheel, I thought. And that's how we lived for ten years and never noticed how they passed. They seem to have gone by in a dream. And what's ten years anyway? Just ask any elderly man if he's noticed how his life has gone by. Not a thing has he been able to notice! The past—it's like those far-away steppes in the haze out there. I was walking through them only this morning and all was distinct around me, but ten miles away, they were blurred in the mist and you couldn't distinguish the woods from the brush or the plowland from the meadows.

"I kept working day and night in those ten years and earned good wages, so that we lived no worse than other people. The children were a joy. All three were getting excellent marks at school, and Anatoli, the eldest, was so gifted in mathematics that the central newspaper published an article about him. Where he got the talent for this science is more than I can say. But I found it flattering, of course, and was proud of him. God, how proud!

"And then it came, the war! I was called up on the second day and had to entrain on the third. All four of my family came to see me off: Irina, Anatoli and my daughters, Nastenka and Olyushka. The children behaved well, though I could see the tears shine in the eyes of the girls now and then. Anatoli kept shuddering as though he were cold. He was sixteen years old by that time. But Irina, my Irina! I had never seen her in such a state in our seventeen years together.

"All night she had kept my shirt wet with her tears, and it was the same in the morning. When we came to the station, it hurt to look at her. Even her lips were swollen from the tears; her hair had come loose from under her kerchief, and her eyes were dim and uncomprehending.

Continued on page 22

A MAN'S LIFE *Continued*

"As the commander ordered us aboard, she fell on my breast, weaving her arms around my neck and shivering like a tree about to fall. The children tried to soothe her, and I did too, but nothing helped. The other women were talking to their sons and husbands, but mine clung to me like a leaf to a twig and only kept shuddering, unable to say a word.

"Pull yourself together," I kept saying. "Irinka, my darling! Please say one word to me in farewell!"

"She began to talk, sobbing over every word. 'Andryusha, my very own . . . We'll never see each other again . . . You and I . . . Never . . . in this world!'"

"My heart was just about breaking with pity for her, and there she was—saying such words. She should have realized that parting was not easy for me either. I wasn't going off to a pancake party at my mother-in-law's! And suddenly I lost my temper, tore her hands apart and pushed her gently at the shoulder. It seemed to me that I had pushed her gently, but I had a fool's strength, and she staggered back two or three paces. Then she came to me again with her short steps and outstretched hands, and I was shouting: 'Is that the way to say good-by? Are you trying to bury me ahead of time?' I took her in my arms again because I could see that she wasn't herself, and. . ."

He fell silent for a long time, trying to roll a cigarette in a bit of paper which fell to pieces, scattering the tobacco over his knees. But he finally managed to roll a cigarette, lighted it, inhaled greedily several times, then went on, clearing his throat:

"I tore myself away from Irina, held her face in my hands and kissed her, but her lips were as cold as ice. I embraced the children, ran down the platform and jumped onto the step of the moving coach. But the train was pulling out very slowly, and it was my luck to be carried back to—my own family. I looked at them and saw that the children, my poor deserted children, had huddled together. They were waving to me and trying hard to smile.

"And Irina! She was pressing her hands to her breast, her lips white as chalk, whispering something, staring at me without blinking, and leaning forward as though struggling against a strong wind. That's how I shall always remember her—with hands pressed to her breast, her lips white as chalk and wide eyes full of tears. That's how I see her in my dreams mostly. Why did I push her away that time? I feel as if my heart were pierced with a blunt knife every time I think of it.

"We were mustered at Belaya Tserkov in the Ukraine and I was given a truck which I drove to the front. There's no need to tell you about the war. You've seen it yourself and know how it was at the beginning. My family wrote to me often, but I answered rarely myself. From time to time I would send a postcard saying that all was well, that we were doing a little fighting and, though retreating, would soon gather strength and give the Fritzes something to light their pipes with. What else could one write? The times were

hard for much letter writing. And to tell the truth, I'm not one of those who likes to play on the sad strings. I couldn't stomach the men who, whether there was something to say or not, sat drooling over their letters to wife or sweetheart every day and smearing their tears over the pages. 'It's hard,' such a one would write, 'and I'm suffering and for all I know may get killed.' That's the way those bitches in pants kept complaining, fishing for sympathy and refusing to understand that the miserable women and kids were having no easier a time than we at the front. The whole country was depending on them! What sort of shoulders did our wives and children have to have to bear up under such a weight? And they didn't break down, but stood it through! And such a fop with a shrunken soul will write a letter pitiful enough to knock a hard woman off her feet. What's she good for after reading such a letter? She'll just let her hands sink unable to work at all. That sort of letter writing is not for me. You've got to endure it all and stand everything if need be! That's what you're a man for and a soldier! And if there's more of a woman in you than a man, then put on a skirt and some frills to make your shrunken arse look nicer so that you can look like a woman from the back at least, and go off to weed the sugar-beet fields and milk the cows because there's enough stench at the front without you as it is.

"As things turned out, I was not to fight at the front for even a year . . . I was wounded twice but both times lightly: once in the flesh of the arm, and the other time in the leg; first it was a bullet from a plane and then shrapnel. The Germans shot my truck full of holes from above and both sides, but I was lucky, brother, lucky in those first days. Yes, and lucky, too, to the bitter end. I was taken prisoner at Lozovenki in May of '42.

"It's painful to recall and even more painful to tell of the things I lived through as a prisoner, brother. When I remember the torments I had to endure there, in Germany, and think of my comrades and friends done to death in the camps, my heart climbs to my throat and I can hardly breathe.

"Where didn't they drive me in the two years! I must have covered half of Germany in that time: in Saxony I worked in a silicate plant, in the Ruhr I pushed coal wagons in a mine, in Bavaria I nearly broke my back at ditch-digging. I was in Thuringia too and the devil knows where else on German soil. The country was different in different places, but the beatings and the shooting were the same everywhere. Yes, we were beaten by those parasites and reptiles, beaten as we never beat our beasts of burden here. They'd hit us with their fists, kick us about or lay on with rubber clubs, crowbars, with anything of metal that lay handy, to say nothing of sticks and rifle butts.

"They'd beat us because we were Russians, because we were still alive to the world, because we were working for them! They'd hit us for looking at them the wrong way, for stepping or turning the wrong way . . . Or they'd just keep hammering us in the hope of beating us to death some day, of seeing us choke on our own blood and croak under their blows. There were probably not enough crematoriums for all of us in Germany.

"And the food, too, was the same everywhere: a watery mess of turnips and five ounces of ersatz bread half mixed with sawdust. Why go on? I'll just say this. I weighed 190 pounds before the war and by autumn no more than 110. I was nothing but skin and bones and hardly had the strength to carry even myself. But I had to keep my mouth shut and do the kind of work that would have killed a dray horse.

"One day the interpreter for an oberlieutenant, before whom the entire shift was lined up, yelled out: 'Those who served as chauffeurs before or during the war, fall out.' Seven of us who had once been drivers stepped forward. We were then issued some worn clothing and herded off to Potsdam. Arrived in that city, we were sent off in different directions. I was assigned to 'Todt,' a German institution for the construction of roads and defenses.

"I drove an 'Oppel-Admiral' for a German engineer with the rank of major, the fattest fascist I ever saw. He was paunchy and short, but as wide as he was long and as well padded in the rear-end as the plumpest woman could be. There were three chins resting on his uniformed chest and three fat folds hanging over his collar in the back. I estimated that there was at least a hundred pounds of pure fat on the man. He'd puff like a locomotive when he walked, but you ought to have seen him at the table—terrific!

"For two weeks I drove my major between Potsdam and Berlin, but then he was sent to the front zone to build defenses against our troops; and I forgot all about sleep and lay awake night after night thinking up a plan of escaping to my country.

"I found a five-pound iron weight in the debris and wrapped it in rags to avoid drawing blood if I had to use it. I also picked up a length of telephone wire, carefully prepared some other things and stowed everything away under the front seat. Returning from the filling station in the evening, two days before I took leave of the Germans, I saw a German non-com so drunk that he could barely keep upright even holding onto a wall. I stopped the car, maneuvered him to a deserted spot and shook him out of his uniform. All this I also stowed away under the front seat.

"On the morning of June 29, my major ordered me to drive him to Trosnitsa where he was supervising the construction of some fortifications. My heart was racing when we set off, but the major fell asleep as usual in the back seat. I drove fast at first, but slowed down out of town and finally stopped. The fat major lay snoring as peacefully as though he were lying at the side of his wife. When I brought the weight down on his left temple, his head fell forward. I hit him again to make sure that he was unconscious, but I didn't want him dead. I wanted him alive because I was sure he would be able to tell our people across the lines a good deal they would like to know. I pulled the pistol out of his holster and put it in my pocket, then wedged a tire iron behind the back seat, set the major up and tied his neck to it with the telephone wire. This would keep him from rolling or falling on his side during fast driving. I put on the German uniform and cap, then started the machine and headed straight for where

the earth was shaking under heavy battle.

"Several tommygunners popped out of a dugout as I crossed the German line between two blockhouses, and I slowed down deliberately to let them see that my passenger was a major. They began to shout and wave their arms: 'Don't go there!' But I pretended not to understand and pushed the accelerator to the floor. By the time they had an inkling of what was up and had begun to machine gun me, I was well out in no man's land bouncing around the shell craters.

"While the Germans were banging away at me from the rear, our own men were tommy-gunning me from up ahead. The windshield was riddled in four places and the radiator shot full of holes. At last I could see a pond through the trees and our soldiers running to head me off. I bounced into the woods, opened the door and tumbled out to kiss the ground, hardly able to breathe.

"The first one to reach me was a young fellow in an army shirt with khaki shoulder straps I had never seen before. 'So you've lost your way, you damned Fritz!' he shouted. I tore the German tunic off and threw the cap at his feet. 'Don't be a sap,' I yelled. 'What sort of a Fritz am I, born and raised in Voronezh? I was taken prisoner, understand? And now untie that hog sitting in the car, take his briefcase and lead me to your commander.' I handed him the pistol and was then passed on from man to man until evening, when I came before the colonel in command of the division. By that time, too, I had had a good meal and a bath. I had also been questioned and issued new things so that I turned up in the colonel's dugout pure of body and soul and in full uniform as I should. The colonel rose to meet me when I came in and embraced me before all the officers. 'Thanks, soldier,' he said, 'that was quite a prize you brought us from the Germans. That major of yours and his briefcase are worth more than twenty identification prisoners. I'm going to recommend you to the command for decoration.' I was so moved by his friendly words that I could only stand there with trembling lips. 'Please put me in one of the infantry units,' I managed to blurt out.

"But the colonel laughed and slapped me on the shoulders: 'What sort of a soldier will you make, hardly able to stand on your feet? You'll be sent to the hospital today. When you get well and a bit fatter, you'll go home to your family for a month's leave. We'll find a place for you when you come back.'

"The colonel and all the officers in the dugout then shook hands with me, so that I came away quite upset. I had grown unused to being treated like a human being in the past two years. Even a long time afterward I'd keep my head drawn in when talking to people, as though afraid they'd hit me. That's how the fascists licked us into shape at their camps.

"I wrote to Irina as soon as I got to the hospital and told her how I had lived as a prisoner of war and how I had escaped with that German major. And, I don't know what made me boast like a child, but I couldn't help telling her that the colonel had promised to recommend me for decoration.

"I did nothing but eat and sleep for fourteen days. They fed me little but often, be-

cause the doctor said that I'd fold up if they let me eat as much as I liked. I got my strength back and in about two weeks didn't even care to look at the food. There was no answer from home and I was getting anxious. I lost my appetite and couldn't sleep and was troubled by all sorts of thoughts. I received a letter from Voronezh in the third week: it was not from Irina, but from my neighbor Ivan Timofeyevich, a joiner; and may God preserve anyone from such a letter! He wrote that the Germans had bombed the aviation plant as far back as June, 1942, and that a heavy bomb had fallen right on my little cottage. Irina and my daughters had happened to be at home. Not a trace was found of them and there was only a big crater where

the cottage had stood. I could not read the letter to the end at first. Everything went black and I felt as if my heart had crumpled and stayed that way. I lay down for a while and then read on. My neighbor wrote that Anatoli had been in town during the bombing. Returning to the settlement in the evening, he saw the crater and went back to town that night. Before leaving, he had told the neighbors that he was going to volunteer for the front. That was all."

My companion was silent for a moment and then added quietly in a different tone: "Let's have another smoke, brother, because there's something choking me."

We rolled our cigarettes and heard the
Continued on page 24





A MAN'S LIFE *Continued*

vigorous drubbing of a woodpecker over the water amid the trees. The pendulous catkins of the alders were still stirring lazily in the warm breeze and the wide-spread sails of clouds were creeping over the blue as before, and yet it looked different in those moments of silent grief—this sky and earth preparing for the miracle of spring, the ever-recurring assertion of life.

It was hard to sit there saying nothing. "What happened afterward?" I asked.

"Afterward?" He seemed unwilling to go on. "Afterward, I received a month's leave from the colonel and reached Voronezh in about a week. I walked to the place where I once lived with my family. There was only a big crater filled with rusty water. It was very still, as still as a cemetery. How hard it was to stand there looking at it, brother! I had my fill of sorrow and went back to the station. I didn't want to stay there even for an hour and set off for my division on the same day.

"But there was a bit of joy for me in three months. I heard from Anatoli. I received a letter from him at the front—from some other front, as far as I could make out. He had got my address from our neighbor, Ivan Timofeyevich. It turned out that he had first landed in an artillery school where his gift for mathematics stood him in good stead. Graduated from the school with excellent marks within a year, he went to the front. Later he received the rank of captain, commanded a battery of 'forty-fives' and was decorated with six orders and medals. Say what you like, my son was

captain in command of a battery—no small matter. What if his father was only running ammunition in a Studebaker? His father's life lay in the past, but he had his life ahead of him.

"I could hardly wait until we would meet, and meet we did, but how! It was exactly on the morning of May 9, 1945, on Victory Day, that my Anatoli was killed by a German sniper.

"It still seems like a dream to me: the ride with the lieutenant colonel in a big car, the ruins we passed in the streets, the indistinct line of men behind the coffin trimmed with red velvet. And I could see Anatoli in there just as I can see you, brother. I came closer to have a better look. It was my son in there, and yet not at all like him. My boy was a smiling, narrow-shouldered youngster with a skinny neck and an Adam's apple that stuck out. This was a young, handsome man with strong shoulders and half-closed eyes looking past me straight ahead, into distances which I could not see. It was only at the corners of his lips that I recognized the faint smile that my little boy always had. I kissed him and stepped back. The lieutenant colonel made a speech, while my Anatoli's comrades stood wiping their tears. But my unwept tears must have dried in my heart. Perhaps that's why it hurts me so. And that's where I saw him buried, the only one left me, on alien German soil. My son's battery fired a salvo to see their commander on his long last journey. Inside me, it was like something snapped.

"Soon I was demobilized. Where was I to go? Back to Voronezh? Never! Then I remembered that I had a comrade in Uryupinsk. When he was demobilized in the winter after being wounded, he invited me to come and stay with him. So I went to Uryupinsk.

"My friend and his wife had no children and lived in their own home at the edge of town. He was drawing a disability pension but had a job with a motor transport company, and I went to work there with him. I stayed with this friendly couple. We trucked goods around the neighborhood and in the autumn we carried grain. It was then that I met my new little boy, the one playing out there on the sand.

"When I used to come back to town from a trip, I would drop in to a tea room the first thing and have something to eat and a pick-me-up of vodka, a bad habit which had taken quite a hold on me by that time. But then one day I noticed this little boy near the tea room. He was there again the next day too. The little fellow was in rags, his face smeared with watermelon juice; he was covered with dust and dirt, but his eyes were as bright as a pair of stars in the dark after a rain. And I got to like him so much that, strange to say, I began to look forward to seeing him and always hurried back from my trips. That's how he lived—eating whatever he could beg at the tea room.

"After the fourth time I had seen him, I went out of my way to pass the tea room, although I was rushed trucking a load of



grain from the state farm. The boy was there, sitting on the steps, swinging his legs and hungry looking. 'Hey, Vanyushka!' I called to him from the cab of my truck. 'Climb in here quick! I'll give you a ride to the elevator and we'll have dinner together when we come back!' He jumped from the steps, clambered onto the running board and asked timidly: 'How do you know that I'm Vanya?' I explained that I was the sort of man who had seen a lot and knew everything.

"I put him next to me and drove on. At other times such a lively little fellow, now he sat very quietly, seemed to be thinking, stealing looks at me from under his eyelashes and sighing. Did you ever hear a youngster sigh? 'Where's your father, Vanya?' I asked. 'He got killed at the front,' he whispered back. 'And mama?' 'Mama was killed when the bomb hit our train.' 'Where were you coming from?' 'Don't know, I forgot.' 'Haven't you anyone here at all?' 'No one.' 'Where do you sleep?' 'Wherever I can.'

"My eyes burned when I heard this. 'We won't go to the dogs separately,' I decided. 'I'll keep him with me.' And at once I felt better and strangely relieved. 'Vanyushka! Do you know who I am?' I said quietly, leaning over. 'Who?' he whispered. And just as quietly, I answered: 'I'm your father—that's who.'

