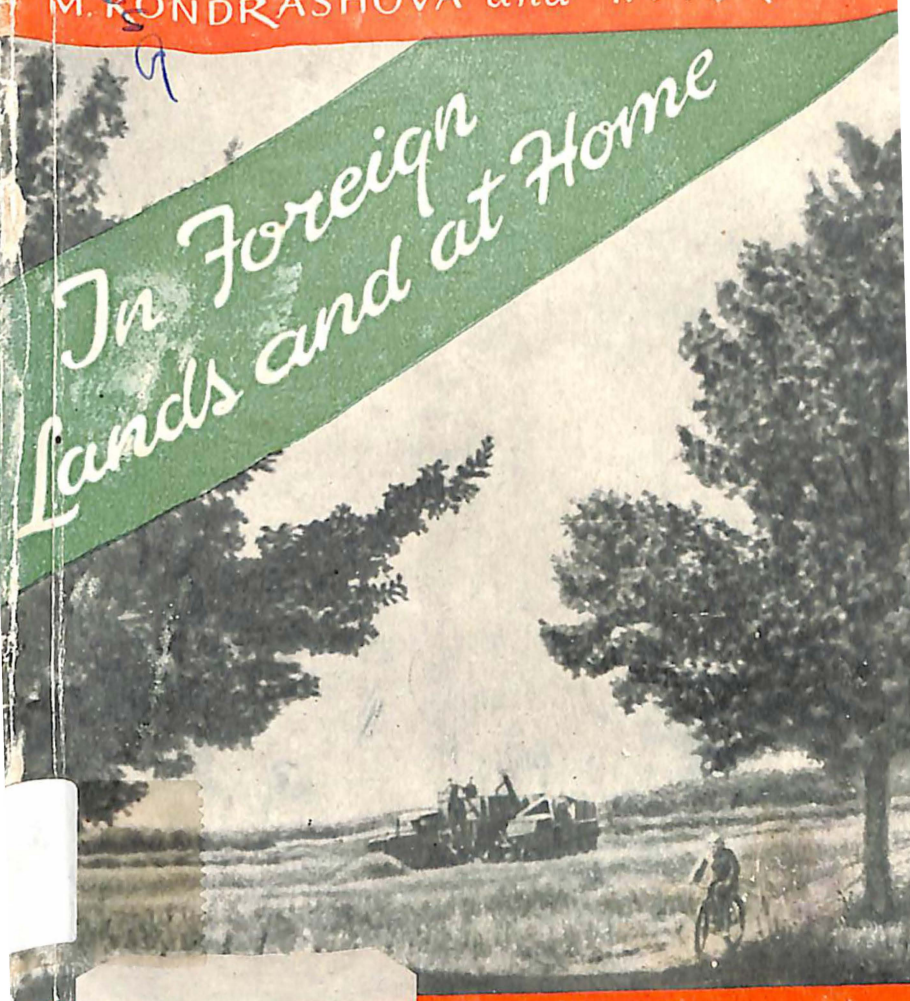
M. KONDRASHOVA and I. TYURIN

In Foreign Lands and at Home



UAGES PUBLISHING HOUSE

M. KONDRASHOVA and I. TYURIN

IN FOREIGN LANDS AND AT HOME

P. N. FOKIN

CHAIRMAN OF THE LENIN KOLKHOZ,
DEPUTY TO THE SUPREME SOVIET OF THE R.S.F.S.R.

M. KONDRASHOVA and I. TYURIN

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FOREWORD

In 1929, the peasants of our country began to join the kolkhozes *en masse*. The ground for this swing over from small, individual to large-scale collective farming, from private to common, artel property, was prepared by all that the Communist Party and the Soviet Government had done before. It was prepared by the growth of socialist industry, which supplied the countryside with tractors and other machines; by the resolute struggle waged against the kulaks during the state grain deliveries campaigns in 1928 and 1929; by the growth of agricultural cooperatives, which gradually accustomed the peasants to collective farming; by the experience of the first kolkhozes and sovkhozes, which demonstrated to the peasants the immense superiority of large-scale socialist farming over small, individual farming.

Two decades have passed since the bulk of the peasants turned from the old capitalist path to the new, socialist path of development. As for our kolkhoz, it was founded before this,

and recently we celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary.

A quarter of a century! How much we have experienced during these years! Our deep gratitude goes out to the Party, the Government, and to Comrade Stalin personally, for the profound and joyous changes the kolkhoz system has brought about in our lives.

It is about these changes, about what Socialism has brought the peasants, that the authors of these sketches *In Foreign Lands and at Home* tell us.

When celebrating the anniversary of our kolkhoz, we recalled the road we have traversed: the fight we waged against the kulaks, our struggle to overcome farming difficulties and the small-proprietor mentality among our members.

Many interesting facts from the history of our kolkhoz could be related, but the authors of this book did not set out to write its history; what interested them was the countryside as it is today, after the main difficulties have been overcome. They describe our kolkhoz in order to illustrate the present life of our kolkhoz peasantry as a whole, to show the wonderful changes that have been and are taking place in its life and labour, how the distinction between town and country is being gradually obliterated and agricultural labour is becoming a form of industrial labour.

The main thing in this book, in my opinion, is the contrast it shows between two worlds—our Soviet system and the capitalist system. The lives of the peasants described in it are a reflection of the potency of the socialist system. New, wide prospects have opened for our peasantry.

In their youth, in tsarist times, Mikhail Novikov, Pyotr Pshenko, Kornei Zadirako, Boris Grigorenko, Fyodor Matsuk and several others who later became members of our kolkhoz left Russia to seek their fortunes in Canada, the United States and Australia. They were driven by poverty and lack of land, but there, too, they came up against poverty and tyranny, against harsh oppression and exploitation.

After the Great October Revolution they took the first opportunity to leave the foreign countries and return to their emancipated native land. At home, in their own country, in the Lenin Kolkhoz which they helped to set up in Tambov Region, they found the happiness they had vainly sought on the other side of the ocean.

With the Russians, Ukrainians and Byelorussians came a number of foreigners. Some of them came really intending to build a new life with their own hands; but there were others who expected to find everything ready made for them. Of course, nobody was going to hand them an easy

life on a platter—Soviet people achieve their happiness by struggle and hard work.

These foreigners, corrupted by private property notions, did not wish to work shoulder to shoulder with the others to overcome the difficulties; they returned to their own countries. What can one say in such a case? A good riddance! But those who remained with us are now prospering and have long forgotten unemployment, that inevitable concomitant of capitalism. They look back on their life under capitalism as a nightmare. In relating the story of men who went to seek their fortunes in foreign lands and found it only on Soviet soil, the authors of this book depict in a vivid and convincing manner the bitter poverty and oppression under which the peasants and ordinary workers live abroad.

Of course, this book does not give a complete picture of life in our kolkhoz. Some of the branches of our farm work are mentioned only in passing; not all the details of our production experience are shown. The authors describe only the life and work of the people they met and interviewed, but the latter, naturally, are only a few of the scores of leading members of the Lenin Kolkhoz who have worked and are working tirelessly to strengthen our common enterprise. The authors were right in giving a detailed account of Pavel Zyuzin's family—the family of

a rank-and-file kolkhoz member. We have many such families.

The authors emphasize that the Lenin Kolkhoz is among the advanced ones. That is true. But there are no few kolkhozes in the Soviet Union whose members are even more well-to-do than we are. Many kolkhozes run ahead of us, some in the yield of crops, others in the productivity of livestock, and, consequently, give larger remuneration in kind and in money per workday unit. This goes to show how quickly our kolkhozes are gaining strength, and how the material and cultural standard of the Soviet peasantry is rising.

The time is not far distant when all the kolkhozes in the Soviet Union will be rich and flourishing. That is the daily concern of the Bolshevik Party, of the Soviet State and of our great leader and teacher, Comrade Stalin. And that is being promoted by the efforts of millions of kolkhozniks, of our working class. and of our Soviet intelligentsia.

P. FOKIN,

Deputy to the Supreme Soviet
of the R.S.F.S.R.
Chairman of the Lenin Kolkhoz

ACROSS THE OCEAN

The streets of Libava were already dry. A warm, moist wind was blowing. The trees were beginning to bud. The peasants in the coastal area were preparing to go into the fields. At this time, in the early spring of 1922, a ship from America entered the port.

Cut off from Soviet Russia, the port was almost dead. The arrival of a ship from abroad was an event. The arrival of this one caused a sensation: there were many Russian and Ukrainian peasants on board.

None of these peasants coming from America intended to stay in bourgeois Latvia; they were merely changing here to continue their journey to Soviet Russia. They hurriedly transferred their baggage from the ship to the train, for they feared they would be late for the spring sowing.

The local shopkeepers jeered at the newcomers and warned them that they would be taken straight to the Cheka. The dockers, however, gave them a hearty welcome, and one of them who was

helping with the baggage cried out in unconcealed admiration:

"Good for you, boys!"

These peasants were returning home after many years of hardship, trials and tribulation in foreign lands. They were weary and disillusioned. Only the thought of their now emancipated homeland sustained them, the thought that there were no landlords in their country now and they would be able to live like human beings at last.

In what were these passengers disillusioned? Why had they left the glamorous "land of prosperity," the "American paradise"?

To understand this one must know why they had left their native land in the first place.

These peasants, whose fathers and grandfathers had been peasants before them, were born and brought up in different parts of the vast Russian empire. But wide apart as their birthplaces may have been, their lot was very much the same, the lot of the bulk of the peasantry in tsarist Russia—hopeless poverty, and the tyranny of the kulaks and the landlords who owned the best and most fertile land.

Among the ship's passengers was a sturdy Ukrainian named Fyodor Matsuk. His father, Yefim Matsuk, had been a landless peasant in the village of Vulka Radoshchinskaya, in Volhynia Gubernia.

The term "landless peasant" sounds like a cruel joke; it's like saying "a farmless farmer," but that is how it was.

For twenty years Yefim Matsuk and his whole family had toiled for kulaks. Stinting even bread, he saved money to buy a piece of land. At last he was able to buy four desyatins.* But there were six mouths to feed, and by the time Fyodor was thirteen there were eight; again the family did not have enough to eat. Yefim Matsuk decided that the boy must earn his own living and he got him a job on the railway as a maintenance of way labourer.

The work was too hard for the boy, but he stuck it. Every evening his whole body ached from the strain, and he couldn't see how he would be able to continue next day.

When Fyodor was fifteen, a group of landless peasants from his village decided to emigrate to America and he resolved to go with them. It was all the same to him where he went as long as he got away from that back-breaking toil. Besides, he was told that in America everything was done by machines and that work was easy there.

Another passenger, Pyotr Pshenko, was also a mere boy when he began to earn his own living as a farm hand for a landlord named Rogozin-

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* A desyatin is equal to 2.70 acres.—*Trans.*

sky in Tarashcha Uyezd. Kiev Gubernia. He worked as a farm hand until he was twenty, earning from ten to thirty kopeks a day. Then, like Fyodor Matsuk, he set out across the ocean, for Canada.

Such, too, was the lot of Kornei Zadirako. He spent his childhood and early youth in the fertile Odessa Gubernia, near the Black Sea. His father, Yevtikhi Zadirako, was also unable to provide enough food for his family. As soon as his son was old enough, Yevtikhi Zadirako sent him to work for a German colonist. Here the boy toiled for a couple of years, doing the work of two, never getting enough sleep, with never an evening's recreation.

"No, my boy, it's no use you working for this German," his father finally decided. "Let's think of something else."

All over Russia at that time the peasants had but one idea—to get land and bread. They rose in rebellion, fought for land with pikes and pitchforks, and burned down landlords' mansions. In 1905 the tsar's throne was shaken by the onslaught of the first Russian revolution, but in the end the revolution sustained defeat and everything remained as before.

The Zadirakos, father and son, came to the conclusion that the only way out was to buy some more land. But even if Kornei worked for the

German colonist all his life he would never be able to save enough money for that.

What else was there to do? They thought of going out to Siberia, where there was free land. But the settlers there were left to the mercy of fate by the tsarist government. They wrote back letters full of despair, saying over and over again that there was no use going to Siberia without money.

Zadirako and his son counted up how much they would need for the trip to Siberia, to buy a horse, harness and implements, build the cheapest possible hut and barn, and buy seed. It would take a lot of money. Then they estimated how much they could raise by selling their farm. This sum turned out to be altogether insignificant. The road to Siberia was closed to them.

What if Kornei went to America to get a job and save up money for land? The German kulak for whom he worked had two sons on the other side of the ocean, in North Dakota.

"Evidently it pays the German to hire a labourer and to send his own sons off to America," Yevtikhi Zadirako reasoned.

After making enquiries and calculations they found it would take one hundred and thirty rubles to get to North Dakota, or much less than moving to Siberia. A loan of fifty rubles would make the trip possible.

And so Kornei Zadirako set out for America,

confident that he would return with enough money to buy at least five desyatins of land and a pair of good horses. What interested him at the time was not the "American liberties." He saw America merely as a rich country where he could save up enough money to buy land.

Boris Feofanovich Grigorenko, a farm labourer from the village of Medvin, in Kiev Gubernia, left his native land and set out across the ocean for the same reason. He had heard that in America the workers dressed well, wore felt hats and slept in separate beds. Also, that laying aside money was no problem at all.

However, it was not fabulous wages, not freedom and equality, that the Russian immigrants found in the American paradise but inhuman exploitation, crushing unemployment, corruption at every hand.

"I'm looking for a job"—these were the first words the Russian peasant immigrants learned in the foreign tongue.

For ten years Pyotr Pshenko tramped from place to place in Canada with one and the same words on his lips: "I'm looking for a job."

After losing all hope of getting settled in a town he slung his pack over his shoulder and set out for the farms. Many a time he cooked his meagre supper over a fire under the open sky and spent the night there.

Pyotr Pshenko was a hopeful, blue-eyed lad of twenty when he first set foot on American soil. After ten years in Canada he had neither money nor land, neither a family nor a home of his own. They were ten years wasted in futile wanderings.

Boris Grigorenko and Fyodor Matsuk came to New York. Back home they had had to toil for their daily bread; here they literally had to fight for it, and Matsuk immediately began to think of returning. His village of Vulka Radoshchinskaya was poverty-stricken, but it was home, and it seemed like heaven compared with this huge, alien city that was so cold and cruel to the workingman. But getting back required money, and he had none.

Fyodor Matsuk spent about two months in New York. During these two months he had a harder time of it than he ever had at home. All hope of earning good money quickly vanished. Now he looked not for a well-paying job but for any kind of a job. At last, through the efforts of a countryman, he managed to get a job in a cellulose factory in Brooklyn. But his mind was not easy. "How much I'll have to work," he thought, "to cover the cost of the trip and pay off the debts!"

Matsuk's wages were small—and uncertain in the bargain. When a strike began at the factory he went out together with the rest. After the strike many were fired, among them this Russian worker. Again he was without means of support.

More and more experience convinced him that there was no justice for the workingman in America. His employer was free to deal with him as he pleased. And in "free" America, just as in tsarist Russia, there was no way of keeping the employer in check.

One morning on coming to the factory, which manufactured horn rims for eyeglasses, he was called into the office and told he was fired. No explanations were given. "You're fired just like that"—and that was all! But Fyodor Matsuk at once realized why.

This happened shortly after the Great October Socialist Revolution in Russia. All honest Russian workingmen wholeheartedly rejoiced at and hailed the Revolution. American workers, too, followed the events in Russia with deep interest and sympathy and sincerely wished the Russian working class victory.

When it became known that American troops were being landed in the Far East, New York workers went out in a "Hands off Soviet Russia!" demonstration. Matsuk took part in this demonstration, joining the American workers in protesting against the shipment of troops to suppress the Russian revolution.

When the huge procession turned into Fifth Avenue mounted police appeared. They overtook the column, turned their horses against the front

ranks and began to crush the marchers. Meanwhile foot police wielded their clubs along the sides of the column. One of them hit Matsuk hard with a rubber truncheon. Matsuk managed to slip away down a side street and considered himself lucky to have escaped with merely a blow. But when he was told at the factory that he was fired he understood why. There was no other reason but his having taken part in the demonstration and then in the strike, for he was a good worker.

After that he was unable to find work either in New York or in Brooklyn. He went off to farms in the suburbs where he toiled twelve hours a day and slept in attics.

Such was the life Fyodor Matsuk led in America for nine years.

Boris Grigorenko, who had been told that in America the workers lived "like lords" and wore felt hats and ties, really did see such workers when he came there. Later he learned that a man could wear a felt hat and a tie and starve all the same because he was out of work. This thick-set, fair-haired lad from Kiev Gubernia could also be seen wearing a felt hat and a tie—in the streets of New York, at the docks, in the suburbs, on farms. He wore a felt hat and a tie but he lived from hand to mouth.

One day a judge who owned a farm took Boris Grigorenko on as a hired man. The judge had

forty cows and several horses, besides hogs and poultry, but he kept only two hired men. Grigorenko carted wood, prepared fodder, took care of the stock and milked the cows. For a seventeen-hour workday he received little more than a dollar.

Kornei Zadirako's life in America shaped out somewhat differently. He didn't get to North Dakota for lack of money; and so he never found out what the sons of the German colonist were doing there. He himself had a hard time of it. The first two years he worked on and off in Pennsylvania coal mines and mills in Pittsburgh—but more off than on.

At last he had a stroke of luck. A friend invited him to come to Berwick, where he worked in a mill for three years at a stretch. This filled him with hope. He sent for his wife and younger brother who had remained at home with his father. He thought that he and his brother would surely be able to make enough to buy a piece of land. But no sooner had his brother learned his trade at the mill than they both lost their jobs because of the crisis.

From his own experience Kornei Zadirako knew what unemployment meant. He counted his savings and worried over the day when they would come to an end. But here "the devil himself," as he afterwards said, put him up to buying

a farm. And since practically everything can be bought in America on payments, he decided to buy a piece of land near Berwick while he still had some money.

The brothers made a deposit on the land and bought a horse. Then they rolled up their sleeves and set to work. They felled trees, carted logs, turned up the soil, stored up fodder for the horse. Before long they had built a small house. When they had gathered their first crop they saw they wouldn't be able to live on the returns from the farm. And a payment would soon be due on the land.

