

USSR

INCOME
TAX
ABOLISHED

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	Page
Income Tax Abolished	1
Leonid I. Brezhnev	3
Opportunities Unlimited	
by Boris Pankin	4
Young Masters of the Country	6
Let's Be Friends	12
Space and a Lilac Sprig	
by Tovi Yakovlev	14
Back Home	18
A Plant's Party Committee	
by Yuri Pavlov	20
Yaroslav Chizh	
by Georgi Radov	25
The National Income— How Is It Distributed?	
by Yefim Manevich	26
Iron Ore of Kazakhstan	
by Yuri Graftsky	28
Blue Galaxies	
by Oleg Pizarzhevsky	32
Summer Vacations	
by Zinovi Yuryev	36
Touring the Soviet Union	
by Vladimir Ankudinov	40
1,000,000 Yards of Cloth a Day	
by Yuri Gordeev	42
Neighborhood Department Store	
by Yevgeni Makukhin	47
A Child Is Born	
by Yelena Kononenko	
Photos by Alexander Mokletsov	48
Small Fry	
Photos by Yuri Chernyshev and Yuri Trankvilitsky	52
Alexander Tvardovsky Poet for Our Time	
by Andrei Turkov	54
Death and The Hero	
Excerpt from the poem <i>Vasili Tyorkin</i>	
by Alexander Tvardovsky	56
Much Richer Experience Than I Expected	
Aaron Copland Interview	57
Mr. America	
by Alexander Pobozhy	58
Svyatoslav Rikhter	
by Genrikh Neigauz	60
Art Gymnastics—Sport of Grace	
by Igor Vasiliev	64

Front cover: Thousands of young people from all the republics of the multinational country participated in the Youth Festival held at the Lenin Central Stadium in Moscow.

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At the 5th Session

of the USSR Supreme Soviet

INCOME TAX ABOLISHED

IN MAY the USSR Supreme Soviet met in Moscow to consider, among other matters, a historically unique piece of legislation—a law to abolish taxes. It was approved unanimously and with it another bill designed to complete the change-over from an eight- to a seven- or six-hour working day in 1960.

Beginning this year taxes will be reduced gradually and by 1965, at the completion of the seven-year plan, they will be abolished. The reduction in working time is another step toward a goal designed to give the Soviet worker and farmer the shortest workday in the world.

Both these measures were made possible by technological and scientific progress, rising productivity and the country's financial soundness.

This was a session of the national parliament to be long remembered. Thanks to television and radio, millions of Soviet citizens heard and saw the proceedings. Most of the country, as it were, was present in this great conference hall in the Kremlin when Premier N. Khrushchev made his report to the nation and, as is characteristic of Soviet democracy, they were the first to speak from the floor. Their telegrams poured in to the secretariat even while the report was being made. Read from the podium, they expressed the hearty and unanimous approval of the people for the proposed legislation.





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N. S. KHRUSHCHEV ADDRESSING THE USSR SUPREME SOVIET. THE MAIN ITEMS UNDER DISCUSSION AT THE FIFTH SESSION WERE MEASURES TO RAISE LIVING STANDARDS.

A Solid Foundation

To show that the laws to abolish taxes and shorten the work week were based on solid achievement, Khrushchev reviewed the nation's economic progress. The first of the seven planning years, 1959, he noted, set records never before reached in developing the productive forces and building the material and technical foundation for a communist society.

Soviet industry topped its target figures for 1959 by a wide margin. It turned out nearly 50 billion rubles' worth of goods over and above the plan. That is more than prerevolutionary Russia's industries produced in a whole year. Over a thousand new, large industrial establishments were put into operation in 1959. The gains in agriculture were correspondingly high.

Last year's national income grew by approximately a hundred billion rubles, and increased in the neighborhood of 8 per cent over the 1958 figure. The national income this year is expected to rise by another 9 per cent to an approximate 1 trillion 450 billion rubles.

This steady rise in national income has meant a rise in real wages. Inclusive of larger pension payments and other such government bene-

fits the real wages of a Soviet worker doubled between 1940 and 1959. Soviet families today are living better, dressing better, eating better.

In addition to higher pensions there have been other measures introduced to raise living standards. In 1959 and early 1960 retail prices of a number of consumer items were lowered with a total annual saving to the consumer of about 11 billion rubles. A great deal more housing was built—more than two billion square feet in the past three years.

Soviet planning agencies are presently drafting a 20-year economic and cultural development program that charts even faster progress toward communism and an economy of abundance. Khrushchev declared to the applause of the listening deputies that "every condition was present to provide a still better, a still richer and happier life for the Soviet people."

Tax History

The law to abolish taxes is remarkable evidence of the Soviet Union's 42 years of economic progress. In the early period after the Revolution for a number of reasons a significant part of the national

INCOME TAX ABOLISHED

revenue had to come from taxes. The country's economy had to be reconstructed almost from the ground up and a foundation of heavy industry laid. The young republic had to build almost without credits and loans from abroad. Its only funds were its own domestic reserves, so that part of the personal funds of Soviet citizens had to be invested in the country's future.

As the economy developed and its productive income grew, taxes on the population accounted for a smaller and smaller share of government revenue. During the Second World War, a national defense tax was introduced temporarily and other taxes increased. The defense tax was abolished in 1945 when the war ended.

Tax reduction has been consistent government policy. In 1953 the Supreme Soviet passed a law reducing the agricultural tax on collective farmers by 60 per cent. In the years following, the number of those required to pay income taxes was cut. A good many other people no longer had to pay the tax previously required of bachelors, spinsters, and those with small families. The savings for the population came to an annual 13 billion rubles.

This new bill schedules the gradual abolition of taxes altogether. This is to be done in stages between now and 1965. First to be free of taxes will be people in the lower income brackets. This is in line with general government policy—to bridge the existing wage gaps by gradually bringing the wages of the lower-paid categories of industrial and office workers up to the level of those in the middle categories and bringing the wages of those in the middle categories up to the level of the higher-paid people. This is fair and equitable procedure.

The Premier's report cited estimated tax savings for the Soviet citizen of approximately 74 billion rubles annually by 1966, a significant addition to real wages and a higher living standard.

More Consumer Goods

Tax abolition and higher family income create more purchasing power. The retail stores must therefore stock full shelves. The seven-year plan provides, accordingly, for large-scale expansion of the light and food industries. Between 80 and 85 billion rubles, or more than twice as much as in the previous seven years, has been earmarked for new consumer goods production facilities. Output of consumer goods over 1958 is to be increased by between 62 and 65 per cent.

Consumer goods are being turned out at a faster annual rate than that scheduled by the seven-year plan. In 1959 more than 21 billion rubles' worth of manufactured articles and foodstuff over and above the planned figures were produced for retail sale.

The volume of sales has risen sharply. In 1959 it was 709.6 billion rubles, 47.6 billion more than in 1958. This year another increase of about 56 billion rubles is expected.

Nikita Khrushchev said in his report that the country faces the task of meeting the growing demand for goods. This demand will be met very much sooner than had been figured on earlier. It is planned to saturate the domestic market with both foodstuff and manufactured goods.

The target figures for the first two years of the plan were overfulfilled. Time saved means money saved—more than a billion rubles. That additional sum has been invested in capital construction in the sugar, meat and textile industries.

Also available because of savings are some 25-30 billion rubles more than had been originally figured on for capital investments in the textile and shoe industries and their raw material sources.

In the course of the seven-year period consumer demands for food, clothing and footwear will be met and to spare. By the plan's end the Soviet Union will have overtaken the most highly developed capitalist countries of Western Europe in per capita consumption of many major consumer items. The task then will be to catch up with and surpass

the United States in per capita consumption of textiles, footwear and other goods by 1970.

Corollary of a high living standard is the short workday. The Soviet Union has done much to reduce working time while increasing wages. In the past two years chemical, nonferrous metals and other industries have switched to a shorter workday and a new and better pay schedule. They followed the lead set by coal and iron and steel. Today about 16 million Soviet people work a 7- or 6-hour day.

Shorter Workday—Higher Wages

The new law specifies that during 1960 all other industrial and office workers are to make the same switch, this without any cut in wages. Quite the contrary, in a majority of industries wages are on the rise, especially for lower-paid workers.

The law was drafted and introduced by the government and the USSR Central Council of Trade Unions. It is characteristic of socialism, said Deputy Alexander Volkov, Chairman of the State Committee on Labor and Wages, that a shorter working day does not mean a drop in production. More commonly it means a rise. Higher productivity with a shorter workday does not come from speedup but from labor-saving machinery and devices that make work faster and easier.

In the USSR a remarkably large number of people make efficiency suggestions to help improve the machinery they work with. Last year alone more than 2,000 new types of machines were designed and manufactured and more than 1,400 automatic and semi-automatic machines and production lines and conveyors were set up. All told more than three and a half million efficiency suggestions were submitted.

By the end of 1962 factory and office workers will be working a 40-hour week and beginning with 1964 will come the gradual transfer to a 6- or 5-hour day—the shortest workday in the world.

The ways in which to spend this new leisure time are infinite, and the facilities for putting it to good use are within everybody's reach in the USSR. Books, newspapers, radio, television, motion pictures, the theater, music and sports are part and parcel of Soviet life. The country now has more than 500 professional theaters, 90,000 motion picture installations, some 400,000 libraries and 250,000 community centers and the number keeps growing.

The trade unions carry on a large educational and cultural program at palaces of culture, clubs and libraries of their own. Last year their amateur groups put on a million or more performances. The unions run more than one thousand adult education centers called "People's Universities" at which half a million workers attend classes in literature and the arts.

The People Speak

Deputies by the score from all parts of the country took the floor to speak in favor of both bills. Nikofor Kalchenko, deputy from the Ukraine, said that the tax law would put an added nine billion rubles into the pocketbooks of Ukrainian workers.

Deputy Vera Ivanova from Moscow said that the people in her factory had been working a 7-hour day for more than two years now. She noted that wages had risen in the meantime. "Our factory is a good example of the way living standards keep going up. In the past few years five big modern apartment houses have been built to house 700 families of workers at our plant."

Pyotr Bykov, excavator operator from the Urals, Chelyabinsk Region, said that the miners in his town of Korkino were all for the new bills.

Zhumabek Tashenev, deputy from the Kazakh Republic, spoke of the historic significance of the law to abolish taxes. "It is one of many illustrations" he said, "for the whole world to see, of the advantages of the socialist system."

The Soviet parliament received thousands of letters and telegrams enthusiastically approving the bills. "We are proud of our beloved country and what socialism can do for our people," read a telegram from workers in an electric clock factory in Leningrad. Oil refinery workers from Omsk telegraphed, "we have just heard a radio broadcast of Nikita Khrushchev's speech. Abolition of taxes and the short working day is possible only in our country, the country that is building communism."

Altogether appropriate to this session of the USSR Supreme Soviet with its emphasis on peace and the better life was the time it convened—in spring, a season filled with the promise of new growth.



LEONID ILYICH BREZHNEV

President of the Presidium
of the USSR Supreme Soviet

ON MAY 7, Kliment Yefremovich Voroshilov was relieved of his duties as President of the Presidium of the USSR Supreme Soviet at his request because of poor health, and Leonid Ilyich Brezhnev was elected to replace him.

Leonid Brezhnev, the son of a steelworker, was born in 1906 in the Ukrainian city of Dneprodzerzhinsk. He started working in a plant when he was fifteen years old, continuing his schooling at the same time. Brezhnev specialized in surveying and land improvement, and in 1927 he was graduated from a secondary school in Kursk.

Brezhnev worked in the Urals from 1927 to 1930 as a surveyor, and was head of a district land department, vice chairman of a district executive committee and assistant head of a regional land department.

In 1931 Brezhnev enrolled at the Dneprodzerzhinsk Metallurgical Institute, and after graduation he worked as an engineer

at the Dzerzhinsky Iron and Steel Plant.

In May of 1937 Brezhnev was elected vice chairman of the Dneprodzerzhinsk City Executive Committee. Later he was a departmental head on the Dniepropetrovsk Regional Committee of the Communist Party of the Ukraine, and in 1939 he was elected its Secretary. He worked here until the beginning of the Great Patriotic War.

During the years of the Great Patriotic War (1941-1945) Brezhnev was with the Army in the field and was engaged in very important political work. He was Assistant Chief of the Political Administration of the Southern Front, Chief of the political department of one of the armies and Chief of the Political Administration of the Fourth Ukrainian Front.

In 1946 Brezhnev was elected First Secretary of the Zaporozhye Regional Committee of the Communist Party of the Ukraine; in November 1947, First Secretary of the Dnie-

propetrovsk Regional Committee of the Communist Party of the Ukraine; in July 1950, First Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Moldavia.

At the Nineteenth Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union (1952) Brezhnev was elected a member of the Central Committee, and at the plenary meeting of the Central Committee he was elected an alternate member of the Presidium and a Secretary of the Central Committee.

From 1954 to 1956 he was Second and then First Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Kazakhstan.

At the Twentieth Party Congress (1956) Brezhnev was elected a member of the Central Committee, an alternate member of the Presidium and Secretary of the Central Committee. Since June 1957 he has been a member of the Presidium of the Central Committee.

Brezhnev has been a deputy to the USSR Supreme Soviet since 1950.

Opportunities Unlimited

By Boris Pankin

ASK ANY YOUNG PERSON in the Soviet Union what he hopes to do with his life and ninety-nine chances out of a hundred you'll get an answer that rings of optimism.

Where does the optimism come from, you wonder, when you remind yourself that this present generation was born at a time when a grim and desperate war was being fought. It was a generation that had an early acquaintance with hunger and death.

These were children still in the first grades when their fathers and brothers, having won the war, set about to restore the wrecked cities and devastated villages, to rebuild the factories and power stations. One day these youngsters saw nothing but havoc, the next they saw construction all about them.

In this country of no unemployment these young people grew up sure of the future. This was a society, they found, that prized people above all else, a society that needed and was waiting for their skills and their talents.

As far back as 1920 when the young Soviet republic was being torn at by counter-revolutionaries from within and by interventionist armies from without, Lenin said this to the delegates assembled at the 3rd Congress of the Young Communist League: "We face the task of regenerating the economy of the whole country, of reconstructing agriculture and industry on a modern technological foundation. . . . We want to transform Russia from a poverty-stricken and wretched country into a wealthy land. The Young Communist League must combine its education, its learning, its skill with the labor of the workers and peasants. . . ."

Lenin called upon the young people to learn and to keep learning. It was possible to become a Communist, a builder of this new society, he said, only if "one enriches his mind with all of mankind's wealth of knowledge."

But the material possibilities for learning had to be created, the schools and colleges had to be built. They were. Today in the USSR there are 50 million people studying at these schools and colleges, and education from the elementary school through the university is paid for by the government.

Here is the family of Semyon Dedelov, a recently pensioned miner from Anzhero-Sudzhensk in East Siberia. He has seven

children whose total school life presently totals 49 years. The schooling of one child costs the government about 660 rubles a year. So that Dedelov's children have already cost the government 32,340 rubles. In addition, the state spent another 100,000 rubles for specialized secondary school and college training for the two eldest children. The sum covers the monthly stipend paid to students, free libraries, teachers' wages and so on. Add to that 18 years of kindergarten training—a kindergarten year for a child costs the government about 3,000 rubles.

The grand total—186,000 rubles for the Dedelov children's schooling. And not one copeck of this paid for by the family!

When young people begin to work they can continue their studies to qualify for a better job—this too without cost. So that throughout life, the government provides every possible encouragement, both moral and financial, to those who wish to improve themselves. Young people are the country's future and no expense is spared to make that future happy and productive.

Young people in the Soviet Union bring to their work and their civic duties a buoyant and creative energy. It was manifest on a grand scale in 1954 and the years thereafter when thousands of young people, at the call of the Communist Party, set out to pioneer the virgin lands.

They turned millions of acres to the plow—in Siberia, Kazakhstan, the Altai, the North Caucasus, the Volga Region. They left well-paid jobs, apartments, the amenities of city life—theaters, concerts, movies—to go where they were most needed. In these uninhabited lands they built towns and cities where thousands of them subsequently remained to build homes and raise families.

This same wish to contribute to the social good brought thousands of young people to the Siberian taiga, where they are laying new railroads; setting up new collective farms; prospecting for great stores of coal, gas, ores, diamonds; building steel mills and power stations.

The possibilities presently open to young people for growth, for expression of their individual potentialities are unlimited. There is reason for optimism—the present is only a token of a much greater future.

Says Elvira Goryukhina: It's wonderful to be able to carry over to others your own love of the arts.



Vladimir Bobrov says: Before long, one man will be operating my whole shop from a central control board.

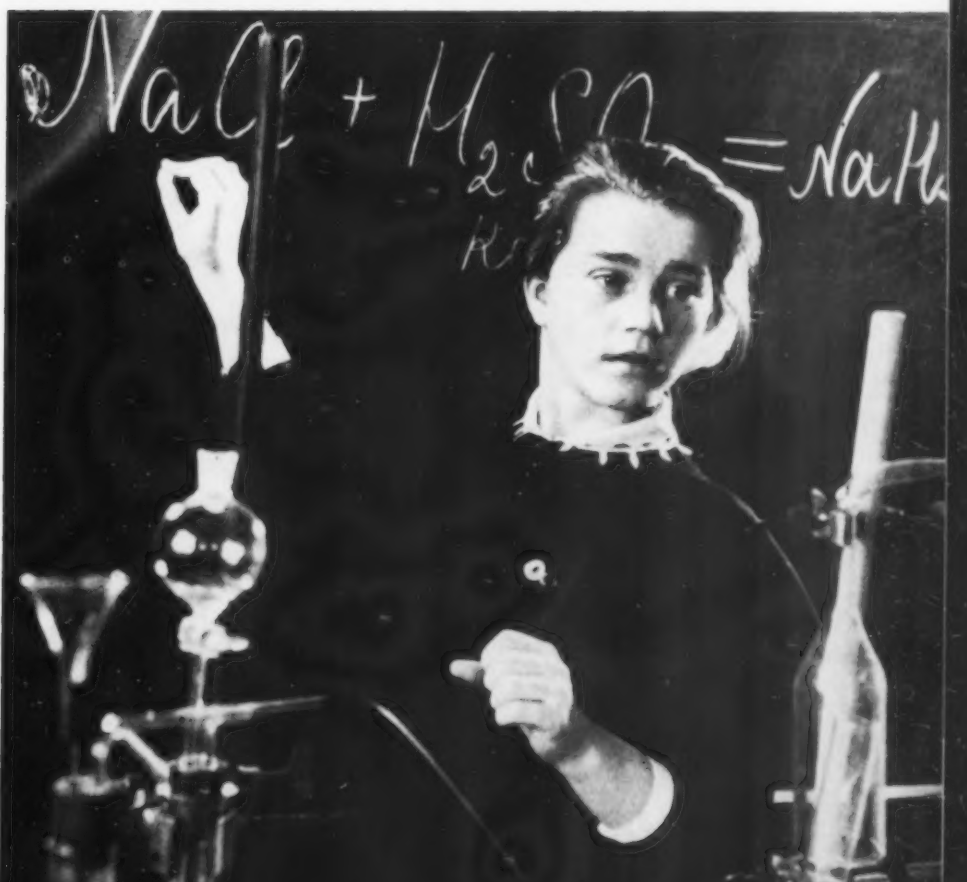
Vladimir Nikiforenko says that he was glad to shed his navy uniform for the overalls of a farm school.



I found the going on my job hard at first, says Albert Denisov. It made all the difference in the world working with people who were glad to share their background of professional experience with me.



In a few days I will be leaving school, says Vera, and with it many happy memories and much that is dear to me. But the future is exciting and full of new things to learn and new people to meet.



Young Masters of t

I DON'T WANT OTHER CHILDREN TO HAVE MY WAR MEMORIES

Vladimir Nikiforenko is 23. After his tour of army service he went to the Altai where he is now studying at the Rebrikhin farm mechanization school. He explains here why his recollections of the war period are still so vivid.

I WAS ONLY SIX THEN. My mother and I were in occupied territory in the Ukraine. I still remember the door of our house pushed open and two German soldiers standing there. One was tall and thin, the other one shorter. They were ransacking the houses, looking for pork and milk. I remem-

ber the barrel of the tommy gun pointing at my mother. She told me afterward that they suspected she was Jewish and wanted to shoot her.

Our second meeting with the fascists was when they were preparing to retreat. We woke up to hear the crackling of flames. They had set fire to the village. All night we waited for a torch to come hurtling through the window. Our house was screened off from the road by an orchard and this must have saved us. The fascists had no time to hunt out the more isolated houses.

I've hated war ever since and everything connected with it. I don't want Seryozhka Frolov, our neighbor's six-year-old to have to go through what I did as a child. I don't want children ever again to have these memories.

It was while I was doing my military service that I first got to know about the Altai, the part of the country I'm living in now. I was an electrician on one of the ships of the Baltic fleet and a group of young people from the Altai had taken over patronage of our ship. They corresponded with us, sent us presents, we organized an exchange of radio programs and so on.

Most of them were working on the collective and state farms. They had come out here back in 1954 to pioneer this virgin land, lived in tent colonies until they got around to building houses, and overcame all sorts of difficulties to get this great stretch of country plowed up and sowed. One of my regrets has always been that I wasn't able to share their experience. But I wanted to get out there anyway even if the pioneering was over. My correspondence friends told me I'd have no trouble at all getting set as an electrician.

I like the Altai with its open country. I was glad to shed my uniform for a pair of overalls here at the farm machinery school. Most of us—there are 500 students—are recent ex-servicemen, with some younger people who have come straight from high school.

We don't do much talking about our service in the army or navy; we are a lot more interested, frankly speaking, in tractors and harvesters than in tanks. We did our practical training in the spring—plowing and planting the local collective farm fields. In the fall, after we get through with exams, we'll begin working on our own.

All my friends on the ship are now demobilized. Nikolai Volobuyev is working on a state farm in the Kuban Area, Nikolai Logvinov is cutting coal in the Donbas and Pavel Kolomiets is operating a milling machine in a Lugansk factory. I'm sure they are as glad as I am to be producing for peace rather than war.

NO WAR MEMORIES FOR LITTLE ONES LIKE THIS!



f the Country

Albert Denisov was a little more than fourteen years old when his father died. His mother, who is a railroad engineer, brought him up alone and gave him her feeling for the sciences. He is 27 now, an engineer, and works as dispatcher at a big railroad junction.

AFTER I GRADUATED from the Rostov Rail Transport Institute, I worked as foreman of a train-dispatching crew at Bataisk Station. At first I found the going hard. The trains just wouldn't wait until I had picked up experience. There were Lord knows how many every day, going to every corner of the country. My "practice period" would have lasted a long time indeed if not for the help I got from the workers, technicians and other engineers who shared their experience with me and encouraged me. I was lucky to have such people to work with.

When I learned my job and acquired confidence with the learning, I did the same thing for people who worked with me. It's for that reason, I feel, that my team is the best in the station—we work collectively, we share our experience.

A while ago we got new equipment—electronic machines. That presented us with new problems. Together we checked over the new machines, together we studied their possibilities and together we worked out the best way of fitting them into our set-up.

With science moving ahead as fast as it does, by tomorrow these advanced electronic devices are likely to be replaced by something better, so that I have to keep up with my studies. I'm enrolled in the mathematics department of Rostov University. I take courses by correspondence. I have an idea that pretty soon anyone who isn't familiar with higher mathematics won't be able to handle a dispatcher's job.

