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CELEBRATING THE NATIONAL HOLIDAY

# USSR

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Front cover: At the construction site of the Gorky hydroelectric station on the Volga River.

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# NATIONAL HOLIDAY OF THE SOVIET PEOPLE

In large cities and small towns, in every village and remote settlement across the rolling plains, valleys and mountains that together make up the vast one-sixth of the earth comprising the USSR, the Soviet people celebrate November 7 as their national holiday.

On this day in 1917 the Soviet Government was established as the result of the October Socialist Revolution. Reckoned by the old calendar then used in Russia, the Revolution fell thirteen days earlier—on October 25. That is why it is called the October Revolution but is observed on November 7.

The Soviet Union is now in the fortieth year of its existence, and the Soviet people have much to celebrate and a great deal yet to accomplish.

Under the leadership of the Communist Party with V. I. Lenin at its head, the workers and peasants created the world's first socialist state and placed the country's lands and resources—all its natural and material wealth—in the hands of the whole people.

The young Soviet Republic addressed itself immediately to the relief of its people, removed the country from World War I and issued a call for a just and lasting peace for all countries. That done, it set out on the uncharted road to socialism.

Through the years that road has been rough and filled with many hardships. The new country of workers and peasants, united in the task of building a better future for themselves and their children, started its course with handicaps of enormous proportions: limited industrial capacity, a primitive agriculture, and a population in which only one out of five was able to read and write.

The people knew, however, that they were working for their own welfare and the establishment of a prosperous and powerful country. All they needed was peace, and from the very beginning V. I. Lenin proclaimed a policy of peaceful coexistence with the capitalist countries. That policy of cooperation with all countries regardless of their political systems has been repeatedly underscored and continues today as the policy of the Soviet Union.

It is difficult to measure the advances made since 1917 in a lengthy volume. It is impossible in a brief article. But a few examples will be enlightening.

Illiteracy has been wiped out. Universal free public education has been established, and schools, colleges and universities are open wide to everyone wishing to learn.

Medical care is available everywhere without charge, and regular health check-ups, science's advances and improved living standards have lowered the death rate by 72 per cent compared with the pre-revolutionary period. At the same time the birth rate has risen and the country has an annual population increase of almost three and a half million.

All Soviet citizens are covered by a complete social security and pension plan without cost. There is no fear of an insecure old age or of sickness halting the family income. There has been no unemployment since the early thirties, and everyone is provided with work in the field of his choice.

Statistical comparison with 1913, when the national economy reached

its highest pre-revolutionary level, may help illustrate what has been done. All of the electricity produced in old Russia during one year is now equaled in four days, coal output is thirteen times and oil seven times greater, steel production is ten times and machine building 138 times as great. The over-all capacity of the country's large-scale industry has increased 39 times since 1913.

This industrial growth continues from year to year. For example, the capacity of hydroelectric stations *under construction* in the USSR today is almost three times the total capacity of all hydroelectric stations *operating* in 1954.

Agricultural development has kept pace with these advances in the new country. From a backward peasant agriculture whose main implement was the wooden plow has emerged a widespread system of highly mechanized farming coupled with advanced agricultural science. The gains of the farmer in terms of both comforts and income are equally impressive.

The achievements of Soviet socialist economy have been increasingly reflected in the steady rise of the living standards of the people. This is evident not only in comparison with pre-revolutionary times but even going back only a few years.

In 1955 real wages in industry were 39 per cent higher than in 1950 and 90 per cent higher than in 1940, while farmers' incomes were 50 per cent higher than in 1950 and 122 per cent above the 1940 figures. Government appropriations for social and cultural services have increased annually and are now more than three and a half times the 1940 total.

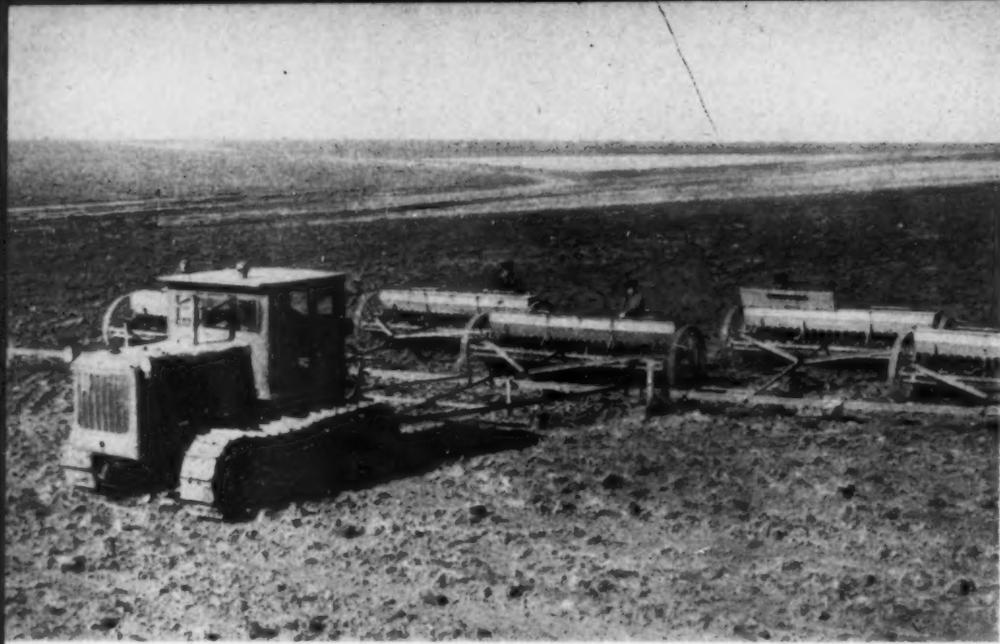
The October Revolution brought freedom to the persecuted nationalities and minorities of old Russia. National oppression and enmity have given way to real equality and friendship among the peoples. The national minorities have overcome their backwardness and have achieved marked successes in the development of their own culture, in establishing industries and a highly mechanized agriculture.

This brief account reflects a small portion of the benefits, social and economic, that have come to the people in 39 years of Soviet government. It should be remembered, however, that these were not 39 years of uninterrupted progress. Among other setbacks was the terrific devastation caused to industry and agriculture by the Nazi invasion during World War II, when thousands of factories and countless acres of farmland in the most productive and developed areas of the USSR were blasted or put to the torch.

The postwar gains, remarkable as they are, still do not satisfy the Soviet people. There is still a housing shortage, although the nation's builders are completing an average of more than a million new homes and apartments a year. There is still a need for some types of consumer goods, although production in this field has at least doubled compared with the prewar level.

The Soviet people are aware both of their needs and their capabilities. They see that their goals are being achieved, and they want to continue their labor in an era of international peace and cooperation.

*Continued on page 2*



## NATIONAL HOLIDAY

The photograph to the right shows a section of one of the 29,000 large-scale plants and factories newly built and reconstructed in the USSR since 1929. Many industries new to the country have been established. Industrial development is steadily advancing, and planned output for 1960 is 65 per cent higher than the 1955 figure. Each nine days in 1960 will see the same amount of production as the entire year of 1913. ▶

◀ Moving from the wooden plow typical of pre-revolutionary Russia to mechanized agriculture, the Soviet Union has 1.5 million tractors working in its fields today and harvests more than 80 per cent of its abundant grain crop with combines. Scientific farming methods, vast reclamation and irrigation projects plus the opening up of tremendous areas of virgin land help to assure a constantly increasing yield.



Universal free education in the Soviet Union has wiped out illiteracy. Four million new specialists will be trained during the 1956-1960 period, or almost as many as were graduated in the preceding ten years.



Housing construction is proceeding rapidly alongside the steady increase of population in the old cities and the demands of newly established settlements. About 560 new towns and almost 1,100 urban communities have come into existence in the USSR since 1926. Urban areas that had a population of 26 million in 1926 now count 87 million people.

National minorities are well represented in the theatrical and cultural life, and the old folk songs and dances have been revived and preserved. In addition to performers in more than 500 professional theaters, there are in the USSR five million members of 350,000 theatrical and musical amateur groups.

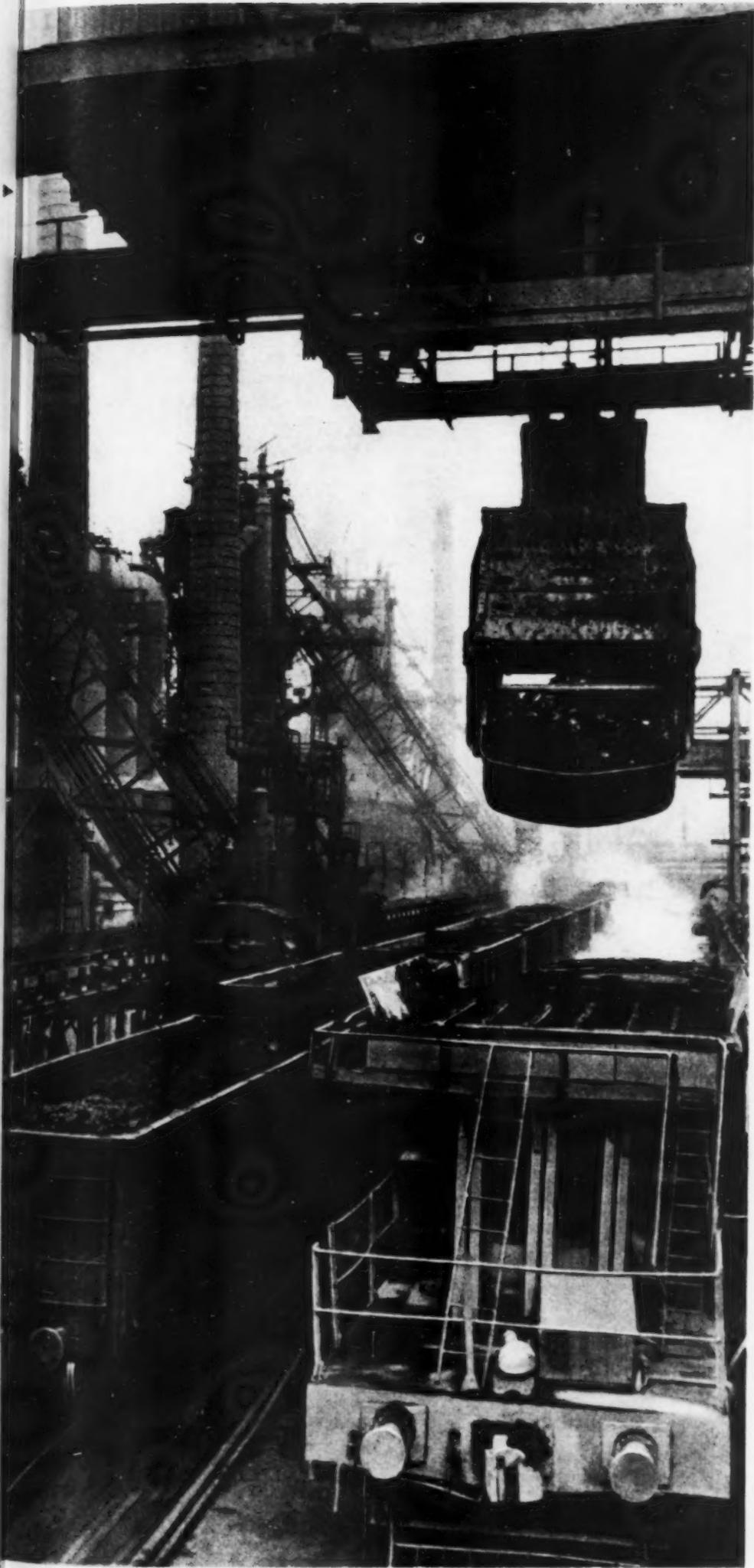


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What is the Soviet Union? How large is it? Who inhabits it? Along what lines and how rapidly is it developing? What is the economic basis for the well-being of the people? What are its plans for the immediate future?

Statistics are precise and unequivocal. Let's turn to them for our answers.



According to 1956 figures, the Soviet Union has a population of 200.2 million persons, consisting of over 180 different peoples, national groups and nationalities.

The annual increase in the population is almost three and a half million. In 1955 the birth rate was 25.6 and the death rate 8.4 per thousand.

The Soviet Union occupies a territory of 8.6 million square miles or one-sixth of the land area of the earth. From east to west it stretches 5,589 miles and from north to south, 2,784. The USSR is made up of 15 union republics, 17 autonomous republics and 10 national areas.

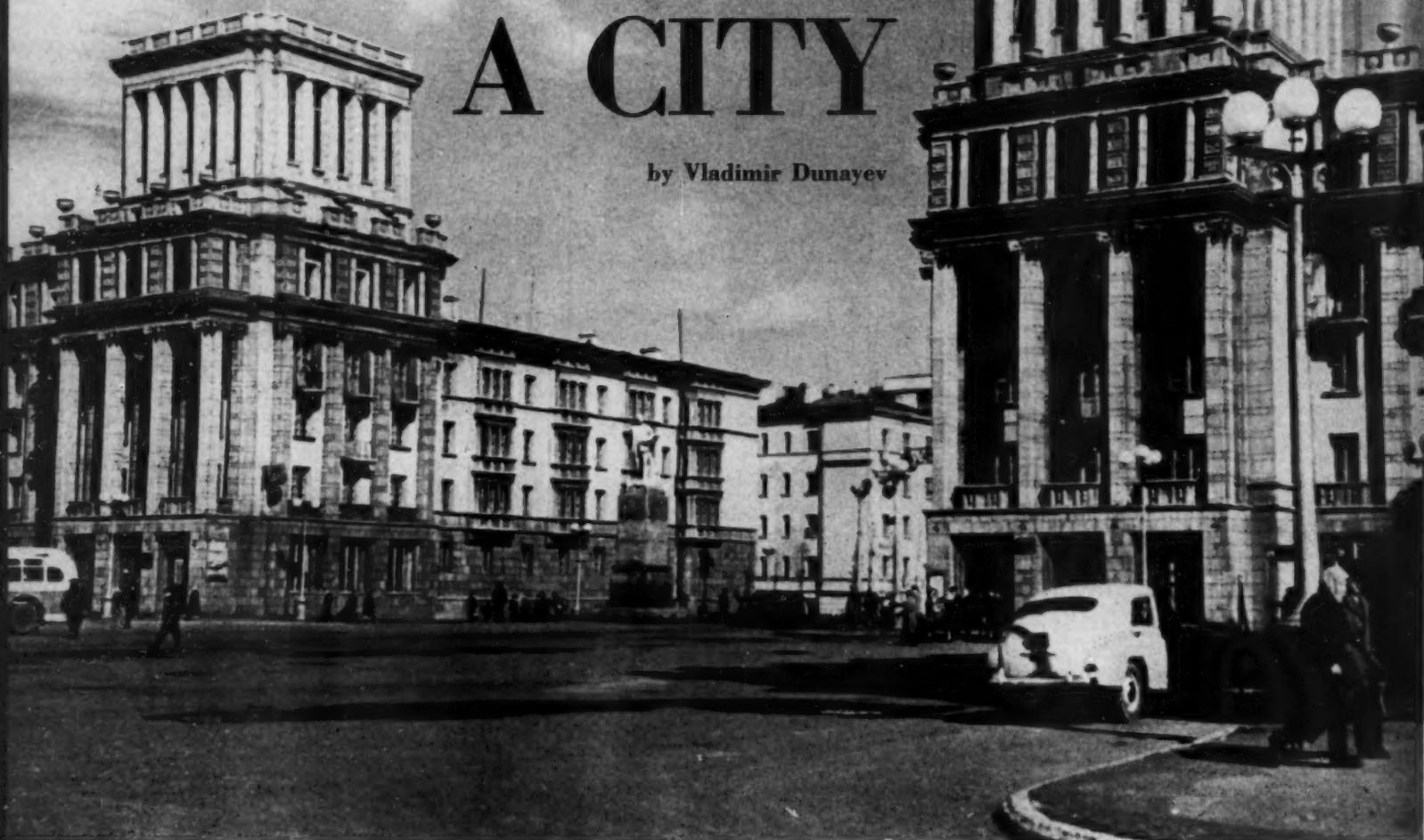


New cities, similar to the Kazakh city of Karaganda shown here, are rapidly rising and developing in the Soviet Union. Back in 1926 there was no mention on the map of this and many other towns which now are large centers with populations numbering in the hundreds of thousands.

There are 135 cities in the Soviet Union which have a population of more than 100,000 (in 1926 there were only 31 cities of this size), and 22 cities with a population of more than half a million (in 1926 there were only three such cities). In all, there are 4,000 cities and city-type communities, compared with less than 2,000 in 1926.

# We will build A CITY

by Vladimir Dunayev



There was bright happy laughter and the hum of excited talk on our train bound for the Arctic. We were headed for Norilsk, in Siberia, the largest of the three northernmost cities in the world. It lies on the 70th parallel. Point Ley in Alaska and the southern part of Victoria Island lie on the same parallel.

I was traveling with a group of young people who were leaving Moscow. They were part of a larger group of thousands of young men and women from cities and towns all over the Soviet Union who had volunteered to work in the desolate, barely inhabited regions of the North and East.

Victor Sevryugov, one of the young men, had pinned a map over his berth. "Here it is," he pointed to a tiny dot. "See it there? That's Norilsk. There are two cities in Norway, Tromsø and Kirkenes, on the same parallel. Otherwise you could call Norilsk the most northern city in the world. But of course," he added quickly, "the climate in that part of Norway is much milder than at Norilsk, because of the Gulf Stream." He had already

worked up a real feeling of local pride about Norilsk. "Besides, Norilsk is seven times as big as the two Norwegian cities put together."

"What kind of work are you going to be doing?" I asked.

"I'm a construction engineer. At least, I'm going to be. I just graduated."

"Are you going to be working in Norilsk?"

"I doubt it," he said, "Norilsk is pretty well built already. What I'd like to be doing—most of us feel the same way—is to help build a new city. There's plenty of room for more."

And there was. The tiny dot that his finger pointed out as Norilsk is almost lost in an immense area empty of cities or towns or even villages. An area, though, of almost infinite natural wealth, of metals to construct cities, of coal to heat them, of rivers to give them electric power.

These young people had volunteered to build these cities.

I said to Victor, "It's a pretty desolate area to work and live in."

"I know," he said, "I picked it. We had a

fairly wide choice of places to go. Norilsk has a special appeal for me, though." He grinned a little shamefacedly. "You see, ever since I was a kid, I've been fascinated by Arctic exploration. I've read just about everything there is to read on the subject. I should have been born seventy years earlier. It took me quite a while to get over the fact that both poles had already been discovered. I'm not the only frustrated Arctic explorer in the crowd."

He called over one of the girls and introduced me. I didn't have to ask her questions, she was brimming over with talk.

Her name was Ida Zimina. She was one of 20 geology students at Moscow University who had applied for transfer to the Polytechnical Institute of Norilsk. They were going to combine work and study, to explore the tundra together with geological parties, traveling in

*Continued on page 6*

Ludmila Cherepanova and Igor Vikhrov on their way to Norilsk where they were married. ▶

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## WE WILL BUILD A CITY

*Continued from page 4*

dog- and reindeer-drawn sleds. What they were particularly excited about was the possibility of exploring the geology of the Taimyr, the treasure peninsula, as it is called.

She introduced me to her younger sister, Tanya. Tanya is not a geologist; she worked in a Moscow factory. But she had caught her sister's bubbling enthusiasm and had volunteered with her to help build in Siberia.

I met Igor Vikhrov, a future surveyor, and his fiancée Ludmila Cherepanova, a technician. They were going to be married when they got to Norilsk.

There were mechanics, concrete workers, excavating machine operators who were only half joking when they talked of moving Siberian mountains; all of them young, all of them tremendously excited at the challenge of this eternally silent area that they could already hear filled with the clatter of excavators and riveting machines and their own voices.

They spoke quietly and calmly of the difficulties, of the cold, and the hard living, and even the homesickness that would be built into these cities. But they spoke of these things without bravado, with a certain purposeful maturity. It was part of the price they had agreed to pay when they volunteered.

I thought as I listened to them: This is a special breed of young people. And then I

told myself: But of course, they must be. They are the pioneers of this generation.

### *And the Generation Before*

It was some little time before I left Moscow—when I learned that I would be assigned to cover this Siberian trip—that I searched out one of the pioneers of the previous generation.

He was an engineer, 50 or thereabouts, and one of the old-timers. In the early thirties he had been one of the tenacious, self-denying young people who had founded and built Magnitogorsk on the desolate steppes of the Southern Urals. It is a big, bustling industrial city now.

He was then in his middle twenties, just married, a construction engineer. His wife was a schoolteacher. Their first home in the enormous litter of building materials and construction machinery that was to be transformed into the city of Magnitogorsk was an empty, unfurnished room in a hurriedly built cabin which smelled of fresh-cut pine and smoke. Outside, a hurricane was blowing up. They sat in the empty room on their suitcases, looking at the sand blowing against the uncurtained windows, looking at each other.

He had to say something to cheer her up. He said, "Never mind, darling, there will be a city here, with bright electric lights, with boulevards and parks."

She began to laugh. And then he laughed.

And neither of them could stop. They both knew that if they didn't laugh, they would cry; the picture of a city in this barren waste was so incredible.

They built the city, Magnitogorsk, and it had lights and boulevards and parks and many other things.

Perhaps it was not as coincidental as I thought at first that his son, also an engineer, and his daughter-in-law, a meteorologist, both in their early twenties, had gone farther east to help build another such city as Magnitogorsk.

### *Norilsk*

We traveled four days and nights, 2,500 miles. Then we left the train to continue by steamer up the Yenisei River.

The Arctic circle was behind us when we got to Norilsk. It was one o'clock in the morning, but the sun was up and shining on the slopes of the surrounding mountains, on the excavators digging into the earth, on the electric locomotives pulling cars loaded with ore, on the factory chimneys puffing smoke high into the air, on apartment houses and office buildings and theaters.

Victor said to me, "This was all waste not long ago. It's hard to believe."

But as though to bear testimony to what was to be, we could see the vast tundra, silent and still to be broken, stretched on the outskirts of the city. ■

IN NORILSK THE YOUNG COUPLE IS CONGRATULATED BY THE LOCAL MAGISTRATE AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE. VIKHROV IS A FUTURE SURVEYOR; HIS WIFE IS A TECHNICIAN.



# THE RIGHT TO SECURITY

## Pension Law Revised

Written into the Constitution of the Soviet Union are two rights, among others, that a socialist country is able to guarantee to its citizens. The first of these is the right to a job. No one who has seen a depression bread line needs to be convinced how precious that right is. The second is the obligation of the country to care for its citizens in their old age or when they are disabled through illness or accident.

Full employment in the Soviet Union is the customary, everyday thing. It has been for a long time. So is an old-age pension system. Set up about 30 years ago, it has been operating ever since.