"Yes, my dear friends," Kornei Zadirako later recounted when he had returned to his native land, "we had a tough time of it in that Pennsylvania, damnation take it! Yes, it's hard being penniless in a foreign land when you know nobody's going to help you out!"

The Zadirako brothers thought luck was simply against them on their skimpy plot of land. But tens of thousands of American farmers were in the same fix. Capitalism's code of dog eat dog annually ruins large numbers of farmers and drives them into the army of unemployed. According to American statistics, on the eve of the war more than one-third of the farms in the United States were mortgaged. If you can't make payments, your farm is sold at auction.

In 1914, when the employment situation had improved, the brothers returned to the mill in Berwick—the debts had to be paid somehow. They left the farm chiefly to the care of Kornei's wife, who by then had four children, one smaller than the other. "A harder one you'll rarely find" is the apt expression used by the famous Russian poet Nekrasov to describe the lot of women on the farm.

It was no easier for the brothers, however. The farm was about seven miles from the mill, and they walked it both ways every day. A fourteen-mile hike and farm work on top of their long hours of exhausting labour at the mill! No wonder their health soon gave way. They would come home so weary they had no strength for any work on the farm. Nor was there any time. The brothers then decided to use the horse to drive to town. But when spring came they clearly saw it would be impossible to get the farm work done if they did. But neither could they quit the mill, for if they missed their payments they would lose their land.

The elder Zadirako then decided to make use of the instalment plan once again—this time to buy an automobile.

Several years passed, and still the returns from the farm were barely enough for a very modest living. "An unfortunate man would be

drowned in a tea-cup," the saying goes. And so it is with the small farmer in America. In dry years he hasn't enough to eat because there is no harvest, and in years of rich harvests he again goes hungry because the price of grain is so low he cannot make ends meet.

The car didn't make life easier for the brothers. On the contrary, it made things harder. Now payments had to be made on the land and on the Ford. In order to make the payments both had to work in the mill and on the farm.

It took them two years to pay up for the Ford. As for the land, after making payments for more than eight years the end was not yet in sight.

In 1922 a group of Kornei Zadirako's countrymen, factory workers, were returning home and invited him to join them. The suggestion stirred him profoundly. He promptly decided to give up the ill-fated farm and return with them to his native land, where there were no longer any capitalists or landlords. The Soviet Government gave the peasants land free of charge—all they had to do was work it.

But the younger Zadirako refused to go. He could not bear giving up the farm in which they had invested so much effort. Kornei long argued pro, his brother con, but in the end each stuck to his opinion.

Kornei Zadirako left the farm together with its encumbrances to his brother. He also left him the car, to make it easier for him to get to the mill on time. It took the younger Zadirako six more years of work in the Berwick mill to complete payments on the land. Only at the end of 1928 did Kornei receive a letter from his brother saying that he had finally made the last payment.

If you asked what kind of machines Zadirako used on his farm in the United States, which is such a highly-industrialized country, the answer would be that he had none at all. For the small farmer, they are too expensive and unprofitable besides. Particularly a tractor—it would take the entire harvest over three or four years to pay for one. There were a plough and harrow on Zadirako's farm, and that was all. The crop was harvested by hand.

That is about the entire "equipment" to be found on any small farm in America. Tractors, silage cutters and improved threshers are used only by rich landowners who employ many hired hands. The rich farmer's tractor is very often the small farmer's ruin, forcing him off his land. Some day it may plough over the bit of land in which the Zadirako brothers invested so much effort. Perhaps this misfortune has already happened and the younger Zadirako is now tramping

the roads of America in search of work. It's quite possible. Kornei has heard nothing from his brother for fifteen years.

The United States agricultural census of 1945 showed that during the preceding decade the farming population had decreased by five million. The farm acreage, however, increased, rather than decreased, which shows that the small farmers are being forced out of business by the big ones.

In The Yearbook of Agriculture published by the United States Department of Agriculture in 1940 we read the following:

"In the last few years Americans have become aware of a rather startling fact: A third to a half of the farm families in the United States contributed little to our commercial supply of food and raw materials. They have little to sell; they are unable to compete in the commercial market; they live for the most part in great poverty; many of them are homeless migrants. They seem to have little economic function."

That is what the employment of agricultural machinery leads to under capitalism. In order to remain alive many farmers have to return to a primitive natural economy.

The condition of the farmers has in no way improved since the end of the war. American official statistics show that at present two-thirds of the farmers are too poor to use machinery.

Tractors and harvesters are used only by the remaining third—the prosperous farmers.

Thus it was that men who had sought happiness in vain in the United States, Canada and Australia came to Libava on an ocean liner in the spring of 1922. Here they boarded a train and soon after arrived in Soviet Russia. In Moscow their petition for land was granted: they were given plots of fertile Tambov black earth land not far from the town of Kirsanov. In tsarist times most of the local peasants could well have said "So near and yet so far" when viewing this land. Before the Revolution there were 12.000 landless peasants in Tambov Gubernia, and their rental payments amounted to 350.000 gold rubles.

Together with the Tambov peasants, the Russians, Ukrainians and Byelorussians who had come from America began to build a new life for themselves. A quarter of a century ago near the town of Kirsanov they laid the foundation of the Lenin Kolkhoz, now a prosperous community and holder of a government decoration.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS LATER

> We are no longer the Russians we were before 1917, Russia is no longer the same, and our character is no longer the same. We have changed and grown together with the immense transformations that have so radically altered the face of our country.
>
> *A. Zhdanov*

The road from Kirsanov to the Lenin Kolkhoz is bordered on either side by fields. It is a flat landscape, unbroken until we come to a deep gully near the village of Yekaterinovka, the administrative centre of the rural locality in which the kolkhoz is located.

Finally we reach the kolkhoz itself, a kolkhoz founded a quarter of a century ago. Town and village are interwoven in the scene that meets our eyes. There are magnificent apple orchards, shady walks, forest shelter belts, a river, a wood. No, this is certainly not an industrial scene. Yet at every step we come across industrial structures:

the small attractive brick building of the power station; the imposing edifice of the kolkhoz mill; the sawmill; the brickyard; the creamery. In the distance is a hydroelectric station and a sturdy dam blocking the Ira River. Forges blaze in the dim interior of the smithy; the smell of warm fresh loaves comes from the bakery; trucks drive out of the garage....

The kolkhoz has its own radio station, a big clubhouse with a motion picture projector, a clinic, post office and general store. There are two-storey dwellings and a water main with street pumps. In the mornings mothers bring their tots to the kindergarten; the older children go to the seven-year school.

No, this is not the Russian village that Kornei Zadirako's younger brother remembers. Whenever he thinks of his older brother he probably pictures him in a tiny hut with an earthen floor and small windows, sitting at a bare table in the dim light of a smoky lamp.

But the village has changed, and Kornei Zadirako himself is not the same man who came here from across the ocean. Now he would find working on the kind of farm he had in America tedious. The kolkhoz has more than three thousand hectares of land, a large amount of livestock and numerous auxiliary enterprises. It has a population of 450 families. Kornei Zadirako is a

big man here—he is the head of the maintenance brigade.

We made his acquaintance in the kolkhoz office. In the next room several kolkhozniks were waiting to see him, each about some urgent matter. One had come to report that he had finished the job assigned him and was ready for further instructions. Another, from the mill, had come to ask him for a few persons to help out there. These questions were the usual run of thing for Kornei Zadirako, and he settled them promptly and efficiently. He likes his work; without it he would feel lost.

In the evening Kornei Zadirako will go home for a rest and then return to the office to work a bit more. From there he will go to the Party educational centre to attend a talk on the history of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union (Bolsheviks). The type of question he puts to the leader of the circle would certainly never have occurred to him when he was in America. He wants to know, what contradictions still exist in socialist society and how they are overcome in the transition from Socialism to Communism; how much steel and pig iron our country will produce in 1950; what economic reforms have been brought about in the People's Democracies. Kornei Zadirako, Fyodor Matsuk, Pyotr Pshenko and other leading members of the kolkhoz are steadily and

persistently mastering the fundamentals of Marxist-Leninist theory.

The Party organization of the kolkhoz supervises these studies, helping the Communists to enhance their knowledge.

The Stalin principle of educating cadres operates here as everywhere else in our country. No matter who you are—chemist or mathematician, agronomist or mechanic—you must know the laws of development of society and apply them in your practical activity.

That is why the agronomist, the veterinary, the mechanics, the team leaders and the workers of the livestock departments all study Marxist-Leninist theory. The Party members who are more advanced in their knowledge study independently; for the others, circles and classes are arranged. Party members and the non-Party *active* are grouped into four history of the C.P.S.U.(B.) study circles, with from twenty to twenty-five persons in each. The leaders of these circles are: Sinegubov, teacher of history in the local school, Kurganov, director of the creamery, and Melokhin, a mechanic. The elementary political education circle (chiefly for young kolkhozniks) is led by Party member Zheludkova, teacher at the children's home.

The educational role of the Party organization manifests itself not only in the daily activity of the forty-six speakers, who among other things ar-

range group readings of newspapers during intervals in farm work, but also through the personal example set by the Communists, and in the prestige the leading Party members enjoy among the kolkhozniks at large.

Kornei Zadirako is very regular about his Party studies. They are a necessity to him, like the very air he breathes.

On his farm in America Kornei Zadirako got along by pure brawn. But here in the kolkhoz specialized knowledge is indispensable, and he attends the agrotechnical circle arranged for the brigade and team leaders. He wants to know—in fact, he has to know—what Michurin and Timiryazev wrote about the life of plants. He also has to know the fundamentals of Academician Williams' travopolye system which is practised in the Lenin Kolkhoz. These and many other problems deeply interest him.

The Party, the Soviet system and a quarter of a century's work on a large collective farm in the Soviet land have made Kornei Zadirako a thinking man, a man with a broad outlook. Today he is an experienced organizer and manager of vast kolkhoz property. He takes for granted the kolkhoz tractors, twelve trucks, combines, improved threshers and dozens of other machines; he takes for granted such things as ensuring an uninterrupted supply of electric power to the workshops.

When Kornei Zadirako left for America the tractor, which was destined to revolutionize agriculture, was regarded as a wonder. In those days not a single hectare of land in Russia, not even on the estates of the landed gentry, had been ploughed with a tractor.

"On our farm," Zadirako told us, "we now horse plough only small sections on which it doesn't pay us to use a tractor."

Nine-tenths of the main field work—ploughing, cultivation, harrowing and seeding—is done with the tractor. In the old days nine-tenths of the land in Tambov Gubernia was tilled with such primitive implements as the wooden plough; the seeding was done by hand.

In the kolkhoz not only is cultivation of the soil mechanized but harvesting as well. The crop is taken in by combines and reapers. Threshers driven by tractor engines and electric motors turn out more than 1,500 poods* of grain per shift.

The peasant's work has become immeasurably lighter and more productive. With his horse-drawn plough the peasant used to turn up about half a hectare a day. Today the kolkhoz tractor driver ploughs from seven to eight hectares a day, with several heavy harrows in hitch besides.

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* One pood is equal to 16.38 kilograms.—*Trans.*

In the old days the peasant never dreamed of farm machines, let alone a tractor; all he hoped for was a horse. In 1912, 33.8 per cent of the farms in Kirsanov Uyezd did not possess even a horse; and in 1917 the figure rose to 42.3 per cent. The peasants' labour was sheer drudgery. It all depended upon muscle, upon physical exertion, or rather overexertion.

Today agricultural labour is becoming a form of industrial labour. In the Lenin Kolkhoz the work actually amounts to running machines. And not in the fields only. Visit the kolkhoz grain elevator when the loaded trucks come in from the combines and the threshing grounds, and you will see the grain carried up by a conveyor.

The tractor, which in the span of a single decade ruined 300,000 United States farmers and their families and forced them off the land, has here, in the Soviet Union, tremendously lightened the peasant's labour and brought him a well-to-do life.

Nowadays agronomists, zootechnicians and mechanizers are as much needed in the kolkhozes as engineers are in industrial enterprises.

The Lenin Kolkhoz has its agricultural engineer too, in the person of Dmitri Ivanovich Zinovyev, agronomist.

This short wiry man has an amazing store of energy. From early spring to late autumn he

spends the greater part of the day in the saddle, making the rounds of the kolkhoz tracts. In spring he often covers almost all the vast ploughlands of the kolkhoz in one day on his fleet sorrel. One might well compare him both to the chief engineer of a mill and the foreman of its main department. Making his rounds, he decides where cultivators and harrows are to begin work the next morning; on another section it is time to begin seeding; on a third it is still a bit too early.

Dmitri Zinovyev has nothing in common with the agronomist of pre-Revolutionary days. He is a master builder of high crop yields, whereas the former was at best merely a counsellor. Even so, before the Revolution there were only three such counsellors in all of Kirsanov District. Now there are forty-two agronomists here.

But was the individual peasant of old in a position to follow the agronomist's advice? Dmitri Zinovyev, whose childhood and youth were spent on his father's farm in Chembarsk Uyezd, Penza Gubernia, himself gave the best answer to this question.

Sitting on a bench in front of his house, heartily enjoying the light frost and the bright sun which was shining that day for the first time in three weeks, he proceeded to tell us about himself.

"We were given land after the Revolution. But

how could we follow the agronomist's advice on our private farm? For example, how could we keep the seed pure if we sorted it by throwing it up in the wind with a shovel? We ploughed eight to ten centimetres deep, and not because we were lazy but you simply couldn't do any better with a wooden plough."

Here in the kolkhoz Dmitri Zinovyev demands that the tractor drivers plough to a depth of no less than twenty to twenty-five centimetres. And if a tractor driver falls short of this mark because of carelessness or haste, he makes him replough.

"But the main thing," he continued, "is speed. We were too slow, and that's the trouble. In our parts spring sets in fast. By the middle of April the snow is usually all gone, the weather is mild, the southeast wind begins blowing and the soil dries quickly. The seed has to be sown while the soil still has a lot of moisture—and actually this amounts to one week. If you're late you lose out. Could my father and I manage it all in one week with a single horse? What with carting manure, ploughing, harrowing and seeding—of course not!"

The kolkhoz, on the other hand, has eleven tractors, more than fifty draught horses, some oxen and mules, and plenty of cultivators and seeders. That is why it always manages the sowing in a week's time.

Grandfather's rule-of-thumb methods have been replaced by a scientific approach to increasing crop yields. Nowadays Zinovyev doesn't have to convince anybody of the importance of changing the three-field rotation system to a multi-field one. Ten field rotations have been introduced on the areas called Tsentralny and Novy. On the Melnichny area and in the eastern part of the Novy fields special fodder rotations have been introduced.

Every piece of land has been tested, measured and charted. A glance at the map tells the kolkhozniks where shelter belts are still required, where an irrigation system may be laid out. Point to any part of the map and ask a member of the kolkhoz board what was sown there five or six years ago and what will be planted on that area three or four years from now. If his memory fails him he will refer to the Field Book and give you the exact answer. He will even add what yields were obtained on the area, how it was cultivated, the chemical analysis of the soil, and how it was fertilized.

The kolkhoz has plenty of fertilizer, and not only the local kind. It uses superphosphates, ammonium nitrate and ammonium sulphate on a wide scale. Like the machines, these fertilizers are produced by socialist industry. Thanks to the invaluable help of Soviet factories the blind methods

of our forefathers have been replaced by a scientific technology of agriculture.

To appreciate just what the high standard of farm mechanization and chemicalization has given the Lenin Kolkhoz let us turn to a comparison.

Statistics on the average grain yields on Tambov peasant farms (including kulak farms) for the decade 1895-1904 which are cited in the pre-Revolutionary liberal newspaper *Tambovsky Golos* show the yield of rye to be 56.6 poods per desyatin, and the yield of oats 44.5 poods.

Now let us see what the yields on the Lenin Kolkhoz were for the decade 1936-45.

Rye averaged 98 poods per hectare and oats 85 poods—and a hectare is smaller than a desyatin, equalling 2.47 acres as against 2.70 acres for the latter. Even though the period from 1936 to 1945 includes four war years, when there was a shortage of hands in the kolkhoz, since most of the men went into the armed forces, and when the kolkhoz gave up fifty horses, two tractors and three trucks for war needs—even so the crop yields were twice as high as those of individual peasants cited in the pre-Revolutionary statistics which, we repeat, include kulak farms.

The kolkhoz gathers from 15,000 to 25,000 centners of grains annually. From 33 to 45 per cent of the crop is distributed among its mem-

bers in proportion to the number of workday units they have earned.

The Lenin artel is a large-scale farm with manifold branches of industry and it continues to develop and improve from year to year.

One evening some time ago when the leading kolkhoz members were having a chat in the Party educational centre they began recalling episodes from the history of the farm, such as how the orchard had been laid out, what the settlement looked like fifteen to twenty years ago, how the various buildings had been set up. Someone suggested that all the kolkhoz wealth be photographed and an album made.

As we turn the pages of the album the life of the kolkhoz unfolds before our eyes.

Here is a photo of a big house going up on the edge of a gully. A circular saw is cutting through a pine log.

Apple trees bending under the weight of their fruit and raindrops glistening on the apples. Under the photograph we read: seventy hectares of orchard.

The poultry farm. Hundreds of snow-white Leghorns gather at the call of the poultry woman.

The schoolhouse. Children gaily skipping on the lawn.

Lengths of sausage hanging from hooks. Heads

of cheese. These were made in the kolkhoz enterprises.

The machine shop: lathes, milling machines, electric welding.

A huge sleek bull named Rif, one of the sires of the kolkhoz herd.

On the river. The solid three-storey building of the mill. A hydroelectric plant is being built. It must be added that the last picture is out of date, for the plant has been completed and is supplying current.

The lying-in home. A smiling nurse in white hands a mother her newborn infant.

The best calfherd in the kolkhoz, Marta Krieger, feeding newborn calves. She also wears a white smock.

The modern radio station, which is run by the young kolkhoznik Grigori Savkov.

Training time at the kolkhoz hippodrome. Hectare, a white stallion, is being put through his paces.