Apart from my work and studies, I do a good deal of reading and I like sports. I am particularly fond of music, both classical and jazz. When it comes to jazz, I like melody. I don't care for those jazz composers who try so hard to be original that they lose the folk rhythms that give jazz its special flavor.

My favorite classical composers are Mozart and Tchaikovsky. I like Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, especially the finale of the opera with its beautiful musical picture of the struggle between the forces of darkness and light. In Tchaikovsky's music, I like especially his *Seasons of the Year*, *Swan Lake* and his symphonies.

I find it just as hard to think of getting along without music and books as I do getting along without friends.

I'M LUCKY
TO HAVE SUCH
PEOPLE
TO WORK WITH



ALBERT HAS TIME FOR HIS FAMILY AS WELL AS JOB AND SCHOOL.

THE NEW ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT MAKES WORK A LOT EASIER.





NEXT TO HIKING AND SKIING, VLADIMIR MOST ENJOYS DEVELOPING THE PICTURES HE TAKES ON HIS TRIPS.



Young Masters of

Vladimir Bobrov is 20 years old and works as an electrician at the Chelyabinsk Tractor Plant. Besides Vladimir, there are five other Bobrov children: Galina and Alexander who attend a specialized secondary school; Boris and Sasha who go to elementary school; and a very young brother who just learned to walk.

IT'S MY FUTURE I'M WORKING FOR

MORAL SUPPORT FOR HIS WONDERFUL BIG BROTHER.



EVERY once in a while I try to visualize the shop I work in as it is going to look before too long and I see it filled with automatic transfer lines, with only one man operating the whole business from a central control board. This is how I see the future. And it's not only the plant's future, it's my own too I'm seeing.

After I graduated from an evening school for young people who work days, I enrolled for courses at the Chelyabinsk Polytechnic Institute. I continued with my studies, not only because I want to move ahead on my job, but because I want to know more than I do now. Recently I was asked to assemble the first automatic transfer line in our shop. I felt very good about it because I knew what to do. I had learned the process in my Institute courses.

The first months at the Institute I spent practically every evening at lectures or in the

laboratory. I found it hard to organize my time. I had to give up many hours of rest and relaxation. But now that I've taken a number of exams and have done pretty well with them, I find that I can take time off every so often.

I do a lot of hiking and skiing in the Urals and I'm something of a fisherman. For the social side of my life, I go to the Saturday night dances we have at the factory club.

I recently joined the Komsomol—the Young Communist League, something I've wanted to do for a long time. The Komsomol is a youth organization whose aim is to help the people achieve a great goal—a communist society which will give every person the chance of developing as completely as his potentialities permit—in both material and spiritual ways. For me, joining the Komsomol was a matter of conscience, something I owed to the society I live in.



THE FUTURE LOOKS BRIGHT FOR VERA AND HER CLASSMATES, WHO WILL SOON BE GRADUATING.

ers of the Country

THE FUTURE IS FULL OF NEW THINGS TO LEARN AND PEOPLE TO MEET

Vera Atavina of Sverdlovsk is just 17, and will be graduating from high school this year. She is trying to decide which of the many openings available she will choose after graduation.

MUSIC, RADIO ENGINEERING AND GYMNASTICS ARE THIS VERSATILE GIRL'S FAVORITE HOBBIES.

I REALLY DON'T WANT to do what my mother did. She worked when she was younger but then decided that she wanted to spend all her time raising a family, bringing up children and running a house. Now that's all right to do if you are inclined that way.

Of course I want to get married and have children eventually but I don't want that to be my whole life. It seems to me that to restrict yourself to the family circle is to make your own life unnecessarily poorer. I watch my mother as we all come home—my father from the factory where he works as an engineer, my brother from the technical institute and I from school—and I can see that she envies us a little. Father always has something interesting to tell us about the factory—as one of the editors of the factory newspaper and chairman of the mutual aid fund, he's very much in the thick of things. My brother talks excitedly about sports and other things. I tell about school and people I've met. And mother just listens to us and sets the table.

It seems to me that a happy, full and inter-



esting life is one in which you do things with other people. That is why I want to work. Although I want to have a family too. There are plenty of women who hold down a job and do well at it and are wonderful mothers besides. I think that a woman who is occupied exclusively with household matters gets a one-sided slant on life even though she may follow current events closely.

These days I have the feeling that there aren't enough hours in a day, there's so much I have to do. Not that I mind. It used to be that lessons meant going to class, learning a few pages from a textbook and solving some problems or memorizing a couple of chemical formulas. But it's not so simple now. You sit at the wheel and learn how to drive a machine—that's a lesson too. You go to a factory laboratory and with test tubes and Bunsen burners as your tools, find out how much phosphorus and tungsten a piece of metal has—that too is a lesson.

You not only have to tell the teacher who Bazarov was and what nihilism is, you also have to be able to explain what is in a novel by Turgenev and you must understand the social and political climate of the time it was written. You must be prepared to argue with your classmate who thinks that we people in this space age have nothing to learn from Raphael or Bach. All of this means that it's not enough to be able to recite what's in the book, it has to be digested and related to your own experiences. And that's not exactly easy.

Since our curriculum was reorganized to relate school more closely to life, we've been doing really creative work when we prepare our lessons. We've been doing more independent thinking also. It's much more interesting. We used to work with books and teachers, now the school world has broadened out to take in dozens of new people—the workers, engineers and foremen at the factories where we do our practical work. These people help us to get to know ourselves better and to make a better choice of our future professions.

My own interests are not confined to school. After classes I join a radio-engineering group or a gymnastic class. I like both. I love to feel that every cell in my body is awake and active, to feel, as you do with some of the exercises, as though you were soaring like a bird.

Music is something else I'm very fond of. I used to attend a special music school, now I study at home. I don't intend to become a professional musician, but music is something I wouldn't feel complete without, it's perfect for every mood and state of mind.

In a few days I will be leaving school, and with it many happy memories, good friends and things that are dear to me. But the future is exciting and full of new things to learn and interesting people to meet.



ELVIRA'S SENSE OF SATISFACTION AMPLY REPAYS HER FOR THE WORK OF PREPARING FOR THE STUDY GROUPS.

YOU HAVE TO SHARE YOUR KNOWLEDGE WITH OTHERS

Elvira Goryukhina, a young teacher, taught Russian language and literature until very recently at a high school in a Siberian village. This year, after much hesitation and doubt and a good deal of self-questioning, she left her job to do graduate work at the Novosibirsk Pedagogical Institute. She explains why.

IT TOOK ME SOME TIME to realize that if there was something you liked very much—some special experience or knowledge or thought—you had to share it with others.

When I graduated from the Institute I took a teaching job in the village of Zakovryazhino. At the time there was nothing so important to me as art, music, literature. Too much so, I'm afraid, so that when my colleagues at school or my senior students or the farmers in the village didn't go into ecstasies when I mentioned a new symphony or a traveling art exhibit I looked down my nose at them.

I was happy to get through with a day's teaching so I could lose myself in books. The fictional characters seemed nearer and dearer than the flesh and blood people I lived among. But I was forced down from this ivory tower when the headmaster fell ill and I had to take his place.

For me, an inexperienced young teacher, it was a fortunate awakening. It was then I came face to face with people I had previously avoided. I discovered when I had to work with them day in and day out that they were fine, sensitive people, and that they knew many things I didn't.

of the Country

Since I knew something about the arts—as amateurish as my knowledge was—the least I could do was to share it with people. So I organized several study groups for the farmers in the neighborhood and gave talks on painting, the drama, and music during which I played my favorite records and read from my favorite writers. They enjoyed the sessions and told me they were learning a great deal, but I'm sure they weren't learning nearly so much as I was. These arias I knew so well, these pictures I was so familiar with, took on new meaning for me when I spoke about them.

During the summer I went to Moscow with the senior class students. We visited the museums—the Tretyakov Gallery among them. The youngsters responded beautifully, they took in every picture and every word of explanation I gave. I could see that they truly enjoyed looking at the paintings they had seen before only in reproductions. And I enjoyed it even more, trying to pass on to these young people what I had learned. It opened up a whole new world of experience for me. This I decided was what I was going to keep doing. It meant I had to equip myself with more knowledge than I had. That's the reason for the graduate courses.

I thought this was a private discovery—this wonderful feeling you get in transmitting to others your own love of music, art and literature. Then I visited a college friend, Galina Bykova who happens to be teaching in a small Siberian village, Ogn'yova Zaimka, and found that she had come to the same conclusion I had. Except that she was a step ahead.

She had persuaded her school board to add some extra time to the school's curriculum for art study. She had sent away for books, reproductions and records and had set up a real "university for the arts" in her village.

Later on I happened to meet another kindred soul—a teacher—in a railroad waiting room. She was on her way back home and taking records back with her—among them, I was interested to note, Tchaikovsky's *Piano Concerto* with Van Cliburn playing the solo. This is no small achievement, getting hold of this record. Although it's been turned out in thousands, it sells so quickly that it's hard to come by.

I don't think it's altogether a coincidence that in a short period I happened to meet people of the same turn of mind as myself. I think it just proves that there are many people like that around.

Recently I sent a letter to the newspaper *Literaturnaya Gazeta* telling about Galina Bykova, the schoolteacher I met in the railroad station, myself and others interested in art education. The letter got a huge response. It was obvious from the number of people who wrote in to the paper that there were many thousands who felt the way we did.



"TO BE REALLY HAPPY AT WORK, PEOPLE MUST HAVE JOBS THAT ARE CHALLENGING," SAYS ELVIRA.

An Open Letter to Young Steel Workers
of Pittsburgh

Let's
Be Friends



DEAR PITTSBURGH STEEL WORKERS:

We are a group of young people who work in a Soviet steel mill—the Hammer and Sickle in Moscow. We first got the idea of writing you when we heard of the friendly welcome you gave our Premier Nikita Khrushchev when he visited your city last fall. When he came back home and made his report to the country, he spoke of the cordiality of Americans and told us of the hearty meetings he had with the workers in the Pittsburgh plants.

We followed his trip in the newspapers and were naturally most interested in the stories and photos of you people who wear the same kind of overalls we do and work in the hot shops just as we do. And so we thought we would get in touch with you and talk to you, dear friends.

There are many things we have in common besides the fact that we happen to be doing the same kind of jobs. We want peace between our countries, as we are sure you do to judge from your friendly smiles in the photos taken with Nikita Khrushchev. More than once the American and Soviet people have been on the same side. We fought together in the last war against a common enemy—fascism. And the most recent expres-

sion of friendship between us was when American sailors rescued the four Soviet servicemen adrift in the Pacific.

We want to tell you a little about ourselves. The oldest person in our group is 23, the youngest is 18. We work at different trades. Mikhail Shchetinkin is a roller section worker; Yuri Budayev is a welder; Vyacheslav Timofeyev, a rolling mill operator. We also have fitters, electricians, molders and laboratory assistants in our group.

Ours is one of the oldest Russian mills. Before the Revolution it was practically a handicraft factory where workers labored long hours, lived on a starvation diet in dirty, smoke-filled wooden barracks and thought themselves lucky if fines and deductions did not eat up a quarter of their already miserable wages.

Of course, all this has gone long ago. We know about it from the talk of the old men who used to work at the plant and are now on pension. We live altogether differently—we like our work, our leisure, our friends, and we all hope to do big things with the opportunities we have open to us for education and advancement.

Our plant which bears the name Hammer and Sickle, the emblem of labor, is one of the country's very up-to-date iron and steel mills. Machines long ago replaced manual labor.

Now we operate with new automatic transfer machines that take know-how rather than muscle. There is no problem about that. Many of us came to the plant with a good technical background from secondary and vocational schools. And we continue studying after work so as to keep abreast of new developments in the industry and to reinforce our practical experience with theory.

About 700 of the young people, we among them, study at the plant's evening technical school and metallurgy institute. We get an additional free day a week with full pay for study and a paid vacation of 30 days to take exams.

We expect, as time goes on, to have our present seven-hour workday reduced to six hours—and without wage cuts. As a matter of fact, many workers will be earning more as automation boosts production. A still shorter workday will give us added opportunity to study for more skilled jobs and more leisure time for reading, painting, music, sports and whatever other interests we have. We are moving toward the time when every worker will have the intensive knowledge of the engineer and the rounded background of the well-educated man.

But with that said, we would not want to give you the impression that life is all a bed of roses. We have our problems, just as you



First Row (left to right): Yuri Budayev, Nikolai Antonov, Yuri Mironov, Second Row: Vyacheslav Timofeyev, Lev Afonin, Lyudmila Khokh, Mikhail Shchetinkin, Lyudmila Lyubina, Nikolai Parshin, Victor Filtsev, Alexander Reznik.

do, and our days when everything seems to go wrong. But we try to take it all in stride and with the help and encouragement we get from each other we do all right. Friends make things a lot easier and brighter.

We spend a lot of our free time together—skiing, fishing, hiking. We go on camping trips together during vacations to the Caucasus, the Urals and elsewhere. Most of us are keen on sports and we belong to one or another of the sport groups—soccer, basketball, volleyball—that work out in the plant's gym and stadium.

Many of us are members of the various amateur art circles at the plant clubhouse—dance, chorus, radio, film production and others. So that our lives are pretty full, what with work, study, play and, probably like you, speculating and planning about the future. How about yourselves? Your work, entertainment, daydreams? We would like to know about them. That is why we wrote this letter to you and asked *USSR Illustrated Monthly* to publish it.

We do know some things about the United States and life in America but there is much more that we would like to know. And it seems to us that there is no better way for people to get to know about each other than by talking through the mail—the next best thing to talking face to face.

We hope that not only you steelworkers in Pittsburgh but young people in other American cities will read our letter. We will be very glad to hear from all of you; the more correspondents we have and friends we make, the better we like it.

Here is our picture, taken by a friend. Send us yours. And write us, individually or as a group. We will be very pleased in either case and promise an early reply. It may be that when we do get together some time in the near future, we hope, in Pittsburgh or in Moscow, we will be meeting as long-time correspondence friends.

With very best wishes,

Alexander Reznik, foreman; Lev Afonin, mechanic; Yuri Budayev, welder; Yuri Mironov, electrician; Nikolai Parshin, mechanic; Lyudmila Khokh, laboratory assistant; Mikhail Shchetinkin, roller section operator; Lyudmila Lyubina, laboratory assistant; Vyacheslav Timofeyev, rolling machine operator; Nikolai Antonov, carpenter; Victor Filtsev, molder.

Our address is: Hammer and Sickle Plant, Moscow, USSR.

Трапун
Кох
Кефунг
Уит
АРОНУН

Steelworkers.
Reznik. B. Khokh
2 modes
H. Parshin
V. Filtsev

By Tovi Yakovlev

SPACE and a



THE RATHER ENIGMATIC title of this article was not chosen to mystify. It is borrowed from a letter sent by Elvira Popova to the "Letters from Readers" page of *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, the daily read by millions of young people in the Soviet Union.

Elvira's letter started a heated debate. For four months, each day the mail brought overflowing bags of letters from young people on the subject of "beauty in the space age"—pro and con.

Elvira thought that we ought not permit this whole world of beauty—the art and literature and music accumulated through the ages—to be overshadowed by the miracles of contemporary science. In her own words: "I am convinced that the man of the space age will

also struggle, suffer, love and try to deepen and broaden his knowledge of the world. Man in space, too, will need a lilac sprig. He too, with more spiritual riches than we have now, with a wider knowledge and more sensitive feelings, will express himself in his art.

"And what was expressed in the art of the past—the sufferings of Othello, the torments of Dostoyevky's heroes, the proud spirit of Gorky's *Stormy Petrel*, Remarque's life-scarred heroes, the heroism of the Young Guards (an underground group of young people who fought against the fascists; Alexander Fadeyev's popular novel has that title—Ed.)—will forever help people to understand each other, help them to distinguish truth from falsehood, the human from the inhuman, uniting men in

the struggle for Man. Because art is what someone called the essential immortality of the human spirit."

From Aesthetics to Hairdoes

This discussion was not planned in the editorial offices of *Komsomolskaya Pravda*. It started by itself, quite spontaneously, like scores of other open forums on any one of a hundred subjects that young people are concerned with—they range from love to aesthetics to hairdoes—carried by this and the 116 other youth papers published in the Soviet Union, not to speak of the hundreds of student newspapers.

A debate will be started by a letter from a

d-a LILAC SPRIG



"If those who deny art reason the way Poletayev does, art will survive," said Irina Zlobinskaya (above).

Agreement with Irina at this debate on Beauty in the Space Age was registered by a hearty round of applause.

The minority—the defenders of "pure reason"—let go a barrage of thought-provoking arguments (right).



reader, an article by a writer, a news item, a cartoon. There is no telling what readers think of a piece until the mail comes in.

Some time ago we scheduled a rather orthodox conference — we called together young people—factory and farm workers, students, young scientists—whose letters had started these mail debates going. Tamara Kozulina, a Leningrad college student, and Abdulhamid Yusufi, a young teacher from the Tajik Republic, were two of those present. Their communications had started a flood of mail to *Komsomolskaya Pravda* that stacked up to a neat total of 10,000. Tamara put this question: how can I mold my character?—something many Soviet young people ask themselves. The debate touched on all sorts of

related and pretty basic queries—what is character? Doesn't it mean different things to different people? What is the ideal we ought to strive for?

Abdulhamid's letter—he was still at school when he wrote it—put it this way. "Often one hears it said 'that man's behavior is unseemly,' or 'what beauty of soul that person possesses.' The same is said of a person's dress or appearance: 'how beautifully that person dresses' or 'what an unbecoming hair-do that girl has.' And often, too, such comments give rise to argument. What seems beautiful to one, does not appeal to another, and vice versa. Hence I should like to ask: Wherein lies the beauty of a person, both the inner and outer beauty?"

It seemed to us for a while that every one of the paper's several million readers was trying to get in on the argument. Most of the letters, to prove the point they wanted to make, cited incidents from their own lives or those of friends. One we published told about a young geologist who risked his life for a girl he loved. Another told about a girl who learned that she really loved a man only after he had lost his sight in an accident.

Some of the letters started new eddies in the flood of mail. One of them, obviously autobiographical although written in the third person, described the difficulties Tolya was having with his girl friend Galya. Tolya was fond of music, poetry, the theater, liked sports, was socially minded and was keen on scientific

SPACE and a LILAC SPRIG



... "How can Pushkin be relegated to the past and Tchaikovsky be dated?"
 ... "Without music and art the best of scientists is only half a person!"

... "You say love is old-fashioned? Nonsense. What we need science for is to help us build a better world for warm, living people, not robots."

research. Galya, on the other hand, didn't seem to be much interested in anything except herself and Tolya. He tried for a time to get her to share his interests, but saw it was hopeless and he broke up their friendship.

Hundreds of new letters filled our mailbags. Most of them were strongly for or against—very few neutrals in the lot. "He was absolutely right. After a while Galya would have made him into the kind of useless person she was," said one letter. Another said, "He was wrong. Had Tolya been a true friend, he would have convinced her that her narrow concept of love couldn't lead to happiness. He would have changed her."

The writer of a third supported his contention by quoting Astrov, a character in Chekhov's play *Uncle Vanya*. Everything about a human being must be beautiful, says Astrov, his face, his clothes, his soul, his thoughts.

Self-Contained Character Study

Some of the letters we receive and reprint during the progress of a controversy are self-contained character studies. Here is one: "I went to work as a stove installer's apprentice. I found the trade interesting and after my own heart. But whenever I happened to meet Lyonka, a fellow my age living next door, he would laugh at me. 'A fine job you've found yourself messing about in brick dust. That's only good for old men,' he'd say with his face wrinkled up and a spit to the side. At first my hands itched to give him a good sock but something held me back. I knew he did nothing at home and just loafed around the streets all day. Although I knew I musn't take after him, his mocking words sank deep into my mind. I began to feel ashamed of

my job and was at the point of giving up the trade altogether.

"Then I happened to drop into our factory library. Mikhail Alexeyevich, the librarian, an ex-serviceman who lost an arm in the war, gathered from something I must have let drop what the trouble was. He called me over to the window from which we could see the new houses being built in our town and said: 'Do you see all these houses being built? Each one of those houses needs the work you're doing. Don't pay any attention to such fellows as Lyonka. He's out only for himself. Our community has no use for people like him.'"

This from a veteran who had fought and suffered to defend the country against fascism must have left a deep impress on the writer. He closes the letter, "I'll go on installing stoves in houses for our people, and I spit on Lyonka."

Love and the Space Age

But to go back to the title of this article and the discussion on "beauty in the space age"—our most recent debate—it got started this way.

Ilya Ehrenburg, the well-known Soviet writer, sent us an article with the title "A Reply to a Letter." The letter was one Ehrenburg had received from a Leningrad student he calls Nina in which she told him of a personal problem she was facing. She had fallen in love with a young engineer who seemed to be in love with her too, but they had broken up because of what she thought were differences in outlook and interests too wide to bridge.

Yuri, that was the engineer's name, cared nothing for literature, and had no interest in pictures or music. He maintained that in an

age when man was conquering outer space, it was the backward person who wasted time with the arts and attached so much importance to the emotions. His own interests lay entirely in his work and in sports.

Said Nina, "I am writing all this to you not to pour out my heart. I could cry into my pillow if that's all I wanted. What I want to know is what you think of Yuri's point of view. Is it true that art means going back, and that love doesn't need these emotions that come from poetry and music? Is it all as simple as Yuri says it is? I'm not sure any more."

Both Art and Science

Ehrenburg answers Nina in the article. "I have had the good fortune to come into frequent contact with one of the greatest physicists of our day, with Frederic Joliot-Curie. I shall not speak here of his passionate love for painting—that may be taken as a personal fad of his—I prefer to quote a few lines from one of his articles . . . 'Science is ever moving forward, erasing its own previous self. How productive these erasures are . . . Science is a ladder . . . Poetry is a flutter of wings . . . Masterpieces of art are born to live forever. Dante does not blot out Homer.'"

"A masterpiece of art is beyond question more enduring than the creation of a scientific mind, but I am convinced that the artist and scientist are both prompted by the same motives. And these motives demand the same elements of thought and activity. Scientific creation, when it reaches great heights, is also a flutter of wings. The artist and the scientist thus meet to create in diverse forms that beauty and happiness without which life would be merely a series of dull motions."

Ehrenburg addresses himself to Yuri. "We now see taking shape the outlines of that new society being created by the people. The house is being erected, its material foundation solid. It was laid by the labor, heroism and immeasurable sacrifice of the older generations. In a few years it will be up to the young generation to build a living life in that house."

"It is essential for art not to lag behind science. Art must be thought of, in the words of Pushkin, as the prophet whose words sear human hearts and not as the cunning scribe or the unfeeling decorator. It is vital that the culture of emotions not be neglected in favor of a one-sided technical development. It is vital that the realism of action does not blot out the romanticism of the soul, the yearning for ideals, the inner fire. Nina writes that she listened with interest to Yuri talk about his work and learned a good deal from him. But Yuri is not aware that he has much to learn from this young girl who, in the realm of emotion, is far richer, subtler and wiser than he is."

"In Defense of Yuri"

Many readers were moved to write and tell Nina of their sympathy. They were willing to give Yuri credit for his scientific knowledge and his absorption in the profession of his choice but they had no use for his views on art being unnecessary in our space age or "a simpler, more businesslike approach to love." Many thought that Yuri's indifference to music and art was only put on.