One of the most important provisions of this pension system is that no deductions are taken out of wages. Old age and disability pensions are paid entirely out of state funds.

In the three decades during which this pension system has been in effect, however, many changes took place. For one thing, wages increased markedly during this period and threw many of the pension classifications out of line. For another, inequities crept in, with some pensions much too low, others unjustifiably high.

But most important, increased production and economic progress had made it possible for the government to overhaul the antiquated system, to cover more people, and to increase both the number and the amounts of pensions paid.

A draft bill was therefore drawn up which embodied the best thinking of the trade unions, government social security agencies and budget experts. It was published in the press two months before the session of parliament and was discussed widely throughout the country.

By the time the session opened, members of parliament had digested the thousands of letters they had received from their constituents and were prepared to offer amendments to the bill.

It was debated for four days, approved by the parliament, and the new pension law took effect on October 1 of 1956.

### What It Means

This example will show what the new law means to the average Soviet citizen:

A.B. is an unskilled worker. When he retired in 1950 after 25 years of work, he could claim a total monthly pension of 210 rubles under the old law. By the provisions of the new law now in effect, he is entitled to a monthly pension of 536 rubles plus some kopecks. His pension has increased two and a half times.

The new comprehensive system of social insurance covers all wage-earners. It increases pensions for the great majority of people, particularly for workers in the lower-paid categories.

### Who Is Eligible?

Men are eligible for old-age pensions at 60 years of age after 25 years of service, women at 55 after 20 years of service. People who have reached retirement age but who have not worked the required number of years receive a pension scaled down proportionately. Special provision is made for persons working in mines, under conditions of high temperature, or in other hazardous occupations. In these cases, men are eligible at 50, after 20 years of work, and women at 45, after 15 years. Oil drillers, molders in foundry shops, boilermakers and persons in other such exacting trades also get preferential treatment.

The number of women working in such trades has been reduced to a minimum, but since pensions are paid for work done in the past, this preferential provision applies to women also.

Old age pensions are paid for life. They are not taxable. Pensions are paid to people chronically ill or disabled, to dependents in the event the breadwinner has been lost, and to ex-servicemen.

### How Much?

Pension rates under the old law were fixed in the early thirties, when wages were much



"Let's see how much my pension will be," says Ivan Povelikin, a Gorky Automobile Plant forgeshop worker, to his family. With 26 years of service, Povelikin will get 1,000 rubles monthly.

lower than they are today. As a result, many people had been getting pensions which by present-day standards were low.

Under the provisions of the new law, the minimum monthly pension is 300 rubles, the maximum 1,200. Persons entitled to a higher pension than they have been receiving get a corresponding increase.

Pension rates range from 100 per cent of earnings in the case of people earning less than 350 rubles a month to 50 per cent in the case of people earning more than 1,000 rubles a month.

People who go on working after reaching the retirement age do not forfeit their pension rights. Provided that their earnings do not exceed 1,000 rubles a month, they are entitled to a pension of 150 rubles a month in addition.

The new pension law is the most striking, but only one, of the many laws passed in 1956 to improve living standards in the Soviet Union. Working hours have been reduced on Saturdays and on the eve of holidays, and a seven-hour-day for industrial and office workers is gradually being introduced. A minimum wage law has been adopted. Maternity leave has been lengthened by five weeks and is now 16 weeks. Tuition fees for secondary schools and colleges have been abolished. Even these, however, are no more than elements in a continuous and permanent process which goes on in the socialist state to improve the well-being of all its people.

## THE PEOPLE WHO WROTE THE NEW PENSION LAW

By Raisa Borisova

Mail started arriving in sackloads as soon as the draft of the new pension law was published in the Soviet newspapers last May, two months before the session of the parliament opened. Questions, comments, criticism, suggestions, proposals, amendments poured in on the legislators, on newspaper editors, local government officials, trade union officers. Some of the letters were neatly typed; many others were handwritten with painstaking care. Everybody wanted a word on what the new pension law should say.

Since for the great majority of Soviet citizens the new bill called for an increase in old age and disability pensions anywhere from 50 to 200 per cent, even the most carping and most critical of the letters registered general approval. But as to the specific details of the proposed law, there were an infinite number of suggestions. The legislative committees of the Soviet parliament received more than 12,000 letters that proposed changes and amendments in the draft of the bill.

*Continued on next page*

## PENSION LAW

*Continued from Page 7*

M. Zakis, employed by the Latvian Academy of Sciences, wrote, "A higher pension should be paid to persons who have a longer service record than the law requires."

Letters from A. Kopytyev, a steel worker; P. Kravchuk, a bookkeeper; N. Yerofeyeva, a weaver; A. Donskoy, a schoolteacher, and many others made the same point.

At the session of parliament which debated the bill, M. Shchepakhin, a deputy who also works as a machinist in a Tula factory, proposed that the bill be amended to give special consideration to workers who had put in more years of service than the required minimum.

The amendment was adopted. Article 14 of the new law gives people with a service record 10 years longer than the law requires a 10 per cent increase in their pensions.

Many people wrote in asking that pensions for mothers of large families be increased. There was no special provision of this kind in the original draft of the bill.

M. Yasnov, chairman of the legislative committee, read one such letter to the parliament which said, "Women not only work in industry but they have to bring up children and take care of a household. We feel that a qualification age of 55 is too high for a mother with a large family."

Article 10 of the new law was amended. Women with five or more children raised to the age of eight qualify for an old-age pension at the age of 50, instead of 55.

Another amendment suggested by letters from citizens and incorporated into the law gives pensions to people incapacitated from childhood. This suggestion was made by Martha Timbovskaya among others in a letter to the newspaper *Pravda*.

There were many other such proposals made in letters from people all over the country which were adopted by the Soviet parliament to become part of the new pension law. Many others were not incorporated into the law. Not because the proposals were bad. But, as Premier Bulganin put it in his speech before the session adjourned, countries, like individual people, must live according to their means. With our increasing prosperity, what we cannot afford at present, we will be able to afford in the near future, he said.

As it is, the amount allocated for pensions by the Soviet budget was increased to 40 billion rubles. This figure means that pensioners received 13 billion rubles more in 1956 by reason of the new pension law which they, as well as many other Soviet citizens, helped to draft. ■



WHEN THE NEW SCHOOL YEAR STARTS, SENIORS WELCOME FIRST-GRADERS AND HAND OUT TEXTBOOKS.

## What's New In The Schools

"What is new in our schools?" Yevgeni Afanassenko, Minister of Education of the Russian Federation (the largest of the 15 Union Republics of the USSR), answered in an interview: "A great deal this year. To begin with, we have more schools, with new ones opening all over the country, in both villages and cities. Our republic alone had 600 new school buildings for 1956. Other republics have also enlarged their school systems.

"The schools all have large, airy classrooms, well-equipped workshops and studies, auditoriums, gymnasiums, and children's lunchrooms.

"Boarding schools were opened for the first time this year. There are 285 of them in our republic. The curriculum here, as in our other schools, includes polytechnical training combined with liberal arts instruction.

"There are quite a number of boys and girls working in factories and farms who, for one reason or another, never completed their secondary school education. For these young workers and farmers, we have a special system of schools, with a schedule so arranged

that they can continue their studies while working. We have about 3500 such schools functioning in the Russian Federation in the current school year.

### The School Aim

"Our children begin school when they are seven. The ten-year course of study is planned to give them more than a grounding in the sciences. We want our boys and girls to leave with a polytechnical training that will equip them for life. Modern industry and agriculture demand skilled and educated workers.

"Our Ministry of Education has developed a new curriculum of polytechnical training for secondary schools. More attention is given to manual training in the workshops and the school farms in the lower grades. For the upper grades, there is a new course of study

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MOSCOW SCHOOL GIRL ▶



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EVEN AFTER SCHOOL HOURS THESE TAJIK GIRLS HAVE SOMETHING TO DISCUSS WITH THEIR TEACHER.

## SCHOOLS

*Continued from page 8*  
 in 'Elements of Industrial Production' for urban schools and in 'Elements of Agricultural Production' for rural schools. Pupils specialize in one of these courses and in addition may choose elective subjects.

"Our system of practical studies for senior class pupils given directly at factories and farms was also expanded last year.

### The Teacher

"Our republic has almost one million teachers. Among them are teachers with years of devoted experience behind them. But many

of our teachers, quite naturally, are young people, graduates of the country's numerous teacher-training institutes.

"Our teachers this year will carry a somewhat heavier, but nevertheless very rewarding, burden. Beginning with the current year we have eliminated examinations in all but the graduating classes of both elementary and secondary schools and in our schools for young industrial and farm workers. This change was instituted after a great deal of research and a careful study of proposals made by parents and teachers.

"Since students will now be promoted on the basis of an annual evaluation of their prog-

ress, it means that teachers will of necessity have to assume an individual approach to each one of their students. It will require more sensitivity and more understanding from the teacher.

"The polytechnical emphasis in our secondary schools also implies changes in our teacher-training system. The teachers' institutes have expanded their courses to five years in order to give our teachers a broader type of training. Biology departments, for example, will train teachers who will be able to give the elements of agriculture in addition to biology. Courses in the physics-mathematics departments will include elements of industrial production and mechanical drawing in addition to physics and mathematics.

### About Foreign Languages

"One of three foreign languages—English, French or German—is offered in our schools. The choice is the student's. Our young people are very keen on foreign language study. Language teaching, however, still leaves a good deal to be desired.

"There has been, up to now, too much time and attention paid to grammar and not enough to conversation. As a result, our graduating students were able to do a fine job in reading and translating, but when it came to speaking the language, they were often lost. We are shifting the emphasis now. Certainly, one of the important elements in foreign language study is fluency in speech. This is particularly true today, when relations between nations play so significant a part in shaping our lives." ■

PUPILS RECEIVE INDIVIDUAL INSTRUCTION IN CLASS.



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CLASS.



WOODWORKING PROJECTS ARE PART OF LESSONS IN MANUAL TRAINING CLASSES. MORE ATTENTION IS GIVEN TO SUCH INSTRUCTION IN THE WORKSHOPS IN THE LOWER GRADES.



AMUSED PUPILS VIEW ACTIONS OF SCHOOL PET, A DENIZEN OF NATURAL SCIENCE CLASS.



TENTH GRADE STUDENTS WATCH AS TEACHER EXPLAINS AN EXPERIMENT IN THE PHYSICS LAB.



THIS IS A HOBBY WITH BOTH GRANDPA AND GRANDSON.

SCHOOLS CONCLUDED

"MIND, THIS IS STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL . . ."



A VARIETY OF EXPRESSIONS IS REGISTERED IN CHILDREN'S DANCE ENSEMBLE.





JUDGE KONSTANTIN GARIN AND HIS ASSESSORS

## American Judge Visits a Moscow Court

*"I Would Have Passed The Same Sentence," Says Judge William Clark of Princeton*

BY YURI LEONOV

It had been quite a party. Good company, singing, dancing and more than enough to drink. Fyodor Cheburayev had had a wonderful time celebrating his friend's birthday.

It was late when he started home, somewhat the worse for wear. All that liquor wasn't sitting too well on his stomach.

"Hey, why don't you cross the street at the right place?" a traffic officer asked him.

"Why don't you go fly a kite?" Cheburayev answered, or words to that effect. He was feeling very belligerent right at that moment.

After that things moved fast. Cheburayev "dealt Officer Khoroshilov an insult by action," as the official report phrased it. And shortly thereafter, he found himself in jail, booked for disorderly conduct. Case Number 124 on the calendar of one of the Moscow courts.

There was nothing sensational about the case. The courtroom was filled with the usual crowd of spectators. Cheburayev's wife and daughter were there, and a number of people from the factory where he is employed. The unusual visitors were Judge William Clark and Mrs. Clark of Princeton, New Jersey, who were touring the Soviet Union, and Daniel Shore of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

As a jurist, Judge Clark was interested in seeing how Soviet legal procedure compared with American practice, and he had been invited

*Continued on page 14*



Cheburayev's attorney asks for leniency on basis of defendant's past record, while Daniel Shore's camera doesn't miss a single detail of the trial.



U. S. JUDGE CLARK AND MOSCOW JUDGE GARIN DISCUSS CASE AFTER THE TRIAL.





THE TRIAL WAS A BLOW TO CHEBURAYEV'S WIFE, BUT NOW IT IS ALL OVER.

AFTER THE TRIAL CHEBURAYEV RETURNS TO HIS FACTORY JOB AS A FITTER.



## U.S. JUDGE VISITS MOSCOW COURT

*Continued from page 13*

to sit in at the hearings of the court. Mrs. Clark interpreted for him. Since she was born and brought up in Russia, she speaks the language fluently. On the tour, they had been visiting the places where she had spent her childhood.

At 11 o'clock sharp the trial began. The defendant's rights were explained to him in careful detail, and the indictment was read.

"Fyodor Cheburayev, how do you plead? Guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty. I was drunk and used my fists. I'm very sorry about it. I simply didn't know what I was doing."

Does a state of intoxication mitigate guilt? Soviet law says it does not. Therefore, Cheburayev should have been sentenced for disorderly conduct. But first, let us see what the court decided after hearing the evidence of the witnesses and the speech made by Cheburayev's lawyer.

One of the character witnesses was Ivan Bukanov, director of the factory where Cheburayev has worked as a fitter for many years.

"What can I say about Cheburayev?" he asked. "He's a good worker. He knows his job and has gotten several bonuses for good work. None of us at the factory has ever seen him drunk. I can't imagine for the life of me how he got himself into such a fix."

In his speech, Mikhail Savenko, Cheburayev's lawyer, appealed to the court to be lenient. He read a statement made by a group of residents of the apartment house where Cheburayev has lived for more than 20 years. "The Cheburayevs are as good a family as they come," said the statement. "We often see them going to the theater or the movies together. Many of the women in our house hold Cheburayev up as a model husband. We feel that what happened was an accident."

Judges must follow the law, but they must also approach each case individually. There is a big difference between judging a habitual rowdy, a thief or a hardened criminal, and a man who has made a mistake which he regrets.



ASSESSOR YEVGENY MASLENNIKOV IS A PHYSICAL TRAINING INSTRUCTOR AT SCHOOL.



MOSCOW ARCHITECT IVAN FILONETS SERVES TEN DAYS A YEAR AS AN ASSESSOR.

### The Judges

The judge in this case was Konstantin Garin and the assessors were Yevgeny Maslennikov and Ivan Filonets. Assessors under the Soviet legal system are assistant judges who help the presiding judge to reach a decision. They, however, serve in court only ten days a year. Both judges and assessors are elected.

By profession, Maslennikov is a physical training instructor in a Moscow school; Filonets is employed by Moscow's Bureau of Architecture.

The judge, Konstantin Garin, is a lawyer by profession. He took his degree at the Moscow Institute of Law after front-line service during the war. Then he practiced law in Moscow until he was elected a judge. He sits in both civil and criminal cases.

Judge Garin has seen enough of life to temper law with understanding. He has a well-founded reputation for fair and humane decisions.

No one knows, of course, what Judge Garin and the assessors discussed when they retired to consider the sentence. Perhaps they remembered the case that had come before them a few days earlier, of a certain Abdulin, who had a long and unsavory record for disorderly conduct. They had sentenced him to a year's imprisonment. Or perhaps they recalled the case of Alexander Gorbachov, a quiet, well-balanced man ordinarily, who, under the influence of alcohol, had tried to give his barber a lesson in boxing. They had taken into account Gorbachov's previous record of good conduct and let him off with a fine. In Cheburayev's case, as in all the others, they undoubtedly tried to reach a decision which would interpret the spirit and not the letter of Soviet law.

The judge and the assessors returned. Everybody rose for the decision:

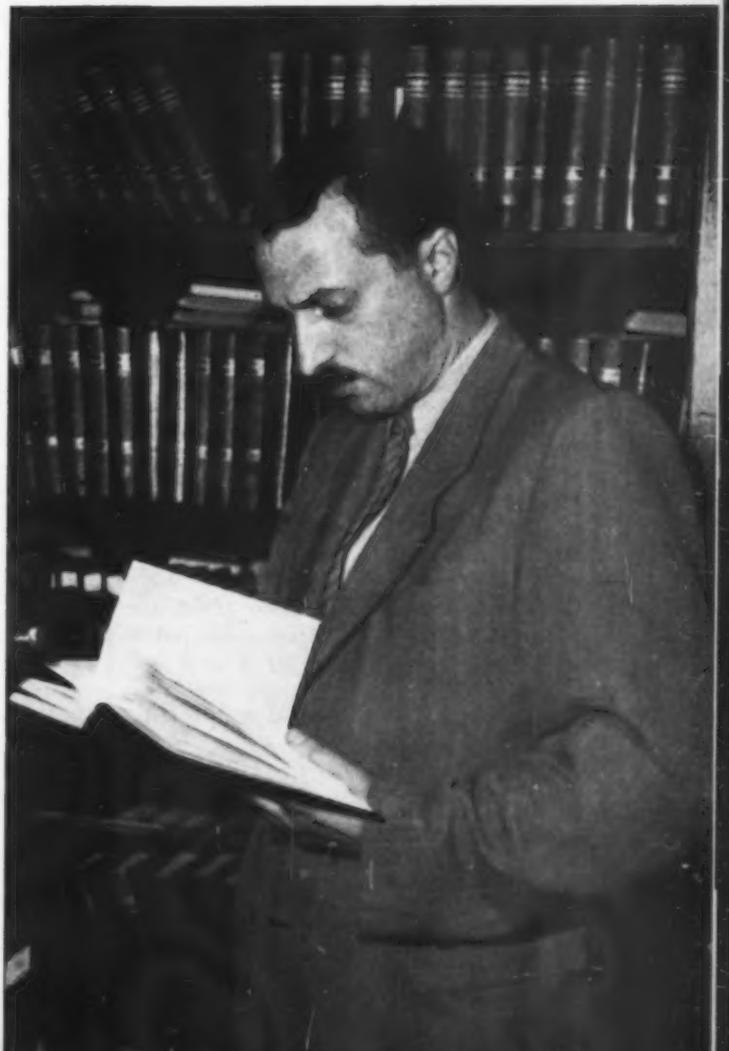
"We have taken into account the fact that this is Fyodor Cheburayev's first offense and the favorable testimony of the character witnesses. In view of the fact also that the defendant regrets his offense, our decision is not to jail Cheburayev but to punish him by a fine of one-fifth of his wages for a period of six months."

There was a flutter of applause, and Cheburayev smiled for the first time since he had been brought into the court.

After the court adjourned, Judge Garin asked Judge Clark, "What did you think of the decision?"

"I would have passed the same sentence," Judge Clark said. ■

THE JUDGE FREQUENTLY USES THE LAW LIBRARY FOR RESEARCH.





THE BOILERMAKER WHO FOUNDED A DYNASTY, VASILI TITOV AND HIS FAMILY.

# A Boilermaker Finds a Dynasty

BY ALEXEI GRIGORIEV

When you think of a dynasty, you think of royalty. Offhand, it might seem strange to talk of a boilermaker founding a dynasty. But on the other hand, with ordinary people in the Soviet Union ruling themselves for almost three generations now, and with royalty so scarce an article these days, we can take the liberty of using the word to describe the Titov family.

I first met one of the members of the dynasty at a skating rink. The rink was crowded with young people and there was a lot of fast skating going on. The friend I was with suddenly pulled my sleeve and said, "Look, there goes Vasili Titov."

"He looks pretty old for that kind of skating," I said. The middle-aged man was tearing down the track like a racing demon, two young fellows right on his tail.

"That's showing them, Uncle Vasya," my

friend yelled. "Would you believe it," he turned to me, "he's fifty-three."

"Who is he?" I asked.

"He's one of the Titov dynasty."

"And what's the Titov dynasty?"

"Come on, I'll introduce you," he said.

Vasili Titov turned out to be mild, pleasant, talkative—not at all the forbidding character you associate with regal words like dynasty. When I congratulated him on his skating and said something about his winning races against youngsters, he said with a laugh, "I'm keeping in trim so I can skate with my great-grandchildren."

"I hear you're building a dynasty," I smiled.

"I'm just continuing the tradition. It was my father who really got the family off to a good start. There are thirty-five of us now, what with children and grandchildren. Family

parties are beginning to be something of a problem."

## A New Kind of Dynasty

Vasili's father, Emelyan Titov, the founder of the dynasty, came to work at the Putilov plant in Leningrad—it was then St. Petersburg—in 1898. He worked as a boilermaker for many years.

Emelyan had five sons. All of them followed in their father's footsteps. Alexander, Konstantin, Kuzma and our friend Vasili started to work at the Putilov plant before the Revolution, and Nikifor, the youngest, after the Revolution.

Nikifor and Konstantin didn't remain at the plant. Nikifor got a chance to study, was graduated from the university and got into scientific work. Konstantin turned to business

management and is now manager of a big state farm in Kazakhstan.

But the other three stayed at the plant. It's 40 years since that first day Vasili checked in. His father got him taken on as an office boy when he was 13 at the magnificent salary of 35 kopecks a day. Now Vasili is on a special team of repair men, one of the highly skilled jobs at the plant.

Alexander, who also started at the bottom, worked up to the job of chief technologist. Kuzma is assistant manager of one of the technical departments. He has also done pretty well in another respect. He was elected to the Soviet parliament for a four-year term.

Vasili invited me to one of the family gatherings. This was not one of the big ones. Only 20 or so were crowded around the big table.

The older folks got to talking about Tentelevo and Emelyanovka, two miserable villages that used to be the center of the district in which the plant is located. They recalled the Tarakanovka, a filthy, polluted creek you passed holding your nose. Where the villages used to be, there is a public park now surrounded by tall apartment buildings.

The younger people remembered nothing of all this. Some of them didn't even know that the park gardens were once dumps. Putilov workers laid out the gardens themselves and set up the fine wrought-iron railings around it that they had moved over from the Czar's Winter Palace.

#### Family Album

Then the talk turned, as I was hoping it would, to the dynasty and the connection of the present generation with the Putilov plant.

Mikhail is a third generation representative. He's the son of Alexander Titov. He worked himself up from lathe operator to

technologist of the central repair shop. Mikhail's wife, Raissa, also works at the plant. She came into the Titov family with excellent credentials. Her father worked at the plant for over 45 years.

Vladimir, Kuzma's son, started at the plant, but his interests led him elsewhere. He studied while working, and now he teaches in one of the Moscow technical schools. He's doing well, with a nice apartment and a car. He drove down during school vacation with his wife and two children to visit the family.

Kuzma's daughter, Lydia, has always been good at foreign languages. She is a graduate of the Institute of Foreign Languages and a member of their English department.

Olga, the youngest granddaughter of the original founder, is a second-year student at the Electrical Engineering Institute, and her professors predict a brilliant future for her in electronic optics, a long step from old Emelyan's job as boilermaker.

