USSR

ABOLISH WAR FOREVER

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Front cover: Vazgen Gazaryan, deputy of the USSR Supreme Soviet, is a lathe operator at the electrical equipment plant in Yerevan, Armenia.—*See story page 34.*

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FRANCE

WORKERS AT THE MINT IN PARIS GREET NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV

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WELCOMES N. S. KHRUSHCHEV

FRANCE welcomes N. S. KHRUSHCHEV

Parisians by the many thousands thronged the streets to greet the envoy of the Soviet people. It was more than the traditional French hospitality. This was a demonstration of Soviet-Franco friendship.

PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP—this was the insistent theme of the banners and streamers lettered in both Russian and French carried by people who thronged the streets to greet Chairman Nikita S. Khrushchev on his tour of France this spring. Good weather or bad—they lined the roads to welcome the envoy of the Soviet people. This was more than the traditionally hospitable French welcome, it was a demonstration of friendship between France and the Soviet Union.

Talking to the press after his cordial reception by the people and President de Gaulle, N. S. Khrushchev declared emphatically that his visit had "nothing in common with assertions to the effect that we want 'to draw France away from her Western Allies,' to split 'the front of the Western Powers on the eve of the Summit Conference.' No, gentlemen, these are not the intentions with which we have come to France . . . We are striving above all to expand contacts and ties between the Soviet Union and France along all lines.

"Can anything harmful to other states result from better relations, understanding and cooperation between the Soviet Union and France? These relations do not require that France abandon her present friends. Nor is this required of the Soviet Union . . . We have come to France to map out with her government ways for further developing friendly Franco-Soviet relations."

The talks between President de Gaulle and Chairman Khrushchev and their joint communiqué were significant not only for the countries they spoke for, but for the whole world. The two leaders were agreed that it was mandatory for the world's peace to find ways of reducing international tension, that disputes between states must be resolved solely by peaceful means, without threats of force.

On his return to Moscow, Khrushchev said in his report to the Soviet people: "We made this trip for the sake of decreasing international tensions, of ensuring the peaceful coexistence of coutries and, consequently, strengthening peace in Europe and throughout the world.

"Summing up the results, I would say that the visit has been rather successful. The talks and conversations between General de Gaulle and myself were serious and very useful.

"The President of the French Republic and I exchanged views most sincerely and freely on all the questions we thought it necessary to discuss. Each of us presented his position frankly and spoke just as frankly on the questions under discussion. There is no doubt that this has contributed to a better understanding of our respective positions.

"Naturally our positions on the key issues do not fully coincide. But our thorough exchange of opinions has shown that our views are close on most issues.

"On the question of disarmament—and this is the main question agitating all people concerned about security, the maintenance of peace—our positions coincide with those of General de Gaulle, I would say. And mutual clarification of the positions of the Soviet Union and France on questions of disarmament alone made going to France worth while. That is why it can be considered that the trip was a success."

The Chairman presented President de Gaulle with a replica of the sphere landed on the moon by a Soviet rocket. N. Khrushchev said of the talks with President de Gaulle: Each of us set forth his position frankly. . . . The talks were serious and useful. . . . Our views on most issues are close.

Prime Minister Michel Debre welcomes Chairman Nikita Khrushchev.

Meeting members of the Parliament. We came to France, said Khrushchev, to strengthen peace in Europe and throughout the world.

A medallion with the portrait of Robespierre is presented to N. Khrushchev.

FRANCE

welcomes

N. S. KHRUSHCHEV

The talks, the frank exchange of views, the discussion of peaceful ways and means of settling differences—all this once again demonstrated the inestimable value of personal contacts between government leaders at the highest level. Chairman Khrushchev's visit to the United States and his talks with President Eisenhower did much to create a new and warmer global political climate. It gave hope to people throughout the world that peace could be won.

In every French city he visited the Soviet envoy took pains to acquaint eminent citizens and the man in the street with his country's policy of peace, to reiterate that nations with different social systems must and can learn to live together. Everywhere in France it was evident that the people were heartened by the pronouncements of the Soviet leader that peace was possible, that the world could dissipate the shadow of a nuclear war.

This point which so clearly defines Soviet policy with regard to France was made time and again by Khrushchev to audiences in the many French cities he visited. At a dinner given in his honor by the President of the Republic the day he arrived the Soviet leader declared, "Some people still assert that there can be no friendship between France and the Soviet Union because our governments and our social systems differ too much. We are of another opinion. If both our countries want to cooperate on such an important matter as the preservation of peace in a Europe which twice has been the ground for world wars, they can do it. There are no barriers in the way of lasting friendship and cooperation between us. We believe that the Soviet Union and France can find common ground on the basic issue of safeguarding European peace."

The joint determination of France and the Soviet Union, he noted, will make for a lasting European peace. "The situation in Europe, and not Europe alone, depends to a great extent upon the way relations between our two countries develop. It would not be exaggerating to say that if the Soviet Union and France, two of the largest powers on the European continent, were to take a common position on the crucial problems of preserving peace together with other peace-loving countries, then no aggressive force would be able to raise its head and disturb the peace in Europe."

President de Gaulle described the Soviet Union and France as "two ancient and yet very young countries, the daugthers of one mother, Europe, two nations molded by one and the same civilization which have always had a special liking for each other." He stressed the need of this meeting between the Soviet Union and France "in the light of the present world situation."

Khrushchev toured industrial and farm regions and centers of art and learning. He

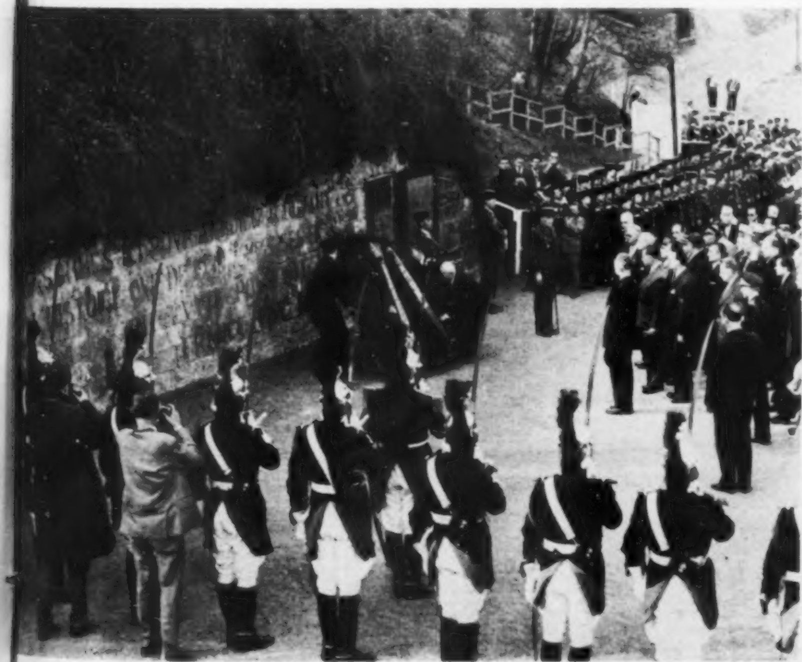
Nikita Khrushchev waves to the cordial Paris crowd from the balcony of the house in the Rue Marie Rose where Vladimir Ilyich Lenin lived from 1909 to 1912 when he was forced to leave czarist Russia.

Peace and friendship between France and the Soviet Union—this was the repeated theme of the placards carried by the welcoming French people in every town and city the Soviet guests passed through.

The French people, said Khrushchev when he returned home, wanted to show us the best of what they had in economics, engineering, science and culture.

After visiting the Arc de Triomphe, Nikita Khrushchev, to honor French antifascists, places a wreath at Mont Valerian, a resistance movement shrine.

The Soviet guest was showered with gifts of all kinds and varieties. At Gevrey-Chambertin he was given a toy train to take home to his grandson.



And at Pau, following a very old municipal tradition, he is presented with an elaborate lettered scroll of welcome, a live sheep and a basket of corn.

FRANCE

welcomes

N. S. KHRUSHCHEV

spoke with Frenchmen of many views and convictions on peaceful coexistence, the Soviet program of general and complete disarmament, on the development of international trade, on aid to underdeveloped countries and other urgent international questions.

Talking to leaders of industry and finance he said, "Nowadays peaceful coexistence is no longer merely a political doctrine, not merely a foreign policy program of one state or a group of states. Given the present balance of power and the level now reached by military technology, peaceful coexistence has become a real fact, an imperative necessity for all states."

Otherwise, he declared, we face the grim possibility that humanity may be pushed toward the abyss of a world atomic war. The two systems—capitalism and socialism—exist. This is a fact of our world which must be recognized by all countries. Since the two systems exist, they must live peacefully and compete peacefully. "If we refuse to recognize this," Khrushchev said, "there will be no peaceful coexistence. The capitalist countries will seek for opportunities to do away with the socialist countries. But if the capitalist countries follow such a policy, then the socialist countries will be compelled to look for possibilities to reciprocate. We must therefore recognize both the socialist and capitalist countries, reconcile ourselves to the fact of their coexistence and, as far as is possible, be tolerant of each other, maintain peaceful and friendly relations between one another, promote economic and cultural contacts."

These are problems to be discussed at the forthcoming Paris conference by the leading statesmen of France, Great Britain, the United States and the Soviet Union, Khrushchev noted in a speech he made over a French television network. "We want the summit meeting to help disentangle many knots and to clear the road of the rocks that have been piled up during the long years of the 'cold war.'"

Both President de Gaulle and Premier Khrushchev agreed on the further expansion of Franco-Soviet scientific, technical and cultural contacts and trade relations. Subsequently an agreement was signed for an extensive program of exchanges. Signed also was an agreement on cooperation in the peaceful uses of atomic energy.

The fruitful results of Khrushchev's visit and his talks with de Gaulle give every reason to believe that the traditional friendship of France and the Soviet Union will long endure and their mutual desire to live in a world without war will contribute to preserve peace. "We must roll up our sleeves," said Khrushchev, "and set to work in the name of peace to clear the roads and avenues that lead toward it, to level the trenches and shell holes left by the war, to break the ice of mistrust and skepticism, to keep moving forward to universal peace and friendship."

Of Dijon the Chairman said: The Deputy Mayor told us that the entire city population had come out into the streets. And indeed we felt their warm, friendly attitude toward us, their sincerity.

Nikita Khrushchev waves a greeting to Marseilles dockers. The Soviet guests were given the opportunity to talk not only with high officials, but with the working people and their trade union leaders.

For a sampling of French industrial development the Premier visited the big natural gas refinery in Lacq, the Renault auto plant and two textile mills.

The Soviet Union's envoy talks to representatives of the France-USSR Society, an organization dedicated to bettering mutual understanding.

Parisians waving banners and welcoming placards fill the big square and all streets that lead into it while they wait to greet Nikita Khrushchev.

Anticipating the huge crowd, resourceful welcomers came armed with periscopes so that they would be able to see the Soviet guests as they passed by.

By Lev Uspensky
Writer

15 YEARS LATER

THE WINDOW OF MY STUDY faces the Neva, and many are the views I get from this quadrangular frame at various times of the year. Today I can see the smooth, calm surface of the river and a radiant blue sky over my Leningrad. A brightly colored stream of people keeps moving across the bridge, and cars, trolley buses and autobuses whirl quickly past. Children are hurrying on their way to school.

How I love this early morning hustle and bustle of a peaceful city!

But there was a time when the views that greeted my eye from my window were quite different. I remember an impenetrably dark night in 1941! There was no glass in my window frame; it had been blown out by a blast. The faint rays of searchlights scoured the dark clouds worriedly. The roar of cannon and the howls of sirens filled the air, while the blaze of fires lighted the horizon. The enemy was right there, in the dark sky and at the walls of my city. Women and children, soldiers and old folk died in the streets, stricken by splinters of enemy bombs and shells or buried beneath the wreckage of houses that had been destroyed.

I shall never forget those days, nor will any Leningrader, any Soviet person, for the war left too deep a mark in our hearts. As I write these lines I cannot help but think: "What happy beings are those who have never seen cities in ruins and children dying in the street!" And I want to cry out to them: "Do everything you can to hang on to this happiness!"

We won the happiness of a peaceful life at the cost of incredible effort and tremendous sacrifices. Thousands of our cities and villages, their plants and factories, collective farms and state farms, schools and theaters, were converted to piles of ruins by the fascist hordes.

By the summer of 1942 my country had lost territory on which 45 per cent of its population had lived before the war. A third of our industry was located on this land. Almost half—47 per cent—of our fields of grain were here, to gladden the eye with their green and gold. And yet our country, mutilated, hard hit by a bullet fired when its back was turned, did not tremble, did not surrender to the enemy. My people continued to fight and were victorious.

Statisticians have figured that the losses incurred by the Soviet Union as a result of the war reach the astronomical figure of 2.6 trillion rubles! But how can we evaluate those irreplaceable losses, the millions of people who perished and were maimed, the suffering and grief of women, children and old folk?

The profound loyalty of the people to their socialist land rallied the entire Soviet population and inspired heroism both at the front and in the rear. The whole world knows of the immortal military feat of the soldiers at Stalingrad, but few have heard of the exploits of those who forged the weapons for the Soviet Army.

In the first six months of the war 1,360 powerful plants of the Soviet West were moved from their locations and transferred hundreds of miles to the rear of the country, to the Ural Mountains and the distant taiga of Siberia. And there they began to work immediately without losing a day.

Let the Detroit resident picture to himself the Ford, Chrysler and Cadillac plants in troubled motion. Just imagine them converted into a nomad camp, everything in them, their heavy machine tools, their noisy conveyors, the brightly illuminated designing bureaus and their quiet warehouses, their engineers, foremen, workers and their families. They are loaded into railway cars; they begin to move, no one knows exactly where, somewhere beyond the Rocky Mountains, to the state of Washington, to the distant West. . . .

Let the Pittsburgh dweller picture to himself the steel foundry, with which he is so familiar, on wheels, buried in snow, midst the howling of a storm at night, somewhere near a tiny station in Montana or North Dakota packed full of trains. There is not a single track that is free. The night is pitch-black, and the motors of enemy bombers may appear overhead any hour, any minute. . . . And there, at the site of their destination, the wintry forests are barren of all life. Everything has to be built anew. There are not even any tents for those who are the first to arrive. They have to make bonfires and dig dugouts, like the people of the Stone Age.

Figures! Figures! During those four years of war 1,700 of our cities were wiped from the face of the earth.

And in addition to these cities another 70,000 villages were destroyed. One hundred thousand collective farms ceased to exist. Thirty-five thousand miles of mutilated railway track became overgrown with weeds, bridges and dams caved in, and canals were reduced to swamps.

Yet in spite of their terrible losses, privation and suffering, the Soviet people never lost faith in their ultimate victory over the enemy and they did everything possible to bring that victory closer. That faith in victory found expression in peaceful construction which continued even during the days of the war. In Moscow several stations of the subway, magnificent underground palaces, were built then. Beautified with sculptures, with everlasting pictures of smalt which portray the military feats and labor exploits of Soviet people during the war, they perpetuate the memory of those heroic times for the generations to come. During the years of war new tractor plants and textile mills were constructed, as well as schools, clubs, and blocks of houses. The towns and villages which had been liberated from the enemy were restored, designing bureaus drew up plans for new types of passenger cars and diesel motorboats, and the soil, mutilated by bombs, once again turned green with the sprouts of newly cultivated lands.

In May 1945 the earth was resplendent with the joy of victory. Soviet soldiers had successfully defended the liberty and honor not only of their own country. They had brought liberation from fascist barbarism to many peoples of Europe.

The whole world knows that the Soviet people played the decisive role in the defeat of Hitlerite Germany. But we shall never forget the fighting alliance with the American and British peoples, with the peoples of France, Italy and other countries, in this struggle.

We remember how warmly, with what friendly feeling John Smith of Iowa and Ivan Koval of the Don Region shook hands at the Elbe. And how could they fail to smile a friendly smile, when "Ivan" means "John," and the word "koval" in Russian means "smith" in English?

After the fighting was over the weary Smiths set off for their distant homeland. Their faces were radiant with joy, for each of them was eagerly awaited by his family and home, whether among the golden and crimson autumn hills of Michigan or in sunflooded California. Their wives and children, unharmed and happy, came out to meet their heroes.

At the same time, millions of our Kovals were gritting their teeth in pain and longing as they stood near the smoking ruins of their houses. That terrible smoke rose into the air, and its odor was bitter. "Tell me, Ivan Koval, where is your wife? Why didn't she meet you?" "My wife was burned alive in the furnaces of Oswiecim." "And where are your children, Ivan Koval?" "My children froze to death in an unheated railway car when, during the vicious winter, the fascists drove them off to work in Germany."

Neither the deadly fire of the enemy nor profound grief could break the spirit of the Soviet people. True, many heads turned gray and many wrinkles appeared around the eyes, but the people became even stronger. The very next day after the victory was won and the war came to an end the men, who had been singed in the fire of battle, the women, weary with four years of hard work in the rear, the old folks and timid boys and girls set forth to clear the ruins, to fill in the trenches and bomb craters so that new cities and villages could be built here, so that grain, fruit, cotton and flowers could grow again.

Figures are often boring, but there are times when only figures can tell the story.

In 1945 we produced only 12 million tons of steel. Five years later our steel smelters produced 27 million tons, or 1.5 times more than before the war. By 1958 they had doubled this quantity. By 1950 our electric power stations produced 91 billion kilowatt-hours of electric power, which was more than twice the prewar figure, and in 1958 they produced 233 billion.

In the fifteen years since the war ended we have not only restored everything that had been destroyed, but have taken great strides forward. Gigantic hydroelectric stations have appeared on the Russian Volga, the Ukrainian Dnieper, and the Siberian Angara; new plants and factories have arisen on barren land, and beautiful cities have grown up all around them. Millions of acres of virgin soil in Kazakhstan and Siberia have been turned into wheat fields and have become a supplementary, powerful source of cheap grain. Cotton and grapes, flax, corn and new gardens have been grown on soil won from the Central Asian deserts in the East, and from the Byelorussian, Lithuanian and Latvian swamps in the West.

In the new seven-year period we have been advancing evên more quickly. In 1959, the first year of our seven-year plan, industry turned out over 50 billion rubles of products above plan. And our agriculture has also achieved great success. Its workers are effectively solving one of the most important tasks of the seven-year plan: to create an abundance of products in the country.

Sportsmen know how things happen on the race track: a small group of universally recognized record-holders are in the lead. The spectators are already accustomed to such contests and very likely know who will come in first. But suddenly, during the last lap, to the great surprise of all, a horse who was behind the others comes rushing forth and easily outstrips the panting leaders, one after another.

A similar situation has taken place in the past few years in the great stadium of the world. True, there were some who knew that the Soviet Union had become a strong country and had a good hold on life. And there were specialists who shook their heads as they saw how the Soviet Union began to pick up speed after the terrible trials of the war. But they did not attach great importance to its successes. Even when it recovered from its wounds remarkably quickly, no particular attention was paid to that. When it had mastered the secret of the atom, it was considered a matter of accident. But suddenly a remarkable day dawned: the first sputnik whirled away into space after taking off from Soviet soil. And that marked the beginning.

For over forty years the peoples of my country have been building a new society, a society whose lofty goal is to make it possible for each person to live his life to the full.

Everything we do is done for the sake of one thing: to bring happiness to people. What happiness? The most charming and simple, Maeterlinck's happiness of life, the happiness of running barefoot across the cool dew-covered grass, the happiness of singing songs at the feet of one's beloved, the happiness of caressing one's children, the happiness of enjoying the flowers and birds, of diving into the warm waves, and of skiing downhill in the face of the cold wind. But there is another great happiness which the most brilliant minds of mankind have experienced: the bliss of cognition, the joy of discovery, the pleasure of feats and daring. One person grows the delicate corolla of the orchid, another speeds to a distant star in a space rocket. One may compose a new lullaby which brings joy to all mothers on earth, while another creates a machine which works in the fields without the aid of man, in accordance with a program assigned it in advance. Let every person do his work for the benefit of all, and may no one interfere with him in his noble undertaking.