A dissident note was struck by a letter signed Engineer Poletayev that we published with a heading "In Defense of Yuri." "We live by the creations of reason and not sentiment," the letter said, "the poetry of ideas, theories,

experiments and construction. That is our age! It demands that we give it our all, with no time left over to cry, 'Oh, Bach! Oh, Blok!' (Alexander Blok was a Russian poet who died in 1920—Ed.) Most certainly the arts have become dated and haven't much meaning in our lives. Whether we like it or not, they have become pastimes, amusements, not life. Whether we like it or not, the poet's hold on our souls is diminishing. They have less and less to teach us. The most fascinating tales are now told by science and technology, by reason, exact, cold and impersonal. Let us then leave art to its devotees and stop abusing poor Yuri."

This of course brought a storm of vehement letters protesting that beauty brightens life, that creativity is the greatest fulfillment, that there can be no quarrel between mathematics and music and that human progress is inconceivable without the harmonious union of art and science. The protesters, and there were many thousands, even raised a slogan to rally round, "Rise, beauty, to the demands of our time." They overwhelmed the tiny minority who minimized the value and significance of art.

Ivan Korobov, a collective farmer, wrote, "I can't possibly conceive of life without art and song. There is not a cottage here without books, radio, or musical instruments. There is not a family here where art is not appreciated." He asks the engineer to remember the war. "How is it, brother, that you have forgotten that a good appealing song was part of our armament, helping us to see across thousands of miles to 'the gold light in the girl's window' and we saw that light as we marched into battle. It burned in every soldier's heart."

Another letter-writer—this one holding the degree of Master of Technical Sciences—Yuri

Schneider who lives in Leningrad, argues against Engineer Poletayev and those who think like him. This Yuri makes the point that these people are indifferent to art because they fail to understand it. Their point of view is merely a rationalization for shallow thinking and feeling. He concludes his letter with this verse:

*He who beauty will deny
The poorer shall be,
Even if the blame he try
In the split atom to see.*

Andrei Bogomolov, a mason, writes in the same vein: "You, Comrade Poletayev, say that in the space age there is no time to appreciate Blok or to delight in the music of Bach, that such things are dated. That means that all these things are to be relegated to the past. I don't believe that and never shall! How can Pushkin and Tolstoy be relegated to the past? How can Tchaikovsky be dated? To my mind only a cold, unfeeling and one-sided person can say such things."

Leonid Minayev, a graduate student, voices the thought and feeling of this whole generation of Soviet youth who know and love Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet* ballet, Rodin's *Thinker*, the great Hayden's *London Symphony*, Rembrandt's paintings, when he writes: "The relation between science and art is not at all like a see-saw, so that when one goes up, the other must go down. No! Science and art are not enemies, not antagonists. Our new society holds the promise of a new, unprecedented blossoming of our art, when the millions living under communism, harmoniously developed in the physical, mental and moral sense, will emerge as the great creators of science, technology, and, most certainly, of art."

THIS FORUM, HELD AT THE MOSCOW CONSERVATORY, WAS ONE OF MANY HUNDREDS OF DISCUSSIONS HELD AT COLLEGES, RESEARCH LABORATORIES, FARMS AND FACTORIES.





BACK HOME

OUR COMMANDER

By Private Anatoli Kryuchkovsky

ALL OF US, at one time or another, had heard the veterans in our unit talk about comradeship and what it meant to a soldier. But it was only when we ourselves needed it most, when we were adrift in a raging storm, that we really understood what friendship meant.

The heart and soul of this comradeship on our drifting barge was junior sergeant Ziganshin. I must speak for him because he is such an unusually modest person. Some of the American newspapermen were even offended because he wouldn't talk about himself.

He cemented our small unit and by his personal example put heart and courage into us. Our sergeant is not one of the loud-talking types, he does his job quietly.

His knowledge, ability and resourcefulness stood us in good stead through our 49-day drift. When our fuel gave out it was Ziganshin who got us to repairing the damage done to the craft by the storm. The day we began to drift he insisted that we must stretch our food as much as possible.

He kept an eye out all the time for the way we were standing up—physically and psychologically. He would tell one of us to rest out of turn—and incidentally, while it was an order, coming from him it sounded like friendly concern. Or he would suddenly give one of the people who was feeling sad the job of sharpening a fish hook out of a nail, get him to search for something that could be used for line or find some other job for him that would take his mind off our plight.

Some hours before we met the American aircraft carrier, I remember Ziganshin saying, "Heads up, boys, spring is coming and the navigation season is beginning. There will be more ships sailing and we'll be found."

We could tell he was very weak physically. He had more to carry than the rest of us—not only his own worries, but worry about us and about the ship. But even then he kept encouraging all of us. And as befits a commander, he was the last to leave the ship.

FRIENDSHIP STOOD THE TEST

By Junior Sergeant Askhat Ziganshin

IN SAN FRANCISCO an American newspaperman talked as if we were some kind of special people. I told him that we were ordinary people, that we weren't made of granite but of flesh and bone and that we had even gotten thin like anybody does who has to go without food.

I was the senior officer and felt responsible for the men aboard the craft. There were moments during our drift when I thought the storm would overturn our barge, that the men would break down, throw up the sponge, stop fighting for their lives. I'd glance at them when they weren't looking, afraid of what I might see in their faces. But I never saw a hint of despair. They acted like soldiers all the way through. I tried to arrange the duties so that two of us would have something to keep busy with while the other two rested.

On the very first day the squall broke, we just missed being smashed against the rocks. There were several times when I thought it was all over. I was at the wheel but I wouldn't have been able to do a thing if not for our engineers Anatoli Kryuchkovsky and Filipp Poplavsky. They knew their business, and while we had fuel, I was sure they would keep the engines going. Ivan Fedotov proved to be a fine seasoned sailor.

The main thing, though, was that our friendship stood the test. The American newsmen were amazed at our friendship, discipline and fortitude. We don't give ourselves credit for that; we were brought up to live that way by our schools, by the Young Communist League, by the army, by the whole country.

A sailor on board the American ship told us that Nikita Sergeyevich Khrushchev had done a lot to build friendship between the United States and the Soviet Union. We felt that ourselves in the friendly way the Americans treated us. It might not have been so, they admitted, if the cold war was still going strong.

Now that we are home the memories of our hardships are fading into the past, all but the recollection of the great warmth and friendliness shown us by our American friends. We thank them deeply.



THE WHOLE COUNTRY WAS WITH US

By Private Ivan Fedotov

IT WAS THE 49TH DAY of our drift. We were lying in our bunks when Ziganshin suddenly yelled, "Planes!"

For a long time there had been a humming and a buzzing in my ears, so I didn't believe him. I thought he was hearing the same thing. Anatoli Kryuchkovsky also lifted his head from the pillow and listened.

And, indeed, they were planes. The pilots, we learned later, were Glen Conrad and David Mericle. They described a circle around us and then flew away. Then two helicopters appeared. When they came down, we saw they were American. And soon the big aircraft carrier *Kearsarge* came along and someone yelled down in Russian: "Help for you!"

I was so overcome with feeling that I must have lost consciousness. I hazily remember someone taking my pulse. I remember also that the first thing I asked for was a smoke, and only after that for a drink. And I remember how the first spoonful of soup burned my mouth.

I have so many things to say about the American seaman. None of us will ever forget the doctors on the ship, especially Dr. Frederick Beckwith. Then there was Rayford, the cook. To please us, he made his first Ukrainian *borsch* and *pelmeny*, following the cook book recipe. Aircraft mechanic Getman competed with him and made us some Ukrainian dumplings.

When we began to recover, the *Kearsarge* crew improvised a show for us with songs and tap dances.

What we wanted most was to get home. We kept thinking of family and friends, wondering if they knew we were safe. One day we were awakened by a message from the officer on duty asking us to come to the radio room. It was *Pravda's* New York correspondent calling us by radio telephone—the first voice from home. He told us that people at home sent us their congratulations and best wishes.

In San Francisco we bade the *Kearsarge* seamen a warm farewell. Mayor Christopher, who had just come back from a visit to Moscow, welcomed us as though we were old friends.

SEVEN WEEKS ADRIFT

Private Filipp Poplavsky

ON JANUARY 17 our light self-propelled barge was lying at anchor with another one alongside. Suddenly a squall blew up. Our barge was being carried shoreward, right onto the rocks.

Our commander Askhat Ziganshin decided to switch the engines on to get away from the rocks. When we got out some way where it was safer, I turned the engines off. But we kept being pulled shoreward again.

We decided to put as much distance as we could between ourselves and the rocks. We ran out of gas after a while and drifted out to sea. Our engine room flooded. We found a leak in the bottom, patched it up hastily and began to pump. We were soaked through and so was our bedding. The temperature kept dropping and our pea jackets, felt boots and hats soon felt like lumps of ice. The sea water had also wet our food and gotten into the tank that held our drinking water.

The storm raged for another two days and nights. We were dead beat. We had no time to grab a bite or get a wink of sleep.

It was only on the fourth day that we were able to get some sleep. We slept in relays. We used our cork lifebelts to make a fire and cook dinner, our first meal. And so our life on the ocean began. We decided that we'd keep fighting, no grouching or grumbling, no giving up.

As soon as the storm let up we got back to normal. We sang, played the concertina, talked, thought of our friends ashore, tried to imagine what they might be doing at the moment.

One night I saw the lights of a ship. I yelled out and the whole crew rushed out onto the deck. Ziganshin flashed an S.O.S. with our signal light. We thought we saw the ship's light blink in answer and were overjoyed at the hope that the ship was heading for us. But again a squall blew up. We figured out later that only five of the 49 days we drifted were calm.

Things were getting tough, very tough. The day came when we had no food left at all and only two gulps of water a day apiece. We kept getting weaker. How far away home was!

We played our concertina for the last time. It was a good concertina! We tore off the leather and boiled it in sea water. We chewed slices of it smeared with grease.

It was hard going, but we helped one another as best we could. I'll never forget the feeling I had half asleep when one of my friends covered me with his pea jacket. I wanted to open my eyes and say something but I couldn't. There was the warmth of the jacket! The human warmth!

THE PARENTS SAY THANKS

Anna Kryuchkovskaya

We mothers can never forget those who are good to our children. I am deeply thankful to the American sailors for saving and helping my Anatoli and his friends. I look on them as my own sons.

Rakhimzyan and Khatima Ziganshin

We thank the American sailors and people for saving our son and his comrades and for treating them so well. It was an act of friendliness that will help to improve relations between the peoples of the Soviet Union and the United States.

Alexandra Poplavskaya

I don't know the people who saved my son, but they can't be anything but good people who prize life just as highly as we do. It is a wonderful thing when soldiers do not kill, but instead save each other. I thank the American sailors, all the American people and Mayor George Christopher of San Francisco from the bottom of my heart for the concern they showed for these four boys, my son among them.

Yefim and Yevdokia Fedotov

Nikita Khrushchev spoke for us, for the other parents and for all Soviet people when he thanked the *Kearsarge* sailors and the American people for their help to our boys in distress.



A PLANT'S PARTY COMMITTEE

Andronnikov is one of the eleven members of the Communist Party Committee at the big Rostov Farm Machinery Plant.

Committeeman Pyotr Kolesnikov, like all other members except the full-time secretary, does his party work after hours.

Engineer Anatoli Ponomarenko (left) is a member of the plant Party Committee as well as assistant shop superintendent.



By Yuri Pavlov

Photos by Dmitri Chernov

THE ROSTOV farm machinery plant with its half-mile-long assembly shop turns out a harvester combine every five minutes. Rostov machines have been working the fields of collective and state farms all over the country for some 30 years now.

Two years ago, in line with a proposal made by the Communist Party Committee at the plant, the main conveyor, for the first time in three decades, stopped running. For two months, the plant was overhauled for changes, the entire production system revised and modernized. When the conveyor was switched on again, it was to carry the newest thing in self-propelled combines, awarded the gold medal that same summer at the Brussels World's Fair.

The proposal for modernization had come up originally at a meeting of the plant's Party Committee which was discussing ways and means to increase output—a frequent item on its agenda. It was then presented for discussion to the 2,500 Communists working at this huge enterprise. These Party meetings are open and are attended by non-Party people as well. This is the procedure followed by the Central Committee of the Communist Party when it submits its proposal on a question of national policy to the country for the widest discussion.

Faith In The Party

When Ivan Zakharov, a non-Party worker at the plant, got up at one of these open meetings and said, "I support the proposal," he was expressing his support not only for the proposal but his trust and faith in the Party that had made it. Zakharov was followed by other non-Party speakers—Nikolai Bondarenko, Konstantin Sorokin, Vladimir Umnikov and others.

They all took it for granted that the Party was speaking for them, was sensitive to their needs, was expressing their vital interests. And, as had happened on many occasions previous, they found their trust justified in very concrete ways. In this case with the new machines, production went up and so did earnings, not to mention the important national fact that Soviet farmers got a better combine which simplified their work and cut their growing costs to make lower retail food prices possible.

This faith in the Communist Party is a characteristic of Soviet life. It has been tested in peace and war these four decades. The Party, founded by Lenin, led the people in the October Socialist Revolution. At the time when the country's population was 120 million, there were 250,000 members. Guided by the Party, the Soviet people have built a socialist society and are now moving ahead confidently toward communism and an economy of plenty. At the present time, with the country's population at 212 million, the Party has grown to a membership of more than 8 million.

Membership Means Responsibility

Party branches, like the one at the Rostov plant, are to be found at all Soviet factories, offices and farms. This is the primary Party organization. The very great majority of members at the Rostov plant are workers on the production lines. They are Russians and Ukrainians, Jews and Armenians, Georgians and Latvians—people of all nationalities.

Party membership does not give a man any added privileges whatsoever. Quite the contrary, it gives him added responsibilities and obligations. The Communist, no matter where he works or what work he does, is judged by this yardstick—does he lead by example? Is he a man people will follow because he takes on the hard jobs? Is he a man whose first interest is not himself but the community? Is he a man to be trusted, one with high moral standards? Is he a man who never stops learning from books and from people?

Recently the 2,500 Rostov plant Communists met at their annual conference to hear a report from the outgoing Party committee and to elect a new one. The rather extensive progress report was discussed by numbers of people from the floor.

Vladimir Pukovsky, a fitter, spoke of devices he was working on in his spare time that would reduce the production cost of the combine. Alexei Ignatenko, a young engineer, wanted the plant to give graduate courses for those who found it hard to get to the recently opened branch of a polytechnical school. There were a number of proposals that had to do with more and faster housing construction, others that dealt with improved cultural facilities.

Conviction Through Understanding

The conference spent some considerable time on the political education of the membership. Since the Party is a voluntary union of people united by the one great idea—building the new communist society—the member must arrive at his conviction through study and understanding. He must live actively by his beliefs. It was Lenin who laid down this fundamental rule—that only a party equipped with and guided by an advanced theory could hope to lead the people.

There is a study-room at the plant with full shelves of books on political theory and practice. Some Communists study independently, others prefer to join one of the many study groups in philosophy, political economy, aesthetics, international problems and the history of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. They are open to non-Communists too. Some of the study groups work somewhat narrower fields—production problems and factory finances, for example—this to give them a better understanding of plant operation.

The incoming of the plant Party Committee



The Party Committee is interested in everything from the plant's production totals to its Black Sea children's summer camp.



Electric welder Maria Ivanovskaya (left), like her fellow Party members, makes very liberal use of the library at the plant.



Forge press operator Mikhail Dedashko tells the membership committee about himself. He wants to join the Party.



Two years ago, in line with a Party proposal, the half-mile-long assembly shop of the plant was completely modernized.



A Party study group—also open to non-Communists. Subjects include history, economics, philosophy and aesthetics.

A PLANT'S PARTY COMMITTEE

elected at the conference was composed of 11 members. There were a total of 20 people nominated. These committee members had joined the Party at different times—some during the first years after the Revolution, others at the fighting fronts during the Second World War, still others relatively recently. Regardless of age and length of membership, they all have a high sense of social obligation and an awareness of their responsibility as Communists and as workers. Behind the combines that leave the conveyor, they see the living people who use them.

Among those elected to the new Party Committee are Nikolai Andronnikov, a lathe operator, who has worked out many improvements for speeding production; plant director Vasili Ivanov; electric welder Maria Ivanovskaya; assistant shop manager Anatoli Ponomarenko; and technician Vladlen Shaposhnikov.

The newly elected secretary of the Party Committee is Vladimir Galatov. He came to the plant 13 years ago after graduating from the Rostov Machine-Building School. Now he is studying at the Institute of Economics by correspondence. Except for Galatov the committee members carry on their Party assignments after working hours; they are not paid, of course. The secretary is the only full-time Party worker, his salary comes out of Party funds. All members pay a monthly dues, scaled to their earnings. The maximum is 3 per cent.

Problems Political and Personal

This is always a very crowded room—the one with the sign that reads: Party Committee of the Rostov Farm Machinery Plant. Communists and non-Communists come here to talk things over—everything from a new idea for a machine to a personal problem like this one that Alexander Sinitsyn brought to the Party secretary.

Vladimir Galatov tells the story. "We're old friends, Sinitsyn and I, we used to work

in the same shop. I was an engineer, he was a fitter. When he dropped in to see me I thought it was just to say hello, but after a while I saw he had something else on his mind. It took him a while to get talking about it. He was worried about his son, very worried, and wanted somebody to talk the problem over with.

"The boy, 15 years old, had begun to be rude at home and a truant at school. 'It's gotten so,' said Sinitsyn, 'that I don't know what to do about him.' I didn't have any very bright ideas but I said I'd like to drop over to see the boy, if he thought it would help.

"That same evening our Party Committee met to discuss some new projects for the young people at the Palace of Culture. I thought it might be worth trying to get the boy interested in one of the subjects. The next day I went over to Sinitsyn's and talked to Nikolai, that's his name. We were getting along fine until the father came in and I could see immediately what the trouble was—the father was too bossy and the son reacted by being rude and sullen.

"But this was a good boy, no question about it. He came to my house, and since we were both interested in radio engineering, we got to be good friends. He understands his father a little better now and his father understands him. At present he's one of the very active members of the radio club at the Palace of Culture and no trouble either at home or in school."

People With Ideas

The Plant Party Committee has all kinds of problems to deal with—large ones and small—too many for 11 people to handle. They get what help they need from active Party and Young Communist League members and from trade unionists, many of them non-Party people.

The Committee lends its support to people

at the plant with initiative and new ideas. Recently Sergei Rozhkov, a tinsmith, came to see the secretary with an original idea for cutting metal. The Party Committee brought it to the attention of the plant management and the plant newspaper and now it's being used not only in Rostov but in many factories elsewhere. Estimates are that it will save the plant about a million rubles in the next seven years. Rozhkov got a very considerable bonus for his idea.

In another case a number of workers proposed that a shop for experimental mechanization and automation be set up. The Party Committee thought the idea good and backed it at a meeting with the management. In a matter of months the experimental shop proved its worth. It has already worked out economies in manpower use that total some 15 million rubles.

The Committee devotes much of its attention to matters only indirectly related to the plant. This spring it worked on a plan with the director and trade union leaders to enlarge the children's summer camp maintained by the Rostov plant on the Black Sea coast.

Matters of importance are taken up at enlarged meetings of the Party Committee, with non-Party people invited to attend and voice their thoughts. Criticism is listened to attentively, and measures to eliminate shortcomings are decided on. Nobody is immune and nothing so sacred it cannot be criticized. Moreover, the criticism is made public through press and radio.

At one meeting not long ago workers spoke at length and in rather caustic terms of shortcomings in the organization of work and safety measures at the plant. Not only was the plant management subjected to scathing criticism but the Rostov Economic Council and the State Planning Committee of the Russian Federative Republic as well.

The Economic Council, which is the overall directing agency for the industries in the region, was taken to task for insisting that



Vladimir Dubinin (left) was recently demobilized. Communist Alexander Mitrofanov is teaching him how to do fine machining.



The Party Committee's function is to help the plant management, not replace it. Looking over plans to automate another shop.



A committee of party members whose job it is to check on labor protection and safety engineering at the Rostov plant.

Engineer Vladimir Galatov (right) is the secretary of the Party Committee elected by the 2,500 Communists at the plant. Workers drop in to see him on matters that range from an idea for a new machine to a housing problem.



Communist Alexander Krivolapov has his say at a meeting of Party members in his shop. Discussion is often hot and heavy.



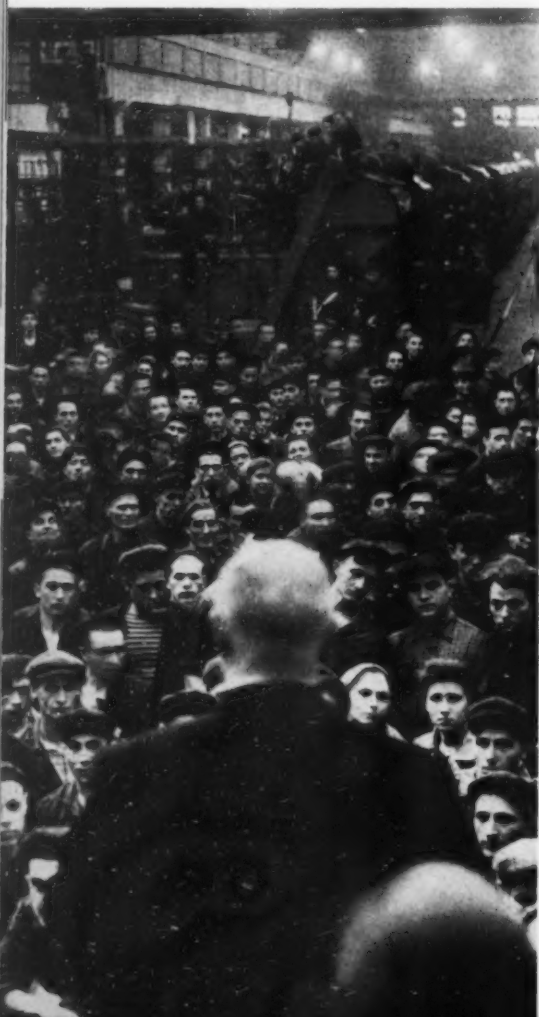
Vasili Tarasov reports to an open shop meeting on new measures proposed by the Communists to speed production output.



Communists in the plant have just voted for an incoming Party Committee. The election commission counts the ballots.

A PLANT'S PARTY COMMITTEE

Communists and non-Communists gathered at an assembly shop Party meeting. Criticism is welcomed and nobody is immune.



the plant fill orders for things other than farm machinery. It meant, said critics, dissipating energy which should be concentrated exclusively on improving the design of farm machinery.

Vasili Ivanov, who is the plant director besides being a member of the plant's Party Committee, incorporated the criticism and the proposals for positive change in an article he wrote for *Pravda* titled "Grain and Machinery."

Party Committee and Plant Director

Every Party organization in a factory has the right—and the duty, as a matter of fact—to check on the work of the management. This does not by any means imply that the Party group replaces the director or acts as the power behind the scenes. At all Soviet enterprises the principle of one-man direction is strictly adhered to. Vasili Ivanov, as director of the Rostov plant, is wholly and completely responsible only to the Economic Council, the official government agency. The Party Committee's function is to help him improve the plant's work. This it does through four commissions, each composed of seven elected members. The first checks on labor protection and safety engineering; the second on progress in automation; the third on quality of output; and the fourth on the rational use of metal.

There are in addition, various commissions in the individual shops, with about 300 mem-

bers functioning on them. By keeping an eye open for things that need correction, the commission members learn what the problems of management are, an important item since some of the people learn enough in process to become factory managers themselves.

The proposals made by these commissions are so well considered that the administration will most usually get to work on them right away. Not always, however. Differences do sometimes arise between the plant's Party Committee and the director.

