USSR

Toward the world's shortest workday

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Front Cover: Skaidrite Kantene, a student at the Riga Trade School of Applied Arts, helps to restore a stained glass window in one of the ancient cathedrals, a prized architectural monument. *See story page 14.*

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A conference of Communist Work Teams at the Kremlin. This fast-growing movement has caught the minds of Soviet people.

LOOKING AHEAD

By Vladimir Barykin

DO A BETTER JOB of work today than you did yesterday, and a still better job tomorrow.

Learn more today than you did yesterday. Live and work by the rule—all for one and one for all.

These are the guiding principles of the Communist Work Team movement which has captured the hearts and minds of Soviet people. It is a relatively young movement, but in a very few years it has spread throughout the country and now exerts a profound influence on the people's work, study habits and recreation.

The roots of the movement go back forty years and more to the Civil War period when railroad men at the Moscow depot worked after hours, on their own initiative, to repair a steam engine that the young republic needed at the front. They did this without pay.

The initiative these Moscow workers displayed was of especial value. It was not only that they had put a new locomotive on the line. It was a demonstration of the workingman's fidelity to the new communist society, a society which has as its slogan: "From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs." This was work not for money or glory, but for society and the people in it. Lenin called it a grand and wonderful start, the "actual beginning of communism."

Nourished by the fertile soil of a society whose people think in terms of the collective welfare, this seedling planted by the railroaders has grown into a widely-branching and deep-rooted tree—the Communist Work Team movement of more than 5 million people. Some 400,000 shop groups are striving for the coveted title. Thus far it has been awarded to 40,000 teams. Twenty-five hundred delegates, members of Communist Work Teams, met in Moscow late in May at the National Conference of Communist Work Teams.

The developing communist man, as Soviet people see him, is a creative worker, a master at his job. But he is more than that, he is a rounded and harmoniously developed personality.

The motto of the movement, therefore, is "learn, work, and live the communist way." It requires that the individual work as creatively and as selflessly as the men and women of the coming communist society will do; that he strive unceasingly to broaden his intellectual and cultural horizons; and that he build his relations with others on the loftiest ethical principles.

Who are those people who are members of Communist Work Teams? What motivates them? What are their personal goals, their job goals? What are their study and play interests?

Valentina Gaganova is a textile worker, and her name has become familiar to many people. There are some 24,000 young working men and women who are following the lead she set. Valentina voluntarily asked for a transfer from a high-producing team to a lagging team so that she could help it push ahead faster. She did this knowing it meant less money; a very temporary loss, it turned out, because she brought her new team right up to the top in a short time.

Valentina's plans? She puts it this way: "I want to be with my present team for a couple of months more and then transfer to another team that is going to be working with new equipment. That always means a little trouble until you get the hang of things. It may slow us down and I may be making less money for a while, but I like the challenge of new work."

Konstantin Severinov, a Donbas miner and leader of a Communist Work Team, told the Moscow conference about a team he helped whip into shape. "Our section started to work on a new coal face and a new team was formed made up mostly of very young miners, very fresh graduates of mining schools. The question was whether they would be able to do the job by themselves. Our team talked the thing over and we decided to send in our crack men—Vladimir Demin, Leonid Bobin, Vitali Savkin and Pyotr Druzhbin—to help them. Of course, our men knew they would have a tough job, but they were perfectly willing to take it on. What's happening now is that the new team is beginning to look more like a crack outfit every day."

The old hands were "perfectly willing to take it on" because one of the principles to which Communist Work Teams are pledged is "all for one and one for all." You pass on your knowledge and experience to the lagging fellow so he can pull up alongside you and thereby speed the common effort.

Alexei Vitashkevich, a Communist Work Team member in the Minsk machine-tool plant, said, "I'll do my own servicing of my lathe." And he keeps it in first-class shape, saving the semi-annual overhaul. Once Alexei started the ball rolling, 300 other lathe operators at the plant decided to do likewise. Then the idea moved out to other factories, and now there are some 4,500 turners in Byelorussia who are servicing their own lathes. The Minsk plant estimates that it will be saving about two million rubles' worth of setup and repairmen's labor annually.

The Kuibyshev bearing plant has been able to do away with some 120 inspectors since the personnel of the automatic lathe shop decided to do their own quality checking. The 120 inspectors are now doing more productive work as lathe operators.

There are whole shops and factories that have earned the honored title of Communist Work Enterprise. The Baku railroad car repair shop in Azerbaijan is one. Generally the title is bestowed with appropriate ceremony at a meeting of the entire plant with union and Communist Party leaders present and the proceedings reported in the press.

(Upper left) Communist Work Team members meet artists who have used the Communist Work movement as theme in paintings.

(Center) "Keep learning." This is one of the guiding principles of the movement. Another is "Do a better job today than yesterday."

(Right) A third principle of the movement is "Be creative." Two million workers last year turned in labor-saving ideas, inventions.

(Below) Communist Work Brigade members at Kuznetsk Metallurgical Plant. Alexei Kulikov and Anatoli Zhlobin (Right).

Pravda of June 11 had this item. "Today the Irkutsk Thermal Power Plant No. 1, among the largest in the eastern part of the country, was first in this region to be honored with the title Communist Work Enterprise. It has been meeting its high electric power output quota month after month, and the workers have pledged to reach their 1965 target figure much sooner—by next year. How are they going to do it? By over-all automation and use of the most modern production techniques.

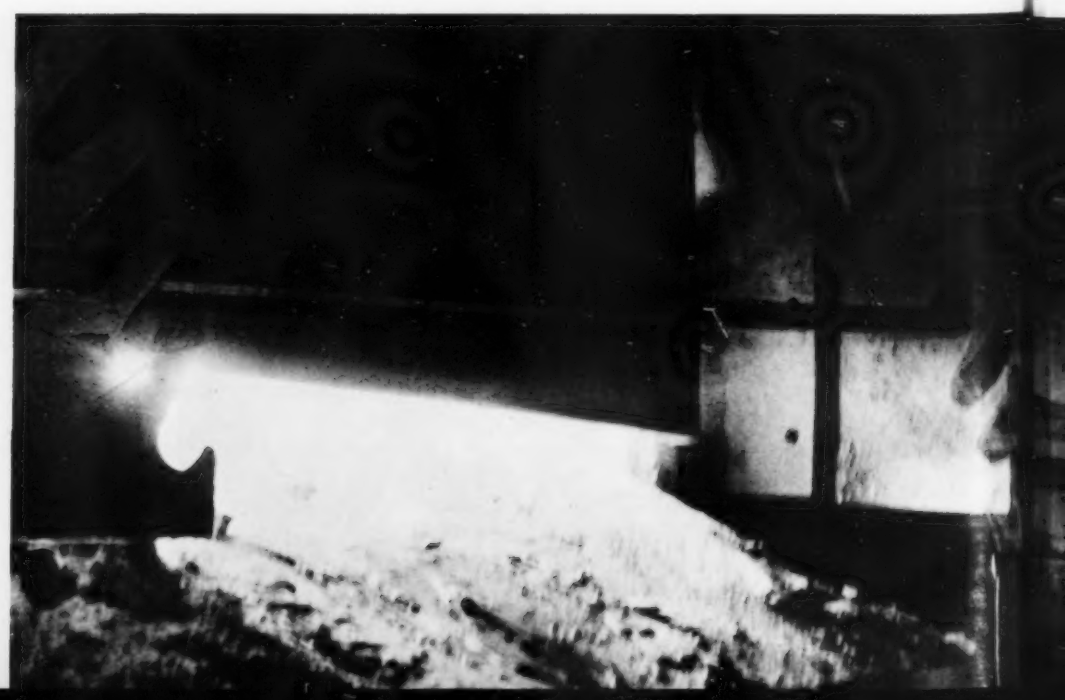
"Every second worker at the plant is an innovator. Everybody is studying at one or another kind of school. Several of the top engineers and technicians are completing the requirement for a master's degree."

This plant is not an isolated example, by any means. Similar reports in the thousands are published in local newspapers. Nikita Khrushchev made this comment at the conference. "The Soviet people are proud of being workers. They work well because they know that to work for all means also to work for oneself. That is why everyone, whatever his post, whether at a machine tool, at the wheel of a tractor, in a laboratory must . . . contribute every ounce of energy to the job."

Many of the vistors at the International Exhibition on Automation in New York asked what the letters HCE on one of the machine tools signified. They are the Russian initials for the Yegorov winding machine. Boris Yegorov works at the Moscow Computing Machine Plant and the machine displayed was one of 62 he has invented. He now heads the team at the mechanical shop that is trying for the Communist Work Team title.

Among the recent technical books is *100 Automatic Devices*, written by engineer Vladimir Bogdanovich and mechanic Alexander Alexeyev. They are not only the authors but the inventors of the 100 devices they describe.

There are many Yegorovs and Bogdanoviches and Alexeyevs in this burgeoning movement, and it is the rare Soviet factory



that is not using a device or a machine invented by one of its employees. In 1957 there were more than a million innovators and inventors in Soviet industry. In 1959, with the Communist Work Team movement spreading, the number had doubled. Creativity is a characteristic of the movement.

To use a new machine to best advantage, to set up an automatic line or to invent a machine on one's own takes training—a good deal of it. Therefore this Communist Work Team motto, "Learn, learn and learn still more!" There is no difficulty whatsoever learning, with free education within the reach of anybody in the Soviet Union who has the will. More than four million people study after work at schools and colleges. Every year 2,500,000 workers master new trades and professions, and more than five million take refresher courses to qualify for better-paying jobs.

Those who study have fewer working hours and time off with full pay to prepare for examinations. With everybody working a seven- or a six-hour day by the end of this year, there will be even more people studying than at present.

To know more means not only in your particular specialty. The Communist Work Team member is expected to be a cultured individual. He reads, he goes to concerts, he's interested in art exhibits. The Communist Work Team members not only work and study together but, more often than not, have their fun together. Like good friends, they share good news and bad, pleasures and troubles.

The Soviet poet Vladimir Mayakovsky wrote:

Communism
is the youth of the world
And it is for the youth
to build it.

This is particularly pertinent for the members of the new Communist Work Team movement. Many of them are young in years, all of them are young in heart.

TOWARD THE WORLD'S

By Yevgeni Kapustin
Labor Research Institute

BY THE END OF THIS YEAR all industrial and office workers in the Soviet Union will be working the seven-hour day, and those who work underground or at hazardous trades will be on a six-hour day. This is the essence of a law adopted at the May session of the country's parliament, the USSR Supreme Soviet.

The law provides for subsequent workday cuts. By 1962 the 40-hour week will be general, and beginning in 1964 a five-day week of 30 to 35 hours will be gradually introduced to give Soviet workers the world's shortest workday and workweek.

Workday Fixed by Law

Older people still remember the workday before the Socialist Revolution—10 hours and more, not counting overtime. In the coal, metal, paper, leather and food industries the hours were longer, and in small handicraft shops they were as long as the employer made them—no control at all.

Under those conditions it is easy enough to understand that a legally regulated workday was very much to be desired. Reflecting this demand of the working masses, the Bolsheviks, long before the Revolution, made the eight-hour day fixed by law a major part of their program. And just as soon as the Soviet government came to power, the eight-hour day was introduced throughout the country.

But even then Lenin spoke about the need for raising the productive potential so as to make it "possible to cut the working day to seven, six and even fewer hours." The more free time a man has, Lenin declared, the more possibilities he will have for rest and recreation, the more he will be able to develop his own talents, to exercise his rights as an individual, as a family man, as a citizen.

It is this humanism, this concern for people, that is built into Soviet life. With its great and growing accumulation of productive wealth, the country now can move toward its leisure-time goals.

At the 20th Congress of the Communist Party in 1956 a provision was adopted for a cut in the workday. At the 21st Congress in 1959 the specific steps were outlined to become part of the seven-year plan. This is an over-all national program for the accelerated expansion of the economy between 1959 and 1965 to raise the production level and correspondingly to raise living standards.

Nearly 17 million workers in the coal, metal, chemical and cement industries are already on the shorter workday. Between 1956 and early 1959 the average workweek in all of the country's industries was reduced from 47.7 to 44.2 hours. In the key industries the average ran to 40 hours—a cut of 7.1 hours in power plants, 7.4 hours in coal, 7.6 in iron and steel and 6.9 in chemicals.

By the close of 1960 all other industries will be switched to a 6- or 7-hour workday. This will involve another 43 million industrial and office workers who are still on the old work schedule.

More Production in Fewer Hours

The reduction of the workday in the Soviet Union is being carried through at a time when the country has permanent full employment, which is guaranteed by law, and a continuous growth of production in all sectors of the economy.

Increased output is particularly marked in those industries where the workday has already been cut. Almost 20 per cent more coal was

...'S SHORTEST WORKDAY

mined in 1959 compared with 1956, when miners worked the 8- and 7-hour day. Steel production in 1959 was 23 per cent higher than in 1956. Similar increases were registered in other industries.

Primarily responsible for this increase in labor productivity is the use of new machinery. The only way possible for a socialist country to get greater output is to improve its technology. The idea of speeding up and sweating workers is a denial of the very meaning of socialism.

The equipment at Soviet plants is constantly being renewed and modernized. In 1959 alone more than 1,400 automatic, semi-automatic and conveyor lines were set up, and more than 2,000 new types of critical machine tools designed and manufactured. Some three and a half million suggestions to improve equipment and processes were submitted last year.

It is this more efficient equipment and better technology that brings greater output. If we set the average output per hour in 1956 at 100, then for 1959 we have a climb to 126 in coal, 128 in iron and steel and 135 in chemicals.

Increasing Wages

And greater output brings higher pay. Trade union figures show that the average monthly pay of a coal combine operator after the changeover to the shorter workday went up from 2,174 rubles in March 1958 to 2,441 rubles in March 1959. The average monthly wage for a smelter increased from 1,772 rubles in June 1957 to 2,139 in June 1958, and that of a skilled machine operator in the chemical industry—from 1,043 rubles in September 1958 to 1,321 rubles in September 1959.

Our institute did a study of the same kind at the Likhachyov Auto Plant in Moscow. In one of the shops, for example, workers who formerly had made 38 rubles for an eight-hour shift earned as much as 40-41 rubles in the very first month after the changeover to a seven-hour day. The hourly earnings show an even greater rise—from 4.75 to 5.86 rubles.

Studies at other plants present the same picture. The earnings of workers at the Krasnoye Sormovo Machine-Building Plant in Gorky went up by 3 to 11 per cent after the workday cut. At the Second Moscow Clock Factory the average monthly pay increased by 3.1 per cent and at the Moscow Tire Plant, by 12 per cent.

At some plants that operate around the clock additional workers had to be taken on and shift arrangements altered to make up for the shorter workday. The government has budgeted an extra 100 billion rubles for the seven-year plan period to allow for this.

Three-Cornered Formula

This is the three-cornered formula in the Soviet Union—full employment, a shorter workday, higher pay. It will, before too long, give Soviet workers the highest living standard the world has yet seen.

Besides an abundant store of material values, the formula gives working people more time to participate in public affairs, more time for study and for entertainment. The statistical evidence bears that out. In 1959 alone the number of students attending colleges and secondary technical schools after work increased by more than 200,000. The number of library subscribers during the same year grew by three million.

Add to this the year's growth in the number of lectures and forums, the thousands of new amateur groups, the increased attendance at theaters, the wider participation in sports. All of this shows the cultural possibilities opened up by the shorter workday. What Lenin dreamed of four decades ago is happening in the Soviet Union today.

LESS HOURS AND MORE PAY

Anatoli Monakov

Machine Operator

OUR HEAVY MACHINERY PLANT in the city of Elektrostal manufactures equipment for iron and steel mills and for mines. We've been stepping up our output every month since the seven-hour day went into effect last summer and it has been working out fine, thanks to more efficient equipment which often was the result of suggestions by workers on the job.

We've also been earning more. With the eight-hour day we made a little more than nine rubles an hour, now we make eleven. And then there is the extra free hour to ease our free-time schedules.

I am a graduating student at an evening machine-building school. I have classes three nights a week and I used to have to rush home, change clothes and eat on the run to get to school on time. Now I have a leisurely dinner, help with the dishes and even have time left for a quick look at a textbook or a blueprint.

The shorter day gives me a little more time with my family, too, and that's no small consideration. My wife Nadezhda also works —she is an operator at the computing center of the plant. And although our four-year-old daughter is getting along fine at the kindergarten, our feeling is that the more time parents spend with their children, the better and happier the children are. This is of no small benefit.

WE HAVE NO UNEMPLOYMENT

Ivan Sofronov

Longshoreman

NOBODY WOULD CALL a longshoreman's job an easy one. But it's nothing like in the old days.

At our port of Leningrad everybody calls me a veteran. I started on the docks when they were still using horse teams to carry freight, and the wheelbarrow was the only kind of mechanization you saw around.

What you see on the docks now are powerful cranes. Besides these big lifters and movers, we use various smaller machines. One of them is an automatic loader, a very mobile machine that can be used at a railroad siding, in a warehouse or in a large hold.

Old-timers tell me how much unemployment there used to be in the old days and how much time they used to spend sitting around the labor exchange. As far as I'm concerned, I've never been out of a job. When the Gulf of Finland freezes over and the navigation season ends, we handle freight at railway stations, work in the warehouses and, if we want to, fill in at other open ports on the Baltic. What it amounts to is that we are never unemployed, the only time we do not work is when we have our month's paid vacation.

With the new law, our workday was cut by an hour in July. Since our hourly rates increased correspondingly, I'm still making the 1,500 to 1,600 rubles a month I used to earn when I worked an eight-hour day.

WE DO MORE WITHOUT SPEEDUP

Pavel Gudkov

Technologist

I'VE SPENT three-fourths of my life working at the Podolsk Sewing Machine Factory, and in a few months from now I will be retiring on pension.

When I first came to the factory, it was owned by a foreign company and we had to put in a ten-hour day. Only after the Socialist Revolution did eight hours become the legal working day.

Those two hours made a big difference in our lives. For one thing they gave us the chance to improve ourselves. I worked as a fitter and was already a family man, but I started going to school. In the early thirties I went through a two-year advanced training course in my spare time and after that took the four-year technology course at the Podolsk Machine-Building School. I finished not long before the war broke out.

I might mention that when I was in my senior year at the school, my eldest son, who was 19 at the time, was enrolled as a freshman. So there we were, father and son, studying together.

Our factory went over to a seven-hour day in April 1959. In spite of the shorter day we've been manufacturing more machines. In 1958 our output was 2 million machines, and this year our goal is 2.6 million. Without any speedup we—or to be more accurate, our more efficient technology and equipment —are producing more in less time.

ONE EXTRA HOUR FOR STUDY

Vasili Lyovin
Building Worker

I HELP TO PUT UP HOUSES in Kuntsevo, a small city just outside of Moscow. We've got to do a lot of building so that everybody will have a modern apartment.

People ask whether the shorter day isn't going to mean less building. But it doesn't work out that way at all. Last year with an eight-hour day we put up 3,500 new apartments. With the seven-hour day in effect this year we expect to build close to 5,000.

How does that figure? We're working with large prefabricated sections now instead of brick, and houses are going up in a fraction of the time. The first house our 14-man team worked on took about 5,500 man-hours to assemble. We've cut this time by 1,000 man-hours, and now we think we can do even better than that.

My first job when I started working was in a carpenter shop and I earned 35 rubles a day. Then I took an evening training course for builders where we studied assembly techniques, construction materials and the operation of large-scale building machinery. When I became an assembly hand I doubled my earnings.

While I was taking the course I found out that I didn't have the basic grounding I needed. So then I decided to complete my secondary school course. It's not the easiest thing in the world to work and study, and that extra hour makes a big difference.

FAMILY COMPETITION

Yevgeniya Kobeleva
Weaver

ON SEPTEMBER FIRST the whistle at our factory will be blowing the end of the shift an hour earlier than on August 31. We, and all the other textile workers in Serpukhov, will be working a seven-hour day from that time on.

This is in large part because of our own participation—about three hundred of us at our factory—in planning a technical setup which is necessary for adequate production on the basis of the shorter workday. The management agreed to our plans and so did the Moscow Regional Economic Council which gave us the go-ahead signal on the seven-hour day. That's how the shorter workday was put into effect in our factory earlier than in textile mills in other parts of the country.

We have quite a few older workers who are now on pension. They remember the time before the Revolution when the workday was 10 to 11 hours. This is something we, the younger people, have never experienced because we started to work in a different time—when the workday was regulated by the Soviet Government and never exceeded eight hours.

My husband Nikolai also works at our factory. He is an assistant foreman and heads a team of weavers. In the first five months of this year his team wove 20,000 yards of fabric over and above the plan. I've been trying to keep up with him. We're having a sort of family competition, you might say.

THE WEALTH OF A PEOPLE

Nikolai Yashin
Foundryman

THESE PAST TEN YEARS there has been a real technical revolution in our foundry on account of the new automatic machines we've been using. One of them, supplying the foundry with a new molding mixture, enables us to make several casts in a row.

Increased mechanization has not only eased our work but raised efficiency so that we turn out more work in less time and with less effort. In 1959 we went over to a seven-hour day, and now our Stankolit Plant will have a six-hour day without a cut in earnings. When we switched over to a seven-hour day, my earnings went up by almost two rubles an hour.

My work ends at three o'clock, and when we transfer to the six-hour day, I'll be getting through at two. That gives me a big slice of the day for myself. I'm fond of hiking and so is my wife. We like to roam the country around Moscow and look for good fishing and swimming spots. We also like to visit places which combine beautiful countryside and historic landmarks.

Every time we take a trip my wife says I look ten years younger. Once I read in a book that in the future the wealth of a people will be counted not by the amount of time spent on work, but by the amount of time spent on leisure, for self-improvement and cultural growth. We are beginning to move toward that future very quickly, it seems to me.

GREAT FUTURE FOR WELDING

By Andrei Ryaboklyach and Yakov Denisyuk

A BRIDGE which spans the Dnieper River in Kiev, the Ukrainian capital, is known by engineers the world over. It was built without a single rivet. Its seams—more than 33,000 feet of them—were fused as completely as steel can possibly be, welded by a new method devised by Yevgeni Paton. This was electric welding and it was done not by hand as usual. For the first time in welding history an automatic tool was used to fuse upright joints.

Yevgeni Paton, who died in 1953, worked out so many new approaches and techniques that he deserves the description frequently used for him—the man who made welding a science. The Institute of Electric Welding was founded within the Ukrainian Academy of Sciences and named after him. This research center, now headed by his son Boris, has ties with some 800 industrial establishments and scientific institutions.

Welding is in wide use in Soviet engineering, shipbuilding, pipelaying, railroad construction and scores of other fields. It is about as basic a technique as one can think of—this process of fusing two pieces of metal so that regardless of strains and stresses they don't come apart.

Yevgeni Paton, when he was alive, liked to talk of the practically unlimited uses to which electric welding could be put. He would be pleased with the expansive goal set by the seven-year plan—to double the use of welding in Soviet industry by 1965. During the same period mechanized welding is expected to quadruple.