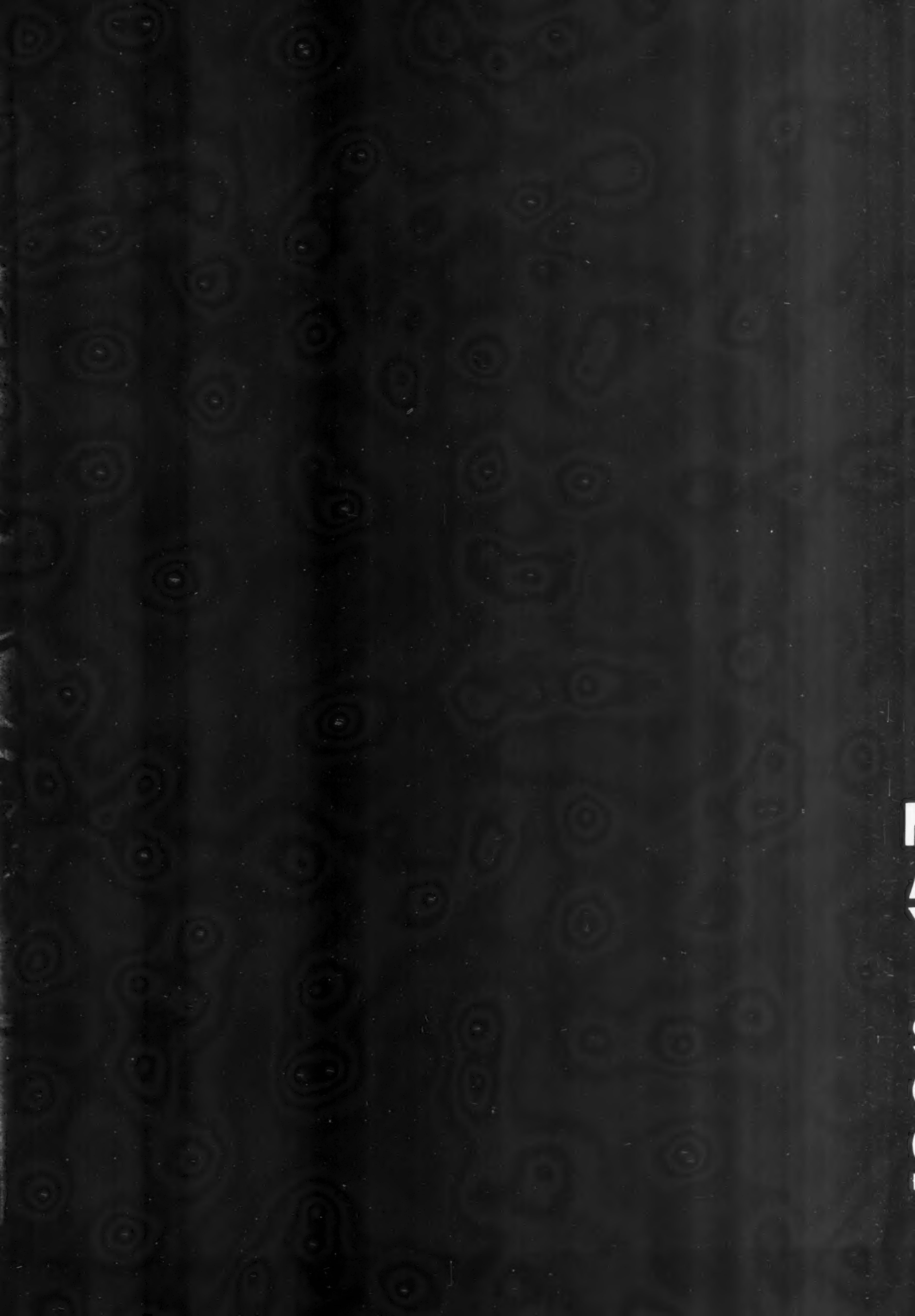
Man has the right to happiness. Man also has the lofty obligation of work. All people are alike in their right to happiness and in their obligation to work, but to realize these rights we must have peace. It was for this that we defended our country against enemies with our suffering and our blood. It is for this that we are now working on building projects and in plants, on collective farm fields and in research laboratories.

There is nothing we hate as much as war. War and happiness! Are there any conceptions more completely and irrevocably incompatible than these? The first appeal of the young Soviet state on the first day of its birth was its appeal for peace. Ever since then this appeal has never been silenced. Today it resounds with special force from the lips of our Premier, Nikita S. Khrushchev, and from the lips of every other Soviet person. And when we Soviet people say: "May Peace on Earth Be Triumphant!" we say it with all our heart, for we want universal happiness, the first condition for which is peace.

BYELORUSSIA'S WAR TOLL 209 cities and towns

10,000 factories

2,200,000 people 2,000 villages



DESERT . . .

By Boris Ustinov

THE SUMMER OF 1944 my division entered Minsk, the capital of Byelorussia. Behind us was the scorched land the fascists called the "desert zone." We had seen wells filled to the top with the bodies of children. We had seen the monstrous fruits of facist "scientific" farming—strawberries and cucumbers fertilized with human ashes.

And then we saw what had been the city of Minsk. Mountains of broken and crumbled brick in which weeds tough as wire had sprouted. Rusted steel girders twisted into agonized shapes. Broken, tortured trees. The blind eyes of gaping windows staring out of the wrecked houses. Night birds had built their nests in these lonely ruins.

Four out of every five houses in the city had been destroyed, and nearly every factory. Figured in money, the destruction cost the city 4.5 billion rubles—an equivalent of 1,125 million dollars.

Nor was Minsk the only Byelorussian city to suffer. Eighty per cent of Gomel was leveled, 90 per cent of Vitebsk, 96 per cent of Polotsk. The fascists had reason to be pleased with their "desert zones" and their "total war." They had been defeated, it is true, but they had left behind, so they figured, the wreck of cities that would take 30 to 50 years to rebuild to the prewar level.

Minsk Rebuilt

I had occasion not long ago to travel through this old battlefield—the "desert zone." In Minsk it would have taken a searching eye to find any trace of the war. The city has been built anew. Its population is now 509,000, almost double the prewar figure. Chronologically, Minsk may be nine centuries old; actually it is no more than 15 years of age—a city grown young.

Minsk is being rebuilt to plan with maximum facilities for living, health, study and play for adults and children. A new park and public garden have been laid out for a recreation center on the picturesque bank of the Svisloch river. Literally dozens of new motion picture theaters and libraries have been opened.

Since the war Minsk has blossomed into an industrial city of importance. Its tractors and trucks are bought by 30 countries in Europe, Asia, Africa and South America. Items turned out by Minsk factories have won prizes at international trade fairs.

Beautiful Gomel

Other Byelorussian cities have paced their growth with Minsk. For size Gomel is the second largest city in the Republic.

Gomel architects and city planners are using new and quite radical approaches to provide housing best suited to people of various age levels and different living habits.

Industrially, Gomel has moved far ahead of its prewar level. Gomel combines, bucket elevators, steel castings, foam panels, glass pipes and many other kinds of manufactured

...BECOMES ZONE OF

LIFE

goods go to all parts of the Soviet Union and to many countries abroad.

Machine tools from Gomel to Ceylon! A far cry from that grim November 1943 when for three nights on end we watched the flames covering half the sky and listened to the dull thud of explosions that the fascists were throwing into the city.

New Vitebsk

You step out of the Vitebsk railroad station onto Kirov Avenue. From Kirov Avenue other streets radiate, some noisy and bustling, others quiet with cherry and apple trees stretching over the fences and almost touching the faces of passers-by.

This is the new Vitebsk—confident and alive but not rushed and harried. You feel as you walk through this very restful city that its people must live very pleasant, very relaxed lives. And that impression carries into the new houses with their bright, sunlit rooms.

Vitebsk is Bylorussia's third largest industrial city but it has none of the ugliness of the factory town. The heart of industrial Vitebsk is Markovshchina but this is hardly the usual grimy factory district. It has the feel of a garden suburb.

Vitebsk is a college town. There are four schools of higher education with almost 5,000 students—this with a total population of 150,-000. The city's theater, named after the poet Yakub Kolas, is one of the oldest and most famous in Byelorussia. It has served as school for many of the country's talented actors, musicians and playwrights.

Growing Polotsk

Polotsk is another one of the cities which is in the fascist "desert zone." The Hitlerite general who declared "Polotsk no longer exists" spoke too soon. Polotsk exists. But a changed Polotsk, it is true—where the past shoulders the present, and the present, one might add, nudges the future.

Polotsk and its suburbs look like one continuous construction site spreading for many miles upstream and down the western Dvina River. This is a phenomenally fast-growing industrial city.

New Polotsk is being laid out with the future in mind. The ancient forests around it are not being cut. Its setting on a big river gives the city an added charm. Polotsk is to be a place of sunlight and flowers, framed by river and forest. It is a city in which to work and study and love and dream.

Heroic Brest

One must look closely to find traces of the war in Byelorussia today—except for the fortress of Brest where the people neither can nor wish to erase the deep marks. Everything in legendary Brest brings to mind the terrible summer of 1941.

But like the other cities of the republic, Brest is now a busy, very-much-alive city. It lies on the frontier and tourists coming to the Soviet Union who prefer traveling by rail or automobile pass through it.

Brest has changed from a town of artisans and handicraftsmen to an important international rail junction and river port which moves thousands of tons of freight every day.

Here, as everywhere else, the visitor is struck by the multiplicity of construction sites—about a hundred at present where apartment houses, cultural, municipal and public service buildings of all kinds are going up.

The Brest of the past was a crossroad for warring armies. Brest's future can be envisioned in its present—an active, peaceful, constructive future. This is the way people everywhere in Byelorussia see the future. They have transformed the "desert zone" into a region of throbbing, creative life. War's traces are no longer visible in streets and buildings. They remain engraved only in the memory—a tragic reminder that war must not be allowed to happen again.

THE RAILWAY STATION IN BREST

CENTRAL SQUARE IN GOMEL

IN MINSK

THE MAIN STREET OF MOGILYOV

ABOLISH WAR FOREVER

Soviet people speak of WAR and PEACE

1. ***Where were you during World War II and how did it affect your life?***

2. ***Which of your activities during the fifteen years since the war ended do you consider the most important?***

3. ***What in your opinion are the prospects for the next few years?***

We Want to Build not Destroy

Vasili Sychugov
Building Worker

1. WE STALINGRAD PEOPLE probably know better than anyone else on earth what war is, what suffering it brings. To us the war meant bomb raids day after day, month after month. The battlefront passed through our streets and squares, and every block and house was fought for with blood.

I am a builder, a mason by trade. I helped put up the Stalingrad Tractor Plant and houses and schools by the dozen. I get a lot of satisfaction from building, it's something I can do to make life better for people. I was not called to the colors at once when Hitler Germany attacked my country. But when the fascists closed in on Stalingrad in the fall of 1942 I joined the people's volunteer corps. It is painful enough for anyone to look at war-wrecked houses, but it is a thousand times more painful to see a house that you have put up with your own hands, smashed by bombs and shells.

I fought the enemy in the streets of my own town. Once in a while I take my sons to the Volga to show them the spot where the last firing point of our machine gun squad was.

I remember how we got together in what was left of the main square of the city after the victory. We stood there, weary and smelling of earth and explosives, and looked on at the ruins which only a year ago had been a big flourishing city.

2. AFTER THE BATTLE of Stalingrad we advanced westward, liberating towns and villages, until we reached Berlin. I was demobilized in 1946 and returned to Stalingrad. Everybody was busy rebuilding the city. Thousands of volunteers came from all over the Soviet Union to lend a hand. I was glad to begin building houses again.

In the 16 years that have gone by since Stalingrad was liberated, people have moved into thousands of new apartments in houses we have built. The city now has 50 per cent more housing space than it had before the war.

The factories have all been rebuilt and new ones added. Stalingrad's 150 industrial establishments turn out four times the amount of pre-war manufactured goods. The biggest hydropower station in Europe straddles the Volga on the northern outskirts of the city.

Stalingrad is not only the heroic city that stood firm against the Nazis. It is also the city of peacetime construction, symbol of the creativity of Soviet people.

3. STALINGRAD BUILDERS have ambitious plans. We want to present our city with 50,000 new apartments by 1965. That is the goal we set ourselves when we worked out our particular part of the seven-year plan. I myself am not troubled by the housing shortage. We live in a house I built myself on a government loan.

I have three children. My eldest son, Boris, and daughter, Larissa, are going to school. The youngest, Sergei, starts school next year. My eldest daughter, Alla, was killed in the fighting at Stalingrad. I want to do everything I can to see that nothing like that can happen again not only to my children but to those everywhere in the world.

Science Must Serve Peace

Academician
Vladimir Veksler

1. NOT HAVING TAKEN a direct part in the war, it is difficult for me to speak about it. Together with the institute where I studied cosmic rays I was evacuated to Kazan, a city on the Volga. There I had to deal with problems which had nothing in common with cosmic rays. The war demanded the solution of other problems.

As a scientist, I see the pernicious role of war not only in the fact that it took a toll of millions of lives. It also robbed science of many talented people and brought destruction of material values worth many billions. The war greatly retarded mankind's scientific progress. It disrupted our peaceful research work and directed human genius, the energy of thousands of the best and most talented minds of mankind to the creation of colossal destructive forces. From my viewpoint, this contradicts the very nature of science.

2. THE FIFTEEN YEARS following the termination of the Second World War have seen Soviet science blossom in conditions of peace. Great progress has been made by Soviet physics, specifically its new branch, high-energy physics, which actually came into being ten or fifteen years ago. In 1944, despite the hardships of war, the USSR Academy of Sciences resumed the study of cosmic rays.

This kind of research is difficult because of a very low intensity of cosmic rays. Often it is impossible to determine the nature of the cosmic particle causing the process of fission which is observed by physicists or to measure the energy of this particle. This makes it very difficult to obtain identical results. That is why the physicists have long since striven to impart high energies to particles in some artificial way, in the laboratory.

Remarkable successes were attained in this field by the famous American physicist Ernest Lawrence, the creator of the so-called cyclotron. But the cyclotron can impart energies of only a few dozen million electron volts.

Cosmic particles possess energies of billions and tens of billions and even more electron volts. In 1944 I discovered a new physical principle on which modern accelerators are based (the American physicist McMillan discovered this a little later, independently of me): synchrotrons, phasotrons (they are called synchrocyclotrons in America) and synchrophasotrons (proton synchrotrons). The development of these accelerators, started almost simultaneously in different countries, laid the foundation of the physics of high energies. Since that time, approximately 1946, my work has been connected with the development of accelerators of high-energy particles and research conducted with the help of these instruments. In 1947 one of the first synchrotrons accelerating electrons to 30 million electron volts was built in the Lebedev Institute of Physics in the Soviet Union. It was followed by a 250-mev synchrotron, a 600-mev synchrocyclotron in Dubna and, finally, a 10-bev proton synchrotron in Dubna's high energies laboratory.

By means of these mammoth machines man has been able to probe the secrets of the nucleus and the elementary particles making up the atomic nuclei.

3. SCIENTIFIC DEVELOPMENT along peaceful lines is the most natural and fruitful development. It is along this road alone, the road of service of peace and mankind's peaceful aspirations, that science must progress in the future. The entire energy of man's exploratory genius must be directed toward the solution of problems which would make life on our planet still more beautiful, prosperous and flourishing.

The striving of science for peace will result in broader cooperation of scientists of various countries—cooperation which is already bringing scientists of all continents closer together. This will enable mankind to penetrate the secrets of nature sooner and will promote the peaceful progress and prosperity of all nations. World science must serve peace for the benefit of all mankind.

A Peaceful World for Our Children

Maria Afonkina
Collective Farmer

1. HOW WELL I REMEMBER that Sunday, June 22, 1941. I got up later than usual that morning. I looked at the children still sleeping and had such a nice warm feeling about them. Suddenly there was a loud rap on the window and Clavdia Sherstnyeva, a member of the Village Soviet, yelled in, "Ivan Afonkin, come down to the Village Soviet right away." Ivan is my husband. We had two children then, Anyuta and Vasili, and were expecting a third.

We got dressed quickly and went outside. The village was in a tumult, with a crowd near the Village Soviet. I could only make out one word, but that was clear enough—"War".

Our youngest and strongest men went off to the front that day—my husband was one of them. The village quieted down. Those who were left had a double job—they had to keep the farm going as usual and they had to help supply the troops at the front. It was hard, very hard, but we did it by working without letup. We had only a little machinery at the time and much of the work had to be done by hand. There weren't enough hands to go round, even with the youngsters doing everything they could and with expectant mothers like myself helping out.

In spite of all the difficulties, we managed to keep the farm going and to do our share for the front too.

At last V-Day came. Few of the men from our village returned. My husband was lucky. But even he came back with his legs broken, his side torn open and his shoulder shot through. The government gave him an invalid pension.

2. HIS FIRST QUESTION, when he came back, was about the farm. He wanted to know how the work had gone. We took him around the livestock section and the barns. "Thank you, dear women," he said. We answered, "It is we who must thank you for defending our land."

Ivan would not take it easy. He insisted on getting back on the job. He worked in the livestock section and I worked in the dairy. At the time there were four collective farms in our village, a farm in every corner, it sometimes felt like. We had plenty of machinery by then—tractors and harvesters—but there was practically no room to work them.

What we did was to join forces. We organized one big collective farm for the village and called it "Rossia." It's a very big establishment now and it keeps getting bigger. Our income for 1952 was 1,250,000 rubles; for 1959 it was three million, and we are sure it will be more than that this year.

Our village has grown in these past 15 years. We have a new House of Culture, two clubs and a new motion picture theater. New cottages keep going up all the time. It's a real pleasure to look around and see all the building going on.

Our own family has grown too. We have five children now. Two of them, Gennadi and Nina, are still at school. Our son Vasili and daughter Yevdokia work on the farm and our eldest daughter, Anna, is a railway dispatcher.

3. IT'S ABOUT TIME for me to retire now, I've reached that age, but I don't like to sit with my hands folded in my lap. Then too, our farm has such big plans for the next few years. We're planning to mechanize all the field and livestock work. We'll be able then to get bigger yields of wheat, meat and milk with less work.

This is what these 15 years of peace have meant for my village and my family. We want to make it a never-ending peace.

ABOLISH WAR FOREVER

I Intend to be an Engineer

Svyatoslav Karazin
8th Grade Pupil

1. I DID NOT SEE the war myself. I was born the same month it ended, but the word war is one I remember hearing as far back as I can remember at all.

I recall my mother saying to me angrily when I'd sit at the table playing with my spoon in the breakfast cereal, "It's so hard after the war to get food and here he is with his likes and dislikes. Eat it all, you certainly need to put on weight."

And my grandmother would add, "Believe me, if he'd gone through the blockade of Leningrad, he wouldn't fuss over his cereal."

The adults tried not to talk about the war but it seemed to come out in spite of themselves. Even now. We'll start a game of soccer in the courtyard of the building we live in and we'll hear somebody say, "That's the exact spot where a bomb exploded during the war."

There are times when my mother looks sad for no reason that I can see. That's when she's thinking about my brother Alexei. In the winter of 1942 she was evacuated to Siberia with him. He was very thin and weak. Those days there wasn't enough food or medicine. He caught pneumonia and died. If not for the war I would have an older brother.

2 and 3. WHAT I am doing now is closely connected with my plans for the future. My favorite study at school is shopwork. We've learned how to work a lathe and are starting on different machines.

I intend to be an engineer just like my father and mother, but I haven't yet made up my mind which branch of engineering I'll go in for. I still have time, I have two more years at school before I have to make up my mind. But I know one thing—I want to build things for peace, not for war.

We Dedicate Ourselves to Life

Professor Zinaida Bondar
Moscow Medical Institute

1. I SHALL NEVER FORGET those days in June 1941. I was a graduate student at the Medical Institute and I was preparing to defend my thesis for a master's degree. This was a rather important occasion for me —I had to appear before the leading professors of our institute and an audience of fellow students and I was understandably nervous. I was scheduled for June 23 and on the 22nd Hitler's armies invaded our country.

I did defend my thesis and was granted the degree of Master of Science but there was no joy in it. No more than two or three days later I was at work in a mobile field hospital. At the front we were busy day and night, winter and summer. My specialty was not surgery. I was an internist by training but surgery was what was needed. I performed hundreds of operations under field conditions. I still dream sometimes about the endless stream of wounded.

The thought that kept haunting me then was—we will be able to rebuild the cities and farms but we will not be able to bring back sons to mothers, husbands to wives, fathers to children.

It was my duty as a citizen to share the hardships of the war, it was my duty as a doctor to heal the wounded, but it is my duty as a human being to fight against the things that make war and its slaughter possible.

2. WHEN I TOOK OFF my major's shoulder straps, I went back to my institute in Moscow. I have been teaching and doing research there ever since.

Frequently, when I lecture to students, I check back on the progress Soviet medicine has made in the past 15 years. The war, of course, affected people's health but there were none of the epidemics that used to take so heavy a toll in previous wars. Thanks to good organization, it did not take long to get the country's health services up to standard again and this standard, incidentally, has reached a very high level.

3. IN THE NEAR FUTURE, I am sure, scientists of all countries exchanging their findings and working together will have found cures for such ailments as cancer and other killing diseases.

I have participated in several international congresses and visited many foreign countries. Everywhere I found a common language with scientists. As physicians we are all dedicated to life, all fighters against death and therefore against war.

A Future Without Uniforms

Kirill Meretskov
Marshal of the Soviet Union

1. HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS of people the world over are joined in the effort to stop the arms race and build international peace and friendship. This movement of men and women of good will of all races and nationalities, all religious and political creeds, is the hope of the world today.