Mounds of huge watermelons.

A large flock of sheep on the way to the pens, raising a cloud of dust.

An immense sow and tiny snow-white sucklings. The farm has two hundred hogs, the caption reads.

A broad field of buckwheat in bloom, with kolkhoz beehives in the centre of the field. Plac-

ing the hives in the field means both more honey and more buckwheat. Caption: 210 hives in the apiary.

We were sitting in the very room where the happy thought had occurred to photograph the whole farm as it was in 1947. The secretary of the Party organization, Ivan Karagodov, sat facing us at the table. He explained the photographs that had no captions as yet.

There is a picture in the album showing the kolkhoz chairman, Pavel Nikolayevich Fokin, in the Party educational centre, which he visits frequently. At his left is a bookstand with the works of Lenin and Stalin. On the wall hang challenge Red Banners which the kolkhoz won in socialist emulation drives.

It is to its Party organization that the Lenin Kolkhoz owes the fact that it has long been in the lead.

Every important step in the life of the artel is guided by the Party organization. Whether it be the sowing campaign, harvesting, or the like, the 121 Communists always meet beforehand to plan the best ways and means of carrying it out.

When, in 1947, the February Plenum of the Central Committee of the Communist Party came forth with the program for postwar agricultural advancement, the Communists of the Lenin Kolkhoz held an earnest and thorough disoussion

of this historic program. On its basis they outlined measures for the economic and organizational strengthening of the kolkhoz under a five-year plan which was confirmed by a general meeting of the kolkhozniks.

Labour discipline in the kolkhoz is excellent. Those few backward persons who try to further their private interests at the expense of the kolkhoz and the state meet with a decisive rebuff from the entire community. This is thanks to the efforts of the Party organization which steadily, day in and day out, by word and by deed inculcates in the kolkhozniks the communist attitude toward labour and the common property. Hand in hand with the Communists in this work go the Komsomol members, of whom there are about one hundred.

The Communists and Komsomol members are to be found on all the decisive sectors of kolkhoz activity: driving tractors, working in the orchard and truck garden brigade, in the machine shop, the livestock departments, the construction crews.

In the spring of 1947 all the three brigades and twenty-two teams in the Lenin Kolkhoz that are engaged in grain growing launched an emulation drive to achieve a crop yield of 120 poods to the hectare. This drive was conducted under the leadership of the Party organization.

At harvest time the Communists set the goal of bringing in the winter crops and the early spring crops in the course of two weeks. In addition to the two combines at the disposal of the grain growers, all the kolkhoz's reapers and mowers were put into action. Excellent weather had set in, and not a minute of it was to be lost.

The Party organization called upon the Communists and Komsomol members to work all out and set an example for all the other kolkhozniks.

Communists and Komsomol members Lyapunova, Lutsishina, Chernyshova, Zyablikov, Shorina, Mikunov and many others doubled their daily assignments during the reaping and sheafing. Forty-six kolkhozniks, among them Mikunov, Chernyshova, Zyablikov and other front rankers in word and deed, conducted educational talks and group readings of newspaper and magazine articles during the rest periods out in fields. "Flash" bulletins describing the achievements of the best workers were issued daily.

The mass-scale political and organizational work produced excellent results. On the second day after the harvesting began there was not a single kolkhoznik in the fields who had not fulfilled his day's assignment.

The more than one thousand hectares of winter and early ripening spring crops were harvested in thirteen days. Then the Young Pioneers and

other schoolchildren came out to the fields to gather the stray ears.

The Party organization set the task of carrying out grain deliveries to the state immediately after harvesting started. The quota of the kolkhoz was 21,000 poods, but by August 15 it had delivered 3,000 poods more than this amount.

In the dry year of 1946 the state had aided the kolkhoz by deferring grain deliveries and granting it a loan of some 5,000 poods of seed grain. This was to be paid back from the harvest of 1948, but the kolkhoz paid it in September 1947, that is, a year earlier.

The highest crop yields were obtained by the teams whose leaders were Communists and by those where Komsomol members were in the majority.

The Party organization requires its members to set an example in the drive to strengthen all branches of kolkhoz industry. Later we shall tell how Matsuk, Grigorenko and others carry this out.

During our visit to the kolkhoz the distribution of the income was being discussed, and we witnessed how great is the influence of the Communists. The kolkhoz had a large amount of grain, and the board moved that three kilograms be given in payment for each workday unit. Some of the kolkhozniks, however, tried to prove by the figures that five kilograms could and should be

given. Actually, this was possible, but it would have meant reducing the grain appropriations for the livestock and the common funds.

The Party *active* came out in a united front against the motion of five kilograms. The Communists demonstrated that the strength of a kolkhoz cannot be judged only by the amount of grain it issues per workday unit, that all-round development of the kolkhoz is what makes for a prosperous life.

The general meeting agreed with the arguments of the Communists. The livestock departments received their full due of grains, and next year they will probably double their output of marketable produce. This in turn will raise the kolkhozniks' standard of living by much more than two kilograms of grain per workday unit.

In the album there are photos of the machine shop, the sawmill and the new cattle shed. Their construction was begun before the war and completed during the hardest years of our fight for the honour and independence of our Soviet Homeland.

The invincible power of Soviet patriotism and the power of the great ideas of Lenin and Stalin were the forces that moved our people ahead. That is why at the time of mortal danger the people in the kolkhoz never lost faith in victory.

In spite of the difficulties caused by a lack of hands and materials they continued to build new structures and completed the ones already started.

There is a page in the album showing that since the war construction has been continued with renewed energy.

Placid waters in which a cloudless sky is reflected. Branches lean over the water's edge. In the distance one sees the dam of the kolkhoz hydroelectric plant on the Ira River. The plant went into operation in 1947.

Work and duties do not prevent the kolkhoz folk from having a good time. There is a photo of the dance pavilion in the kolkhoz park, with waltzing couples on the floor.

Then follow more photos of the wealth of the kolkhoz.

We see a herd of cows going down to the river.

Exceptional attention is paid to cattle breeding, one of the main branches in the manifold economy of the kolkhoz.

The department headed by Dmitri Zinovyev produces too much "waste."

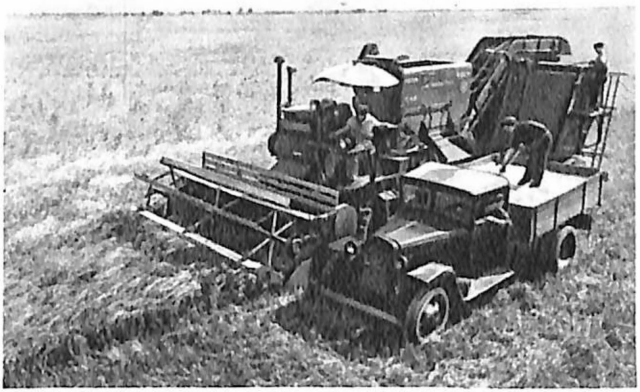
"The green plants which we cultivate," declares Academician Williams, "possess one unpleasant property: only one-fourth of what they create is produced in a form fit for man's nutrition, whereas three-fourths are waste (straw, chaff, root residues, etc.)."

The managers of the kolkhoz are well aware of this fact. They are also familiar with another postulation of Academician Williams, namely: "Animals are the living machines capable of transforming straw and chaff into another form of organic matter. Therefore, if we wish to raise the productivity of agricultural labour we must make cattle breeding an absolutely inseparable part of our agricultural industry."

Cattle breeding has become an inseparable and important branch of agricultural industry in the Lenin Kolkhoz. Much attention is also paid here to poultry raising, and there are excellent ponds for water fowl.

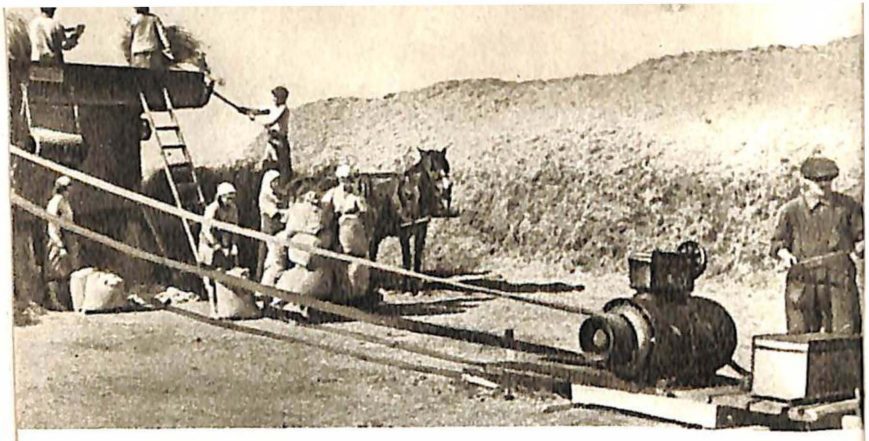
The kolkhoz herd is made up of powerful, well-fed, handsome animals. The former mistress of these lands, Princess Obolenskaya, was a wealthy landowner, but her cattle could stand no comparison with those of the kolkhoz. Much less so the cattle of the peasants in those days. "It is self-understood," wrote Lenin before the Revolution, "that the half-ruined peasant on his wretched farm, enmeshed in bondage, cannot buy or keep cattle of any decent quality. The master starves (a sorry master) and the cattle starve, too; it cannot be otherwise."

In winter the poor peasant often had to tear down thatch from his roof to keep his cow from starving until grazing time.



Harvesting oats with a self-propelled combine

An apartment house on the collective farm



Electrical threshing in the Lenin Kolkhoz

Cow barn and silo

It was with ordinary peasant cattle, unpedigreed stock, that the Lenin Kolkhoz started building up its dairy herd. When Boris Feofanovich Grigorenko was appointed manager of the dairy farm a quarter of a century ago he was convinced that if an accurate record of each animal's productivity were kept and the best were selected for breeding, and if proper care were taken of the herd, the ordinary local cattle could be made into a high producing breed. And he was right.

The very first few years of selective breeding showed that the local Tambov stock was not so poor. Its productivity increased substantially, and it yielded offspring much better than itself in both size and productivity. The dairy farm began to attract notice in the region.

In 1934 Pavel Nikolayevich Fokin, the son of a Tambov worker, was sent by regional organizations to assist Boris Grigorenko. Fokin had received a zootechnical education and was an innovator in his line. The dairy farm was set up on as scientific a basis as the field crop department managed by the agronomist Zinovyev.

When, in 1935, the People's Commissariat of Agriculture of the U.S.S.R. announced the winners in a country-wide contest for the best kolkhoz dairy farm, a prize went to the close-knit group headed by Boris Grigorenko. This was the first

acknowledgment of the big achievements the kolkhoz had made in its bold drive to improve the local cattle.

Among the prize winners were Grigorenko himself and calfherd Marta Stepanovna Krieger, who in her youth used to milk cows on Princess Obolenskaya's estate.

Marta Krieger is advanced in years but she continues to work on the farm to this day. She is one of the best calfherds in the country. In 1936 she was decorated with the Order of Lenin, and was tendered the decoration by Mikhail Ivanovich Kalinin himself. More than half of the 400-odd cows in the kolkhoz herd were reared by her.

She has twenty-five calves in her care. The stalls are immaculately clean and the feeding is efficient. If a calf shows symptoms of illness the little old woman will immediately begin bustling about preparing a hay or sunflower decoction and will stay up all night in the stalls. She puts her whole heart into kolkhoz work. Neither promises of reward nor fear of Princess Obolenskaya could have made this peasant woman work in former times as she does now in the kolkhoz.

Boris Grigorenko places the most valuable calves—the progeny of the best cows and bulls—in Marta Krieger's care. That is the surest way to preserve the offspring. The kolkhoz veterinary

Derebizov also relies upon Marta Krieger's experience and often consults with her. She has a deep respect for science and for its representatives.

One morning as we sat in the kolkhoz office waiting to see Boris Grigorenko, whom we had not yet met, a thickset man with a weather-beaten face quickly entered the room and threw back the hood of his big raincoat. One could hardly believe that this robust, vigorous and by no means old man was the Grigorenko who had made the trip across the ocean forty years ago. Notwithstanding his long wanderings in America and the twenty-five years spent in Tambov Region he still spoke with a Ukrainian accent.

When we were conducted to the dairy farm by Grigorenko milking had just begun. There was a rattling of pails in the cowsheds, and we could smell the fresh milk. The order here was exemplary. Big milk cans stood on the recorder's table—one was already filled to the top, with white foam oozing up through the cheesecloth—and she registered in a journal the amount and the quality of the milk obtained from each cow.

Grigorenko is an industrious manager with a keen and inquisitive mind. He is constantly working for the further development of cattle breeding in the kolkhoz. When he learned that we had paid a visit to Stanislav Ivanovich Shteiman

at the Karavayevo Sovkhoz he plied us with questions about that farm.

Like the Lenin Kolkhoz the Karavayevo Sovkhoz is also working to improve Russian breeds of dairy cattle. Shteiman, an outstanding zootechnician, is one of the originators of the Kostroma breed, and Grigorenko is familiar with his methods but he was eager to learn more details about them—the arrangement of the cowsheds, the rations, the number of feedings per day, etc. He commented on each of our answers, comparing things at the Karavayevo Sovkhoz with the possibilities on his own farm.

"Do you happen to remember the average weight of their calves at birth?" he asked. "Or how much whole milk and how much skim milk the calves get?"

Later he told us the history of the dairy farm, how the herd was improved from year to year, how it was bred for high productivity, and how, finally, after having attained notable success, he displayed twenty cows at the All-Union Agricultural Exhibition in Moscow. Thirteen were awarded first degree certificates, six second degree certificates and one a third degree certificate.

Zootechnician Zoya Mayunova showed us the Pedigree Book and we read the names of the cows that were awarded certificates at the All-Union Agricultural Exhibition. Grigorenko has reared

a large progeny from them. On one of the pages we found an entry about a cow named Africa. During her fourth lactation she gave 3,239 litres of milk, but this is considered to be far from her limit, for her sire was Krasavchik, son of the record cow Krasavka.

"It's possible," said Zoya Mayunova, "that Africa won't take after her grandmother Krasavka but after her mother. But then, her mother was displayed at the Exhibition in Moscow together with Krasavka and gave 6,259 litres of milk during her third lactation."

Africa's pedigree also mentions her grandmother on the maternal side, who yielded 6,734 litres of milk the year after her sixth calf. That is why the kolkhoz cattle breeders are convinced that Africa's yield will rise. Whether she takes after father or mother or one or the other of her famous grandmothers she is sure in any case to be a record cow. At present there are 180 cows in the kolkhoz herd who annually give not less than 4,000 litres of milk.

The scientific world has become deeply interested in the Red Tambov breed whose productivity was developed by Grigorenko, Fokin, Marta Krieger and other members of the Lenin Kolkhoz. This breed, according to the judgment of specialists, is distinguished for its weight, rapid growth, high yield and the high butter fat content of its

milk (an average of 3.85 per cent). In size it does not bow to the Brown Swiss breed. A group of researchers and zootechnicians of the Timiryazev Academy who inspected the Red Tambov herds of many kolkhozes declared the following in the journal *Vestnik Zhivotnovodstva* (*Bulletin of Cattle Stockbreeding*): "We are of the opinion that the Red Tambov cattle possesses all the points for official registration as an independent native breed of cattle in the very near future." They were not mistaken. About a year later it was registered.

Noting the big work done by the Lenin Kolkhoz in improving its herd, the researchers wrote: "This kolkhoz is the chief supplier of pedigreed stock, chiefly young bulls, for the improvement of kolkhoz herds not only in Kirsanov and Degtyansk districts, but in the majority of the other districts where Red Tambov cattle is bred. For many years pedigreed bulls from the Lenin Kolkhoz have been used at kolkhoz breeding stations. This has enabled Kirsanov District now to become a breeding centre of Red Tambov cattle side by side with Degtyansk District."

Like the Stakhanovites of our factories and mills the stockbreeders of the Lenin Kolkhoz have become innovators in their field. They work hand in hand with science. Their labour has become truly creative labour.

In the summer of 1947 the *Magazine Digest*, of Toronto, Canada, sent the kolkhoz board a long list of questions, among them these: was it true that the kolkhoz had a large amount of land and that it was all cultivated by machines? Was it true that the kolkhoz obtained high crop yields and had an electric station of its own? Did the kolkhoz actually have a big herd of highly productive cattle, and auxiliary enterprises?

The Canadian journal's interest in the kolkhoz is not accidental. As is known, before the Revolution many members of the religious sect of Dukhobors emigrated from Russia to Canada. It is likewise known that all the attempts of these peasants to found agricultural communes failed.

Pyotr Pshenko, the leader of one of the field crop brigades, spent ten years in Canada. He tramped the length and breadth of the country, he worked in factories and on farms. When comparing his kolkhoz with Canadian farms he declares with pride that he never came across such a level of mechanization in Canada.

Why is a tractor so rarely to be found on a small farm in Canada, a country where there are so many machines? For the same reason that the collective agricultural enterprises in Canada broke up: because of the laws of capitalism. Desire alone was not enough to attain the successes of collective labour which we see in the Lenin Kol-

khoz. What was required for the peasantry to swing over to collective farming *en masse*?

"First of all, we had to have the Soviet power, which has helped and continues to help the peasantry to take the collective-farm path. Secondly, it was necessary to drive out the landlords and the capitalists, to take their factories and their land from them and declare these the property of the people. Thirdly, it was necessary to curb the kulaks and to take their machines and tractors from them. Fourthly, it was necessary to declare that these machines and tractors could be used only by the poor and middle peasants who were organized in collective farms. Finally, it was necessary to industrialize the country, to organize a new tractor industry, to build new factories for the manufacture of agricultural machinery, in order to supply tractors and machines in abundance to the collective-farm peasantry." (Stalin)

However, building a new life involves difficulties; rather, it means constantly overcoming the difficulties that arise. At one time there was a shortage of machinery in the kolkhoz, also a shortage of hands for the timely cultivation of the soil. There were drought years, when there was a shortage of grain too. But these difficulties are a radical contrast to the hardships that peasants in capitalist countries endure. Under the guidance of the Party of Lenin-Stalin and with the help of

the state the kolkhozniks always manage to overcome them.