Automation and Welding

In the development and widespread use of mechanized welding, the Soviet Union leads Europe. It does more flux and electric slag welding than the United States. Boris Paton, who is developing his father's pioneering work, thinks of welding and automation as synonymous, and under his leadership the Institute has evolved very promising automatic and semi-automatic techniques.

Institute researchers are working toward a direct-flow assembly welding line. This means over-all mechanization of the entire welding job instead of mechanization of single operations. This type of line has already been introduced in the manufacture of automobile wheels, large-diameter welded pipes, truck cabs, pit trolley bodies and passenger car bodies.

At the Zhdanov heavy machinery plant in southern Ukraine boilers and railway tank

Professor Boris Paton (second from left) heads the Institute of Electric Welding of the Ukrainian Academy of Sciences. He has done much to expand the pioneering research in welding theory and practice started by his father, Yevgeni Paton, whose name the Institute bears. In 1957 Boris Paton was awarded a Lenin Prize for developing a method for electric slag welding in heavy machine-building.

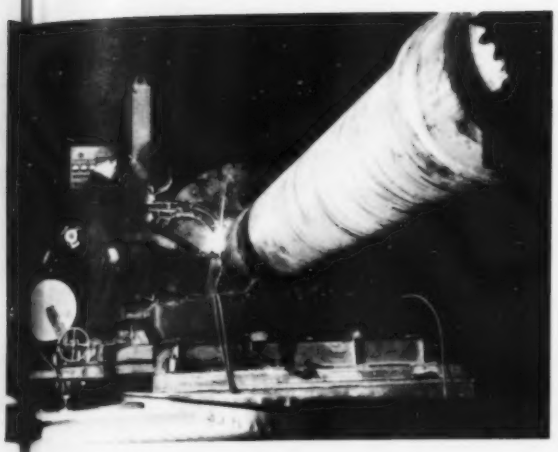
The method devised by the Institute for welding large parts is employed by many different industries. Building heavy machinery at the Novo-Kramatorsk Plant.

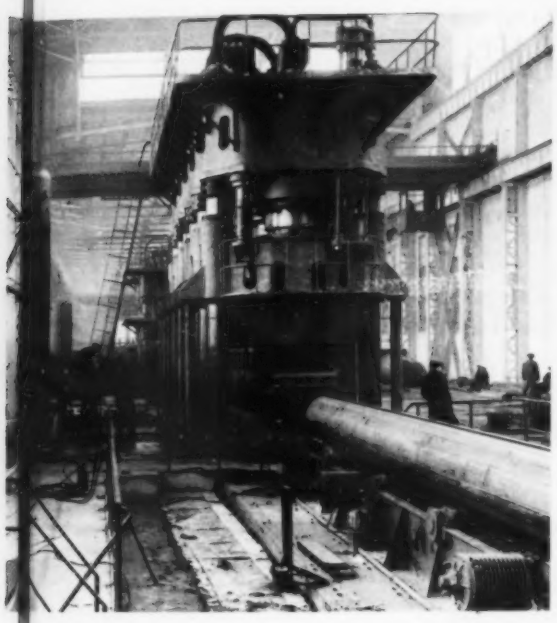
The Chelyabinsk Pipe-Rolling Mill in the Urals uses a number of these machines devised especially for electric welding of pipes of large diameters.

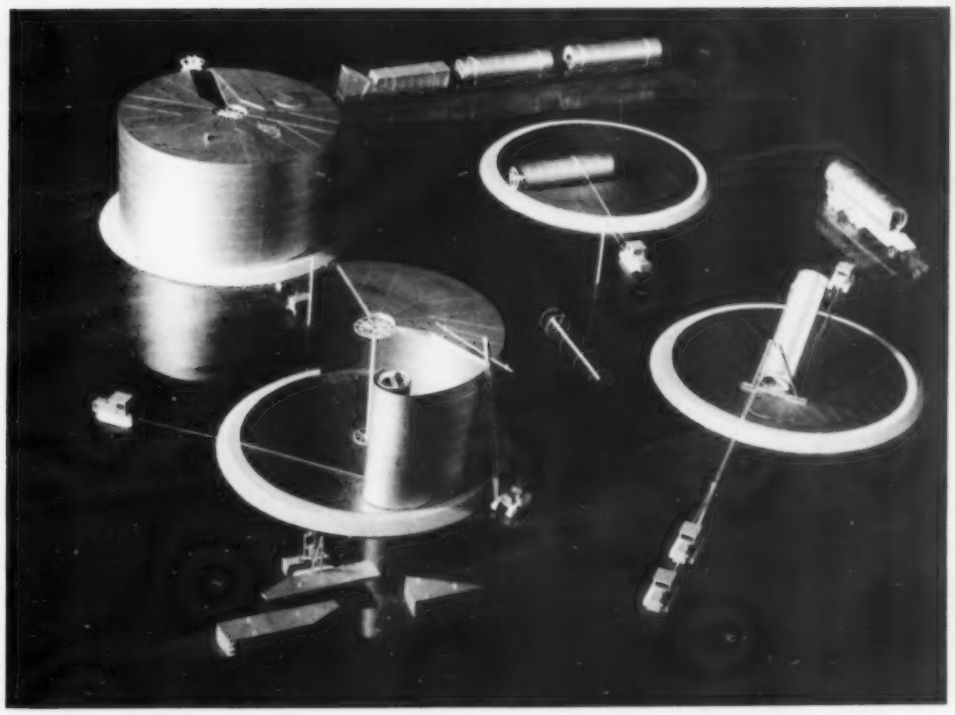
cars are made on a direct-flow line equipped with the latest welding apparatus. At another Ukrainian plant, in Dniepropetrovsk, the Institute is helping to set up a highly mechanized line for the manufacture of welded I-beams of large cross-sections. The same plant will also install lines for the production of 40-inch-diameter gas tubes and for welded T-bars.

In a report at the June session of the Communist Party's Central Committee last year Boris Paton described the conveyor-line production of welded aluminum sections that the Institute had gotton under way at plants in the Ukrainian cities of Fastov and Nikolayev. They had increased labor productivity four times over and had boosted output per square foot of factory space two and a half times.

Soviet industry now has a series of automatic welding machines for specialized uses. A machine to weld blanks for automobile and tractor parts turns out twice the work done in the same time by a hand-operated machine. There are automatic machines for welding miners' lamps, small parts, and for various other jobs. Besides designing new machines







This prefabricated method of constructing oil tanks won a Lenin Prize for Paton Institute engineers. Steel sheets are welded at the plant, carried to the site in rolls and there assembled by machines.

the Institute works out new methods to control the quality of welded joints automatically.

New Promising Possibilities

The Institute has achieved very promising results in developing new welding trends, particularly electric slag welding. It is this method that has radically altered the manufacture of big single-unit machines and equipment.

A case in point is an eight-story-high press, for which the parts would normally be made in the foundry or forge shop. With the electric slag method, smaller parts were welded together into large units. Some 2,000 tons of members were fused this way.

The new welding techniques are responsible for basic changes in the shipbuilding industry and in the production of thick-walled cylinders for high-pressure boilers. Big oil tanks and pipelines are also built in a different way. For track work, the Institute has worked out a new mobile rail-welding machine which is two and a half times more efficient than other machines used, weighs half as much and consumes only a third of the electric power.

For a new method of welding large oil tanks, a group of Institute inventors were awarded a Lenin Prize. Previously the tanks were assembled from separate sheets and welded directly at the building site. This is a costly operation as regards both time and labor. Now the sheets are welded into long strips at the factory and curled into rolls. At the building site they are unrolled and welded together to make the bottom and walls of the tank.

A similar method is used to make pipes. The edges of two long strips of steel are fused by an automatic welder and the double-thick strip is rolled up as a flattened rubber hose would be on a reel. All that has to be done at the building site is to force air under great pressure between the two strips and they round into a pipe.

These "flat-welded" pipes are cheap to produce and cheap to ship since they take comparatively little space. There are also these additional advantages—no butts to be welded and no assembling to be done. The Institute has built a pilot mill for "flat-welded" pipe at the Lenin plant in Dniepropetrovsk.

Rejuvenating Worn-Out Parts

There are many new interesting problems on which the Institute researchers are working now. One is a rather large-scale project with very general bearing—the rejuvenation of worn-out parts and the wider use of inexpensive metals.

Good results have been obtained by welding onto old metal or to cheap metal an additional thin layer of high-grade steel, somewhat like a veneer in furniture making. When this was done with rollers at the Dniepropetrovsk steel mill, roller outlay was cut to a twenty-fourth and the mill's efficiency rose by 10 per cent. At the Makeyevka steel plant the time that the rolling mills usually took to stop for replacement was cut by 40 per cent.

The Institute is helping factories in various parts of the country to build their own welding shops. Besides that, the Institute is participating in a new project—the setting up of specialized welding plants. With its frequent conferences and seminars which bring together engineers from all over the country, the Institute is, in a sense, a national school for the theory and practice of welding.

Two

By Alexander Uzlya Photo

THE LIFETIME OF A MAN like Izak Kochkorbayev spans two eras. He recalls a past, well within the memory of Kirghizians even younger than himself, when his people lived as nomads, wandered with the seasons from one pasture to another and set up their yurtas wherever their sheep grazed.

Not much more than a generation ago these nomad sheepherders settled down. They organized the Kenesh Collective Farm and began to work the soil. Now with scientific farming and widespread use of tractors and other machines, they get high yields of grain, sugar beet and other field crops. The livestock they raise these days is not the old non-pedigreed animal; they breed a fine-fleeced sheep and a high-producer milch cow.

The village of the Kenesh Farm was built from scratch. Now its streets are lined with well-constructed cottages. A secondary school, a palace of culture, a motion picture theater, a kindergarten and nursery surround the village main square. The farm has its own hydro-electric station on the Chu River. The farm's income comes to several

Kirghiz collective farmer Izak Kochkorbayev remembers a time when his people, poverty stricken and illiterate, lived as nomad sheepherders.

The Kenesh farm raises fine-fleeced sheep, high-producer milch cows, these luscious melons, grain and other crops.

Eras

Photos by the author

million rubles a year and the personal income of the farm families runs correspondingly high.

All this is a far cry indeed from the old backbreaking labor and the eternal search for pasturage that once made up the life of Kirghiz sheepherders like Izak Kochkorbayev. A good many years ago he was voted farm chairman and then repeatedly re-elected in the yearly balloting. For his long and distinguished service as collective farmer, he was honored by the government with the Hero of Socialist Labor award.

But the years have begun to tell on him and Kochkorbayev asked the farm membership to elect a younger man to the taxing chairman's job and let him take an easier post. The farmers compromised—they elected the young and energetic Abdykadyr Karmyshev, but they insisted that Kochkorbayev remain on the board.

And so it is that Izak Kochkorbayev has time occasionally to sit under the huge karagach tree outside the farm board of an evening and reminisce about a past that seems long distant.

Geologists working in the hills nearby visit the cattlemen. In Izak Kochkorbayev's youth travel was only by horse or shanks' mare.

This is farmer Satarbeyev's cottage, and very typical. The village has a secondary school, movie theater, nursery and club.

The irigation system leading from the Chu River is one of the reasons for the high yields. The farm also generates its own electricity from the Chu.

Future painters, graphic artists, book illustrators and sculptors get their training at the Latvian Academy of Arts in Riga.

Latvian Conversations

Leo Svemp, noted for his unique individual style in whatever he portrays, heads the Artists' Union.

Latvia's ceramic artists blend ancient folk patterns and colors with contemporary themes.

Like every other Soviet republic, Latvia has its many thousands of amateur sculptors, actors and musicians.

By Arvid Grigulis

Arvid Grigulis was born in 1906 in the little Latvian city of Vidzem. He began to write in 1927 while still a student at Riga University. His first volumes of poetry, A Reporter's Notes, Imitation and the Heart *and* In the Home of the Weary, *placed him in the front rank of Latvian writers. He afterward wrote short stories and in 1940, the novel* People in the Garden.

During the war Grigulis fought against the fascists and sent back poems and stories from the front. With the war's end he began to write for the stage. His plays, Into the Storm, Through Fire and Water, Clay and Porcelain *and* Soldier's Coat, *have been presented by many Latvian theaters.*

Grigulis heads the department of Latvian literature at Riga University and is doing research in the history of Latvian literary criticism and journalism.

I LIKE TO TELL people about Latvia, my particular part of the world. Tourists from many lands come to see Riga, our capital, and quite often I get the opportunity—or I make the opportunity—to show them around. I remember one visiting seaman whom I met last summer. He had been to all the countries that we Latvians call "warm lands," but this was his first visit to our corner of the Baltic.

Half an hour in a suburban electric train and we were at the Gulf of Riga. The train made stops here every three or four minutes and we read the names of towns stretching one after another in a continuous strip along the coast for about thirty miles. This was Rigas Jurmala, one of the best health and vacation resorts in Europe.

It was a day with a lot of walking and finally my seaman friend suggested we cast anchor at Dzintars, a seaside restaurant. We made ourselves comfortable on the terrace and listened to the measured beat of the sea waves.

"It's the state, I suppose, that owns all those resorts and cottages we saw?" my friend asked.

"Yes, for the resorts. No, for the cottages," I answered. "The cottages are owned by the people who build them."

"The lots must be expensive."

"They're provided by the state."

"You mean the builder doesn't pay for his lot?"

"Not a penny."

"A very nice arrangement," my friend said. "I had no idea your government encourages individual building."

"Very much so," I said.

After a sip and a thoughtful pause, the seaman remarked: "My ideas about Latvia, I confess, are pretty vague. I know there is the Baltic Sea, the Gulf of Riga and beyond that—Russia."

Latvian History

"The Soviet Union," I corrected gently. "You people from other countries keep calling the Soviet Union 'Russia'. It's understandable—a carry-over from prerevolutionary days or the fact that the Russians are by far the largest national group and so have made the greatest contribution to the country's development. There are a good many other peoples living in the Soviet Union though, more than a hundred all told.

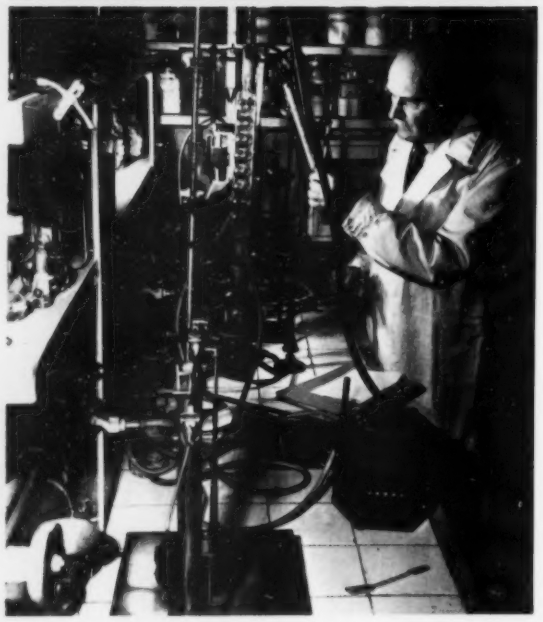
"We Latvians, like any other smaller nationality, look on the Russians the way a younger person looks at an older friend. Had it not been for their friendly help, it's likely there would be no Latvia in existence today.

"Over these many centuries there have been attempts time and time again to wipe us out completely. The last try was Hitler's, he had worked out a plan for the systematic extermination of the Latvians. Our popula-

Latvia has been called a nation of singers. It has a treasury of some two million folk songs and tales. Native composers weave the old melodies into new patterns.

Latvia's book designers are
acknowledged to be master craftsmen.
There are some 1,100 titles
published annually, each strikingly original.

At the Palace of Young Pioneers
in Riga future captains of the republic's fishing
fleet are initiated into
the complex mysteries of navigation.



Arvid Kalyn of the Latvian Academy
of Sciences is researching
on the dry distillation of wood.
The republic is very rich in timberland.

The Riga television center offers
a varied program. This is one in a series
of lectures with illustrative music
on Chopin's life and work.

American composers Aaron Copland (left)
and Lukas Foss conduct their works
for Latvian music lovers on a recent tour
of the Soviet Union.

tion is no more than two million and it's obvious that alone we could never have stood up against the fascists. Nowadays, too, without the fraternal help of the Russians and all the other Soviet peoples, we would never be able to build up our republic.

"This friendship of all peoples in our multinational country is a new historical concept, hard for a foreigner to grasp because it has no precedent. There are no previous instances in the history of nations where peoples with different national customs, characters and backgrounds lived together like equal members of one family, respecting and helping each other."

My guest wanted to know more about our history and I told him about the ancient Latvian tribes and that dark period of six centuries when the Baltic shores were under German rule. Then followed the oppression under the czarist autocracy. In 1919 the Latvians proclaimed Soviet power in their land but in that same year, with the help of German bayonets, the Ulmanis bourgeois regime was set up. It took twenty years of struggle before the working people could re-establish Soviet power.

Folk Art

I am a writer and our talk naturally turned to the arts. "It's a little hard to believe," I said, "that we Latvians, living in the heart of old Europe, couldn't develop our national culture until the nineteenth century because of German rule. But we did manage to preserve the national character in our folklore, crafts and traditions of living."

"I noticed," said my friend, "that you people sing any time and anywhere. You seem to be a nation of singers."

"We have some two million folk songs, tales and legends and consider these the foundation of our national culture. The Institute of Language and Literature set up as part of the Latvian Academy of Sciences does the systematizing. Its researchers are now completing a fundamental edition of all Latvian folk songs, tales and legends, the largest collection in the history of Latvian book publication.

"Our composers know the ancient folk music and weave the old melodies into new patterns. You'll find folk-song elements in the work of our contemporary Latvian poets. Our artists study the old ceramics and orna-

A scene from the folk ballet *Staburadze* produced at the Latvian State Theater of Opera and Ballet. Arvid Ozolin has the role of the wealthy bridegroom and ballerina Vera Shevtsova is the bride Skaidrite.

One of the fourteen thousand amateur singers and dancers in this summer's folk festival.

ments. Our craftsmen make use of old designs and traditional color combinations. Traditional folk art has an important influence on our modern Latvian art."

Two Native Languages

A few months after I had these conversations with the seaman I had occasion to spend a day with a Swedish schoolteacher who was also visiting Latvia. I asked myself—what would interest a schoolteacher most? And I answered myself—schools, of course.

It was spring and the trees in the school courtyard were bursting into leaf. Merry childish voices and laughter rang out during the recess period, and the bright red Young Pioneer kerchiefs of the juniors flamed in the sunlight. As we walked down the street, the visiting teacher asked me: "Are all the lessons conducted in Latvian?"

"Not all. In their Russian class, the children speak Russian. Almost all of them study Russian because they need the language to take advantage of the cultural riches of the many other peoples of the Soviet Union. Russian is the common medium of exchange.

"Scores of different languages are spoken in the Soviet Union, but a Russian-speaking traveler can make his way anywhere in this big country. Take Latvians, for example—we speak Russian even with our close neighbors, the Lithuanians and the Estonians. Very few of the Latvians know Lithuanian or Estonian, and the same thing the other way round.

"Besides, there is this important fact—Russians have done remarkable work in science, technology, education, the arts. To make use of all this you have to know the language. That's true even for the Western countries—a reason Russian is now studied so widely abroad. As far as we Soviet people of other nationalities are concerned, Russian is our second native language, so to speak."

"Do your school children study foreign languages besides?"

"Of course. English, German or French is required in every school. A child has to choose one of the three in his junior year."

Cultural Revolution

"I've heard the term 'cultural revolution' used a good deal in talking to Latvians. What exactly do you mean by it?" asked my teacher guest.

"I can explain it better by figures, I think, than by words. In 1922 when Latvia was not Soviet, there were no more than 15,000 children in the secondary schools, and even that number kept dropping year by year. It hit a low of 12,000 in 1935. The decrease was intentional, one of many ways used to restrict higher education. The secondary schools introduced the idea of second-rank graduation certificates and that effectively stopped large numbers of boys and girls from entering the university.

"What is the situation today? In the twenty years of Soviet power, even though half of these years were taken up by war and reconstruction, we tripled the number of secondary schools, from 80 to 250. Education is now compulsory and tuition is free. Our schools of higher education have turned out 25,000 specialists, three times the number produced in all twenty years—and peacetime years, at that—that bourgeois Lativa existed.

"There are 27,000 students now attending our schools of higher education. A quarter of them study evenings or by correspondence while holding down jobs in factories, offices and collective farms. This testifies to the fact that everyone can get a higher education if he wants it. Not only is tuition free but full-time students are entitled to a stipend so they can devote themselves entirely to study, without working. But the student must do passing work to get the stipend.

"Besides this we have the people's universities of culture for all those who want to broaden their knowledge while continuing to work. These

Every part of Latvia has its own distinctive and very colorful dress. Aya Boumans and Uldis Jagota do a regional dance.

One hundred singers, dancers and musicians make up the Sakta Company. Its concerts have great appeal in the Soviet Union and abroad.

institutions have been growing up all over the Soviet Union—there are 40 in Latvia alone. They offer lectures and courses on various aspects of science or the arts. A course of lectures in music, for example, will review the work of a composer or a period and illustrate with recordings or recitals.

"The people's universities are doing a great deal to raise the general level of culture and are attended by thousands of Latvians. Tuition here, too, is free. These universities are completely subsidized by the trade unions and the factories and offices where they are set up.

"This, in short, is how I would define our cultural revolution."

"It deserves the title," said my guest.

"There is one point I didn't touch on which I think will strike you when you get to talking to our young people—their breadth of outlook. The job we do now in educating our young people is infinitely superior compared with what it was twenty years ago, and it reflects itself in the way our young people look at the world. Both culturally and vocationally they are rounded people, optimistic of their futures, eager to test their knowledge and their abilities and to contribute what they can to the country's welfare."

My teacher friend must have been thinking all this over. She was silent for a while and I apologized for my long speeches. But she waved my apologies aside and said: "I've heard stories that you tore down the Statue of Liberty that was erected in Riga under the old regime. And that you've cut down the lime trees around it and gotten rid of the swans in the city canal."

I didn't answer. I hailed a taxi and asked my guest to get in. She did, a little surprised. But I explained nothing until we stopped at the Statue of Liberty. "And," I said, "here are the lime trees."

"And the swans too," she added after a moment of embarrassment. "Really too many tales about such a small country."

FACTS AND FIGURES

THE LATVIAN ACADEMY OF SCIENCES was established in 1946. It has 16 research institutes and dozens of laboratories staffed by 21 academicians and 700 research workers.