We Soviet infantrymen, seamen, fliers, tankmen, partisans and men of the people's militia fought the fascist hordes across hundreds of miles of scorched earth on the territory of our own and other countries. We have more reason than most other people to know and remember the horrors of war. We have all seen blood and death. We have all lost comrades, friends and relatives in battle.

Millions of Soviet citizens gave up their lives to defend their freedom and independ-

ence. Our country suffered heavy losses—1,710 cities, more than 70,000 villages and numberless factories and dwellings were altogether or partially leveled by shells or gutted by fire. Property to the value of 860 billion rubles was lost by enemy destruction and plunder alone—an amount equal to half the material losses sustained by all the countries fighting on both sides.

Since we know what war means, we also know how precious peace is. Today, even though it is fifteen years since the war ended, the memory of those who were killed is still alive for us, as it is for the multitudes in other countries who fought the fascists.

I spent all four years of the war at the fighting fronts. I took part in the battles on Soviet territory and on the territories of other countries. I helped liberate northern Norway from the Nazis and helped smash the forces of imperialist Japan.

A comradeship-in-arms of the fighting men of all the members of the anti-Hitler coalition, including the USA and the USSR, was forged those years. We have never forgotten this alliance born in battle. We have always hoped this comradeship would continue into the peace and even grow stronger.

2. AFTER THE VICTORY was won millions of officers and men in the Soviet armed forces were demobilized. They returned to their homes and peaceful labor. Once again, in factories and farms, they were producing the food and clothing and other goods that the people needed so badly.

As long as there are men armed to the teeth in the different countries of the world, and as long as there is a war danger, we professional soldiers in the Soviet Union must do everything we can to make sure that our country is defended, that it is free to continue its constructive labors in peace.

At the same time, we, as well as all Soviet people, unanimously support the declared peace policy of our government which throughout the postwar years has been corroborated in practice. Soviet servicemen heartily endorsed the law adopted by the USSR Supreme Soviet at its January session which cut the armed forces by a third—1.2 million men.

And we Soviet officers and soldiers in all sincerity and without doubt or qualification stand behind Premier Nikita Khrushchev's proposal for general and complete disarmament. With him we stand for world peace.

3. ALL OF US who serve in the Soviet armed forces, no matter how long our service or how high our rank, earnestly hope that the time may soon come when our swords can be beaten into plowshares. But this needs more than the wishes and hopes of Soviet military men or of the Soviet government and people, it needs the efforts of the governments and peoples of all countries.

For many centuries, humanity's best minds have looked forward to that day when peoples, nations, states, would no longer resort to bloodshed to prove they were right. This has been no more than a dream up to now. It is only in our day that the dream can be made real.

I am 63 now and for more than forty years I have been wearing a military uniform. Yet, if you were to ask me what I would like the future to bring, it would be a world without uniforms, a world without weapons.

We are Confident of the Future

Konstantin Simonov
Writer

1. IN THE SUMMER OF 1939 I first learned what war meant. It was at the Khalkhin Gol River in Mongolia when the Japanese army invaded that small peaceful country. The bloody battles at Khalkhin Gol ended with the invaders defeated, but they took their toll in tens of thousands of lives.

The battles of Khalkhin Gol were no more than incidents, though, compared with the war we had to live through between 1941 and 1945. Like all the young men of my generation I saw frontline service, both as an officer and as correspondent for *Krasnaya Zvezda* (*Red Star*). The editors assigned me to those sectors of the front where crucial fighting was going on.

I was present at our first meeting with American troops at Torgau on the Elbe. And I also was in at the end when I reported the surrender of Hitler's Field Marshall Keitel at Karlshorst.

What I saw with my own eyes of suffering and death, of ruined dwellings would, I think, crowd the pages of a thick volume if I tried to put it down. How many books it would take to record the tragedy that all the survivors of the war saw during those bitter years! Here would be an encyclopedia of human sorrow that would fill all the world's libraries.

When the fascists attacked our country, we were faced with the most terrible and yet with the simplest of all alternatives—victory or death. We fought for our freedom, fought together with our allies for the freedom of all people menaced by fascist slavery. But at the cost of millions of young lives.

2. IN THE 15 YEARS since then we Soviet people have built for peace. We have charted new directions in the sciences and the arts, created new spiritual values. Whatever our vocation, each one of us has tried during these years to make his particular contribution to mankind's struggle against war. I have tried to do it in my writing. Peace is the basic theme of the books and articles I have written, the speeches I have made, the conversations I have had. That is true, I am sure, for other writers in my country and in other countries. My latest novel, *The Living and the Dead*, I consider the most important piece of work I have done in these past fifteen years. It is set in 1941.

3. LIKE ALL SOVIET PEOPLE I look ahead to the future with confidence. Our aim and goal is to build the most equitable society in man's history. It is a goal we can work toward and reach only with the world at peace. The meetings of such political leaders as Nikita Khrushchev and Dwight Eisenhower, the united efforts of the people of every country—Russians, Americans, Britishers, Frenchmen, Chinese—can end the threat of war forever.

This is the thought that stays with me when I write or when I talk to people, or whatever else I do. If I did not have the strong conviction that we have it in our power to abolish war, then life would be altogether purposeless.

Leonid Minchenkov is a native of Smolensk. He manages the garage at the city's driving school.

A FAMILY AND THE WAR

By Anatoli Sosnin

FROM THE WINDOWS of a small white house on a quiet street on the outskirts of Smolensk you can clearly see the downtown section of the city, the modern buildings of glass and concrete, the TV tower, the new stadium. You can also see the ruins of the fortress wall that surrounded the town five centuries ago. The garden behind the house slopes down to the bank of the Dnieper. The apple trees in the garden are young and covered with ripening apples. It's as though this peaceful silence has reigned on the pleasant street for centuries. But that is not so.

Life in the little white house begins early. The first to leave in the morning is Volodya, a boy in the fifth grade. He must be at school by eight o'clock. His father, Leonid Minchenkov, leaves a few minutes later. He is manager of the garage at the town's driving school and likes to walk to work. He finds it a good way to prepare for the busy day ahead.

Leonid is a tall, broad-shouldered man. As he walks leisurely along streets familiar to him from childhood he seems to be holding a silent conversation with the stones of his native town.

Sometimes the conversation turns to the past. The square at the corner reminds him that a movie house stood there before the war. He had his first date at that movie house. The granite slab in the square, with its brief, sad inscription, reminds him of the war and the friends who were killed in the fighting at Smolensk.

But usually the silent conversation touches on the future. It can be seen at every step—a new concrete bridge going up across the Dnieper, a foundation pit for a big apartment house, Help-Wanted ads put up by new state farms and new factories.

The last to go through the garden gate of the white house are the women of the family. There are always duties at home to detain them until the last minute. One is Leonid's sister Alexandra. She is a pediatrician. The other is Leonid's wife Lenina, a technician at the telegraph office. Clinging to her hand is her three-year-old daughter, Galya. Galya trots along beside her mother to the kindergarten where she will spend the day.

Now Anna Minchenkova, mother of Leonid and Alexandra, is alone in the house. She is 61, the eldest member of the family, a woman with gnarled hands, smooth dark hair, and wise, calm eyes. Unhurriedly she goes about her duties, duties familiar to every housekeeper—tidying up the rooms and preparing the meals. When she finishes she sits down to rest beside the window. She picks up her knitting and lets her mind wander back over the years.

Before the war a big two-story house stood on the spot where her son's house stands now. It was built by her husband Nikifor Minchenkov for his growing family.

Nikifor was a lathe operator at a big factory in Smolensk. He had not had much education himself and was determined to give his children a good one, to teach them to respect knowledge and to seek new paths in life. The children enjoyed hearing him tell about work at the factory, about the ingenious machines and the apprentices to whom he was teaching his trade. He helped his son Leonid build models of gliders and airplanes and taught him to love engines and machinery. On his father's advice Leonid joined the airplane model makers' club at the Smolensk House of Young Pioneers. The boy dreamed of becoming an aviation engineer. He learned to drive a car while he was at school and joined an aviation club. At home the enthusiasm with which he described how it felt to be up in a plane with his hands on the controls was infectious.

To keep up with her brother, Alexandra started attending a technical hobby club. But as she grew older she discovered that the natural sciences interested her more, and she decided to become a doctor.

Alexandra married when she graduated from high school. Her parents convinced her and their new son-in-law to live with them. "It's a big house, there's room for both of you," Nikifor told them. Alexandra decided to postpone entering medical school for a year and her husband came to live with the Minchenkovs.

So another energetic young person, Alexandra's husband Georgi, was added to the Minchenkov family. It was not long before everyone felt that he had always lived with them.

The Minchenkov home was always open to guests. Friends of Nikifor and Anna loved to visit that happy, close-knit family. On Saturdays and Sundays the house rang with laughter and music, the children taking an equal part in all the adult activities.

The war descended on Smolensk like a hurricane. It did not give people time to adjust themselves to it, to grow accustomed to the new situation. On the third night of the war nazi bombers subjected Smolensk to a massed raid. And on the fifth night, the terrible night of June 27, 1941, scores of bombers set fire to Smolensk from end to end. A solid sheet of flame hung over the ancient city. That night every house on the quiet street above the Dnieper burned down.

The Minchenkovs gather to look over the plans for a new house they are building. Left to right: Anna, Leonid, Alexandra's daughter Inna, Leonid's wife Lenina.

The Minchenkov family was left homeless.

The war scattered the family. The three men went off to the front. Alexandra's husband became commander of a tank company. Nikifor Minchenkov served in an infantry unit which retreated from Smolensk, fighting all the way. Leonid, who had not finished his flying course, drove an army truck.

For four years he drove along front-line roads. He was wounded at Vyazma and shell-shocked near Orsha. Each time he left the hospital to return to his place in the army behind the wheel of his truck.

With her elder daughter Alexandra and the two younger children, Mila and Alik, Anna Minchenkova went to live in a small village near Smolensk. There wasn't enough time to evacuate to the east. They worked in the fields, tended cattle, sawed firewood and did other hard work to keep themselves alive.

Those were frightful years. Anna and the children were always hungry, always overworked, always fearful of reprisals and death. But their belief in an end to their suffering when the Soviet Army would free them from nazi enslavement never left them for a moment. They knew a merciless war was being waged against the enemy, a war in which everyone, young and old, was taking part. They knew their father, brother and husband were fighting for them.

Of the three men who had gone off to the war only one returned. Nikifor was killed and so was Georgi, Alexandra's husband. He never saw his daughter Inna, who was born several months after he went into the army. The war plowed a deep furrow through the family, through the lives of several generations, a void that can never be filled.

But the Minchenkov family did not lose life's most important quality—their optimism and faith in the future. The sufferings the family endured made it still stronger. The Minchenkovs remember the close friendship of the war years among people like themselves. At the front, in the rear and in occupied territory, each shared the vital necessities even with strangers, giving up his last piece of bread to keep a fellow human being alive.

Leonid could not continue his studies after he returned from the army. His father and his brother-in-law were gone. He was now the head of the family. All of them looked to him to take care of them. He helped his sister get through medical college and supported his brother and sisters who had been left fatherless.

Leonid decided to stick to automobiles. His experience driving a truck during the war and his knowledge of cars made him feel that he could cope with his new job of managing the big car fleet at one of the factories being rebuilt in Smolensk.

The next problem was a place to live. When his mother and the children returned to Smolensk the city still lay in ruins. Thousands were on the waiting list for apartments. Leonid and his mother decided the best thing would be to build a new house on their old site. The state gave them a loan and friends helped them put up the three-room house. In several months' time they were able to move in.

It was not easy for Alexandra either. She had spent four years in nazi-occupied territory with a small child to take care of. But the loss of her husband did not break her. She managed to graduate from medical school and went to work as a pediatrician at the nursery of a linen mill. All her tenderness and unspent love she lavished on her daughter, the image of her father.

Fifteen years have passed since the war ended. Much water has flowed under the bridge in that time, but the years of occupation have left the women with bitter memories. The horrors of the war stand out clearly in their minds. Particularly is this true of Anna, whose children and grandchild were still small then. She has forgotten neither her husband nor her son-in-law, whom she came to love dearly. She is filled with pity for her daughter, who never remarried or had a home of her own. Now Anna devotes almost all her time to her children at the nursery and their needs.

The Minchenkov family still has many of its old friends. One is Leonid's friend Pavel Sokur, an army officer until recently, when he was demobilized during the reduction in the Soviet armed forces. He is now an auto mechanic.

Another is a neighbor, Vladimir Prostakov, a young poet whose hobbies are hunting and sports. A volume of his verse was recently put out by the Smolensk Publishing House. He likes to read his poetry to his friends, particularly his new poems about the tundra, where he lived for several years and did a good deal of hunting, about bird migration, about people whose youth was clouded by the hard years of the war, and the famous Solovyov crossing near Smolensk, where there was especially heavy fighting in 1941. Leonid got his baptism of fire there.

Pavel Sokur is most apt to talk about the building that is going on in Smolensk, the playground where his two children spend the day, the latest soccer game, a novel he has just read, and the current concerts and plays, which he always attends.

Leonid contributes with stories about the things that happen to people who are just learning to drive and keeps his friends in stitches.

They also talk about the war and recall episodes from life in the army. They feel no hatred for the Germans but they do hate fascism with every fiber of their being. They are optimistic, these war veterans, and have faith in a future of stable peace.

"Actions always speak louder than words," says Leonid. "Those soldiers of ours, more than a million of them, who have just returned to civilian life, are a fact, not merely words. And everyone will agree, no matter who he is, whether a scientist or a stevedore, an American or a Frenchman, that a country which wants war would never reduce its army."

The ones who have the best time in the Minchenkov family are the children. They are growing up in a happy, secure atmosphere. The war did not touch them. But they know about it. They hear the grown-ups talk about Grandfather and Uncle Georgi, and the older children ask questions about them. They know that war is something bad, something terrible that takes people you love away from you.

The war brought the Minchenkov family and millions of other families great suffering. That is why they are doing everything they can to end this scourge for all time.

We can and must live in friendship

BUILDING A BRIDGE TO COOPERATION

Dmitri Polyansky, *Chairman, Council of Ministers, Russian Federative Republic*

THE PLEASANT RECOLLECTIONS we carried back home with us from our three-week visit to the United States in February are still vivid although it is some considerable time since our plane left the New York airport for home. Ours was more than just a return for the tour of the Soviet Union made by the delegation of American governors last fall, it was an expression of the earnest wish of the Soviet people for lasting friendship with the American people.

When you want to build a bridge, you look for building materials. We, too, looked for materials with which to build—those that would bring us closer, not those that divide us—we are all sufficiently aware of our differences. We found out that the desire for friendship and cooperation was mutual.

We all know that another war, with modern weapons, would be catastrophic. We learned as we traveled around the United States, meeting and talking to people, that the overwhelming majority of Americans want to see differences settled around a conference table, not a battlefield. They want good relations, exchange of scientific and cultural material, mutually profitable trade.

We have not yet learned how to control the weather, but we can change the international climate. We have learned that we can, given the desire, shift the global barometer from "stormy" to "fair." Our American trip made that evident. Wherever we traveled, to North Dakota or Idaho, West Virginia or Illinois, we felt that warmer USA-USSR weather had set in as a result of Premier Khrushchev's visit. We are certain that President Eisenhower's trip to our country will be a positive factor in improved Soviet-American relations.

None of the members of our delegation had been to the United States previously. We knew about your country from books—its history, industrial and agricultural development, its politics and culture—from talks with Americans visiting the Soviet Union. So that what we saw on our trip did not come as a discovery or a surprise.

But even the most descriptive and detailed of books, newspaper reports and films can only substitute for personal impressions. And there is nothing that can substitute for personal contact, for a cordial handshake and a friendly look. We carried away the warmest memories of the people we met everywhere, their hospitality and friendship.

Our delegation visited a number of industrial plants, farms, schools and government agencies. We talked with all kinds of people—businessmen and officials, industrial workers and students, farmers and scientists, newspapermen and radio and TV commentators. They acquainted us with American thinking and attitudes, and we told them about the way our people live and their hopes for a peaceful world. We did, from time to time, meet people who were badly misinformed about us, some who had not even the most elementary notion of what the Soviet Union really was, but these people, we are certain, do not speak for America. The great majority of Americans wanted to know about our country and people, and were eager to exchange understanding.

On our return home we reported on our trip at meetings and through the press and conveyed the many greetings we had been asked to transmit from Americans. President Eisenhower had received our delegation before we left for home and we were happy to convey his greetings to Premier Khrushchev and to all Soviet people.

The President had expressed the thought that the most important task our countries had was to find peaceful ways of settling problems. That is a sentiment to which we all subscribe. The difference in social systems and ideologies must not be allowed to prevent understanding between the United States and the Soviet Union. We must give friendship and cooperation room to develop and grow. We want the Russian words "mir" and "druzhba"—peace and friendship—to be as familiar to Americans as "sputnik."

WE AWAIT THE PRESIDENT'S VISIT WITH PLEASURE

Dinmuhamed Kunayev, ***Member of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet, Kazakh Republic***

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE we met during the course of our tour of nine states showed great interest in our many-sided Soviet life. I was asked many questions about Kazakhstan and was able to acquaint people with the great transformation that my republic, once a backward national minority province of czarist Russia, had undergone during the Soviet period.

I spoke not only of our present progress in industry and agriculture, education, science, art, but of our aspirations for the future, of our hope for a peaceful world in which these aspirations can be realized. These hopes, I found, were shared by Americans.

I should like to express my thanks and those of my fellow-travelers for our warm reception. Let's expand our exchanges, let's have more reciprocal visits. I assure President Eisenhower that all Soviet people await his visit to our country with pleasure.

WE RESPECT WHAT AMERICANS HAVE BUILT

Nikifor Kalchenko, ***Chairman, Council of Ministers, Ukrainian Republic***

WE HAD HOPED that we would be welcomed on our visit to the United States and that our trip would be pleasant, but the heartiness with which we were greeted wherever we went, and the friendliness shown us by high officials and plain people in all the states we toured far surpassed our expectations.

I saw what American talent and industry have built—tall cities, factories and mills, farms and gardens, universities and hospitals. These are great material and cultural values which we Ukrainians and all other Soviet people esteem. We wish Americans long years of peace to build many more.

Our people know only too well what war brings in destruction. Twice over the past four decades the Ukraine has experienced war on its own soil. We are determined to see that this does not happen again. With concerted, constructive efforts of all nations, it need not happen again.

We Ukrainians are embarked on a great building job. All our thought and work are directed to achieving for our republic and our country the high goals set by the seven-year plan. We have done much during the Soviet years to build our industries and our farms and to raise the living standards of our people. We have moved ahead of many West-European countries in our ability to produce, in our technology and science—countries that were far ahead of us not too long ago. At present we have moved ahead even of the United States in our per capita output of pig iron, steel, manganese, coke, beet sugar and of butter and milk. All this—and more—we are able to do with our country and the world at peace.

Americans, too, are builders and need and want peace to build—this is the strong impression that all of us in the delegation had as we crossed the United States. It made us feel sure that our hopes for a peaceful globe would become reality.

Our warm thanks to the many Americans who did all they possibly could to make us acquainted with their country. When you come to the Ukraine, we shall meet you with the same friendliness.

We can and must live in friendship

WE COMPARED PROGRESS

Givi Dzhavakhishvili, ***Chairman, Council of Ministers, Georgian Republic***

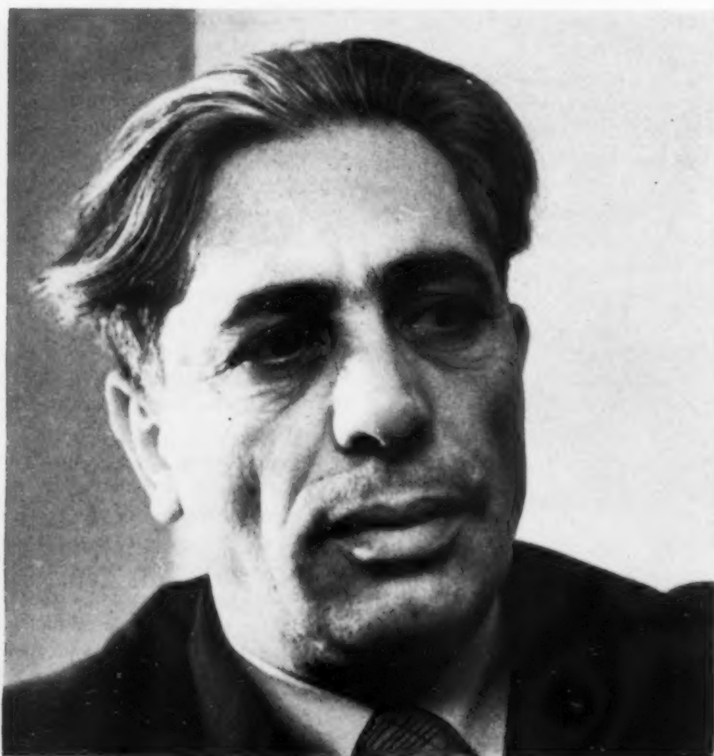
OUR TOUR WAS SO ARRANGED that we could make return visits to the state governors whom we had met in the Soviet Union last year. This was an especially pleasant feature of our trip because we were able to exchange greetings once again. When the governors visited my republic, they were interested in seeing different sides of Georgian life and I was glad to show them around. They were no less hospitable when we visited their states.