"You should have been there to see what happened then! He threw himself on my neck, kissed my cheeks, my lips, my forehead. 'Papa, my papa!' he kept piping over and over

until my ears rang. 'I knew! I knew you'd find me! I've waited so long for you to find me!' He snuggled against me then, shaking like a leaf. And my vision grew altogether misty and I was shaking too, especially my hands. I still wonder how I kept my hold on the wheel, though I did run the truck into a ditch and stall the motor. I waited until I could see again, afraid I might run someone down. We stood there for some five minutes, while my son kept pressing up against me with all of his bit of strength. He was still now, only trembling. I pressed him to me with my right arm and turned the truck with my left. We were heading for home. This was no time to drive to the elevator with a load of grain.

"I left the truck near the gate and carried my new son to the house. He kept his little arms around my neck all the way, with his cheek against my unshaven face as though we were grown together. That's the way I brought him in. My friend and his wife were both at home. I winked to them as I came in, saying cheerfully: 'Well, I've found him, my Vanyushka! I hope you'll receive us kindly, good people!' They, my childless friends, immediately understood what was happening and began to bustle about. I could not make my son let go of my neck, but finally talked him round, washed his hands with soap and set him down on a chair at the table. Our hostess filled his plate with cabbage soup and melted into tears when she saw how greedily he ate. She stood by the stove, weeping into her apron.

"After dinner, I had his hair cut at the barber's, then bathed him in a tub at home and wrapped him in a clean sheet. He fell asleep with his arms around me and I carefully transferred him to the bed, then ran to my truck, drove to the elevator, unloaded the grain, brought the truck back to the garage and ran to the store as fast as I could. I bought him a pair of pants, good wool cloth, a little shirt, sandals and a straw cap. As you might expect, the size turned out to be wrong and the quality none too good. The pants, in fact, got me a scolding from my hostess: 'Are you out of your mind?' she cried. 'The idea! To dress a child in such heavy cloth in the hot weather we're having.' She had her sewing machine on the table in a flash, then went off to disembowel her trunk and within the hour my Vanyushka was the owner of a pair of light shorts and a white shirt with short sleeves. I lay down beside him and fell peacefully asleep for the first time in years. During the night I woke up four times and found him sniffing gently under my arm, as snug as a sparrow under the eaves, and I can hardly tell you how this cheered my soul. I tried to keep still so as not to wake him, but I couldn't resist getting up quietly to light a match and look at him.

"We would have stayed in Uryupinsk another year perhaps, if I hadn't got into trouble last November. The weather was bad and my truck happened to skid at one of the farms and knock over a cow. You can imagine the rest: the screeching women, the crowd and the traffic inspector who turned up from nowhere. He made me hand over my chauffeur's license in spite of all I could do to talk him round. The cow got up all right and

made off through the streets and alleys with her tail swinging, but I lost my license. I spent the winter at carpentry, but then exchanged letters with a man with whom I used to work. He's employed as a chauffeur now in Kashary District of your region, and he invited me to join him. He writes that I can work as a carpenter in Kashary for six months and I'll be sure to get a new license in the region. And so my little son and I are roughing it on foot to Kashary.

"Of course, if you want to know the truth, I would have left Uryupinsk sooner or later anyway—even if I hadn't had that accident with the cow. I keep thinking too much if I stay anywhere very long. We'll see what happens when it's time to send Vanyushka to school. Maybe I'll start to forget then and settle down, but I've got to keep going meanwhile, wandering all over Russia."

"But it's hard on the boy," I said.

"He doesn't do much walking. He usually rides on my shoulders. When he feels like stretching his legs, I set him down to run along the edge of the road for a while. All this wouldn't matter so much, brother, and I'd be perfectly sure we'd get along if not for my heart. It's gone bad. Needs a new piston, I suppose. I have such attacks at times that everything blurs before me. I'm afraid I'll die in my sleep some day and frighten my little boy. And there's another thing, too. I keep seeing my dear departed ones in my dreams every night. Mostly, I find myself looking at them from behind barbed wire. They're on the other side and seem to be free. I talk to Irina about everything and to the children too, but as soon as I try to part the wire with my hands, they disappear, fade away before my eyes. . . . And here's another strange thing. By day I keep myself well in hand and you can't squeeze a single sigh or moan out of me, but when I wake up in the night I find my pillow wet with tears."

Suddenly, I heard the splash of an oar break into the silence.

The stranger, who now seemed like an old friend, got up and put out his big hand, hard as wood.

"Good-by, brother, and good luck!"

"Hope you get to Kashary safely."

"I thank you for that. Come on, sonny! Let's get to the boat!"

The boy ran to his father's side, took his place and, clinging to the hem of his padded jacket, scampered off as fast as he could to keep pace with the man's long strides.

What lay in store for these two bereaved human beings, blown about like grains of sand on this shore by the hurricane of war? I'd like to believe that this Russian, a man of unbending will, would prove equal to all hardships, and that the other would rise at his father's side and come to be a man able to bear up under all difficulties and overcome all obstacles if his country should need it.

It was with a heavy heart that I watched them go. Vanyushka turned and waved his hand to me again. I had to turn away quickly. And I thought that perhaps that is the main thing, to turn one's face quickly enough so that a child will not see the tears that spring into a man's eyes. ■

(Abridged from the newspaper *Pravda*)



Posters and decorations are ready. Artists and architects joined hands in creating banners and emblems to typify festival's central goodwill theme.

Youth's gaiety will find expression throughout the city. Saucy hats of many nations, comic piglets and colorful costumes will make a festival atmosphere.



For
PEACE
and
FRIENDSHIP

Answering the call of the Sixth World Youth Festival, some 30,000 young people from more than 100 countries will stream into Moscow for the two-week-long event starting July 28. Internationally sponsored and dedicated to the twin ideals of friendship and peace, the gathering will witness a varied program of art and cultural exhibits, sports games and contests, dance and drama performances with awards to the winners.

Delegations from various countries will present native folk songs, dances and theatrical performances. Here is a Russian choral group rehearsing.





Festival guests can expect to be roundly entertained. Lotteries with prizes like this are among the games.



Many orchestras and musical groups of various countries will furnish almost continuous performances. Here a Soviet student jazz band prepares for the big event, the music competitions.



Mailbag. This get-acquainted game has players draw letters by lot. The ensuing mix-up causes much laughter and amusing situations such as the young girl getting an unknown swain's love letter. Even the postman gets his share of fun. Seminar groups with similar interests or work will also bring youth closer.

Groups will compete in original programs. Moscow club does "Dances of the World's Peoples."



Gay water carnival with races and lighted floats will be staged at night along the Moscow River.



Moscow young people cluster around an Italian guest to learn more about his group's plans.





THERE'S ALWAYS A LIVELY GROUP AROUND THE EMPLOYEES' NEWSPAPER DURING A REST PERIOD. THE GIRLS ARE PARTICULARLY AMUSED BY A CARTOON IN THE NEW ISSUE.

A GARMENT FACTORY'S WALL NEWSPAPER

By Alexander Basov



EDITOR MARIA YUROVA CONFERS WITH SUPERINTENDENT ANTONINA KUDINOVA.



THIS SEAMSTRESS' SUGGESTION PUBLISHED IN THE PAPER WON HER A BONUS.

When I reached the Zetkin garment factory in Moscow the workers had just begun the afternoon rest period. Women operators gathered around a new issue of their shop's wall newspaper. There was much giggling and animated talk.

The cartoons were drawing most of the attention. One that evoked a good deal of laughter showed a woman at a machine with a litter of waste and rubbish all about her. To judge from glances directed at one of the women sitting some distance away, the jibe needed no identifying caption.

I inquired about this a little later and found my guess had been right. The sloppy work habits of the operator had become a nuisance. She paid no attention to repeated warnings of the foreman or to the friendly criticism of her shop neighbors. One of the latter had decided that enough was enough and had written a note to the shop paper. The paper's response was the cartoon.

When the rest period ended I examined the paper more carefully. Its general make-up was catchy. Under the masthead were a group of photos illustrating the lead article, "Best Workers in the Shop," which commended some of the employees for the high quality of their work. The article emphasized the contribution the shop had made in increasing consumer goods production by turning out 1,270 more men's coats than it had the preceding year.

Another part of the lead story contained an explanation of the shop's goal for the current year by Antonina Kudinova, the superintendent. As a management representative she wrote that the new quota of 2,600 more coats than the previous total could be attained because new machinery had been installed and various labor-saving devices adopted.

One of the workers, Tatyana Avdoshina, an operator, wrote a short letter for the paper about the new machines. She took the employees' view of them and said she had found workers in her section pleased with the installation of the equipment because it meant fatter pay envelopes for all, along with easier work.

Still another operator, Antonina Zotova, was given space to take out after two workers she mentioned by name and charged with favoritism in the distribution of work bundles. This is a common complaint in the needlework factories of every country, but Zotova wrote to the paper because she felt friendly criticism in its columns would be more effective than a management order.

Workers with a legitimate complaint voice their "beefs" in the wall newspaper's columns and get quick action. If management or the trade union seem too slow in adopting some measure, the newspaper generally prods them into corrective action.

There may be criticism of a worker or of a superintendent or a ministry in the paper's columns. Upon investigation if it is found that the criticism is well founded, it is the management's responsibility to set things right. Many of the workers in this shop told me they credited their paper for the shop's excellent working conditions.

The wall newspaper devotes its space to all kinds and types of problems. These include production questions of interest to all, as well as more personal articles that appear in every issue. Amateur poets find the papers a perfect medium for the development of their talents and some of these poets have found markets for their work in national publications devoted to literary subjects.

Activities of various groups in the shop are fully reported. These include plans for parties or dances, wedding and birth announcements as well as accounts of vacations and holiday pleasures. One of the stories in the issue I saw posted concerned the preparations being made

by the shop's younger set for the World Youth Festival which will open in Moscow on July 28.

As I wanted more details on how the paper was put together, I was referred to the editor, Maria Yurova. She is a dispatcher and I found her busy in a small office.

Editor Yurova proceeded to tell me how the paper got the name, *For Quality*. "Many years ago when our factory was new, there was a period when some garments were turned out that were not quite perfect in quality or finishing. We heard some complaints of buyers who returned these garments to the stores where they were purchased, and the stores raised Cain. We held a general meeting of the workers and one of the corrective measures agreed upon was the issuance of our wall newspaper. We decided to call it *For Quality*."

"Today," she continued, "our garments are snapped up by the biggest Moscow stores because they are known for their excellent quality and workmanship. It is only rarely that we hear even the smallest complaint."

Next I inquired about the editorial board and found that it was elected annually at a general shop meeting of the workers themselves. "In addition to myself as editor," Yurova said, "editorial board members include popular workers from each of the various departments. All of our editorial tasks are done after working hours. Articles and letters are turned in to a board member or else mailed directly to the paper. When enough material accumulates, an issue is put out."

I asked how the workers and others reacted to the public criticism in the paper's columns—and particularly to some of the rather edgy cartoons. She laughed and replied: "Well, it varies. In this issue we have a letter from Taisia Doroshenko criticizing a forelady, Maria Rundayeva, for accepting incomplete work bundles. Maria is well liked, but since it was clearly her fault that workers were slowed up by her mistakes and thus earned less money, she cannot complain that the letter is unfair. No one is immune from criticism."

Maria Yurova recalled that an issue of the paper last year carried an article criticizing shop superintendent Kudinova. "Before the paper came out the superintendent asked the editorial board to kill the item. She did not question the criticism but thought the letter would tend to undermine her authority. The board was not swayed, and the issue went to the trade union of the factory. The union agreed with our position and finally the whole issue was presented at a general shop meeting. Kudinova apologized at the meeting and admitted her error in attempting to pressure the editorial board."

For Quality is only a wall newspaper of a shop in one rather small Moscow factory, but it is an important factor in voicing the attitude of workers. Similar papers will be found in every Soviet factory or institution. Some are monthly, others are weekly papers. There are a few dailies.

Wall newspapers are generally typewritten, with hand-drawn cartoons and photographs pasted directly on the page. Larger factories have printed papers, some with really large circulations. But all of them, regardless of size, have a distinguishing and important characteristic: they are written, made up and edited by the workers themselves. They serve, in the most direct fashion, as a public forum in which all sorts of questions can be posed.

Sharp cartoons, candid photographs and varied editorial content that appeals to wide ranges of tastes are found in every issue. Some of the editors of these papers become well-known in the field, and cartoonists, poets and writers have found useful and interesting side lines or hobbies in making their contributions to the workers' press. ■

GALINA ZARUTSKAYA, EDITORIAL BOARD MEMBER, WRITES DURING LUNCH PERIOD.



SEAMSTRESS ALEXANDRA FILIPPOVA (RIGHT) HANDS ARTICLE TO BOARD MEMBER.





BOOK LOVERS BY THE MILLIONS

By Leonid Leonov

There must be millions of book lovers in the Soviet Union, if the number of books sold is any gauge. In the past two years they have bought two and a half billion books.

Books are sold everywhere—in book stores, newsstands, railway terminals, trains, ships, planes, book bazaars. These bazaars are an innovation in book selling of recent years. Yuri Aksyonov, whom I met at the bazaar in a Moscow plant, defined the term as follows: "It's when the book store comes to me instead of my going to it."

He was one of a sizable group of workers who gathered around the book stalls that had been set up in the lobby of the plant's main building. All sorts of books—large and small, thick and thin, sad books and funny books, books for children and for adults and for the in-betweens, good books and mediocre books—were lined up neatly on the counters.

The book buyers came in all sizes and ages, too. There were old collectors who had been building up home libraries for years, and young readers fresh from trade school, buying a first book with money from a first pay envelope. There were people looking for a particular book, people looking for book bargains, and people just looking.

Yuri Aksyonov was a book collector in a

small way. He had started as apprentice at the plant thirteen years ago, and now he was a skilled adjuster of complex optical instruments. As a boy he was very fond of adventure and science-fiction stories, and little by little he picked up about a hundred and fifty books of this kind. He outgrew them, of course, and gave them away to children of friends.

"If I'd only been smart enough to know that I'd have a daughter of my own some day," he said, "I'd have held on to them. I'm collecting a new library for her. By the time she's ready for it she'll have as good a collection of adventure stories as I did."

While we were talking, a young fellow came by with a big package. Aksyonov yelled after him, "What did you do, buy out the bazaar?"

He laughed, "It looks like it, doesn't it? There's a book in here I've been trying to get for a long time—*Russian Writers Talk About Writing*. He waved good-bye, looking as pleased with himself as most book lovers do with a brand-new batch of reading matter.

"That was Igor Frolov," Aksyonov told me, "a budding author. There are seventeen of them at the plant. They've started a literary club. Some of them are pretty good. They



The books are still being unpacked, the bazaar is not open yet, but customers crowd around.

write for the plant newspaper, and every once in a while they read a poem or a short story at one of the amateur nights we have at the clubhouse."

Business at the sales counter was brisk. There was no letup for the full hour I was there. As one person left with a couple of books under his arm, a new buyer came in. There was something of a fuss at one point. As I stepped close to the counter a middle-aged man was saying angrily to the sales-girl, "Well, if you didn't sell three copies to one person, maybe there would be enough to go round."

"I'm sorry," the girl kept repeating, but the man wasn't to be placated. He turned away muttering under his breath.

I asked him, "What book was it you wanted?"

"*The Old Man of the Sea*," he told me. Apparently there had been a run on the Hemingway book, and some people had bought two and three copies for friends. The magazine *Foreign Literature* published the story in Russian last year, and it created so wide an interest that it was put out in book form in an edition of 100,000 copies, which was sold out very quickly.

I said to the man without a book, "Why get so worked up about it? Why can't you take the book out of the library and read it?"

"The library!" he snorted. "The library has three copies, and a waiting list of twenty-six people. It will be a month before I get



Tool shop worker Sergei Antonov is surrounded by a very happy son and daughter. They are elated because he has just purchased the children's classic, *Fairy Tales* written by Hans Christian Andersen.



Yuri Aksyonov, a worker, is an ardent book lover. At the bazaar his attention is very much absorbed in examining this illustrated edition of Venetian Renaissance paintings.

hold of it. Who wants to wait that long?"

Book lovers are not patient people—not about books.

That evening I walked home with Sergei Antonov, who works in the tool shop. He lives a few minutes' walk away in a five-story apartment house that was built for the plant employees two years ago.

Antonov had bought a copy of Hans Christian Andersen's *Fairy Tales* for his children. I talked about the bazaar, but Antonov was obviously no book enthusiast. His solitary comment on the sale was that there didn't seem to be much of a selection of new children's books. I accidentally mentioned photography, and his face brightened as though here there was something to really talk about. And he waxed enthusiastic about film, cameras and exposure meters the rest of the way home.

He was apologetic about his library. There were forty or fifty books, most of them by Leo Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky and Theodore Dreiser, his favorite authors.

"If you want to see a real library, come in to the Makarov's next door. They have something worth looking at."