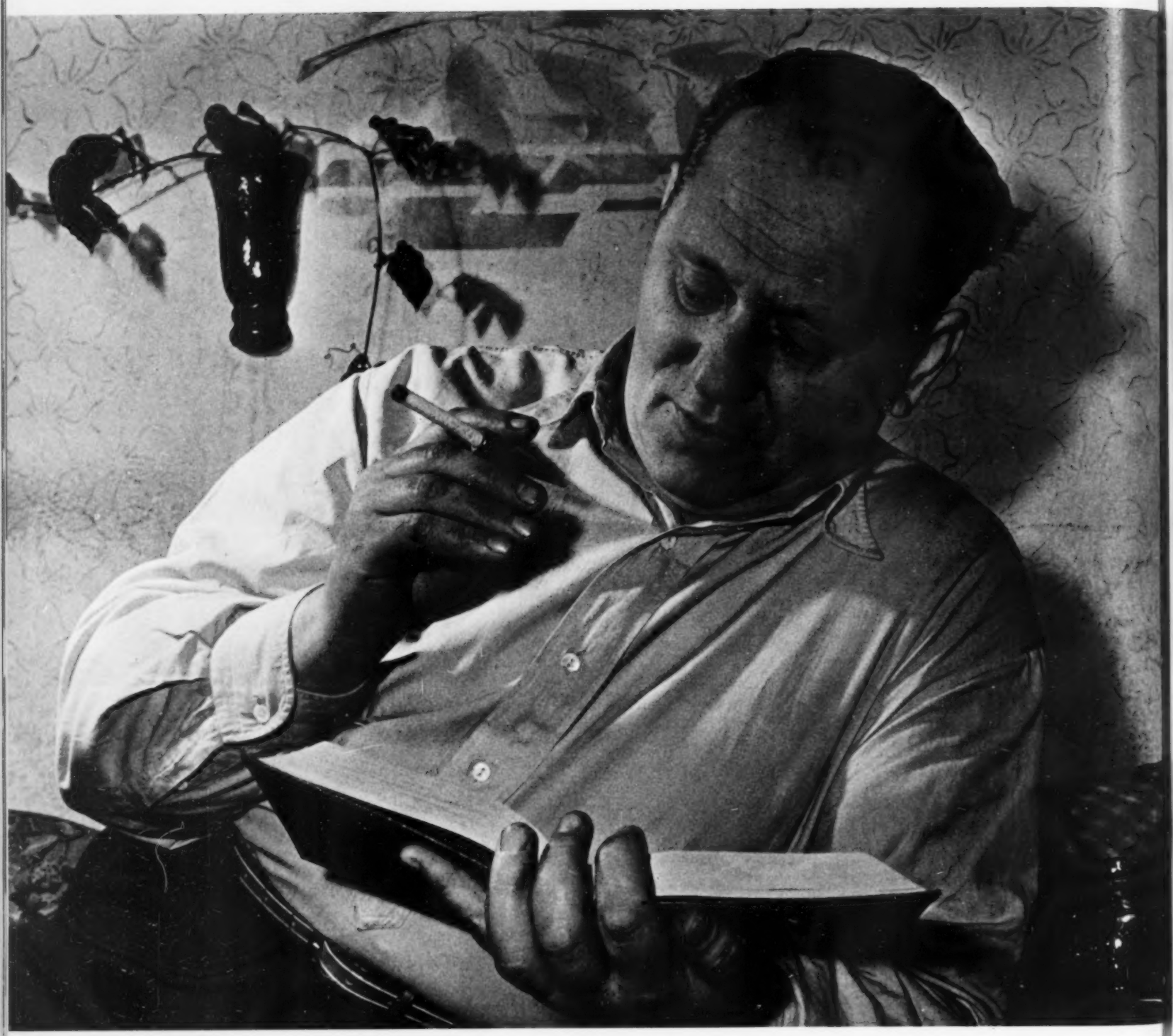
PERIODICALS published in Latvia include 38 newspapers and 14 magazines.

THE NUMBER OF BOOKS published in Latvia per capita of population is second only in the Soviet Union to Estonia. This year close to 10 million books will be published and the 1965 figure will be 15 million.

Six-sevenths of every edition is purchased by the population, while one-seventh goes to the libraries. Latvia has 1,853 libraries in addition to its school libraries.

THEATERS in Latvia include the Riga Opera and Ballet House, and drama, musical comedy, juvenile and puppet theaters—a total of nine. All of them participate in the annual Baltic Theatrical Spring—a festival in which the theaters of Latvia, Estonia, Lithuania and Byelorussia take part.

MOTION PICTURE STUDIOS release several feature films and many newsreels and documentaries each year. There were only two films produced in all of the pre-Soviet period. This year the studios will acquire a new modern movie production center.



I'm Vilis Berenfeld, 50 years old. I'm a grinding-machine operator at the Riga Radio Plant. It's a good job, pays well, and there's no problem of unemployment. There isn't any in our country. So that I'm not worried about present or future security. My family is well provided for and when I get through with a day's work I can relax with a book.

This is the lathe I operate—a precision instrument. In my time I've worked with all sorts of lathes, from antiques to the kind that almost think for themselves. Nowadays we use the most modern equipment.

MY FAMILY AND I

IN THE 30-ODD YEARS I've been at the factory, I've worked with all sorts of lathes, from antiques that you almost had to turn by hand to the latest type of automatic machine.

I was pretty young when I took my first job. My father, a carpenter, did not make enough to feed our family of six, and so my brother and I, who were the eldest of the children, went to work early. My father had dreamed of giving us a good education, but this was in old Latvia. Education was much too expensive a luxury for a workingman, and my father's dream never came true.

It's a long time since those days when I first started at the factory and it seems even longer when I look around and see the way everything is changed—equipment and working conditions, the people with whom I work and my family.

The factory grounds are pleasant to walk through with the trees and flower beds that have been planted. You get the fresh green smell coming in through the windows of the new shops. The equipment is all modern now. Compared with 1939, we are putting out 70 per cent more radio sets, record players, telephones and whole telephone exchanges.

In the old days the factory director and the foremen and engineers used to look down their noses at the workers. There is none of that kind of thing anymore. This is our factory, all of us own it and work together to turn out its products. Many of our engineers and foremen come from workers' families, and a good many of them learned a trade at the factory and worked their way up.

Young people take all this as a matter of course. I don't, because I remember the way things used to be and see in it a result of the profound social revolution which my land has undergone in these past 20 years since Latvia became a Soviet republic.

My family, too, has changed. I myself never had the chance to get an education in old Latvia, but my children did in new Soviet Latvia. My eldest son, Valdis, has been interested in radiotechnics since he was a child. After graduating from a secondary school and a specialized school, he went to work at our factory and then enrolled at Riga University where he got his engineer's diploma. He works at the factory and heads a group of engineers who are designing new types of tools. Naturally, I feel very proud of him.

He got married not long ago. His wife, Anna, is a draftsman at one of Riga's design institutes. They are both doing work they like and making a good living. They have a comfortable apartment and are getting along fine.

My younger boy Guntis is 12 and my daughter Elita is six. But I am sure that both of them will get a higher education. All they have to do is study hard. It's not like the old days when you had to scrimp and save to send your child to school. Tuition is free and students are even given a stipend for maintenance.

Ours is a fairly big family, but we get along very well on the 2,000 rubles a month I earn. My rent is 22 rubles a month. Taxes are now being reduced and by 1965 they will be abolished altogether. When I retire I'll be entitled to a pension of 1,050 rubles a month—enough to keep the family in more than bread and butter. So that I'm not worried about my family's security; the present and future are both provided for.

MY FAMILY AND I

My wife Valis with Elita, our youngest, who is six. I wasn't much older than that when I had to go to work. But that was before Latvia became Soviet.

My son Valdis also works at the factory. With his book knowledge and my experience we make a good team.

Elita gets fixed up for a very big occasion—the birthday party of her girl friend. It calls for a special hairdo.

Valis and I do a little shopping. We figure it's about time we replaced our old radio set with one of the newer models.

We have apple, pear and cherry trees. Back of the orchard is our summer cottage, built in my spare time.

The second ballerina is my Elita. She takes lessons at our Palace of Culture.

My younger boy Guntis is 12. He's studying hard to become the first Soviet astronaut.

My two sons and Anna, the wife of Valdis, get around to art shows a lot and talk about pictures for hours.

A TREASURY OF

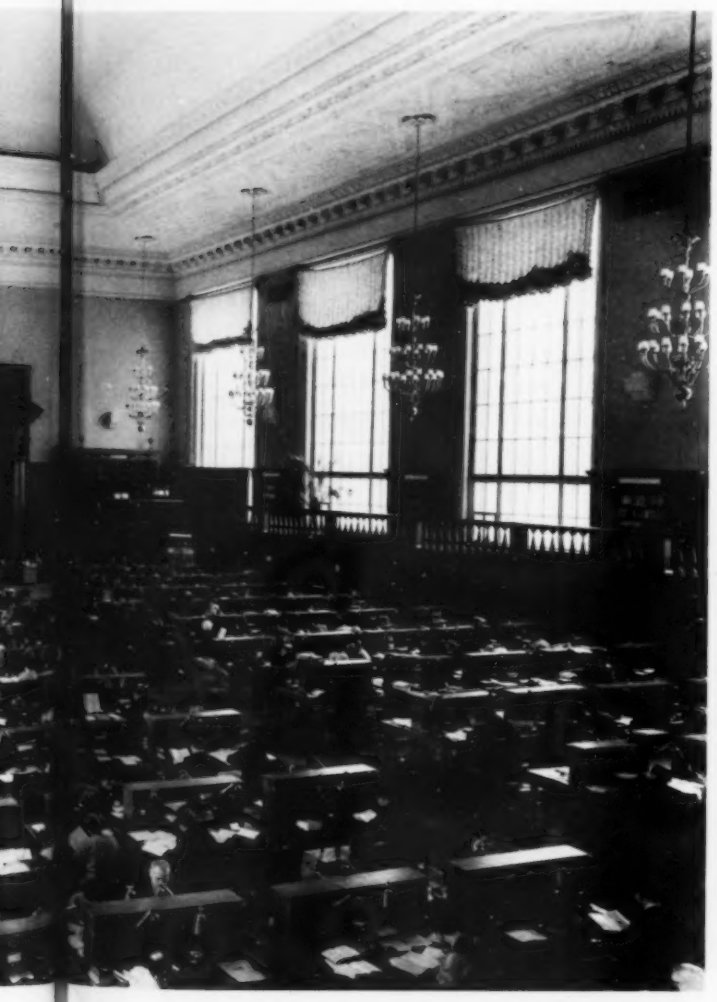
The library's collection includes books of all periods written in the world's 160 languages. Among its 200,000 rare manuscripts are the pre-Gutenberg, *Bible of the Poor*, and the *Archangel Gospel* dated 1092.

Moscow's Lenin Library is the national book repository. It buys enough books annually to fill six miles of shelves.

OF THE WORLD THOUGHT

By Vladimir Orlov
Chief Librarian, Lenin Library

Photos by Georgi Petrusov



One of the twenty reading rooms. Space is at a premium. Nowhere in the world do people read as much as they do in the USSR, and even this library finds it hard to keep pace with growing numbers of readers.

Three billion books are printed each year in the Soviet Union. Three copies of each title, in whatever language or size of edition it is published, are forwarded by the publisher to the Lenin Library. Two go on the shelves, the third copy goes into the archives to be preserved as a record of our eventful age for future generations.

Since it is a national book repository, the Lenin Library stores everything that is or has ever been published in the Soviet Union. But its global reputation rests on much more than its service as a storehouse. It performs a multitude of other scholarly functions.

Back in 1910 Professor Yuri Gautier, chief librarian of the Rumyantsev Library—that was the Lenin Library's name until 1924—made a much too conservative guess at the number of books the shelves would hold a half-century later. He estimated that the collection would total 2,300,000 copies by 1960.

He was hardly in a position at the time to divine the prodigious craving for knowledge that socialism would evoke in the people. This factor had made all the difference; the library today has a total of 21 million books, magazines, newspaper files and manuscripts.

The 20 reading rooms are open to the public every day from 9 in the morning until 11 at night and are usually filled to capacity. Last year 11.1 million books were issued to 160,000 readers. Obviously the three copies that the publishing house presents to the library are in many instances altogether insufficient to meet the demand. These are supplemented by purchased copies, as many as are thought necessary. Although there are no restrictions on its book purchase budget, the library rarely buys more than twenty copies of any one book. Every year it buys almost a million books and magazines and 1,800,000 copies of newspapers, enough reading matter to fill six miles of bookshelves.

Books in 160 Languages

The collection includes books of all periods written in the world's 160 languages, including the 84 spoken by the people of the Soviet Union. Apart from editions in all the languages of the nationalities within the Soviet Union, the library acquires editions of all countries and periods that are of scientific, practical or artistic value. The library

has the pre-Gutenberg copies of the *Bible of the Poor* (Biblia pauperum) and *Vedomosti,* the first Russian newspaper, printed on pages smaller than that of a notebook. It has a copy of the first book printed in Moscow, dated 1555, and copies of the first books published early in the 17th century in colonial America. The items range in size from a single-page leaflet with a few printed lines to the five thousand-volume Chinese Tushu-tszichen encyclopedia. On file are stenographic reports of Supreme Soviet sessions and the United States *Congressional Record.* In the collection are letters signed by Napoleon and Dostoyevsky's manuscripts; placards from the period of the 1917 Revolution and a poster advertising the Bolshoi Ballet at Madison Square Garden in New York. The library gets some 26,000 periodicals, ranging from a small sheet put out by a Ukrainian collective farm to the 60-odd-page *New York Times.* The Lenin Library does not keep films and sound recordings. There are other agencies in the USSR which have that job.

Some of the items in the collection have had a curious history. The *Archangel Gospel* dates back to 1092, a half-century before Moscow was founded, and is part of a collection of 200,000 old manuscript volumes. It is known by that name because it was discovered in the town of Archangel, in the sixties of the past century. The owner was an illiterate peasant who used the manuscript for many years to replace a rotted timber prop for his stove. The book, written in indelible ink on parchment, is remarkably well-preserved nevertheless.

The Lenin Library has in its rare book collection one of the three copies extant of Bishop Richard de Bury's *Philobiblon* (*The Love of Books*), the first known treatise for bibliophiles.

It also has one of the world's largest collections—24 volumes—of the edition of Giordano Bruno's books published in his lifetime. The Inquisition burned this great medieval scholar and condemned all of his writing to be burned as well. Some of his books managed to escape both the churchly bookburners and the onslaught of time. Particularly rare and, of course, very valuable are those with markings in the author's own hand.

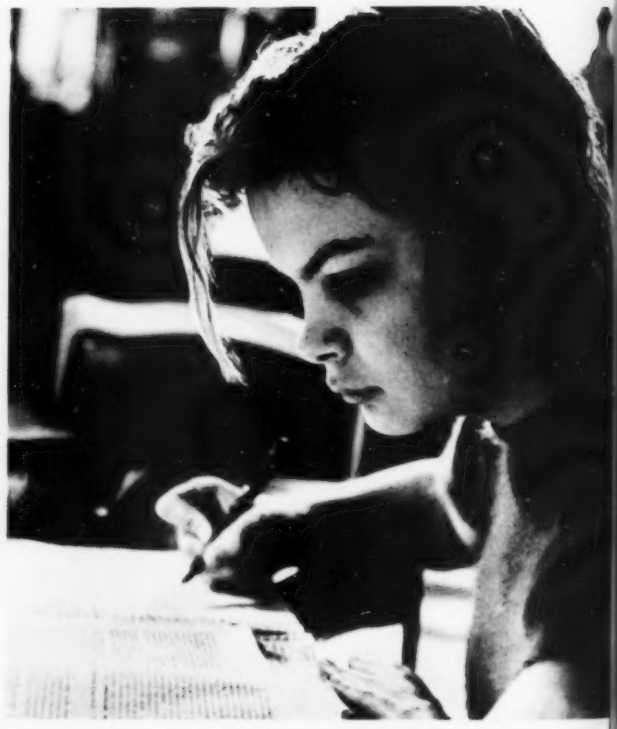
An Unrestricted Book Budget

Today the library has practically unrestricted funds for the purchase of books. This was far from the case under the old regime. For the first half-century of its existence it did not get a kopek from the royal treasury for the acquisition of books and had to make do with the single copy of each book sent by the publisher. For lack of funds the library had to turn down many fine volumes.

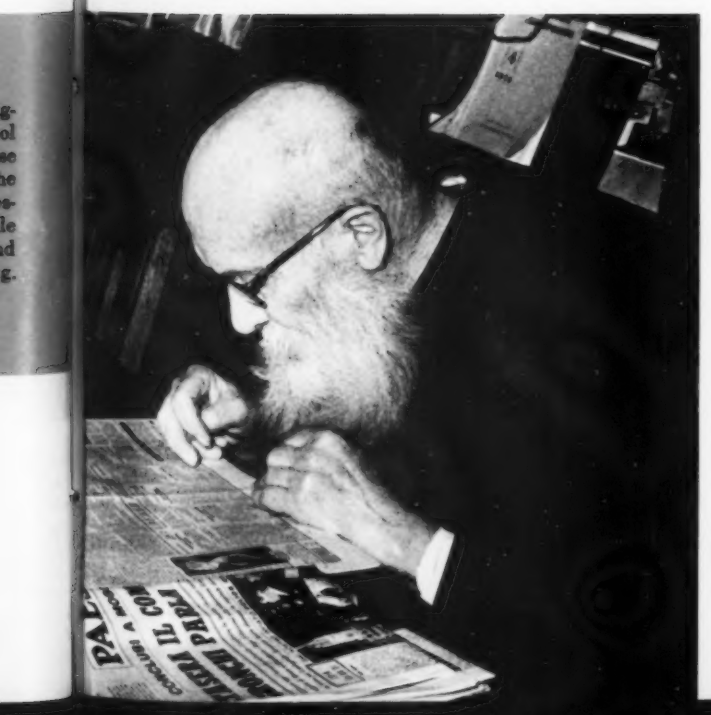
This was true, for example, with a collection on Siberia owned by Gennadi Yudin, a Krasnoyarsk merchant. He offered it for sale to several Russian university libraries as well as to the Moscow Public Library, but their very modest budgets would not permit them to buy the collection. Yudin finally despaired of finding a buyer in his native land and offered it for sale abroad. It is now the pride of the Slavonic Division of the Library of Congress in Washington.

The Lenin Library is the largest in the Soviet Union. It is open to citizens of every country. Among its members are people of all professions and all ages from nine upward—the library has three reading rooms for children and teen-agers.

In no country in the world do people read as much as they do in the Soviet Union, and even this big library finds it hard to keep pace



Readers, whether they are graybeards or youngsters digging up background material for a school assignment, talk of this great national storehouse of reading matter as "our library" in spite of the fact that there are 3,800 other libraries in Moscow alone. Its six buildings take up a whole block. Its card catalogue fills three floors, and its 21 million books need 18 tiers of shelving.



with the ever-growing number of readers. The old building had 107,000 square feet of floor space and five new buildings were added with an additional 645,000 square feet of space. The books were stacked in 18 tiers and the seating capacity of the reading rooms increased to accommodate 2,200 people. All the same, space is at a premium and you rarely see a seat vacant. The library's daily attendance runs to 7,000 people and there are times when readers must queue up outside reading room doors. The general reading room holds 550 people.

Books are grouped under three main headings—the humanities, the natural sciences and the technical and physico-mathematical sciences. The science reading rooms are in the new buildings. There are special reading rooms for manuscripts, rare books, maps, microfilms, etc.

The Lenin Library has a lending arrangement with 4,500 libraries in the Soviet Union and other countries. In 1959 some 422,000 of its books were shipped to distant parts of the country on temporary loan.

A Staff of 2,500

How can one find the particular book one needs in this great ocean of printed material? Here is where the librarian is navigator and guide not only for the new reader but for the experienced researcher. In 1959 alone the Lenin Library answered 133,000 requests—made in person, by phone or mail—for bibliographic information.

Available to the reader is a special reference library of a hundred thousand books and periodicals, among which can be found encyclopedias of the world's largest countries. There are some 700 yearly book exhibitions on various themes and a changing display of 800 or 900 of the most important Soviet or foreign books acquired by the library each week.

A distinguished American visitor looking through this weekly display not too long ago expressed surprise that Vladimir Nabokov's *Lolita* was included. Although the erotic adventures of the hero of this much advertised American novel are of comparatively small interest to the majority of the Lenin Library readers, the book was bought because it was the current American best-seller.

The staff of almost 2,500 includes librarians and research workers. The library, as its charter indicates, is a research institute in bibliography and book history, besides being a book repository. To study reader interests, members of the staff are assigned for periods of several months to work with smaller libraries in various parts of the country. Regional conferences of librarians are held frequently.

The library publishes its research in its specialized journals *Papers, Notes of the Manuscript Department* and in monographs, as well as library guidebooks, scientific surveys of book and manuscript collections. A three-series bulletin of new books in world literature is issued every ten days.

The photostat room and the microfilm reading room—which incidentally has two *Recordac* readers presented by the United States after the Second World War—are equipped with Soviet-made apparatus. The microfilm division photographs about nine million shots annually—a shot is a full newspaper sheet or a two-page spread in a book. The library also has its own print shop and workshops of various kinds.

International Book Exchange

The library conducts a book exchange with 2,500 institutions in 73 countries, including 180 in the United States. In return for about 900 Soviet publications, the Library of Congress sends a complete set of United States Government publications. Reading matter is also traded with 40 American university libraries and old, hard-to-find books exchanged.

International book exchanges have been going on for a long time, since 1894 with the United States, but book-loan arrangements are a product of recent years. The Lenin Library, however, already has such loan arrangements with 200 libraries in 30 countries.

The preparation of bibliographies and answers to reference questions constitute still another type of inter-country exchange. Almost

daily the library sends information to other countries and requests information from foreign libraries for Lenin Library readers. The reference requests cover a great variety of subjects. For an organization in Pakistan the Lenin Library prepared a bibliography on "The Culture of Tea and Its Cultivation in the USSR" and to Yugoslavia it sent a list of works for an anthology of Soviet poetry for children.

Personal meetings and exchange of experience with librarians of other lands are fairly frequent. Lenin Library staff members in the past three or four years visited the United States, Austria, Poland, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Germany, Japan and other countries. From time to time symposiums are published on international aspects of library science.

Among the many thousands of tourists who visit Moscow every year there invariably are some librarians. Sometimes they come in groups for a detailed study of library work in the Soviet Union. Last summer, for the first time, the Lenin Library had the pleasure of welcoming such a group from the United States. The library staff put out a special edition of their newspaper under the headline "Greetings to Our American Colleagues!"

The library is glad to participate in international book exhibitions—one of British books and magazines held in the Lenin Library was very well attended. At an exhibition in Leipzig the library won a gold medal for its display of ancient Russian books. It also participated in an exhibition in Prague of ancient Slav manuscripts which evoked considerable attention.

In the summer of 1962 the Lenin Library will be celebrating its hundredth anniversary. For a national library that is comparatively young. The Lenin Library is 400 years younger than the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, more than a hundred years younger than the library of the British Museum, and 60 years younger than the Library of Congress. It has, nevertheless, during the Soviet years, grown to adulthood as one of the leading book repositories in the world, second to none in the services it provides.

To speed delivery the conveyor in the top photo is used to fill requests from the twenty reading rooms.