As we traveled around the country we naturally kept thinking in terms of comparisons—the technical progress that the American people had made over the years and our industrial development. Our impression was that in spite of the difference in time, the level of technology and production in our country is not very far behind that of the United States.

I met a number of American physicians, educators and people in other fields of work who had visited Georgia. They thought our standards of public health and education were high. They suggested that closer relations be established between Georgian scientists and cultural workers and Americans in similar fields of study. We welcomed all ideas they had that would promote better understanding.

MORE EXCHANGE MEANS MORE UNDERSTANDING

Mamed Iskenderov, ***Chairman, Council of Ministers, Azerbaijan Republic***



MY COUNTRYMEN, the Azerbaijanians, rate hospitality as one of the most important of virtues—both hospitality given and hospitality received. I found that in that respect we are much like Americans. Wherever we went we were met with warm cordiality and pressing invitations to come again. The press, radio and television, on the whole, reported our tour favorably.

I was impressed with the lively interest shown in the Soviet Union and in my republic. It was evident on repeated occasions that people in America wish to see the cold war and the arms race ended.

It is salutary that Americans in general are becoming more familiar with the facts of Soviet life. Our delegation saw some places in the United States that Soviet people had never been to before. It was the first chance the people there had to see and talk with Soviet citizens. I was glad to have the opportunity to tell the Americans we met about the progress my republic had made during the Soviet period. Much of this was news to them. More complete and more accurate information makes for greater understanding. And understanding is a prerequisite for peace.

The Press Must Serve the Cause of Peace

Pavel Satyukov (left), Chairman of the USSR Journalists' Union Board, during his U.S. visit.

The editors of USSR Illustrated Monthly *asked Pavel Satyukov, Chairman of the Board of the USSR Journalists' Union and Editor-in-Chief of* Pravda, *to answer some questions concerning the work of the Journalists' Union and its international contacts.*

Q: How do the Soviet press and the Journalists' Union help to consolidate peace and friendship among nations?

A: The will of the people is sacred to the workers of the Soviet press and their Union. That is why each of the 25,000 members of the Journalists' Union, irrespective of their place of employment—newspaper or magazine editorial offices, radio or television—regards it his duty to carry out the will of the people—to facilitate the development of friendly relations and peaceful cooperation among all countries regardless of their social systems.

Perhaps you recall that the head of the Soviet government said in his first meeting with U.S. journalists in the National Press Club in Washington that whether or not the people get true information largely depends on the newspapermen, on their objectivity. The Soviet newsmen are fully aware of their responsibility to the readers and spread only that information which serves the cause of bringing nations closer together. It is quite understandable, therefore, that such an urgent issue of our times as disarmament finds Soviet journalists its most sincere supporters. We tell our people about the peace moves of the Soviet government, about the progress of the disarmament talks, and how the atomic test-ban negotiations are proceeding in Geneva.

We believe that the journalist covering major international events should be guided by the noble ideas of peace and friendship. The USSR Journalists' Union, in its Appeal to journalists of all countries and continents, urges them to follow this course.

The Soviet journalists call upon their colleagues to devote all their writing skill and energy to the defense of peace and the implementation of the wonderful dream of mankind —to beat swords into plowshares.

Q: How does the USSR Journalists' Union help to establish contacts with the workers of the press in other countires?

A: The USSR Journalists' Union tries in every way to broaden and strengthen friendly contacts with the workers of the press, radio and television of all countries. We are convinced that such contacts promote the establishment of better understanding between countries and help us to provide our readers with fuller information about the life of peoples of other countries. At the same time these contacts make it possible for our foreign colleagues to get a better picture of Soviet life and the peaceful aspirations of the Soviet people.

The representatives of the press of many countries have visited the Soviet Union in the past few years. In 1959 alone Soviet journalists were hosts to a group of newspaper editors from the Federal Republic of Germany, a delegation of editors of French provincial newspapers, press representatives of Austria, Finland, Chile, Afghanistan, Japan, Uruguay and Venezuela. They were all given every opportunity to familiarize themselves with the work of our newspapers and magazines, with the activities of Soviet journalists, and to collect information of interest to them about the life of the Soviet people. Our guests not only visited Moscow but also toured the country. They went to the Caucasus, Siberia and other regions.

Delegations of the USSR Journalists' Union have also traveled abroad. We are grateful to our colleagues for their hospitality and for the opportunities of observing the work of the editorial offices of newspapers and magazines. We are also grateful to them for the very interesting discussions we had on various problems of our work.

Many new friendly contacts were established by Soviet journalists who accompanied Nikita S. Khrushchev, head of the Soviet government, on his U.S. and Asian tours and during his recent visit to France. They met with their foreign colleagues and helped them understand the peaceable aspirations of our people and government.

The USSR Journalists' Union takes an active part in international meetings of journalists. Soviet journalists were present at the first international gathering of journalists in Finland in 1956. Our representatives were elected to the committee entrusted with preparations for the second international meeting, scheduled for this coming autumn in a European country. We are actively preparing for this meeting and hope to be able to exchange views there with representatives of the United States, Britain, France and other Western countries. Journalists of some of the East European countries have also expressed the desire to take part in this meeting.

We think it a good idea for journalists who work in different fields to get together. Our delegates have exchanged experiences in reporting on agrarian questions and have met with essayists, commentators on international affairs, and sports correspondents. An international meeting of journalists who write on economics is slated for the end of June in Moscow. Journalists of 45 countries, including the United States, have been invited to attend this meeting.

Q: Does the USSR Journalists' Union plan to establish and develop friendly relations with the workers of the U.S. press and their organizations?

A: We welcome the establishment of all kinds of contacts and relations between Soviet and American journalists—exchange of delegations, reciprocal meetings and talks.

Many American journalists visited the Soviet Union last year. A large group of correspondents accompanied Vice President Nixon. We were happy to meet our American colleagues and tried to be as helpful as we could.

Our journalists will give full coverage to President Eisenhower's reciprocal visit to the Soviet Union. We are confident that this visit will help further improve relations between our countries. We are looking forward impatiently to meeting American journalists again, especially those with whom we traveled through the United States in the memorable days of September 1959. We shall also accord a most cordial welcome to our new acquaintances as well.

We shall do everything in our power to consolidate the friendly relations between the peoples of our countries and to develop cooperation between the representatives of the press of the USSR and the USA.

We propose to our American colleagues to compete in our field of work and in this way to serve the noble cause of peace and international cooperation.

СЕГОДНЯ В ПАРИЖ С МИССИЕЙ МИРА И ДРУЖБЫ
ПРИБЫВАЕТ ГЛАВА СОВЕТСКОГО ПРАВИТЕЛЬСТВА Н. С. ХРУЩЕВ

ИЗВЕСТИЯ

МОСКВА—ПАРИЖ

A LOOK BEHIND

THE PAGES OF IZVESTIA

Our home news editor could use an extra pair of hands.

Our photo men all hope to get there even before it happens.

By Solomon Garbuzov
Photos by Konstantin Tolstikov

I DON'T SUPPOSE there is a newspaperman anywhere in the world who doesn't feel a real sense of exhilaration when he watches people reading the paper he just saw roll off the presses. I am certainly no exception. In the subway I usually try to stay close to anyone who reads *Izvestia* while I cast a grudging eye at those who prefer another newspaper. Soviet papers do not compete in the ordinary sense; they are neither political nor commercial rivals. All of them cover the news and have special features, but each one has its own specific character, its own techniques of reporting and is directed to a particular audience.

To Get More Readers

Nevertheless, there is no denying a spirit of emulation, call it friendly competition, if you prefer the term. Each paper strives to get more readers by enlarging its range of appeal, by finding more interesting ways of reporting news, by more striking make-up and so on. So that on this particular morning I am pleased to see that larger numbers of my fellow subway riders are going through *Izvestia*. That repays me for sleepless nights of work grinding out a story, for rush trips by plane and rail from one end of the country to the other and the hundred other discomforts that every working newspaperman always likes to complain about.

During these short subway "meetings" with readers, I'm always interested in figuring out where they are from, what features they turn to and in what order. All this morning's readers, without exception, look through the front page news first. That is to be expected. In this issue our front page lead is Nikita Khrushchev's trip to Indonesia, India, Burma and Afghanistan, reported by our special correspondent.

Who Are the Readers?

Seated to my right is a man who is getting on in years but he still has the healthy look and the fresh complexion of a man who exercises. He goes through the foreign and home news quickly, then turns to the sports page. Ah, I say to myself, I guessed it. From the way his attention is riveted to the sports articles and photos, he was almost certainly an athlete at one time, is still interested in sports, and still keeps himself in trim. After going through the sports page with a fine comb, my neighbor turns to a feature story from one of our Siberian correspondents on newly discovered diamond deposits in Yakutia. A diamond miner? I don't know and a guess won't help, so I turn to a man on my left.

He wears horn-rimmed glasses and carries a bulging briefcase. He gives the sports page the most cursory kind of glance and gets back to the front page. The item that seems to interest him most is an article written by a Urals factory worker. We featured it in the space usually reserved for the editorial and I'm personally interested because I was against giving it that prominence when today's issue was being laid out at the editorial board meeting. I didn't think the article was that important.

If this reader's reaction is any index, then I was wrong. He is clearly very much interested and is reading the piece with enjoyment. It has to do with the use of new and more efficient machinery to raise the production level of the country's industry, is somewhat technical but not too much so for the interested layman, and cites facts and figures. On the whole an interesting and businesslike analysis of a question that has vital bearing on the country's economy. Is my reader an economist? A factory manager? An interested layman? A factory worker? He might be any of these.

Information Source and Public Forum

Our socialist society, by its very nature, tends to draw more and more people into the management of their government. The citizen is interested not only in those things that concern him immediately, he feels a much wider civic and social responsibility that takes in everything that happens in the country. Our readers are interested in all areas of national endeavor. They look on *Izvestia*, as well as all other newspapers, not only as a source of information, but as a public forum. Letters, articles and reports by factory workers, collective farmers, and people in the sciences, arts and other fields of work are published every day in the week in our newspapers. This is a time honored tradition of the Soviet press—the direct participation of thousands of readers as local correspondents, letter writers and contributors.

To get back to the subway—after carefully marking his place in the article with a pencil, the man with the briefcase folds up his paper and gets off at the next station. This turns out to be a good morning for *Izvestia*—the young woman who takes the empty seat is also one of our readers. She is so absorbed in a feature story—the overseas travel diary of a botanist—that she almost goes past her stop.

I'm sorry when the train gets to my station because I've just been straining my ears to overhear a conversation that a man and woman have struck up, both *Izvestia* readers, about our latest "stringer." That's what we call feature stories that come out of our "Suggestion, Advice and Complaint Office," open

СЕГОДНЯ В ПАРИЖ С МИССИЕЙ МИРА И ДРУЖ
ПРИБЫВАЕТ ГЛАВА СОВЕТСКОГО ПРАВИТЕЛЬСТВА Н. С. ХРУЩЕВ

ИЗВЕСТИЯ

СЧАСТЛИВОГО ПУТИ

ДОБРО ПОЖАЛОВАТЬ

МОСКВА—

A Look Behind the Pages of Izvestia

When your deadline runs around the clock, you haven't time to sit.

This citizen wants the paper to publicize a matter he thinks very important. We will if it's a matter of general interest.

to readers for precisely the purposes named. This particular "stringer"—they always set off an animated debate and a flood of pro and con letters—has to do with a person victimized by a judicial error.

Neither our press nor our readers hide away from pernicious facts. They must be aired, discussed, argued if they are not to poison the social atmosphere. The more our people learn, the better they live, the less they tolerate self-seeking, injustice, bureaucracy—anything which tends to act as a drag, to slow down their progress. Our press and our readers are often sharply critical. This is a sign of growing inner strength. We all know that the healthier the organism, the faster it rids itself of harmful germs.

World News to Sunday Excursions

This issue of *Izvestia* I am talking about ran stories on the reaction of foreign audiences to our visiting artists; new problems our men of science are tackling; the opening of a new tourist Moscow-Kiev one-hour fast flight with TU-114's and IL-18's. This last

JUST OFF THE PRESS. EACH ISSUE OF *IZVESTIA* COVERS A WIDE RANGE OF NEWS AND FEATURES. OUR PAPER NOT ONLY MIRRORS EVENTS, IT HELPS TO SHAPE THEM.

CHAIRMAN OF THE COUNCIL OF MINISTERS NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV AND *IZVESTIA* EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ALEXEI ADZHUBEI TAKE A LOOK AT THE LATEST ISSUE OF THE PAPER.

There's more to a paper than the reporting and writing. We keep working for better make-up.

The daily circulation of *Izvestia* is 2.5 million. Our Sunday supplement gets to many more readers.

Readers give us our ideas and themes—they do it very directly with a continuous stream of letters to the editor. Our mail from readers runs to a thousand letters or more every day.

СЕГОДНЯ В ПАРИЖ С МИССИЕЙ МИРА И ДРУЖБЫ ПРИБЫВАЕТ ГЛАВА СОВЕТСКОГО ПРАВИТЕЛЬСТВА Н. С. ХРУЩЕВ

СЧАСТЛИВОГО ПУТИ! говорят советские люди

ДОБРО ПОЖАЛОВАТЬ! говорят французы

ИЗВЕСТИЯ

МОСКВА—ПАРИЖ

A Look Behind the Pages of Izvestia

Editor-in-Chief
Teleprinter Service
Managing Editor
Copy Reader
Domestic News
USSR
Economic Department
Typists' Room
Library
Layout
Sunday Supplement
A WEEK
Foreign News
Political Articles
Literature and the Arts
Science and Technology
MOON
Children's Department
Suggestions and Complaints Department
Letters to the Editor
POST
Sports
Barbershop
IZVESTIA
Make-up

article spoke of the large numbers of Moscow workers who were using the service for a pleasant Sunday family excursion to Kiev. A flight like it runs between Moscow and Leningrad and is so popular that seats have to be booked well in advance.

A whole page of this issue was devoted to books. This was a special feature requested by readers. The response was excellent. We got more than a thousand letters in the ten days after publication. We printed some of the most pertinent—one of them complained that the reader hadn't been able to find certain children's books in the stores. We checked with the publisher to find out why and commented editorially.

Each issue covers a wide range of news and feature subjects—from the latest world development to a review of a current movie. But our paper is not merely a mirror in which life is reflected objectively, it takes an active hand in changing, transforming, improving life. Our papers have an important responsibility as teachers, an honored responsibility, emphasizes the Communist Party.

If we can judge from circulation figures, *Izvestia* has its readers' approval. The number of our subscribers has steadily grown. It is near the two million mark now, with another half-million copies sold at newsstands all over the country. Our illustrated Sunday supplement, *Nedelya (The Week)*, has a very big circulation. We estimate that *Izvestia* reaches some seven million people every day, figuring conservatively that three persons read every copy.

Planning the Issue

Our editorial board meets daily to plan the issue. The board decides what goes into the issue—there are none of these "orders from above" that some foreign commentators like to speculate about. Our conferences, though brief—there is no time for endless debate on a daily paper—are more often than not very lively, sometimes heated, sessions. These are individuals with different approaches and strong convictions whose collective function is to react speedily to the urgent news of the day, and to present the news intelligently and interestingly.

It goes without saying that Soviet journalists wholeheartedly support communism and the Soviet system. We believe that real freedom in creative work can come only with the ideological understanding that foresees and shapes the future. We guide ourselves by communism as a philosophy and a way of life.

The editorial board is wholly responsible for the paper. In addition to the editor-in-chief and his assistants it includes the heads of departments—foreign, economics, agriculture, literature and so on. The staff reporters come to the department heads with ideas prompted by their contact with people and situations.

Here is an instance taken at random out of my own experience. I wrote a story I called *Human Relations*. It was based on a rather simple incident I learned about during a trip to Leningrad—about a man who almost didn't get married to a girl he loved because she worked at the "unglamorous" trade of waitress. It occurred to me that this situation illustrated a hangover of the past with its false social groupings, a contempt for people who worked in the service trades—waiters, domestic workers, and the like. I collected a good deal of material on the subject and asked the editorial board what it thought. The board liked the idea and so did the readers, judging from the very large letter response.

Letters to the Editor

It was the composer Glinka who said that the people create music, the composer merely writes the score. The same thing could be said of a newspaper. The readers give us our ideas and subjects—they do it very directly with a continuous stream of letters to the editor. Our daily mail from readers runs to 1000 or more. Each letter comes from a particular individual, with particular ideas, wants, needs and with interests that are as different and as varied as people themselves are.

A blacksmith from the Zaporozhye Region writes us. He ponders over the word "nobility" and points out that in the past, as the root shows, the word meant people of aristocratic birth. We still use the term but its meaning has changed. And here is what this Zaporozhye blacksmith thinks the meaning is:

"I believe that he is noble who is free from the feeling of envy and rejoices as much in the happiness of other people as he does in his own. A noble individual would never get material profit at the expense of some other person. Everything he possesses and benefits from is the product of the work of his hand and brain. Moreover, he is always willing to share his knowledge and skill with other people. He is fully aware of the great truth that to give brings more joy than to acquire for one's self alone."

And here is another letter. It comes from Alma-Ata, the capital of Kazakhstan, and is written by an accountant who complains about the management of the factory he works for. They could, he writes, manufacture their products with less labor and materials but the management pays no attention to the many suggestions made by the workers. He wants us to do something about it. And of course we do.

We call up our correspondent in Alma-Ata and ask him to interview the letter writer and check on the facts. If they are true, we publish the letter and have the management of the factory called to account.

Readers Dictate the Editorials

A number of our columns other than "Letters to the Editor" get much of their material from readers' communications. Our column titled "The World of an Intellectual"—which describes how a real intellectual thinks and talks, as contrasted with the person who pretends to knowledge he is too lazy to acquire, gets a good deal of mail. So does "Ideas on Education" from parents and teachers.

Letters often will dictate our editorials. Recently we received one from a group of workers at the Frezer plant in Moscow which was concerned with the quality of consumer goods on sale in the stores. The letter went on to say that in the past when we were building up our industry and recovering from the war damage, our factories were mostly concerned with quantity. When housing and clothing are in short supply people must make do. But these difficulties are ancient history and with industry and farming moving ahead so fast, we ought not to be satisfied with quantity alone. Our main job is quality—more durable, more attractive and more serviceable products.

The Frezer workers suggested the slogan "Soviet Made Means Perfectly Made." We liked the slogan and used it as a banner head for the letter. It brought in a large number of replies. Several of them complained about the quality of shoes being turned out. We called a conference of footwear workers, shoe salesmen and factory heads at which we discussed all aspects of shoe production. We ran a summary of the conference under the head "Make Big Strides Forward with Good-Looking Shoes."

Follow-Up on Criticism

Our press exerts a good deal of influence. Soviet law makes it incumbent on government officials and bodies at all levels to react without delay to press statements on matters that lie within their province. When government bodies or officials are criticized, they are required to inform the public through the press whether they think the criticism justified, and if so, what measures they are taking to correct the situation. It is the job of the newspaper to keep the public informed of progress.

Not long ago our paper carried a good many letters from readers complaining about the number of documents and references that had to be presented by a person when he applies for a job or has to take care of some kinds of official business. After a study of the matter by a government body, a decision was reached that cut a lot of the red tape in these matters, to everybody's great satisfaction.

The fact that our articles have weight and influence makes our responsibility a heavy one. It is a basic precept with us that a fact published is one which the writer has carefully checked as true and one for which he is ready to answer. There is no room in our paper for unsubstantiated rumor, gossip or distorted information. Nor do our papers print anything which does not measure up to the ethical standards our society demands of us. We do not, for example, feature sensational murder or crime stories with their lurid details.

The *Izvestia* building is located on the big square in Moscow named after Alexander Pushkin. A statue of the poet stands in the square. The people will long revere his memory, reads the phrase carved into the pedestal, because his poetry aroused their finer sensibilities. We too, in our way, and with our more modest craft, work toward the same end.

At the request of *USSR Illustrated Monthly*, popular Soviet cartoonist Ivan Semyonov sketched his impressions of the editorial offices of Izvestia at work. Semyonov visited the United States in 1958 and was made an honorary member of the Association of American Editorial Cartoonists.

May Day

Proud leaders of a May Day parade. Everywhere young people and old march in their festive best.