One of the youngsters dragged out the family album to show me. I got lost in names and relations, but I figured out afterward that old Emelyan now has nine great-grandchildren, the fourth generation. The eldest is going on 11 and the youngest is 18 months.

Vasili pointed to one of the pictures. "That's me," he said. "And that's part of the plant behind me. We've certainly both changed."

"For the better?" I laughed.

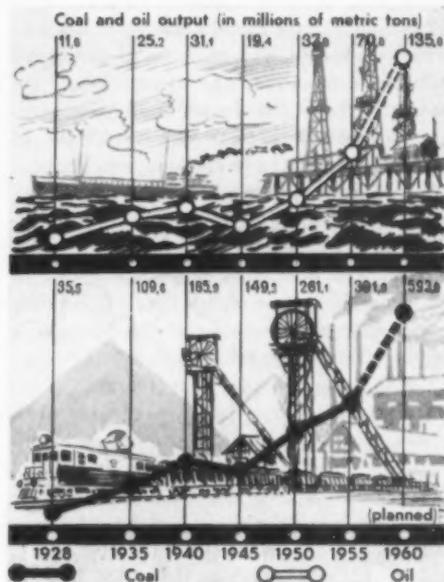
"What a question," he grinned. Then he said, reminiscently: "It's a long way we've gone from the old man's time, from the time when I was a boy. It's a different kind of world. If you had told my father forty years ago that his children or his grandchildren would be teachers, engineers, doctors, members of parliament, he would have thought you were crazy. I wonder what his great-grandchildren are going to be doing." ■

REPRESENTATIVES OF THE YOUNGER GENERATION OF THE TITOV DYNASTY TRY HARD TO PLEASE THE CAMERAMAN.

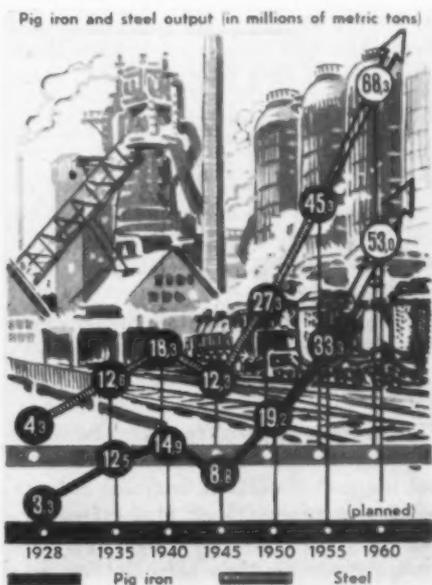


The Soviet Union has 212,000 large state enterprises which produce 91.8 per cent of the entire industrial output. In addition there are more than 142,000 industrial enterprises of the various producers' and consumers' cooperatives, and about 400,000 small industrial enterprises belonging to collective farms.

Capital investment in the national economy of the USSR from 1929 through 1955 totaled 1,428 billion rubles (in 1955 prices). Of this figure, 865 billion rubles went to industrial development. The period witnessed the erection and reconstruction of 29,000 large industrial enterprises. A total of 5,000 state farms and 9,000 machine and tractor stations were formed.



In the Soviet Union emphasis is placed on the development of heavy industry as the base for the growth of the entire economy.



# WHO LIVES IN THESE APARTMENTS?

Text by Boris Dunayevsky

Photos by Yevgeny Tikhanov

Because housing projects are going ahead on a really vast scale throughout the USSR, every day marks a housewarming for thousands of Soviet families. In urban areas alone, during the 1956-1960 period construction is to be completed on a total of six million apartments and houses. This building program will be financed from funds provided in the State Budget of the USSR. In addition the government offers low-interest, long-term loans to citizens who wish to build their own homes.

New apartment houses, blocks and streets of them are springing up everywhere all the time. So my colleague and I had no difficulty in finding a brand-new apartment house in Moscow. The one we visited is at 108 Enthusiasts Avenue, in a residential district quite a distance from the heart of the city.

Let us introduce some of its tenants.

We struck up our first acquaintance with Irina Govorova, a young draftsman. Although she was busy at the mirror preparing to leave for the evening, she showed us around and told us she found the layout and the good light and space in her apartment quite satisfactory.

Two girls were climbing the stairs, looking for the Maximovich apartment. Since any apartment at random interested us, we asked if we could accompany them.

In the apartment of Evdokia Maximovich we witnessed a meeting of two school generations. The girls had graduated from high school this past spring and now had entered college. They had come to tell Evdokia Maximovich, one of their former teachers, about their progress.

We did not wish to intrude, so we had only a short talk with the teacher.

"This is a happy year for me," she told us. "I've just moved into this apartment, and besides, I'll soon start getting my pension."

"Would you mind telling us how much the pension will be?"

"Not at all. It will be nearly 1,000 rubles a month. But you know, I simply can't imagine not working, not seeing children every day."

The tenants of the next apartment we visited were the Sadovnikovs. Only Varvara Sadovnikova, the mother, and little Yura were at home. We learned that the head of the family, a worker at the Frezer Factory, was at a trade union meeting, two of the older children were



IRINA GOVOROVA PRIMPS IN THE MIRROR BEFORE LEAVING FOR EVENING DATE.



TEACHER EVDOKIA MAXIMOVICH IS VISITED BY SOME OF HER FORMER STUDENTS IN HER NEW APARTMENT.



VARVARA SADOVNIKOVA SORTS SCHOOLBOOKS AS LITTLE YURA PLAYS AT HER SIDE.



NIKOLAI BOBROV (LEFT) IS EVIDENTLY AHEAD AT CHESS WHEN VISITORS KNOCK.



LYDIA NOVIKOVA SETS THE TABLE IN PREPARATION FOR RECEIVING GUESTS FOR AFTERNOON TEA.



THERE WAS A DOUBLE CELEBRATION THIS DAY AT THE ANKUDINOV APARTMENT. SVETLANA HAD BEEN GRADUATED.

out at a gym, the eldest daughter, Svetlana, a student at the Oil Institute, was on a hike, and the other two children were playing in the yard.

"That's quite a family you have," we remarked. "How do you manage with so many children?"

"Oh, I'm used to it," Varvara Sadovnikova said. "Everybody pitches in with the chores. Svetlana and the other older children help me to look after the little ones."

We took a picture of Varvara Sadovnikova as she was looking through the schoolbooks she had bought for the children for the new term. Little Yura was also interested in them.

Our visit to apartment No. 11 came at an inopportune moment. Our host, Nikolai Bobrov, an electrician, had his opponent Dmitri Kolpakov, who lives next door, in a tight spot.

They were clearly reluctant to interrupt their chessboard battle, and so we asked Nikolai Bobrov only one question, how much rent he paid for his apartment in this new house.

"It's easy to figure out," he said. "Twenty-five square meters (270 sq. ft.) of floor space at 1 ruble 80 kopecks a meter makes it 45 rubles a month."

Incidentally, in the Soviet Union no rent is paid for floor space occupied by kitchens, bathrooms and hallways.

"What do your earnings come to?"

"About 950 rubles a month, on the average. What per cent of that is the rent? Less than five."

"How much are the other expenses connected with the apartment?"

"They won't break me either," Bobrov said with a smile. "I pay 36 rubles a month for heat, water and electricity."

We should like to add that the present rent scales in the Soviet Union have remained unchanged since they were established in 1928. The amount of rent a person pays depends on his earnings. The less he earns, the lower his rent is, regardless of when the house was built or its conveniences. Pensioners pay the lowest rent of all. On the average, the Soviet citizen's rent amounts to between three and five per cent of his monthly earnings.

Lydia Novikova is an employee in the technical information department of one of Moscow's machine factories.

You see her here getting ready to entertain some friends in the evening.

Like the other tenants, she received her lease from the District Soviet. The major share of the apartments in the houses built in towns and industrial communities are rented by the local Soviets, to which citizens in need of living quarters apply.

Beaming faces greeted us in the apartment of Ankudinov, a shop superintendent at the Frezer Factory. The head of the family, who was in Leningrad attending a conference of inventors, had just been sent a telegram saying, "Svetlana an engineer."

Svetlana, the eldest daughter in the family, graduated from the Machine-Tool Institute this year and had just received her diploma. That day she had gone for the first time to the factory where she will work. Her specialty is automatic production lines.

*Continued on page 20*

## APARTMENTS

Continued from page 19

While we were there, she described the factory and her future work to her mother, her sisters and Zhenya Kryuchkov, a neighbor and a friend of one of the sisters.

Sister Yulya was happy for Svetlana's sake—and a bit envious, too. She wanted to enter college this year but she failed to pass the entrance examinations.

When Yulya's mother heard her telling us about that, she gave a soft sigh. Yulya herself was cheerful, though. "I still have my life ahead of me," she said. "Now I'll go to work in a factory, and next year I'll take the entrance exams again. If I study hard I'm sure to get in."

Before leaving 108 Enthusiasts Highway, we paid a visit to the building manager. He told us that the construction costs came to about 2,000 rubles per square meter of floor space, and that the maximum rent per square meter was 1 ruble 80 kopecks a month.

We did some arithmetic and learned that it will take nearly a hundred years for the rent to repay the building costs, not to mention maintenance expenses.

Nobody is worried about that, however. The important thing is that the tenants, ordinary Soviet citizens, are satisfied with the house and with their apartments. ■

# CARTOONISTS' CORNER

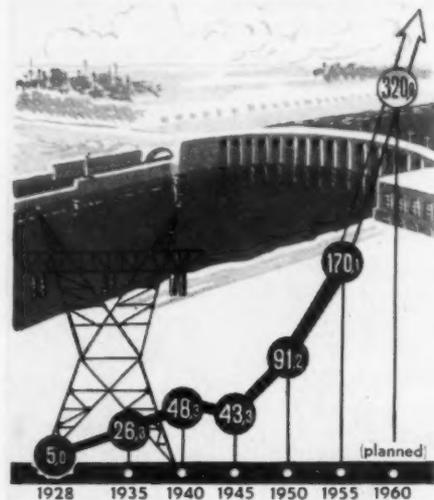


"THERE MUST BE SOMETHING IN HERE ABOUT THE BARKING DOG THAT BITES!"



The increase of electrical power supply in the USSR is one of the most important industrial developments. Hydro-electric stations are backed up by plants generating current from local fuels.

Generation of power (in billions kwh)



In 1955 the engineering industry produced 1,056 types of new machines and equipment. It put out 117,800 metal-cutting machines, 15,900 forge-press equipment units, and turbines for power stations with a total capacity of more than 5.5 million kilowatts.

The rapid development of heavy industry and agriculture furnishes a solid foundation for an expanding increase in the production of consumer goods.



Fabric production in the USSR in 1955 amounted to 6,455 million yards of cotton goods, 335 million yards of flax goods, 275 million yards of woolens and 575 million yards of silk fabrics. Output of footwear of all types was more than 430 million pairs. Production reached almost 20 million clocks and watches and in excess of one million cameras. There is a steady increase in the production of electric refrigerators and washing machines, with the 1956 figure of these units reaching 341,800. The annual output of radio and TV sets topped the four million mark.

The volume of retail trade in 1955 was 501.5 billion rubles, and the nine months of 1956 showed it 25 billion rubles above the same period of the previous year. In 1955 more than 2.6 times as much meat and fish was sold to the population as in 1940, approximately 2.5 times as much butter and sugar, more than twice as much footwear and clothing, 2.3 times as much woolen fabrics, and 6.4 times as much silk fabrics.



DOCTORS MUST ANSWER CALLS FOR MEDICAL HELP IN ANY WEATHER AND AT ANY TIME.

# COUNTRY DOCTOR

by Elena Kononenko

A doctor will remember his first patient all his life, the same way that people will remember the glow and excitement of a first love. A physician at a Moscow clinic once told me that after 37 years she could recall her first patient as clearly as though she had seen him yesterday. He was blond; he had blue eyes; and she had to keep telling him to speak louder, his voice was so low. She remembered with what uncertainty she made her diagnosis and prescribed treatment. How miserable she had felt when the patient at first lost strength; and then when he began to improve, she thought she was the happiest person on earth. "It was only then that I became a doctor," she told me.

Valentina Kargashilova is a country doctor. She practices in Temirgaevskaya, in the middle of a farm area. Dr. Kargashilova has even more reason to remember her first call. It was only a little more than a year ago. She was brought up in Temirgaevskaya, and it was a neighbor who knocked at her door, a man she had gone to school with. He did not call her Valentina. He called her doctor. "Something's wrong with my boy, Doctor," he said, his voice fearful and worried. "Can you come?"

"Of course," she answered. She had come home with her medical degree only that day. There had been the excitement of seeing relatives and friends, and she had just gone to bed when the knock came, her first call.

She raced back to her room, threw on her clothes any which way, snatched up her case, and ran down the steps and out the door. She smiled as she was telling me about it. "There wasn't any need to run," she said. "My call

was right next door. But I couldn't have stopped myself from running even if I had thought about it, which I didn't."

A minute later there were only two people in the world, she and the feverish child. The boy wasn't seriously ill. It was an upset stomach, not much more. Valentina did what she could to relieve the child, and then she went back home. But she couldn't fall asleep. She kept going over and over in her mind the steps she had taken. Had she made the right diagnosis, prescribed the right treatment? As soon as it was light she got up and hurried over to the patient. The boy was sleeping quietly. Valentina looked down at him, gratefully. She was so happy, she wanted to cry.

## But They Knew Me When . . .

When she received her degree, Dr. Kargashilova was assigned to Temirgaevskaya by the Krasnodar Department of Health. "We'd like to ask you to go back to your home town," they told her. "The hospital there is being enlarged and needs physicians."

The news came as something of a shock. Like all the other graduating students, Valentina had often speculated about where she would be working. Sometimes she saw herself on the staff of a big city hospital, or working in a clinic under a famous professor. At other times she imagined herself practicing in some remote village lost in the steppe or forest. She had never dreamed of going back home to practice.

The head of the department looked at her

quizzically, half-smiling. "You don't like the idea?"

"It's not that," she said, "but . . ."

"I know how you feel. You grew up there, and everyone knows you inside out. You're afraid they won't trust you and won't call you when they need a doctor."

She protested halfheartedly.

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CHILDREN ADORE THE YOUNG DOCTOR'S KIND MANNER.



## COUNTRY DOCTOR



NIGHT CALLS ARE A PART OF EVERY DOCTOR'S LIFE.



"DON'T WORRY. THERE'S NOTHING SERIOUSLY WRONG," SAYS THE DOCTOR.

*Continued from page 21*

"But we know you, too," he went on. "That's why we're asking you to take the assignment. The fact that you know the people, that you grew up with so many of them, will make your work easier. That kind of understanding and sympathy is what makes a doctor."

She agreed, but with misgivings, and then stayed up half the night talking it over with her husband Vladimir. Although he was older than Valentina, he was still a student at the medical institute. He had lost time during the war, so that when the war ended and he was demobilized, he was older than the average entering student. Valentina's assignment meant that they would be separated for long periods until he received his degree.

Vladimir agreed with the department head. He hadn't the slightest doubt about how good a doctor she would make. "Every town and village," he said, "turns out doctors, teachers, people who become famous professors. What difference does it make if the neighbors remember them when they were children? As a matter of fact, the town feels proud of them. They are the local boys and girls who made good. The department head knew what he was talking about when he told you that you have

warm, sympathetic hands, doctor's hands. That's what matters."

Valentina began to smile again after a while. "I keep wondering about my first patient. Will it be a man? Or a woman?"

### Local Girl Makes Good

When I met the doctor in Temirgaevskaya, she was still smiling. She had been practicing in the village for a year, and she had been out on many calls since that first one. Since she is younger than the other physicians at the rural hospital, she makes more night calls than they do. Besides, she likes night calls, the bane of most doctors' lives. Not infrequently, she makes her visits by plane, flying out to the steppe where the collective farm field workers, tractor drivers and shepherders are stationed during the summer.

There are many of her patients who remember when she was a bright-eyed youngster with long braids, the shoemaker's daughter, but even they call her doctor.

"Good day, Doctor, how are you?" they greet her on the streets of Temirgaevskaya.

"Fine. A doctor hasn't the right to be sick. How are you? And the family?"

Her patients are both children and adults, a country doctor cannot be a specialist, he treats everybody. But children are her special favorites. She is child health supervisor for the village. She visits the local kindergarten almost daily.

Not everything goes smoothly, of course. There are times when she is uncertain about a diagnosis. There are doubts and worries aplenty and nights she spends feverishly thumbing through medical books for answers. But so far she has made no irreparable mistakes.

The days fly past for Dr. Valentina Kar-gashilova. Too much to do and not enough hours in a day. There are also times when they move at a snail's pace. But her husband will soon be getting his degree and then the Krasnodar Health Department will have to find a place for him in Temirgaevskaya, because the hospital refuses to release their young woman doctor. They say she's indispensable, everybody in Temirgaevskaya insists upon seeing her only. They have to be persuaded that not every good physician has to hail from Temirgaevskaya. ■



## *A visit with the novelist*

# MIKHAIL SHOLOKHOV

by Vasili Koroteyev

Mikhail Sholokhov is considered one of the great novelists of our time by his enormous audience of readers throughout the world and by judgment of critics. His books have been translated into more than twenty foreign languages and have been published in editions of millions. Maurice Hindus, American writer, made this perceptive comment in a re-

view of *The Silent Don* when it was published in the United States in 1941. "At the age of 36, Sholokhov stands in the foremost ranks of European writers. . . . It is a pleasant duty for a reviewer to signal the arrival of a classic into the fold of literature." Both Sholokhov and his many readers recently celebrated his fiftieth birthday.

SHOLOKHOV ENJOYS TALKING WITH A COUPLE OF OLD COSSACKS, HIS NEIGHBORS, IN THE GARDEN AT HIS HOME



We rode along the old highway on the Don River. They call it the Hetman's Road—the chief's road—in this old Cossack country. It winds through the gully-cleft Don steppe, through fields of ripened wheat and corn. Poplars stand over the clusters of glistening whitewashed houses like sentinels. The bright green gardens and orchards shimmer in the summer heat.

We passed Ilovlya; the picturesque village of Log; Frolava, a new town, its white stone buildings surrounded by oil derricks; Mikhailovka, with its slate and cement factories.

Then Veshenskaya, the oldest of the upstream Cossack villages, swept into view on the left bank of the Don. We ferried across the river.

"That's Sholokhov's place," the ferryman said. He pointed toward a white two-story house with a green roof. It was small, unpretentious. I climbed the footpath, the house stood on a hill overlooking the river. I opened the wicket gate to a front garden fenced in by a thick screen of acacias. Farther up the hill slope there was a young orchard with apple, pear and plum trees.

A thickset man stepped off the porch to greet me. It was Mikhail Sholokhov. His walrus mustache was trimmed shorter than

*Continued on page 24*

## MIKHAIL SHOLOKHOV

HUNTING IS THE FAMOUS AUTHOR'S FAVORITE SPORT

*Continued from page 23*

the last time I had seen him, but his smile and handshake were as warm and welcoming. We had both been frontline reporters during the war. Now he was dressed in a blue short-sleeved shirt, worn gray trousers, with his bare feet stuck into house slippers.

"Very glad to see you," he said. "How long can you stay?" I told him that I had only come for a few hours, that I had to take the evening boat back.

"I hate guests who rush in for a minute and then have to leave."

We sat down on the porch to talk.

"I got back from Moscow myself only the other day," he said. "I was reading page proofs on the first two volumes."

I had heard that his collected works were going to be published, but I did not know they had already gone to press. In addition to the four-volume *The Silent Don* and the first volume of *Seeds of Tomorrow*, two volumes of his collected stories, *Tales of the Don* and *The Blue Steppe*, will be included. These have not been republished since 1926 and are now out of print.

"I'm going to take it easy for a day or two." He added with a laugh, "I want to feed the fish."

Fishing is more than a hobby with him; it is a passion. He spends hours with his cronies, Cossack farmers, fishing or talking about fishing.

"Where?" I asked, "on the Don?"

"No, on the Khopra. It's quieter there. The Don is too crowded with fishermen. I'm anti-social when it comes to a serious thing like fishing. I like it quiet. One can fish and do a bit of thinking at the same time. That's why I start work early. I'm at my desk by four o'clock every morning. It's quiet in the house then, there's no hooting of steamers on the Don, no pounding of the ferryboat engine."

"What about the sweet early morning sleep you write about in *The Silent Don*?"

"Oh, well," he laughed, "that was youth. Now I'm getting old and restless."

### Fighting Bandits

Sholokhov's youth was anything but easy. His father, Alexander, was an "outsider." He had come from central Russia and had no standing among the Cossacks. By the laws of Cossackdom he could not claim an allotment of land of his own. He had to lease land, wandering with his family from one Cossack village to another. He worked as a farmer, cattle buyer, clerk. Although the Sholokhovs were very poor, they scraped together enough to send their son to school in Moscow. He came back from school at 15 to be the village schoolteacher.

In 1920, when the Cossack region became the arena for the Civil War, Sholokhov joined the Red Army and became a machine gunner. He fought against the bandits who operated along the Don River until 1923. "We chased the bandits and the bandits chased us," he said, recalling old times. He got himself into all sorts of tight situations. Once, during a skirmish with one of the Makhno bands, he was taken prisoner. Nestor Makhno, the bandit chief, questioned Sholokhov himself and told



him he'd hang if he were ever caught again.

When the Civil War ended, young Sholokhov came to Moscow. He intended to study, but the problem of making a living interfered. He worked as a porter, bricklayer, book-keeper, at any sort of job he could get. He never did manage to get back to school, but he did get his first story published by a youth newspaper and in 1925 he wrote his *Tales of the Don*.

He was about twenty at the time; now he is on the far side of fifty.

### An Epic Novel

Sholokhov's books have been published in the Soviet Union in fifty-five languages, the total number of copies running well over 21 million. Abroad, 140 editions of his books in twenty languages have been published.

Sholokhov's epic novel of Cossack life, *The Silent Don*, took him fourteen years to write. It was published in the United States in two parts, *And Quiet Flows the Don* and *The Don Flows to the Sea*. In between he wrote *Seeds of Tomorrow* which has been translated into English, and a number of other novels which still await translation.

*The Silent Don* is the story of Cossack life. A section of the Don Cossacks, because of special privileges they enjoyed under czarism, were for a long time a mainstay of the aristocracy. In the novel Sholokhov carries his hero,





◀ NOVELIST SHOLOKHOV SHOWS OFF A MELON TO HIS WIFE, MARIA. IT WAS GROWN IN THEIR GARDEN.

Sholokhov's writing has much in common with Tolstoy's. The two authors have frequently been compared by critics. There is the same deceptively simple but actually powerful and complex narrative skill, subtle character study, rich humor and fidelity to life.