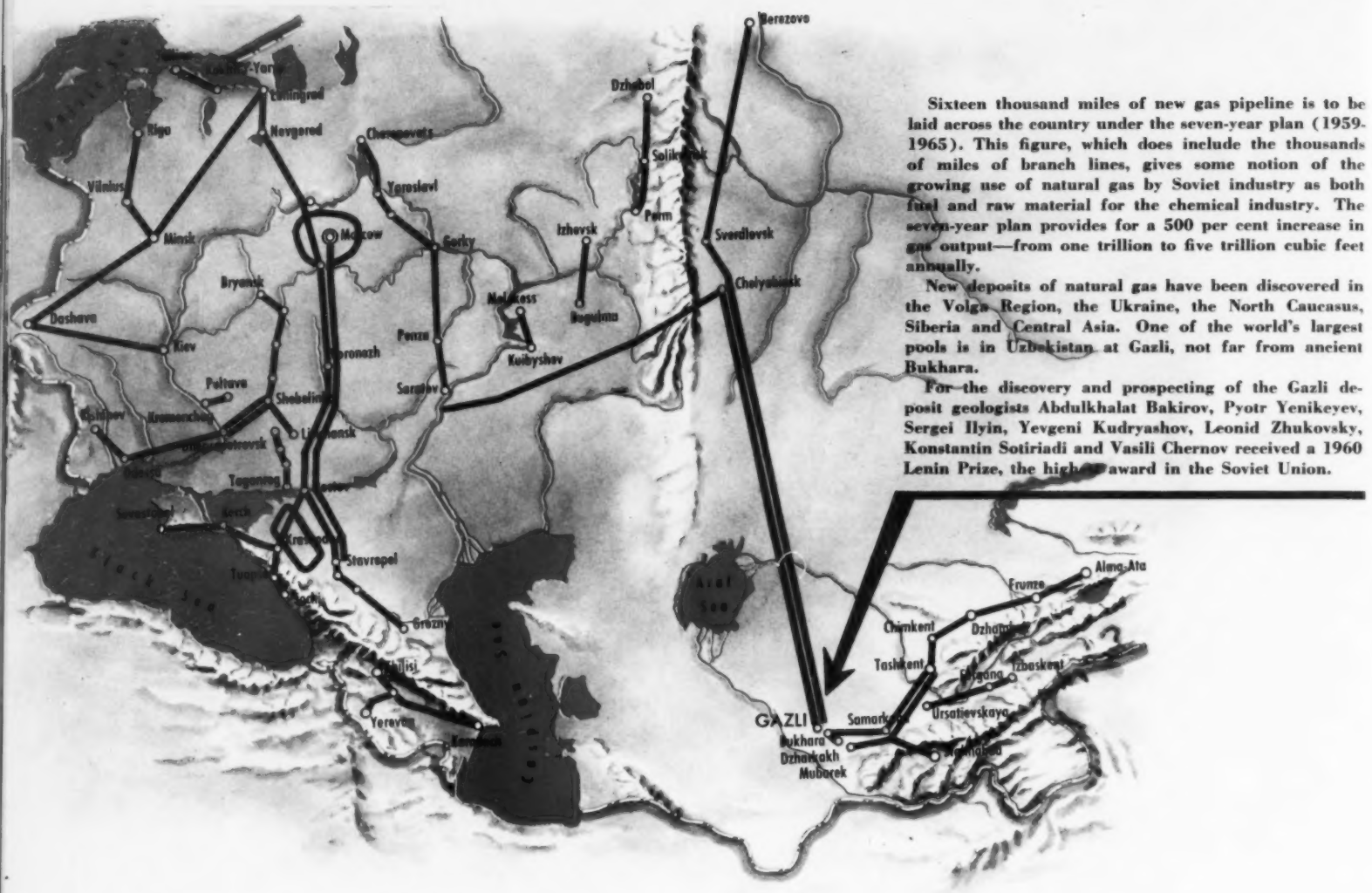
(Above) The comprehensive reference division has a hundred thousand volumes in every major language.

(Left) Two editions of Krylov's *Fables*. On file are a one page booklet and a 5,000-volume encyclopedia.

(Top right) The microfilm division reproduces millions of pages from books and newspapers yearly.

(Bottom left) Every year the Lenin Library adds 2,000 entries to its already giant card catalogue.

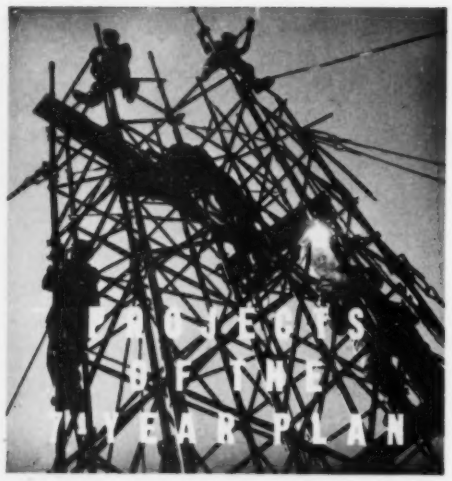
(Right) The restoration division is called the book hospital, and the white coats surely fit the picture.



Sixteen thousand miles of new gas pipeline is to be laid across the country under the seven-year plan (1959-1965). This figure, which does include the thousands of miles of branch lines, gives some notion of the growing use of natural gas by Soviet industry as both fuel and raw material for the chemical industry. The seven-year plan provides for a 500 per cent increase in gas output—from one trillion to five trillion cubic feet annually.

New deposits of natural gas have been discovered in the Volga Region, the Ukraine, the North Caucasus, Siberia and Central Asia. One of the world's largest pools is in Uzbekistan at Gazli, not far from ancient Bukhara.

For the discovery and prospecting of the Gazli deposit geologists Abdulkhalat Bakirov, Pyotr Yenikeyev, Sergei Ilyin, Yevgeni Kudryashov, Leonid Zhukovsky, Konstantin Sotiriadi and Vasili Chernov received a 1960 Lenin Prize, the highest award in the Soviet Union.



GAZLI

Gazli, a city built at a new enormous natural gas deposit, is growing up rapidly in the Central Asian Kyzyl Kum Desert, not very far from Bukhara.

By Semyon Friedland

Photos by the author

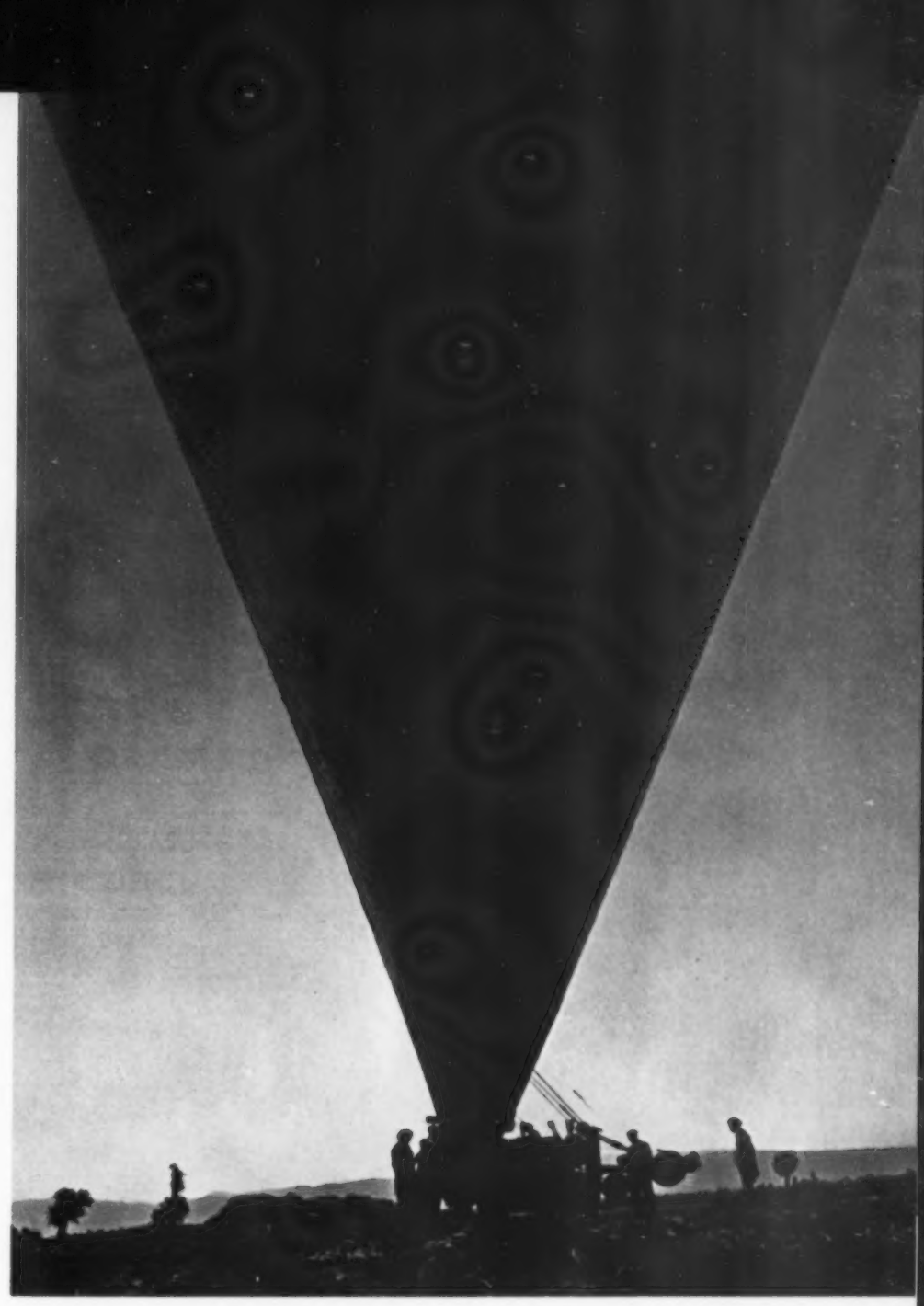
THE GAZLI DEPOSIT, with its estimated fourteen trillion cubic feet of methane, accounts for about one third of the country's total industrial reserves of natural gas. It was only a few years ago that the first surveying parties came here, to the Central Asian desert of Kyzyl Kum, but now the new deposit is already outlined with prospecting drill rigs. Surrounded by operational wells spreading over the rolling sandhills stands a new and fast-growing town. It bears the very fitting name of Gazli, which means "with gas" in Uzbek.

Gas Pipelines and Minarets

Strictly speaking, Gazli is still an embryo town, and the development of the new gas industry center is directed from Bukhara. This is perhaps the oldest city in Central Asia, and today researches in two fields of knowledge cross each other's paths here.

There are the archaeologists and the orientalists—and of course, the ever-present tourists—drawn to Bukhara by its ancient history, its beautiful monuments and its traditional arts. The walls of the thousand-year-old minarets stand untouched by the eroding hand of time. The brilliant blue enamel of the mosaics that adorn the majestic buildings have not lost their luster. The onlooker is enchanted by the changing play of the sun at different times of the day on the delicately patterned masonry.

Then there are the geologists and engineers, no less aware of this venerable past, but more



Work is in full swing on a 370-mile pipeline stretching across the desert. The first section to Samarkand is already finished. Tashkent and other cities will soon be burning Gazli gas.

The deposit, estimated at fourteen trillion cubic feet of methane, is outlined with prospecting drill rigs. Operating wells dot the rolling sandhills.

The development of this most modern gas industry is directed from Bukhara with its thousand-year-old history and traditions.

Assembling an operational derrick. Ultimately Gazli gas will be piped to far-off Chelyabinsk and Sverdlovsk via a 1300-mile line.

Gas-rig operator Suleiman Ashurov sees the line crossing the desert and the steppe far beyond the Aral Sea.

concerned with the promise of the future. They see it in the large-scale gas industry which is being built in the desert and which already employs several thousand people.

The desert comes close up to Bukhara. Bypassing green oases, it covers a vast territory. This seems to be the ancient unchanging landscape, scorched by heat and cracked for lack of water. Here and there are rust-colored wormwood shrubs which dry up in the summer and leave a view of endless monotonous sandhills.

But this landscape is undergoing an alteration that began with the discovery of the Kagan group of gas deposits—the first of several that have been found in the waterless plateau to the southwest of Bukhara. Today the first gas wells are being tapped, and Sary-Tash, Setalan-Tele and Dzharkakh have become familiar names.

The age-old silence still seems to reign over the sandhills of Dzharkakh, but the quiet is deceptive. Dzharkakh is an invisible workshop. Hidden under its sand is a network of gas pipelines which join into the main line leading to Kagan and Bukhara.

The construction work is in full progress on a 370-mile pipeline stretching across the desert. The builders have already completed the first section—to Samarkand—and now they are heading toward Tashkent, Uzbekistan's capital. Before the end of this year Tashkent and other cities of the republic will be burning Gazli gas.

That is not the end of the project, however. The line is being pushed on to Kazakhstan—to the cities of Chimkent, Dzhambul and Alma-Ata. On the way it will go through Frunze in Kirghizia. Gas from Gazli will also go to Stalinabad in Tajikistan. A vast project, this is, to bring gas to all the republics of Central Asia in the next few years.

Changing Industrial Map

All this is what might be called the immediate future. Envisaged also is the supply of Gazli gas to the major industrial centers of the Urals. To pipe it to Chelyabinsk and Sverdlovsk, the ultimate destination, will need a 1300-mile line—a grueling job even with powerful machinery and equipment already tested under desert conditions.

But, say Soviet construction men, it's only one more difficult job, and they already see gas pipelines crossing the Central Asian desert and the steppe beyond the Aral Sea.

Will there be enough gas in the Gazli deposit? Prospecting parties have moved west, south and east from Bukhara to sound the depths of this ancient earth in new places. Hachured ovals and circles are being superimposed over the yellow areas of the map to indicate other great deposits that await exploitation.

Even very cautious estimates show that the concentration of gas in the Gazli deposit is the equal, in terms of fuel, of all the coal mined in the Donbas, Pechora and Moscow basins—the chief coal deposits in the European part of the Soviet Union.

When the pipeline to the Urals is built, Sverdlovsk alone will get 750 billion cubic feet of Gazli gas annually, which is the equivalent of 42 million metric tons of coal.

Gazli gas will also be used to develop the chemical industry in Central Asia. Bukhara, for example, will produce annually almost 30 million yards of artificial textiles and a host of various items made of plastics.

But Bukhara is not big enough for its burgeoning chemical industry, and a new town, Navoyi, is already under construction. It will be built around a large plant which will process methane from Gazli into mineral fertilizer.

Development of the Gazli deposit is one of the major projects of the seven-year plan, and when completed it will considerably change the Soviet industrial map. The Lenin Prize awarded to the geologists who discovered and prospected this underground treasure is a tribute the nation pays to those who augment the country's wealth.

This is no job at all for the weak-kneed, what with heat and sandstorms that keep blowing up.

On the same job—Igor Ilyin comes from the Russian Federation and Samud Sultanov from Uzbekistan.

By Mikhail Sukhanov

DUST STORMS AND BUMPER C

RASSVET, which means dawn, is the poetic name of a village in the Black Sea steppe some fifty miles from Odessa. The whole village is new—the neat white cottages, the two-story schoolhouse, the club, hospital, nursery and the bandstand in the village square. Even the man-planted forest belts in the surrounding steppe are young.

This is the site of one of the oldest collective farms in the Ukraine, organized 35 years ago. The farm chairman is Makar Posmitny who comes from a poor peasant family and was himself a farmhand in his youth working for other people's profit.

Compared with other steppe farms, Rassvet is not very large—8,500 acres for 360 families. About 6,000 acres are sown to various crops, the rest is pasture, orchard and vineyard. The farm also raises cattle, sheep and hogs. But Rassvet is much more widely known than its size would warrant, and this is because of its high level of mechanization: practically all the field work and the livestock chores are done by machine. The farm has its own power plant, woodworking and machine-repair shops, flour mill, mechanical bakery, wine distillery and its own radio relay station.

Key to Success

When the noted American farmer Roswell Garst came to Rassvet during one of his visits to the Soviet Union he was surprised at the yields the collective farm was getting. They equaled and in some cases exceeded the yields Mr. Garst obtained on his highly productive farm in Iowa with its bountiful sunshine and twice as much moisture as on the Rassvet lands.

The Black Sea steppe is often swept by dry hot winds that blow away the top soil and uproot the seedlings. The black clouds of dust are so thick that they hide the sun and turn day into night. Hence the name—black storms. In the old days they spelled ruin for the farmer.

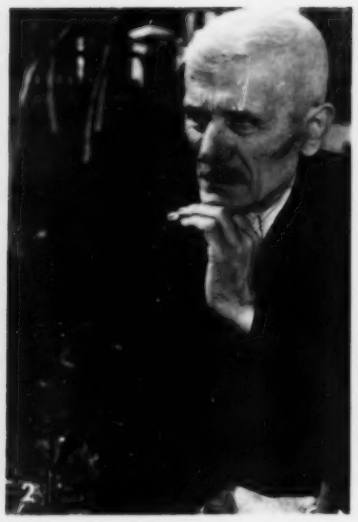
ER CROPS

An American delegation visits Rassvet. Farm chairman Makar Posmitny says: "We can learn from American farmers and teach them too—how to fight dust storms, for instance."

Practically all the field work and the livestock chores are done by machine. This small collective farm owns 10 harvesters and 28 trucks.

A bird's-eye view of Rassvet village. The collective farm here gets bumper yields in spite of droughts. The dust storms still blow in this Black Sea steppe region, but Rassvet farmers have tied the topsoil down with tree belts that serve as green barriers against the scorching winds.

1 Lyudmila **Zavorotnyaya**, lab assistant at the dairy: "A good many of our American guests have visited my home. The door is always wide open to them."



2 Ivan **Shevchenko**, farmer: "I've lived long enough to know that it's friendship that makes for a happy life."

3 Ivan **Sapunkov**, tractor driver: "If we want to compete, let's do it by raising bigger crops."

4 Feodosia **Kolot**, midwife: "We must have peace to guarantee a happy life for our children."

5 Pyotr **Dyachenko**, winemaker: "We make enough wine to drink to the health of a lot of Americans."

6 Nina **Yukovleva**, baker: "I expect to be welcoming a good many more American guests with our traditional bread and salt."

7 Vladimir **Kvutkevich**, engineer: "It's important for us to get together and thrash out common problems."

8 Maksr **Pozmitny**, farm chairman: "It's probably because I went through the hell of two wars that I love doves — the harbingers of peace."

9 Vidya **Yarovaya**, milkmaid: "We'll be glad to welcome American visitors to our farm."

For Rassvet bumper crops have become the norm. In the past twenty years the average grain yield has more than doubled—to almost 2600 pounds per acre. Fodder corn does even better—almost 4000 pounds per acre. Orchard, vineyard and truck garden yields are also high.

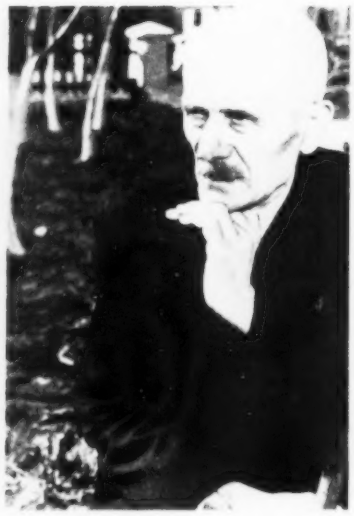
What has happened? Have the black storms stopped raging? Of course not. As a matter of fact, they were raging this very spring, as fierce as ever, but no longer as destructive as they used to be.

Back in 1929 the farmers began to plant forest belts to shield the crops. Today every field is ringed by a solid fence of trees. These belts perform a double service—block off the scorching winds and black storms, and at the same time bind the soil and store moisture. The farm employs the most modern growing methods, sows with select seed and uses fertilizer in quantity.

All of this explains why Rassvet, located in dry country, gets bumper crops that compare very favorably indeed with those Mr. Garst and other high-yield Iowa farmers raise.

This intensive kind of farming carries over to livestock. Rassvet has substantially increased and improved its herds and flocks so that present meat output is almost three times higher than it was five years ago and the milk yield has more than doubled.

Higher yields were accompanied by lower production costs due to increased mechanization. This in turn brought bigger profits. The farm's common income has more than doubled in the past five years and for 1959 it was



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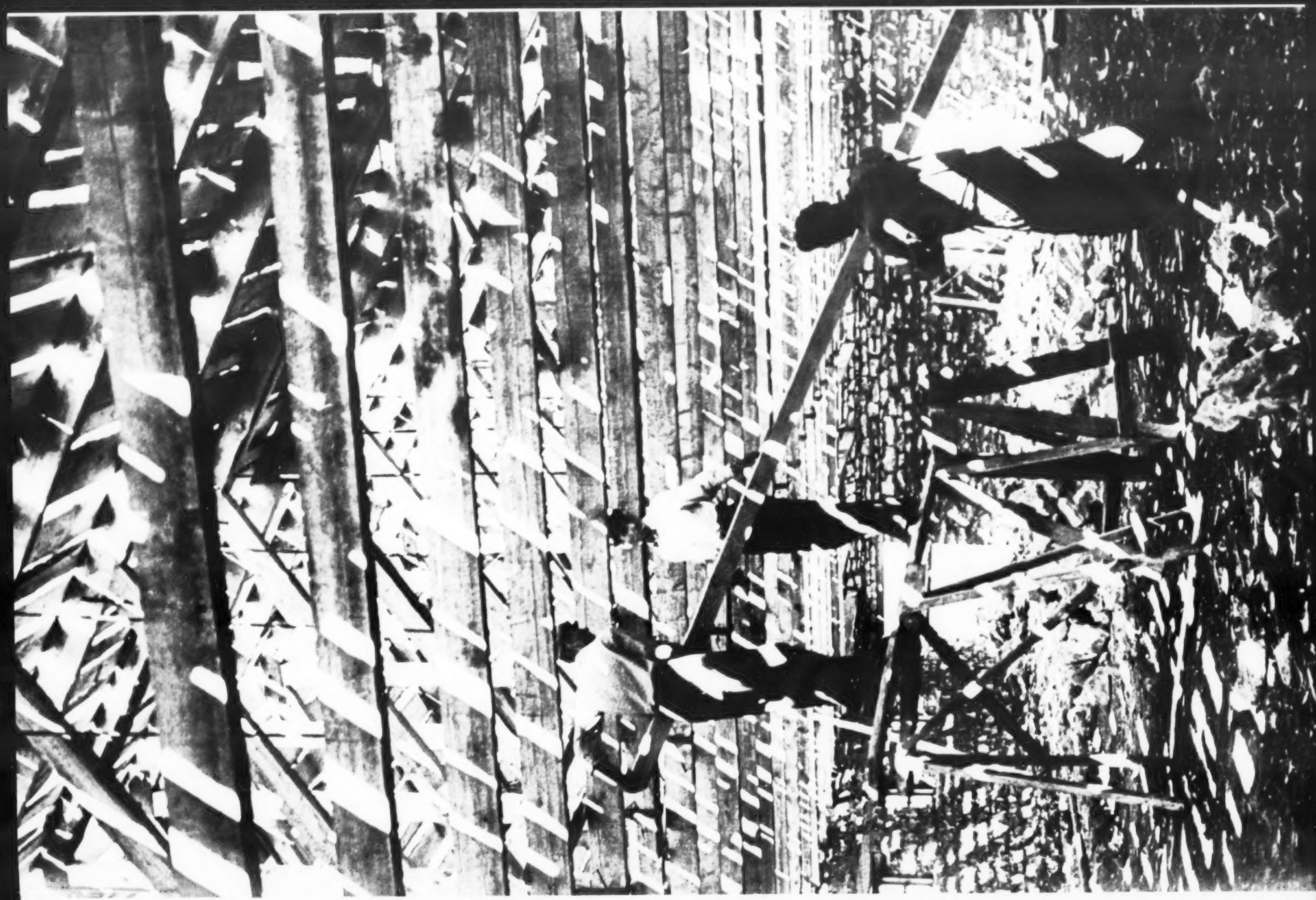


Everybody seems to be going to school. Besides this children's school, there is one for adults.