Pavel Fokin told us how the farm was mechanized.

"Nowadays," he said, "we never experience a shortage of hands. We get through with our work on time, even in the strenuous days of harvesting. We manage with our work and we help others besides. We have improved our life and lightened our work considerably. We finally solved the hardest problem. But then a new difficulty arose. We have seven hundred able-bodied members. In summer every one of them is busy, but in winter there's not enough work for all. That's no joke, if one looks at it from the point of view of the state. It's a sheer loss both for the kolkhoz and the state. So many people doing nothing! With the erection of a second power plant our farm can now be mechanized still further. The factories are amply supplying us with machinery. That means an even greater surplus of hands. How to use them? By developing our auxiliary enterprises. We built a brickyard. True, it works with a hitch as yet, but we'll get it going smoothly. But that isn't enough. We're thinking of raising beef cattle. Why sell the young stock if we ourselves can raise them as beef? Don't you think so? However, that takes a lot of feed, more than we can supply at present. That can be managed, though. Intro-

ducing travopolye rotations is sure to solve the feed problem."

Fokin is right. The kolkhoz emerges still stronger from its tussle with difficulties. And life on the kolkhoz is becoming better and happier all the time.

It was no easy job for the kolkhoz to carry on extensive building work without a brickyard of its own. Nor was it an easy job to build the brickyard itself. But it was built—and the kolkhoz became richer. Right now raising beef cattle on a large scale is hard, but the kolkhoz is laying the foundation for a stable fodder base.

Here is another example. Drought is perhaps the greatest hindrance to agriculture in Tambov Region. The drought year of 1946 will live long in the memories of the local folk. The Lenin Kolkhoz with its advanced agrotechny did much to stave off the calamity but it too required assistance from the state in the shape of a deferment of grain deliveries and a seed loan for some crops as well.

"The harvests in Tambov Region aren't stable," said Fokin. "Our chernozem should be giving more than 30 centners per hectare. But too often nature spitefully and mercilessly wrecks our labour. There's one lean year to every two fruitful ones. That's why after 1946 not only we but the entire region began to talk of irrigation. Yes, drought

is no joke. We mustn't give in. We'll fight it now with irrigation. We've already decided to raise the level of the Vorona River as high as possible and to send its waters out to our fields through open canals, like in Central Asia. It's a difficult job, of course, very. A conservative estimate shows that it'll cost us about three and a half million rubles. We'll have to economize on some things. But after that we'll be really prosperous."

In overcoming difficulties the kolkhoz grows stronger and the life of its members improves. Such is the nature of the difficulties that are met under Socialism. They are growing pains. They can in no way be compared with the insuperable misfortunes that strike the American farmer.

THE KOLKHOZ MILLIONS

Besides poverty, the men who were in America had witnessed fantastic wealth there, the wealth of those for whom they toiled.

"Even from the point of view of capitalism, which raises to the rank of law the coexistence of wealth and poverty, Chicago may seem a heavy, clumsy, uncomfortable city. There is hardly another place in the world where paradise and hell are so closely interwoven as in Chicago. Side by side with the marble and granite facings of the skyscrapers on Michigan Avenue are disgusting, filthy, stinking side streets.... Some of the poor streets look as though they had gone through an earthquake: broken fences, crazy roofs on wooden shacks, crooked wires, piles of rusty metal junk, broken toilet bowls and rotting shoe soles, dirty children in rags.... And this in one of the world's richest cities, if not the richest."

That is how Ilf and Petrov described their impressions of America. Our kolkhozniks who were in America told us a similar story.

"Poverty and riches live side by side there," said Matsuk. "Sometimes when you turn from one street into another you get the impression you've landed on a different planet."

With every year these contrasts and contradictions are becoming deeper and sharper.

The wealth of the United States is concentrated in the hands of a clique of magnates. They are the real masters of the land, and it is they who enjoy all the earthly blessings. They savagely exploit, rob and ruin millions of working people.

The members of the kolkhoz who were in America heard the fairy tale about Henry Ford and how he expanded his business on money honestly earned. They heard the story—and naturally they didn't believe a word of it. Common sense told them that they could never make millions by honest labour. All they dreamed of was saving a bit of money—not much—so as to buy some land when they returned home. They had no other aims. This is evident from the fact that after the Revolution, when they saw they could get land in Russia and settle down to honest peasant labour, they went back. They did not dream of millions when they set out for America. Nor again when they returned to their native country—all they wanted was to work as free men on free land. But unexpectedly they acquired millions too....

Kolkhoz accountant Grigory Bulgakov gave us

the following figure: assets as of December 1917 were 5,884,418 rubles. Almost six million! In the old days, neither when they were in America nor in tsarist Russia, could the men who today manage the kolkhoz ever have grasped such a sum. A million to the Russian peasant in tsarist times was a pure abstraction. And here was almost six millions of real, tangible kolkhoz wealth!

When the American capitalist John Rockefeller was asked how he had made his millions he explained:

"God gave me the money!"

The Lenin Kolkhoz didn't get a single kopek either from God or from a rich uncle. Nor did John Rockefeller get a single dollar from God. Every dollar he made was by robbing and exploiting the workers.

The kolkhoz doesn't exploit anybody. All that it possesses has been gained by the honest labour of its members, with the assistance of its own Soviet State. It is Soviet power and the kolkhoz system that set the peasants on the road to wealth, to a prosperous life.

"So it turns out millions *can* be made by honest labour," we said to Kornei Zadirako.

"Yes," he said, "but not in America."

"Yes," said Pshenko, "but not in Canada."

"Yes, of course, but only in the Soviet Union." said kolkhoznik Edward Harrington, an American.

The cash income of the kolkhoz in 1947 amounted to more than 2,000,000 rubles, and in 1950 it is estimated that it will be 3,305,100 rubles. Where does this money come from? The chief source is the sale of produce to the state in the form of deliveries, and sales to cooperative organizations and on the kolkhoz market.

From a table Grigory Bulgakov showed us we saw that the biggest share of the income came from crop cultivation; next was stockbreeding, and finally the subsidiary enterprises.

The figures in this table sum up the results of large-scale effort in all branches of the kolkhoz economy—the results of the numerous postwar five-year plan undertakings realized by its field crop men and orchardmen, animal breeders and mechanizers, cheese makers and woodworkers. The five-year plan is being successfully fulfilled. The kolkhoz is behind only in the construction of dwellings and storehouses for fertilizer.

According to the plan, about 300 metric tons of vegetables, more than 200 tons of fruits and berries and 180 tons of milk are to be sold on kolkhoz markets in 1950. The returns from the sale of this produce are likewise included in the plan.

To tell the truth, we doubted the practicability of the plan. Our conversation with Grigory Bulgakov took place at the time of the monetary

reform, when market prices were dropping sharply. We asked: do the returns planned from the kolkhoz markets have a solid foundation?

The accountant opened the massive office safe and took out a thick, sturdily-bound book—The Five-Year Plan of the Lenin Kolkhoz.

"It's a legitimate question," he said. "But your fears are vain. Of course, if we estimated the intake in 1946 prices, say, there would be a sizable error. But we took price drops into account, and the returns set down in the five-year plan are not exaggerated."

When the kolkhoz managers drew up their five-year plan they argued a good deal about the prices produce would bring two to three years later. Anybody arguing about such a matter in America would be in a most awkward position, for it is very difficult to foresee the fluctuation of prices in capitalist countries. But here, in planning the development of the kolkhoz and estimating its income, the members of the board turned to the U.S.S.R. Five-Year Plan for the Restoration and Development of the National Economy. They found, firstly, that agricultural output would top the 1946 level; secondly, prices would fall, and thirdly, the standard of living would be higher than before the war. This shed sufficient light on the debated point. The 1950 market prices were estimated to be equal to those of 1940.

Racing at the kolkhoz hippodrome

A view of the kolkhoz apiary

These buildings house the kolkhoz veterinary station and isolation hospital

Row cultivation of the shelter belt planted in 1948

Distribution of the monetary income is likewise entered in the kolkhoz five-year plan in detail. It is shown in the table below.

DISTRIBUTION OF MONETARY INCOME

Outlays	1946		1950	
	1,000 rubles	Per cent	1,000 rubles	Per cent
1. Taxes and levies	192.6	12.0	330.5	10.0
2. Administrative expenses . .	32.1	2.0	49.8	1.5
3. Current farm expenses . . .	398.1	24.8	340.4	10.3
4. Expenditures for cultural needs	48.2	3.0	99.1	3.0
5. Investments. .	240.8	15.0	495.7	15.0
6. Payment for workday units	693.4	43.2	1,989.6	60.2
Total . .	1,605.2	100.0	3,305.1	100.0

There are many noteworthy points in this table. In the drought year 1946, 24.8 per cent of the income went for current farm expenses, and about the same share in 1947. But in the subsequent years this item is to be reduced to 10.3 per cent.

Why, in that difficult drought year, did the kolkhozniks allot almost a quarter of the income for current expenditures, thereby reducing the pay-

ment for the workday units? The point is that the minor implements and equipment had deteriorated during the war years and had to be repaired and replenished, which took money. That is why, though times were hard, they reduced the payment for the workday units, it would seem at a personal loss. But by increasing the outlays for implements and equipment they were able to repair much more quickly the damage incurred during the war. Their reckoning was expedient and wise.

When the kolkhozniks reduced the sum due as payment for the workday units to 43.2 per cent they were firmly convinced that it would repay them a hundredfold in the end. For the last year of the five-year plan 60.2 per cent of the entire income is assigned as payment for the workday units. This will amount to almost two million rubles, or three times as much as in 1946.

Every year, be it lean or fruitful, 15 per cent of the income goes for investments to restore and develop the basic means of production, which constitute the economic foundation of the kolkhoz. During the five-year period 2,500,000 rubles are assigned for investments. Part of these funds have already been spent: a hydroelectric plant was built on the Ira River, the woodworking shop was reconstructed, an apartment house for forty families is being built.

Ahead lies a still bigger construction program,

some of the main items of which are: a kindergarten for one hundred and fifty children, a twenty-family apartment house, an elevator with a grain dryer, a garage for twenty trucks, two stables for forty and sixty horses, respectively, a barn for one hundred cows, another for one hundred calves, a poultry house for one thousand birds, a fold for six hundred sheep, and a combined sports stadium and hippodrome.

Construction goes on uninterruptedly—it is regarded as an important phase of kolkhoz activity. And for a long time now it has been so extensive that the kolkhozniks cannot imagine getting along without a brickyard of their own, or without their sawmill or woodworking shop.

"People get used to good things quickly," Fyodor Matsuk said apropos of this. "I'm like that too. Sometimes we go around saying this has been badly done and that's not the way it should be. But I guess that's because we've become so used to what we've accomplished that we simply don't notice it; not that we don't appreciate it, though. Now take me—I had to make a trip of a thousand miles to learn to appreciate every little part of my life."

Matsuk went on to relate the brief but edifying story of how he visited his sister in his native village of Vulka Radoshchinskaya, in what used to be Volhynia Gubernia.

"Naturally," he said, "when I left America for home it wasn't Vulka Radoshchinskaya I had in mind, because it belonged to the Polish gentry. Although I was born in Volhynia Gubernia I went to Tambov Region, to Soviet Russia. But after the people of Western Ukraine were freed I decided to visit my sister in Vulka Radoshchinskaya. What do you think I saw there? Everything, absolutely everything, was the same; it was as if my native village had been in a deep sleep all those years. I didn't find a single new building in Vulka Radoshchinskaya—the same huts and the same propped-up wattle fences. Only the people and the huts had grown older. The peasants were just as poor, just as illiterate and ignorant. You see, the new Soviet life was just beginning there. And that's when I felt particularly proud of our socialist land and of our wonderful kolkhoz. On returning to the kolkhoz I reflected. 'It's good we're often dissatisfied with our work and criticize various shortcomings. Very good indeed. Otherwise we'd easily get conceited, and once you get conceited and cocksure you're bound to grow stale.' "

Recalling his trip to Vulka Radoshchinskaya Fyodor Matsuk was overcome with emotion. He saw peasant women sitting at old-fashioned spinning wheels and looms, just as in his childhood. He saw bast shoes there too.

By the way, about bast shoes. In tsarist times it was difficult to picture a peasant without bast shoes, so much were they a part of him. Certain "experts" on peasant life even advanced a theory that bast shoes were the most comfortable type for farm work. Give the peasant an excellent pair of boots, they said, and he'll hang them up on a nail at home and do his ploughing in bast shoes. They made out bast shoes to be indispensable in ploughing.

In the Lenin Kolkhoz this "indispensable shoe" went out of fashion long ago. The only place you will find bast shoes is in the kolkhoz club together with the other properties of the drama circle; they are used when the kolkhoz actors put on a play about the old-time village. Of course, ploughing nowadays is not done in fine boots of chrome leather but in plainer boots of rough cowhide or in rubber boots.

Our book is devoted to a description of the Lenin Kolkhoz, but the same changes have taken place in the life of all our peasantry. Bast-shoe Russia is a thing of the past and will never return. Our Soviet ploughman does not in the least resemble the one depicted by Russian artists of old.

Three-fourths of the kolkhoz ploughlands were turned up by tractors in 1940. The tractor ploughmen are among the most well-to-do people in the village, and they have boots and overalls for their

work and dress shoes for other occasions. Being well-paid for their workday units, they can afford to dress well—in "city style" as they would say in the village of old.

True, at present not much money is paid out per workday unit in the Lenin Kolkhoz—only three rubles. There are many collective farms in our country with much higher rates. For example, the Borets Kolkhoz in Bronnitsa District, Moscow Region, issued thirteen rubles per workday unit in 1947.

Increasing the monetary part of the payment for the workday units is the task next in order at the Lenin Kolkhoz, and it is included in the five-year plan. But money is only part of the collective farmer's income and by far not the most important. As the saying goes, "Don't boast about the workday unit but about the grain that's in it."

How much grain and other produce did the kolkhozniks get per workday unit in 1947? Three kilograms of grain, 300 grams of meal, one kilogram of potatoes, 800 grams of other vegetables, about one litre of milk, 80 grams of meat, 35 grams of honey and three grams of wool, besides berries, apples, and sunflower seed oil.

But their income is not limited to the above. They have their backyard vegetable garden and their own livestock and poultry. Also, there is the extra pay in kind for overfulfilment of programs.

We spoke to many kolkhozniks, and we saw that they were less interested in their private plots than in the extra pay in kind.

The managers of the Government-decorated Lenin Kolkhoz encourage Stakhanovite labour and reward it properly. For example, in 1947 quite a number of the kolkhozniks in Pshenko's brigade received as extra payment from eight to ten poods of buckwheat and a similar amount of barley. More than three hundred poods of millet were assigned as extra pay to Yekaterina Chernyshova's team of eight members.

The same holds for stockbreeding. According to her program, swineherd Maria Kadentseva had to raise 77 pigs from the first farrowing of the 11 sows in her charge. She reared 127, for which the kolkhoz gave her a bonus of sucklings. Similar bonuses were awarded to other Stakhanovite swineherds: Agafia Romantseva received ten sucklings, Popova eight, and Praskovya Piskareva five. Some of the dairymaids received 1,500 litres of milk each for overfulfilling their plan. Extra payment in kind was given to many truck gardeners and orchardmen. A resolute drive for program overfulfilment is conducted in the kolkhoz.

The income from the workday units in itself, though, is quite sufficient for a cultured and well-to-do life. Accountant Grigory Bulgakov named over thirty families that earn more than a thousand

workday units annually. Among them are those of tractor driver Vasily Zubikhin, of Alexandra Guzhevnikova, a member of the field crop brigade, of Yegor Meshkov, and others. Vasily Zubikhin received almost four tons of grain alone for 1,300 workday units. He can afford to buy good furniture, a gramophone, a radio set, a bicycle....

In 1947, sixteen of the kolkhozniks bought motorcycles, among them tractor driver Spiridonov, Trunilin, the smith, and Zhitomirsky, the saddler.

In many kolkhozes of our country the members receive even more for the workday units and live still better. After the distribution of income for 1947, the newspaper *Pravda* published some highly interesting information concerning the budgets of a number of kolkhoz families. On March 23, 1948, it carried an article about a young kolkhoz in Chadyr-Lung District, Moldavia, which was founded only two years ago. Here N. I. Arikov and his family received for their 1,370 workday units 500 poods of grain, 120 poods of oilseed crops and 13,000 rubles in cash. Arikov sold his surplus produce to the consumers' cooperative. He built a house for his eldest son and gave him 15,000 rubles to buy furniture and some livestock. Besides, the family bought a calf, five sheep and a pig, as well as four overcoats, four pairs of leather shoes, about one hundred

metres of cloth, a pier glass and a sewing machine.

But let us return to the Lenin Kolkhoz.

On holidays mechanic Fyodor Saiganov drives his wife and daughter to town in his own car.

"Going far?" his neighbour sometimes asks.

"Oh, just for a ride. If there's anything interesting at the theatre, we'll stay."

We already know that in America the Zadirako brothers bought a car; they had to, otherwise they simply couldn't make ends meet. They bought it on the instalment plan, and it took them two years to pay up. But Fyodor Saiganov bought his car so that he could drive to town to attend the theatre, go to market, visit his relatives, make a fishing trip. Far from getting into debt, the same year he built a private garage at a cost of about 10,000 rubles.

Mechanic Yuri Alexandrov has also bought himself a car.

"When cars are being sold," say the kolkhozniks, "there are always buyers here in the village."

Even a month before the 1947 income was distributed, the savings bank deposits of the kolkhozniks totalled more than a million and a half rubles.

What income did the peasants of this locality have before the Revolution? Let us refer to the figures given by Prince Kugushev, who was a liberal, in an article in the May 21, 1905 issue of the

newspaper *Tambovsky Golos*. Citing official statistics on the size of peasant holdings, average grain crop yields and agricultural prices, Prince Kugushev calculated that each peasant "soul" could grow on his land an average of 13.3 poods of rye and 10.7 poods of oats—a total of 24 poods. (We stress the point that he included kulak "souls" as well in his calculations.)