The whole of Moscow turns out for the holiday. An athlete's contingent parades through Red Square.

The flags and gay bunting make a colorful backdrop for the spring flowers the marchers carry.

The general spirit of the celebrations is reflected in the inscription on this banner: For peace and friendship.

y Celebrations

Many of the country's famed concert artists, drama groups and circus stars do outdoor shows.

The streets on May First are alive with music and laughter as the young people dance and sing in the open. Forbidden before the Revolution, the holiday was observed by workers in out-of-the-way places.

Baku, the capital of Azerbaijan. In the evening after the parade it is traditional in Soviet cities to fire a long artillery salvo in celebration of May Day.

The public buildings are all aglow for the festive occasion. The letters above the Lenin portrait read: The 7-year plan is the business of millions.

May Day Celebrations

It is a very special holiday, these dancers will tell you—a day to spend with friends, to feel you are part of this great country of Soviet people.

This May Day falls in a spring that brings added assurance of peace—one that will permit young people like these and others the world over to build a happy future.

The varied costumes of the peoples of the multi-national country add splashes of color to the vivid display made by the gay paraders.

Age is no barrier to the whole-hearted enjoyment of the spectacle, with spirit enough for father and color galore for his little daughter.

Vazgen Gazaryan, deputy to the USSR Supreme Soviet, just back from a session in Moscow, gives his shopmates firsthand impressions. Like many other deputies, he is an industrial worker, a lathe operator at the Yerevan Electrical Equipment Plant.

WHO ARE THEIR STATESMEN?

By Yuri Pavlov

Photos by Alexander Mokletsov

A SHORT WHILE before the Socialist Revolution of 1917 that established a people's government in Russia, a czarist newspaper wrote scornfully: "Suppose we admit for the sake of argument that the Bolsheviks win. Who will then govern the country? Cooks and firemen, stable-boys and stokers, perhaps? Or will it be nursemaids who take time off from washing diapers to come to meetings of the State Council? Who are their statesmen? Perhaps mechanics will look after the theaters, plumbers take care of diplomacy, and carpenters run the postal and telegraph system? Will that happen? No! Can that happen? History will answer the Bolsheviks in no uncertain manner for his lunacy."

History has indeed answered in no uncertain manner, but somewhat differently than that badly mistaken editorial prophesied.

Each of the fifteen Union Republics has its own constitution, its own legislature and its own government. Since Vazgen Gazaryan is one of the deputies who represent Armenia in the national parliament, he is often asked to sit in at meetings of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of Armenia.

The deputy consults with local police officers. The law requires that all government agencies reply to queries made by deputies within three days.

His activities are as varied as the needs and wishes of his constituents, even these very young ones in a kindergarten in his native city, Yerevan.

The men and women who make the laws of the Soviet Union are its workers—its mechanics and plumbers and carpenters. Of the 1,378 deputies in the USSR Supreme Soviet, more than a thousand are directly engaged in industrial and farm production; the others are workers in science and health, education and the arts, public and government leaders.

Lathe Operator from Armenia

One of these 1,378 deputies is Vazgen Gazaryan from Yerevan, capital of Armenia. He is lathe operator at the Yerevan Electrical Equipment Plant where he has been working since he was 17. He followed in the footsteps of his father who was also a lathe operator, and from his father, too, he learned to respect good craftsmanship. Now, nearly 20 years later, he does the highly skilled tooling jobs and trains the new men.

When someone thanks Gazaryan for sharing know-how "secrets," he usually feels embarrassed. "No need to thank me," he replies. "You're learning from me what I learned from my shopmates. I, too, had to be trained in much the same way."

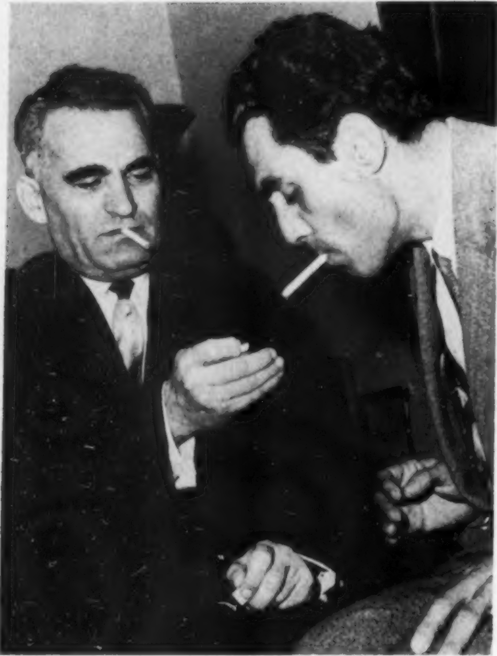
Almost a hundred machinists have learned their trade with his help. Workers from other factories often drop in at his shop for advice on some particularly knotty job.

Gazaryan is a member of the plant's trade union committee and his particular responsibility is to check on working conditions. For him the term working conditions is rather broad. It means safety—he had photoelectric devices mounted on presses and lathes for accident prevention. It also means comfort—he had the regular lighting replaced by fluorescent lamps. And it means aesthetics as well—he had the factory yard laid out with flower beds.

"I thought we ought to have something pleasanter to look at than pavement," he told me when I stopped in to see him at the plant.

He showed me around the tool shop where he works and told me much of interest about gauging and the use his dies are put to. His background, I thought, was more like an engineer's than a plain worker's. He explained that he had graduated from engineering secondary school and was planning to enroll for the correspondence course given by the Yerevan Polytechnical Institute.

Gazaryan's well-earned reputation of a topnotch expert in his field, his readiness to share his experience and help fellow workers, his



Preparing for a session, Deputy Gazaryan meets with Armenian Communist Party leader Suren Tovmasyan.

WHO ARE THEIR STATESMEN?

He asks the advice of Anton Kochinyan, the republic's premier, on a proposed local project.

At a session of a local Soviet. Gazaryan does not confine his work to national problems. A new children's hospital was needed recently for a growing community and he saw to it that it was built.

active participation in trade union life—all this combined to bring him popularity at the plant. The city newspapers, radio and television frequently reported his achievements at the job and in social activities. This is how the people in his neighborhood and then in all of Yerevan came to know him well.

Candidate for Public Office

Early in 1958, during the country-wide campaign for elections of the present USSR Supreme Soviet, Gazaryan's name was registered in the list of candidates. He was nominated by the citizens of the Yerevan-Lenin electoral district, one of 25 formed in Armenia for elections to the Soviet of Nationalities.

The USSR Supreme Soviet is made up of two chambers with equal rights—the Soviet of the Union and the Soviet of Nationalities.

The Soviet of the Union represents the interests of all citizens without regard to nationality. Deputies are elected on the basis of population—one for every 300,000 people.

The Soviet of Nationalities represents the specific interests of different national groups. Each Union Republic, regardless of its size, elects 25 deputies; each Autonomous Republic, 11 deputies; each Autonomous Region, 5 deputies; each National Area, one deputy. The Russian Federation, which has a population exceeding 117 million, has the same number of representatives in the Soviet of Nationalities as Armenia with its 1.7 million people.

Both chambers have approximately the same number of deputies, all elected for four-year terms. Legislation may be initiated by either chamber but to become law a bill must be passed by both houses.

Election Procedure

This is the election procedure. Any group of assembled voters and any public organization—Communist Party, trade union or cultural society—may nominate one or more candidates. Each group campaigns for its nominee or nominees at public meetings, through the press, radio, television or any other medium. Then elected representatives of these groups meet, discuss each of the nominees and decide by vote which one they think most worthy of a place on the ballot. The voters approve or disapprove at the polls.

Gazaryan was nominated at a meeting of the workers in his plant. The nomination was seconded by Yerevan railway workers who vote in the same electoral district. He was also one of the three candidates nominated by the workers of a textile mill in the district.

Yerevan, like most other cities in the Soviet Union, is building at a very rapid rate. The deputy with city architect and planner Eduard Seropyan.

Housing is, of course, the primary building job, but Gazaryan also checks restoration progress on this cathedral that was built in the year 661.

One of the very pleasant duties of this parliamentary deputy is to sample the products of the Ararat vineyards, famous the world over for fine wines.

This repeated nomination is not unusual in the case of well-liked and respected people like Gazaryan. There were more than 150 campaign meetings held in his electoral district. He appeared at all, told the voters about himself, answered their questions and explained his standpoint on local, national and international questions.

Shopmates did a good deal of personal canvassing for Gazaryan and posted leaflets with his biographical sketch all over the electoral district. The local press, radio and television came out for his election.

All campaign expenses of each candidate without distinction are covered by the government. This is consistent with the constitutional provision that not only guarantees every citizen free speech, press and assembly, but provides him with the wherewithal to exercise these rights.

Gazaryan was elected by an absolute majority—only a few hundred citizens voted against him by crossing his name from the ballot. After the Central Election Commission had certified the election, he was declared a deputy to the USSR Supreme Soviet.

The Deputies Meet

The USSR Supreme Soviet is not in session the year round, as is the case of parliaments in some other countries. The deputies work alongside their constituents in the factories and offices and on the farms. They do not lose contact with the people they represent. At sessions of the country's legislature they speak as informed and understanding workers themselves, thoroughly cognizant of the needs of their neighbors and shopmates.

Regular sessions of the USSR Supreme So-

Gazaryan receives about 300 letters a month on problems that range from national to personal.

WHO ARE THEIR STATESMEN?

Not too many service stations in this mountain country, and a deputy, besides being a lawmaker, must be something of an automobile mechanic if he's to get to his rural constituents.

Although the plant arranges his work schedule so that he can carry on his legislative activities, Gazaryan never has enough time. He'll often conduct civic business enroute to his job.

He has an office assigned to him at the plant where he can receive callers. For his work as deputy he is given a modest allowance of 1,000 rubles a month and the services of a typist.

viet are held at least twice a year. At one of the last sessions the deputies had to discuss and adopt laws on the 1960 national budget and on the 1960 national economic plan. This involved all kinds of questions concerning each republic and region, the well being of every citizen in every part of the country.

More than 70 deputies spoke in discussion presenting their considerations on the government bills. Some deputies were bluntly critical of the work of plainly designated government agencies and officials.

A number of amendments were proposed—an increase in capital investment, a larger allocation for building new social and cultural facilities, and other changes of similar national consequence. There were also numbers of proposals for local projects submitted by the deputies. These were all carefully studied and then tied in with the national plan.

Deputy Gazaryan made a speech which attracted considerable attention at the session. He took the State Planning Commission to task for not making provision for certain types of equipment and materials which are required to increase automation in industry. His remarks, although sharp, were positive and constructive and derived from his experience as a machinist.

Gazaryan proposed very practically that the engineering works in Yerevan, Kirovakan and Leninakan be equipped as quickly as possible with modern metal-cutting lathes and other special machines. "That single step," he said, "would boost output of the whole Armenian Republic."

His proposal, as well as many others made by the deputies, were incorporated into the 1960 national economic plan approved by the USSR Supreme Soviet.

Gazaryan's proposal did not come out of the blue. He received the draft of the 1960 economic plan and budget several months before the legislators met in the Grand Kremlin Palace. He had checked through the provisions carefully, especially where they touched on local industrial undertakings. Then he had visited many of the bigger factories and canvassed opinion of workers and managers. He had also talked to the head of the Armenian Government and other leaders of the republic.

So Gazaryan's speech to the USSR Supreme Soviet was the distillation of many judgments and opinions.

No Professional Politicians

Gazaryan, like all the other deputies, is not a professional office holder. He combines his political duties with his full-time job as machinist. For his work as deputy he gets a very modest expense allowance of 1,000 rubles a month and his fare to Moscow when the Supreme Soviet meets. He has a secretary who schedules his appointments and does his typing—he gets about 300 letters a month from constituents and each one has to be answered.

Although Gazaryan is working at his plant just as he did before he was elected, he is wholly independent when it comes to his job as deputy. He takes orders from no one but his constituents. He is required to report on his activities to the voters. If the voters find his reports unsatisfactory they can institute proceedings for his recall.

Neither the industrial management nor any government agency can tell Gazaryan what to do. As a matter of fact, the situation is reversed. He can, if he thinks it justified, call the management to account. This is precisely what Gazaryan did not long ago when he published a letter in the press that criticized the work of his plant management and the Economic Council of Armenia.

The plant is obliged to arrange Gazaryan's work schedule so that he can carry through his duties as deputy. He has a room assigned him where he can receive visitors. His usual day for visitors is Saturday but his schedule is flexible enough to take care of people who have to travel to see him. He does some amount of traveling himself, even to Moscow occasionally when a problem can't wait on a parliamentary session.

Soviet law provides that all officials and administrative institutions, including ministries and other government agencies, must reply to all queries by deputies within three days of receipt. Gazaryan makes use of this warrant on frequent occasions to solve local problems.

Solving Problems

There was, for example, an inadequate water supply in some of the localities. Armenia is mountain country and providing a proper water supply is both a technically complex and costly job. Gazaryan collected his arguments and figures, went to Moscow to press the matter before the State Planning Committee. The favorable reply came quickly — additional equipment was to be allocated to Armenia out of national stockpiles.

Constituents call on him frequently to solve personal problems. Recently a group of workers in his shop decided to build their own homes. The State Bank usually grants long-term building loans at two per cent interest and the local Soviet assigns the lot without charge. The difficulty in this case was that the city had used up all suitable land it had available for the purpose.

The deputy talked the problem over with his shopmates, then they all went on a hunt through the neighborhood. They found a lot used for dumping. Gazaryan got the approval of the City Soviet and the plant management agreed to clear the site and supply the equipment and materials for construction. The houses are now being built.

Here is another case. At one of the meetings in Gazaryan's constituency the citizens said that they wanted a wide-screen motion picture theater in their neighborhood. They had a good point, and Gazaryan brought the matter to the attention of the City Soviet and the required funds were granted through the city budget.

Other questions Gazaryan has been busy with recently? Several workers were unlawfully dismissed from their jobs—he got them reinstated. A new maternity clinic and children's hospital were needed for a growing community—he saw that they were built. He's been working to get the new town of Noraresh for Armenians who have returned to their homeland from abroad completed ahead of schedule. His activities as deputy are as different and as varied, he says, as the needs and wishes of his constituents.

The machinist-legislator at home with his family and friends. Armenians pride themselves on being the most hospitable people on earth. The Gazaryan table is always set for visitors.

One of the activities that legislator Gazaryan insists on taking time out for—no matter how pressing affairs of state or community are—his regular game of *nardy* with his two small boys.

The Return of STEPAN PHAK

THE LENINSKOYE ZNAMYA collective farmers said they would carry their protest all the way to the Central Committee of the Communist Party to keep their manager. They did. At the December meeting of the Central Committee, there was a letter addressed to it and to the Party's first secretary, N. S. Khrushchev, from this rather modest-sized farm in the Dmitrovsk District of Oryol Region, and manager Stepan Phak became a *cause célèbre*.

The reason? Stepan Phak is a member of the Communist Party. His party comrades elected him to head the Dmitrovsk District Party Committee and the choice was approved by the Oryol Regional Party Committee, the higher authoritative body. The farmers, however, did not approve and they were very vocal about their non-approval, especially since they had not been asked.

The Oryol Regional Committee said Stepan Phak was needed for the party job, it was an important job and since the choice had to be made, everybody knew that it was a whole lot easier to find a good collective farm chairman than a good party leader. The farmers said that maybe everybody knew it, but they didn't. It was when the discussion began to take this tack and generate more heat than light that the collective farmers protested that they would carry the matter to the Central Committee if need be.

Their letter, adopted at a general meeting of the farm, was brought to Moscow by three representatives and hand delivered. In essence, it said the farmers wanted the manager back and registered their unanimous opinion and sentiment "that the Oryol Regional Party Committee was wrong. . . . We feel that it is easier to find a person for the job of Secretary of the District Committee than a collective farm chairman who has been so devoted to his work as Comrade Phak."

After he had read the letter at the Central Committee meeting, Khrushchev turned to Vasili Markov, Secretary of the Oryol Regional Committee, and asked him why it was that the committee had not asked the farmers how they felt, and why Phak had been chosen for the party job when it was quite evident that the farmers objected. And with the hall applauding, Khrushchev added, "We ask that you reconsider the whole matter in favor of the collective farmers."

How did Stepan Phak win such deep respect and trust of his fellow farmers?

Where the farm stands now, a little way off the major highway from Moscow to Simferopol in the small Russian village of Domakha, there was nothing but the jagged leftovers of solitary smoke-begrimed chimneys 16 or 17 years ago. These gruesome remnants of war have long since been cleared away, replaced by new cottages and farm buildings. The farm grows cereals, sugar beet and hemp and has an expanding livestock division. The fleet of tractors, harvester combines and other machines is farm-owned and constantly augmented. The farm's income has grown from 800,000 rubles for 1953 to 7 million for 1959. This notable rise the farmers attribute to their manager, Stepan Phak. It wasn't always that way.

There were years when the farm did poorly, even times when it foundered pretty hopelessly. All the resources were there—good land, good machinery and good willing people—but the farm just didn't seem to be able to put all this fine potential to profitable use. They even knew where the trouble lay, but what to do about it was the problem.

As far as managers were concerned the farm had had indifferent luck, to put it mildly. Of the succession of managers they had elected, one had turned out to have too little experience, another didn't know how to handle people, a third was too slow and easy going.

It began to feel as though a new manager was elected every time the members of the collective got together. In 1954, without any great show of enthusiasm on anybody's part, Stepan Phak was elected to the job.

Stepan Phak comes from a peasant family. He was born in 1917, the year of the Revolution. After graduating from the village secondary school, he went on to a specialized technical school for farm mechanics and became leader of a tractor team. Even while at school, he was very much socially minded and actively interested in public affairs. That interest moved him to join the Communist Party.

When he got through his army service, he was elected to head the party committee in a district where his knowledge of farming and his good organizational sense stood him in good stead.

In 1953 the Communist Party and the government asked farmers to grow more wheat and raise more livestock and suggested a program for boosting the productive capacity and with it the incomes of collective farms. It was a nationwide effort that was being asked for.

Stepan Phak wanted to participate more directly in that effort. On one occasion the party committee he headed happened to be discussing the very poor showing of the Leninskoye Znamye farm and Phak saw his opportunity. He said, "I should like to work there myself and see what I can do to get things moving." He proposed formally that he be released from his party job so he could work at the farm full time. After some considerable insistence he got his way. Not too long after he joined the farm he was elected manager. With his consent, he was paid half what he had been getting as party district committee leader.

He sent for his family—his wife Galina and young daughter Tonya—and they became very much a part of the farm community. Tonya went to school and Galina became the village librarian. Galina, like her husband, does more than is asked of her. She has organized a kind of bookmobile service and delivers newspapers, magazines and books to people doing field work some distance removed from the village.

Things didn't stand still once Phak got his hand in. And before very long the farm was humming with the changes he instituted. No one remembered for how many centuries the peasants in the village had sown rye as their money crop. Phak suggested they change over to wheat. They tried it and got a bigger and better-paying yield than they had ever done with rye. Then he suggested they grow corn and sugar beet. The corn solved their fodder problem and made it possible to increase the livestock herds. The beet crop brought them a good profit. Last year, as a case in point, 625 acres sown to beets brought in one and a half times as much income as all their 15,000-odd acres had brought in five years ago.

Then the hustling manager proposed that they reclaim the Nerussa River floodlands. He got government help to turn 650 acres of marshland into fertile fields and has plans to reclaim a total of 1,500 acres by 1965.

Had anyone ventured to predict five years ago that the farm would be raising profitable wheat and corn and getting 3,000 quarts of milk a year from a single cow, the villagers would have thought him touched. The first year Phak took over as farm manager they talked hopefully of a million-ruble annual income. Now they plan confidently for an annual income of 19 million rubles by 1965. This is the over-all target figure for the farm's seven-year plan. The plan has a construction program commensurate with that income—a big new community center, a new school, laundry, bakery, hospital and a large number of new cottages. Some of this building has already been checked off on the plan as finished.

It's against this background that the letter was written and personally delivered to the Central Committee of the Communist Party in Moscow. Stepan Phak went back to a celebrating village gathered in the farm office and overflowing into the corridors to listen to a broadcast Nikita Khrushchev was making. "We Communists," said the Premier, "have every reason to be proud of the fact that farmers sent a delegation to Moscow to request that a Communist, the secretary of one of our local committees, be sent back to lead them, to manage their farm, because he knows his job, knows how to organize people, knows how to help them work better."

Economic Council consultants are both designers of machines and the men who work them.

By Yakov Mikhailov

Photos by Dimitri Chernov

SVERDLOVSK ECONOMIC COUNCIL

IT IS THREE YEARS since Soviet industrial management was drastically reorganized. The purpose of the sweeping innovation was to decentralize industrial control and to place greater responsibility locally. The consensus of opinion after the several months of public discussion that preceded adoption of the new managerial structure by the Supreme Soviet was that it would make for greater efficiency, cut paperwork and duplication, spur initiative and bring larger numbers of workers into management.