Early this year, for instance, the plant's Party Committee suggested that three of the shops—forge, press and metalware—ought to be centralized because their functions were allied. The director did not agree. He foresaw a loss of efficiency and reinforced his arguments with facts and figures. The plant's Party Committee was convinced and withdrew the proposal.

On the other hand, when building more kindergarten space was under consideration and the director objected for budgetary reasons, the plant's Party Committee showed him possibilities for funds that he had not considered and the director was happy to agree.

Whether it is a matter of modernizing a huge factory or providing more space for children to learn in, the judgment of the Communist is based on the simple consideration—the people's welfare, the country's good.

HERE IS YAROSLAV CHIZH, collective farmer from a small village in the Ukraine called Struten, on whom the attention of the whole country is centered. Why? Because he has figured out ways of raising more pork with less man-hours of labor. Not so dramatic an achievement, you say. But multiply that many pounds of additional pork by the number of pig farmers in the Soviet Union and visualize hundreds of thousands of home refrigerators filled with pork and bacon and the picture begins to look life-sized. Here is a farmer who has learned to give a whole country food that can be raised and sold for less money—a very large achievement by anyone's reckoning.

As a result Yaroslav hasn't had much peace and quiet since he came back from Moscow. People have traveled to see him not only from relatively nearby Ukrainian cities like Ternopol, but from Kazakhstan 1200 miles distant and from Georgia, Chechen-Ingushetia and other places he once knew only as names on the map.

He has become resigned to having a young man with a flash camera pop up from nowhere, introduce himself as a photo reporter from Tbilisi or Kiev or Leningrad and say, "Smile, please, turn this way. Fine. Thanks," and dash off. Or to a reporter like myself interviewing him for a magazine published for American readers. Or to stacks of letters and telegrams from collective farm boards near and far asking him to come and tell them how he did it.

Yaroslav Chizh takes all this publicity as calmly as though it were an everyday occurrence. The short, energetic, thirty-seven-year-old farmer patiently puts up with the antics of news photographers trying to get interesting shots, talks serenely to eminent scientists, and dictates to reporters as though they were taking him down in rapid shorthand.

The Ukrainian farmer first came to public attention at the end of last year. He was invited to a Plenary Meeting of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, held in the Grand Kremlin Palace in Moscow. Next to the Congress, this is the highest and most authoritative party body. It considers the most important political and state problems. The subject under review at this meeting was the further development of farm production—ways of providing the country with a greater abundance of low-priced food products and give farmers a higher living standard at the same time.

Invited to the Plenary Meeting were the experienced practical farm workers—collective farm chairmen, agronomists, livestock men, dairymen, farm machine operators. Pig farmer Chizh from the Shevchenko Collective Farm in Lvov Region was asked to speak on the work he had done. The assembly listened closely and with great interest to his report. He had re-equipped his pigsties and improved feeding methods to the point where he himself handled the jobs that had previously taken two dozen or more hands to do. He had been able to cut the cost of raising pigs by more than half. The farm's income from pork sales had jumped and so had his own earnings.

Improved methods in the Soviet Union are not considered private property. Chizh had

YAROSLAV CHIZH

By Georgi Radov

come to the plenary meeting to share his production "secrets" with any pig breeder in the Soviet Union—or elsewhere for that matter—who wanted to make use of them. His idea is simple—to get more meat raised so that it can be sold to consumers at lower prices. Chizh's report was published in the press and broadcast by radio to farmers all over the country. His successful effort was deeply appreciated by the government and the USSR Supreme Soviet awarded the farmer the title of Hero of Socialist Labor.

Listening to Yaroslav Chizh's report brought to mind the words of Maxim Gorky. This great Russian writer said three decades ago that the Soviet man "must be—and surely will be—big enough to see the *whole* of his country, and share in the life of the *whole* of our immense Union." This could serve to define Yaroslav Chizh's way of thinking and living.

He was born the son of a day laborer. His father, Semyon, had no land, house, horse nor cow of his own. He labored for other men's gain, always fearful of being refused work and deprived of his daily bread. The lives of this day laborer and his children were sharply altered by the Socialist Revolution that gave him land, a decent cottage, and, most important, the certainty that no one would ever have the right to deprive him of a livelihood.

With that came a sense of his dignity as a man and a citizen. He began to see himself and things around him through different eyes. Here was a great country he lived in—its wealth henceforth belonged to him and all other Soviet citizens. His labor was not only improving his own lot but that of many other people. He could see that his family was living better as the country's farms and industries developed and its productive wealth multiplied.

It was this feeling and attitude that the one-time day laborer transmitted to his children. It explains Yaroslav Chizh's way of



thinking and his devotion to the socialist society which chooses to honor the son of a once downtrodden, landless peasant.

What I am, says Yaroslav Chizh simply, I owe to the Communist Party and Soviet power.

He joined the Communist Party as a young man shortly after he had finished his army service. He worked with such heart and vigor that he was elected to the executive committee of the local organization. When the Party resolved to concentrate on raising farm output, young Chizh returned to his native village. Soon after he was elected to head the Village Soviet.

But he chafed at this administrative job and when the farmers in his area and elsewhere began their campaign to overtake American per capita meat and milk totals, he resigned his post to take on the local collective farm's sadly neglected and unproductive pig section.

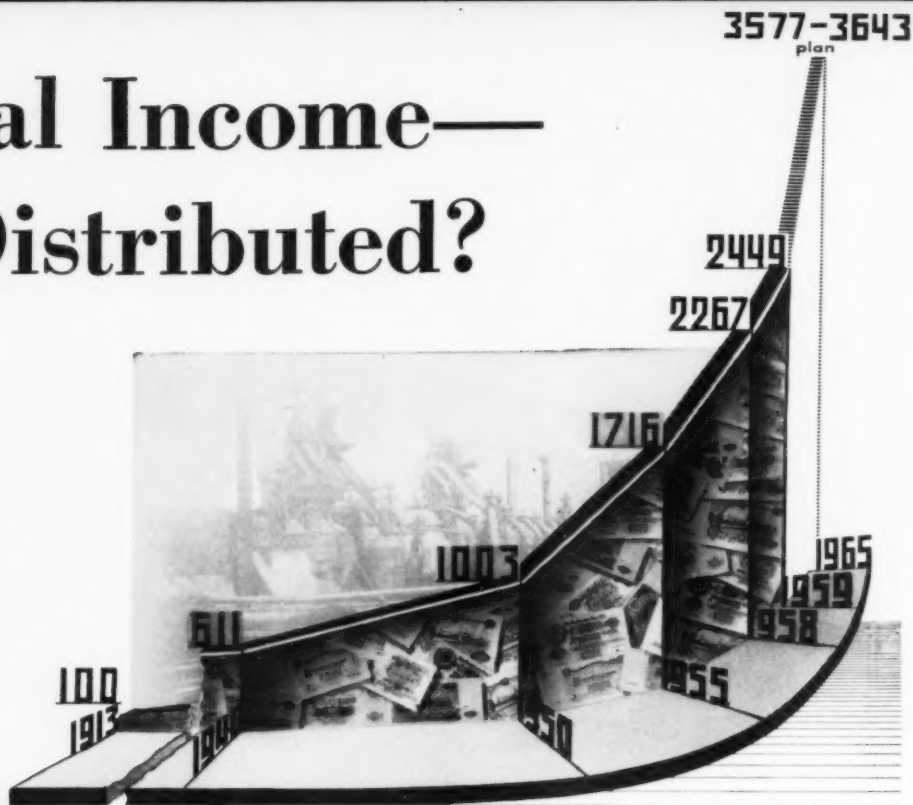
For a long period he served as a plain unadorned swineherd to prove his point that output of pork could be increased very rapidly and cost reduced at one and the same time by careful and systematic attention. Chizh is the kind of man who avoids the easiest and best paying jobs, almost by instinct he goes where he can be most useful to the community.

He got the pigpen work organized to the point where he was able to figure out the labor time he expended per centner of pork—a centner is a little more than 220 pounds. He estimates that while the average American pig farmer spends 6.6 hours to raise that amount of pork, he spends only 5.6 hours. Furthermore, he figures that by 1960 he will be working only three hours for the same amount of meat, and by 1961, not more than 1.5 hours. "This," he said at the Plenary Meeting, "will be my contribution toward getting the seven-year plan figure for meat production fulfilled ahead of time."

The National Income— How Is It Distributed?

By Yefim Manevich
D. Sc. (Economics)

Growth of Soviet Union's National Income—in per cent



NATIONAL INCOME of a country is the wealth created annually by its producers—all those who work in industry, farming and other areas of economy. The wealthier the country, the larger its national income. This law holds good for all social and economic systems. The way this national income is distributed, however, very much depends on the type of system—who owns the means of production, the factories and land.

"It is Our Common Wealth"

When Lenin drafted the program of the Russian workers' party at the end of the last century he wrote that the time would come when all the material values produced would come back to the producers, the working people; none of it would be filtered off by non-producers. This would happen, he said, when the means of production were owned in common by the working people.

Such a time did come with the Socialist Revolution. In the Soviet Union the means of production are owned by society as a whole. There is no private ownership of land, mines, oil fields, factories, power stations, railroads, stores, banks; they all belong to the people.

It is this decisive factor that determines the distribution of the national income in the Soviet Union. There is no non-working section of the population that lives on the labor of others. The country's entire wealth is the property of society, and each citizen receives his share of the national income.

All the material values created each year by the country's 100 million workers and farmers are distributed to them and their dependents in the form of money, goods and a great spread of social services. The national income keeps rising and with it the sum of benefits which accrues to every citizen. As Nikita Khrushchev put it, "The Soviet person is richer than any billionaire because our boundless wealth belongs to the people. It is our common wealth."

Multiplied Twenty-Five Times

Economically backward czarist Russia had a very low production level, and therefore its national income was also low, one of the lowest in Europe. In addition to that, the distribution of the national income was most inequitable.

Lenin calculated that by the beginning of this century, seven-tenths of Russia's national income was appropriated by the non-working classes that comprised only one-tenth of the country's population. The share that went to the working people, those who produced the national wealth, was only three-tenths.

Since 1913, which is considered the highest point in the economic development of pre-revolutionary Russia, the country's national income has multiplied almost 25 times. Accounting for this prodigious leap in so short a time is what can be called collective self-interest. The working people in the Soviet Union are both the producers and the owners, with a dual interest, one might say, in the rapid increase of the national income.

The Soviet Union now holds second place in the world for volume of production. The rate of growth of the national income is three to four times higher than that in the United States, Britain or France. Soviet national income would have increased even faster were it not for the incalculable losses suffered during the war against fascism.

Postwar reconstruction was very costly but it was accomplished with a speed that upset many prognostications, and the new projects greatly accelerated industrial and agricultural development. The prewar levels of production and therefore of national income were soon surpassed by a large margin and now keep rising with each passing year.

Planning for Present and Future

In 1959, the very successful first year of the seven-year plan, the national income had

risen by 100 billion rubles, an added eight per cent over the 1958 level. By 1965, the plan's end, the national income is expected to have risen by 62-65 per cent as compared with 1958.

This continuous rise in the country's national income is solidly based on full employment and the growing productivity that comes with automation and the newest achievements of science and technology.

The Soviet economy operates by a far-sighted plan which takes into consideration not only today's needs but also long-range targets. The national income is therefore distributed both to ensure the maximum satisfaction of the steadily growing current demands of the country and its people and at the same time to improve and expand production facilities so they can meet even greater demands in the future.

Seventy-five per cent of the national income goes for immediate consumer needs of the population. The remaining twenty-five per cent is spent on the expansion of production and on other public needs. This fraction will eventually come back to the consumer too, since the ultimate intent of socialist production is to achieve the highest possible standard of living.

The Worker's Wage

How is the larger fraction, the 75 per cent of the national income, distributed? The share of each factory and office worker comes in the form of wages. The scale in each trade or profession is set jointly by government agencies and the trade unions.

Although every kind of labor in the country is respected and everyone receives equal pay for equal work, it is clear that the contribution made by different workers will vary. One will create more material values than another in a given seven-hour day, depending upon his particular specialty, experience, skill and other individual factors. The pay

is therefore based on performance, both quantity and quality.

Strictly observing the principle of equal pay for equal work, the socialist economy does not apply, however, "one measuring rod for all."

Real wages have, actually and undeniably, been rising from year to year and will continue to rise for every worker, but projected by the seven-year plan is a faster rate of rise in the lower and medium income brackets. While the real income of all factory and office workers between 1959 and 1965 is scheduled to rise on an average by 40 per cent, the income of the lower-paid workers will almost double.

A determining factor also is that with vocational and technical training so freely available in all industries, every worker has a chance to improve his skill and consequently raise his wage. This helps explain why the trend is likely to be toward a decrease in the number of unskilled, and therefore lower paid, workers.

The Farmer's Share

The Soviet farmer receives his share of the national income in a different way than the industrial and office worker. He gets no set weekly or monthly wage. His personal income depends on the income of his collective farm.

After the collective farm puts aside all its needs for the next growing season, for capital construction and for pension payments to its aged and incapacitated members, the rest—both cash and kind—is divided among the members of the collective farm. Here also contribution is greater will get more.

So the incomes of members of the same collective farm will not be the same. The one who works more productively and whose contribution is greater will get more.

Each collective farm family also has the yield from its privately-owned plot of land—vegetable garden, orchard, vineyard—and its own livestock—cow, sheep, hogs, fowl.

"Invisible" Income

To evaluate the standard of living of any Soviet family, one must include, besides workers' wages or farmers' incomes, the many costly services which are provided free of charge at the expense of the national budget without reference to the quantity and quality of work done.

There is education which is free all the way from elementary school through graduate and

professional training. More than 50 million children and adults are enrolled in various kinds of schools and courses. Besides free tuition, students in the specialized secondary schools and the colleges get a monthly stipend for maintenance.

All Soviet workers are entitled to sick benefits, old-age pensions and other payments from the national fund of social security. There are now 20 million people in the country who receive pensions.

Medical service of every kind, from a check-up to the most delicate kind of surgery, is free to every citizen. Home calls, hospital stays, maternity care—all of this is provided at no cost to the individual, as are the special medical facilities for children and mothers. Summer camps accommodate six million children at the most minimal fees.

Budgetary expenditures for these and other public services have increased steadily, rising from 215 billion rubles in 1958 to 230 billion in 1959. The sum scheduled for 1965, the end of the seven-year plan, is 360 billion. It breaks down to an annual 3,800 rubles of services for every worker over and above his wages.

"Government expenditure for these purposes," said Khrushchev when the seven-year plan was discussed last year at the 21st Communist Party Congress, "will continue to increase in the future. The closer we move ahead toward communism, the more will our society be able to meet the needs of every person from the time he is born to extreme old age."

Capital Investment

The Soviet Union now has a massive production potential which keeps growing as the country gradually goes over from socialism to communism. There will be an abundance of material and spiritual values in communist society, and this will make it possible to satisfy fully all needs of every citizen regardless of the quantity and quality of his work.

To build this communist economy of abundance capable of coping with the vast consumer demand means that production facilities in all spheres must be constantly expanded year after year. Sums required for this expansion are budgeted from that quarter of the national income which remains after meeting the immediate needs of the population.

This money is spent on industrial and municipal construction, on improvement of the transportation system, on development of science and technology. To use the phrase-

ology of economics, this is capital investment to increase the country's production potential.

A considerable portion of the capital investment goes for housing construction. The Soviet Union is engaged in a gigantic program that will rehouse about a third of the country's population within 10 or 12 years and eliminate the housing shortage inherited from the past. Individual home building is also encouraged, but the main part of the construction is carried out at the expense of the government. This helps explain why rent in the Soviet Union is never more than four to five per cent of family income.

The funds for government administration and for national defense also come from that same 25 per cent of the national income. The session of the USSR Supreme Soviet last January adopted a law on the reduction of the country's armed forces by 1,200,000 men within the next two years. The defense budget thereby will be cut by 16 to 17 billion rubles. This means that additional funds will be made available for housing construction, public health, farm development and other peaceful endeavors.

Entire Nation Decides on Spending

Through their elected representatives in the legislative bodies the Soviet people decide how every portion of this 25 per cent of the national income is to be spent. Local and national economic plans are adopted only after a thorough discussion with the participation of Communist Party, trade union, cooperative and other public organizations. These plans incorporate many amendments suggested at meetings held at factories and on farms. Therefore local and national budgets reflect the collective thinking of the entire country.

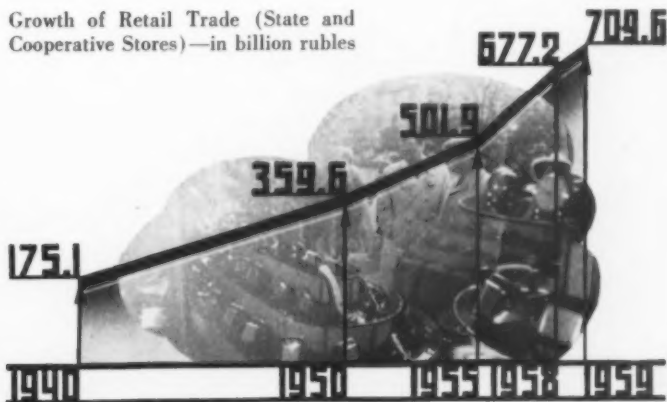
Here are some comparative figures on how budgetary allocations have increased in the period since the Socialist Revolution: In the first decade, when the Soviet Union was still an industrially backward country, the total amount earmarked from the national income for new capital construction was 15.7 billion rubles. At present, only for the one year of 1959, the amount spent on capital construction totaled 225 billion rubles. And for the seven years from 1959 through 1965, a total of two trillion rubles is allocated.

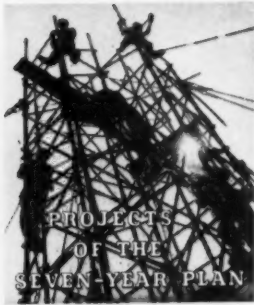
What is the purpose of this astronomical sum? To increase productivity, increase the national income and thereby increase the amount distributed in goods and services to every citizen in the country.

Growth of Budgetary Allocations for Social Services—in billion rubles



Growth of Retail Trade (State and Cooperative Stores)—in billion rubles





Iron Ore of K

By Yuri Graftsky

THE TOWERING HILLS in this flat steppe country near the town of Kustanai in northern Kazakhstan come on the traveler's sight suddenly, unexpectedly. They repeat themselves without variation, as though they had all been pressed out of the same mold and carried here by a conveyor.

These are man-made hills, the aggregate of countless truckloads of dumped earth. They grew up in recent years when miners started to tap a rich iron ore deposit with an estimated reserve of 1.5 billion tons.

Now here is the construction site of one of the major industrial projects of the seven-year plan—the Sokolovo-Sarbai ore-mining and ore-concentration combine. Its original production capacity of 19 million tons a year

has been raised to 26.5 million—and this while construction is still under way and only the initial segment of the gigantic project is operating.

Discovery of a Pilot

The deposit was found under rather peculiar circumstances. Ten years ago geologists came to this steppeland southeast of the Ural Mountains to make sure that these flats were barren. They were to give the go-ahead signal for possible flooding of the area. The waters of Siberian rivers diverted from north to south might be channeled into this unproductive wasteland.

One party used an aircraft to bring food,

tools and mail from Kustanai. The pilot, Mikhail Surgutanov, kept wondering why his compass behaved so strangely when the plane passed over Sarbai. He had an idea there was something big there. During one of his trips he spent an hour circling the spot and checking his compass readings. Now he knew for certain that here was a widespread magnetic anomaly. The geologists checked on the pilot's very good guess and found an immense iron ore deposit not far below the surface.

Surgutanov had discovered this iron ore Klondike and the geologists had verified the finding. But no one in the party filed a private claim.

Neither the land nor the mineral resources in the Soviet Union can be exploited for per-

THE SOKOLOVO QUARRY IN KAZAKHSTAN. THE PIT, 4.5 MILES LONG AND 2 WIDE, IS THE HEART OF WHAT WILL BE THE BIGGEST SOVIET ORE-MINING COMBINE BY 1965.



of Kazakhstan

sonal gain. This is national property—worked for the whole country's benefit. Surgutanov and other geologists who explored the Sokolovo-Sarbai deposit had substantially added to the wealth of the nation, and the nation honored them with the Lenin Prize.

Birth of a Giant

By 1965 the Sokolovo-Sarbai project will be the biggest iron ore enterprise in the country. The first structures are well on the way—a power and heat plant, concrete works, machine repair shops and garages. A new railroad is being built to link up the future iron ore combine with the metal centers of Kazakhstan and the Urals.



Growing with this mining project is Rudny, a bustling town of 50,000. The townspeople have elected excavator Pyotr Maximov to represent them in Kazakhstan's Supreme Soviet.

Iron Ore of Kazakhstan

Before this deposit was discovered, northern Kazakhstan was a blank area on the country's economic map. It's not so any longer, not with giant walking excavators, 25-ton dump trucks, scrapers, graders, bulldozers, tractors arriving from the Urals, Central Russia, the Ukraine, Bylorussia and the Baltic.

The Sarbai ore is not buried very deeply and can therefore be extracted by the open-cut method. Right now the surface layer of

earth is being stripped. But there is still much work to be done before ore can be mined here. The Sokolovo quarry is already producing five million tons of ore a year. The quarry is almost four and a half miles long and two miles wide. With its steeply terraced sides it looks like a mountain valley, and at first glance you would not believe that the valley is man-made. The winding road down below looks like a river in spring flood when

the trucks piled high with gray rock go by in an endless stream.

The morning shift comes on the job with scores of excavators, bulldozers and graders, each one snorting in a different key. The 20-cubic-yard buckets of the walking excavators scoop up the dirt 130 feet below the surface and dump it to form a 150-foot pile. It is a sight to see—the boom of this big shovel that looks for all the world like the mast of a flagship at sea traveling along the ground. The bucket drops the great load of dirt with a roar like a cannon.

Ore-Dressing Plant

Excavators dump the ore onto trucks. They take it to freight cars. Pulled by electric locomotives, the cars go to the dressing plant. Out of the plant comes iron ore concentrate and high quality agglomerate ready to be shipped to iron and steel mills.

The first section of the dressing plant—the factory for blast and open-hearth furnace ores—has already been built and is in operation. Its shops and transport galleries are completely automated. The entire production process is handled by a single operator from a control desk.

The electric trains unload the ore into the bunkers of big crushers. Processed by these crushers, huge chunks of ore are reduced to dust particles $\frac{3}{1000}$ of an inch in size. This equipment was made at the Urals Heavy Machinery plant and the Leningrad Metal Works.

The completed section of this plant is only a twentieth part of the future combine but a very impressive sight even as it stands now.

The dressing plant for sulphurous ores is still under construction. Completed here is a pit 100 feet in diameter and 120 feet high for crushers. It looks like a circus ring with a tall iron cage. Soon six powerful crushers will be installed in this pit. Two of them will be able to swallow monster chunks of ore five feet in diameter.

New Town and Its People

Rising on the construction site of the Sokolovo-Sarbai combine is a new town. The miners named it Rudny, an aptly descriptive word meaning "ore town." Four-year-old Rudny set on the banks of the Tobol River is a well-planned town, mostly of three-story houses on straight wide streets.

The townspeople come from various parts of the country. Here is a run-down on the people in one house taken at random.