"According to the most conservative estimate, four and a half poods of this total amount of grain must be set aside for seed," wrote Kugushev. "That leaves only 20 poods for covering the needs of our sorry 'soul.'

"Yet various investigations have established that for his subsistence, including the feeding of the absolutely necessary livestock, 'the average soul' requires a minimum of 18 poods a year.

"Hence, to cover all his needs besides food the 'soul' has only two poods of grain, which in terms of money amounts to about one ruble a year.

"This money has to cover the redemption payments, the government land tax, and the Zemstvo, insurance, volost and community levies. Money is needed for house and implements repairs, for clothing, to pay the priest for religious services.

"There is no need to prove the utter impossibility of meeting all this with the returns from the holding. The figures eloquently speak for themselves. The conclusion is clear. Under the

present-day conditions of agriculture the peasantry of our gubernia, taken as a whole, are far from being provided for by their holdings. The holding yields just enough grain to keep the peasant from dying of starvation."

Such is the evidence of a liberal-minded prince. Yes, the peasants of this locality had other things to think of than bicycles and savings accounts.

Abroad Pshenko, Matsuk and Krasikov didn't make any savings either, although they had left their native land with that sole aim. Even the Zadirako brothers, who had more "luck" than the others, never dreamed of having machines on their farm such as the kolkhoz possesses.

It was only after two hundred men had pooled all their money and resources, and received help from the Society of Technical Aid to Russia besides, that they scraped up enough to return home. Mikhail Novikov suggested buying some machinery in common. Thus four simple tractors, a few ordinary machines and some indispensable implements were purchased.

Today no trace is left of the "mechanization" which at that time everybody took to be the last word in technique. The Fordsons brought from America have long since been turned in for scrap and forgotten, together with the other machines then purchased.

The Lenin Kolkhoz, along with scores of thousands of other kolkhozes, uses the excellent latest model CHTZ-S-60, STZ and NATI tractors and other machines produced by Soviet industry.

In keeping with the Rules of the Agricultural Artel, two per cent of the income of the kolkhoz is annually set aside to help its aged members, invalids and orphans.

One recalls the begging "in God's name" in the old days.

How often were beggar's voices heard in the old-time village! The blind, the aged, orphans and children of large and impoverished peasant families would pass through with the beggar's scrip, much to the annoyance of the village mongrels. And all they asked was some bread—just a bit of black bread!

When they had bread, the poor rarely refused the beggars. On holidays they would even give them a slice of meat pie. Each thought to himself, "Who knows, maybe some day I too will have to beg." There was even a saying "Never denounce the scrip or the jail."

In the kolkhoz no one is threatened with the beggar's scrip: neither the aged nor the orphans nor the cripples.

Let us instance this with the drought of 1946. In the old-time village there wouldn't even have

been anyone to beg from in a year like that. Death would have mowed down old and young alike.

Now things are different. There is an old woman named Anna Chernetsova living in the kolkhoz. She has neither sons nor daughters, but even after the drought she got along all right because the kolkhoz has been supporting her completely for several years now. All through 1947 Anna Chernetsova daily received 700 grams of bread from the harvest of 1946 and half a litre of whole milk. Besides, she received a monthly ration of 27 kilograms of potatoes and other vegetables, 4.5 kilograms of millet, 1.5 kilograms of white flour, 2.5 kilograms of meat and 600 grams of vegetable oil. The kolkhoz also gave her wool, apples, berries, greens and some money. Her truck garden was ploughed for her and she grew a number of poods of potatoes on it.

In the old days the peasant on his own never could have dreamed of such food after a drought.

Marfa Zadirako's husband was killed by the Hitlerites and she was left alone with three children. A kolkhoz general meeting found that raising three children would be hard for her and decided that the kolkhoz would support one of them. Of course, the child remains in the family, but she gets monthly aid in the shape of produce on a par with Anna Chernetsova.

From its two per cent fund the kolkhoz likewise helps Vasilyev, an invalid, the aged Darya Varavka, and eight more of its pensioners.

The aid received from the kolkhoz is not their only means of subsistence. They are helped to cultivate their backyard vegetable gardens, they keep poultry, and some even sheep and goats. Some of them help out in kolkhoz work to the best of their ability. For example, in 1947 Darya Varavka earned 78 workday units by mending sacks, picking berries and helping in the kitchen. For this she received about 15 poods of grain alone.

Yakov Pustotin is 89, but he takes genuine offence if he is "discounted" and not considered a worker. In the summer the old man insisted on being appointed to watch the berry plots. While doing his duty as watchman he wove baskets. Yakov Pustotin, it may be said, is a basket maker by vocation. True, his fingers are not as nimble as they used to be, but he is convinced that there is not another weaver of baskets like him. When he turns in his baskets to the warehouse man he never omits to point out:

"There's durability for you. You can even stand on my baskets."

Pustotin's flowing grey beard attracted the attention of a visiting magazine photographer, and some time later a picture of him appeared in

Ogonyok. He was shown sitting on a stump weaving a basket.

The news that Pustotin's photo was in a Moscow journal spread throughout the kolkhoz. The old man dressed up and went to the library to see the picture. He studied it a long time, and he went away pleased. It never occurred to him to question why he had been so honoured; he was deeply convinced that it was because of the fine quality of the baskets he made for the kolkhoz.

"They're educated men," was his conclusion. "They know good work when they see it!"

Nowadays Yakov Pustotin's baskets aren't particularly handsome, but they really are very durable, and the kolkhoz board is accurate about crediting him workday units for them.

The higher the income of the kolkhoz, the larger the two per cent fund and the better the life of the kolkhoz pensioners. After the drought of 1946, 129 centners of grain were assigned for helping the aged, the invalids and the orphans; but after the 1947 harvest the amount was almost three times as much—353 centners.

One of the brick buildings in the kolkhoz village is occupied by a state children's home, chiefly for orphans, including war orphans, from the neighbouring districts.

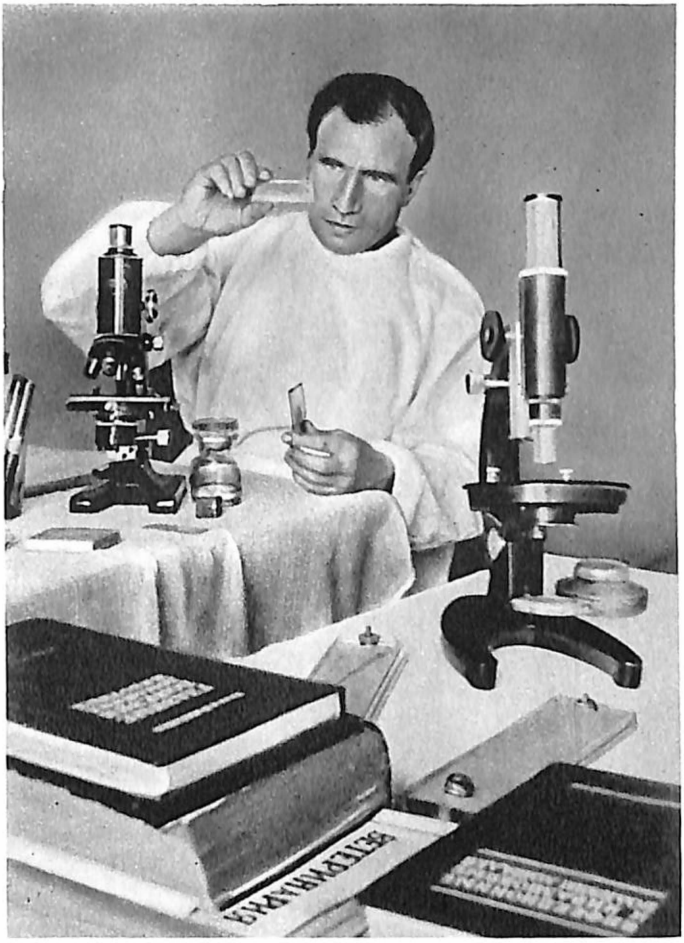
The kolkhoz provided the building for the children's home and delivers its fuel. Besides it

gives the home produce from its two per cent fund: one year's contributions amounted to more than seven tons of milk, a large amount of potatoes and other vegetables, meat, fruit and berries.

Assistance to the aged and the care shown children whose fathers laid down their lives for the country are another expression of the greatness of Socialism, of the strength of the kolkhoz system, of the new and noble spirit of Soviet people educated by the Party of Lenin-Stalin.

Boris Grigorenko once told us that what depressed him most during his stay in America was the thought of old age. One day, strolling along the streets of New York on the way from work with a group of Russian and Ukrainian lads he noticed an old man picking in a garbage can for food. He pointed out the old man to his friends, and each thought to himself, "That's what lies ahead of us in our old age too. We'll be bending our grey heads over other men's kitchen refuse too."

To this day that is the miserable lot in America of those who are thrown out of work because of old age. And not only of the aged, for whom the employers have no use. Multitudes of people in the prime of their youth and strength lead miserable lives; not only the unemployed but millions of the employed as well.



D. Derebizov, the Lenin Kolkhoz veterinary, in the laboratory

A corner of the collective-farm power station

NEW TRADES

> The country now receives assistance from the town and from urban industry in the shape of tractors, agricultural machinery, automobiles, workers, and funds. And the rural districts, too, now have their own industry, in the shape of the machine and tractor stations, repair shops, all sorts of industrial undertakings in the collective farms, small electric power plants, etc. The cultural gulf between town and country is being bridged.
>
> *J. V. Stalin*

Mikhail Krasikov lived in Australia, not in America as did the other members of the kolkhoz who were abroad. He became a machinist there. On the way home he doubted whether his knowledge of mechanics would be of any use in the village—what was there to do for a mechanic in the Russian village of old? But in the kolkhoz he soon saw that his knowledge was useful. More, as time passed he began to feel it was insufficient. The kolkhoz now needs highly-skilled men, and it

needs more and more of them each year. Not only tractor drivers and combine operators are needed but mechanics, electricians, and metalworking and woodworking lathe operators as well; in short, workers in trades unheard of in the countryside of old.

Working at the power plant side by side with Mikhail Krasikov, who has advanced immeasurably as a mechanic since he came here, are men who received their technical training in the kolkhoz itself. He differs from them only in that he knows English.

At Krasikov's invitation we visited the plant. In the left wing stood a 25 hp internal combustion engine. When it was brought here in 1934 outside mechanics had to be called in to set it up. In the right wing stood another engine, an 80 hp Diesel bought at a Leningrad plant after the war. All the complicated assembly and installation work was done without any outside help by the kolkhoz mechanics Yegorov, Kokorev and Golubev. They were assisted only by their own machine shop which tooled some missing parts.

During our inspection of the power plant we became acquainted with a young kolkhoz electrician named Semyonov who was installing a new distribution switchboard. He went about his work confidently and efficiently. It was in the kolkhoz that Semyonov became an electrician. His trade is

just as necessary here as that of the tractor driver, for electricity is now part and parcel of the life of the kolkhoz.

The young kolkhoznik Semyonov has been using electricity almost all his conscious life. But when his father was his age, electricity was regarded as a wonder in the rural localities of Tambov Gubernia. Even in the town of Tambov itself electricity was available only to the few: the municipal power station served the families of a hundred and fifty merchants, factory owners and high officials. Electric lighting appeared in workers' homes only in 1918.

At present two hundred and fifty small power plants are being built in various parts of Tambov Region by kolkhozes. In 1948 electricity was introduced into five hundred kolkhozes and twenty-four machine and tractor stations of the region.

Electricity in the Soviet village is a logical result of the socialist industrialization of the country. In more highly industrialized regions and districts electrification of the kolkhozes is proceeding much more rapidly than in Tambov Region. An example is Sverdlovsk Region. Here the Party organizations drew the population at large into power plant construction, and the kolkhozes received help in building and equipping stations from practically all the industrial enterprises of

the region big and small. As the result of the generous patronage which the personnel of factories and mills took over the peasants, fully 95 per cent of the kolkhozes had been electrified by 1948. Today Sverdlovsk Region is completely electrified.

Thousands of small power stations are being built on the vast territory of our country: some 20,000 of them are scheduled to go into operation during the postwar five-year plan and they will produce almost twice as much energy as all the electric stations of tsarist Russia put together.

As is known, when the English writer H. G. Wells visited the young Soviet Republic he had a talk with Lenin, who told him about the broad plans for the electrification of the country. On returning to England Wells wrote that Lenin was a dreamer, that he dreamed of the impossible. *Russia in the Shadows* was the title he gave his book about our country. But Wells made a mistake. The Bolshevik Party has long ago transformed Lenin's dream into reality, and an inextinguishable light is burning ever brighter in the once dark Russian village.

When the Lenin Kolkhoz began running its winnowing machines by electricity the productivity of labour in this important field of kolkhoz effort became almost three and a half times greater.

Electricity is steadily gaining ground in the kolkhoz. While a few years ago it was used on the

milk farm only for lighting purposes, now Grigorenko orders power from the station's senior mechanic Yegorov in the middle of the day too. A turn of the knife switch directs the invisible energy to the milk farm to set going the drums of the oil cake mill and the knives of the root and straw cutters. The stock farm workers no longer have to operate the machines by hand or horse power.

A prominent place is devoted to electrification in the five-year plan of the kolkhoz. By the end of the five-year period all the lathes in the machine and woodworking shops will be run by electricity; so will the chopper at the vegetable processing works and the separators at the creamery.

In 1950 the kolkhoz plans to do 85 per cent of the winnowing, 66 per cent of the ensiling and 31 per cent of the threshing by electricity.

As to lighting, the kerosene lamp went out of use here long ago. The houses, farm buildings and the streets are lit up by electricity.

If we continue the analogy between the kolkhoz and an industrial plant, then the 63-year-old kolkhoznik Alexander Pekishev, whom the board has placed at the head of the machine shop, should be considered its chief mechanical engineer. This shop has its own power installation, a 6 hp Diesel engine which runs all the machine tools, among which are two drilling machines, three turn-

ing lathes, milling machines, a planing machine, and a machine for grinding cylinders.

We visited the shop before the first snowfall, but the mechanics had already repaired two tractors, six cultivators and two tractor grain drills for spring work. Harvest time over, the kolkhoz was busily preparing for next year's spring field work.

We found Alexander Pekishev at the power installation regulating the oil flow in order to cut the fuel expenditure to the minimum. He is a thrifty manager. No one ever complains here of a shortage of tools, for there are plenty of them. Every tool and machine which the shop acquires gives long service.

Near the shop stood powerful Soviet CHTZ-S-60 and STZ-NATI crawler tractors undergoing current repairs.

The personnel of the machine shop has been reared in the spirit of a thrifty attitude toward kolkhoz property. Everybody here is an experienced and skilled worker. Lathe operator Kuzma Khokhryakov has been working in the shop for over twenty years. The youngest of the turners, Slivinsky, received his training at a mill in the Urals and has been working here for more than six years.

Before the Revolution Alexander Pekishev was a mechanic on the estate of Prince Golitsin-Pro-

zorsky in Balashov Uyezd, Saratov Gubernia. The prince visited his estate rarely, but everything was kept in exemplary order; for those times machines were used there on a broad scale.

"The estate was more than three times as big as our kolkhoz," Pekishev told us. "The prince had three steam-operated locomobiles, three improved threshers, and several horse-driven harvesters, binders and mowers. These machines were something to surprise the neighbouring landlords, but certainly not our kolkhoz. The prince's three threshers handled much less grain per day than our two. The estate was modern for its time, but compared to our kolkhoz it was backward."

Alexander Pekishev also remembers the local Princess Obolenskaya, of whom he speaks with scorn. "She was a horsewoman. All she cared for was horses for riding out and hunting. She never gave a thought to machinery. From the point of view of mechanization her estate can't be compared to our kolkhoz at all."

What is the situation on ordinary American farms? From what Pyotr Pshenko, Boris Grigorenko and the others told us we already know what their level of mechanization used to be.

Boris Grigorenko, who worked for a rich farmer, mentioned machines, among them a silo cutter. Even such a simple machine was within the reach only of farmers who employed hired labour.

Grigorenko used to ride out with this machine to small farms where his employer had contracted to do the ensiling. The rich farmer made a pretty penny out of his silo cutter.

Three decades have passed since then. Have machines become more available to the small farmers during this time? No, everything has remained as it was. This, by the way, is brought out in John Steinbeck's novel, *The Grapes of Wrath.*

The American writer John Steinbeck has no liking for either Socialism or the Soviet Union. After his second visit to our country he wrote several malicious, slandering articles about us to please his masters. But not even this faithful servant of American capital can hide the truth about the lot of the small farmer in his country.

The Grapes of Wrath tells about the Joads, a family of farmers, painting a horrifying picture of the dispossession of small farmers in America.

"One man, one family driven from the land; this rusty car creaking along the highway to the west. I lost my land, a single tractor took my land. I am alone and I am bewildered. And in the night one family camps in a ditch and another family pulls in and the tents come out."

"And the dispossessed, the migrants, flowed into California, two hundred and fifty thousand, and three hundred thousand. Behind them new

tractors were going on the land and the tenants were being forced off. And new waves were on the way, new waves of the dispossessed and the homeless. . . . "

Agriculture in the United States registered a certain rise after the second world war, but far from putting a stop to the pauperization of the small farmer this accelerated the process. The growth of mechanized agriculture so assiduously advertised by hired scribblers refers only to large, so-called "commercial farms" and is accompanied by further pauperization of the mass of farmers.

The mechanization which Alexander Pekishev supervises brings ruin to nobody. It makes work easier for the kolkhoznik and increases the wealth of both the kolkhoz and the country as a whole.

In America the men who operate agricultural machines for wealthy landowners do not care in the least how big the harvest will be on the land they cultivate.

Here is what Steinbeck has to say about the American tractor driver:

"He did not know or own or trust . . . the land. If a seed dropped did not germinate, it was nothing. If the young thrusting plant withered in drought or drowned in a flood of rain, it was no more to the driver than to the tractor."

