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LET US FULFIL OUR DUTY

The historic meeting of Joseph Stalin, head of the Soviet Government, Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt, President of the United States of America, and Mr. Winston Churchill, Prime Minister of Great Britain, evoked a feeling of great satisfaction in every Soviet citizen.

I am confident that these great decisions will inspire our glorious Red Army, which is smashing the hordes of fascist barbarians, to new exploits. They will inspire our entire people who are tirelessly working for victory. In us, Soviet writers, actors, artists, the decisions of the Conference evoke a desire for still greater and more energetic effort to bring victory nearer.

When the storm of war broke over our country in June 1941, every man of art asked himself what he could do for the front. Years of traditional friendship with the Red Army and Navy helped us to develop successful activities at recruiting points and in army units. Soon after the outbreak of the war the first casts of actors appeared at the front.

The whole of our art, both at the front and in the rear, is dedicated to one aim, that of serving the cause of the people and of victory. The plays *Russians*, *Front*, *Invasion* and many others staged during the war, have inspired the people in their struggle against the enemy. The characters created by Soviet artists breathe love of their Soviet country and hatred of the enemy. Today, at this critical moment in world history we must make still greater and more fruitful efforts.

We know that our colleagues, progressive writers, actors and artists in the U.S.A. and Great Britain, are also devoting their endeavours to the cause of victory. And it stands to reason that they will now treble their efforts in response to the decisions of the Conference. . . Today, on the eve of the decisive battle for the happiness of the peoples, one involuntarily recalls Nelson's famous words on the eve of Trafalgar: "England expects every man to do his duty." The country expects everyone to do his duty! Cultural workers of the United Nations must be in the front ranks of the fighters for the freedom of mankind.

IVAN MOSKVIN,
actor of the Moscow Art Theatre

MAGNIFICENT PROSPECTS

The historic decisions of the Teheran Conference open up magnificent prospects for the post-war world. The longed-for day of victory will come and mankind will be confronted with the gigantic task of restoring ruined cities and villages and reviving the world's cultural life.

A place of honour in this constructive work will belong to the masters of the brush and chisel. In paintings, monuments and sculptural works artists and sculptors must immortalize for posterity the great epic of the struggle against Hitler Germany and her satellites.

During the Great National War Soviet artists have already done much to help defeat the accursed enemy. Let us exert every effort to bring nearer the hour of this victory.

P. SOKOLOV-SKALYA,
artist

SENTENCE ON NAZISM

The news of the decisions adopted at the Conference of the three great powers in Teheran were received by our entire people with joy.

During the war our artists have produced many fine works filled with patriotism and hatred for the enemy.

When victory is won, when all the dark forces of nazism have vanished from the earth, when the hitlerite tyranny and hatred of their fellow men have disappeared, it will be followed by an unprecedented flourishing of arts. Inspired

by progressive ideas they will hold aloft the banner of culture and humanity. In our works we will forever remain ardent advocates of peace and happiness on earth.

History has already passed sentence on nazism. The sentence will soon be carried out.

DMITRI SHOSTAKOVICH,
composer

PROGRESSIVE MANKIND IS WITH US

It may be said without exaggeration that the whole of civilized mankind has received with joy the Declaration of the three great powers in Teheran, clearly realizing that the fate of this gigantic and horrible world war has been decided. We all hail the unanimity with which the decisions were adopted at the Conference as an earnest that victory over German fascism is nigh.

We understand that the issues at stake are a stable, free and happy future for mankind and the progress of culture.

A. V. SHCHUSSEV,
architect

HISTORIC MEETING

The Declarations of the Teheran Conference published in the press evoke a feeling of deep satisfaction in every Soviet citizen. This historic meeting marks a radical change in the course of the war. The hour of victory is nigh!

The dawn of victory is rising brighter and brighter, but the enemy is stubborn and furious: the stronger the blows struck at him, the greater his frenzy, the more will he give vent to his fury in reprisals against Soviet civilians, against cultural treasures of the Russian people.

The lately intensified artillery bombardment of Leningrad by the German-Finnish villains is striking proof of this. All the greater the price that the enemy will pay for his crimes!

During the war, we scientists of the front-city, will work without sparing our strength to help forge victory over the enemy. Our contributions are great, but the situation demands still greater effort. On the threshold of great events we swear to put our shoulders still more firmly to the wheel, to make a still greater contribution to the cause of victory so that the Red Army, together with the armies of Great Britain and the U.S.A. may smash the despised fascist hordes.

Professor N. DOBROKLONSKY,
Corresponding Member of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R.

Professors A. VERIGO, I. ZHONGOLOVICH, A. PESOTSKY, A. CHISTYAKOV

UNANIMITY OF WILL

Soviet scientists learned with satisfaction of the historic decisions adopted at the Conference of the three Allied powers. These decisions reflectthe steadily growing strength and inviolability of the Anglo-Soviet-American fighting Alliance. They confirm and define with utmost clarity the common policy of the three mighty powers, express their unanimous desire for a ruthless and increasing offensive against the German-fascist invaders and give us full confidence in the speediest victory over the hated enemy.

Soviet scientists will add their efforts to those of the rest of the Soviet people by increasing their aid to the front, to our Red Army, which together with the armies of our Allies will soon deal the enemy the final knock-out blow.

V. KOMAROV,
President of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R.

A. BAIKOV.
Vice-President of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R,

A. BOGOMOLETS,
President of the Academy of Sciences of the Ukrainian SSR.

War, with all its cruelty and bloodshed, is not a natural element where absolute liberty of action and unbridled cruelty reign supreme. On the contrary, there exist—and this is one of mankind's most valuable achievements—active international conventions which divert the raging torrent of warfare into regular channels bounded by law and custom. These conventions forbid the employment of certain methods of warfare, the torture of prisoners of war and of sick and wounded soldiers, the killing and plunder of civilians and the destruction of cultural treasures. The more perfected weapons of destruction become the greater the significance which the Hague and Geneva Conventions have for mankind, and the more obligatory becomes their fulfilment by every state associated with them.

Germany signed the Hague and Geneva Conventions. Germany, like other states, solemnly undertook the observance of these conventions. But what are the facts?

In the wars which preceded the present world war Germany invariably employed the "strategy" of cruelty and destruction, the "Prussian strategy" based on the systematic violation of the laws and customs of war.

"General indignation," wrote Marx on the behaviour of the Germans in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870—1871, "has been aroused by the methods of conducting warfare: the system of requisitioning, the burning of villages, the shooting of francs-tireurs and the taking of hostages."

Wilhelm II made the following cynical appeal to German soldiers before they left for the Chinese front in 1900:

"When you meet them, remember, no quarter and no prisoners. Whoever falls into your hands must die. Like the Huns under the leadership of King Atilla who made a name for themselves a thousand years ago which has made them terrible in tradition and history, so let the name "Germans" in China become, through you, so famous that in a thousand years to come no Chinese will even dare to glance sideways at a German."

Fourteen years passed and the bandit face of German imperialism became even more sharply defined.

In the very first days of the war of 1914—1918, Wilhelm II wrote to the Austrian Emperor Franz Joseph:

"Everything must be drowned in fire and blood, men and women, children and the aged must be killed, not a house or a tree must be left standing. . ."

The terrorist methods of warfare recommended by Wilhelm in 1914—1918 were extensively carried out in practice. Professor Bédier, who studied a large number of diaries found on German soldiers, drew a picture, based on the evidence given by the Germans themselves, of systematic villainies committed by the Germans between 1914 and 1918.

Special Commissions of Investigation set up in Belgium, France, Great Britain and Russia at the time investigated and established many cases of murder, the torture of civilians, prisoners and wounded, and the destruction of private and public buildings.

Senator Krivtsov, the chairman of the Extraordinary Commission of Investigation set up in Russia, began his report on the crimes of the German hordes in Kalish with the following words:

"The deeds of the German troops are seen here (in Kalish.—*A. T.*) as though through a lens: their shooting of civilians, their deportation of the clergy and officials as prisoners, their mockery of the individual, the plunder of civilian property by officers and soldiers, the rape of women and girls and other crimes radically upsetting our notions of the conscience and morals of our neighbours who arrogantly give themselves the name of *Kulturträger*."

The seventh chapter of the Versailles Peace Treaty on "Sanctions" deals with questions of the criminal responsibility for the crimes committed by Wilhelm II and his accomplices in 1914—1918.

"Allied and Associated Powers," says article 227 of the Versailles Treaty, "arraign Wilhelm II of Hohenzollern, formerly German Emperor, for a supreme offence against international morality and the sanctity of treaties."

In a note dated January 15th, 1919 the allied powers demanded from Holland the surrender of the former German

Emperor, Wilhelm II. The note referred to Wilhelm's violation of international treaties and the sacred rights of man and to the necessity of the observance of the high principles of international moral. In their reply the Netherlands, referring to laws and traditions, refused to surrender Wilhelm.

Holland's refusal put an end to the question concerning the criminal responsibility of the head of the German state for what the Versailles Treaty had called "insult to international morals and the sacred powers of treaties."

The attempts at organizing a court to try Wilhelm's accomplices, also guilty of violating the laws and customs of warfare, were more prolonged but equally without result. On February 3rd, 1920 Millerand sent a letter to Baron Lersner, Chairman of the German Peace Delegation in Paris, giving a list of the persons to be surrendered to the allied powers under article 228 of the Versailles Treaty. Great Britain demanded the surrender of 98 persons (amongst them Admiral Tirpitz), France 344 (amongst them Hindenburg), Belgium 51, Rumania 41 (amongst them Mackensen), Italy 39. Altogether the allies demanded that Germany surrender 890 persons. They included the Chancellor Bethman-Holweg, Ludendorff, Crown Prince Ruprecht, the Duke of Würtemberg and others. Although Baron Lersner had received a letter from Berlin on January 31st, 1920, a few days before he was handed the allied note, in which he was given categorical instructions to accept and forward to Berlin any such note, should he be handed it, Lersner returned the letter to Millerand.

Germany's efforts to escape responsibility were not in vain. In a note dated February 16th, 1920, the allied powers stated that they "duly acknowledged the announcement made by the German government to the effect that persons guilty of violating the laws and customs of war would be handed over to the Imperial Court at Leipzig."

In view of the situation which had developed Germany did not show any great haste in bringing cases before the Leipzig Imperial Court. In March 1921, according to ROSTA's[1] telegram from London, "the General Attorney stated in the House of Commons that to date none of the German violators of the rules of warfare had been handed over to the Court by Germany." In May 1921, the Leipzig Court heard the case of ex-Sergeant Heinen, accused of cruel treatment of British prisoners of war in the camp at Münster. A special British mission watched the proceedings of the trial. Heinen was sentenced. . . to ten months imprisonment.

Almost all the trials heard by this court ended with the same ridiculous sentences.

One of the progressive German newspapers correctly characterized German "jurisprudence" when it called the trial of one of the "war criminals," Heinen, a comedy.

One of the greatest tragedies in the annals of mankind ended, therefore, in a comedy. There is no doubt that this fact is at the same time one of the reasons why the beginnings of terror and vandalism which characterized German methods of warfare in 1914—1918, grew to the unbridled terror of Hitlerism, which has covered a tremendous part of Europe with blood and ruins.

"The behaviour of the Prussians in 1870—1871," wrote one of those who investigated German crimes, "had already attracted some attention; their excesses in 1914, 1915 and 1916 greatly surpassed anything that could have been predicted from the Franco-Prussian War." After the experiences of the Patriotic War we can now add that, compared with the crimes of the Hitlerites during the present war, the German excesses of 1914—1918 seem to be nothing more than the timid experiments of beginners in the cut-throat trade.

The monstrous characteristic of the hitlerite war is that plunder, murder, and torture have become a system, a state programme for the annihilation of nations and the destruction of national wealth.

In 1935 Hitler made a declatation.

"The Imperial Government announces," he said, "that all obligations arising out of the voluntary signing of treaties will be fulfilled even in the event of a treaty which was concluded before the government came to power."

It must be admitted that the "Imperial Government" actually made no distinction between treaties concluded before

[1] Russian Telegraph Agency.—*Ed.*

and after it came to power: Hitler violated them all with equal cynicism.

On November 27th, 1909 Germany joined the Hague Convention of 1907 which established that "prisoners of war are in the power of the hostile Government, but not in that of the individuals or corps who captured them. They must be humanely treated."

An order issued by the High Command of the German Army on January 14th, 1942, reads:

"Prisoners should under no circumstances be treated humanely. . . any delay in using arms against a prisoner is a matter of danger. The Commander in Chief hopes that this order will be carried out in full."

The order has been carried out in full.

When our units occupied the village of Lutovna, Duminichi district, Smolensk region, the bodies of thirty-seven Red Army men were discovered on the outskirts of the village. Seriously wounded soldiers had been taken prisoner and brutally tortured by the Germans. The Germans burnt six of them in a fire which they lit under a tree. The prisoners were hanged from the tree by a rope and roasted over the fire. Seven Red Army men had their eyes put out, four had their ears and noses cut off while the remainder had their fingernails torn out, their fingers twisted and their arms and legs broken.

This is humanity as understood by the Hitlerites.

"In the village of Voronki, in the Ukraine, the Germans placed forty wounded Red Army men, prisoners of war and nurses in a building that had formerly been a hospital. All bandages and medicines were taken away from the medical personnel as well as food and other equipment. The nurses were raped and shot and a guard was placed over the wounded, nobody being allowed near them for four days. Some of the wounded died and the remainder were later thrown into the river, the local population being forbidden to remove the bodies" (from V. M. Molotov's Note of January 6th, 1942).

According to international law it is the generally accepted principle that war is conducted between armed forces and that civilians who remain on occupied territory may not be considered as doomed victims whom the occupiers may kill, plunder etc. In this respect the Hague convention says: "Family honour and rights, the lives of persons. . . must be respected."

Here are some examples of hitlerite "respect" for life, rights and honour:

In the Pokrovsky Village Soviet, Cheremisinovsky district, Kursk region, the nazis undressed a peasant A. N. Alekhin, forced him to dig his own grave, compelling him to lie in the pit several times in order to measure it. When the grave was dug they broke Alekhin's arms, cut off his ears, put out his eyes and then shot him.

In the village of Donets, Dolzhansky district, Orel region, the Hitlerites bound seventeen-year-old Nadezhda Maltseva and ordered her mother, Maria Maltseva, to place straw around her daughter and set fire to it. The mother fainted. The Hitlerites themselves then threw straw down around the girl and set fire to it. The mother recovered consciousness, leapt into the fire and dragged out her daughter. A blow from a rifle butt aimed by one of the Hitlerites killed the mother, and the daughter was shot and thrown into the fire.

At the Krasnodar trial held in July 1943, the whole world was informed through the mouths of the criminal associates of the hitlerite villains how thousands of innocent victims, the sick, aged and children, were forced, like cattle, to enter a motor-truck in which they were killed by poison gases whilst they were travelling.

In the Starobinsky district (Byelorussia) the official German data alone state that 6,743 people have been shot. This is no longer "racism," this is not the excesses of war: this is bloody slaughter organized by the state before the eyes of horrified humanity.

This, however, is not sufficient to satisfy the nazi barbarians. In the headquarters of an SS cavalry brigade routed by the Red Army there was found telegram No. 37 from the commander, a *Standartenführer*, sent to a troop of the Second Cavalry Regiment on August 2nd, 1941 in which it was stated that Himmler, Imperial Führer of the SS and the police, now Germany's Minister of the Interior, considers the number of civilians destroyed to be "too insignificant," and points out that

"radical action must be taken" and that "commanders of formations carry out operations too mildly," and ordered the number of people shot to be reported daily.

In the memorandum found on many German officers, "Twelve Commandments Governing the Behaviour of Germans in the East and their Treatment of Russians" the following instructions are given:

"You must be conscious of the fact that you are a representative of great Germany and new Europe. Therefore we must carry through in a worthy manner even the most cruel and ruthless measures dictated by German interests. Keep the Russians away from you. Never forget that they are not Germans but Slavs. Beware of the Russian intelligentsia. . . you will never change a Russian's convictions. Don't talk with them but act."

Brands and tallies placed by the hand of the violator on Soviet people will remain as an eternal brand of disgrace on Germany.

Article 47 of the Hague Convention said: "Pillage is formally forbidden." Hitlerite "strategy" has established a different rule: looting is elevated to a cult as the main principle of total warfare and is planned and systematically organized by the state like a huge bandit commercial undertaking.

Amongst the most important problems with which we are faced in this historical hour the question of the criminal responsibility of the Hitlerites for the terrible crimes they have committed occupies a prominent place. This question is already being subjected to a lively discussion in the foreign press; the ideas expressed and the measures recommended are of the most varied character. Some circles maintain that "the German people who gave birth to militaristic Junkerdom and aggressive Hitlerism have shown their complete decadence and inability to live in peace with other nations. The German people, therefore, must be punished in the severest possible way and placed forever in the position of a penalized nation."

This group is headed by Lord Vansittart, a prominent British diplomat who has held no official position during recent years.

There are milder judges who consider it sufficient to deprive the German people of rights for a time sufficient to re-educate them.

Then there are, finally, the extremely kind-hearted judges who assume that the removal of the hitlerite regime is sufficient for the "correction" of Germany, and who release the guilty and their accomplices from responsibility for the crimes they have committed. This tender-hearted, so to say, justice is recommended by certain German emigrant circles in Great Britain and the U.S.A., particularly the former Hitlerite Strasser.

What is the real situation and how should the question of the criminal responsibility of the Hitlerites for the crimes they have committed be decided in accordance with the principles of international and Soviet law?

We will take, first of all, the question of the responsibility of the German state and people.

It is generally accepted, and beyond all question of doubt, that every state is obliged to fulfil in their entirety the international obligations which it has undertaken and, consequently, to bear the responsibility for their non-fulfilment. What is the nature of this responsibility?

On this question we must be perfectly clear. It must be quite definitely recognized that a state must and can bear *political* responsibility (for example, the disarming of an aggressor) and *material* responsibility (for example, compensation for the damage caused by the war). Can, however, a state bear *criminal* responsibility?

Some people abroad answer this question unhesitatingly in the affirmative. On the basis of the fact that a state is responsible for its illegal acts they conclude that a state can answer as a criminal.

This conclusion is incorrect.

A state cannot be placed in the dock. A state cannot be exiled or deported. None of the fundamentals of criminal jurisprudence can be carried into effect if an attempt is made to bring before a criminal court such an intricate, peculiar body of many millions of people as a modern state.

Naturally the state must, under all conditions, answer for the policy it pursues and every state should bear responsibility for the results of its actions. A state which has embroiled the whole world in warfare, a state which has

transformed war into militarized banditry—the hitlerite state must be punished to the greatest possible extent: it must be destroyed.

". . . the Hitler state," says Stalin, "can and must be destroyed" (speech delivered on November 6th, 1942). This destruction, however, does not have to be brought about as a result of a trial in court on the basis of a legal sentence. The Hitler state will be destroyed by the military might of all those united in the struggle for the peace, liberty and democracy of the peoples.

How is the question of the responsibility of the German people to be settled?

The native land of Goethe and Schiller, Bach and Beethoven, Hegel, Marx and Engels, the land of monuments to a high culture and the achievements of human genius which once won the admiration of the whole world for the talent and creative labour of the German thinkers and scientists, the German workers and peasants,— Germany has become, under Hitler, a den of thieves.

Millions of Germans and their leaders are guilty of the worst crimes. Great and heavy is the guilt, and the German people must answer for it politically, morally and materially. Of this there is no doubt. The responsibility of the German people, however, again cannot be determined in accordance with the rules of criminal court practice. The German people cannot be tried in court as a many-millioned gang of accomplices in the hitlerite crimes. This is something that cannot be accomplished and would be politically incorrect. We must always bear in mind Stalin's excellent words: ". . . Hitlers come and go but the German people and the German state remain."

Neither the German state nor the German people, therefore, can be tried as criminals before a criminal court. Doubt may arise as to whether this does not weaken the cause of justice and the great idea that the Hitlerites must suffer retribution for the crimes committed by them. It certainly does not. On the contrary under these conditions all those really guilty of crimes will receive the punishment they deserve: definite individuals—bandits, robbers and violators—must not be allowed to hide behind the broad back of the state and the people; they must be shown up for what they are in all their brute nature and their despicable actions appraised in the way they deserve.

In connection with this it must be laid down that criminal responsibility for crimes committed must be borne by those definite people who act in the name of the state.

The nazi private soldier is cruel, stupid and avaricious. He robs and kills, encouraged by the instructions of his leaders. He robs and kills on his own initiative due to his avarice and to the cruelty of a beast that has broken its chains. But he is not the inspirer and not the organizer of state banditry, the soldier is not bothered with solving the problem of world conquests but with his own bandit affairs. Therefore the German soldier who kills Soviet civilians, the German soldier who rapes women or burns collective farm buildings, has to answer for these crimes: banditry, murder, rape and arson. The German soldier will not escape responsibility for these crimes, will not escape even in those cases where the crimes were committed by order of his superiors. Even the Leipzig Imperial court, the stage on which Germany produced her comic opera trial of the "War Criminals of 1914—1918" in July 1921, in announcing the sentence on Ditmar, who was accused of torpedoing a British hospital ship by order of the commander of a submarine, stated that the order of the submarine commander did not release Ditmar from criminal responsibility. The responsibility for the crimes of rank and file nazi soldiers, willing executives of the bandit orders of their ring leaders, will correspond to their participation in these crimes.

An entirely different role and a different degree of responsibility belongs to the "leaders", the higher command. They are both the creators and the executives of the whole system of "militarized" crime. It would, therefore, be a grave error to consider them merely accomplices in separate crimes committed by the Germans (organizers, instigators and aids). No, they are not only guilty of this, but of other more serious crimes which they have personally committed. It is they who are guilty of creating and executing the policy of organized state banditry, an insult to fundamental international law.

First and foremost Hitler and his

ministers must be included in this group of the worst criminals from the standpoint of national and international criminal law. This is the first, most dangerous and most malicious group of international criminals.

Another political group is closely bound up with the governmental group—the leaders of the nazi party. This group must include the Military Command and also local representatives of the hitlerite government (*Gauleiter* etc.).

"We know the men who are guilty of these outrages, the builders of this 'New Order in Europe,' all those upstart Governor-Generals, or just ordinary Governors, Commandants and Sub-Commandants," said Stalin on November 6th, 1942. "Their names are known to tens of thousands of tormented people. Let these butchers know that they will not escape responsibility for their crimes or elude the hand of retribution of the tormented nations."

The Hitlerites are supported by powerful financial and industrial magnates, the real masters of modern Germany.

"Hitler, Goebbels, Ribbentrop, Himmler and the other rulers of present-day Germany are the watchdogs of the German bankers. . ." read Stalin's May Day order of 1942. Can and should the financial and industrial magnates of nazi Germany answer at an international court as confederates in the crimes of the Hitlerites?

Naturally, of course, Hermann Buecher, owner of an electrical goods concern, or Ernst Pönsgen, the steel king, do not stand on guard at the street corner while their soldiers spread over Europe robbing civilians and burning peasant property. In the vast majority of cases they do not know and do not want to know the actual performers of these deeds. Nevertheless they are on guard, not in the technical criminal sense of that word but in a deeper and more dangerous sense: these financial magnates guard the hitlerite clique with their funds, their factories and their guns, using them to support and strengthen the state system of banditry and receiving in exchange goods stolen during the war.

In August 1943, when the nazi hordes were hurrying back to their *Vaterland* under the mighty blows of the Red Army, the *Reichswerke Hermann Göring* Trust founded a new limited company, the *Ukrainische Gesellschaft für Stahl* (Ukrainian Steel Company), with its headquarters in Dniepropetrovsk. The organizers of this enterprise, the thieves and war profiteers, should not be beyond the reach of justice. In determining the policy of the German fascist party and helping this policy in action and in this way uniting their wills in the tendency common to all participants in the crimes, the German financial magnates are accomplices, organizers and helpers in the nazi crimes.

Whilst speaking of the hitlerite crimes mention must be made of individuals who have no high titles and who hold no official positions in the German state system, who do not belong to the German armed forces but who have and still are taking part in German rapine and plunder.

Two groups of criminals amongst these private people must have special mention: firstly, there are those who exploit the slave labour of civilians forcibly carried off into nazi slavery, and secondly, those who buy up property known to have been stolen in the occupied territories. It is therefore with every foundation in fact that V. M. Molotov's Note of May 11th, 1943 states:

"The Soviet Government at the same time places full responsibility on private people in Germany who inhumanly exploit the slave labour of Soviet civilians in their enterprises or their private houses. These private individuals must bear responsibility for the countless privations and the suffering they have caused Soviet people."

The role, therefore, and the criminal responsibility of those who are participating in the nazi organization of international criminals should be defined as follows: Hitler and his ministers, the leaders of the nazi party, the high command of the German army—Göring, Goebbels, Himmler, Ribbentrop, Rosenberg and others—people authorized by and representing Hitler in the occupied territories are the organizers and executive; they are supported by the leaders of financial and industrial concerns, who are in turn the organizers and accomplices in the worst attacks on the fundamentals of international relations and human morals. They are all participants, members of the international

gang of criminals, members of the hitlerite clique. All together they are the organizers of a countless number of criminal deeds (amongst them the most brutal) which have been perpetrated by the hitlerite hordes.

Individual perpetrators of concrete crimes—the actual murderers, plunderers, incendiaries, violators, exploiters of slave labour, purchasers of stolen goods—must also bear the responsibility for their crimes.

All those who are guilty of these horrible crimes against the lives, liberties and culture of the nations must be met by the severest punishment.

Professor A. N. TRAININ, Ll. D.

METHODS EMPLOYED BY THE HITLERITE MONSTERS IN SLAUGHTERING SOVIET PEOPLE

During the eight wars that I have experienced I have seen many tragedies, many people who have suffered torture, but the satanic ingenuity practised by the German savages in their monstrous atrocities surpasses everything that I have ever seen.

After the liberation of Orel I had occasion to visit this city in order to obtain first hand information about the crimes perpetrated by the Germans. What follows is a description of their crimes in connection with their treatment of prisoners of war and especially the wounded. I consider it imperative to give a detailed analysis of the German methods employed in shooting Soviet civilians.

The Hitlerites slaughtered prisoners of war contrary to and despite all international conventions. This was effected in two ways: direct murder or by starvation and unbearable toil.

The Hague Convention stipulates and demands human treatment of war prisoners; the prisoner's private belongings are to be left at his disposal; in regard to food, premises and clothing war prisoners are in general to be in the same position as the troops of the government which has taken them prisoner. These international stipulations were also violated by the Germans during the First World War.

And today? Hospitals, with sick and wounded who were stranded in occupied towns, were closed down by the Germans and the patients were transferred to hurriedly rigged up barracks. All the bedding, linen, utensils, instruments etc. were taken away and the sick and wounded deprived of even the most elementary medical treatment. Hunger and cold, the lack of general medical and surgical treatment, the absence of dressing material—doomed the wounded to death.

In Orel we made a detailed investigation of the data relating to the concentration camp and the hospital-prison. We found that in the winter, utterly emaciated and famished people slept one above the other in unheated, steamy, stench-ridden premises, with hoar frost coating the walls. In the same room stood the close-stool. Every morning janitors would come in and drag the dead bodies out from beneath those of the living, sometimes as many as five or six from each cell, while the rest, more dead than alive, were mercilessly driven out with truncheons to work.

The war prisoners were infected with lice and no attempts whatever were made to combat the vermin. There was no bath or delousing-house. No water was given them to drink, let alone for washing. The prisoners were not even allowed out into the yard to scrape together a few handfuls of snow.

Under such conditions the doctors, also war prisoners, were powerless in their efforts to keep people alive. Their medical assistance was perforce confined to the weakest and to helping them to the buildings set aside as the so-called "hospital wing" (Blocks 4 and 5). The conditions there, however, were no better.

The food was in no way sufficient to keep up the patients' strength and powers of resistance which resulted in frequent complications. What was particularly striking was the exceedingly slow healing process in cases of bone fracture and the high percentage of osteomyelitis with very serious general symptoms: infection, profuse suppuration and oedema.

The duration of treatment was extremely protracted. Owing to the very bad living conditions the wounds were slow to heal. In Blocks 4 and 5 the sick and wounded never removed their upper clothes.

According to data found in the registers, the mortality rate reached 30 per cent, whereas in Russian military hospitals in the same zone the death rate was 2.5—3 per cent.

Conditions in the hospital-prison were indeed unbearable: a long narrow corridor with a low ceiling and tiny square holes instead windows; on either side of the corridor cells for solitary confinement with the doors painted black and closed tightly with a small peep-hole admitting a little diffused light adding still further to the sombre impression. The foul air, reeking stench and filth called for a white overall, but no white overall was available: the German army sugreon who was chief of the hospital-prison had taken away the only four overalls that had been at the disposal of the doctors.

I visited the dungeons. In the first our greetings of "Good morning, comrades" and the appearance of Russian doctors evoked no change whatever on the faces of the wounded men. Evidently the terror of imprisonment, the horror of solitary confinement, the pains, the feeling of being utterly foresaken and abandoned and the inevitable fate that awaited them at the hands of the German executioners had erased the margin between life and death. In such a state the human being falls into a mental stupor. The grey, pallid faces of the wounded wore a stony look.

In each solitary confinement cell were three or four wounded. The prison beds stood right up against each other and in order to approach one patient, one had to reach over the bed of another patient. It can readily be imagined how the patients were served with bed pans. There were no bells and the only way of calling for help was to shout through doors tightly shut.

Tatters instead of clothes, filthy rags in place of underwear and linen, clumsy paddings instead of mattresses—everything permeated with the reeking odour of human perspiration and discharge.

The hospital was not supplied with any gauze, bandage or dressings. Kramer splints were fixed with strips of paper.

After the Germans' hasty retreat from Orel a stock of German medical supplies was found in the room of the "chief" of the hospital-prison; but they had not been used for the benefit of the Russian wounded.

I started by examining the wounds and changing the dressings. There was no question of X-raying fractures or lung wounds.

Cases with wounded lungs were in a particularly bad state. True, there were not very many such cases, but their death rate was high. There was also a strikingly high percentage of anaerobic infection.

Poor food, lack of fresh air, no bathes or washing, an absence of proper medical treatment—all this was part of an annihilation deliberately planned by the Germans.

It would be an unforgivable omission on my part not to mention the rules and regulations applied in treating wounded enemy prisoners in Soviet military hospitals. Sick and wounded war prisoners receive medical treatment as follows: in troop and army areas they receive treatment at the various stages of evacuation in the common hospitals; in front-line areas—in special sections for war prisoners at the evacuation hospitals of the People's Commissariat of Defence; in the rear—at the special evacuation hospitals of the People's Commissariat of Health.

A few words on the methods of German brutality. The Germans employ a number of methods in their established system of slaughter:

1) They deprive the population of food and living quarters; they loot clothes and footwear with utter disregard of the season of the year and without any consideration for children of all ages. Statistics collected by us show that this too was one of their deliberately planned methods of murder.

2) They leave the population in towns and villages without any medical assistance. With inconceivable brutality the Germans wreck Red Cross trains and hospital-ships. Army doctors at the front told me that they removed the Red Cross signs from hospitals as it does not protect them from German bombs, but only serves as a target for the hitlerite air pirates.

Hospitals attract the Germans: hospital equipment, bedding, linen etc. are looted and the patients evicted.

The testimony given by Dr. Kozelsky, physician of the Krasnodar hospital, concerning the Gestapo executioner Herz, who widely resorted to the "gas-wagons" for putting to death Soviet children, women and aged people, is typical.

The Germans showed particular ingenuity in their diverse methods of brutal butchery. What are these methods? Burning, suffocation and shooting. As testified by witnesses, in prisons murders were perpetrated as follows: the people would be made to stand facing the wall while a gendarme would fire a revolver shot through the nape of their neck. The shot injured the vital centres and in most cases death was instantaneous.

A second method was as follows: people would be driven into ditches, with faces turned to one side and shot by tommy-guns, fire being aimed at the nape of the neck. Here we found corpses which, if measured against the depth of the trench, could not possibly have been shot. As testified by witnesses, these victims were burried alive. Groans and cries of despair rang over the graves. Such atrocities were perpetrated in the woods near the village of Malaya Gat.

How many corpses of children of different ages are found convulsively grasped in the death-agony embrace of their murdered mothers! How many of them perished in the "gas-wagons!" How many infants and children are found with their heads crushed!

For this butchery the Germans choose places near the towns, mostly in the woods and in gullies.

One particular method practiced by the German barbarians—that of shooting through the nape of the neck—should be analysed.

The executioner usually fires one shot (sometimes two or three) which results in two holes—that of entry and that of exit. The entry wound has a clear-cut geometrical outline, as though punctured by chill metal. The exit wound is, as a rule, near the hair line, just above the forehead. The skull is fractured at the occipital bone and at the base, and the invariable localization of the shot indicates that it was either fired point-blank or at very close range. Several hundred corpses were examined on the spot. For the purpose, however, of a detailed investigation a greater number of them must be subjected to a more thorough examination.

The testimony of witnesses and photographs found speak of the gruesomeness of these murders. In some cases, before slaughtering their victims the fascists tied their hands behind their backs pressing their face either to a wall or into the earth.

We all remember well the words uttered by J. Stalin concerning the Hitlerites: "And these men without conscience and honour, these men with the morals of beasts, have the insolence to call for the extermination of the great Russian nation. . ."

We are all united in one common conviction and aim: fascism must be destroyed! It will be destroyed!

Academician NIKOLAI BURDENKO, member of the Extraordinary State Commission for the Investigation of German Atrocities

BELLES-LETTRES

LEO NIKULIN

ONE AEROPLANE DID NOT RETURN TO ITS BASE

Valya Zaytseva, a nurse at the corps base hospital, ran out of the tent fastening up her quilted coat as she went. She had spent the night beside the red-hot stove and the heat in the tent had been unbearable, although outside the double canvas walls a blizzard was raging. It had been a sleepless night, with the seriously wounded lieutenant-colonel groaning in delirium. His wound was a most unusual one—the bullet had entered right in the corner of his eye, by the bridge of the nose, and come out again above the eyebrow. When morning broke, the lieutenant-colonel had improved somewhat, and Valya was running to the head surgeon to cheer him with the good news.

The storm had gone down and the morning was so quiet and cheerful, so encouraging, that Valya stopped for a moment and looked around, and everything seemed to her miraculous and new.

The large quadrangular hospital tents stood among tall century-old firs. The blizzard had swept the trodden paths clean, and all around lay the gleaming white virgin snow. The sunlight fell in slanting rays, and higher, above the boughs bent under their burden of snow, was the pale blue sky, almost white in the winter sunshine.

