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BEGINNING

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USSR

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July 1961

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Front cover: Vienna, June 4, 1961. Chairman Nikita S. Khrushchev and President John F. Kennedy at the Soviet Embassy. Photo by Vladimir Lebedev.

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A GOOD

Joint Statement on Chairman Khrushchev-President Kennedy Meeting in Vienna on June 3-4

Nikita S. Khrushchev, Chairman of the USSR Council of Ministers, and John F. Kennedy, President of the United States, have concluded two days of useful meetings during which they exchanged views on the question of USSR-USA relations as well as other questions of interest to the two countries.

The questions discussed today, with the participation of their advisers, were the banning of nuclear tests, disarmament and Germany. The Chairman and the President reaffirmed their support of a neutral and independent Laos headed by a government elected by the Laotian people themselves, and also of international agreements ensuring that neutrality and independence. In this connection they have recognized the importance of an effective cease-fire in Laos.

The Chairman and the President have agreed to maintain contact on all questions of interest to the two countries and the whole world.

9/11/64

D BEGINNING



"We welcome you to a little bit of Soviet territory," Khrushchev said to Kennedy. "Though it is little, we receive you with great feeling."



EARLY IN JUNE all eyes were focused on the Austrian capital, where Chairman Nikita Khrushchev and President John Kennedy, the leaders of the two Great Powers, were meeting.

This is how *Pravda* chronicled these two memorable days in Vienna:

June 3. The hands of the clock approached 12:45, a moment when, according to the program published in newspapers all over the world, the first meeting between the two statesmen was to begin at the U. S. Embassy.

With chronometric punctuality Nikita Khrushchev's car drove up Weidlichgasse. The people on the street waved as they saw the head of the Soviet Government ride by. The car went through the gates toward the building where the head of the capitalist world's largest state was awaiting the leader of the great socialist power.

At the entrance the car screeched to a halt. "It's nice to see you," said the President with a smile as he shook the hand of the Soviet Chairman. The tireless press photographers and movie cameramen wanted to take many shots of the moment when the two heads of government met. They begged the two statesmen to shake hands once again. "It's all right with me," Khrushchev said. "What about you, Mr. President?" They shook hands again as cameras whirled and clicked. Khrushchev and Kennedy then entered the villa where in a small cozy room the heads of the world's two most powerful states sat down at a small black lacquered table and began their conversations, with a select group of advisers in attendance.

It was agreed in advance that this summit meeting would be informal. The problems of concern to the world today are too great, involved and important to be decided all at once. Everyone realizes that it is precisely through private conversations behind closed doors that the leaders of the USSR and the USA will find it easier to establish personal contacts, exchange views and opinions on cardinal issues of interest to both countries and try to work out a common language.

June 4. Usually quiet, Reiserstrasse, with its luxuriant chestnut trees, today became a mecca for a host of newsmen, press photographers, radio reporters, movie and TV cameramen, and ordinary Viennese.

They had all come to witness the meeting at the Soviet Embassy between the leaders of the two Great Powers.

One Austrian journalist aptly noted that in a few minutes it would be the first time that President Kennedy had set foot on Soviet territory.

At 10:10 A.M. a black limousine drew up and President Kennedy, Secretary of State Rusk and other officials stepped out and were welcomed at the entrance by the Soviet Chairman. "We welcome you to a little bit of Soviet territory," Khrushchev said with a smile as he shook the President's hand, "and though this is only a little piece of territory, we are receiving you with great feeling."

Accompanied by their advisers, Khrushchev and Kennedy walked up the carpeted marble staircase to the first floor, where they entered a small room with crimson moire drapes.

Khrushchev told his guests to feel at home and make themselves comfortable. Addressing the Secretary of State, he jokingly remarked, "Pull your chair a bit closer, Mr. Rusk, or you might be taken for an oppositionist."

According to the program the talks were to end at 3:15, at which time President Kennedy was to leave. The President's black limousine had already drawn up to the entrance and the motorcycle escort was in readiness. However, the Soviet and American leaders were still talking. "You see," some of those journalists who cannot imagine life without the cold war gloated, "it's not the same as yesterday. They're probably not arguing." "It doesn't mean a thing," the others objected. "If that were the case, the talks would have been over sooner."

It was 4:30 when Khrushchev and Kennedy finally appeared in the doorway. The crowd eagerly scrutinized them. Were they frowning or smiling? They were smiling, smiling and shaking hands! That meant the talks had not been in vain. This opinion was fully confirmed when Soviet Foreign Ministry press chief Kharlamov and White House press secretary Salinger held their news conference.

Some 1,500 newsmen filled the Hall of Ceremonies at the Hofburg Palace, press headquarters. There wasn't an inch to spare. Newsmen and reporters were even sitting on the staircase leading to the chair



1. The Chairman of the USSR Council of Ministers and the President of the United States at the American Embassy in Vienna June 3. 2. President John F. Kennedy, President Adolf Schaerf and Chairman Nikita S. Khrushchev at Schoenbrunn Palace, where the visiting heads of state attended a dinner given in their honor by the Austrian President. 3. Postcards with the portraits of Khrushchev and Kennedy were sold all over Vienna while the two-day meeting was taking place. 4. The streets were lined with thousands of people welcoming Chairman Khrushchev on his arrival in the Austrian capital. 5. At the airport Nikita Khrushchev waves farewell as he is about to leave Vienna for Moscow.



man's table. Others packed the doorway so they would be first to get to the telephones.

Everybody waited impatiently for the official statement at the end of the Khrushchev-Kennedy Vienna meeting. With bated breath this assemblage of representatives of the world press heard the statement that Soviet Chairman Khrushchev and U.S. President Kennedy had concluded a useful two-day meeting during which they had exchanged opinions on Soviet-American relations and other matters of concern to both sides. Meanwhile the newsmen scribbled frantically and underscored the words "useful meetings." They also underlined the words "the Chairman and the President have agreed to maintain contact on all questions of interest to our two countries and the whole world."

The joint statement had been read aloud. A hush descended on the hall. No one had expected a miracle from the Vienna meeting.

Present-day international problems are too complicated to be settled all at once, and the parley participants could not set themselves that task. Their aim was to establish personal contact and exchange views on Soviet-American relations and questions of concern to both countries.

This aim has been achieved—there was an exchange of opinions and both sides considered it useful. Contact between the Soviet Chairman and the U.S. President will be maintained on all matters of interest to both countries. Their parting words were, "Till we meet again," and not "good-by."

The Moscow-Washington talks will continue. This is the conclusion drawn by all who were present at the close of the Vienna meeting.

It is likely that at that moment many newsmen recollected the cloudy day of September 19, last year, when Nikita Khrushchev set foot on the bank of the East River in New York to discharge his lofty mission at the UN General Assembly's Fifteenth Session. "I am confident," the Soviet Chairman said then, "that the relations between our great countries will improve. It is well known that no matter how dark the night, dawn will come. That is why I am confident that, try as they may to bring the atmosphere in the relations between our countries to red heat, the evil forces are bound to fail."

"THANKS, MY AMERICAN FRIENDS,"

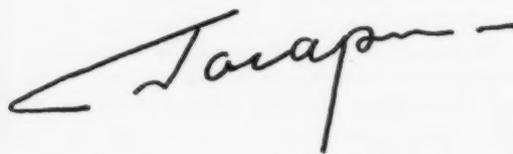
Says Yuri Gagarin

MY DEAR AMERICAN FRIENDS,
I HAVE BEEN PROFOUNDLY MOVED BY THE WARM CONGRATULATIONS I HAVE BEEN RECEIVING FROM PEOPLE ALL OVER THE WORLD, INCLUDING THE UNITED STATES. I WANT TO TAKE THIS OCCASION TO THANK AND GREET MY AMERICAN FRIENDS AND TO SEND MY BEST WISHES TO THE READERS OF USSR MAGAZINE.

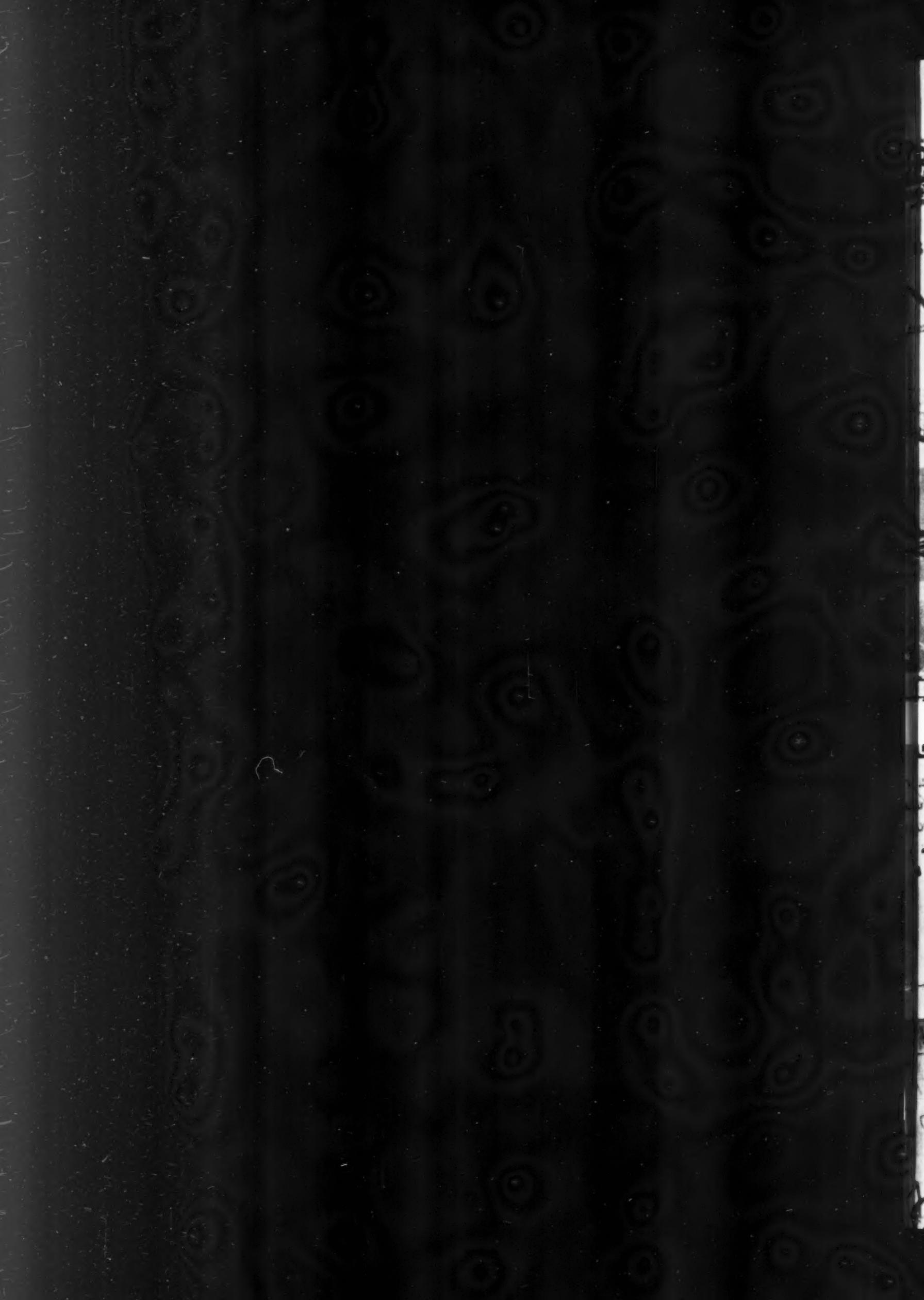
I KEEP FEELING IN ALL THE CONGRATULATORY LETTERS A RING OF WONDERFUL PRIDE IN MAN, IN HUMANITY. IT MAKES ME HAPPY TO REALIZE THAT THESE CORDIAL WORDS OF GREETING AND ADMIRATION ARE ADDRESSED FIRST AND FOREMOST TO MY PEOPLE—TO OUR WORKERS, SCIENTISTS AND ENGINEERS—AND TO OUR SOVIET SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY THAT WAS ABLE TO MAKE THE SPLENDID SPACE-SHIPS THAT ARE CONFIDENTLY PIONEERING THE COSMOS FOR MANKIND.

I AM CERTAIN THAT THE DAY IS NOT FAR OFF WHEN THE WORDS "MAN IN SPACE" WILL BE A HOUSEHOLD PHRASE AND MEN WILL BE BLAZING NEW TRAILS IN THE COSMOS.

I SINCERELY WISH SUCCESS TO ALL THE NEW ASTRONAUTS AND PARTICULARLY TO MY AMERICAN COLLEAGUE, ASTRONAUT ALAN SHEPARD.









Куда МОСКВА
 ИТЧЕНКО-ВОСНОВАВУ
 Кому Юрий Алексеевичу
 ГАГАРИНУ
 г. Орехово-Зуево.



Куда в Москва
 Кому Гагарину Юрию
 Алексеевичу



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Центр, Союз
 Москва. Юрий
 Советский Союз.
 Юрий Гагарин
 Поздравляю вас



Куда в Москва
 Кому Юрий
 Алексеевичу
 Гагарину

Город МОСКВА
 ПЕРВОМУ КОСМОНАВТУ
 ГАГАРИНУ
 ЮРИЮ
 АЛЕКСЕЕВИЧУ



Москва
 первому космонавту
 Гагарину
 Юрию
 Алексеевичу



Куда МОСКВА
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 ГАГАРИНУ
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 Киев-80, ул. Фрунзе. 21

TO THE WORLD'S FIRST COSMONAUT

ЮРИЮ
 ГАГАРИНУ
 ЮРИЮ
 АЛЕКСЕЕВИЧУ

СССР
 г. Свердловск
 Дворец пионеров



Куда в Мос
 Кому Юрию
 Алексеевичу
 Гагарину

ЮРИЮ
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 ПРАЗДНИКОМ
 ДНЯ ВОДОДЯ



Куда в Москва
 Юрию
 Алексеевичу
 Гагарину

Юри Га
 Гагарин
 Юрий Гагарин

LETTERS addressed to Yuri Gagarin, Moscow, USSR . . . to the Conqueror of Outer Space . . . to the Pioneer of the Cosmos . . . have been arriving from every country in the world. They come to the cosmonaut's native village, to the USSR Academy of Sciences, to the Union of Societies for Friendship and Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries, to the editorial offices of newspapers and to broadcasting stations. Soviet embassies everywhere have been flooded with congratulatory messages.

In the Soviet Union Gagarin has become a synonym for heroism. Songs and poems have been dedicated to him. Moscow is commemorating his flight in a monument. A state farm in the virgin land territory and a volcano in Kamchatka now bear his name. So do streets in Magadam, Riga, Ufa and other cities. The people of Kaluga, where Konstantin Tsiolkovsky pioneered jet propulsion, have elected Gagarin an honorary citizen.

A youth organization in the town of Lanusei on the island of Sardinia; streets in Brno, Czechoslovakia, and Sofia, the Bulgarian capital; and a house in London all carry his name. Lebanese mothers in Beirut wrote in that they had named their newborn sons after the world's first cosmonaut.

The famous Dutch botanist D. V. Lefeber sent a letter from Lisse to say that "as a token of the admiration we in the Netherlands have for your flight we have given your name to one of our newest tulip varieties." Public groups in India are collecting signatures to a letter to Gagarin inviting him to be a guest of their country.

We reprint here, with Gagarin's permission, extracts from a few letters sent him from the United States and other parts of the world.

Mr. and Mrs. T. write from California: "Yuri Gagarin is the first hero of the space age. The USSR has demonstrated the magnitude of its scientific leadership in the world. Congratulations! We think that the greatest achievement in the history of the world is the one by which the Soviet people recovered

from the most devastating war in their history and, within a few years, became the leaders in the scientific conquest of space."

Miss C. S. from Ohio says: "Major Gagarin is a hero of our time. He has won himself a glorious place forever in history, just as his splendid country has."

"Both my mother and myself would like to offer our most sincere congratulations and admiration for your great country's latest historical achievement in mankind's conquest of outer space," writes Mr. J. G. from Colorado. "We have long admired your country for its brave and giant strides up the stairway of progress, making this world, the treasured gem of the solar system, one to be proud of."

Mr. G. S. of New York feels that "no other nation in such a short period of time has accomplished so much! To transform a nation that was so backward and illiterate under the czars into a first-class scientific and industrial power in 40 years' time is in itself not only a remarkable but a shining example of the courage and determination of the Soviet people to lead the world to a better way of life."

From Mr. C. P. from California, "I fully appreciate and understand the scientific and technical requisites of the flight, nevertheless, I am most pleased with the prospects of peace which have resultantly accrued from the most noble achievement of not only the man but, even more so, of the great Soviet people in the land of Lenin."

Mr. C. S. of Chicago writes: "I believe most Americans expect the Soviet Union to continue to lead in space. The Soviet Union has broken the barrier to space travel and has raced close to the eventual goal of flight to other planets."

Mr. B. M. from French Camp, California, is moved to this comment: "Television film clips of your reception in Moscow were shown here just now. Very inspiring . . . very impressive! May Providence watch over you! Think of me as a friend of yours in America, a friend who has a deep respect for you and

the wonderful people of the Soviet Union!"

Mr. D. F. of Berkeley, California, says: "Our lives and philosophies may differ in many ways, but this in no way subdues my great respect for your fantastic act of heroism. Perhaps you have signaled the beginning of a healthy competition between our nations to conquer the secrets of space travel and interplanetary exploration."

This is from R. W., Michigan. "Beneath all the perverse iniquities of international politics, the American people and the Soviet people are, to use the words of Nikita Sergeevich Khrushchev, 'brothers.' And so now say to the Soviet people: 'Good job, well done!'"

And from Mr. D. O. of Seattle: "On behalf of the citizens of Washington State, I heartily congratulate you, and would like to extend to you an invitation to attend Seattle's World Fair which will take place during April 21, 1962, to October 21, 1962. The theme of the fair is 'Man in Space.' Being the first reported human being to successfully orbit the earth, you will certainly be in a position to better the relations between our two great peoples, thus showing our many neighbors that two types of cultures can become somewhat compatible with words and deeds, not men and might."

Miss A. S., an eighteen-year-old college student from Brooktondale, New York, writes: "Well done, Yuri Gagarin! I am not a Communist, nor do I believe in the communist doctrine. But I do believe that this was not just a Soviet victory but also constituted a world victory. May your exploit be the beginning of true peace in this world."

A. S. sends this letter from New York: "The great and wonderful act of today by a Soviet man in space is proof enough to the world that only socialism can lead the world to greater deeds. No need for war or unemployment, discrimination, depressions—inventions need not mean a loss of jobs."

Among the multitude of messages from other parts of the world is this one from British L. G. addressed to the "Russian

Christopher Columbus": "Dear Friend of Humanity, What words can adequately convey to you the deep heartfelt affection I have for you, true citizen of your promising Soviet country, represented so remarkably by its loyal son. Having carried out your flight to the glory of mankind and world science, you have made famous both the Soviet people and their remarkable technology and science."

From Belgian student M. H. of the town of Namur: "I am writing to you in order to express my admiration and enthusiasm for this achievement of Soviet scientists, and particularly for your personal courage. I must say that this event moves and interests me more deeply than the well-publicized adventure of some American or French movie star."

And from Mr. D. D. of Luxembourg: "Now we should be proud of the name of man, we should be proud that we are living in such a remarkable time, we should be proud of friendship with the Soviet Union. I join millions of Soviet people who pay tribute to you and your country."

"My son dreamed," the letter goes on to say, "that Major Gagarin had taken him along to the moon, and he now calls his little brother Yuri."

Monsieur E. M. writes from Paris: "It is your socialist homeland that enabled you to fly so high in the sky. It was possible because your compatriots can study and develop their capacities without any financial difficulties and obstacles. That is why your people have managed to achieve such great results."

K. A. de la T. from the French town of Nantes sends this congratulatory message: "I am Jules Verne's niece and I would like to express my admiration at your exploit. You have made Jules Verne's dream come true. Had he been alive today, he would have certainly been there with you in your country sharing in its joy. My congratulations to you from the bottom of my heart!"

The above is only a sampling of the many letters received by Gagarin from people all over the world.





The Lenin Prize Committee on Science and Technology with Academician Nesmeyanov presiding evaluates nominations made by research and industry bodies throughout the country.



Producer Yuri Zavadsky (left) and film actor Sergei Bondarchuk at a session of the Prize Committee on Literature and the Arts.

CHOOSING the Lenin Prize

LENIN PRIZES for the most important contributions to science, technology, industry, agriculture, literature and the arts are awarded each year on April 22, the birthday of Vladimir Lenin, founder of the Soviet state.

The final choice of Lenin Prize laureates is made by two government committees—one for science and technology, the other for literature and the arts. The committee members who serve as judges are distinguished leaders in their fields—eminent scientists, engineers, writers, composers, stage directors. The final selections are not made behind closed doors; they are the distillation of months of public discussion.

Nominations are made by a large number of bodies—the USSR Academy of Sciences and its many branches and departments; the Academies of Sciences of the Union Republics; the special Academies (Agriculture, etc.); scientific and technical societies; economic councils, ministries and other government agencies; factories and enterprises; the

editorial boards of newspapers and magazines; unions of writers, journalists, composers, artists, film workers.

For example, Alexander Tvardovsky was proposed as Lenin Prize laureate for his poem *Space Beyond Space* by several bodies—the USSR Writers Union, the editorial board of the newspaper *Pravda*, the Writers Union of the Russian Federation, writers' organizations of Moscow and Leningrad, the State Publishing House of Fiction and Poetry, the Young Guard Publishing House, and the editorial board of the newspaper *Krasny Mayak*, published in the Pskov Region.

Similarly, the work of a group of scientists and engineers who had developed a new process for smelting steel from open-hearth pig iron was presented by the Central Iron and Steel Research Institute and the Economic Councils of two economic areas—the Tula Economic Area in Central Russia and the Dnepropetrovsk Economic Area in the Ukraine.

Thus, before a recommendation is made to the Prize Committee, the research study, poem, composition or machine has been carefully weighed against others by hundreds and sometimes thousands of competent and highly critical judges.

Nominations are submitted the year round, until the middle of November. This year the Committee on Science and Technology received 127 nominations; the Committee on Literature and the Arts, 61. All nominations are listed in the newspapers. Through the press the committees appeal to the public at large for an opinion on these works. Thereupon a general discussion of the comparable merits of the works submitted gets under way in newspaper and magazine articles and in letters to the committees. The Committee on Literature and the Arts this year received more than 1,500 such letters, and Moscow newspapers published more than 500 articles.

The committees pay careful attention to the opinions expressed in these letters and articles





Before awards are made the work nominated is closely scrutinized and discussed by the public. This is a scene in the USSR Academy of Arts where paintings under consideration were hung.

Viewers are asked their reactions to the paintings. Comments are carefully considered by the committee.

Prize Laureates

By Mikhail Ozersky and Yuri Grafsky

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As soon as the list of nominees is published, the various sections of the two committees—on physics, mathematics, chemistry, music, theater, etc.—begin their work. The Committee on Science and Technology has 20 sections with more than 600 specialists checking through each invention or scientific study proposed for the award. When necessary, they travel to distant spots for firsthand inspection. This year, for example, a group of committee experts visited Azerbaijan to see the offshore oil development. Other groups visited Siberia, the Kuban, the Urals.

These various sections then ballot secretly to decide which nominations to recommend for further participation in the competition and which to reject. The results of the vote are presented to a plenary meeting of the given committee by the chairmen of the various sections. If a section decides to reject a work, representatives of the organizations that nominated it are invited to attend the plenary meeting of the committee. On such occasions

there is an open discussion and the experts either justify the rejection or withdraw it. Only after this procedure does the committee make its decision.

This year the first round of discussion resulted in 41 semifinal choices in science and technology and 29 in literature and the arts. The list of nominees was again published, in February as usual. And a second round of public discussion began in the press, at scientific societies, industrial plants and in the sections. The medical research studies were discussed by the Moscow and Leningrad surgeons' societies; the iron and steel nominations, by the scientific society of the central council of the trade union concerned. There were 90 such discussions, with stenographic reports submitted to the proper committee.

General discussion of work submitted was likewise stimulated by the Committee on Literature and the Arts. Debates were held at libraries, art institutes and galleries, at the Academy of Arts, by unions of writers, art-

ists, etc., at the All-Russian Theater Society, the Institute of the History of Arts, the Moscow House of Scientists, and by the Moscow University student body.