The 200,000 industrial enterprises and construction projects had until then been directed from ministries in Moscow and the capitals of the republics. These were abolished. The new law divided the country into economic areas, each one with an administrative council in charge. The Sverdlovsk Economic Council is responsible for the heavy concentration of industry in the Urals, a region only third in line after the Moscow and Leningrad districts for volume of industrial output. Although Sverdlovsk manufactures more than 2,000 items that run the gamut from blooming mills and walking excavators to miniature precision instruments and consumer goods, its heavy emphasis—90 per cent and more—is on machine building. About half of all the country's pig iron, steel, rolled stock and oil is produced with equipment manufactured by the plants of the Sverdlovsk Economic Area. Employed by the hundreds of large plants, mines and construction projects are a million workers and some 70,000 engineers.

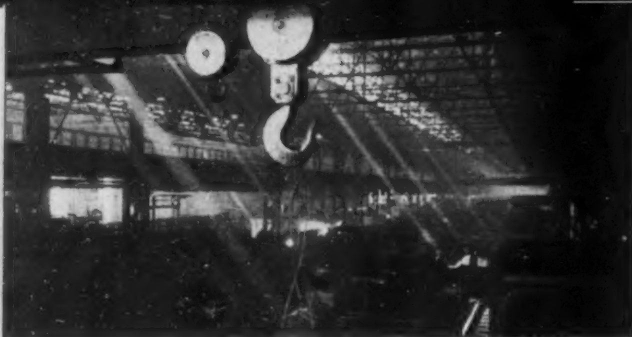
Thirteen of the region's pre-eminent engineers and economists form the Economic Council. The chairman is Alexei Stepanov, a native of Leningrad, one of the few council members not locally born and bred. Under the old managerial setup he was Minister of the Transport Machine Building Industry of the USSR. He is a deputy to the Supreme Soviet and an alternate member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party. By profession Stepanov is an engineer with a long background of on-the-job experience.

The other members direct the various specialized divisions. They are all graduates of the Sverdlovsk Polytechnical Institute or some school of equivalent standing and all have previously managed large industrial plants in the Urals.

The Council's Job

The Council's sphere of jurisdiction covers both economic and technical problems. It reorganizes management within a plant and merges plants of the same type. It charts the region's production and decides where and how money is to be spent for capital construction. It decides on the types of items to be manufactured or discontinued. It sets temporary wholesale prices for new products, appoints plant directors, negotiates collective agreements with the regional trade union body, and has a large number of related functions.

The changeover to local management has proved itself in greater output, higher labor productivity and resulting higher wages and shorter working hours. Sverdlovsk had previously had a number of plants that made the same or related items but operated independently because they were directed from different ministries. In 1957-58 the Economic Council combined 184 of these kindred plants into 66 larger units. There were 22 metallurgy plants, for example, consolidated to form five large units.



Factories directed by the Sverdlovsk Council manufacture everything from walking excavators to TV sets.

SOVNARKHOZ

The Council and its specialized departments do a continuous study of technological processes. Methods and procedures, tools and equipment are constantly checked for improvement. Lines of communication are shortened to get the kind and quantity of material where it should be when it is needed.

In one instance the Council survey disclosed that the underproduction of some of the installations at the metallurgy plants derived from a shortage of iron ore and agglomerates. The capacity of the agglomeration plants was thereupon increased—by 60 per cent in a period of two years. In addition work on a new ore dressing plant was speeded up and very shortly it will be making deliveries in quantity to meet all the requirements of the local metallurgy plants.

Fast Industrial Development

Present production figures leave no doubt at all that the new system of management accounts for a good part of the accelerated rate of industrial development of the Urals as a whole and of each of the plants in the Sverdlovsk Economic Area almost without exception. Compare these figures. For the two years 1955-56 the production rise in all plants presently under the direction of the Sverdlovsk Council was 13 per cent. For the two years 1957-58 it was more than 20 per cent. For 1959, the first year of the seven-year plan, the rise was 11 per cent. Sverdlovsk had never before had so large a production rise in a single year. Industrial development in the region is moving along faster than the schedule set by the seven-year plan.

This accelerated progress of the Urals is not an isolated phenomena. It is true for the country generally. The seven-year plan forecasts a production increase for Sverdlovsk by as much as 65 per cent by 1965 as compared with 1958 figures. In any one month during 1965 the region will be producing as much as it did during the whole of prewar 1940. The rise in machine building will be even higher—the output will be doubled. In plastics, output will be multiplied five times.

Sverdlovsk industrial workers and plant managers are convinced, after careful analysis of their plant capacities, that without any additional capital investment they can, by 1964, reach the production output scheduled for 1965.

Konstantin Maslii, a cog wheel cutter at Uralmash—the Urals Heavy Machinery Plant—broke the production figures down for himself, in individual terms. He wanted to know how much he had to produce personally, over and above the norm, to get his seven-year quota done in six years. With the help of engineers he arrived at the figure and drew up his individual production increase plan and thereby set a style not only for Uralmash workers but for the whole region. There are now about 80,000 workers in Sverdlovsk who have worked out individual plans that will increase quantity and raise quality of the items they turn out, so as to get the plan fulfilled a year ahead of schedule. The year will save the country at least 6 to 7 billion rubles.

The benefits of this increased production comes back to Soviet workers not only in more and higher quality consumer items at lower prices but in higher wages and shorter hours. The changeover from an eight- to a seven- and a six-hour working day is already a fact for 80 per cent of Sverdlovsk workers; the other 20 per cent will be working the shorter day by the end of this year.

To accelerate the technical progress of all the industries in the Sverdlovsk region, the Economic Council has united the research efforts of the local laboratories, institutes, technical colleges, and the Urals branch of the USSR Academy of Sciences. A special institute for heavy engineering research has been set up at the Uralmash plant.

Plants in Sverdlovsk Region employ 70,000 qualified engineers.

Workers in a turbine plant listen to the director's progress report.

A factory Production Board composed of workers and engineers.

Worker Maslii serves on the Council's Technical Committee.

UNDER REGIONAL MANAGEMENT OLDER INDUSTRIAL CENTERS LIKE TAGIL HAVE BEEN STIMULATED TO GREATER ACTIVITY. THE CITY'S BIG HOUSING PROGRAM NOW UNDER WAY.

The idea is to get a direct line through from the initial concept to the design to the production of the actual working machine. Scientists work closely with designers, engineers and with the workers who operate the machines.

This kind of collaboration tends to break down the gap that usually exists between the theoretician and the practical man, the intellectual and the manual worker. More than 60,000 Sverdlovsk people are members of a society of inventors and innovators with branches in almost every Sverdlovsk enterprise. New ideas worked out by these men and women have saved many billions of rubles, and raised both quantity and quality of production.

The Economic Council has enlisted as consultants a group of 320 of the region's leading scientists, engineers, industrial workers and Communist Party and trade union leaders. Vladimir Lukyanov is a fairly representative member of this advisory body. He is a steel smelter at the Nizhni Tagil metallurgy plant and is well known in the industry for the high productivity of the open-hearth furnaces he operates.

The advisory group has contributed very considerably to the improved techniques used in many Sverdlovsk industries. New production ideas and experiences are publicized through the Economic Council's monthly *Technical and Economic Journal.*

Production Conferences

Economic planning for Sverdlovsk begins in the factories with proposals made by shopworkers, engineers and plant managers. The plans worked out by the single factories are then correlated into a regional plan by the Economic Council and the Planning Commission of the Russian Federative Republic. Nearly half a million workers, through their trade unions took part in the discussion of the seven-year plan for the Sverdlovsk region.

The trade union in the Soviet factory is not only concerned with wages, hours, and working conditions, but with the selection of the factory director, the distribution of the factory's profits, housing for the factory personnel and the way the factory is producing. Each factory has a permanent production conference which meets at regular intervals where workers suggest methods and procedures for more efficient operation. The value of these conferences may be implied from the comment of director Nikolai Danilov of the Pervouralsk pipe manufacturing plant. "It is our plant's industrial parliament," he said.

Following the recommendations of its "industrial parliament," Danilov's plant, for the first time in the history of the pipe-rolling industry, worked out an integrated mechanization of four of its largest mills. The result was apparent almost immediately in a production spurt. The workers turned out more pipe, made more money, and were freed of much of the hard and tedious labor they had to do previously. Once an idea submitted by a worker is approved by the production conference, the plant management must put it into practice and report back. There are 3,400 of these permanent production conferences in the Sverdlovsk Economic Area with 160,000 workers participating.

Another form of worker-participation evolved out of the June 1959 Plenary Meeting of the Central Committee of the Communist Party. Engineers, designers and technicians join their talents to help research institutes and plant laboratories create new types of machine tools and other kinds of advanced equipment. More than 250 such groups —they are called social designing bureaus—are now functioning in the region.

Every factory has its own newspaper, put out by the workers, that runs articles on ways of improving work and better use of equipment besides the usual social and cultural items. These papers have no hesitancy in criticizing inertia and complacency, whether of management or workers.

The Sverdlovsk Communist Party is the recognized leader of the region's economic and civic life. Among its 145,000 members are factory workers, engineers, scientists. Communists are pledged to set the example as the best workers. They are required to lead by example, whether in economic, social or political activity.

Industrial production problems, ways of accelerating technical progress, campaigns for socialist emulation between different plants to get target quotas fulfilled ahead of schedule—all these are subjects frequently discussed at Communist Party branches in factories and in the Party's leading committees on the city and regional levels. The Party organization in the factory does not supersede the manager or interfere with his job. Its function, like that of other public organizations, is to make suggestions and recommendations where it thinks changes and improvements are called for.

Not only the regional Party committee but the higher party body—the Central Committee—watches progress of the Sverdlovsk Region closely. Sverdlovsk is one of the country's very important centers of industry. Last year Alexei Stepanov, chairman of the Economic Council, reported to the Central Committee on the region's progress with the seven-year plan. The critical discussion that followed helped to chart Sverdlovsk's economic future and accounts in large measure for the region's accelerated economic development.

A Coordinated Economy

The Sverdlovsk economic area specializes in the manufacture of particular kinds of industrial equipment. Vice Chairman of the Economic Council Pavel Evgrafov says, "There is not a single economic area of the country which does not need the items we produce. That holds true also the other way round." Sverdlovsk therefore has a close working relationship with other economic areas.

The work of all the economic councils is coordinated by the Planning Commission of the Russian Federative Republic and the analogous commission of the central government. These commissions guide themselves by the plans for national development adopted annually by the Council of Ministers of the Russian Federative Republic and of the USSR and approved by their Supreme Soviets.

The Sverdlovsk Economic Council is in close touch with the country's other economic areas. They all exchange production experiences. Sverdlovsk is presently engaged in a competition with the councils of Chelyabinsk (Southern Urals), Stalino (the Ukraine) and Leningrad to complete the seven-year plan production goals ahead of schedule. This is socialist competition, for the general welfare, and rules out any exclusive information for narrow regional interests.

Soviet factories and research institutes, no matter in what economic region they are located, have no secrets to hide from each other. Whatever one economic council develops in the way of new production techniques is freely available to all the others. Delegations from other industrial regions frequently visit Sverdlovsk and other Ural cities to check on new methods and processes which they might find useful.

The experience of the Sverdlovsk Economic Council in the three years since the new management structure was set up has more than proved its value over the old form. One of its important features is flexibility, continuous improvement so that it may better serve to produce an abundance of goods of all kinds.

ANGARA

Generators in the Irkutsk station. Completed in 1956, this station is the first of a projected power cascade on the 1,200-mile-long Angara River in East Siberia.

CASCADE of POWER PLANTS

The mammoth Bratsk station in construction. From the upper trestles 300 feet above the river the big cranes below look no larger than toys.

By **Pavel Dmitriyevsky,** *Power Engineer*

SOON AFTER the Socialist Revolution of 1917 power experts were at work blueprinting Lenin's plan for the electrification of the country. Approved in 1920, this plan provided for the construction of thirty power stations with an aggregate capacity of 1.5 million kilowatts over a ten-year period. Many at home and almost everyone abroad considered the project fantastically ambitious. Lenin thought of it as only the first stage in an overall electrification program.

The thirty power stations were built in much less than ten years. The annual output of electricity rose from 2 billion kilowatt-hours in 1913, the peak year in the prerevolutionary period, to 233 billion kilowatt-hours in 1958. By 1965, the end of the seven-year plan, the capacity of Soviet power stations will be twice as great as in 1958 and the annual output of electricity will be 500-520 billion kilowatt-hours.

The eastern part of the Soviet Union, one of the major concentration areas of the seven-year plan, will be generating every other kilowatt-hour in the country . A considerable portion of this will be contributed by the Angara, a turbulent Siberian river on which a cascade of power plants is now under construction.

Ideal River for Power

The Angara has its source in Lake Baikal and flows for 1,300 miles to empty into the Yenisei River. The difference in level between Baikal and the Yenisei—1,250 feet—makes the Angara a potential power source as great as all the rivers of Belgium, Denmark, Finland, France, Holland, Italy and Sweden put together.

The Angara is an affluent river, the only one flowing out of Lake Baikal, while the lake itself is fed by almost 350 rivers. Baikal does an excellent natural job of regulating the Angara's powerful flow, so that the effects of seasonal changes—the usual spring flooding and summer drought—are insignificant.

Experts say that if nature had consciously set to work to design an ideal river for a power cascade it could hardly have improved on the Angara. There are many sites along its banks with solid base of rock for dam foundations and conveniently narrow river bed.

Hydropower people have known for a long time that the great Siberian rivers could give that vast region almost infinite amounts of

Booming Angarsk grew up while the Irkutsk station was being built. Now it has a population of 100,000. This modern, well-planned city has, besides the usual schools, a college for training civil engineers.

ANGARA CASCADE of POWER PLANTS

cheap electricity. But until two or three decades ago, Siberia, thinly inhabited and without any industry to speak of, had no use for this power supply. It is only within the comparatively recent past when economic development of Siberia started in earnest that its natural resources were seriously explored. Geologists found a veritable treasure hoard of practically every kind of mineral and these new deposits gave rise to new industries. Along with geologists hydropower experts began to work and in the early thirties the general plan for the Angara cascade was drawn up.

But at the time the Soviet Union was still not ready for a great construction project like this one. Its engineers did not yet have the know-how and its industry was not yet manufacturing the required equipment.

After World War II Soviet engineers built the Kakhovka Hydropower Station on the Dnieper, the Tsimlyanskaya on the Don and the Kuibyshev and Stalingrad stations on the Volga. But even these giant projects are shadowed by the Angara cascade.

An oil refinery under construction in Angarsk, one of the city's many industries manufacturing ferroconcrete, electrical equipment and furniture.

Ultimate in Power Engineering

The Angara cascade will be the ultimate in hydopower engineering. The project calls for several plants with an aggregate capacity of more than 10 million kilowatts and an annual output of about 70 billion kilowatt-hours. The 1,300-mile-long cascade will include such mammoth plants as the Bratsk and the Ust-Ilim, the less powerful Irkutsk and the comparatively small Sukovo and Telma stations.

The Irkutsk station has been operating since 1956. Its capacity is 600 thousand kilowatts and its annual output, 4 billion kilowatt-hours.

This is the first stage of the Angara cascade, 37 miles from the river's source. The dam of the station has created a reservoir which now forms a bay of Lake Baikal and brings the lake that much closer to the city of Irkutsk. It pushed the level of the lake up three feet.

The Irkutsk station is distinctive among other Soviet hydropower projects for having no spillway. The small overflow at high-flood periods is let out through openings between the turbine discharge pipes in the powerhouse building itself. This very effective engineering technique cut concrete and construction costs drastically.

Work is now in full swing on the Bratsk station in the middle reaches of the Angara. It is being built in the 2,800-foot-wide Padun Gorge where the steep rock walls rise 260 feet above the river. Its concrete dam will be the largest in the country, 415 feet high and almost three miles long.

The overflow at the Bratsk station will create a gigantic waterfall twice as high as Niagara. The reservoir will be the world's largest man-made body of water—350 miles long and 15 miles wide; it will take the Angara two years to fill the basin.

The Bratsk station will be equipped with 225,000-kilowatt generators, unprecedented in hydro-engineering. Its projected capacity of 4.5 million kilowatts and its annual output of 22 billion kilowatt-hours will make it the biggest hydropower station in the world.

The entire country is contributing to build this "gem of Soviet hydropower engineering," as the Bratsk station is often called. More than 800 major plants deliver their products to its construction site.

The Ust-Ilim station will be 155 miles below the Bratsk project, near the outfall of the Ilim, the Angara's right tributary. At this place the Angara cuts through diabase, a hard rock which can support a dam of any size. It will have the same capacity as the Bratsk station but its generators will be larger –500,000 to 600,000 kilowatts each.

New Cities

New cities are springing up around the hydropower projects in this region which was wild taiga not very many years ago. Near the Irkutsk station is booming Angarsk with its more than 100,000 population. This

Bratsk, a sleepy 300-year-old town, is now a fast growing industrial center.

New houses, bookshops, hospitals, schools and stores of all kinds had to be built for the influx of workers and their families to this gigantic construction job.

Institute for Building Trades, one of the Bratsk schools for after-work training.

is a well planned city with plants that turn out prefabricated ferro-concrete, cement and electrical equipment and with garment and furniture factories.

The town of Bratsk, founded 300 years ago, has gotten a new lease on life. Its population jumped almost overnight to 60,000. About half the people work on the project. To meet the influx, thousands of new apartments had to be built, not to speak of schools, motion picture theaters and the rest. Nearing completion is a factory that will make prefabricated dwelling units.

The Angara cascade makes possible the intensive economic development of East Siberia with its fabulous industrial potential. Many recent visitors, including Averell Harriman, former governor of New York, have noted that hydropower is creating many new industries in Siberia. Cheap electricity is bringing electrified railroad transport.

The Angara cascade will form part of the country's Asian power system. Eventually, it will join the European system to form a single power grid for the whole country.

The Soviet Union plans to increase its output of electric power in the future at an even faster pace than now. In 1970 it is expected to reach 900 billion kilowatt-hours; in 1975, about 1,500 billion; and in 1985, 2,300 billion. The meaning of these goals will be better understood by comparison with the entire world production which in 1957 was 1,781 billion kilowatt-hours.

This is how Lenin's idea of the complete electrification of the country is coming to life in the Soviet Union.

A recent addition to the 60,000-population of Bratsk. About half of the city people work on the building project. That's where these young parents met.

MIKHAIL SHOLOKHOV

His Novels Are Contemporary History

By Lev Yakimenko

The Sholokhov family receive the Khrushchevs at their home in the Don village of Veshenskaya.

The novelist knows the Cossack life he has been recreating in his books for 30 years.

He grew up with the people he writes of, and he lived through the events that shaped their lives.

MIKHAIL SHOLOKHOV has been writing for more than thirty years. Ever since he published *The Silent Don* in 1928 each of his new works has been eagerly awaited by readers all over the world. With that epic novel he joined the front ranks of modern classics, and his fame was reinforced by *Virgin Soil Upturned* which came out in 1932. From that time on he continued to work on these novels until the last part of *The Silent Don* was finished in 1940 and the concluding volume of *Virgin Soil Upturned* late last year.

The Silent Don—in the American edition this novel was published in two parts entitled *And Quiet Flows the Don* and *The Don Flows Home to the Sea*—covers ten years of Russian history from 1912 to 1922, a most turbulent period which includes World War I, the Revolution and the Civil War. *Virgin Soil Upturned*—the American edition of its opening volume is entitled *Seeds of Tomorrow*—may be called the second panel in that huge canvas of contemporary Russian history. Pictured here is the period of collectivization in the early thirties, the transition from individual to collective farming and the great changes it wrought in the life and thinking of the Russian peasant. Sholokhov is now working on the third panel covering World War II and the defense of the country against the fascist invaders. It will be called *They Fought for Their Homeland*. Some chapters from this novel have already been published.

The first two novels are laid in the Don Cossack country. Sholokhov knows well the life of the Cossacks he writes about. He himself was born in the village of Veshenskaya on the Don in 1905, grew up there and still lives there now. What he writes about is close to his heart. He himself lived through many of the world-changing events he has been recreating in fiction these past thirty-odd years.

In the Soviet Union Sholokhov's books have gone through 517 editions in 56 languages and have been printed in a total of more than 30 million copies. In other countries *The Silent Don* and *Virgin Soil Upturned* were published in 93 editions only during the period from 1945 to 1953.

The Cossacks and History

For centuries the Russian autocracy had trained the Cossacks to hold themselves a class apart. In return for their special privileges they faithfully served the czar. The isolation in which they lived, their almost total illiteracy and the rank superstition and prejudice provided fertile soil for the growth of counterrevolutionary sentiment.