Single dull thuds, the sound of heavy artillery, could be heard above the sound of planes humming as they circled over the forest. The crystal morning air trembled from the distant shots. The blue-grey dragon-flies, one a little higher than the other, passed westward. Valya gazed after them for a long time, until they disappeared, until the sound of their engines could no longer be heard.

"Perhaps my Lyoshechka's there," thought Valya tenderly.

She was thinking of Senior Lieutenant Alexei Pushkov, whom she had met exactly a month before in the bus going to the village of Maltsevo.

However, neither the first fighter-pilot nor the second was Alexei Pushkov. The first plane was flown by Captain Yuri Petrovich Terekhov, of the naval air arm, and the second by a young airman, Lieutenant Savushkin.

The fighters were making westward, for the front and Savushkin, whom Captain Terekhov, an old experienced fighter, had chosen to accompany him on the assignment, kept thinking how he must never take his eye off the dashboard with its instruments and at the same time see everything happening all around, above, below and on each side.

Savushkin kept repeating this golden rule of the fighter-pilot, but as he approached the front-line, he caught himself looking downward only. The line came closer and closer and before he had time to discipline himself the fighters were flying along it.

Now Captain Terekhov descended and Savushkin followed him at a distance of three hundred yards, so as to watch the tail of the leading plane. Straight in front of him lay the snowy wastes, like a relief map. They were divided by the straight tread of a railway line. Suddenly the line divided and to the right there appeared the oblong shape of a platform. At right angles to the railway line a wrecked locomotive lay on its side. Several green and dark-red trucks lay beside the embankment looking like some child's playthings thrown down in the snow. Before Savushkin had time to examine the picture the two sets of lines divided into four, then into six, and down below there appeared shapeless ruins, dimly reminiscent of railway sheds. Smoke was still rising from around the water-tower. Charred stove-pipes showed where a station had once stood.

On the square beyond the station lay a smoking Junkers, its tail pointing skywards and its nose buried in the snow.

On the highroad, just by the crossing, smashed lorries lay about, radiators upward, some of them looking as if they were arranged in racks. The fighters descended still lower, and by the railway bridge Savushkin saw something for all the world like railway sleepers thrown about. Those were the bodies of German soldiers. To the right of the bridge were what seemed like campfires arranged in geometrical figures—the roofs of houses destroyed by fire. This had formerly been the centre of the town. On the square Savushkin could see a palisade of crosses and even green helmets and crossed sabres on them—an officers' cemetery. The park outside the town was also a cemetery. The crosses, closely packed and encircled by barbed wire, could be plainly seen through the leafless branches of the birches.

A feeling of shame suddenly swept Savushkin. He realized that for a long time he had been looking only downwards, that they were flying along the front-line and through the clear cold air he could plainly see the burned ruins of villages stretching for many dozens of kilometres. And Savushkin began watching his instruments, and looking upward, downward and to the side and, above all, at the tail of his leading plane as Terekhov had taught him.

Meanwhile Terekhov had found time to see Germans running along the ribbon of road and he descended sharply. The Germans flung themselves into a copse, but the trees were young and thin, the soldiers were plainly visible. Twice Terekhov passed over the Germans lying in the snow, bright yellow flames spurting from the muzzle of the fighter's machine-gun and Savushkin watched with satisfaction how the Germans fell, rose and ran a little distance, fell again, and rose no more.

Terekhov could not see Savushkin. Through the bullet-proof window of the cockpit he could see only what was in front of him. But he had confidence in Savushkin, knew him well and had decided that the young airman would keep himself in hand and not get carried away in the excitement of battle. Meanwhile in the hollow below, something like a tank's cemetery had come into sight. Some of them were smoking, others were one on top of the other.

Suddenly an anti-aircraft gun barked, and a fiery attack shot up towards Terekhov's plane. The fighter began to climb, Savushkin following, striving to understand what was taking place down below. He could see the tiny white figures of tommy-gunners and, in the centre of them, four tanks in a line. One of them was on fire, but nevertheless advancing.

Terekhov wondered whether it was worth while descending to support the tommy-gunners in their attack, but there was no necessity for it. Far below, almost skimming the earth, came five stormoviks, the powerful machines with their broad chests looking like bulldogs as they growled furiously along. The two airmen saw a wall of smoke, snow, earth and fragments advancing together with the stormoviks. "Chashnikov," thought Terekhov, recollecting the name of the stormovik commander. "There's a fierce one for you. . ." And suddenly, almost instinctively sensing danger, he took in heaven and earth with one sweeping glance and saw whence it was coming. He immediately made an about turn, and Savushkin, at the command "Left about march," did the same exactly three seconds later. They had seen the six Messerschmitts before they had themselves been shotted.

The most important thing for the fighter-pilot is to see the enemy first. Terekhov never even considered that it was six Messerschmitts that were coming towards him and Savushkin and that he was covered by a young airman with little combat experience. He had the advantage—he was the first to launch the attack. The Germans did not immediately observe the two fighters, having another objective—to attack the stormoviks supporting the attack of the tanks and tommy-gunners.

With the tremendous speed of fighters, the whole affair was a matter of seconds.

Now the only thing that mattered was to come as close as possible to the enemy, to drive the machine accurately to its objective. People down below, watching the fight of two against six, saw a dazzling series of stunts demanding the highest skill and the determined vertical manoeuvre of the leading plane, which was above a Messerschmitt. But only an airman could really understand all that was happening up there, that this was no game, but a duel to the death and

that our pilot was seeking the most vulnerable point for his attack. Having found this point, Terekhov attacked the German, and—a rare happening—set him on fire with his first round.

Our two fighters had broken up the German formation. What happened next was not seen by the people watching from below—their attention was absorbed in the flaming German plane hurtling earthwards; and when it fell far beyond the forest and people once more sought the battling planes in the sky, they could no longer see them. Still fighting, they were already far to the west.

It is hard for one standing firmly on the earth to understand the feelings of a fighter-pilot in the chaos of sounds coming from below, amid the din of the engines. Still harder would it be to understand the feelings of the young pilot Savushkin who, for the first time in his life saw the crosses and swastika of an enemy plane at such close quarters. He remembered that it was his business to protect Terekhov from attack from the rear, but he suddenly saw a German so close that even the pilot's face with its strained smile was clearly visible through the glass of the cockpit and with his second attack he got the German with a machine-gun burst.

He felt as though he had smashed to fragments some reflection in a mirror, he was intoxicated with the joy of his first air victory. At the same moment Terekhov sent down his second Messerschmitt. He had seen the falling plane which Savushkin had brought down and realized what had happened. "The third," he thought, as he found his German with a long machine-gun burst. Suddenly a terrible fiery blast scorched his face, blinding spray flashed before him and the plane swerved wildly. Terekhov felt that the machine was falling like a stone. "Engine's gone," he realized immediately. And that was what had happened.

A shell had hit the engine, which had blown up. Terekhov, however, straightened the falling plane so that it dropped slowly, but the slanting line of the earth approached inexorably, it seemed to advance on the mortally wounded plane whose wings were already breaking the twigs of the topmost branches of the firs. However, Terekhov saw a dell before him and steered for it. It was impossible to let down the wheels; so the plane landed on the fuselage. There was a jar, a jerk as, tearing through brushwood and snapping saplings, the plane buried its nose in the deep snow and came to rest.

For some seconds Terekhov sat there, without stirring, then he violently tore off his helmet and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Get out. . . We've arrived," he told himself.

Nurse Valya Zaytseva was rather hurt when the young airman, Alyosha Pushkov, failed to call at the hospital as he had promised. In general he behaved rather strangely and this troubled Valya. She had no idea that Pushkov had told her a lie when he said he was a fighter-pilot. Actually, he flew a U-2 liaison plane, one of the kind known as "gardeners" at the front. He was ashamed to admit to Valya that he had been boasting, and that was why he did not go to the hospital although that very morning he had been in Maltsevo. Valya found it very hard that he did not come. She remembered sadly how gay she had felt that morning, and now she was thoroughly depressed although everything around was the same—the glittering snow, the aircraft buzzing over the forest.

Actually, there was a fighter-plane coming from the west, one of the two which Valya had seen in the morning. The second plane did not return to its base.

Savushkin sat alone in the airmen's mess, a glass of tea, already chilled, before him, his face still red with cold. The messroom door opened and Savushkin saw Colonel Znamensky, the regimental commander. He reddened still more and rose.

"Sit down," said the colonel. "How did it all happen?"

Savushkin repeated what he had already reported to the colonel: how Captain Terekhov and he had met the six Messerschmitts and Terekhov had sent down two of them and when he, Savushkin, had shot down a third, he had seen Terekhov's plane diving steeply. He did not forget to say that he had done his job, guarding Terekhov from an attack on his tail—and that was no more than the truth.

The colonel examined on the map the locality where the fight had taken place.

"I'll send Rodionov and Serebrennikov to search," said the colonel, "although it's unnecessary and useless. The plane fell the other side of the front."

Znamensky fell silent, looking at the untouched meal next to Savushkin's place. A letter lay there, bearing the stamp of the field post-office. The address on the envelope had been written in large letters in an uneven, childish scrawl: "Captain Y. P. Terekhov."

"That's how things happen," said the colonel thoughtfully. "Terekhov—a splendid, experienced airman. . . And this is what's happened!"

"Please permit me to take part in the search. . . I was in the fight, I know the place. . . It would be easier for me than for Rodionov or Serebrennikov."

"That is quite possible. But now it's already dusk. Come and see me."

Colonel Znamensky took the letter from the table and tucked it away carefully in his pocket.

Savushkin remained motionless at the table. Silently Lussia, the waitress, came up and looked at Terekhov's untouched meal, then glanced at Savushkin's face and silently cleared the things away.

Colonel Znamensky telephoned for Serebrennikov and Rodionov to come to him, then opened a drawer of his writing table, but before putting away the letter addressed to Terekhov, he looked once more at the address, at the uneven childish characters which Captain Yuri Petrovich Terekhov would perhaps never read. . .

At that very moment, Captain Terekhov was standing beside the wrecked plane, up to the waist in snow, gazing at the machine with as much sorrow and pain as though it had been some living being.

He glanced at the familiar patches on the wings, the torn hole on the tail-planes, the shot-pitted red star, and remembered when and where his plane had received these honourable scars. Yes, it was an old, experienced warrior, that plane.

"And all the same it would be all right," said Terekhov aloud, "all the same, it would be all right, if only. . . if only. . ."

He had not the faintest shadow of doubt that he had been brought down in the enemy rear, beyond the line of the front. He was deeply chagrined. He, the old, experienced airman, who had flown dozens of times through bursting enemy shells and a hail of machine-gun bullets, he, who had so often returned to the airfield, the plane riddled with bullets and shell splinters—brought down this time by a chance shot. He must have been too absorbed in the duel with the German whom he had managed to send down, or perhaps Savushkin, covering his tail, had been too much carried away by the lust of battle. What can one expect from a young airman when all's said and done? After all, he had shot down his first Hun.

"What's the use of thinking of all that now?" he said aloud. "There are other things to consider."

Many thoughts passed through his mind while he was circling around the plane. He shook his head as though trying to shake off unnecessary, troubling thoughts and looked around, trying to decide exactly where he was. "This is a lost sort of place!" he said to himself, looking round the glade and forest, and the fallen trees lying about, relics of some past storm. He broke off some twigs, lit a small fire and got out his map. Naturally, it was hard to establish the place where he had landed. The forest stretched a good hundred kilometres northward. To the east there was a large lake which he usually saw from above, a lake over which there had been a big air-battle the previous year when the Germans had been prevented from bombing barges bringing food to Leningrad. But just where was he—to the east of the lake, or to the west?

The short winter day was drawing to a close. A slight wind rose and the snow seemed to be rising like smoke over the crests of the drifts. The wind beat down the flames of the fire.

Terekhov decided to lie down under the wings of the plane which had furrowed deeply into the snow, forming a kind of roof offering some kind of protection from the wind. "About ten degrees of frost—shan't freeze to death," thought Terekhov. "Where could I get to during the night?" He felt very weary, either from the day's events, or because he had been wandering round his plane for a long time, waist deep in snow. He

lay down beneath the wing and thought of what would be going on now at the base, and what Znamensky would say about the regiment losing two fighters. For Terekhov had little doubt that Savushkin had perished. And now he felt sorrowed over the proportion of losses—two of our planes to only three of the enemy's. These musings merged with thoughts of his family, of his nine-year-old son Fedya, who was living with his aunt in Chimkent. Terekhov's wife had died in Leningrad the previous February. Her health had never been too good, but her sister Agnia, younger and stronger, had survived everything and saved his son. . . "No letter from them for a long time. . ." His eyelids became heavy and at last began to sink as though filled with lead.

"I mustn't sleep! I mustn't sleep!" he cried, and with an incredible effort of will forced himself to stand up and put more twigs on the fire. It burned badly, giving out more smoke than heat. As soon as dawn broke he would set out eastward, and then. . . come what might. The frost hardened. Terekhov forced himself to keep awake, rubbed his face with snow and finally began to sing. When he had got through all the songs he knew, he started afresh. This helped him to keep awake. Then he began reciting Pushkin's *Poltava* from memory. He had learned it at school and he found that he still remembered it right through.

In such a way the night passed. When the snow began to turn a lighter grey, he crawled out from under the wing and saw that it was no easy path that lay before him. His first thought was of the plane—to dismantle the weapons and instruments and bury them some distance away to prevent the enemy from getting them. But one glance at the machine and the snow which had fallen during the night was enough to show him that after a few days had passed, nobody would be able to find the place where the machine had fallen. And for that matter, nobody was likely to penetrate these thickets before spring, least of all the Germans, who are careful of their health and have no love for the forests.

An aeroplane passed somewhere overhead, flying very high—Terekhov could tell by the sound that it was one of ours and his heart was heavy. Before him stretched the glade, further on, a thick forest of various kinds of trees, and everything covered with that accursed deep snow, like a kind of snowy jungle, devil take it! . .

He collected the most necessary things—a compass, rifle, iron ration, took one last glance at the plane lying buried under the snow and set out on his way.

He advanced with a deadly slowness, sometimes floundering over the waist in snow. The glade was not less than a hundred metres long and it took him at least an hour and a half to get through it. "A fine speed, this. . . If I go on this way—a kilometre a day. . . no iron ration can hold out." And once more he faced the same cursed question—where to go: to make for the front-line, which lay several dozen kilometres ahead, eastward, or search for Syrovarov, a famous partisan leader of these parts? But where was Syrovarov? How to find him in this inhospitable forest?

Once in the forest it turned out to be somewhat easier going. He had already been four hours on the way and made a little over four kilometres. A bundle of reddish fur flashed through the branches of a nut tree and disappeared. It was a squirrel and Terekhov envied it—it could cross the front-line much more easily than he, an intelligent, two-legged being.

When he had come to the very end of his strength, Terekhov lit a fire, ate a piece of chocolate and drank a sip of cognac from his flask. In the forest everything was silent, he could distinguish the far-off roar of guns. If his ears did not deceive him, the firing was very far away, not less than sixty or seventy kilometres.

"For an airman there is no such thing as a hopeless situation," his teacher, the old air instructor Makogonov, had often said. Yes, in the air, perhaps. . . But on land and in the forest at that. . . If he'd only had skis, now. . . Some airmen prudently took skis with them. His own fault, then. But all the same, for an airman a hopeless situation should not exist. Even on land. After a rest, he went on further. Again he floundered in the snow, sometimes crawling on his stomach, sliding down into gulleys and all the time regretting that he had not thought of taking skis with him.

Dusk found him six or seven kilo-

metres from the place where the aeroplane had crashed.

Flying a fighter-plane, at anything up to seven hundred kilometres an hour, he had lost all conception of distance. For him, a hundred kilometres meant ten minutes flight. Here, six to seven kilometres took up over a day. Thirteen hours on the way—and such a way. . .

Terekhov thought about many things during the long frosty northern night, the second night spent in the thick forest. The frost was now harder, and he dared not close an eye all night.

Cold, loneliness, silence and practically no hope of being saved.

Next day, at about midday, Terekhov saw human tracks. Actually, they were not tracks in the strict sense of the word—he found a bundle of twigs which somebody had thrown away. He went on a little further and saw a hollow in the snow surrounded by scorched bushes. Clearing away the snow, he found charcoal and the ashes of a fire. Something flashed bright blue as he brushed the snow aside. He stopped and saw a child's blue knitted mitten.

He stood there looking thoughtfully at this strange find. The mitten was knitted neatly, even prettily, showing care and love.

How had it come here, in the depths of the forest? He crushed it thoughtfully in his hand, remembering his own Fedya, sighed, and began to consider where the people would most likely have gone, these people who had lost a child's mitten. He chose the easiest way where the brushwood was thinner, although it led him somewhat northwards of his course. He continued for another two hours, saw a broken twig and decided that he was on the right track. This strange find had somehow calmed him. These people who had lost a child's mitten could hardly be the enemy.

The coldly bright sun was already high, the frost was getting still harder, the dry snow creaked under his feet and a frosty mist blanketed the forest. Suddenly Terekhov started. He saw an axe driven into the trunk of a young fir tree.

Terekhov drew his revolver from its holster, just to be on the safe side. He moved carefully, worried about the crunching of the snow and suddenly saw something like a snow-covered hut of branches among the trees.

He stopped, looked around him, took several more steps forward and realized that each one of them could be heard a goodly distance in the forest; whatever he did it was impossible to approach inaudibly.

Keeping his finger on the trigger, he drew near to the hut.

The charcoal of a long extinguished fire stood out black in front of the shelter. He stooped, looked inside and saw feet in felt boots and something covered with a sheepskin coat.

"Hi! Hi!" shouted Terekhov, to make sure, although he had realized at once that one would hardly be sleeping peacefully in a shelter of branches in thirty degrees of frost. He stooped still further and entered. In the semi-darkness he could see two people lying on the snow, covered with a sheepskin coat. He raised it. Between the two pressed close together in a last embrace lay a small childish figure. Silently he stood looking at the dead bodies, a man and a woman, a father and mother and their child whom they had tried to warm with their last breath, with their own bodies, as they lay there freezing.

Who were these people who had fled from the ruthless enemy and found their death in the forest? A wave of rage coursed through Terekhov. He stared for a long time at the little body. One of the child's hands was wrapped in the mother's shawl, on the other was a bright-blue mitten.

He left the hut. Probably it had all happened several days ago, perhaps even a month. The bodies were frozen hard. He found an army satchel containing a map and compass. No papers, nothing to cast a light on this forest tragedy. . . How could the enemy ever be made to pay for these unknown dead, for all the grief and death which he had brought our land?

Terekhov's father had graduated at the Conservatoire, where he had been studying wind-instruments, on being called up for his term of military service just before the first World War, had been detailed to the band. In the end, he remained in the regiment and served in the army for nearly a quarter of a cen-

tury, twenty years of which he held the rank of regimental bandmaster.

Checked in his own musical career, Pyotr Petrovich Terekhov dreamed of giving his son a musical education. The boy lost his mother at an early age during the first World War and his father undertook his upbringing. Unfortunately, the lad turned out to have a pleasant voice and the father dreamed of a career in opera for him. But Yuri, who dozed during his father's stories of great singers like Figner and Davydov, could listen for hours to tales of the World War and the Civil War.

There was an old warrior hidden away inside the regimental bandmaster, and this just suited Yuri Terekhov. The small Volga town where the regiment was stationed knew the bandmaster's son well as the best goalkeeper in the football team and a good swimmer and oarsman, but less well as the soloist in an amateur chorus.

Yuri Terekhov loved the water, he loved the Volga and the old tugboats which had been warships of the Volga Naval Flotilla during the Civil War. He dreamed of large modern ships, but during his youth he saw them only on the films. He wanted to be a sailor, he would read sea-stories by Stanyukovich greedily, but his father made him read the history of music.

When he was fourteen, he saw a passenger plane make a forced landing. He was the first to race to the vacant lot where the plane had come down; for a long time he could not tear himself away and stood staring at the aluminium wings, at the heavy old-fashioned machine of a type now long forgotten. The pilot allowed him to climb into the cabin where everything was highly interesting to the lad.

He knew the Fordson tractor, he could drive the old AMO lorry. The chauffeur of the neighbouring state farm, a football enthusiast, had taught him that. But to fly a plane, even the aeroplane itself, was a mystery and a miracle to him.

The heavy machine ran along the vacant lot, raising clouds of dust over the steppe, then rose from the ground and disappeared westward. And it took Yuri Terekhov's heart with it.

As soon as Yuri had finished high school, he told his father that he had done with singing, that it was no good even talking about a career in opera and that he intended to enter the Leningrad School of Aeronautics.

After the dusty little Middle-Volga town, Leningrad with its palaces, its parks and its riverside seemed to him a mirage that might disappear in the twinkling of an eye. But the mirage remained.

For the first time he gazed upon the heavy, leaden waters of the Neva from the Palace Bridge. A warship lay beside the bank and the melodious sound of a ship's bell sounded midnight. An aeroplane circled over the cupolas of St. Isaac's Cathedral and the silvery white night brooded over the city. And Leningrad seized irrevocably upon the heart of Yuri Terekhov; from then onwards the Volga lad felt the northern city to be his own town. That was why he brought such courage and fury to the defence of the great city and its transparent skies against the black fascist kites in those days when the first air battles raged over Leningrad.

The Aeronautical School at Leningrad was followed by Sevastopol, quiet and clean as the decks of a warship, with its calm blue bays and its blindingly white houses along the Korabelny. . . But it was Leningrad that lay in Terekhov's heart for all the time.

He did not realize his boyhood's dream of becoming a sailor, but nevertheless he always retained his connection with the sea and the men of the sea, for he became a naval airman. And he glowed with pride when sailors recognized him, saying to one another: "That's one of our fellows."

He fought at Kronstadt and brought down a Caproni flown by an experienced Italian pilot. Before the Patriotic War Terekhov had fought the Whiteguard Finns and swept the Finnish infantry off the ice—for at that time fighters operated as storm-planes.

That was how Yuri Petrovich Terekhov, whose father dreamed of an opera career for him, became a fighter-pilot. And he was thoroughly satisfied with his destiny. He loved the air battles face to face with enemy fighters, duels with an experienced foe, skilled in air fighting, when success depended on suddenness of attack, on boldness combined with the ability to force the enemy to fight on unfavourable terms, to make the

best use of meteorological conditions, so that superior fighting power shines out in its full brilliance. He brought down enemy bombers. Here the ardour of battle was less, although he well knew that these machines carried a load of death and destruction to his beloved city. To send German bombers crashing was child's play, with the swift, light, manoeuvrable machine pitted against the awkward enemy, to all intents and purposes doomed from the start.

Terekhov was known and great things were expected of him. The Kronstadt seamen who saw his skill in the air battle with the Caproni invited him to their mess to toast the first decoration the young naval pilot received.

Here it was discovered that skill in air fighting did not exhaust Terekhov's gifts—he could sing Chaikovsky romances musically and with feeling. This discovery delighted the jolly and hospitable Kronstadters.

"That's the sort we Leningraders are!" cried the captain heartily, and Terekhov felt that he couldn't disappoint him by telling them that he was no Leningrader but a man from the Volga.

For that matter, he had long felt himself a Leningrader at heart, and after his father's death, nothing more bound him to the little Volga town. He married a girl who had been born in Leningrad and had never lived anywhere else; he had met her on the Islands in summer, she had just graduated from the technical college. They were a happy couple, with one son whom they called Fedya. The only cloud dimming Natasha's happiness was her fear of losing her husband. And her old aunts (who had also not survived the tragic Leningrad winter) used to sigh, remembering that their favourite niece's husband had chosen the dangerous career of a fighter-pilot. But as fate had it, it was Yuri Terekhov who lived and Natasha who died in Leningrad that winter, in February 1942.

That was how it came about that Captain Terekhov, like hundreds of other Soviet people, had his own special account to settle with the Germans. And now, in this moment of deadly danger, in what might have seemed a hopeless situation, on land, in the forest thickets, surrounded by the enemy, he remembered that he had not yet settled accounts with the Germans for all the sorrow and suffering which they had caused his country and himself, Yuri Terekhov.

The third night in the forest was the longest and most torturing in Terekhov's wanderings. He listened to the queer cracklings caused by the severe frost. The air seemed to ring and sometimes there would be a sharp sound like a pistol shot as trees cracked. Terekhov trampled a track around his campfire. He dared not sit down for fear of sleep—and that was his third sleepless night. His head ached, his lips were dry and cracked, his knees shook. He braced his back against a tree trunk and stood there, pressed to it, trying to keep awake. Sometimes he would doze, fall into something between sleep and delirium. He seemed to see stony yellow earth, the soil of the aerodrome, or the blue surface of the sea, the white-washed houses of the Sevastopol settlement. And he, Yuri Terekhov, a young pilot, studying in the Sevastopol school, would hear people talking about him:

"Who is making a solo flight today?"

"Pilot Terekhov."

And now he was flying over Inkerman, over the blue waters of the bay, and here below him was the round building, for all the world like a midget, the Panorama building on the Historic Boulevard. The detachment commander Kostenko was sitting beside Terekhov, his face and slightly screwed-up eyes inscrutable. Calmly, apparently indifferent, he watched the instruments, followed each movement of the young pilot's hands. . . and never a word. . .

Terekhov started out of his doze. He jerked away from the tree and again trampled his circle, beating out anew the path trodden round the campfire.

Actually, all that he had gone through so far was only the beginning of his journey. Somewhere here, a few kilometres away, he should cross the highway. How many times he had crossed this road, skimming over the forest, which looked like low bushes when seen from above. Never had he guessed that some day he would be a prisoner in these silent northern forests. On land, in the snow, deprived of his obedient machine, he felt himself helpless and unarmed. But the driving urge eastwards possessed him and its ever-increasing force brought fresh power to nerve and muscle.

When he started out again in the morning, every step seemed to bring him new strength. The forest thinned out and going became easier. In high fur-boots and flying kit, with his military papers in his pocket showing him to be a Red Army airman, he came to the highway in the enemy rear.

His attention was attracted by the distant but growing sound of an approaching lorry. No doubt about it, the road must be somewhere near. The question was, whether to wait for darkness or to cross the road at once and risk being caught by one of the patrols guarding it. He advanced another hundred paces and at last saw the road through the bushes. He lay down and crawled further. A man's voice rang out clearly in the frosty air. It was the first human voice Terekhov had heard for four days, and it was speaking rather incorrect Russian; he could make out odd words and phrases. A high throaty voice said: ". . . orders. . . Herr Ober-Gefreiter. . ."

The snow crunched under approaching feet. Through the twigs with their thick covering of hoar frost Terekhov saw a German on skis, wearing a short fur jacket and accompanied by two bearded men in old greatcoats.

This was the first time Terekhov had seen a German, not in the air, at the joystick of a plane, but on land, on his own Russian land. The German and the two bearded men advanced along the side of the road, passing only five paces from Terekhov. For a long time he could hear the German's throaty voice until it was drowned by the approaching lorries.

Generally the road was deserted which was quite natural. The supply columns evidently travelled by night, to avoid our aircraft.

Terekhov saw four lorries. Something had gone wrong with the last one—the first three machines stopped and the drivers gathered around the fourth. They shouted a little and argued, occasionally glancing up at the sky. Two motor-cyclists appeared from somewhere, evidently patrolling the road, stopped and sent the drivers back to their lorries. Three of them moved on, the fourth still stood on the road, the driver under it, legs straddled. The motor-cyclists also disappeared. Then the driver emerged from under the lorry, climbed up behind the wheel and started up. The engine worked. The driver got out again and began collecting the tools from underneath.

It would be hard to determine the exact moment when Terekhov was struck by the idea that was going to have so tremendous an effect on his future. Perhaps at that moment when the driver was collecting his tools. But hardly had the crazily daring idea seized upon him than Terekhov slipped into the ditch along the road and found himself by the lorry. The driver was just raising his foot to climb into the driving seat when Terekhov struck him on the head with his revolver butt, and felt the man sag and sink onto him. They fell together, then Terekhov pushed the unconscious driver into the ditch.

The road was deserted.

Terekhov glanced down at the body lying there, then piled snow over its head. The snow was immediately stained with reddish-brown patches—the blow had landed very neatly and had evidently shattered the skull. Terekhov piled as much snow as he could over the driver's body. If he were only stunned, it would be some time before he came round, and by that time the frost would have done its work.

Terekhov ran to the machine and climbed into the driving seat.

The lorry rolled along the road. Terekhov was making for the east, for the front, at fifty kilometres an hour. He was making for the front in a German lorry, and neither the road patrols nor Germans in cars meeting him paid him any attention.

The whole thing seemed wildly incredible, like a continuation of Terekhov's delirium during that night of frost.

A German lorry laden with shells was rushing along the highroad leading to the front. An ordinary lorry, laden with shells. Who would ever imagine for a moment that it was a Russian airman, Captain Terekhov, sitting at the wheel of this particular lorry? Terekhov had been driving for about three quarters of an hour when around a curve of the road he saw the three lorries which had left his machine behind.

Terekhov slowed down, just to be on

the safe side—one of the drivers might take too great an interest in the condition of the fourth lorry. So he followed the three at a distance of five hundred yards. The leading lorries slowed down, the door of the last one opened, and a soldier appeared on the step, looking back, towards Terekhov. He waved a hand, and Terekhov gestured forward—as much as to say: "Everything's all right." And the three leading lorries resumed their former pace.

The sun was sinking over the treetops in a frosty mist. A country churchyard, a half-destroyed bell-tower and several cottages appeared on the slope of a hill, the sole survivors of a burned village. Terekhov was possessed by one thought only—when and where to abandon the lorry and proceed further on foot.

He looked round him and saw a German tommy-gun and two grenades to the side. A booklet and documents protruded from a pocket in the lining, over his head. After a swift glance at the documents he thrust them into his dispatch case. The tommy-gun he laid across his knees—if it came to a fight, this would be more useful than his revolver.

The lorries crossed the railway line and followed the track. Speeding up, Terekhov rushed the crossing, passing the patrol at a good pace. This could arouse no suspicions—a lagging machine overtaking the others. A passenger car came racing to meet Terekhov, its headlights on and sounded its horn as though signalling the lorry to stop. Terekhov pretented not to hear the signal and passed it at top speed.

When complete darkness had fallen, the lorries took another turning, and flashing on his headlamps, Terekhov saw to the right a signpost printed in German. He read the word: "Ilino." Many were the times Terekhov's fighter had flown over this railway junction. The very sight of the Russian name of the station written in German roused him to a wild fury.

Terekhov saw that he had travelled about seventy kilometres, and that cheered him—seventy kilometres nearer to the front.

Here the railway settlement began. The leading lorries had slackened speed. On a bridge Terekhov found himself caught in the beams of a strong electric torch. In front was the closed barrier of a level crossing. Two men were making for the machine, but Terekhov did not slow down, at the same time resting his hand on the tommy-gun. The electric torch went out, the barrier rose, and at dull speed Terekhov entered the large railway settlement.

Switching his headlamps onto the road, he saw three familiar lorries standing before a two-storey house. Something had to be decided, and quickly—it was a matter of seconds. A cross-road suddenly appeared and switching off his headlights, Terekhov turned left and realized from the jolting that he was in a snow-covered country-road. He prepared to jump, while at the same time keeping up his speed. Suddenly he felt a violent jerk which nearly flung him out of the lorry. The machine was swung around and came to a standstill. The engine stopped. Terekhov jumped out and took several steps forward in the darkness. His foot found some sort of a trench, then slanting posts. It was one of these that the lorry had struck. Terekhov realized that they were tank traps. He slung the German tommy-gun round his neck and made for the settlement. Dead silence reigned around: there were not even any dogs barking in the village. For that matter, the Germans had slaughtered all the dogs so that their barking should not betray the nocturnal movements of supply columns and troops. Suddenly he heard a drunken chorus being rolled out in a foreign language. He stopped and listened. It was a German New Year song.

And that was how New Year's Eve began for Terekhov.

At the moment, Terekhov could not decide on anything. He was in a settlement occupied by the Germans. To knock at the first door he saw would be asking for trouble. To return to the forest in the cold and frost and in the immediate vicinity of the front at that, where he might stumble across Germans at every step, would be certain disaster.

"Looks bad, Comrade Terekhov," he said to himself. "Very bad."

He wandered about through the snowy yards and vegetable beds. Sometimes the moon would peep out from behind the clouds, and then he concealed himself among the ruined houses where he saw square stone walls, remnants of windows,

and scorched tree trunks—cruel wartime scene, drawn as it might be in charcoal and chalk by the hand of some grim artist. Whole blocks of the station settlement had been laid waste where, in former years, every corner here had been full of life. Families would gather in the summer houses on warm evenings, or under the trees, with the samovar; accordion-players would perform to the admiring girls, while the sound of laughter and music would be wafted from the dance floor in the park nearby.

Nearer to the station there were whole streets still untouched, but Terekhov dared not go there, he was wary of the faint glow in the sky: evidently the station warehouses, set alight during the recent bombing, were still burning. He made his way to the edge of the settlement, found himself in snow-covered vegetable gardens and stopped, numb with the penetrating cold.

A deadly weariness enveloped his whole body. The moon had disappeared completely, he was wandering about in impenetrable darkness while great waves of sleep seemed to engulf him. He stumbled against the open door of some building. Quite near he could hear the peaceful breathing and snorting of horses. He decided to enter, at least to warm himself a little. He found himself in a shed—he could feel logs, then a heap of hay. His legs gave under him and he sank to the ground in the fragrant pile. And sleep fettered every limb.

Suddenly a door banged nearby and Terekhov came to himself. Somebody was descending the steps leading to the house porch. Somebody was coming to the shed, the crunching of the snow sounded nearer and nearer. Terekhov sat there, not stirring a limb. The very beating of his heart seemed audible in the silence.

Somebody came quite close to Terekhov, he could have put out his hand and touched the unknown. Somebody was rummaging about near to him, gathering up sticks from the ground—a woman, he guessed from the gait.

Again the house door banged, and steps were heard on the porch.

"Granny!" a voice rang out. "Hi, Granny!"

"What's the matter?" Terekhov heard an old woman's voice reply.

"Put on the second samovar, the German wants it."

"All right, I'm coming," replied the old woman.

The steps were audible again on the porch, there was a gleam of golden light, and the door banged. All was still.

The old woman continued moving about, gathering up her sticks. She was mumbling something to herself, and Terekhov heard:

"Samovar. . . I wish it would choke them! . . Lord, for our sins. . ."