A public exhibition of works submitted for awards was held at which the USSR Academy of Arts organized four big conferences for visitors to express their choices. These—as well as the 1,500 or so entries in the Visitors Book—were all considered by the committee in making the final selections.

Following the second round of public discussion, the committees meet once again in plenary session and again cast secret ballots to determine the year's Lenin Prize laureates. All plenary meetings must be attended by at least two-thirds of the membership and a nomination must get the vote of three-fourths of those present.

This year there were 16 awards made in science and technology and 10 in literature and the arts to individuals and groups of workers.

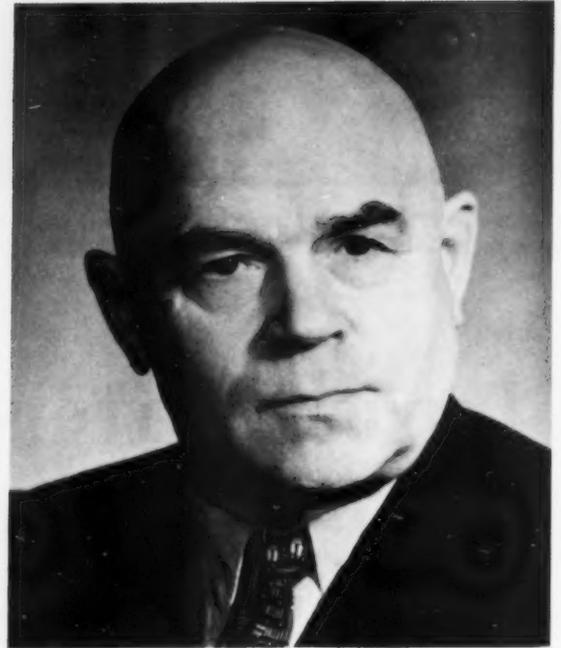
Vladimir Soloukhin addresses a readers' conference on his book *Due Drop*. It was recommended for the Lenin Prize but did not get a majority of the votes.





Abram Ioffe, Academician

Nikolai Strakhov, Academician



Lenin Prizes in SCIENCE

LENIN PRIZES were presented to 74 scientists, engineers and technicians for outstanding work in their various fields of endeavor.

Thermoelectricity

An award was made posthumously to Academician Abram Ioffe for his theoretical and experimental researches into the properties of semiconductors and the theory of thermoelectric generators. As a result of the studies made by Academician Ioffe and his students and coworkers, thermoelectricity has grown from a practically insignificant branch of science into a well-developed division of modern physics with broad prospects for major technological application. His work in the theory and experimental investigation of semiconductors has gained extensive popularity and is considered fundamental by world science. These investigations have already produced results of great practical value.

Mathematics

In the past ten to fifteen years substantial progress has been made in solving hitherto insoluble problems in topology, an important branch of mathematics. A Lenin Prize was awarded to Mikhail Postnikov for work in algebraic topology that has brought him international recognition. His most important achievement is the theory of natural systems—a complete cycle of research that provides a general approach to an understanding of the problems of algebraic topology.

In the social sciences Academician Vyacheslav Volgin won a prize for his work on the history of pre-Marxian socialist doctrines, reflected in his book *The Development of Social Thought in France in the 18th Century* and in the series under the general title *Forerunners of Scientific Socialism*.

Medicine

A number of Lenin Prizes were awarded for achievements in medicine. Radical surgery has been used widely in the past decade to treat tuberculosis, cancer and other diseases. For new diagnostic and remedial methods in lung surgery, a most difficult and critical surgical area, doctors Nikolai Amosov, Nikolai Antelov, Lev Bogush, Ivan Kolesnikov, Boris Linberg, Victor Struchkov and Fyodor Uglov received the honored award.

A Lenin Prize in medicine was also given to Nikolai Konovalov, director of the Neurological Institute, for his study *Hepatocerebral Dystrophy*. The book gives a detailed description with suggested treatment for this hitherto incurable degenerative disease of the nervous system, whose pathogenesis was unclear in many respects and whose prognosis was entirely hopeless.

Extraction of Minerals

A number of awards were made for work relating to the theory and practice of prospecting for and extracting useful minerals.

Academician Nikolai Strakhov received a prize for his book *Fundamental Principles of the Theory of Lithogenesis*. Lithogenetic processes are widespread geological phenomena having to do with the formation of the most important deposits of useful minerals—iron and manganese ore, coal, various salts, as well as oil and gas. The prize study is significant both for its contribution to the development of geology as a science and for its practical value in the discovery of new and promising deposits of sedimentary minerals.

A group of scientists and technicians were awarded prizes for finding and exploring the gas-condensate fields in Krasnodar Territory whose



Vyacheslav Volgin, Academician

Nikolai Konovalov, Doctor of Medicine



SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

deposits surpass the richest gas fields not only in the Soviet Union but anywhere in the world.

For their complex exploitation of offshore deposits in the Azerbaijan Republic a group of oil experts were awarded the Lenin Prize. As a result of the solutions found to many scientific-technological problems the Azerbaijan oil fields have raised their output 3.7 times in ten years.

Industrial Mechanization

Productivity in the coal pits of the Tula Economic Area has been greatly increased by the complex mechanization of the mining and hauling operations. For work done in this field a group of scientists and mine technicians were awarded the prize. An adjustable timbering system for all-round mechanization of work at the walls has been devised and is in wide use. It has relieved the miners of heavy physical labor and made work completely safe.

The prize was also awarded to a group of mine specialists for working out a system of forced block caving for the pits of the Leningorsk Polymetallic Combine that has made it one of the most profitable non-ferrous metal enterprises in Kazakhstan.

Implementation of the great electrification plan of the USSR has been accompanied by a tremendous scale of hydroelectrical construction in many parts of the country and its equipment with highly complex machinery. The invention by Grigori Gertsenberg of automatic regulators of high-action excitation for powerful hydrogenerators and synchronic compensators won him the Lenin Prize. This original Soviet design makes for greater stability of hydropower plant operation and increases the capacity and reliability of long-distance power transmission lines. Gertsenberg's regulators have been in operation at the Lenin Hydropower Station on the Volga and have proved highly efficient.

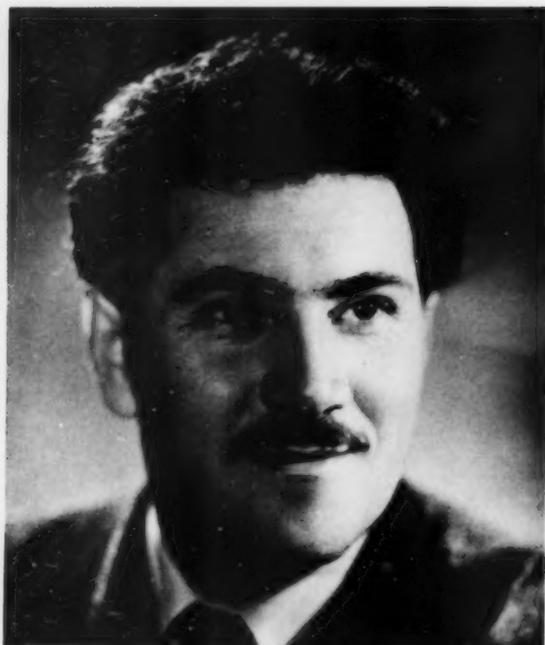
A group of designing engineers have been awarded the Lenin Prize for the creation of a standard continuous billet mill. It incorporates new technical ideas and makes use of a number of original machines. Technically speaking, this mill is more advanced than any now in operation or in process of construction abroad. Installed at the Anshan Iron and Steel Works in the People's Republic of China, at Bhilai in India and at Nova Guta in Poland, the mill has demonstrated its excellent operating qualities.

A group of workers and specialists in a watch factory won the prize for designing and installing automated equipment. This is the first time anywhere that a conveyor line has been used in watch assembly. It raises the level of interchangeability of parts and permits mechanization of the most difficult assembly operations. Soviet watches are presently made in sufficient quantities to meet all domestic needs with a surplus for export to 48 foreign countries.

A large group of builders received the prize for developing and introducing in practice a new technology of straining prestressed reinforcements of ferroconcrete constructions for industrial and home building with the aid of electric heating.

A group of specialists who devised and applied a biochemical and physiochemical method for continuous champagne production using an automated process received the Lenin Prize.

Professor Artemi Ivanov of Leningrad University was honored with the Lenin Prize for his study published under the title *Pogonophores*. Pogonophores are a class of sedentary invertebrates that live in protective tubes at the bottom of the sea at depths of 6,000 to 30,000 feet. Structurally they have the general features of Deuterostomata, a widespread group of the animal phyla. They are the only highly organized multicellular animals without a digestive system, assimilating food through their tentacles.



Grigori Chukhrai, Film Director

Vera Pashennaya, People's Artist of the USSR



Lenin Prizes in LITERATURE

THREE LENIN PRIZES in literature were awarded this year, one in journalism, two in music, two in the graphic arts and three in the dramatic arts.

Literature

Alexander Tvardovsky, the noted Soviet poet, named a Lenin Prize laureate, is widely read both at home and abroad. His long poem *Vasili Tyorkin* and his shorter poems and prose works, which use for their theme the most momentous and significant problems of our day, have won him the deserved admiration and affection of a large body of readers.

In 1960 Tvardovsky completed his poem *Space Beyond Space*, the work of a whole decade. It is a lyric chronicle of our time and pictures Soviet life and people with great artistic power and expressiveness.

As one reviewer put it, *Space Beyond Space* is a lyric portrait of the nation and its destiny. This, in the opinion of many readers, is the principal merit of Alexander Tvardovsky's new work. A deep sense of civic responsibility and an intense purposefulness are characteristic traits of the poem. In awarding it the Lenin Prize, the committee has paid homage to Tvardovsky's precious contribution to the treasure house of Soviet literature.

Another distinguished poet, Alexander Prokofiev, was awarded the Lenin Prize for his new book *Invitation to a Journey*, which mirrors with great artistry the thoughts and aspirations of the Soviet man. The moving and deeply thoughtful poems in this volume constitute a bold and very successful attempt to broaden the horizons of poetry, to paint in rich colors a picture of today's moods and attitudes, to recount the outstanding deeds of the Soviet people, of our homeland, of the great feats of the builders of the new world.

Mikhail Stelmakh, the Ukrainian novelist, was awarded a Lenin Prize

for his trilogy *Many Kinsfolk*, *Human Blood Isn't Water* and *Bread and Salt*, all three of which have won high praise from the critics. Together they constitute an epic picture of the life and struggle of the Ukrainian peasantry over a period of nearly half a century. The novels have been published in many languages and are widely read, particularly by young people. The heroes of Stelmakh's books are typical of our Soviet times. And while the events described in the novels are set mostly in the Ukraine, they reflect the thoughts and deeds of all Soviet people, the lofty spirit of Soviet man, his devotion to the struggle for the triumph of communism.

Last year for the first time a Lenin Prize was given for work in the field of journalism. This year the gifted Estonian journalist Johannes Smuul was honored with the prize for his *Ice Chronicle*, in which he gives a stirring account of the glorious exploits of the conquerors of the Antarctic, their dedicated labors and heroic deeds, the purity and unselfishness of their scientific ambitions, the fine patriotism of the participants in the *Kooperatsia* expedition. The book can really be called poetry in prose, it is so full of artistic generalizations and portrayals. It is a book about Soviet men, their daring plans and thoughts.

Music

Soviet composers have made tremendous contributions to music. The works of Shostakovich, Khachaturyan, Prokofiev, Kabalevsky and many others are heard in all the concert halls of the world as well as over the radio and television. Recitals by Soviet pianists, violinists and symphony orchestras are invariably a great success and have won the highest international awards. A conspicuous place among these brilliant Soviet musicians belongs to Lenin Prize winners Svyatoslav Rikhter and Yevgeni Mravinsky.

Rikhter, recognized as one of the great pianists of all time, received



Alexander Tvardovsky, Poet

Alexander Prokofiev, Poet



LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

his musical education at the Moscow Conservatory. He has played for audiences in many Soviet cities and in Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Finland and the United States. Everywhere, at home and abroad, his performance has been hailed as "fantastic," "phenomenal." His interpretations have enormous depth and feeling. His is a never-ending search for new interpretive values that reflect the humanist ideals and aspirations of our age. Rikhter recently gave a concert series in which he played Tchaikovsky, Beethoven and other classical composers as well as the Soviet composers Prokofiev and Shostakovich. Once again he held his audiences enthralled with his breadth of perception and flawless technique.

Yevgeni Mravinsky is the conductor and art director of the Leningrad Symphony Orchestra. Under his baton the orchestra has won high praise from critics and the enthusiastic applause of music lovers for its interpretation of the works of Beethoven, Berlioz, Tchaikovsky, Prokofiev, Shostakovich, Wagner and other composers. Mravinsky has led the orchestra in concerts at home and abroad.

Graphic Arts

The two graphic artists honored with Lenin Prizes are Martiros Saryan and Boris Prorokov.

Martiros Saryan has been painting for many years. He is a singularly gifted and versatile artist, teacher and scenic designer. His landscapes and portraits are characterized by the buoyancy and optimism of a man taken with the world's beauty and man's strength of spirit. The veteran artist was awarded the prize for a recent series of paintings bearing the common title *My Homeland*. In these vivid canvases he shows his native Armenia as it has been born anew in Soviet times.

Boris Prorokov was awarded the Lenin Prize for his series of black and white drawings on the war, *This Must Not Happen Again*. On

pages 38-41 of this issue we reproduce some of these stark and unforgettable graphic protests together with a brief biography of the artist.

Theater Arts

The brilliant actress Vera Pashennaya was awarded a Lenin Prize for the gallery of characters she has brought to life from the works of Ostrovsky, Gorky and other Soviet and foreign playwrights. Emotional, temperamental, gifted with the wonderful ability of revealing the character of the heroes of both classic and Soviet plays, Pashennaya enjoys merited popularity and recognition among all lovers of the theater. Among the many dramatic portraits Pashennaya has created, the two most memorable of recent years are Vassa Zheleznova, from Gorky's play of the same name, and the old mistress of Niskavuori house, from the Finnish play *Stone Nest*.

Lenin Prizes were awarded to director Grigori Chukhrai and script writer Valentin Yezhov for *Ballad of a Soldier*, a film which has had an enthusiastic reception at home and abroad and has won a number of awards at international film festivals. It is the story of young soldier who has asked for a pass to go home in lieu of a citation for bravery. His warmth and sympathy for his fellow man takes him from one errand to another, with the result that when he finally arrives home, he has only a few minutes left to spend with his mother before returning to his unit. It is the story of six days in the life of a boy that could be any mother's son—a kind, gentle and sensitive boy. There are no battle scenes in this film and no antiwar speeches, but the eyes of the mother searching the horizon for a glimpse of her boy is a heartrending outcry against the barbarism that robs the world of youth and beauty. As of this writing this extraordinarily simple and moving story is being shown in American motion-picture theaters.



Fidel Castro (Republic of Cuba)



William Morrow (Australia)



Rameshwari Nehru (India)



Antoine George Tabet (Lebanon)



Ostap Dluski (Poland)



Mihail Sadoveanu (Rumania)



Sekou Touré (Republic of Guinea)

Lenin PEACE PRIZE Winners

THIS IS the fifth year that Lenin Prizes for the Promotion of Peace Among Nations have been awarded to statesmen and public leaders of various countries who have made an important contribution to the consolidation of world peace.

The Committee on International Lenin Prizes for the Promotion of Peace Among Nations, composed of prominent public figures from Britain, China, France, Germany, India, Poland, Latin America and the Soviet Union, met in Moscow in April of this year to consider the nominations that had been submitted by public organizations of many countries.

Honored with Lenin Peace Prizes this year were seven world figures whose work has contributed immeasurably to the cause of peace—Premier Fidel Castro (Cuba), President Sekou Touré (Guinea), Mme. Rameshwari Nehru (India), writer Mihail Sadoveanu (Rumania), architect Antoine George Tabet (Lebanon), Ostap Dluski (Poland) and William Morrow (Australia).

These Lenin Prize winners voice the aspiration of millions upon millions of men and women of all nations who are striving to achieve a stable and lasting peace. Their personal contribution to the active struggle of the people for peace, for creating conditions in the world that will forever outlaw war, has been deservedly honored with this high reward.

SOVIET DIARY

GAGARIN'S RECORDS SUBMITTED FOR FAI CERTIFICATION

ON MAY 30, A. I. Tatyanchenko, a representative of the Chkalov Central Aeroclub, turned over to Jacques Allez, President of the International Aeronautical Federation (FAI), the documents on the records set by Major Yuri Gagarin, Hero of the Soviet Union, Pilot-Cosmonaut of the USSR, during his space flight on April 12.

The documents supply specific information concerning the establishment of USSR and world records: duration of flight of the space-

ship *Vostok*—108 minutes; maximum altitude at apogee—327 kilometers (203 miles); payload—4,725 kilograms (10,419 pounds); the weight of the space vehicle with the pilot in orbit; launching site—the Baikonur cosmodrome, located at about 47 degrees North Latitude and 65 degrees East Longitude (Western Siberia); and place of landing—near Smelovka village, Ternovka District, Saratov Region.

The report also states that the rocket which

orbited the spaceship *Vostok* with cosmonaut Gagarin on board around the earth had six engines at the time of launching with an aggregate horsepower of 20,000,000.

The FAI President, Jacques Allez, thanked the Chkalov Aeroclub for the report on the records set by Major Yuri Gagarin and, on behalf of the International Aeronautical Federation, congratulated the Soviet people on the outstanding achievement of Soviet science and aviation.

NEW PRESIDENT OF ACADEMY OF SCIENCES

THE USSR Academy of Sciences unanimously elected Mstislav Vsevolodovich Keldysh its new president at its general meeting in May. Academician Alexander Nesmeyanov, who had held the office for two five-year terms, had tendered his resignation as of the expiration of the current term. It was accepted by the Academy with an expression of deepest gratitude for his many years of fruitful leadership.

Keldysh, who had been the Academy's vice president before his election to the new post, is an eminent mathematician and expert in mechanics as well as an outstanding organizer of Soviet science. He was born on February 10, 1911. In 1931 he was graduated from the Physics and Mathematics Faculty at Moscow University and subsequently spent many years working at the Central Aerodynamics Institute (TSAGI), concentrating on the study of the unsteady motion of bodies in fluid, aerodynamics and air compressibility, the theory of water impact, the wave-motion theory, and the theory of elastic oscillations in an air stream.

He has also done a complete analysis of various vibrations occurring in aircraft. Among other things, he elaborated a theory

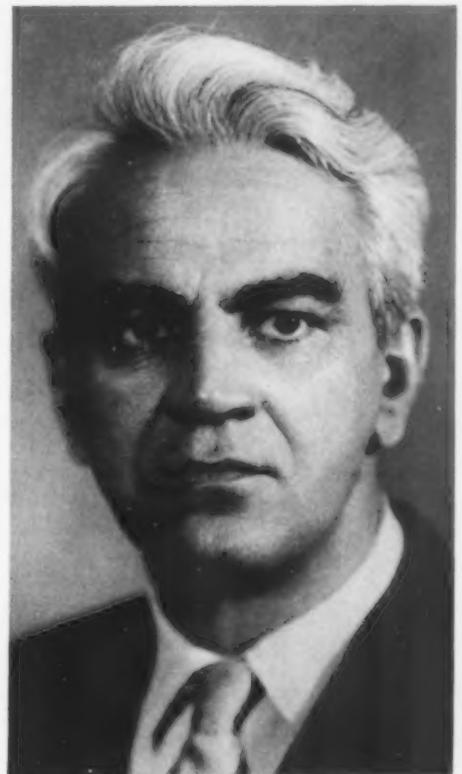
explaining the origin of sudden vibrations in an aircraft wing and empennage caused by aerodynamic forces and known as flutter. On the basis of his theory effective ways and means were found to control flutter, and many of them are successfully employed on modern aircraft.

Keldysh has formulated and solved a series of difficult mathematical problems. He has contributed considerably to the advancement of Soviet computing mathematics, computing techniques and certain problems of automatic control.

He has helped organize and has directed the work of major research institutes engaged in working out scientific and engineering problems of paramount state significance.

In addition to his research work Keldysh devotes much attention to the training of young specialists. In 1932 he became an assistant professor at Moscow University and was subsequently appointed to a professorship. Many of his students are now leading scientists with important discoveries to their credit.

For his work, Keldysh has been awarded a Lenin Prize and Stalin Prizes, the title of Hero of Socialist Labor, five Orders of Lenin and three Orders of the Red Banner of Labor.



ARCHITECTS CONGRESS

A MEETING of major significance—the third national Architects Congress—was held in Moscow this May. Discussion revolved about one of the most important goals of the seven-year plan—to end the housing shortage once and for all. The rate at which progress is being made may be judged from the fact that during the first two years of the plan 4.6 million apartments were built in cities and almost 1.5 million houses in rural areas.

Not only is the scope of housing construction phenomenal but Soviet architects and builders plan and build for modern comfort and convenience. Streets, districts and whole new towns are designed for maximum sun-

light and green areas and for convenient access to schools and shopping.

The idea is not only to build rapidly and for health and convenience but to build economically. Economical construction and the elimination of unnecessary expenditures means money saved for more housing construction.

Soviet architects have unlimited freedom for creative initiative, original designing and the application of the newest and most forward-looking ideas in city planning.

Many of these new ideas were discussed at length at the congress. Items on the congress agenda included self-contained residential communities, assembly and large-panel

construction, new designs for housing and public buildings, rural construction and the training of young architects. Speakers were sharply critical of the archaic, the florid and other trends that violate the best canons of Soviet architecture.

The architects assured the Soviet people that they would dedicate all their energies and knowledge to the development of Soviet architecture and good town planning, to the evolution of the best possible plans for industrial construction, housing and service and farm buildings of a new type in which excellent conditions would be provided for the Soviet people to live, work and enjoy their leisure.

Fans
by Izrail Goldberg



Research Workers
by Nikolai Seluchenko



Construction in Ashkhabad
by Grant Mushkambarov



First Oil Well in the Kara-Kum Desert
by Victor Smetanin



SEVEN- YEAR PLAN IN ACTION

The Seven-year Plan in Action is the title of a traditional USSR photo exhibition in Moscow.

This year on display are some one thousand photos taken by almost four hundred amateurs and professionals in all parts of the country, showing people in the USSR at work and play, in family groups and individually, at home and in public places.

The work of well-known news photographers is shown side by side with striking camera studies by amateurs. From the photos themselves there is frequently no telling which is which. A characteristic all the pictures have in common is their evident human sympathy and feeling and their concern with peace and the fellowship of peoples.

Morris Gordon, president of the American Society of Magazine Photographers, said that a visit to the exhibition told him more about the country than a thousand books.

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THE COMMUNIST PARTY—It's

This is the second of a series of four articles on the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. The first appeared in the June issue. Vasili Moskovsky has participated in many national Party congresses. At the 19th Congress he was elected to the Party's Central Auditing Commission. He is Deputy Chairman of the Council of Ministers of the Russian Federative Republic.

By Vasili Moskovsky

ARCHIMEDES, the mathematician of antiquity, said, "Give me a lever long enough and a fulcrum strong enough, and I will move the world single-handed." Lenin paraphrased this statement at the turn of the century when the Party was founded: "Give us an organization of revolutionaries," he said, "and we shall overturn Russia."

What is this organization of revolutionaries that transformed the backward Russia of the czars into a mighty socialist power? It is the Communist Party, which the Soviet poet Vladimir Mayakovsky described in a phrase: "The Communist Party," he wrote, "is a million shoulders pressed closely together."

When I was getting ready to join the Party—that was 34 years ago when I was a very young man—one of my older comrades gave me a booklet with the Party Rules. "Read it closely," he said, "especially the paragraph that defines membership in the Party. Every word is important. Lenin had to fight for every single word of that paragraph before it was adopted."

Later, when I studied the history of the Party, I learned how basic this fight to define Party membership had been. The historic dispute took place at the Second Congress of the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party in 1903 (the name was subsequently changed to Communist Party). This was much more than a dispute about the wording of a paragraph; actually being debated were different

concepts of the organizational principles of our Party.

The wording proposed by Lenin defined as a Party member one who accepted the Party program and supported the Party financially as well as through personal participation in one of its units.

This was Lenin's restatement of the Party's most important organizational principle, a declaration that the Party of the working class is not an accidental conglomeration of individuals but an integral organization, the vanguard of the working class, a voluntary and militant union of like-minded people. Communists, it stated, do not become members of the Party merely by declaring themselves such; they must be admitted to membership by one of the primary units of the Party organization, must be active participants, must submit to Party discipline, must carry out all Party decisions and must abide by the Party Rules and program.