Thirty-year-old Alexander Kuzevanov is a vigorous, well set up man with a strong face who comes from the Urals. He worked at the Magnitogorsk ore-concentration plant first as an excavator operator and then as a crushing machine operator. While living in Magnitogorsk he married and there his daughters Lyudmila and Tatiana were born.

One would imagine that he would have remained in Magnitogorsk where he had his roots—job, home and family. But like many other Soviet people, Kuzevanov worries about how the rest of humanity is getting along and what he can do to help out. And he decided that his services would be more useful to the country at new Sokolovo-Sarbai than at settled

Building worker Anatoli Puzikov. The miners and construction workers, mostly young people, come from every part of the country. Building goes on around the clock and housing gets top priority.



Magnitogorsk. There was something of a family tradition involved too, considering that thirty years ago his father had also pulled up roots to help build Magnitogorsk.

Kuzevanov now works at the dressing plant after having taken courses that qualify him as a set-up man servicing relay communication, a new skill for him. His average wage is 2,000 rubles a month. His wife looks after the house and children.

Their neighbors are the Atabayevs, a young Kazakh couple. Khalel was born near Kustanai but he never even suspected that the steppeland where he spent his childhood was so rich in mineral wealth. He went to school in Alma-Ata, Kazakh capital, and then got a job in a research laboratory of the Stalinsk metal center in Siberia.

When Khalel learned that an ore-concentration combine was to be built near his native Kustanai, he came back home. Now he works as a machine operator. His wife, Kulimdjan, is forelady in a dressmaking shop.

Population Is to Double

The Kuzevanovs and the Atabayevs are friends, besides being neighbors. They like the new town they live in and feel that it is growing nicely.

And so it is—keeping pace with the fast developing ore-mining project that needs more and more workers as each new section is finished. This is a bustling town with construction going on all over the place. Here a new avenue is being laid out and there a new motion picture theater is being built or a kindergarten, school, stadium, department store, restaurant, or what you will.

One of the newest completed structures in Rudny is the nine-million-ruble medical center. It includes a large clinic, hospitals for adults, and children, and a maternity home. Another new building is a branch of the Kazakh Mining and Metallurgy Institute. Still another is a specialized secondary school for the building trades with 400 students enrolled.

So far as building is concerned, housing gets top priority. Rudny now has a population of 50,000 and expects to double that figure by 1965. The annual birth rate is 1,500 and the number of new arrivals runs better than 10,000. To accommodate the growing population the steppes are pushed back as new residential districts are laid out.

Prospects for the Future

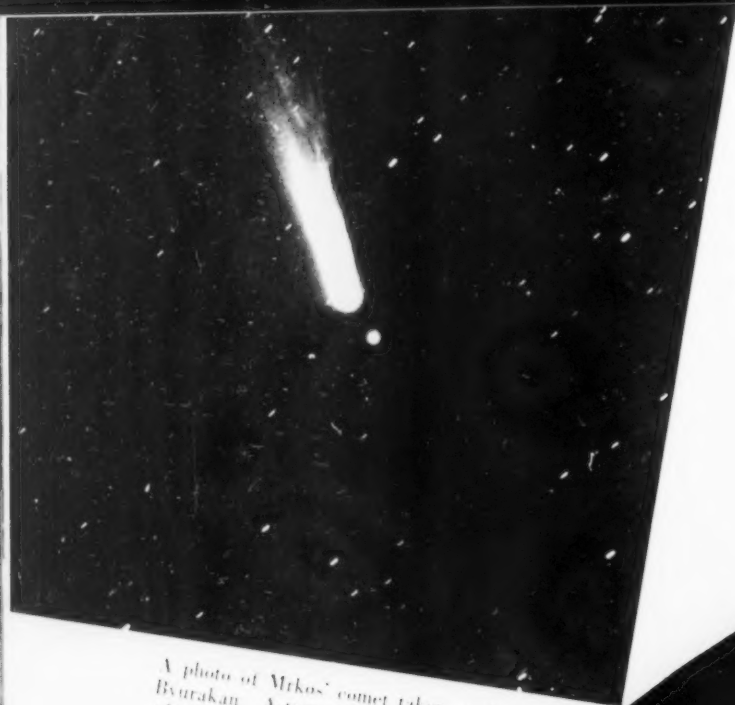
Trainloads of iron ore have been moving from Rudny to the Urals in an ever increasing flow. The Urals' own ore resources have been exploited for so many generations that they are running low, and Kazakhstan's great deposits will now be feeding the Urals metal industry. In the future these trains will also be running to the Karaganda metal works now being built in central Kazakhstan.

The face of the steppeland in northern Kazakhstan is rapidly changing. Geologists have found oil, rare and nonferrous metals here, and in a few years there will be new industrial centers growing up in this region. Famous for its virgin land development, Kazakhstan is also becoming famous for its mines and its industry.



A vertical slice of the quarry. You can count the excavators, trucks, bulldozers and tractors by the hundreds. The pit already yields five million tons of ore every year.

By Oleg Pisarzhevsky



A photo of Mrkos' comet taken at the Byurakan Astronomical Observatory which overlooks the Ararat Valley.



BLUE

Adjusting the radio antenna at the observatory. Here Ambartsumyan worked out his theory on the origin of stars.



E GALAXIES

VICTOR AMBARTSUMYAN hardly fits the picture of an astronomer painted by tradition—the old man with skull cap peering through a telescope at every other planet but his own.

Besides being a world-famous astrophysicist, president of the Armenian Academy of Sciences and honored with membership in the U.S. National Academy of Sciences, this volatile scholar is a lawmaker, an elected deputy to the Supreme Soviet of his native Armenia. At both scientific congresses and parliamentary sessions, he is a fiery debater, with small patience for sloppy thinking and for conclusions not solidly grounded in concrete evidence.

In his strikingly concrete mode of thinking, Ambartsumyan is the very opposite of the scholastics. He is a man who strives endlessly to perfect the methods of observational astronomy, using every feasible method, from cameras with various systems of spectroscopes to a multitude of subtle analyzers of light rays. With the help of radio instruments, the astronomer listens to the explicit "whisper" of the stars, which tells him their mysterious and wonderful stories.



But Ambartsumyan is by no means an empiricist. When asked what the fundamental trend of the Academy under his charge is, he speaks proudly of the role of physics and mathematics in the research of Armenian scientists. However, he upholds the view of an outstanding Russian shipwright and mathematician Alexei Krylov, who once said: "Mathematics is only the millstone which grinds what is put under it."

Greek Poetry and the Stars

Ambartsumyan occasionally speculates on how much his father, a classics teacher and translator of Homer and Virgil, and Ovanes Tumanyan, the celebrated Armenian folk poet who was his father's friend, affected his choice of profession. As a lad, Victor was fascinated by the heated talks at home about Greek poetry and the celestial bodies. Even now he remembers a poem Tumanyan wrote about Sirius, the star which an ancient Greek legend

Byurakan Observatory, where the work of Ambartsumyan and his associates recently led to the discovery of the blue galaxies.



says exerts an influence on our planet, filling the lives of earth-dwellers with all sorts of complications.

Whether it was because of Sirius or for some other reason, after graduating from high school Victor decided to get an education that would equip him to make a serious study of the stars. With his sister Goarik he went to Leningrad and they both enrolled in the same department of the university there. Goarik became a mathematician. Now she teaches the theory of numbers and the calculus of probability at the University of Yerevan in the Armenian capital. Victor majored in mathematics and astronomy.

In 1928-31 he did graduate study at the world famous Pulkovo Observatory near Leningrad. He studied under the guidance of the noted astronomer Aristarkh Belopolsky. One of his teachers was Gavriil Tikhov, the first astronomer to photograph the planets with light filters and the founder of the science of astrobotany.

After taking his graduate degree, Ambartsumyan worked at Pulkovo, simultaneously teaching the first course ever to be given in theoretical astrophysics. He was then only 23, but his great gifts were evident even earlier when he published the results of research he

had done while still a student on the shifts of ray energy in the stars.

At the outbreak of war he volunteered as a private for front-line service. Ambartsumyan is very vocal about everything but himself. No one in the company was aware of his background until the man in the next bunk saw his picture in the newspaper with the caption "Renowned Scientist."

Thus he was "uncovered" and returned to his job as vice rector of Leningrad University. Shortly afterward he moved to Yerevan where he was elected vice president and then president of the republic's Academy of Sciences.

How Old Is Our Galaxy?

Appropriately enough, Ambartsumyan did much of his work on the origin of the stellar universe at the Byurakan Observatory overlooking the ancient Ararat Valley. From the picturesque observatory built of pink tuff tinted with basalt, one gets a magnificent view of the peak spoken of in the Bible as the resting place of Noah's ark.

Most of the older hypotheses of cosmogony only tried to translate the ancient concepts of primeval chaos and the creation into the modern language of mathematics. The problem of

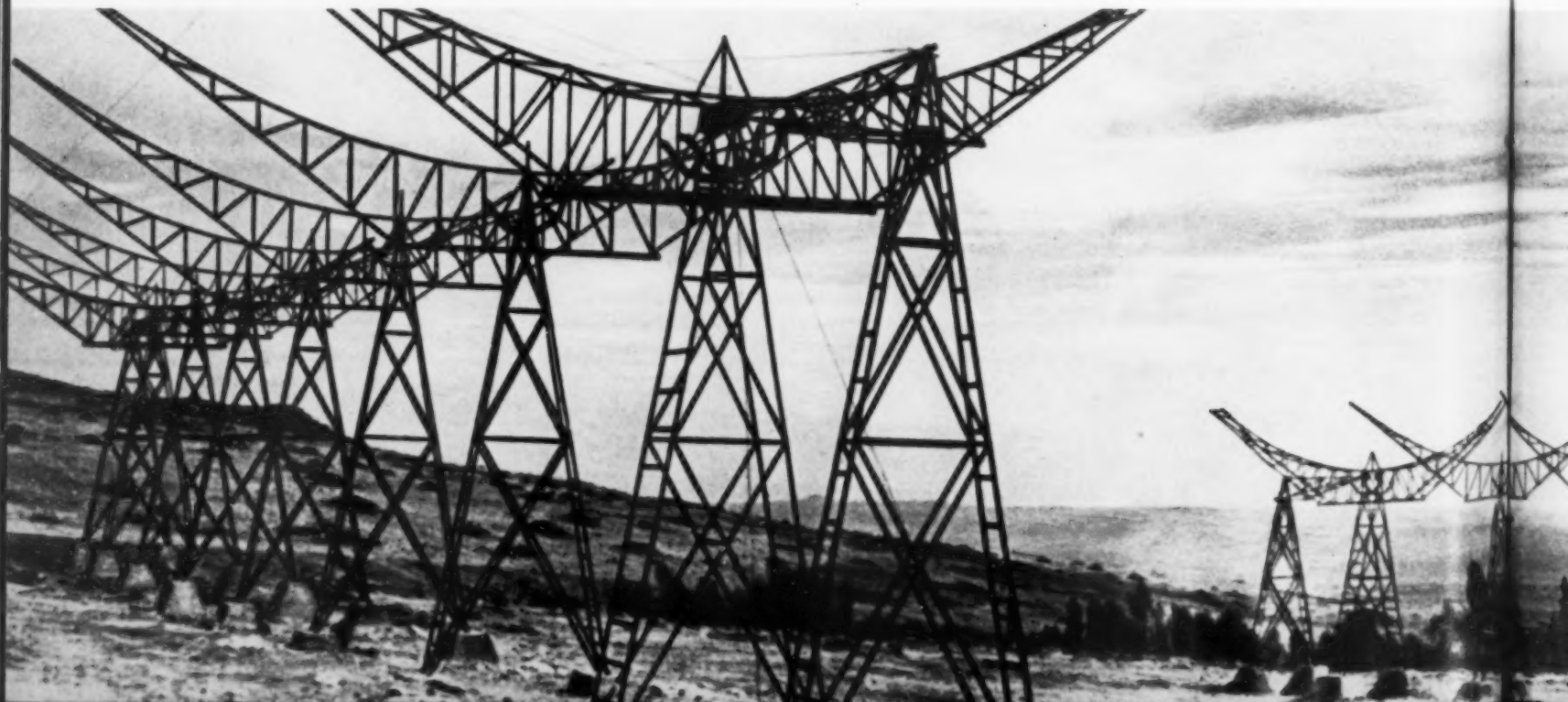
how stars originated still remained in the domain of faith and not cognition.

Fundamental in Ambartsumyan's theory was the concept that worlds come into being, grow old and die in a never-ending process. He proved that stars still continue to be born today just as they did in the past.

As far back as 1935 Ambartsumyan and the British astronomer Sir James Jeans were arguing the age of our stellar system. With his work on double stars and open constellations, the Armenian scientist proved that our galaxy is no more than 10^{10} years old, a thousand times younger than the estimate of Jeans.

Ambartsumyan's calculations and the deductions he drew from them were eventually acknowledged by world science. His conclusions were of decisive help to him years later when he had analyzed the vast amount of data that had been gathered by observatories throughout the world on stellar systems.

Ambartsumyan noted that the stars in our sky are grouped in clusters. Further study showed that each of them occupies a restricted portion of space, thus forming kinds of systems which he called stellar associations. By comparing their probable age with the figure he had deduced for our galaxy's existence (that's when his previous calculations proved





Victor Ambartsumyan, who is an ardent advocate of international scientific exchange, is often host to groups of foreign colleagues.

His books and articles have been translated and published in many countries, and his voluminous mail comes from all over the world.



to be most helpful!), he arrived at the conclusion that these associations are very young formations.

From the existence of the stellar association Ambartsumyan also deduced that the stars in the galaxy were formed at different periods. He proved that new stars continue to be born and that stellar associations are embryos of these formations. This discovery upset all previous hypotheses of cosmogony.

New Findings

The new theory prompted further study by Ambartsumyan's coworkers and students, Benjamin Markaryan in particular. Analyzing their findings they deduced that there must be some expansion of the stellar associations as they develop. It was only a few years afterward that Markaryan at Byurakan and the German astronomer Blaau at Leiden obtained information confirming this theoretical deduction.

Markaryan's undeniable observational evidence of the expansion and disintegration of stellar associations was one of a few instances in modern science of brilliant and speedy backing of theoretical conclusions by experimental data. His discovery refutes the skepti-

cism of many of the more conservative astronomers.

The origin of stellar associations has been one of the focal problems of study for Byurakan scientists. Perhaps the best founded supposition is that they originate from interstellar matter. This is indicated by the fact that all the known associations, as a rule, are surrounded by luminous or dark interstellar matter.

The most recent findings of Ambartsumyan and his associates is the discovery of a new type of constellation, the non-stationary or blue galaxies. This discovery is of paramount importance for the solution of the fundamental problem of the origin of stars.

Cooperation of Scientists

The blue galaxies are composed largely of gas from which new stars apparently are formed. Physical processes in them are more intensive than in all other known stellar systems. The Byurakan astronomers believe that further study of the blue galaxies will reveal hitherto unknown physical phenomena and properties of matter.

The ideas and discoveries of the Byurakan astronomers have been acknowledged by

scientists in all countries. Last year Ambartsumyan was awarded a gold medal by the British Royal Astronomical Society for his work in theoretical and stellar astronomy.

The Armenian astronomer is an ardent advocate of the widest possible international scientific exchange. The Byurakan Observatory maintains regular contact with 350 research institutions and with scientists from 50 countries, including the United States.

Speaking at an international astronomers' congress in Rome, Ambartsumyan concluded his report by saying: "We Soviet astronomers rely on the vast factual data accumulated in the astronomical observatories of all countries and on the theoretical findings of scientists of various nationalities. That is why we attach tremendous importance to cooperation of astronomers all over the world."



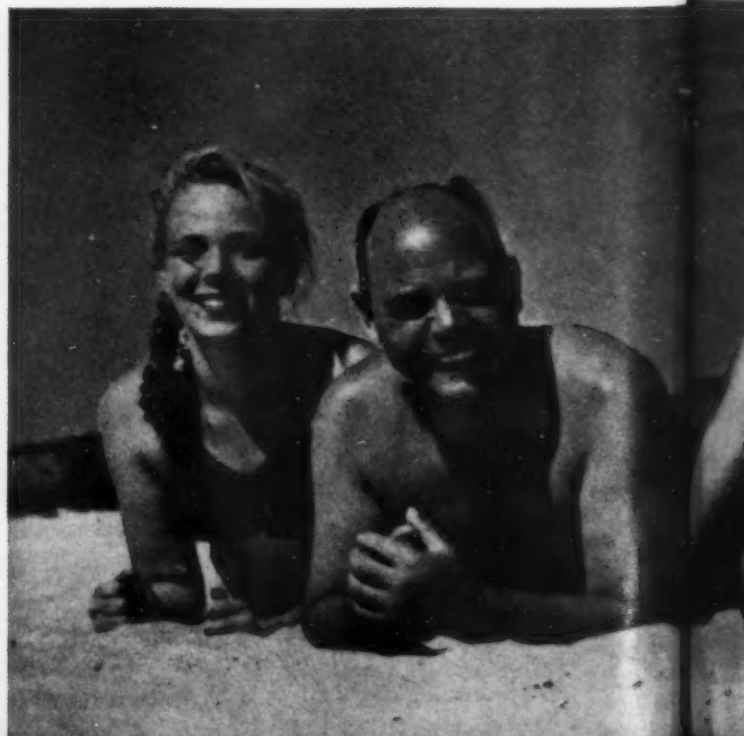
These radiotelescope antennas bring the most distant galaxies within reach of Byurakan astronomers.



CRIMEA. Beautiful Gurzuf is a resort town on the coast of the Black Sea in this wonderful vacation land with its sandy beaches, majestic cliffs and its year-round sun.

Summer Vacations

By Zinovi Yuryev



TO PLAN A VACATION nowadays is a much more complicated business than it was fifteen or even ten years ago when your choice was comparatively easy—you went to the mountains or you went to the seashore, assuming you were lucky enough to get accommodations. Today, just as before, the Crimean and Caucasian resorts are chock full of vacationers. But today there are lots of new resorts in other places which have been opened in recent years. Then take the expenses. While the number of accommodations has gone up, vacation costs have gone down.

The charge for a month's stay at what is called a rest home is 600 rubles and double that for a health resort. These are prices practically everybody can afford. Through your trade union you can get a 70 per cent discount. And there are cases where accommodations are provided free—all the vacationer has to pay is his transportation costs and incidental expenses like cigarettes.

This isn't the only reason holiday planning is now more complicated. It is true that even with increased capacity of rest homes and health resorts accommodations there still can not be provided for all who apply. But there are so many other kinds of vacations to choose from, and the steadily rising living standards have been bringing them within the reach of an ever-growing number of families. The vacationers just board a train, boat or plane and travel thousands of miles away on their own without any formal arrangements.

You might want to take the kids along and you don't think you'll feel happy without other mammas to talk to about cod-liver oil or teenage problems. Then by all means go to Evpatoria—a wonderful place for children with its warm shallow sea and fine white beaches, with all kinds of boarding houses catering especially to family groups.

The older people prefer to go to Central Russia, the Urals or the Baltic Coast where it's cooler and where you're more likely to hear—and to make conversation—about blood



ARMENIA. The Arzni Spa is one of many in the country famous for their healing waters.



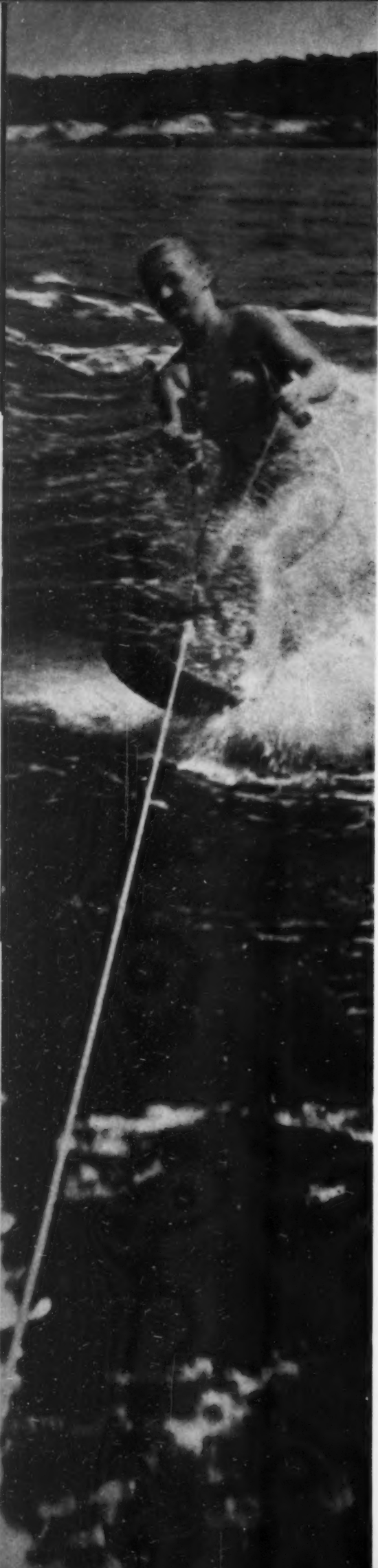
CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS. Accommodations are well within the worker's budget.

CAUCASUS. People from all over the country come to Lake Ritza, high in the mountains.



FAMILY VACATION. The Rublyovs don't have the perennial mountain-versus-seashore debate usual for this time of year—they all favor the seashore. Problem: the Caucasus, the Crimea or the Baltic?





MOUNTAIN CLIMBING. It's hard to remember as you get farther up the snow-capped peaks so reminiscent of winter that down below less adventurous friends are sweltering in the heat of summer.

Summer Vacations

pressures and diets. They also like boat trips and will tell you there is no better vacation than in a deck chair.

If you were to travel south and happen to bump into one of the eye-filling young ladies with a trunkful of clothes for all occasions, you'd probably not be guessing wrong if you said—Sochi or Yalta. It's mostly the young people who go to the Black Sea where you can rival the dolphins in aquabatics, expose every inch of skin to the sun's caress and sip sparkling Caucasian wines.

If you don't feel sociable and are not up to resort merrymaking, you can rent a room at a boarding house somewhere in the woods or set off on a fishing expedition where you can go barefoot and unshaved.

When I was planning my vacation for this summer, I remembered one episode which I witnessed a couple of years ago in Akhali Afoni, a small place near Sukhumi on the Black Sea.

Barely pulling their feet along behind them a group of very languid bathers were coming back from the beach. It was so hot that even to carry a towel seemed an enormous effort. Suddenly a group of hikers, in full regalia, came into sight. The bathers looked on pity-

ingly. What had these human beasts of burden done to deserve such a fate? And the hikers—they stared back at the sun-weary bathers. One girl, so small that her knapsack looked mountainous, threw them one withering glance and exclaimed: "How can they bear it lying around all day on the beach!"

Take the hunter who spends his vacation on an endless quest of a bird with suicidal intentions that he can shoot down. Probably he would never find it, but he talks with contempt of the angler who sits day after day hooking nothing more than a simple-minded soul to listen to his fish stories.

If they meet someone who is about to go to a resort, they both chant in chorus. "What? How can you stand it every summer?" The mountain climber thinks each of these three is mad. How can anyone prefer to fish or hunt or take it easy at the seashore when there's a mountain to climb!

And so it goes. There are the rowers and canoeists, and the sailors and the outboard motorist. There is the classical tourist complete with camera taking pictures all over the globe. And then there are the vacationers who consider it their bounden duty to go places that no one has ever been to before.

WATER SKIING. It takes all kinds—vacationers and activities—to make a summer. But in this vast land so richly endowed with nature's gifts, everyone can find something to suit his taste.