Yevgeni Makarov was very pleased to show me his books. His hobby is collecting the literary classics of the world. As soon as a new volume appears in the edition to which he has subscribed, it is delivered to his house. There were two bundles of books still unpacked.

"We're getting crowded for book room," Makarov said. "We'll either have to buy another bookcase or a few less books. With this alternative we'll choose the first." ■

Future

Painters

By Pavel Sokolov-Skalya

Member of the USSR Academy of Arts

Our Soviet painters and sculptors have no problem of audience. The art museums and art shows are crowded with spectators, not only on Sundays but on every visiting day. A show by a new artist in any city will draw not only onlookers but people very vocal indeed about their likes and dislikes in art.

The wide public interest is naturally reflected in art training and the development of future painters. Art education is general in our schools and children take drawing in the lower grades. Art classes are offered at the various youth recreation centers.

There are special art schools which accept pupils from the age of twelve. There they get a regular secondary school education, with sufficient specialized courses to prepare them for the art institutes, which are at college level. Students at the art institutes take courses in drawing and painting using live models, and in composition and art theory.

The summer practice period is an important and regular part of every professional art school curriculum. During the summer students take trips to places of special interest for intensive sketching. Besides providing the young people with a fine opportunity for sketching, the function of these trips is to widen their general cultural horizons and to develop their talent. Last year our art students visited the arctic regions, the Soviet Far East, the new construction projects in Siberia, and the areas in Kazakhstan where virgin lands are being developed. Several groups visited India, Pakistan and Egypt on sketching trips.

It is traditional now for the USSR Academy of Arts to hold shows



Evening in the Village BY LEONID PHOKIN

of work done by members of the graduating classes of the country's art institutes, generally together with a conference on art education.

The artist's professional life opens after he graduates from the art institute. Behind him lie six years of quiet, concentrated study without worry about his maintenance. He was paid a stipend by the state during this period and was provided with living quarters and art materials. After he graduates he is on his own, a critical point in the life of a young artist. But care is taken to help him cope with material and creative difficulties inevitable for a beginner.

The field of art is a broad one, and the young artist can make his choice, depending on his ability and inclination. There are always openings for book and magazine illustrators and teaching jobs in art education. The trade unions often hire people to direct their amateur art groups, or a young artist may work for one of a number of agencies in charge of decorating anything from an industrial exhibition to the interior of a vacation resort. The artist may choose to do free lance work, and if he has real talent, his paintings will be purchased as fast as he can turn them out, because there is a demand for art from both public organizations and individuals.

Once the artist has proved his talent through his work, he will be admitted to the Union of Artists. The requirements are rigid, but they are all based on the ability to create.

The Union of Artists has what is known as the Art Fund, made up of voluntary contributions from acknowledged artists. This is usually a percentage they have pledged of the proceeds of the sale of their



After the Contest BY EDGAR ILTNER

Debut BY VYACHESLAV FILIMONOV

works. The fund is large enough to be able to maintain several Houses of Creative Work, set in picturesque scenic areas. These houses, which accommodate as many as sixty persons each, provide the young artist with room and board, with art materials and with facilities for recreation, either without charge or at a very low cost.

Several of these houses have a background of tradition in art. One is the Gurzuf House, in the lovely Crimea, which once belonged to the Russian painter Konstantin Korovin. Another is an old manor house on the shores of Lake Pereyaslav in central Russia, which was the home of the distinguished artist Dmitri Kardovsky. When he died it was put to the use of young artists.

Houses of Creative Work are to be found in the Baltic Republics, the Caucasus Mountains and around the Valdai lakes and forests. The young artist may live there for varying periods, usually not less than two months, to permit him to work at leisure. Many do their first large canvases in this setting. The best paintings will be bought either by state organizations, by the Art Fund, which sponsors traveling art shows, or by factory clubs, recreation centers, schools or other groups.

In the heart of Maslovka Street in Moscow an Art Town has sprung up. It is made up of a number of large apartment houses in which artists live and have their studios. Last year young artists were given studios in a new twelve-story house in this district. Many of these future famous painters have been commissioned to do large works for the nation-wide exhibition that will be held this year to mark the fortieth anniversary of the October Socialist Revolution. ■



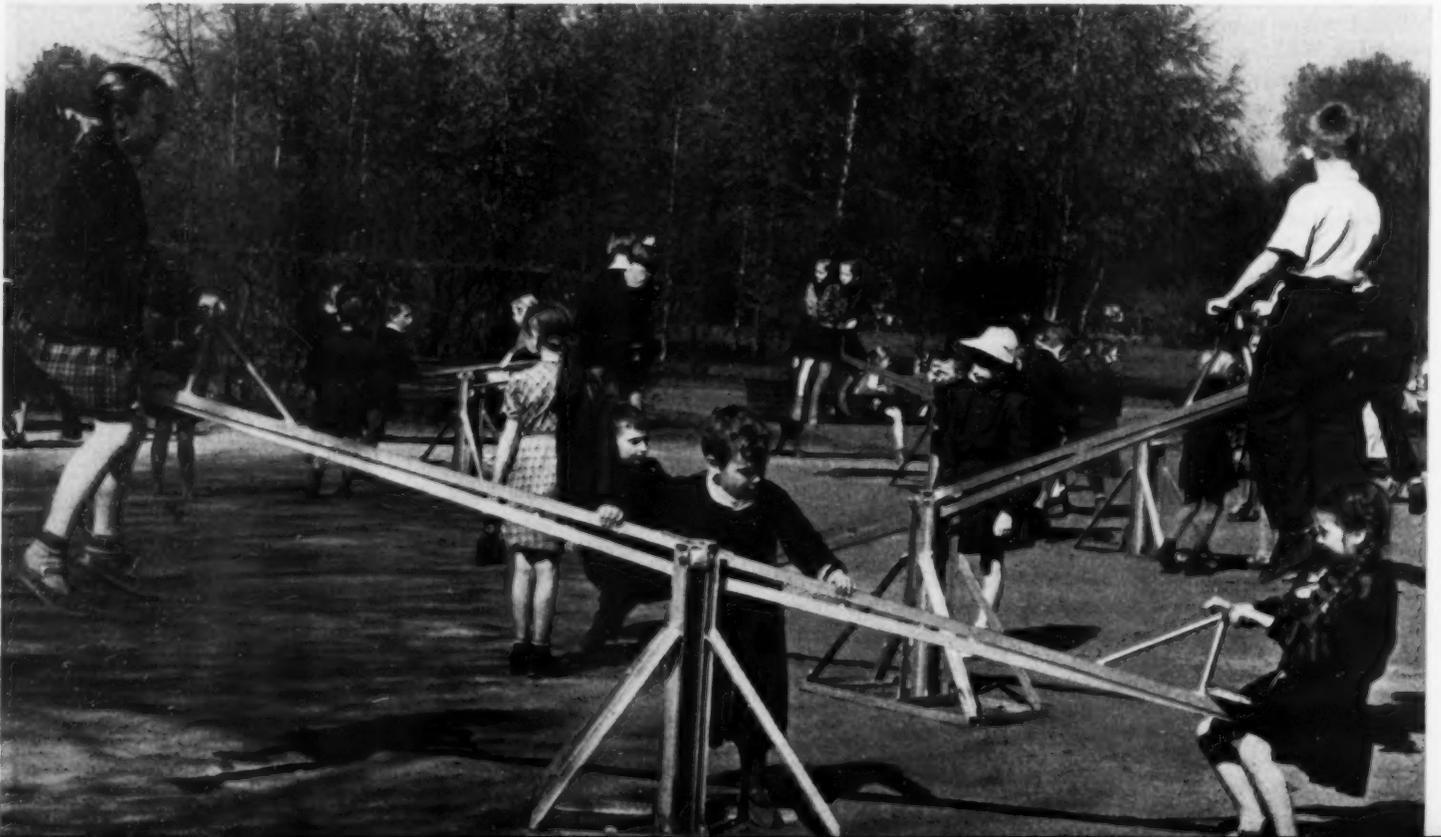


BEACH AND SEA ARE GREAT FUN. THIS SUMMER SOME SIX MILLION CHILDREN WILL SPEND THEIR VACATIONS AT RESORTS AND CAMPS. PARENTS PAY NOT MORE THAN ONE-THIRD OF THE COST OF ACCOMMODATIONS. THE BALANCE IS COVERED BY TRADE UNIONS OUT OF THE STATE SOCIAL INSURANCE FUND AND BY ENTERPRISES AND OFFICES.

MOST PICTURESQUE SITES HAVE BEEN RESERVED FOR CHILDREN'S SUMMER CAMPS. ►

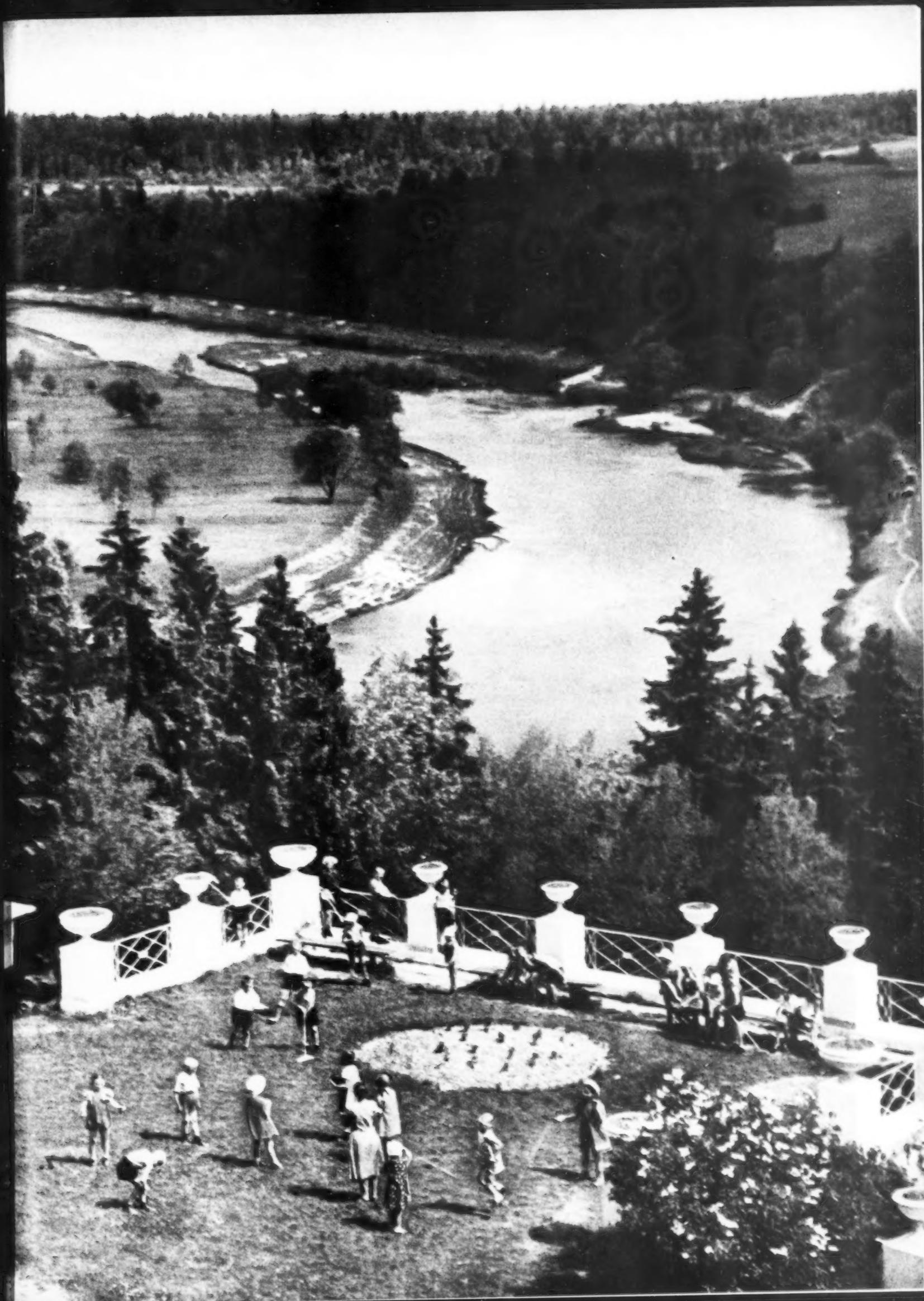
Children get special *Vacation Care*

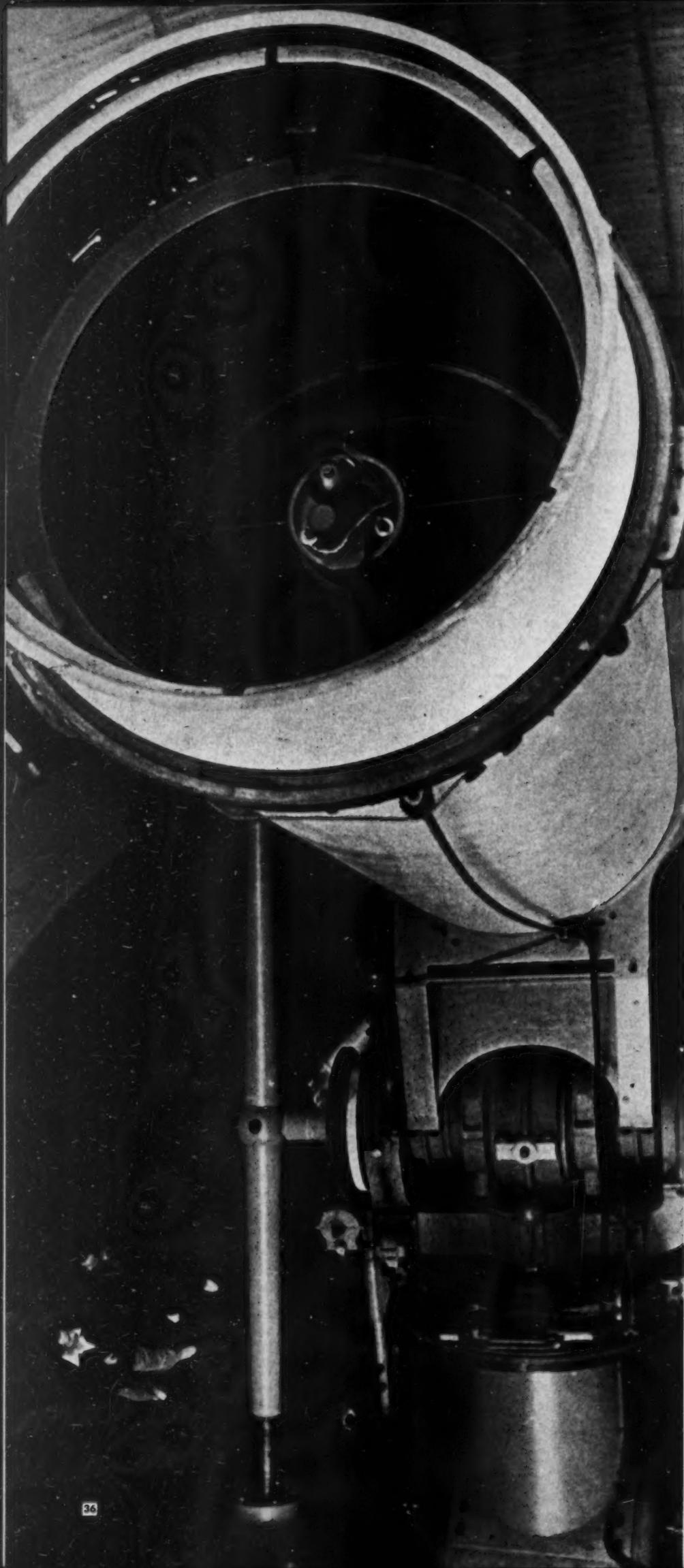
IN THE CITIES AND TOWNS DURING THE VACATION PERIOD OF THE YEAR, PLAYGROUNDS LIKE THIS ONE ARE JUST ONE FEATURE OF THE ORGANIZED RECREATION PROGRAM. DOZENS OF OTHER SUMMER ACTIVITIES, SUCH AS HIKES, FIELD EXCURSIONS, DANCE CLASSES AND COMPETITIVE GAMES, ALL HELP ENTERTAIN AND STIMULATE YOUNGSTERS.











Ivan Bardin, author of this article, describes an international pooling of manpower and resources.

The International Geophysical Year

By Academician IVAN BARDIN

Chairman, Inter-Departmental
Committee for the International
Geophysical Year in the USSR

The International Geophysical Year beginning July 1, 1957 and continuing eighteen months to December 31, 1958 will be the outstanding scientific event of the twentieth century. It will witness a pooling of international scientific effort on unified projects for the advancement of man's knowledge of the earth and atmosphere and the factors that influence life on the planet we share in common.

Some 100 scientific institutions of the Soviet Union and thousands of scientists will work in close contact and under a single program with scientists of 55 countries.

All-Encompassing Program

During the International Geophysical Year or I.G.Y., as it has come to be called, several thousand observatories on each of the world's continents will launch their part of the special

◀ The astronomers of the Crimean observatory will coordinate their work with colleagues abroad.

job. Specially equipped rockets and planes, weather and radio balloons will soar into the air. The first of the earth's satellites will be sent into space. Ships of the participating nations, manned by scientists and with the latest type of instruments, will sail over the most remote waters of the world's seas. Others will have landed researchers on the Arctic and Antarctic lands, and set parties of experts afloat on ice flows.