This last characteristic infuses all of Sholokhov's writing—a meticulous concern with reality. His *The Silent Don* was reviewed by some English critics with high praise, but for the wrong reasons. They thought it some sort of foreignism. In the unpublished preface to a new English edition of the novel, Sholokhov writes in answer, "I would be pleased if this portrayal of what may be to Europeans an unfamiliar picture of Don Cossack life would give English readers a glimpse of something more, namely, the colossal changes in the conditions of life and mentality of a people that have taken place since the war and the Revolution."

#### Too Prickly?

Soviet critics and writers are agreed in their praise of Sholokhov's extraordinary skill as a novelist. Many of them, however, find Sholokhov himself too prickly for their taste. They resent his harshness and the rather blunt directness with which he expresses his very decided opinions. A temperamental Southerner, he is caustic in argument. But this is not due to ill-temper or malice—he is one of the most genial men imaginable—but to a frequently unpalatable impatience with the mediocre, particularly when he refers to fellow writers who rush to give the world their half-finished literary wares.

He writes very slowly himself. A book takes him a long time to finish. "I envy some writers I know," he says. "They write fast, and not badly either. But with me every line is written with sweat. You sit days and nights, and all you have to show for it very often is a single page."

We sat on the porch talking away about fishing, books, old friends. I had lost track of time.

"Well," Sholokhov said, "it's nearly six. We've had enough fresh air. Let's go in and have something to eat."

*Continued on page 57*



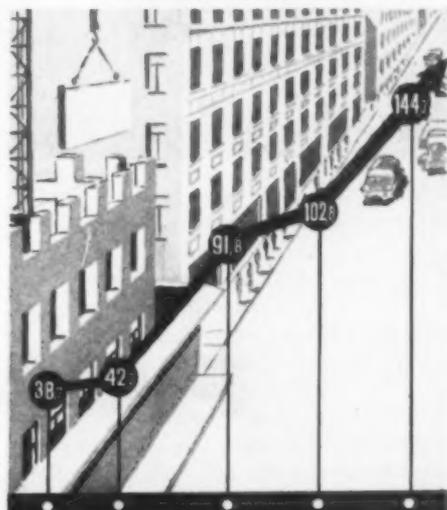
There are 5,134 state farms and 87,500 collective farms in the Soviet Union, plus about 100,000 individual peasant farms. The collective farms are served by more than 9,000 state machine and tractor stations.

In 1955 industry produced 321,800 tractors and 410,000 other agricultural machines. There were about 1.5 million tractors, some 544,000 trucks and 370,000 harvester combines serving agriculture, not counting millions of other farm machinery and equipment.

An outstanding event in agricultural development is the cultivation of 87 million acres of virgin lands since 1954. Large state farms dominate this territory in Siberia, Kazakhstan and other eastern regions. Since 1954, 425 new state farms were organized on virgin lands.

The 1955 cattle census topped 67 million head, while the count showed 194.8 million pigs, sheep and goats.

#### URBAN HOUSING CONSTRUCTION (in millions of square meters)



(One square meter equals 10.763 square feet)

From 1929 through 1955 more than 4.6 billion square feet of dwelling space were built anew and reconstructed in urban areas alone. This is approximately 12 million apartments and houses consisting of two rooms plus kitchen and bath. During the same period 76,000 schools were erected.

The Soviet government provides increasing budgetary sums to expand housing and municipal construction. The program for 1956-1960 provides that a total of six million new apartments and houses will be available for the urban population. In addition the government offers low-interest, long-term loans to citizens wishing to build their own homes.

In the past 26 years about 19,000 miles of railroad trunk line and 38,000 miles of auxiliary lines were completed. Although the traffic of motor trucks and airlines is growing rapidly, the railroads still carry about 83 per cent of all freight and passenger traffic.

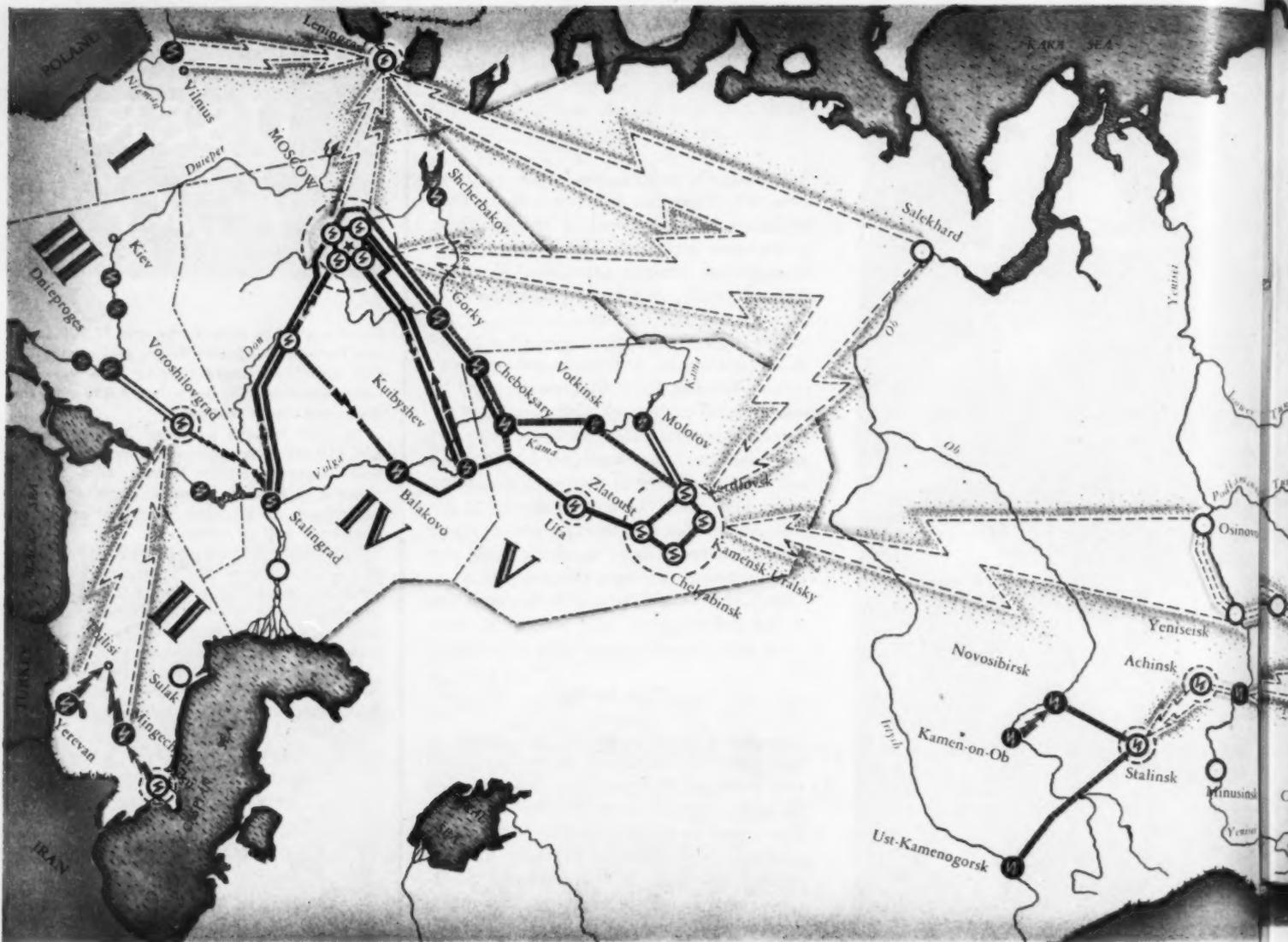
Grigori Melekhov, through the First World War, the Revolution and the Civil War periods—the turbulent years which changed the shape of Russia and the world.

For some Cossacks the Revolution, which abolished class and group distinctions, was a threat to their privileged interests. The book tells the dramatic story of the conflict of their interests with those of the poor Cossacks, for whom the Revolution meant a better life.

In *Seeds of Tomorrow* Sholokhov deals with the Don farmers in the 'thirties. This was a period of radical changes in the countryside, of resistance and violence wreaked by the small group who refused to accept the fact that the old way of life would no longer suffice.



SHOLOKHOV'S HOME AT VESHENSKAYA VILLAGE ON THE DON RIVER.



# POWER AND LIGHT

## Meditation with a Map

BY ALEXANDER MOROZOV

A map is not just a matter of geography, of area and distance and topography. To one who knows how to read it, it is the history of a people and a country. Here is a map which shows electric power stations in the Soviet Union. It tells the story of the country's progress and its future more eloquently than many a book can do.

This winding line in the upper left corner of the map is the Dnieper River, and one of the small circles on it is Dnieproges, the first large hydroelectric station of the country. It transformed the whole of southern Ukraine, all of that area's industry and agriculture.

And on the narrow ribbon of the Volga is another small circle, the Kuibyshev Hydroelectric Station, built quite recently. Its first four units already produce several million kilowatt-hours of electricity every 24 hours. But this is the smaller part of the story. The station is to have 20 units, with transmission lines that will stretch 700 miles and more to Moscow and the Ural.

There are scores of other circles, each one a waterpower or thermal station. In 1955 they produced 170 billion kilowatt-hours, but that is not enough. By 1960 the figure is to be doubled. New power stations are to be built in places where there are underground fuel stores, and many rivers are to be tapped for energy. An army of engineers have gone east where almost 90 per cent of the country's



### KEY TO SYMBOLS

#### DIAGRAM OF THE UNIFIED GRID SYSTEM IN THE SOVIET UNION

1. Heat and power stations now under construction.
2. Substations.
3. Hydroelectric stations already in existence and those under construction in the sixth five-year plan period (1956-1960).
4. Hydroelectric stations to be built after the sixth five-year plan period.
5. 400,000-volt transmission lines already existing and to be completed in the sixth five-year plan period.
6. Direct current transmission lines under construction in the sixth five-year plan period.
7. 400,000-volt transmission lines to be constructed after the sixth five-year plan period.
8. Power lines projected for possible future development.
9. Some of the most important 220,000-volt transmission lines already existing.
10. Important 220,000-volt transmission lines for possible future development.

#### Sections of the Unified High-Voltage System

- I. Northwestern
- II. Caucasus
- III. Southern
- IV. Central Volga Region
- V. Urals

potential water power is found.

Today single power stations are no longer adequate. Whole cascades of hydroelectric stations are run by "white coal."

On the mighty Angara River in Siberia six dams and six power stations will make up the rungs in a huge downstream water ladder, and the river, almost 1,500 miles long, will become a unified power development producing 70 billion kilowatt-hours a year.

The first rung of the Angara ladder, the Irkutsk Station, is nearly finished. Construction on the second, the Bratsk Station, is under way. This will be one of the largest hydroelectric stations in the world.

Six hydroelectric stations are to be constructed on the Yenisei River, into which the Angara flows. Preliminary work is already going on for the first station. The capacity of the Yenisei ladder will be double that of the Angara.

Farther to the east are boundless expanses of dense forests, intersected by great rivers. All this potential energy is waiting to be harnessed, with power engineers now prospecting the Trans-Baikal area and the basins of the Amur and the Lena.

#### A Great Engineer

Many of the problems connected with these titanic projects are being solved in the modest

building of the Power Institute of the USSR Academy of Sciences.

Working in a large quiet office is Academician Gleb Krzhizhanovsky, the founder of the Institute and still its chief, in spite of his age. The development of power engineering in Russia, from its very early days, has been linked with the name of this great creative engineer.

When the plan conceived by Lenin for the electrification of the country was adopted by the Soviet Government in 1920, it was put in Krzhizhanovsky's hands. With 200 of the country's top engineers and scientists working with him, he put the plan into operation and increased the power output of the Soviet Union fifty times over.

As far back as 1929, Krzhizhanovsky was thinking in terms of a unified high-voltage system for the whole of the Soviet Union. A unified power system makes it possible for electric stations of every type, from thermal to atomic, to tie in together. Rivers separated by thousands of miles do not then need canals, they can be connected by electric channels.

When spring floods swell the Volga, its electric stations can compensate for the shallowing rivers in Central Asia. In their turn, the Siberian rivers can "help out" the Volga power cascade when its stations are producing at maximum and more power is needed.

But a unified power system is far from a simple undertaking in a country as large as the Soviet Union. It must be built part by part, by means of single links.

The first link is to be a unified power system in the European part of the USSR. The Kuibyshev and Stalingrad hydroelectric stations are to be linked with the Central, Southern and Urals power systems. By 1960 all of them together will account for about half of the country's electric power output.

Within the next few years work on a unified system will begin in Central Siberia. Hydroelectric stations on the Angara, Yenisei, Ob and Irtysh Rivers and big stations using Siberian coal will jointly feed this power junction.

During these same years, the power systems of Georgia, Armenia and Azerbaijan will be unified. Later, along with the Northwestern power system, they will be linked with the unified power system of the European part of the USSR. Then this system will be tied in with the unified Siberian system to form a single high-voltage system for the entire country.

#### Big Engineering Problems

The best scientific and engineering brains are needed to cope with the multitude of

*Continued on page 28*



ACADEMICIAN GLEB KRZHIZHANOVSKY IN HIS STUDY

## POWER AND LIGHT

*Continued from page 27*

problems involved in this huge undertaking. There is the problem, for example, of transmitting electric power anywhere up to a million volts over great distances.

The first steps in that direction have already been taken. The Kuibyshev-Moscow transmission line, some 650 miles long, has been built. It will carry a current of 400,000 volts.

Then there is another important problem. How is a unified power system of such unprecedented size and capacity to be operated with the speed necessary?

Cybernetics helps out here. The Power Systems Laboratory of the Academy of Sciences has already developed a very complex apparatus which will be a sort of brain for the unified power system.

But while the scientific problems to be solved in unifying the power system are many and complicated, they cannot compare with the vastly greater problem of meeting the Soviet Union's power requirements. Within the next 15 years the country's power stations will have to produce 1,000 billion kilowatt-hours a year, perhaps more. The increasing development of industry and agriculture will require not merely more kilowatt capacity but new forms of energy altogether, energy about which Krzhizhanovsky could only spec-

ulate in 1920, when he wrote: "After the chemical molecule and atom . . . the ion and electron stand out ever more distinctly as our principal electrical substations. . . . Electronics is bringing us to a store of energy within the atoms. . . . A completely new civilization is dawning." Many people then thought that his statement was fantastic, a dream.

But that dream is coming true. Near Moscow the world's first atomic electric station, in operation two years now, is supplying current to a network of district electric stations. And five years from now, new atomic electric stations with a combined capacity of two and one-half million kilowatts will be in operation.

The peaceful use of atomic power is only one of the energy problems that Soviet scientists are working on. As a result of research conducted by the Power Institute, several large mines for underground gasification of coal have been placed in operation, the first electric station to use the sun's energy as fuel has been built in the Caucasus Mountains, and experiments are under way to utilize wind energy.

In one of his many scientific papers, Krzhizhanovsky wrote that the road to a full life for mankind leads "from Utopia to science." He and other power engineers in the Soviet Union are laboring to cut through this road, not only for people in the Soviet Union, but for people throughout the world. ■

# The Volga

## EXCERPT FROM THE POEM "SPACE BEYOND SPACE"

By Alexander Tvardovsky

*Six thousand rivers—and no two the same;  
Some leaping where the sunlight quivers  
On naked cliffs, some winding without aim  
Through grassy vales. Six thousand rivers*

*As green as woodland or as blue as sky,  
Great ones and small ones, swift and slow,  
All that from the Urals to Valdai  
Down to our Mother Volga flow.*

*Back from this trunk they separately  
Branch to each distant fountainhead,  
As if a gleaming family tree  
Across the whole land were spread.*

*Their waters merge in the major stream,  
And though the many now are one,  
In Volga's glass reflections gleam  
Of scenes through which each one has run.*

*Here half of Russia can be seen:  
Her riverbanks of rock, of sand,  
Her forests, hills, her steppe serene,  
Far-reaching furrows and untilled land,*

*The battlements of Kremlin walls,  
The crosses topping onion domes,  
Country fairs and market stalls,  
Thatched roofs of humble peasant homes,*

*Oil derricks, chimneys with their plumes  
Of smoke, meadows veiled in mist,  
Village schoolhouses, in whose rooms  
We learned the Volga did exist.*

*And as I stand and gaze, I think:  
This stream, though wide, does not divide:  
It rather forms a silver link  
'Twi'x East and West. Here, side by side,*

*The twain at last are truly wed,  
To share each other's hopes and dreams;  
And of our land the Volga bed  
Is core. Six thousand Russian streams!*

ON THE VOLGA RIVER ►

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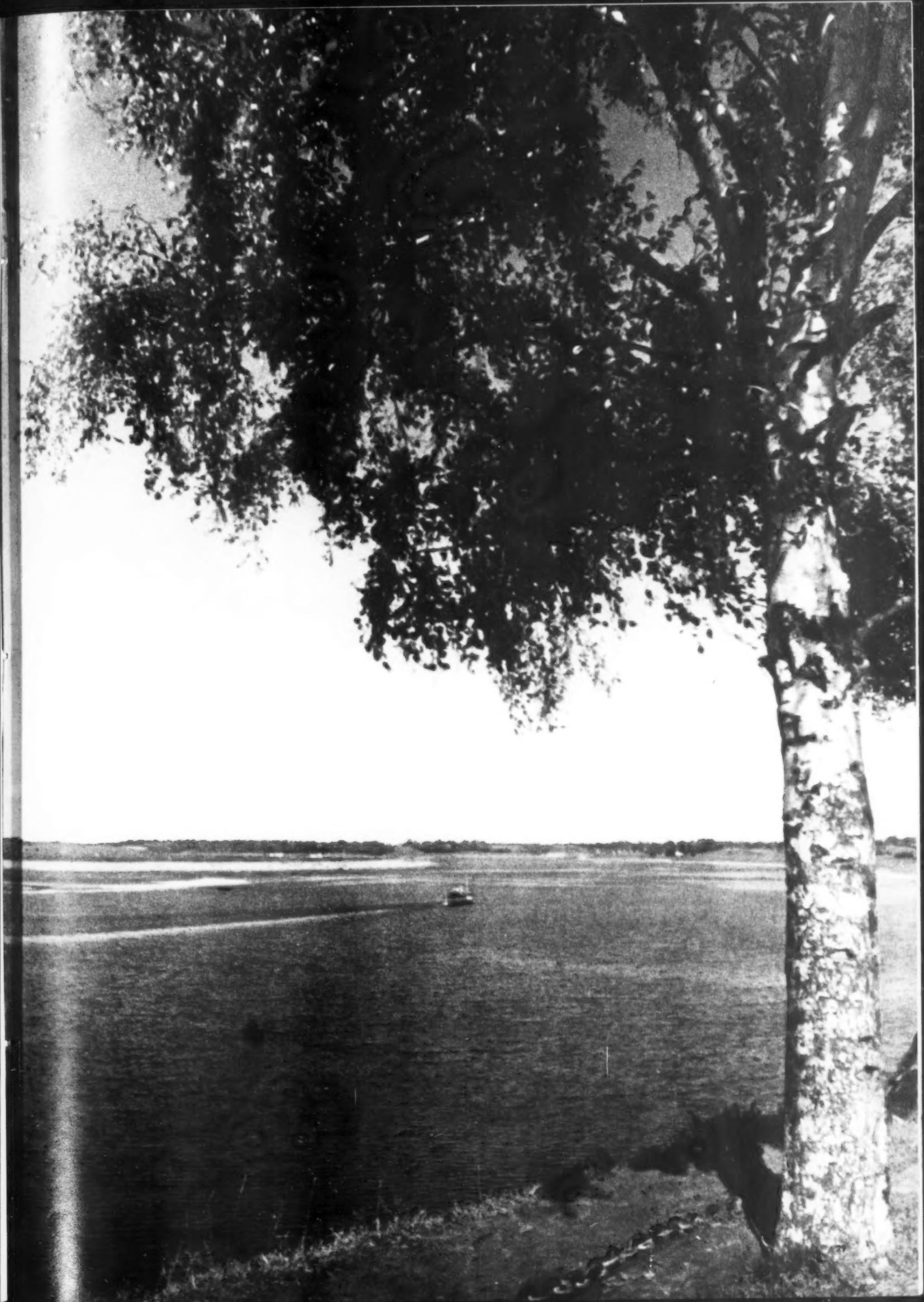
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RIVER ►







# VIRGIN SOIL







The homesteader is an epic figure in the history of civilization. We can find his forebears in all the great migratory movements of mankind, among all people who have been stirred by the cry, "Virgin lands!"

Now once again, this time in the Soviet Union, men and women, built in the indestructible mold the pioneer is cast from, have answered the call for homesteaders. Several hundred thousand of them have settled in the eastern regions of the country, harsh and challenging places of wind and dust and storm, of stifling summers, long and heavy fall rain, and forty-below-zero winters.

#### The New Pioneers

They came, as homesteaders do, for many reasons. Some people want the excitement of new and untried country. Others feel cramped by cities; they want room to breathe in. Many are attracted by the benefits and privileges offered—high wages, moving expenses, long-term loans for building homes.

But there is never just the personal motive that moves these people to leave the security of a familiar place for the hazards of a new one. Underneath the personal reasons, there is the more fundamental one which makes the pioneer. He wants to leave his own mark on a new land. He wants to contribute his muscle, skill and brain not only for a richer, more bountiful world for his own children, but for everyone's.

Ivan Pokatilov came from the Ukraine two years ago to settle. Not long ago he wrote this letter, published in the local newspaper, to people back home:

"I came here to the virgin lands for good, as you know, with my wife and younger brother. When I first got here, I helped unload freight cars and drove a fuel truck. Now I'm a combine operator. During the harvest season I took in the crop from 4,375 acres, nearly three times as much as the quota, operating a pair of hitched combines. I earned almost 8,000 rubles in less than a month. That, plus a state loan I got of 10,000 rubles, gave me enough to build a house and buy furniture and a cow. My brother is now a tractor driver. He's making out well, too. All in all, we didn't make a mistake coming out here to the virgin lands. We feel that living here is going to be fine."

For Ivan Pokatilov and the other homesteaders, as plucky as they were, these two years have not been easy ones. Until houses could be built, they lived in tents and field wagons in this rigorous climate. There were times too, when, because of inefficiency, fuel, machinery and even food were late in reaching them. The most arduous and most heartbreaking part of the job, though, was the battle they fought with the virgin soil. Untilled for centuries, the earth was hard and crusted. It bent and twisted their plows. But they broke these ancient steppes and tamed them to serve man.

#### An American Farmer Comments

In the summer of 1955 an American farm delegation toured the Soviet Union. The farmers visited the virgin lands in Kazakhstan during their tour. The leader of the delegation, Dr. William Lambert, Dean of the Nebraska Agricultural College, was greatly impressed by the scale on which development was going on. So were the other members of the delegation. Ralph Olsen, Iowa farmer, commented at a press conference in Moscow that "if all the virgin lands are developed, they will be able to produce enough wheat to feed the whole world."