SAILING. For those who have a hankering for the sea, the country's waterways—natural and artificial—provide an exciting challenge. Boat clubs,

strategically located, supply every kind of equipment imaginable free of charge and arrange excursions and competitions for those so inclined.

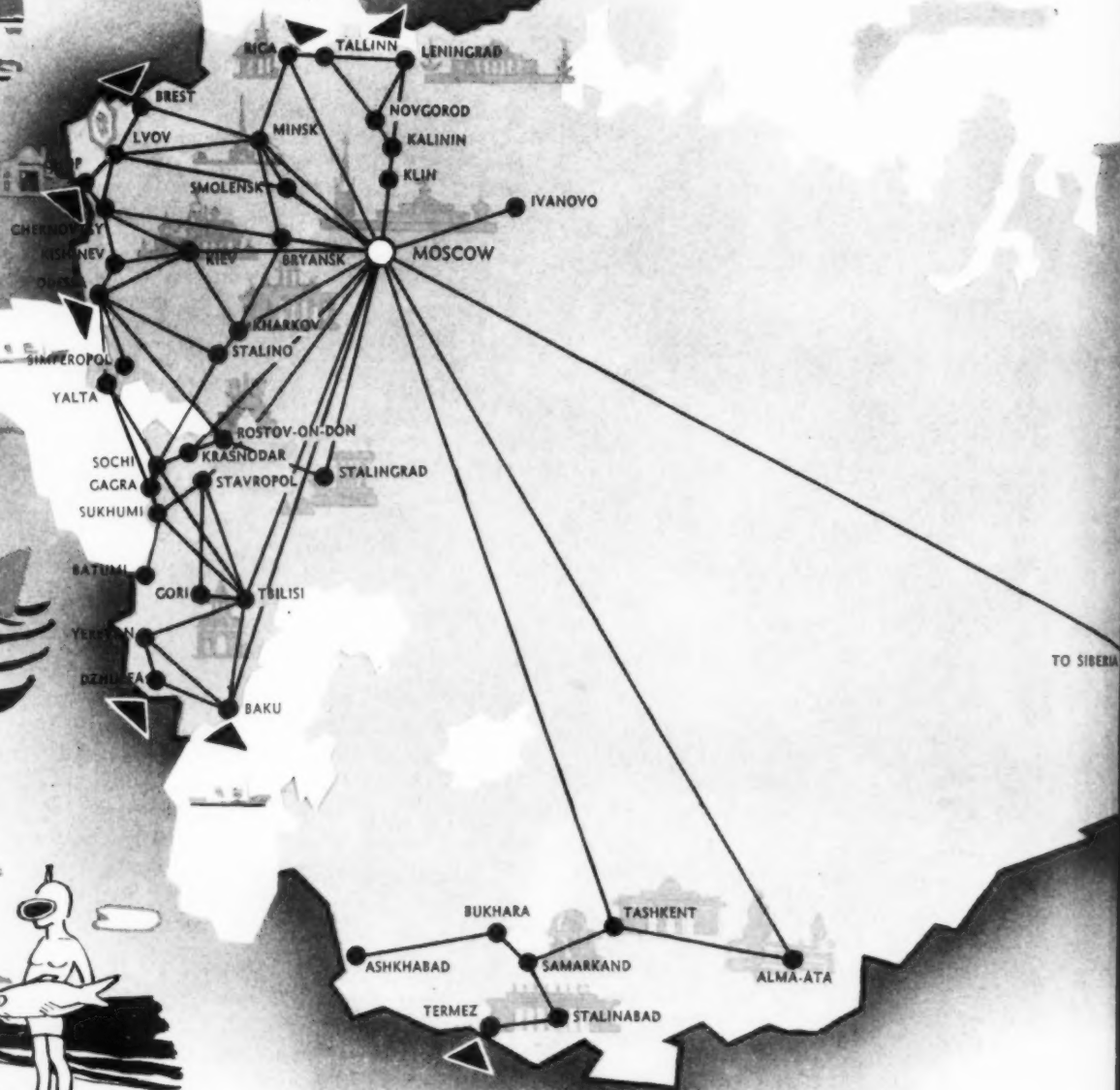
FISHING. The old-fashioned method—from the surface with rod and reel—seems to be quickly going out of date.



SWIMMING. When the pressure of work or your own preference keeps you from going out of town, there's a well-kept beach in the suburbs a short ride away.



TOURING



G

SIOERIA



th

the SOVIET UNION



By Vladimir Ankudinov
Chairman of Intourist

MORE THAN 580,000 tourists from practically every country in the world, people of every nationality and race, religious belief and social view, visited the Soviet Union last year, while over 700,000 Soviet citizens toured abroad. All travel arrangements for both foreign and Soviet tourist are handled by Intourist, the government travel agency which works with 300 travel bureaus in 60 countries. Vladimir Ankudinov, Chairman of Intourist, answers here to questions most frequently asked by people who wish to visit the Soviet Union.

Question: What's being done in the Soviet Union to promote travel?

Answer: For one thing, tourists can now get to our country faster. Aeroflot, in conjunction with foreign airlines, now offers jet and turbo-prop service on 23 international routes that link Soviet cities with almost all the European capitals and with many cities in other parts of the world.

We expect that direct air service will be established this year between the United States and the Soviet Union in keeping with the recent agreement. This will speed and, more important, cut the cost of tourist travel. Gas and service stations are located at about 100-mile intervals. In addition to the usual tours by train, bus, plane and ship, Intourist has worked out routes for motorists. Tourists may camp out in the suburbs of towns or stay at hotels in the town. They can enter the Soviet Union via Finland, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Rumania, and also by sea through Odessa.

There are also other arrangements to promote travel. Since last year the beautiful Black Sea resorts in the Caucasus and the Crimea have been made available to foreign travelers. The number of cities prepared to accommodate tourists has been growing annually. In the very near future we plan to build an additional 42,000 hotel accommodations for tourists in 50 cities.

Question: Are there any new itineraries this season?

Answer: Yes, and in very interesting places. One of them covers the North Caucasus and its famed resorts—Kislovodsk, Essentuki, Pyatigorsk and Mineralnye Vody. For those interested in farming we have arranged a route to the Krasnodar Territory in the southern part of the Russian Federation. There are also scheduled trips to Ashkhabad, Stalinabad, Tashkent, Alma-Ata, Bukhara, legendary Samarkand and other cities in our Central Asian republics. Other routes cover the ancient cities of Vladimir, Suzdal, Pskov and Novgorod where early Russian history was made. For a view of today's industrial development there are trips to the Donbas in the Ukraine, the country's oldest coal mining center, and to Ivanovo, one of the largest textile centers in the Russian Federation.

For motorists and bus travelers we are offering a new route which begins at the border of Czechoslovakia near the old town of Uzhgorod in the Carpathian mountains, goes through Lvov, then to Kiev, the Ukrainian capital, and via industrial Kharkov on to Moscow. On the way back motorists can, if they like, ship their cars home by boat from Odessa.

Question: What service does Intourist provide?

Answer: We offer two service plans, each designed for either individuals or groups of 15 to 25. The first plan covers only hotel accommodations, meals and transportation to and from the station. The second is an all-inclusive package plan that covers everything except, of course, such items as haircuts, laundry and the like. There is no tipping in the Soviet Union.

Intourist has branches and maintains hotels in more than 60 cities, and tourists may visit these cities in whatever order they choose. But

hotels usually are filled up in the summer, like elsewhere in the world, and accommodations are hard to get unless they are booked in advance.

To best meet varied wishes of our guests, we arrange travel in accordance with planned itineraries. When we make up travel schedules we choose the transport that will get tourists to the places they want to see most quickly, most comfortably and at the lowest cost.

I dwell on this at such length only because I want to dissipate the notion some people abroad have that we make up these itineraries to "restrict" the movements of foreign travelers. This is the usual way of organizing trips that all travel bureaus follow to give tourists maximum service.

Question: What does a tour cost?

Answer: Anywhere from \$1.50 to \$30.00 a day depending on services the traveler requires. For instance, the cost of a two-week tour with a group is \$275. This covers 3,500 kilometers (2,170 miles) of air travel, accommodation in a room for two with bath, three meals a day, bus excursions with an interpreter.

The tourist exchange is ten rubles to the dollar, a good deal higher than the official rate of four rubles to the dollar.

Question: Can a tourist walk about where he pleases without a guide? Can he take photographs and will his films be checked on leaving?

Answer: All tourists have complete freedom to acquaint themselves with the Soviet Union and its people in whatever way they prefer. The tourist himself is the one who decides where he will go and what he will see. The function of Intourist interpreters or guides, if the guest wants their services, is to hurdle the language barrier and to help with information.

The tourist can photograph whatever he wants to, except for military objects, just as he can in any other country. He is free to take photos and films across the border, provided they are not to be used commercially.

Question: Is the tourist able to visit factories and institutions other than those indicated on his itinerary? Can he visit private homes?

Answer: If the foreign travel agency informs us of the tourist's specific wishes in advance, we always arrange the visits. This we do as a regular service and on a reciprocal basis since Soviet tourists traveling abroad want to do the same kind of visiting. As for visits to private homes, these naturally are made at the invitation of the individuals, and Intourist obviously cannot promise such arrangements.

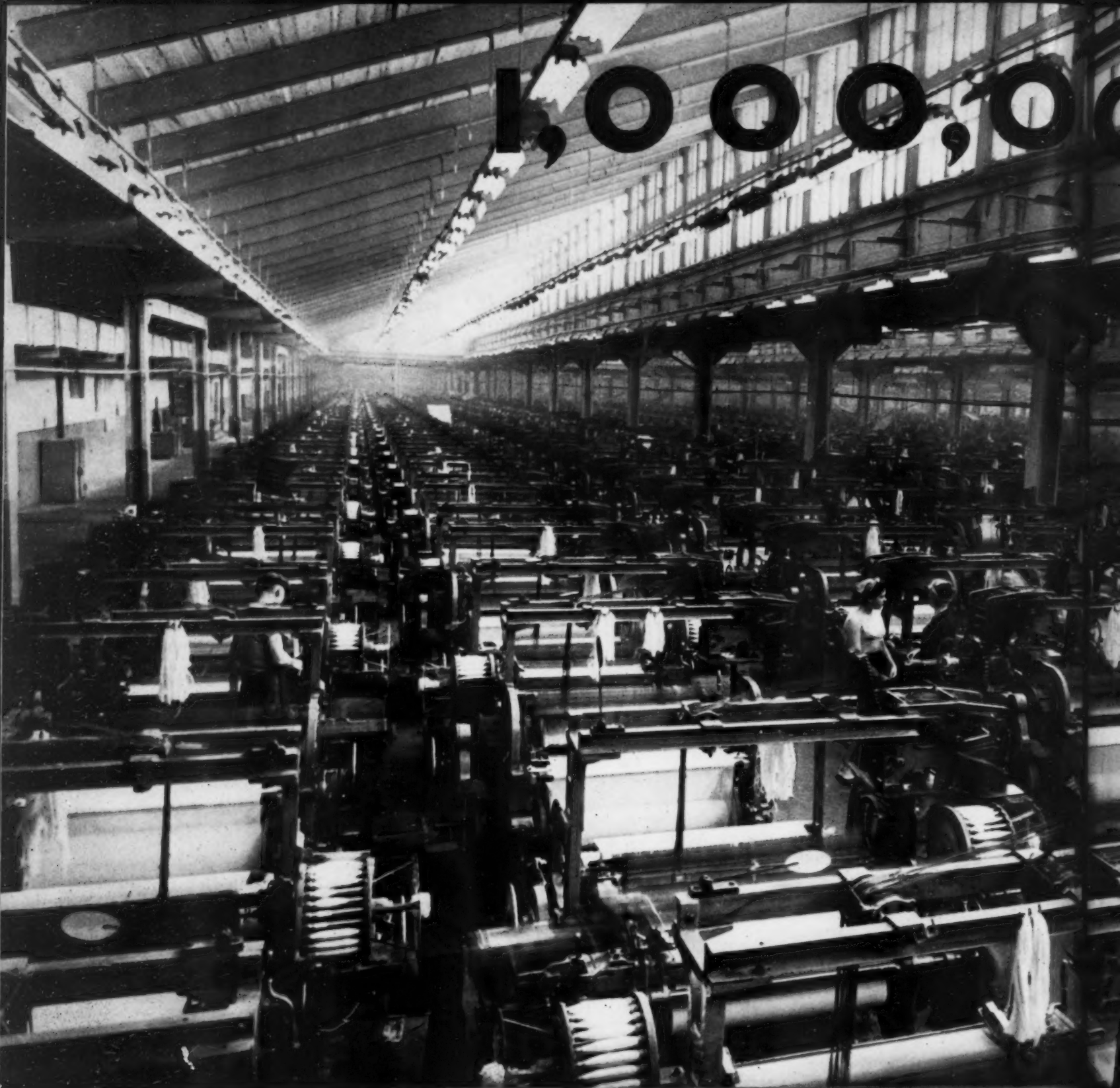
Question: What is the procedure for getting a tourist visa?

Answer: To get a tourist visa you have to fill out a short form with your photo attached and give it to your travel agent. When you place a deposit for your trip the agent sends the visa application to the Soviet Embassy in Washington, D. C. A tourist visa valid for entry to and exit from the Soviet Union is issued by the Embassy within five to seven days after the receipt of your papers from the travel agent.

Question: Where in the United States can a tourist get detailed information on visiting the Soviet Union and make arrangements for a tour?

Answer: Intourist has contracts with many American travel agencies including American Express, Simmens Tours, American Travel Abroad, Tom Maupin, Cosmos, Afton Tours and Gordon Travel. Our Information Bureau at 355 Lexington Avenue, in New York City, will also answer any travel questions you may have.

The amount of work Intourist has been doing with American travel agencies has grown considerably in the recent past, especially in the last year when we had 14,000 Americans visiting our country. There is every indication that the figure this season will be higher.



The textile mill in Kamyshin, when completed in 1965, will be the world's largest. This is one of the weaving divisions already operating, with 4,000 automatic looms.

By Yuri Gordeev

Photos by Alexander Mokletsov

Kamyshin is very much in the throes of construction, on a round-the-clock schedule. It will turn out 327 million yards of fabric a year.



YARDS OF CLOTH A DAY

ASK A MAN who lives in Kuibyshev what the Volga region is best known for and he'll tell you—cheap water power. Chances are he's one of thousands working on the construction of the huge power project. A citizen of Astrakhan will answer—fish; reasonably so, his city being the biggest port on the Volga delta. Stalingrad dwellers will say—tractors; Gorky people will say—passenger cars. And so up and down this ever-moving, every-productive waterway. Local pride? Of course. But the local voices all add up to a swelling national chorus—this is one of the country's great industrial regions.

Add another voice to the chorus—from Kamyshin, a small and still little-known town on the Volga. People from Kamyshin say—textiles—something new in the Volga indus-

trial picture. In pre-Soviet times it was mostly the central part of Russia that was known for textiles—the Moscow, Ivanovo and Kalinin regions. Except for a few relatively small mills the Volga had no significant textile cities—certainly none that could even begin to compare in size with Stalingrad's tractor works or Gorky's auto plant.

Being built in Kamyshin now, under the seven-year plan which is making such sweeping changes in the economic contour of the country, is the world's largest textile mill. It will be weaving more than a million yards of cotton fabrics a day.

The seven-year plan gives priority to the basic and key industries—fuel, mining and machine building. Why? Because to grow more food and to manufacture more consumer





New personnel is taken on as the mill grows. Experienced weaver Maria Abramenko instructs a newcomer.

1,000,000 YARDS OF CLOTH A DAY

Most of the new hands are inexperienced and learn their trade at the mill's school. During the training period they receive a nominal wage and in six months qualify for a job at full pay.



goods, you must build machines made of steel and powered by electricity and gasoline. Heavy industry is not an end in itself, it is very much a means to an end—and that end, the needs of the consumer. It is obvious that to build a textile mill, you first have to put up a factory that makes the looms and the other necessary machinery to weave cloth. Therefore, the emphasis on heavy industry.

The big textile mills in Central Asia, Siberia and in central and southern Russia were built on this heavy industry foundation. Under the seven-year plan these older mills are being modernized, their obsolescent machines replaced, and their facilities generally expanded. At the same time, new mills are being built. One of them is Kamyshin on the Volga.

A Talk with the Director

Pavel Pankratiev is director of this huge textile mill in construction. He is an old-timer in the industry, worked his way up from maintenance man, and learned every detail of the production process en route. People in the industry say that what he doesn't know about the history of textiles and the very latest production techniques isn't worth knowing.

"Why is this big mill being built on the Volga?" we ask him.

"It's a good location," replies Pankratiev,

"because there is plenty of cheap power around. Our industry needs a lot of power, we consume much more than the iron and steel industry, for example. It stands to reason, therefore, that we would want to build near a hydropower station. The one at Stalingrad is Europe's biggest. Besides that, the Volga gives us cheap transport. We bring cotton from Uzbekistan and Turkmenia across the Caspian Sea and up the Volga."

"Wouldn't it pay to build the mill near the source of raw materials?"

"Some Soviet mills have been—in Central Asia, for instance. But we find it simpler and cheaper, in the long run, to build textile mills closer to consumer areas that have good transport facilities. It costs us less to ship raw material than the finished product. The Kamyshin mills will be supplying, for the most part, the lower Volga region and part of the North Caucasus."

All Done by 1965

"And why was Kamyshin chosen in preference to other places?"

"Here we have plenty of room and we can build a mill of any size. In Stalingrad or Saratov, the nearest big industrial centers, space is short, so that it would have meant moving some other kind of plant to make room for us."

Kamyshin is very much in the throes of construction. Last year the first section of the mill was placed in operation. It includes the weaving and spinning rooms. High-ceilinged, flooded with light, equipped with the most foolproof machinery, they are as close to the ideal in work rooms as modern architectural planning can provide. In the weaving department 4,000 automatic looms spread over an area of 730,000 square feet. They turn out more than 270,000 yards of fabric every day.

The mill's output is scheduled to expand year by year. The second section of the mill will be finished in two years. It will include two big spinning divisions with 124,000 spindles and a weaving division with 4,600 automatic looms. Two years after that the mill's third section with a capacity as large as the first will be ready and the year following the fourth section with its two divisions will also be completed.

In the meantime two large finishing divisions will be built. At present the mill makes unbleached fabrics and sends them elsewhere for finishing. By 1965 when the entire mill is finished it will be turning out 327 million yards of fabrics a year—printed calico, sateen, cambric, flannel, velvet, velveteen, taffeta and gauze.

A number of engineering plants supply the mill's equipment to schedule. The machinery for the spinning divisions comes from Tash-

kent, the Uzbek capital, and from Penza, Leningrad and Ivanovo, in the Russian Federative Republic. The automatic looms are made by the Klimovo factory near Moscow. Twenty-six units have been bought from Platts, the well-known British firm.

Personnel for the Big Mill

The personnel is also taken on as the mill grows. The personnel requirements of a division are planned long before the buildings are finished, of course. The director knows, for example, that the new finishing department will need 10 chemists and the new weaving department six textile engineers and 12 power engineers. So he has the personnel manager get in touch with technical schools in Moscow, Leningrad, Ivanovo, and Tashkent. Kamyshin has to compete with other mills elsewhere in the country for these graduate engineers.

But it is still simpler to get newly graduated engineers than experienced assemblers, setters or foremen who have been working in the industry for years. If a man should decide to transfer from the mill he is working at to Kamyshin, he is paid traveling and moving expenses for himself and his family, is provided with satisfactory housing and is guaranteed a wage not lower than he made at his other job. An experienced specialist means a lot to a new mill. He can train beginners and show less skilled workers the fine points of the trade.

New people have been coming to Kamyshin from all parts of the country—the Ukraine, Siberia and Central Asia—as a result of advertising placed by the mill in all the leading Soviet papers. On the average, 300-400 men are hired every month. An additional 250-300 applications a month come in. This letter of application from Taisia Lyubchenko in Krasnodar Region (southern Russia) is not un-



A British-made loom is installed in the second section of the mill, scheduled for completion in two years.



People come to Kamyshin from all over the country to be trained at mill expense. Spinner Valentina Anufrieva saw the mill's Help Wanted ad in her local newspaper.



THE LOOMS AND THE SPINDLES ARE ABOUT AS ACCIDENT PROOF AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO MAKE MACHINERY.



The mill's clubhouse is the town's cultural and social center. This is fitter Pyotr Syroyezhkin reciting his own poetry at the literary circle.

1,000,000 YARDS OF CLOTH A DAY

typical. She is a waitress in a health resort and thinks the work piddling. She wants to work at something bigger, she wants to feel that she is helping to build something, so her letter reads.

School and On-the-Job Training

The Soviet people think of the Kamyshin mill as one of the big projects of the seven-year plan, comparable to the giant hydro-power project going up at Bratsk in Siberia or the big mining concentration plants in Sokolovo-Sarbai in Kazakhstan.

Valentina Lunin and her husband Alexander both work at the mill. Their son, Vyacheslav is at school and daughter Svetlana at kindergarten.

Most of the people have no textile experience when they come. They learn the elements of the trade at the mill's training school. Nina Martysheva comes from Tula where she worked in a beauty parlor. She didn't like the work. One day she read a Help Wanted ad for weavers at the Kamyshin mill that offered to train unskilled people and pay them during the training period.

She went to Kamyshin and now she is one of 530 girls learning how to become spinners, lifters and weavers. The course includes theoretical subjects like General Technology and Mechanics. The girls spend several hours a day in the different departments watching experienced operators at work and trying their hand at the looms under supervision of the instructors. They can qualify for a job after six months.

Every Other Worker a Student

In addition to trade instruction, the students are taught modern history, economics and physical culture. The course covers a fairly wide range so that there is no great problem if a girl decides to change her trade mid-stream.

In the past few years more than 1,200 have been graduated as qualified workers. The school is maintained by an annual government subsidy of one million rubles.

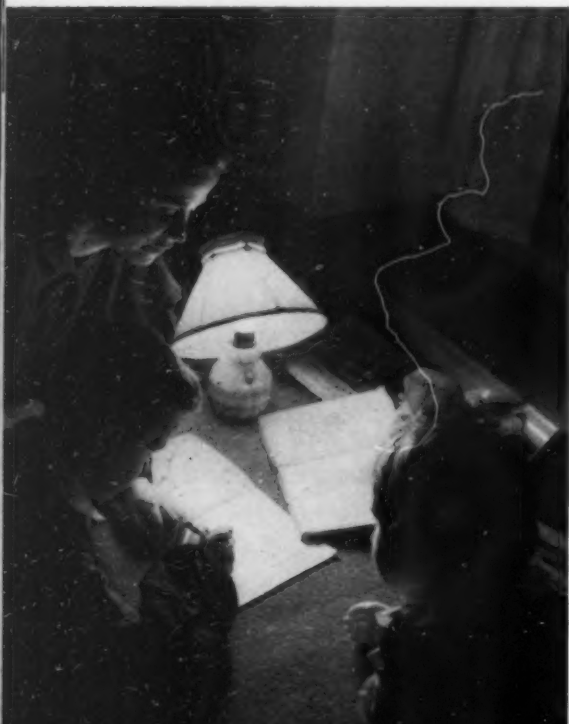
But the school cannot hope to train enough workers to meet the needs of so large a mill. The mill shops therefore do a considerable part of their own individual and group training. An unskilled hand is apprenticed to a skilled operator for a six-month period. The skilled worker gets additional pay for every hour he spends training new hands and the apprentice gets a basic 250 to 300 rubles a month plus additional pay for the fabric he turns out. Last year the mill trained about

1,000 workers this way. The 1.5 million rubles their training cost came partly out of government funds and partly from mill profits.