These silos are brim full at harvest time. The farm grows 4,000 pounds of fodder corn per acre.

in excess of ten million rubles. Higher common income means higher personal income. In 1954 farm families received 2.3 million rubles, and in 1959 they received nearly 5 million.

The Farm's Seven-Year Plan

Rassvet's part in the country's seven-year plan—and that of every other Soviet farm—is to gear itself to a production level that will guarantee the country an abundance of agricultural products.

More specifically, Rassvet's seven-year program has these 1965 goals—a 50 per cent increase in grain, a more than 100 per cent increase in meat, an almost 100 per cent increase in milk, greater orchard and vineyard yields. All this is to be done at considerably lower production costs than at present. The income target the farm is shooting at is 16 million rubles, a more than 50 per cent increase.

That income rise has already begun to come through. Part of the profit is going into new machinery with the ultimate goal to eliminate hand labor entirely by the end of the seven-year plan.

Another part of the profit is budgeted for village development. A new water-supply system is already being built and new streets are being hard-surfaced. The construction program for the seven years includes 100 new cottages for newlyweds, two more kindergartens, a nursery and two more schools. A Palace of Culture will be built and the existing club will be converted into the House of Young Pioneers. A new park and a stadium are also scheduled by the farm's seven-year plan.

The village seems to be one large self-improvement center, with everybody going to school. Besides the regular secondary school for children, there is an evening school for adults. Many of the people enroll for the special courses on mechanization offered by the farm.

The 360 families in the village, one statistically-minded farmer found out, subscribe to 703 newspapers and 142 magazines. Practically every home has a radio or television set—the village is within range of the TV broadcasts from Odessa and Kishinev. The local club shows nearly all the latest motion pictures, and its amateur musicians, actors and dancers entertain both themselves and their audiences at frequent performances.

Exchange of Experience

It is some considerable time since the Rassvet collective farmers showed Roswell Garst around, but they still remember the occasion with pleasure and still laugh at a comment he made after looking at one of the cowsheds: "If I were a cow," he said, "I wouldn't ask for a better place to live in."

Chairman Makar Posmitny and the other collective farmers had a good many things they wanted the Iowan's expert opinion about—the hybrid corn seed that he has done such extraordinary work with, for one thing.

Mr. Garst got a taste of the traditional Ukrainian hospitality and the savory Ukranian borsch. He was evidently pleased with both. Upon leaving he told Makar Posmitny that he hoped to have the chance of returning the hospitality. "If you ever happen to visit the United States," he said, "you must be my guest."

And the Iowan had the opportunity to be host not too long afterward when Makar Posmitny came to the United States with a delegation of Soviet livestock men. The Rassvet chairman spent some time in Iowa, visited farms and cattle ranches in North Carolina, Georgia, Texas and other states.

Makar Posmitny found his talks with American farmers and cattlemen most instructive. "There is much we can learn from Americans," he notes, "and there are many things we can teach them, too. For example, the ways we've worked out to fight dust storms. What impressed me most of all during my visit to the United States was how willing American farmers and scientists were to share their experience with us, no less willing than we are to share ours with them."

Everybody's Sentiment

That is the feeling of everybody in Rassvet village—tractor mechanics and dairymaids, teachers and doctors. Ivan Shevchenko, one of the charter members of the collective farm, puts it this way: "We must be good neighbors if we're to live in a peaceful world."

Feodosia Kolot, who works as a midwife in the village hospital, is the mother of two children. During the war she served as a nurse in the Black Sea fleet. She saw three floating hospitals sunk by Nazi bombers, witnessed wounded sailors drowning, and she herself managed by some miracle to come through alive. She says: "We must do everything humanly possible to make sure that doesn't repeat itself for our children."

Nineteen-year-old Valya Yarovaya is a secondary school graduate and is working in the farm dairy and studying for her university entrance exams. She is thinking of majoring in American history and literature, and is naturally very eager to talk to as many Americans as possible. Valya says: "We'll be glad to welcome American visitors at our farm and show them everything they want to see."

A MAN CAN LOSE HIMSELF easily in the great distances of the Kazakhstan steppeland, except for the song that he keeps himself company with from the day he's born to the day he dies. And before he begins to sing, he calls out, "A-ei-ei!"—as though he were saying, "Listen to what I'm going to tell you!"

In this steppeland the writer Mukhtar Auezov was born in 1897, the son of a nomad. It was primitive country, cattle country, where a woman was household property, to be bought, sold or passed on as an inheritance like a horse or a sheep.

Auezov lived through the changes his country and people underwent during the Soviet period. He describes the great transformation of a feudal outpost into a modern industrial country in his books.

He learned his letters as a child from the verses of Abai Kunanbayev. The Kazakh poet later became the hero of his best-known book. In 1915 he was graduated from a teachers' seminary. When the Socialist Revolution took place he was 20. He searched for a way to make his contribution to the Revolution and turned to Kazakh folklore for his first play, *Enlik-Kebek*, which satirized the way of living of the "old-timers." It was first staged in a shepherd's tent and afterward produced in all the forty theaters of Kazakhstan.

In the period between 1917 and 1949 Auezov wrote twenty plays, translated another eight from the Russian into his native language and wrote the libretto for the first Kazakh opera.

His range of interests is wide. He took a degree in philology at Leningrad University in 1928 and did graduate work in the same field at Tashkent University. He is a member of the Kazakh Academy of Sciences and lectures on the history of Kazakh and Kirghiz literatures at the university in Alma-Ata. He writes on the history of literature, aesthetics and folklore.

The past thirteen years he has devoted to a four-volume epic, *Abai* and *The Path of Abai*. This panoramic novel of Kazakh steppe life has been translated into Russian and other languages spoken in the Soviet Union as well as several foreign tongues. The Kazakh writer was awarded the Lenin Prize for literature in 1959. Below is an excerpt from the first book of his novel *Abai* and Mukhtar Auezov's own comment on his work.

MUKHTAR AUEZOV

My "Abai" Novels

By Mukhtar Auezov

I HAVE DEVOTED thirteen years—almost a third of my creative life—to a cycle of novels that I called *Abai* and *The Path of Abai*.

Who was Abai and why was I so taken with the story of his life?

He was the great Kazakh poet and teacher of the nineteenth century who figured as the pivot of revolutionary events. In his time the Kazakhs were culturally far behind the European and many of the Asian peoples as well. Their country was despoiled by the ruthless exploitation of feudal lords and by tribal wars.

The single ray of light that filtered into this dark steppeland kingdom came from the revolutionary ideas of the Russian democrats. Forward-looking Kazakhs were aware that the future of their country was bound up with Russia and with Russian culture. It was this awareness that shaped the character of Abai and gave direction to his literary and social activity.

I undertook to search out not only the details of Abai's life and his experiences but also the psychological motivation for his writing and the historical roots out of which his poetry grew.

Practically no material on Abai's life and none at all on his childhood and youth have come down to us in written form. He recognized his vocation when he became widely known as a poet, but until then most of his poems were unwritten and lived only in his own memory and that of his friends. There were no memoirs, diaries or writings of any kind about him.

I come from the very same locality as my hero and in my youth I was lucky enough to meet people who were his contemporaries and had known him personally, and even some of his elders.

Rise of a Hero

It is my feeling that writers should never resort to a naturalist portrayal of heroes of the past. We ought not to be concerned with the chance details of their lives; these are easily forgotten. What people remember are the salient elements in the lives of great men, those features that make their profiles stand out in high relief against the background of history. I believe that the biographies of outstanding personalities should be examined precisely from this point of view.

Abai's vivid and creative personality made it possible for me to highlight half a century of the Kazakh people's prerevolutionary past and to focus the reader's attention on the conflict then germinating between those forces that were historically progressive and those that were dying but still tenacious. In my novel the old world is personified in Kunanbai, Abai's father.

My story begins with the return of 13-year-old Abai to his native village. He has been gone three years. The wind in the feather grass, the pungent scents of his homeland soil make him drunk with joy to be back in the steppes where he was born. But soon he is shocked to the very depths of his young soul by the injustice inflicted on a poor man, Kodar. He sees Kodar executed and the picture is branded forever on his mind and heart. In time he learns that the murder was plotted by his father to get Kodar's land. Abai is horrified at this vision of his own father as a murderer for gain.

Here it was that I found the spring that would unreel the events in my story. I set up father and son as antipodes. In my hands I had a tight resilient ball of complex human relationships.

I tried to view the life of the Kazakh steppe through the eyes of Abai himself, to see it through the medium of his feelings and experiences. At first I show him as a young boy who has no understanding of the social contradictions surrounding him, but is aware only of the wrong done by his father.

In the first book of the four he looks at the steppe and the nomad way of life through a romantic aureole, the colorful village—the *aul*—resounding at nightfall with many voices. But in this first book I also try to move Abai toward an understanding of the social-political struggle.

The Hero Matures

In Book II Abai becomes more knowing and in Books III and IV, which comprise the second novel, *The Path of Abai*, he grows to maturity and becomes a poet and leader of his people. The illusory romanticism of the old life gradually fades and gives way to a snowstorm at night and a steppe mirage, scenes which are the accompaniment, so to speak, for the spiritual crises he goes through.

Now when he sees an aul impoverished he understands what sort of storm this was that had ravaged the Kazakh steppe. He knows the harm done to his people by their steppe rulers, the bais. He comes out against them openly and bitterly with attacks that are forethought. It is during this period that his best poems are composed.

I tried to show the source of his love poetry and his lyrical descriptions of nature. One of his most memorable poems depicts a scene of falconry, and I attempted to recreate the circumstances which might have given rise to these verses so beloved by Kazakh readers.

Around Abai rallied the most progressive men in Kazakhstan. My novels are therefore focussed not on his private life but on his relations with the people, his struggles in their behalf, his clashes with the feudal nobility.

When he tears himself away from his own class, he loses his old friends and makes new ones. These new comrades—the best representatives of the younger generation—include his own son Abdarakhman, who has been brought up by his democratic-thinking father and influenced by the Russian culture that has penetrated into Kazakhstan; the dzhigit (skillful horseman) Bazaraly, who has been in Siberian exile and has returned to the steppe a politically mature man; the old peasant Darkembai; and the peasant immigrants from the central provinces of Russia.

Gradually these new progressive forces join Abai's cause and he becomes not only poet and thinker but the fighting leader of Kazakhstan looking toward the future.

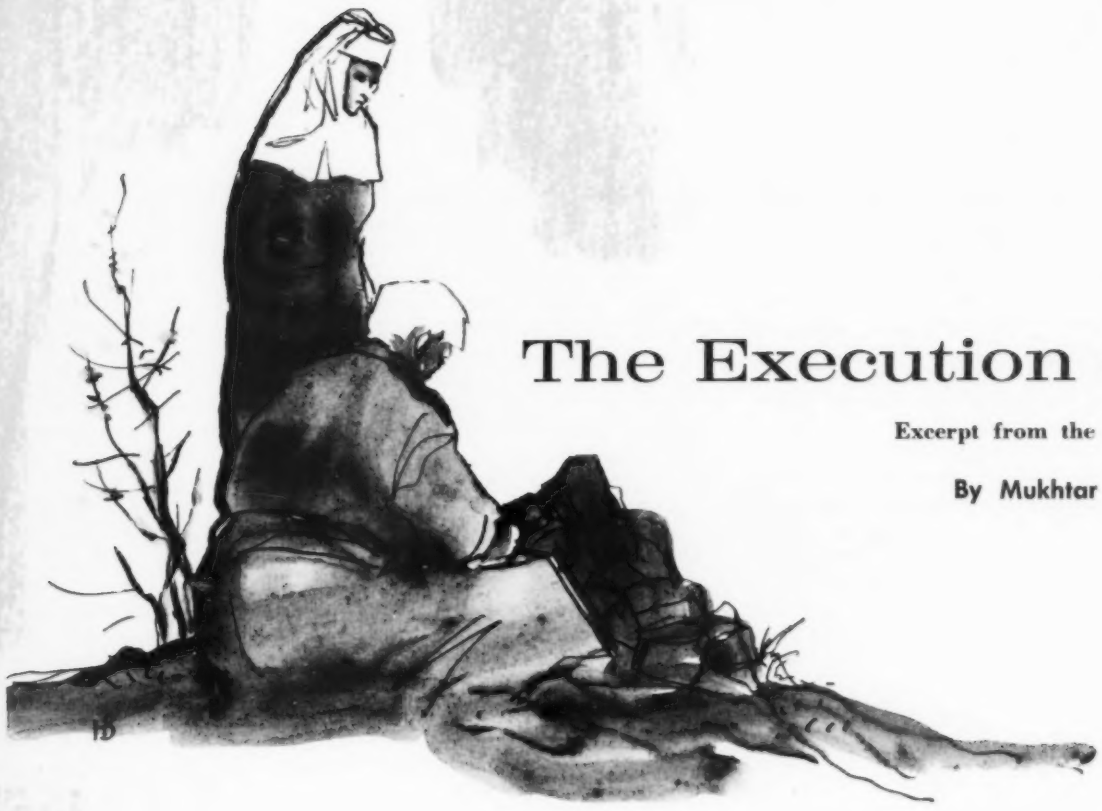
New Work

As for my work in progress, I think of this stage of my literary life—that related to Abai—as ended. Now I am working on a novel of Abai's spiritual heirs, today's Soviet people.

I had the pleasure of visiting the United States this year as a member of a Soviet writers' delegation. In the single short month it was impossible to see much of this vast and varied country. But I compensated for the lack of time by filling my diary with page upon page of observations, thoughts and ideas.

These travel impressions I am now transmitting to audiences of scientists, writers, artists and students in Kazakhstan. Our people know and appreciate America and its best cultural achievements. They are interested in American literature.

We Soviet writers would be very pleased if our books, which tell about the life and traditions of our peoples, many of them little known to the Western world, were read with equal interest in the United States.



The Execution of Kodar

Excerpt from the novel "*Abai*"

By Mukhtar Auezov

KODAR WAS SLOWLY EATING the gruel of millet and sheep cheese his daughter-in-law had warmed up for him.

"Kamka, my dear, is it not Friday today?" he asked.

"Yes, it is Friday, and I must go to the grave and say a prayer." Sighing bitterly, she added, "I dreamed of him last night—it was just as though he were alive."

"Oh, dear God, dear God," Kodar sighed in return, and it seemed that the grief filling his powerful chest was wrenched out by that one great sigh. Could empty visions soothe the heart? He too had dreamed of Kutzhan, his only son. But where was the solace? Kamka seemed to be comforted by such dreams. Well, let her talk about it. Let her young heart ease itself this way. He was ready to listen to her.

"I saw him as he was in life, riding up to our yurta. He dismounted, cheerful and bright as always, came in and said, 'You and father are weeping too much. I often hear you moaning. Do you think I'm really dead? You see for yourself I've come back. Enough, Kamka! Don't weep any more. Be cheerful!' That's what he said, and I was so happy!"

The old man and the young woman sat silent, their cheeks wet with tears.

All was quiet except for a strange howling noise which Kamka had heard several mornings running.

Lifting her pale face, she listened. The rims of her eyes were red, and a blue vein throbbed in her temple.

"It's only the wind on the mountainside," he explained.

"Why is it moaning that way?"

"It's the roof on that old shed. The rushes have grown loose, and the accursed things sing in the wind," he said to reassure her.

Together they went out.

Their tent, wretchedly dark and patched all over, huddled against a small shed. There was no sign of life in the neighborhood—not one hut or yurta. The neighboring auls had long since drifted to their summer quarters.

When he was alive and well, Kutzhan had often said, "Don't let's become zhataks! Let's move with the rest!" He had always managed to find the two or three camels needed to move his family with the others. They had hardly known what trouble was in those days. There had been no need to worry about pastures or how to make ends meet. "It is good to travel with the aul," Kodar would say. "We shall have plenty of milk and perhaps even borrow a cow for the summer." And they had moved on, nomads like the rest.

But this summer neither Kamka nor the old man had the heart to leave Kutzhan's grave untended.

Their herd was small, and, even if their animals had grazed day and night, they could scarcely have depleted a hundredth part of the pastures on the slopes of the Chinghis. In the winter, after the death of his son, Kodar had invited a kinsman to stay with him—poor old Zhampeis, who had neither family nor shelter and earned his livelihood by laboring for others. "Two halves make a whole! Upon whom should we depend if not on ourselves? Let us live by helping one another," Kodar urged him when Zhampeis came to say a prayer over Kutzhan's grave. And so the homeless old man had come to stay with them.

Now there was no need to worry about the small herd, and at home, too, there was little to do. The two spent all their days at the grave—the old man bent with age and trouble and the young woman crushed with grief. Today, too, they moved quietly toward the last resting place of Kutzhan.

It was a bright day in May, one that seemed especially kind and friendly. The steppeland was flooded with golden sunlight. Only a few strands of white floated in the blue of the sky. The rolling hills were already covered with green, and the young grass was thick enough to form the softest of carpets sprinkled with snowdrops, tulips, marigolds, wild irises and poppies—a myriad of reds, yellows and blues just as though a swarm of butterflies were flitting over it. Chilly as ever, the morning breeze from the mountain pass served to temper the heat and to refresh everything it touched.

But all these flashes of life, the turbulent joy of nature's rebirth, passed unnoticed by the stricken pair, who had eyes for only one thing—the fresh grave with its mound of stones on the hillock ahead. It was this alone that drew them irresistibly. The flowers and the saplings reminded them only of the spring of the year before, when cheerful Kutzhan had been alive. And a fresh wave of anguish swept over them.

Kodar, who had but recently reached his sixtieth year, was a graying man of powerful build. Other than his irreconcilable loss, nothing in

the world could have broken him; life pulsated too strongly within him. He had been a giant of a man in his youth. In those days no one could vie with him in skill and daring. All his life he had vigilantly defended the honor of his name from anything that might have sullied it. He had never envied those who were ambitions for power or drunk with pride. Always keeping to himself, he had been satisfied with the little he possessed and, surrounded by his family, he had led a quiet and secluded life. He had never cared to visit the auls of strangers or to take part in gossiping and backbiting, and was scarcely known even to the members of his own aul. He sought the company of none but his own kinsmen among the Borsaks and Bokenshi.

Six months before, misfortune—the death of his only son Kutzhan—had swooped down on him like a hawk. It tore at his heart to this day. What could he hope for now? Who was there to comfort him? He knew that fate was unrelenting and that brooding was of no avail, but still he could not drive away his melancholy thoughts.

His daughter-in-law Kamka was wilting before his eyes, bereft of will, petrified by grief. What was in store for her? His heart was afraid to answer that question. When he thought that she, too, might leave him and become a stranger, he felt as if he were reliving the terrible hours of Kutzhan's death. It would be a second bereavement. Had he not been a father to them both?

Kamka and Kutzhan had loved each other and lived so well together! A poor orphan of the distant tribe of Siban, she had come to love her new home. Kutzhan had met her while visiting his mother's relatives and had taken her away the very night he first saw her. Kodar was no less attached to her than to his son. In the simpleness of his heart he had believed that this love for his children would fill his life until the end of his days.

Sometime previously Zhampeis had told him of some sordid gossip he had heard from the other shepherds in the mountains. Kodar understood little of it, but that little was enough to enrage him and he bade his kinsman hold his tongue. How could people who lived so well and without a care in the world be driven so mad by their idleness as to invent such tales? They must be out of their minds. "Why does Kodar keep to his home, like a beast to its lair?" they asked. "Why doesn't he ever show himself?" To this others would add with a sneer, "And why does his daughter-in-law stay at home all the time? What is she thinking of?"

These insinuations had weighed heavily upon Kodar. He suspected that all this loose talk only meant that he ought to find a husband for her and let her marry without receiving bride money—in other words, they wanted to force an heir upon him who would seize possession of his property and cattle. To think that such treacherous schemes were being hatched by those who called themselves his kinsmen and had pretended to commiserate with him! Estranging himself from everybody, Kodar refused to see anyone. If they would only leave her alone for at least a year! He did not want to think any further ahead. But the chill breath of slander had penetrated his solitude.

When Zhampeis saw Kodar's face darken, he understood that it was better not to rub salt in his wounds. Taciturn by nature, it was a great effort for him to express his thoughts, and he said no more.

This was how he had learned about the rumor. The old shepherd Aitimbet had asked him bluntly on the pasture one day:

"They say that Kodar's living with his daughter-in-law. D'you know anything about it?"

Zhampeis had been outraged.

"I'll be damned if I ever heard anything so disgraceful! And you, liar, don't you dare say such things!" He shook with anger.

For a moment Aitimbet was not sure whether Zhampeis was seeking to shield his kinsman or whether he was genuinely horrified by the accusation. But Aitimbet was not a slanderer or gossip, and was forced to the conclusion: "If the poor fellow had really known anything, he wouldn't have gotten so excited. Either those two are really innocent, or old Zhampeis suspects nothing. . . ." Aitimbet lived nearby and was easily able to question the poor folk who at times visited Kodar; finally he came to the conclusion that Kodar was quite innocent and a victim of slander.

But it didn't help much for Kodar's poor neighbors, who knew the true state of affairs, to argue with the slandermongers in the old man's defense. Someone was diligently weaving a web of lies, so that the slander, far from subsiding, attained such proportions that it enveloped Kodar like a poisonous haze.

Poor Kodar was apparently not to be left to grieve over the one misfortune—now he was to be troubled with this other burden. Three days before, Suyundik had deliberately sent the chatterer Bekten to him. The latter had summoned Kodar from the yurta and after going round and round and beating about the bush had at last blurted out:

"It's impossible to stop all the talk! Kindly people sympathize with you and have tried to put an end to the slander, but they haven't succeeded." Here he brought in Suyundik's name and, as though in passing, heaped him with praise. Then after tormenting Kodar with various hints and insinuations, he baldly blurted out, "They're saying terrible things about you and your daughter-in-law!"

Kodar started.

"Eh, what's that rubbish you're telling me?" There was fury in his voice, as though he was ready to hurl himself at Bekten.