Tasks without parallel for magnitude will be carried out. All will be aimed at simultaneous and coordinated geophysical observations over the entire globe—looking into its minerals, crust, oceans, atmosphere—and the sun. The program includes studies in inospheric physics, meteorology, cosmic rays, oceanography, gravity, seismology and their related bearings to such fields as biology and ecology, carried on in widely separated areas.

The world plan has been designed to permit each country to draft its own projects linked to the general scheme. Scientists specializing in the most diverse fields will thus be able to integrate their findings. Observations and studies that would require years of individual labor will be completed within months by this pooling of scientific manpower and resources.

Weather Is a World Problem

Weather is not national. A storm that is born on the east coast of Asia may, a few days later, freeze orange groves in Florida, breed a Central Atlantic storm, precipitate snow in Europe. The atmosphere is the "working fluid" of a great thermal machine set going by the sun. Systems of air circulate to carry heat from the tropics to the polar regions.

There is much that we do not know about weather. To help answer some of the questions and to supply the data for accurate weather forecasting, a large number of meteorological stations have been set up for the I.G.Y.—292 by the Soviet Union alone. Besides these stations, the several thousand operated by the USSR Hydrometeorological Service will be part of the observation network.

There is a great dearth of data from the Southern Hemisphere and filling this gap will be of real importance for an understanding of the laws governing the distribution of the weather and helping make more reliable forecasts. Some 60 meteorological stations will be established during the I.G.Y. in the Antarctic and sub-Antarctic waters.

One hundred and forty ships, floating laboratories for oceanographic observation, will take part in the coordinated I.G.Y. plan. They will follow sea routes from the Kuril Islands to New Guinea, from Greenland to the Azores, from Africa to the Antarctic.

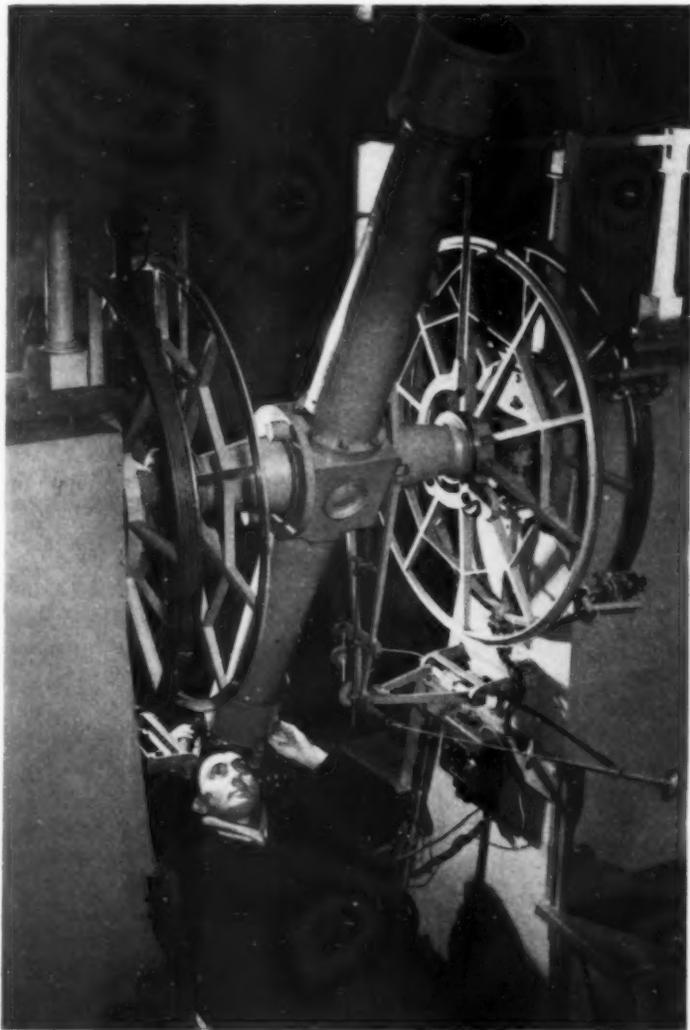
We know very little about the deeper ocean currents or the time it takes for these deep waters to make their great circuit from the Antarctic to the Equator and return. This data is vitally important for long-range weather forecasts, and for other very practical reasons. The quantities of fish, water plants and marine animals we get from the sea depend upon the speed with which the exchange is made between deep and surface waters.

Also, with the increased development of atomic energy for peaceful uses, there is the dangerous by-product of radioactive substances which must be dumped somewhere. It may be that the ocean is the proper dumping ground. But first, it must be determined that this will not harm marine life.

Perpetual Ice

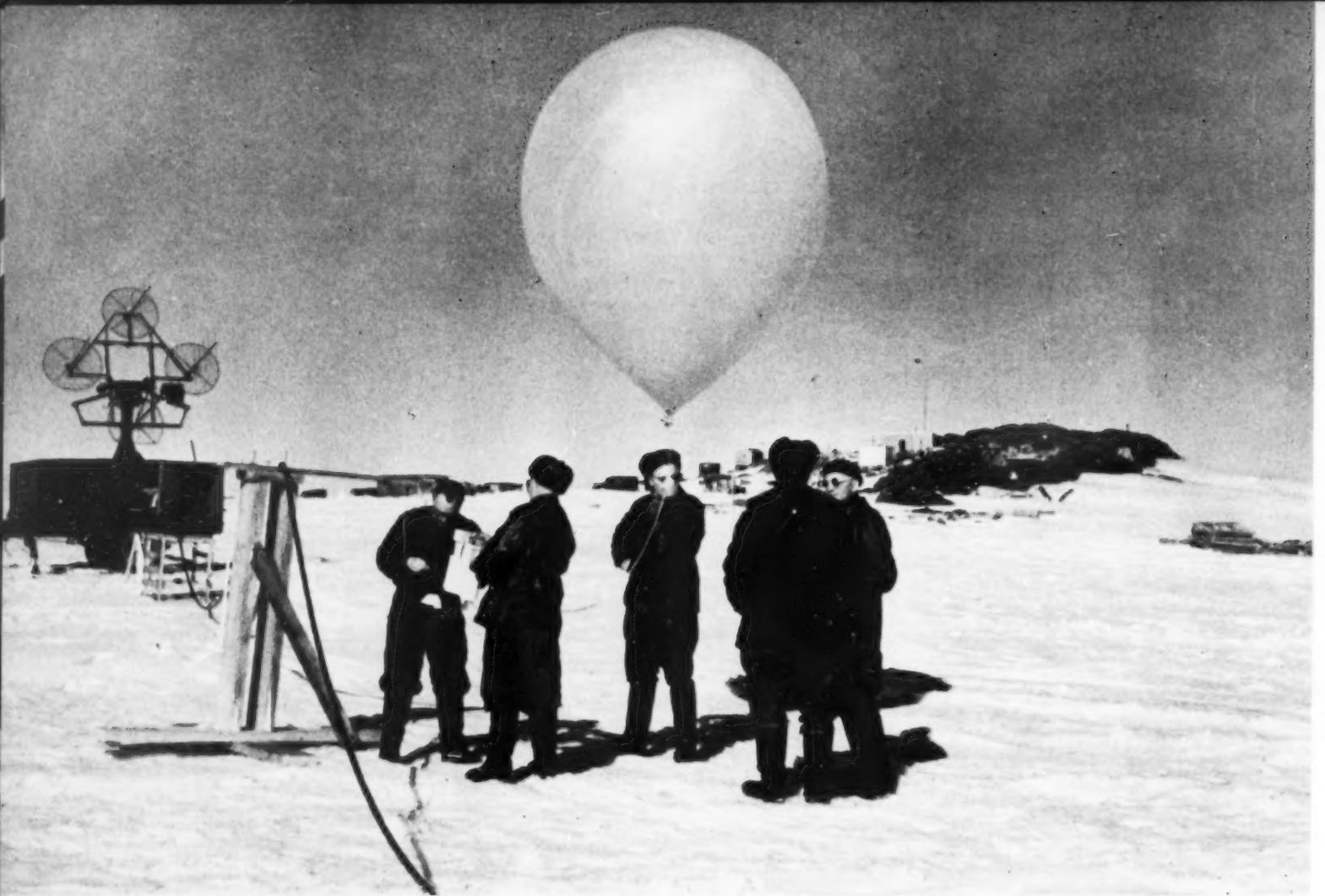
A tenth of the earth's surface is in eternal deep freeze, covered by perpetual snow and
Continued on page 38

Moscow's Sternberg Astronomical Institute is taking part in the studies of earth's rotation and solar activity on sun's surface as an I.G.Y. project.



Field research station set up on the Kola Peninsula by the USSR Academy of Sciences will report on atmospheric physics to all I.G.Y. nations.





ANTARCTICA. THE MIRNY SETTLEMENT OF THE SOVIET ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION HAD AN AMERICAN SCIENTIST AS GEOLOGICAL OBSERVER IN SIXTH CONTINENT RESEARCH.

The International Geophysical Year *Continued from page 36*

MOSCOW. STERNBERG STATE ASTRONOMICAL INSTITUTE PREPARES GRAVIMETRIC INSTRUMENTS FOR ANTARCTIC.



glaciers. If this area were to be suddenly thawed, even without the great ice masses in the Arctic Ocean, the level of the world's ocean water would rise 180 feet. The effect of glaciers upon climate is obviously very great.

Within the relatively recent past, the earth has been experiencing a decrease in ice formation. There are scientists who hold the opinion that this warming of the earth is prelude to another ice age. The theory will be verified or disproved by simultaneous observations at special glaciological stations.

In the USSR such stations have been set up in Yakutia and in the Pamir Mountains, on Franz Josef Land and in the Caucasus. Of particular interest to geologists is the Suantar-Khayata station in the almost inaccessible area of the Verkhoyansk Ridge in Eastern Siberia, which will collect data on a new ice formation area discovered there in 1947.

Our Breathing Earth

Not too many people are aware of the fact that Moscow—people, houses and all—rises and falls approximately 20 inches twice a day. So does every other city when the earth breathes.

The crust of our earth has tides much like those in seas and oceans, caused by the gravitational attraction of the moon and sun. The magnitude of this gravitational pull is determined by the earth's elastic properties. By

measuring the tides, scientists during the International Geophysical Year will obtain new data on the earth's elasticity and, thereby, on its internal structure and physical properties.

Investigations will be undertaken simultaneously by many countries. In the Soviet Union, two gravimetric stations have been newly built for this purpose, one at Krasnaya Parkhra, near Moscow, and the other at Pulkovo, near Leningrad.

Deep in the Earth's Core

A map of our globe looks much like a giant grid with its meridian lines. The so-called international meridian lines will have an especially dense grouping of observation stations. One is the 140th meridian where many foreign stations and 25 Soviet stations will be in operation. Sixteen of these will gather meteorological observations and the others will collect data on magnetic, ionospheric and oceanographic phenomena, cosmic rays and latitude and longitude.

The Soviet Union's easternmost station will be located on that line to study micro-pulsations, those finest and slightest of changes in magnetic and terrestrial current fields. Magnetic instruments to be installed at that station will be a hundred times more sensitive than apparatus now in use. The simultaneous noting of pulsations in the earth's magnetic and electric fields will provide a picture of the structure of the earth's crust at that spot.

One of the floating observation stations, this one to study the earth's magnetic field in relation to the ocean, will be the Soviet non-magnetic ship, the *Zarya*. This three-masted motor and sailing ship was built almost entirely of wood, bronze and non-magnetic steel. It is the only one of its kind in the world. The *Carnegie*, an American boat built for similar research, was sunk twenty-seven years ago.

The *Zarya*, leaving Leningrad, is to cruise for some 50,000 miles through waters of the Atlantic, Indian and Pacific Oceans. It will visit twenty magnetic observatories in various countries before it returns to Vladivostok at the end of 1958, the close of the I.G.Y. The information which the *Zarya* will collect will shed new light on many questions relating to terrestrial magnetism produced in the earth's core as deep down as 2,000 miles and will provide more accurate magnetic maps of the globe for use by planes and ships of all countries.

The Arctic

The I.G.Y. will center its attention on the Arctic region, as did the two previous geophysical years in 1883 and 1932. On the territory of the USSR alone more than 100 stations will be conducting observations.

For the first time the earth's currents will be studied by four Arctic stations at once, at Lovozero, Tiksi Bay, Cape Chelyuskin and Tikhaya Bay. A new network of observatories is being built in the Arctic to photograph the Northern Lights. Cameras developed in the Soviet Union will show the whole sky.

Three stations—in Tikhaya Bay, Murmansk

and Barentsburg—are concentrating on Arctic seismism or earthquake phenomena, about which very little is known at present. Their seismic observations will make it possible to trace the formation and movement of typhoons.

World Days

During the I.G.Y., all scientific stations will work on a particularly concentrated program on a certain number of days each month, to be known as World Days or World Meteorological Intervals, and also on special World Days to be announced to meet an unforeseen phenomena or disturbance.

Let us suppose that the Sun Service reports that a flash is to be expected in the chromosphere. The alert signal then goes out to all stations from a special forecast center located

near Washington eight hours before observations are to begin. Three other such centers are located in Paris, Tokyo and Moscow.

Weather observation, cosmic ray study, Arctic observation, the artificial earth satellite—these are only a few of the many projects which a hundred scientific institutions in the USSR are working on in preparation for the International Geophysical Year, with dozens of factories preparing the fine-gauged instruments needed.

The I.G.Y. promises a great year for science. It will demonstrate once again that the cultural and scientific interests of all nations have a common base and that only international cooperation will solve the intricate and complex problems with which science today presents man. ■

(Abridged from the magazine *Ogonyok*)

MOSCOW. SPECTRAL POLARIZATION STUDY OF THE DAYTIME SKY BY TWO SPECIALISTS OF STERNBERG INSTITUTE.





LAWYER ALEXANDER BAKULEV IS HANDING OVER DOCUMENTS TO THE COURT USED AS EVIDENCE IN CLAIMS OF ENGINEERS AGAINST THE MINISTRY OF THE OIL INDUSTRY.



LAWYER LEV LEVINSON HEADS A LEGAL CONSULTATION OFFICE IN MOSCOW.

LAWYERS in the SOVIET UNION

By Ivan Zlobin

President, Moscow Collegium of Lawyers

Everyone held for trial in the Soviet Union has the constitutional right to defend himself against charges preferred, and to uphold his plea and his interests in court with the aid of a lawyer. The right to defense is essentially a guarantee of a just verdict.

The Soviet judicial system permits the defendant to choose his own lawyer or to accept one appointed by the court. In the latter case the consent of the accused is required. The court may not appoint a lawyer to whom the accused objects for any reason whatsoever. Where this principle is violated, the sentence will be set aside by a higher court.

The sentence will also be held invalid and set aside by the higher court if a prosecuting attorney has participated in the trial but the

accused had no lawyer and did not ask that the case be heard without counsel. Here is an illustration.

A man was recently tried in a local court in Moscow on a charge of disorderly conduct. The prosecuting attorney presented the case for the city authorities, but there was no defense attorney. The judge had evidently failed to ask the accused before the trial whether he wanted a lawyer. Although the sentence handed down was perfectly just, a higher court ordered a new trial.

In certain cases Soviet law makes it incumbent upon the court to appoint a defense attorney, even when the accused does not ask for counsel. This holds where the defendant is a minor, or is deaf or dumb, or suffers from some similar ailment which makes it difficult for him to conduct his own defense.

The defense attorney plays a significant role in court. He may submit any motion directed to help the defendant, may examine and cross-examine witnesses, and he may question the attorney for the prosecution. His function, as that of the prosecuting attorney, is to assist the court in arriving at the truth.

A Soviet lawyer does not shield a defendant who is clearly guilty. But even in these cases the lawyer is obligated to defend his client's rights and interests and to work for a just sentence. It is his duty to endeavor in whatever way possible to establish the exact degree of his client's guilt and to cite whatever extenuating circumstances may exist.

If counsel is to prepare an adequate defense, the defendant, in turn, must disclose to him all the facts, including those which may not be in his favor. The attorney, of course, may not reveal such information to the court as will serve to injure his client's case, and he has the full right to decline to answer any question with regard to his client which he considers undesirable.

The Soviet bar, as specified in its constitution, is not a government organization. It is a purely public body. The attorney is, therefore, completely independent of any government officials and organs. Incidentally, attorneys are strictly forbidden to practice law and simultaneously hold office in any government institution or enterprise.

Every region of the country has its Lawyers' Collegium, to which practicing attorneys belong on a voluntary basis. Moscow's Collegium, for example, has a membership of a thousand attorneys. Each Collegium is headed by a presiding committee elected by secret ballot.

All Collegiums have their own funds composed mainly of contributions paid by members from their fees. The Collegiums also have incomes from other sources. The Moscow Collegium, for example, has recently embarked on a publication program with a volume of court speeches delivered by its foremost lawyers. This year the Collegium plans to publish a companion volume of twenty trial speeches made by eminent defense attorneys.