An opposite view was expressed by Yuli Martov, who later became a leader and ideologist of the anti-labor Menshevik (Minority) Party. He held that it was not necessary for a Party member to belong to one of its primary units or to submit to discipline. It meant that any person who wanted to could call himself a Party member and, by the same token, drop his membership whenever he chose to, that he had no ties of duty to the organization, was not bound by its discipline nor required to submit to its decisions. It was clearly apparent to Lenin and his supporters at the Congress, the Bolsheviks (Majority), that this meant throwing the door wide open to all sorts of unstable elements and thereby liquidating the Party as the vanguard of the working class. Martov's efforts to destroy the Party failed.

In 1905, at the subsequent Third Party Congress, Lenin's phrasing was adopted.

What the Party Requires of Its Members

The Communist Party of the Soviet Union requires of its members strict discipline and active participation in the work of their Party unit. This does not by any means imply that the Party is a closed sect, cut off from

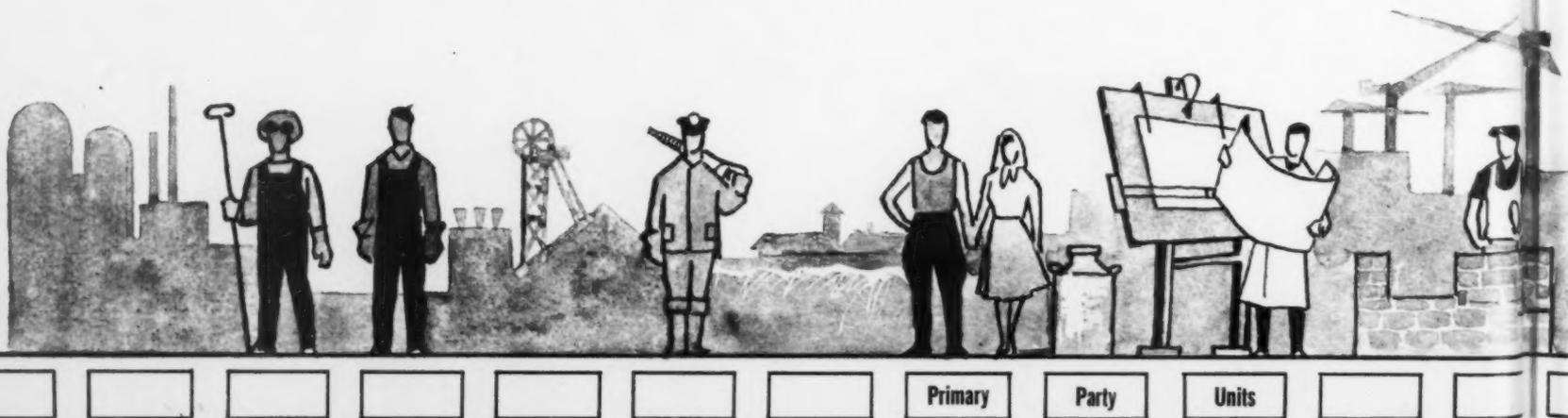
the life of the people. Lenin kept stressing the need for constantly drawing new members from the working people of village and city to build the new socialist life. That, he insisted, was our way of meeting all difficulties, our way to victory.

In the fall of 1917, just before the Socialist Revolution broke out, Communist Party membership was no larger than 250,000. But what a powerful force it constituted! What great prestige the Party enjoyed! Under its leadership a country with a population of 120 million carried through the Revolution. The Communists led and the people followed, because the Party spoke for them, because it pointed the way to a brighter future. By its deeds in behalf of their welfare the Party won the confidence and love of the people.

Lenin's requirements for membership remain unchanged; they are fundamental to the Party's organizational structure. According to the most recent Rules, adopted at the 19th Party Congress in 1952, any working man or woman who does not exploit the labor of others, who is a citizen of the Soviet Union, who accepts the Party Rules and program, who actively works for their realization, who is active in one of the Party units and who carries out all Party decisions can be a member of the CPSU.

Our Party's primary interest is not in enlarging its membership, although a steady increase in membership attests to the Party's growing prestige among the people. The Party wants in its ranks only those workers, farmers and intellectuals who are devoted to the Communist ideals for which it stands, those prepared to give unsparingly of their energies and talents to see these ideals realized. The Party is much concerned with the quality of its membership, and purges itself of alien elements that gain entrance by oversight.

The Communist Party of the Soviet Union now has almost 9.5 million members. Nikita S. Khrushchev made this observation: "If we were to say that anyone who wishes may sign up, our Party would now have a membership of many tens of millions. But we say we have no need of that. To become a Communist one must not only understand what communism means but be one of its active soldiers. And



Its Organizational Principles

not everyone who supports the ideas of the Communist Party is capable of that."

Applying for Membership

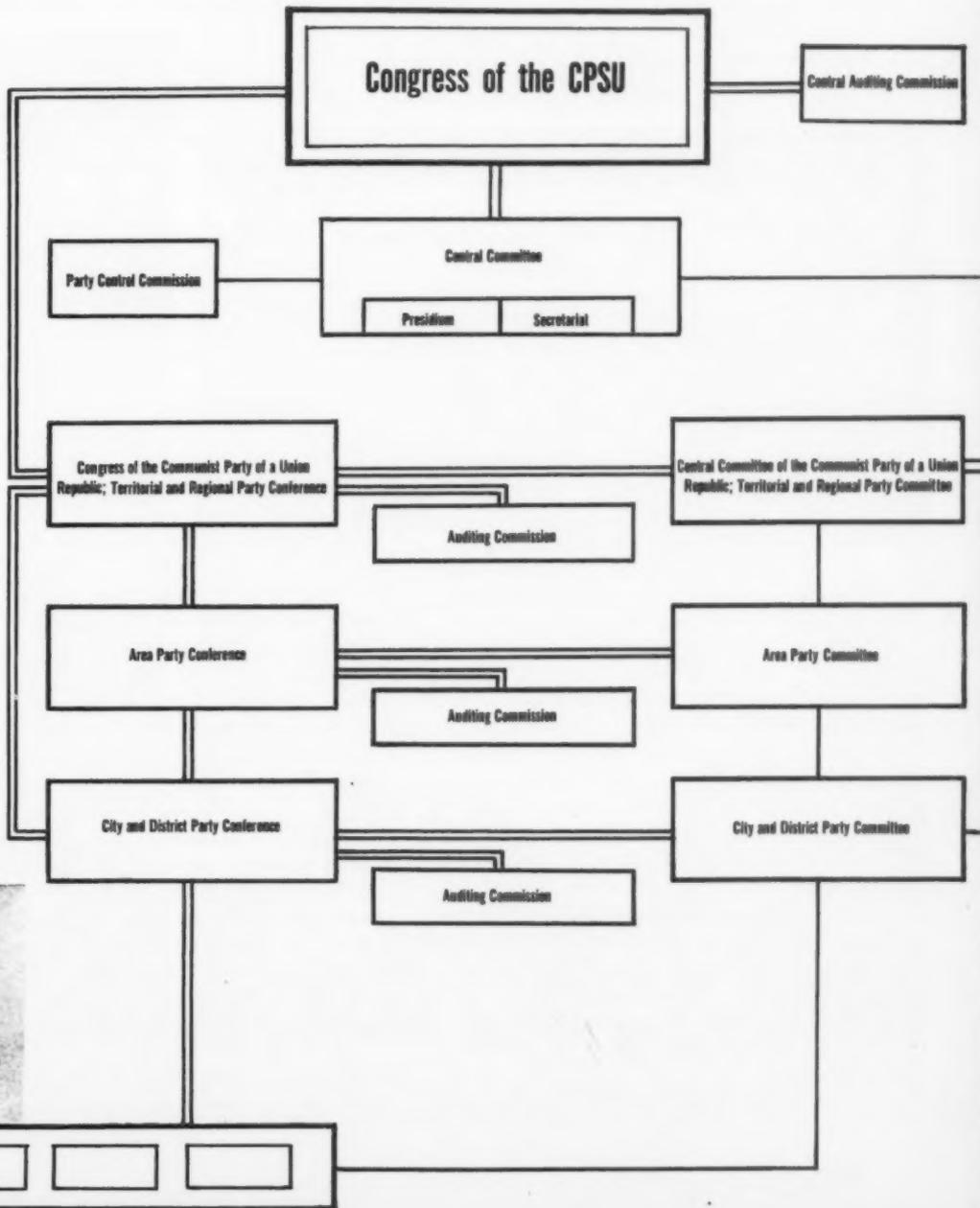
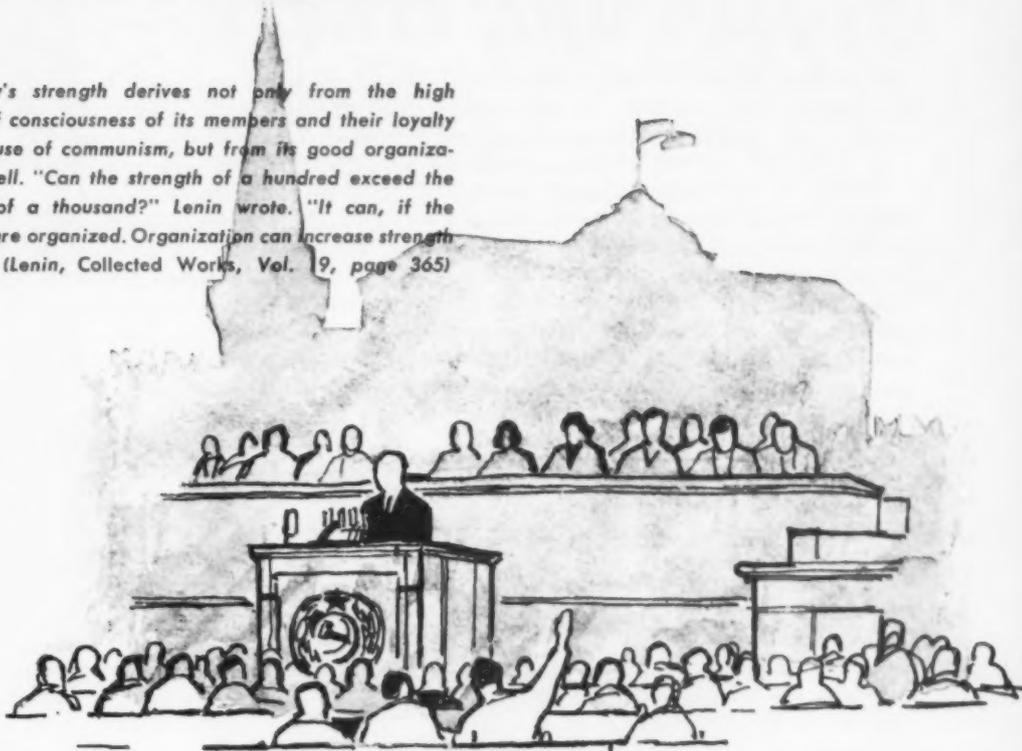
An individual's application for Party membership is acted upon by the basic Party unit in the factory, farm or office where he is employed. The vote is by show of hands. The applicant must be recommended by three Communists who have been Party members for three years and who have worked with him for at least one year. The Rules make a special point of the fact that a recommendation is no mere formality but a responsibility to be weighed seriously. There have been cases—I know of some myself—where a member was found guilty of improper conduct or some more serious offense and where the communist responsibility of the persons who recommended him was seriously questioned.

I have been present at many meetings where new members were voted on. Unfailingly, when the chairman announces that point on the agenda, the meeting takes on a greater solemnity. People listen with the closest attention, sympathetically but critically, as the applicant talks about himself or answers questions about his work and studies.

A successful applicant is admitted to candidate membership for a year, during which time he learns the program and rules and participates in Party activity. This year of probation, Lenin insisted, must seriously test the applicant. He is given various assignments to carry through to help prepare him for full-fledged membership. At the end of the year the primary organization votes on his admission to full membership. Should it turn out that the candidate does not measure up to the requirements, the unit may vote to expel him from candidate membership.

The Party's organizational structure is built around the territorial and production principle. Every member must belong to the primary Party organization at his place of work—that is the production principle in operation. The district Party organization has jurisdiction over the primary units in the enterprises located in the given district—this is the territorial principle.

The Party's strength derives not only from the high degree of consciousness of its members and their loyalty to the cause of communism, but from its good organization as well. "Can the strength of a hundred exceed the strength of a thousand?" Lenin wrote. "It can, if the hundred are organized. Organization can increase strength tenfold." (Lenin, Collected Works, Vol. 19, page 365)



The highest authority in each Party organization is the general membership meeting or the meeting of representatives elected at the general membership meetings. The leading body of the primary Party unit is, therefore, the general membership meeting. The highest authority of a district or regional Party organization is the conference of delegates elected by the general membership meetings of the primary Party units of the given district or region. The highest authorities in the Communist Parties of the Union Republics and the Communist Party of the Soviet Union are the Party congresses.

Between meetings of these representative bodies, which are equivalent to legislative bodies within the Party, authority is delegated to elected executive bodies—Party committees at farms and factories, district and regional committees, the Central Committees of the Communist Parties of the Union Republics, and the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union.

The Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union has about 250 members—industrial workers, farmers, professional people, scientists, workers in the arts, statesmen and public leaders. This is the Party's general staff, and it has many responsibilities—to defend the Party's principles and keep them inviolable, to interpret the Rules and program, to guard the Party's unity, to direct its ideological and political life, to deliberate on the country's major problems.

Plenary meetings of the Central Committee of the CPSU are held approximately once in six months to discuss Party activity and government policy with respect to one or another important problem.

The members of the Central Committee of the CPSU elect a presidium, which is authorized to act between plenary meetings, and a secretariat to handle current affairs.

The Central Committee also sets up a Party Control Commission whose function it is to see that Party discipline is observed and that those guilty of an infringement of the Party program and Rules are brought to task. The Party Control Commission also hears appeals against expulsion.

Democratic Centralism

The Communist Party's organizational principle is democratic centralism. What does it mean?

All leading Party bodies, from top to bottom, are elected by the membership by secret ballot. The members of each primary Party unit elect a Party committee—an executive committee that directs all Party activity at the given enterprise. They also elect delegates to the Party conference of the district where the district Party committee is elected. The same procedure is followed at each of the higher levels—the Party committees for the regions, the Union Republics and the country are elected by the delegates representing the membership at the respective organizational level immediately below. This reflects one of the most important aspects of democratic centralism.

Democratic centralism also requires that

Party committees make periodic reports to the bodies that elected them. It presumes strict Party discipline equally binding on all Communists, regardless of the office they hold, and the subordination of the minority to the majority. It issues that decisions passed by the higher Party organs will be carried out unconditionally by all lower Party bodies.

Democratic centralism gives the Party its monolithic unity and integrity and makes purposeful and efficient leadership possible. Some critics in the West make this out to be mechanical discipline and blind obedience. It is not that at all. We have heated debates and sharp differences of opinion at Party meetings, conferences and congresses and in the Party press. This is as it should be for a Party of reasoning people who are moving boldly along roads previously untrodden.

But we do not argue for argument's sake. We Communists are, as we declare in our rules, like-minded people. We have a common world outlook and do not debate the correctness of our Party's general line based on its program. Our debates are on questions of everyday policy and practice. We argue the best and the speediest way of achieving the aims outlined in our program, and these arguments get very heated at times.

During these debates, whether carried on at meetings or in the press, each Communist is free to voice his opinion. But after the discussion is over, after all the pros and cons have been heard and the proposal voted upon, all Communists are required to abide by the decision of the majority. Should any member of the minority refuse, he will meet with a rebuff that carries the authority of the entire Party behind it.

No Party Bosses

Confirmation of the democratic structure of the Party is the fact that all Party bodies are elected and are obligated to make periodic reports to the group they represent.

Consider, for example, the secretary of a city or regional committee of the Party. He is not appointed from above, he is not a "party boss" with lifetime tenure and privileges. He is elected by fellow Party members, and should it become apparent that he is not doing his job, that he is not carrying out decisions adopted by the Party in the people's behalf, they can remove him from his post without waiting for the next election conference. Although cases like this are rare, because as a general rule Communists carefully scrutinize the merits and demerits of prospective candidates for responsible Party posts, they do occasionally occur, human nature being what it is.

I remember this happening in Chelyabinsk, a large industrial center in the Urals. Some of the local leaders went so far as to falsify official reports in order to give the impression that they were making faster progress in housing construction than was actually the case. Although the houses were still being worked on, they reported the plan fulfilled. According to official reports, the tenants should have been giving housewarming parties, while in reality the apartments still had no floors and

a number of the buildings even had no roofs.

When the facts came out, there was a great deal of plain talk at the plenary meeting of the Party City Committee. Speakers demanded severe punishment for those guilty of this "kind of eye wash." The secretary of the Party City Committee, despite his past services, was removed from his post and expelled from the Party for betraying the confidence of those who had elected him to this position of leadership.

Every member has not only the right, so stated in the Party Rules, but the obligation to participate freely in the discussion of Party policy at meetings or in the press; to criticize any member or leader, irrespective of his position, if he thinks the criticism warranted; to vote at elections and to run for election to Party posts; to raise objections and speak in opposition to candidates nominated for Party posts; to insist that all discussion relating to his own work or behavior be carried on in his presence; to carry an appeal as far as the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, the highest Party authority.

The Central Committee receives a great number of letters from Party members with suggestions, criticism and opinions on all sorts of matters. These communications that mirror rank-and-file Party feeling help the Central Committee make its important decisions. Many of the letters are directed personally to First Secretary of the Central Committee Khrushchev.

Not long ago Olga Zelenskaya, an elderly agronomist who had been working at a collective farm near Moscow for many years, wrote an appeal to Secretary Khrushchev. She said that she had retired on a pension some time previous, but after a good rest felt strong enough to go back to work. On various pretexts she was refused work and told that she should be "content to rest" in her declining years. But being a stubborn woman, not "content to rest" and determined to continue making her contribution to the general welfare, she wrote to the First Secretary. At the January Plenary Session of the Central Committee Nikita Khrushchev spoke of her letter and talked of the need to use specialists, whether young or old. It was impermissible, he said, to ignore the precious experience of veterans. Olga Zamenskaya, needless to say, is back at work, successfully managing a state farm in the Moscow area.

This is only one of thousands of letters. Generally, in his speeches at plenary sessions of the Central Committee or at large conferences, Khrushchev will take the opportunity to cite some of the letters sent him by Party and non-Party people. This is one of many ways in which the experience and reactions of rank-and-file people help to shape the judgment of the leaders.

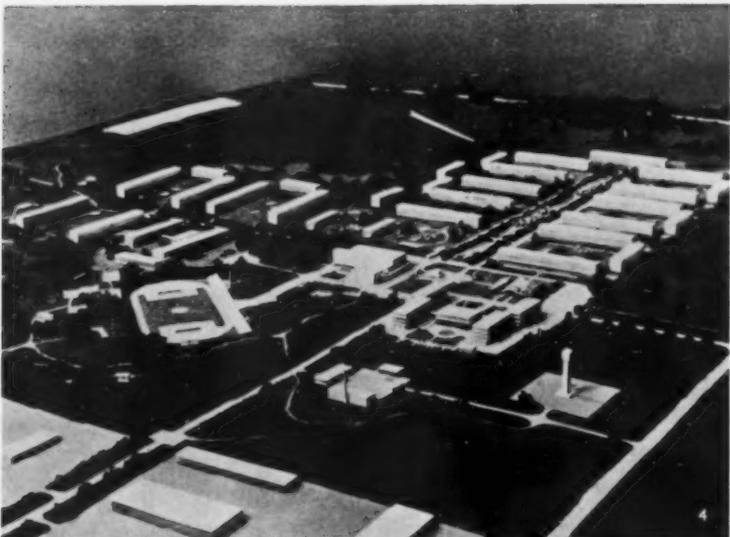
The Communist Party of the Soviet Union has behind it more than half a century of heroic struggle—of difficult trials and glorious victories. Forged and tempered by Lenin, it owes its strength, ever renewed at each stage of its history, to the scientific theory and practice of Marxism-Leninism, to its monolithic organization and discipline, and to its close ties with the people.



EVENTS AND PEOPLE

Although the 22nd Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union does not open until October, people throughout the USSR are already preparing for the great event. This national gathering of elected representatives of the party that has led the country for more than four decades will convene in Moscow. Ordinary farmers and mechanics will be sitting in conference with statesmen, scientists and writers whose names and achievements are household words.

It has long been the custom for workers in every field of endeavor to commemorate the opening of Party Congresses with gifts to the country, but gifts of a very special kind. Here are some Soviet people readying their contributions.



1. Urals Mining Institute scientist Vladimir Maxenkov's gift is this device for spectral analysis of minerals. 2. These demobilized sailors have taken on virgin land farm jobs as their contribution. 3. Alexandra Pakhmutova is dedicating her new symphony to the Congress. 4. The Dawn of Communism Collective Farm in the Moscow Region is rebuilding to this model. 5. Pyotr Rubel'nov and Vladimir Grudniak are sparking a drive for more production at the Moscow Machine-Tool Plant.

By Andrei Sakharov

THE SOVIET YOUTH newspaper *Komsomolskaya Pravda* recently posed a series of questions addressed to young men and women that has set the whole country talking. The paper asked, "What do you think of your generation? Do you like it? What are its most typical qualities? Its weaknesses? Do you have a purpose in life? What is it?"

Almost immediately after the questionnaire was published, letters began to pour in. They are still pouring in—from young people mostly, but with a generous sprinkling from those in their later years.

The answers are serious and thoughtful efforts to assess the merits and shortcomings of the younger generation, its concern with its own personal problems and those of the larger world around, its recognition of the great part it is called upon to play in shaping the future.

Do You Like Your Generation?

"What do you think of your generation? Do you like it?"

Say the majority of young people, "I certainly do."

Tatyana Vlasova, 29-year-old Leningrad architect, writes, "I like its strong feelings about justice, the romanticism it sees in collective working and living."

"I like it for its humanism and its unshakable confidence in the future," writes Svetlana Mimoza, a 16-year-old schoolgirl.

"I like its industriousness, its yearning for knowledge, its moral sense," says a 22-year-old clerk from Alma-Ata.

People of the older generation write in similar vein. Eugen Kapp, the Estonian composer, tells *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, "Among the better traits of our young people I would list intellectual curiosity, persistence in study and work, and the willingness to tackle obstacles that stand in the way of progress."

Nina Dumbadze, former world champion discus thrower and now a coach, writes "The strong points of our youth are intelligence and the capacity for broad thinking and collectivism."

Many of the young people answer the question in personal terms. Vladimir Alexeyev, a collective farmer from Rostov Region, says: "The

answer to the question depends first of all on how the writer himself lives, what he dreams about, what his own goal is. Mine is to be a designer of farm machinery. I am 20 years old. Two years ago I graduated from a ten-year school in my village and went to work as a tractor driver. Then I became assistant team leader. Now I'm preparing to take a correspondence course at the Stalingrad Agricultural Institute. In general I want to know everything I possibly can about life, down to the smallest detail. For that I must study, study, study. There are no obstacles to the realization of my dreams and aim."

Grigori Nikiforov of Karaganda Region, a 22-year-old stonemason, writes: "I left the Urals for Kazakhstan where the big projects of the seven-year plan are going up. I wanted to have a part in it. It is my generation that is building the new mines and factories, the new cities."

Grigori Nikiforov was one of those who lived in a tent on the steppe while he helped build Tentyak, the new Kazakh city. He is an enthusiastic person himself and thinks that enthusiasm is the most outstanding trait of his generation.

Product of Their Time and Country

Soviet young people are the product of their time and country. If the times are fine and brave, if as they grow they see all round them men and women aspiring to build a better world, to be of greater service, to better themselves and others at the same time, they cannot help but be moved by these same ideals.

Soviet young people were the initiators of the shock workers' movement at the construction sites of the prewar five-year plans—plans that changed the face of the land and dotted the map with giant industrial centers, great cities in the taiga, new railroads in the desert.

During the Second World War young people performed unforgettable exploits. During a night battle, ace flyer Victor Talalikhin, a member of the Young Communist League, rammed a fascist bomber at the price of his own life. Soldier Alexander Matrosov closed the aperture of an enemy pillbox with his own body so that his comrades could carry through their battle assignment. The heroic deeds of the Young

WHAT DO YOU THINK



Communist Leaguers of Krasnodon, the courage of the 17-year-old partisan Zoya Kosmodemyanskaya, who was captured and hanged by the fascists, have all become legend.