It is very likely that Farmer Olsen's comment would have been even more forceful had he come a year later. When the American delegation paid its visit to Kazakhstan, the region was suffering from the most severe drought in 83 years. Between sowing and harvesting, not one drop of rain had fallen. The virgin land gave a crop nevertheless, as though in gratitude to these pioneers who had worked so hard to make it productive.

Last summer, with favorable weather, the soil rewarded the farmers for their labor most generously. American farmers visiting this fall would have seen a bronze sea of wheat stretching to the horizon, so thick and so tall that a car driven along a road through the fields would have been altogether lost to sight. This was part of a bumper crop throughout the country.

Kazakhstan alone produced 18 million tons of grain—more than the total yield of the eleven years preceding the development of the virgin lands. Even in the best years it had never grown more than 1.8 million tons, and in average years the figure was half as much. In two years Kazakhstan has become one of the main granaries of the country.

Kazakhstan is not the only region where this is true. If all the newly

*Continued on page 33*

JUST A SHORT YEAR AGO THESE FIELDS IN KAZAKHSTAN WERE BARREN STEPPE.

by Georgi Aidinov



TYPICAL SCENE OF THE NEW LANDS SHOWING GRAIN ELEVATORS AND FARM VILLAGE.

## VIRGIN SOIL



*Continued from page 31*

cultivated lands in Kazakhstan, Siberia, the Volga region and other parts of the country were laid side by side, they would form a gigantic green carpet large enough to cover a territory almost as large as Montana.

#### **Two-Year Program**

This great development was started only in 1954. Farm production had fallen behind the country's economy as a whole, and strenuous steps were taken to overcome the lag. One of the steps was a program for putting into cultivation between 70 and 75 million acres of long-fallow land within a two-year period.

The program meant more than merely speeding up grain production. Grain means not only bread but meat and dairy products, shoes and clothing. It means everything that goes to make a higher living standard.

A call went out for volunteers to settle these sparsely inhabited regions. The response quickly took on all the aspects of a popular movement. People who had never even dreamed of changing the set routine of their lives were eager to lend a hand to this important project.

But these pioneers needed more than energy and courage to do a real job in such a short period of time; they needed modern farm equipment. Hundreds of thousands of tractors and other farm machines were supplied by Soviet industry. As a result, in the course of two springs and two autumns, the country added not 70 or 75 million newly cultivated acres as called for by the original plan, but more than 87 million.

#### **Only One of 425**

Four hundred and twenty-five large, modern state farms have been carved out of these lands.

Two years ago, a traveler might have come across a sign nailed to a surveyor's stake about 20 miles from the Kazakh town of Atbasar reading, "The Samarsky State Farm." Looking around, he would have seen nothing but the vast flat table of the steppe, empty and bare, not a house or a barn for miles.

Today, the Samarsky State Farm is a thriving, bustling community, a town of one and two-story houses, with three stores, a motion picture theater, a tailor shop, a kindergarten, a clubhouse and a stadium. The farm has a big tractor park and owns more than 400 combines, reapers, grain dryers, machines for every necessary job.

The Samarsky Farm is not unusual. By and large, it is much like any one of the other 425 that have been built in these new lands in the past

*Continued on page 34*

Raisa Polyanskaya, wife of a truck driver, and her daughter, Tanya, enjoy their new farm home. Early hardships have paid off with bountiful yields.





THIS COUPLE REJOICES OVER THE BIG HARVEST FROM LAND THEY HELPED DEVELOP.

## VIRGIN SOIL

*Continued from page 33*

two years. Its yield is also typical, but very impressive.

If we were to divide the area of the Samarsky State Farm by the number of its workers, we would get an average of about 125 acres per person. Now, if we were to take a very modest average yield, we would find that one man's labor on these virgin lands is enough to feed more than 250 people for a whole year.

### Exhausted Soil?

The question that still bothers some scientists and laymen, however they are the inveterate skeptics, is this one. What if the soil should become exhausted in six or seven years, if fertility should decline and this land have to be left fallow for a long time? Isn't it foolhardy, they ask, to invest so much labor and money in developing this new land?

No, it is not, say agriculturists with long experience in farming virgin lands. Soil scientists agree. One group of scientists recently completed an intensive study with very encouraging findings. They demonstrated that even with periodic droughts it was profitable to raise grain on such land.

Farming virgin land has, of course, special problems in the way of retaining moisture in the soil. It requires the planting of shelter-belts of trees to prevent erosion and drought, using snow-retaining procedures and other such methods to preserve moisture.

The land must also be cultivated differently, experts advise. The first year's plowing must be almost a foot deep and the soil turned over. This must be done, they explain, to cover the top layer of virgin soil, which contains weeds and insect larvae, with a fresh layer of soil. As the top layer decays, the aerobic bacteria which multiply prepare nutrition for the plants and give body to the soil. Moisture is retained in

such soil.

During the second and third years, plowing should not be deep, nor should the soil be turned over. The sod has not yet had time to rot. What is needed is merely a loosening of the stubble together with the surface, so that the soil will not be deprived of moisture after it has lost its vegetative cover.

Experts further recommend mineral fertilizers, especially phosphorus, and suggest that a third of the acreage be sown with perennial grasses every six or seven years. This has a double function: to provide good livestock fodder, and to renew the soil structure.

But the proof of any pudding is in the eating. The fact is that even skeptics argue with somewhat less assurance in the face of the bumper crop harvested in 1956.

The kernels of wheat were big and full. They felt like buckshot in the palm. This was quality wheat. The crop was so large that the farmers couldn't get it all into the elevators in time. They had to stack it in the open until space was available. The amount of wheat in these enormous stacks and granaries seemed to confirm Ralph Olsen's prediction of only a year and a half ago.

Soviet pioneers just recently began another battle with nature, this time the reclamation of a desert region in Central Asia. The name of the region tells its own story. For centuries it has been called "The Hungry Steppe."

Between 1956 and 1962 an area of 740,000 acres of arid, baked land is to be irrigated and cultivated. This land will produce more than 350,000 tons of raw cotton, in addition to meat, wool, milk and fruit.

Once the pioneers have broken this land, watered it, made it fertile, that ancient name, "The Hungry Steppe," so suggestive of oppression and ignorance, will have passed into an older history, never to return. ■

Ex-serviceman Alexander Talko and wife Lydia laugh at a joke. Both are combine operators.

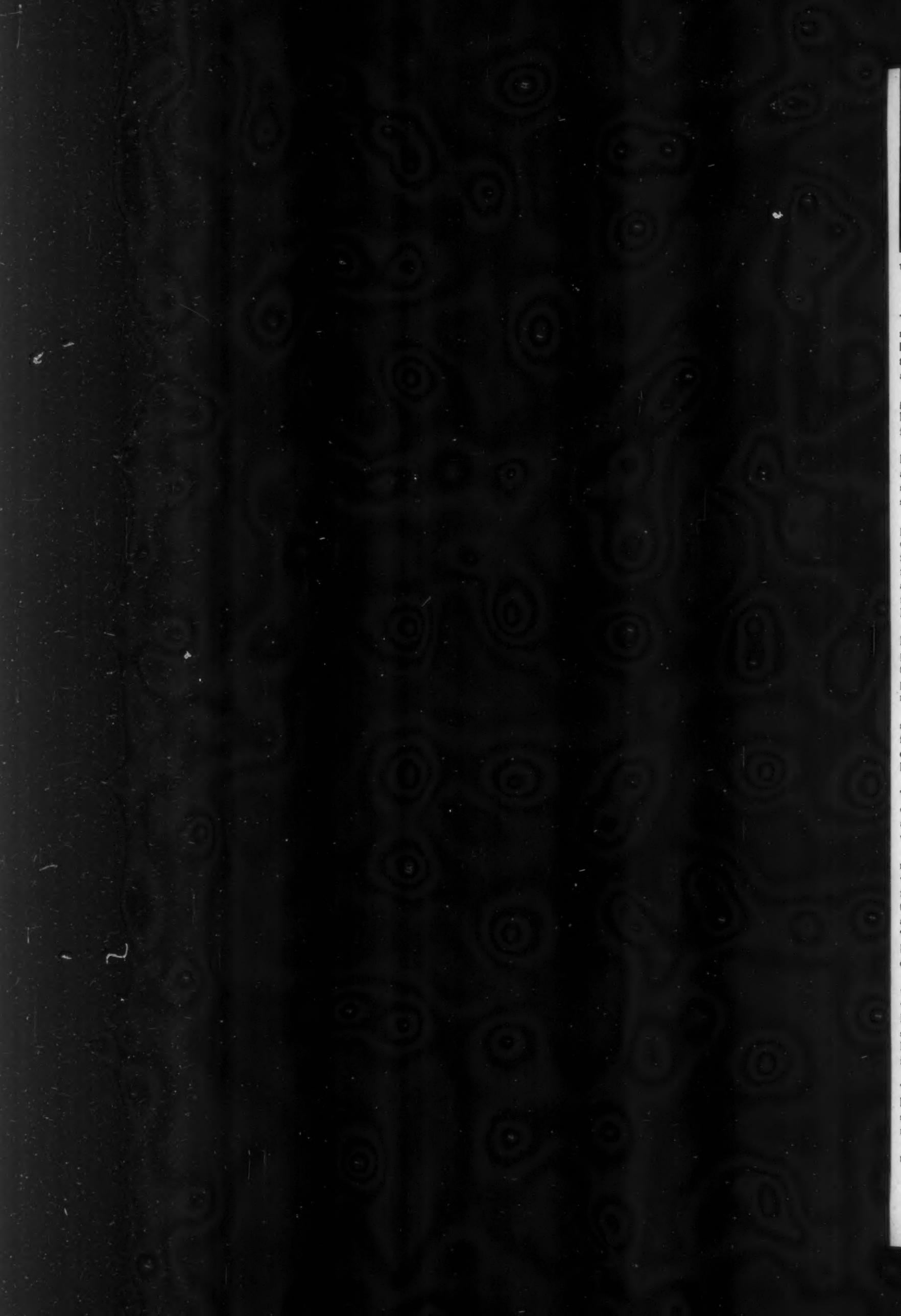


Combines threshing grain at harvest time. Hundreds of thousands of tractors and other farm machines helped open up the vast new lands to agriculture.











THESE YOUNG WORKERS DONATED SKIN FOR GRAFTS TO SAVE FRIEND'S LIFE.

# THE BEAUTY OF HUMAN NATURE

By Ludmila Tatyanchieva

The fall came when he least expected it. No matter how he strains his memory, Valeri Pokatayev cannot recall the moment, that fraction of a second when he lost his balance and fell into the scalding tank.

During the fall he managed somehow to grip the edge of the tank and lift himself high enough to protect his neck and head from scalding.

Everything that happened after that was like a nightmare. He had lost all sensation and it seemed as though he were watching a stranger twitch in agony, until unendurable spasms of pain brought him back to reality.

But the unending, the insatiable pain that pinned his eyelids open and drove sleep away came later, in the white hospital ward where for 123 long days and nights a battle was fought for his life. It was a battle of attacks and retreats, of temporary setbacks and of final victory—led by Dr. Naum Abramovich Polyak, head of the surgical division.

When the surgeon first examined his patient, he had something to give him thought. Eighty per cent of the body surface was scalded, for the most part with third degree burns. The patient wavered between coma and delirium, moaning and calling for help.

The hospital staff did everything it could to save him. It tried every known method. Professor Korabelnikov, one of the city's most experienced surgeons, stayed at the patient's bedside to supervise the treatment.

The workers at the factory, the Chelyabinsk Tractor Plant, joined in the battle for the life of their young coworker. He needed special attention 24 hours a day. Three of the women workers volunteered to nurse him.

Shura Malenko was one of the volunteer nurses. For weeks the girl hardly left the ward. Except for the few hours she snatched for sleep, she kept her eyes on Valeri, as though she were afraid that something irreparable would happen if she looked away. There were many times when Shura's voice brought the very sick young man back to consciousness.

But as excellent as the medical treatment was, and as devoted the care, Valeri's strength was ebbing fast. There was only one thing left to do—to try grafting live tissue on to the scalded areas. After consultation with his colleagues, the surgeon decided to try skin grafting as a last resort.

But where was the live tissue to come from? To save the patient, a number of people would have to donate portions of their skin. The surgeon took the problem to the Young Communist League Committee at the plant.

"The patient will die," he told the Committee, "unless his comrades help him. But



DR. NAUM POLYAK IS SATISFIED WITH THE RECOVERY OF VALERI POKATAYEV AFTER A SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

before you volunteer your skin," he warned them, "remember that you will have to undergo a painful operation that will disable you for three weeks. You will have to report to the hospital for dressings. And keep in mind too, that the operation will leave scars on your body."

\* \* \*

In the shop where Valeri Pokatayev had suffered the accident few people had gotten to know him. He had been a temporary worker. But when word went round that his life was in danger, everyone reacted as though the accident had happened to an intimate friend.

To Vera Stoyanova, a tall blond woman with deep-set brooding eyes, it brought back memories of the war years.

It happened in Kerch, during the third year of the war. Vera Stoyanova, a Young Communist League member, served as a scout in one of the regiments on the North Caucasian front. On assignment from the command, her group was to explode a number of enemy munition dumps. The operation failed and the scouts were captured. They fell into the hands of the Gestapo.

Vera was beaten mercilessly with rubber clubs. She regained consciousness a long time afterward on the floor of a prison

cell, her back a bloody mass and her thighs slashed by bayonets. The pain had brought her back to consciousness. In the prison cell she learned that she was sentenced to be shot.

Slowly, as though in a haze, the young girl was marched to the execution ground. She walked silently, her lips clenched, by the side of her comrades.

But the rest happened like a movie with a happy ending. The young people marching to their execution were rescued by a Soviet marine unit.

Vera Stoyanova was reminded of all that. She thought with deep gratitude of the strangers in that marine unit who had saved her from death. And in a matter-of-fact tone she said she was ready to help Valeri Pokatayev.

Oleg Chertishchev, a fitter, said quietly, as though he were thinking aloud, "A misfortune like that could happen to anyone. It could have happened to me. There's nothing to discuss. I'll donate my skin." Oleg rarely spoke at meetings. He was shy and reserved. When he did speak, his remarks were very brief, as though his work at the shop combined with his study at evening school did not give him time for long speeches.

Volodya Kostromin, a 19-year-old worker,

*Continued on page 63*

This girl thumbs through a book on the escalator of one of Moscow's subway stations.



## READERS EVERYWHERE

By Gennadi Alekseyev

A press photographer will do anything to get a picture. If something sensational happens, he will race madly to the scene. Covering a fire, he may get thoroughly drenched, and he won't hesitate to don a diving suit to shoot a sunken ship. Or he may soar so high in a jet that he gets scared stiff.

Nothing like that happened to our photographer when he decided to get shots of people who love to read. He simply waited for a sunny day, grabbed his camera and set out.

He strolled the boulevard, dropped into a

couple of courtyards, and then happened to see the sign: "Library." He went inside, and found everybody was reading. As it was a mild day, Americans call it "Indian Summer," he went into the public garden. There were people of all ages: youngsters with picture books and old men sitting in the open, reading volumes as ancient as themselves.

In a far lane in the park two youths were animatedly trying to prove a point to one another over an open book (evidently students arguing about a difficult piece in a



PUBLIC LIBRARIES ARE USUALLY CROWDED. THERE ARE 392,000 FREE LIBRARIES IN THE SOVIET UNION WITH MORE THAN 1.3 BILLION BOOKS ON THEIR SHELVES.





THE NUMEROUS BOOKS PUBLISHED FOR THE PRESCHOOL CHILD HELP TO STIMULATE INQUISITIVENESS AND TO ANSWER THE ENDLESS QUESTIONS CHARACTERISTIC OF THIS AGE.

textbook). Others were avidly swallowing page after page, forgetting the world about them. And there were many more. But you may see for yourself how different people read a book, newspaper or magazine. All you need do is look at the pictures.

People like to read, and they do it in subways, at lunch, in parks, at home. There are no statistics on the number of people who have private home libraries, but it runs into the hundreds thousands. We do have figures on the number of public libraries. At the close of 1955 there were 392,000 of them, all free.

There are those who may say: How do we

know the books in the libraries are not just gathering dust? Figures provide the answer. The Lenin Library in Moscow, for example, is visited daily by more than 5,000 persons.

Every year sees more books published than the year before. In 1955 Soviet publishing houses issued close to 60,000 titles with a total printing of 1,015,000,000 volumes, or better than five books for every man, woman and child living in the country.

And still there are not enough books to meet the demand. The 36,000,000 copies of the eminent Soviet writer Alexei Tolstoi and the nearly 18,000,000 copies of the works of

Jack London printed in Soviet years failed to saturate the market, and a recent eight-volume edition of London's works, which came out in a printing of 390,000 (for each volume) was completely sold out. No less popular are Mark Twain, Theodore Dreiser, Upton Sinclair and other American writers.

The number of books published each year by Soviet, Russian and foreign writers keeps increasing. They are quickly snatched up by the reading public and do not lie on the shelves of book shops or libraries gathering dust.

People in our country *like to read!* ■

READING ROOMS ARE VERY POPULAR. THIS ONE IS IN THE HOUSE OF CULTURE OF FISHING INDUSTRY WORKERS IN NAKHODKA HARBOR, IN THE SOVIET FAR EAST.





A MAJOR PREPARES TO RETURN TO CIVILIAN LIFE.

## AN AIR DIVISION IS DISBANDED

by Alexander Lazebnikov

A white rocket went up. Planes wheeled into place and squadron after squadron took off, heading east from the Brandenburg Air Field in the German Democratic Republic. It was the last flight of the 200th Assault Division of the Soviet Air Force. The fighter planes of the 200th Division were nicknamed "Black Death" by Nazi pilots in the last war with reason. Stationed in Brandenburg since the war, now both planes and pilots were leav-

ing Germany. It is part of the Soviet program to withdraw its military forces, the flyers to return to peacetime jobs, the planes to be scrapped. This article from the newspaper *Soviet Russia* follows the Division home.

\* \* \*

I visited the headquarters of the 200th Assault Division, one of the 63 Soviet divisions to be disbanded, soon after it reached home. That same day two scrap-collecting agents

from the nonferrous metals industry and the iron and steel industry were buying up the planes that had arrived from Brandenburg.

The neighboring collective farm had already set up a threshing machine in what had been the military airfield and was drying wheat on the concrete landing strip.

Wingless, and wheelless, the planes lay scattered over the field. The quiet was broken by a medley of sounds, girls singing as they

threshed the grain, the hiss of acetylene torches cutting the planes into scrap metal.

"Have all the officers and men been transferred to the reserves already?" I asked Major Alexander Savinov.

"No. Some will be getting their transfers today. They're the last group of officers discharged. By tomorrow I'll be the only one left."

"How did you go about disbanding the Division?"

"We posted the order and turned over regimental and divisional banners to military headquarters. The first list of men and officers to be demobilized was ready the day the Division came back from Brandenburg. So few are left now that all they take up is six rooms at the hotel. Tomorrow I'll be saying good-by to them, too."

"What's your job right now, Major?" I asked.

"Yesterday I turned all our motor transport over to the City Council. Now I have to find buyers for articles there is less demand for, like metal beds, sheets and dishes. A division of the size of ours used many such things. I'll give some of them to the neighboring collective farm. Our main buyers are the scrap metal agencies. One takes armor, the other aluminum. Yesterday we sent off four carloads of plane parts to be melted down."

Youngsters from the collective farm were rolling the round cockpit of plane number 32 down the field. They tried to fit it back onto

the part from which it had been cut. Flight Commander Alexander Makarov was looking for something in the stripped fuselage. "I wanted a souvenir," he explained, balancing a ball bearing on his finger.

The collective farm youngsters complained, "You might at least have taken us for a ride before you had them chopped up." Everyone laughed.

"Where do you intend to work?" I asked Vasili Gumanenko, commander of the third squadron.

"I'm going to Dnieprodzerzhinsk, where I started life as a rolling mill worker. It's hard, of course, to leave something you've spent half your life at, twenty years out of forty. But we belong on the ground, although we have climbed pretty high up in the sky. There are jobs waiting for all of us. We'll get a good welcome. Men returning from the forces always do."

The threshing machine droned softly. The girls sang.

"Empties," the scrap-collecting agent yelled over, pointing to the train. "They've given us another three freight cars."

"We'll start loading now," Major Savinov said.

Workers had already rolled the fuselage of No. 39 over to the loading crane. It was the last plane in Gumanenko's former third squadron in the former 200th Division. ■

(Abridged from the newspaper *Soviet Russia*.)

WINGLESS AND WHEELLESS PLANES IN BACKGROUND WILL BE CUT UP AND SOLD TO SCRAP METAL AGENCIES.



The trend of development of the Soviet Union and its economy can be graphically seen in the considerable redistribution of the occupations of the people as a result of the five-year plans begun in 1929. Today 37 percent of the working population is engaged in industry, building and transport (in 1928—10 per cent); 43 per cent in agriculture (1928—80 per cent). The number of workers and office employees in 1955 totaled 48.4 million people.

There is no unemployment in the USSR. It was completely eliminated in the beginning of the 1930's.

In 1955 real wages on an average were 75 per cent higher than in 1940, while in industry they were 90 per cent higher. The incomes of farmers in the same period rose by 122 per cent.



The number of women participating in the building of the national economy and culture of the USSR has grown tremendously. Today 45 per cent of all workers and office employees of the country are women (in 1929—27 per cent). There are some fields of activity where women predominate. For instance, women constitute 58 per cent of the personnel in retail establishments, 83 per cent of the personnel in public dining enterprises, 68 per cent of those employed in the field of education, and 85 per cent of those working in public health institutions.



In the 1955-1956 school year there were more than 30 million pupils, 213,000 schools and 1,733,000 teachers. The number of college students amounted to 1,867,000 at that time, and 1,961,000 students were enrolled in technical high schools. A total of 50 million people were enrolled in classes of all types, including vocational training and advancing work qualifications on the job.

An average of 224,000 specialists with a college education and 312,000 with a technical high school education are graduated every year. In 1955 there were 224,000 scientists employed in 2,950 scientific institutions.



ARTIST NIKOLAI ZHUKOV IN HIS STUDIO

## CHILDREN AS THEY REALLY ARE

*Nikolai Zhukov, well-known painter,  
tells how he learned about children.*

I remember one of my friends saying: "Children have taught Zhukov to draw." That was said in jest, but it's true, nevertheless.