"Well, Kunanbai believes this gossip and is preparing a terrible punishment for you," Bekten continued, unperturbed. "But can Suyundik leave a kinsman in the lurch? He has sent me here on purpose: 'Let Kodar hide somewhere, as far away as possible, until the storm blows over!' "

"Get out of here! Out of my sight! What do I care for Kunanbai's punishment when God himself has not spared me? Get out, I tell you!" Kodar was beside himself with rage.

The insult rankled to this day, and Kodar felt his blood rise when he thought of it. But he would not have dreamt of speaking to Kamka about it, although his fatherly heart was entirely free of pangs of conscience. To him Kamka was as his own beloved daughter. Day by day they had shared their common burden, their grief, their sighs and their thoughts. So close had they gradually become that it seemed at times as if both were old folk who had gone through life side by side. They understood each other well, could speak about anything quite frankly and openly. Nevertheless Kodar could not bring himself to tell his daughter-in-law of that monstrous slander—he felt physically incapable of uttering the words.

Slowly they approached the lonely grave. Kodar knew none of the set prayers, nor had Kamka ever learned them. Here they made up their own silent prayers, sharing their woes with Kutzhan and rebuking him gently for leaving them.

Many were the times they had sunk to their knees and, clinging to one another, had looked at the grave through their tears. They knew every pebble in the mound. If the wind laid a few withered blades of grass among the stones, they cleared them away at once; if stones or earth slipped from their accustomed places, they would heap them up afresh.

Today, too, they sat for a long time by the grave.

Suddenly there was a clatter of hoofs behind them, and some riders approached. Neither Kodar nor Kamka turned to see who they were.

There were five of them: Kamisbai, the messenger of Maibasar; Zhetpis, a distant relation of Kodar; and three dzhigits of Kodar's clan, the Borsak. Dismounting, Kamisbai muttered:

"See what he is doing, the hypocrite!"

They had not expected to find Kodar and Kamka at the grave. Other men would have been moved at the sight of these two sunk in their sorrow, and Kamisbai's companions at first hesitated to dismount. But their leader was cunning and cruel—if he had to cut off a hair he would sever the whole head. Maibasar himself was not more cruel.

"Dismount!" he commanded.

Among his companions there was one who was of a mind with him. "See, they won't even turn their heads! He seems to have been

rooted to the spot!" Zhetpis snarled. Realizing at last that these men had not come here by chance, Kodar turned and quietly asked:

"What do you want, good people?"

"Your presence is required by the chief of the volost!" Kamisbai shouted. "All the elders have gathered in Karashoky, all the noblest of the aksakals. They are waiting for you!"

"Who are these elders, and who is the chief?"

"The chief is Maibasar and his superior is Aga-Sultan Kunanbai. You and your daughter-in-law are to answer before them. Get up and come with us!"

"Are you mad? What have I to do with you?"

"What's that you say? What have you to do with us? The chief calls you, that's what!"

"May you be damned with your threats!" Kamka sprang up, quivering with anger.

"You yourselves will be damned, you hairy witch! Come at once!" roared Kamisbai menacing them with his whip. Turning to the dzhigits, he commanded, "Seize them and set them on the horses!"

The dzhigits flung themselves upon Kodar.

"Oh, God, what more do you want from me?" Kodar cried desperately and struck out at the two nearest dzhigits. One of them fell to the ground, but the three others hurled themselves on the old man. Twisting his arms behind him, they tied him securely. Kamka was simply dragged from the grave and lifted on to the horse of Kamisbai, who sat behind her.

Zhetpis, a giant of a man, sat behind Kodar. The others quickly mounted and the whole party set off at a gallop toward the east, to Karashoky. "The sword has been drawn and the bullet has been fired. Why trouble to talk to these beasts?" thought Kodar. "I'll speak to the chieftain himself." And all the way he said not a word, not even to Zhetpis, his kinsman.

Yet it was Zhetpis and his crafty brother Zheksen who were the very cause of this fresh calamity which had come upon Kodar and Kamka.

Of all Kodar's relations these two were the wealthiest, and in the spring, after the death of Kutzhan, people had begun to rebuke Zheksen: Kodar was a near relative, they said. He was poor, had lost his son, and was utterly alone, but Zheksen was doing nothing to help him. He would not even lend him the draught animals he needed to migrate, and had left Kodar behind at the winter quarters. So frequent did these reproaches become that Zheksen had begun to seek a justification for his callousness.

"My heart has always been revolted by evil," he said. "It is not that I do not want to help him, but that I am repelled by his infamy." This he had declared at a crowded gathering of the Bokenshi and Borsak clans; and this it was that had given rise to the slander.

Very soon Suyundik had demanded to know what Zheksen's hints implied.

"It appears that he has taken up with his daughter-in-law," said Zheksen. "What do you want me to do? If I accept him in my home, you yourself will spit upon me tomorrow!" And to give credence to his words, he related what Kodar had said in the spring at Kutzhan's funeral, on the seventh day after his death.

Beside himself with grief Kodar had then exclaimed, "No one is left to me! I am alone! God has seen fit to punish me. Very well then! I would rather die a giaour (an infidel) than to bow to his authority. If God has chosen me as a victim, I shall repay him in kind!"

"Now what can he do to the Almighty?" and Zheksen had finally insinuated that Kodar had revenged himself on God by living with his daughter-in-law.

In reality, however, Zheksen was concerned with quite another aspect of the matter. Kodar had a small plot of land in the vicinity of Zheksen's winter quarters. "It's all over with Kodar anyway," he thought. "If I can induce the tribe to drive him away, the land will be mine." This was a tempting morsel.

Like flames over dry grass, the gossip spread until it reached Kunanbai, and then came the thunderbolt. At a large gathering of the Siban tribe Soltabai had several times brought up the name of Kodar to shame the Tobikty. When the news reached Suyundik, he realized that things had gone too far. Once more he visited Zheksen and demanded proof. Not satisfied with this alone, he had questioned the people living near Kodar. Plain people to whom all intrigue was foreign, they had not the slightest doubt of his innocence. They could only relate how stricken the old man had been by the loss of his son.

But Zheksen and Zhetpis had insisted that this was not the truth.

"He's only pretending," they said. "When night falls there's something different on his mind."

Once again Suyundik failed to establish the truth. But he was afraid that if the rumors were confirmed, Kunanbai would avail himself of this pretext to descend on the Bokenshi and Borsak, and when talking with the elders of the other clans he stubbornly insisted, "It is slander!" He had intended to defend Kodar at Kunanbai's council too, but there the latter had cut him short.

To make matters worse, that fool Bekten whom he had sent to Kodar had spent the night on his way back at Zheksen's house and chattered about everything under the sun.

Kodar, he declared, had said, "I recognize neither God nor Kunanbai! I do as I please! What affair is it of yours?"

"And then he drove me away!"

To make it all sound more interesting, Betken had given a highly colored account of what had gone on and had slandered Kodar right and left.

After the council in Kunanbai's yurta Suyundik had tried to quiet his conscience by urging himself to believe that Kodar was guilty. In this way, although no one knew anything for certain, Kodar was caught up in a terrible calamity.

Karashoky, one of the peaks of the Chinghis Range, rose not far from Kodar's winter quarters. Down its luxuriantly wooded slopes rushed a mountain torrent whose banks were lined with willows, aspen and twisted mountain birch, magnificent in their spring array. There was an abundance of verdant pastures, and though these had been held challenged by the Bokenshi and Borsak for as many years as anyone could remember, many of the Irgizbai families had long ago fastened a jealous eye on Karashoky, where the aul of Zheksen stood.

The aul consisted of four yurtas shielded from the winds by a great rock overhanging the river. This was the gathering place to which Kodar and Kamka were being taken.

"There they come! There comes Kodar!" Many voices were raised.

All those who had been sitting in Zheksen's tent now emerged, with Kunanbai at their head. The crowd in the field beyond the aul rapidly grew, though the dzhigits were still some distance off.

In the center of the field lay a huge black camel tethered to a post. Between his humps was a great mass of felt, topped by a saddle, with a long rope coiled round the whole thing.

Kamka, who had not said a word all the way, shuddered at the sight of the crowd and turned to Kamisbai:

"Listen, you are a human being. What have we done? What do you intend to do with us? Kill us, if you like, but tell us first why. . . ."

Kamisbai, too, had been silent, but now he spoke, his words filled with venom:

"You have sinned with your father-in-law, with Kodar. So today you will be put to death!"

Kamka moaned and began to slip from the horse, almost dragging Kamisbai from the saddle. Clutching her firmly, he quickly rode toward the crowd, where Kodar was already being lifted down from the horse. In the center of the field, Kamisbai dismounted, still supporting Kamka with one hand. He then lifted her down, but she sank limply to the earth, insensible.

Kodar came face to face with a crowd of a hundred or so: Kunanbai, Bozhei, Karatai, Suyundik, Maibasar and other elders of the Tobikty. Behind them stood the aksakals and other prominent men. None were to be seen who were poorly or even modestly attired. These were all

atkaminers, the most influential men from the most important clans.

Kodar, his arms bound, looked at them. He was seething with hatred, and as he recognized Kunanbai, whose single eye was balefully fixed upon him, a shudder ran through his whole body.

"Uah, Kunanbai! You think I have not been sufficiently punished by the Almighty? What fresh vileness have you prepared for me?"

He was interrupted by shouts from Maibasar and the others.

"Enough of your chatter! Enough!"

"Hold your tongue!"

"Shut your mouth!" There were outraged cries from all sides. Never had anyone been known to address Kunanbai with such effrontery.

Kodar waited for the noise to subside.

"Do you want to avenge yourself on fate for the loss of your eye by bringing shame on me?" he raged.

"Shut his mouth!" roared Kunanbai.

Maibasar ran toward the old man, brandishing his whip: "You damned gray cur!"

Kodar's voice rose still louder: "If I'm a gray cur, you're blood-thirsty dogs! Hurling yourselves on people, tearing them to pieces."

With the help of four dzhigits, Kamisbai dragged Kodar away, but the old man went on shouting with all the power he could muster: "Am I guilty or innocent—you don't want to know, you murderers!" And he looked at Kunanbai with a terrible stare.

But the noose was already around his neck, and the four dzhigits

dragged him to the side of the black camel, thrusting a bag over his head. It was as much as six men could do to hold him, to keep him pinned against the camel's side. As he opened his mouth to roar a final curse, he felt something stir violently behind him. The camel was rising to its feet. An iron grip tightened about the old man's throat, a grip that seemed to be crushing the very soul out of him. He felt a fearful weight, like a vast rock. The whole world seemed to fall upon him. He saw one last flickering flame of life—and then came oblivion. The silence of death enveloped the crowd.

As the camel rose upright, Kamka was hanged on the other side. To her, death came instantly.

But spasmodic convulsions still gripped Kodar's body. Death could not quickly conquer that Herculean frame. He seemed to have increased in stature and his toes nearly reached the ground. The onlookers stood hushed and still.

Baisal could look no longer, and turned aside. Others tried to speak, but could only whisper. Karatai quietly remarked to Bozhei: "How long the poor wretch is suffering. He just won't die. . . . Only now do I see what a giant he was!"

Bozhei looked at him, his face somber:

"Your giant has been devoured by a jackal!" He too turned aside.

"Alive! . . . He's still alive!" There were murmurs in the crowd.

Shudders continued to rack Kodar's body.

Kunanbai could hear the murmur swelling. The torment of the victim moved the onlookers more than the murder itself. Gesturing briefly, he commanded that the camel be forced to its knees.

When the animal had sunk down, Kamka's lifeless body remained standing for an instant and then fell prone. Kodar, still alive, tumbled in a heap. Without giving anyone time to think, Kunanbai pointed to the peak.

"Carry him to the summit, and let him be thrown from there, the accursed one!"

Kamisbai and four others silently flung Kodar across the back of the camel and ascended the peak from the other side, which sloped gently. The crowd, on the point of breaking up, was immediately checked by Kunanbai's fierce command: "Stay! Let none go away!" and again stood motionless.

Two riders emerged from the woods. They dismounted, tied their horses to a post at the last of the yurtas and walked toward the crowd. They were Zhirenshe and Abai.

And meantime the five carrying Kodar had appeared on top of the cliff. At a signal from Kunanbai the four dzhigits swung the heavy body and let Kodar fly from the summit overhanging the meadow.

The mighty body flew through the air and struck the earth heavily, directly in front of the crowd, and those on the edge heard the sound of shattering bones.

By this time Zhirenshe and Abai had reached the crowd. Following all eyes to the summit, they had looked up and seen the body of a man flying through the air, his billowing garments outspread like the wings of a great bird. Zhirenshe rushed forward. Abai pressed his hands over his eyes and sank to the earth. It was all over. . . . The unfortunate man had perished.

If only they had come in time, he could have pleaded with his father to spare Kodar. But he was too late, and he could not bear to look at these people. His one idea was to hurry to his horse and dash off somewhere. At the moment the crowd came to life:

"Pick it up!"

"Do it yourself!"

"And what are you here for!"

There were shouts from all sides, now mingling in a general hubbub, now rising one above the other. Some reached for stones. "A fight," thought the boy.

But no one was thinking of fighting. No sooner had the corpse struck the ground than Kunanbai had given a fresh command:

"There's still life in him. To rid ourselves of this accursed one, let the forty chosen men of the forty clans of the Tobikty hurl stones upon him! Come now! One man from every clan—pick up your stones!"

Kunanbai had himself stooped for a stone and, turning to Bozhei and Baisal, repeated peremptorily: "Pick up your stones!"

The two obeyed.

"So it is commanded in the Sharia! Throw!" Kunanbai had shouted and hurled the first stone upon Kodar's chest.

That was why some stooped for stones, while others began to quarrel, urging each other to begin.

Coming closer the boy saw them throwing their stones, one by one. Zhirenshe prodded Abai and whispered:

"You see that old man? That's Kodar's kinsman Zheksen! You know him? What an old cur!"

At this moment it seemed to Abai that Zheksen was a real murderer, and the boy rushed toward him. But the man had already raised his arm to throw, and as he shouted, "May you perish, you rotten one!" a big stone struck the corpse.

It was only then that Abai saw Kodar's body. The skull had already been crushed. . . . Abai's heart bled, fury swelled within him.

"You old devil," he shrieked and struck Zheksen in the back.

Zheksen turned sharply, no doubt thinking that a stone had accidentally hit him. But before him stood the son of Kunanbai.

"You vicious old cur!" shouted Abai.

Zheksen was taken aback.

"What's the matter with you, boy? Am I alone to blame? If you are so troubled about it, there's your father behind you," he muttered, somewhat at a loss.

Agitation spread among the crowd.

"What's happened? What's the matter?"

But Abai had already run for his horse. As he untied the animal he heard the sounds of sobbing from the last yurta.

Those were the women and children, who had been driven into the yurta before the execution. Some women shook with sobs, others sat quietly moaning. None dared to weep aloud, but none could restrain her tears.

Abai felt as though an arrow had pierced his heart. Leaping into the saddle with one bound, he galloped off to the steppes.

Zheksen had probably complained to Kunanbai, for the boy heard his father shouting angrily:

"Wait, you scoundrel! You'll catch it from me!"

But Kunanbai did no more than threaten. He could not bring himself to call him back.

Abai headed for his aul, with Zhirenshe dashing after him.

"Heh, madman! Wait, Abai! Wait, you donkey!" he cried, shouting fresh abuse as it came into his head.

And the two soon disappeared in the valley.

Having accomplished their task of killing two human beings, the crowd dispersed in all directions. The elders rode off in silence.

"In the old days one could demand recompense for the murder of a kinsman," Bozhei said with a sigh, as he rode along with Suyundik and Karatai, "but try to do it now. It's better to hold one's tongue! I helped to kill him myself! From forty families we threw stones with our own hands. As if one could say anything about it now!"

"The most terrible part of the Sharia's injunction was concealed by Kunanbai until the very end," added Karatai. "It seems that there is plenty of room for trickery and cunning in the law! The Sharia seems to work for Kunanbai!"

Suyundik was in low spirits.

"Let us forget all that has happened! I pray God that the matter ends here," he declared.

But Bozhei was a man of experience and understood Kunanbai better than the others.

"Ends here?" he said bitterly. "Bokenshi and Borsak, mark my words well: It was not around Kodar's neck that you placed a noose today, but around your own—with God's help!"

All three were sorely troubled. No one cared to speak again, and they rode on in silence.

NOTES OF A DOCTOR

By Georgi Yuriev

GAVRIIL PONDOYEV, the eminent 83-year-old Soviet neuropathologist, sums up a half-century of practice in his *Notes of a Doctor.* This warm and inspiriting book, with its seasoned wisdom and understanding, has gone through a number of printings both at home and abroad. In English translation it was published by the New York Consultants' Bureau.

Free Medical Service

The venerable physician describes the changes medicine has undergone in the Soviet Union, the present practice and the relation of practitioner to government and practitioner to patient. He has been an eyewitness to the momentous development of the country's public health system since the Socialist Revolution. When in 1907, after his studies in Moscow and Berlin, he returned to his native Tbilisi, he was the only neuropathologist in that large city. There are now 80.

But, he observes in his book, it is not only a matter of quantitative growth. No less significant are the changes that have taken place in the patient's relationship with *his* doctor. "Formerly a patient with means sought the services of a famous doctor," he writes. "On the face of it, what could be more desirable? But one could not help seeing the blatant social injustice that placed medicine at the service of the elite and left the masses of working people beyond its reach."

The picture is quite different now. Dr. Pondoyev describes the wide ramifications of the present system of free medical service made available by the government to every citizen both in his home neighborhood and at his place of work.

Preventive Medicine

Early diagnosis and proper treatment is only one facet of Soviet medical practice, the writer indicates. A more important emphasis is on preventive medicine. "Prevention of disease in the Soviet Union is not fortuitous, nor is it confined merely to protective inoculation against certain infections. It is an unceasing effort by the state to

The neuropathologist's book tells of the patient-doctor relation in the Soviet Union.

At home with his wife, Valeriya. Many of the paintings were done by Dr. Pondoyev himself.

In spite of his 83 years the doctor is on call by Tbilisi's central hospital for consultation.

stave off disease, to preserve the people's health and to provide better conditions for living and working."

Dr. Pondoyev speaks with justifiable pride of the wide-embracing national program for the protection of the health of infants, children and mothers. "As soon as a child is born it is showered with attention by the organization for maternal and child care. Then in the nurseries, kindergartens and schools the young generation grows up under the vigilant and ever-wakeful eye of the doctor."

Systematically-organized physical examinations make it possible for physicians to detect and diagnose diseases in their early stages. "Free medical aid for all the people, the regulation of working hours and rest days, the legal provision for an annual paid vacation—all these measures protect the health of the working people and raise their productivity. Additional security is provided by the system of health and vacation resorts and the large network of overnight and one-day sanatoriums at which workers can stay without taking leave from their jobs."

An important part of this system of preventive medicine, observes Dr. Pondoyev, are sanitary inspection and epidemology stations. Special research institutes study various problems in all these fields.

Doctor and Patient

An absorbing section of the book is devoted to the Soviet doctor's concept of professional ethics. The writer emphasizes that although every doctor is subject to the regulations of government agencies, his relationship with the patient is highly individual, as it must inevitably be. If the doctor is a healer in any real sense, he must establish a spiritual bond with the patient.

"Individual relations between the patient and the doctor must be founded on the patient's respect for the doctor's authority," the writer observes. "The need for knowledge is self-evident and requires no special stress. But besides knowledge the success of the treatment also depends on that 'particular something' that every patient is so anxious to discover in his doctor, that makes him want to call him 'my doctor.'

"That 'particular something' is by no means a supernatural quality. It is altogether natural. It is made up of the traits every patient wants to find in his doctor—tolerance, understanding, a warm and kind heart, self-sacrifice, sympathy; the capacity for comforting, instilling hope; and so on.

"Firmness and confidence must mark the doctor's behavior. It is the courage and ability to make quick and unerring decisions, the sureness in diagnosis and treatment that wins the patient."

Dr. Pondoyev says every physician must see into the patient's inner world if he is to understand and direct his behavior. He advises how patients of different categories should be approached. For every case he offers wise counsel drawn from a lifetime of experience. Reading the book, you see a man who is sharing all his wealth with the physician practicing in the Soviet Union, or in the United States, or in any other country for that matter.

Doctor's Conscience

The American editor of *Notes of a Doctor,* Francis Coleman of the New York Consultants' Bureau, reported to Dr. Pondoyev that his book has met with an enthusiastic welcome from all those in the United States who are interested in the ethics and conduct of the general practitioner in the Soviet Union. In his opinion the book will probably prove to be a source of inspiration to young doctors and to those who are involved in training medical students.

That is as it should be. The book is infused with the author's devotion to medicine and his faith in people. He is a man young in spirit and old only in years and wisdom. His credo is very aptly expressed in this passage:

"It was a custom among the Chinese that a colored lamp be hung outside the doctor's window in the evening every time he made a wrong diagnosis. The honest doctor has such a lamp in his ever-wakeful conscience that lights up even when he feels that a mistake he made in diagnosis was inevitable and unavoidable."

NEKHAMA LIFSHITZ

JEWISH FOLK SINGER

By Mikhail Dolinsky and Semyon Chertok

NEKHAMA LIFSHITZ has been a concert artist for almost ten years and has sung in theaters all over the country, but the audience she remembers best was crowded into a compartment of the Moscow-Saratov train one New Year's Eve.

It was a little before midnight. The passengers and crew members off duty were toasting the New Year in. The conductor, an oldish man, said to Nekhama: "You're a singer, someone told me. How about a song for the occasion?" Nekhama replied: "I'll be glad to sing, but it will be in Yiddish. If you like it, I'll tell you what the words mean afterward."

It was an old song, one she had learned from her parents as a child and had sung for people of a dozen different nationalities. The song was a simple one, about an old tailor, ill and weary, who sits in his home sewing, endlessly sewing for the rich. Every day is a sad one, but he believes it will not always be so, a holiday will come even for this beggarly street.

"There was no applause for a while after the song ended, but the quiet was the most flattering applause I have ever had," recollects Nekhama. Deep in her memory remained the words of that old conductor: "Give us more. You don't have to tell us what the words mean. Anyone who has a heart can understand them."

And so she sang, songs cheerful and sad, songs about love and loneliness, songs flirtatious and tender.

Nekhama Lifshitz has known the melodies of her people since early childhood. Her family lived in Kaunas, Lithuania, and she learned the songs from her father, a physician by profession. He played the violin, and those evenings of music when the family and friends gathered were memorable. She studied the violin for six years but her first love has always been singing.

Nekhama was twelve when Lithuania joined the Soviet Union in 1940. A year later came the Nazi invaders. The family left for Central Asia to live in an Uzbek village. Nekhama worked as a librarian, then as a nurse in a children's home. As busy as she was with her job and volunteer work in young people's organizations, she sang at hospitals and collective farms in Russian, Lithuanian, Yiddish and Uzbek.

When the war ended, Nekhama returned to Lithuania and enrolled at the Vilnius Conservatory. She gave her first professional concert in 1951—a program of Tchaikovsky, Schubert, Rossini and Glinka.