Lathe operator Kuzma Khokhryakov, tractor driver Tatyana Lyapuntsova, milling machine

operator Afanasy Golubev, the Sudorgins (husband and wife) electric-welders are full-fledged shareholders in the wealth of the kolkhoz and are vitally concerned in its achieving high crop yields.

No, Alexander Pekishev could never say that about himself when he repaired Prince Golitsin-Prozorsky's machinery. Whatever he did wasn't for himself—it served only to make his employer richer. It was not when he worked for an employer but only now, when he is working for himself, for his own government, that Pekishev has learned to be a thrifty manager.

The Lenin Kolkhoz makes wide use of the latest technical achievements, including electric welding. The work of the kolkhozniks who operate the different machines is becoming more and more like that of the skilled factory worker. The mechanization of labour and the development of subsidiary branches of husbandry are gradually eliminating the difference between agricultural and industrial production.

Agriculture, particularly crop raising, is seasonal. In summer it requires strenuous labour and in winter practically none, only one-tenth or one-fifteenth the number of hands. So it was on the estate of Princess Obolenskaya, the former mistress of the locality. Her manager used to take on about two thousand farm hands for the sowing

and the reaping in addition to the permanent hired men on the estate.

In the Lenin Kolkhoz the very same area is worked by the members themselves. Three hundred and five kolkhozniks cope with all the work in field, orchard, garden and meadow. This sharp drop in the number of hands needed is due not only to a conscientious and attentive attitude toward labour and to new work methods; it is also the result of extensive mechanization in crop raising.

When potato planting time comes around the kolkhoz needs only three workers for the job—a tractor driver and two kolkhozniks to tend the planter. These three plant fourteen hectares per day. When the job was done by hand and horse plough, a minimum of eight workers were needed: one to lead the horse, a second to follow the plough, and six to drop potatoes into the furrow. And the most these eight could plant was one hectare a day. It follows that with a tractor and a potato planter three kolkhozniks now can do the work of one hundred and twelve hands and fourteen horses.

Mechanization has thus sharply reduced summer labour power requirements. On the other hand the large-scale development of stockbreeding and subsidiary enterprises has increased the need for workers in winter.

Let us refer to the kolkhoz production plan for figures on the labour power needs in the va-

rious months of the year. There is a total of 720 able-bodied kolkhoz members. In January 418 hands are needed, in May 499 and in June 685. In summer the kolkhoz thus requires from one and a half to two times as many people as in winter instead of from ten to fifteen times more, as in the village of old.

It must be added that the Lenin Kolkhoz cannot as yet boast of mechanized row cultivation, and when the weeding is in full swing quite a number of hands are needed. When it eliminates this shortcoming still less workers will be required in summer.

In America seasonal agriculture forces hundreds of thousands of labourers to lead migrant lives. There are teams of shearers whom contractors send from one big sheep ranch to another. There is an army of labourers who work only on cotton plantations. For these people the short season of low-paid work is followed by more than half a year of dire need and anxious waiting for the next season.

There is none of this in the Soviet Union.

The greater the scale of mechanization in agriculture, the more workers will the Soviet village be able to supply our growing industry.

When the American racists hold forth about the superiority of Americans over other nations they never fail to mention their skill in handling

machines. "Americans are born mechanics," they say.

Apropos of this we should like to cite the words of Fyodor Saiganov, manager of the Lenin Kolkhoz auto park.

"Our folk are capable mechanics," he said. "Sometimes some of them learn to run a machine before you know it."

There are twenty-four tractor drivers and fifteen truck drivers in the kolkhoz. Actually, however, almost every third kolkhoz member can manage a tractor in the field.

One day Vasily Yamnikov, who used to work in the field crop brigade, asked Fyodor Saiganov for a day off.

"I want to go to town to take the exam for a driver's license," he said.

Yamnikov went to Kirsanov and passed his exam. Many other members of the kolkhoz have driving licenses too.

Thus an entirely new type of peasant is taking shape in our kolkhoz village.

The Soviet peasant is a free, well-to-do, technically-educated and cultured worker, a true master of his land and of his destiny.

As for handling mechanical devices and employing machinery, Soviet workers, engineers and kolkhozniks have long ago topped the American level.

JUNGLE LAW AND HUMAN LAW

Very right
is our
Soviet Power!

V. Mayakovsky

Under capitalism the code of dog eat dog has been raised to the rank of law. It rules wherever the capitalist order is to be found.

American literature itself testifies to the brutal moral standards that capitalism instills. Here is how Erskine Caldwell describes "mutual help" among farmers.

Jeeter Lester, a farmer, is sitting on the ground beside the wreckage of his car pondering on how to climb out of the hopeless poverty into which his family has sunk. His land is overgrown with weeds. He has neither seed nor draught animals for ploughing. The family has had practically nothing to eat for a long time. Neighbour Lov comes over to visit Jeeter. Jeeter is glad to see him. They get to talking.

"Now, Lov, ain't I always been good to you?... You ought to make a trade with me so I'll have

something to eat and won't have to starve to death. You don't want to sit there and see me starve, do you, Lov?"

"I can't help that. The Lord looks at us with equal favour, they say. He gives me mine, and if you don't get yours, you better go talk to Him about it. It ain't none of my troubles. I've got plenty of my own to worry about...."

It should be added that besides being Jeeter's neighbour Lov is a relative of his!

In our country, new, human laws have been established.

Boris Grigorenko, whom we already know, wrote the following in a newspaper in the autumn:

"This summer our whole kolkhoz followed the competition between team leaders Tatyana Shchuchkina and Yevdokia Lyapunova. Their teams pledged to raise 25 centners of millet per hectare. In America each man tries to trip up his neighbour, for he is incited by greed. But here?

"Shchuchkina vernalizes her millet and advises Lyapunova to do the same. Lyapunova applies superphosphates to prevent the lodging of the millet. Shchuchkina is up on her toes. Lyapunova lengthens her workday to get through with the weeding more quickly. Shchuchkina follows her example.

"And what is the result?

"Shchuchkina gathered 36 centners per hectare instead of 25, and Lyapunova 43.6 centners. This means more millet for the state and for the kolkhozniks' workday unit payment, and extra remuneration for the teams."

All that kolkhozniks have to do to become prosperous is work conscientiously and take good care of kolkhoz property.

The kolkhozniks, like Soviet industrial workers, act on the basis of mutual aid.

In the spring of 1947 when the Lenin Kolkhoz had already completed its sowing a neighbouring kolkhoz had just begun. Such a late start might have jeopardized the harvest. So the tractor drivers and sowers of the Lenin Kolkhoz set out with their machines to help their neighbour. They ploughed up and seeded an area of over a hundred hectares. Further, when they learned that the neighbour didn't have enough seed for its last fifty hectares they brought their own.

We were told this by Ivan Karagodov, the secretary of the Party organization. He related the episode with modest pride, stressing the point that the leading position of the Lenin Kolkhoz placed obligations upon it.

Naturally, during the strenuous days of sowing or harvesting it is not so easy to help your neighbours. But thanks to socialist emulation the Lenin Kolkhoz was able to lend one thresher to its

P. Fokin, chairman of the Lenin Kolkhoz (left) and F. Vanyavin, head of the orchard brigade, in the Party education centre

S. Tabala and A. Krapivina are the best dairymaids on the collective farm

Dmitri Zinovyev, the collective-farm agronomist, gets sheaves ready for a display

neighbour with no loss to itself because the second machine was overfulfilling the program.

Thresher operator Korenyuk and tractor driver Melokhin decided to challenge operator Sorokovoi and tractor driver Kozhanov of the other shift to socialist emulation. They drew up an agreement. The whole kolkhoz was informed of the fact and told that the emulation results would be posted on the bulletin board. After the first day of emulation the board showed the following: Sorokovoi's shift had threshed 12 tons and Korenyuk's 15. This, the kolkhoz folks said, was little, that both could do more but were just acting canny. The operators, however, were trying their utmost to reach and outdo the technical standard of 30 tons. On the next day the board showed 20 tons for Sorokovoi and 23 for Korenyuk.

Two days later both shifts not only managed to operate the machine at its registered capacity but even to break the limit. The board now carried the same figure: Sorokovoi—40 tons; Korenyuk—40 tons.

For several days these figures remained unchanged. The operators thought they had reached the limit, that nothing more could be squeezed out of the machine. But when barley threshing began there was another rise in the indices.

The emulation lasted more than a month, until the threshing was over. It ended in Korenyuk's

and Melokhin's victory. They threshed a maximum of 52 tons of grain in a shift, while Sorokovoi and Kozhanov achieved 49 tons.

Korenyuk won. But did Sorokovoi lose? No, he didn't, because he earned a lot of workday units. In the long run the entire Lenin Kolkhoz was the winner. The neighbouring kolkhoz, too, as we already know, for if there hadn't been this emulation in the leading kolkhoz it wouldn't have received the loan of a thresher.

The secretary of the Party organization, Ivan Karagodov, is the life and soul of the socialist emulation movement. He is in touch with all the brigades and the teams and strives to bring both their achievements and shortcomings to the knowledge of all the kolkhozniks through the wall newspaper, the radio, and the speakers. The heads of the brigades and teams often come to Ivan Karagodov to settle moot points in an emulation drive. And at times he himself is at a loss to decide who is actually the winner.

"In the spring two strong brigades—Matsuk's and Pshenko's—concluded a socialist emulation agreement," he told us. "Their work was remarkably even. They finished the year neck and neck, and we just couldn't make up our minds who should be awarded the challenge Red Banner. Matsuk gathered 31.66 centners per hectare of barley, while Pshenko had 31.42 centners. That

seemed to make things clear: even if the difference was only 20 kilograms still there was a difference, and Matsuk was in the lead. But then Pshenko laid his millet figures on the table—20 kilograms per hectare more than Matsuk. And so it went. In some crops Matsuk was ahead, in others Pshenko. It looked as though the only way out was to get a druggist's scale and weigh out the tons by grams. Neither would give in. What was to be done? Both brigades had an equal amount of land —to a hectare. So we took up the abacus again and began to count the gross yield. It finally came out that Pshenko's brigade had threshed 51 kilograms more grain than Matsuk's. Things looked clear—the banner should go to Pshenko. But when you came to think of it, it wasn't fair. Both brigades had produced tens of thousands of poods, and here a matter of 51 kilograms was deciding who would get the banner. Then the counting started again. Barley, said some, always gave better yields on these lands than oats, and Pshenko had a quarter of a hectare more barley than Matsuk. There was no way out, it looked, but cutting the banner in half. We never did settle which was first—actually, both were. And so we decided that the board should commend both brigades.

In February 1948 the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. issued an Ukaze conferring Orders and medals on leading agricultur-

ists of Tambov Region, including fifty-five members of the Lenin Kolkhoz. Brigade leaders Pyotr Pshenko and Fyodor Matsuk, as well as the man who told us the story of the emulation between them, Ivan Karagodov, were decorated with the Order of the Red Banner of Labour.

The Government likewise decorated the kolkhoz chairman, Pavel Fokin, brigade leader Fyodor Baskakov, agronomist Dmitri Zinovyev, Fyodor Vanyavkin, team leaders Yevdokia Lyapunova, Yekaterina Chernyshova and Tatyana Shchuchkina, and others.

Team leaders Anastasia Lutsishina and Praskovia Soldatova were decorated with the Order of Lenin.

High Government awards to peasants for good work in the fields are possible only in the Soviet Union.

In a book entitled *From 6 P. M. Till Midnight*, published in Australia in 1945, A. E. Mander, a journalist, wrote that actually people in capitalist countries lead terribly lonely lives and are absolutely isolated from each other.

"...They do not share in any real community life, they are not integral parts of any genuine body of people.

"It is beside the point to answer that theoretically, nominally, technically, they are all 'members' of the State or Nation. Membership of the

Nation may involve little more than paying taxes, obeying the laws, and casting a vote in the general election. In an unintegrated society like ours, there is nothing which might be described as a real 'national life'—in which every citizen could feel that he was actively participating. Whatever our general views on the Russian social system, we observe that only in Russia is it possible for each individual citizen, in peacetime, to feel that he is really *part* of a great organized purposive 'community as a whole.'"

In truth, how can the American farmer, let us say, feel that he is a member of a community if his existence is a constant life-and-death struggle to hold on to his plot of land and to make a profit?

When Kornei Zadirako raises efficiency in the laundry or bustles about arranging a delivery of firewood for the kolkhoz baths, he is not concerned about his own personal needs but the welfare of all, including his old friends Matsuk and Grigorenko. Zadirako in his turn stands in need of Matsuk's and Grigorenko's work—he eats the bread and drinks the milk they produce. And the members of Matsuk's brigade know that they work not only for themselves—how much bread, after all, does one brigade need? They know that the bread they produce will go to Marta Krieger who raises kolkhoz calves, to mechanic Fyodor Saiga-

nov who repairs the kolkhoz trucks and to many others who neither sow nor reap but work no less than they for the common good. In all parts of the big farm—on the fields and in the dairy, in the orchard and the smithy, at the mill and in the children's nursery—hundreds of men and women are working for the common weal. Here the peasant's labour acquires social significance which is obvious to all.

Timiryazev said that the man who raises two ears of grain in place of one deserves the gratitude of mankind. Under the collective farm system these words are no longer an abstraction but are rich in practical meaning.

In the kolkhoz many are eager to grow two ears where one grew before. Everyone who succeeds is deeply respected.

Boris Grigorenko is out for the same goal in kolkhoz stockbreeding as the husbandman who raises two ears of grain instead of one. And his efforts have won high recognition by the Government: he was decorated with the Order of Lenin. When the Ukrainian lad Boris Grigorenko milked the cows on the farm of the American judge could he ever have thought that such high honours awaited him in the future?

There is a monument in America that was set up not in honour of any outstanding man of science or letters but in honour of a cow. The inscrip-

tion on the granite pedestal reads that Segis Pieterje Prospect was a world champion cow and served mankind, that according to official records over a period of two years she merited the highest commendation for a cow of any age. She gave 15,610 litres of milk a year.

The record of this foreign celebrity was broken long ago by a cow of the Kostroma breed, Poslushnitsa the Second, who gave 16,262 litres of milk in one year's lactation.

But that's not the point. No monument has been set up for Poslushnitsa and probably never will be. But Stanislav Shteiman, zootechnician of the Karavayevo Sovkhoz, who raised this record cow and about whom Grigorenko so eagerly plied us with questions, has become one of the famous men of our country, a Stalin Prize winner.

And who in America ever heard of the man who raised the record cow Segis? Only a very limited circle of specialists: the fame of the cow overshadowed the fame of the man. In the world where business and vanity rule, there is no place for the man of labour because in that world money alone brings fame. In our country it is labour, Stakhanovite labour, be it in factory, laboratory or field, that brings renown. And this renown is gained through emulation.

In the autumn of 1947 there began on the pages of the district newspaper *Kirsanovskaya Kom-*

muna an interesting correspondence between the Lenin Kolkhoz and the Red Ploughman Kolkhoz of the same district, in which their representatives told how they were striving for high yields. The need for such an exchange of information arose when the two kolkhozes concluded an agreement to enter into socialist emulation. In its letter the Red Ploughman Kolkhoz gave detailed information about members who had distinguished themselves of late, how its affairs stood as a whole, and how in answer to the Ukaze of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. instituting the title of Hero of Socialist Labour for agriculturists the kolkhozniks had begun to strive for this Government honour.

"During the mutual inspection of pledge fulfilment held in June," the Red Ploughman Kolkhoz wrote, "we took over many of your methods. We can learn a lot from you. We consider it an honour to compete with such a leading kolkhoz as yours. We should like to know how you harvest your crops, how you guard against grain losses, which of your members are out for Government awards? We are particularly interested in knowing what yields Lutsishina's team obtained. That is because in the spring we took over her methods of working for high barley yields."

A week later the newspaper printed the answer of the Lenin Kolkhoz.

"We are glad to inform you that our results in the fight for high yields are not bad. Brigade No. 1 got 31.66 centners of barley per hectare and Brigade No. 2—31.52 centners per hectare. Comrade Lutsishina's team gathered 25.17 centners of rye per hectare and 20.3 centners per hectare of spring wheat. The kolkhoz finished reaping the winter crops and early-ripening spring crops on an area of 1,043 hectares in 13 days."

The Red Ploughman kolkhozniks received full answers to all their questions. "We hope," wrote the Lenin Kolkhoz, "that our correspondence concerning the progress of socialist emulation will help many kolkhozes of our district finish all their agricultural work in the shortest possible time."

In this correspondence the leading kolkhoz showed its cards, so to say, to the Red Ploughman. If you want to know how we do things, if you want to learn, you're perfectly welcome, we keep no secrets from you. The studying clearly bore fruit. The Red Ploughman farm, which considered it an honour to compete with the Lenin Kolkhoz, outdid the latter—even if only by two days—in delivering grain to the state.

Thus, by emulation with one another, the Tambov kolkhozniks made good the big obligations they undertook in a letter to Comrade Stalin in the spring of 1947. In this emu-

lation movement leading artels like the Lenin Kolkhoz served as a model for the others.

The Lenin Kolkhoz generously shares its rich experience with all who want it. Eighteen groups of kolkhozniks from neighbouring districts visited it with the aim of taking over its successful methods of weed control. The board introduced a visitor's book, one of the entries in which reads: "We immediately recognized your fields by their remarkable tidiness and the good condition of the crops. Thanks for the lesson!"

The lesson was not only in becoming acquainted with all the agrotechnical methods employed here. When the visitors arrived in the busy days of weeding the first thing they noticed was that all the kolkhozniks, young and old, were in the kolkhoz fields and not one was in his own backyard plot.

The members of the Lenin Kolkhoz see now that the collective land, when properly cultivated, yields each of them much more than their own private plots. If a team or a brigade exceeds its harvest plan and receives extra pay in kind, that, apart from everything else, is much more profitable than pottering around in one's own garden.

We had occasion to see this at the kolkhoz board meeting called to discuss the distribution of the income for 1947. The comparative indiffer-

ence of the kolkhozniks toward their backyard plots, which at first had seemed surprising, now became clear to us. It is simply not profitable for the members of this kolkhoz to spend extra time on their own private plots. It is no accident that three out of every four of the kolkhoz families here cultivate private plots one-fifth the size they are entitled to by law.