In our time, too, young people lead the way. They are the pioneers in the virgin land territories, the trail blazers of industry in the eastern parts of the country. They form the Communist Work Teams whose members pledge themselves to greater productivity and continuous self-improvement through mutual help.

Soviet young people have no hesitation about taking on the hardest jobs that will contribute to the country's more rapid progress and the people's greater well-being. The letters sent to *Komsomolskaya Pravda* make that evident.

Otar Verulashvili, who works in the manganese mine in the Georgian town of Chiatura, tells how pleased he was when the workers in a concentrating mill he and his comrades helped build thanked them for the excellent job they had done.

Ivan Sadilov, section chief at one of the construction sites near the settlement of Mirny in Yakutia, writes about Arctic living, its hardships and compensations. "None of the five students who graduated from the institute with me and volunteered to work up here in the North has left or intends to leave," he says. Each one of the settlers does his bit to make life at Mirny more pleasant and more enjoyable. A crack basketball player, Ivan Sadilov got up a team, and his wife helps him work out game schedules. "There's a good deal of happiness," he says, "that comes from overcoming difficulties."

What's Your Purpose in Life?

To the question "Do you have a purpose in life?" there was an unqualifiedly unanimous "yes." Social purpose is a unique characteristic of Soviet life. A new romanticism—not the adventure type but the very real romanticism of collective labor, of work for the common good—is the hallmark of the Soviet younger generation. The word purposefulness recurs in many of the replies.

To the question "What is your purpose?" there are, as is to be

K OF YOUR GENERATION?

expected, almost as many answers as answerers. But all have one thing in common—a certainty that the writers will be given every chance to achieve the goals they set for themselves.

Twenty-seven-year-old Nikolai Tsarev of Moscow, who believes that one of the significant characteristics of his generation is its appreciation of beauty, wants to get into art school and become a painter. "I am sure," he says, "that I shall achieve my aim. Our country offers us every opportunity."

Zinaida Kharitonova, a Leningrad truck driver, hopes "to get a university education by correspondence, become a philologist and teach the Russian language and Russian literature."

A girl who signs herself "A Student" writes, "I want to improve my character, so that I can become a better person in every way."

A young mother writes that she wants to bring up her son so that he will be a good and useful person.

We Can Stand Considerable Improvement

Not all the replies to the question "Do you like your generation?" are affirmative.

"No, I don't," writes 20-year-old Nikolai Tuz, a serviceman. "It ought to be accomplishing a lot more than it is, considering our Soviet social system and upbringing."

Others like their generation but think it can stand considerable improvement. A 25-year-old engineer from Kharkov writes, "One of our shortcomings—the most important, in my opinion—is our ignorance of the cultural treasures amassed over the centuries."

"Many of us have shortcomings, but they are of an entirely individual character," writes a 22-year-old Karaganda worker.

Another letter—no age indicated—makes the point that "besides some very good traits, our young people have a number of bad ones. They do not always stop to think how much better they would get along if they got rid of their petty, philistine, self-centered outlook."

Many letters point a short finger at the *stilyazhnichestvo*. The word is derived from *stilyaga*, "sharpie," a derogatory term applied to shallow-minded boys and girls who are oblivious to everything but "ultra-stylish" clothes, the emptiest kind of music, so long as it is the latest thing, and the cheapest kind of entertainment. These characters look down with contempt at people who work. They are, happily, quite untypical of the younger generation, say the letter writers.

The opinion of collective farmer Vladimir Alexeyev, whom we mentioned before, seems to be representative. He says, "I do not think there are any negative traits common to the majority of youth. There are merely individual negative traits that are being eradicated by our social upbringing."

Soviet young people tend to be even more intolerant of the shortcomings of their own generation than are older people. But their attitude is constructive. They are not inclined to pessimism or disillusionment. Quite the contrary, their emphasis is invariably positive. Shortcomings, they assert, will be taken care of by time and education.

The Older Generation on the Younger

Letters from older people evaluating the younger generation are by no means unanimous.

Vladimir Karpinsky, an old Communist and comrade-in-arms of Lenin, is proud of the young people. He writes, "The youth, healthy both physically and spiritually, industrious, highly principled, interested in everything in the world, provide our country with growing numbers of capable, talented people in all branches of industry, farming, science and the arts."

Other letters, not quite so laudatory, blame the parents for some of the less desirable traits they attribute to young people. They talk of

spoiling children by giving them everything they ask for, of neglecting to inculcate work habits, etc. But the intent even of these rather carping letters is to advise, to help, not merely to criticize.

Nikolai Akimov, the well-known stage director, places responsibility where he thinks it belongs. He writes, "Grownups and old people must treat young people with the respect they show adults. Before passing their traditions on, they must carefully pick out the bad ones and leave them behind."

Mikhail Isakovsky, the poet, calls on the older generation to help young people improve their artistic taste. Composer Eugen Kapp wants more literature and art for young people with a content that will teach ethical values.

Running through much of the material published in *Komsomolskaya Pravda* is the idea that Soviet society is progressing at so rapid a pace, that the country's economy and culture is moving ahead so quickly that there is practically no limit to the opportunities for the rounded development of the younger generation. The growth of social consciousness, however, does not always keep pace, and young people do not always make the fullest use of their opportunities.

The letter writers we cited above are not complaining of any decline in ethical values but of the fact that young people do not draw as much as they should upon the treasure house of human knowledge and experience open to them, that they sometimes continue to think and to live in the old way.

The Man of Tomorrow

A while ago the *Komsomolskaya Pravda* editors sponsored a meeting at one of the Leningrad institutes on the psychology of the modern young man and published a verbatim report of the discussion.

The topic was purposely left broad and all of the discussion was impromptu. The subjects brought up covered the widest conceivable range—enthusiasm or skepticism, generosity or self-interest, restlessness or stability, emotion or calculation, duty or caprice—everything was grist for the thinking mill of the young people gathered in the big auditorium. They spoke freely and frankly about themselves and their friends in trying to personalize such abstractions as egotism, ambition, asceticism, intolerance, enthusiasm. There was no time limit set on discussion, except for those who tended to talk on interminably.

There were certain things everybody was for—enthusiasm, for example. Said Vladimir Shakhijanyan, Young Pioneer leader at one of the Leningrad schools: "One cannot work without enthusiasm. But even when one is carried away by his work, he must look at the job he does critically lest he become blind to his mistakes."

Somebody else said, "Granted we must look at our work soberly, there is such a thing as being too self-critical."

Vladimir Solovyov, a college student, voiced the general feeling about egotism and undue self-interest, "If a man lives only for himself, he has no valid reason for existence."

Kharlampi Apachidi, another student, spoke of everyone's duty to help man create a better world. "Mankind is marching toward its spring," he said. "It is our duty to fight for it."

Vasili Kuzmin, a worker, said that everyone had to be strong enough to get rid of his own "rubbish," his own prejudices.

Yuri Yakimenko, a student, won the support of the whole gathering when he stood up in vigorous opposition to a speaker who had declared that under communism all men would be completely rational and would not be swayed by emotion. Yuri declared himself for emotion. "I like people," he said, "who react to things with their whole hearts."

This forum started a new flood of letters to *Komsomolskaya Pravda* in which young people wrote of the traits they thought the man of tomorrow should have. They are thinking of the kind of man Maxim Gorky wrote about—Man with a capital M.

By Yuri Gagarin

Pilot-Cosmonaut of the USSR, Hero of the Soviet Union

The day the country's scientists, engineers and workers entrusted me with the ship they had built to make the world's first manned flight into outer space a Pravda correspondent asked for my biography. I could hardly have given it to him right there when I had just landed, but I am happy to be able to tell readers now the story of my life.

MINE IS AN ORDINARY FAMILY, not much different from millions of other families in our socialist country. My parents are plain Russians for whom the Great October Socialist Revolution opened a broad new road, as it did for all our people.

My father, Alexei Ivanovich Gagarin, was born the son of a poor peasant in Smolensk Gubernia. His formal education was limited to two terms in a parish school. But he had an inquiring mind and was self-taught.

In the village where we lived, near Gzhatsk, he was known as a Jack-of-all-trades. He could do everything in the way of farm work, but he was an especially fine carpenter. I can still remember the yellow shavings curling around Dad's big calloused hands and the different smells of the woods he used to make all sorts of useful things—the sweet smell of maple, the bitter smell of oak, the pungent smell of pine.

My mother did not get a proper education either, but she was well read and well informed and could answer any question we children put to her. There were four of us—Valentin, the eldest, who was born in 1924, the year Lenin died; my sister Zoya, three years younger; myself; and Boris, the youngest.

I was born on March 9, 1934. At the time my parents were working on a collective farm—Father as a carpenter, Mother in the dairy. Later my mother was appointed manager of the dairy for her excellent work.

Ours was a prosperous collective farm village. It was set in picturesque surroundings—nestled among big shade trees in summer and blanketed by deep snowdrifts in winter. Our house was next to the last one on the edge of the village near the Gzhatsk road. We had a small orchard with apple and cherry trees and gooseberry and currant bushes, and directly behind the house was a meadow strewn with flowers.

I remember climbing stealthily onto the roof and surveying the endless stretches of field and the waving expanses of golden rye. Looking overhead at the pure blue of the infinite, I had the feeling that I wanted to soar into this beauty and fly to the horizon where the earth and sky met.

What birch trees we had all around us! What orchards! There was the river we would run to for a dip or to fish for gudgeon. And then the boys would race to Mother's dairy where she would pour a brimming mug of warm milk and cut a chunk of fresh rye bread for each of us. There's no meal I've eaten since as tasty as that one.

Mother would look at all of us, her children and her neighbors', and say, "You're lucky, you little rascals, your life is so much better than the one your parents had."

War!

One Sunday Dad came running from the Village Soviet. We had never seen him so disturbed and worried. "War!" Mother sank to a bench, covered her face with her apron and wept quietly. Everything around seemed suddenly to have lost its color, the sky clouded over and the wind stirred the dust on the road.

The village grew unusually quiet. Nobody sang, the children didn't feel like playing. That same day the men climbed into wagons and trucks and, with the whole village gathered to see them off, left for Gzhatsk and the front.

The tide of the war rolled closer and closer to Smolensk Region, spreading like the waters in spring flood. Refugees slipped through the village like shadows. The wounded were carried through. Everything was moving toward a place way in the hinterland. The rumor was that the fascists had wiped out Minsk and that heavy fighting was going on in the vicinity of Yelnya and Smolensk. But everyone believed the enemy would get no farther.

September came round and the first day of school, a day that the other children and I had long looked forward to. We had barely started, had hardly learned to write the first letter of the alphabet and do a little addition, when we heard, "The fascists are very close, on the approaches to Vyazma."

That day two planes with red stars on their wings—the first ones I had ever seen—flew above our village. I didn't know what kind they were at the time but, so far as I can recollect now, one must have been a Yak and the other a Lagg. The Lagg had been hit in an aerial fight, and the pilot was doing his best to land on a piece of marshland overgrown with weeds and water lilies. The plane fell and broke in half, the pilot, a young chap, bailing out without a parachute right above the ground.

The Yak landed safely in a meadow next to the marsh, and the pilot ran to help his friend in trouble. We boys ran over to them, greedily breathing in the unfamiliar smell of gasoline and pointing out to one another the jagged tears on the wings of the plane. The pilots were excited and edgy.



ROAD TO OUTER SPACE

When they unfastened their leather jackets, the medals pinned to their shirts flashed in the sun. These were the first military decorations I had even seen. It was then that we kids realized the price that had to be paid for these military awards.

The pilots took off the next day, leaving behind a bright memory—each one of us wanted to fly, to be as daring and as handsome as they. Unaccustomed feelings these were, of a kind we had never before experienced.

Then things began to happen in rapid sequence. Columns of trucks drove through the village and many more wounded were carried by. Everybody talked about evacuation. Mom and Dad packed too, but we didn't manage to get away soon enough.

Guns thundered, and the sky blazed with the reflection of the fires. Suddenly German cyclists broke into the village. There was general pandemonium. The fascists began hunting out partisans, meanwhile grabbing up everything serviceable they could lay their hands on, including clothing and footwear.

Our Village Occupied

We were kicked out of our house, and it was taken over by German soldiers. We had to make a dugout for shelter. Those were terrible nights when we listened to the whine of the engines of fascist aircraft headed for Moscow. Dad and Mom were heavyhearted, worried not only about us but about the farm and all of our people.



Dad couldn't sleep, kept listening, hoping to hear the thunder of Soviet guns, hoping that our troops would switch to the offensive. In anxious whispers he talked with Mom about the partisans and worried about brother Valentin and sister Zoya. They were both well into their teens, and in the neighboring villages the fascists were already shipping the young people off to captivity in Germany.

A dyed-in-the-wool Bavarian fascist, whose name was Albert, so far as I can remember, and whose job was charging auto batteries, was quartered in our house. He hated us kids. Once my little brother Boris, curious, tiptoed over to his workshop. The fascist snatched him up and hung him on the branch of an apple tree by his scarf. Then he stood guffawing. Mom rushed toward Boris but the fascist wouldn't let her come close. I wanted to do something. I was in torment for Boris and for Mom. I wanted to call somebody but I couldn't, my breath wouldn't come. It was as though I were hanging up there, not Boris. Fortunately the Bavarian was called away and we got Boris down. We carried him into the dugout and barely managed to revive him.

We kids copied the grownups and did everything we could to give the Germans trouble. The sharp nails and crushed glass we scattered on the roads were responsible for many a German car's flat tire.

At the time our village was cut off from the world. Nobody knew what was happening at the front. Once a plane flew by and dropped a bunch of leaflets. They fluttered in the air for a while like a flock of white doves and finally settled down in a snow-covered meadow on the edge of the village.

I snatched up one of them. There was a drawing of a heap of human skulls with a vulture in Hitler's likeness perched on top. The text was in Russian. I didn't know how to read. I looked around to see if there were any fascists in sight, the penalty for reading a leaflet was severe. I hid it inside my shirt and ran to our dugout. My sister Zoya read it and laughed out loud with happiness. "Yurka," she cried, "our army has scored a great victory."

The leaflet told of the Hitlerites having been routed at Stalingrad. There was no end of rejoicing. The talk in all the dugouts was about the fascists' defeat. Soon we heard the guns booming on our front too. Our offensive had begun.

The SS man took Valentine and Zoya and other boys and girls and lined them up in columns headed for the West, for Germany. Weeping and wringing their hands, Mother and the other women followed the column for a long time until the guards drove them back with rifle butts and dogs. We were not the only ones grief-stricken. The whole village wept. Members of every family had been driven off by the fascists to slavery.

The Germans Are Driven Out

But even grief does not last forever. The time for rejoicing came. One midnight two men wearing white sheepskin coats and fur hats and armed with submachine guns stole into our dugout. They gave father a cigarette and asked him questions. They were part of a Soviet reconnaissance group.

The next day the Germans abandoned our village. Father went to meet our troops to show them where the fascists had mined the road. All night long he had spied on the German sappers at work. Our colonel, who wore a

tall astrakhan hat and had khaki shoulder straps on his greatcoat, kissed father and commended him for his soldierly conduct.

Father joined the army. That left just the three of us—Mother, Boriska, and me. There were only the women and children to run the collective farm now. After a lapse of two years I was back at school again. There was only one teacher, Kseniya Fillipova, for the four classes. Two grades, the first and third, met together in the one room. After we were through, the second and fourth grades did their lessons. We had no ink, no pencils, no notebooks. We finally got hold of a blackboard, but we had no chalk. We learned to write on old newspapers. When we managed to get some wrapping paper or a piece of old wallpaper, it was cause for jubilation. For arithmetic lessons we used empty cartridges instead of sticks; we had pockets full of those.

For a long time we had no word of Zoya and Valentin. Then from neighbors who had run away from the slave train and made their way back to the village we learned that our sister and brother had escaped from the fascists and joined the Soviet Army. I was overjoyed to hear that they were alive and delighted that they were walloping the Nazis who had brought us so much suffering.

Father did not go far with the army. He had not been well ever since his youth, and because of the hunger he had had to endure under the Nazis he contracted a bad case of ulcers. He was cared for at the military hospital in Gzhatsk and served there as a noncombatant while getting treatment.

The war went on for what seemed a century. People kept eating their hearts out. Everybody had a relative at the front. The postman was both welcomed and feared when he brought mail to each dugout. Did he have good news or bad? To one family he would bring word that their loved one had been decorated; to another, that he had been killed in battle.

We had an old map of Europe in our classroom, and after lessons we would shift the red flags that marked our troops' advance. Everybody hoped for the war to end.

Kaput to Hitler

Then one day Mother came running from the Village Soviet to hug and kiss me. I remember how she smelled of plowed earth. She cried, "Kaput to Hitler. Our troops have captured Berlin."

I ran out into the street. It was a fine day. Spring had come, the orchards were in blossom, there was a deep blue sky overhead and the larks were singing. I felt happier than I had ever been before, dizzy with happiness. My sister and brother would be coming home soon. This was the start of a new life, never again to be clouded by grief, a life full of sunlight. From childhood I have loved the sun.



Iraida Troitskaya was one of Yuri's favorite high school teachers.

Anna Gagarina taught her son to respect man and his labor.

After the war my father was asked to remain in Gzhatsk to help rebuild the town. From that time on that was where we lived, on Leningradskaya Street, and where I went to school. I was admitted to the third grade. A young and very well-informed teacher, Anna Lebedeva, taught all the subjects, and judging by the marks she gave me, I must have been a good student.

It was a fine school and the kids were wonderful. Many of them were orphans with either a father or mother—or both—killed in the war. These were boys and girls who had seen a lot of suffering. They knew what hunger was. They had witnessed the atrocities committed by the Nazis, had seen things never to be forgotten or forgiven.

After two years I took my first exams, in Russian and arithmetic, passed them and was transferred to the fifth grade in another school. There I joined the Young Pioneers. I played in a brass band at the local Pioneer club and acted in school plays.

About this time I read Leo Tolstoy's *The Prisoner in the Caucasus*, and it left a deep impression on me. I admired Zhilin, the Russian officer, for his resoluteness and daring. Here was a man who made his way in the face of all odds. Taken prisoner, he not only escaped himself but helped Kostylin, a weak-willed man, to get away also. As I read the book, I compared its characters with people I knew. Hadn't my brother Valentin also escaped from captivity? I saw in him some of the qualities of my favorite hero Zhilin.

Olga Rayevskaya, our Russian literature and home room teacher, was as strict—and as affectionate—as our parents. She taught us to love and revere literature.

I was elected monitor of the sixth grade. The kids in that class were very chummy. I'm still friends with Valya Petrov and Zhenya Vasilyev. We helped one another with homework. They were good comrades. Petrov is now working on afforestation and land improvement in Gzhatsk. Vasilyev is somewhere in Moscow; I must look him up. Tonya Durasova, a pretty girl with clear inquiring eyes who was also in our school group, is now a salesclerk in Gzhatsk.

Our physics teacher, Lev Bepalov, was a remarkable man. He came to our school from the army and always wore his tunic, but without the shoulder straps. He served in the air force during the war, either as navigator or gunner-radioman—we weren't sure which. He was a man of about thirty with a face marked by many trying experiences.

He knew how to catch and hold our interest. He made the laws of physics as easy to understand as poetry. He always had something new and interesting to teach us. He showed us how to use a compass and explained the working principles of the most elementary electrical machines. He told us how a falling apple helped Newton discover the law of gravitation. Of course, I had no idea at the time that I would be coming to grips with nature and overcoming the force of that law to escape the earth's pull.

Lev was the center around which the Pioneers' hobby club at school functioned. We got hold of a little engine and with reeds and casein glue built a model plane. You can imagine our joy when that model soared above our heads. Zinaida Komarova, our math teacher, and Iraida Troitskaya, the head of our curriculum planning department and deputy to the USSR Supreme Soviet, were also there with us. Lev predicted, almost seriously, that we would grow up to be flyers.

To the Capital

When I finished the sixth year of secondary school at Gzhatsk I began to think about what to do next. I wanted to go on studying, but I knew that my parents would not be able to give me a higher education since they didn't earn very much and there were six of us in the family. I gave serious thought to the idea of learning a trade first and going on with my education while working in a factory. This was what the older generation had done, I mean those who built the Dnieper Hydroelectric Station, the Magnitogorsk Iron and Steel Mill, the Turkestan-Siberian Railroad and the city of Komsomolsk-on-Amur. After the last war many more people did the same thing.

I came to this decision by myself, without consulting anyone. I said nothing to my mother because I knew for certain she would never agree. In her eyes I was still a child. But I had made up my mind that Moscow would be the place I would head for if I left Gzhatsk. I had never been in our capital, but I loved what I knew of it. I had collected pictures of the Kremlin towers, the bridges spanning the Moscow River, the monuments . . . I wanted to see the Tretyakov Gallery and to walk across Red Square and pay homage to our great Lenin.

I wouldn't be going to Moscow a complete stranger, because my father's brother, Savely Ivanovich, worked there in a building contractor's office. He had two daughters living with him, Antonina and Lydia. When I asked my folks to let me go and live with Uncle Savely, my mother burst into tears. Dad thought for a few minutes and then said, "I approve of your idea, Yurka. Go to Moscow. So far I haven't heard of anyone getting lost there or fading away from neglect."

On the train to Moscow I wondered about the reception I would get. I knew my uncle's wages were modest. But I needn't have given it a thought. I was given a very warm welcome, especially by my cousins.

The first few days the girls showed me around the capital, and then Tonya took me to a vocational school in Lyubertsy where trainees for a farm machinery plant were being enrolled. Back in Gzhatsk I had decided to become a lathe operator or, if I didn't make the grade, a fitter. It was quite a shock to find out that you had to have seven years of schooling to be accepted as a turner or fitter trainee. All I had was six. I didn't hide my disappointment.

The vocational school director smiled reassuringly and said, "Don't worry, my boy. We'll put you in a foundry class. Have you seen the Pushkin Monument in Moscow? It was cast by foundrymen."

That won me over, and I agreed to become a caster. The examinations weren't too difficult. I passed them and was enrolled.

A few days later the foreman-instructor Nikolai Krivov took us on a trip through the factory. He told us that the machines the factory made were used on fields everywhere in the country. I remembered that in our own village I had seen machines with the trademark of the Lyubertsy Plant.

Krivov first showed us through the machine shops. Then he took us to the foundry where we would be working. "So you're the newcomers," the tall, bewhiskered team leader greeted us. "You'll get used to things, used to handling fire." Then with a note of pride, he added, "Fire is strong,

water is stronger than fire, and earth is stronger than water, but man is stronger than the lot." Soon after, I was assigned to a machine tool that made molds.

What Is Heroism?

My classmates at the trade school were a romantically minded lot, and we used to do a good deal of talking about heroism. There were different kinds of heroic exploits, we thought. Some were the result of an instantaneous decision, a choice that had to be made between life and death.

But we were agreed that there was a greater heroism, one which constituted a man's whole life. We were thinking of people who had dedicated their entire life to one great aim and had fought to reach it in spite of all difficulty. Lenin's life is a striking example of this kind of heroism. We read everything we could find about Lenin in our library.

We also liked the biography of Mikhail Frunze, the famous revolutionary who became an illustrious statesman. Sentenced to death by a czarist court, Frunze taught himself foreign languages while in prison, hoping to use them later when he escaped. He did escape and did use them. Frunze was indeed one of those who had what is called "an all-inclusive passion."

I got to be fond of the work in the foundry and stopped envying the lathe operators. I liked getting up when the factory whistle blew and mingling with the stream of workers walking to the factory. I was proud to be one of them, and every day this pride of mine grew stronger because the grownups, the skilled workers, treated us kids from the trade school as equals.

Then I drew my first wages. I didn't get much, of course, but it was the first money I had ever earned. I sent half home to Mom in Gzhatsk to help her along. I wanted very much to help the family, to feel really grownup.

At the trade school we had classes in theory as well as in practical work. I must confess that we didn't take too well to the classroom. We were more interested in mold sand and molten metal. We had an instructor, a self-effacing little old man whose name I've unfortunately forgotten, who taught us drafting. He'd give me a certain part to draw, then follow that up with another and a third, each one increasingly difficult. I became interested and eventually learned to make a pretty good drawing. I thought it might come in handy at some future time. I wanted to learn faster than I was doing at school. I took technical books from the library and studied in my free time. I resented the fact that the day was only 24 hours long, not enough time for all the things I wanted to do. I was angry about the years wasted during the Nazi occupation. I dreamed of getting through technical school, going to college and becoming an engineer.