Her conservatory teacher, Nina Karnaviciene, was convinced that Nekhama's future as a concert singer lay in the songs of her own people and persuaded her to include a

Jewish song in a concert given in 1956. That single song was the turning point in her musical career.

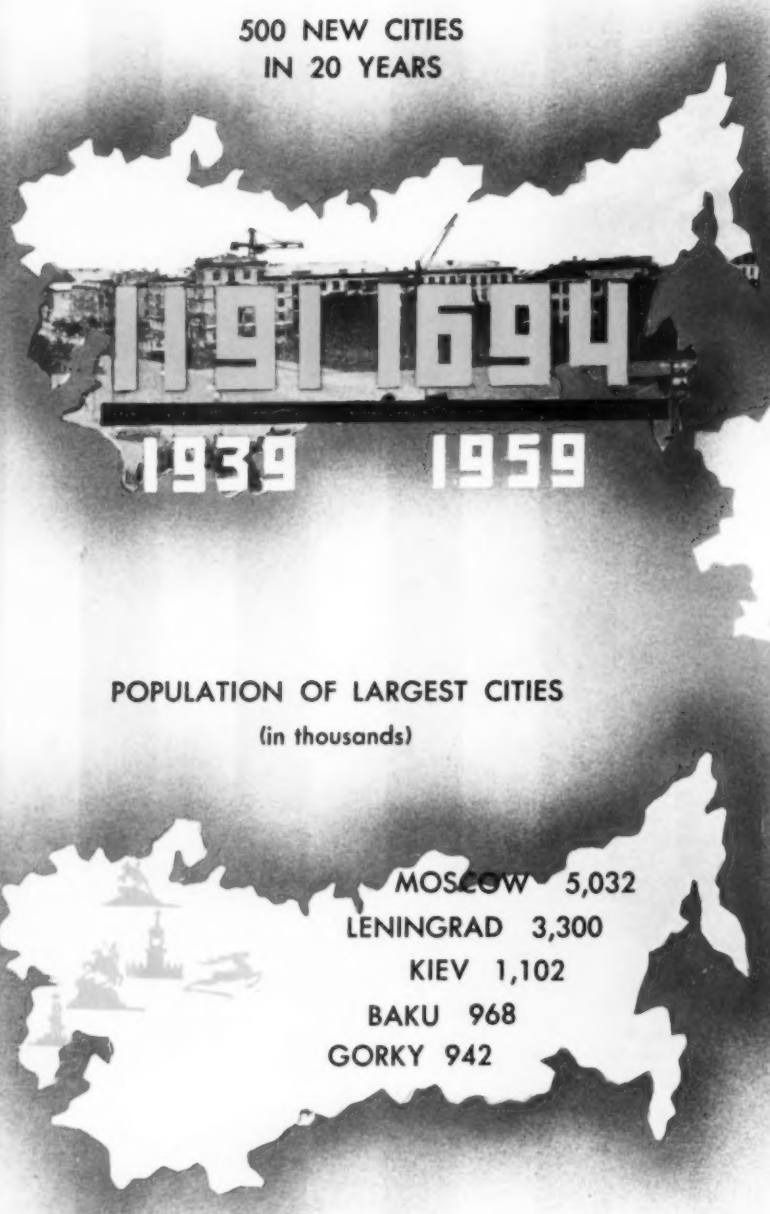
Shortly afterward, with the assistance of Yelena Golubkova, first violinst of the Vilnius Philharmonic Society, she prepared a program of Jewish songs. This program won her first prize and the title of Laureate at the USSR Variety Artists' Contest.

Nekhama has worked out an extraordinary synthesis of music and words. Each of her songs is a complete and finished visual and melodic image. She enriches her naturally lyrical coloratura voice with vividly pictorial intonation, gesture and mimicry. Her repertory includes scores of folk songs, old and new. Many of the melodies have been rearranged by her piano accompanist, Mark Feigin.

She sings a cradle song and her voice is soft and tender, her eyes smile and her gestures are smooth and rhythmic. Then she turns to another song and undergoes a transformation—her hands are raised as though to escape a blow and her face shows a mixture of fear and rapture, for this is a young girl who has just come from a tryst with her beloved and she is pleading: "Oh, mama, please don't beat me! I didn't even kiss him." A third song—and her face is sharp and tragic and her hands still and empty, for this is a whole people weeping for their millions slaughtered by the Nazis.

Last season was a busy one for Nekhama Lifshitz. She sang in concert halls in Tallinn, the Estonian capital; in workers' clubs in the Urals; at Lithuanian collective farms; and for French and Austrian audiences.

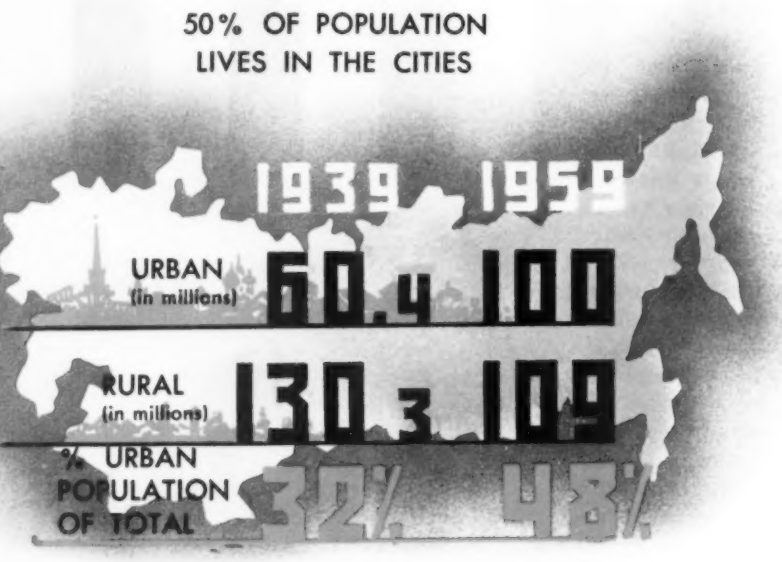
Commenting on her performances in Paris at concerts dedicated to the hundredth birthday of Sholom Aleichem, the French paper *Presse Nouvelle* said: "Listening to this unsurpassed singer of Jewish songs, one feels that they could not possibly be sung more subtly and lyrically. Each is marked by that lofty humanism that characterizes Soviet art."



THE SOVIET

TOTAL 208,85

Figures and Fact



THE CENSUS HELD IN THE SOVIET UNION early in 1959 was the first in twenty years. It gave the country's statisticians a wealth of revealing data on population shifts, longevity, education and living standards.

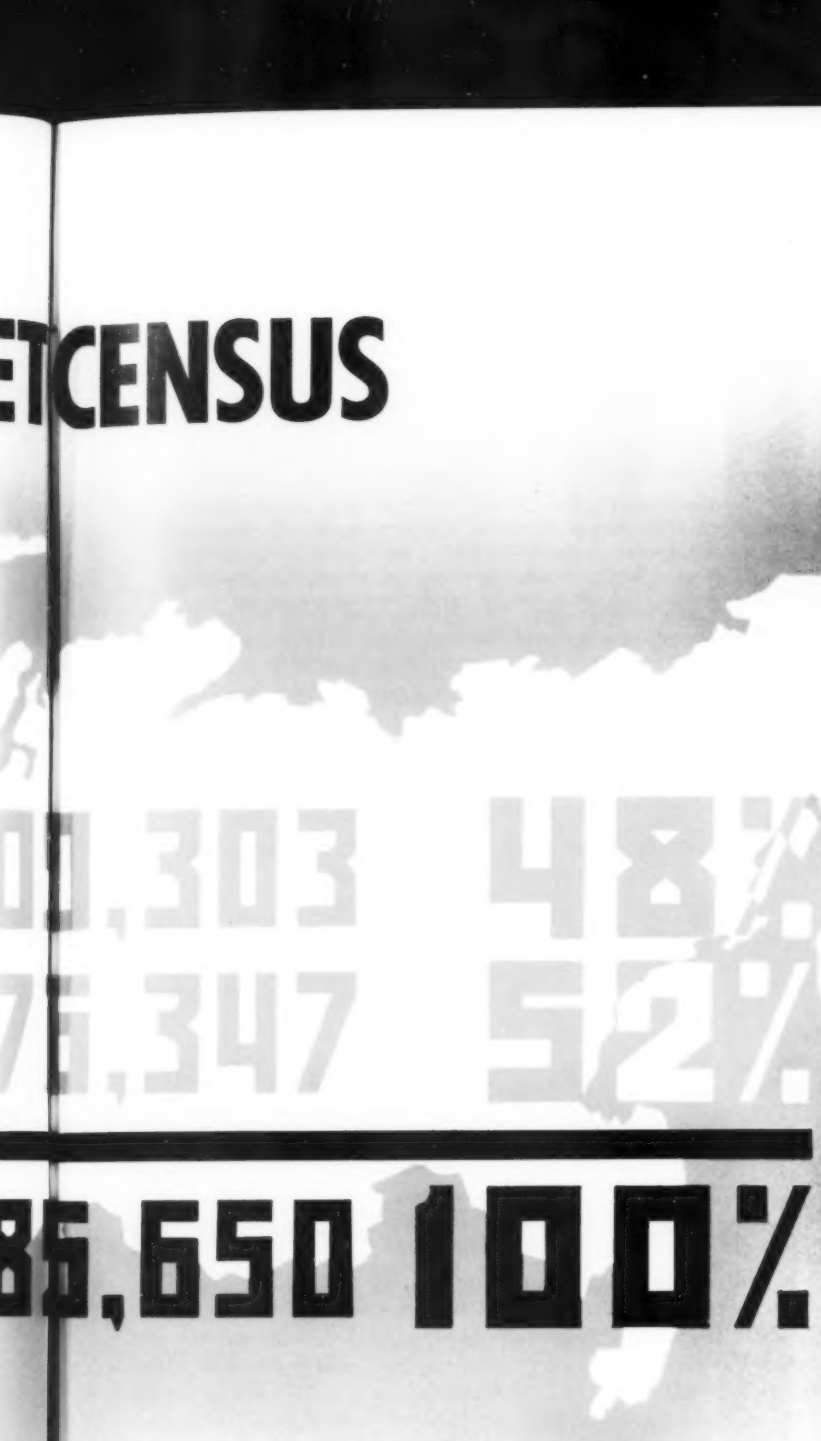
These two decades between the two censuses have seen great events and transformations. The Second World War took its toll in millions of lives and destroyed material values that had taken whole generations to create. But in these same two decades the Soviet people did more than restore the devastated towns and villages. They built great new cities, and multiplied the number of factories and farms.

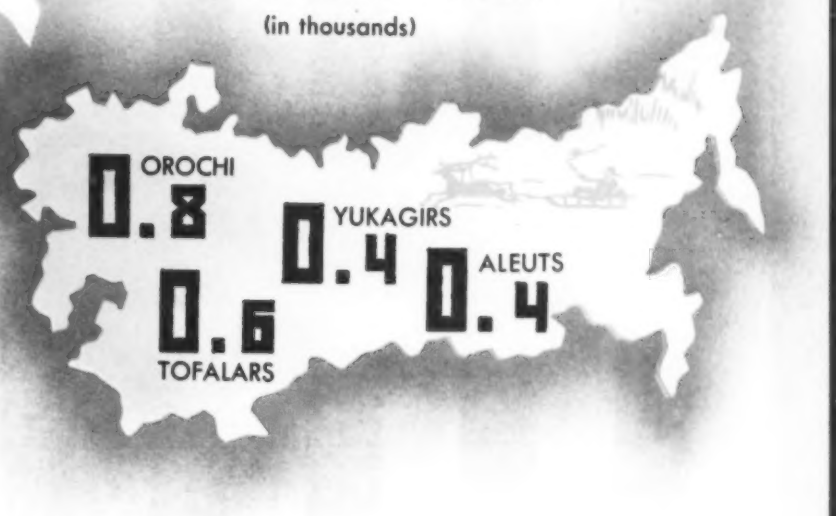
In all of this they were helped by the energy and creative efforts of a new generation, tens of millions of young people who came of age during these eventful years.

In the past two decades, as in all preceding years since the founding of the Soviet state, the country's population continued to grow. Quite naturally, the birthrate dropped during the war and today there are somewhat more women than men, the census figures show. With peace the upward population swing began again.

Between 1946 and 1958 there were 106 boys born for every 100 girls. The population increase in 1959 came to 3,660,000. That brought the total population figure at the end of the year to more than 212 million.

ET CENSUS





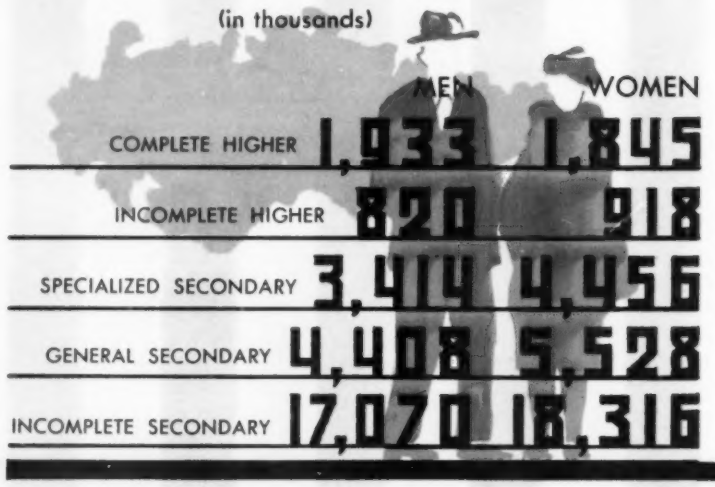
by NIKOLAI ZHIVEINOV

Various steps have been taken to encourage childbearing. Considerable material assistance is given to expectant mothers and large families. The Soviet system of social insurance provides for maternity leave for working women before and after a child is born. Budgetary allocations for mother and child care keep rising with the growth of national wealth.

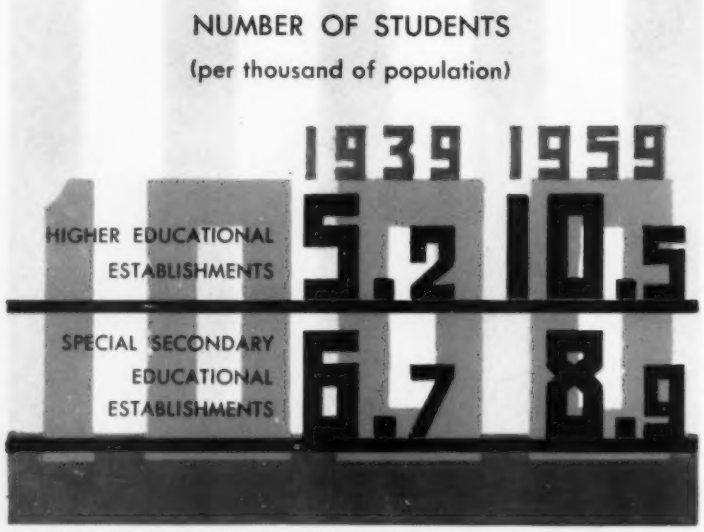
The Soviet Union's concern for its children during the war years saved the generation that was born before and during the war. That is evident in the fact that the number of teen-agers in the population not only was maintained but even rose after the war.

The rapid natural growth of the Soviet population is not only the product of a rising standard of living. It is also due to the moral and ethical aspects of the Soviet way of life, to socialist ethics. There are no "extra mouths" or "unwanted children" in the Soviet Union, nor is there fear of "overpopulation." Quite the reverse, the larger the population, the greater the number of productive hands there are to increase the national wealth and thereby provide more material comforts for each citizen. Addressing a youth rally in the Kremlin in 1955, Nikita Khrushchev said, "The more people we have, the stronger our country . . . Even if we were to add another hundred million to our 200 million people, that would still be too few."

The number of people with a higher education increased in 1959, in comparison with 1939, in towns by 3.3 times and in the countryside by 2.8 times; the number of people with a secondary or incomplete secondary education increased in cities by 3.5 times and in rural communities by 4.2 times.



In the Soviet state women and men have equal educational opportunities. Of the 3.8 million people with higher education more than 1.8 million, or 49 per cent, are women; and of the 54.9 million with secondary or incomplete secondary education 29 million, or 53 per cent, are women.



Enrollment in the higher educational establishments of the USSR at present is practically four times the aggregate enrollment in the corresponding institutions of Great Britain, France, the Federal Republic of Germany and Italy, where the student bodies equal nearly 600,000 people.

World's Lowest Death Rate Average Life Expectancy 68 Years

The census figures showed a startling rise in the average life span—from 32 years in prerevolutionary Russia to 68 years today. The Soviet Union has the world's lowest death rate—7.2 per 1,000.

The Soviet people have reason to be proud of their public health system. Available to the citizen is every kind of medical and dental service at no cost whatsoever. The Soviet government and the republics budget great sums annually for health protection. The number of doctors grows each year—in 1940 there were 7 doctors per 10,000 people and in 1958 there were 17.

Pleasant healthful working conditions and accident prevention are prime considerations for every factory management and every trade union. The workday has been cut by law to seven and six hours. All over the country there are health and vacation resorts for workers. All this has contributed to greater longevity.

360 Per Cent Rise in Per Capita National Income

The census figures point up the momentous changes in these two short decades. They demonstrate that the Soviet Union has made a full and complete recovery from the trials and tragedies of the war. National wealth, and with it individual prosperity, grows many times faster than the population. While the population has risen 10 per cent, per capita national income has risen 360 per cent and real income has more than doubled.

The peaceful creative labor of the multinational Soviet state is directed toward the future. It translates into reality the seven-year plan for the enhancement of the economy, culture and living standards of the Soviet people.

100 Per Cent Literacy ¼ of Population High School Graduates

The educational level of the country appears as a sharply rising curve on the census graphs. The cultural backwardness inherited from czarist times has been eliminated. The population is 100 per cent literate, and the gap between town and country no longer exists. An end has been put forever to what Lenin called "the idiocy of village life"; the level of education in the rural districts is as high as that in the cities. Nor are there any of the old discriminatory regulations as regards sex, religion, nationality or social status.

The number of Soviet citizens with a higher education increases each year. The census figures show that in 1959, out of every 1,000 people, 263 were graduates of a secondary school and 18, half of whom were women, of a school on the college level. It is noteworthy, too, that in the twenty years since the previous census, the number of college-educated women has been growing five times as fast as the number of men graduates.

Many millions of people doing manual labor—industrial workers and collective farmers—now have a secondary and higher education. What is happening is that the distinction between mental and manual labor is beginning to fade away in the process of building a communist society.

A Hundred Nationalities All Equal

The census provides data on the more than 100 nationalities that inhabit the Soviet Union. The most numerous are the Russians, Ukrainians, Byelorussians and Uzbeks. They run into the many millions. But there are nationalities with only a few hundred people, like the Tofalars, Orochis, Yukagirs, Aleuts and Eskimos.

Each nationality, large or small, is equal. Each preserves its particular way of life, its customs, language and culture, and each makes its own contribution to the well-being of the nation as a whole.

The country's rounded progress, reflected in the census figures, is shown with particularly striking force in the economic and cultural changes in what were once the "backwoods" of old Russia. Today they are equal Soviet national republics with a literate, healthy, prospering people. Eloquent testimony is provided by the census figures—the rapid population growth in a number of the national republics far outpaces the average increase for the country. The population of Kazakhstan has grown more than 50 per cent in the past 20 years; that of Kirghizia more than 40 per cent; Armenia, 38 per cent; and so on.

500 New Towns and Cities Population Shift to Urban Communities

About half of the country's population lives in the cities, the census figures indicate. This population shift to the urban areas is characteristic of every developing civilization, but the shift in the Soviet Union has certain peculiarly socialist features.

The population growth of the older cities in the USSR comes from a rising birth rate and migration from the countryside. People move to these cities as industries are expanded and modernized and new housing is built.

At the same time new towns and industrial centers have been growing up—more than 500 towns and cities were built during the past two decades. Some, like Frunze and Stalinbad, that are now the capitals of union republics, grew from villages and settlements. Others are brand new. They grew up around factories, mills and power stations under construction; or around mines and oil fields; or around newly built railroads and highways. Some of the new towns have become "specialized" industrial centers, others have developed industries of a varied character. The map of the USSR has been changed in these past twenty years by this tempest of industrial and farm construction.

Gilbert MacKay of MacKay-Shields Associates led the visiting group. Here he meets with the State Technical Commission.

Visiting a Leningrad housing pr

AMERICAN BUSINESM

The American business executives and their wives liked what they saw in a crowded sightseeing program—even the subway.

Getting the lowdown on semi-conductors in a Leningrad plant.

Wendell Beck of Rochester keeps his camera at the ready

ESMEN'S VISIT

By Pyotr Dmitriev

WHEN AN AMERICAN BUSINESSMAN compliments Soviet industrial executives as energetic and excellently grounded businessmen, that is high praise indeed. The praise came from Fred H. Gowen, a partner in MacKay-Shields Associates. He was one of a group of 69 American business executives led by Gilbert MacKay, also of MacKay-Shields Associates, on a recent seven-day tour of Soviet enterprises. Many of the visitors came with their wives and children. For some it was a second visit to the Soviet Union.

The Americans went through the country's largest auto plant, the Krasnokholmsky Worsted Mills and the bearing plant in Moscow. In Leningrad they toured various factories, including the Svetlana Electric Vacuum Plant, a confectionery and a plastics plant. They met with factory managers and heads of trade agencies in both cities for talks on organization of production, management-worker relations, and other questions of interest.

Mercer Brugler, chairman of the board of Rochester's Pfaudler Permutit, Inc., remarked on the competence of Soviet specialists and praised the system of incentive payment. He thought the widely-practiced system was equitable and made for good work.

A. H. Gordon, partner in Kidder, Peabody & Co. and a director of the Burlington Industries and Container Corporation of America, had high praise for the production setup and the care shown for worker comfort and safety.

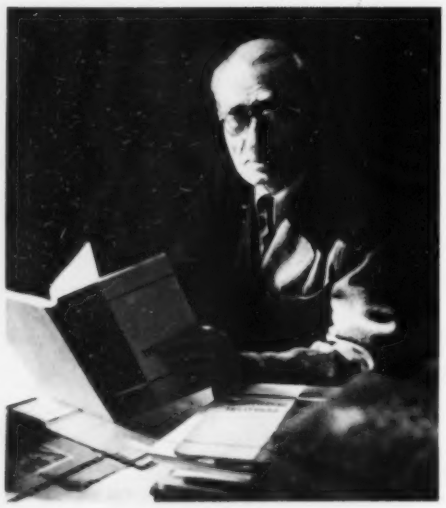
Cecil P. Dotson, chairman of the board of Texas Instruments, Ltd., with offices in Bedford, England, liked the way equipment was used in Soviet plants and the general order and cleanliness.

The guests liked what they saw of schools, museums and what sightseeing they could get into a crowded program. They were particularly pleased with the four ballet and opera productions they made time to attend.