Ivan Mukovosov, a sailor demobilized from the Black Sea fleet, came to the mill two years ago and got a job as yarn hauler. He wasn't happy with that kind of work and learned a second trade as reel setter. This year he decided to enroll in the textile technical school run by the mill. Although he wants the higher wages that will come with the additional training, he also wants a more rounded education, a broader outlook, and a wider range of interests. All of these factors combine to keep him studying. And the mill makes it easy by offering its workers every opportunity to develop aptitudes and enlarge backgrounds. Every other worker at the mill is a student—at engineering school, or learning a new skill, or in shop-training classes. More than 200 people are taking courses at the mill's evening technical school.

A new residential area, much improved over the older districts of Kamyshin, is growing up very fast close to the mill. It is made up of three- or four-story houses laid out with flower gardens, lawns and plenty of trees. By 1965 the population of this district will be 50,000—as many people as live in the whole town today.

This year 30 blocks of apartments are scheduled for completion; next year, 50 more. Schools, shops and motion picture theaters are being built in the neighborhood. A polyclinic and a fine clubhouse were recently finished. The clubhouse with its amateur dance, music, dramatic and literature circles, is a very popular social center for the mill workers. These are young people from various scattered parts of the Soviet Union who have made Kamyshin their home and have brought to this town on the Volga cultural talents of the many peoples who live in the Soviet Union.



NEIGHBORHOOD DEPARTMENT STORE

By Yevgeni Makukhin



Two years ago the store had a daily sale of 600 yards of fabric. Now it sells 6,000.



Memorable occasion. First grader Seryozha Baranov tries on his first grown-up coat. The most popular of the large variety carried by the store are made of locally woven fabrics.



STORE

THE DEPARTMENT store in Maryina Roshcha, which was once a run-down section in an outlying part of Moscow, has been growing with the neighborhood. Maryina Roshcha in the last few years has mushroomed with new houses, schools, clubs and shops.

Look at the attractive window display of the department store and it is apparent that the Soviet purchaser has more goods to buy and more money to buy with than was true even a few months ago. The quantity of goods on the shelves and the buyers' purchasing power have both been rising steadily. Last year 10,000 customers a day made purchases at the Maryina Roshcha store. Now the figure is 15,000.

This is a good sized store, although it isn't large by comparison with the huge ones in the center of Moscow. It carries almost everything you might want to buy, however—neckties, TV sets, perfumes, shoes, motorcycles, clothing, toys and so forth.

The store has a large dry goods department with silks, woolens and cottons in all colors and for all purposes. Two years ago the daily yard goods sales were 600 yards; today they are 6000 yards.

Alexander Tsvetkov, the manager, explains the tenfold rise by the store's greater supply and larger assortment.



Practically everything you might want—from toys to television sets to trousseaus.



Every tenth customer coming into the store walks out with a new pair of quality shoes.

"Now," he says, "we can satisfy practically all our customers, but we have to keep enlarging our assortment all the time to meet demand."

This is true of all the departments. Not long ago the shoe department thought it was doing very well when it had 50 different shoe styles on sale. Today it has twice the number and has to keep adding new models. Shoes are a steady seller, one out of every ten customers walks out of the store with a pair of shoes or slippers. The demand for shoes made of synthetic materials is particularly heavy. They are as good-looking, light and comfortable as leather footwear and have the added advantage of costing much less.

The ready-to-wear men's and women's clothing departments are always busy. Suits and coats made of locally woven fabrics—the trade names are "triko," "udarnik" and "zhatka"—are especially popular. The store used to offer about 30 different styles in men's suits, now it has 100 models for sale.

The store sells the latest in cameras, radio and TV sets and record players. The best sellers are the new Zarya and Rubin TV's and the radio-phonograph console Belarus.

Placed end to end the store's counters, piled high with goods of all types and description, would stretch for a third of a mile.



This Moldavian mother-to-be knows that every modern facility needed is available to help her deliver a healthy baby. In pre-Soviet Moldavia women about to give birth were beset by fears for their own survival and for the life of the child about to be born.

A CHILD IS BORN

By Yelena Kononenko

Photos by Alexander Mokletsov



Women are under constant medical surveillance from the beginning of pregnancy. Those who work have 16 weeks' paid maternity leave. All medical expenses are free. Here expectant mothers are learning about painless childbirth in a Moldavian maternity center.

The nursery of a maternity hospital in Kishinev, Moldavian capital. The gentle care of the nurse on duty is baby's first contact with the world. Mother and infant usually stay in hospital for eight or nine days, longer if there are any complications.

EVERY MINUTE ten children are born in the Soviet Union. As soon as a baby is on its way, it becomes the whole country's responsibility. The coming child and its mother are the nation's first concern. And so it should be since children are the country's future.

It does not matter where the mother lives, in Moscow or beyond the Arctic Circle, nor whether the child is an academician's or a factory worker's, the same wheels are set in motion to ensure the best possible regimen for the pregnant mother, the same medical set-up provides her with all services she needs.



If she is working, she is given a lighter job, if on night shift, she is transferred to day work. In whatever case, the law forbids management to discharge her or to cut her salary. The mother gets 16 weeks' maternity leave on full pay that covers the period before and after childbirth.

There are 15,000 consultation centers in Soviet cities and villages where women may obtain medical advice. The expectant mother is under a doctor's care throughout the period of pregnancy. When her time comes, she goes to the maternity hospital in her district, assured

of the most solicitous attention and the most modern care. All of this is free of charge, every kind of medical service being financed from the national budget.

Systematic Checkups

From the moment a baby is born its growth and development is attentively followed. When the mother returns home with her infant from the hospital, she is visited by a doctor and nurse attached to the matern-



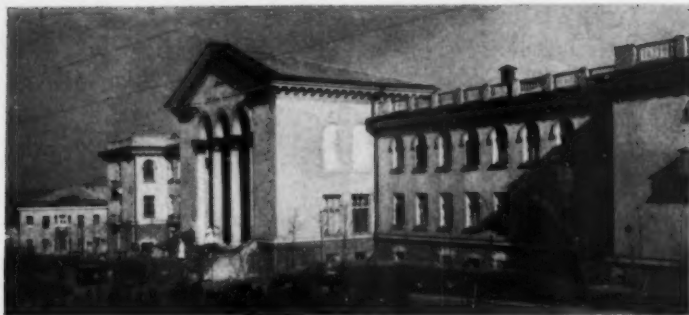
The future is as big and bright as baby's eyes. The wheels that were set in motion even before he was born to provide for his every need will continue to turn until he is old enough and strong enough to care for himself.

A CHILD IS BORN

ity center in the district. They do not wait to be called, they come on their own to render whatever medical assistance is required.

The maternity center provides consultation service, gives preventive inoculations, checks weight, and, in general, keeps a vigilant and knowledgeable eye on the health of both child and mother. This attention does not end after ten days or six months—it continues until the child is grown.

Systematic checkup on the infant's development is followed up so matter of factly that mothers are frequently surprised by a written reminder or a phone call from the center's nurse. You may forget that



Part of a countrywide medical network. This children's hospital in Kishinev has a polyclinic, 250 beds, 100 doctors and a staff of 450 nurses and aids. Maintenance, provided by the government, comes to 6.5 million rubles a year.

The baby's weight, height and general condition are checked periodically and he is inoculated against contagious diseases. Should the child become ill, doctors are available for both house and office calls.



it is time for your baby's vaccination or that he is due for a second anti-diphtheria injection on such and such a date but your center doesn't. A medical diary began when the baby was born, reminds the center of when and what the child needs.

There are thousands of infant feeding centers all over the country. Each of these centers provides both advice and foods—specially processed milk, various juices, and baby food mixtures. All foods are prepared under strict supervision of pediatricians. No effort is spared and large sums are spent from the national budget to give children the best there is in this field.



The hospital staff includes top-notch surgeons as well as specialists in all children's diseases. Moscow-trained Dr. Natalia Georgiu is operating.



The hospital is equipped to handle various complicated cases and run-of-the-mill children's diseases. This youngster is receiving electronically induced sleep therapy under the doctor's careful supervision.

Modern equipment and attentive therapists have made a big difference in this little girl's life. Painfully shy like most stutterers, Lyudmila Shadovskaya now chatters away with the most talkative.

Nurseries and Kindergartens

There is a wide national network of nurseries and kindergartens both in cities and villages. Mothers are not obliged to send their children, that is a purely personal choice of course. But millions of women who prefer jobs to housework are grateful for these play schools with their large sun-filled rooms and their staffs of teachers, nurses and doctors.

In summer the nurseries and kindergartens move to the country. Almost as soon as the trees begin to blossom, trucks loaded with children's chairs, cots, bird cages, toys and the like are on the move. The



children follow soon after in big buses. When they arrive lunch is ready and waiting, and the cots for the afternoon nap are lined up under the shady birches or pines.

There are health and holiday resorts set up especially for mothers with small children. While mother is taking treatment, bathing in the sea or just relaxing, baby is taken care of by the nurses.

Many more nurseries, kindergartens and resorts of this kind scheduled by the seven-year plan are now being built to provide every child with maximum opportunities for good health and growth and to give every mother maximum freedom to develop her own abilities and talents.



SO PRETTY!

SEE IF I CARE.



PORTRAIT OF A FRIEND.

FOR ME?





NAIL IT.



WHAT'S IT SAY?

Fry

*Photos By Yuri Chernyshev
and Yuri Trankvilitsky*

PLENTY OF ROOM.



SMALL BOAT WARNINGS!





By Andrei Turkov

ALEXANDER TVARDOVSKY POET FOR OUR TIME

ALEXANDER TVARDOVSKY very vividly remembers this episode from his youth. One summer day his father had taken him along on a trip to Smolensk, the city nearest their village. He had some business to wind up and asked the boy to sit in their farm wagon. To while away the time the boy looked around at the signs on the houses. One of them, on the arch of a gate that said "Poets' Club," he kept reading and re-reading with almost hypnotic attention.

He himself had just begun to put verses together. He knew that Pushkin, Lermontov and Nekrasov were really good poets, his father had read their verses to him and the other children on winter evenings. But they had been dead a long time, he knew, and with them, he had somehow gotten the impression, had died poetry and poets. And here suddenly was a whole clubful of them!

He couldn't have known, of course, that one of the poets in this Smolensk club, Mikhail Isakovsky, would become his guide, teacher and lifelong friend, nor that he himself would win a leading place among Soviet writers. What mattered most to the boy at the time was the revelation that there were poets still alive, still writing poetry, that he was no longer alone.

Deep Roots with Village Life

The incident helps us to an understanding of Tvardovsky, the mature writer with three decades of work to his credit. His development has not been an easy one. It has been marked, as must be true of any writer of stature, with difficulties overcome and challenges met. Tvardovsky achieved an uncommon insight into his themes and characters and the superb craft to express them in verse. He looked deeply, and with compassionate understanding, into the hearts and minds and lives of peasant men and women, rooted in the old village but building their future on the new foundation of a collective farm system.

The poet was born in 1910. He grew up in the shifting paradoxical environment of the Russian village prior to collectivization. Early in his life he was drawn to books and particularly to the poets. His own poetry when it was first published in the local press was clearly imitative but still remarkable for its decided affinity with everything that was Soviet. The young poet devoted himself to a poetic record of the things he saw around him and took active part in the collective farm movement.

"I gave up my books and studies," he notes in his *Autobiography*. "I went to the collective farms as correspondent for a regional newspaper and excitedly dug into everything that was new, everything that

went to build the new life of the village. I wrote articles and took all sorts of notes. Every trip I made I took stock of the new, of all the things that were unfolding before me in that complex and magnificent development of collective farm life."

He opposed the kulaks, drew them as figures retreating to a dead past, extolled the work of a village teacher, a young Communist. But trying to make his portraits realistic, Tvardovsky often had a tendency of oversimplifying. Instead of showing people in action and the motivations that drove them, the young poet merely listed events. He was writing chronicles in verse rather than poetry.

Land of Muravia

Tvardovsky considers *Land of Muravia*, which appeared in 1936, his first mature work, the others merely studies in preparation although he had published four volumes before it.

There is no land of Muravia on any map. It is an Eldorado but without fabulous treasure. It exists only in imagination, a country untouched by time and circumstance, where one lives in the old accustomed ways. The protagonist in this large poem is Nikita Morgunok, a peasant who could not accept the fact that the old ways and old times were forever gone.

The setting of the poem is the period when the small individual peasant holdings were joining in collective farms. The peasants were trying to rid themselves of their lifetime of poverty. But the moneybags who had previously ruled the villages try to turn Morgunok against the new life. He rejects collectivization in a quest for the mythical land of Muravia.

Early in the poem Morgunok sees the village kulaks in their dismal, drunken revels as though they sensed the end of their power. This is his moment of greatest vacillation between the old and the new. He is hesitant but thinks it wise to keep away from their vicious talk. Later, when the rich Bugrov whom he shelters steals his horse, his only possession, he finally understands that the moneybags are his enemies. The harmony of work on a collective farm, the cheer of the farmers, their certainty of the future, their solicitude for him, the stranger—this and other impressions complete the task of persuading Nikita Morgunok. We leave him with a new understanding and vision when he is about to abandon his search of the non-existent land and return to his collective farm.

In *Land of Muravia* Tvardovsky showed that he was a subtle teller of stories that were kindred to folklore. Sometimes his rhythms have

the lyric quality of the fairy tale sung, sometimes they sound as though each of the characters were introducing his own musical theme! Very expressive is the description of the scene where Morgunok discovers that his horse has been stolen. Nearly all the verse in this section is built around a single rhyme. That together with the cadence of the repeated phrase "And the horse is gone" leave an unforgettable image of the poor peasant's despair.

The final section of the poem is a picture of a collective farm brilliantly peopled with three-dimensional characters. There is the village handicraftsman Grandfather Danila, an endless practical joker but also a wise man when the occasion requires wisdom. Portrayed are the women whose strength and beauty are enduring despite hardship and privation. There are the young people faced with great new choices who push aside the old and petty village rivalries and jealousies.

Vasili Tyorkin

By the time the war broke out, Alexander Tvardovsky was one of the most widely-read Soviet poets. From the first days of the war he served as correspondent. Together with the troops he covered thousands of miles during the bitter months of retreat, during the great offensives, during the liberation of the country and during the thrust to Berlin. Reporting events at the front lines he wrote innumerable articles and sketches and verses which appeared in army and Moscow papers. Toward the end of the war he completed a new large poem, Vasili Tyorkin. It was first published serially in newspapers and magazines.

Tvardovsky created in this poem so lifelike a character that readers by the thousands mistook him for a real man—one of many unnoticed war heroes. The people wrote to the newspapers asking: "Who is this Vasili Tyorkin? Where is he fighting? At which front? With which regiment?"

Vasili Tyorkin, of course, had the features of many soldiers, qualities borrowed from many people. He was a composite of the men Tvardovsky had seen in action, but the writer had fused and merged them into the living character, the Soviet soldier defending his country against the Nazi invasion. Why were so many people persuaded that the character was real? Perhaps because one would have to look hard to find in wartime literature a figure that more fully and sharply embodies the Russian character. In scene after scene Tyorkin is placed in situations where he must make decisions—situations in which war often places a man—and in each case he makes the choice that one would expect a man with his concept of duty and his principles to make.

Many of the incidents show Tyorkin a fun-loving hearty fellow, one who has been around, whose initiative, knowledge, steadfastness have come the hard way, through experience. He has learned to take obstacles in stride. He does everything without fanfare, so simply that you almost believe it the most natural thing in the world for him to down an enemy plane or swim across a freezing river in the late fall.

Alongside an incident that portrays him as a simple-hearted prankster is another where he looms as heroic, almost larger than life-sized. This is artful contrast, of course. Folk art and folklore reflect the many-sided spirit of the people they spring from. We have the same juxtaposition there of crude farce with magnificent saga and lyric song.

Here we have Tyorkin playing a mad prank with an unexploded shell and then we see another Tyorkin who engages Death in a profound and subtle debate. He lies wounded and freezing on the battlefield. Death, bending over him, tries to persuade him not to cling to life, pictures the futility of his returning home a cripple, staring helplessly at the ruins of his home. Tyorkin barely has the strength to answer but he summons up all his ebbing powers and shouts defiance at Death. He will never abandon this life of his own will, he will never surrender to the grim reaper of his own accord.

Vasili Tyorkin has won unprecedented popularity. Even a writer so alien to communism as Ivan Bunin who left his country after the Revolution, a master of language in his own right, was impressed. "This is really a rare book," he wrote. "What freedom and boldness! How apt and precise it is in all things! And what an extraordinary soldier's vernacular it has! There is not a jagged piece anywhere! Not a trace of forced humor!"

Vasili Tyorkin, like *Land of Muravia*, is full of fresh dialogue and vigorous earthy folk humor. But where the writer stayed behind the scenes in the earlier poem, here he moves into the action with his characters. There are many lyrical asides, some of them with superb rhythms. The description of the Smolensk forest where the poet reminisces of the

time his native region was invaded by the enemy reads almost like music with its alliterations and inner consonances.

House by the Road

Soon after the war, in 1946, Tvardovsky published another large poem, *House by the Road*. This is the story of a farm family like countless others that suffered through the war's hardships and sorrows. For the truth of its characterization and its wealth of connotative detail, this may very well be the most finished of Tvardovsky's works.

The changing rhythms in the poem express the changes that war brought to man and nature. The graceful flowing verses subtly orchestrated to convey the moods of peaceful living make way for other motifs—the sounds of a great stream of refugees in flight, the wailing of children, the creaking of wheels, a bucket scraping the sides of a well dried up by weary people.

The major characters are a man and wife, separated by the war. He makes his way home through the encircling enemy lines, stays for a short while, then returns to join the country's defenders. She and the children are among the many thousands driven off to Germany by the fascists. She gives birth to a son in a concentration camp barracks. Although she and the other Soviet people in the camp are starving and worn out, they manage to keep the tiny spark of new life burning.

She holds imaginary—intensely moving—conversations with her son, now bewailing his weakness, now swearing to keep him safe from all harm. Amazing is a small detail the poet found to show how feeble that little life was: when the boy saw a dandelion for the first time, he kept blowing on its fuzzy head but did not have strength enough to blow the fuzz away. And nevertheless this weak child stays alive, he wins the struggle against death—and fascism.

The poem does not picture the family's reunion. The mother and her children are freed by the Soviet Army. They are still making their way home, wandering over the interminable roads. The father is back home wounded. His fighting over, he is rebuilding his house razed by the enemy—and waiting, waiting.

The House by the Road is a passionate cry against war, a tragic reminder of the price paid by the Soviet people for their hard-won victory.

Distant Vistas

Tvardovsky is now completing *Distant Vistas*, a poem he started writing in the early fifties. It is quite different from anything he has done before. This is something like a diary in which the poet notes his impressions as he travels across the great expanse of the Soviet land from west to east. He describes life and people he observes en route, he thinks back to the long and difficult years of his growth and the country's, he muses over various problems of literature. He seems to be searching for ties between the significant events in his own life and those of the nation, for the relation between man's destiny and the great projects under way in Siberia.

Peering through a train window at the lights twinkling off in the distance, the poet wonders what sort of people these are who have been able to light up this once wild taiga. To find the answer, he breaks his journey to watch the great dam being built across the Angara River. Here are people with faces of all sorts. Some are familiar, they remind him of faces he had seen during the war, faces of old childhood friends, others are the faces of the new generation.

Although Tvardovsky humorously advises his readers not to speculate on the book's ending before he has finished writing it, one conclusion may safely be drawn. In this book, as in all his previous poems, Tvardovsky's themes are the problems of our time, of our difficult but vastly mutable century.

Tvardovsky is not a hurried writer. He works thoughtfully and is not inclined to rush into print. He tests his conclusions by time and therefore they carry particular weight. His ideas are strikingly original and his statements are sharp. His point of view, once presented, he does not surrender easily.

Tvardovsky sees the world through the clear eyes of a poet reared in a socialist society. He does not hide away from life with all its infinite and disturbing complexity. He has experienced its sharp edges and written about them in his poems. But what he sees also is the grandeur of the struggle for man's happiness, the challenge of our time and the promise of the future.

DEATH and the HERO

Excerpt from the poem *Vasili Tyorkin*

By Alexander Tvardovsky

From beyond a distant hill
Came the battle's roar and glow,
But our friend Vasili Tyorkin
Lay alone upon the snow.

Where the wounded hero lay
Scarlet stained the frozen snow.
Ugly Death approached him saying:
"Well, my soldier, time to go.

Now you're mine, you're mine forever.
Let me lead you through the gale.
Blizzard blowing, blizzard blowing
Gusts of snow to hide our trail."

Tyorkin shuddered feeling colder
In his freezing bed of snow.
"Who invited you?" he whispered,
"I'm a soldier, still alive."

Death, detecting some misgiving,
Laughed at him: "I see you strive,
But you won't be with the living
Just because you're still alive.

It's my shadow that has touched you,
You are freezing, deathly weak.
Don't you see that falling snowflakes
Lie unmelting on your cheek?

Why, indeed, refuse my darkness?
Night is just as good as day."
"That's all right, but what exactly
Would you like to have me say?"

This remark, so unexpected,
Disconcerted Death a bit.
"What I'm asking," she reflected,
"Is a trifle, you'll admit.

Just a sign that you are willing
To give up your life forever.
And desert all living men."

"Do you want my written statement?"
Death considered, drawing nearer:
"Well, why not?
Sign the statement and relax."
"I refuse. My life is dearer."
"Foolish boy, why should we bargain?
All the same your time is measured."
Death approached his shoulder closer.
"All the same your lips are withered
And your teeth in pain are clenched . . ."
"Get away."

"Look how fast the night is falling
And the weather is growing mean.
That's the reason I keep calling.
Why suffer here? Come with me."

"I can stand it!"
"Don't be silly, you are freezing
And you won't survive the storm.
I will wrap you in my blanket
And forever keep you warm.
Here are tears, they show you trust me
And you like me better now."
"Your concern does not deceive me
And I cry because I'm cold."

"Tears of joy or tears of pain
This is all the same. Now look,
Can't you see the blizzard's raging?
They will never find you here.
And if they did, what's there to gain?
Would your happiness be greater?
And your troubles cease?
Why refuse to die in peace?"

Tyorkin turned his wounded shoulder:
"Don't you trap me with your net.
I mean to live, and that's for sure,
I have hardly lived as yet."

"And if you live, what is the use?"
Death bent lower to his ear.
"You think you'll love it?
Love the cold, the dirt, the fear?"

Life is not a bed of roses.
Think it over, just once more."
"Think of what? It's all familiar.
You forget that this is war."

"Once again the same old troubles
Where's the family and how's the house?"

"That's the reason I must hurry
Kill the Nazis and then get home."

"Home? Well, let's admit it,
But what's in store for you?
All is ruined in your village,
All is ashes, that's a fact,
All deserted."

"I can build it all anew.
Once I'm home, I'll fix it all."
"But your house—it lies in ruins."
"I'll fix it."

"All the rest is plundered."
"Never mind.
Jack of all trades, so they call me.
Once I'm back, I'll fix it all."

"Let me tell you what might happen:
Just suppose you lost an arm
Or were crippled by a bullet,
You yourself would want to die."
Tyorkin drew a fearful breath.
Was Man strong enough for Death?
He was ready for submission
Worn and weary, night at hand . . .