When I became a father, I spent every minute of my spare time making drawings of the baby. In those first drawings done at home my feelings as an artist were sharpened by the novelty of my feelings as a parent, and I tried to produce an exact likeness. But the fact that I was picturing someone dear to me tied my movements. The sketches were clumsy. Children require a special technique. The lines must be fine and sparing. One has to draw them with restraint.

Children do not pose easily, and the artist must be able to catch the static moment almost as fast as a hunter shoots at a moving target.

The artist who draws pictures of children is always pressed for time. Time pushes him and teaches him to generalize, a quality essential in real art. It is not easy, of course, to express the main thought briefly and clearly. One learns to do that by using children as his "models."

It is almost impossible to keep a child under two years of age in the same pose for any long period. The child keeps moving and fretting, which means that some diversion is necessary. Sometimes I ask a few adults to organize a rhythm band or dance to attract the child's attention. Meanwhile, choosing an inconspicuous position, I work on the drawing.

Children represent a numerous and special class of people; one must learn to understand their language, their individual character, to gain their confidence so that they will reveal themselves with com-

plete naturalness. The substance of the child's life, the truth that is in him, should not be replaced by invented features. If it is, the picture will be flat, marked by lisp and unnaturalness.

### Some of My Good Friends

During the war years I met real heroes among children. They were conscious of the gravity of the times and displayed an independence uncommon for their age. I remember the following incident I witnessed in 1942.

The advance of the Nazi army drove whole populations from many towns and villages to safer places in the interior of the country. Some villages were completely deserted. The locality in which I found myself at this time resembled Dubovsky's landscape *The Lull*, so tense was the atmosphere.

The last cart moved over the road, raising a cloud of dust. In it a little girl sat close to her mother, her bare feet swinging. The mother, engrossed in her thoughts, had a shawl over her head, and I could not see her face. A calf tied to the cart by a rope ran behind, snorting at the dust. At the front of the cart stood a boy about eight years old, his legs spread apart and firmly planted on the boards. Holding the reins in his left hand like a grown man, he was pulling them with a grave air, clicking his tongue.

I could see that after his father and elder brothers had left for the front, the boy felt that he had suddenly grown up and become the head of the family. In the attitude of the mother and little sister one could feel the complete confidence they had in this strong-looking boy who was taking the family away to a safe place.

Here is another scene of the children's world in quite a different setting. One day I stood at the window watching the children play in the yard. My attention was attracted by a pert-looking boy on a scooter, a fresh tooth-marked carrot in his hand. You could see he was a ringleader just by looking at him. Pug-nosed, with a sweaty forelock, he managed to get everywhere on his scooter, infecting his friends with his energy. I went down into the yard to get a closer look at that dynamo, and was astounded to hear the nickname given him by the children—Vitamin Vaska. The aptness of the nickname shows how acute the observations of children are.

Children naturally have strong feelings of friendship and comradeship for each other. Some time ago I watched world chess champion Mikhail Botvinnik play twenty-two simultaneous games. The players included many chess veterans as well as youngsters who had just qualified for their first category in chess. There was a boy of about eleven named Aleshka. He sat with a face as serious as that of any adult's, his closely-cropped head resting on his hands. The young player was surrounded by a large group of fans of his own age who longed to see Aleshka win, or at least draw. As soon as Botvinnik moved away from that board, there was a chorus of whispered advice, which only annoyed Aleshka. Frowning, he turned away and waved his hand as if to say, "Leave me alone, I know what I'm doing." And Aleshka really defended his positions with great determination.

When Botvinnik, his round finished, would approach Aleshka's board, a hush would fall upon the crowd, the boys, with unconcealed admiration for their friend, looking at the world champion pondering so long over the game.

The strength of art lies in its truthfulness to life, in the aptness of its characters, in the psychological fidelity to the pictured events. For example, seeing a carpenter mend a fence, a boy is sure to want to know how the nail gets into the wood, while a girl will usually not be interested in that. A girl will enjoy guarding a carriage with a baby in it, while a boy might need much persuasion to do it. The acquisition of a penknife will make a boy jump with joy, while it will leave his girl classmate unmoved. Knowledge of these details allows the artist to approach the children's theme with greater confidence and to treat it with greater effect.

### "Optimists" and "Pessimists"

Working on an idea, one often makes changes, introduces new observations, reworks one or another aspect in order to bring out the real character of the child. Let me illustrate that by an example from my own experience.

While visiting some of my friends, I was charmed by the sight of a three-year-old boy who slept peacefully in his crib, blanket thrown

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off and arms spread wide, his position conveying the feeling of a lively, cheerful character. But how could this be shown in a drawing?

Later I was told a story about two sons, an "optimist" and a "pessimist." Their father had left a gift for each of them near the beds while they were asleep. The "pessimist" received a handsome wooden horse, while the "optimist" was given the shoe of a real horse. When the "pessimist" awakened, he began to whine at once, complaining that it was not a real horse, that it had to be pulled. The usually sour face of the "pessimist" was not changed by the present. When the "optimist" awakened and saw the horseshoe, he cried with delight that a real horse had been there while he slept. As proof he held up the horseshoe.

It was then that I recalled the little boy who slept under the disordered blanket. He was surely an optimist, and now I knew exactly how to impart this to the spectator. In my mind I pictured a wooden horse near his bed waiting for its owner to waken. The bridle was in the grip of the sleeping boy. And it seemed to me that the little hand gripping the bridle in sleep determined the main feature of the character. Although the boy slept, I could feel how dear the horse was to him. This little detail, I believe, supplies the clue not only to the character of the little boy, but also to his environment: the people around him, the time and place. I named my drawing *The Proper Character*.

#### Only If Adults Do Not Spoil Them!

There is much that can be said of the mind of the child. I once met a ten-year-old girl on a train. She was traveling with her blind father. The girl had no mother, and the stepmother, a very ill-natured woman, was often cross with the girl and even beat her. Life at home was very difficult. "I would have escaped a long time ago," she told me, "but I'm sorry for Dad, and I'm sticking it out because of him. After school I shall go to the institute. I want to be a doctor, and I am going to invent something that will cure my stepmother of her meanness." That was not said in jest; it was the child's dream. Examples of this kind afford the artist a wealth of material for reflection, for stimulating his imagination.

As a rule, children have all the makings of an excellent character. Deep sincerity, kindness born in every healthy child, an optimistic perception of the world—these are the characteristic traits of childhood. I have a drawing called *A Grudge Passes*, in which I wanted to show how quickly a child forgets an offense. The youngster is scowling, his head is lowered, his eyes fixed on the chair seat, but in a moment his attention is attracted by something, and he steals a sidelong glance, forgetting his grudge. The good foundation is so active in the child that it rapidly suppresses all the bad instincts.

The following incident occurred with my own little daughter when she was about two years old. One day she misbehaved at dinner and was punished lightly, whereupon she tried to put her little feet on the table and refused to eat. I succeeded in recording that momentary scene on paper and called it: *Whose Character?* Subsequently, whenever my daughter tried to misbehave, I held up before her that "documentary" drawing with the inscription, "Whose character?" And the result was always favorable.

That was not the only instance in my own family to show the educational value of a drawing. The development of a child's mentality should be watched, directed; all that is good and bad should be detected in embryo so that everything can be done to encourage the good beginnings.

A few words about the tendency of some parents to overdress their children. Their exuberance is most conspicuous when children are dressed for taking a photograph. The character of the child disappears in a morass of clothing. The picture becomes statically doll-like. The result is a likeness, but a lifeless one. That's one of the reasons I prefer informal snapshots. Clothing and various objects in the picture should, of course, have some association with the child's character, but they should not obscure the child's individuality.

I remember a grandmother bringing her six-year-old grandson to me. He had an old summer helmet on and did not want to remove it even in the house. That helmet disclosed Sasha's interest in pilots and planes. And although the helmet belonged to his elder brother, it helped the portrait convey a complete idea of Sasha's character, and disclosed the glint of mystery in his eyes.

These are some of my observations and my ideas as an artist who loves children and has made them the theme of his art. ■



# Fur Auction

## IN LENINGRAD

By Lev Petrov

Russian furs . . . Is there a place where they are not known? Commercial fur hunting has been carried on in Russia since the 15th century, and it is practiced today on a scale which is without precedent.

Sable, marten, mink and muskrat are supplied by Siberia, the Far East and the Northern Urals. Yakutia, Kamchatka and Chukotka are known as the home of the blue, white and platinum foxes. Furthermore, valuable pelts are supplied by fur farms which exist not only in the North, but also in the central regions of the country, and even in the South. More than 150 million pelts are marketed every year. The Soviet Union leads the world in the quantity and quality of furs; moreover, it is the sole or main supplier of some of the most valuable furs on the world market.

Initiated in 1931, the International Fur Auctions at Leningrad have become a tradition. A special building, the House of Fur Auctions, was put up for this purpose shortly before the war; a five-story building of gray granite with big windows and wide staircases leading to heavy gilt doors, it is a familiar sight to furriers who come to the auctions from all countries of the world.

### Five Floors of Furs

This year, as always, directors of fur trading companies, businessmen and brokers arrived in Leningrad long before the auction opened. Hotel Astoria, the best in the city, motor cars, interpreters, guides, in short, all services were ready. True, some of the traders thought these services rather costly.

"But business is business," said they. "It is worth overpaying a bit on the trip in order to make some profitable purchases of good Russian furs!"

For ten days before the auction opened, representatives of the various companies were busy viewing the rich auction stocks of furs, rugs, bristles and horsehair. There seemed to be an endless number of stands in the big halls displaying the wealth of furs found in the Soviet Union. More than four million

pelts awaited buyers.

British, Swedish and Dutch businessmen were most interested in muskrat. These dark-brown pelts, which the USSR sells at the rate of about 2.5 million annually, are used in those countries for the production of light chestnut imitation mink.

"Frankly speaking, what I am interested in mainly is Persian lamb," confessed Signor Zippel (Italy) the day before the opening of the auction, adding not without a glint of humor: "Hard as I tried within the last twenty years, I have failed to persuade my fair clients that the durable marmot is far more attractive than the perishable broadtail."

Henry Mechutan of New York was sure to be found in the "sable" hall. Sables and broadtail had completely captivated his affections.

Nutria pelts held the practically undivided attention of the Societé Franco-Anglaise of France. A native of South America, this animal has only recently found a new home in the Soviet Union; it is well acclimatized, and its silky brown pelt is highly appreciated by experts.

Whatever the interests of the representatives of the different companies, they all found a rich assortment of pelts at the auction.

"For twenty years I have been attending world fur auctions," Boris Salomon of the Societé Franco-Anglaise told me, "and I can assure you that the collections at the Leningrad auctions are incomparably richer than at the international fairs in Canada and Scandinavia."

### The First Blow of the Hammer

One hundred and seventeen representatives of various business companies from seventeen countries who practically control the world fur trade took their places at small desks in the semi-circular hall of the House of Fur Auctions. Most of the businessmen who have been coming to the auctions for many years have their favorite seats. Ruben Papert of the Papert-Strasburg Company, Adolph Nus-

senow, head of the A. Nussenow Co., New York, the well known American fur dealers Edward Ariowitsch, Henry Mechutan and other businessmen went straight to "their own" desks in the hall.

The auction was opened.

One hundred-odd ermine pelts were offered for sale. The whole amount was divided into several dozen lots, each containing a definite number of skins of varying qualities. The buyers were given detailed catalogues, and they knew the exact contents of each lot.

"Lot number one," announced the auctioneer, Alexei Kaplin, Chairman of V/O Soyuzpushnina (fur trading organization).

In a moment the big hall became a buzzing beehive.

Big lots of ermine, kolinsky, muskrat and squirrel were auctioned off one after another. The furriers kept their companies regularly informed of the progress of the auction, and telephoned or cabled for instructions. European brokers used the telephone, while Americans preferred the cables for fear of disturbing the slumber of an associate, for New York is fast asleep when it is broad daylight in Leningrad.

One day I found Jack Meister, of Flaster, Inc., New York, in a state of great agitation: he had dispatched three cables to the States, but none had been answered.

"Do you think there's a possibility," he asked me, "that my cable was misdirected?"

"I don't think so, Mr. Meister," I reassured him. "There's probably a cable for you at the hotel."

And sure enough, as soon as he entered, the hotel clerk held out a cable to him.

The audience at the auction hall was especially numerous the day sables were offered for sale. Many people wanted to see how fast this valuable fur would be auctioned.

"The biggest sable buyer will most probably be the American, Henry Mechutan," one of the executives of Soyuzpushnina observed.

And he made no mistake. Mr. Mechutan, head of the Mechutan Fur Corporation, was

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Juri Frenkel, a veteran American buyer, says he handled more than 1,000 karakul skins without soiling his hands or white shirt in the process.

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really the hero of the occasion. He rejustified his title of "sable king" when he bought almost half the 14,000 sable skins offered.

The auction went on, bidding duels arising now and again between representatives of different companies over a particular lot of furs. A large lot was bought by Edward Ariowitsch, head of the New York division of the Anglo-American Fur Merchants Corporation. Bernard Friedman acquired a few lots of sable for the Canadian Fur Company.

#### The "Battle Royal"

Came the day when the best seller, karakul, was offered for sale. The representatives of all 17 countries were looking forward impatiently to the occasion, and the hall was packed to capacity.

The brokers were re-reading the cabled instructions and watched with envious glances those of the furriers who knew Russian. They had interpreters, but it is far easier when one understands the language!

They were all at their desks, carefully watching the auctioneer.

"Karakul is offered," announced Alexei Kaplin. Lot 350. The first bid is five dollars. Who will bid more?"

What followed was truly a "battle royal."

"Five dollars and five cents, five dollars and ten cents, five and fifteen, six dollars, seven dollars, seven and thirty, seven and fifty. . ."

The auctioneer and his assistants watch for every gesture of the buyers. What the buyer wants is not only to acquire a bargain but also to conceal his bid from his rivals, he prefers to make his wish known without words.

Ruben Papert lifts the tip of his pencil slightly to indicate that he bids five cents more. Juri Frenkel adjusts his spectacles, and that also means an addition of five cents. Adolph Nussenow touches his ear lobe—another nickel. . .

The auctioneer, thoroughly familiar with his clients, understands each peculiar code of gestures.

But even he is misled at times.

A rap of the hammer announcing that a deal has been closed and then:

"My congratulations, Monsieur Guyot," declares Alexei Kaplin. "You have acquired an excellent lot of karakul!"

"Karakul?" wonders M. Guyot, turning a puzzled glance at his equally baffled secretary.

"But I didn't even bid!"

"No? What about your lifted finger?"

"Yes, but . . . I raised my finger to indicate to the girl that I wanted a glass of tea," explained M. Guyot, raising a burst of laughter in the hall.

"Well, it's done," says Kaplin, spreading his arms meaningfully; the blow of the hammer has fallen. "This lot of karakul is yours."

Thus did M. Guyot of France acquire a lot of karakul without any effort on his part. An auction is an auction, and once the hammer has come down, the deal is done. True, M. Guyot had no reason to regret his purchase later.

Large lots of karakul were purchased by the Ariowitsch brothers, Edward and Julius. My acquaintance, Jack Meister, who is known for his keen wit and love of poker, bought about 100 lots for his company.

#### After Business There Is Time for a Good Chat

The fever of the bargaining has dwindled, the hall is gradually deserted. Most of the traders have already made their purchases. The people remaining in the hall are signing checks, making arrangements for the shipment of their goods, selecting rugs for presents, or simply talking.

Juri Frenkel, a jovial man, rather on the stout side, with a good command of Russian, tells the newspaper correspondents:

"I am a hereditary karakul furrier. More than that, I am a karakul furrier with a 100-year-long tradition! I represent the fifth generation of furriers in our family which has not departed from this vocation. Naturally, as a veteran of all the Leningrad auctions I was asked by the 'novices': what have the Russians attained in the production of furs? I held out my clean hands to them, and pointing to my clean white shirt, answered: "With these very hands, and wearing this shirt, I have just handled more than a thousand karakul skins. . . And believe me, they understood!"

The auction was ending, and people were again streaming into the hall. Waitresses were setting the tables; in the seven days of the auction they have learned quite well the tastes and appetites of the furriers.

"How have you been making out, Mr. Ariowitsch?" I asked one of the directors of the Anglo-American Fur Merchants Corporation, in English.

"Prekrasno, Mister Petrov" (Excellent, Mr. Petrov), he answered in good Russian, and we both laughed.

"Our company has been doing business with Russia for many years," he told me. "I have memorable documents in London, written contracts signed by my father's great grandfather at the fair in Irbit. Of course, his transactions were much smaller than ours today. In addition to purchasing fur at the auctions, I concluded deals with Soyuzpushnina by telephone; the wholesale lots we receive are always up to the samples and standards."

"And how much did you buy at this auction?"

"Somewhere near half a million pieces. Not much for an old buyer, is it?"

"We too have been doing business with Soyuzpushnina for a long time," Henry Goodman of Goodman Brothers of London, said,

joining in the conversation. "I remember the auction held at the Winter Palace in 1931. At that time I was as black as the seal fur, but look at me now: as gray as a white fox. And I can therefore say on the basis of my long business practice that it is as impossible to organize this business better than Soyuzpushnina does as to make one poor sable out of two kolinsky furs, excellent though they may be. Yes, one can do business with you!"

#### The Last Evening

The auction was over, the fever of bargaining had abated, all bills have been signed and paid, the purchased lots have been shipped to the respective countries and plane tickets have been ordered. All the buyers were hurrying home, for no matter how well one may be received as a guest, there is no place like home.

It was the last evening and all the furriers were in the big lobby of the hotel, discussing their impressions. Alexei Kaplin, who came to say good-bye to his clients, felt flattered to hear the tribute paid to the organizers of the auction.

"The auction at Leningrad compares favorably with auctions held in other countries," observed M. Boris Salomon of France. "There an auction is simply business, while in Leningrad it means a hospitable welcome and excellently organized interesting work which raises us from the rank of merchants to the rank of representatives of our countries, of respected representatives!"

"I hope, Mr. Kaplin," said Ruben Papert (American), "that the 27th auction will initiate greater trade between our countries. There were ten of us here last year, and thirteen this year, which in terms of business means an increase of thirty per cent. I am almost certain that we shall have an increase of one hundred per cent next year, that is, we shall come in a group of at least thirty people, and that the 28th international fur auction will be the zenith of success for American furriers!"

"So long, until we meet again soon, friends," were the words addressed by Alexei Kaplin to the Americans and Britons, French and Italians, Swedes and Norwegians. "Many thanks for your kind, friendly words. I hope that the auction, which was held in a businesslike and friendly atmosphere, has helped us to learn and understand one another better, that it has broadened our mutual interests. Please come again, gentlemen. Bring your friends and partners, tell them that they can do business with us. The bigger this trade is, the better it will be for you and for us!" ■

Ruben Papert (left) of New York and Mac Silver of Canada, examine a lot of squirrel pelts as they read the catalog description in Leningrad.



## MORE CONSUMER GOODS

An interview with Nikita Ryzhov,  
Minister of Light Industry of the USSR

By Mikhail Zlatogorov



Nikita Ryzhov, Minister of Light Industry of the USSR, confers with representatives of the Uzbek and Tajik republican ministries. Ryzhov has held his present office since 1954.

I called upon Nikita Ryzhov, Minister of Light Industry of the USSR, with the specific purpose of getting him to talk about the textile, clothing and shoe industries for American readers of the magazine *USSR*.

Ryzhov, I found, is a brisk and energetic man of 49, and he quickly assented to the interview with the following comment:

"I frequently recall my pleasant meeting with American businessmen during the Second World War at the Tashkent Textile Mills, of which I was then the director. True, at that time I told them about only that one plant, while now I shall have to talk about a complicated chain of enterprises that includes hundreds of factories and plants, new construction projects, research institutes and planning programs. It may take a good bit of your time."

My host, I found, comes from a textile family. His parents worked all their lives at an old mill near Moscow, and he took his place at a loom in 1924, at the age of 17, after graduating from a nine-year school.

Young Ryzhov was soon an assistant foreman and then a foreman. Within three years he became shop superintendent. A determined lad, he took a correspondence course given by the weaving faculty of the Moscow Textile Institute while still working in the mill. Later he entered the Industrial Academy and qualified as a spinning mill engineer.

The year 1934 saw Ryzhov in Turkey as a textile expert. Upon his return he was named director of the Tashkent Mills he had men-

tioned earlier. By the end of the Second World War Ryzhov was directing the textile industry of the Russian Federation, the largest of the fifteen Union Republics of the USSR. He has held his present post since 1954.

The Minister has a keen sense of humor, and sportswise his favorite game is tennis—at which he regularly defeats his wife and is pretty consistently beaten by his son.

With the preliminaries over, Ryzhov began by saying that the Ministry of Light Industry of the USSR unites 27 branches of the field: cotton and woolen goods, flax spinning, silk and knitted goods, clothing, shoe, fur, synthetic fiber and glass industries among others.

### Output Is Increasing

"In 1955," Ryzhov said, "the factories of the Ministry turned out approximately 7.6 billion yards of cotton goods, linen, woolen and silk fabrics. We have nearly trebled the output of knitted underwear as compared with prewar figures and are producing 228.8 million pairs of leather shoes a year."

Parenthetically he noted that almost 50 million additional pairs of leather shoes, not counting other types of footwear, were produced by local enterprises and cooperatives operating outside the Ministry. The same pro-

ducers also add to the national volume in other categories of consumer goods.

"I don't want to seem boastful in giving you these figures because I am quite aware that we still have a shortage of consumer goods in the USSR. We are working to overcome it, but we will have to do a good deal more to satisfy consumer demand in some types of goods and to improve the quality."

### Larger Capital Investments

I mentioned reports circulating abroad that blamed the shortage of consumer goods in the USSR on an over-emphasis on heavy industry, and Ryzhov didn't duck the issue but went to the heart of the problem.

"The situation is just this," he said. "The national budget for capital investments in light industry for 1956-1960 is 25 billion rubles, or about twice what it was for the preceding five-year period. The State Bank of the USSR extends wide credits to our enterprises. Any factory desiring to renovate or improve its equipment is eligible to receive a loan of up to one million rubles. So the issue is not one of lacking funds. It is simply that we can't catch up with the steadily mounting demands of the population."

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"As for intensified development of machine building, it can only work out to our benefit. Look at this." Ryzhov reached for some papers and then continued: "The Ministry of the Machine-Tool and Tool Industry has accepted a large order from us for up-to-date machinery. Many plants will now be manufacturing highly productive machines, various automatic and semi-automatic machine tools for shoe factories and cocoon winding automats for the primary treatment of silk.

"Then, perhaps another fact may help to show you that light industry has not been overlooked. Although our 1956 funds were allocated with our development plans in mind, we placed orders for an additional 2.5 billion rubles."