In a talk at the State Scientific and Technical Committee in Moscow, before departing, Mr. MacKay declared that the USSR and the USA, the world's two biggest countries, can and must know and understand each other better than they do now. That was the general feeling of the American guests. They were all agreed that the trip had been most interesting and rewarding.

At Avtovo, one of the stations on the Leningrad subway.

Ruth Begun of Ohio with engineer Vladimir Romanovsky



Yalta's grape-growing institute has a regular exchange arrangement with San Francisco's wine-making institute. Nikolai Okhremenko, the institute's assistant director, selecting literature to send to his colleagues in the United States.

By Viktor Nikolayev

YALTA, the very lovely Soviet resort on the Black Sea coast, has an especially warm spot in its heart for Franklin D. Roosevelt. One of the streets is named for this great American president. It was during his administration that diplomatic relations were established between the United States and the Soviet Union and his name is, of course, ineradicably associated with the common struggle against fascism.

FDR was the city's guest at the historic 1945 Yalta Conference, and the residents of Yalta recall the visit of that outstanding American statesman to their city. It was a memorable visit—the first time a President of the United States had set foot on Soviet soil. Maria Shadrina, who works in a hotel on Roosevelt Street, remembers the crowds that cheered the President as he drove from the harbor to his residence.

A museum in Yalta commemorates that meeting of the heads of the victorious Allied nations, and the rooms in the Livadia Palace, where the President stayed, are preserved just as they were at the time.

Vladimir Samel, a chauffeur, is one of many ex-servicemen living in Yalta. He was with the Soviet Army unit that made the famous link-up with American troops at the Elbe. "That's a day to remember," he says. "We were all happy to meet our American allies. It didn't take any of us long to get friendly, even though we couldn't speak each other's language. It is our dearest hope that the friendship with the Americans established in the days of war will continue in the days of peace."

This hope is shared by the rest of Yalta, if you can judge by the way American guests are greeted. Residents of the Black Sea resort cordially received Eleanor Roosevelt, Averell Harriman, Paul Robeson and other Americans who visited there. Last year 3,000 American tourists stopped at Yalta, and the resort city expects to welcome many more this year. The Magarach Grape-Growing and Wine-Making Research Institute has exchange contacts with San Francisco's Wine-Making Institute, with the university at Berkeley and with other American research bodies, and would like to see much more scientific exchange.

American movies and plays by American dramatists are shown in Yalta's theaters, and you can buy books by American authors and recordings of George Gershwin's music and Paul Robeson's singing on the street named for the great American President.

The people of Yalta are very concerned with the problems of Soviet-American relations. They feel, as all Soviet people do, that the USSR and the USA should live in peace and hope that the warm breeze that fans the Black Sea coast almost all year long will prevail over the icy blast of distrust in the relations between the peoples of the United States and the Soviet Union.

John Hanson, a Chicago businessman on a visit to Yalta, makes a movie record of the street named for President Franklin D. Roosevelt to commemorate the historic 1945 Yalta Conference. Last year 3,000 American tourists stopped at this beautiful Soviet resort on the Black Sea Coast. The city expects to be welcoming many more this year.

On the street named for the great American president you can see Paddy Chayefsky's movie *Marty;* buy books, classic and contemporary, written by American authors; listen to recordings of George Gershwin's music or Paul Robeson's songs. Yalta people are interested in things American. They want to see the two countries friendly and at peace.

Wooded hills, blue skies and winding trails beckon to the "long-legged" tribe as hikers jokingly call themselves.

The Lure of TRAVEL

By Yevgeni Simonov

THE TRIBE OF THE LONG-LEGGED, they call themselves, these groups of young and not-so-young people with weather-worn knapsacks slung across their shoulders. They come in suburban trains to the countryside and set out on hiking trips. Where to? That doesn't matter too much, so long as it's off the beaten track, or a place you haven't been to before, or a fascinating place you have been to and want to see again.

Some members of the tribe have their own favorite regions and like to explore their own routes. Other tribesmen rely on a little booklet formally entitled *A Handbook of Hiking Itineraries* but known among them as "Guide to Nomad Life."

The booklet lists 176 itineraries in various parts of the country. You will find there charted hikes to historic places like Stalingrad, a hero city rebuilt from its bombed ruins, and to places of natural beauty like Karelia, the land of a thousand blue lakes.

The itineraries will bring you to country estates where Tchaikovsky, Pushkin and Tolstoy produced their immortal works, or you will pass along the shores of new canals and man-made lakes. You can explore the ancient fortresses in the Caucasus or the modern hydropower plants on the Volga. There are itineraries which run across mountain passes below extinct volcanoes and snow-capped peaks or wind through the wooded slopes of the Carpathians where the Gutsul shepherd in his intricately embroidered leather jacket greets the rising sun with his horn. Listed in the guidebook are Lake Seliger near Moscow with its 160 islands and Lake Teletskoye in Siberia with its bear trails in the surrounding taiga.

Leafing through these adventure-beckoning pages, you feel an almost irresistible urge to quit work, tighten the straps of your knapsack, put on your oldest and shabbiest hat, and set out with this merry and indefatigable tribe of restless people.

Looking for a Traveling Companion

The guidebook lists only major routes, or, as they are called, itineraries of national significance. There are, besides, all sorts of local walks in the vicinity of every city and in every picturesque spot planned by local hiking or tourist clubs.

Let's have a look inside one—the Moscow Tourist Club. The first thing you notice is a large bulletin board with an intriguing inscription—"Looking for a Traveling Companion."

The announcements on the board crowd each other. One reads: "A group of tourist-hikers searching for a guide and participants for a long walk across the Lake Baikal country. Qualities required—good feet and a pleasant disposition." And here is another: "Two more young men not afraid of a little hard work wanted for a canoe trip. Must be good swimmers and have reasonably even tempers."

Among the "long-legged" tribesmen in this club you find people of all sorts of occupations. Some of them, like biologist Alexander Ryumin, combine vocation and avocation. Walking through the South

Where to? That doesn't matter too much—
so long as it's off the beaten track, or to a place
you haven't been to before, or to a fascinating place
you have been to and can't wait to see again.

Not everybody likes to go on foot. Some folks prefer to move on wheels.

Then there are those who like to travel by boat, say, paddling down a northern river to the sea.

Some hikers, though leaving civilization behind, aren't happy without makeup, even in the woods.

Urals, he discovered fine specimens of Stone Age ochre painting in a cave. Alexander Potresov, teacher at Moscow School No. 544, for several years now has been leading his pupils on hikes to odd places in search of old Russian manuscripts and other cultural relics.

Club members often meet in a big hall filled with friendly noises and people of all ages standing around talking, laughing, arguing. Let's go over to one of the tables labeled "Consultant" and listen.

The consultant, a lean middle-aged man, has the calloused hands of a worker and the precise speech of a scientist. He is talking to a group gathered around his table about the wonderful fishing in the Shchugora, the Podcherema and other northern rivers.

This is Alexander Kemmerikh, college teacher and traveler—by foot and sailboat. He has sailed his boat nearly 2,500 miles up and down Russia's northern rivers. On the way he picked up enough first-hand data to write a thesis on the hydrology and drainage systems of the North Urals for his Master's degree. Some of the listeners are obviously lured by his vivid descriptions of northern river beauty.

At another table nearby a consultant is talking about heavily forested country. He is saying: "You don't have to travel to Siberia to see the taiga. Take Moscow bus No. 98, ride for an hour and I guarantee you a forest preserve as beautiful as any in Siberia, with elk and fox and plenty of other wildlife."

But to really see this club—or any other of the country's 70 hiking and tourist clubs—in action, you have to go to railway and bus stations. Any week-end morning—it could be hot August or freezing February—you will see a crowd of people gathered around the hike leader, the man with the green arm band.

These week-end hikes are becoming more and more popular. In Leningrad alone hikers numbered more than 200,000 last year.

Tenderfoot and Seasoned Tribesmen

The clubs are only part of the elaborate setup that serves travelers. The national guiding agency is the Central Tourist and Excursion Bureau with 48 branches in various republics and regions. The bureau has 194 tourist centers and 300 other bases where campers can rent equipment. If you follow one of the bureau's itineraries, your accommodations for a period of 10 to 20 days—that includes transportation, living quarters, food and equipment—run between 300 and 600 rubles (75 to 150 dollars at the official rate of exchange).

The trade unions allocate sizable sums for vacation touring by their members. Very often the tourist will pay only 30 per cent of the actual cost of his accommodations while the rest will be paid by his union committee.

But the seasoned "long-legged" tribesman looks down his nose at these tenderfeet who do most of their hiking from the comforts and services of one tourist center to the next. They like their hiking moderately wild. They pitch camp when and where the spirit moves them.

Many tribesmen like to do their "hiking" by water. The latest craze is sailing on a primitive raft steered by makeshift paddles—say, down the northern Nerlya River to the White Sea. Then there are those who like their hiking vertical—say, a climb up the Inylchek glacier in the Tien Shans, the "Sky-Kissing Mountains," as they were named thirteen centuries ago. And, of course, many people like to do their "hiking" by car. These are also tenderfeet in the eyes of the seasoned tribesman.

But whether these people go by car, scooter, bicycle, boat, raft or shank's mare they are all members of a very large and growing tribe that takes pleasure in the open road, in woods, mountains, in blue skies and clear waters.

New Routes Opened

New tour itineraries are constantly being charted and new tourist centers set up. The newest routes take in Sakhalin Island, the Far Eastern maritime regions and the forest preserves of the Urals and Siberia. The traveler can see the majestic Bratsk Hydropower Plant being built, sail along the mighty Ob River in Siberia, admire the ancient Russian cathedrals in Novgorod and Pskov.

A new tourist route is being laid out to Mt. Elbrus in the Caucasus, a taller peak than the famous Mont Blanc in the Alps. The mountain roads are buzzing with activity as the truckloads of equipment roll on to the construction site and the parties of surveyors on the mountain slopes.

In one of the most picturesque spots in the Caucasus a tourist camp center is being built. The Russian Federative Republic has budgeted 70 million rubles for the project. Cableways are being strung across peaks 13,000 feet above sea level, and modern hotels and tourist cottages are being built in mountain meadows.

As part of the seven-year plan the USSR Central Council of Trade Unions has budgeted funds to build and enlarge 335 tourist centers by 1965. Local organizations will be building another 4,000 hiking bases, camps and hostels. They will all be needed for the "long-legged" tribesmen who, those in the know estimate, will number an annual twenty million by 1965.

An hour away from Moscow and you're in forest that teems with wild life.

The mountains call to the hardy souls who like their hiking more or less vertical. This year new hiking routes are being laid out in the Caucasus, one going up Mt. Elbrus, a taller peak than the famous Mont Blanc in the Alps.

Shakhlin on the rings. Soviet gymnasts are determined to repeat the flawless performance they showed at the 1956 games.

Aquatic hopefuls for the world games. The Soviet Olympic squad was selected after nationwide seeding tournaments.

By Viktor Kuprianov

iet basketball has
e a long way since
1956 Olympic Games.

Pyotr Bolotnikov did the 10,000-meter in 29 min. 03 sec. at the USSR Tournment of Nations. It was the world's best for 1959.

Soviet coaches say the track-and-field squad is the strongest ever, with veterans like Vasili Kuznetsov and promising youngsters.

OLYMPIC PROSPECTS

THE USSR OLYMPIC SQUAD for the 1960 games was chosen in an open countrywide contest. The qualification requirements were ale public long in advance, and every athlete knew what he had to o to earn a ticket to Rome. Every boy and girl who made the grade as given an Olympic candidate pin and was inscribed on the Olympic ll. The next stage was a string of seeding and priming tournaments owned by the USSR championships which settled the issue.

This open contest did more than just help choose a crack team—it ebed popularize sports on a truly national scale. It was the physical-tness drive under way to get 50 million people of all ages into sports 965. Such mass participation is bound to bring crack performers the fore.

You didn't have to come to Moscow or any of the big cities to get our name on the Olympic roll. Your qualification performance could ave been made anywhere, at any tournament of any size. That's what appened—results of Olympic caliber were reported in all sorts of aces and the selectors had to crane their necks in all directions at once. They took their eyes off the stars for a moment and suddenly dis-overed there was a boy out in Siberia running a speedy 10,000 meters ith the thermometer registering forty below. They also found out to eir surprise—though why they should have been surprised, I don't ow—that there were sprinters in Siberia. And as the season went they came upon potentialities they had never dreamed of.

The big problem that the selectors faced was age. At the Olympics Finland quite a few of our entries were well on in years, and in ustralia they were in many cases older than their opponents. It was ear that we would have to bring our age ceiling down if we wanted stand up to competition at a time when athletic standards are zoom-g everywhere and former world record performances are not even ough to get an athlete into the finals.

Top Olympic coach Gavriil Korobkov came back from Australia th big plans. He and other sports moguls urged that athletic training ould start earlier, in school. That would make it possible, they gued, for an athlete to brush up on techniques while he is still proaching his zenith, and not when he's already on his way out. Athletic officials started on a scheme to popularize track and field in the secondary school.

Commenting on the present track-and-field team, Gavriil Korobkov calls it the strongest we've ever had. He's probably right—it includes the veterans who are still in medal-winning condition and youngsters who are already crashing the headlines. Every member of our team is a potential winner.

In some events—such as the middle distances, the men's sprints, the shotput and the pole vault—a sober and strict evaluation warns us not to expect any medals. But we feel better about our distaff performers.

Fans were a bit upset when they heard that Galina Popova was not competing—she was our biggest hope in sprinting. Now she has decided to have a baby and will skip the Rome Olympics, but she doesn't intend to drop sports. The feeling among our ladies is that babies need not interfere with sports—and they do not. It is a novel experience watching all the kiddies noisily rooting for their "mommies" down at the finish line. Larisa Latynina, Olympic champion gymnast, is now back in competition after having had a baby. Galina Zybina of world shotput fame is also back in sports.

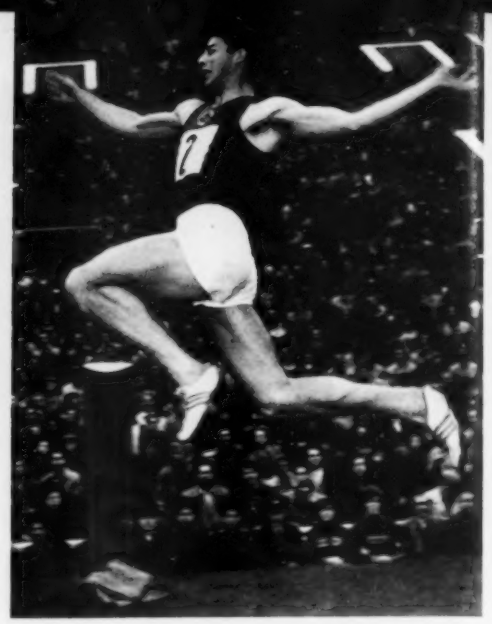
The Soviet woman scoffs at the idea of staying away from sports because of a baby or two. Olympic year is usually a busy year for grandma also, since in the Soviet Union *babushka* (grandma) is a national institution and very much a part of child upbringing.

The USSR women's team in track and field is expected to make front-page news in Rome. Sisters Tamara and Irina Press have fallen into the record-shattering habit, and the tables for the shotput, hurdles and what-not might have to be rewritten when these two girls are through. In the other events, too, we have performers who, with a little bit of luck, may do some record breaking.

Out of fairness to the men we should mention some of the athletes who have contracted the record itch. Anatoli Mikhailov has ambitious ideas about the 110-meter hurdles. In the hammer throw we have a

Athletes have worked hard since Melbourne. They expect to tumble a few records at Rome.

Edwin Ozolin—one of the names that Soviet coaches have been coupling with a gold medal in the sprint.



Igor Ter-Ovanesyan has been inching his way—and fast—toward the American high in the broad jump.

group of strong men ready to step in and hurl the hammer way past the world mark. In distance running Pyotr Bolotnikov and Alexander Artinyuk feel they can improve on Vladimir Kutz's marks in the 5,000 and 10,000 meters. Incidentally, they both have his style of running—breaking ahead at the start, taking the lead and keeping it, and wearing down resistance by spurts and changes in pace that are disastrous to those who try to do likewise without the same kind of training.

Pre-Olympic Training

Rome performances should be better than those in Melbourne. For one thing, the 1960 Olympics will fit in with the training schedule most top-flight athletes are used to at home. In Melbourne athletes had to stay at peak form an extra three or four months, which involved special training—and there were cases of athletes going stale and turning in sub-standard performances. This year there is no need to turn training schedules topsy-turvy. As a result, we expect quite a few records to go tumbling.

Athletes have been working very hard since Melbourne. After the last Olympics it became evident to all that athletic ability must be built up on general physical fitness. That means that runners no longer only run, and jumpers only jump. Everybody does everything to build up health to start with.

One of our training problems is climate—what to do during our long winters. Coaches and athletes have been experimenting with dosages—how much and what to do indoors, and how much and what to do out of doors. Not everyone can be like this Boris Yefimov boy in Siberia who runs 10,000 meters in a forty-below frost when it is even hard to breathe walking slowly. Nor can everybody be like that Bruce Tulloh boy in Britain who runs 5,000 meters barefoot and manages to win.

Varied as climatic conditions are in the Soviet Union, there is no place we can start out-of-door training and competing earlier than April. But nowadays we no longer divide sports into indoor and outdoor periods. It's indoor-outdoor and outdoor, but never entirely indoor. We have indoor track-and-field meets, but even then training is done out in the open air wherever possible. Our basketball is also an outdoor game, and only during the autumn-winter period is it played indoors. This year, however, there has been a movement to play out of doors in winter too. Of course, the players are well-bundled up and the game is slowed down a bit, but the excitement is all there.

Crystal Gazing?

In track and field the Rome competition is not going to be a USA-USSR affair exclusively. European standards have gone up considerably, so that American and Soviet teams will have to move over and make room for athletes from other countries. In basketball the United States is still up on top, but for once the Soviet Union will be playing to win, not merely to make a good showing.

Soviet basketball has come a long way since the Helsinki Olympics when we placed second to the United States and were helpless in that final game when the Americans froze the ball. We've gradually learned tactics, we've learned speed, we've learned pressing, we've learned how to handle the ball, and we've even added height to the team. In Helsinki we won the silver medal. We did likewise in Melbourne, and now fans are asking—what comes next? The boys and coaches want to show them.

Gymnastics is a sport in which the Soviet Union excels. Our gymnasts left spectators breathless in Melbourne. Now they can do still better—I've seen some boys and girls turn in almost flawless performances, flawless as judged by the officials. To win in Rome a gymnast will have to be nothing short of perfect. At most it will be a fraction of a point that will decide the winner.

Every member of our team is a potential champion. In the women's division Paulina Astakhova has stepped up to a place alongside the peerless Larisa Latynina and Sophia Muratova. Among the men Yuri Titov and Boris Shakhlin seem to be the best all-round bets. And the heartening thing is that there are many boys and girls among those who did not make the team but who are definitely of Olympic stature. These include school gymnasts—tomorrow's Olympic competitors.

Another event in which the know-it-alls predict a Soviet victory is weightlifting. At the European championships in the spring our team took home six gold medals out of seven—only the lightweight medal went to Poland. In the past weightlifting was regarded as an American and Soviet monopoly, but now there is strong competition from all sides and in all weight divisions.

Weightlifting in the Soviet Union has become extremely popular, not only as a muscle-builder for athletes, but as a competitive sport as well. Our selectors found it exceedingly difficult to pick a team with top performances coming in clusters. Every member of the Soviet team is a potential winner.

Although Soviet fans are elated over Olympic prospects as a whole, they are not nearly so happy about soccer. In Melbourne our team won the gold medal and as a result entered the ring for the World Cup with high hopes. True, we got no further than the quarter-finals, but we thought we could rectify the situation quietly and efficiently. And along came the ruling that players who appeared in the World Cup play-off were ineligible for Olympic competition. That meant scrapping a crack outfit and starting again from scratch.

While we were experimenting with a new line-up, the Olympic qualification round was already under way. We got off to a slow start, so slow that we never made it. The 1956 Olympic champion will not be in Rome to defend his crown—our team was eliminated—and now Bulgaria will be there from this region of the globe. We're not happy about it, but we're not wearing black either. We are too busy looking ahead, counting the months left to the Tokyo Olympics and thinking of possible line-ups.

In sculling the picture is still not clear. International meets have been few and far between. That makes any forecasting tricky. We seem headed for a certain gold medal in the pairs with veterans Yuri Tyukalov and Alexander Berkutov still going strong. Tyukalov won

The USSR women's team in track and field is expected to make front page news at the Rome Olympics. It is very likely, say those in the know, that the ladies will be chopping seconds and even minutes off the record times.

his first Olympic gold medal in Helsinki as the dark horse in the singles. In Melbourne he was replaced by Vyacheslav Ivanov, a Muscovite who proved a tower of strength and won a most spectacular race.

Back home, prior to that Ivanov had eliminated Tyukalov and Berkutov as singles choice. But since the latter two decided it was "Australia or bust," they teamed up to form a wave-churning duet that outrowed the rest of the field. In Rome they plan to do the same. Vyacheslav Ivanov says he's been getting ready for Rome ever since Melbourne. He looks good and has been working hard for sustained speed.

In boxing we are just growing up, but Olympic and European championship bouts have already shown us that our boys compare favorably with boxers elsewhere in the world. We were very happy when our boxers brought a bountiful crop of medals from Melbourne (three gold, one silver, two bronze). This year before the Olympic team was picked, the selectors viewed more than 600 boxers who took part in the USSR championships. The best showing in Rome will probably be made by veteran welterweight Vladimir Yengibaryan who wants to add a second Olympic gold medal to his collection before he retires. Meanwhile he holds the European laurels in this division.

The general conclusion is that our boxers have put on more muscle since Melbourne, they are faster in the ring, and they have good tactics and techniques. This should make them formidable opponents in all weight groups. The one failing is that the boys have difficulty in keeping daisy-fresh to the final gong. The Olympic bout is a three-round affair. As a rule, most boxers work to win point decisions—that means landing punches all the way through. This requires excellent physical fitness in a fighter and granite-like endurance. Soviet boxers have been working along these lines—but so has everybody else.

Friendship in Sports

The sports program in the Soviet Union comes under the national health budget—and reasonably so, since sports build health. We have no front-row and back-row sports. There are equal opportunities for all. We believe this to be the best policy.

We do not agree with those who think that track and field alone should be emphasized in the Olympics. As a matter of fact, we favor expanding the program of the games—for getting more events in and even more sports. Why not volleyball—a game which is extremely popular in Europe? We are also for equality of the sexes in sports, meaning we would like to see more distaff events. Why not include ladies' basketball? Why not the 400-meter race and pentathlon for ladies? Or rowing?

Apart from being a fine means of raising athletic standards, the Olympic games are excellent for spreading ideas of friendship in sport. Athletes are wonderful good-will ambassadors. The Soviet Union goes to Rome hopeful that the games will set new athletic standards, cement old friendships and build new ones. If we win, we shall be happy. If we don't, we shall be first to congratulate those who do.