A requirement for admission to membership in the Lawyers' Collegium is a higher legal education. Law school graduates go through six months of practical training under the supervision of an experienced attorney, and during this period they are paid a salary from the Collegium's budget. Young lawyers participate in a number of criminal and civil cases. Only after they prove their competence are they admitted to regular membership in the Collegium.

The services of a lawyer are available to every defendant regardless of the charge. In those rare cases when a person is unable to hire counsel, the court will appoint a lawyer, and his fee will be paid by the Lawyers' Collegium. Besides serving as defense counsel, lawyers render many other kinds of legal service.

Every large city has legal consultation offices where lawyers do the bulk of their out-of-court work. Legal advice in these offices is given at a very low rate or without fee and covers property rights, housing, labor and a multitude of other questions. Of late many thousands of people have come to ask about provisions of the new pension law adopted last year, which more than doubles the old pension for most citizens. Lawyers are indeed an integral part not only of judicial practice, but also of everyday life. ■



LAWYER ALEXANDER MAKEYEV IS DRAWING UP AN APPEAL. DISSENSION FROM THE VERDICT OF A LOWER COURT CAN BE TAKEN TO A COURT OF APPEALS FOR REVIEW.

VALENTIN YEFIMENKO, WELL-KNOWN MOSCOW LAWYER, IS HERE SHOWN IN ACTION AS A TRIAL LAWYER. HE PRESENTS HIS CASE DURING COURT PROCEEDINGS.



MARINA

"almost ten"

By Elena Surova

Marina Ivanyuk, fortunately for my story, was not one of those shy, retiring children. She was eager and willing to talk, and at a headlong pace. She was ten years old, well, almost ten, and her papa worked in a tire factory and she liked dolls but she thought maybe she was getting too old to play with them.

But her sidelong glance at the doll tucked away in a bed in the corner was evidence of conflict. I said that I still cherished my old doll and I wouldn't think of parting with my plush rabbit with the torn ear. They were my oldest friends and one just doesn't leave old friends, isn't that so? She agreed happily, the conflict temporarily resolved, and went on.

They had been living in this apartment ever since she remembered and she had no brothers and sisters—yet—but her mama said maybe soon. And she liked to wrestle with papa and he told her stories almost every night. Would I like to see the drawings she had made in camp last summer?

She rummaged in a toy chest jammed full of odds and ends and pulled out the drawings. They had a general resemblance to houses; the walls were a little lopsided and the trees seemed to be growing foliage with curls. With Marina as guide, however, I unmistakably made out the cottage she bunked in, the particular table at which she sat in the dining room, the gymnasium, the swimming float and other assorted landmarks.

There were many things she had to tell me about camp—hikes through the woods to pick berries and mushrooms, swimming in the river, that she had played the part of the fox in a camp play, and about nature study especially. Marina was in charge of the two turtles. She didn't care for them at first because they pulled their heads into their shells every time she touched them and they were as slow—as turtles. But she found out that a turtle slipped into a bunkmate's bed just before lights out raised the most horrible screams anybody ever heard.

I asked the inevitable question—about school. Marina told me she was in her second year and showed me the schedule of her classes under the glass top of her desk: arithmetic, reading, Russian language, writing, sewing, gymnasium, singing, drawing.

She casually by-passed my second inevitable question—how she liked school, and told me in great detail the rather involved story of the boy who got the "two." Marks in the Soviet schools are graded from one to five. Five is "Excellent" and Marina has a standing agreement with her parents that she

Continued on page 44

"SCHOOL'S FUN—BUT MORE FUN WHEN IT'S OUT."



"SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?" SEEMS TO BE THE SENTIMENT FELT BY MARINA, WHO STILL HAS MUCH AFFECTION FOR HER OLD DOLL AND A PLUSH RABBIT.



"TEACHER'S SCISSORS ARE SO MAGICALLY OBEDIENT!"

MARINA "almost ten"

Continued from page 42

would get only fives. Her mama helps Marina with her lessons everyday.

I gathered after a while that it was not Marina who got the "two." It was Pavlik, a boy in her class. When Pavlik got his copybook back from the teacher, Marina, quite naturally, wanted to see what mark he got. Marina explained that she wasn't nosey, like the teacher says, just curious. After much squirming, she caught a glance at the scribbled notebook and the big "two" marked in red ink; Pavlik, in the meantime, making valiant efforts to hide the mark. When he saw it was no use, he was mortified.

From Pavlik's anguish and Marina's solicitude, one could gather there was something more than friendship involved here. In any event, Marina offered to help Pavlik with his spelling because she is good in spelling, and Pavlik, after consideration, agreed to be helped, his masculine pride somewhat assuaged when it was disclosed that he knew how to dance and Marina didn't. Pavlik thereupon gallantly offered to help once she joined the dance group. So everybody was happy.

Marina, as an addition to the dance group, was something of a mixed blessing. The dance group is one of the school's after class activities for children from the first to fourth grades. Since Marina had to learn and practice the same dance steps over and over, she soon got bored. She amused herself making

faces behind the teacher's back and, I gathered from what she did *not* say, making herself a general nuisance, until the dance teacher insisted that her room was preferable to her company.

Marina's dance career would probably have ended right there if not for the irrepressible Pavlik. He told her a few days later, very importantly, that the group was learning a Ukrainian dance and described a process of such glowing activity that Marina had a second thought. She went back to the group, apologized for her past, got a humiliating talking to for her pains, but she got back in.

The Ukrainian dance—with Marina—was performed before the whole school one afternoon. There was much applause and almost everybody shouted "Encore," but the Ukrainian dance was the only one they had worked on for the show.

Aunt Pasha, who takes care of the school coatroom, told Marina that she would unquestionably be a great dancer when she was grown up. But Marina, although pleased, does not think so. As of now, she wants to be a teacher and mark copybooks with red ink. "That's what I'd really like to do," she says.

From Marina's comments about herself one gathers that life is not all a bed of roses for an almost ten-year-old. Parents just don't understand. Take the scolding she got for looking—just looking—into papa's books.

She and her girl friend, Tanya, were arguing about the difference between fairy tales and stories. It started with Tanya saying how sorry she felt for the old man in the fairy tale about the fish and the fisherman. Marina

said she was silly, that it was only a fairy tale.

"Now a story," she argued, "is a different thing. When I read a story sometimes I feel like crying, because it's all true. Even grown-ups cry when they read a story." The argument reaching the inconclusive state of "Yes, it is. . . No, it isn't," they retired to papa's bookcase to see if his encyclopedia had a judgment on the burning question. . .

With all the volumes to consult, they had to spread them out on the floor and it just happened that some of papa's papers got messed up in the process. Mama came in, took one look and yelled at them. "Look at what you two did. Papa will be furious." When your own parents start to make a fuss about a little thing like that, Marina concluded the tale sadly, well, what's the use?

And that didn't end it. All in all it was not what you could call a very good day. When Tanya went home, Marina got the urge to do some sewing. When she thought about what to sew, she got the very bright idea of sewing a pair of house slippers for her aunt's cat, Vaska. Aunt Pasha was always talking about how Vaska came in with wet feet and only a few days ago Vaska had sneezed all day. Now anyone should know that house slippers for a handsome cat like Vaska have to be made from good material. Everybody but mama apparently, when she found out that Marina had carefully cut off the hem of her dressing gown.

But that's life, Marina's expression seemed to be saying as she shook hands with me very formally and saw me to the door. ■

"THIS BOOK'S ABOUT GIRLS LIKE US . . . SO MUCH SO IT'S EVEN FUNNY," IS THE UNANIMOUS CONCLUSION DRAWN BY MARINA AND HER INTERESTED GROUP OF CLASSMATES.





"SEE, PAPA, I GOT A 'FIVE' IN ARITHMETIC", SAYS MARINA WITH CONSIDERABLE PRIDE, FOR SHE KEPT HER PROMISE TO HER PARENTS TO GET HIGH MARKS IN SCHOOL.



"TEA IS SERVED! I AM COMPLETELY ACCUSTOMED TO HOUSEKEEPING!"

"IT WOULD BE LOVELY, IF ONLY I HAD HIGH HEELS!" BOASTS MARINA TO HER CHUM. ▶





HERE IS SOME FRIENDLY COMPETITION AT THE POOL TABLE. AS RAFAIL SHOTS, IVAN LAUGHINGLY REMINDS HIM THAT ONLY SKILL WILL POCKET A CORNER BALL.

Steel City

PALS

Ivan Lobai and Rafail Saifutdinov have been close friends as far back as they can remember. But even before that they had much in common. They were both born in the early thirties in the new city of Magnitogorsk, when the first blast furnaces were blown in the Urals. They are both second generation iron and steel makers—gas watchmen at blast furnaces No. 7 and No. 6 respectively of the Magnitogorsk Iron and Steel Mill, one of the largest enterprises of its kind in the country.

Their parents helped build the mill, construct the big apartment houses and plant the shrubs and trees which shadow the broad streets and avenues of the steel city. The two



BEFORE STARTING HIS OWN WORKDAY, RAFAIL VISITS FURNACE NO. 7, TO SEE FRIEND IVAN BEGIN THE DAY.

pals do not remember seeing the mill or the houses go up, but they have a dim recollection of a lake which appeared at the foot of Mount Magnitnaya. They spent many of their happiest childhood hours on this man-made lake swimming and sailing rafts made of planks and boats made of barrels.

Neither of them ever thought of being anything but a steelworker, and they moved naturally into their jobs. Perhaps it is a matter of inheritance that they are top-notch steel men, particularly Ivan Lobai.

The foreman of furnace No. 7, old metallurgist Alexei Ryabtsev, likes to speculate about Ivan. "He has a knack that few steelworkers have, even after years of experience. Where does a man get it, if not through inheritance?" Perhaps not strictly scientific, but maybe there's something in what Ryabtsev says.

Ivan's skill and ability, not to speak of his natural warmth and sympathy, have won him hosts of friends at the mill and all over the city. Two years ago he was elected a deputy to the legislature of the Russian Federative Republic. And two or three days a week now he hurries after work to the deputy's office to talk to constituents who want questions answered and things done.

That apparently has not interfered with his steel work. The men on his furnace, all of them expert at high-speed smelting, produced 36,000 tons of pig iron above schedule last year. Nor has it interfered with his friendship for Rafail. The two inseparables still find time to make up a joint theater party with their wives, to sit down for a glass of beer, and to visit at each other's homes for pelmeni, those meat dumplings without which no Magnitogorsk steel man finds life complete.



RAFAIL DREW UP BLUEPRINTS FOR AN AIR-HEATER AUTOMATIC VALVE AND WAS PRAISED FOR HIS EFFICIENCY.

See more pictures on page 48



AFTER HIS WORKING HOURS, RAFAIL HURRIES TO THE MINING AND METALLURGICAL INSTITUTE FOR NIGHT CLASSES.

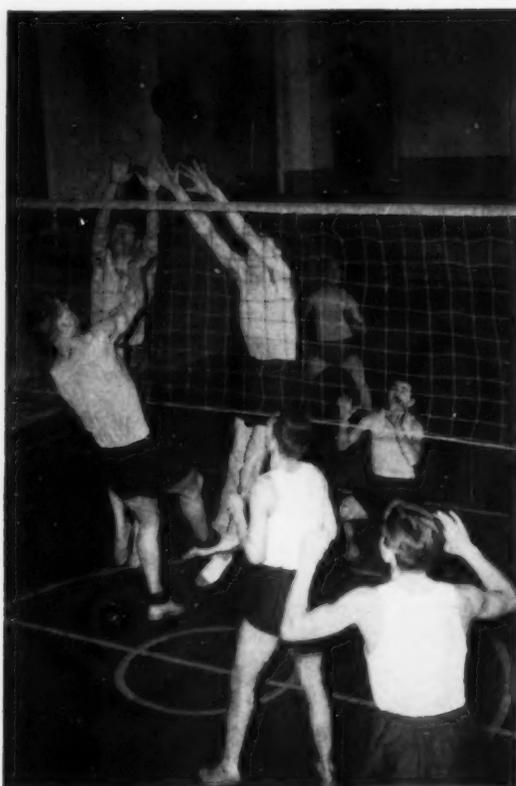


HOME STUDY TAKES SOME WEEKEND TIME.



YOUNG STEELWORKERS GET TOGETHER TO QUESTION LOBAI ABOUT HIS SUCCESSFUL PRODUCTION TECHNIQUES.

Steel City PALS *Continued*



A FAVORITE SPORT OF THE STEEL CITY PALS IS VOLLEYBALL.

RAFAIL AND HIS WIFE NINA NOTE THAT EVERYBODY IS BUSY MAKING THE TASTE TREAT CALLED PELMENI.



AT THE MOSCOW ART THEATER

By Olga Afanasieva

and Alexander Vasiliev

The spotlight picks out the white seagull silhouetted on the curtain. There is a moment of tense, expectant silence as the curtains slowly part, move to the wings, and the actors speak their opening lines. Once again the Moscow Art Theater company and its audience will live through the tragedy and the comedy of a human experience.

During the fifty-eight years of its vigorous life literally millions of theatergoers have been moved by the matchless artistry of the theater created by Konstantin Stanislavsky and Vladimir Nemerovich-Danchenko. The Art Theater has been the dramatic heart of Russia, and its creative influence has been felt throughout the world.

Behind each of the company's finished productions lies a theory of stagecraft and months of the most painstaking work. Let us look behind the footlights at the Moscow Art Theater that the audience does not usually see.

Twenty Plays in the Repertory

We arrive at the theater during rehearsal period and have some considerable difficulty getting inside. The doorman says "No outsiders permitted," but we finally prevail on him to call the stage manager. The stage manager explains that this is a long-standing rule, laid down by Stanislavsky himself, to keep out everything and everybody that might distract the actors.

To act a role, Stanislavsky said, means to live it, to transform actor into character. The great theater director demanded that the cast leave the troubles and cares of everyday life in the cloakroom with their hats and coats. He asked this of the audience too.

Stanislavsky interpreted applause during the play as a sign that the actors had not completely won the audience. He was sharp with those members of his company who were "to blame" for such applause. Let the audience applaud as much as it wishes to when the curtain goes down, but while the play is in progress the audience must be made to live

BEHIND THE SCENES



through the action being shown on the stage.

When we get backstage, our first impression is one of quiet, a silence that spells intense work and concentration. On the doors signs hang conspicuously, "Quiet," "Rehearsal Going On." The rugs in the corridors muffle our steps. We wait for a break in the rehearsal. Then we catch Alexander Solodovnikov, the director of the theater, and ask our questions.

"What play are you now rehearsing?"

"Plays," he corrects. "Seven of them. Turgenev's *A Nest of Gentlefolk*, Schiller's *Maria Stuart*, Shakespeare's *The Winter's Tale*, and Shaw's *The Devil's Disciple*. The modern plays are Leonid Leonov's *The Golden Carriage*, Leonid Rakhmanov's *Restless Old Age*, and *The Nameless Star*, by the Rumanian playwright Mihai Sebastian.

"How do you manage to rehearse so many plays at once?"

"The theater has a big company, more than 150 people. We are short of directors, but we are developing some of our most promising young folks. As far as space problems are

concerned, we have two stages and ten rehearsal halls."

"Would you say that your repertory system differs from that generally true for the European and American theater?"

"Very much so. We reject the system of stars and productions for which new companies must be chosen. Our dominant artistic principle is the company as an ensemble, made up of people with common views, with each member equally important to the company. That is a general principle in the Soviet theater. We think it necessary to have a many-sided repertory to develop both actor and audience. There are now twenty plays in the repertory of our theater."

"Where do you get the money to maintain such a large company and to prepare so many productions?"

"Mostly through box-office receipts. At the beginning of the current season our income was somewhat decreased because of the decision of the Ministry of Culture to reduce ticket prices by twenty per cent. The govern-

ment, however, compensated us for the loss with a grant of two million rubles. But, more important, we are not in business for profit. The word *Art* in the name of our theater describes our function. We want to give our audiences as varied a repertory as we can, one that will enrich the mind and the emotions, one that will develop the best artistic tastes."

Rehearsal Going On

With the director we move quietly to the hall where Leonov's *The Golden Carriage* is being rehearsed and take our seats in the darkened theater. A tiny lamp on the stage manager's table lights up the script. Grouped around it are two directors and their assistants, the scene designer, the electrician and other technical people.

The cast is going through one of the scenes. Timofei Nepryakhin, who had dreamed of becoming an astronomer, has come back from the war blind. He is in love with Marka, and

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BEHIND THE SCENES

Continued from page 49

Marka with him. The scene is a dialogue between Timofei and Marka's mother, distressed and torn by concern for her child. The mother is played by the theater's outstanding actress, Klavdia Yelanskaya, and the soldier by young Alexander Mikhailov.

The dialogue is very simple. The director and the actors are trying not only to convey the lines but to reveal the meaning that lies behind the lines—what the Art Theater calls the second plane of meaning.

People rarely complete their thoughts and phrases. Therefore the silences—which have come to be known as the Art Theater pauses—are frequently more expressive than language;

they help the audience to grasp the less obvious and more profound psychology and motivation of the characters.