During the Revolution not all Cossacks were able to shake off this throttling background, their hidebound conceptions. The painful struggle between the backward looking in the Cossack psychology and the forward looking vision of the revolutionary people forms the theme of *The Silent Don*.

The novel is centered around Grigori Melekhov, an industrious and brave man with a profound respect for human dignity, a sensitivity for people and a passionate devotion for those he loves. These very qualities draw him into the camp of the Revolution. But the fears and prejudices instilled from childhood pull him back again. These are deeply rooted

—his traditional Cossack hostility toward the non-Cossack peasantry, his desire to hold on to the Cossack privileges, the fear of losing the property he owns.

His is a story of agonizing doubts and tragic losses. First he fights against the Whites who are trying to prevent the establishment of a Soviet system in the Don country. Then he raises a revolt among the Cossacks and leads them in cavalry charges against the revolutionary forces. Then he "does penance for his sins" by serving in the Red Army and fighting against counter-revolutionist armies. Then again, when he returns home, he takes up arms against Soviet rule.

The furious whirlpool of events and his grievous trials gradually bring him to a realization that the past is irretrievably gone. But he never does understand the truth of the new life born out of the struggle. "It is still not clear to me," he says bitterly when he returns home from the Red Army.

The majority of the Cossacks go over to the Soviet system. Grigori finds himself cut off from both the old and new—cut off from life, doomed to lingering moral decay.

Character Portraits

Displayed in *The Silent Don* is Sholokhov's great mastery of situation and character, the fearless honesty with which he lays bare the time and its people. The characters live and breathe, feel and suffer. Sholokhov's portraits have both physical and psychological dimension.

We see Grigori's "bluish almonds of burning irises in slightly oblique slits," his hawk nose, his stoop figure, his angular cheekbones, his smile with its touch of savagery. These repeated descriptions build up a rounded portrait of the man before our eyes.

As events shape and alter Grigori, the author describes him with greater and greater dramatic intensity. We see Grigori's moral collapse after he makes the fatal mistake of joining Fomin's counter-revolutionary band. It is traced for us by Sholokhov in "the baggy folds under his eyes," "the glare of senseless brutality in his eyes," "the weary tightening of his eyes," "the premature gray at his temples," "the deathly pale face with unseeing open eyes," into which the young Cossack woman looks "with disgust and pity." This is Grigori fighting against the people and the Revolution.

After Grigori flees from Fomin's band, the author gives us a lengthy physical characterization of this man in moral collapse. Aksinia, the woman Grigori loved all his eventful and troubled life and who also loved him devotedly, gazes at him as he lies sleeping. She sees in his face not what she knew so well and loved so dearly but someone strange and grim.

This Grigori is mercilessly depicted by Sholokhov. We see the man with his bared teeth clenched and his big knotted hands—not too long ago they guided a plow and now they are the hands of a bandit. It would be a brutal portrait if it were not tempered by the tragic sorrow of Aksinia's gaze. Almost nothing is left of the Grigori she once knew—of those qualities which once made him stand out above all others and which drew her to him. All gone, erased by the unsparing hand of misfortune.

We see Grigori for the last time through the eyes of his little son Mishatka. "Mishatka glanced at him in fright and then dropped his eyes. He recognized his father in that bearded and terrifying man." This is all which remains of that once strong, handsome and loving man.

With this terse definition Sholokhov completes his portrayal of the end to which Grigori was brought after he had broken away from the people.

Nature and Man

Sholokhov sees the world of nature around him with the perception of a poet. Everywhere he casts his probing eye the infinitely dramatic mystery of life reveals itself, and we see nature warmed by human emotions.

These are more than gray pebbles on the bank of the Don. Through his eyes they are transmuted into "a wavy gray edging of wave-kissed pebbles." The waves beat against the cliff "greedily licking the blue chalk slabs." A hot dry wind "seeks to kiss Aksinia's plump bare calves and neck with burning lips." Snow that has just begun to fall is painted for us in this living word picture—"the wind rapaciously attacked a white-feathered cloud (as the overtaking falcon attacks the swan with his curved breast), and white feathers, flakes, floated down, rocking on waves, to cover the farm, the crossroads, the steppe, and the tracks of men and animals."

A characteristic quality of Sholokhov's artistic method is the way he relates humanity to nature. His primary interest lies in people and social processes, but his powerfully moving descriptions of nature help to reveal his characters and provide a heroic background against which people, with all their joys and sorrows, stand in sharp outline.

In majestic parallels on nature and man Sholokhov phrases the complexity of life, affirms the grandeur of the struggle for a new world and his passionate faith in the victory of creation and birth over destruction and death. The new life, he says, will triumph. It will come with the same inevitability that spring follows winter and summer follows spring. This is how he pictures the steppe the winter that counter-revolution was raging along the Don. Everything is covered with snow, everything seems to have died.

"But beneath the snow the steppe is alive. Where the land rolls in frozen waves, silvery with snow, where the land harrowed in autumn lies in dead ripples, the winter wheat, brought down by the frost, clings to the soil with greedy living roots. Silkily green and covered with teardrops of frozen dew, it presses quiveringly to the crumbling black soil, absorbs nourishment from its life-giving black blood, and awaits the spring and the sun in order to rise, breaking through the cobweb-thin diamond crust of snow, in order to turn a vivid green in May. And it will rise when the time comes! Quails will thrash about in it and the April lark will trill above it. And the sun will shine on it, and the wind will rock it to sleep."

The Cossack country is more than the locale for his books, it is his loved corner of the world.

This is where Sholokhov, whose books have been translated into most of the world's languages, lives and works, where he hunts and fishes, where he is host to many visitors.

This lyrical picture does not seem to have any direct parallel with the feelings and moods of people. But we see here a more remote and deep connection with the revolutionary developments in the Don steppes.

Virgin Soil Upturned

Sholokhov never hides his passionate interest in everything that is going on in the world. He tries through his novels to affect the moral principles of society, to influence the events of his time. But it is life itself that motivates the actions of his characters.

The first volume of *Virgin Soil Upturned* was written, says Sholokhov, "on the hot trail of events" during the period of collectivization in the Don country. The action of this novel takes place from January to May 1930. In January 1932, it began to run serially in the magazine *Novy Mir* (*New World*).

Collectivization was still not completed but the book already became the subject of heated discussion at farm meetings. It helped some to come to reasoned judgment, others to correct errors and still others to lose overblown illusions.

Sholokhov does not go in for superficial moralizings, he does not picture one character "good" and the other "bad". He lets history make the judgments. But the author does not stand above the struggle. His sympathy is with all that is progressive.

Like all works of art born of the urge to portray the truth about life, *Virgin Soil Upturned* has trancended the period it describes. Its first volume remains to this day one of the best loved and most read of Soviet books. The second volume, published only a few months ago, is meeting with the same reception. It has already evoked thousands of letters from readers.

The novel's basic theme is the attitude of people toward property and the ways in which they reacted to the break-up of the traditional concept of individual farming and the emergence of the collective farm system.

Some of the characters in the book, like the Communists Semyon Davydov, Makar Nagulnov and Andrei Razmyotnov, have freed themselves of private property instincts—they place the common welfare above personal considerations. But there are also people who grasp convulsively at their privileges and thereby make the morally bankrupt choice.

The struggle leads the cowardly parasite Yakov Ostrovnov to a monstrous crime. He helps to murder the Cossack Khoprov and his wife. He starves his aged mother after she blurts out the fact that he is hiding a White Guard officer and when she is dead he sobs inconsolably at her funeral.

Sholokhov leaves no doubt that his affections lie with the Communists—the vigorous men who fight to break down superstitions, fears and masked resistance. But he does not, by the same token, deck them out in the toga of infallibility.

Here is the Communist Semyon Davydov—in a workman's cap and an old overcoat with a worn sheepskin collar—a man who looks like a thousand others. But behind this commonplace appearance is a great clarity of view and an unbounded readiness to sacrifice self for the common good.

He is patient. He studies people to understand the roots and motivations for their actions. He hesitates an unconscionably long time before bringing a man to justice for fear that he might be accusing him without sufficient evidence, that he might be hurting him.

Semyon Davydov, a factory worker, is elected chairman of the collective farm. He brings to this Cossack village a vision of the tractor—machinery to drag the peasants out of the muck of their poverty. This is 1930 when the peasant is still working his small plot of land the way his father and grandfather had before him—with oxen. Collectivization could mean an end to backbreaking labor, it could mean large rich producing farms worked with modern machines. But there is the age-old backwardness to contend with, and it breaks out in violence.

A group of women, spurred on by enemies of collectivization, try to kill Davydov, and almost succeed. He suddenly looks round him unbelieving and with a strange new light in his eye: "But it's for you, damn you . . . it's for you we're doing all this. And you're killing me."

These are all people with common goals and common ideas—the Communists in *Virgin Soil Upturned*—but they are each strikingly individual people. Makar Nagulnov, wearing the army tunic of his Civil War days, is a stern, morose and violent man. The tragic and the comic are inseparably intermingled in this character. On the one hand, there is his noble dream of happiness for all mankind, on the other his furious reprisals against those who stand in the way of progress. On the one side is his absurd repudiation of love and family life which, he holds, binds the real revolutionary. On the other is his deep, although hidden, love for Lushka, his former wife.

There is Andrei Razmyotnov, a man whom readers love for the human warmth which he carried undiminished through all the trials and ordeals of the Civil War. The White Cossacks raped Andrei's wife and she hanged herself, unable to live with the shame of it. His infant son died. Surely enough to harden any man's heart and fill it with bitter hatred.

Razmyotnov's suffering turns his hair gray but it does not warp his spirit. He remains touchingly devoted to children, as though his lost son had enjoined him to care for all the world's children. He is still fond of a joke. He is still attentive to people's needs. When Nagulnov is in trouble Razmyotnov comes to support and cheer him. But Razmyotnov condemns his friend for many of his actions.

The Communists in *Virgin Soil Upturned* live and suffer and struggle. It is a hard road to build—this one that leads to a new life, and it has its wrong turns and dead ends. Sholokhov shows us characters with strengths and weaknesses, people being tested by this "bitter-sweet" life.

The Fate of a Man

Sholokhov's short story *The Fate of a Man* which appeared early in 1957 has been published in many countries. Through the life of one man it shows the measure of suffering of the Soviet people in the last war.

Andrei Sokolov lived a quiet, well-ordered life but it was abruptly ended by the war. The Nazi invaders destroyed his happiness. The horrors of the prison camp, the death

It is the setting for the motion pictures that have been made of his novels. Here he checks on shooting sites with producer and star Sergei Bondarchuk of *The Fate of a Man*.

Sholokhov writes slowly. "Every single line I write down," he says, "is labored work for me."

of his children and his wife lay like a stone in his heart. But when he returns home after the war, he finds the strength to go on living. He does not withdraw into himself or lose his love for people. He adopts a young orphan and becomes a father to the lost boy. As Sokolov and his adopted son wander along the muddy roads, the author is moved to comment:

"Two orphaned persons, two grains of sand carried off to strange parts by a war hurricane of unprecedented force. . . . What lies ahead of them? I should like to think that this Russian of unbending will bears up, and that by his father's shoulder will grow the other who will be able, when he is older, to withstand everything, to overcome everything in his path if his country calls on him."

The pride and dignity of the Soviet man, his unconquerable spirit, his human warmth, his inexhaustible faith in life, his country and people—this is what Sholokhov represented in this truly Russian character.

The Fate of a Man is a reminder of the tragedy of recent history. It stands as a protesting cry against future war, it is a parable which teaches that the battle for peace is the great battle for life, for humanity.

* * *

Mikhail Sholokhov lives in close contact with the life of the Soviet people. Shortly before leaving for the United States Premier Nikita Khrushchev visited Sholokhov at his home in the village of Veshenskaya, and Sholokhov accompanied Khrushchev on his American tour. The writer is an honored public figure and serves his country as deputy to the USSR Supreme Soviet.

Along with carrying out his public duties, which necessarily take much of his time, Sholokhov continues to hold his place as one of the world's great contemporary novelists. At present he is completing the first book of *They Fought for Their Homeland*, a long novel about the last war.

The book he is working on now has World War II as setting. Sholokhov saw action as a war correspondent. He is shown here with anti-aircraft gunners.

Twenty-one chapters of the concluding volume of the novel *Virgin Soil Upturned* have recently been published. The English translation has appeared in the magazine *Soviet Literature* Nos. 1 and 2, 1960. The following is Chapter XXI.

BACK IN THE SPRING, when even on the northern side of the fences the last snow was oozing transparent moisture and beginning to settle, a pair of wild pigeons had taken a liking to Razmyotnov's backyard. They had circled for a long time over the house flying lower and lower until they came to earth just by the cellar. Then they had soared up lightly and perched on the roof of the house.

For a long time the pigeons sat warily turning their heads in all directions, looking around and getting used to their new surroundings. Then the cock, lifting his purple feet high with elegant fastidiousness, picked his way through the dirty chalk scattered round the chimney, drew his head in and slightly back and, displaying a dull rainbow of plumage on his swelling crop, struck up a tentative cooing. The hen slithered down the roof and with two loud flaps of her wings flew in a semicircle and settled on the outside window-frame of Razmyotnov's best room which had warped and stood away from the wall. What else could those two flaps of her wings mean but an invitation for her mate to follow?

At midday Razmyotnov came home for lunch and through the wicket gate saw the two pigeons by his doorstep. The hen was mincing hurriedly on purple legs round the edge of a puddle of thaw water pecking at something as she went. The cock would take a short run after her, then stop for a little while, go round in a circle bowing and almost touching the ground with his beak and crop, coo energetically, and once again set off in pursuit fanning out his tail and pressing his body to the damp and still wintry earth. He kept stubbornly to one side in an attempt to head the hen away from the puddle.

Razmyotnov stole past two paces away from them, but the pigeons merely moved aside a little without showing any intention of flying off. By the time he reached his doorstep he had decided with boyishly joyful enthusiasm: these are no passing guests, they're going to make their home here. Then smiling bitterly to himself, he murmured: "Must be the good luck I've been waiting for all this time."

VIRGIN SOIL UPTURNED

By Mikhail Sholokhov

He scooped a handful of wheat from the cornbin and sprinkled it round the window.

All morning Razmyotnov had been grim and somber. The preparations for the sowing were not going well. Davydov had been called away to the village, Nagulnov had ridden out into the fields to make a personal inspection of the land that was to be sown, and by midday Razmyotnov had managed to have a terrible row with two of the team leaders and the storehouse keeper. When he sat down at the table at home and, forgetful of the cabbage soup getting cold in his plate, started watching the pigeons, his face lightened somewhat under the ruddy tan it had already acquired from the searing winds of spring, but his heart grew even heavier.

Smiling wistfully with misty eyes he watched the beautiful young hen-pigeon greedily pecking at the wheat while her sturdy mate kept running round in circles in front of her, displaying tireless energy without pecking a single grain.

Twenty years ago he, Andrei Razmyotnov as young and sturdy as this cock-pigeon, had preened himself before his sweetheart. Then had come marriage, service in the army, the war. . . . With what terrible and disappointing haste had life swept by! Thinking of his wife and son, Razmyotnov murmured sadly: "I didn't see much of you when you were alive, my dear ones, and I don't visit you often now."

The cock-pigeon did not have time for food that brilliant April day. And neither had Andrei Razmyotnov. His eyes were no longer misty but blinded with tears as he stared out of the window and saw not the pigeons, not the tender blue undertones of spring but the sad image of the woman whom he had once loved. He had loved her more than life itself, it seemed, and yet he had never known the fullness of that love. Black death had parted them twelve years ago on just such a sparkling April day as this.

Razmyotnov munched a piece of bread with his head sunk low over his bowl, for he did not want his mother to see the tears rolling slowly down his cheeks and adding salt to the soup that was oversalted already. Twice he lifted his spoon, and twice let it fall on the table from his strangely weak and shaking hand.

It sometimes happens in life that human happiness and even the brief happiness of birds rouses not envy in a wounded heart, not a condescending smile but agonizing, grief-filled memories. . . . Razmyotnov rose resolutely from the table turning his back to his mother, put on his padded jacket and crumpled his sheepskin cap in his hands.

"Lord be with us, mother, but I don't feel like eating today somehow."

"If you don't want cabbage soup, shall I give you some porridge and buttermilk?"

"No, I don't want anything."

"Are you in trouble, dear?" his mother asked warily.

"What trouble! I'm in no trouble. I was once but it's all over now."

"You've always been so close-mouthed, Andrei. You never tell your mother anything, never complain. You seem to have a heart of stone."

"You brought me into the world, mother, so you've only yourself to blame. That's the way you made me and there's nothing I can do about it."

"Go along then," said the old woman compressing her faded lips in offense.

Razmyotnov went out of the gate, and turned not right, toward the Village Soviet, but left, into the steppe. With a swinging, unhurried stride he cut straight across the fields toward Gremyachy Log, where since times long past only the dead had known a crowded but peaceful dwelling. The graveyard was unfenced. In those difficult years the dead were not in favor with the living. The old blackened crosses were crooked or fallen, some lay face downward, others face upward. Not a single grave was tended and the east wind sadly stirred dead weeds on the clayey mounds and ran womanishly caressing fingers through the strands of wilted colorless wormwood. A mingled scent of decay, rotting grasses and thawed black earth hung persistently over the graves.

The living feel sad in any graveyard at any time of the year, but the keenest grief dwells there constantly in early spring and late autumn.

Razmyotnov followed a cattle track across the northern boundary of the graveyard where it had once been the custom to bury suicides, halted beside a familiar grave with sunken edges, and removed the cap from his gray bowed head. Only the larks disturbed the pensive stillness of this forgotten scrap of earth.

Why had Andrei come here on this spring day of brilliant sunshine filled to the brim with awakening life? To stand clenching his short strong fingers and gritting his teeth and to stare with half-closed eyes beyond the misty rim of the horizon, as though striving to discern in that hazy distance his unforgotten youth and short-lived happiness? Perhaps so. The dead but beloved past can always be seen well from a graveyard or in the dumb shadows of a sleepless night.

SAN FRANCISCO'S MAYOR WELCOMED IN THE SOVIET UNION

HE WOULD HAVE LIKED, said Mayor George Christopher of San Francisco, to shake the hands of the many Soviet people who made his visit to their country so wonderful. The Soviet people would have been glad to once again shake that friendly hand stretched across the ocean from sunny California. They liked Mayor Christopher.

They were happy to have him visit for several reasons: San Francisco was the port of call of the first Russians to land on the American continent; it is the closest American city to Soviet Vladivostok; the tradition of Soviet-American cultural and economic cooperation is particularly deeply rooted in San Francisco; and, last fall, the city gave visiting Nikita Khrushchev a notably heartfelt reception. The Soviet Premier said at the time, "The people of San Francisco have won our hearts. I feel as though I am among friendly people who have the same thoughts as the peoples of the Soviet Union."

"We," Mayor Christopher told the newsmen, "came here in a small group: my wife and I, my secretary, and several newspaper and television correspondents from our city."

The mayor visited Moscow, Leningrad and the capitals of several of the union republics —Kiev, Tashkent and Tbilisi. He was cordially welcomed everywhere and talked with both plain citizens and officials. In conversation with Chairman of the Moscow City Soviet Nikolai Bobrovnikov, Mayor Christopher noted that his city "was named in honor of St. Francis who symbolized peace. And it is peace that is particularly important for all of us today." As the mayor traveled around the country he had the opportunity to see that everybody in the Soviet Union agrees with him on that score.

He was, naturally, interested in the operation of Soviet municipalities and saw many of the official city bodies at work. He was particularly impressed with the scale on which housing construction was going on all over the country. He went to look at one of the construction sites in Moscow in the face of a blizzard and was pleased to see a Moscow apartment. Although pleasantly surprised by the visit, pensioner Timofei Sinitsin, the host, quickly found a common language with his esteemed guest, presented the mayor with a souvenir badge engraved with the dove of peace and asked him to convey hearty greetings to the people of his city.

The mayor toured the metal works in Leningrad, one of the country's largest plants—it makes turbines for hydropower stations. He went through the Blood Transfusion Institute that is doing pioneer research in circulatory ailments. He also visited the Pioneer Palace in that city and was so taken with the children dancing that he joined in the fun to everyone's delight. In Leningrad, too, he stopped at the Hermitage Museum to see its famous collection of paintings.

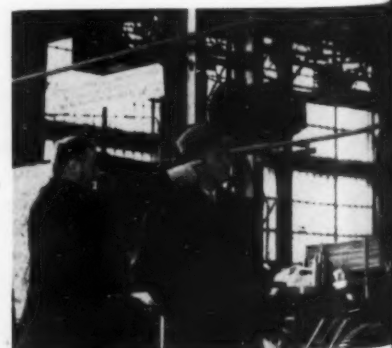
In Moscow and Tashkent the mayor went through the universities and commented on the attention paid to science. He visited an Uzbek collective farm and a state farm near Moscow. Everywhere Mayor Christopher went he was met as a good friend.