"She'll go in a minute," thought Terekhov. He had to decide. In the house—Germans. That was clear now. The morning would find him here in the shed. If he froze to death, that would be a still better way out.

Terekhov could tell by the sound of footsteps that she was going. What if he spoke to her? . . No other way. And when she wished that the German would choke she had sounded as though she had meant every word of it. Strange as it might seem, this had its part in Terekhov's decision.

"Granny!" he said very softly.

"Good gracious, who's there?"

"One of your own. Listen to me, Granny. . ."

"Yes, but who are you, goodness me..."

Terekhov told the old woman that he was an airman, a commander, that he had found himself in the forest on German-occupied territory, that he had been freezing and made his way there in the dark.

"Now do you understand it all, Granny?"

"I understand. Eh, deary me, what a misfortune! . . If they find you, it'll be the worse for us. . . You know what wild beasts they are."

"I know."

"Did anyone see you?"

"Nobody."

There was a short silence.

"Well, have I to go, Granny?"

"And where will you go to? You'd freeze to death. And there's Germans all round."

Again the house door creaked and the golden light flickered.

"Granny, why don't you come? The German's angry. . ." the girl called from the porch.

"All right, you sit here," the old woman whispered. "I'll come out to you myself, or send my grand-daughter."

Again Terekhov was left alone. Deep silence reigned, from the highroad far away could be heard the hoot of a passing car. Terekhov waited for a long time. He

no longer felt the cold—either it was warmer here than outside, or else because he was conscious of the one thought: what was going to happen now. One thing was clear—the old woman would not betray him. Time passed, then suddenly he heard the creak of the door, quick steps and a whisper:

"Where are you, airman?"

"Here."

"Listen, airman," whispered the girl. "It's me, Anyuta. The Germans'll soon be going off for the whole night, they're celebrating tonight—it's New Year. Sit here and wait."

"Very well," replied Terekhov.

Something soft and heavy fell on his legs.

"Here's a sheepskin, cover yourself with it." Light steps sounded, a door banged, and the girl had disappeared.

All this seemed like a dream or the last delirium of a man freezing to death, but the heavy warmth and pungent smell of the sheepskin was real enough and for the first time in these four days a hope of eventually getting through began to glimmer in Terekhov's mind.

Colonel Znamensky was writing a voluminous letter. The fact he was not used to writing long letters and the contents of this communication had given his lively, good-humoured face an expression almost of suffering.

"Dear Agnia Mikhailovna," the colonel wrote. "We do not know each other very well. I dined with you once two years ago on Kirochnaya Street, in Leningrad. I am writing to you for the following reason: Yuri Petrovich took part in an operation on December 27th and has not yet returned to the base. We have no information regarding either the plane or the pilot. A very careful search has been made, all the forest in the vicinity has been examined and even beyond the lines, but up to the present no sign of either airman or plane has been discovered. . ."

Znamensky laid his pen down upon the table, rose, went to the window and drew the blind aside. In the dark sky a light winked, tracing a semi-circle, indicating the landing field. Znamensky dropped the blind and took up his pen again.

"Therefore," he continued, "we have hardly any hope of seeing Yuri Petrovich again. You will understand yourself how hard it is for me to write this to you, especially as Yuri and I were old friends, comrades from the flying school. . . But war is war and it is our duty to fight and annihilate the enemy, while the enemy naturally tries to do the same to us. Captain Terekhov died like a hero, after sending down two enemy fighters in his last battle, while the airman Savushkin who accompanied him accounted for a third. In all, Yuri had shot down fourteen enemy aircraft. He was very well liked by everyone here and we shall try to make the enemy pay dearly for his death."

Znamensky paused and thought for a moment.

"There is one thing more I want to say to you, Agnia Mikhailovna. . . I know that after the death of Natalia Mikhailovna, Yuri's wife, you undertook the care of his son Fedya, took him from Leningrad and wholly replaced his mother. But at the same time you yourself are very young and might come to think about your own happiness. Fedya is now doubly orphaned. Yuri has shown me his letters and I know how dearly he loved his father and how proud he was of him. His father is no longer alive. A child's spirit is sensitive. Try not to tell him about it at once, find a suitable moment and atmosphere if you can. . . Well, after all, you yourself best know how to tell him so that he should not take it too hard. . . Purely material matters will be looked after, all necessary papers will be sent to you, and Yuri's comrades will see to it that you and Fedya are well cared for. I press your hand; kiss Fedya for me. It grieves me greatly to have to write this letter to you, but what is to be done. . .

Yours sincerely
Sergei Znamensky."

At the moment when Colonel Znamensky was finishing the letter informing Agnia Mikhailovna of Terekhov's death, Yuri Terekhov, lying on a heap of straw, was listening to the heavy retreating footsteps of two persons. These were the Germans quartered in the cottage where the old woman lived with her granddaughter.

But neither Colonel Znamensky, or still less Lieutenant Savushkin could know that Terekhov was alive. Savushkin waited patiently till Znamensky finished writing. The letter was concluded, the

address written on the envelope and at last Colonel Znamensky glanced at Savushkin.

"So you searched for him at fifty yards," he said. "So that's why the wings are bullet-riddled. . . You might have been killed yourself besides Terekhov. . ."

Savushkin was silent.

"Well. . . Take the letter and give it to Pilot Avdeyev. On Thursday the Douglas is flying to Moscow, and from there to Tashkent and further. . ." Colonel Znamensky stood up.

However, this time the colonel's letter did not go. Pilot Avdeyev had taken off before the letter was written, so it stayed with Savushkin and, strange as it might seem, the airman was glad of this. Hope still flickered in his heart.

How could staff-doctor Rudolf von Osetzki have ever dreamed that, when he went to celebrate New Year with his colleague Otto Reinkul that night, the house where he was living sheltered a Russian airman, Captain Terekhov?

Darya Vassilyevna and her granddaughter Anyuta gave him hot tea and without asking any questions, watched the eagerness with which Terekhov took the steaming drink. Hardly believing their eyes, they gazed at the man from the other side of the front, a Red Army commander armed and in uniform—a marvellous sight in those parts which had been in German power for over a year.

Terekhov finished his tea, and pushing aside the earthen-ware mug, looked around, for the first time really taking in the house in which he had found refuge.

It was one of those ordinary wooden cottages in the railway settlement such as are favoured by old engine-drivers with long years of service to their credit, who know how to work and how to rest. The cottage had two rooms and a small, very clean kitchen. Probably there had been family portraits hanging on the walls previously, and pots with growing plants on the window sills. There would have been home-made shelves with books, and a gun on the wall—Terekhov could picture it vividly to himself.

It was warm in the kitchen, the glowing Russian stove gave off a good heat. Terekhov felt his whole body warming through, felt that chill that had seemed to bind his muscles for four days and nights gradually thawing. There was only one thing that tormented him and gave him no peace: here, in these bright, clean rooms, a German was living. Through the open door Terekhov could see his bed, the things that the German had held and touched perhaps no more than ten minutes ago—shaving things, a mirror. A wave of loathing and anger swept over him. He turned away and saw Anyuta, a girl of about twelve, who could not take her eyes off him. And in an instant he forgot the German, and with a smile looked at the even shining teeth like pearls, the soft dimples, high brows, and flaxen hair cut after the Russian style. "She's going to be a lovely girl," thought Terekhov. Her small bright eyes were fixed on him eagerly, inquisitively.

"What do they call you?" asked Terekhov.

"Anyuta. . ."

"Well, and how do the Germans run things here?"

Anyuta was silent, biting her lips. Darya Vassilyevna sighed, and looking at her, Terekhov saw tears sliding down her wrinkled cheeks. And he heard the story, long known to so many, a story to fill the heart with hatred and indignation, of those who had died in torment, those who had put an end to themselves, and those who had been driven off to slave labour in Germany.

"Ours is a large station, a junction. We lived here in the settlement when it was all forest round about, an ancient pine forest. My Ivan Timofeyevich was a hunter, he saw the settlement grow up. There was a big depot here and repair workshops. There were four thousand people in the settlement. Houses were built and a club, and a hospital, and a secondary school. Some of our folks were known all over the country: the dispatcher Sonya Antonova—the Germans killed her over by the sand pits, with the chairman of the rural Soviet, Vassili Tikhonovich Boldyrev. And there were another hundred and sixty they killed, her father there was one of them, my son, an engine-driver too. . . A young chap he was, hadn't been working so long, and they'd written about him in the papers. . . He didn't want to work for the Germans, so they took him off and tortured him. Her mother was killed by a bomb when she was on night duty, that was two months after the war began. . . You can see for yourself what they've done to us here. . .

burned down the houses, killed the people; there's less than two hundred left in the whole settlement, and there used to be more than four thousand. . . Not a soul you can talk to, not a soul to go to for a word of advice but Ivan Kondratyevich. . . Anyuta, is the door fastened?" the old woman suddenly felt uneasy, then hearing that it was bolted, she became calm again.

Terekhov looked at the girl and his heart was wrung with a sharp pity. He realized the full helplessness of this delightful child here, among a bestial enemy, capable of the worst.

"And what is he, this German living with you?" asked Terekhov.

"He's an army doctor, he is old and lazy, and there's a batman with him. . . a half-baked kind of fellow. . ." Anyuta replied quickly.

"How old are you?"

"I'll soon be fourteen."

"And I've a boy, Fedya. He's nine."

"Oh, quite small," said Anyuta, with a superior air.

There was a moment's silence.

"What are we going to do with you?" asked Darya Vassilyevna in some distress.

"What are we to do?" interrupted Anyuta. "As soon as it begins to get light I'll go to Ivan Kondratyevich."

Hearing the name for the second time, Terekhov began to wonder who was this Ivan Kondratyevich and immediately received his reply from Anyuta:

"He's got a head on him, like a People's Commissar. He's a linesman. He was a soldier in the old army, he was a prisoner with the Germans for three years in the last war, he knows their talk a bit and can get on with them."

Naturally this could not please Terekhov particularly, but Anyuta at once added soothingly:

"He loves them. . . like a dog loves the stick."

For a long time Terekhov had been feeling the log wall swimming before his eyes, drowsiness was overcoming him, and seeing this, Anyuta led him to the hayloft. Burrowed in the hay, covered with the warm sheepskin, Terekhov for the first time in all these days felt the full beauty of rest and warmth and sank into a soft, bottomless pit of slumber.

Terekhov felt a hand on his shoulder and awoke. It was almost dark in the hayloft; the faint light of a winter morning gleamed through the crack of the door, which was ajar, and in this wan, meagre light Terekhov could see a childish face with flaxen curls, and Anyuta's laughing eyes looking at him.

"Good morning," she said.

Terekhov threw off the sheepskin and sat up. In the doorway he saw a man with a tidily combed grey beard and stern, wise eyes under heavy grey brows.

"Good morning," said the man and, approaching, sat down beside Terekhov.

"How do you do? I suppose you're Ivan Kondratyevich?"

"Anyuta," said the old man, turning to the girl, "go along, dear—your lodgers are asleep, but all the same it's better to keep an eye on them."

When Anyuta had slipped out of the door, he turned to Terekhov.

"That's right, I'm Ivan Kondratyevich, my surname's Komarov. And excuse me, who might you be?"

Terekhov introduced himself.

"And your documents, excuse me, but have you them on you?"

"I have documents too. Why?"

"Well, you see it's this way," said the old man unhurriedly. "There has to be order in everything. Say, I bring a report to a certain place, that an unknown person has arrived, calls himself so-and-so, and hasn't any documents to prove it. . . or say I report: this person has come, with his documents in order... Although, of course, it's not the papers that matter, but the man. Papers. . . well . . ."

"And that's what really matters, of course. . . And might I know to whom you bring your report? It's interesting, all the same."

"Well, not to Aunt Vassilissa Yegorovna."

Terekhov liked the old man's calm manner, his quiet voice and unhurried movements.

"It's you they say have a head like a People's Commissar?"

The old man laughed and returned the documents to Terekhov.

"I have a question to ask you. The Germans have found their lorry in the settlement. It collided with a tree trunk and the driver's not to be found. Your work?"

"Mine," Terekhov admitted.

"That's bad. A lorry's not a needle. There'll be a search where it came from, and for the driver. And the driver is perhaps. . ."

Ivan Kondratyevich winked slyly.

"That's just it."

"Suppose they find him?"

"Hardly likely. Last night there was a wind raising the snow. It's probably buried the body. Especially as it was in the ditch and already covered. . .

"They'll comb the highway, they'll find it. . . And then what'll happen to us?"

"You know that better than I. What have you got in that bundle?"

"Clothes. Clothes for you. Take off your uniform, everything that's from the army. . . There's a padded jacket here, it's not so clean, but you'll not take offence at that."

"I understand."

While Terekhov was changing his clothes, Ivan Kondratyevich stood there coughing vaguely, clucking with his tongue and shaking his head.

"It would be foolish for you to stay here."

"How, in the settlement?"

"Either in the settlement or at Darya Vassilyevna's house."

"I think too that it wouldn't be wise for me to stay here. Bad to bring good people into danger. Just think of the risk."

"That's right. Better come over to me for a day or so. My hut's not very noticeable. I live alone. Not even a German quartered on me. Though it's not just the Germans. Darya Vassilyevna's got pretty bad people living near her. Bad neighbours."

After a moment's silence, Ivan Kondratyevich added:

"There are all kinds of folks in the world. There are people who are people, and there are sons of bitches. . . There you are, lived next door to them for thirty years, forty years, grew up together with them, and when bad times came, they turned out to be sons of bitches."

"Who are these, some of your folks?"

"They used to be ours, but now. . . And it's like this, Comrade Captain. . . When he shows himself up—that sort of person—you begin thinking and puzzling and remembering. . . And he used to serve in a great-prince's railway coach, travelled with him, and he's got a watch Prince Kirill gave him. . . How did we ever come to forget that? To cut a long story short, he's the sort of person, if you call him a swine, you're insulting the swine."

"A traitor?"

"There's been nothing definite as yet. But it stinks of treachery."

"And you, if you'll pardon the question, how do you get on with the Germans, Ivan Kondratyevich?"

There was a long silence.

"For the good of the cause you have to kiss the devil's backside sometimes."

"I understand." After a moment's thought, Terekhov added: "You need a strong character for that. . . Well, and do the Germans believe in you?"

"I live quietly. I keep out of their way. I'm a linesman. All the railway workers scattered, and they haven't enough of their own. And then there's another thing. . . I was a prisoner with them in the last war. And whoever was there won't forget it to his dying day. There was this sort of thing, they'd boil a frog in a pot and order us to eat it. And do you understand what that means, to feed a Russian on boiled frogs? Yes, and they'd mock us too, with their 'Gut, gut. . .' In those three years I learned their talk a little. When I have to talk to them, I praise this and that: 'Deutsches gut, alles in Ordnung.' As though they have things in order, see. . . Every person likes flattery. And though fascists aren't really people, still they fall for it. . . In the old days they used to say that the Germans were clever, they invented the monkey. But they're only clever at their evil work, and they can't carry that through to the end. How can they be clever, when they'll take any foolishness into their heads and then you can only beat it out together with their brains? . . Well, are you ready, Captain?"

Terekhov stood up and displayed himself.

"That's good," Ivan Kondratyevich decided. "Your beard's grown a bit, that's good too."

He watched silently while Terekhov carefully wrapped his decorations and documents in a clean cloth, slit the lining of his jacket, concealed them in a corner and fastened it up with a safety pin.

"You've an automatic too, I see?"

"Yes. German. I got it from the lorry."

"Have to take it. Might come in handy. And Anyuta'll look after your clothes. They'll be there when the time comes, they'll not get lost."

"Then you think, Ivan Kondratyevich, that I can't stop here?"

"Not on any account. You'll have to go. To the forest."

"Well, I'll go during the night."

Ivan Kondratyevich looked at Terekhov in surprise.

"But how will you go?"

"Simple enough. I've a map and compass with me. I'll make my way to the forward positions. Good that it's not far."

"Hard fighting going on there just now. There's big German forces there, the place is thick with them. Units on top of one another. And you've twenty kilometres to go. And Fritz is sending up reinforcements. Every way is blocked."

"Well, and what do you advise, then? Where can I go except into the forest?"

"Oh, into the forest all right. Only further back. To the west."

"To the west?" Terekhov's voice rose in his surprise. "Back? Is it for that that I made my way on foot to the highway, nearly froze to death, but got here, and now when it's only twenty kilometres to the front—back again? You're joking, Ivan Kondratyevich!"

"No, I'm not joking."

Terekhov got out the map and spread it out on his knees. But before he had time to begin studying it, Ivan Kondratyevich took his hand and whispered:

"Put away the map. You'll not need it. There's a man from the forest coming tonight."

And in reply to Terekhov's surprised look, he added:

"To Syrovarov, that's where you'll have to go. To the partisans. There's no other way for you."

Terekhov and Ivan Kondratyevich were walking along a broad street in the settlement of Ilyino.

In the light of the midday winter sun the ruins looked as depressing as ever. The right hand side of the road had been much damaged by fire. A year previously there had been stubborn street fighting here and nothing was left of the wooden houses except the smoke-blackened columns of chimneys. Nearer to the station there were whole blocks undamaged, and even remnants of fences stood in front of the houses and along the avenue leading to the station. Terekhov looked at the German signs and names "Kasino," "Delikatessen," "Nur für Deutsche," glanced at the stencilled house numbers, at the notice "Besetzt," and some kind of letters and figures, and again he was swept by the same feeling of helpless rage which had overcome him that night when by his headlights he had read the German sign "Ilino." However, he continued to walk submissively beside Ivan Kondratyevich, looked at the soldier leading a horse covered by a blanket, at the bored sentries standing at the crossroads.

Terekhov saw the guard changed at the beautiful white columned building which had once been the school and was now the German commandant's premises. There were practically none of the local people to be seen, with the exception of a good-looking old man with luxuriant white whiskers, to whom Ivan Kondratyevich bade a courteous good day. Another time Ivan Kondratyevich told Terekhov to take off his cap—a staff car with two German officers inside was coming along the street. Terekhov walked through the place hardly able to believe that he, a captain in the Red Army, was pacing unhurriedly along the street of a settlement which had been in German hands for over a year.

They walked down a street bordered with maples leading to the station, climbed a bridge over the lines and there opened up before Terekhov a picture to gladden the eyes of an airman. The previous morning our bombers had appeared over the station, a most important junction for the Germans, a distributing centre for their supplies and reinforcements for the front. And Terekhov could see the results of our bombers' activities. Wherever he looked, he saw deep bomb craters and piles of yellow clay. There were rails twisted like tangled thread, skeletons of coaches lying on their sides, piles of distorted metal which had once been locomotives. . . In one place two of them stood on end like toy stallions rearing; in another the force of an explosion had hurled the platform of a coach onto the roof of the station warehouse. There were the smoking ruins of the depot, and finally, a large railway bridge neatly chopped in half in two places as though with an axe. . .

German sappers and people driven in to work from the neighbouring villages were moving about among the ruins like ants, but Terekhov's experienced eye told him that the station would be useless for at least a week. So that was why the Germans were guarding the highroad so carefully; at least to a certain extent it could replace the line. That was why supply columns, lorries with soldiers and tanks had been travelling along it all night.

Descending the bridge the other side of the line, Ivan Kondratyevich and Tere-

khov were stopped by a sentry. Terekhov carefully recalled that his surname was Komarov, first name and patronymic Kuzma Antonovich, that he was a relative of Ivan Kondratyevich and was working as a coupler at a station seventeen kilometres from Ilyino. Ivan Kondratyevich, using that head "like a People's Commissar's," had given him German papers made out in that name. When they left the post, Ivan Kondratyevich did not neglect to observe that this time the sentry checked their papers more carefully than usual.

They went another two kilometres alongside the railway lines, and finally found themselves at Ivan Kondratyevich's cottage. It certainly was not a particularly enticing place. Beside the hut there was a pile of ashes, evidently the remains of a neighbouring cottage which had been burnt down, and the right hand side of the hut was scorched and charred. It was hard to understand how it had escaped intact.

Terekhov spent the day and night in Ivan Kondratyevich's hut, waiting for the "man from the forest." The latter arrived at dawn, when Terekhov was still asleep—a young fellow, very neatly and even foppishly dressed. He nodded to Terekhov and introduced himself by the name of Igor—also an unusual name for a man from the forest. His appearance, strange in a forest dweller, was explained simply enough. While Terekhov was still asleep, Igor had had time to shave and change into fresh clothes which Ivan Kondratyevich kept for him.

After hearing the tale of Terekhov's wanderings, Igor said, without the slightest sign of astonishment, that Terekhov would be the fourth airman whom Syrovarov's column had assisted to cross the front.

"You know how to use skis, of course?"

"I used to when I was young," answered Terekhov modestly, although actually he had been one of the best ski-runners in his home town.

Terekhov was favourably impressed by Igor's calmness and confidence, and he even felt no alarm when that same well-favoured grey-bearded man whom they had met along the road near the commandants' house that evening walked into the cottage. However, the conversation which followed between the three was worthy of attention.

"Here again?" said the new arrival, turning to Igor without any preliminary greeting. "I'm surprised at your imprudence."

"Sit down, won't you, Vassili Alexeyevich," replied Igor with perfect calm. "We can continue our recent conversation."

"As you will. . . But who may that be?" asked the man he had called Vassili Alexeyevich, glancing at Terekhov.

"No business of yours, citizen Yershov," answered Igor with the same calm.

"Everything's my business, since I have to answer for everything. What do you expect of me, I haven't two heads on my shoulders."

"It's just because you have not got two heads on your shoulders that I advise you to keep your nose out of what doesn't concern you."

"And it's just the same for me, whether the Germans crush me or you settle your accounts with me. I'm telling you for the last time. . ."

"You don't need to shout, Vassili Alexeyevich," said Ivan Kondratyevich, "it doesn't suit you. . . You're the second elder there's been in this village, the first Soviet power accounted for, but you've been spared—and you yourself well know why. Because you're wiser than the one before you."

There was a short silence.

"It'll be the same end for me, whatever happens," said the unctuous old man gloomily. "I never saw anything wrong with Soviet power, they even helped me along with my bee-keeping. But where is it now, that Soviet power? Over a year it's not been here."

"Soviet power exists!"

"Where, in the forest?"

"Soviet power was, is and will be," said Ivan Kondratyevich impressively. "You'd do better to remember how you talked in the spring, when our men got near Sosnovka. Bowed to the ground before the ikon: 'Lord, let our people come quickly.'"

"And I'm waiting for them now, and praying to God they come. . . But put yourself in my place. Do you think that the Germans are fools? They found a wrecked lorry, the driver's disappeared somewhere. Who's to blame? The elder. The commandant's glaring at me like a wolf. To cut it short I've decided. . ."

"It's this way," Igor interrupted the old man. "You've been thinking whom you'll have to live with—the Germans or the Soviets. Soon there'll be neither skin nor bone of them here, and you can be very

sure that we shall remember any help you give us. And we shall not forget any harm you do us either. All that is demanded of you is that you don't notice what doesn't concern you. That's all."

"But the commandant insists that the elder. . ."

"Just what is all this talk leading up to?" Terekhov interrupted the elder, losing patience. "Who are you? German or Russian?"

"Excuse me, I don't know you. . . But I can guess. . . I'm not blind! Wasn't it you who smashed up the German lorry?"

He rose, settled his warm cap with its earflaps, and turning to Ivan Kondratyevich, announced:

"This is how it is, neighbour. . . Let there be no guests staying with you by tonight. Maybe you don't value your head, but I've grandchildren, a family. That's my last word to you."

He went out, forgetting to close the door behind him.

"Well," said Ivan Kondratyevich thoughtfully, "you'll not be spending the winter here. Have to be on your way by night."

"He'll not betray us?" asked Igor, pulling at a cigarette.

"I think not," replied Ivan Kondratyevich after a moment's thought. "He'd be afraid."

And while this conversation was going on, the highroad patrol on its round found the frozen body of a German soldier with the skull smashed in.

Rudi Kufal, the Osetzki Staff-Doctor's batman, came from the hamlet of Stench on the Polish-German frontier as fixed in the treaty of 1918. That was why he understood and spoke a little Polish. This circumstance made young doctor Otto Reinkul's pure-blooded Schwabian batman assert that Rudi was not a pure German, but a "Volksdeutscher," as the Hitlerites call Germans of Polish descent. And although Rudi Kufal could produce a certificate from the "Bureau on Race Questions" testifying to his pure German descent, the slanderer nevertheless considered him a bad German.

However this might be, Rudi Kufal understood a little Polish, and this helped him to make himself understood by Darya Vassilyevna and Anyuta, and to make them do work which was his by rights. When the staff-doctor was away from home, he would lie on his camp bed playing his favourite tunes on the okarina, a musical instrument which he had exchanged with an Italian in Greece. At the present moment he was playing a real Polish tune and if his enemy Otto Reinkul's batman could have heard him, the latter would have found further ground for his suspicions regarding Rudi's German descent.

Nevertheless, Rudi Kufal, dropping his okarina, hummed to himself the tune of a krakovyak as he lay there on his camp bed, thinking that it would be no bad thing after this war to find himself with a senior corporal's badge and a hundred and fifty marks pay, as well as the right to a silver wound badge and finally, the iron cross. . . These were all dreams except the silver badge which he had begged from the staff-doctor after a falling cupboard had struck him when a bomb hit the hospital. Suddenly Darya Vassilyevna interrupted his musings.

"Herr Rudi Kufal," she said, "some soldiers have come. . . They're asking for the Herr staff-doctor."

"Herr Rudi Kufal" had barely time to raise his shaved brows in surprise when the door opened and he sprang from the bed; it was a sergeant-major in the SS uniform who had appeared on the threshold.

"Announce me to the staff-doctor," he said, saluting with two fingers. "SS Senior Sergeant-Major Gerhardt Sonn."

Stiff to attention, Rudi reported that the Herr staff-doctor was absent in the execution of his duties.

"In that case please note that by special orders of the commandant I am empowered to search the sheds, stables and other farm buildings attached to this house, occupied by the Herr staff-doctor."

And turning sharply, the sergeant-major left the room. Rudi raised his shaved brows still higher and followed him.

In the yard he saw five soldiers with tommy-guns. Rudi ordered Darya Vassilyevna to show the Germans the shed, the ice-pit, hayloft and attic. The soldiers followed Darya Vassilyevna, while the NCO pulled out some Greek cigarettes and condescendingly offered one to Rudi Kufal.

"May I enquire the cause of such a measure?" asked Rudi Kufal delicately.

"A trifle," said the sergeant-major abruptly. "They're looking for a certain

Russian in connection with a certain matter. . . I don 't know all the details myself. We're ordered to search every corner where he might be hiding. We've been at it since the morning."

And he turned away with dignity, considering that he had paid sufficient attention to the staff-doctor's batman.

The Germans rummaged through the hayloft, the shed and even went down the ice-pit, which was packed up with snow. Finally they went away. And Rudi Kufal returned to his camp bed and his interrupted dreams of a pleasant future. However, he was again disturbed by Anyuta.

"Herr Rudi," she said, unconstrainedly as always, thrusting her head in through the doorway, "what did they want?"

"Go to ze doibel, Anyuta," replied Rudi angrily, but nevertheless added condescendingly: "A Russian man runned off. . . If zey find him—kaput."

And with a gesture he indicated hanging.

On his return from IvanKondratyevich, the settlement elder was mortally scared to discover that the Germans had been making a house to house search wherever there were people still living in the settlement. But what alarmed him most of all was that this had been done without his having been informed, without his assistance. Incidentally, the elder knew about the find of a wrecked lorry in the road, and the excitement among the Germans this had caused. The only thing he did not know was the information which had reached Ilyino about the body of the driver found on the road.

After pondering over all this, the elder decided to go himself to the German commandant. As he approached his headquarters, Vassili Alexeyevich Yershov decided to tell the German everything he knew—of the arrival of the man from the forest, of the unknown whom he had seen with the track-walker Komarov. He was rather sorry for Komarov; after all, they were fellow-townsmen, they were of the same generation and had known each other for dozens of years, but as he said to himself, after all one's own shirt lies closer. . .

With his mind made up to betray all three, Yershov mounted the dirty stairway to the commandant's office, bowing to everyone he met just to be on the safe side, and first of all stepped in to a certain senior lieutenant with the Russian name of Provornov, whom all the people in the settlement knew as the commandant's adviser on Russian matters.

Provornov was quite a young man who had been born and lived in Germany, in the family of a "white" emigrant who had fled from Kharkov in 1918. He could speak Russian fairly well, it was only occasionally that one noticed a German turn of speech. He treated Yershov rather condescendingly but on the whole politely. Now, when he had made up his mind to tell the commandant everything he knew, Yershov felt more certain of himself than usual. He was playing a safe card, the ace of trumps, and for this reason entered Provornov's room without knocking, without even coughing apologetically on the threshold, ran straight to the table, and suddenly halted, cold with astonishment: sitting in an armchair obliquely opposite Provornov, smoking a cigarette, was Igor. Yershov's face must have shown something for Provornov rose and looking at him sternly, said:

"So you've come at last. . . We've been looking for you since morning, and nobody knew where you were."

Yershov opened his mouth, but for a moment could not utter a word. Speechless, he stood there before Provornov.

"Since you're here, sit down on that divan," Provornov continued in a dissatisfied tone and turning to Igor, jerking his head towards Yershov, added with fastidious mockery: "This is the local settlement elder. ..."

Igor looked at Yershov and offered him his hand without rising.

Taken aback as he was by this unexpected encounter, Yershov could not help observing that Provornov treated Igor very differently from him, the settlement elder. Igor's free manner, something dandyish in his dress and his attractive appearance evidently were not without their effect on Provornov. He looked curiously at this young man who had grown up under Soviet conditions and surroundings, studied in a Soviet school and conversed with him, a senior lieutenant of the German army, with such tact and dignity.

"I shall be very pleased," Provornov continued his conversation with Igor. "The economic administration has long

been in need of an educated Russian interpreter; I personally am too busy to take on such matters—I shall only direct the work. The letters you bring from the head of the economic administration speak most highly of you, Herr. . ."

"Voronyuk," said Igor, carelessly.

"Herr Voronyuk."

Yershov was sitting a little way off, on the divan, and all that he had been thinking about on the way here fled from his mind. He no longer felt that the decision he had only just taken—to betray all those whom he had seen two hours previously in the linesman's cottage—was the only way out for him. On the one hand, he was practically certain that the pseudo-Voronyuk was making use of stolen papers and recommendations and that the real Voronyuk was already in a better world. Yet. . .

No, everything was thoroughly muddled and obscure.

At that moment Provornov and Igor were talking about the Soviet system of education for young people, and the pseudo-Voronyuk was patiently explaining to Provornov what subjects are taught in Soviet trade schools. The conversation lasted for a long time, but for Provornov, who had grown up abroad and understood nothing of the Soviet system, the subject was of considerable interest. Many times his chiefs had applied to him as being of Russian descent with questions on the Soviet laws and administrative system, but Herr Oberleutnant Provornov had known nothing and had frequently been lost in utter confusion, much to the dissatisfaction of his chiefs.

Now, listening to this polite but so self-confident young man, Provornov thought that such a man might have a career ahead of him under the Germans, always on condition, of course, that he understood what was demanded of him. He even felt something like chagrin when he looked at this strong looking fellow with his fine colour, and saw his own reflection in the glass—narrow shoulders, earthy-coloured face and hair already thinning.

Yershov, sitting a little distance away on the divan, racked his brains to find the answer to the riddle. Could it be that the Germans were unaware that their new interpreter for the economic administration and the man from the forest were one and the same? Be that as it might, he decided to postpone his decision and see how it would all end.

The telephone rang. Provornov took up the receiver and said immediately that the major had sent for him, excused himself to Igor and left the room.

"We-e-ell, Vassili Alexeyevich," said Igor, turning to Yershov as though there were nothing out of the way in their encounter. "So this is where we've met. . . How do you like it?"

"The devil himself could break his leg here. . ." stammered Yershov. "My head's in a whirl from all this."

"Your head's still on your shoulders," hissed Igor between his teeth. "And it depends on you whether it stays there or not. Do as we agreed and everything will be all right."

"Yes, it's all very well for you to talk. . ." Yershov was beginning, and stopped as he heard swift footsteps.

Provornov returned, the brown top-boots on his thin legs rasping on the floor, went to the cupboard, poured a few drops of some liquid onto a lump of sugar and put it into his mouth.

"My heart's playing up," he told Igor. "Overwork. . . You'll study all the documents," he continued, "pay attention to the reports on the land work to be undertaken in spring. The peasants' leaders of the villages round about must have clear instructions in Russian. . . Well, my best wishes. I hope we'll meet again soon."

When they were shaking hands, Yershov felt the strongest desire to jump up and shout: "Stop him! That's. . ." But in the same instant he noticed that Igor held his left hand in his trousers pocket, and perhaps there was something in that pocket. . .

Probably if he shouted, there would be nothing left of Igor, Provornov, or of himself, Yershov. "And the devil take them all!" flashed through Yershov's head, and he decided to say nothing to the Germans.

Igor left. Yershov had already opened his mouth to speak, but Provornov looked at him sternly and switched on the wireless. The sound of a gong was heard, and then there was a moment's silence.

"Is there good news from the front?" Yershov ventured to ask.

Provornov gave him another stern look from his colourless, cold eyes, blinked his sandy eyelashes and turned to the wireless. The Helsinki announcer speaking in

Russian reported that on the north-east all attacks by the Soviet forces had been repulsed and that the situation on this sector of the front should be considered favourable in every way for the German troops.

"Thank God!" said Yershov in a honeyed voice, and again thought: "Maybe I should tell everything?"

Provornov turned off the wireless and walking stiff kneed, his heels ringing on the floor, came up close to Yershov.

"We-e-ell, Herr village elder," he said with a kind of whistle in his voice. "I warned you. . . Now you've lost the game."

And with a sudden swing of his large bony hand he smashed Yershov on each cheek of his well-favoured face.

"Your tricks are going to bring you to the gallows on the square this very day. . . What's all this with the lorry, you son of a bitch?"

"Lord above!" groaned Yershov. "And is it me. . . Lord! Why and that's what I came about. . . Allow me to go to the commandant. I'll tell you everything. It's a matter of the first importance."

Provornov went to the table, took up the telephone, barked something into it and giving Yershov a thrust of such violence that it hurt, growled:

"Come along, then."

In the evening there arose the worst blizzard of the winter. Even Ivan Kondratyevich, accustomed as he was to the rigours of the local climate, was amazed. Such blizzards usually came just before spring, and that was still two months off.