"Listen, Death . . . On one condition . . .
I'll submit to your command."
And the boy, as he lay bleeding
So alone, so young, so weak,
Started quietly to speak
In a tone of earnest pleading:

"I'm no better than the others,
I can die as well as they,
But when all the fighting's over,
Will you free me for a day?
Will you let me go to Moscow
For the victory salute?
Will you let me hear the salvo
That triumphant guns will shoot?
Will you let me join the living
As they celebrate the peace?
Will you let me go to places
Where I lived before the war?
And when they come to meet me
At some old familiar spot,
Will you, Death, grant me permission
For a word, half a word?"
"No, I will not."

Tyorkin shuddered, feeling colder
In his freezing bed of snow,
"Then get away, and quickly,
You wicked Reaper—Go!
I'm a soldier, still alive.

I may cry out in my anguish,
I may perish on this field,
But you'll never see me captive,
I will never, never yield."

"Wait I'll find another reason,
Then you shall agree with me."

"Stop your speeches! They have found me!
It's the medics here at last."
"Where do you see them, fool, where are they?"
"There," he said, his eyes aglow.
Death went weak with laughter then:
"That's the squad that comes to bury!"
"Just the same they're living men!"

One came over, then another,
With a crowbar and a spade.
"Here's another stiff to cover.
Much too many for this day."
"Let's sit down here on this body,
All my bones, I think, are broke.
If we can't fill up our bellies,
We at least can have a smoke."

"How'd you like a sup of something—
Cabbage soup with cream on top?"
"How'd you like a sip of something?"
"I'd be willing—just a drop."
"Maybe two . . ."

Here they heard a human voice—
Very weak, but still a voice,
"Drive this dame away from here!
I'm a soldier, still alive."

Up they jumped in great amazement,
Had a look—alive all right!
"Can you beat it?"
"Let's get going,
Must get back before the night."

"Just to think of him surviving!
Quite a marvel, on the whole!
Not so strange to find a body,
And here we find one with a soul!"
"But his soul has almost left him,
Got to lend the guy a hand.
Why transfer this wounded soldier
To the Ministry of Land."

"Stop your speeches, waste no time,
Get your spade and chop his coat off,
Now let's lift him."
But Death was saying:
"I will follow. He is mine."

Digging graves is their business,
Only that and nothing more.
They will jerk him or will drop him,
And I'll have him back again."

Both their spades and both their belts—
Both their coats laid end to end—
"Take it easy, he's still a soldier."
"Off we go! Have patience, friend."

Slowly, carefully they bore him,
Trying hard to ease the ride.
And they had to be that careful—
Death kept trailing to one side.

What a road they had to cover!
Ruts and rocks and drifts of snow—
"Why not rest," suggested Tyorkin.
"That's all right.
We'd better go."

Night is coming. Don't you bother."
One replied and carried on.
"You can bet we'd ten times rather
Lug a live one than a dead."

And the other said:
"That's quite right.
And besides, it's understood,
That a live one must keep going,
While a dead one's home for good."

"You know that's the custom,"
Both concluded with a smile.
"Lost your gloves? Your hands are freezing.
Here, take mine, they're nice and warm."

As she listened, Death kept thinking:
"What a friendly lot they are
All those people who are living.
Even this one, all alone,
Never will declare surrender.
How can I ever win him?
It's a pity but I must retreat."

And Death sighed and turned away.

MUCH RICHER EXPERIENCE THAN I EXPECTED

says Aaron Copland

American composers Aaron Copland and Lukas Foss recently made a twenty-day cultural exchange visit to the Soviet Union. They played to full concert halls in Moscow, Leningrad, Tbilisi and Riga. Following are answers of Aaron Copland to our reporter's questions:

Question: What was your impression of the Soviet Union?

Answer: It was a much richer experience than I had expected it to be. In the United States we hear so much talk about the Soviet Union that we think we already know the country before we arrive. But that isn't so at all. Take music alone—the variety and spread of musical activity is far greater than anything I imagined.

Question: You visited the Russian Federation, Georgia and Latvia. Do you think the music you heard there is different?

Answer: I think that the folk music of each of the Soviet republics takes character from its national culture. The polyphonic singing in Georgia, the kokle music in Latvia and the domra and balalaika orchestra in Leningrad—each has its own charm and special character, from which it is easy to imagine that different kinds of music would emerge. If I were a composer in Latvia I should certainly want to write something that would take advantage of the beautiful songs done by the kokle ensemble.

Question: What do you think of Soviet musical education?

Answer: After visiting conservatories in Moscow and Leningrad I got the feeling of a strongly established teaching method. From the American standpoint, there might seem to be too much attachment to a rigid tradition, but it appears to be a firm foundation for training musicians and composers.

Question: What was your reaction to the work of Soviet composers?

Answer: Our hosts did everything they could to show us a cross-section of present-day compositions. The time was too short but it was clear even from our limited listening experiences that American audiences, who hear a good deal of the work of the classic Russian composers, would be very much interested in hearing the most recent Soviet compositions. It would be necessary to get scores to the United States and to get musicians and conductors interested in performing them.

Question: What was your impression of orchestra standards in the Soviet Union?

Answer: We were especially pleased with the serious and enthusiastic way that the musicians tackled compositions that must certainly have been difficult for them. Our rhythms are different from those they are used to, so that their interest, responsibility and ability do them great credit. We hope that after the successful visit of the USSR State Symphony to the United States, the Leningrad Philharmonic will get a chance to play for our audiences under the exchange program.

Question: How did you like Soviet audiences?

Answer: I'm sure that some of our music must have sounded strange to them. But we certainly appreciated their open-mindedness and their willingness to listen to a kind of music they are not familiar with.



Aaron Copland presents a scroll from the American Academy of Arts and Letters to Dmitri Shostakovich. Lukas Foss is at the left and Conductor Alexander Gauk at the right. In the photo alongside Foss plays the piano solo of his Second Concerto with Copland conducting.





MR. AMERICA

By Alexander Pobozhy
Construction Engineer



A NEWS REEL which I recently saw with a friend of mine, Engineer Alexander Kondrashov, had an item on the United States. Flashing across the movie screen were factories and farms, small houses and skyscrapers, wide streets jammed with traffic and people.

"Look, all those Mister Americas," Kondrashov said, "you remember?"

"Of course," I said, "how could I forget?"

The whole incident had come sharply to my mind again only recently when the four Soviet servicemen were rescued by the American carrier *Kearsarge*. They had been adrift in the Pacific for 49 days after their T-36 craft had been broken away from its anchors by smashing waves during a storm. It was so much like our own experience back in 1944; it even happened in the same part of the globe—the Far East.

Two Men Missing in Taiga

During the last war I served in the army as a construction engineer. In 1944 our surveying party had just finished our assigned project—to chart the route for a railroad that now links the city of Komsomolsk-on-Amur with the Pacific harbor of Sovietskaya Gavan. We had been on the march for three days and we were all dog-tired and dreaming of a hard-earned rest. We didn't get it.

It was mid-September when we reached the railroad builders' camp. They told us that an American Flying Fortress had crashed the night of August 18. Nine of the crew had bailed out and been picked up. Two others—the chief pilot and the tail gunner who doubled as radio operator—were still missing. They were the last to bail out and it was believed that they had probably landed somewhere in completely uninhabited country.

Aircraft had been sent out to spot them but with no success, and I was given the rescue job. I picked Alexander Kondrashov and three other young fellows from the surveying party to come with me. I was also assigned two planes and a radio operator. They were to help our party in our search.

It was then September 20. That meant the flyers, assuming they hadn't died from hunger or hadn't been killed by wild animals, had been wandering in the taiga for more than a month. Search by planes brought no results. We had no time to waste for resting or any such luxury. Hours—even minutes—might be the decisive factor here. So we set out up the Khungari River the same day.

While we were packing our boats, the local people kept telling us that the Khungari was not a river you could master easily. It was turbulent, full of unexpected and treacherous rapids.

"You can't go upstream in such boats," they insisted, "they'll be smashed to pieces."

But we didn't have time to play it safe. There were these men in the taiga—they weren't strangers any more, they were friends we had to get to as soon as we humanly could.

We spent two incredibly rough days making our way upstream, threading in and out of a maze of giant fallen trunks. We needed every ounce of energy to fight the swift upstream current that kept swinging us toward the steep banks.

We didn't escape the rapids. At one spot we didn't notice them until it was too late to see that there was no passage out. The water boiled and foamed under a jumble of fallen trees. It caught up one of our boats and crashed it with terrific force against a great trunk. Luckily we escaped with our lives—just barely—but not so luckily we were left with only one boat.

It was a ghastly two days of pulling at the oars. Our hands were so blistered, they bled. Struggling with the river, we had covered a hundred miles without a trace of the missing fliers. There was nothing we could do but keep rowing.

The next day we met some men who were fishing. They were Udeghes, a small people who live in scattered parts of the Soviet Far East. Two of them agreed to go with us.

"Conversation"

It was on the morning of the fourth day of our search that we spotted the smoke of a fire and then the two men in peaked caps yelling and waving their arms. We had found the American fliers.

I knew hardly a word of English and yelled back to them "Mister America." It probably wasn't altogether appropriate, but they knew what I meant. We began to "talk."

We mixed snatches of English with Russian and a few words of Udeghe and filled in the holes with gestures. The Americans threw their arms around us and hugged us tight. There were tears in their eyes as they fell on their knees and thanked God for their rescue.

Both men were emaciated and so weak they could hardly stand. They were heavily bearded and their flying suits had worn to tatters. One of them had managed to hold on to his leather jacket and boots. His friend had a pistol holster strapped around one foot serving as a shoe and rags wrapped around the other. Their faces and bodies were covered with mosquito bites.

Alexander gave each of the men a bar of chocolate. They wanted us to have some too, but we finally convinced them that we weren't hungry. Alexander built up the fire and put on a kettle to boil. We all squatted around it.

I tried to find out the names of the fliers. First I nodded and pointing to myself said as distinctly as I could, "Alexander Pobozhy, engineer." Then I pointed to one of the Americans. He caught my drift and said, "Dick Maclean." When he fluttered his arms up and down and tried to imitate the roar of an aircraft engine, we understood that he was trying to tell us he was a pilot.

His friend said "Charles Robson" and followed it with "ra-ta-ta." When he picked up a stick it was clear he was going through the motions of firing a machine gun. He did it so well that everybody burst out laughing. We all of us wanted to go on with the "talk" but Dick and Charlie needed rest before the rough trip back.

They lay on sleeping bags we stretched on the bottom of our boat. Since we were going downstream, the swift current was in our favor and the sun was still high when we got to our first camp site.

We called Komsomolsk by radio and were showered with congratulations. A doctor told us what to feed the rescued men. When I asked whether it was all right for them to celebrate the occasion with a glass of vodka, he said: "No more than half an ounce of diluted alcohol."

Celebration

We celebrated in grand style. For chairs we used pieces of a big log. We drew up around the table—our single suitcase on another log. As the doctor advised we measured out a half-ounce of watered spirits for each of us.

When we clinked glasses in the Russian style and threw them down, Dick grinned, patted his stomach and said "okay." This is the one English word I'm not likely ever to forget.

After our spree, Charlie felt tired and we put him to bed in a makeshift hut of boughs and leaves. Dick and I kept on chatting with gestures, learning about each other's backgrounds until the stars began to get pale. He then bedded down in my sleeping bag, while Alexander and I stretched out close to the fire.

We woke up shivering; everything around was coated with frost. After breakfast I tried to tell the Americans of the trip we had ahead of us.

On a piece of paper I sketched out a boat sitting on a wavy line that represented the Khungari River. Then I drew an arrow to show that we were going downstream. I followed that with a drawing of a boat with a smokestack on the Amur River and tried at the same time to whistle like a steamboat. The two big cities on the Amur, Komsomolsk and Khabarovsk, I represented by dots.

For a long time Dick and Charlie couldn't begin to guess what I meant by the word Amur. Suddenly understanding dawned when I said: "Amazonka-Amur, Mississippi-Amur, Missouri-Amur." Dick yelled rapturously: "Oh! the Volga! the Volga!" He slapped me on the back, yelled "America-Russia" and shook my hand vigorously.

Then Dick drew a mail box and wrote underneath it what must have been his home address. Unfortunately, the very next day a heavy rain turned all my scraps of paper into an undecipherable pulpy mass. I didn't think to ask that he write down the address again.

Back to Civilization

We still had some sixty miles to go. We rowed steadily and reached the settlement toward nightfall. When our radio operator sighted the landing he said "New York." The Americans grinned and Charlie pointed to the tallest house on the shore and said "Empire! Empire!"

We brought our boat alongside and jumped out. The fliers were put up at the doctor's place. Tears came to their eyes again when they

walked into a clean, cozy room. They must have been thinking of the forty days they had spent in the taiga, dirty and starved, of the narrow escape from death.

By morning the rain had stopped and we got on our way. The Amur came into sight unexpectedly. Some time before we thought we would be reaching it our cockleshell craft was rocking in the middle of this majestic river. We felt very small surrounded by this breadth of water. Some three miles downstream we were met by a big motorboat sent to pick us up.

I got Dick and Charlie settled with the doctor and interpreter and gave the crew a hand to get our small boat hoisted on board. When we were through my back ached badly and I felt feverish.

We reached Komsomolsk about midday. A crowd had gathered on the steep bank to welcome us. When we came alongside I tried to attend to our boat and equipment but a sailor come up from below and told me the Americans refused to go ashore without me. We stepped ashore arm-in-arm. When an American-made jeep drove up, Charlie practically threw his arms around the tires.

A Speech in Russian

The two men were then driven to the hospital. Charlie insisted that he couldn't shave or wash until he had a picture taken to show the folks back home how he looked in the taiga.

By nightfall I was running a high temperature, aching all over and hardly able to move. A doctor was sent for and he ordered me to bed right away. As soon as I was up and around, I went to the hospital. I had been worried that Dick and Charlie would have left before I was out of bed.

"They're here, all right," a smiling nurse told me. "Why, they've clipped all the flower pots to make bouquets for the girls."

Dick and Charlie were delighted to see me. When it was time to leave Dick pulled a piece of paper out of his pocket and read out, a little falteringly but determinedly, a sentence in Russian he had obviously prepared beforehand: "Alexander, we, Americans, will never forget the exploit of the brave and courageous Russians."

More than fifteen years have slipped by since then. I had no way of writing to Dick and Charlie, their address having been washed out by the rain. But I still remember every incident as clearly as though it had happened a day ago. I like to think that Dick and Charlie have not forgotten the way we shook hands on the banks of the taiga river Khungari.





By Genrikh Neigauz

SVYATOSLAV RIKHTER

Professor Genrikh Neigauz is a distinguished teacher and concert pianist who has shaped the talents of many eminent performers like Emil Gilels and Svyatoslav Rikhter.

SVYATOSLAV RIKHTER's father was a gifted organist and pianist and a composer of very considerable stature. His mother was a vivacious woman and a fascinating conversationalist. She was an equally eloquent letter-writer.

I still have one of her letters in which she writes of her son's childhood and the first evidence of his musical gifts. When he was no more than 10 or 11, he arranged entire "operas" at home, playing them from start to finish at sight. He was "director" of the shows he arranged in the front yard with neighboring children and objected when his mother insisted that he break the performance with the customary twenty-minute intermission for a rest.

First Lessons at Home

Placed in the conservatory as a child, he was so irritated by his teacher's methods that he ran away after the third lesson and never came back, apparently with the approval of his parents.

Formally he was taught at home by his father, but for the most part he studied by himself. After he had learned to read music at sight—and this at a very early age—he played everything that came to hand. Because of his extraordinary memory, he acquired so complete a knowledge of the literature of

music that he could have given lessons to any of the adult students at the conservatory. Through childhood and adolescence he composed music, arranged home concerts, wrote plays, painted pictures.

He was so adept at every one of the art forms that he found it hard to decide "what to be." Before he came to Moscow to study with me—he was 21 at the time—he had been working as concertmaster, really assistant conductor, at the Opera House in Odessa. There he had won general recognition from his colleagues for his ability to read music at sight swiftly and accurately and for his very effective work with the singers.

When he joined my class, I became aware of his exceptional talent almost at once. I must admit that I had secret hopes—it seems to me I told him about it then—that he might also become a conductor and composer. I had never come across a young musician with a greater flare for conducting.

As things turned out, however, he took to the piano, playing first at student functions and then at public concerts. The pleasure of his audiences and his own gratification set him firmly on his course. He became a pianist whom tens of thousands of people in cities all over the world have listened to with delight.

In these past few years, thanks to fine recordings and radio broadcasts, his playing has become familiar to music lovers in many

countries where he has not appeared in person. I am pleased to know that in the United States, too, his records appear in disk shops more and more frequently.

A Truly Big Musician

I find it rather difficult to give any kind of rounded picture of this truly big musician. There is his grand virtuosity—almost nothing he has not done or tried. There is the spiritual quality that infuses the music he plays. Then there is the eloquence and emotional and intellectual power with which he creates something very much his own even though he may be playing someone else's composition.

I think many of his listeners are most impressed by his interpretation of such works of the great composers as Beethoven's *Thirty-three Variations on a Waltz by Diabelli* and Brahms's *Second Concerto*. Rikhter conveys the lofty thought and the rich imagery of these masters with a passion, truth and clarity that leaves no listener untouched. I have seen the shining eyes of his audience after a concert.

His rendition of Beethoven's *Apassionata* was a memorable experience for me, although I had heard it played dozens of times before by illustrious pianists—by Hofmann, D'Albert, Godowski, Schnabel and a long list of other famous musicians, not to mention the interpre-

A VIRTUOSO WHO CHARMS LISTENERS WITH A REPERTOIRE RANGING FROM AN ORDERED BACH PRELUDE AND A WILD LISZT DANCE TO THE CONTEMPORARY RHYTHMS OF BARTOK.



Svyatoslav Rikhter

tations of the young and gifted pianists who study at the conservatory where I teach.

Never before had I been gripped so completely as by that performance of Rikhter's. I still recall the grand, almost sublime power of that first movement, the crystalline peace of the second that put me in mind of a shimmering mountain lake, and the third—a very hurricane of passion!

There are very few artists like Rikhter who can charm an audience so completely with the devilish witchcraft of Liszt, that brilliant composer who is often so appropriately called "Satan in soutane." Rikhter's renditions of the *Mephisto Waltz*, the *Wilde Jagd*, the F Minor of the *Etudes d'Exécution Transcendente*, or the *Scherzo and March* are pure sorcery.

From Schubert's poetic sonatas he distills all the heartiness, kindness, humor and gentle mockery, that sympathy for man and nature so typical of the composer. All these half-forgotten sonatas were literally resurrected by Rikhter. He made his listeners hear them and love them.

Great Variety of Repertoire

For the whole of one season his many concert programs in Moscow and other cities were given over to the works of only two composers—Schubert and Liszt. He played to great crowds drawn apparently by the juxtaposition of these contrasting works interpreted by a pianist who could do full justice to the two composers in a single program.

He has, on many occasions, played all the 48 preludes and fugues of Bach's *Well-Tempered Clavichord*. There are his unforgettable concerts given over to Skryabin. And, of course, the more usual varied programs of works by Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Debussy, Ravel, Shimanovsky and others.

Memorable too are Rikhter's renditions of modern Soviet works—Myaskovsky's *Third Sonata*, which makes such great demands on the player; the preludes and fugues of Shostakovich; Prokofiev's sonatas, among them *The Ninth* which is dedicated to Rikhter, and his smaller works like the waltzes, gavottes and *The Transient*.

As for the older Russian composers, to hear his performance of Tchaikovsky's *Concerto No. 1* is a rare musical experience. Besides Tchaikovsky, Rikhter's programs lean to the concertos of Rimsky-Korsakov, Glazunov and Rakhmaninov among the Russians. As for the non-Russian works his repertoire covers the classic and modern field all the way from Bach to Bartok.





Radio, records and frequent concerts have brought Rikhter's interpretations to music-lovers all over the world. Here he is listening to a new recording.



Even though the compositions he plays are not his own, this gifted artist performs with such eloquent clarity that they take on a very personal dimension.





ART GYMNASTICS—

By Igor Vasiliev

ART GYMNASTICS is a new sport, relatively speaking. It was only fifteen years ago or so that enthusiasts were trying to work up free exercises into what you might call an autonomous sport. Thanks to their efforts, art gymnastics became very popular and now ranks with acrobatics and heavy gymnastics.

Someone or other said in jest that it was mothers who created art gymnastics. And there is some truth in that. Mothers do know what's best for their daughters and they practically besieged art gymnastic schools insisting that daughter be enrolled. Of course not every girl necessarily becomes a champion, but every girl is helped to become more graceful, attractive and more feminine.

This is a lady's sport. It combines the most attractive features of heavy gymnastics, acrobatics and the classical ballet. Sometimes it's a little hard to figure out which art gymnastics inclines to most. We say the "most attractive features" because you don't need the kind of muscle that you do for a workout on the apparatus. Nor do you have to be slimmed down like a ballerina. Art gymnastics is based on the natural, harmonious development of the body. Its aims are elegance, grace and femininity.

All the exercises are done to music for rhythm, plasticity, expression and emotion. But the expression of feeling and the creation of the art image are not primary, as they are in the ballet where a Galina Ulanova can express every shade of human feeling.

During the exhibition matches, art gymnasts demonstrate etudes with and without such objects as a ball or loop. Every participant in a competition must do the "ballad"—the poetic name for mandatory exercises without objects. After demonstrating skill in the "ballad," the contestant comes out on the carpet again with a ball, loop, ribbon, scarf or skipping rope. The winner must score highest in both kinds of exercises.

These art gymnast competitions are beautiful to watch. Every entry is a poetic etude, a lyric story in movement. At the last USSR Championship Matches the gold medal was won by Lilia Nizamutdinova, a teacher from Sverdlovsk and a fine sportswoman.

Another winner was 13-year-old Lyuba Paradijeva, from the city of Grozny, the youngest contestant. On the carpet this child with her finely molded figure was completely transformed. Her movements were precise and expressive, blending perfectly with the music—a lovely picture of young grace. Lyuba won the bronze medal for third place.

Many art gymnast aficionados are now wondering if the event will be included in the international competitions. That will be decided at the next Congress of the International Gymnastic Federation. At the gymnastic competition in 1960 art gymnasts will show their skill to the whole world and, very likely, may win a new host of enthusiasts for this superlatively graceful sport.



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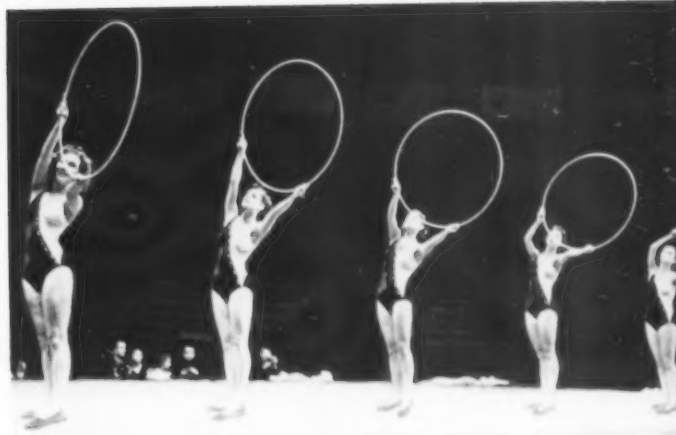
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ON THEIR WAY TO LAKE RITZA IN THE CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS

— See story on page 36