On a visit to the Young Pioneer Palace in Leningrad he joined in the fun to everyone's delight.

A handful of soil to remember ancient Kiev, Ukrainian capital.

George Christopher presents the flag of his city to the Mayor of Tbilisi, Georgian capital.

The guest said, "I have seen that your industrial progress is great."



When Nikita Khrushchev visited San Francisco last fall he promised to return the city's cordial greeting. This spring he made good his promise when he welcomed Mayor George Christopher.

In Tashkent the Mayor visited the university and commented on the attention paid to science.

He was particularly impressed with the scale on which housing construction was carried on.

The distinguished American guest was, of course, interviewed by Soviet newsmen wherever he went. Here are the answers he gave to a number of questions.

Question: What are your impressions of the Soviet Union?

"Everything that we've seen strengthened us in the opinion that the Soviet Union is making rapid progress." The mayor went on to say that some people in the West thought that the Soviet Union was something of an economic desert. "I didn't have any misconceptions about your country and didn't expect to find a destitute land," he said. "A country that has launched the sputniks is expected to have high standards of achievement, and from what I have seen I can state that your progress in industry and agriculture is great."

"People in the United States show very great interest in your country," the mayor told Soviet newsmen. He said that before his departure to the USSR hundreds of people had said they would like to go with him. "My city traditionally has been a city of peace, and here I found people, not only in Moscow but everywhere, to have exactly the same feeling." The mayor went on to say, "The pieces of art I have seen in your museums might be sent to San Francisco, and they would make a big hit with our people. We would reciprocate and make available the treasures of our two big museums for exhibitions in the USSR. I feel that this would add further to the friendship between our peoples."

Question: What impressed you most in the Soviet Union?

"Hospitality. I knew that I would be welcomed here, but to be frank, I didn't expect to get the hospitality I received all the way from Prime Minister Khrushchev down to the general public in the street, and I am extremely grateful to everybody."

Question: What about your meeting with Premier Khrushchev?

"We had a pleasant talk with him which lasted for an hour and fifteen minutes. Then we were joined by Mr. Mikoyan and Mr. Kozlov, and spent two and a half hours together.

"It was an interesting and useful talk. I would like to tell you that the men I talked with are very witty people."

Question: What do you think are the chances for improving Soviet-American relations?

"I don't see why we can't be friends, we don't want war, just as you don't want war. I have seen that your people toast peace more than anything else.

"War is a nasty word to begin with, and neither of our nations likes to have conflicts. Let's keep on talking and shaking hands. Let's keep on eating together, having fun together and exchanging ideas. Let's have competition in a really vigorous hospitality race. I am afraid Mr. Khrushchev can outdo us, but we shall try really hard to compete with him in this respect."

Question: What can you say about President Eisenhower's visit to the USSR?

"When Mr. Khrushchev came to America, he did a lot of good toward warming up the friendly feelings of our people for you, and I'm sure that Mr. Eisenhower's visit will contribute greatly in this respect, too. Visits on all levels can do a lot to combine the great intelligence and capacities of the two nations for the common good."

Question: What would you say about the coming summit conference?

The mayor replied that he is expecting a friendly discussion of major issues of the present international situation. "I look hopefully to the future meeting of the heads of the four, and not only four but even five or six Great Powers." It was the mayor's opinion that summit meetings should be arranged as often as possible and cover ever-growing spheres.

Question: What else would you like to add before your departure for home?

"My city is a city of hospitality. Mr. Khrushchev could see this for himself when he visited San Francisco. We have many things in common with you. The foremost of these is a desire for peace and friendship. I've come to offer Soviet people a hand of friendship from San Francisco, and establish friendly relations with you. I represented in this trip the will and spirit of the population of my native city. Thank you for your hospitality!"

In a Village School

Photos By Alexander Givental

The secondary school in Staro-Korsunskaya Stanitsa, set in these leafy surroundings, is a typical Soviet high school for children from 7 to 17.

They study the humanities, the sciences, practical farming, music and physical training. Boys and girls wear the traditional Russian school uniform.

NO MATTER whether they live in a large city or the smallest of villages, all Soviet children get the same thorough and rounded schooling in the humanities, sciences and arts, physical culture and in the study which is not listed formally but which pervades the school curriculum—applied living. There is this single difference—that city school children are familiarized with the basic industrial processes while rural children learn about farming.

These photos show children at work in a secondary school in the Staro-Korsunskaya Stanitsa in Krasnodar Territory. The students, for the most part, come from local collective farm families. Besides the customary classrooms, science laboratories and workshops, the school has the use of a small power station, a plot of land and farm machinery. Graduates have the necessary background for college or technical school entrance. Many return to the farm after advanced schooling.

The curriculum includes a foreign language beginning with the fifth grade. English is the most popular in this rural school.

Combining science study and manual training, the children built this meteorological station and take daily weather readings.

In a Village School

Healthy minds in healthy bodies—a goal of Soviet schooling. Children get physical training in every grade and stress in sports is on participation.

The collective farm has its own holiday resort on the Black Sea Coast where most of the Staro-Korsunskaya school children spend vacations.

Students grow wheat, potatoes and vegetables on the school's farm plot. These young farmers have won prize awards for high yields.

When Nadezhda Chuvilo graduated from the village school she went on to take her medical training. She came back home to practice.

One of the school's major aims is to train young people to do socially useful work. They learn to use tools and machinery in these well-fitted shops.

Zinaida Kravtsova is an alumna of the Staro-Korsunskaya school. Like many of her classmates she decided to be a farmer. She works in the vineyard.

MAY 1960

INIMITABLE CLOWN

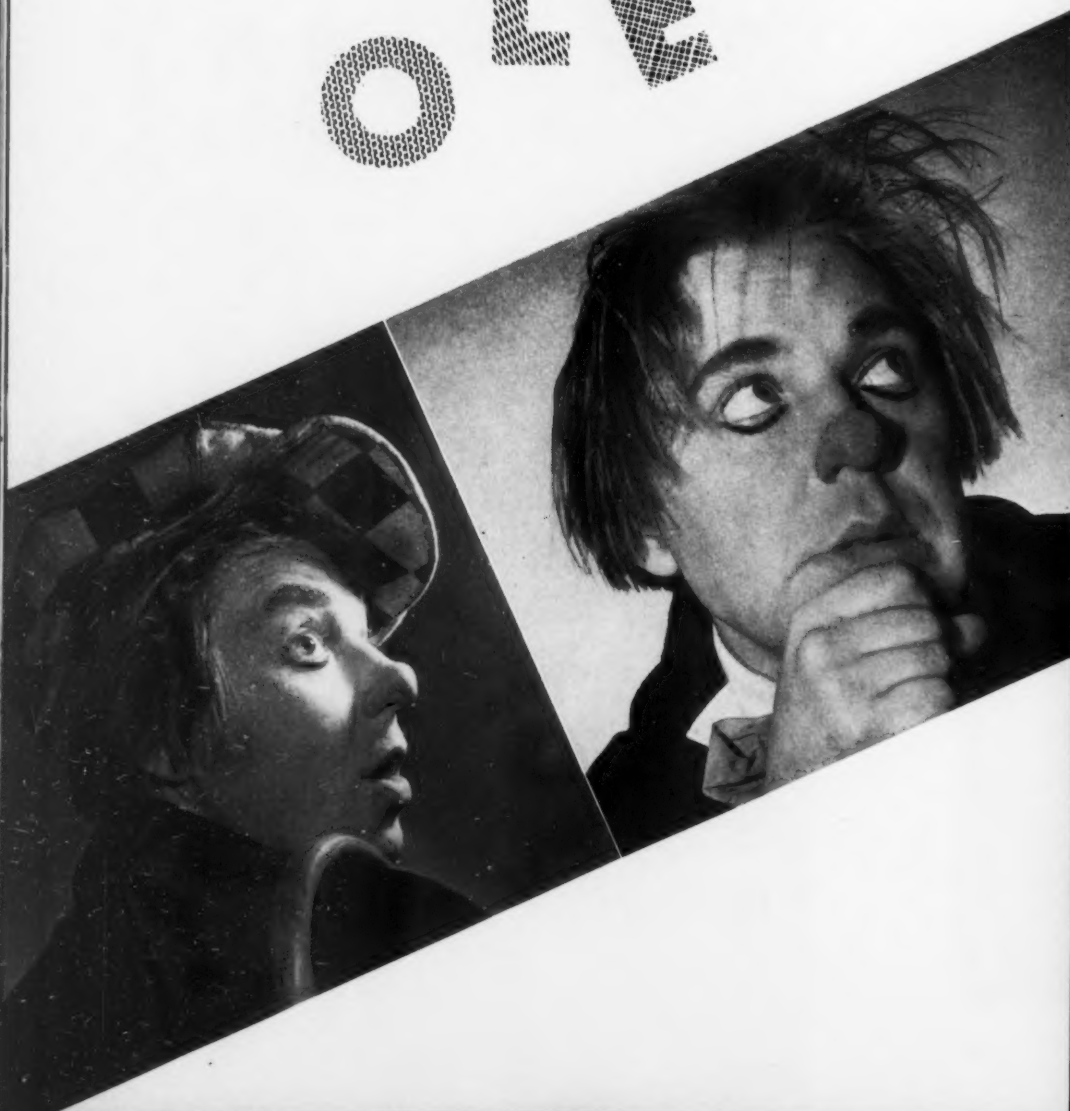
By Lyudmila Kafanova

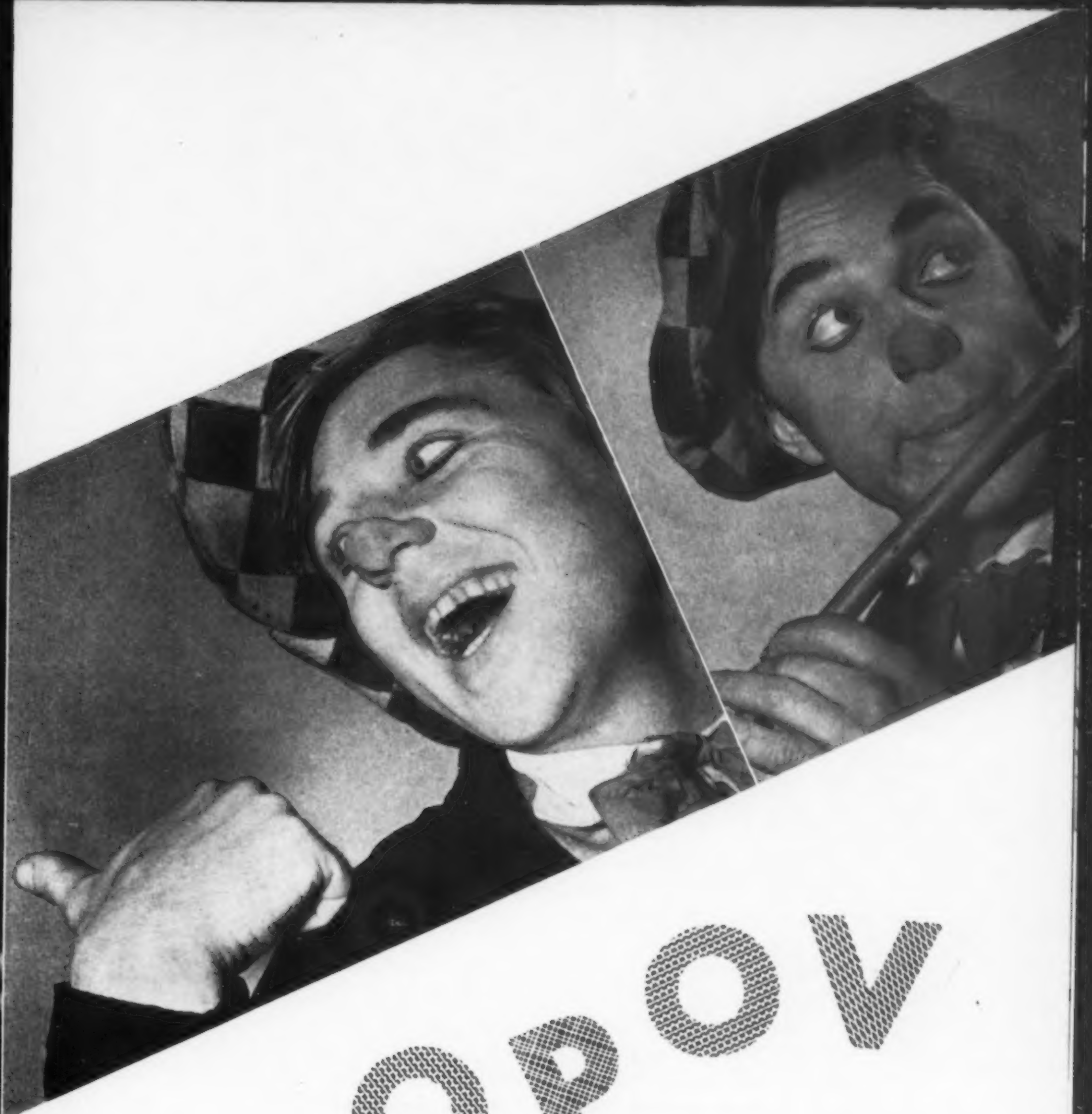
OLEG POPOV looks anything but the traditional clown—no red wig, bulbous nose or flapping shoes. But the moment this slight man in narrow trousers, black velvet jacket and red bow tie steps out under the bright lights of the Moscow Circus ring, takes off his checked cap and smiles shyly, the audience breaks out in an answering smile that grows broader and broader until it explodes in a roar.

This inimitable circus artist seems to make no conscious effort to entertain. He is the awkward, stumbling, unwittingly comic lad. He builds his performance by a subtle burlesque of the other acts.

Here, for example, the tightrope act has just ended. Popov carefully approaches the wire, clambers on to it with difficulty, sways this way and that as though he were going to fall off any moment. But gradually his movements grow sure and before long, swinging his cane nonchalantly, he walks the wire with perfect ease. He lies down, stretches out on the wire, then sits up, takes off a shoe. Balanced on one foot, he turns a hook with the shoe suspended from it between his teeth and in the meantime juggles rings that he throws up into the air.

OLEG





POPOV

A wire-walking juggler! This is the act that the young artist began his circus career with ten years ago.

Oleg Popov was born in Moscow and got his schooling there. Like other boys he chased pigeons, played ball and dreamed of becoming a flyer, or a bus driver, or the envied ticket collector at the Dynamo Sports Stadium. The last thing he thought of becoming was a circus clown.

When the war broke out, Oleg had to leave school and take a job in a print shop to help his mother get along. Near the shop was a school for training circus performers and Oleg spent a good deal of his free time watching the boys and girls work out in the gymnasium. He made friends with them and they taught him some of the tricks. He caught on quickly and very shortly was enrolled as a student of acrobatics, juggling and tightrope walking.

His teacher thought that Oleg had a talent for the comic and suggested that he work out an eccentric tightrope act. Oleg did and gradually added all sorts of little tricks and side touches. After graduating from the school he performed his Eccentric Tightrope Act in Moscow and other cities. The audiences loved it.

But as frequently happens in the performing arts, it was sheer accident that turned Oleg Popov into a clown. He happened to be playing with a circus troupe in Saratov when the clown became ill. Oleg was asked to fill in and from that rather impromptu performance dates his enormous popularity.

That performance, says Popov, taught him what he calls his First Principle—If you want to hold your audience, your humor must be contagious; it does not have to be slapstick and it must not be gross

OLEG POPOV

or vulgar. It may be that this very demanding criterion that Popov sets for himself accounts for his mature artistry and his very unique and extremely human charm.

Popov has played in many of the European countries, invariably to applauding audiences. Newspapers in Brussels, Vienna, Berlin and London called him "the master of silent speech" and "the sunny clown." He has won the admiration of such famous comedians as Bob Hope and the mime Marcel Marceau. At the International Festival in Warsaw he won two gold medal awards, one for best clown and the other for best eccentric artist.

One of Popov's especially popular acts is titled Adventure with Car No. Oi, Ai—00-13. He is eager to give his friend's mother-in-law a lift to the railroad station so she'll catch her train. But the stubborn car refuses to move. They get out and the car rides off by itself. They rush in but again it won't budge. Finally, the wretched machine gets moving and puffs out of the circus ring. Suddenly there is a deafening explosion and Oleg with his passengers, their clothes shredded, run out from the wings.

The sketch is, of course, deceptively simple but the performance is calculated to the last detail—a masterpiece of clowning—jammed with laugh-provoking twists and turns. I was trying to make notes for this article and I couldn't keep pencil to paper. An elderly gentleman in the seat next to mine almost rolled out of it. A girl nearby kept crying, "I'll die, I'll die." And the children—well, that was a sight to be seen and a sound to be heard.

Whether it's in Moscow, London or Brussels, inimitable Oleg Popov charms the most sophisticated of audiences.

A wire-walking juggler! Popov's circus career began with this act ten years ago.

Popov is famous for his hilarious take-offs on other acts in the show.

Foreign newspapers have named him "master of silent speech."

le launched his own lunik. Here's photo of the moon to prove it.

A Popovian comment on a very controversial subject—abstract art.

Almost a one-man circus. He's musiian, juggler, animal trainer, etc.

LAPTA

By Victor Kuprianov

300-year-old Russian game

THERE'S A GAME that has been played in Russia for over 300 years. It's called lapta and can't be translated into any other language. An Englishman will assure you it resembles cricket, an American will tell you it's a primitive form of baseball, and they'll both be right.

Although the rules of lapta depend on tradition exclusively and vary from one locality to the next, essentially this is what they boil down to.

The players are divided into two teams. The number varies from anything to double that amount. One team bats and the other fields. The bat can be anything from a regulation big league baseball bat to a broomstick. The field is square, any size will do. All that's needed are two lines drawn parallel at the opposite sides of the field.

The batter stands on one line. After hitting the ball—any type of soft ball—he runs to the opposite line which corresponds in a rough way to a base. There he stands to catch his breath, or makes a dash back home. If he returns home—to the batting line—without being put out, he scores a run.

There's no such thing as three outs after which the batting side retires. The team keeps on until all its players have been up to bat or until impatient mothers march the boys home by their ears.

Now we'll play lapta. The batter stands on the line and the pitcher stands a little to the side and feeds him the ball. It can't be called pitching in the real sense of the word, though, because the pitcher stands by and lets the batter hit. Sometimes the players dispense with the pitcher altogether and the batter throws the ball up himself and then takes a swing at it. The general idea—whichever way it's pitched—is to hit the ball.

If your ball is caught, you are out. If it isn't, you run. The fielding team doesn't try to tag you out. No, the idea is to throw the ball at you, and if they hit you, you are out. If they miss, you keep running.

In some parts of the country where the players find this version of the game a little tame they liven it up in a variety of ways. They may, for example have three men at bat at the same time, though with one ball. The results, to the innocent and uninitiated, look more like a free-for-all than a ball game.

To be a success in lapta, you need to know a few tricks besides good batting. It helps to be able to leap up into the air vertically for ten feet or so, to do somersaults on the way down and to run at sputnik speed. The Children's Encyclopedia says the game develops coordination, precision and an eagle eye. That's putting it mildly.

This is a game where the player must learn how to take it, a game that requires endurance. The worries in store for him are plentiful. Marathon running is child's play by comparison.

Lapta has certain distinct advantages over both baseball and cricket. First of all, this is the kind of game where the player does all the yelling. The umpire doesn't make an appearance. Second, nobody bothers about such trifles as innings. The game goes on until. . . . Well, it can be played all day long, and often is.

Lapta was recently taken out of the sandlot and backyard leagues. An official championship tournament has even been held. What this means is that formal rules had to be adopted to make a simple game complicated and, of course, umpires to misinterpret the rules.

The championship rules now lay out the size of the field. The home and base lines are from 40 to 60 yards apart. The width of the field runs from 30 to 35 yards. The time was fixed, too, by the formal rules—there are two halves, each of 30 minutes. But that's for tournament play only. Out in the country the field still runs anywhere from the equator to the Arctic Circle, and the game goes on for as long as specific opportunities permit.

Some sport historians hold that lapta is the great-great grandmother of baseball. According to their version it was supposed to have been brought to Canada by Russian emigrants in the eighteenth century.

During the last war, when the convoys were going back and forth, an American seaman on shore leave in the Soviet Union saw the game being played. When he got back home, he told all his friends: "Say, did you know that the Russians play baseball?" And a Soviet seaman who made the trip to the United States was treated to a baseball game while on shore leave. When he returned he kept saying to all his neighbors: "You know, the Americans are just like us. Nice fellows. They even play lapta!"

To play a really good game of lapta it helps a lot if you can do flying somersaults and run a mile a minute.

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DAMMING THE ANGARA RIVER AT BRATSK

—*See story on page 46*