As soon as the elder had gone, Igor also disappeared for three hours. It was quite dark outside from the thick falling snow and the whirling drifts. The Germans were thoroughly confounded by such weather, so new to them, and in addition were alarmed to see that the road was drifting up and traffic to the front halted. They rounded up people of all ages from the neighbouring villages to clear the road. It was tormenting and senseless work. The storm continued to rage with the same fury, and the road was immediately choked again as soon as it was cleared. People collapsed from weakness and exhaustion, while through that snowy hell the sound of the Germans' shouts and curses, of blows, women's weeping and men's groans rose above the howling of the wind.

At four o'clock in the afternoon Igor returned to the hut, sat down opposite Terekhov and after recovering his breath, said:

"Circumstances have arisen which force us to make ourselves scarce—and as quickly as possible."

Ivan Kondratyevich rose, and looked closely at him, as though wanting to convince himself that such circumstances really had arisen.

The cottage trembled from the fury of the wind and the wick floating in the earthen saucer flickered, giving off a dim light.

"We can't wait for evening. It's two kilometres to the sandpits. We can make it in an hour, even in this weather. We'll go on at dawn." He stooped over Ivan Kondratyevich and in his expression there was something new, a sort of warmth and feeling. "I think you'll have to come too, old 'un."

"And why me?"

"The Fritzes have begun to take a big interest in you, old 'un. Especially recently. And the elder's visit boded nothing good. And then there's other complications, in connection. . . with our guest. I think we'd better go, all three of us. It'll be better that way."

Without waiting for an answer, Igor went to change his clothes. He took a tattered wadded jacket and trousers and a pair of felt boots from a trunk, and after changing into them, looked rather sadly at his other jacket, trousers, blue shirt and flowered tie.

"Well, what about it, old 'un?"

The blizzard was still shaking the hut, and a pungent smoke rose from the iron stove. Ivan Kondratyevich took a pan off the stove and seemed to be giving the whole of his attention to his cabbage soup.

"And what should I go for?" he said at last. "I was born here, spent almost my whole life here in the village. I buried my wife here, two sons and a daughter. This is the place for me to die too."

"That's not absolutely necessary. Think it over."

"And have I ever changed my mind? You know me."

Then turning to his soup, he added:

"Have something hot to set you along the way."

But Igor did not wish to lose a moment and Terekhov began to put on his

overclothes. He slung the German tommy-gun over his shoulder beneath his jacket, and began to fasten it. Igor looked at him and nodded approvingly.

"Anyuta'll be grieved," remarked Ivan Kondratyevich sadly. "Darya Vassilyevna's been baking scones for the airman to take along with him on the way. Anyuta intended to bring them in the evening. Well, she'll be too late. . ."

Terekhov also was sorry to leave the village without taking leave of Anyuta and Darya Vassilyevna.

"Shall we follow the old custom and sit down?"

For a moment all three sat down, then Terekhov embraced Ivan Kondratyevich and fixed his eyes on him with a long gaze, trying to imprint on his mind this calm, stern face, the grey head and the sharp, alert glance of the young eyes.

"Perhaps we shall meet again?" said Terekhov.

"All things are possible," replied Ivan Kondratyevich.

An icy wind, which seemed to sear the eyeballs, caught Terekhov's face on the threshold of the cottage.

"A fine person," he said, touching Igor on the shoulder. "A fine old man, Ivan Kondratyevich."

Igor nodded.

"Our ambassador. . . You'll not find another like him."

He led Terekhov along the middle of the road. The Germans had evidently realized the uselessness of clearing the way in such weather and had allowed the people to go back to the settlement and the neighbouring villages. They turned into the same cart-road where Terekhov had wrecked the German lorry two nights previously, went about a hundred paces and bumped into hurdles surrounded by barbed wire. Two Germans came out of the snow-covered dugout and beckoned to them to come nearer.

"Staff interpreter attached to the economic administration," said Igor in pure German, producing a paper.

The wind seemed as though it would tear the paper from his hand. Blowing on his fingers, the German reached out for it, then waved his hand and left the road. The second German had already gone back into the dugout.

Igor and Terekhov went a little further along the cart-road, which under the snow was completely indistinguishable from the fields around. They walked, bent double, sometimes halting with their backs to the wind. The weather favoured them. All around them was a snowy waste, and at three yards a man was invisible. It was only once that Igor tugged at Terekhov's sleeve and both lay for about five minutes in the snow, without moving. Three armed ski-runners passed, shouting something to each other in some strange tongue.

"Finns," said Igor, when they passed.

The storm continued to rage. The whirling snow rose, fell, and rose again in clouds. Sometimes snowy dunes would suddenly appear in their path, sometimes the wind would die down, and there would be revealed an expanse for all the world like the suddenly frozen waves of the sea. At last they came to a deep gulley whose sides were almost sheer.

"We are there!" Igor shouted to Terekhov but the wind whipped the words from his lips and whirled them away.

Then he took Terekhov by the hand and showed him a hardly visible path, and assisting themselves by ice-covered roots, they descended the gulley.

After seeing Igor and Terekhov off, Ivan Kondratyevich sat down on the stool, laid his hands on his knees and gazed for a long time at the embers smouldering under a covering of ash. The cold was again penetrating through all crevices, the heat fell, and the old man felt his large and once powerful hands grow chill. There were still two or three glowing embers left in the stove. Like the years of his life, he thought, once stormy, agitated, filled with events, but now ash-covered, glimmering faintly and approaching its bitter end.

Ivan Kondratyevich was of the generation which had borne the wars and revolutions of four decades. At twenty-three he had taken part in the Russo-Japanese war, had been slightly wounded at Mukden and returned home in 1905. In his Manchurian fur cap and soldier's cloak he had passed through the streets of the settlement, behind the red flag, together with the railwaymen and repair-yard workers. In 1914 he had been one of the first reservists to be called up. He was in the fighting at the Mazurian Lakes, shared the fate of captured soldiers of Samsonov's army. There were the hard years of imprisonment, and the joy of

return to a reborn, free country. The soldier of the old army became a soldier of the revolution, a Red Guard and a fighter in the Red Army. And this ended the old soldier's active service. At least, that was what Ivan Kondratyevich had thought, and so it had been, for two months before the beginning of the National War he had passed his sixtieth birthday.

Igor used to call the old man "our ambassador," or sometimes, half laughing, his assistant, for the old man gave faithful help to the column in its operations in the vicinity of Ilyino station. But all this held no joy for Ivan Kondratyevich, he longed to take a full part in the military campaigns, although he was tortured by a fever picked up in Manchuria, and by rheumatism, a souvenir of his labour in the swamps when he was in a German prison, to say nothing of his wounds. For some years already he had received a pension, but had not left his work on the railway where all his friends were and where the young people liked to listen to the talk of the old man who had seen so much in his time. Here he had spent more than twenty years.

He spoke the truth when he said that all his dear ones had been buried in the cemetery here, by the Ilya-Prophet Church. He had one son left of whom he seldom spoke out of modesty. This son was a Red Army general known throughout the land. Some of the people in the settlement knew that not long before the Germans' coming a car had arrived for Ivan Kondratyevich. An adjutant had brought the old man a letter with the son's orders to his father: to leave Ilyino settlement. But the old soldier had not obeyed his son's orders, and had stayed in his cottage.

Ivan Kondratyevich stirred the embers with a stick. A tongue of flame darted up, casting its yellow reflections on the walls. The old man raised his eyes and saw an old framed photograph hanging there—a broad-shouldered soldier in a cap without a peak, a white tunic with the epaulettes of a corporal, and a round-faced young woman, a girl in a print frock and a snub-nosed boy with bright eyes.

The fire in the stove flamed up brightly. Evidently there were still some sticks not yet burned out. A furious gust of wind shook the cottage. Ivan Kondratyevich stretched out his legs to the flames. Today his rheumatism was tormenting him. Probably the change in the weather, the storm. And at that moment he heard somebody run to the window and knock hastily on the pane.

He rose, unbolted the door and stepped out. Before him stood Anyuta, snow-covered, breathless with running.

"Granddad, Granddad," she gasped, "the Germans are looking for the airman."

She told him how the Germans had that day hunted through their hayloft and shed and ice-hole, and not only theirs, but all the neighbours' too and that the patrols were arresting everybody at the bridge. She had followed the track and that was why she was so late. She had scones for the airman in her bundle, her Granny had baked them for him to take on his way. . .

"Yershov?" Ivan Kondratyevich asked himself while she was still speaking. If Yershov had really told the Germans everything, then first of all they should have come here, to his cottage. They had not done so, however, but had undertaken a house to house search, which meant that Yershov had not yet told the Germans about the man he had found at Ivan Kondratyevich's cottage. But he certainly would report it when he saw that there was trouble brewing. And that was bad, because he knew of the secret place in the sandpits—he used to go there himself to the partisans before he was made elder. . .

This meant that the first thing to do was to let Igor and Terekhov know that they must leave for the forest without waiting for dawn, whatever the weather might be.

He turned to get his jacket, but stopped suddenly, sighed and shook his head sadly. . . How could a man with swollen legs get to the sandpits; and in such weather? Such a trip demanded young, limber feet. And suppose the Germans sent out men on skis, what then?

He had voiced these reflections aloud, tortured by the question of what to do, and suddenly he saw Anyuta's bright eyes.

"Granddad! Granddad! I'll run there, I'll make it. . . I'll be there in no time. . . Granddad!"

"You're not afraid? You'll get there before dark?"

"I'll get there!" She dashed to the door.

"Stop!"

From his trunk Ivan Kondratyevich took a stump of pencil and piece of paper and wrote a few words.

"Give that to themselves. This is how you'll find them: you know the grave where the soldiers were buried, remember? In the summer you used to take flowers there. Well, look there. . ."

"Yes, yes, I know. . ."

"Stop! . . If you meet any Germans, say that you were running to the hundred and fourteen kilometre post at the junction, taking scones to Aunt Antonina, but lost your way. . . Maybe, Lord grant it, you'll not meet any Germans, they don't like this kind of weather. . . Well, good luck to you."

The door slammed and Anyuta disappeared.

Ivan Kondratyevich went and stood on the threshold. The blizzard raged in all its fury, heaven and earth had become one whirling, dancing white wall. The old soldier was haunted with the questions whether Yershov had already told the Germans or not and whether Anyuta would reach the sandpits in time. He turned back into the hut, lay down on the floor and pulled up a board that creaked as it rose, thrust his arm into the hole, and drew out an old Russian rifle carefully wrapped in sacking and four clips of cartridges. Unwrapping the sacking, he assured himself that the rifle was quite in order, without a grain of dust in the bore, and the lock well oiled. He loaded the rifle, stood it up in a corner, and throwing on his sheepskin, went out of the cottage.

For a long time he stood there on the threshold, gazing into the snowy whirling distance, but even his keen old eyes saw nothing. Darkness began to gather. But the old man's ears were still to be trusted. He caught the sound of a passing car. There was no road passing by here; if anyone came here by car it meant that they were in such haste as to not mind skirting it. The old man went for his rifle, returned and again stood listening. The car was no longer to be heard, but instead there came the sound of voices and he saw human silhouettes drawing in on the cottage in a semi-circle.

The old soldier lay down on the threshold and remained there without moving until the silhouettes were clear against the clouds of white snow. He reached for cartridges, loaded and took aim at the nearest, a tall stooping figure. The old soldier fired, and the tall figure collapsed in the snow. Immediately a hail of lead flayed his hut from three sides. The Germans were trying to sweep away every living thing that might still be in this poor place. Five rifle shots sounded weakly through the ringing, deafening rattle of the tommy-guns. Bullets ploughed up the snow around the old soldier, something seared his leg. He changed the magazine and lay down again. But in front of him a snowy column rose and the earth shook with a thunderous explosion. Ivan Kondratyevich's head sank down over the lock of his rifle; and that was how the old soldier died.

The second grenade smashed everything in the cottage; the stove was overturned, the embers scattered and the last spark extinguished for ever.

The place where Igor and Terekhov had found refuge was known as the sandpits for in earlier times sand had been brought from here for the construction of a dam. Nobody ever went there now. Everyone knew that this was the place where the Red Army war prisoners shot by the Germans had been buried. And now all this excavated land—the falls and crevices, the precipices and pits—was covered with soft, deep snow.

Terekhov was amazed at the ease with which his comrade found the path, and still more amazed when they suddenly found themselves in a cave, three metres deep and completely sheltered from the wind. In the cavern, covered with waterproof sheeting were a fur coverlet, electric torches, rifles and two pairs of skis. And all these things had been captured from the Germans.

"Say what you may, we can't light a fire here—there are no sticks, and anyway, it would be too dangerous. But I've got a thermos flask with hot tea and in the other flask there's German rum. Tea with rum—that's something worth having. . . Some people prefer pure spirit—ninety-six degrees proof. I can offer you that too."

Five minutes after Igor hung the waterproof sheeting over the cave entrance, a flask of spirit and some kind of tinned fish appeared before Terekhov. Inside the cave it was warm and even comfortable.

Terekhov felt a burning curiosity to know who he had been previously—this

young man who looked twenty-two at most. In his walk and in every movement there was something that indicated the trained athlete. Obviously he was physically strong, very agile and in the pink of training. At the same time in his face, in his eyes which had already seen so much, there was a certain sternness and concentration. All his actions were without any unnecessary movement or fuss and although Terekhov had seen many such people among seamen, it surprised him to find these qualities in a "civilian".

The powerful electric torch lit up the cave, and Terekhov looked around their refuge not without a certain surprise—probably it had been hollowed out by an excavator some time ago.

"This is my base," said Igor, following his gaze. "Here I have my personal stores—food, weapons, and two pairs of skis. . . By the way, when the Germans come to a village for the first time, they order the people to give up all skis. If they catch anyone on skis they are sure to shoot him. Skis are a kind of weapon, too. . . If it's a long time since you've been on them, you'll find it hard at first."

Terekhov remembered his wanderings in the forest and his longing for a pair of skis. He very much wanted to ask his companion what he had been in the past, before the war, but thought that as a partisan he was not be supposed to answer such questions.

"What did you fly?" asked Igor.

"A fighter."

"Do you know, I have flown once in my life—and that once was enough for me. Not long ago, in the autumn, I had to fly to headquarters on a U-2. It was windy, and the plane rocked badly. . . We flew along a narrow corridor, ten to twelve kilometres. There were Germans on either side. A Messerschmitt got after us, and we landed in a vegetable garden."

"Yes, they call them the 'gardeners,' the U-2."

"It's pleasanter on the ground, all the same."

"Everyone to his taste."

And Terekhov reflected how all these days he had dreamed only of being in the air again. He told Igor this.

"Well, that's you. But I admit frankly that I haven't the slightest desire to fly."

"It's not flying weather just now."

"I wouldn't fly in general. . . What do you think, is that cowardice?"

Terekhov burst out laughing. He remembered Igor's cool confidence with the German sentry.

"It's strange," said Terekhov. "I shall soon be thirty years old. You are probably younger. All we know of the Civil War is what we've read in Nikolai Ostrovsky's books or about Chapayev. And naturally, when we were boys we both dreamed of doing the same kind of things ourselves. . ."

"Of course. . . You know I was a terrible scamp. For a long time after reading about Chapayev I used to go about covered with bruises."

"We were all like that. Youth. . . more energy than you know what to do with. Let's see, how did I get onto this? Oh, yes. . . Here we are sitting in this hole, and if you only think, it's almost like an adventure novel or film, isn't it? But for you and me—it's life, it's just everyday war-time existence. Where were you when the war started?"

"That's a long story," replied Igor, after a moment's thought. "It was this way. I have a sister, she was doing party work far away from any town, in some pretty wild parts. It wasn't often she could come home to our town to see our parents. Once when she came she went for me. 'Grown up like a flagstaff you have,' she said, 'and nothing but biceps in your brain. You've finished secondary school, now go to college, you can go in for sport at the same time.' And we all talked it over and decided that I should go and stay with her and prepare for the entrance examination to the university. I was just twenty then and I really was something like a professional athlete. Well, I stayed there in the wilds for two months, sixty kilometres from the district centres. I surrounded myself with books, I read and studied, I even gave up hunting. On the twenty-second of June, a Sunday, I remember, I met a mounted Bashkir on the steppe. He was tearing along like mad. And there I was, walking along with Turgenyev's *Smoke* under my arm. I was thoroughly absorbed in the life I was reading about. And he shouted to me: 'Drop your book! War! We're going to thrash Hitler!'"

"And the war found me, can you imagine, in a museum," Terekhov said. "That Sunday I had taken my boy to the Rus-

sian Museum. We were walking through it, looking at the pictures, and suddenly, I remember, we halted before a canvas showing a battle at sea. . . I don't remember now who was the artist. My wife said: 'Why are you starting the lad right off with war? Better come and look at Levitan.' And we went. Suddenly one of the attendants came running through the museum, pale and agitated, muttering to herself: 'Lord, what is it all, what's going to happen? . .' I admit that I wondered if the old woman was out of her senses. But a moment later everything was clear. And the museum emptied in no time. Half an hour later I was in the air and just in time —there was a raid, and we were able to show them right away what the airmen of the Baltic fleet are made of."

"I left the Bashkir steppes and went home," Igor continued. "I travelled seventeen days and barely got there in time. I just managed to take leave of my father and mother and off I went to the local military centre. I didn't see them again—and I shan't."

"And I shan't see my wife again."

And both were silent and both were filled with the same thought—how many people there are in our country who have a blood feud to settle with the Germans. And in that lies our mighty strength, the strength derived from the justice of the cause.

"I can tell you one thing: Hitler'll never get us. No matter what he does."

The wind shrieked round the edge of the precipice and its unearthly orchestra seemed to hold strange sounds—the far-off howling of wolves, or hoarse groans and sobs.

"This is good weather for threshing Germans," said Igor aloud, after some moments' silent thought. "They're decrepit sort of creatures, the Germans, in spite of all their winter sport and their skill in fighting. I'm pretty sure they've all crawled into their blindages and are thawing themselves with cognac. In this sort of weather they send Finns out on reconnoissance, and scouting too. . . We met two of them. There's a battalion of Finns here, near Ilyino."

"Tell me, what sort of man is Syrovarov?" Terekhov asked unexpectedly.

"Syrovarov? Well, how shall I say? . . He's the commander of a partisan column. When you say that, you've said everything, I think." Suddenly he turned his head, listening intently. "Can you hear something?" And almost before the words were out of his mouth he had sprung up and had left the cave.

It had all been so sudden that it was a few seconds before Terekhov followed him, catching up the electric torch on the way. But Igor was already out of sight. He had disappeared without a trace.

The blue evening shadows were already mantling the snow's surface. Terekhov stood listening intently. He imagined he could hear voices, cries. But perhaps it was only the howling of the wind. Igor was nowhere to be seen. The blizzard was still raging as fiercely as before and from the top of the precipice overhead the wind whirled clouds of powdery snow. Then it seemed to Terekhov that somebody was running along its edge. Now he could already hear quite clearly the sound of shots, muffled by the storm. Somebody gave a thin shriek. Something hurtled down the precipice, passing close to Terekhov. Then silence fell again.

Slipping and stumbling, Terekhov ran up the path, his fingers chilled on the icy steel barrel of the rifle. Straining his eyes he strove to see what was happening before him. But it was already completely dark and nothing could be seen two paces off. He then descended to the cave again. But he could not shake off the thought of what it could be that had fallen from above, crashing down the precipice. He pressed the button of the electric torch, an irridescent circle leapt out on the snow, while the whirling flakes danced as before in the blueish-white ray. He switched off the torch, descended still further, and suddenly his foot struck something soft. He directed the beam to his feet and started at what he saw.

Arms flung wide apart, head thrown back and resting on the disordered shawl, lay Anyuta, dead. Terekhov sank down in the snow and turned his light onto her face. Her head was resting on his hand, and something warm trickled over his fingers through the shawl. The dead weight of the body told him that all was over and this man of thirty, who had hundreds of times looked death in the face, who had lost many a comrade and close friend in the war groaned in bitterness and pain. How had the girl come here? He bent and looked again into that childish face—it was changing visibly, the cold shade of death already lay over it. Suddenly he

saw a white fragment in the tightly clenched fist. At first he thought it a handkerchief, but it was something else. He took off his glove and carefully detached a ball of paper from the child's fingers. He smoothed it out, saw that it was covered with a small, angular writing in pencil and looked at it more closely.

"You cannot spend the night at the pits. You must go on. Farewell. One whom you know, I.K." And below the words: "The elder Yershov must be made to pay."

Now everything was clear. Ivan Kondratyevich, he with the "head of a People's Commissar," had perished, but before falling into the Germans' hands he had sent Anyuta to them. It could be nothing else. Fearlessly she had hastened to them, had fought her way through the blizzard to the sandpits, that terrible place, and there she had met the Finns. . .

He raised Anyuta in his arms, pressed her to his bosom, felt the tears burning his lids and immediately turning to sharp icicles. He carried the girl's body to the cave and slowly lowered in onto the snow. He was sitting motionless by Anyuta's body when he heard swift footsteps.

"Igor?" he said, without raising his head.

An irridescent blueish-white circle flashed on. For some seconds Igor gazed at the girl's body. Then laying his hand on Terekhov's shoulder, he took from him the note which Anyuta had brought, read it and tucked it carefully away.

"We have to go," said Igor. "There are Finns about. One of them got away. . . . though he was wounded. He'll freeze."

Terekhov rose and silently watched Igor cleaning the blade of a knife with snow. Then they covered Anyuta's body with the waterproof sheeting and after standing for a moment in silence, left the cave.

They fastened on their skis and set for the forest. Here the wind was less violent, but cascades of snow descended from the tops of the spruces, and their progress over the snowdrifts and the hollows was very slow.

It was a long and difficult way. But now Terekhov was not alone, now he had a true comrade with him, one who could see in the dark like a cat and knew the road.

They came to a glade and halted.

"How could it have happened?" asked Igor.

Terekhov told him how he thought it had been. Probably Ivan Kondratyevich had had no other way open to him but to send Anyuta to the sandpits with a letter.

They went on again. "Head of a Commissar," thought Terekhov sadly. "Wise old man as he was, he made a mistake that time. The elder betrayed him after all."

And as though answering his thought, Igor suddenly said aloud:

"We made a bad mistake, Ivan Kondratyevich. . . Yes, we made a mistake. Well, that's that. . . we'll enter it. An urgent debt that we settle with Vassili Alexeyevich to the last farthing."

Again they had to stop. Despite the cold wind, both were soaked with perspiration. Anyhow, they were out of danger and decided to light a fire. It took them some time, but when at last it was alight, they rested a little. Their hearts were heavy. After a long silence, Terekhov said:

"Yes, it is a terrible war. There has never been a war like this."

They continued making their way through the forest till dawn. The storm gradually died down. The trees with their thick covering of snow looked like spectres, standing out white against the heavy leaden sky pressing down over the forest. Igor led the way, occasionally glancing back at his companion. But in the end his pace was too much for Terekhov, who had to beg for mercy.

"You're good on the skis. . . Incidentally, what's your surname, if it isn't a secret?"

"My name's Syrovarov."

That evening Terekhov, now pretty tired, saw a sledge standing in a glade, with a pair of broad-shouldered shaggy horses harnessed to it. Two men sitting on the sledge jumped down and came to meet them.

"Let me introduce you," Syrovarov said to them. "This is Captain Terekhov, and this," turning to Terekhov, "is my adjutant, Romanenko. The driver is comrade Alyona. Let's go."

After a short talk with the German commandant, Vassili Alexeyevich Yershov felt somewhat better.

He looked at the commandant's flat

bony chin, at his thin shaved whiskers, his reddish eyelashes and eyes like pieces of bottle glass. He looked at the commandant's short thick legs in their warm buckled jackboots and everything about him seemed to Yershov so firm, so solid, so stable, that he told him even more than he wanted to say. He even told him about the cave in the sandpits, although that put him in a somewhat invidious position.

Provornov conscientiously translated everything that Yershov said, with comments of his own which might have agitated the elder afresh and perhaps made him regret his outspokenness had he understood German.

Whatever the reason, Yershov was not allowed to leave the commandant's office and, however alarming that might be, Yershov had nothing against it. It suited him because now he had told everything he had seen in the linesman's hut, Yershov took fright, realizing that naturally Igor and his comrades would not forgive him. For this reason Yershov was glad to follow Provornov into his room and seated himself silently and obediently on the divan.

Provornov took down his black tommy-gun from its nail. Thrust spare magazines into the pocket of his jacket and went out, leaving Yershov alone.

Minutes passed, hours. . . It was quiet and warm in the room, and after the alarm and agitation of that day Yershov drowsed, alternately sleeping and waking. Sometimes he thought about what he had done, but he felt no prickings of conscience. When the thought of Ivan Kondratyevich crossed his mind, he would say to himself: "Eh, neighbour. . . You shouldn't have mixed yourself up with that sort of thing. . . People can live even with the Germans. Yes, people live with them. . ." yet except him there were no other such people in the settlement.

The square of window turned grey, darkened. Evening fell. Yershov found it necessary to go out of the room, he opened the door, crossed the threshold and saw a soldier sitting on a stool just outside.

"Zurück!" said the German.

Yershov understood that word and turned back into the room. Once more fears gripped his mind. Then the soldier entered, turned on the light and went out again without even glancing at Yershov.

Silence again and faint sounds, something between groaning and weeping, most likely the wind. And again Yershov dozed.

He was roughly wakened. Before him he saw a red-faced man with a snub nose and an unaccustomed uniform. Speaking in Russian, the man ordered him to the commandant.

The commandant was sitting in the same place and the same position as before. The red-faced man turned out to be a Finn who was to replace Provornov as interpreter.

The commandant wanted to know exactly in what part of the sandpits the cave was located where Yershov had seen Igor and why the former had not told him about all this before.

"I was afraid," replied Yershov.

The Finnish interpreter translated the reply of the commandant, who called Yershov a fool: there was a reward of ten thousand marks on Igor Syrovarov's head.

This ended the interview. Yershov asked to go home, the commandant assented with a movement of his reddish lashes, adding that he might soon be wanted again.

After this Yershov left for home, requesting, however, two soldiers to accompany him.

He roughly cursed his wife, very plump and very fond of talking, when she showered him with questions. He threw off his felt boots, sheepskin and cap, scattered the pyramid of pillows with a blow of his fist and lay down to sleep. But as he was dozing off he suddenly thought of Provornov and wondered why the red-faced Finn had replaced him as interpreter.

Yershov had no idea that Provornov was no longer among the living.

The bullet fired by the old soldier Ivan Kondratyevich had cut short the earthly life of Oberleutnant Provornov, in the German service. The fact was that he had shown a little too much zeal in wishing personally to lead the raid on the hut. It was not for nothing that in the old army Ivan Kondratyevich had won a badge for marksmanship. That tall, stooping figure which had slumped into the snow when the old soldier brought him down at two hundred paces had been Provornov's.

And that was the end of the "councillor on Russian affairs."

Naturally, Yershov knew nothing of all

this. He slept heavily for nearly twenty-four hours, and only next evening did his wife waken him. On the threshold Yershov saw a large German sergeant-major who pointed to the door and pronounced the one word: "Kommandant."

Yershov jumped up from the bed, thrust his feet into their felt boots, threw on a sheepskin and hastily followed the sergeant-major.

He was pleased to find a car waiting for him, although it was not very far to the commandant's office—evidently there was something urgent in the wind. The sergeant-major seated himself beside the chauffeur. Yershov climbed into the back of the car and a German sitting there moved aside to make room for him.

"Guten Abend," said Yershov politely—he had learned formal politeness from the Germans.

The German nodded.

It seemed to Yershov that they were not following the usual way, but then it was a dark night, he was sitting in the back of the car and the windows were covered. Then he began to feel that the journey was taking longer than usual, but all that mattered nothing, for Yershov was playing with the comforting thought—suppose he really should receive ten thousand marks for Syrovarov's head.

Meanwhile the car stopped, the German climbed out, followed by Yershov and the sergeant-major. Yershov saw that the house where he had been brought was not the commandant's office at all, but some strange semi-ruined building, not even in the settlement.

However, he had no time to ponder over this for long, he was hurriedly led upstairs to the first floor and past half open doors through which he could see floors littered with torn papers, rubbish and cartridges. Only one door was closed, and this the sergeant-major kicked open.

Yershov saw a room lit with a large paraffin lamp. A man in a warm jacket sat at a writing table, his back turned to the entrance, reading some paper. The man turned round, and Yershov felt his legs failing him, and everything swam before his eyes. On the table, his feet on a stool, sat Igor Syrovarov.

"How do, Vassil 'lexeyevich," he said, in level tones. "We have to have a little talk. I have a certain debt to pay you."

He threw the papers off his knee and drew a mauser in its wooden holster nearer. . .

That night the German commandant received a report that Syrovarov's column had demolished the police station. Compared with this event, the untimely death of the settlement elder, Yershov, made not the slightest impression on the commandant.

Alexei Pushkov, pilot of the U-2 liaison plane, was flying towards Igor Syrovarov's partisan column, bringing them their week's food ration. The partisans were in a bad way for food; the population in those parts had been cleaned out by the Germans and could not assist them and it had become more difficult to supply themselves at the enemy's expense, for there had been heavy fighting for a fortnight, the Germans were rushing reinforcements and shells to the front and the supply columns were few and far between. Moreover, the continual movement of enemy troops along the road hindered partisan operations against supply columns bringing food. And that was why Pushkov was flying to the partisans, although it was far from flying weather and there was a risk of meeting Germans. For there was plenty of movement in the air, despite the low-lying clouds and wind.

The pilot landed and immediately was surrounded by such a close group that it was a moment before Terekhov saw Pushkov. He knew him because this was the pilot about whom it was rumoured that recently, on meeting a German fighter, he had kept cool and made for him, head on. And the German, confounded at such audacity, such desperate daring, had made off. Seeing Pushkov, Terekhov felt himself nearly home.

"What's up with you, Comrade Lieutenant, can't you greet a pal?"

Pushkov gazed in bewilderment at the man in a tattered jacket, his face covered with reddish stubble, then shouted in joyful surprise:

"Comrade Captain! No, it's not possible!"

But when he felt the grip of Terekhov's hand, he realized that the man who for a week had been held for dead, was alive. They talked about all that had been happening in the regiment in Terekhov's absence and time flew by until it was time to go.

Syrovarov and Terekhov embraced and looked long into each other's faces, like men who are friends through life or death.

"We'll be seeing each other," said Syrovarov, with gay confidence, and all who had come to see Terekhov off agreed with him, for the airman had brought good news from the front.

"Well, take him along, and pilot your machine carefully," Syrovarov told Pushkov, "for you've got a passenger that expects things."

And Terekhov soon found himself in the air and disappeared with a wave of the hand.

The little plane hugged the tree tops, flying low, circled and made off eastwards. It was with a strange feeling that Terekhov looked back westwards where he had spent seven such difficult days and nights. All the events of this time flashed through his mind like a long, bad dream —the wanderings in the forest, the three bodies in the shelter, Anyuta's face, her smile, and the night in the sandpits, Ivan Kondratyevich. . . And like a sinister shadow against these dear, pleasant faces he saw the now servile, now predatory smile of the elder, and the high cheekbones and ferocious faces of the Finnish ski-runners. . .

Here he had seen the enemy face to face, seen him at close quarters, and here he had found tried and true comrades.

The aeroplane had long passed over the front-line, but Terekhov was still looking back at the region tortured by the enemy.

It was on this same stormy night that the German lines were pierced and our forces' devastating advance on that front began. And that was why everything was amazingly quiet at the base when Pushkov's plane landed Terekhov there, and the only familiar face he saw was that of the waitress Lussia.

With some surprise she looked at the red-whiskered man in the torn jacket and was even taken aback when he took her by the arm. And like Pushkov, she cried:

"Comrade Captain! No, it's impossible!"

Then, when the airmen began returning from their assignments, each one was met on entering the dining-room with a shout in chorus:

"Terekhov's back!"

And sure enough, there was Terekhov with his week's growth of beard sitting beside Savushkin as though nothing had happened. By evening everybody knew of his adventures and at supper he appeared looking his usual self, armed, with the order pinned on his tunic and, to the disappointment of those who had not yet seen him, without his stubble.

He reported to Colonel Znamensky all that had befallen him and the only thing that disturbed the colonel was the letter which he had written to Agnia Mikhailovna. But then it turned out that the letter had never been sent and was still with Savushkin. It was solemnly burned.

Znamensky recalled the other letter. He went to the table, found the home-made envelope with the address in an uneven childish hand, and gave it to Terekhov.

The latter's hand trembled as he took his son's letter from Znamensky.

It was an unusually quiet morning. A cold winter sun was rising over the village.

Nurse Valya Zaytseva, running over the hospital grounds, checked herself and smiled at her thoughts. Alyosha Pushkov had suddenly appeared the previous evening. Despite a pretty hard frost, his overalls had been open, and Valya had understood the reason when she saw the Order of the Red Star shining on his tunic. And although Alyosha Pushkov was very anxious for Valya to regard him as an old air dog, he could not stop himself from telling her that the order had been handed him by the general only the previous evening for the fight he had put up in his U-2 against a Messerschmitt. "Bear it with honour," the general had said.

In the telling, it became clear that Alyosha Pushkov was only flying a U-2, a "gardener". But that did not matter to Valya Zaytseva.

Throwing her head back, she gazed at the golden-blue winter sky.

Two silvery blue dragon-flies, one a little higher than the other, were flying westward. . .

SON OF BYELORUSSIA

Protracted train whistles echoed in every nook and corner of the settlement and even in the clearings of the forest beyond. When you stand next to the locomotive, thought Zaslonov, the whistle sounds deafening and very impressive, but from a distance it is gentle like a shepherd's pipe. It was very pleasant to hear those whistles from a distance. They did not die away at once, but were hollowly carried away on the frosty air, giving one the feeling of endless spaces.

The railway settlement suddenly loomed out of the darkness. Zaslonov walked down the familiar streets, cut through a yard, and came out onto a small square. A sentry was pacing before a two-storey house. He stopped on hearing footsteps. Zaslonov asked in German:

"May I see the commandant?"

The sentry flashed his lantern, and saw the Soviet railwayman's coat and cap, the black briefcase under the arm of a man. After looking him over thoroughly, the German shouted:

"Someone to see Herr Chief!"

When Zaslonov entered the room the head of the Poroshinsk railway junction was sitting at his desk working.

Zaslonov took off his cap, bowed and said:

"Good evening, Herr Chief. I was sent to you by the employment bureau. I am Zaslonov, an engineer, formerly head of the Poroshinsk depot. . ."