To get into college I had to be a secondary school graduate. So together with my pals Timofei Chugunov, who also came from Smolensk Region, and Alexander Petushkov, who came from Kaluga Region, I entered the seventh grade of Evening School No. 1 in Lyubertsy. We gave each other a helping hand.

It was hard sledding. We had our jobs at the factory and, besides our classes at the trade school, our regular school studies. Fortunately, we had good teachers. I've been lucky that way, I've always had good teachers.

When they saw how much I wanted an education, they suggested that I make an application at the school for physical education teachers in Leningrad. At the factory I had the reputation for being something of an athlete because I had won several prizes in sports competitions.



I got through the selective trials in Mytishchi and passed the last examination with top marks. When I got back to Lyubertsy, I found that I could get into the Saratov Technical School for additional training as a foundry molder, my trade. "As for sports," I was told, "you can go in for that any time."

That's so, of course. Any athlete, no matter how good, ought to have a trade or profession and do productive work.

At the Saratov Technical School

Chugunov, Petushkov and I asked the principal of the trade school for a recommendation to the Saratov Technical School. He did well by us. We got free train tickets and set off for the Volga.

We liked the trip to Saratov and the view of the broad Volga. The new scenes were appropriate to our mood. We were entering a new stage of life, becoming students. In our group there were 35 people from all over the Soviet Union. Several were war veterans, married men and men with families.

At first they had trouble studying. It was a long time since they had sat at school desks and their marks showed it. For the three of us—



Yuri, surrounded by friends as usual, in the students hostel of the Saratov Technical School.

Always a good athlete, Yuri's favorite sport is basketball. He played on the Labor Reserve team.

Petushkov, Chugunov and myself—it was easy going since everything was so fresh in our minds. The others came to us for help which we were glad to give. They called the three of us “the inseparable Muscovites.” We all liked mathematics. We were conscious of the fact that you couldn’t get along without math in our atomic age when everything is based on precise calculations.

There was an atmosphere of comradesly assistance in the technicum. We younger students sought the advice of and followed the example set by the older boys. The war veterans had a word for that kind of mutual help. “Perish yourself but rescue your comrade,” they used to say—like the two airmen I had seen in the early days of the war whose concern for each other had caught my imagination.

Very soon everybody had worked into the study routine, and the poor grades began to change to satisfactory and then excellent. In our spare time we went in for a good deal of athletics. We got up a basketball team. Back at the trade school I had learned to like that lively, fast game. Our team competed in city matches and took first place among the Saratov technicians. In the winter we worked out in the gym three times a week. One of my friends, Tolya Vinogradov, tried to interest me in skiing, but I preferred basketball, though I did go skiing once in a while.

The stipend we got was small, but we were able to cut down expenses enough to go to the theater and movies. Saratov has a good opera company, and I heard Dargomyzhsky's *The Mermaid*, Bizet's *Carmen* and Tchaikovsky's *Queen of Spades*. I was very much taken with Glinka's *Ivan Susanin*. When I saw it, I felt as though I were one of the Russian people on the stage struggling against the country's enemies.

Favorite Books

More often we went to the movies, generally a whole crowd of us, boys and girls, and then we'd go somewhere to talk about the picture. I especially liked Boris Polevoi's *Story of a Real Man*. I saw it several times and read the book a number of times too. To me the hero was the personification of Soviet man. I thought Alexei Maresyev, the prototype of Polevoi's hero, had more courage and fortitude than even my favorites among Jack London's characters. He was closer to me in spirit and feeling. I often wondered how I would act if I were to find myself in the same situation as Maresyev.

Another favorite book of mine, and of my friends as well, was Lillian Voynich's *The Gadfly*. I liked *The Gadfly*, but Maresyev was real. He was my contemporary, he lived in the same country as I, he was a man I could hope to meet some day and shake hands with.

Our literature teacher at the technicum was Nina Ruzanova, a very thoughtful and sympathetic woman. She made up a recommended book list for us and kept urging us to read. On the list I remember was a series edited by Maxim Gorky entitled *The History of a Young Man of the Nineteenth Century*. She guided us to the classics of Russian and world literature. I still remember how moved I was to read Leo Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. What I liked most in that extraordinary book were the battle scenes and the portraits of such men as gunner Tushin, regimental commander Prince Andrei Bolkonsky and officers Rostov, Dolokhov and Denisov, who defended the country with such heroism during Napoleon's invasion. As I read, I could see Field Marshal Kutuzov standing right there in front of me.

I went through Longfellow's *Song of Hiawatha* and the novels of Victor Hugo and Charles Dickens at the time. I read a lot, trying to make up for the time I had lost as a child. Like many other young people I was thrilled by the books of Jules Verne, A. Conan Doyle and H. G. Wells.

I read how skeptical H. G. Wells had been about Lenin's plan to electrify the country, and here, to refute him, were whole caravans of barges sailing

up the Volga with building materials for the Kuibyshev hydropower project. Here before our eyes the Soviet people were realizing Lenin's prophecies.

This was an interesting time we were living in. We had to hurry up with our studies, specialists were needed everywhere. A great many things were happening at home and abroad, and they kept us on the move, especially those of us at school who were Young Communist League members, and almost all the students were.

I was elected a member of the school's YCL Committee. I had my hands full with all kinds of assignments, and besides that I was doing the work of the secretary of the local section of the Trudovye Reservey Sports Society. I had so many things to do that every minute counted.

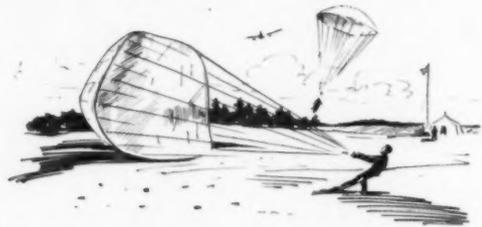
Then came the final year at the school, when we spent less time with textbooks and more with actual work in factories. I was sent to the Voikov Plant in Moscow and then to the Vulkan Plant in Leningrad. I spent my first days in Leningrad with my friend Fyodor Petrulin, walking through the streets of this wonderful city. That was the cradle of the October Revolution. There is no city that has such a wealth of revolutionary tradition as Leningrad.

In the daytime we were busy at the factory; evenings we made the round of museums and theaters. When our turn came to work on the night shift, we spent three days at the Hermitage looking at the masterpieces of world art. We went through the Russian Museum to see the creations of our own celebrated painters. We liked everything in Leningrad, its museums, buildings, monuments. Back at school in Saratov, we regaled our classmates with a detailed account of our trip.

My favorite subject was physics, just as it had been at trade school, and the instructor, Nikolai Moskvin, was every bit as good as our old teacher, Lev Bespalov. His lectures were fascinating. He was absolutely ruthless with those who were lazy. He wouldn't give them a minute's peace until they showed signs of progress. “A technician has to know physics,” he insisted. “Why, even the earth itself turns by physical laws.”

Moskvin set up a physics club that I joined. The members took turns making reports. One would read a paper on Newton, another on mechanics, a third on electricity. I was asked to report on radiation pressure studies made by the Russian scientist Lebedev. My paper got a good reception, and I agreed to do another report on Konstantin Tsiolkovsky and his theory of rocket propulsion and interplanetary travel. In preparation for the paper I read a collection of Tsiolkovsky's science-fiction stories and all the related material in the library.

Tsiolkovsky made my head whirl. He was far more exciting than Jules Verne, H. G. Wells or any of the other science-fiction writers. His own experiments and the progress of science confirmed all his astonishing predictions. He said that jet aircraft would take over from propeller planes, and I could see them in the sky. He wrote about rockets, and I knew that they were already shooting through the stratosphere. Everything else that Tsiolkovsky had prophesied had come true and so would his dream of manned space flight.



I concluded my paper on Tsiolkovsky with this statement of his, “Man will not stay on earth forever. In the race for light and space he will penetrate beyond the atmosphere, at first timidly, and then to conquer all of circumsolar space.”

My heart started to pound when I read this. And perhaps that was when I became infected with a new fever—one for which medicine has no name—a burning desire to fly into space.

Air Fever

I kept going to technical school classes as usual, but my mind was elsewhere. When I heard the buzz of a plane in the sky or passed an airman in the street, I would wake up. It was air fever, even though I was not altogether conscious of it as yet. The feeling I had was shared by two other students at the school—Viktor Porokhnya and Zhenya Steshin.

There was an aviation club in Saratov, one that our boys thought highly of. But to join it you had to be a secondary school graduate. One day Viktor ran in, all excited, “Say, fellows, I've got real news. The club is taking fourth year technical school students.”

That same afternoon the three of us took off for the club. The news was true. We applied, went through all the interviews, and began the course. At first it was all theory, an introduction to aircraft and engine design. We were a bit disappointed by all those boring classes. We had had the notion that as soon as we got to the airfield we'd be flying, and here was the same old school desk, the blackboard, the textbook. The road to the sky was longer than we had imagined.

The first few months of 1955 were packed to the bursting point. I had enough studying to do for two—at the technical school during the day and at the club at night. To cap it all, I had to prepare my graduation thesis to show what I had learned in the four years at school.

All this called for scores of drawings. And as I toiled over them, I remembered with affection the gray-haired schoolmaster in Lyubertsy who had made drafting so interesting.

Although I was busy with my thesis, I tried not to miss any of the work at the club. There, too, we were winding up our theoretical studies in preparation for exams. I wanted to start training flights. I had never been up in the air, even as a passenger. But before we could start flight training we had to make at least one parachute jump.

Our flight commander, Dmitri Martyanov, told us with a chuckle, "We've got to see whether you're plucky enough to fly."

Martyanov had flying in his blood. Our group liked his airmindedness and the strict discipline to which he accustomed us from the very first day. We knew that a man of his caliber wouldn't be satisfied until he had made good pilots of us.



From the wonderful example set by his comrades at the Saratov Aeroclub Yuri learned modesty and courage, love of justice and devotion to country.

Parachute Jump

Finally we were ready for our parachute jump. We rode out to the airfield with some girls from another technical school in the city who were going to jump too. They looked pale and apprehensive. I wondered if I looked any better. One of the girls said to me, "You look so calm, you must have jumped before."

"No," I said, "This will be the first time."

The girls wouldn't believe me. It was only when we began to put on the parachutes that they saw I had been telling the truth. I couldn't get the straps right and was just as clumsy as they.

It was not only my first flight, but I had to bail out at the end of it, into the bargain. I have no recollection of taking off nor of how our PO-2 reached the scheduled height. I came to only when the instructor signaled for me to climb out on the wing. Somehow I crawled out, stood on the wing and hung on to the cabin door with both hands for dear life. It was too awful to have to look down. The ground was somewhere down there, far, far below. It gave me the shudders.

"Cheer up, Yuri," the instructor laughed at me, "there are girls looking up at you from down there. Ready?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

"Well, let go."

As instructed, I pushed away from the fuselage and dived down as if into an abyss. Then I pulled at the rip cord. The parachute didn't open. I wanted to yell but I couldn't. I couldn't get a breath out. My hands searched for the rip cord of the spare. Where was it? Where? Suddenly I felt a violent jerk. And then a hush. I was floating smoothly in the sky beneath the white cupola of the main parachute. So I learned my first lesson—not to start worrying about possible technical failures when you're in the air, not to jump to hasty decisions when you're in the air.

"So You Like Flying?"

When the jumps were over, Dmitri asked, "How would you like to go up in a Yak with me?"

As though I could say no!

We circled and then Martyanov brought the plane into the zone and began to stunt fly.

"This is banking," he told me through the intercom, "and this is the Nesterov loop-the-loop."

The plane went through a stunt show that made me wish I were safe on the ground. But Martyanov kept on tracing patterns in the sky. I couldn't understand the reason for the performance, but there was a method to his madness. He wanted to find out in one try whether I would make a good pilot. Apparently his decision was in my favor, judging by the pleased look on his face when we landed.

"Well," he asked, trying to read my expression, "do we fly again tomorrow?"

"All day and round the clock, so far as I'm concerned." It must have sounded like boasting, but I really felt that way.

"So you like flying?"

I said nothing. Words couldn't say what I felt. Only music could express the glorious exhilaration of flying.

Several days later we were called before the faculty committee to defend our graduation projects. I did well and was awarded a diploma "With Honors" from the Saratov Technical School. The state examining committee also certified me as a qualified foundry technician. I had jumped a big hurdle. Now I could take a job and continue my education after working hours. This was a crossroads in my life.

My friends had already gone, but I couldn't get myself to leave the Saratov airfield. Although I hadn't spent much time in the air, I didn't want to drop something I'd started and liked so well.

In spite of his youth Martyanov was a fine instructor with exacting requirements. "For a flier," he said, "there's no such thing as a little mistake. He may have to pay with his life for one slip in the air."

Carefully, step by step, he taught us the elements of aviation science, without which the modern pilot can't get along. He demanded that we carry through each assignment with the utmost precision. He took a trainee sharply to task for anything less than perfection. "One must fly neatly," he liked to say.

Martyanov had never served in the war. Another of our teachers, Sergei Safronov, had commanded a unit. We divided our respect and affection between the two.

Safronov had fought at the Battle for Stalingrad and the famous air battle of the Kuban and had brought down several Junkers and Messerschmidts in the Kursk Bend. In 1943, when he held the rank of captain, he had been awarded the title Hero of the Soviet Union and the Gold Star. We listened to every word he had to say. This was a real Soviet ace who embodied the great tradition of our air force. He worked with us a great deal and, like Martyanov, stressed the importance of a clean flying style.

The chief of the aviation club, Grigori Denisenko, also a Hero of the Soviet Union, was very helpful in our training. Once, addressing a YCL meeting, he gave us his definition of will power. "Will power," he said, "is the ability to control one's actions, the ability to overcome difficulties, the ability to carry out an assignment with the least possible expenditure of energy."

Solo Flight

One July day—I remember how warm it was—Dmitri did not get into the plane with me as usual. "This time you go up alone," he said. "In the circle . . ."

Although I had been waiting for a week to hear him say that, my heart skipped a beat. I had made many independent flights during those few weeks, taking off and landing on my own. But there had always been somebody sitting behind me who could correct a mistake I might make. Now there was only myself to rely on.



"Don't lose your head," Dmitri said, "and keep your eyes open."

I taxied to the starting line, jerked the throttle, raised the tail and up we went—smoothly. The sense of exhilaration was indescribable. I was flying, flying by myself! Only a pilot can understand what that first solo flight feels like. I had managed a plane before but never without the instructor backing me. Now there was only the plane and myself, we were one. A rider must feel like that during a race—as though he and the horse were one. The machine was completely my instrument, to do exactly what I wanted it to.

The next day friends said, "There's an article about you in the newspaper."

I couldn't get a copy at the airfield and didn't see it until a week later, in town. There were just a few lines describing the flight, with my name and picture. There I was in the cabin with my arm raised, waiting for the signal to take off.

It was *Zarya Molodezhi* (*The Dawn of Youth*), a Saratov Young Communist League newspaper, that had unexpectedly singled me out for attention. It was the first time I had seen my name in print and, of course, I was very pleased, although it bothered me that I was the only one who had gotten such notice.

I sent a copy of the paper to my mother in Gzhatsk. She wrote back, "We're proud of you, son, but don't let it go to your head."

(To be continued next issue)



ALEXANDER DOVZHENKO'S FLAMING YEARS

By Gennadi Rosental, Film Director

THIS SOLDIER, his head wrapped in bandages, his face haggard, unshaven, his uniform sodden, covered with the soot and ashes of Berlin, has just come out of battle. He stands at the Brandenburg Gate, his clothes steaming in the sun. He smiles, thinks aloud:

"There go our troops—my comrades. They pass by me in review, although I'm not a general, not a marshal either. I'm simply Sergeant Ivan Orlyuk, a collective farmer from the Dnieper Valley, a plain man, the victor in the world war.

"And since so many of our men—more than the soldiers of any other country in the world—fell, never to rise again, in the battles to liberate people from fascism, and since I too shed the enemy's blood and lived through plenty of trouble, I want to introduce myself, my wife and family. I want to show my contemporaries all over the world—both friends and enemies—the well from which I used to take a drink of water, the garden and the orchard where I got the first blister on my hands. In short, I want to show them my life and destiny."

This is how Alexander Dovzhenko's film *Flaming Years* opens, on this solemn, grand and realistic note. As the story unfolds, the solemn gives way to the lyric, the grand to the matter-of-fact working day, and harsh realism is replaced by allegory. But pervading this passionate and poetic story is the philosophy of a people destined to live through the bloodiest of all wars, who neither bowed their heads nor lost faith in themselves and in humanity.

Ivan Orlyuk, the plain soldier, dies many times and in many ways. He is killed on a field, churned by tanks into a black mess. He drowns in the icy waters of the Dnieper. He takes his last breath in the arms of a doctor. But still he does not let death conquer.



The only one left who can laugh is a woman driven insane by nazi atrocities.



Ivan Orlyuk, tried for shooting deserters, says, "They had no right to live."

Ivan's mother prays that God preserve her son in the fiery tempest of war.





The hero of Dovzhenko's epic film is the Soviet soldier. Covered with the ashes of Berlin ablaze, he stands at the Brandenburg Gate, thinks aloud, "There go our troops—my comrades. They pass by me in review. I'm not a general. I'm simply Sergeant Ivan Orlyuk, a collective farmer, a plain man, the victor in the world war."

Crossing the wide Dnieper under fire was a terrifying ordeal, and the film does full justice to the feat. Leading film director and critic Grigori Roshal wrote, "The scale of the shots is amazing. It is hard to believe they were directed by a woman. Battles . . . the forcing of the Dnieper . . . such seething mass scenes."





With fields laid waste and their machines destroyed by the war, the farmers till with oxen and sow from baskets of seed as their forebears used to do.

In an interlude between battles, he gets married. He passes judgment on those who invaded his village. He sows the fields from a basket of seed as his forebears have done for a thousand years. He stands at the Brandenburg Gate. Ivan Orlyuk is the people—undying, immortal.

In the film we have that rare artistic achievement—an individual character who grows into a generalization, a symbol, and yet loses none of his individuality in the process.

Throughout the film the whirlwind of war catches people up in its tragic sweep. A young woman with a child—by whom begotten she herself does not know—returns from German captivity to her native village which has been liberated from the enemy. Where is her husband? There he is, waiting in the village square, a statue of bronze.

She clings to his bronze chest, wailing, "I don't want to live . . . I have nothing to live for now."

He tells her, "Console yourself, woman. You are young. You have reasons for living."

"What reasons?"

"Work, love, children."

"Where will I find them?"

"In the kind flow of kind times."

It was of "the kind flow of kind times" that Alexander Dovzhenko, master of Soviet cinematography, was thinking when he wrote his *Flaming Years* and other scripts. In the period of the silent movies his *Earth* ranked with such world film classics as Sergei Eisenstein's *Battleship Potemkin* and Vsevolod Pudovkin's *Mother*. In *Earth* and other very popular films—*Zvenigora*, *The Arsenal*, *Ivan*, *Shchors* and *Michurin*—he was first among producers for his incomparable ability to picture the complexities of life and its eternal renewal.

His films are unusual in their language and imagery and their masterful interlacing of life and death, love and struggle. In *Flaming Years* his lyricism is given full play.

Dovzhenko did not live to see the film screened. He died just as Mosfilm Studio was building the sets for his *Poem of the Sea*. It was to have been followed by *Flaming Years*, written as a film epic.

The filming of both *Poem of the Sea* and *Flaming Years* were completed by his wife, Yulia Solntseva. The Soviet press unanimously applauded her understanding of the author's intent. Grigori Roshal, well-known film critic, wrote, "The scale of the shots is amazing. It is hard to believe that they were directed by a woman. Battles, the forcing of the Dnieper . . . so many intricate war machines and seething mass scenes. Such beautiful sunsets, marvelous clouds, so exquisite an apple-blossom spring!"

The epic character of the events is reflected in the 70 mm. film used in shooting the picture; it can be projected on a huge panorama screen. The cameramen were Fyodor Provorov and Alexei Temerin. Alexander Borisov designed the sets.

The leading role of Ivan Orlyuk is played by Nikolai Vingranovsky, a former pupil of Dovzhenko's at the Directors Department of the Soviet State Institute of Cinematography. Featured players include the popular screen personalities Boris Andreyev, Sergei Lukyanov, Vasili Merkuryev and Zinaida Kirienko.

Flaming Years will not be the last of Dovzhenko's works to be filmed. He was a prolific writer, and the heroes created by his great talent will continue to come to life on the screen.

Maria returns to her native village and her husband from captivity in Germany to find that her husband died a hero's death and is enshrined in bronze.





The first spring of peacetime came, and the trees bloomed on soil pitted with shells.



Ulyana takes up her teaching again in the village school with its half-empty classes.

They knew that the hands that had gripped a rifle could also build a new and happy life.





By Vitali Moyev
Photos by Victor Ruikovich



DOCKERS

IT USED to be that stevedores in Novorossiisk on the Black Sea and those in other Soviet ports were men with enough muscle to juggle great loads. The muscle may still be there, but it's not called upon to perform; all the lifting and pushing and hauling is now done by machine.

Forty years ago this port kept seven or eight thousand stevedores busy. The volume of cargo has multiplied any number of times since, but the number of stevedores—in the old sense of the word, that is—has dropped to 450, and none of them carry loads. The actual physical labor involved in moving and storing cargo is minimal.

The port's towering cranes bow to the ships; mechanical lifters and electric trolleys dart around the dock and into warehouses and freight cars; all sorts of machines lift and carry bags of cement, great bundles of rolled metal and bulky crates, hoist clusters of wine barrels from ship to dock, and vice versa, pour oil or wheat into gaping holds.

The old-style dockers are retraining for new jobs. Some of them become qualified

signalers or take the course for winch operators, others learn to drive trucks and operate mechanical lifters and cranes.

Stevedores' Union

Novorossiisk dockers are members of the Sea and River Transport Workers Union, which takes in all port workers, from stevedores to clerks. The union local is headed by a committee elected yearly at a trade union conference.

Its funds come from membership dues, allocations from the port authority, and the income from clubs and Houses of Culture run by the union.

The money goes to pay for cultural and recreational facilities for the dockers and their families, for excursions and picnics, performances by visiting theater companies, an elaborate sports program. The union rents a stadium, pays coaches and buys all sorts of athletic equipment, from boxing gloves to canoes. When union athletes travel to matches away from home, as they frequently do, they





keep getting their regular wages, and the local pays all travel expenses.

After six months of work every docker is entitled, without any contribution on his part, to sickness and disability benefits. Sick pay may come to as much as 100 per cent of the worker's average wage. Social insurance funds are contributed solely by management and administered by the unions.

The docker's health is under constant observation. He must report to a polyclinic twice a year for a thorough physical checkup. Any sign of illness is carefully followed up. If the doctor says the word, the stevedore is transferred immediately to lighter work or is sent to a sanatorium for treatment and rest. He either pays nothing for accommodations and treatment or less than a third of the cost, the remainder being paid by the union out of the social insurance fund. His job is kept for him and he continues to receive his regular wages.

Union and management both pay out large sums for these vacation and health resort stays. This is an important budget item for unskilled workers especially, because the cost of their stay in a sanatorium sometimes comes to more than a month's wages.

Vacations for the children of its members are also a union responsibility. The port has its own Young Pioneer camp at a lovely spot on the shore of the warm Black Sea that accommodates 600 youngsters every summer, either free or for a very modest charge.

An auditing commission independent of both the trade union committee and management periodically checks on the way union money is spent and reports directly to the membership at general meetings, whose decisions are final.

The trade union is concerned with every aspect of management-worker relations—from wages and working conditions to the number of showers available. Not too long ago the

union insisted that the number of showers planned for a new section of the port be doubled. Construction had already begun and the management had to go to considerable trouble to modify the design.

The union influences every port activity, whether it concerns the construction of new buildings, fulfillment of the freight plan, installation of new machinery, or the reorganization and promotion of personnel. Through their trade union committee, the port workers can demand an answer to any question from the port authorities, and they do just that at their general membership meetings.

The union organizes permanent production conferences which draw the most skilled and experienced dockers into the work of managing the port. The union is also directly involved in training workers in new skills, in allocating new apartments and in many other areas.

The Ports Metronome

The metronome that sets the rhythm of the port workday is the chart of ship arrivals and departures. Its beat keeps getting faster, its swing longer. During the postwar years the Novorossiisk waterfront has undergone a transformation. Even larger changes are in the offing. Sketched out in the seven-year plan, they include a new pier to accommodate any kind of ocean-going freight vessel; a pier for steamships with every accommodation for passengers; a big new wharf for tankers which will be handling three times as much oil as they do now; a special pier for handling grain; more warehouses, workshops and apartment houses for dockers.