The scene finished, a break is called, and we use the opportunity to get better acquainted with the actors over a cup of coffee.

Klavdia Yelanskaya has been in the Art Theater Company for nearly thirty years. She has been granted the highest award a Soviet actor can receive—People's Artist of the USSR. Alexander Mikhailov is a graduate of the Art Theater Studio and is a relative newcomer to the stage. The part of the blind soldier is only his third major role with the company, although he has already appeared in several films.

"How long have you been rehearsing *The Golden Carriage*," we ask the director.

"About a year. Leonov is not a simple playwright to interpret. His plays are not superficial. They have many levels of meaning, and we have to dig down to do them justice. But now we are almost ready to open."

"Is it customary to spend as much as a year to prepare a production?"

"No. Lillian Hellman's *Autumn Garden* was produced in five months. *The Kremlin Chimes* by Nikolai Pogodin was also ready for performance in a comparatively short time. On the other hand, our production of Shakespeare's *The Winter's Tale* has been in preparation two years now. It all depends on the difficulty of the play, the experience of the cast, and the director's production plan."

The Winter's Tale, we learn, is to rehearse
Continued on page 52

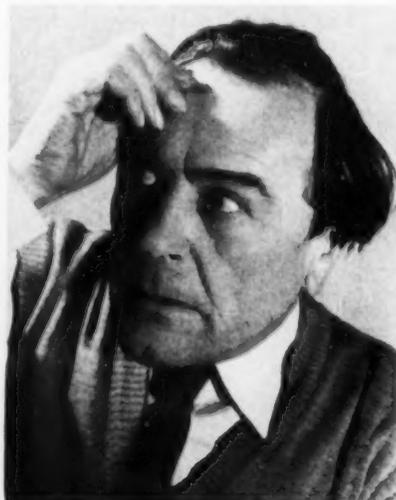


Director Victor Stanitsyn explains the roles in Schiller's *Maria Stuart* to players Alla Tarasova and Nina Bazarova.



At a rehearsal of Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*, director Mikhail Kedrov (left) watches Pavel Vinnikov in role of Antigonus, Mikhail Bolduman as King Leontes, Maria Titova as Paulina.

O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.



I have tremor cordis on me,
—my heart dances.



Each and every actor of the Moscow Art Theater, though following a common creative pattern, has his own individual approach in seeing into the character he is to portray. Mikhail Bolduman, for instance, at first looks for the external appearance of the hero and only after that begins to draw his inner character, gradually discovering his concrete traits and special features.

Like the true son of the Art Theater that he is, Bolduman strives to understand the motivation for action, to feel and experience all the innermost depths of the hero. In his depiction, King Leontes in Shakespeare's *The Winter's Tale* is a passionate and enthusiastic man who is rather unpredictable. The accompanying pictures show Bolduman playing the scene of Leontes' jealousy.



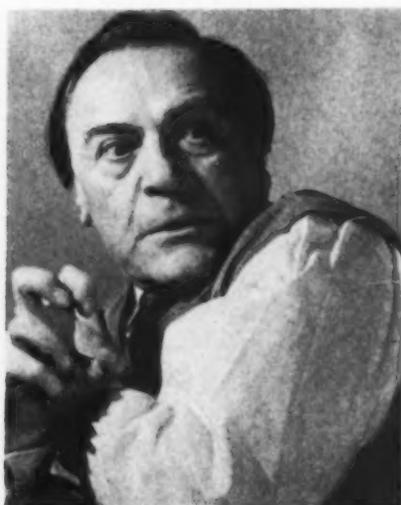
VICTOR STANITSYN CONDUCTS A STAGE REHEARSAL OF THE PLAY MARIA STUART. ON STAGE ARE ALLA TARASOVA IN THE TITLE ROLE, AND LEONID GUBANOV AS MORTIMER.

And arms her with
the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband!

... I am much deceived, cuckolds ere now.

How she holds up the neb. the bill to him.

Out! A mankind witch!
Hence with her,
out o'door ...





A FOUR-STORY BUILDING HOUSES THEATER'S WORKSHOPS WHERE STAGE SETTINGS ARE DESIGNED AND PRODUCED.

BEHIND THE SCENES

Continued from page 50

a scene, and we hurry to a small rehearsal hall. The floor there is covered with the inevitable sound-muffling rug. The chandeliers are draped with a translucent fabric to soften the light. Sharp light makes it difficult for the director to detect the subtle shades of facial expression and gesture for which he is looking.

The director is Mikhail Kedrov, one of the noted Art Theater people. With his staff of three assistants he sits behind a small table in the rear of the hall. On the stage is an arm-chair with a white bundle in it—the newly-born daughter of King Leontes. His palace is shown by cloth screens, and the cast is wearing today's clothing.

As the scene begins, King Leontes, blinded by anger and jealousy, rejects his daughter. The queen's confidant Paulina, played by Maria Titova, pleads with the king. But he thrusts her aside and rages across the stage.

Kedrov stops the scene. He says impatiently, "It won't do. You can't do Shakespeare by raising your voice and looking angry. That's all external. Shakespeare's people always think and talk with their whole being, not with voice alone. Do you feel the way Leontes' blood boils? Let's try it again."

The rehearsal lasts four hours—broken frequently by stops for comment and analysis of each idea, and by discussion of interpretation. After the rehearsal we listen to Kedrov tell us about the Stanislavsky system.

The Stanislavsky System

Before the Moscow Art Theater was founded the peak of dramatic art was considered to be a role excellently performed by an actor. Stanislavsky set a higher goal—a play with *all* its roles excellently performed. In order to create such a true ensemble of actors it was necessary to develop a single system of stage craftsmanship capable of unit-

PICTURE SEQUENCE SHOWS STEPS IN THE ART OF MAKE-UP TRANSFORMATION. YOUNG EVGENIA KHANAYEVA PREPARES HERSELF FOR OLD WOMAN ROLE IN *KREMLIN CHIMES*.



ing all the creative forces that make up the theater.

The Stanislavsky system is far from being empty theorizing; it is based on the experience of the finest actors, on the organic laws of man's internal life and his relation to his environment. Stanislavsky was helped in many ways by the great physiologist Ivan Pavlov.

But it is possible to create the organic life of man on the stage only when the actor believes in the truth of the circumstances set up by the playwright and is willing to give himself up to them. One cannot squeeze suffering out of oneself; it arises in the clash with environment, with other people. This conflict is what the stage must re-create with complete reality. Without it truthfulness and depth are impossible. That is why the chief creative goal of Stanislavsky was to express the truth of life as reflected in art. In his efforts to mobilize all the spiritual powers of the actor for creative work, he found the key to awaken in people what we call, for lack of a better term, inspiration.

"Stanislavsky did not by any means consider his method a dogma to be frozen for all time," Kedrov concluded. "He refined it, improved it in practice during his own lifetime, and emphasized that we too must constantly seek to improve it."

We Leave a Magic World

With the rehearsals ended, the stairs and foyers of the theater fill with actors leaving for dinner and rest before the evening performance. Meanwhile, on the stage the sets are being shifted.

All the sets are made at the theater's own workshops. They occupy a four-story building in the back yard. We climb to the very top, pass through a big hall with a canvas backdrop on the floor showing a nobleman's estate. Then we enter the model shop. The examination of scale models for *A Nest of Gentlefolk* is in progress here.

On a miniature stage are the sets for the production: the drawing room in the house of a provincial gentlewoman; a pond in a long-neglected park; a garden in moonlight. In imagination one can almost see the play's lovers moving slowly through the old garden.

It is late, but we do not wish to leave this evanescent magic world of moonlit gardens, of great love and poignant sorrow, of comedy and tragedy. But as we step out of the theater and into the glare of the street lights, we comfort ourselves with the thought that we have at least been privileged to peer behind the footlights into the real work-a-day world of a great theater company. ■

Actress Tatiana Lennikova gets last minute advice from director V. Belokurov, just before she goes on stage as Yelena, in *Forgotten Friend*.

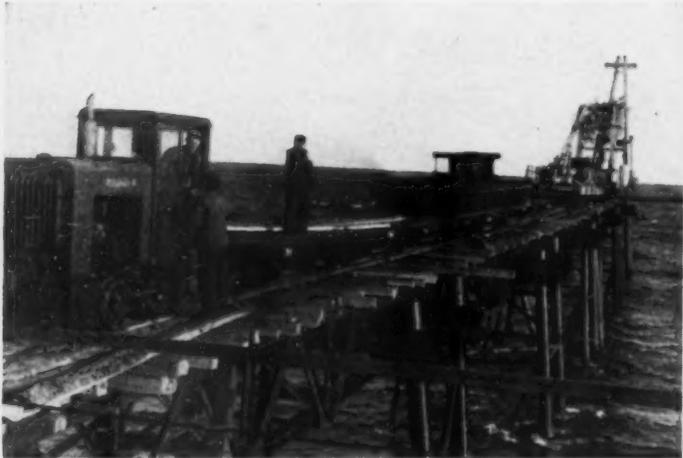




New equipment is constantly added as additional oil reserves are found under the sea's floor. Foreman Yakub Aliev is here testing one of the pump valves.



One of the blocks of houses built for oil workers' families in the city above the sea. A hospital, stores, restaurants and all conveniences are provided.



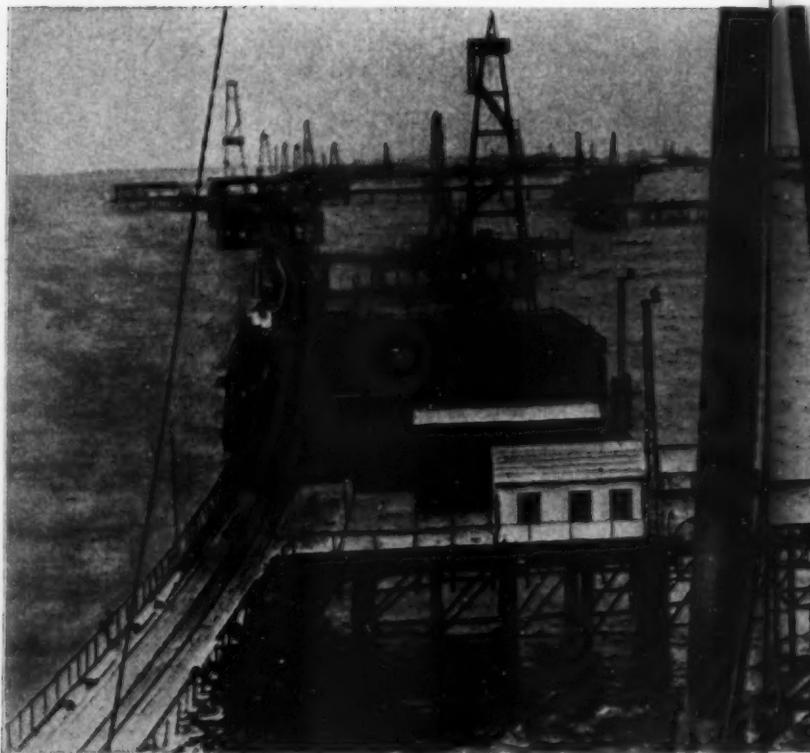
The need for oil keeps bringing new rigs into the system, and this results in extension of the railway trestles further and further into the Caspian Sea.

A modern first-aid station and hospital polyclinic provide various treatment for the sea-going oil workers who are engaged in this rather hazardous work.



The Town

By Yakov Usherenko



Our cutter had been moving along at a fast clip since it left Baku. We had seen nothing for three hours but the turbulent waters of the Caspian Sea, with no land in sight. Suddenly, through the haze of spray, we glimpsed a whole forest of derricks on the horizon. They seemed to be standing on the water. A mirage? The cutter moved closer but the mirage did not fade. A city of derricks, houses, streets, moving automobiles and people loomed up.

It was Neftyanje Kamni—Oil Rocks—once a bare reef that spelled only danger for shipping, now a booming off-shore oil town which extracts millions of tons of black gold from the bottom of the Caspian each year. The town of Neftyanje Kamni is only seven years old, but it spouts with activity and people, and has become an important producer in Azerbaijan, this oldest oil area in the Soviet Union.

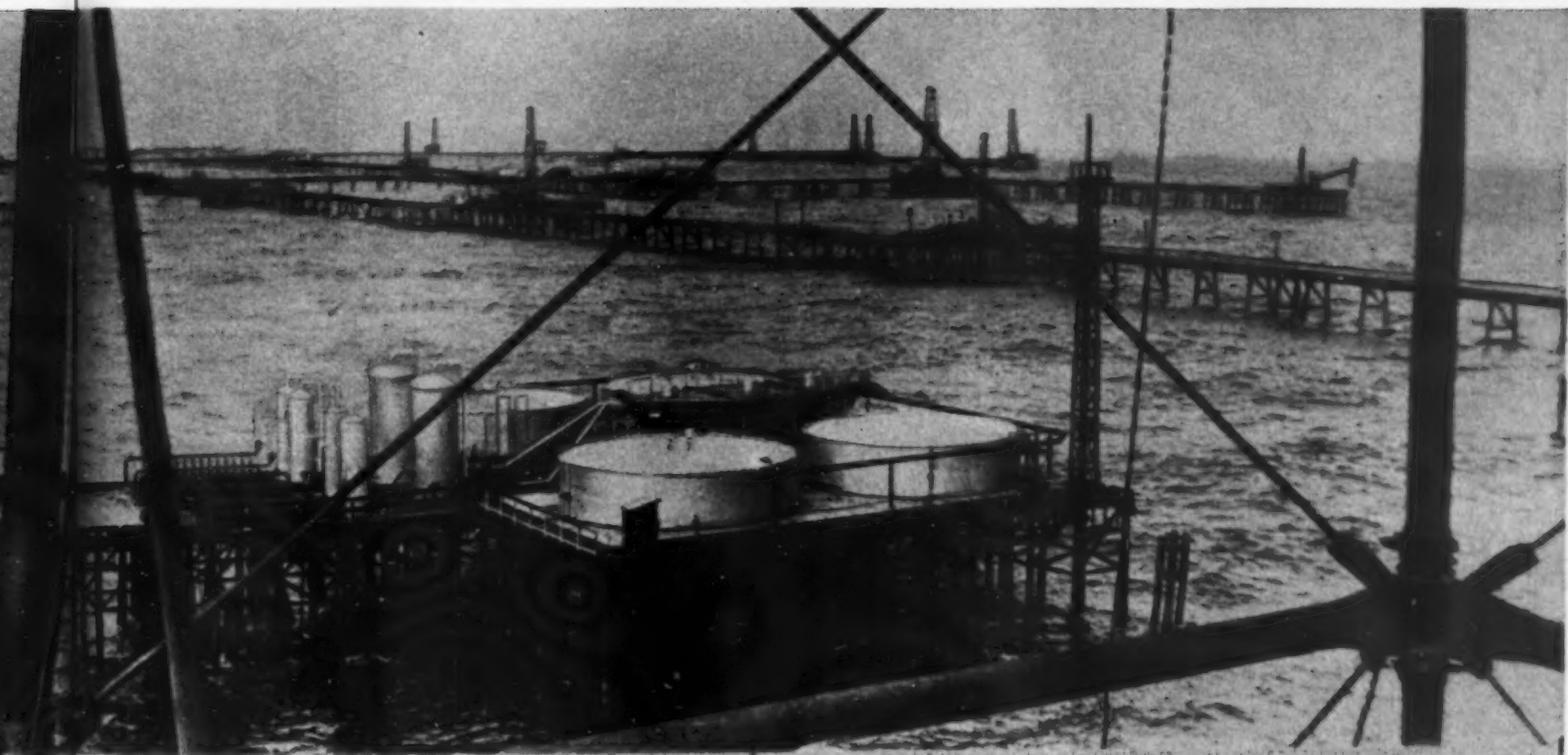
Caspian seamen and fishermen had long known this reef, well enough to give it a wide berth. They brought back stories of an iridescent film on the surface of the sea near the reef and of a smell of oil when the wind blew in their direction.

An expedition was sent to study the sea floor around the reef. For



BEFORE THE SEA'S OIL RESERVES WERE TAPPED, THIS IS HOW NEFTYANYE KAMNI APPEARED TO MARINERS NEAR ITS DANGEROUS REEFS, HAVING THAT ODD OILY SMELL.

n Built on the Sea



BEYOND SIGHT OF LAND, THIS FOREST OF DERRICKS, PUMPS AND STORAGE TANKS IS MANNED BY A FULL CREW OCCUPYING A COMPLETE TOWN ABOVE THE CASPIAN'S WAVES.

two years geologists accompanied by a small army of seamen, construction workers and oil workers fought a murderous battle with sea and rocks to construct the first test derrick on the underwater reef. In November 1949, they struck oil in the Caspian.

But this was only the beginning of a prodigious job. How to build a solid underwater base for a derrick that would stand the smashing impact of big waves? How to set up communication with the mainland? How to house hundreds of workers on these water-swept rocks? These were some of the complex questions of engineering that had to be answered.