"And now?" the German interrupted Zaslonov.

"Now, Herr Chief, I have run away from Vyazma, where I was driven when the Russians retreated. . ."

"But aren't you a Russian?" The chief liked the way Zaslonov spoke of the Russians as though he were not one of them and it gave him satisfaction to make a point of it.

"It is not a matter of nationality, Herr Chief. I simply don't want to work on the Soviet railroads. You see, they. . . they . . ." here Zaslonov's voice took on a confidential note. "You see, they pay very little. I am worth more. And I am sure that you will appreciate me and pay me what I am worth, that is, of course, if you need my services. . ."

The chief studied Zaslonov. He looked him up and down unceremoniously; not a single detail was lost on him, neither the worn greatcoat, nor the shabby briefcase, nor the old shoes with run-down heels. Then he rang and said:

"Stumphe!"

Stumphe could not have been far off, for he entered the room almost immediately.

"Stumphe, do you know this man?"

Stumphe knew Zaslonov, and Zaslonov knew him. Heinrich Stumphe had been a locomotive engineer at the depot and had remained to work under the Germans. Stumphe looked at him and answered:

"Yes, Herr Chief, I know him. He is Zaslonov, an engineer. He was head of the depot here."

"Is he a Communist?"

"No, Herr Chief, he does not belong to the Party."

"You are sure of this?"

"Certainly, Herr Chief." Stumphe drew down the corners of his mouth slightly into what was supposed to be a self-confident smile. "But he worked very well for the Bolsheviks. He worked better than many Communists."

"And is that a bad thing?" The chief looked at Stumphe searchingly.

"No, it is not bad when you work for us, but it is bad when you work like that for the Bolsheviks. He used to get bonuses and our depot was the best."

"Allow me," Zaslonov put in smoothly. "That is why I worked, to get bonuses. If I am paid for it, why should I work badly? I work for the person who pays me. I am a specialist and not a politician. Party affairs do not concern me. I am a locomotive engineer. If you pay me well I shall work well for you too."

With a motion the chief stopped Zaslonov and said:

"I want to ask you a few questions.

We know all about you. In particular, we know very well that you actively helped the Bolsheviks to ship off the depot machinery and equipment. Why did you do this?"

"But, Herr Chief, what could I do?" answered Zaslonov.

"Answer the question!" shouted the chief. "Why did you help the Bolsheviks?"

"Herr Chief, I am a specialist. A specialist who is not a party man. There was a manager over me. I was given orders and I carried them out. I would have been arrested. . ."

Zaslonov stopped. The chief also fell silent. He continued to gaze at Zaslonov piercingly. Zaslonov began to feel awkward. But he managed not to show it and sat quietly, like a man whose conscience is clear.

"All right," the chief said finally. "We need people. You may begin work. At the coal dump. As foreman."

"Excuse me," said Zaslonov softly. "I am an engineer, not an ordinary worker. As far as I know, you haven't a single Russian engineer yet." Zaslonov dared to say that. "And if you don't want me as an engineer I can find myself a position somewhere else. After all, this is not the only depot that has gone over into German hands." He finished respectfully but with the air of a man who has had his say and will not yield an inch.

The German realized this. He really had no engineers and the junction was in dire need of them.

"All right," he said. "You will be head of the Russian locomotive brigades. There you will have a chance to show how well you can work. But watch out—if we notice anything about you. . . I'm not a man to be trifled with. Not a single move of yours will escape my notice. You must work honestly, and make your locomotive engineers work well. If you do your best we shall promote you. You may go now. Come to see me tomorrow morning." The chief stood up.

"Excuse me," said Zaslonov. "There is still another question. What is the salary of the foremen of the Russian engine-drivers' brigades?"

"The salary?" The chief smiled. "The salary? After all for you that is the most important question. Well, let us say two hundred marks. Enough?"

Zaslonov smiled too, but smiled as though he understood the chief was joking.

"Two hundred? You mean per week, Herr Chief, don't you?"

"What, eight hundred marks?" the chief looked at Zaslonov in surprise. "No, my dear fellow, that's rather a lot. But if you do your best, we shall raise it to three hundred in a month. And do not argue. You may go."

Zaslonov bowed and turned to the door. The chief's voice stopped him.

"By the way, Zaslonov, do you play chess? Can you believe it, there isn't a person here who plays!"

"Certainly, Herr Chief," Zaslonov answered, as to a superior. "Certainly I play. If you wish, in my free time I am at your service. May I leave?"

And so a Soviet engineer, Konstantin Sergeyevich Zaslonov, a Byelorussian went to work for the Germans.

2

In the winter of 1941, when Zaslonov went to work for the Germans, he was thirty-two years old. Twenty-three of these years had been spent in work and study. At nine he had become a shepherd. Four years later he left his native Ratkovo and went to the village of Porechye. The local shoemaker took him as his apprentice and for two years he pounded nails into the soles of ill-made village boots. Then he entered an industrial school. After that came years of work as fitter, engine-driver's assistant, engine-driver, foreman, engineer, and head of the depot. When the Germans invaded Byelorussia, the best people at the depot, including Zaslonov, left Poroshinsk. But he did not leave his Byelorussia. Gathering his friends and fellow workers around him, he asked:

"Are we going to fight them, comrades?"

"We are!" came the answer.

And so a detachment was formed on the territory held by the Germans, not very far from the front.

"Stalin said that we should organize diversionist groups," Zaslonov told his men. "I have an idea. How about going back to our depot?"

He looked around at his comrades. They were silent, thinking over his words. Zaslonov waited. He liked people to consider carefully their decisions

and actions. Cheba, a Poroshinsk engine-driver, was the first to answer:

"After all, the suggestion's the right one. Of course we could fight the Germans from here, but there we'd be more on the spot. I think we should go."

Then Zaslonov wrote a letter to an important party functionary. Soon there was an answer inviting Zaslonov to come. He was received, outlined his plans, and told about his men. His plans were approved; he was given advice and directions. At parting he was told:

"You are a bold man, Comrade Zaslonov. You may render an invaluable service to your country. I wish you success. Remember, wherever you are we are always with you, we shall always be following your work with interest. . ."

Thirty-five men left with Zaslonov, among them workers he knew well. They got explosives, two light machineguns, two tommy-guns, rifles and provisions, loaded them onto sleighs, and set off.

It was difficult going. The Germans were advancing on Moscow; troops were moving up along all the roads. To avoid meeting them the detachment was frequently forced to hide in the forests. Provisions began to run low and the men's boots wore out. Then, when the weather turned cold, they went for a whole week with no hot food and no place to warm up. It was after one of their halts that Kushchina, the nurse, came up to Zaslonov.

"Konstantin Sergeyevich," she said. "Some of the men won't be able to go on. Their feet are frozen, they are depressed. They won't make it."

Zaslonov himself knew very well that some of the men of the detachment were weak and exhausted. He too was feeling very ill; he shook with fever and his back ached constantly. He called a meeting and said:

"I know that with every step the going is more difficult. I know many of us are frost-bitten, and to march in such a condition is very hard. But we know why we are going. I consider that to go back now would be a disgrace, for that would mean going back on one's word. We must go forward!"

"It's easy for you to talk," complained one of the partisans. "But my feet are like lumps of wood. Why go to meet death, for we're sure to freeze in the end. We must go back."

Konstantin Zaslonov

Without a word Zaslonov sat down in the snow and began to pull off his boots. He unwound his footwrappings and showed toes the colour of dough.

"Maybe it's easy for me to talk," he said, "but it's just as hard for me to walk as it is for you. And still I'm going. I'm not going to force anyone to go with me. Those who feel they haven't strength enough may go back. Those who have confidence in themselves will go with me."

He carefully wrapped up his foot, pulled on his boot, stood up and moved to one side.

Twenty-nine men continued marching toward the west.

Those days of marching through the forests, across fields where there were no roads, floundering in the deep snow, were days of torture for all of them. Wet clothing, hunger, and the fear of meeting some German detachment at any moment added to their misery. They marched single-file, with Zaslonov at the head. Cheba brought up the rear, encouraging and cheering the weak, helping to carry their rifles or knapsacks. When they ran into Shuleikin's partisan detachment, their joy was indescribable. They had an opportunity to rest and warm up, were fed hot soup and roasted horsemeat. But this meeting almost resulted

in disaster for the detachment, for Shuleikin gave them one of the local inhabitants, Yegor Fomichov, for a guide, and he turned out to be a traitor. He led two of their scouts straight to German headquarters. They were shot, and the rest of the detachment barely managed to make its escape. Now there were twenty-seven men left.

But these twenty-seven men turned out to be stronger than the hunger, cold, and dangers that dogged their every step. They marched in silence, in order to save their strength. They learned to understand one another at a glance, by a gesture. Hollow-cheeked and half-frozen they marched mechanically and finally they reached the Poroshinsk district. One of the men, an engine-driver, took them to the village where his sister lived. The village was occupied by the Germans, but they entered it at night and the peasants gave them shelter. Here they hid their guns, explosives and ammunition. For two days they rested, lying on the warm peasant stoves, taking care of their frozen hands and feet. Then Zaslonov sent off small groups of the men to the neighbouring villages and he and Cheba set off for Poroshinsk. At Poroshinsk Zaslonov parted with Cheba, who went to his brother, while he went to the employment bureau. He knew that the Germans were in great need of railroad workers, that the appearance of the former head of the depot would not go unnoticed, and that they would be sure to want to make use of him.

So it happened. He registered and was immediately sent to the junction. He went to see the chief and their conversation ended in his being hired to work for the Germans.

Zaslonov worked zealously, nagged at the engine-drivers and their assistants, shouted at them. He made friends with the German drivers who watched over the Russians, ready to shoot them at the first suspicious move. At every step he was aware that he was being watched, and he was most cautious. It would be difficult not to trust him, for never was there a man who worked more diligently. He almost never left the depot; he was stern and self-contained, leaving the impression of a man who set a high value on himself and his work. Twice he was invited to play chess with the chief.

Zaslonov not only shouted at his engine-drivers; he also watched them attentively. He would catch the surprised looks of those who had known him for a long time and could not understand how such a fine and honest man could turn traitor. But occasionally he caught a wise gleam in the eyes of some of the old workers, and saw that they had guessed, that they understood him. Then his eyes also flashed for an instant, unnoticed except by those who understood him, and he saw that the caution he had first inspired in them was beginning to disappear. People began to look at him calmly and did not get angry when he shouted at them, upbraiding them for poor work. It was as though they were saying:

"We understand, comrade engineer, we understand everything. But why so long? Hasn't the time come?"

But the time had not yet come. Every night Zaslonov went over the day's happenings in his mind, weighing every word of the chief, the head of the police, the sentry and the German drivers. He pondered on every fact of the previous day. He waited.

The month came to an end, and once, after a game of chess, the chief said:

"Three hundred marks from today on. And what's more, you may hire Russian workers yourself. We need workers. Try to get back all those who used to work at the depot."

Zaslonov thanked the chief with dignity. In the course of this month he had worked out the correct behaviour, the right manner, tone of voice and smile to use in dealing with the Germans.

Two days later Cheba and Andrei began to work as drivers' assistants. Pyotr he made head of the depot water supply. In less than a week all twenty-six men of the Zaslonov detachment were working at the depot, some as mechanics, some as drivers, others at the water-tower, or as switchmen.

The long section of the road between Poroshinsk and Smolensk was controlled by Zaslonov's detachment. The detachment grew to a hundred men, engine-drivers, mechanics, switchmen and others. And when Zaslonov finally felt that he was strong enough, and when he saw that he was thoroughly trusted, he said to Cheba:

"Now we'll let them have it!"

3

That night Cheba brought the explosives in a bag of potatoes to Ilya's room, where Zaslonov met him. For two hours Ilya sat outside while Zaslonov unfolded before Cheba the whole scheme of diversion, down to the smallest detail, that he had worked out during the past month. Cheba listened attentively and with growing astonishment. In truth he was filled with admiration for the engineer, for there did not seem to be a single detail Zaslonov had not considered and worked out. He had taken everything into account—the system of communications, the ways of transferring the explosives and the various methods to be employed in the diversionist activity. At first glance Zaslonov's whole system appeared rather limited, for according to his plan the main task of the detachment was to damage locomotives. But as the whole plan unfolded itself before him in greater detail the engine-driver began to see more clearly the range of the operations.

"You understand, Cheba," said Zaslonov, "we cannot act sporadically. It is not enough to destroy the rolling stock. They will clear it away and put on new cars. It is not enough to burn the locomotives, for the Germans will find others. It is not enough to cause traffic holdups; in a couple of days everything will be back to normal. What we have to do is wreck trains methodically and keep on wrecking them. We have to put locomotives out of commission by the dozen. There must be traffic tie-ups every day, so that the Germans won't be able to transfer troops and material. And all of this has to be done so that they won't catch us either the first or the tenth time."

He told Cheba about conspiracy, about various methods, about the fact that diversion should be carried on in various places, by different people at different times. He taught Cheba and Ilya to make mines that could be used without arousing the suspicion of the Germans.

"You see what a simple little gadget this is," said Zaslonov, laying a finished mine on the table. "It's a sure thing. If it hits the grate, the firebars are done for. If it is placed against the wall of the fire box the box is destroyed. It is best if the mine goes off when the train is running between stations. Then they will have to send another engine after it and the line will not be in operation for ten or fifteen hours, or even the whole twenty-four."

And so the work began. Mines left the settlement for the coal yards where they were picked up and finally, through the agency of those in the know, found their way into the locomotives. Day after day explosions took place in the fire boxes and firebars were destroyed. Zaslonov went to the chief and stated firmly:

"Herr Chief, if your police do not take immediate measures those partisans will put my entire locomotive yard out of commission. I refuse to work under such conditions. We are still able to handle the present losses but if this keeps up the line will stop functioning."

But the chief did not want to listen to Zaslonov.

"What do I care about your locomotives!" he cried. "Let them all blow up as long as it is in the depot. The thing is they blow up out on the line, and what does that mean? Delays and jams. The army command has been damned unpleasant about it. We are holding up their shipments!"

Zaslonov listened respectfully and sympathetically shook his head. They did not suspect him yet. For the past two weeks, ever since the explosions had begun, he had never come up to a locomotive unless one of the Germans was at his side, he had never stopped beside a worker, had never spoken alone to one of the Russian engine-drivers. They did not suspect him yet, but still they followed him at every step and never left him for a moment. This was the time for the greatest caution, for even a shadow of a suspicion would spoil everything. And Zaslonov did not arouse suspicion. Cheba had full instructions and was acting independently. He only had to be told which trains were most important to the Germans. This information Zaslonov furnished very easily. He would say very sternly to an engine-driver:

"This train is very important. So watch out. If you delay it en route I'll kill you."

There was always a German present, usually Stumphe, who was supposed to be the chief's interpreter but was clearly a Gestapo agent. He nodded his head in

approval and gave additional instructions to the armed German engine-driver.

The train would leave and in an hour or two would come the news that it had stopped ten kilometres out of the next station. . .

In the course of the first month Zaslonov's drivers damaged fifty locomotives. In a notice posted about the streets of Poroshinsk five thousand marks and a gold watch were offered as a reward for the capture of the commander of the local partisan detachment.

"Rather little," thought Zaslonov when he read the notice. "I'll have to make my capture worth more to them!"

The Germans began to break up big chunks of coal in search of hidden mines. German coal became suspicious in the eyes of the Germans themselves. But the wives of the depot workers learned to make mines so skilfully that they slipped through the hands of the Gestapo men undetected.

Then disturbances of another kind began to harass the Germans. A multiform system of diversion based on freezing of injectors, pumps and other mechanisms was put into play. This aroused no suspicion, for the Germans were not familiar with winter conditions and similar accidents occurred right and left even on the locomotives handled only by Germans. Chunks of ice began to appear on the track and trains were derailed. Then three locomotives were sent down an incline and smashed three other locomotives. During one of the air raids two locomotives crashed over on the turntable and put it out of commission. A mine exploded in the fire box of an armoured locomotive that had just undergone repairs. Troop and freight trains were blown up. A particularly big crash was engineered with one of the troop trains, where the explosion took place at a turn on the top of a hill: the train was hurled down a steep incline; almost all the cars were smashed, three hundred men killed and about an equal number injured.

A large detachment of Gestapo men came to Poroshinsk. The reward offered for the head of the partisan leader was doubled to ten thousand marks. But it was hopeless, for Zaslonov's system was well-nigh impregnable in its absolute secrecy, varied methods and the swiftness and suddenness of its blows. During the second month of its activity the detachment damaged sixty-three locomotives. In addition, a number of trains were wrecked, water-towers damaged and switches and various other mechanisms put out of action.

4

Soviet planes began to bomb the Poroshinsk junction. They came at night, and terrible explosions shook the earth. Fires broke out. Zaslonov ordered lanterns to be hidden in chimneys and rain-water gutters on the roofs as signals for the pilots.

"They won't be seen down here but will be just the thing for the pilot," he said.

On the day the signals were used for the first time Zaslonov, together with the chief of police, went down into the basement when the air raid alarm was given. He sat there, until the all-clear was sounded. They emerged to a frightful scene of destruction. It was clear that the signalling had been more than effective.

In the morning Zaslonov was arrested.

This was the eighth time he had been called up before the chief of the newly-arrived Gestapo detachment. This chief had taken a dislike to Zaslonov on the spot and did not hide the fact that he considered him responsible for the diversionist work that was going on. But they lacked proof. Zaslonov was calm and dignified.

Someone had reported the signalling. The Gestapo officer cursed Zaslonov to the high heavens. He shouted at him for a long time running wildly about the room, then snatched up a whip and began to lash him. The engineer raised his hand and said:

"Stop! You suspect me of signalling to the planes? But I was in the basement with the chief of police the whole time!"

The chief of police was called in and confirmed that Zaslonov had been with him. The officer was very displeased.

"Excuse me, Mr. Zaslonov," he said. "Excuse me and forget what just took place. Be seated."

Then he changed his tone. Zaslonov was a Soviet engineer. He might make friends with the workers and find out a lot.

"There are many detachments acting

here," the officer said. I know that some sort of centre is directing them. Discover it for us and you will go to Germany. There we shall give you money, work worthy of your abilities."

He talked for a long time on this theme and Zaslonov promised to think it over. After all, the workers did not trust him. He would see what could be done. In a few days he would be able to say, he would come and tell him.

"No, Mr. Zaslonov," the officer smiled mockingly. "I want to see you every day. I ask you to come to see me every day, let us say between nine and a quarter after. You don't object?"

It was not a request but an order. To report every day meant to be under constant surveillance. Zaslonov bowed and left the room. It meant that everything was finished here. They would have to leave.

As he passed the two sentries on the porch who were dancing up and down to keep warm, Zaslonov noticed a man walking slowly on the opposite side of the street. He was dressed in a padded jacket, felt boots, and on his head he wore a bright reddish dog-fur cap.

The dog-fur cap followed Zaslonov all day. That evening Zaslonov went to the bath and the spy remained outside in the street. Without hurrying, Zaslonov took off his clothes and folded them carefully. Cheba was undressing nearby. Then, standing together under the shower, snorting and rubbing off the soapsuds, Zaslonov talked to Cheba in an undertone. Cheba listened and tried to remember everything. Briefly Zaslonov told him who had to go and who was to remain. Told him where to transfer the explosives and weapons, where they would meet and through whom they would maintain connections.

After the shower Zaslonov came out into the dressing-room and sat down in front of Cheba's locker. He put on Cheba's suit, felt boots and white fur jacket. Putting up the high collar he went out into the street. The reddish fur cap was standing near the gate. Calmly Zaslonov moved towards him. He passed him, so close that his elbow almost touched the spy. The spy looked at him indifferently—a white fur jacket and felt boots. Zaslonov walked on, forcing himself not to hurry. His heart beat so hard and so painfully that it seemed to be not in his breast, but higher up in his throat.

Three days later Cheba and two other engine-drivers, Alexei and Mikhail came to a village about fifty kilometres from Poroshinsk. Cheba brought with him a notice he had taken from one of the depot gates. The Germans were offering fifty thousand marks for the head of engineer Zaslonov.

5

Through the thick branches of the alder bushes the sun lit up a picturesque group of people. The sparkling morning rays played on their faces and outfits, on the soft carpet of last year's dried leaves. Some were dressed in military uniform, some in leather breeches and cloth jackets, some in padded trousers and light buckram shirts. A man in a border guard's cap with a green band was sitting on a stump. He was attentively listening to his companions and looking them over with clever, searching eyes. When they had had their say he stood up. His jacket was unbuttoned, his trousers tucked into his boots. There was a strap across his shoulder. A leather bag hung on his left side, and on his right a Mauser in a big wooden holster.

"So everything's clear," he said. "The operation will be successful only if the blow is sudden and coordinated. The guard there is large, which means the fight will be a hot one. But Sasha is used to hot fights." He looked kindly at a young partisan leaning against a tree. "You may depend on him. But be sure you get the dump burning well so the fire doesn't go out."

In this commander it was difficult to recognize Zaslonov, that same engineer who had worked for the Germans at the Poroshinsk depot. Now he was among his own people and was quite a different man.

The engineer had disappeared; he no longer existed. His place had been taken by Uncle Kostya, the bold and fearless leader of the partisan detachments.

By leaving the Poroshinsk depot, he had not left the railroad. Now diversion was carried on from the outside and the members of his detachment who had left for the forest with him had blown up another sixty-five locomotives and derailed many trains. But after his departure from Poroshinsk Zaslonov was able to act more freely, for German sol-

diers no longer dogged his steps. He extended his connections with the neighbouring villages, made contact with other partisan units and gathered and trained his own group of detachments.

His forest life was shared by his closest friends and comrades. With their aid he waged an unceasing struggle against German units, police and punitive expeditions. The partisans were responsible for a whole string of explosions, wrecks and fires. They attacked the local German authorities, transport and baggage trains, food and munition dumps and fuel reservoirs.

Zaslonov was famed throughout the region. The partisans called him Uncle Kostya; the peasants addressed him as Konstantin Sergeyevich. They considered it a great honour to give him food and shelter. Zaslonov took every opportunity to help the peasants who had been robbed by the Germans, supplying them with grain, boots and clothing and kerosene. And the partisans were amply repaid when they were in tight straits, for the peasants eagerly supplied them with food products. A "provisioner" from Konstantin Sergeyevich had only to appear in a village and he was supplied with flour, grain and salt pork by all the farmers. The partisans took only what was absolutely necessary.

He was the chief and at the same time a close and beloved friend of each of his commanders and men. But he was strict, and severely punished any laziness, cowardice or want of discipline.

There was no greater joy for the men than to relate to Zaslonov the details of a successful operation. But they did not go to him on the days when nothing of importance happened.

"Why should I go to him today?" one of the men would say. "Yesterday, say, I derailed a train. So I went to him, told him all about it. But today? . . ."

One evening Zaslonov took off his Mauser and gave it to Sasha. After Sasha set off Zaslonov began to worry, for the operation was really a very dangerous one. He could not sit in the hut and roamed around outside. None of the men spoke to him. They understood the mood of their chief.

. . . Just before dawn the inky blackness of the night was shattered by a brilliant glow high in the heavens. Changing its shape, bellowing with monstrous and fantastic contours it spread until the entire sky to the north was lit up a cloudy red.

For a long time Zaslonov gazed in the direction of the glow. . .

At noon Sasha's best friend, Andrei, returned. Walking fast, he came to a sudden stop on seeing his chief. Zaslonov looked at him attentively and noticed his Mauser.

"Well, speak up," he told Andrei.

Dry-eyed, he gazed at Andrei while he reported, and then dropping his head into his hands he burst into tears. Never before had the partisans seen him cry.

"It can't be helped, Uncle Kostya," said Andrei. "It's war. . ."

"What? Yes, yes, war. Listen, go to the boys and calm them. Say that I have appointed Sasha's closest friend, Andrei, commander of the detachment. And hurry back."

Near Rogachka village the Germans got on the trail of one of the partisan detachments, and began to bring up reinforcements to that section. Zaslonov decided to go deeper into the woods.

In the morning it became clear that the partisans were still being followed. The enemy had already brought up three divisions, guns, mines and tanks. Armoured trains moved up and down the line. All this force was being brought to bear on the three hundred partisans of Zaslonov's main detachment, on his neighbouring detachments and on another group of detachments located not far off.

Setting up her radio under the bushes with the antenna over a fir tree, the radio-operator Assya was just trying to establish contact with the Byelorussian partisan headquarters when she caught a broadcast from Moscow. She listened attentively, then suddenly jumped up and headed for Zaslonov, who was conferring with his commanders, a German map on his knees.

"Uncle Kostya," she shouted, "you've been decorated with the Order of Lenin. . . Honestly. . . I heard the edict myself. . ."

News of Uncle Kostya's honour flew through the detachments, and even during the fighting men came running up to Zaslonov to congratulate him, to shake his hand and embrace him.

The battle was a difficult one. Zaslonov

knew very well the uselessness of trying to stand up against a frontal attack by three divisions, plus tanks, cannon and armoured trains. Therefore he decided to fool the Germans by leaving small groups to put up resistance and to let the main part of the detachments slip away into the forest.

When they came to a halt, his tired and hungry men quickly fell asleep, while Zaslonov worked out a plan of coordinated action of all the detachments. He made his way to his neighbours and held a long conference with the commanders on the situation and the possible ways of giving battle.

"By the way, Uncle Kostya," said one of the commanders, "have a look at this," and he handed him a bill yellow with paste. He read the following:

"Notice. Whoever brings in Zaslonov, chief of the partisans, dead or alive, will be given either a large industrial enterprise in Germany or whatever else he wishes. If they desire, peasants will be given a double estate."

In the morning the Germans again picked up the partisans' trail and again three divisions were hurled against them. This was Zaslonov's most difficult battle, for his was a heavy responsibility. He was commander not only of his own detachments but also of the neighbouring units, about two thousand men in all. And this whole force was now in a half-circle which might, within a few hours, turn into a complete encirclement. Two thousand partisans faced the possibility of being annihilated to a man. This possibility involuntarily weighed on the commanders of the detachments and they hopefully turned to their chief, who was coolly studying the map and consulting with the local peasants and woodsmen, who were well-acquainted with the forest.

"I need two hours," Zaslonov finally said. "Squeeze out two hours for me and everything will be all right. Then we'll let them have it!"

His main detachment was given the job of "squeezing out" these needed two hours. It took upon itself the full brunt of the German pressure giving the rest of the detachments freedom of movement. The Germans did not know that there were no more than a hundred men opposing them and hurled all they had, in a hail of shells, mines and bullets, against them. But the partisans stood up against all this and allowed their commander his two hours.

And then, according to the plan Zaslonov had worked out, a few dozen of them began to withdraw, pretending that it was a forced retreat. The enemy took this retreat for the last efforts at resistance of men already demoralized and scattered. This small group of people retreated to the south, drawing the whole German horde after them through the thick forest. Suddenly the Germans noticed that the trees were thinning out and the sky could be seen above them. Before them lay a treeless hollow and the partisans were disappearing into the forest at the further side. Heedlessly the Germans made a dash across the field, only to fall into Zaslonov's ambush. He had been hunting for just such a narrow hollow for a long time, and the woodsmen had helped him to locate it. Leaving only a small group of men to engage the enemy, he had created two powerful groupings from seven hundred to eight hundred strong, on the flanks and these fell with shattering force upon the Germans stranded out in the open. One and a half thousand rifles and tommy-guns, and sixty machine-guns blazed away at the enemy infantry, mowing them down. With a "hurrah" the partisans leaped from behind bushes and trees and threw themselves into the attack. The Hitlerites left two thousand corpses in the clearing in the forest depths, and when the German command recovered, Zaslonov was already far away, having suffered almost no losses.

After this Zaslonov realized that he must not concentrate large forces in one place, for concealment was difficult, and in an unsuccessful fight all might be lost. Therefore he divided his men into small groups, each with its own locality. At dozens of points fires broke out, explosions took place and enemy communications were cut. The one hundred and seventy-eight locomotives destroyed during their first period of activity was only the beginning. Deeds of heroism became the order of the day in the wrecking of fifty trains, the burning or capture of ten thousand tons of grain, the killing of burgomasters, policemen, commandants (among them the commandant of Smolensk, a German colonel), hang-

men, traitors and spies. But Zaslonov's greatest pride was the annihilation of soldiers and officers of the regular German army. At a modest estimate, the partisans killed more than fifteen thousand Germans.

6

Everybody in the village knew Uncle Kostya.

In the forest, about a kilometre and a half from the village, the roof of the detachment's dugout hunched up from the forest floor. It was to this dugout the partisans repaired whenever German punitive forces or regular units appeared in the vicinity. If all was quiet, the men rested in the village between operations.

Uncle Kostya had spent the night in the village. He woke early to the warm odour of baking bread. The mistress of the house hovered near the stove.

"It will be ready soon, Konstantin Sergeyevich," she said, with a wide good-natured smile.

The latch clicked, and a tall partisan strode into the room. His face was frostbitten, blue in places. He limped to a bench and sat down.

"Things are bad, Uncle Kostya," he said. "The Fritzes have been on my heels all night. My legs are no good, I hardly got away from them. There's a chance guests will drop in here. . ."

But Zaslonov was no longer listening to the partisan; he was hurriedly pulling off his boots. The man's feet were completely white, and on one foot two toes were already turning blue.

"Yes, my friend," Zaslonov said frowning. "I'll say it is no picnic for you. I'll take care of you right away."

"Uncle Kostya, don't think of me," said the partisan pleadingly. "The Germans may happen in any minute. You better get away yourself!"

But Zaslonov had already sent for the comrades spending the night next door, and began to rub the newcomer's feet with grease. Then he bent down, pulled off his boots, and unwrapping the footcloths, took off his thick woolen socks. He carefully drew them onto the partisan's feet, then put on his boots again. At this moment Andrei came in.

"Greetings, chief of staff," said Zaslonov. "This fellow tells me we may expect guests. You'd better get busy. Evacuate all the sick and wounded, the ammunition and meat to the dugout. Do it all yourself, get everything there in good order and don't move from the place. Meanwhile, station patrols on the roads to Sychovka and Ivanovka. To be sure, they're not likely to come from Ivanovka, but station a man there all the same."

The chief of staff gave rapid orders, just as rapidly loaded the sick, the provisions and the ammunition onto sleighs, and took them to the base.

Meanwhile, shots were heard from the neighbouring woods. The thirty-odd partisans who had spent the night in the village gathered around their commander.

"Comrades," said Zaslonov. "Time is precious. We have to hold them back until our men get to the base."

Floundering in the deep snow, the partisans ran in the direction of the woods. Zaslonov remained near the houses to give orders to the four men with him. Suddenly from the direction of Ivanovka came a single shot, followed by a tommy-gun burst.

"After me!" shouted Zaslonov, and Mauser in hand, ran down the road leading to Ivanovka.

A young partisan ran to meet him.

"Uncle Kostya!" he shouted. "There are a lot of them down there! About two hundred! A strong force!"

"And you're frightened?" Zaslonov smiled, then instantly became grave. There were six men with him. He was the seventh. Not many, but the Germans must be halted, the rear of the detachment fighting at the other end of the village.

Bullets whistled through the air and Zaslonov opened fire. The Germans were already quite close. Zhenka, his young adjutant, tried to crawl forward, firing from his tommy-gun, but suddenly he stopped and sank slowly into the snow.

"Zhenya, Zhenya, what's the matter?" and Zaslonov ran toward him. At that moment he felt something hit him in the chest, and it became all warm inside his jacket. His head swam and for some reason the big pine near which he was standing began to fall.

"Zhenya, Zhenya, hold on!" murmured Zaslonov, already semi-unconscious. "Today is just a year since I came to Poroshinsk. We've got to hold on or they'll kill all of our men. . ."

Consciousness left him. Still shooting, the partisans retreated into the woods. They could not hold out, for the enemy had hurled two battalions against the village. The Germans entered the village, and stopped at Zaslonov's body. On seeing the Mauser they decided that he was the commander. They drove the peasants to look at the body, asked who he was whom they had killed. In silence the peasants stared gloomely at Zaslonov's corpse, and went away. Only Avdotya, at whose house Zaslonov had spent the night, told the interpreter:

"Who knows? A partisan, that's true. But how can you tell who they are? They're all called Pyotr, or Ivan or Uncle Anton. Maybe they called him Pyotr. . . or Alexei. . ."

The Germans went off, taking twenty men with them, and ordered the dead to be buried.

The entire village came to the funeral. In a long line, single-file they walked past the grave. They walked slowly, frowning and intent, and in the solemn silence the sobbing of the women could be heard. People stood near the grave, making low bows and throwing clods of earth onto it, said:

"Farewell, Konstantin Sergeyevich, farewell. . ."

From forest to forest, from village to village, from city to city spread the news of the death of Konstantin Sergeyevich—Uncle Kostya. The peasants did not believe it; they did not want to accept the fact of his death, so great was his image in their souls. But people came, and still more people, and when they were asked: "Is it true?" they answered with bowed heads: "Yes, it is true."

Groups and detachments bearing his name sprang up wherever the news of the death of the partisan chief was heard. One of these detachments, a small one numbering thirty fighters in all, struck such blows at the railroad communications that the Germans wondered whether perhaps Zaslonov was still alive and the news of his death had been spread as a ruse.

Byelorussia will avenge the death of its son.

E. VILENSKY

ON THE SNOW-CLAD RIDGES OF THE PAMIRS

In these war days a somewhat unusual enterprise is to be found high up on the snow-clad ridges of the Pamir Mountains. Its shops, if one may call them that, are scattered scores and hundreds of miles from each other. Going from one shop to another, and supplying the links of this enterprise with tools and material entails feats of mountaineering over dizzy passes and precarious trails, traversing perilous glaciers and climbing almost sheer rocks—and not every person by any means can do it.

The main part of this enterprise is situated at various altitudes ranging from 11,500 to 16,500 feet. A considerable amount of a rare, and highly valuable industrial raw material has already been extracted here for war needs. This year the Pamir Mt. enterprise has considerably enlarged its "factory grounds" and opened up places where nobody ever thought human beings would ever work.

These mountain ridges and the vast distances between the factory shops one might think would cause a lack of contact between the people and render co-ordinated work difficult. This was where radio came in to help. Ten or more radio-stations maintain constant touch between all the links of this enterprise, uniting them, bringing them close together as though they were not scattered far and wide over the mountains but concentrated in one factory yard. Listening how they converse with each other by radio-telephone, you would think that they are plugged in through an ordinary works communication switchboard. It is only the atmospherics and at times the peculiar radio whistle that reminds you that these work-a-day business conversations about pack donkeys needed for delivering freight to such and such a place or requiring the regular monthly bookkeeping account to be forwarded is not being flashed from one shop to another by wires but is being sent hurtling through the air, borne on radio-waves across dizzy heights and bottomless gorges.