My next query dealt with the source of these new machines for the consumer goods industry. And Ryzhov replied that although domestic plants supplied most of the equipment, "we're still in need of certain special machines. We are now buying equipment in Sweden, Italy, Britain, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium and Denmark, and we are ready to buy machinery from the United States as well. We're particularly interested in machines for finishing and dyeing textiles and for the production of synthetic fibers."

#### The Ministry's Role

I asked Ryzhov to describe the operation of the Ministry and its principal functions.

"Well," he replied, "our task here is one of nation-wide coordination. But, of course, it would be too difficult to run such a complex economy and gauge the consumer demand of the whole country from any single center.

"Some 95 per cent of the entire production of light industry comes from enterprises under the jurisdiction of the ministries of the various Union Republics. Take the Tashkent Mills, for example. Formerly they were subordinated to us, the All-Union Ministry, but now the Uzbek specialists decide all pressing questions by themselves. The same goes for the Ukraine, Georgia, Byelorussia and other republics.

"Our economic policy aims to stimulate the development of local initiative by every means. This way we are free to handle the administration of new branches of the industry, such as synthetic fibers, artificial leather and industrial textiles.

"Another major part of our work in the Ministry," Ryzhov went on, "concerns planning of production, the broader phases of financing various enterprises and distribution of raw materials.

"The Ministry includes sixteen scientific research institutes, and they are busy with the many problems which arise in the production of consumer goods. In addition we have a special scientific research center which deals with all questions concerning synthetic fiber production. Another, still under construction, will absorb some of this work-load. We also maintain close contacts with the Institute of Organic Chemistry of the USSR Academy of Sciences and benefit immediately from their findings in the fields of resinous materials, dyes and semi-finished products.

"By centralizing research work it is possible



THIS BUILDING IN MOSCOW HOLDS THE MINISTRY OF LIGHT INDUSTRY OF THE USSR

to give the entire industry an immediate and complete report on all new developments and findings. This works for the benefit of all factories throughout the country and results in greater economies and increased production.

#### Modernization—Source of Growth

"Our plans for the future," Ryzhov continued, "call for a wide program of re-equipping light industry with the latest automatic machinery and the introduction of more modern technology to increase the output of consumer goods. In 1955 we produced six billion yards of cotton fabrics, whereas in 1960 we will raise this output to 7.7 billion. By the end of 1960 we plan to have increased woolen production by 45 per cent and silk by 105.7 per cent. We will also be producing at least 350 million pairs of shoes."

Asked whether the industry could meet this large increase, the Minister was most positive in his answer.

"Of course it can! The advance in technics is sure to make for this. Though our textile mills employ spinning machines with a high racking power, our engineers are now designing super-power devices to greatly increase their production, along with highly productive

loom automats and a rotary loom with an electro-magnetically driven shuttle. We're also considering the design of a shuttleless loom. The application of these innovations will more than double labor productivity.

"We will deliver 95,000 new automatic looms by 1960 to our mills and factories. The knit-goods plants are to receive 17,000 up-to-date automatic machines in the next two or three years.

"Through the introduction of new and better types of machines not only will we be fulfilling our production needs, but at the same time we'll be improving working conditions while helping to raise wages.

"Another interesting fact is that all this automatic machinery is being introduced without causing unemployment. Growing industry will absorb all those displaced by the installation of automatic devices."

"In other words," I remarked, "the growth in production will be obtained by modernizing equipment in existing plants and enterprises."

"Yes, but not by that alone.

#### New Construction Projects

"Look here!" Nikita Ryzhov approached a large map on the wall. "New and enlarged

enterprises of our industry are under construction in many parts of the country. There we'll have the giant mills in Kamyshin on the Volga to produce a million yards of fabrics daily. And here are a group of mills under construction in the Ukraine, Georgia, Siberia and Kazakhstan. We're making considerable investments to put new cotton goods, woolen and silk mills into operation by 1960 in Azerbaijan, Kirghizia, Moldavia, Tajikistan and Armenia. We are to begin the construction of 13 new mills for the production of synthetic fibers, of 75 flax spinning mills, 47 hemp processing factories and also of 190 shops for the treatment of flax and hemp in existing enterprises."

My next query concerned raw materials. Would there be enough for this program?

Ryzhov admitted there were some difficulties there. "We still have a shortage of wool, cotton and some other raw materials. But a great deal is being done to increase and improve the sources of these materials for light industry. The country's agricultural program will solve this problem in the next few years.

"In 1960 there will be 82 per cent more wool and 56 per cent more cotton available. The raising of flax is about normal, and we're able to export flax now. As for synthetic fiber, its production will increase threefold in the next five years. And our scientists in research institutes are giving us new synthetic fibers

while improving the production of the older ones."

#### People Like to Dress Well

Our talk was drawing to a close. The phones were ringing. Ryzhov's office was being invaded more and more by his co-workers, by representatives of factories and other ministries. Excusing himself from the interview briefly to deal with an urgent matter, he got into a discussion with the Ministry of the Chemical Industry on the production of impregnations for cloth and then buttoned an engineer being sent to Italy, insisting that he accelerate the purchase of new equipment for the production of acetone silk.

The phone rang again, and the Minister reached for the receiver.

"The board will meet as usual on Monday at 10 A.M.," he said.

"What board?" I asked. "Our readers might want to know something about that."

"You may be right," he said. "It's worth talking about. Though I head the Ministry, all basic and principal questions are decided by a board composed of the Minister, his assistants and the foremost specialists in planning, technics and other spheres, some twelve in all.

"We also call in the representatives of various mills and factories, of the trade network

and our Central Assortment Bureau to discuss the latest trends in the field. Incidentally, the Central Assortment Bureau is an organization which twice a year, in the spring and fall seasons, inspects and recommends for production the best textiles and other goods. Fashion designers, master tailors and other persons employed in the clothing industry are also frequent guests at the Ministry.

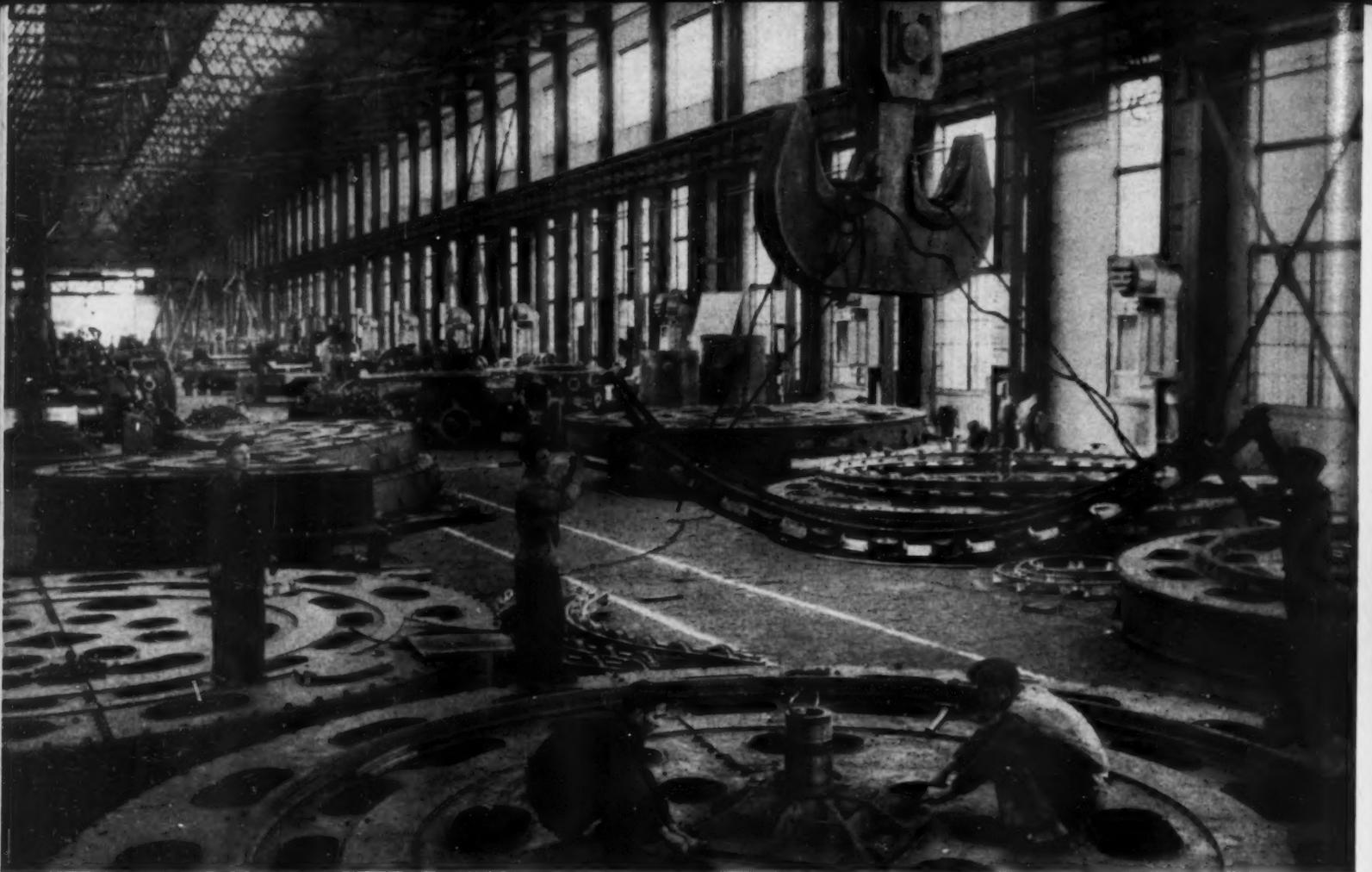
"Each day we receive many letters from our customers," Ryzhov pointed to a pile of letters on his broad desk. "People like to dress fashionably. We are mostly concerned with the children and young people and have lately been producing a lot of good and rather inexpensive apparel for them. And, of course, we don't forget the women.

"Some foreign tourists who visited the Moscow stores commented on the lack of variety in lingerie, which seems too plain and unadorned to them. Well, we think this observation is justified, especially since we get the same reaction from the feminine section of the population. We hope that our assortments, styles and quality will please even the most exacting buyers in the very near future.

"You know," he said with a wry grin. "I have heard the slogan subscribed to by stores in the United States: 'The customer is always right.' And I think there is something to that, too." ■

VAST ROWS OF MACHINERY LINE THIS SECTION OF THE KAMYSHIN TEXTILE MILLS ON THE VOLGA RIVER. THIS GIANT WILL PRODUCE A MILLION YARDS OF FABRICS DAILY.





## SAFETY-FIRST ENGINEERING

by Nikolai Belyaev

The blast furnace in a steel mill not only looks like a picture out of Dante's *Inferno*, it feels like one. Ask a steelworker, he'll tell you. The air all around the furnace becomes so hot that it makes breathing unbearable, especially during the summer months.

Is it possible to cool the air around a blast furnace? Soviet engineers tackled that problem and came up with an answer for which steelworkers are eternally grateful. They mounted powerful air conditioning plants and water sprayers near the slag troughs, the open-hearth platforms and rolling mills and so reduced the temperature in work areas by 50-59 degrees.

This is to illustrate the attention being paid by scientists and engineers to health, safety and labor-saving methods in Soviet plants.

### For Mines and Derricks

In mining, where working conditions are naturally hazardous, a variety of safety devices for hoists, explosion-proof equipment, instruments for eliminating coal and rock dust and preventing dangerous gas concentration and other health-protecting gear have become standard equipment.

So too in oil and gas derrick work, which requires a good deal of tricky climbing to make rock tests or to lower new pipe into drill holes. Derricks in oil areas in the southern

part of the Soviet Union are now equipped with elevators to eliminate dangerous climbing.

### The Seeing Eye

Photoelectric devices on drill presses and punches make the machine almost accident-proof.

The idea behind photorelay guide is simple and well known. A photo tube is mounted on one side of the punch and a special two-filament light bulb on the other. A photoelectric ray passes between the die and the punch. If the ray is obstructed by the operator's hand, the starter of the press switches off automatically. This electric eye is completely foolproof.

### Vanishing Diseases

Younger Soviet foundry workers know about "foundry fever" only by hearsay. It used to be a very common and a very serious industrial disease that copper workers were subject to. Old-timers, to whom the disease was an everlasting dread, occasionally talk about it. It has been eliminated.

The same is true for the occupational hazard of riveters—deafness. With the universal introduction of gas and electric welding, riveters' deafness has disappeared. Silicosis, the dread miners' lung disease, is on the way out.

Industrial disease in the Soviet Union during the last ten years has been sharply reduced, in some industries to the point where it has become a rare ailment.

### Who Does the Health Job?

There are fourteen research institutes directed and financed by Soviet trade unions whose job is workers' health and hygiene and occupational diseases. Problems of safety engineering and industrial sanitation are also handled by dozens of institutes and laboratories which serve coal-mining, oil-drilling and refining, metallurgical, textile and scores of other industries. This is aside from research in these fields being done by university laboratories all over the country. The national budget allocates large sums for this work.

Labor safety is covered by law as well as through contracts drawn up between factory management and trade unions. The trade unions employ qualified engineers to serve as technical inspectors. The responsibility for enforcing labor laws is in the hands of the trade unions.

One of the provisions of the Sixth Five-Year Plan for industrial development now under way has as its objective the further reduction of occupational hazards and still further improvement in measures to assure labor safety. ■



SOCCER STAR AND TWO OF HIS FANS



# Autumn in the Woods

By Vadim Gippenreiter

For the hunter there is no season that compares with autumn. It is the time of year when the man with the shotgun or rifle can be seen in every part of the country. He welcomes the opportunity to listen again to the enchanted stillness of the woods, watch the sun rise over mist-draped forests and follow trails that have beckoned so long.

Everything abounds in a beauty and glamor of its own. The sweep of the tundra painted russet-gold by the first frosts seems to melt into the blue horizon as great flights of migratory birds wing southward. The low northern sky seems shrouded with a disquieting sadness as geese, ducks, swans, snipe and cranes leave their breeding grounds reluctantly, with frequent stops.

The full-grown grouse struts about, its silvery melodious trill rolling over the boundless taiga. Rabbits are putting on their winter coats, and the scraggly summer fox has turned into a sleek beauty. The bears are finishing preparations for their hibernating season and have their snug dens ready for the first icy blasts of winter.

More than 300 kinds of birds and animals inhabit the widespread hunting areas of the USSR. The country is so vast that it offers sport for every man's desires. The game bird season is at its height in the South on the shores of the Caspian, on the rivers and lakes of Central Asia, and in the foothills of the Pamirs and the Tien Shan. And simultaneously the huntsmen of central Russia and in the north are hot on the trail of the fox or hare with their dogs barking in the distance.

Hunting societies and clubs have broad memberships including clerks and workers, farmers and students, doctors and teachers. Although these men have different callings, they all have a common passion that sends them forth on week ends or on holidays and on vacation periods to track a fox tirelessly or

sit in a bough-covered blind waiting for the black grouse, or to gather in the evening around a crackling campfire watching the endless pattern of the embers while waiting for a cup of the most delicious tea in the world.

The clubs or societies have their own hunting preserves and property. One may hire a boat, pick up an extra decoy for duck hunting or a smartly trained retriever. A night's lodging and expert advice from the professional staff are there for the asking.

But what real sportsman wants a soft snug bed under a roof when he can spend unforgettable hours sitting by the fire under the starry canopy of the sky, or listening to the rain patter on the taut canvas of his tent?

One never meets young folks at the hunting camp headquarters unless it be the hopeless "hams." The base camp seems to tie one down,

and that accounts for the growing number of hunters who rough it in the open.

Long before the season begins, huntsmen gather over tankards of beer and argue loud and long over the route they will take. A map spread out on a table offers too many variants for one to choose too easily. Some dream of a placid river in the central belt with deep pools and sunken logs which provide home and cover for whopping big catfish or that truly large cod they call burbots here. Others prefer a spot where at dawn and evening-tide ducks break cover and come over wooded banks. Still another group favors the rapids of northern streams with magnificent salmon in white water, and broods of wood grouse on the banks red with frost-nipped berries.

There is all this—and more—enough for all tastes. ■

TAKING A BREAK AFTER THE HUNT ▶



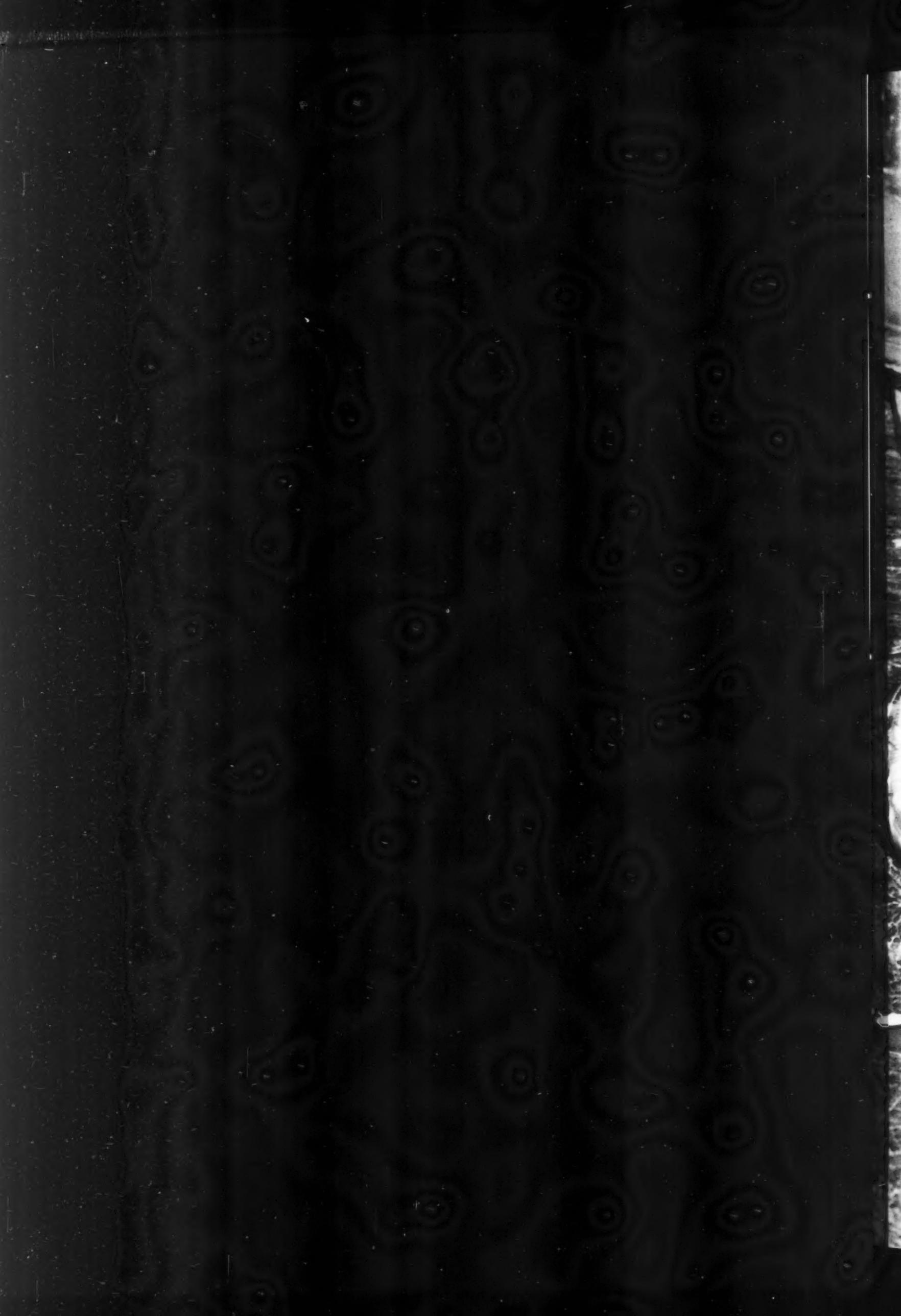
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HUNT ▶









STILL FROM THE FILM ANNA AROUND THE NECK, BASED ON A STORY BY ANTON CHEKHOV

## HOW A SCREEN STAR IS MADE: Alla Larionova

by Gennadi Sibirtsev

The questions that reporters ask screen actresses!

At Mar del Plata, the Argentine resort where the International Film Festival was held in 1954, an earnest reporter asked Alla Larionova, young Soviet film actress, "What age, *Senorita*, in your opinion, is most suitable for love?"

Without a trace of a smile, the lovely young screen star answered, "Twenty-three."

The serious-minded reporter was hardly prepared for so direct and ready an answer to this very knotty question. "Why twenty-three?" he stammered.

"That's how old I am," laughed Larionova, "and I can't think of a more suitable age to be in love, unless it's twenty-four or twenty-five, or twenty-six. . . ." And she went on counting until her own laughter drowned out the numbers.

I was not at all sure when I interviewed Alla, whether some of my questions did not sound just as silly. "How did you become a screen star?" I asked. What I was getting at was this: What goes into the making of an actress? Talent? Schooling? Native ability?

"I'll tell you," she said. "It was all very simple. I played my first major role when I was fourteen. I had long braids then. I folded them back and put on a cap. I tied a big red handkerchief around my face because I decided to give my character a toothache. I penciled in heavy whiskers, spoke in a deep bass, and presto, I was an old man. My debut. It was an amateur performance our dramatic circle at the school put on. I was a great success. The auditorium rocked with applause. Mostly because, my classmates told me after the performance, my make-up was so heavy they thought I was another girl."

It's easy to laugh with Larionova. But what delighted me even more was that while telling me the story, she had quite unconsciously been acting out the part of a 14-year-old girl playing the part of an old man with a toothache in an amateur theatrical. And she had played

the bit with great charm and humor.

I said, "Well, you know the old argument people have, whether an artist is born or made."

Larionova said, "You want to know which side I like?"

I nodded.

"Well, there's my friend, Yves Montand. He has never studied at a conservatory or dramatic school, and yet he's a superb singer and actor. You can take that for what it's worth. My own feeling is that the two have to go together. I don't see how anyone could question that a sculptor needs to know anatomy or that a composer has to know harmony and orchestration."

Larionova herself is perhaps as good an answer to that old question as anyone can give. Even while she was in high school, she knew that she wanted to act. Upon being graduated, she applied for admission to dramatic school. She sent applications to the Cinematography Institute, to the Institute of Dramatic Art and to the Vakhtangov Theater School.

Admission to any one of these schools meant passing competitive examinations, not only in secondary school subjects, but for dramatic aptitude.

Here is a typical question on the aptitude test:

Improvise the following scenes: a) You are lost in the woods. Night is coming on. b) Yesterday a man swore that he loves you. Today he betrays you.

Larionova took the entrance examinations for all three of the schools. There were three parts to each examination. She passed the first two with high marks. Before the third part of the examination

*Continued on page 56*

**MOVIE STAR AND HER YOUNG FRIEND** ▶



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END ►





SCREEN STAR CONTINUED



STILL FROM THE FILM TWELFTH NIGHT

Continued from page 54

was given, she had still not decided which of the schools she wanted to enroll in. The decision was made for her in an odd way.