When the accountant was given the floor he opened his books and began to read out columns of figures. Everybody listened in attentive silence. A buzz passed through the room when he announced that the extra pay for yields exceeding the plan, in other words, for Stakhanovite labour, amounted to 219.5 tons of grain.

"Oho!..."

Almost 220 tons of grain was due the kolkhozniks above the regular payments for workday units because they had overfulfilled the plan, had worked like Stakhanovites. This demonstrates the consciousness of the kolkhozniks, the success of socialist emulation in the fields, livestock departments, truck gardens and orchards.

Of course, not everything runs smoothly in this kolkhoz, not everybody works with equal energy to advance its common interests. Here, too, there are some who wouldn't mind profiting at its expense. Occasionally the old time psychology manifests itself in some kolkhoznik and he

commits an unsocial act. But such occurrences seldom pass unheeded.

At the board meeting which discussed distribution of the income just such a case came up.

An elderly man in a sheepskin coat stood before the board members, hat in hand. This was the kolkhoznik Serpovsky. The manager of the stud farm, Terenty Gavrilyuk was filing a complaint against him.

"Now, comrades," said Gavrilyuk, "I ask you to look into this matter. Something's got to be done about Serpovsky. I'm fed up with driving his cow from the kolkhoz haystacks and I'm fed up with talking to him about it. You tell him one day and the next his cow is at the kolkhoz fodder again. And it's not that he's a poor man."

In the first ten months of that year Serpovsky and the members of his family had earned more than a thousand workday units.

Serpovsky's air was insolent and he tried to wave aside the matter as being petty.

"I don't see that I've done any particular crime. Gavrilyuk makes it look as though I let my cow out on purpose. That's not so. What am I supposed to do—hold on to her tail?"

The board members were silent, as though undecided about the matter. This prompted Serpovsky to continue with greater assurance:

"Anyway, is it worth talking about a pood of hay? Last year the kolkhoz took more than a cartload of hay from me."

Recalling that case, the board members spoke up one after another.

"So it seems last year's lesson didn't do the man any good," said the agronomist.

"No, indeed," confirmed Zadirako.

It appeared that Serpovsky had mowed this cartload of hay on the kolkhoz pastures without permission. It had been taken from him and he had been given a warning. In bringing up the matter now he had as much as said: well, that makes us even. It seemed he just didn't want to realize it was kolkhoz hay.

"Let's put it up at a general meeting," the chairman said.

"Yes, at a general meeting," echoed the rest. "Let the kolkhozniks explain to him what's his and what belongs to everybody."

The man in the sheepskin coat immediately lost his cocksureness. He knew a general meeting would rub it in to him properly. He knew the question of socialist property would come up. And that he would be one against all....

Another remarkable feature about life in our country is the complete absence of estrangement between town and village.

In his short story "Muzhiks" Chekhov wrote with bitterness and anger that city people, "those who are richer and stronger," though aware of the gloomy life in the village offer it no help whatever. "But can there be any help or good example from people who are selfish, greedy, corrupted, lazy, who come to the village only to insult, cheat and intimidate?"

And here is an excerpt from a decision of the Kirsanov District Party Committee: "Considered: the construction of a hydroelectric station in the Lenin Kolkhoz. Resolved: the compressor station of the Saratov-Moscow gas pipe line and the municipal power station are to take patronage over the kolkhozes of the district and assist in their electrification."

The town is no longer something remote from and hostile to the peasants. It is now their friend, counsellor and leader. From it they receive machines, tractors, motor vehicles and everything else which promotes rural economic and cultural advancement.

Some time ago a team of hydrologists, soil scientists and hydrotechnicians of the Water Works Trust came to the Lenin Kolkhoz from Moscow to help it plan irrigation. Every morning they went out to the banks of the Vorona with their levels, theodolites and other instruments, and together with members of the kolkhoz studied

the soil at various depths and made relief maps and tables. With their aid the kolkhozniks accomplished a task of state importance—they built a system of field irrigation.

Researchers from the Timiryazev Agricultural Academy in Moscow who take a deep interest in the Red Tambov breed visit the kolkhoz. Professors help it improve the herd. Each such visit bears rich practical fruit, and Boris Grigorenko speaks with gratitude about the assistance men of science render the kolkhoz in the development of dairy breeding. As for the researchers, they too gain much from their observations at the kolkhoz. The Timiryazev Academy intends to consolidate this cooperation between science and practice by establishing a research base there.

A team from the Michurin Institute of Fruits and Vegetables also visited the kolkhoz. It helped the board draw up the kolkhoz five-year plan.

When, in 1947, the people of Leningrad issued a call in the press for completion of the five-year plan of the U.S.S.R. in four years, the kolkhoz board began looking for ways and means of "cutting out a year." It resolved that a revised version of the plan be drawn up and put before a general membership meeting. The brigade leaders, agronomists, zootechnicians and the heads of all the departments of the kolkhoz immediately got down to drafting amendments to the plan.

Some amendments, incidentally, had already been introduced by life itself. Whereas according to the plan the consumption of electric power was to have been increased five times by 1950, this was achieved toward the end of 1947. Also, the gross grain harvest reached the planned 1950 level by that time. Now new and bigger programs had to be adopted in these fields. In others, such as housing, measures had to be taken to ensure completion of the five-year plan in 1949.

The way in which the kolkhoz followed the example and the lead of the city in joining the drive for pre-schedule fulfilment of the five-year plan is typical of the support it gives all measures concerning the country as a whole. The kolkhozniks rise to the occasion not only in matters with such a direct bearing on the farm's prosperity as spring sowing or harvesting, but also when it comes to measures affecting the prosperity of the entire country. For example, the day the radio announced that the Second State Loan for the Restoration and Development of the National Economy had been floated, the members of the kolkhoz subscribed to the amount of 300,000 rubles in cash, thereby helping their state restore and develop the national economy. They are not depending upon help from Uncle Sam—they know very well that this "help" is giving nothing to

the working people of the countries enslaved by the American monopolists.

The members of the Lenin Kolkhoz regard every state measure as their vital concern. Nor could it be otherwise in a land where the working masses themselves hold the power and administer the state. That this is so is graphically illustrated by the Lenin Kolkhoz itself, nine of whose members have been elected to various organs of state power, from the lowest to the highest. Six are deputies to the Yekaterinovka Rural Soviet. Yekaterina Chernyshova, the best team leader, is a deputy to the Kirsanov District Soviet of Working People's Deputies, and brigade leader Pyotr Pshenko, to the Tambov Regional Soviet. The chairman of the kolkhoz, Pavel Fokin, is a deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the R.S.F.S.R. Fokin, the son of a worker in the Tambov railway car repair shop, received his zootechnical education in Soviet times. It is here, in the kolkhoz, that he has become a public figure and a statesman.

Managing an enterprise the size of the Lenin Kolkhoz is no easy job, and although Pavel Fokin is up to his ears in work he never forgets his duties as deputy and servant of the people. He lends an attentive ear to the complaints and petitions of his constituents who visit him on his reception days and to the matters dealt with in letters from constituents in the neighbouring

districts. Whenever possible he gives immediate assistance; in other cases he makes a note of the petition to take it up in the local or central Soviet bodies.

Pavel Fokin studies persistently. His constant concern is to apply the achievements of Soviet science on an extensive scale in the kolkhoz—in crop cultivation, stockbreeding and the auxiliary enterprises.

His most characteristic trait is that he never stops at what has been accomplished; he always wants to move ahead, to take over the best features of production in other kolkhozes. He takes every opportunity to remind the members of the kolkhoz that hundreds and thousands of agricultural artels are outstripping them in one or another branch of husbandry and that to keep pace they must intensify their efforts. When the harvesting showed that many kolkhozniks had obtained yields qualifying them for decoration with Orders, Fokin reminded them that in many other kolkhozes better results had been attained, such as merited the Government award of the title of Hero of Socialist Labour, and this meant they had to work still better.

Pavel Fokin lost his father at an early age and it cost him much effort to get an education. Perhaps that is why he shows constant concern for the education of the kolkhoz youth, for the normal functioning of the schools, for making the

young members of the kolkhoz educated and cultured.

At a meeting of the rural intelligentsia he spoke with indignation of the fact that some of the pupils of the seven-year school wanted to drop studies before completing the course. For this he reproached the teachers. He drew a thrilling picture of the collective farm's growth and showed by concrete examples that agriculture now needs educated men and women with a knowledge of physics, biology, geometry and algebra. Without this knowledge, he pointed out, it is impossible to work efficiently on a mechanized and electrified farm.

"Our kolkhoz youth," said Fokin, "must study very earnestly. The growing generation must come into Communism as highly-cultured people, free of all survivals of the past."

This reflects the broad outlook of the head of the leading kolkhoz.

As we have already mentioned, Pavel Fokin came to the Lenin Kolkhoz fourteen years ago. For nine years he worked as zootechnician. His work and his active participation in the life of the Party organization have not passed without progress. He has become a high-calibre manager, a talented Bolshevik organizer.

Pavel Fokin is a man of vision. He cannot conceive of working without contact with science or without a plan.

The five-year plan of his kolkhoz was so comprehensively and soundly drafted that it was put out on a large scale by the Tambov Pravda Publishing House to serve as a model for all the kolkhozes of the region.

Such is Pavel Fokin, chairman of the kolkhoz board and deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the Russian Federation.

We visited the kolkhoz during the election campaign to the local Soviets, and we found that among the best campaign speakers were those who in their youth had come to grief in the "paradise" across the ocean. They are familiar with the jungle laws of capitalism, they know the corruption and hypocrisy of American "democracy," they witnessed the election machinations in the United States.

Like Matvei Lozinsky in Korolenko's story "Without a Tongue," all of them—Fyodor Matsuk, Kornei Zadirako, Boris Grigorenko, Pyotr Pshenko, Mikhail Novikov and the rest, could say:

"May a thunderbolt shatter that brass liberty of theirs out on the island...."

ALONG URBAN LINES

> We want to make the village, its culture and its people, city-like, cultured, in other words, we want their culture, their way of living, to be equal to that of city people.
>
> *M. Kalinin*

"They say America is a land of service. It would be interesting to know what kind of service you personally got," we once said to Boris Grigorenko.

He smiled. "I heard a lot about service but I never made use of it. You see, you've got to pay for American service. But I worked two seasons for a contractor repairing roads in the state of New York and I can tell you the kind of service he provided for his men.

"We lived in a barracks on wheels. As we moved up we ourselves hauled our house along the road. The boss seemed very much concerned about our feeding—he delivered our victuals. But it turned out in the long run that he made a profit on that as well as on our labour. We would have been

glad to get along without his help—buying provisions ourselves would have come out much cheaper. But we couldn't. We had to buy them from the boss. That's service number one.

"And here's the second. We were without our families and we had no one to cook for us. Now here's where the boss could have helped by setting up a kitchen for us workers. But it didn't pay him. So we cooked our meals ourselves. There wasn't any stove or electric plates in our house on wheels. I used to build a little fire near the house, set a pot on two bricks and cook my dinner over it. That's service number two.

"When I was a young fellow just about to set out for America a neighbour of mine said to me, 'In America it's not like here. No one sleeps on a wooden bench there. Everyone has his own bed with a mattress, sheets and a blanket.' But our boss somehow forgot to provide us with this luxury. I made myself a bed out of old sacks which I stuffed with hay. That's service number three.

"And another thing my village neighbour told me: 'In America you'll wear a tie.' I actually did take to wearing a tie. But with the life we road workers led, what was the sense of a tie? If you put on a tie it wouldn't make your shirt any cleaner. Our boss didn't keep a laundry. We did our washing the best we could by the roadside. That was service number four I remember.

"I guess that's about all I've got to remember that boss of mine by. Of course, people with money get all accommodations. But where was a road repairer to get money if he was paid a dollar and a half for ten hours of work?"

The "service" described by Boris Grigorenko is not so bad if compared with the life of many American workers today.

Take the case of Thomas Hart, a Chicago house painter with eight children who was evicted by his landlord. At first the family slept in the parks, then they turned a wrecked car into a shelter, and then they moved into an abandoned garage. Why couldn't house painter Thomas Hart find a flat in that big city? For the same reason that thousands of war veterans in America can't: because of the housing crisis and the extremely high rents. Rent always ate up about 40 per cent of a worker's pay, but still the houseowners put through a bill permitting a 15% rise in rents.

Here no one will ever evict the kolkhozniks from their large two-storey houses with the light, spacious, cozy rooms. The conveniences created in this village situated at a distance from the railroad are a far cry from the "service" that falls to the lot of Thomas Hart of Chicago and many other workers in America.

The kolkhoz has a communal dining room—a clean, roomy hall with tables covered with new

oilcloth. The usual breakfast consists of several slices of tasty home-made rye bread, a pat of butter from the kolkhoz creamery and two glasses of creamy milk. The dinner consists of three courses: a meat and potato or meat and pea soup, or, more often, a tasty meat and cabbage soup; fried meat and potatoes, an omelette, or porridge with butter; a glass of milk. For supper there is milk again and one of the second dishes which was served at dinner.

The kolkhozniks who take their meals at the dining room transfer produce to it depending upon the kind of menu they want.

The kolkhoz has a laundry, barbershop and a public bath and showers. Hot water is piped to the showers from the electric station.

One need not go to town to have a pair of shoes made to order. There is a kolkhoz shoe shop which makes boots and shoes and does repairs.

When Sergei Drozd, of the machine shop, wants a new suit he has it made to order in the kolkhoz tailor shop. Like the other unmarried young men he has his mending and darning done there too, and he finds this a big help.

Talking to Sergei Drozd, we learned that he made a trip to Moscow not long ago. His earnings are good and he has no family, so that he is rolling in money, so to say. While in Moscow he bought a few things and visited the theatres—the

In the bookshop of the Lenin Kolkhoz

A teacher of the village school with some of her pupils

Kolkhoz members on a Sunday outing in their own cars

Technician G. Savkov at the controls in the kolkhoz radio station

Bolshoi and the Maly Theatres and the operetta. When we came to talk of the latest films it turned out that he had seen them all in the kolkhoz.

The peasants who were abroad had no opportunity of going to theatres although they lived in the largest cities of America. When Matsuk was living in New York he once heard that Caruso was coming there. He was very keen on hearing the famous tenor, but a ticket cost several dollars. And so he never heard Caruso after all.

Sergei Drozd is mentioned here just as an example. For is it only young and unmarried men that stand in need of the conveniences noted above? No, they are made use of in a greater or lesser degree by all the members of the kolkhoz. Some of the services are particularly important to family people, to housewives.

Before the Revolution water had to be used sparingly not only in the villages but also in provincial towns and in the outskirts of large cities inhabited by the poor.

In the Lenin Kolkhoz the housewives keep their homes immaculate because there is no need to be sparing of water. There are water pumps at convenient intervals; the water mains already total ten kilometres in length and they are being extended.

The women here do their ironing with electric irons. In the evening there is no need to fuss with the samovar—the tea kettle may be boiled on an

electric stove. There is no need to mess with kerosene lamps either.

The significance of the industrial enterprises in the Lenin Kolkhoz lies not only in the fact that they bring in hundreds of thousands of rubles. They make life easier for the members. Instead of receiving sunflower seed in payment for his workday units, the kolkhoznik may take sunflower seed oil; instead of milk—butter and cheese, instead of grain —flour; instead of millet and buckwheat—meal.

The snow-white fancy buns with which the housewives treated us at tea were baked from excellent white flour produced by the kolkhoz mill.

Near the creamery one day we met the kolkhoznik Trofim Rukin. Since he has a cow of his own he decided to take ready-made produce in payment for his workday units instead of milk. At one go he carried off a batch of 15 heads of cheese —27 kilograms in all. The previous month he had taken six kilograms of butter.

Trofim Rukin is not the only one who takes cheese and butter instead of milk. Another is Ivan Nemtsov, who took eleven kilograms of butter that month. The majority of the kolkhozniks, however, draw their payment partly in milk and partly in butter and cheese, depending upon how much of each is needed at home.

Looking through the autumn and spring records of the creamery we failed to notice any sharp

seasonal difference. In May, the big milk month, it produced 556 kilograms of cheese and 467 kilograms of butter. In October, when the cows usually give considerably less milk, the output was substantial too: 321 kilograms of cheese and 377 kilograms of butter.

The creamery's comparatively steady output is the result of proper management on the kolkhoz dairy farm. The kolkhozniks receive milk and milk products in spring, summer and autumn.

The returns the creamery brings the kolkhozniks and the conveniences it offers are great. But what about its staff—is that big too? There are only three workers there: the registrar (he is also the receiver and the manager), the butter and cheese maker, and his helper.

Bread! How much energy the rural housewife spends on baking her daily bread! But the members of the Lenin Kolkhoz eat bakery bread, just as townfolk do. At dinnertime the housewives bring large warm loaves from the bakery, situated near the kolkhoz office. They may take as much as they wish. Later the amount is calculated in terms of grain and subtracted from the workday unit payments due the family.

We have already mentioned the tailoring establishment. It is a kolkhoz fashion shop equipped with the latest fashion magazines, electric irons, mannequins and sewing machines, and staffed by

tailors with from twenty to thirty years' experience. The tailor brigade leader, Nikolai Isayev, worked in Moscow shops for many years; Trofim Obyedkov worked in Leningrad tailor shops. All seven tailors are now members of the kolkhoz.

The kolkhoz board has established a price list which covers all types of tailoring, from a fashionable broadcloth suit or a crepe de Chine dress to a pair of sheepskin mittens. This is a somewhat unusual price list. The making of a cloth winter coat costs 7.5 workday units; a fall coat—6.25 workday units; a summer suit—4.5 units; uncovered sheepskin coat—5 units; work clothes —2 units; men's underwear—0.6; mittens—0.2. The making of a silk or woollen dress costs 3 workday units; a voile dress—2; a sateen dress—1.75; a sarafan—1.5, and a dressing gown—0.8.