Some of the shops are located on Peak Cloudy, where the air is rarified to such an extent that a person unaccustomed to such high altitudes has an attack of vertigo and nose-and-earbleeding.

To ensure even the minimum requirements for normal conditions of work here everything has to be brought up to these tremendous altitudes—not only equipment but also provisions, firewood and even water. Most of this has to be dragged up on the people's own shoulders, as even sure-footed mountain horses cannot climb the sheer slopes here. It sometimes takes four or five hours to cover one mile on foot.

Work here involves a certain risk of life and it demands courage and fortitude.

Last year, one of the groups were so engrossed in their work that they remained up in the mountains right up to December, when every living thing—from the mountain birds to the nimble mountain goats—had long ago "evacuated" the mountain peaks, seeking safety from winter's coming invasion. And despite the fierce blizzards and forty degree frosts (C.) this group persistently carried on.

An avalanche once buried four workers. It took a long time to dig through the vast mass of snow to the entombed men and there was little hope of rescuing them alive. A few days later, however, the four workers were back on the job again. They tunneled their way out and very soon were able to resume work.

People here are just as accustomed to danger as men at the front and carry on their work with thousands of tons of rock hanging perilously over their heads and vast chasms gaping at their feet.

These men of the Pamirs display true miracles of valour and heroism in order to reach the mountain fastnesses, the rocks of which contain precious raw material, essential for the war industry.

Precariously hanging on ropes, they descend gorges, drill the rocks and place charges of explosive blasting masses of rock in places where the slightest incautious step is liable to bring down huge falls of rock which have been balanced for untold ages. But without running such risks the production assignment cannot be fulfilled, the raw material so vital for the Red Army will not be forthcoming.

And aware of this, the drillers and charge placers boldly storm the snowy peaks of the towering Pamirs, extracting the precious crystals from the heart of the rocks.

Engineer Prozorov tells us about his particular section of mountain:

"We sometimes find what we need, but it's embedded in a sheer, rocky cliff. We start cutting a trail to it. We clear thousands of tons of rock from our path, sending it hurtling into the chasms below. Then at last we reach the place we aimed for. It sometimes happens that the results of our toil don't satisfy us as far as quality is concerned. So we start all over again. And we're all the more gratified when we finally discover just the stuff we're looking for."

Last year a stroke of good luck fell to the lot of the group headed by Andreyev and brigade leader Mirvali Nabyev, whose dogged and persistent efforts were highly awarded by the government.

Among the best and most successful prospectors for this precious raw material is the old miner Shody and the young graduate of the Mining Institute N. Kuzmin, who discovered a rich deposit of rare mineral. During the war these mountain prospectors have located here more deposits than were discovered over a period of many pre-war years. Many of these mineral seekers have gone through a stern school of practical training on the snow-clad peaks of the Pamirs.

Working with the men up here in the mountains are women mineral prospectors too. The physician-surgeon is also a woman. For three years in succession now she has been giving medical treatment to sick workers and regularly makes her rounds of the "factory shops," each round being a difficult feat of mountaineering.

Once, when summoned to an urgent case, Dr. Pilinchuk took a short cut, leading right across a mountain pass which had always been considered impassable. She safely traversed dangerously inclined glaciers, risking death at every step—and she reached her patient two days the quicker.

Among this group of people there are some whose bravery and zeal is truly inspiring. Some enthusiasts, headed by electrician Chipurenko, set up the three highest altitude microhydrostations in the U.S.S.R. Electric lamps on the

glaciers of the Pamirs! These electric stations are fed by mountain rivers and serve to recharge the accumulators of the local radio-stations, thus saving tons of petrol.

The splendid work of the Pamir lorry-drivers Vassilyev and Gerassimov earn genuine admiration. For several years now, they have been driving their lorries up and down the mountains here, without a single accident, carrying supplies for the Pamir enterprise.

Every journey these machines make along the tortuous mountain roads can only be compared with the flight of a plane, with the exception that under the conditions of this terrain the pilot would have a far easier job of it. Thousands of sudden turns and hairpin bends lurk at every few yards, deep inclines hanging sheer over the edge of abysses. There are places where the inside mud-guards almost scrape against the rocks while the outside wheels are a couple of inches from the edge of a fifteen-hundred-foot drop. And the drivers at times have to manoeuvre over rockfalls just at sharp bends, with their heavily loaded machine perilously tilting towards the precipice, like a plane sharply banking in the air.

This is the kind of war-time work being done in the Pamir Mountains.

A. PAVLOVICH

SUVOROVITES

Late autumn 1943 new schools and also children's homes and distributing centres, were organized in a number of towns for children of Red Army men and partisans and for orphans whose parents fell by the hand of the German occupationists. The schools are of two types—military and special trade schools.

The aim of the military schools, which are named after the great Russian Field Marshal Suvorov, is to train boys, from the age of eight years old, as officers and also to give them a general, middle-school education.

Who knows if this is a future great military genius, this lad with the large freckles around his snub nose and obstinate curls covering his head? Perhaps his name, now known only to his chums in Yelets, will some day be inscribed in the roll of honour of his country, to be told from generation to generation? But at present the lad is standing there, before the doctor, stripped to the waist, almost on the point of tears because of the bandage on his left arm. For that bandage may upset his chances of entering the Suvorov School. The doctor shakes her head.

"Shouldn't have gone chasing pigeons, Yakunin?" she says. "You fell from the roof, did you?"

"No, not from the roof," says Yakunin. "And I wasn't after pigeons."

Other children from the settlement, who have already safely passed their medical examination, interrupt their comrade.

"He didn't fall from the roof, he fell from the barricade. We were playing at street fighting. He was the leader and got up on the barricade first, but slipped. . ."

Interrupting one another, they plead with the commission: "Don't take any notice of his arm, it'll get better, please take him. . ."

The quiet little town, smothered in its apple and cherry orchards, is agog with the big event of the day—the Orel Suvorov Military School has now opened in Yelets. The school takes up a whole block in the best district of the town, the best buildings being set apart for its living quarters and class-rooms. A spacious eight acre park with oaks, ashes and maples stretches up to the building, and just now, carpenters and stove-setters, plasterers and painters, plumbers and electricians are busy making everything spick and span in the "Suvorov town."

Teachers and medical workers are eager to be on the staff of the new educational institution, while as for the aspiring scholars—there are hundreds of them. It is quite a common thing to see a country lad slip down from a horse at the school gates early in the morning. Stammering with excitement, he will ask:

"It's not too late for the Suvorov School?"

"Where are you from?"

The lad may name some place far enough away—applications have come from Orel and Bryansk, from the Smolensk region, from far-away Vologda province and even from the shores of the

White Sea, from Archangel. To accept them all would be impossible, and for this reason there are strict conditions governing the acceptance of candidates to this new type of school.

The figure of the great military leader Suvorov must ever be before the eyes of each pupil, a model for his life, his conduct, sometimes almost ascetically strict. Colonel Kuzmin, the principal of the school, does not only go by the rules of admission in accepting new pupils. "The school wants lads who are resolute and determined," he says.

Vladimir Yarlykov is twelve years of age. Besides his physical advantages, the lad is fired with an ardent longing for a military life. He is passionately fond of history, his mind is always full of the feats and exploits of famous military leaders. He knows where Dmitri Donskoy met the Tartar khans, on what fields and by which rivers, he knows where Peter I fought and whom he beat. And if you ask him his favourite poem he will reply:

"Borodino."

His blue eyes flash when he reads this Lermontov's poem on 1812:

Good cause has Russia to remember
Borodino day.

For this lad, Borodino is not only a historical place, it has become a part of his very life and the life of his family, for it was near Borodino that his brother fell in action in the autumn of 1941. His other two brothers are also at the front.

Yura Krikunov is the same age as Vladimir, and corresponds regularly with his father in the infantry, and his uncle in the cavalry. Yura has a fine respect for those branches of the service, but for himself, he is drawn to the tanks.

Some lads have come here from the army. These boys wear Red Army uniform, and Fyodor Mitrofanov even has a sergeant's stripes. His father, a Tula armaments maker, is in the army, and his mother was killed by a nazi bomb. In October 1941 the lad helped in the defence of Tula and later he made himself at home in an air regiment where for a year and a half he shared all the difficulties of front-line life with the airmen. He came from the Western front to the school.

Here, on the threshold of their new lives, we can meet young sergeants, Red Army men, who have been looked after by military units. The majority of them are the sons of fighting men—airmen, peasant partisans. These are the children of the war, who have traversed a grim but glorious path from their ravaged homes to the threshold of the my ilitar school. They are the first to enter its light, spacious class-rooms.

I. RYABOV

THE TENDERNESS OF THE BRAVE

There are one hundred and twenty-one of them. When you enter the room they make a rush at you, seize your hands, embrace you, hug you, cling to your clothes and chatter without stop. It is impossible to make out anything in this hubbub. Occasionally, you can catch one word that is distinguishable, always the same word:

"Daddy! . ."

They do not remember their parents, and would not know them if they saw them. Any daddy is their daddy, every mamma is their own mamma.

In Krasnoyarsk region, Siberia, there are hundreds and hundreds of such children—from Leningrad, Smolensk and Kalinin, from the Ukraine. A good deal of affection and tender care have been lavished on these little people. This has been an epoch in the life of the region.

One of the Leningrad Children's Homes has found a haven in the inconspicuous town of Kansk, in the heart of Siberia. It is about these children we wish to tell you.

When eighteen, twelve and even eight months old, these babies were evacuated from Leningrad. They were carried from under fire; Red Army men wrapped them in their greatcoats, kissed their tear-stained little faces, and, holding them close to their hearts, carried them to the railway trucks.

This was how all the one hundred and twenty-one of them were saved. Here they are, tiny, little mites with brown eyes and fair hair. . .

At every station, however small, Irina Illarionovna, the doctor in charge of the children, would jump out of the truck and ask one question:

"Have you got blood here?"

People didn't understand her at first.

"Blood! For blood-transfusion, don't you know? For the children. . ."

And while the train was on its journey, in bitter cold and to the accompaniment of the rumbling wheels, blood from Sverdlovsk, Omsk and Achinsk would flow into the veins of the children from Leningrad. . .

Afterwards came the job of getting settled. The small town generously gave the little evacuees whatever it had. They received plenty of milk, eggs and sugar.

The postman has just arrived at the Kansk Children's Home. One of the letters is from Arkhipenko, a factory girl in Leningrad:

"I didn't know whether to laugh or cry for joy. . . At the same time as your letter I got another, from Kansk town Party committee, which says my little Nina is safe and sound. . ."

Spiridon Mikhailov is at the front where, after twenty-one months of suspense, he has got at last two communications at once: one says that his son is in the Kansk Children's Home, the other that his wife was killed in Leningrad during the early days of its defence. He signs his letter: "A father whose son's life you are saving."

Another letter reads: "Vitya is the only one left of all my family. I have not heard from my husband at the front for a long time. I am doing my bit at the factory; I work, regardless of hours or anything, to produce more arms and smash this hated Hitler. And for me to get a letter about Vitya—just to know if he is happy or fretting, if he's well and whether he remembers his father and mother—will make all the difference in my work."

There's quite a stack of such letters from fathers and mothers: scores of them come to Kansk every day. And how highly revealing are these human documents!

A grandfather writes: he has just learned that his grandchild Svetlana is alive. He is intensely happy, he promises to give every ounce of strength in his work "for the glory of the Country, for the joyous and happy future of our children and grandchildren." Enclosed is a thousand roubles "for all the inmates of the Home and to frustrate the enemy." Svetlana's father, a Red Army officer, does not know yet of his daughter's whereabouts, and the grandad says he'll find his son, wherever he may be, and tell him the glad news.

But who is this grandad?

Well, grandad is also at the front, the grandad is only forty-five, he's a Red Army officer himself, Senior Lieutenant P. V. Belevtsev.

One more letter. It begins in a strictly soldierly style, with a sniper's greeting. The fighter has already forty-five nazis killed on his personal account. Who then is the author of this letter, this brave and self-reliant master of marksmanship? She's a mother. Yes, it is Natasha Stepanova, a Leningrad worker, and hers is a typical mother's letter:

"Does my Innochka talk yet? How is her appetite, and what about food in general down there? Oh, I would give so much to see her—just to have one little peep at her. . . Be kind to my little girl. . . She needs a mother's tender care."

Inna's mother, sniper Stepanova, has just left the hospital where she has been recuperating after a wound. Inna's father is still there.

"When you get my letter, you'll think it a bit strange," writes Vera Kostyukova, another Red Army fighter: little Valeri, whose health she's inquiring after, is not her boy, no blood relation at all, not even the child of a friend. But she saw his mother killed defending Leningrad, and decided to be a mother to the little boy. She's fighting now, and cannot take the boy. She wants to get letters about him as often as possible. But "when this cruel war is over Valeri will be my son. . . I was left an orphan too when quite a small girl, but a kind woman, a true Soviet mother, brought me up. I want to follow her example. I'll give Valeri all my love, all the fondness and affectionate care a mother can give. This boy has suffered so much, hasn't he?"

It is painful to read these letters, yet one cannot help feeling proud of such splendid people.

A. AGRANOVSKY 57

THREE PHOTOGRAPHS

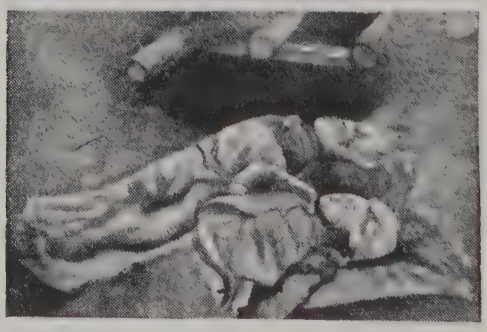
An old collective farmer from the hamlet of "Novyi Peschanyi," in whose presence a German in spectacles cold-bloodedly shot his two grandchildren—three-year-old Zhenya and seven-year-old Ignat, calls the Germans fiends. The German in spectacles was from the Baltics and spoke Russian fluently. Calmly, with the consciousness of one who had done a good job, he lit his pipe after shooting the two children, and explained in great detail to the grandfather numb with grief:

"You Russians are vindictive. We know that you will not forgive us for this war. Your children will grow up and become soldiers who will hate Germany. It's far better that I kill your grandchildren now rather than your grandchildren kill my children later."

. . . In their retreat the Hitlerites make a point of destroying not only villages, granaries, agricultural machinery, but also Ukrainian children.

The following three photographs tell the tragedy of the village of Likhovidovka.

Red Army man Vassili Gnatenko, a native of Kharkov Region, has been in action since the outbreak of the war. In the battle of Stalingrad he thought of his native village. When smashing German fortifications with his tommy-gun he dreamt of meeting his wife and daughters who were in German-occupied territory at the time. And then the incredible happened: his company was the one to liberate his native hamlet.



He battled with redoubled fury on the outskirts of his village. He was the first to break into it. He found his wife and daughter, Anna, huddled together in a pit in the vegetable garden. Instead of the young and cheerful woman he remembered, there was somebody old and haggard. She was so overcome with grief that she could not utter a word. Even the meeting with her husband failed to revive her. Taking her daughter by the hand she silently led her husband into the orchard and he, who had stared death in the face on countless occasions, suddenly tottered at the sight that met his eyes: on the ground on a blanket lay the corpse of his other daughter Liza. (Picture 1.)

Only yesterday a German officer, the commander of a group of self-propelling guns, held a drinking orgy in Gnatenko's cottage and instructed his orderly to bring him a woman. The orderly made for the pit where Gnatenko's family was hiding, dragged out fourteen-year-old Liza and pushed her into the cottage where the officer was sprawling dead drunk. Liza cried for help; in trying to wrench herself away from the officer she bit him in the cheek. He shot her. To hide the traces of his crime he instructed his orderly to throw the corpse into the orchard nearby, pour petrol over it and burn the body. The blood-drenched dress of the girl took a long time to burn. Just then the Russians were surrounding the village. The Germans fled. The semi-charred body of Liza with legs sprawling remained lying in the orchard. (Picture 2.)

And next to Liza in a pit where Gnatenko's neighbours lived during the German occupation, lay two other children's bodies. They were the corpses of five-year-old Tonya and six-year-old Svetlana Reshetnikova. When the Germans began to set fire to the hamlet the inhabitants went into hiding. Only these two small girls, whom everybody had forgotten, were standing at the pit gazing in wonderment at the terrible sight of the flames. The Germans were in a hurry, they had no time to shoot the children. Instead they threw them alive into the flames of the nearest burning cottage and fled. The mother rushing up to the blazing cottage dragged the children out but it was too late. In her arms she held charred corpses. And there they lay in front of Vassili Gnatenko, their small faces bearing the traces of terrible pain and horror. (Picture 3.)

And Vassili Gnatenko, who for days had looked forward to visiting his native village and meeting those near and dear to him, gripped his tommy-gun still tighter and forgetting about his ten-days leave hurried off to catch up with his company advancing westward.

B. POLEVOY

BOOKS AND WRITERS

A NEW BOOK ABOUT IVAN THE DREAD

During the past few years Soviet historians have done much to clear up questions concerning the personality of one of the most interesting figures in Russian history—Ivan IV or "Dread," a figure that has long attracted the attention of both historians and artists.

Many authors picture Ivan IV as a tyrant, a treatment of the subject which had its effect on the general conception of this ruler abroad. The very epithet "Terrible" which has become attached to his name is an exaggeration of the Russian sobriquet "Grozny" which would be better translated "Formidable." Research workers studying sixteenth century Russia have accumulated and now make use of a wealth of material which exposes and refutes the idea that Ivan IV was a senselessly cruel tyrant.

An analysis of real historical facts proves that Ivan IV had to deal with reactionary forces that were conspiring against him and his policy of government and whose leaders had made secret treaties with Russia's foreign enemies. Ivan IV was certainly cruel, implacable and impassioned in his struggle against such traitors. The struggle against treason was closely linked up with the defence of the country and the protection of the national interests of the Russian people.

Historians consider the epoch of Ivan IV as being one of the most important stages in the establishment of a centralized state and the unification of the Russian people. Ivan IV has come to be regarded as a great statesman to whose lot fell the task of wiping out the remains of the feudal disunity which had weakened Russia, of crushing the power of the feudal aristocracy with their separatist tendencies and pretence to political power, and of raising and to some extent solving the main national problems of Russian foreign policy. Sixteenth century Russia was surrounded by enemies—Germans, Poles, Lithuanians, Swedes and Tartars—and stood in need of a strong central power for the organization of defence and the maintenance of her independence. Only such a central power was capable of protecting the people from the rapine and oppression of the feudal lords and from the horrors of feudal wars. With an iron hand, Ivan IV established a firm state capable of defending itself and thus performed an act historically essential to the people. Viewed in this light, Ivan IV was in many respects a predecessor to Peter the Great.

This conception of the personality and role played by Ivan IV is seen with exceptional clarity in the recently published second revised edition of *Ivan the Dread*, the work of Professor Robert J. Wipper, a well-known Soviet historian and member of the Academy of Sciences. Professor Wipper has conducted research work in all fields of history from antiquity to modern times, and some of his books are well known in historical circles, e. g. *The Church and the State in Sixteenth Century Geneva* (1894), *Social Teachings and Historical Tendencies in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries* (1900) and others. Professor Wipper set himself the task of reviewing the whole historical conception of the reign of Ivan IV, a task which his keen brain and brilliant talent successfully completed.

Wipper studied the era of Ivan IV in connection with the history of the whole of Europe, regarding Ivan's work as one of the historical moments common to all European countries in the process of the creation of centralized states; he does not separate the events of the fifteenth and sixteenth century Russia from the great historical events which occurred in other parts of Europe.

Wipper shows that "the beginning of the capitalist era" is one of the chief factors in the historical development of Europe in the sixteenth century; in connection with this there is the search for new markets in the East and the stupendous geographical discoveries which led to the "expansion" of Europe and her emancipation from the "vice" in which Asiatic conquerors had "gripp-

ed the peoples of Europe." The Russian people also played their part in these events. "At a time when the western peoples were engaged in undertakings overseas, Eastern Europe was fighting against the peoples of the steppes and constantly extending her possessions by land. . . The Stroganovs and Yermak, the conquerors of Siberia, did not lag behind the Welsers and Cortes. Both groups belonged to the category of bold conquerors who went out in pursuit of metals and the discovery and conquest of unknown lands." In the social life of sixteenth century Europe, Wipper regards the "appearance of the local gentry on the historical stage of all European countries" as being "one of the most important factors;" the sixteenth century was "the golden age, the period of the rise and feverish activity of the nobility." Against this general historical background we are shown a picture of the strengthening of the Russian nobility to which are added details of the specific features which are characteristic to Russia.

This, in general, is the historical situation at the end of the fifteenth century when the formation of a centralized Russian state began. The author is a great admirer of Ivan III, during whose reign there were already tendencies towards centralization. He gives us an enthusiastic picture of the government of this great prince "brilliant in diplomacy, tolerant and able in religious questions," astonishingly "skilled in the control of large bodies of troops and in disciplining that same mobile and restless class which in the neighbouring Polish-Lithuanian state crushed all the efforts of the monarchy."

Ivan IV followed in the footsteps of his brilliant grandfather. In depicting him as a person and as a statesman Wipper cannot, of course, avoid comparisons with other big European statesmen. "Ivan the Dread, a contemporary of Queen Elizabeth of England, King Philip of Spain and William the Silent, leader of the Netherlands revolution," he says, "was called on to solve military, administrative and international problems similar in aim to those of the founders of the new European powers, but under conditions that were much more difficult. His talent as a diplomat and organizer made him, perhaps, superior to them all."

The time of Ivan IV's boyhood, when the reactionary feudal forces became stronger, "was a critical moment for the Muscovite autocracy." In the opinion of the author the monarchy was saved from ruin by the cooperation of its "powerful ally, the Church." He gives a brilliant description of the role of the clergy in a period which he calls "the era of clerical politics." In this respect Professor Wipper makes a number of original and even paradoxical assertions, but the chief point, the Church's support of state centralization, he deals with in a perfectly correct manner.

In his examination of the statesmanship of Ivan the Dread, Wipper makes the international situation of the sixteenth century state of Muscovy the cornerstone of his edifice. With great skill he discloses the complicated international tangle into which Muscovy was drawn. In order not to be drowned in the political storm that was raging in Eastern Europe, military power was essential and Ivan IV formed an army "whose structure astonished foreigners" and of which Chancellor wrote with "naive admiration": "If they knew their strength, no man were able to make match with them; nor they that dwell near them should have any rest of them."

Ivan IV was able to use this military organization for the benefit of the national interests of Russia; he brought the war with the Tartar Khanates of the Volga to a successful conclusion, "creating the impression of wizardry in the Moslem world," and then used it to defend the interests of his country in the Baltic provinces. The state of Muscovy could not have developed successfully without the closest contact with Western Europe, but the hostile Livonian Order stood between Russia and the West. Powerless to launch an open offensive, the Order chose the blockade as its method of struggle against the Russian state, collaborating with the German Empire and with Sweden. The very existence of the Russian people depended on their breaking this blockade and gaining access to the sea. The aim of the war for the mastery of Livonia was the reestablishment of the age-old rights of Russia to this piece of land.

The first Livonian campaign of 1558 "created in the West the impression of the unusual might and offensive power of the East-European state," but "probably the confidence and persistence of the diplomacy and trading policy of the Muscovites astonished the Europeans more than the victories of Russian arms." With a few powerful strokes Wipper draws a picture of the excitement caused in certain West-European political circles, hostile to Russia, at the very beginning of the Russian offensive. England, on the contrary, provided Ivan with the war materials needed "for the struggle with his technically well-armed western neighbours" and sent him military instructors; Ivan the Dread, therefore, was "especially attracted to England."

"The powerful Russian assault hastened. . . the collapse of the Livonian Order." The intervention of Denmark, Poland and Sweden and the division of the Livonian "heritage" placed Muscovy in a most unfavourable position although Ivan IV was not checked by the difficulties which arose. In 1566 he sought the support of the Zemsky Sobor [1]. Refusing to accept the peace proposals of his enemy, he took the field "covered in the glory of a popular ruler who had but recently become convinced of the unanimity of his army, clergy and merchant class." Ivan the Dread's convocation of the Zemsky Sobor Wipper correctly likened to Simon de Montfort's calling of the first parliament and Philip the Beautiful's "General States." "This clever move," as the author terms Ivan IV's political action, could not, however, solve all the intricate problems facing the government. "The growing difficulties of a great war for an outlet to the Baltic Sea and for the establishment of relations with Western Europe" made necessary the introduction of "a tremendous military and administrative reform"—the oprichnina—almost at the same time as the Zemsky Sobor was convened. A comparatively long time ago, after the appearance of Academician Platonov's excellent piece of research, Russian historical literature refuted the naively romantic description of oprichnina as a "devilish" weapon carrying out the personal whims of a "cruel" tsar. Historians now regard the establishment of a military-administrative apparatus of the central power as a measure aimed at putting an end to the separatist endeavours of the descendants of the local princes and at strengthening state power. Professor Sadikov, continuing Platonov's research work in the Soviet period, disclosed in great detail the significance of the oprichnina in the sphere of state organization. Professor Wipper approaches the question of the oprichnina from his own, original viewpoint. Under the circumstances of the long and difficult war with the two most powerful East-European states, the conspiracy of the aristocracy directed against the tsar and his policy took the form of treason; the oprichnina was undoubtedly an organ for a ruthless struggle against treason. Professor Wipper, on the basis of new sources published during the Soviet period (the notes of the Germans Staden and Schlichting), gives the full details of the conspiracy which Ivan IV had to combat.

The situation was sharpened by the attempts of hostile states to intervene in the internal affairs of the Russian state; those attempts led to extremely aggressive if somewhat fantastic plans for armed intervention. Under these circumstances the suppression of the opposition of the aristocrats (the Boyars) was not the groundless fit of rage mentioned in so many works of history and fiction.

The complicated foreign-political and internal situation of the country compelled the Russian state to muster all its military and financial means and resources; the situation also demanded considerable political tact and diplomatic ability on the part of Ivan the Dread. Professor Wipper gives a high appreciation of Russian diplomacy of the period and of the diplomatic talent of the Tsar himself. "In the new European political world," he says, "the government of Muscovy not only had to develop military and administrative talent but also skill in internal political warfare. The redoubtable Tsar, his colleagues and pupils, played their difficult parts in a worthy manner." The author draws life-like portraits of lead-

[1] Zemsky Sobor, an assembly of representatives of the estates of the Muscovy, convened by the tsar.

ing Muscovite diplomats such as, for example, the clerk Ivan Viskovaty, who appears in the Livonian chronicles as an "outstanding person" whose skill and intellect "astonished foreign ambassadors," and he gives details of Ivan IV's own initiative in matters of foreign policy, describing him as a "first-class talent amongst the Muscovite diplomats."

Professor Wipper, despite his admiration of Ivan the Dread's diplomatic and military talents, does not in any way belittle the failure of the last years of the Livonian war which ended in the ceding of all territories conquered in the Baltic. It seems even that he is exaggerating somewhat when he calls it "a national social-political tragedy." These failures do not in any way alter the general appreciation of Ivan IV's statesmanship. Thanks to him the state was saved from "the ruin threatening it" and "the power of the Tsar remained invincible."

Ivan IV died "possessor of the huge state that he founded at the beginning of his reign and still retaining the system of service and conscription which he continuously extended and reformed. . . The tremendous energy of the Russian people remained alive, the energy which had come to the fore so brilliantly at the defence of Pskov in 1581. This important strategical and trading town on the Russian frontier repulsed the attacks of the redoubtable general, King Stephen Bathori of Poland, with exceptional bravery."

Such were the results of Ivan IV's reign. An uncommon historical figure, the tounder of ohe of the most powerful European states of the sixteenth century rises to his full height from the pages of Professor Wjpper's book. As portrayed by Wipper the reign of Ivan the Dread ceases to be merely an item of Russian history and becomes one of the most entrancing moments in the history of Europe as a whole. All the activities of this "ruler of the peoples" took place within a labyrinth of intricate international relations in which the state he headed was not isolated but closely linked with other political forces of sixteenth century Christendom.

The chapter of Russian history written by Wipper's brilliant pen will take the place it deserves in world history. On a background of events that were developing on a world-wide scale, Ivan the Dread, ruthlessly breaking down all barriers that stood in his way, did not hesitate to apply the cruellest measures, but went unswervingly forward to the goal he had set himself and built up a mighty state of great vitality; it is in this creative activity that his fine intellect, the variety of his talents and his clear understanding of the historical tasks of the period are seen.

SERGE BAKHRUSHIN

RUSSIAN WRITERS IN DEFENCE OF THEIR COUNTRY *

One of the traits which has been a characteristic of Russian literature almost from its very first originations is its close bonds with the destinies, life and aspirations of the people. This trait was especially apparent during Russia's struggle against foreign invasion in 1812.

S. Durylin, the author of a number of valuable works on the history of Russian literature, particularly the history of cultural relations between Russian and West-European writers, collected extensive and very interesting material which vividly illustrates the role played by Russian literature in those days when at the walls of Smolensk and on the field of Borodino near Moscow the people waged a constant partisans warfare against the enemy and decided the fate not only of Russia but the whole of Europe.

In 1812, when Napoleon, surrounded by a halo of invincible military glory, invaded Russia at the head of his hitherto unprecedented army, Derzhavin, then almost seventy years old, was in the last years of his life. He was Russia's greatest poet of the 18th century and was famous as the author of the *Waterfall* and the ode *God*, which has been translated into all languages. Pushkin, the greatest Russian poet of the 19th century, was then still a schoolboy, barely thirteen years old. But the old and feeble voice of Derzhavin was animated by the same spirit which inspired the poems of the youthful Pushkin. This patriotic enthusiasm was characteristic of the Russian writers of that time.

In Durylin's book more than thirty writers are represented, of whom the majority fought for their country not only with their pen, but, changing the "lyre" for the "sword," joined the army.

The first people's guard mobilized to aid the army, came from Moscow. And the first volunteer to join this guard was Sergei Glinka,

* S. N. Durylin, *Russian Writers in the Patriotic War of 1812*. "Soviet Writer," Moscow, 1943.

a famous writer who, as far back as 1808, began to publish in Moscow a patriotic magazine *Russian Herald*, designed, according to the writer, "to fire the spirit of the people and call them to the new and inevitable struggle" against Napoleon. The popularity of the magazine was enormous. One of the outstanding contemporary poets, Prince P. A. Viazemsky recalls it in the following words: "Throughout Russia, and especially in the provinces, the magazine was read with eagerness and faith. . . Its very name was like a banner. At that time Napoleon's lust for power and victory, which was gradually enslaving Europe, menaced the independence of all the states. It was necessary to foster and inspire the spirit of the people, to awake their strength, reminding them of the valour of their forebearers who also fought for the honour and integrity of their country. . ."

On the initiative of another outstanding poet of that time, Denis Davydov, partisan warfare was developed in the enemy's rear and played a very important role in the war against Napoleon. Denis Davydov himself headed a partisan detachment which made a number of daring sorties and attacks, appearing in places where the enemy least expected them. Denis Davydov's detachment delivered continuous blows to enemy communications and rear and nearly took Napoleon himself prisoner.

Nearly all the most outstanding Russian writers volunteered, among them seventeen-year-old Griboyedov, future author of one of the most remarkable Russian comedies *Wit Works Woe*. Griboyedov left the university to join the newly formed regiment of hussars. Lazhechnikov, subsequently a famous author of historical novels, left his home secretly to join the army. Constantine Batyushkov, one of the immediate predecessors of Pushkin, entered Paris in 1814 together with the victorious Russian troops. Fighting in the ranks of the army were: Fyodor Glinka, poet and brother of Sergei Glinka, author of the *Letters of a Russian Officer about the Patriotic War and the War Abroad in 1812—1813*, and also of patriotic poems about Moscow, which became folk songs; Prince Viazemsky, poet and critic, participant in the Battle of Borodino; Zagoskin, author of the famous historical novel *Yuri Miloslavsky*, and many other men of letters. The head of the new school of romanticists in Russia, Pushkin's literary teacher, the poet Zhukovsky, the "charming sweetness" of whose poems fascinated the entire young generation, fought in the ranks of the Russian troops at Borodino. In a camp near Tarutino, just before the battle which, for the first time, forced the French to retreat before the onslaught of the Russian army, Zhukovsky wrote his famous hymn *Singer in the Camp of Russian Warriors*, which was immediately memorized throughout Russia.

Old Karamzin, the one-time leader of the school of Russian sentimentalism, who before the war secluded himself to write his voluminous work, the famous *History of the Russian State*, marched with the Nizhni-Novgorod People's Guard to the defence of Moscow. In the most trying days Karamzin preserved his courage and unwavering faith in the strength of the Russian people. During the withdrawal of the Russian troops from Moscow Karamzin was one of the last to retire from the ancient capital. When speaking to the Governor of Moscow, Count Rostopchin, who, on learning of the losses at Borodino and of the possible surrender of Moscow, was ready to give vent to despair, Karamzin said with wise foresight: "Well, we have drained the bitter cup to the last drop. . . but it heralds the beginning of *his* and the end of *our* calamities."

Alexander Turgenev, one of the most educated men of that time and a friend of Karamzin, Zhukovsky, Viazemsky, and later, of Pushkin, wrote in a letter to Viazemsky soon after the withdrawal from Moscow: "Moscow will rise again from the ashes, and our desire for vengeance will be the source of our glory and of future greatness. And the ruins will be a guarantee of our offensive, both moral and political; and the glow of the fires of Moscow, Smolensk and other cities, will sooner or later illumine our way to Paris. These are not empty phrases: I am firmly convinced of this and events will justify my hopes. Having acquired a national character, the war has now taken a turn which must end in the triumph of the North and brilliant revenge for the useless crimes and villainy of the southern barbarians." This letter was dated October 27th, 1812, and Turgenev's confidence did not deceive him: six months later the Russian troops, together with the allied armies, entered Paris.

The well-known decision of Kutuzov to abandon Moscow temporarily, the profound correctness of which was fully confirmed by the development of military operations, has found strong support among Russian writers. In his *Singer in the Camp of Russian Warriors*, Zhukovsky fervently glorifies Kutuzov, the "powerful leader" of the Russian troops, who is "vigorous despite his grey hair," who "did not abandon Moscow to plunder," but wisely preserved the most important things—fighting power, the army. "Confidence in the hero!" exclaims the "singer" in the inspired lines of his hymn.