Sergei Gerasimov, the famous film producer, was head of the examination committee at the Cinematography Institute. He asked her to improvise a short scene, a telephone conversation with a girl friend.

She picked up the phone, "Hello," she said, "is that you, Natasha? . . . It's me speaking. . . . Ask me what I'm doing. . . . I'm taking my exam at the Cinema Institute. . . . Or rather, I'm winding the examiners around my little finger. . . . Will I pass? It's all wrapped up."

Gerasimov listened to her infectious laugh and laughed too. He passed her for admission to the Institute.

The four-and-a-half-year course of study includes the regular college curricula in the humanities and dramatic theory and practice. From improvisations and short sketches staged in the classroom, students move on to productions given at the Institute and in training films, and then to roles on the "big" screen.

In the three years since her graduation, Alla Larionova has played six different roles, ranging from the shy and modest Lubava in *Sadko*, to the passionate and willful Olivia in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, and the impetuous Olya in *The Gang from Our Street*.

"Youngest, brightest, most beautiful," an Italian screen critic wrote of her in a review of *Sadko* after it was shown at the Venetian Film Festival in 1953. Alla's performance in the role of Lubava, the hero's bride, was no small reason that the film was awarded the Silver Lion Prize at the Festival.

"What are you working on now?" I asked her.

"We're finishing *The Road of Truth* at the Leningrad studio. The script was written by my teacher, Sergei Gerasimov. Jan Freed, whom I met when I was working on *Twelfth Night*, is in charge of production."

Larionova plays the leading role of Zhenya, a self-centered character, who in order to find personal happiness manages to destroy a family in the process.

"This is what I call a negative role," Alla explained, "but I find it very challenging. Some of my friends have been asking me whether I like to portray women like that, twisted and self-centered. I suppose because Vera, the role I played in *Main Avenue*, my last picture, is much the same kind of woman, calculating and destructive."

"Do you?" I laughed.

She smiled. "The world has people like that also; too many of them, perhaps. But I'll confess I do prefer these parts because they make you dig down into complex characters to understand their motivations and behavior. Our script writers, unfortunately, don't always give the actors the chance to do that. Some of their heroes and heroines are straight and smooth and about as interesting as telephone poles."

The answer to the last question I asked Alla Larionova surprised me. I had asked her which movies she goes to see in her spare time.

"The old silent pictures," she answered. "I see them over and over again. And I've learned a great deal from the wonderful acting of Mary Pickford, Asta Nielsen and Olga Zhizneva. I'm partial to Mary Pickford anyway. I met her at the Argentine Film Festival in 1954. She said to me, 'I would have known you among dozens of others. You are so typically Russian.' I told her it was the nicest thing she could have said about me." ■

STILL FROM THE FILM MAIN AVENUE



STILL FROM THE FILM ROAD OF TRUTH





THE WRITER AND HIS FAMILY RELAX IN THEIR HOME OVERLOOKING THE DON RIVER. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT ARE HIS SON, MIKHAIL, HIS WIFE AND HIS DAUGHTER, MARIA.

## NOVELIST MIKHAIL SHOLOKHOV

*Continued from page 25*

We went into the house. On the ground floor was the dining room, the living room and a reception room, where, as a member of the Soviet parliament, Sholokhov receives visits from his constituents. His study and library are on the floor above.

In the dining room I was greeted by his wife, a gracious black-haired Don Cossack woman. The children, four of them, she told me, had grown up and were raising their own families. Sholokhov added that his children had come into the world simultaneously with his novels. "It was in every respect my most productive period," he said laughing.

After dinner Sholokhov walked down to the boat landing with me. A husky sheep dog the size of a calf and a gawky pup kept us company.

We exchanged good-bys as the boat pulled up. I wished Sholokhov good health, good books and—good fishing. ■

SHOLOKHOV IS SHOWN WITH HIS CHILDREN DURING WORLD WAR II; HE WAS A FRONTLINE CORRESPONDENT.





COMEDIAN ARKADI RAIKIN

# All Kinds of Laughter

By Arkadi Kudryaev

There are all kinds of laughter—the giggle, the snicker, the chuckle, the crow, the belly laugh, the guffaw, the roar. But the laughter that greets Arkadi Raikin when he steps out of the wings is all these, and something more besides.

Raikin is director and actor at the Leningrad Variety Theater and its brightest star. His take-offs and quick changes tickle large and very responsive audiences who begin to laugh and applaud even before he opens his mouth.

The program now on at the Leningrad Variety Theater is called "Seasons of the Year." Raikin does a series of impersonations. First he comes on as a weather expert.

"Warm weather," he lectures, "is caused by the movement of a warm air mass. Cold, on the other hand, is caused by a movement of a cold air mass. As a scientist, I am chiefly interested in the past, that is, in the weather that was. My surveys show that the data on yesterday's weather is always more reliable than the forecast for tomorrow."

After a quick change, Raikin appears as a chronic skeptic and griper. "Seasons aren't what they used to be. Now I can remember when we had real seasons. Take the spring of 1861. Now that's what I call a spring. Floods all over the place, everything flooded, you couldn't see a thing but water. Do we have springs like that these days? No," he says sadly. "Or take 1895. Drought in the Volga country. The thermometer up to 140. Everything burned up. Not a living thing anywhere. You couldn't even see the Volga. That was a summer! And look at what we get nowadays. You call that summer?"

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"SO RESTFUL—AND WHAT A VIEW!"

"IT'S NOT THE FISH I'M OUT FOR BUT THE SPORT."

"NOT EVEN A LITTLE NIBBLE!"





"Yesterday's report is always more reliable than tomorrow's forecast."



"The seasons aren't what they used to be. Take the summer of 1895..."



"We cloakroom attendants like winter best. Nobody wears a coat in summer."



"From the viewpoint of satire I must say your joke isn't a bit funny."

Another of the skits, "The Sport," is a take-off on an office bureaucrat. Ivan Fomich, the office manager, goes fishing with Barabashkin, one of his clerks.

"It's not the fish I'm out for, but the sport," says Ivan Fomich, "the fresh air, the view."

But in a couple of minutes the office manager starts getting upset. He doesn't get a single bite, while Barabashkin hauls them in one after another.

Ivan Fomich says, "It's just like your work in the office, Barabashkin. All promise and no performance. Where are all the fish you told me I was going to get? You can't be depended on, that's the trouble."

"But it isn't my fault, Ivan Fomich," Barabashkin protests. "I'm not down there, it's the fish. They bite without knowing whose hook it is. Let's change places."

But that doesn't help.

"Just what I've learned to expect from you, Barabashkin. But why should I be surprised? You climb over other people in the office, too. You're going to regret this."

"But, Ivan Fomich, it doesn't matter who catches them. Why don't we divide what we get, fifty-fifty?"

"Fifty-fifty? That's reasonable. You do have some consideration for other people after all. I'm glad to see you've learned that much working under me."

*Continued on page 60*



"LET'S CHANGE PLACES, IVAN FOMICH."

"KEEP AWAY, BARABASHKIN, IT'S MINE!"

"THE DEVIL STOLE THE BAIT!"





"Stop yelling so loud. I can't get any work done."



"You can never tell a woman's age, anyway."



"You'll have to pay a fine."  
"What for?"  
"For hitting a sour note."



ARKADI RAIKIN APPEARS IN A SONG NUMBER.

*Continued from page 59*

But the peace and quiet do not last long. Ivan Fomich gets a bite, it feels like a big fellow. Barabashkin drops his own line and rushes over to help his boss.

"Keep away, Barabashkin, it's mine!"

But the fish doesn't understand that it's the office manager he's been hooked by, and he gets away. The faithful Barabashkin tears off his jacket and dives in after it, with the office manager on the shore yelling, "Idiot, you made me lose him! Irresponsible! You're fired!"

Raikin carries a big part of the variety show. He does a hilarious monologue on summer resort vacationers, one in which he is a baby-sitter, another in which he plays a police officer who hauls in a man singing in the street for hitting a sour note.

In one of the skits Raikin plays an alcoholic who asks a doctor to cure him. The doctor says, "Okay, but on condition that you take only one drink a day from now on."

"All right, doc, not more than one drink."

"That's the boy. Come in to see me this time tomorrow."

The next day the patient comes in, stewed to the gills.

"What's this?" says the doctor. "I thought you made me a promise."  
"I kept my promise."

"You mean to tell me that one drink did this to you?"

"Do you think you're my only doctor?"

Raikin's skits range from good-natured fun to barbed satire aimed at frauds and bureaucrats. But whatever he does, his audience is right there along with him. ■





FIRST CONCERT OF THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA IN THE LARGE HALL OF THE MOSCOW CONSERVATORY

# BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA *plays in* MOSCOW

Muscovites have a reputation for being very demanding music audiences, but the recent performances of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Moscow drew the heartiest applause from even the most critical of the music-lovers who filled the big hall of the Tchaikovsky Conservatory to more than capacity.

A series of three performances were given before gala audiences, with the Soviet music world present in force: the composers Dmitri Shostakovich, Aram Khachaturyan, Dmitri Kabalevsky and Vissarion Shebalin; the pianists Emil Gilels, Svyatoslav Richter and Lev Oborin; the violinist David Oistrakh; the cellists Mstislav Rostropovich and Svyatoslav Knushevitsky.

The orchestra, conducted by Charles Munch and Pierre Monteux, presented three exciting musical programs interpreted with all the vigor, freshness and virtuosity for which the Boston Symphony has long been famous.

Munch conducted Richard Strauss' *Don Juan*, Ravel's *Daphnis and Chloe* and Paul Dukas' *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*. Monteux conducted Schubert's *Symphony in C Major*, Haydn's *Surprise Symphony*, and Beethoven's *Third*.

New to Moscow audiences were four works by American composers: Creston's *Second Symphony*, Walter Piston's *Sixth Symphony*, Hanson's *Elegy* and Aaron Copland's *Symphonic-Ode*.

Comments from the distinguished audience varied only in the degree of enthusiasm, with the hope, as expressed in the greeting by Tikhon Khrennikov of the Union of Soviet Composers, that this visit of the Boston Symphony to the Soviet Union would be the prelude to many more. ■



◀ SOVIET AUDIENCE APPLAUDS AMERICAN MUSICIANS



# For Moscow's Sweet Tooth

BY VLADIMIR KUROCHKIN

TWENTY SUCH CAKES AS THIS ARE BAKED EACH MINUTE

Palaces and castles of cream cakes, walls of pastry, and suspension bridges of sweet almonds. This isn't altogether a setting from Grimm's fairy tales. It's the fantasy impression that people get when they shop in Moscow's food stores.

One of the city's largest suppliers of cakes and pastries is situated on one of the city's main thoroughfares, Leningrad Avenue. Here, in a wide building that looks like a frosted cake, tons of baked delicacies are turned out every work shift.

The area surrounding the factory is pervaded by the delicious smell of fresh baking. Inside are milky-white plates and rows of snow-white enamel ovens. The dazzling display of glass, nickel and porcelain equipment makes the visitor involuntarily blink his eyes when he first enters.

This factory recently celebrated its hundredth birthday. And for its centennial it had something special to celebrate.

The factory was awarded a gold medal at the Vienna Exhibition last year. One of its exhibits received particular praise from the international culinary experts gathered, a cake shaped like an enormous basket of fruit. Molded of chocolate, sugar and nuts, the pears, apples, oranges and bananas looked real enough to be picked up and eaten.

We interviewed the factory director, Anastasia Makarova. She began working at the factory in 1928 as a candy wrapper. Since she became director of the factory in 1947 she has visited France, Germany, Norway, Czechoslovakia and Austria in search of new methods and ideas. Telling us about her recent trip to Austria, she paid professional tribute to the Viennese pastry chefs. "They're experts," she said. "And their high opinion of our products was a great compliment. They have a lot to teach us. Their whipped cream pastries just can't be beat. They were pleased

that we thought them fine enough to copy. And some of the Viennese petit-fours are delicious. They use milk in their waffle dough to make it smoother, something else we want to try."

Director Makarova talks of recipes the way a designer talks of a new plane or an architect of a new type of building. "New and different recipes. We're always on the lookout for them. We have a special laboratory for preparing and testing recipes. Our workers are constantly turning in new ideas to make the factory products better and tastier. And each new idea is rewarded by bonuses and wage increases."

Even the old-timers who used to work in the factory keep sending in new recipes. Pyotr Fotin was retired on pension last year. He is 75 years old. But he's too restless to take it easy. He keeps poring over the notes he gathered during his many years of service. Every once in a while he thinks up a new recipe, or a way of simplifying production of some fancy cake so that it can be turned out in quantity by conveyor. He'll phone in ex-

citedly and keep checking to make sure his idea is tested.

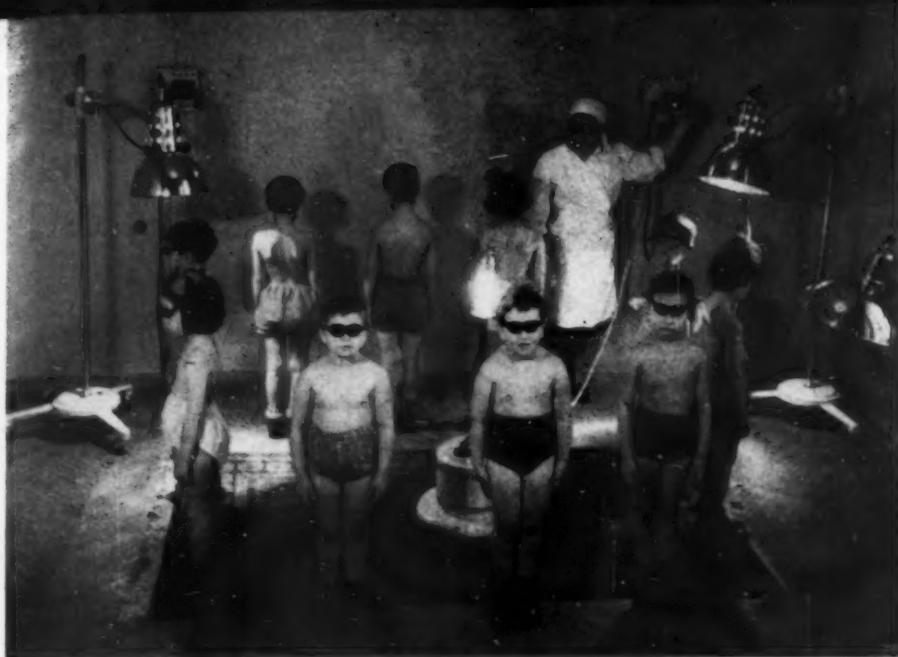
To the housewife accustomed to household baking the mass production of cakes is a fascinating sight.

What looks like a long narrow table is a conveyor. One of the workers in a spotless white smock presses a button and the metal tape begins to move. It carries rows of golden biscuits, neatly arranged, three in a row. As the tape moves, pink streams of fragrant syrup moisten the biscuits. Then they move under strainers through which flow thin streams of cream. Then comes a layer of chocolate. They're not biscuits any longer, they are cakes now, and they look tasty enough for any gourmet. But the conveyor isn't finished. It moves past workers who garnish the cakes with white, pink and yellow roses made of fruit and cream. Then the cakes are wrapped individually and packed in attractive boxes.

The conveyer turns out 20 cakes every minute, eight tons of pastry every work shift, and all of it to satisfy Moscow's sweet tooth.

MASS PRODUCTION OF COOKIES AT THE PASTRY SHOP BRINGS THIS CONVEYOR BELT INTO USE.





PRESCHOOL CHILDREN TAKE SUN BATHS IN WINTER WITH THE USE OF SUN LAMPS.

## HUMAN NATURE

Continued from page 37

volunteered for the operation. He was only half joking when he said, "I can spare it. Let them take as much skin as they need. I'm young and everything heals fast on me."

He told the surgeon as much during the operation. "You can take a little more of my skin. Believe me, it doesn't hurt at all." And to make himself sound more convincing, Volodya screwed his lips up into a smile.

Masha Pyatakova, a small girl with big eyes and two thick long braids, working in transport, stepped up to volunteer. The only thing that troubled her was how she was going to convince her mother. Her mother, a drill operator in the forging shop, she explained, thought she was a weak and fragile little girl.

Ivan Zhdanov, a welder, was taking time out from his lunch period to play his accordion. In his powerful hands the instrument looked like a toy. He heard the conversation going on around him. One of the men was talking excitedly about Valeri Pokatayev's grave condition, and was saying that several workers had already volunteered skin. Zhdanov finished the waltz he was playing, put his accordion away carefully and went straight to the Committee. "Take my skin," he said, "I've got lots of it."

The open-hearted generosity of the young workers became the talk of the plant. The telephone in the surgical division of the hospital kept ringing constantly. Everybody wanted to know how the operation had gone, and how the volunteer skin donors were doing.

One of the press operators insisted that the surgeons take some of her skin in the event it was needed for another patient in an emergency. Nurses on duty were kept busy receiving presents brought in for Valeri and the volunteers.

Valeri's condition immediately after the operation was very critical, due to the extraordinary complexity and extent of the surgery. One hundred and twenty-four square inches of skin had been grafted! The body was bound to react to that, perhaps with fatal consequences. The surgeon had foreseen the possibilities when he undertook the operation. He, too, had moments when he thought his patient would die. Even during these bad moments, however, he managed a hopeful smile when Shura Malenko, the young volunteer nurse, looked up at him from Valeri's bedside with a plea in her eyes.

But victory was on the side of life. At the end of the third day, Valeri took a turn for the better. He came out of delirium and opened his eyes. With gingerly, almost imperceptible movements, the surgeon lifted the edge of the bandage. The wound was healing. The patient was on the road to recovery.

Although they had been told to stay in bed—walking was still a painful process to them—the five skin donors sneaked out to have a look at the miracle they had helped to perform. Valeri's return to life.

In July I interviewed Valeri and his five friends, now inseparable, during lunch hour in the park on the factory grounds. Strictly speaking, it could hardly be called an interview. I let them do all the talking and listened. They were talking about their forthcoming trip together to a southern resort, about the exams that Oleg Chertishchev and Ivan Zhdanov were soon to take at the Institute, about the notice that Volodya Kostromin had received to report for army service. And last, but hardly least, about the coming wedding of Valeri Pokatayev and Shura Malenko.

It was Maxim Gorky who said, "There are splendid people in Russia."

(Abridged from the newspaper *Pravda*.)

## USSR:

*facts and figures*

The Soviet Union has 3,117 sanatoria and rest homes, not counting numerous tourist camps. Annual vacations for all workers and office employes are paid for by the state.



There are 2,627,000 medical workers who look after the health of the population. Of this number 344,000 are certified doctors. All medical aid is rendered every citizen free of charge, entirely at state expense.



In 1955 there were 392,000 libraries in the Soviet Union, with a total book fund of 1,351 million volumes. At that time about 60,000 different books were published in printings totaling more than one billion volumes.



7,246 different newspapers, published in the USSR in 1955, had a single issue circulation of 49 million copies, and over 2,000 magazines had an annual circulation of 361 million copies.



THE NON-MAGNETIC SCHOONER ZARYA IN DOCK

## THE NON-MAGNETIC SHIP ZARYA

The ship shown here brings to mind the romantic era of sailing vessels, the far-away days of "wooden ships and iron men." Actually, however, it is one of the latest achievements of modern science and engineering.

This three-masted schooner, the *Zarya*, is the world's one and only non-magnetic ship. It is made entirely of non-magnetic materials—wood, bronze, brass and non-magnetic steel—and even the anchor, chains and the propeller are made of non-magnetic materials.

Built and equipped by Soviet scientists and shipbuilders for magnetic soundings of the sea, which are a part of the program of research for the International Geophysical Year, the *Zarya* is provided with the latest high-precision recording instruments, designed for a broad program of nautical research. The investigations are directed by the Institute of Terrestrial Magnetism, Ionosphere and Propagation of Radio Waves, to which the schooner belongs. The *Zarya's* dimensions are small. It is about 130 feet long with a 30-foot beam, and its displacement is roughly 600 tons.

The ship had its trial runs in August 1956 and when it sails to carry out its assignment, the vessel will have to cover some 50,000 miles, during which it will provide new and more exact data for international navigation charts. ■

## BOY OF SIX BRAVES THE TAIGA

It happened in the wilds of the Far East, in the impenetrable taiga of the Amur.

Vitya Yerofeev, a blue-eyed little youngster of six, was picking flowers with his ten-year-old sister Nina on the wooded outskirts of a small settlement near the town of Svobodny. Coming to a brook, they turned back and started home. Just then Nina remembered she had left her sandals on the bank.

"You go on home," she said to her brother, "I'll catch up with you in a minute."

On her way back the girl saw no sign of Vitya. He was not at home either. Obviously he had lost his way. The boy's family was alarmed. The whole settlement was agog. Many of the neighbors started at once to hunt for the boy. They searched the settlement

and the banks of the river and went deep into the forest. Night came without bringing any news of Vitya.

At four in the morning, in answer to a telephone summons, a police party drove down from Svobodny with a dog. The mist and rain made things very difficult. The dog was unable to pick up the scent. The local inhabitants and hunters combed the taiga with no results. An airplane of the Civil Aviation was then called out.

The search for Vitya was continued from the air after the mist had cleared. The pilot and his mate hedgehopped the taiga, sweeping it methodically, patch by patch, and keeping a keen lookout, but it was no use.

Women joined the search during the day. Patrol cars scoured the forest trails and motor boats the river. But hour after hour passed without any news.

The search was pursued uninterruptedly. Strangers as well as acquaintances of the Yerofeevs went out of their way to cheer up the distressed parents and keep their hope alive.

At last—on the tenth day of the search—

the glad news of Vitya's rescue reached the settlement. Truck driver Ivan Ilyin and postman Yuri Kozhevnikov found the boy while riding a forest trail 30 miles from the settlement. His clothes were torn, he was badly bitten by mosquitoes and could barely stand.

Medical aid and loving care quickly restored the boy's strength. An affectionate and happy child, he willingly talks about his forest adventure as if it were a game.

When Nina had gone back for her sandals, he had seen a herd of cows and had turned off the path into the forest to avoid them. He was afraid of cows. The result was that he had lost his way. By morning he was nine miles from his home. The boy had wandered about the taiga for ten days with berries and sorrel as his only food. Luckily for him he had encountered no wild beasts, in which the taiga here abounds.

Vitya is one of five children in the Yerofeev family. The youngest, Sasha, is three. Vladimir and Nina go to school, while the eldest daughter, Tamara, is a medical student. They are all extremely proud of their brave little adventurer. ■

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HIS FIRST CONCERT



SIBERIAN SINGER