"Land" had to be built. Seven junked ships were towed to the reef by tugboats from Baku harbor. They were half-sunk in such a fashion that the hulks broke the force of the waves before they reached the reef. Living quarters were set up on the ship decks. The reef was renamed "The Isle of Seven Ships"; the name has stuck.

While the foundations were being constructed, the derrick frames were assembled at a plant in Baku. Each one was some five to six stories high and looked like a giant footstool. Once mounted on the

foundation, the network of derricks was tied together by steel trestles into a solid unit, with metal piles, pipes driven deep into the bed of the Caspian, to support the trestles.

Early in 1956 the trestles had reached out to sea a distance of 120 miles, with more being built to tap the oil hidden under the bed of the sea. The drills go down to a depth of ten to twelve thousand feet.

Neftyanje Kamni, the new sea-oil town, stands firmly on this great metal foundation. Whole streets of one and two-story houses have gone up. The town boasts a number of restaurants and cafes, a recreation center, a hospital, stores, a technical school, an athletic field and its own telephone system with direct communication with Baku and with radiotelegraph connection with any point in the country. Baku papers are on newsstands three hours after they come off the press, and Moscow papers only a single day after.

Motor ships, cutters and tankers anchor at the piers that jut out from the man-made shores to drop freight and passengers. The streets are alive with traffic carrying thousands of oil workers, many of them born in Baku, to their jobs on these oil fields far out to sea. ■









the hungry steppe

This was once the Hungry Steppe, this two and a half million acres of changing geography in Soviet Central Asia where the Uzbek and Kazakh Republics meet. For untold centuries it was a desert, arid and sun-scorched, that lay west of the muddy Syr-Darya River between the three oases of Tashkent, Samarkand and Ferghana.

Now great cotton farms dot the steppe like islands, green strips of forest stretch to the horizon, canals irrigate the new-blossoming earth, and trucks rumble in an endless stream along its modern highways, bringing people, machines and equipment to change the face of a land.

Into that ancient name, Hungry Steppe, how much poverty and despair must have been written, as though in recognition of man standing helpless and impotent before hostile nature. Early in the spring the killing sun would wither the grass and turn the vast plain yellow-gray. A herd of gazelle might appear for a moment outlined against the shimmering heat waves, and then disappear, leaving the empty steppe to the rodents, snakes and tortoises, its natural dwellers.

But there were those who dreamed of bring-

ing water to the land, for water was what the desert needed to bring it to fertile life. And as technology advanced, it began to seem possible to animate the dream. At the end of the last century an attempt was made to build a canal from the Syr-Darya River. However, it was only in 1913 that water first flowed into the Hungry Steppe to irrigate 75,000 acres.

Peasants from all parts of Russia moved out to the rich new lands. But they did not know how to use the water. Their thought was, the more water the better. So that the day of reckoning came quickly. Immoderate use of water led to the formation of marshes and saline tracts. The attempt of the czarist government to exploit the potential riches of the Hungry Steppe was, for the most part, fruitless.

The First Settlers

Development of the Hungry Steppe began in earnest only in 1918, the year in which Vladimir Lenin signed a decree that allocated 50 million rubles for irrigation work in Soviet Central Asia, with special attention to be paid to the Hungry Steppe. And in 1924 the first cotton-growing state farm was founded on the

steppe. It was named the Pakhta-Aral, the Island of Cotton.

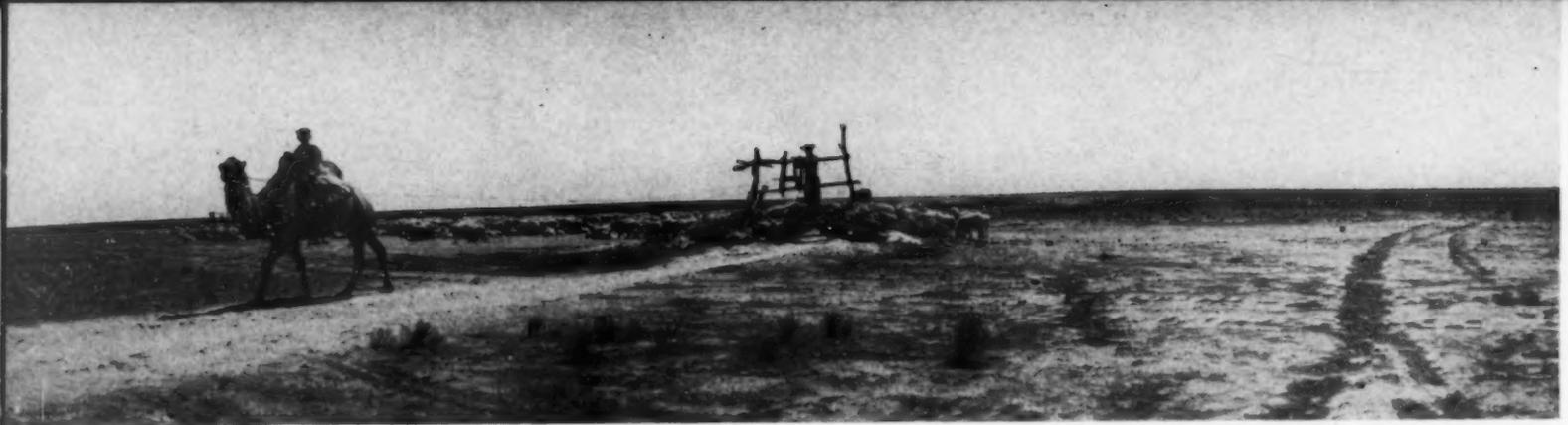
Thirty years ago the Pakhta-Aral State Farm was a tiny green oasis surrounded by hundreds of miles of virtual desert. Step by slow and painful step the farm workers reclaimed the alkaline tracts and marshes.

The work was murderously hard. During the day the sun baked the ground so hot that it was almost impossible to set foot on it. At night, swarms of mosquitoes made life unendurable. There was water everywhere, but it was saline. It was in the face of these hardships that the first Pakhta-Aral settlers dug canals, built houses and planted cotton.

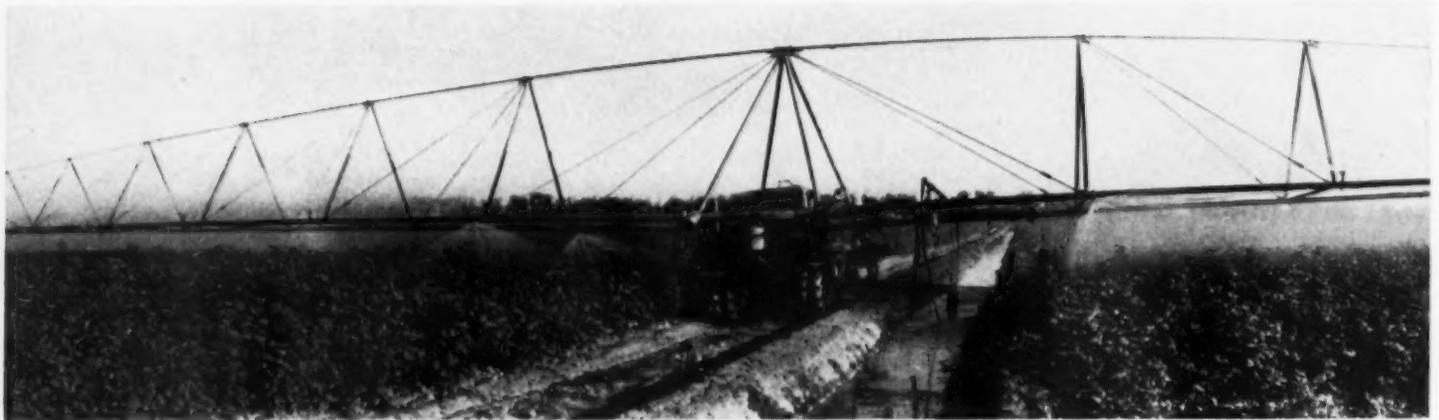
Today the farm is one of the largest cotton-growing centers in the country. It produces about a ton and a half of cotton per acre over an area of 13,000 acres. Collective farmers from cotton-growing areas visit the Pakhta-Aral to study its methods, and scientific conferences and meetings are held at the farm.

The green forest strips that mark out the stages in reclaiming the Hungry Steppe stretch out to the horizon. From the farm, highways branch out in all directions. One of these

Continued on page 58



IN FORMER DAYS, PLODDING CAMELS MOVED THE WHEELS OF WELLS, LIKE THIS ONE. THEY SUPPLIED VERY LIMITED WATER FOR SHEEP AND LAND IN THE IMMEDIATE AREA.



TODAY MODERN SPRINKLERS DRAW WATER FROM FEEDER CANALS, AND THE RICH LAND PRODUCES FINE COTTON CROPS. THE THIRST OF THE STEPPE HAS BEEN SATISFIED.

the hungry steppe

Continued from page 57

highways leads to the Kirov District.

This is the second and northernmost line of the offensive against the Hungry Steppe. It was launched in the spring of 1940, when the cotton growers of Kazakhstan built an eighty-mile trunk canal from the Syr-Darya, the Kirov Canal. It transformed the steppe. Collective farm villages, orchards and cotton fields sprang up along its banks.

The northwestern part, bordering on the Kyzyl-Kum desert, remained undeveloped. Gradually this area, too, was won. In the fall of 1947 a new cotton-growing state farm was set up on a branch of the Kirov Canal.

Correcting Geography

Correcting the geography of the Hungry Steppe has proceeded in two ways—the first by building a broad network of irrigation canals, the second by planting windbreaks in

the path of the hot, dry winds. The canals are being dug at a rapid pace. Simultaneously, dwellings are erected and the soil broken to the plow.

Development of the 50,000-acre Jetysai irrigated tract was begun in 1950. The sixteen Jetysai collective farms now produce high yields. Each has an annual income of several million rubles. Modern communities have grown up in the Jetysai territory. Poplars and maples border the canals.

Water and trees have not only changed the appearance of the Hungry Steppe, they have changed its climate as well, making it moderate and equable. Besides protecting the cotton from the parching winds, the trees have improved the soil composition so that new crops can grow. Many of the collective farms have begun to cultivate grapes, to keep bees, and to raise silk cocoons.

But cotton is still the chief crop in the Hungry Steppe. The eleven state farms and the 125 collective farms, with the help of ten machine and tractor stations, now grow about thirty per cent of the country's cotton.

A Continuing Offensive

The once barren Hungry Steppe becomes more productive every year, but it can still yield far more than it does. Only one-fifth of its potentially fertile lands, some half million acres, have so far been developed.

Government plans approved in the fall of last year call for further development to increase cotton output. New state farms have already been set up. Besides the Farkhad Hydroelectric station which was in operation, the Kairak-Kum Station on the Syr-Darya River began producing energy this year.

Within the next five or six years plans call for the irrigation and development of another 750,000 acres of land, the construction of the Central Hungry Steppe Canal with its branches, and the establishment of thirty-four new state farms and ginneries on the new lands won from this desert. An enormous amount of work must be done before the new farms can be set up. Millions of cubic yards of earth must be moved, hundreds of miles of highways and railways built, and dozens of wells drilled.

The Hungry Steppe needs, most importantly, industrious and determined men and women with a pioneering spirit to reap the favors of breaking new ground. People who wish to move to the Hungry Steppe are offered many inducements. Each family, for example, is granted a ten-year loan of 19,000 rubles to build a house. Thirty-five per cent of the cost of building is covered by the state budget.

It will not be long before the islands of cotton and the green oases that now dot the once-hungry steppe will merge into a single great sea of cotton, wheat, orchards and vineyards. Then, perhaps, the steppe will acquire a new name, one more in keeping with its bounty. ■

HYDROELECTRIC POWER STATIONS SUCH AS KAIRAK-KUM, SHOWN BELOW, SERVE THE PEOPLE AND THEIR LAND.





The USSR Radio Symphony Orchestra and a soloist of the Moscow Philharmonic Society present excerpts from *The Birth of Hiawatha*, an oratorio written by the Soviet composer Boldyrev in observance of the 150th anniversary of the birth of the American poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.



Vladimir Lugovskoy, Soviet poet, delivering address on Longfellow.

A Word about Longfellow

The 150th anniversary of the birth of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was widely observed in the Soviet Union last February. In Moscow the celebration was marked by a gathering of Soviet poets, composers, authors and students along with some foreign guests. The Canadian poet Joe Wallace was among the speakers. The principal address was made by the Soviet poet Vladimir Lugovskoy. The following is a condensed translation of his remarks delivered at the anniversary celebration.

I shall speak about one of America's most outstanding writers, a poet of vivid and strong individuality.

I shall speak about Henry Wadsworth Longfellow who won worldwide fame and who is honored and loved throughout the Soviet land.

Whenever I, a gray-headed man, wander back over the years, among the most precious memories of my childhood and youth, there float up, mingled with an early yearning for happiness and a deep sense of nature's beauty, the immortal and bewitching lines of Longfellow's *The Song of Hiawatha*.

Longfellow first became popular in the 1830's when he wrote a number of exceptionally fine poems. One of the most remarkable of his early efforts was his famous *The Psalm of Life*, propagating an active, optimistic ideal of life, struggle and labor.

Longfellow's poetry is one of lofty and serene humanism, illumined by a love of life and calling for a pure, clean, useful, emotionally rich existence.

Longfellow is dear to us as an ardent enthusiast and herald of peace among men and among nations. In his impressive poem *The Arsenal at Springfield* he has given bold and impassioned expression to his hatred of war and his love for and faith in eternal peace among all peoples.

A brilliant master of verse, an inspired observer of nature, Longfellow was possessed of an unusually rich poetic palette, and he has left us heirs to some glowing samples of poetic art. But he only became a truly national poet of the United States with the appearance of his two famous hexametric poems *Evangeline* and *The Courtship of Miles Standish* and his immortal *Song of Hiawatha*.

Some of our critics subscribe to the view that *The Song of Hiawatha*

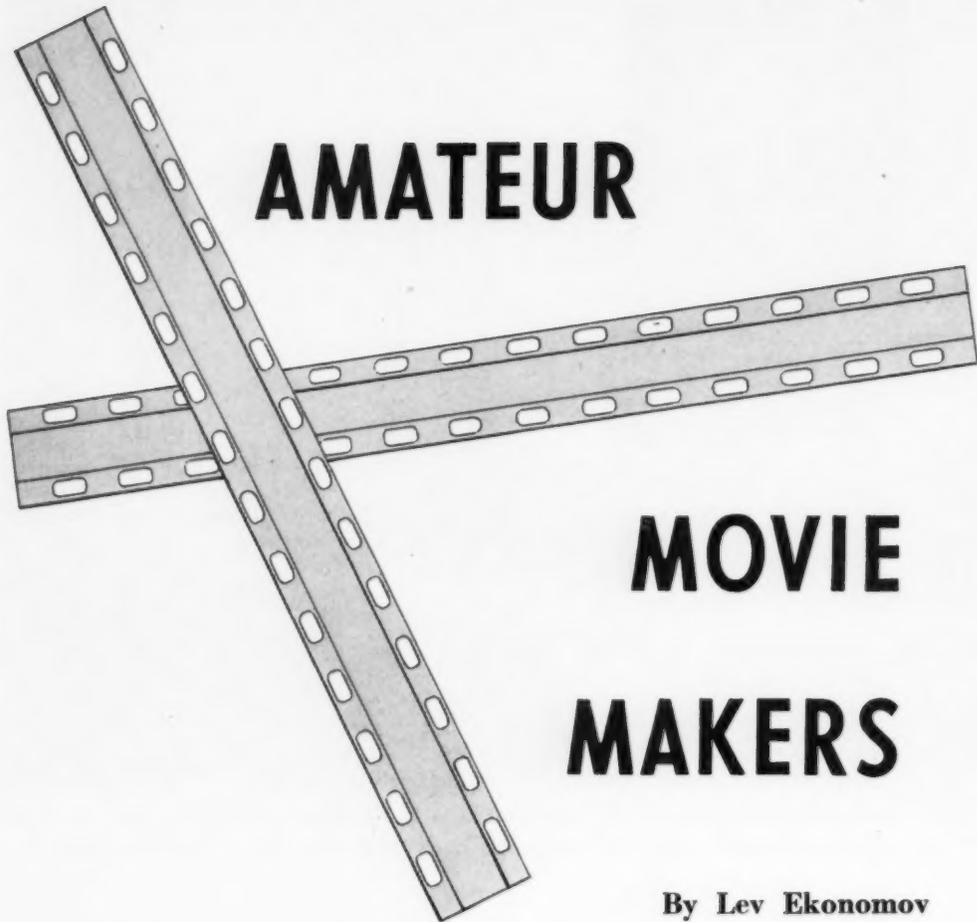
is in its way a history of mankind in verse. Personally, I share that view.

Longfellow has long been popular in this country. He has been translated into Russian by many of our poets and men of letters, among them Mikhailov and Maikov, Fet and Minayev, Weinberg and Fyodorov, Kholodkovsky and Balmont, Bunin and Chukovsky. It will not be exaggeration to say that the great American poet is the wise and dearly loved friend of millions of Soviet people today. Let me remind you that *The Song of Hiawatha* alone has in the years of Soviet government run into 15 editions with a total circulation of 2,493,000 copies.