The same thoughts lie behind the transparent veil of Krylov's allegories in a number of his fables, which spread through the country like wildfire. Literature, in the person of the finest representatives, sided with the people and with the chosen of the people—Kutuzov. And again "confidence in the hero" has not deceived those who, appealing for it, fully felt it themselves. A short time later the brother of Alexander Turgenev, Nikolai, a future Decembrist, was able to record in his diary with elated pride: "Moscow has been rid of the foreign invaders. . . Glory to the Russian people! Glory to the brave soldiers! Glory to Kutuzov! Glory to him!"

Despite all his desire to take up arms in defence of his country, the youthful Pushkin could not do so because his age did not qualify him for the arms. His later poems, however, contain lines unsurpassed for their laconicism and force of artistic expression, revealing the national essence of the war of 1812 and national character of the people who pursued it so selflessly and victoriously. In his poems, written on receipt of the news of Napoleon's death, addressing the shadow of "the mighty

favourite of victories," and recalling the heroic burning of Moscow by the Russians, Pushkin asked in stirring words:

You haughty man, who urgedyou on?
Your brilliant mind who dimmed into submission?
How failed you, of daring thoughts, to divine
The heart, the courage of a Russian?
Ere sensing the magnanimous fire
You thought that we for peace were longing,
Too late you learned how strong our ire.
How brave a people you were wronging.

During the war of 1812, just as during the Great Patriotic War waged by the Soviet people today, the hearts of Russian writers beat in unison with the hearts of the people.

To those who want to grasp the spirit of Russian literature, S. Durylin's story of the contribution made by Russian writers to the defence of their country in 1812, will undoubtedly be of interest today.

Professor B. BLAGOY

MASTER OF RUSSIAN SONG

Michael Issakovsky

In 1927, the State Publishing House in Moscow issued a volume of verse, entitled *Wires in Straw*. Printed on the blue cover of the book was the name of a budding Smolensk poet, Michael Issakovsky, at that time not widely known to the public. Maxim Gorky who read the book hailed the birth of a new talented and original Russian poet.

This was Michael Issakovsky's debut in Russian literature. Made with verse and song about the Russian village transforming its traditional life, the joy of the Russian peasant who trod the road to a bright, full-blooded life.

The poem on how "happiness made friends with the mouzhik," set to music by the composer Zakharov, became one of the most popular folk songs. Michael Issakovsky expressed the joyful and proud wonder of the people at the first creative results of socialist construction. The feeling which permeates this song runs through all the poems of the first and subsequent volumes published by Issakovsky singling out his voice from the rich chorus of Russian poets who before him and along with him sang of the Russian village.

Michael Issakovsky knows and fervently esteems folklore and song and may be esteemed for the talented way in which he continues the classical traditions of Russian poetry. But in the pictures he paints of Soviet village life he crosses beyond the bounds of the traditional means of expression used in folk poetry whether written down or conveyed by word of mouth. He always makes the reader conscious of the special style of a Soviet Russian poet, everywhere livening up the traditional form by novel treatment of the subject, freshness of word, image and intonation.

Everything hitherto written by Issakovsky—his verse and poems and the numerous songs which won wide popularity among the people—constitute one lyrical epic expressing the awakening of the Russian people to a new creative life:

And the coveted book has been found,
The great book long cherished and sought.
This sacred, infallible volume
Is now in hands that we trust.

The fervent love of Soviet man for his rejuvenated country—the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics—and for its leader, sincere and heart-felt affection of the son for his mother permeates every line of Issakovsky's verse and songs. That is why in our stern trying days his poems find their way direct to the heart of the Soviet citizen fighting for the honour and glory of his country. That is why his numerous songs have firmly won a place in the daily spiritual life of the people for a long time to come.

Lyricism and sonority is the principal element of Issakovsky's verse which is a result of its kinship with the anonymous folk song. The song element is ever present in Issakovsky's verse, whether lyrical, heroic or humorous.

Issakovsky is not a tribune, does not possess the orator's voice. He comes to every reader as a friend and companion. In quiet, soft voice he talks with him face to face, heart

to heart. Clear, fresh Russian speech, soft lyrical intonation, the natural inclination of the Russian to bright lyrical sadness, to keen sparkling humour,—these are the features of Issakovsky's poetic style. Coupled with the clear simplicity of theme and characters, the mark of a great master of poetry, these features of Issakovsky's verse and songs explain more than anything else their popularity among the people. Pretentious affectation of poetic form concealing emptiness of content and lack of animated human feeling have always been and ever will be alien to the people. A great number of Issakovsky's songs have been accepted by the people as their folk songs. Among them are epically solemn ones *(Song About Stalin, Song of the Soviet Union)*, and cheerfully heartening songs about the new Soviet village *(Up and Down the Village)*, and songs written in the lyrical-heroic vein *(Farewell, Katyusha)*, and deeply lyrical *(Parting, Darling)*, and merry, playful songs *(And What's He Up to. . .)*. Their source is the fertile soil of the folk song, but resounding above all in these songs is the inimitable Soviet of today.

His songs have been set to music by composers of various style, tradition and genres. Issakovsky, and this also is characteristic of a Soviet Russian poet, has a great passion for translating into Russian the best songs of the fraternal peoples; the Byelorussian festival song *Fare You Well* became popular throughout the country in his masterly Russian translation,

In these stern days of the war Issakovsky's verse, filled with wrath and hatred, appeal for struggle and confidence in victory, ring from the pages of the Soviet press, and his songs, after surviving the test of a trying and grim time, have become the constant companions of the Soviet soldier in battle, on the march and during brief respites between battles, heartening the Soviet patriots who in the rear are forging the weapons for the victory over the enemy.

It is not difficult to understand why all those who have the destiny of Soviet Russian poetry at heart were accorded great satisfaction when Issakovsky was awarded a Stalin First Prize for poetry for the year 1942.

ALEXEI SURKOV

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE IN THE DAYS OF THE WAR

Despite the difficulties of the war the State Publishing House of Children's Literature has in the past two and a half years published more than 300 books (from 25,000 to 100,000 copies each) by various Soviet writers and Russian classics.

Books for the Youngster

Leo Kassil's colourful album *Your Defenders* with drawings by the artist Adrian Yermolayev is a great favourite with the young reader. The album, which is a kind of encyclopedia of the war, contains short stories and drawings in which author and artist explain the role played by the different armies in the war.

Collected verses by K. Chukovsky, S. Marshak, S. Mikhalkov, E. Blaghinina and other leading children's writers have been published in large editions. S. Marshak's Slav tale *Twelve Months* with beautiful illustrations by V. Lebedev, S. Mikhalkov's *The Street I Live On*, richly illustrated, and a volume of verse by E. Blaghinina have also appeared in separate editions.

In 1942, in the tense days of the war the Children's Publishing House brought out a beautiful edition of the Russian tales *Geese-Swans* with more than two hundred drawings and twenty coloured plates.

Books for School Children

Lyubov Voronkova, a young children's writer, has gained great popularity since the outbreak of the war. In her short lyrical stories *Hectic Days*, *The Forest Hut* and *The City Girl*, L. Voronkova tells of the fate of children who have remained in the districts temporarily occupied by the nazis, of children sheltered by partisans. The writer is well acquainted with the spiritual world of her small readers. She talks to them in a warm simple language.

In his book of stories *The Man of Daring*, the war correspondent M. Semyonov describes episodes taken from the war.

Blitz-Fritzes, an album of satires, is the work of the poet S. Marshak and the artists Kukryniksy.

Selected works of Russian and foreign classical literature have been published in large editions for school children.

Among other favourite books published in large editions are Alexei Tolstoy's *The Adventures of Buratino*, S. Marshak's *Songs, Tales, Riddles* and Jules Verne's *Mystery Island*.

Books for Juveniles

Of great interest is the publication of *Chanson de Roland* in the new free translation by S. Bobrov with a preface by Ilya Ehrenburg.

In addition to *Chanson de Roland* for juveniles, the "School Library" series includes *Chronicle of the Reign of Charles IX* by Prosper Mérimée and Jules Verne's *Robur the Conqueror*.

Several excellent translations of Anglo-American classics and contemporary writers have appeared since the beginning of the war. Among these first mention should be made of Boris Pasternak's superb translation of *Hamlet*. The Children's Publishing House is now preparing Pasternak's translation of *Romeo and Juliet*. The collection of newly translated *Ballads and Songs of the English People* has aroused particular interest.

Mayne Reid's *Headless Rider* and Mark Twain's *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* have been published in large editions for juveniles. Conan Doyle's *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* are about to be published. *The Golden Beetle*, a collection of stories by such American writers as Edgar Poe, N. Hawthorne, Edward Hale, Mark Twain and Jack London, is enjoying great popularity among the young readers. A collection of stories by contemporary American writers—Jack Stevens, Erskine Caldwell, Irving Shaw, Ernest Hemingway and John Steinbeck—has appeared recently.

Russian classical literature, which is being studied in the schools, has been printed in large editions. Certain works of Russian writers have been issued for children for the first time. Among them are *Notes About Pushkin* by I. Pushchin (Pushkin's Lyceum friend), Grigorovich's story *Anton Goremyka*, the stories of Gleb Uspensky and Leskov, Korolenko's *In a Strange Land* and L. Tolstoy's *Sevastopol Stories* with a preface by Academician Tarle.

A number of books for juveniles have been written in this past period by Soviet writers. They include V. Kaverin's stories about young war heroes, collected in one volume, *Eagle's Flight*. A. Bek has written a documentary story, *December the Eighth*, in which he describes the defence of Moscow in 1941. In *Stepan Polosukhin* L. Solovyov gives a vivid portrayal of a young Soviet sailor. S. Zarechnaya in her books describes the life and heroic death of the two young Soviet patriots, Zoe Kosmodemyanskaya and Alexander Chekalin.

The Children's Publishing House has published S. Golubov's novel *General Bagration* in thousands of copies. Mention should also be made of V. Safonov's interesting book on Alexander Nevsky entitled *The Invincible Prince*, M. Bragin's *Field Marshal Kutuzov* and S. Grigoryev's *Suvorov*.

NEW BOOKS

Stout Heart, a collection of poetry recently issued by the Bashkirian State Publishing House in Ufa (Russian translation by V. Ilyina), contains poems by fourteen Bashkirian poets. The friendship among the peoples of the U.S.S.R. sealed in battle is expressed in the poems *When Night Falls* by Saifi Kudash, *The Hour of Retribution Is Nigh* by Salyakh Kulibay, and *The Ukraine* by Rashit Nigmati.

The Leningrad State Publishing House of Literature has just published a series of front-line stories by Vissarion Sayanov *In the Battles for Leningrad*.

"Together with the troops of the Leningrad front," writes the author in the preface, "I marched along the road of stiff battles, from the distant approaches to Leningrad to the very line where the grim and majestic winter of the blockade started. I witnessed many exploits which will forever go down in the military epic of the Russian people, saw our troops in the difficult days of rear-guard action and in the days when the blockade of Leningrad was pierced. I was witness to the courage and heroism of the people of Leningrad at the time of the blockade."

Letters from the front alternate with short stories which the author calls "true war stories."

Son of a Partisan comes from the pen of the talented Estonian writer, August Jacobson, and is one of six stories written during the war. In this small book Jacobson shows the life and struggle of the Estonian partisans, the bright and pure love between Andres and Hilia who is later killed by the invaders.

His story *The Perilous Voyage* is based on the tragedy of the ship which was carrying women and children evacuated from Estonia and was sunk by the Germans.

Son of a Partisan tells the story of the partisan scout Ants whose father was hanged by the Germans. The boy too meets his death at the hands of nazi executioners. Amidst the thunder of explosions which destroy petrol dumps and an enemy aerodrome the boy triumphantly flings into the faces of the Germans that the explosion was caused by the partisans acting on his information.

The new volume of verse by Vera Inber *The Soul of Leningrad* includes eleven poems written between December 1941 and May 1943. All poems are dedicated to heroic Leningrad where Inber lived during the blockade.

Oh this city! How it was tormented
From land and sky, with cold and fire!
It starved. Faces grew wan,
It will be long before they get back the
glow of health!
And even then the traces of suffering
Will be on them for many years to come.
(*The Immortality*)

Numbers 5-6 and 7-8 of the 1943 issues of *Novyi Mir* (New World), one of the most popular Russian literary magazines, contains a translation of John B. Priestley's *Black-out in Gretley*, a novel which has evoked great interest among Soviet readers. Priestley is widely known in the Soviet Union as a brilliant novelist and playwright, and as a foremost authority on English life. His activity as publicist and radio commentator in the war against fascism, and his statements on the struggle in Russia are likewise known to the Soviet readers. Hence their eagerness to read Priestley's latest works on life in war-time England. They were not disappointed in their expectations. The book's popularity undoubtedly is further enhanced by the fact that the author has written it in the form of a detective novel. However, judging from the comments on the book which have appeared in the Soviet press, the reader's prime interest centred on the author's presentation of life in war-time England. The mortal struggle of the hero against nazi spies who have made their way into England and against agents of the Fifth Column who have betrayed their country for the selfish interests of certain groups, arouses the lively sympathy of the Soviet reader. In the person of the conceited aristocrat, Colonel Tarlington, Priestley has succeeded in showing an unsuccessful British Quisling who brazenly conceals his fascist intentions behind the mask of "truly British" virtues. The author shows that should such a Tarlington come into his own he would become a bloody executioner of the British people. However, the reader is able to draw the conclusion that British patriots are waging war not only against Hitlerites at the front but also against their hirelings in the deep rear.

Priestley's book was favourably reviewed by the critics.

ARTS

"THE BATTLE FOR THE SOVIET UKRAINE"

A new documentary film has been released by the Ukrainian and Central Newsreel Studio entitled *The Battle for the Soviet Ukraine*. It is produced by Y. Solntseva and N. Avdeyenko, under the guidance of Alexander Dovzhenko, the famous Soviet producer who directed *Earth* and *Arsenal*; he has also written the dictor's text for the film[1]. The shots were taken on the battle-field or among the ruins and smoke of burning buildings by about thirty cameramen.

In the first part of the film—the prologue—the audience sees the Ukraine as it was before the war: land caressed by warm sunshine, cheerful, beloved of its people. Wisely planned and conducted labour was transforming it—it was becoming yet lovelier, it lay like some fair garden between its flowing rivers, stretched over the bountiful steppe, blossomed into proud and prosperous towns. A land of plenty, of flourishing lives and unfolding talents.

The Dnieper, curbed by its mighty dam. . . The joy of free labour imprinted on the faces of the people. Wonderful Ukrainian songs ring out.

From the Carpathians to the Azov Sea, from Lvov to the Donbass, the Ukraine was knit in a bond never again to be severed, it was commencing its joint life after the centuries it had been divided. The towns of the Ukraine pass before the eyes of the audience, towns with people happy in the knowledge that they are united.

Suddenly the black clouds of war sweep over all this splendour, over the whole Ukraine.

The hitlerite bandits burst into quiet villages, the grain is on fire, the fruit trees fall, towns are in flames, all life seems to leave the land. Like vampires rising from a grave to feed upon the living the Germans come to ravage and destroy.

A German soldier armed with a tommy-gun kicks open a door and enters to pillage a peaceful cottage. And the leader of the bandit gang, a fat boar in nazi uniform, Göring, strides over the Ukrainian land, a smirk on his face at the sight of fire and ruin.

The bitter, sorrowful days of the retreat. Troops fall back eastward, and in their wake the refugees, their eyes on the ruins. Herds are driven off, machines taken away. Fire and smoke, ashes and corpses. . .

How gallantly the troops fight for the cities Kiev, Kharkov, Odessa—their heroic feats pass across the screen.

"With heavy hearts the defenders of their country retreated eastward, taking with them what was dearest—their weapons and their faith in victory."

The audience sees Moscow in November 1941. Stalin on the tribune of the Lenin Mausoleum. The Soviet people gather their strength to deliver a blow at the enemy.

And the sons of the Ukraine are not lost. People from Zaporozhye, Dniepropetrovsk, Kiev, the Donbass, Kharkov went east to work for the front and forge victory in the busy workshop of the Urals. Workers, engineers and academicians knew only one thing—that never would the Germans live in the Ukraine, and make it their own, never!

The Urals factories flash onto the screen, where powerful new tanks grow up in smoke-filled shops, where mighty weapons are born. The famous scientist Paton, Hero of Socialist Labour, and the young women workers are of the same family—they are both Ukrainians, and their earnest faces on the screen seem to symbolize the union of labour and science.

The film shows the war with relentless courage. Not a single film has depicted the truth of war's horrors with such exhaustive exactitude. Women wail over the bodies of those brutally killed by the Germans; old women and young, gathered in a circle, their voices breaking with sobs, relate the hideous details of the ferocity and savagery of the German bandits. Let the world hear from the lips of these eye-witnesses what the Germans have been doing in the Ukraine. Vengeance is already at hand, the hour of liberation is drawing near. Hitlerite dead, smashed enemy weapons already litter the steppe. In terror, the Germans are repeating the word "Stalingrad," remembering the steppe in winter.

Summer 1943.

Again Soviet troops are treading Ukrainian soil, driving the enemy westward. That gallant army forged in the historic battle of Stalingrad is driving forward on the Donbass, on Kharkov,

"The Guards literally forgot about the expanses passed, about weariness or casualties; they drove forwards to the attack in their tanks with the courage of lions, and never before perhaps has the immortality of a people been so vividly felt as among this thunder, fire, and many fresh graves."

Following closely on the heels of the advancing troops, people sow the fields. Wherever the enemy has been driven out, the people want to restore as swiftly as possible what has been destroyed, they are filled with the fever of creation, they are thirsting for free labour.

The film rises to the heights of a historic document of tremendous importance. Its immortal pictures are impressive in their tragic force.

[1] Quotations where the source is not mentioned come from the dictor's text belonging to the film.

A still from the film

At the same time it shows that the Ukrainian people never submitted to the foreign yoke; neither torture nor death could subdue them. The people struggled against the invaders with every weapon they possessed, they joined partisan detachments or worked underground. They had faith in victory, and the blows which the Red Army was dealing the enemy kept the fire of resistance glowing.

The German atrocities only fed the flames of hatred; the struggle with the hitlerite executioners gives birth to new heroes of the partisan movement.

Menacing fighting forces from among the people are concealed in the forests on the right bank of the Dnieper, they grow daily, and not only in numbers. The former commander of a partisan column is now already a military leader conducting large-scale operations according to all the laws of military science. One of these is Hero of the Soviet Union General Kovpak.

It is a grim life that passes before our eyes, with its partisan campaigns and battles. Vain are the German dreams of settling down in the Ukrainian land and living at their ease,with the Ukrainian people for their slaves, labelled with tallies and living in sheds instead of houses. Things have developed very differently. Grenades and bullets—those were the greeting of the Ukrainian people to the German landlords and executioners. It is a deeply symbolic shot that shows the helmeted skull of a fascist butcher, greedy jaws opened wide, as though even in death seeking to gulp down the wealth of the Ukraine. . .

Fresh battles flared up in the land. Hitler flung in eighteen picked divisions on the Belgorod-Kursk direction. They wedged into the Soviet defences, while the piles of German dead rose ever higher. A tank battle, the greatest battle known to history, raged at Prokhorovka. And the Germans were smashed, their infantry ground down.

The Red Army goes over to the offensive, breaks through the enemy defences. The actual details of this battle are shown on the film. The sons of all the peoples of the Soviet land are fighting for the liberation of the Ukraine. In the field dressing stations Russians lie side by side with Kazakhs, Ukrainians with Georgians, while Uzbeks lounge to the attack among the rows of sunflowers.

How the Red Army has grown up, how it has gained in every military quality! One feels this strength watching the hammer-blows of the artillery, while clouds of smoke roll over field and forest. One sees enemy strongpoints flying into the air, sees the mortars putting the brown hordes to flight, sees the Soviet tanks sweeping forward. One hears the thunderous Russian "Hurrah" and sees the fleeing Germans.

The battles preceding the liberation of Kharkov are brought onto the screen with a bold and courageous sweep. One sees the scale of modern battle as though really present at them. One hears the actual words of command; the unintermittent salvoes of our artillery recorded on the field of battle, one hears the soldiers in the trenches singing the songs of their Ukraine.

The shots of the attack are filled with glowing force. Here are the last moments of Major Grigori Rudik, commander of a Guards regiment in the 93rd division. He was the first to break through into Kharkov and in this scene of farewell to the fallen hero, Dovzhenko's text is like an elegy:

"Bare your heads, people of this age! Carry throughout the world the fame of this son of the Ukrainian people. Let all mankind know, let all the generations know how their young forefather died in 1943. Farewell, warrior! Our comradeship, our love, is yours for ever.

"Take aim at the enemy—fire!"

And volleys ring out over the bowed heads of those standing by the body of the dead commander.

Kharkov is free! Involuntarily one's fists clench on seeing the full extent of the German savages' foul crimes. The city is destroyed. This is a graveyard, a collection of empty walls and fantastic ruins. The German vandals with great thoroughness wrecked and destroyed everything that could be destroyed. The ruins of the university. A professor and his assistant, more like walking ghosts than human beings, are searching the wreckage.

They pick up a bundle of partly-burned manuscripts, their pages scorched at the edges.

Here is a common grave. It contains fourteen thousand bodies. Incredible, but a fact. And again the announcer's voice rings out like a biblical curse: "See, ye living, do not avert your eyes from this terrible trench... We are the great majority in the Ukraine. Forget us not. Make Germany pay for our sufferings!"

Bodies hung from the balconies of Kharkov houses in the winter of 1942. They broke and fell, smashing into fragments. Shot after shot shows all the foulness, all the cannibal ferocity of fascist Germany, the depths of its fall and all its crimes.

It can never be forgotten, it can never be forgiven. Kharkov is in flames, all around are ruins and corpses. Tortured, mutilated city, what have those butchers done to you?

The Kharkov people still alive welcome the Red Army. Dressed in their best, they came out onto the streets carrying banners and portraits of those whom their country loves. There is boundless joy and triumph in their movements and gestures. "Is it possible that the reign of darkness has really ended, that the nightmare is over?—Yes, dear brothers, it is over!"

And they greet Marshal Zhukov, Army General Konev, member of the front military council, Lieutenant-General Khrushchov on that great historic day.

It is not only here that sons of the Ukrainian people have been battling. A portrait gallery of Ukrainian heroes passes before one's eyes.

The Red Army is advancing to liberate the towns and cornfields of the Ukraine.

An old collective farmer welcomes his guests—generals, colonels, soldiers, wearing Orders and medals. The old man himself has taken part in wars, he is wearing old military crosses which he received in the pre-revolutionary Russian army. It is moving, it is like a family meeting between Russian fighters of several generations. Joyfully the soldiers and officers embrace the people who have been delivered from dismal slavery. But look around you—the terrible suffering, the bitter grief which the Germans have left behind them:

Konotop, Artyomovsk, Chernigov... Ruins, ruins.

But the Red Army is pushing resolutely forward—further and further westward. Stalino! "Long live Stalin, Marshal of Victory! Glory to the liberators, glory to the indomitable people!"

Barvenkovo, Mariupol... Fresh and ever fresh crimes added, swell the German guilt. There is no end to the ghastly deeds of these fiends. Hear the people weeping over the bodies extricadet from the Sergo coalpit! Down these deep shafts the ravagers of the Donbass flung those they shot.

The smoke of burning houses rolls over the fields of the Ukraine. Poltava is veiled in its clouds. Poltava, where Peter I fought his historic battle against the Swedes. Yes, this is not the first time this people has hurled an invader back from its land.

In watching this film, one seems to be walking over the ravaged Ukraine, its fields and towns streaming with blood. This blood is crying out for vengeance.

Few are the people in the streets of the towns. Where are they? The film shows them in graves, in ditches, they have been killed by criminals in the uniform of the German empire. They have been driven off to slave labour, taken off to Germany as prisoners, tortured in dungeons. Accursed be you, fascist Germany, ominous and evil land!

Ahead, in the smoke of battle, great Kiev is already visible and further in the mists of the Carpathians lies Western Ukraine—ancient Lvov is waiting.

This people renowned for their kindliness, has learned to hate the invaders, to scorn them and to take merciless vengeance. They will fight until they have had vengeance for all the tears of women and childern, so that "not one mother's tear remain unavenged."

The Battle for the Soviet Ukraine is a deeply moving production of newsreel art. The work of the producers, cameramen, and all working on it, above all Alexander Dovzhenko, must be given their due—they have preserved for future generations a part of a great and immortal epoch. The words of Dovzhenko's text ring out like the voice of our mighty day, and the actor Khmara reads it excellently—simply, without any declamation, and its stern feeling moves the audience deeply.

This film inspires hatred for the enemy, it inspires selfsacrifice for a country battling for its honour, liberty, and independence. It pillories Hitler Germany before future generations. It is great, as is the life of the immortal Soviet people. It calls for vengeance, for the defeat of the enemy, for complete victory.

NICHOLAS TIKHONOV

AN EXHIBITION OF SIX ARTISTS

Of the six artists whose paintings, drawings and sculptures are at present on exhibition at the Tretyakov Galleries in Moscow, Vera Mukhina, the sculptress, is undoubtedly attracting the greatest attention.

One looks at the large number of works created by Mukhina during the war period and is amazed at the perfection with which the artist has rendered the characteristic features of Man, with a fine feeling of harmony and without any trace of mannerism. Hence the reason why Mukhina's art, not confined within the limits of narrow formalism, borders on the classic. Her sculpture is bound up with life itself, her portraits are those of the man of today with all his thoughts and feelings. The visitor stands for a long time absorbed in her statue of the woman flier, Guards Lieutenant Catherine Budanova. The woman's head is lifted and her shoulders forming a line diagonal to the general composition reminding one of wings. Beside this dynamic portrait are the calmly modelled faces of Academician Burdenko, General of the Medical Service, of the surgeon Yudin and the artist Yuon; the last mentioned portrait is a piece of splendid and expressive

modelling which brings out the strong character of the sitter.

The sculptress has not caught the inner thoughts of all her subjects with equal success but all her portraits astonish by their brilliant technique, their play of relief and, above all, by their vitality.

"Art is meaningless without life. The illusion of life is only obtained in sculpture by good modelling and movement." This statement by the great Rodin may be thruthfully applied to Vera Mukhina and Sara Lebedeva. Lebedeva's statuettes are to be seen almost every year at our exhibitions, always graceful and filled with pulsating life; every muscle expresses the spiritual emotion of the sculptress. Here again we see these captivating figures which attract the attention of the visitor by the marvellous way in which they depict the human body, the fine understanding of the body's most elusive movements and the surface finish. Various stages in Lebedeva's work are shown at the exhibition: "A Nude Model" and a whole group of female figures; a female statuette, "The Violinist," portraits of the Znamensky brothers, the famous sportsmen; strong, lifelike portraits of the poet S. Marshak, the pianist A.Goldenweiser and Major Haybo. Every muscle in these portraits seems full of life. Sara Lebedeva reached the height of her art in the sculptured portraits of Vera Mukhina, of the actress Olga Knipper-Chekhova, the actor S. Mikhoels and N. Shostakovich, wife of the well-known composer. When the visitor leaves this room he thinks as the poet did when he said: "They are really alive and I think I hear their voices."

The oldest and most honoured exhibitor is the painter P. Konchalovsky, who is never content with his findings, but is always striving to reach a stage further on in the art of painting. Impressionable and receptive, with the daring of the lucky seeker, Konchalovsky seems to solve new problems of colouring with ease. But behind this apparent facility is hidden the stubborn labour of the artist-innovator. Konchalovsky, who has given us numerous colour impressions of the scenery and architecture of Georgia and Armenia, has also done much portrait painting. One has always awaited a large canvas from this universal artist's brush. Therefore "Where Is the Donors' Station?", naturally, arouses interest. But it is a picture below the standard of the artist. We do not feel the strength which we feel in his portraits, his still-lives and even, sometimes, in his landscapes, all of which bear the impression of the originality of this artist's creative bent and the well-balanced feeling which is so inherent in Konchalovsky. Perhaps it is the epic calm with which he treats such a stirring theme that fails to satisfy the viewer when standing before this huge canvas portraying a group of girls eagerly asking for the donors' station where they will be able to give their blood to save those wounded in the struggle for their fatherland.

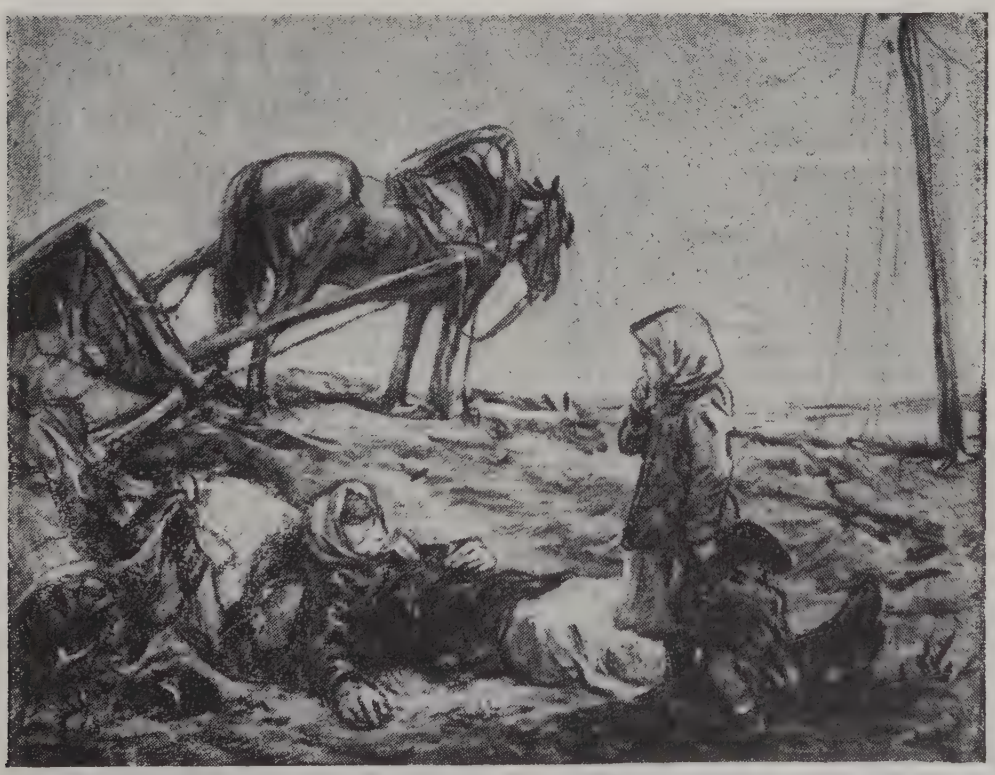
Sergei Gerassimov is well-known for his large canvasses depicting the life of the people

70 *A Street in Sunshine* *Painting by S. Gerassimov*

and for his portraits of contemporaries. During the last few years he has also won recognition as a landscape painter. Gerassimov is represented at the exhibition by a large number of landscapes depicting the central districts of Russia and radiant, sun-filled "portraits" of Central-Asiatic landscapes. Gerassimov is a colourist and a lyricist who has a fine feeling for the beauties of the Russian landscape. He is one of those artists who are connected with the great traditions of Russian painting—Savrassov, Levitan and Serov. Epically calm and captivating are those dark golden depths of the forest, the scintillating, moist tree-stumps, and the light-coloured roads that cut like an arrow across the broad fields. The artist has introduced new colours into the Central-Asiatic landscape, finding an inexhaustible supply of motifs to express his thoughts. In the radiance and brilliance of the eastern sun the artist finds new combinations of colour vibration ("Registan," "A Street in Sunshine," "In Samarkand"), new colour symphonies ("Windy Day" and "Sheer Dar"); his colour schemes create an almost musical impression.

In the room devoted to Alexander Deineka there is an abundance of light. This is not only due to the stream of light from without. The air and the bright, open spaces on his huge canvases ("On the Beach," "The Shower Bath," and "Bathing") are saturated with light: either with the rays of the sinking sun or with the even light of a dull day. Alongside these works are urban scenes in which the artist has caught the very "face of the city"; further on are pictures of delicately tender landscapes, park

Major Haybo *A sculpture by S. Lebedeva*



Refugees *Drawing by D. Shmarinov*

On the Beach *Painting by A. Deineka*

architecture and gardens. The visitor cannot fail to notice that each new genre is not only marked by a change of tone, form and colour in accordance with the landscape dealt with, but that the surface of the canvas is also worked up differently. There is also an occasional skimpiness of paint, a weakness in colouring, monotony. The simple explanation of these defects, which, incidentally, are no danger whatever to a good artist, is the "inertia" of Deineka the illustrator, who at times transfers his methods to painting. Deineka provides interest in his numerous book illustrations, his magazine drawings, posters, pictures, and mosaics: incidentally the mosaics in the niches on the Underground Station at Mayakovsky Square were made from his drawings and under his supervision. His own original style in poster painting with its outline figures and broad splashes of wash makes itself felt in the artist's beloved themes: Deineka is the bard of the healthy, strong, younger generation. His most captivating picture at the exhibition is a large group of young people, bubbling over with *joie de vivre*, in the midst of a cascade of spray.

Deineka has studied the youth more than any other Soviet artist. Amongst gymnasts he finds inexhaustible material for his art. Deineka has made his debut at this exhibition in what is for him a new departure—sculpture, new, but not unexpected. Sculpture is a logical stage in Deineka's development. A master of the human body he naturally felt the necessity for depicting it in three-dimensional form. The line and the graphic sharpness of his pictures, in which the dynamic has always played an important part, enable him to combine gracefulness with the movement and impetuosity of his sculptured figures.His "Skater," "Bather" and "Goalkeeper" will bear any comparison insofar as the artist's ideas of plastics are concerned; they are monumental, full of energy, movement and life.