The metronome will be beating very much faster to set the pace for all the ships moving in and out of the harbor. And, of course, the dockers' union will have many more things and people to concern itself with.

These jazz fanciers are Novorossiisk dockers. Their orchestra is supported out of union funds.

Always something interesting on at the Dockers Club—a new play, a book discussion, a dance.



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The Novorossiisk dockers' union runs a camp for the children of its members.



Busman's holiday—stevedores on a Sunday afternoon jaunt to the seashore.

THIS MUST NOT HAPPEN AGAIN



Boris Prorokov

A WOMAN'S HANDS reach out, grope in emptiness. They could be the hands of Yaroslavna, wife of Prince Igor, or those of the girl in the Soviet film *Ballad of a Soldier*, or the hands of the heroine in a book by Erich Maria Remarque or in Ernest Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. They are the hands of a woman searching hopelessly for something, someone, lost to her forever. War is not only troops against troops, guns against guns, planes against planes, but troops, guns and planes against a woman's two empty hands.

This is war in the black-and-white drawings of Boris Prorokov:

A child's face white with sickness.

A child shielding itself with two small hands against a falling bomb.

A child's lonely face in the shadow of ruins.

The faces of three children grown wise with suffering in the three illustrations *Hiroshima*, *Raid* and *Among the Ruins*.

These are war's targets, says Prorokov, these children who have not yet learned to mistrust life. War has two protagonists—life and death. His children defy death for they are the beginning of life, its very essence, and must inevitably be the victor in this uneven combat.

In the tremendous effort of the woman protecting her child from hurt—the drawing titled *Alarm*—there is more of soaring strength than weakness, more of courage than fear, more of victory than defeat. The two bodies, those of mother and child, are drawn with a single powerful sweep of the brush, for they represent a single whole, a single cry for safety and peace. The mother's arm, passionately protecting the burden it holds, depicts all motherhood, all justice.

In Prorokov's powerfully moving drawings it is not the man, the soldier, who personifies struggle, stern remembrance, vengeance, but the woman. She is always beautiful, always defiant. Even though doomed—as in the drawing *At Baby Yar*—her beautiful gray eyes show no fear. The body of the dead woman in *Atrocity* calls out for victory; it is a terrible indictment of the guilty. The face of the woman in *A Curse on the Executioners*, her head thrown back in pain and anger, is a challenge and a warning. The suffering that grips all these figures is no passive suffering; it expresses not only pain but resistance to pain.

Prorokov's art is intensely compact and dynamic. His drawing is abrupt, violent, angry—qualities that express, paradoxically perhaps, the artist's deep compassion for the earth, its sky, its children, its women—for all things that grow, for everything that lives and is therefore immortal.

Boris Prorokov is 50. His work has been appearing in magazines and newspapers since 1929. His recurring theme—an impassioned protest against war—derives from personal suffering. He was more than an eye-witness to the Second World War—he fought at the front with rifle and with pencil. The serious effects of shell shock make his work as an artist a battle he must fight and win every day. That he will not be defeated is proved once again by his newest and most eloquent series of drawings, *This Must Not Happen Again*, dedicated to the memory of a friend killed in the war, for which he won the Lenin Prize.

By Yuri Nagibin



Alarm!

Raid





Mother



Hunger

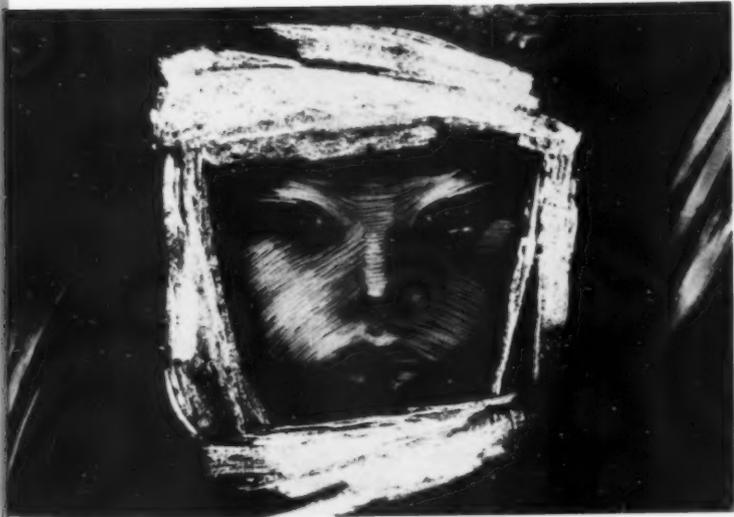
A Curse on the Executioners





At Baby Yar

Hiroshima



Behind Barbed Wire





This article about Rostislav Alexeyev, a pioneer in hydrofoil river craft, continues a series about the heroes of our time—people whose devoted work, persistent searchings, unquenchable thirst for new paths, personal modesty and warmth toward others are an embodiment of the best traits of the Soviet man, traits which have won them universal recognition, respect and admiration in our country.

By Yevgeni Ryabchikov
Drawing by Vladimir Debrovolsky
Photo by Alexei Gostev

THE VOLGA was quiet, but the wind beat at his face, tore through his hair and howled in his ears—a gale created by the speed of the new ship Rostislav Alexeyev had built.

This was the *Meteor* he had dreamed of for years, on its trial cruise, skimming along the river, a kaleidoscope of villages and towns flashing by downstream. Barges pulled by sturdy little tugboats, endless lines of timber rafts, pleasure boats and freighters flew by. People on the shore, fishermen and rafters, sailors and vacationers yelled and waved at the wonder boat.

When the green light signal of a lock heaved into sight, Alexeyev slowed the *Meteor* down until it settled lightly on the water and glided gracefully through the huge iron gates into the concrete chamber. Scores of people crowded together at the top of the lock. Old men and young boys, girls in bright kerchiefs and sedate workmen leaned over the side and peered down, gesticulating and edging each other to get a better view. "Like an airplane, only it flies on water." The comment runs through the crowd.

In Moscow, the running tests over, the *Meteor* berths at the River Terminal among innumerable crafts of all sizes. She is the smallest but

gets VIP treatment. Curious Muscovites linger on the dock to fire questions at Alexeyev and the crew and to photograph the vessel.

The day before the *Meteor* leaves the capital, headed back to Sormovo where she was designed and built, is a memorable one for Alexeyev. A display of new river craft at the port is visited by leaders of the Communist Party and the Soviet Government headed by Nikita Khrushchev. The first ship they board, giving it priority over self-propelled barges, diesel luxury liners and new suction dredges, is the *Meteor*. The nation's leader goes up to the bridge and down to the salons and into the engine room.

Alexeyev takes the distinguished visitors for a cruise along the Moscow-Volga Canal. He acts as guide and is delighted by the questions with which Khrushchev showers him about the work he and his comrades at the Sormovo shipyard are doing—evidence of the value attached to the *Meteor*. The ship goes back to the dock. Khrushchev says good-by to Alexeyev, the *Meteor's* skipper Victor Poluektov and the others on board, shakes hands all around, and asks that they convey his greetings and congratulations to the men at the shipyard.

For Alexeyev the successful trial run of his *Meteor* means more than recognition and honors. This is a vision becoming a reality. He sees future flotillas of giant hydroplanes racing along the country's rivers. On the return trip to Sormovo these thoughts of the future mingle with recollections of the past, every sand bar and willow-covered island conjuring up memories of his boyhood and adolescence.

He Liked Speed

Alexeyev grew up on the Volga. He would often sail on the barges, sit till dawn around the bonfire on the big rafts, spend the night with lighthouse men. The river won him completely. It was then, somewhere on the threshold between boyhood and adolescence, that the idea began to grow on him that his future lay with the Volga and the hardy people who made their living on this great river.

He was always good with his hands and liked making things. He rigged up a workbench for himself, made a balalaika, then a violin. By the time he entered college he knew the ABC's of metal work and carpentry. He could make a boat, sew a sail, splice rope.

He built a yacht, the *Rebus*, with his own hands; and when he was studying at the Gorky Polytechnical Institute, the *Rebus* crew, skippered by Alexeyev, won prizes at many a Volga regatta.

He liked speed—brisk winds and fast sailing. The *Rebus* would skim by the ponderous barges, the heavy rafts and the plodding tugboats hauling strings of lighters. He was impatient with these slow-moving craft. Nature had built this swift-flowing river for speed, not for this interminably sluggish travel, steamships moving leisurely from landing to landing and loud-whistled tugboats that barely overtook hikers footing it along the shore.

Most Volga people were used to this pace. Not Alexeyev. He argued with the old skippers who wouldn't be hurried. "Take it easy boy," they told him. "The pace we travel at was fast enough for our fathers and grandfathers, and it's fast enough for us. Don't rush the Volga or it will leave you high and dry on a sand bar." That was only too true. The river was full of hidden shoals and bars. But Alexeyev thought shipping could be speeded up in spite of nature's impediments.

He majored in shipbuilding at the institute and there was taken with the idea of hydrofoils as a solution to the Volga's speed problem. He chose hydroplanes as the subject of his graduation thesis.

He defended his thesis in a hall packed with researchers, skippers, shipbuilders from the Sormovo yards and students. He showed a drawing he had made of a white, streamlined hydroplane skimming over choppy seas against the background of a stormy, cloudy sky. Its graceful lines and slanted bridge were imaginative, novel, prophetic. The audience was excited about it.

But Alexeyev soon found himself the center of a storm. The gray-beards stubbornly claimed that the river was unsuitable for high-speed craft; it had too many shoals, sand bars and bends, and the traffic was too heavy anyway. Even if dams were erected to raise the river level all along its course, it would still be unsuitable.

There were, however, other shipbuilders, skippers and scientists who supported Alexeyev. They saw in him a man of bold vision and agreed

OWINGED SHIPS

that the future of river and perhaps of all marine transport lay in hydrofoils.

His dream seemed about to come true. The decision had practically been made to build an experimental hydrofoil vessel at the Sormovo shipyards when the war broke out. The plant was shifted to tank production, and Alexeyev was appointed quality control engineer in the assembly shop. He spent days and nights at the plant certifying the battle readiness of the tanks as they rolled off the conveyor in a steady stream. Back at home, in whatever spare moments there were, he continued to design and calculate, his room cluttered with countless drawings of winged ships.

Scale Model

Fortunately Alexeyev's enthusiasm was shared by Vladimir Krylov, the plant's chief designer. He, too, saw a future for hydrofoils. He sought for ways to help Alexeyev, but the demand was for more and more tanks in spite of an acute manpower shortage. It took some doing for Krylov to free Alexeyev for work on his hydroplane project, but he managed it somehow, first for two hours a day and later on, completely.

The plant's Party Committee also supported Krylov, and soon afterward the Regional Party Committee suggested that a special design bureau be set up in Sormovo to work out an experimental ship. Alexeyev was appointed design head, and two fitter apprentices and a student probationer, Leonid Popov, an old friend from *Rebus*-sailing times, were assigned as his assistants.

Space was at a premium at that time and Alexeyev was given an office in a cold, wallboard shanty on an abandoned pontoon. An iron stove did no more than take the chill off the small room and the four enthusiasts had to work out the design and draw the blueprints with gloves on their hands. In spite of all difficulties, they built a scale model of the craft.

But the war dragged on interminably and Alexeyev often felt like chucking his work and getting back to the more immediately necessary job of building tanks for the front. But his friends dissuaded him. "Your work is also part of the battle for the future," they kept saying.

The Party Secretary made a point of dropping in at Alexeyev's office at frequent intervals to ask him how the work was progressing. All this interest and encouragement made him feel that he was doing a useful job and that there were people, in the plant and elsewhere, who were looking forward to seeing the job completed.

First Experimental Ship

Having worked on his model all through the war, Alexeyev took it for granted that he would be able to start building an actual experimental ship as soon as peace came. But it did not work out that way at all. True, the fine performance of hydrofoil vessels was generally recognized, but time and again work would be blocked by some doubting Thomas.

There were times when Alexeyev questioned whether it was worth all the heartbreaking effort. He would come home from his work exhausted, his face drawn, eat in silence, help his wife with the dishes, play with his young son Zhenya, help his daughter Tanya with her arithmetic homework, but all the time thoughts of the ship would crowd his mind until there would be room for nothing else. He'd pick himself up, go back for more hours of work that might help to win over the skeptics.

The future, he kept telling himself, is not born without struggle. He needed that constant self-assurance in the fight he was waging against the dead weight of habit and accustomed routine. Revolutions—including technical ones—are made by strong and courageous people. Alexeyev showed himself to be a man of that mold—a Communist and revolutionary.

Then a mighty force came to his aid: the Communists of the plant and the Party Committee. The "Alexeyev ship" project was considered at an enlarged Party Committee meeting of the plant attended by Party and non-Party benchworkers, engineers, technicians and designers, and approved overwhelmingly.

The first experimental vessel was a small motorboat equipped with hydrofoils that made a successful test run down the Volga. It was

followed by the *Raketa*, a full-scale hydroplane that astounded everyone by its speed. It is now used commercially on the Volga, Yenisei, Ob, Lena, Indigirka and other rivers.

With the *Raketa* Alexeyev made the breakthrough, convincing the most obdurate skeptics. The hydrofoil vessel excited the imagination of tens of thousands who came to the Moscow Youth Festival. Displayed at the Brussels World's Fair, it drew great crowds. Cables from all over the world poured into Sormovo with requests for licenses to manufacture and with orders for finished boats.

For Alexeyev all this was only a beginning. In his mind's eye he saw the time when huge ocean liners on hydrofoils would be traveling at hurricane speeds between continents. He pictured the Volga regenerated, deeper, with streamlined hydroplanes skimming its surface in an endless procession.

The Meteor

The *Raketa* was soon followed by the bigger and faster *Meteor*. But it was still only a beginning to this man with great vision who thought in terms of mass-produced hydroplanes and remodeled rivers and ports. It was a technical revolution in marine and river transport that Alexeyev was envisioning when he returned to Sormovo after that triumphal test run of his *Meteor* to the capital.

Back home the workers gathered round him. They had followed the reports of the test run in the news reports but were eager to get a first-hand account of the ship's performance and the reaction of government leaders. Alexeyev was moved by their welcome. These were more than men who had volunteered to work with him; they were tried friends who had seen him through many a bad day. He gave them Khrushchev's personal greetings.

Then he hurried to see how work was progressing on the gleaming aluminum-magnesium alloy hull of the *Sputnik*, a new and larger hydroplane. Double the size of the *Meteor*, the towering vessel will carry 300 passengers at high speed.

The excitement over, there were new problems, but they were solved rapidly and with comparative ease now that the Central Committee of the Party had decided on the mass production of hydroplanes for river and marine transport and incorporated the project into the seven-year plan.

This spring two *Sputnik*-type vessels were launched in Sormovo. These hydroplanes are designed for both river and marine transport. And bigger and faster vessels are now taking shape on the ways.



Made in USSR

NEW CAMERAS



Zorky-4



Kvarts



Droog

MANUFACTURED annually in the Soviet Union are almost two million cameras of different designs. Among the recent additions to the long catalogue list are the Start, Leningrad, Moskva, Salyut, Zenit, Iskra, Droog and Yunost. New types, suitable for both amateur and professional, are added every year, including standard motion picture-film and roll-film cameras with excellent coated lenses not inferior to the best German types. Prices for most models range from 50 to 70 rubles.

These are some of the newest types:

Nartsiss is a midget camera that weighs only 340 grams, about 12 ounces, and can easily be carried in a coat pocket or a lady's purse. Its cartridge spool holds film for 25 pictures. This is an excellent reflex camera whose curtain shutter has a speed ranging from 1/2 to 1/500 seconds. A convenient lever winder is coupled with the shutter. Three interchangeable lenses are provided.

Kompakta is the same size as the *Nartsiss*. The flat body leaves enough room for a combined view- and range-finder coupled with the lens. Shutter speeds range from 1/8 to 1/250 seconds. It has a flash synchronizer and frame counter.

AMERICA AND AMERICANS ON SOVIET STAMPS

By Ilya Zbarsky

IT is a long-standing tradition in the Soviet Union to issue postage stamps commemorating outstanding events promoting friendly relations among nations. The first such issue with American-Soviet relations as the theme appeared in 1935 when Sigizmund Levanevsky attempted a nonstop flight from Moscow across the North Pole to the American continent.

This stamp was one of the Chelyuskin series originally—Levanevsky helped to rescue the shipwrecked crew and passengers of the ice-breaker *Chelyuskin* caught in drifting ice—and is surcharged "Moscow-San Francisco Flight Via the North Pole, 1935." The surcharge also adds one ruble to the initial denomination of 10 kopecks. This "Red Levanevsky" is considered a real rarity since only 10,000 were issued.

The nonstop Soviet Union-United States flights over the North Pole, first by the outstanding Soviet airman Valeri Chkalov and then by Mikhail Gromov, were commemorated by two special series in denominations of 10, 20, 40, 50 and 10, 20, 50 kopecks respectively. They portray the heroic flyers against a background of the Arctic and the flight routes.

The Three-Power Teheran Conference, one of the most important events in the joint struggle against Hitler Germany, is commemorated

by 30-kopeck and 3-ruble stamps, both carrying the flags of the United States, Britain and the USSR and the inscription "Long Live the Victory of the Anglo-Soviet-American Military Alliance."

The founding of the United Nations in 1944 was marked by a 60-kopeck and 3-ruble stamp issue, again with the flags of the United States, Britain and the Soviet Union.

One of the stamps in a 1956 series devoted to people who contributed to the treasury of world culture carries a portrait of Benjamin Franklin. It was issued in connection with the 250th anniversary of his birth. Another stamp commemorates the sesquicentennial of the birth of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The portrait of Mark Twain, whose works are very popular in the Soviet Union, appears on a 40-kopeck stamp issued in 1960, together with the house where he spent his boyhood and the monument to his two most famous characters, Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn.

The historic visit of Nikita Khrushchev, head of the Soviet Government, to the United States in 1959 is commemorated in a stamp showing the Capitol in Washington and the Kremlin in Moscow, with the two continents of the Northern Hemisphere outlined between them and the inscription "Visit of N. S. Khrushchev to the U. S., September 15, 1959."

Nartsiss and Kompakta are actually handy camera notebooks for the writer, scientist and traveler.

Kristall combines the advantages of two Soviet cameras—the Zenit-C and the Zorky-6. The first is a direct-focus reflex camera. The second has a convenient lever film transfer system and a detachable back cover. The *Kristall* has a curtain lens with a speed range of 1/30 to 1/500. All lenses for Zenit cameras can be used in the *Kristall*.

Neva is a twin-lens reflex roll-film camera. Pictures are 6 x 6 cm. The camera has a 7.5 cm., f/4 lens and a high-speed focusing lens; the two are synchronized. A special device coupling the shutter with the diaphragm changes the aperture automatically when the shutter speed is changed.

Vympel is a 6 x 6 cm. roll-film camera with the same lens and shutter as the *Neva*, but with a built-in lens-coupled range- and view-finder for focusing.

Smena-5, a miniature plastic body camera, has a between-the-lens shutter with speeds of 1/30 to 1/250 seconds. It comes with a lens hood that can be reversed to serve as a lens cover.



Start



Yunkor



Moskva-5



BUTTONS

Drawings By T. Vyshenskaya



If something has to be fixed, or better still, if it has to be broken, just call on us. But when it comes to buttons, that's Thumbelina's job.



It would take Thumbelina all day to sew on so many torn-off buttons. "You pulled them off," she says, "suppose you sew them on. I'll show you how."



Thumbelina teaches us how to sew. Only Gurvinek doesn't want to learn. "I'll get along without buttons," he says. "I have a lot of pins."

The rest of us sew on our buttons and run off to the puppet theater. But Gurvinek can't keep up with us. Can you guess what happens to him?



SOVIET PERFUMES



By G. Iyev

WAY BACK in antiquity perfumes were treasured for their magical powers of allure. No wonder that the Queen of Sheba brought King Solomon a "great number of perfumes as the most precious work of the land." In the Middle Ages the alchemists and perfumers created their magic aromas only for kings and queens and great nobles. In our day there are dozens of varied perfumes and perfumery products on the store counter for every woman to choose from.

Let's look into one of the many perfume shops in Moscow, store number 107, almost always crowded. The shoppers aren't all women. One puzzled-looking male asks the salesgirl, "Can you tell me what kind of perfume to get for a friend who is going to be married?"

"How old is she? What kind of flowers does she like?" And the salesgirl puts a handsome box on the counter. It is lined with white satin inscribed "Wedding Perfume." "Just the thing," she says. "Smell it."

It smells like early spring and flowers. There are perfumes to satisfy any and every predilection. This lovely bottle has a twig of mimosa in it. And here are perfumes with the fragrance of other flowers—White Lilac, Hyacinth, Silver Lily of the Valley, White Acacia. Young girls prefer these.

Older women are inclined to choose the perfumes with the slightly sharp, bitterish scent, like Evening, Stone Flower, Red Moscow, Queen of Spades, and Gift. But needless to say, there are no hard and fast rules about



By G. Ilyeva

is when it's all a matter of the individual's taste. Soviet perfumes are not expensive. An ordinary perfume will run two to three rubles, those of higher grade four to six rubles. The most expensive are generally sold not only in the usual bottles but also in small ones which cost from 50 kopecks to a ruble each. The various kinds of eau de cologne which correspond to the names of the perfumes are, of course, priced much lower.

The perfumery stores also carry a wide selection of lotions, powders, lipsticks and creams. Besides the very popular softening creams Almond Milk and Velvet, there are all sorts of creams for special uses. Some help to give you a sun tan. Others prevent it. There are creams to keep your hairdo in place, creams to fight off freckles, creams against wrinkles, like Satin, Moscow, Lemon—all of them designed to help women look and feel younger and prettier. Creams are very low-priced, from 20 to 50 kopecks; the most expensive is about 80 kopecks. Face powders run from 20 to 70 kopecks, and lipsticks from 20 to 50 kopecks.

Novaya Zarya (New Dawn) in Moscow is one of the country's best-known perfume factories. Its products, famous at home and abroad, were awarded a Grand Prix at the Brussels World's Fair for assortment and quality. A letter the Novaya Zarya factory received from the Canadian firm Troika Import reads, "Our clients are of the opinion that Russian perfumes have much in common with the French and, in some cases, are superior."











NEW EYES FOR THE BLIND

By Gennadi Sibirtsev
Photos by Igor Vinogradov

ON A MARBLE PLAQUE affixed to the front of a building in Odessa is a bas-relief in bronze of an old man with a beard wearing a doctor's skullcap, inscribed with: "Academician Vladimir Petrovich Filatov, Hero of Socialist Labor, founder and for many years head of the Ukrainian Research Institute of Eye Diseases and Tissue Therapy, which now bears his name, worked in this building from 1939 to 1956."

People enter the building with reverence for this healer to whom thousands of people in the Soviet Union and other thousands the world over owe the priceless gift of sight. It stands on a cliff overlooking the sea in a grove of acacia and plane trees.

Filatov contributed to every branch of ophthalmology. But his most important work was with patients suffering from leukoma, an opacity of the cornea that impedes the passage of light rays through the pupil to the retina. He restored their sight by a surgical method known as corneal transplant. A tiny section of the leukoma is removed and replaced by a fragment of transparent cornea from a healthy eye.

Before Filatov's work in the field the only transplants available were those taken from the cornea of the eye of a living person that had to be removed as the result of an accident. The number of transplants was consequently very limited.

Filatov developed a new technique that used as transplant frozen corneas taken from the eyes of dead persons. He designed his own simple but ingenious instruments and made it possible for any ophthalmologist to perform the delicate operation.

While working on corneal transplantation Filatov made another discovery that went considerably beyond the bounds of that one disease and the one organ. He noticed that a transplant taken from the eye of a cadaver and frozen prior to the operation affected the opaque cornea around it. The leukoma began to lighten. This gave Filatov the idea of using frozen tissue other than the cornea—such as skin, muscle, etc.—to cure various diseases.

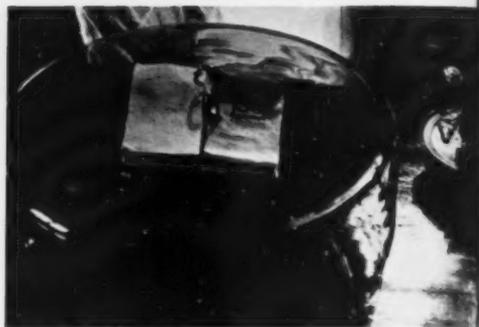
He established the fact that during freezing tissue undergoes a biochemical process that



Leon Adamanis of the institute staff is a specialist in the preparation of frozen tissue used for transplants.