We honor and admire Longfellow, we admire his powerful brush, his radiant faith in beauty and good, his love of heroic deeds. And there stands before us even now the proud image of an old man with eyes full of life and intelligence who speaks to all men, saying to them in the words of Gitche Manito, the Master of Life:

Wash the war paint from your faces,
Wash the bloodstains from your fingers,
Bury your war clubs and your weapons,
Break the red stone from this quarry,
Mold and make it into peace pipes,
Take the reeds that grow beside you,
Deck them with your brightest feathers,
Smoke the calumet together,
And as brothers live henceforward!

In these earnest and penetrating words by the son of the great American people, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, we hear the voice of our own hearts! ■



AMATEUR

MOVIE MAKERS

By Lev Ekonomov

Amateur movie making is pretty generally taken for granted in most of the larger towns of the Soviet Union. One finds movie camera "bugs" in the parks, on the streets and out-of-town on week ends, their eyes glued to view-finders as they give noisy if inexpert "directions" to their "actors." Some of the fans have formed "studios" producing their own short feature films. The following article by Lev Ekonomov describes one such studio in the city of Yaroslavl on the Volga River which was developed from an idea voiced five years ago.

Our First Production

The idea popped while we were watching Nikolai Gendlin present his first home-made films. They were the usual sort of thing—disconnected shots—the Volga, a few feet of his wife, Susanna, giving their daughter a merry-go-round ride. There was Nikolai himself coming into fuzzy focus and a concluding bit of the whole family having a picnic lunch under a linden tree. Nothing very moving or sensational at all.

But Nikolai's idea was! As the lights came on he said, "Why don't we try to make a real movie?"

We were all old friends: an engineer, teacher, journalist, a newspaper photographer, physician. But none of us had been closer to a movie than a good orchestra seat. Even Victor Dynin, our sour-tempered photographer, laughed but Nikolai pressed his idea and soon had us convinced . . . proving perhaps that there's a little "ham" in everyone.

Before long we were sitting up discussing whether we should launch our film careers in

a comedy or serious drama. Susanna insisted on comedy, and she spoke with the voice of authority, having once played a comedy bit in a high school play. After some arguing back and forth, we yielded and decided to do a comedy. One of the male "experts" spoke gravely of the need for expressive gestures since we'd be making silent films, while another opined a trifle lengthily, I fear, on the proper music to work up emotional atmosphere on the set.

And that is how our film studio was born. But we named it honestly enough: Ersatz Films.

We set about writing our own screen epic called *Death Island*—and we loaded it with everything melodramatic we'd read as children about pirates, buried treasure, and even cannibals! We borrowed a rowboat, used a river island on the Volga and some rather colorful, if odd, costuming. We enjoyed our Sunday film excursions mixed with a bit of swimming and boating.

The experience served to whet our appetites for something better and we found we rather liked our new-found stardoms. When our friends saw our first production, they were enthusiastic and demanded more Ersatz Films.

"Chief of the Redskins"

We began to attract genuine stars—well, anyway, real performers. Aaron Kerbel, of the Yaroslavl Drama Theater, joined us as did Herman Sedov, announcer at the Yaroslavl radio station.

We produced a satire called *There Was a Report, But . . .* in which we poked fun at bureaucracy. There was another fantasy we called *Good Genius* about the evils of drink



The author reads his new screen play to a very receptive group of friends and co-workers.

and a comedy it would be best for us to forget.

Finally we decided to turn to literature for our scenarios. We chose a short story, *The Chief of the Redskins*, by O. Henry with plans for its release to coincide with our fifth anniversary as movie makers. We found that Victor Dynin, Herman Sedov and Victor Kurapin fitted quite naturally into the roles of Bill, Sam and Ebenezer Dorset, but we met

Amateur film *Chief of the Redskins* is shown to home audience.



"Lights . . . Action . . . Camera!"—Amateur movie makers begin filming their new comedy.

The film is silent, and selecting proper music for it takes more than one evening of time.

After the music is recorded, the major problem encountered is to synchronize it with the movie.

difficulties with the rest—casting, scenario, set-building and musical score.

We worried long hours on how to convey to the audience the speed with which Bill and Sam fly out of Ebenezer Dorset's house. As O. Henry has it, it takes about ten minutes to cross all the southern and central states in their dash across the Canadian border. We finally resolved the problem by showing successive signposts marked "Oklahoma," "Kansas," "Nebraska," and so on as Bill and Sam tore up the road.

But our most troublesome difficulty was finding a boy for the part of Farmer Dorset's

10-year-old son. We made several tests without success. All our candidates seemed to lack a certain something. When we were about to throw in the sponge, Nikolai came in with a happy smile. "Within an hour, as soon as school is out, Johnny Dorset will arrive in person."

We waited. A lad with his schoolbag slung over his shoulder came in. Nikolai didn't need to tell us . . . this was our boy! Kerbel, our professional actor, spelled it out: "The spit and image of Johnny. All you have to do is shake him and his freckles will rattle like dried peas in a jar—just as O. Henry said."

Kolya Testov, our Johnny, was a second grader. He informed us he planned to be a screen star and that even now he was a

good actor. And he truly was. He proclaimed himself Chief of the Redskins, raced around hooting like he thought an Indian should, and discharged arrows all over the place and at anyone in range. In general he made life pretty active until the end.

And the picture? It turned out fine—our greatest success.

Many people have asked us: "Why don't you enlarge your studio and do some really big pictures?"

I suppose we could try it. It is within the realm of possibility that we might become a professional outfit. But we enjoy our amateur status. And we are all too happy with our chosen professions—engineering, medicine, writing, teaching—to switch to full-time acting. We have lots of fun making our films and our friends have a good time viewing them. That's enough. ■

THE CHALLENGE OF THE PEAKS

By Arie Polyakov

The man who likes to keep his feet on the ground—at normal altitudes—will inevitably ask the mountain climber: "Why do you risk your neck?" When the Englishman George Mallory, perhaps the greatest mountain climber of all time, was asked why he wanted to ascend Mount Everest, he replied, "Because it's there." His was a simple answer, implying the great courage to venture where no man has gone before—to challenge nature in the face of the peril of high altitudes.

Mount Everest is the highest peak in the world. It towers more than 29,000 feet above sea level in the Himalayan highland region on the border between Nepal and Tibet. Mountaineers from many countries have tried to scale Everest from its north face, and the climb has yet to be made. British mountaineers, conceded to rank among the best, tried the north ascent nine times and finally gave it up. They attacked it from the east.

This inaccessible peak, always covered with ice and snow, has become known as a killer. George Mallory was only one to meet his death on Everest.

Sport of Thousands

In both European and Asian parts of the Soviet Union there are many peaks which attract climbers. Thousands of people in every walk of life spend their vacations mountaineering.

Each sports society has a mountaineering section which supplies its members with all necessary equipment and provides the help of experienced instructors. Trade unions have set up nineteen camps for climbers in the mountains of the Caucasus, Central Asia and Altai Territory. Special practice climbs are organized for the beginners.

The mountaineering section of the Spartak Sports Society is one of the best in the country. Its leader Vitali Abalakov has been climbing for twenty years. As a youngster he tried to scale Tengri-Khan, one of the 23,000-foot peaks of the Tien-Shan mountain range in Central Asia. He was carried down with his hands and feet severely frostbitten. Three fingers of both hands and five toes of his left foot had to be amputated.

This handicap would have stopped other men, but Vitali had special shoes made to fit his left foot and retrained himself to climb once more. In the years since then he and the men he has trained have scaled many of the most difficult peaks. Their toughest during the last year was the ascent of Victory Peak.

The Fate of the Twelve

Victory Peak, the highest in the Tien-Shan range on the Soviet-Chinese border, towers 24,399 feet above sea level. Until recently it was the last unconquered peak in the Soviet Union. To attain it meant a step toward Everest—from the north.

Two attempts had been made to climb Victory Peak. Both failed and one ended in tragedy—only one man survived in a twelve-man team.

It was in July 1955 that two teams ventured the hazardous ascent. One was a group of climbers from Uzbekistan, the other from Kazakhstan. The Kazakh expedition, to save time, changed its original plan to make the ascent in slow stages in order to acclimatize



the party to the high altitude. Instead, they decided to take the peak by storm.

At 21,000 feet the climbers were caught in a raging blizzard that tore their tents away and buried the party in great snow drifts. Three of the men tried to get down to the base camp for help. Two were killed at the very start of the descent. The third, Ural Usenov, lost his pack with food, sun glasses and rope.

Almost blinded, with both legs frostbitten, the young man kept on for three days. He had almost reached the camp when he fell into a crevasse and dropped 52 feet into ice water that reached his chest. He was found twenty-two hours later by a rescue party, saved by the cold water that forced the circulation of blood in his hands and feet.

Last summer Ural Usenov joined our team, when we made the third try at the peak that had almost killed him.

The Climb to Victory Peak

We moved into the Tien-Shan mountains at the end of July and set up our base camp at 13,400 feet, at the junction of two glaciers. From that point we looked straight at the sheer wall of Victory Peak, with clouds hiding its crest. The younger men in our group were impatient to get started, but Vitali Abalakov, our leader, was not to be rushed.

Between July 24 and August 14 we made three sallies to reconnoiter all approaches and set up intermediate camps. The first 1,500 feet we climbed in waist-high snow. As we ascended, we cut steps in the ice-covered rock. We drove pitons into the rock and hung rope supports to help us on the way up.

Camps were established at 17,000 feet, 19,000 feet and 20,300 feet. We built snow caves, then climbed back to the base camp and hauled up 300 pounds of food and equipment to each intermediate camp. One of the men said at the time, only half joking, "A definition of mountain climbing: breaking your back hauling great weights up dizzying heights. Some sport!"

By August 14 all the preparatory work was done. Then we took four days off to rest. The last night all of us found it difficult to sleep. I for one kept thinking of the party that had met its death on the mountain. The only thing we had over them was that we had done as thorough a job of preparing for the climb as possible. The rest was luck.

On August 18 eleven of us left the base camp to begin the climb. We did not use oxygen masks. In a few days the weather suddenly changed for the worse. We were stopped by a lashing surface wind and a biting frost that kept us holed in our snow caves for six days.

The decisive day was August 30, when we had left our shelters. Although we were crawling light with nothing more than a movie camera—our packs left behind—the deep snow and strong frosty wind were sucking away the last of our strength. Visibility was practically zero. In the whirly clouds of snow you could barely make out the man directly ahead.

For two long hours we stumbled blindly behind Abalakov. Then we detoured around an overhanging snow cornice and, almost unbelievably, there was the crest of the peak. In the books, we would have gathered the ebbing remnants of our energy and spurted cheering up to the crest. But we were too exhausted and followed very slowly, man by man.

Everest from North Is Next

We had climbed Victory Peak. The sun looked down on us through a rift in the clouds, while we stood silent for a moment. Then we piled up a stone mound with a flag and a list of the men who had reached the crest.

It was only then that one of us spoke. He turned to Abalakov and asked, "Well, what's next, Vitali?"

Abalakov raised his sunglasses and squinting at the great mountain range said, "Everest, from the north." ■



VITALI ABALAKOV, VICTORY PEAK CLIMB LEADER.



URAL USENOV, A KAZAKH CLIMBING INSTRUCTOR.

POBEDA (VICTORY) PEAK RISES 24,399 FEET ON THE SOVIET-CHINESE BORDER. DOTTED LINES SHOW THE ROUTE TAKEN FROM THE BASE CAMP, ELEVATION 13,400 FEET.





Packed stands always greet the ever-popular track and field competitions.



Bicycle racing for both teams and individual cyclists is a real favorite with many of the sports fans at fast, outdoor tracks.



All eyes are on the high board swim diver. This pool offers heights for both expert and novice.



Cross-country motorcycle race. Here Moscow University students at a ford.

FAVORITE SUMMER SPORTS

Summer brings forth thousands of sports devotees in scores of games and contests in every section. Track and field shares the popularity lead with soccer as to spectator appeal and participants engaged. Volleyball and basketball rank next.

A summer favorite is the sandy beach, the lake or pool. Water sports offer something for everybody. Count from the toddling waders to speed swimmers and fancy divers and you'll have a tremendous total. Rowing and sailing draw many thousands more.

Each sport has its top-rank competitors and vast reserves of eager trainees. In the latter group we find youngsters striving for recognition in regional or national meets and hoping to attain international competitions. Millions of others, most of us, play just for fun and reap a bonus in new vim.



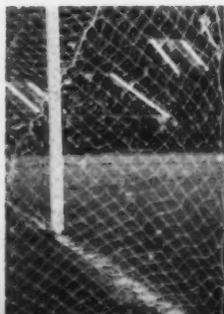
Fast-paced basketball under the lights at a Moscow stadium. Here is an evening contest, where the immense crowd is enjoying open-air playing.

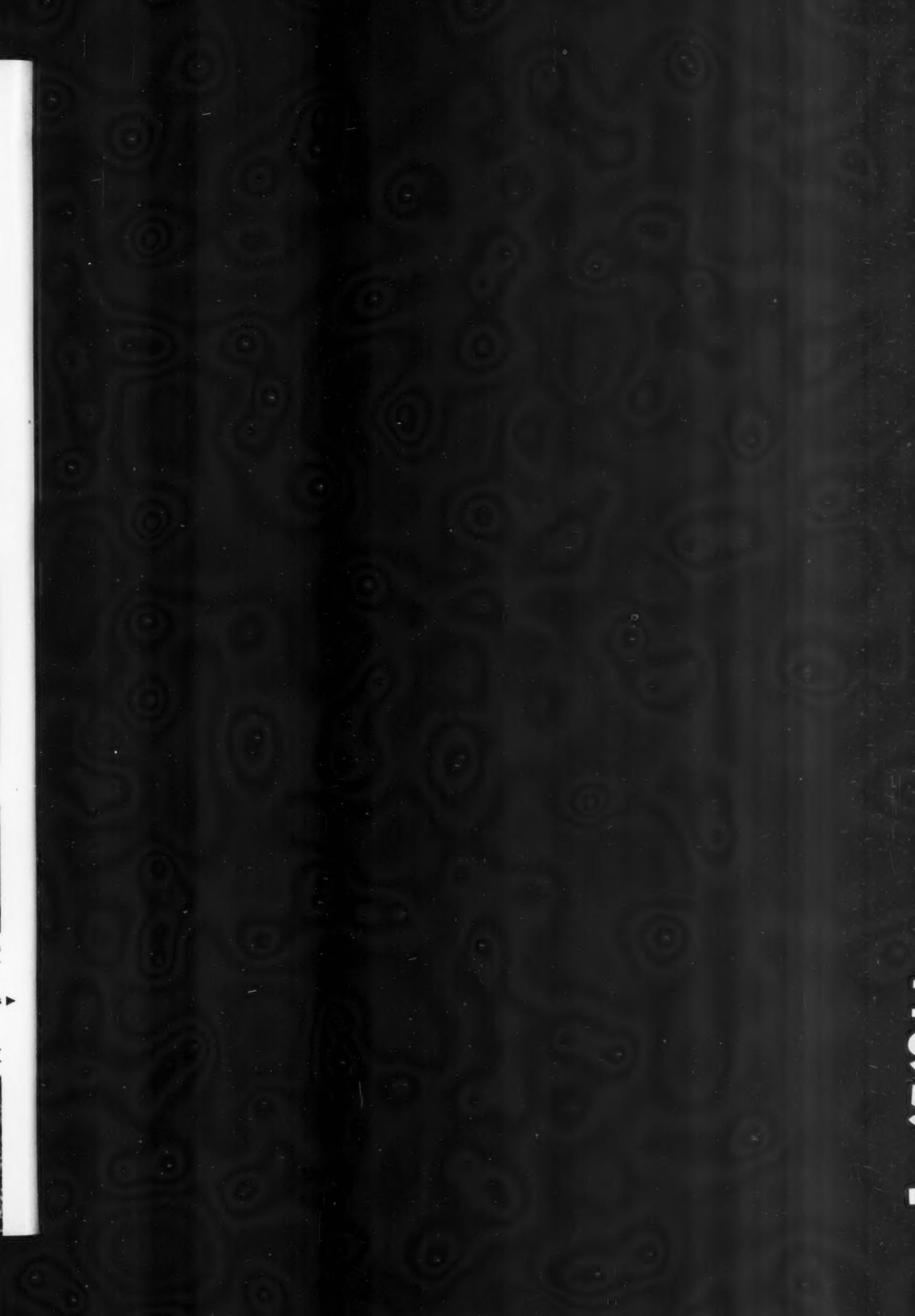


Rivers, lakes and man-made seas give amateur yachtsmen much pleasure.

The soccer season includes two principal competitions. National open cup games involves 16,000 competing teams, but only major teams play in the USSR League.

Millions of viewers heartily enjoy volleyball throughout the country. Thousands of enthusiastic teams maintain the interest of spectators.







TRAINING FOR THE DOUBLE-SCULLING EVENT.



THE UKRAINIAN VILLAGE OF VELIKIE KUCHERY.