The youngest of the six exhibitors is D. Shmarinov who during the past few years has won for himself a permanent place in Soviet graphic art and illustration. Shmarinov's art proves once more that the so-called "miniature form" does not contradict the conception of great art. Suffice it to mention his illustrations to Dostoyevsky's *Crime and Punishment*. You recognize not only the daily hum-drum of Dostoyevsky's characters, you also see their intricate inner world and hear the reverberations of profound human drama. Then there are his illustrations to Lermontov's *Hero of Our Times*. Shmarinov has an undoubted mastery of graphic art when depicting man and his surroundings in the 30's of the last century and in treating a Caucasian landscape. Shmarinov's illustrations to A. Tolstoy's *Peter the Great* are saturated with the spirit of the great historical epoch when Russia, under Peter's genius, began her transformation. And lastly—a modern subject—suffering and heroism in the Patriotic War; the series "We Shall not Forget or Forgive" is filled with a passionate hatred of fascism. Before us are the victims of the fascist terror and their enemies, the Hitlerites. In a series of fine drawings the artist depicts the "doings and days" of Hitler's bandits. We see them shooting a peasant family, making off with stolen goods, murdering children, dragging wounded Red Army men out of an ambulance and killing them on the spot. Death, cruelty and rapine. Shmarinov's posters calling for a decisive, tireless struggle against nazism are filled with courage and wrath. His wartime drawings at this impressive exhibition containing so many varied forms of art, fill us with strong emotion.

LEO VARSHAVSKY

LENINGRAD CIRCUS AT THE FRONT

Winter 1941. December. The Leningraders' hardest time. We were at a marquee on the ice of Lake Ladoga at a "thawing vat" point after travelling eleven kilometres along the ice road. Leningraders called it the "road of life." A golden thread was formed by the dimmed lamps of thousands and thousands of machines, travelling in an uninterrupted chain over the ice, carrying food and ammunition to the city.

We gave circus turns at the marquee for the heroic workers of the ice road. Only two "bat" lanterns lit the improvised ring made of a few blankets. The canvas "dome" was not high enough, so the acrobats Ptitsyna and Maslyukov gave their turn lying flat; Rapitto, one of the best Soviet jugglers, displayed his skill kneeling and only Pavel Alexeyevich Alexeyev, the clown, favourite with the boys at the Leningrad front, who was used to a war setting, felt himself at home as if in a real saw-dust ring. I saw how tired the faces of lorry drivers, traffic regulators, graders, Red Cross nurses and anti-aircraft gunners lit up in smiles which soon grew into the loud and infectious laughter of the whole audience. And when Pavel Alexeyevich said that he'd play on his instrument the favourite Leningrad melody "All clear" the entire hall broke into a storm of applause.

After the show a young A.A. gunner got up to speak; he already had several decorations for fascist planes brought down over the road. He said:

"Brother Leningraders, tell those who are working for and defending our city that we shall give all our strength and if need be life itself, to ease the sufferings of the great city."

For these splendid fighters of the Leningrad front, sailors and infantrymen, airmen and tankmen, for the workers at the factories labouring under enemy fire, for the Leningrad women and children bravely bearing the hardships of our city's blockade, for all those who now wear the coveted medal "For the Defence of Leningrad," the Leningrad front-line circus has given 1,500 performances.

Formed during the war it united the finest circus artists who at a critical time came to share the glorious destiny of the defenders of Leningrad.

All forms of circus art (with the exception of animal turns) are performed by our front-line circus. Every member of our troupe has been awarded the "Defence of Leningrad" medal.

At the workers' request we visited a factory. I can't give you its name yet but we recall with gratitude and pride those people who, two kilometres from the Germans, under bombardment and bombing, are fulfilling orders for the front. . .

We gave our show for the Stakhanovites of that historical factory in the bomb-shelter of one of the shops. We could hear the shell-bursts distinctly. So our orchestra played still louder, the jokes of Pavel Alexeyevich were even livelier, the faces of the audience grew more gay and firm and the words of our parting song rang out loud and strong:

"If our modest actors' job helps smash the hordes, we shall be as proud of your smiles and laughter as of a decoration."

We arrived at one of the units defending the approaches to Leningrad—Major Markov's famous battalion. Carrying our musical instruments we pushed our way on foot through the forest undergrowth and swamps with great difficulty. Our performance took place on an improvised stage in the woods, practically under the Germans' noses. In the morning the General in command of the formation told our artists at Major Markov's request that during the night after our performance, a group of men had gone off on reconnoissance, and avenging their beloved town, had obliterated an enemy observation post and captured a prisoner. Maybe there was something of our work, our songs and jokes in that exploit of Markov's men.

The city at the front gives every consideration to the kiddies. Most of the children spent the summer holidays in forest camps outside the city. We took our circus to one of those camps.

The clown's job is one of the hardest in the saw-dust ring. He helps the artists, fills unavoidable pauses and by indiscernable threads links up the whole programme. That is under ordinary conditions, but in the city at the front his work is much more complicated. Not only is wit and resource called for but often enough—pluck, the ability to find your bearings n a hurry, and fortitude.

While the show is on, the roar of gun-fire rends the air. Pavel Alexeyevich this time divines that it's not enemy fire but our own guns stationed nearby. But still, the racket disturbs the artist and distracts the attention of the young audience and Pavel Alexeyevich steps in to act the coward scared by the firing. He darts about the ring (a field), makes clumsy attempts to hide and trembles at every discharge. The youngsters laugh at his "cowardice," and, looking at frightened Pavel Alexeyevich, are pleased to feel they are better than him.

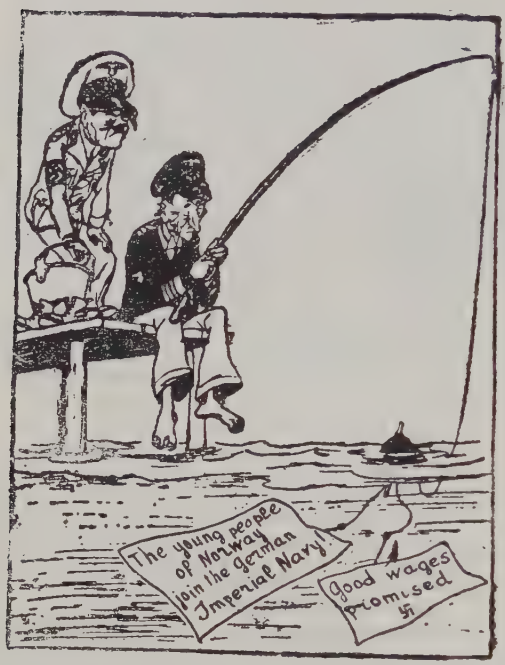
Small Leningraders have learned quite well to distinguish between the discharge of their own guns and the explosions of enemy shells. They know that when the enemy opens fire the main thing in getting them to cover, is to maintain order and calm. They aren't ordinary children—they are Leningrad children. Many of them have lost their parents, many have suffered themselves from the fascist brigands' bombs and shells. There, for instance, sits fourteen-year-old Assya Fyodorova, who has been wounded twice: once by a mortar-shell splinter when getting away from the Germans, and again by a shell during a bombardment of the city. Beside her is Yura Ilyin, decorated for putting out fire bombs. Everyone of these youngsters has the brief but vivid autobiography of a tiny Leningrad hero. They are no longer the same care-free happy children who before the war filled the Leningrad circus with their merry clamour. These are children of the city at the front, who have lived through much, learned much, who with their own eyes have

seen and will remember for all time the wounds inflicted by the frenzied fascists on their beloved city and its civilian population.

The circus artists have been working with immense satisfaction for the Leningrad front for over two years. To amuse, cheer and inspire such audiences is considered as the highest honour by the Soviet artist.

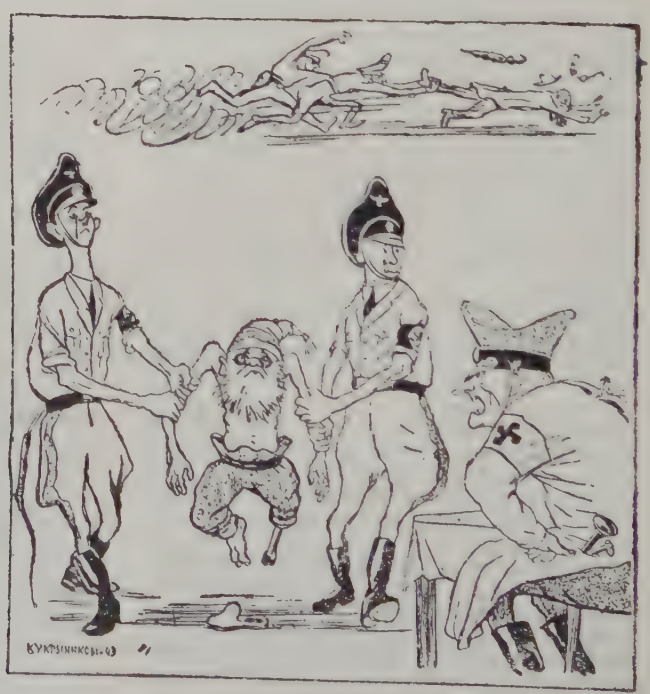
EUGENE GERSHUNI,
Honoured Artist of the R.S.F.S.R.,
tage-manager of the Leningrad front-line circus

FISHING IN SCANDINAVIAN WATERS



Drawing by I. Semyonov

"SNATCH-AND-GRAB" MOBILIZATION



— Fit!.. Next!

Drawing by Kukryniksy

NEWS AND VIEWS

After its two-year stay in Kuibyshev, the Bolshoy Theatre has opened its Moscow season with Glinka's opera *Ivan Sussanin*. This famous opera is devoted to a heroic episode in Russian history, when the country was attacked by Polish invaders at the beginning of the seventeenth century. An old peasant, Ivan Sussanin, pressed into service to guide an enemy detachment, led it into the impenetrable depths of the forest, and perished under the invaders' swords, giving his life for his country.

Vassili Zhukovsky (1783—1852), the well-known Russian poet and translator, advised his friend Michael Glinka to utilize this exploit as a theme for an opera. Sussanin—the national hero—attracted the composer: "The scene in the forest made a deep impression upon me," he wrote later, "I find a great deal in it that is original, typically Russian. . ."

The new opera was performed for the first time in the winter of 1836, in St. Petersburg, and immediately scored a great success. Ever since then, Michael Glinka's opera has been a favourite among the Russian people. Several years before the war it had a most successful revival on the stage of the Bolshoy Theatre. The new production was a clear embodiment of the composer's idea—to centre the opera around a Russian patriot who sacrificed his life for his country.

The opening of the Bolshoy Theatre's season was a festive event. The newly decorated auditorium, with its purple and gilding was filled with prominent social and political figures, workers, military men, scientists, writers, academicians, foreign diplomats and foreign correspondents. The orchestra conducted by S. Samosud, the singers M. Mikhailov, V. Barsova, N. Khanayev, B. Zlatogorova, the chorus, the ballet, and the stage settings by P. Williams all formed one harmonious artistic ensemble worthy of the immortal music of Glinka.

The Leningrad Great Dramatic Theatre named after Maxim Gorky has recently presented L. Rakhmanov's *Restless Old Age*, a play about an old Russian scientist who gives all his efforts and knowledge for the good of his country. The theatre has completed its rehearsals of Ostrovsky's *Wolves and Sheep* and is now rehearsing Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing* and Griboyedov's *Wit Works Woe*. The theatre has also rehearsed two plays for tour, which are now being shown to military units defending the approaches to Leningrad.

The Opera and Ballet Ensemble has produced Verdi's *Traviata* and is completing work on the production of Rimsky-Korsakov's *The Tsar's Bride*. Not even during the grim days of the German blockade did the Ensemble leave Leningrad. It gave its first performance during the memorable days of November 1942, when the front was literally within a half hour's ride from the theatre.

The ballets *Esmeralda*, *Chopiniana* and *The Hunchback Horse* have enjoyed great success. Two one-act operas, Rakhmaninov's *Aleko* and Leoncavallo's *I Pagliacci* have been prepared for tour.

The Leningrad concert season opened with Chaikovsky's cantata *Moscow* in the large hall of the State Philharmonic, and is offering varied and rich fare.

Dmitri Shostakovich, Stalin Prize winner, has finished his Eighth Symphony.

"It was with the greatest enjoyment and enthusiasm that I worked on my symphony," said the composer. "The symphony which I completed in a little over two months, is the expression of my thoughts and emotions resulting from the tremendous victories scored by the Red Army. My new work is, in its own way, an attempt to look forward into the future, to the post-war period. The symphony contains many inner conflicts—tragic and dramatic. In essence, however, it is a work, replete with optimism... Several of my friends who know my new symphony consider that its atmosphere is a continuation of my Fifth Symphony and quintette. This is probably true, for in the new symphony various thoughts and ideas contained within my previous works are developed further."

There has always been a spiritual affinity in the ancient songs of the Russian and Ukrainian peoples. In the course of the centuries this link grew and strengthened; it found vivid expression in the artistic forms and traditions. Pushkin and Gogol, geniuses of the Russian people, extolled nature and life in the Ukraine, while Mussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, and Chaikovsky turned to the wealth of melody to be found in Ukrainian folk song. Taras Shevchenko, the great Ukrainian poet, translated into Ukrainian *The Lay of Igor's March*, a literary treasure immortalizing an epoch in Russian history. The composer Lyssenko, founder of Ukrainian classical music, studied under Rimsky-Korsakov. This creative affinity of the two peoples was vividly expressed in the concert of Russian and Ukrainian art which has taken place in Moscow. The well-known Ukrainian singers Litvinenko-Volgemut and Patorzhinsky sang songs and arias by Mussorgsky and Chaikovsky, while Ivan Kozlovsky of the Moscow Bolshoy Theatre rendered several songs by the Ukrainian composers Lyssenko and Stetsenko as well as a number of Ukrainian folk songs. The program included monumental works by Russian composers written on Ukrainian themes such as an aria from Mussorgsky's opera *Fair at Sorochintsy* and Gliere's symphonic picture *Men of Zaporozhye*. Works by Ukrainian composers were received with great interest—excerpts from a symphony by Revutsky, Stalin Prize winner, songs by Kozitsky, etc. The Radio Chorus and the State Symphony Orchestra gave a splendid rendering of Shtogarenko's cantata *My Ukraine*, to words by Maxim

A Kharkov Landscape, by the Ukrainian artist Deregus

Rylsky, and of partisan songs from Kabalevsky's suite *The People's Avengers*. Excerpts were also read from Taras Shevchenko's poem *Message* and from Mikhail Sholokhov's novel *And Quiet Flows the Don*.

The concert of Azerbaijan music and literature in Moscow went off most successfully. "In these great days," said the Azerbaijan poet Samed Vurgun, "we are happy to meet our brothers here, in Moscow, the heart of the Soviet Union. . ." The Azerbaijan Folk Music and Dance Ensemble, which has recently returned from touring the front, rendered most charmingly folk songs and dances as well as selections from the works of the modern Azerbaijan composer, Uzeir Gajibekov. The Ensemble is headed by People's Artist of the U.S.S.R. Bul-Bul.

The concert of Polish music, recently held in Moscow, included Polish folk songs as well as Polish chamber and symphonic music of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The concert was opened by Captain V. Krasnowiecki, a representative of the First Polish Division named after Tadeusz Kosciuszko, now fighting in the ranks of the Red Army. In his message of greeting from the League of Polish Patriots, Krasnowiecki spoke of the unshakable military and cultural friendship of the Russian and Polish peoples. The Soviet and Polish national anthems were performed at the concert.

The State Symphony Orchestra concerts, conducted by A. Melik-Pashayev and N. Rakhlin, opened its season in October. The soloists were David Oistrakh, who played Dvorák's violin concerto performed for the first time in Moscow, and V. Sofronitsky, who played Skryabin's piano concerto.

Architecture which has always been an important problem in the Soviet Union, has at present, in view of the tremendous reconstruction work developing on the territories freed from nazi invaders, assumed enormous significance. According to a decision of the government, a Committee on Architecture has been formed at the Council of People's Commissars. The functions of the Committee will be to direct town planning and construction of public buildings and dwelling houses, to control the quality of town building, to draw up plans for standard home construction, to render assistance to architectural and building organizations, and supervise the restoration of architectural monuments.

A. Mordvinov, a well-known architect, has been appointed chairman of the Committee.

An exhibition o paintings by Pavel Radimov has been opened at the Moscow Art Salon. Radimov's main works are devoted to ancient Russian architecture, mainly to church architecture. P. Radimov could with justice be called the "immortalizer" of the ancient Russian church. He has a deep feeling for the beauties of the village churches, the ancient Russian monasteries with their moss-grown walls and golden cupolas, and renders them with a fine and sensitive touch. In these ancient memorials of Russian architecture P. Radimov calls to life a long-past epoch. One cannot soon forget the pictures of the Kremlin, of the ancient town Pereyaslavl-Zalessky, and of the Troitse-Sergiyevsky Monastery. Attention is also attracted by several paintings of the ancient Spaso-Preobrazhensky Cathedral, built in 1152 and preserved to our day. One entry in the visitor's book reads: "In these grim war-days it is pleasant to see all that

is dear, all that the heart can never forget, come back to life."

A group of Byelorussian artists in a German-occupied district joined a partisan detachment operating in the enemy rear. Like all partisans, the artists too carry out important assignments—they blow up German stores, wreck railway lines, and take part in battles against German troops.

And yet the artists also find time to engage in creative work. In the course of two years, they made drawings and etchings of their comrades-in-arms and of the partisan life. Their hand-written illustrated magazine in three copies enjoys the greatest popularity among the partisans. In dugouts, by the light of campfires, they even manage to paint large canvasses. Three of these pictures—"A Village Set Afire by the Germans," "Captured Fritzes," "Partisans Set out on Combat Assignment"—have been brought to Moscow.

With amazing speed cultural and artistic life is being restored in the towns freed from the German invaders. A typical example of this is Rostov-on-Don, only recently a place of sanguinary battles.

Before the war Rostov-on-Don was known as an important theatre centre. In 1935 the new Dramatic Theatre, seating 2,200, and designed and built according to the last word in technique, was opened. Foreign theatre critics and stage directors frequently visited Rostov-on-Don and the Dramatic Theatre, which for a number of years had been directed by Y. Zavadsky, one of the founders of the Vakhtangov Theatre. Rostov had also a Musical Comedy Theatre, a Theatre of the Young Spectator and a Concert Hall.

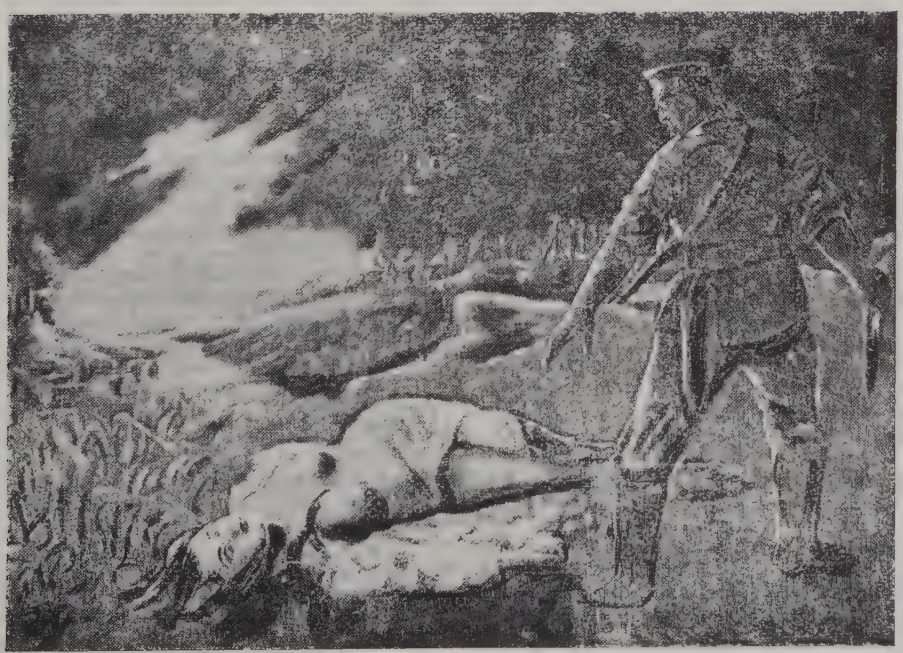
All this was pillaged, wrecked and burned by the German invaders. Costumes, decorations and curtains were stolen. The German vandals heated the stoves with the theatre props and musical instruments.

Together with the Army units actors too returned to Rostov, and the day following the liberation of the city a concert was held on the main square under the open sky. Clubs which escaped destruction were quickly adapted for theatre purposes. The fact that the stage and auditorium of the medical workers' club had been damaged by a bomb did not stop the troupe from giving their performances in the foyer. The large postal and telegraph workers' club seating 1,200 is being rebuilt and adapted for the Dramatic Theatre company. The Musical Comedy Theatre has opened its season in the tobacco factories club. The Theatre of the Young Spectator had suffered less from the bombing; its spaceous building is now being completely restored.

Architects are working indefatigably on the restoration of the city. They are also planning monuments to be erected to the victims of the nazi invasion.

Several composers are busily engaged in writing war songs and musical scores for new theatrical performances. M. Listopadov is completing a voluminous work on Cossack songs. Before the war Rostov had four musical schools and a rich library of scores. But the nazis set fire to all these buildings and the scores and musical instruments. One of the schools has been repaired, and 220 students have commenced study. Work on the other three is under way.

The Rostov Art Publishing House has resumed work, and is issuing portraits of popular heroes, placards and anti-fascist satirical



A painting by G. Kuruladze, a partisan artist

posters. A number of artists are working on pictures depicting the war waged by the Soviet people against the hitlerite invaders.

Vyacheslav Shishkov, one of the oldest Soviet authors, has just celebrated his seventieth birthday. For many years a road-builder, V. Shishkov devoted himself to literary work only since the age of forty-five. In 1891, after having graduated from a technical school, he left for the northern provinces of Russia for practical work. For twenty years Shishkov was in charge of annual expeditions which were out to explore sites for highways and waterways. These expeditions took him on distant quests over the Ob, Irtysh, Katun, Yenisei and Lena rivers. He covered the whole of Siberia from the Tunguska tundra to the borders of Mongolia, from far-away Yakutsk to the Urals. He made his way through the impenetrable taiga, along the great Siberian rivers, and across mountain ridges. He beheld a majestic panorama of his native land. He met thousands of people—Russians and Kalmycks, Tungus, Kirghizians and Yakutians. He came across land tillers, hunters, gold seekers, trappers, merchants and escaped convict-tramps.

Those years supplied the author with a wealth of material for his future work. "I studied the life of the people at close range—a veritable treasure for an author." As yet unaware of his future career as a writer he filled his notebooks with folk tales, proverbs, songs, sayings, legends and colloquial expressions. Later he tried his pen at travel stories for Siberian newspapers.

Maxim Gorky played an important part in shaping the career of the future writer. He recognized his talent and adopted Shishkov's first big novel *Taiga* for publication in the magazine *Chronicles* edited by him in tsarist Russia.

Shishkov's literary activity however developed in post-revolutionary years. His major works *Lake Peipus, The Band, Fresh Wind, Pilgrims, Ugryum River*, following one after another, were succeeded by the epic *Emelyan Pugachov* about the leader of the popular uprising in the eighteenth century. His works include stories of Siberian life, of the first years of life in the Soviet countryside, collections of stories *Rye Bread Russia* and *Humorous Stories*.

Even after he become a professional writer Shishkov did not give up his travels through cities and villages, tramping many a mile on foot with a knapsack on his back. From 1918 to 1925 he covered the whole of Leningrad and Smolensk regions, visited construction sites in the Urals and Volga region and on the shores of the White Sea... "It is in this close contact with the people, in the wealth of material drawn from life," wrote V. Bakhmetyev in an article on Shishkov's seventieth birthday, "that the secret of Shishkov's artistic expressiveness must primarily be looked for."

During the war Shishkov continued his endeavours as a writer in besieged Leningrad. In the most trying days of the blockade he continued his indefatigable work on the second volume of *Emelyan Pugachov*, wrote war stories, and contributed to front-line newspapers.

In recognition of his services to the country, V. Shishkov was awarded the Order of the Badge of Honour and the Defence of Leningrad Medal. On his seventieth birthday the Soviet Government conferred upon him the country's highest decoration—the Order of Lenin.

"Mosfilm," the biggest film studio in the Soviet Union, has resumed its work in the capital and is now "shooting" a big historical film *Field Marshal Kutuzov* (scenario by V. Solovyov). *Kutuzov* is being produced by V. Petrov, producer of *Peter I*, released several years before the war and based on Alexei Tolstoy's scenario. A Red Army unit is taking part in the battle scenes of the new film. According to Lieutenant F. Ostry, acting the role of a French general, the men regard their parts with the utmost seriousness and are thoroughly drawn into the battle scenes depicting the war against Napoleon. Prominent Soviet actors are cast in the film. Kutuzov is played by A. Diky, Napoleon—by S. Mezhinsky, B. Chirkov plays the role of the partisan Denis Davydov, while N. Okhlopkov plays General Barclay de Tolly.

S. Gerassimov is directing the shooting of the film *Mainland* based on his own scenario. It is a story of the people of the Urals supplying war weapons to the Red Army. The action is laid in a big Leningrad factory which was evacuated to the Urals during the war and is continuing its work in the new place.

Six O'clock in the Afternoon After the War, a new film based on a scenario by the poet V. Gussev, is being produced by I. Pyryev. Its principal characters are Moscow boys and girls who defended the Soviet capital against the German invaders.

Lyubov Orlova will be featured in the new musical film *Magic Dreams*, based on the scenario by M. Slobodskoy, to be produced by G. Alexandrov. This is a film about the adventures of a jazz band caught in the whirlpool of the war.

Orel, as well as adjacent Mtsensk and Spasskoye-Lutovinovo, are closely associated with the name of I. Turgenev (1818—1883), author of *Gentlefolk, Rudin, Fathers and Sons, A Sportsman's Sketches*. Turgenev passionately loved his native place where he spent his childhood and to which he was drawn in later years when he had already won fame as a writer. A year preceding his death he wrote from Paris to a friend in Russia : "When you visit Spasskoye please bow for me to my home, orchard, to my young oak—to my country, which I shall probably never see again."

By decree of the Soviet Government, Spasskoye-Lutovinovo had been converted into a "Turgenev Preserve." Everything there is associated with the writer's life, every trifle was later revived in his works. Old timers will take the visitors to the grave of the landowner described by Turgenev in his story *King Lear of the Steppes*. In the old house there is a portrait pierced by a sword: this story supplied the writer with the theme for his *Three Portraits*. Preserved there also is an old book *Symbols and Emblems*, one of Turgenev's favourite books in his boyhood to which Fyodor Lavretsky in *Gentlefolk* refers in such affectionate words. To every Russian

the names of *Bezhin Meadow* and *Krassivaya Mech* are like symbols of the charming beauty of Russian nature; these names are not invented, these places are situated not far from Spasskoye-Lutovinovo. Thousands of people annually visited Turgenev's birth place.

In 1941 the Germans invaded these places. Thanks to the efforts of the Turgenev Museum staff all valuable exhibits were evacuated beforehand. The museum moved to Penza where it acquired additional exhibits and became very popular with the local population.

The nazis brought ruin and devastation to Spasskoye-Lutovinovo. All peasant homes were destroyed. They burned the Turgenev school building, they uprooted and felled all trees in the old park. When they broke into the Turgenev Preserve one of their officers, when he saw the writer's bust, cried out: "This is Engels!" The bust of the Russian classic author was immediately destroyed. . .

Life is now being restored in the places associated with Turgenev's name.

The well-known reciter Sergei Balashov contributed the receipts of his performances towards the purchase of a tank which he gave to the Red Army. In the spring of 1943 Balashov went to the Far East, where he appeared at concerts in Khabarovsk, in the mining and oil districts of Sakhalin and in Vladivostok.

Upon his return to Moscow Balashov found numerous letters and telegrams from the crew of his tank.

"Your machine is helping us rout the enemy," wrote tank commander Ivan Chukanov. "It will continue to pound away at the nazis until not one Hitlerite is left on our soil."

Telegrams informed Sergei Balashov that his tank had already destroyed five German panzers, several antitank and field guns and more than one hundred Hitlerites.

From the first day of the war A. Chernovsky, scientific worker of a Leningrad museum, decided to keep a detailed diary, entering the most significant events occurring in the city. Chernovsky made his entries throughout the rigorous winter of 1941—1942, when the beleaguered city remained without fuel, water, light and food. Sick and bedridden, he continued to make his entries in a thick notebook in oil cloth. The last entry which stopped at an unfinished word was made on April 29th, 1942: when his friends from the museum came to visit him on April 29th, they found him dead.

His co-workers decided to continue the diary. Irina Yanchenko, of the museum's scientific staff, undertook the job. Day in and day out, Yanchenko continued to make the entries. In August 1943, walking through Nevsky Prospect she was killed by an enemy shell splinter. Death overtook her in the street, near a tram car, when she was returning from a Sunday excursion with her son.

The tragic death of Irina Yanchenko did not terminate the Leningrad diary, which is being continued by another staff member of the museum Helen Elkina. By today its entries fill three thick notebooks.

Here is one of them, dated September 12th, 1943;

"We completed the drying and airing of Chinese silk draperies from the walls of the Crown Room of Peterhof Palace. . ."

"Today the Opera and Ballet Theatre opened its new season with the *Hunchback Horse*. . ."

"An exhibition of the works of Konashevich opened in the Artists' Union. . ."

"Issue No. 7 of the magazine *Leningrad* dedicated to the 240th anniversary of our city has appeared on the news-stands. . ."

"Today thousands of truck gardeners left for the fields to pick vegetables. The trams are overcrowded with them. Prices of vegetables and potatoes in the market have dropped considerably. Plenty of cranberries and billberries in the market. . ."

These simple notes reflect the life in the heroic Russian city, Leningrad.

The Saltykov-Shchedrin State Public Library in Leningrad possesses a most interesting collection—"Petersburg-Leningrad"—consisting of more than twenty thousand volumes, drawings, maps, posters and newspapers relating to the past and present of the city. Among the rare publications included in the collection are A. Bogdanov's *A Historical, Geographic and Ethnographic Description of Saint Petersburg, from Its Foundation in 1703 until 1751; Description of the Russian Imperial City of Saint Petersburg and of the Monuments of the Surrounding Districts*, by B. Gorsh. Of great interest is G. Kraft's *Faithful and Detailed Description of the Glacial House*: as is known, the building of the Glacial house in St. Petersburg was the fancy of Empress Anna Ioannovna; I. Lazhechnikov has chosen this fact for his novel *Glacial House*.

Of extreme value is the index file compiled by the Leningrad historiographer, the late Professor Stolpyansky. It fills seventy cases and gives an extensive picture of the history of the city from its foundation up to 1914.

The Section "Leningrad in the Great Patriotic War" has more than ten thousand documents. By means of photographs, posters, newspapers we see the unselfish work of the population, of women, children and aged in the defence of their native city. The collection includes books published in besieged Leningrad—Lermontov, Mayakovsky, A. Tolstoy, Stendhal; school supplies, anthologies of verse, maps, music notes. Books and pamphlets published in Leningrad of late cover more than 1,400 titles. The three hundred and twenty posters reflect the activities of the theatre and give a picture of the artistic and cultural life in the city. The repertories include the operas *Queen of Spades, Eugene Onegin*, symphony concerts including D. Shostakovich's *Seventh Symphony*, P. Chaikovsky's cantata *Moscow* and others.

The library is continuing to gather new material and to complement this valuable collection.

At a gathering at the Moscow Writers' Club, Jean-Richard Bloch, the well-known French anti-fascist writer, read his latest play *Toulon*.

The new play is dedicated to the exploits of the French patriots, to the unforgettable events of November 27th, 1942, when the crew of the Toulon warships scuttled their ships.

In his vivid introductory speech Jean-Richard Bloch explained the historic significance of his play presenting the Toulon tragedy.

The author is ruthless in painting the portraits of the staff officers of the German and Italian occupationists; these are contrasted with the people of France. Among the main characters is the commander of the Toulon squadron, one of those who blindly believed in Pétain and paid dearly for his illusions.

The fighting scene on the Toulon embankment between a handful of French patriots and German tanks leaves a lasting impression.

The last act laid in the mountains shows the work of the partisans. The partisans attack a car with fascist invaders. "You haven't won yet!" one of the traitors flings a venomous phrase at the partisans as he is led to the execution. "True!" replies the commander of the detachment, "but you have already lost!"

Indeed, this defeat is the beginning of the victory of France Combattante—is the conclusion to which Bloch arrives in his play.

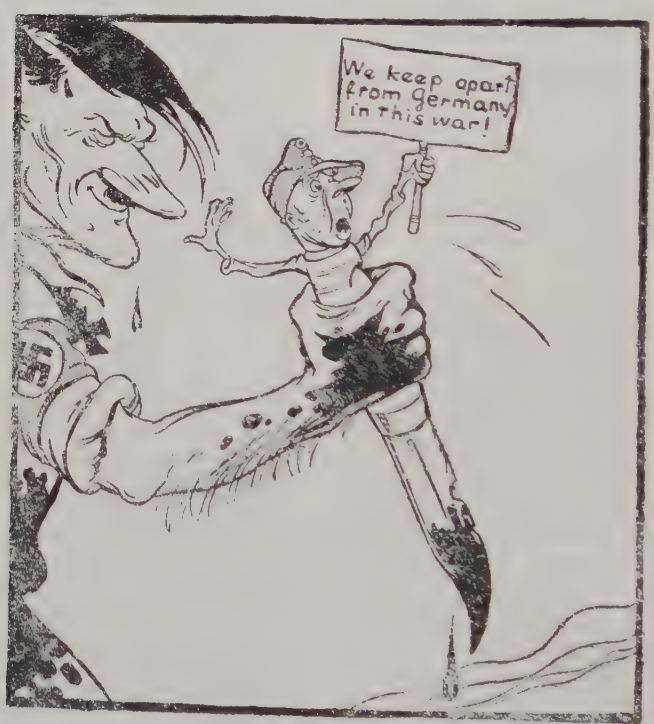
The play evoked the greatest interest. The fraternal sympathies of the Soviet people for the people of France and their community of interests in the struggle against Hitlerism renders the ties between the two peoples stronger every day. All the more encouraging is the fact—as the speakers pointed out in the discussion that followed—that the play about Toulon comes from the pen of our guest and friend Jean-Richard Bloch.

"The play gives a vivid realistic picture of present-day France," said Lieutenant-General A. Ignatyev, author of *Fifty Years in the Ranks*. "It responds to the noblest feelings of freedom-loving people the world over."

Faith in the people permeates all Jean-Richard Bloch's works ; the play *Toulon* is a new testimony of this faith—such was the keynote struck by all the speakers in the discussion.

REPUDIATION...

Hitler's Finnish grovellers are trying to assure world opinion that Finland "has nothing to do with the world war." (From the newspapers)



THE "INDEPENDENCE" OF THE FINNISH KNIFE

Drawing by V. Fomichov

Editor-in-chief: HELEN STASSOVA