(Top) Staff meeting. (Right) The founder's study is now a museum. The calendar is turned to the day he died.



is accompanied by the formation of special substances — biogenic stimulators — that exerted a favorable influence on the organism.

The treatment is used for skin affections like lupus and eczema and for eye diseases. The method, known as Filatov tissue therapy, is now widely used not only in the Soviet Union but in China, France, Germany, Argentina and other countries. Japan, for example, has set up two institutes for tissue therapy.

A Window in the Eye

We spend a day—hardly sufficient time—going through this wonder-working institute in Odessa. It was founded in 1936 and has grown into the largest ophthalmological research center in the country. It has eight clinical divisions, each devoted to a different branch of medicine, numerous wards, operating theaters, out-patient clinics and research laboratories. Patients who have been given up as incurable elsewhere come to the Filatov Institute; the majority of them leave cured.

We are taken on a tour of the institute by Yevdokiya Budilova, head physician. Filatov's study has been preserved as a memorial museum exactly as it was in his lifetime. The leaf on the desk calendar is turned to October 30, 1956, the day he passed away in his 83rd year.

But this is the only place in the institute where time stands still. Filatov's pupils and fol-

lowers continue the work he began. Yevdokiya Budilova cites a few of the many new developments. Dr. Nadezhda Puchkovskaya, the present director of the institute, has developed an improved corneal transplant method. These operations were known previously as partial penetrating keratoplasty because a window of only four to five millimeters was made in the leukoma-affected cornea. Frequently, however, the leukoma covers the cornea so extensively that partial keratoplasty is not effective. Dr. Puchkovskaya worked out a transplant of almost the whole cornea. The graft is now no longer inserted into a window made in the eye but sutured to the edges of the cornea that has been almost wholly removed.

Natalya Dyachenko, a village woman from Sumy Region, came back to the institute for a checkup recently. Nine years ago she had undergone an operation for almost complete transplantation of the cornea. She regained her eyesight after 13 years of blindness. There are hundreds of similar cases.

Molding an Eyelid

Doctor Puchkovskaya has also worked out a way of treating severe eye burns with a series of intricate operations performed consecutively, sometimes over a period of several years.

In the department of restorative ophthalmology where these patients are treated, we

meet Grigori Legeza, Dr. Puchkovskaya's assistant. He shows us photographs of patients. Some of the faces have only scars where the eyes should be.

"Now," says Dr. Legeza, "let me show you how these people look after the operation."

A young man, whose photo we have just seen, comes in. He is Valentin Shidyayev, a 19-year-old builder's apprentice from the city of Gorky. He was blinded by the careless handling of a slaked lime sprayer.

Now he can see, thus far with one eye only. But he'll soon be having the same kind of operation on his other eye. How is it done? First, the doctors separate the eyeball from the wall of the lids. But that's not all. The inside of the eyelid has to be covered with mucous membrane, as it is naturally. But both Shidyayev's eyes were burned by the slaked lime. The surgeons therefore take membrane from the patient's lip and transplant it to the inside of the eyelid. When the membrane takes root and the eye begins to move normally, the second part of the operation is done—the transplantation of the cornea—which actually restores the eyesight.

"Shidyayev's case is not the most complicated we have," explains Dr. Legeza. "Sometimes we have to not only restore the mucous membrane of the lid, but literally remold the lid itself which has been partially or wholly destroyed. For this purpose we take tissue from other parts of the patient's body,



An indescribable moment—when the bandages are finally removed and for the first time in her life she sees.



cartilage from the rim of the outer ear, for example. We use Academician Filatov's very remarkable pedicle flap method in which the transplant is only partially detached from its seat until it takes root at the new site."

This was what was done with Guran Kurashvili, a young foundryman from the city of Kutaisi, whose eye was burned by molten metal. His eyelid was so completely restored that it appears perfectly normal, except for the fact that there are no lashes. But that too will be taken care of shortly. They will be grafted on, together with a tiny fragment of skin. This does not affect Guran's eyesight in any way, but the institute people want him to leave not only normal in health but normal in appearance. These are veritable miracles performed daily at the Filatov Institute.

Sight after 24 Years

"Look at this nurse," Dr. Budilova tells us as we go through a ward where the patients wear the bandages of recent operations. The nurse was writing a letter for one of them. There seemed to be nothing at all unusual about her.

In early childhood this nurse, Klavdiya Lebedkova, developed a severe form of xerophthalmia, a disease of the lachrymal apparatus, in which the eye "dries up," the cornea is obscured and blindness results. Five years ago, after 24 years of blindness, she

regained her sight at the institute. She stayed on to help others.

She was treated by Professor Vladimir Shevalyov who jointly with Academician Filatov had developed a new method of curing "dry eyes."

Doctors in many countries had tried to cure xerophthalmia. Dozens of methods of inducing artificial lachrymation had been tested, but none of the synthetic solutions could replace natural tears. Sometimes the process of drying was stopped temporarily, but not for long, and the disease invariably progressed.

Filatov and Shevalyov suggested that saliva, closest in composition to tears, be used. The duct of one of the salivary glands is moved from the oral cavity to the space below the eyelid, and the saliva moistens and feeds the eye. One more incurable disease conquered.

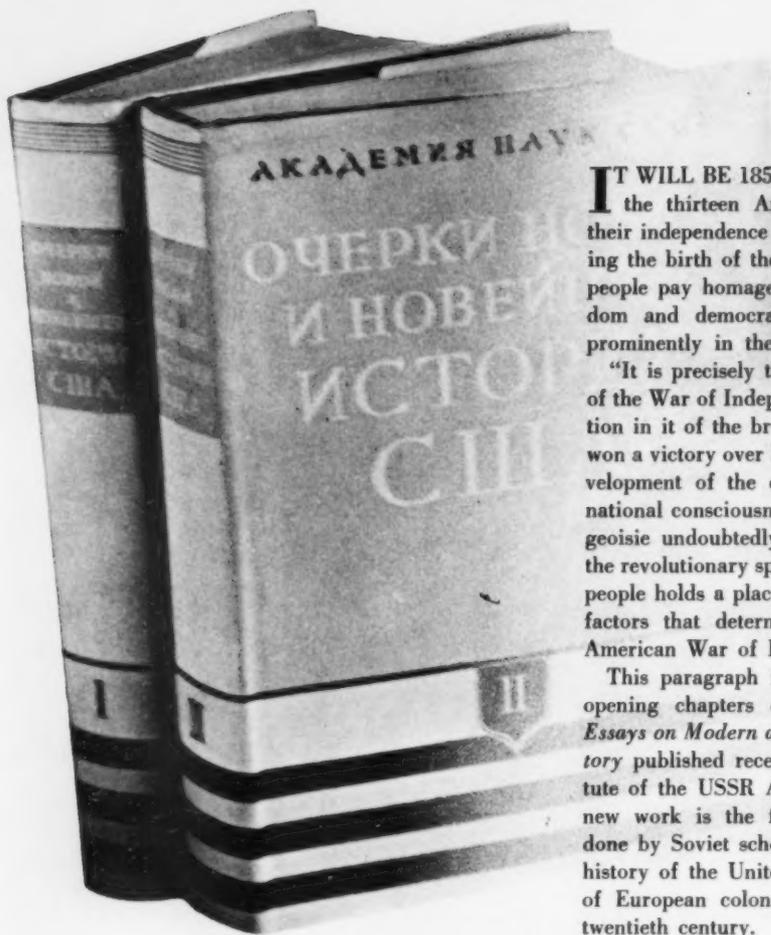
We meet another one of these remarkable followers of Academician Filatov—Dr. Susanna Barkhash, head of the institute's children's department. She tells us: "Corneal transplant, a common operation for adults, for a long time was thought to be problematical for children. Previously, if a child developed leukoma at an early age, he was not operated on until he was 14 or 15. By that time his eyes has lost the property of 'seeing,' so that after the operation he saw nothing except light and a lengthy period of training was needed to teach him to see. Now we

do corneal transplants for children of any age, even infants."

In 1960 the Filatov Institute received 40,000 letters from every corner of the world, from people who want to come for treatment and from doctors asking for a consultative opinion on eye and tissue therapy. The institute gives treatment and consultation free, as do all other medical agencies in the Soviet Union.

The entries in the Visitors Book read like benedictions. Hassan Sabhi, who came for treatment from Cairo, spent forty days at this "Institute of Light," as he calls it, and left completely cured. He writes, "Patients of all countries, of every nationality and color, are treated with loving care and attention. I shall never forget how pleased the doctors were when, after three weeks of treatment, they found that I was beginning to make out those first gleams of light. To me this was the most wonderful thing that had ever happened. But they were almost as pleased as I was. This is real love of man."

Dr. Baklar of Kansas City made this entry, "This has been a very important day in my life as a specialist. The opportunity of seeing the excellent results achieved by Academician Filatov is a truly rare and useful experience. The sincerity, the wish to show and explain everything are a wonderful way of erecting a bridge of mutual understanding between the American and Russian people."



THE PAST Through the Eyes of Our Contemporaries

TWO-VOLUME HISTORY
OF THE
UNITED STATES
PUBLISHED IN THE
SOVIET UNION

By Boris Mikhailov,
Doctor of Science (History)

IT WILL BE 185 years ago this month that the thirteen American colonies declared their independence of England. Commemorating the birth of the United States, the Soviet people pay homage to the traditions of freedom and democracy that have figured so prominently in the life of the Americans.

"It is precisely the revolutionary character of the War of Independence and the participation in it of the broad democratic strata that won a victory over England. The economic development of the colonies and the growing national consciousness of the American bourgeoisie undoubtedly played a part. . . . But the revolutionary spirit of the broad masses of people holds a place quite its own among the factors that determined the success of the American War of Independence."

This paragraph is taken from one of the opening chapters of the two-volume study *Essays on Modern and Current American History* published recently by the History Institute of the USSR Academy of Sciences. The new work is the first comprehensive study done by Soviet scholars of the socio-political history of the United States from the period of European colonization through the mid-twentieth century.

The essays note that "it was in the crucible of the revolutionary war of national liberation against British rule and tyranny that the first American bourgeois republic was born," and with it the first revolutionary and democratic traditions of the American people. Lenin, the founder of the Soviet state, held the traditions in high esteem. He wrote that the American people waged "one of the first and greatest genuine wars of liberation, and one of the few genuinely revolutionary wars in mankind's history." America, he stressed, set an "example of revolutionary war" for the world.

In the Soviet Union there is intense and widespread interest in both the past and the present of the United States. Numerous studies by American historians and Soviet scholars, as well as memoirs, documents and other source materials, are published regularly in the Russian language. Various problems of American domestic and foreign policy are dealt with in dissertations for advanced degrees. The most recent in a continuous stream of publications is this fundamental two-volume study.

Some twenty Soviet scholars in American history were the contributors. The editors were Doctors of Science in History Grigori Sevastyanov and Boris Mikhailov, the author of this article, and Masters of Science Irina Belyavskaya, Alexander Berezkin and Gennadi Kurovyatnik.

As editors and contributors, it was our purpose to present a broad panorama of American life in historical retrospect as a series of 24 self-contained essays. We used numerous official documents, statistics, memoirs and studies by American and foreign historians. Needless to say, Soviet historians are guided

by the teachings of Marx, Engels and Lenin who discovered the objective laws of the development of human society. Probing into the past, they rely on the Marxist-Leninist method of historical analysis, which enables them to study the history of mankind thoroughly, objectively and from the materialist viewpoint.

It is dialectical materialism that constitutes the stable foundation on which Soviet historians rely for investigating the past. We proceed from the principle that history is a component part of social science, and the historian must analyze an infinite variety of social phenomena, facts and events from the standpoint of their close interconnection and interdependence. The materialist historian sees history as an integrated process shaped by an interrelated pattern of causal factors—economic, social and philosophical—and not as a series of accidents.

The point of departure for a historical study, in our opinion, is an analysis of human activity in the process of production. The production relations characteristic of each historical period correspond to the level and nature of the society's productive forces. The unity of work activities of the members of that society and their production relations constitute the economic and social basis on which the relations among people originate and take shape. It was from this viewpoint that we approached the investigation of the history of the United States.

When we studied the pre-Civil War period, for example, we were essentially interested in the structure and evolution of bourgeois production as well as the slave economy of the South at a certain stage and the production (class) relations that developed out of these two economic formations. It was important for us to disclose the reciprocal influence between the changing modes of production, the relations of the principal classes of the society and those political movements that arose as a result of the economic processes operating within the country.

A similar problem drew our attention at the subsequent stages of American history, including the twentieth century. For example, the formation of big monopolies in the USA was a major factor in the history of this country in our opinion. They gradually penetrated not only the country's economic life but its political life as well.

We were interested in tracing such underlying factors as the growth of the revolutionary democratic tradition, the characteristic of the Industrial Revolution, the formation of the nation, of the American working class and its ideology, the influence of certain peculiarities in the development of American capitalism on the country's history, the character of economic crises and depressions and their effect on the life of the working people of the USA.

This approach led us to establish the following chronological divisions: the European colonization of America, the War of Independence and the origin of an independent state, the beginning of the development of capitalism, the aggravation of the conflict between the North and the South, the abolitionist movement, the rapid growth of capitalism as

and Lenin as its conversion into monopoly capitalism. Soviet historians also operate on this premise—that law and politics, culture and psychology, religious concepts and art are not merely influenced by the productive forces and the production relations as they arise and develop at each stage of history, but that they, in turn, have an accelerating or arresting effect on the society's economy.

Thus, our study of the socio-political history of the USA forced us to analyze it in its connection with major economic processes and the material conditions of the people generally and of individual classes. To explain the fundamental causes of crucial political events the Soviet historian looks not only to political relations but primarily to the mode of production of society. This is the factor that, more often than not, determines the attitude of classes, parties, governments and statesmen. In other words, our historians concentrate on the causes of events rather than their results.

This, in brief, was the over-all approach used by our historians in this study. The historical treatment is complemented by brief outlines of the development of literature, art, music, cinema and history as a basis of science at each stage of the country's development. These outlines throw light on different aspects of the American people's cultural life and their historical retrospect.

The critical appraisal of the essays was generally favorable, although reviewers pointed to the weakness of some sections of the book from the research angle and the vagueness of some of the definitions. Certain important problems, they felt, were treated too generally, and some were merely posed and not solved. The thread that runs through the essays, as phrased in the introduction, is "the courage of the common people of America, the persevering struggle of the people of an enterprising and powerful nation to win the vast expanses of the New World . . . to better their conditions of life, to realize their democratic beliefs."

The first American Revolution delivered the country from British domination and created the prerequisites for rapid industrial development. The second revolution resolved the festering contradictions between the industrial North and the slave-owning South.

The book devotes considerable attention to the causes of the Civil War, whose centenary is being commemorated this year. It traces the growing abolitionist movement to its rise as a major national force in the sixties and the factors that inevitably led to the armed conflict between North and South.

The book notes that the call of the patriots of the Republic to defend it against the Southern slave-owners met with great popular support, and describes the key role played by workers and farmers in the struggle against slavery. Two social forces—progress and democracy, reaction and despotism—met in "titanic combat," to use Marx's phrase.

"Slavery lay like a heavy burden on the whole life of all the people of North America. It was a blemish on their good name," so wrote Nikolai Chernyshevsky, the great

Russian writer and revolutionary democrat.

Russia's progressive public opinion sympathized with the North. "Russia was the only great power favorably inclined to the North during the Civil War," write the authors of the essays. "The sympathies of Russia's progressives were with the North."

In its discussion of the role of Abraham Lincoln in the Civil War, the book gives Marx's evaluation of the great American president. "He was a man who never yielded to vicissitudes or was elated by success. He strove stubbornly for his grand goal. . . . In short, he was one of those rare people who preserve their fine qualities even after they have attained fame. And the modesty of this great and fine man was such that the world did not see the hero in him until he died a martyr."

For us it is beyond argument that in every society it is the masses—the working people, the workers in science, engineering and culture—who are the real makers of their country's history. It is only they who matter, in the final analysis. This does not, of course, deny the fact that in certain periods prominent individuals arise who influence the course of events—men like George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

In analyzing the role of great men like these in history we start from the premise that they were also products of their time, of certain socio-economic-political conditions. These men were brought to the fore at crucial moments of history by the American people, the real makers of the history and culture of the country.

The book devotes considerable attention to the establishment of diplomatic relations between the United States and Russia in 1809. Subsequent Russian-American ties also receive extensive treatment. New archive documents found by Nikolai Bolkhovitinov testify to the understanding achieved between our two countries. During the War of Independence the Russian Government followed a policy of strict neutrality. The authors' analysis of American-Russian relations shows that they were invariably founded on cooperation in the common interest.

The essays examine the reasons for the rapid economic growth of the United States. Within two or three decades it had surpassed the European countries and by the nineties had grown into a highly developed industrial-agrarian power.

The New Deal and the domestic situation which led to that program of "bold experiments," to use the phrase of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, is treated in some detail. The historians show how the New Deal program helped to alleviate the country's critical economic and political situation.

The essays pay tribute to President Roosevelt for his efforts in recognizing the Soviet state and establishing diplomatic relations with the USSR. Normalization of American-Soviet relations has always corresponded to the aspirations of the Soviet Union and has been its major aim at all stages of its history. As early as 1919 Vladimir Lenin declared, "We are decisively for economic agreement

with America—with all countries, but especially so with America." The Soviet Government has consistently adhered to this principle.

The outstanding role played by President Roosevelt as the head of the state which became an ally of the Soviet Union during the Second World War is developed in subsequent chapters.

Two critical events in 1941 decisively changed American attitudes—the first was Hitlerite Germany's invasion of the Soviet Union; the second was militarist Japan's attack on Pearl Harbor. They bound the United States and the Soviet Union in an antifascist coalition and cemented the friendship of the American and the Soviet peoples with a common goal. The essays note that "the working people of America looked upon the struggle of the Soviet people as a great battle against the sinister forces of reaction and fascism for the freedom and happiness of the generations to come."

Roosevelt looked on the wartime alliance of the United States and the Soviet Union not only as a decisive factor for a military victory over Hitlerite Germany but as a guarantee that the two countries would cooperate when peace was won. The essays quote the President's statement to the effect that the American people were glad and proud to be allied with the brave Russian people, not only in the struggle for a military victory but also in laying the foundation for the universal peace to follow the war and in preserving that peace.

The analysis of a wealth of factual data leads the authors to the conclusion that even before the United States entered the war, the American people demonstrated their sympathy for the democratic forces fighting against fascism by the material aid they gave to Great Britain and the Soviet Union. Eventually this sympathy led to the direct participation of the United States in the war against Hitlerite Germany. There were farsighted Americans who began the movement for opening a second front in Europe in 1942 and 1943.

The close, friendly cooperation of the anti-fascist allies resulted in the victory of the forces of democracy. These facts are evidence of the strength of the American democratic tradition. The American people, the genuine producers of the nation's material and spiritual values, say the authors of this history, can and must preserve what they have created. But for this the imminent threat of war and world destruction must be lifted. Peace can be won by the united effort of all peoples, of all states, large and small, say the historians. They conclude their study with Lincoln's statement that every effort must be exerted to achieve and to preserve a stable peace within the country and with other nations.

"The past is prologue." These words from Shakespeare, if memory serves me correctly, are inscribed on the façade of the National Archives building in Washington. The new Soviet study in American history prompts me to paraphrase the statement somewhat—the past centuries of friendship between the Russian and American people must serve as a prologue to a future of peace and happiness.

AMASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES

ANDREI DASHKOV sailed from Europe to the United States in May 1809 aboard a ship flying the Stars and Stripes to take the post of Russia's Consul General in Philadelphia. Two years later he became his country's first Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States.

Prior to his American appointment Dashkov had held an important post in the Russian Department of Commerce. He had been to England and acquired an excellent command of the language.

Dashkov was received at the White House by President Thomas Jefferson. Shortly afterward he wrote in this vein to John Quincy Adams, who had just been appointed America's first envoy to Russia, "I could not but be flattered by the friendliness and attention shown to me in Washington. I am sure you will be equally gratified on your arrival in St. Petersburg."

Preceding the ambassadorial appointments there had been an exchange of letters between the Russian Government and the American President. Jefferson had written in 1807, "Russia is our most cordial friend among all states on the globe and will go the farthest in supporting us." The policy of "armed neu-

trality" proclaimed by Russia in 1780 had played a tremendous part in the outcome of the American War of Independence.

The period after the war witnessed an expansion of trade between the two countries. In the single decade 1790-1800 more than 500 vessels flying the American flag dropped anchor at Kronstadt. The United States bought from Russia Ural pig iron, which was of better quality than the Swedish and English varieties, and flax, hemp and rope. Russia imported cotton, rice, sugar, spices, and other goods.

The Russian envoy set up consulates in American cities almost immediately upon his arrival. Only three months after he landed, Dashkov was writing the Governor of Odessa to request his patronage for the first American ship—the *Eleonore* from Baltimore under Captain Sanford—to sail for the Russian port on the Black Sea with a cargo of coffee.

Dashkov was interested in the customs and way of life of the young republic. Among other things he looked into methods of grape cultivation and sent home seeds of grapes and other plants. The American people were pleased at his interest. They considered the Russian envoy a sincere friend, one who had done much to consolidate friendly relations

between the two countries. The newspapers took occasion to comment that Dashkov's house in Philadelphia was known for its hospitality.

During the Anglo-American War of 1812, the ambassador again proved his friendship for the young republic. Russia, pursuing a friendly policy toward the United States, offered to act as mediator between the belligerent countries. Dashkov, by reason of his unsparing efforts and diplomatic tact, was able to persuade the American Government to accept the offer, and subsequently plenipotentiaries were dispatched to St. Petersburg to take part in peace negotiations.

Dashkov's efforts, aimed at fostering peaceful and friendly relations between his country and the United States, were widely applauded by the American people. In their name President Jefferson presented the Russian envoy with a silver dinner set. He was elected an honorary member of a Philadelphia humanitarian society.

Dashkov spent ten years in the United States. He did more than lay the foundations for diplomatic relations; he set the cornerstone of friendship and cooperation between the two great countries.

SOLIDARITY

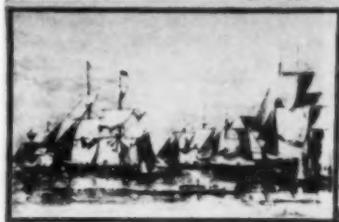
... about nine months. By then the situation had taken a better turn for the North, and foreign intervention was no longer possible. On the eve of the squadron's departure, the Mayor of Boston expressed the general sentiment of the North in these words, "The Russian ships brought us neither weapons nor implements of war for suppressing insurrection. We had no need of them. But it brought a feeling of international fraternity and moral support."

On their return home the Russian sailors were invited to the American mission in St. Petersburg where the American envoy at that time, General Clay, said, among other things, "Russia, the great Eastern power, and the United States, the great Western power, devoid of opposing interests, should be guided by the ties of rapprochement. The difference in the forms of government should not entail antagonism. We have been friends ever since our birth as nations. This has been in our common interest."

The expedition of Russian squadrons to the United States in 1863-64 was far more than the usual courtesy visit. It showed the whole world that in spite of their different social systems America and Russia could be friends. This was an example of successful friendly cooperation and solidarity.



A GREAT RUSSIAN BALL was held at New York's Academy of Music on honor of the Russian sailors at Alexander's Ship. Many guests were drunk and "kissed the Union flag" and "kissed the Liberator." According to Harper's Weekly, "They had had drinks in...



THE RUSSIAN FLEET paid a gala visit to New York Harbor and San Francisco in 1863. Gen. Alexander II was ordered with a gesture in support of the Union, but he was otherwise... by King for days from being hoisted up by the British wall, when he was being read...

The visit of a Russian squadron in 1863 was hailed by the press as a demonstration of sympathy for the North.



THE BEAVER AND THE FOX

Miss Foxy spotted Mister Beaver one fine day.
The silver in his coat—it took her breath away!
To add to that, he was a first-rate builder.
His income—gee! the thought, it almost killed her.
In short, with all those virtues graced,
The gentleman appealed to Foxy's taste.
Whole nights she'd sit and piece together two and two:
"We foxes always got the better of those misters.
Who says I'm sillier than my sisters?
High time I got myself a beaver, too!"
Now watch my fox set out to trap her victim.
She rolled her eyes and nudged and pinched and licked
him.

No counting all the saucy things she said
Before she tricked him.

At last the beaver lost his fat old head
And neither slept nor ate
Until he'd left his mate,
Deciding that the missus
Was far too old for hugs and kisses.

One morning, coming down to have a drink,
The Hedgehog stopped the Beaver for a chat.
"Hello, old guy, how are you getting on with that . . .
Oh, what's-er-name, Miss Fox, I think?"
"Eh, man," the Beaver answered to his call,
"We don't seem to be getting anywhere at all.
Just chicks and ducks—that's all she dreams of, aye,
From fall to spring, from spring to fall.
From red, you know, she's changed to silver-gray!
There's nothing on her mind but frocks and frolics.
The minute I come home she quits.

Of all the chits!

Oh, it's,
It's fit to give an honest beast the colics.
I see no option but return to Mrs. Beaver.
Oh, Lor', why ever did I leave 'er?
There's just the faintest hope she wouldn't mind,
She's kind!"

"Run home," the Hedgehog readily agreed,
"Or else, I feel, your game is up indeed!"
So back he stalked to where he lived before.
"Come, chickabiddy, open up the door!"
"Oh, no," she cried, to Mr. Beaver's awe,
"Scram off to your Miss F. and touch me no more!"

So, willy-nilly, back he trudged to Foxy's house;
Bad luck—she'd got another beaver for a spouse!

The moral is, be you a man or beaver,
Stick to your wife and never leave 'er!

THE COW SALE

A man brought a cow to the market one day,
But no one the price he wanted could pay.
Though plenty of folk were in need of a cow,
It didn't appeal to their fancy, somehow.

"Say, mister, I guess you are selling the beast?"
"Aye, sonny, since five in the morning at least."

"It isn't too much you're expecting to get?"
"I'll sooner be losing than gaining, I bet."

"You'd think that she hadn't been fed for a year!"
"Oh, no, it's an illness that plagues her, I fear."

"And what about milk? Does she yield you a lot?"
"Ah, sonny, it's milk that she's never yet got."

And the man with the cow spent at market all day,
But no one the price that he wanted would pay.

At last a young fellow took pity and said,
"I see you're no trader, let me try instead.
And if we are lucky, the cow will be sold."
"All right," to the young fellow answered the old.

Soon comes a rich buyer with money galore
And higgles and haggles the precious cow for.

"Your cow is for sale?"
"If you are rich enough, yes.
Her value is more than you ever can guess."
"Not much, I should say, if you judge her by sight."
"She's not very fat, but her milk is all right!"

"And what is her yield, I would say if I may?"
"So big that she couldn't be milked in a day."

Our graybeard, the owner, looked up at his cow:
"I don't see there's reason for selling it now."

"No, Betsy, I never shall give you away!
I need such a beauty myself, I daresay!"



F A B L E S

BY
SERGEI
MIKHALKOV



BUNNY IN HIS CUPS

One night, to mark his birthday, as was meet,
The Hedgehog called the Rabbit for a treat.

It went along till dawn, the celebration,
With noisy mirth and generous libation.

When parting time came on,
Our friend the Rabbit was already so far gone
That he could hardly leave the table.

"L-let's go home . . ." he said. "But are you able?"
His worthy host replied.

"Just take a nap until you've quite come to,
To be on the safe side.

They've seen a Lion somewhere round here, too!"
Much good persuading Bunny when he's drunk.

"The hell I care!" he bawled. "What's that to me?"
It won't be I—he'll be the one to junk!

Go fetch him here and just you see.

Those great big brutes—it's time they got their due.
I'll lick the Lion black and blue!

Watch out if I don't eat him, too!"

The merriment behind, our little braggart,
Bumping against the trees, staggered through the night.

With all his might:

"The Lion! Bah! Is that your notion of a giant?
I've had to deal with many a tougher client."

This drunken hubbub woke the forest lord
Who spied the culprit scrambling through the brush.

And grabbing Bunny, roared:

"Whoah, little beggar, what's the rush?"

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So it was you, sir, making all this din?

By gosh! You stink of gin!!

It's past my mind how folks can lap such slush!"

From Bunny's brains at once the spirit fled

And for a remedy he racked his head.

"B-but I . . . B-but we . . . B-but you . . . Oh, please let me explain!

You see, I've just been at a birthday party,

And, I'm afraid, the drinking was too hearty.

But all to you, sir, and your family—it's plain

Why I'm so drunk—you really can't complain."

Here Leo sheathed his claws and let our Bunny go,

And even squeezed his paw and thought him clever.

A strict teetotaler, the drunkard's deadly foe,

He loved a flatterer, however.



GREEDY VARTAN AND THE FURRIER

A peasant called Vartan once brought
A sheepskin to his neighbor.

"Now, could you make a cap of this,
Or is it too much labor?"

"Why not?" examining the hide,
Exclaimed the willing man.

"And what if I should order two?"
Again inquired Vartan.

"I'll make you two." "And three?" "Well, yes."
"And even four?" "All right."

"And what of five?" "Let it be five,
If you so wish, I might."

"Then surely you could sew me six!"
"If need be I shall try."

"Then let's say seven," cried Vartan.
"Good!" came the prompt reply.

When in a day the client came
To try his purchase on,
The furrier laid all seven caps
His working bench upon.

"Good gracious, did I order these?"
Vartan in fury roared.

"When sewing them you must have been
As tipsy as a lord!"

"There's nothing left for me to do
But throw them out, I swear!
I ordered seven lambskin caps,
But now have none to wear!"

"Cool down, my friend, and blame yourself,"
The furrier replied,

"How could I make you seven caps
Out of a single hide?"

Translated by Dorian Rottenberg

Rhyming WIT & SATIRE

By Vladimir Frolov

SERGEI MIKHALKOV is a writer of verse, fables and satiric plays. For thirty years he has been devoting his talent to literature.

More than one generation of Soviet children has grown up with his books. They know his "Uncle Styopa" verses about brave and sunny Daddy Longlegs who freed pigeons from a burning house, saved a drowning boy, fought courageously against the fascists and became a militiaman when the war ended.

Mikhalkov is tall and very good natured, so that his young readers identify him with the hero of his verses. When they spot him, the delighted yell is, "Here comes Uncle Styopa, kids."

Mikhalkov's verses are rhythmic and melodic with the flavor of the ditty, joke and puzzle that children are so delighted with in counting and teasing games.

He is also known as the author of subtle and bitingly sarcastic fables. Always current, they level their shafts at the double-dealers and yes-men who poison the lives of decent people. The best of his fables are complete stories and dramas, with their own plots. It is not hard to guess who their characters—birds and animals, of course—portray.

His satirical comedies for adults likewise pillory the hypocrites and red-tape worshippers with brilliant irony. He drags them "by the ear out into the sun," as the Russian saying goes, for all to see in *Lobsters*, *Going Wild* and *A Monument to One's Self*. His comedies for children include the very popular *Zaika-Zaznaika* (*The Stuck-Up Rabbit*), *The Jolly Dream* and *Sombrero*.

Mikhalkov, who is still under 50, lives and works in Moscow. He wants to know and see everything and does a great deal of traveling. He knows the worth of beauty in man and attacks anything and anybody that prevents his growth and development into a social and creative being.



By Academician Ivan Glushchenko

MICHURINIAN SCIENCE and AGRICULTURE

SCIENCE plays an extremely important part in Soviet agriculture. In the farm development program worked out at the January Plenary Session of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the USSR it was given an even more prominent role.

The present farm research network comprises 800 institutes and experimental stations, supplemented by more than 1,500 state seed variety testing units that do experimental work right on the farm.

This year model experimental farms are to be set up in almost every district with a view to organizing farm work on a high scientific level. They will be staffed by researchers, agronomists and other specialists who will be field testing new growing and breeding techniques under local soil and climate conditions. The results will be immediately available to farms in the vicinity.

This unity of science and practice is typical of socialist society. They reciprocally enrich and develop each other. The materialist foundation of Soviet agrobiological theory was laid by the Russian naturalist Ivan Michurin who worked during the same period as the American horticulturists Luther Burbank and Nils Hansen.

Michurinian biology, so named in honor of its founder, drew on the best of past biological theory and practice and carried the science a long step forward. Whereas Charles Darwin gave a scientific explanation of the laws governing the development of nature, Michurin, in further developing his teachings, showed how these laws could be used as tools to transform nature.

Michurin's theory opened the way for every biologist to control the characteristics of plants and animals, to alter them for man's benefit. That is why his teachings are referred to in the Soviet Union as creative Darwinism. The cogency of his teachings derives from the fact that he based his study of plant and animal development on the principles of philosophical materialism.

Soviet biologists are consistent materialists and adherents of the Marxist-Leninist theory. They study living nature and its development in terms of its inherent characteristics and conformities and are able to alter these characteristics as practical requirements dictate.

Millions of Michurinist practical farm experimenters are helping to produce new crop varieties and animal breeds. Many working farmers have made notable contributions. Terenti Maltsev is famous throughout the country for developing a farming system for the Transurals that markedly increased crop yields. For his work he was elected an honorary member of the USSR Academy of Agricultural Sciences.

Ivan Michurin died a quarter of a century ago, a sufficiently long period to test and validate his scientific legacy. His teachings have been further developed by his pupils and followers, particularly by the leading Soviet scientist Academician Trofim Lysenko who elaborated the theory of the development of plants in phases. This theory, which maintains that plants pass through successive, qualitatively different stages as they develop, has won wide recognition among biologists and practical growers. Lysenko also formulated a theory of heredity and its variability.

Michurin's teachings are founded on the tenet that metabolism is



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IVAN MICHURIN WITH HIS PUPILS (1932)

the basis of heredity, that heredity is the repetition in successive generations of the same type of metabolism.

For many years this theory was the subject of heated debate both in the Soviet Union and abroad. The adherents of the chromosome (gene) theory claimed that heredity is particulate, that it is carried by particles called genes contained in the chromosomes. Michurinists say there are no such things as genes and that the property of heredity is not confined to special particles in the organism but that any part of the organism capable of reproduction has this property.

Cogent proof of the validity of this proposition are the new forms of plants created by Michurinists through vegetative hybridization. Vegetative hybrids, which arise as a result of the coalescence of parts of different plants, bear the characters and properties of their parents, just as in sexual hybridization, and transmit these acquired properties and qualities to their offspring. The apple variety Reinette Bergamotte, bred by Michurin, is a classic example of a vegetative hybrid. Research workers at the Institute of Genetics of the USSR Academy of Sciences have produced many vegetative hybrids of tomato, eggplant, cabbage and other plants.

Michurin and his followers hold that heredity can be altered and, more than that, that it can be altered in a definite direction. This proposition is a result of numerous studies and, more particularly, of experiments that produced vegetative hybrids and transformed spring crops into winter crops, and vice versa, through proper training.

All this research could not help but influence the views of Western geneticists. After many years the opponents of Michurin's theory admit that there are no optical, physical or chemical means at present by which the gene can be studied directly. (M. Demerec, "What Is the Gene?" *American Naturalist*, Vol. 89, No. 844, 1955.)

Not so long ago the experiments and conclusions of Michurinists were rejected outright. Today, however, many Western geneticists are repeating them. There are many examples one could cite to bear this out, but one will be sufficient. At the last International Congress of Geneticists in Canada (1958), a special section was organized to discuss problems of vegetative hybridization. This is the idea that Charles Darwin put forward, that Michurin and his followers developed but that Western geneticists flatly rejected.

Nor can the fact be disregarded that adherents of the chromosome theory acknowledge the possibility of mutations—hereditary changes—induced in a definite direction. In this respect the work with yeast done by the American geneticist Carl Lindegren is of special interest. The studies are summed up in his article "The Stability of the Gene" in *Science*, 1956, and in the abstract from his report to the Tenth Genetics Congress on "The Recombination of the Complex Locus in the Yeast *Saccharomyces*."

These examples speak for the viability of Michurin's materialist teachings. They continue to gain more and more supporters. One of Japan's foremost cytogeneticists, Professor Hazime Matsuura, on the basis of his own experiments, acknowledged the validity of Michurin's theory and now heads the mass movement of farmer-experimenters joined in the Friends of Michurin Association in all fifty of the country's prefectures. The newspaper *Michurin Nogio* (*Michurin Agriculture*) has been published in Japan for many years. Within a few years four congresses of Michurin supporters were held in Tokyo.

In France the Friends of Michurin Society has been thriving for more than ten years. It disseminates the teachings of Michurin and those of the French materialist biologist Lucien Daniel. Its *Bulletin* publishes scientific studies and results achieved by practical workers.

There are adherents of Michurin's teachings in England, Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, India, China, Bulgaria and many other countries.

Michurin achieved extraordinary success in his efforts to transform the plant world. He created more than 300 new fruit varieties. But to really comprehend the magnitude of his work we must remember that he did not merely improve existing varieties but actually created, under growing conditions peculiar to the North, plant forms that normally grow in the South or are found wild in the East. To mention a few, there are the apricot, sweet cherry and Actinidia varieties and the many apple, pear and plum varieties that Michurin bred in the town of Michurinsk (formerly Kozlov) in Central Russia.

Michurin's pupil Mikhail Lysovenko continued his work of making the North horticultural country. Siberian orchard acreage keeps ex-

panding year by year. Kiev horticulturists have bred several winter-hardy peach varieties of fine quality in places where they had never grown before. This work, begun by another noted follower of Michurin, Academician Nikolai Kashchenko, is being successfully developed by researchers of the Botanical Garden of the Ukrainian Academy of Sciences and the Ukrainian Institute of Horticulture.

Michurin's pupils and followers have enormously enriched the plant and animal world. Today 2,578 varieties of farm plants are grown in the Soviet Union. Most of the new forms were created by Soviet plant breeders; only 162 are of foreign origin.

The grand old man of Russian plant breeding is Academician Vasili Yuryev who began his work early in the century. He is the creator of 19 wheat, barley, corn and other farm crop varieties grown over an area of about five million acres.

Michurinist plant breeders Pavel Lukyanenko and Fyodor Kirichenko have created several varieties of winter wheat, that most vital of food plants. These varieties, despite their comparative youth, are already sown over millions of acres to supply Soviet consumers with additional hundreds of millions of bushels of wheat.

Academician Vasili Pustovoi has made breeding sunflowers, an important Soviet crop, his life work. Nikita Khrushchev called Pustovoi "the god of the sunflower," a characterization not too wide of the mark for this botanical wonder worker who has bred sunflower varieties with seeds having an oil content of 52-53 per cent, almost twice that of the ordinary sunflower. His colleague Academician Leonid Zhdanov was equally successful in creating varieties with high oil content.

Soviet farmers are generally acquainted with the many advanced agrotechnical methods worked out by the country's agricultural scientists. They include vernalization of spring grain crops and potatoes, summer planting of potatoes, grass sowing in summer, additional pollination of farm crops, intra- and intervarietal crossing for seed-growing purposes, hill sowing and planting, etc.

Michurinist stockmen have created more than forty new breeds of cattle, sheep, pigs, horses and poultry. Among the new high-yield milkers is the well-known Kostromskaya breed, the best of which give as much as 10,000-11,000 quarts of milk a year. Belogolovaya and Sychovskaya are among the other very productive dairy cattle breeds.

The work of Soviet biologists and animal breeders in artificial insemination has won them world renown. The methods they have devised not only rationalize propagation techniques but speed up the process of quality improvement in herd pedigree.

Studies are under way at the experimental base of the Institute of Genetics of the USSR Academy of Sciences in the Gorki Leninskie State Farm under the supervision of Academician Trofim Lysenko to increase the fat content of milk. The cows bred in these researches yield milk with a fat content of more than five per cent. Many animals of this high-yield stock have been sent to the collective and state farms.

Academician Lysenko's aim is to make the fruits of his investigations available to every collective and state farm in the Soviet Union. He hopes to increase the average fat content of the country's milk from 3.6-3.7 to 4.5 per cent within a period of five to seven years. The practical implications of these studies are apparent—an increase of only 0.1 per cent in the fat content is equivalent to an added 800 million quarts of milk yearly.

Soviet scientists follow agriculture developments abroad with great interest and make every effort to build close ties with their foreign counterparts. Exchange of findings helps to enrich farm science and make for larger crop yields and a greater abundance of food products throughout the world.

Soviet science, being in close union with practice, is actively participating in the fulfillment of the task set by the January Plenary Session of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union—to create within a short period an abundance of produce for the people and thus to raise still higher the country's standard of living.

The farm development program worked out at the January Plenary Session has opened new and bold vistas for research in agricultural science. At the service of the researcher are fine modern laboratories, experimental fields, big operating farms and the great body of theoretical and practical pioneer work in agrobiological work done by Ivan Michurin and his successors.

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Ice Capades

IN MOSCOW

MUSCOVITES were very happy for the chance to applaud the American *Ice Capades* company with its 100 wonderful dancers this summer.

Soviet audiences had previously seen the extraordinary grace of American ballet on skates when the *Holiday on Ice* company danced in 1959. It was perhaps for that reason that tickets for the very first performances of the *Ice Capades* were at a premium, even though they were held in the Moscow Sports Palace that seated 15,000 people. This huge hall had no empty seats for subsequent performances either.

The ice dancers, particularly Rick and Lucienne Boyer, Jimmy Krochan, the Emmanuels, Bobby Specht, Eric Waite and Donna Atwood, charmed their Soviet audiences. Nor was their reception off stage, in the streets of Moscow and at gatherings with young Soviet friends, any the less cordial. There were long and excited exchanges far into the early hours about ballet, music, art, theater, life—in short, about everything of interest to young and optimistic people who understand each other.



Moscow + 98°





SPORTS FOR THE JUNIORS

By Victor Kupriyanov
Photo by Victor Ruikovich



OLYMPIC performance is not merely a criterion of individual ability, it is something of an index of a country's health. Keeping a nation healthy is a big job. In the Soviet Union it is part of state policy.

We estimate that some 10.5 million of our boys and girls participate in sports. We would like to see the figure go up. One of the ways is to get more of the school generation to participate in tournaments at various levels. The innovation this year is to have school sports tournaments run on a class versus class basis to augment the school versus school arrangement. The target for 1965 is to get nine high school students out of every 10 to take part in physical activities.

Emphasis in the school sports program is on health and fitness. The physical training syllabus is designed for all-round proficiency. The children get a taste of track and field, gymnastics, skiing, ball games, etc. As an incentive, a handsome pin is awarded to boys and girls who meet the standard requirements. The pin is the prized possession of many a youngster, as coveted here as a school letter is in the United States.

Another new departure is the inclusion in the syllabus of two or three long-distance hikes, skiing, cycling and the like each term. These are held on the school and even the neighborhood level. On the hikes there are contests in tent-pitching, making a fire with the least number of matches and cooking a camp meal, with prizes for the winners. One youngster we know won a lovable little pup at one of these hikes. The pup is now full-grown—very much so—and still the family pet, but everybody is apprehensive about the ultimate size of the next prize the youngster will be bringing home.

Children's Sports Centers

Of the 10.5 million boys and girls who participate in school sports a good percentage want to go in for athletics more seriously. Some boys are trying to become strong men like Yuri Vlasov, the Olympic gold medal winner who lifted more than half a ton. Others are hoping to become top-notch ball players. Girls dream of a figure like Larissa Latynina's and the gold Olympic medals that her gymnastic skill have brought her.

For those who like more athletics than the schools provide there are some 2,000 children's sports centers all over the country with an attendance of approximately 500,000. By 1965 the number of centers will have increased to 6,000 with double the attendance.

These centers are doing an admirable job. They gave some of our leading athletes their start. About every third member of the Soviet Olympic team in Rome began his climb toward headline stature at these children's sports centers. By the time of the Tokyo Olympics we expect that every other member of the team will be a training center alumnus.

More than just playgrounds and gyms, these centers constitute research labs where physical training instructors, doctors and educators study physical endurance, physiological

strains and stresses, the effect of athletics on health and growth, and a million and one other related questions. Special physical training research institutes cooperate in this work.

The centers are staffed by leading coaches, many of them trail blazers in their field. One of the headline names is Victor Alexeyev, who heads the center in Leningrad that has turned out an enviable number of champions and record holders. Alexeyev has an uncanny talent for spotting future stars and for suggesting the sport they're likely to excel in. He is the man who discovered Tamara Press at a school sports tournament in Central Asia and took her under his wing. Now a collegiate athlete, she holds the world records in both the shotput and discus. Ex-record holder Galina Zybina is another of his trainees.

Alexeyev's secret of success is simple—general physical fitness. That is the iron rule, not only for his school, but for every children's center in the country. Before Alexeyev lets a youngster specialize in a particular sport, he has him develop over-all physical fitness. Alexeyev does not rush his students. The records will come in time, he assures them.

Take Valeri Brumel, the 19-year-old freshman who has been doing some really fine high jumping. He came up from a typical junior sports center in the Ukraine where the emphasis, as everywhere else, is on physical fitness. As a result, he can hold his own in sprinting, do fairly well in the throwing events and score well generally.

Brumel is not oversized. He's shorter than John Thomas, America's top high jumper, but his springiness compensates for his height. In the gym he can jump higher than the rim of the basket! He's a fine example of what the combination of general physical fitness and good training can produce.

Scholarship Too

No question that scientific training under strict medical supervision together with ample athletic facilities and mass participation will produce champions in abundance. But parents are not sports officials—they want their children to grow up healthy, to win medals if they can, but not at the expense of scholarship. Parents won't put up with overemphasis.

The training and competition rules take care of that. School authorities will not permit a boy or girl with poor marks to report for training in extracurricular sports. At the sports centers and clubs they display big charts with names of the young athletes and their school grades. A passing mark that only gets an athlete through by the skin of his teeth or a failing mark is listed in red so that it stares the youngster in the face.

As a rule, however, good athletes are good students too. Take the broad jumper Igor Ter-Ovanesyan who appeared at Madison Square Garden in February. This 23-year-old athlete is currently writing a thesis on the physiology of athletics for his degree. Valentin Muratov, internationally famed gym-

nast, is also doing research in the sports field.

Tournament rules for junior performers are very strict. Not only must each contestant get medical clearance for each competition, but officials will ask to see the athlete's report card. Coaches still like to tell young trainees about the time, way back, when Lev Mikhailov, present figure-skating champion, was disqualified because of a bad math mark. It is true that in later life he did not become a professor of mathematics, but neither was he ever disqualified again for poor marks.

All the big league clubs—in soccer, hockey, etc.—have junior sports groups. Come down to the Dynamo Stadium, for instance, and you'll find teen-agers playing soccer under the tutelage of players whose names are part of athletic history. Not only that—the youngsters wear the same uniforms the big leaguers do and they're chummy with the headline players. A boy treasures all that. So that this is another way that physical fitness comes sugar-coated.

At one time the Young Pioneers Stadium, which is not only a huge junior sports center but also a training area for school athletes—the center's soccer, track-and-field and other teams rank with Moscow's best—had trouble getting the boys to do figure skating. So long as it was individual skating the boys were interested, but as soon as it came to skating in pairs and doing what the younger generation of males considers "sissy stuff," they drew the line. The coaches were stumped. Finally they worked out this lure—a summer camp stay with such unquestionably manly activities as swimming and treasure hunts. For that a boy will stand even a bit of "sissy stuff" like figure skating, the idea being—dress up the physical fitness idea so that children have fun exercising.

The combination of summer camp with training is appealing and effective. Here again the basic idea is general physical fitness. Take the Shakhtyor Table Tennis Club, junior section, of the Miners Trade Union. The parents committee established a summer camp for the youngsters with the usual varied activity program except that table tennis is one of the major sports. The results weren't long in coming. Shakhtyor trainees now rank with the best in the country.

Given facilities and incentive plus an element of competition, the younger generation will take to sports. The junior athletic program provides all three. As regards competition, there is a broad international program. Highlights are the soccer meets, so far on a European scale; tennis matches, on both a continental and an international scale; and international exchanges like the USA-USSR junior table tennis tours. On the home scene we have a very busy schedule, to be crowned by the USSR school games (Spartakiada) in 1962 that will mark the fortieth birthday of the Young Pioneers, our children's organization.

Junior sports is not only a way of developing championship teams—it is an excellent means of maintaining the good health of the nation.



Sports meets are held at 160 stadiums specially built for Soviet children in different parts of the country.



The target for 1965 is to get nine high school students out of every ten active in one sport or another.



Tennis has become very popular among children, with junior tennis sections in almost every Soviet city.



Soviet swimmers have lagged behind their rivals in recent competitions. Hence the emphasis on the small fry.





Arc Welding at the Penzkhimmash Plant in Penza by Mark Redkin
See page 16