Then come the prices for millinery, children's wear and furs. As distinct from the city establishments, here the prices are expressed in workday units. The kolkhoz tailors, like the grain growers, milkmaids, tractor drivers and the others are paid in workday units: the customer transfers the number of workday units called for by the price list to the account of the tailor who fills his order.

The specialist on overcoats makes seven articles a month, the dressmaker 30 dresses, and the seamstress about 40 shirts. Three apprentices help the

seven master tailors. And though they all work full time the shop cannot keep up with the orders. During the years of the war clothes grew shabby. Now everyone wants to dress well.

"We have so many orders now we won't be able to fill them all even by May," said brigade leader Nikolai Isayev. This was in December.

"What kind of orders do you get mostly—for expensive articles or cheap ones, for city or country wear?"

"Well, of course, we do sheepskins and overalls, too, but for the most part it's town styles. Women make their simple dresses at home themselves. What is demanded of us are the latest fashions, particularly by the women. And the fabrics they bring are mostly the expensive kind —woollens and silks."

Just then a customer came to see dressmaker Maria Yerofeyeva. She was Shura Mikunova, a young kolkhoz woman, and she had brought a length of embroidered silk. Customer and dressmaker began to discuss the style of a blouse.

Nikolai Isayev showed us the order book. Recently milkmaid Pelageya Bulgakova ordered two woollen summer suits, one grey and one blue. She also ordered two winter cloth coats, one with a karakul collar and the other with a sealskin collar.

Concern for the everyday needs of the kolkhozniks is manifest at every step. That, of course, does

not mean that there are no shortcomings or deficiencies. For instance, the housing problem has not been fully solved as yet; the construction of a half-finished apartment house is proceeding slowly.

Many of the housewives are dissatisfied with having to cook in the living room and to keep there various household articles belonging in a pantry, which not every house has.

The communal dining room and the bakery are big conveniences. But family men usually eat at home. That is why the new kolkhoz houses must have good kitchens.

The kolkhozniks are not satisfied with water pumps on every street. They want to have running water inside the houses—and in time they will. Another thing the kolkhoz will manage in time is to build board or brick sidewalks in the settlement.

Yes, reshaping life in the kolkhoz along city lines has its problems and is far from being completed as yet. But it is proceeding successfully. After the war the main difficulties were left behind, and the kolkhoz is constantly improving the living conditions of its members.

Now we come to medical care in the Lenin Kolkhoz.

Here again a contrast with America arises. As is known, there medicine is a commodity like any other. It has its price, and a price so high that

even simple surgical operations cannot be afforded by everybody. "Your money or your life"—that is how medicine in America puts the question. The rich man pays, and sometimes he saves his life. The poor man has no choice. He takes treatment where he can get it cheaper—from quacks without any medical education whatever (by the way, in America nothing is done to prevent quack practice). But even then the saving is a fiction. The charlatans, and many graduate physicians, too, sometimes shamelessly prolong an illness so as to pump more money out of the patient.

Even if one has money put aside for a "rainy day" it is not always easy to get medical aid in America: in forty districts out of every hundred there are no hospitals, neither private nor public ones. In this respect America today is no better than Tambov Gubernia at the end of the last century, when the entire Kirsanov Uyezd had one doctor and one feldsher.

A physician of those days named Bogdanov wrote the following about the peasants of Kirsanov Uyezd in the *Meditsinskoye Obozreniye* (*Medical Review*):

"The people here are short, weak and puny. The women are pale and age very early; they often give birth to stillborn infants and even more often miscarry. Practically all the children are scrofulous, emaciated, pale, constantly ailing....

As for child mortality, it is truly enormous: to every thousand deaths at all ages there are six hundred deaths of children under five years of age."

According to statistics published in America in 1917, child mortality in rural districts in the United States was 25 per cent higher than in the towns, and the number of women dying of childbirth was greater by one-third. The health of the United States rural population is becoming worse and worse, for it is among them that the general high cost of living and the inaccessibility of medical aid make themselves particularly felt.

How is medical service administered in the Lenin Kolkhoz?

We came to the medical station just when feldsher Vasily Kupriyanovich had returned from a trip to Kirsanov. The cart was still standing at the door. The driver carefully lifted a wooden box from under some straw in the cart and handed it to the feldsher. It contained medicine brought from Kirsanov. Here were sulfanilamide, urotropin, quinine, aspirin, vaccines, alcohol, and various vials, jars and first-aid materials.

Vasily Kupriyanovich went to town not only to get a supply of medicine. A week ago he sent a woman from the kolkhoz to the district hospital for treatment and he had considered it his duty

now to pay her a visit to see if he could be of assistance in any way.

In 1947 there was only one case of scrofula in the kolkhoz. Thanks to treatment and proper care the sick boy recovered comparatively quickly.

"Nutrition!" said the feldsher. "That's the thing. Here if a family doesn't keep a cow it means that the milk and the butter it gets for their workday units is quite sufficient for its needs."

Before the Revolution 25 per cent of the peasants in Kirsanov Uyezd had no cows. A great many children were doomed to a milkless diet and, consequently, to scrofula.

How many deaths and how much grief the frequent epidemics of scarlet fever brought to the village of old! This has faded into the limbo of the past. In 1947 on the territory under the Yekaterinovka Rural Soviet only five children had scarlet fever. All recovered. For that whole year there was not a single case of diphtheria and only one case of dysentery.

Why have these dread diseases ceased to be epidemical and now crop up only in rare cases? Vasily Kupriyanovich is right. It is because the children live in incomparably better conditions. The well-paid workday unit which guarantees proper nutrition knocks out scrofula. The kolkhoz bakery, the water supply system, the baths, the laundry, the clean homes and wholesome and hygienic

cooking all combine to prevent dysentery and other diseases.

The material well-being of the rural population and its enhanced cultural level—this is what assures the success of the extensive curative and preventive measures carried out in the Lenin Kolkhoz. Of tremendous significance, finally, is the fact that medical service in our country is free of charge. This certainly cannot be said of America, where about 70 per cent of the population is deprived of the possibility of receiving medical aid.

Circuit Doctor Agnessa Mikhailovna observes the basic principle of Soviet health protection, considering her main task to be the prevention of diseases. Within the last year alone she gave more than fifty lectures in kolkhozes on how to fight contagious diseases and gastric disorders, and on personal hygiene. Inoculations against scarlet fever, diphtheria and measles are practised on a mass scale. Cases of contagious diseases are immediately reported and quarantined.

According to Vasily Kupriyanovich the kolkhoz system does medicine a great service in its fight against contagious gastrointestinal diseases. It is enough to tell Kornei Zadirako, the head of the maintenance brigade, that it's time to sprinkle chlorinated lime over the cesspits and the job will be done the very next day, even in the busiest

harvesting period. Strict sanitation control is observed in the kolkhoz. In a village with private homesteads this would be simply impossible.

Two kolkhoz women were in the lying-in home: Nadezhda Vatrusheva and Sumarokova. Both had given birth to boys the day before. The leader of the horticultural brigade, agronomist Arseny Kovalyuk, was in the waiting room, insisting on seeing Vatrusheva who works in his brigade. But Yelizaveta Moreva, the midwife, would not let him into the ward. He stood there, embarrassed, trying to convince Moreva that he simply must see Vatrusheva.

"She's my office," he pleaded with the midwife. "Vatrusheva keeps all my brigade's records and I just must get some information from her. There's a board meeting tomorrow and I haven't got the records at hand."

However, the "office" could not be seen. No outsiders are permitted to pass the threshold lest an infection be carried in. This rule is rigidly observed by the midwife.

What a contrast to pre-Revolutionary times when it was a common occurrence for peasant women to give birth out in the open field!

Through the nurse Kovalyuk finally managed to find out where his "office" had put the papers he needed about the number of workday units earned by the members of his brigade.

EVENINGS IN A KOLKHOZ NEAR YEKATERINOVKA

> Will the time ever come when the muzhik will bring from the market the works of Belinsky and Gogol instead of Blücher and silly Milord?
>
> *N. Nekrasov*

At dinner time the kolkhoz radio station announced that there would be a dress rehearsal in the club at six o'clock that evening.

The club, we learned, was putting on a new production for an amateur art review. The kolkhoz actors were scheduled to perform in Tambov, and if all went well they might even present the play in Moscow.

We decided to visit the club in the evening. But while dinner was still being served in the kolkhoz restaurant something absolutely incredible happened: the loudspeaker emitted an air raid warning! It was that cruelly familiar, half-forgotten but immediately remembered alarm siren—only the sound was weaker and thinner than the one we

used to hear in Moscow in those days.... What could this be? As though in answer to our question the siren was followed by the voice of the kolkhoz announcer:

"Attention, attention! Lenin Kolkhoz radio station speaking. An announcement by the kolkhoz board now follows: 'A great head of water on the Ira has created a serious danger of a break in the power plant dam. In view of the emergency all men and women must immediately report at the dam with spades, and the carpenters with their saws and hammers. Matsuk is appointed responsible for the Big Houses and Zadirako for the Lenin Settlement.' "

Five minutes later there was a thumping of feet on the wooden stairs leading from the second floor. One could hear the men almost running down the corridor, and then the outer door slammed. From the window we could now see kolkhozniks with spades on their shoulders walking quickly in the direction of the dam. Half an hour later the houses were deserted. The kolkhoz folk were working at the river.

It was not only the siren that so unexpectedly reminded us of wartime. The organization, discipline and speed with which the kolkhozniks gathered to defend their dam brought home clearly the habits of collective labour and the training of the war years which men acquired on the battlefields

and women on the kolkhoz fields. For during the war years the women also waged a bitter struggle —the battle of the harvest.

Then another picture arose in our minds, that of a fire in the village of tsarist times: the village elder yelling futile orders at the muzhiks; the muzhiks, trembling with fear before the inevitable calamity, throwing pails of water to quench the raging flames; the water barrel, of course, sprang a leak precisely when the fire began; instead of a fireman there is a priest, and instead of a firehose, a cross... : That is how the disunited village of the old days fought natural disasters.

As for our kolkhozniks, the sight of them at work left not a trace of doubt about their saving the hydroelectric station.

We were certain that the dress rehearsal announced over the radio would be postponed. It was hard work at the dam, and everybody would be tired out; besides, they might very well have to work into the night. And so we decided to visit the library instead of the club.

There was no one in the library—everybody was working at the river. The librarian opened her files and showed us the readers' cards. Both Belinsky and Gogol, whose works Nekrasov dreamed of seeing in the hands of the Russian muzhik were marked on those cards.

Since we mentioned Gogol, it is worth recalling Gogol's Petrushka who, as is known, was fond of reading. But it was not the contents of the books that interested him—that was beyond his power of comprehension. What intrigued him was the process of reading itself, the remarkable, magical appearance of words from the simple union of letters and syllables.

No, that was certainly not the reader the cards of the Lenin Kolkhoz library reflected. Studying the cards it was not difficult to determine the individual tastes and intellectual leanings of the subscribers; from the cards we recognized some of our acquaintances as clearly as we might have by looking at their photographs.

Take Fyodor Matsuk. An actual portrait of this expert and industrious agriculturist looked out at us from his library card. He daily reads the newspaper *Sotsialisticheskoye Zemledeliye* (*Socialist Agriculture*), which the librarian always puts aside for him. He carefully follows the books and journals on agriculture. At that time he had out several books on various plant cultures. Judging by the number of entries on his card he reads a great deal.

Fyodor Matsuk is a Party member. Like the other Communists he plays a leading role in all branches of kolkhoz work.

In the bookcase in Matsuk's home we saw *The*

Communist Manifesto, the *History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union (Bolsheviks)*, *Short Course* and other political literature. The library and the Party educational centre are not the only places where political literature may be found. Many of the kolkhozniks buy their own books: at least a hundred of them, mostly Communists, have their own copies of the *History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union (Bolsheviks)*, *Short Course*, supplementary reading material, and other books. There is a direct connection between the high, stable crop yields that Matsuk's brigade obtains and the agricultural literature marked on his library card. Just as direct a connection exists between these crop yields and the political literature which we saw in Matsuk's bookcase at home. He is not merely an expert agriculturist. He is a Communist, and that, first and foremost, is what makes him a leading figure in the kolkhoz.

We looked at the library card of Philip Korenyuk. Date of birth—1895, occupation—kolkhoz mechanic. This booklover of long standing has read all the library's works by Maxim Gorky (and it has practically a complete set) and all its books by Leo Tolstoy.

Terenty Komarov, aged 62, kolkhoz carpenter, regularly reads the newspaper *Pravda*.

Additional library cards had to be made out for

teen-agers Mikhail Piskarev and Anatoly Chernetsov.

Kolkhoz team leader Maria Primerova, a widow with three children whose husband was killed at the front, also reads a good deal, particularly of a winter evening.

Anna Kin, an elderly member of the kolkhoz who works at the apiary, reads chiefly fiction.

The young kolkhozniks Churikov and Sergei Drozd who work in the machine shop read mostly technical literature; Kovalyuk also reads books in his own line: he is the leader of the orchard brigade, and he takes out the journal *Sad i Ogorod* (*Orchard and Vegetable Garden*).

Before the Revolution, only three out of every 100 Tambov Region villagers could read and write.

At present in Tambov Region there are 476 cottage reading rooms and 170 libraries containing over 300,000 books. Is that much or is it little? If we compare these figures with pre-Revolutionary times, when the only "cultural and educational" institutions in the village were the church and the saloon, then it is much. But if we judge from the standpoint of the cultural demands of the peasants, which have grown immeasurably and are still growing, it is certainly little.

The library of the Lenin Kolkhoz has 300 subscribers and only 1,095 books—the supply obvious-

ly does not meet the demand. It has an almost complete set of Gorky, Leo Tolstoy, Sholokhov, the Big Soviet Encyclopedia. But it hasn't, for instance, Fadeyev's *Young Guard*. When the librarian managed to obtain a copy for a short while the Komsomol members promptly organized a public reading of the book.

Of course, a library book is read not only by the person who takes it out. Usually the members of his family or his neighbours read it too.

Still, there is a shortage of books. True, a big addition is on the way—about two thousand books have been ordered. Word of this has spread throughout the kolkhoz, and the librarian is frequently asked, "Will the new books come soon?"

At about seven o'clock we left the library for home. But passing by the club we were surprised to see it all lit up. It appeared that the rehearsal which we thought had fallen through was in full swing. All the kolkhoz actors were present. They came straight from the dam in their work jackets and high rubber boots. The dam was saved and the rehearsal was held, only without costumes. The actors played just as they were, in tarpaulin jackets and rubber boots.

The chorus was rehearsing. The soloist was an elderly woman with stern features that still preserved traces of former beauty. The other members of the chorus, both men and women, were

mostly elderly too; there were even some aged folk.

After rehearsing a melancholy song about a nightingale they turned to a jolly one:

"My face is blushy,
My mother's touchy."

The strains of the irresistible dance tune resounded through the big hall.

The kolkhozniks fondly call their singers—lovers of Russian folk melodies and dances—the Pyatnitsky chorus.*

At concerts the members of the chorus wear old Russian costumes. The women, bedecked with sparkling beads and ribbons, staidly range themselves in two rows, while the men modestly form the third, back row. The chorus is conducted by a short, stout woman who is also dressed in an old-fashioned Russian sarafan. She is Tatyana Matsuk, wife of field crop brigade leader Fyodor Matsuk.

Many of the kolkhozniks like to spend their evenings at the club. Amateur theatricals and concerts are staged here, professionals often come from town, and twice a week films are shown.

The villages of Tambov Region, where motion

* A Russian folk song chorus organized in 1911 by M. Y. Pyatnitsky, a connoisseur and propagandist of Russian folk music.—*Trans.*

pictures were totally unknown before the Revolution, now have 62 stationary movie projectors and 45 travelling projectors, catering to an annual audience of more than one million.

But the kolkhoz has its stay-at-homes, too, who prefer to get their music over the radio. The Lenin Kolkhoz is not the only one that has its own radio relay station; there are about seventy in the villages of Tambov Region.

In the Matsuk family the husband is a stay-at-home more or less. Whenever he is free he likes to sit down with a book. His wife, however, goes to the club on her free evenings.

Twenty-five years ago, when the Lenin Kolkhoz was founded, Tatyana Matsuk started an amateur talent group. Today she is the conductor of the chorus and its leading spirit. Recently she published an article in the *Tambov Pravda* under the heading "Songs Help Us Live and Build." Although this article was about kolkhoz amateur talent, it opened with production indices.

"There are about 50 men and women in our chorus. All work like Stakhanovites in various branches of kolkhoz industry. For example, this year team leader A. N. Lutishina harvested 22 centners of wheat, 25.16 centners of rye, 220 centners of potatoes and 305 centners of beets per hectare. Team leader M. V. Bogdanovich is also a member of our chorus. She obtained 39.84 centners

of millet and 307 centners of sugar beet per hectare. Team leaders Pavlokovich, Balyshkanova, Avgustinova and Shchuchkina likewise obtained high crop yields. All the other kolkhozniks who are in our chorus have also worked well."

There can be no two opinions about it: highly respectable people indeed are members of the chorus.

"Our folk live in harmony; they work in Stakhanovite fashion and they go in strong for recreation," the article continued. "No one has to be begged to attend rehearsals. Many of the women have household duties and children to take care of but that never prevents them from coming on time to rehearsals and working earnestly and enthusiastically in the chorus. Our people like to sing. We rehearse many of the folk songs our parents and grandparents used to sing.

"Many of our women have been with the chorus since the day it was organized—for about a quarter of a century. A. A. Drozdova, O. Y. Kutyakova, M. K. Pravotorova and A. P. Dimitryuk are old-timers.

"We perform new songs too. Outstanding Soviet songs are occasionally printed in the newspapers —for instance 'The Kolkhoz Song About Moscow.' I can read music myself, and besides we are helped by Kondraty Lipovkin, our kolkhoz watchman who plays the violin, various wind instruments and the

piano. He sometimes accompanies us during rehearsals.

"We gather regularly once a week or once in two weeks. We perform frequently, either in our own club or at our neighbours'. After harvest time we performed in the neighbouring Gavrilov District, and also for the kolkhozniks of Maslovka, a village in our own district."

At the rehearsal we became acquainted with Yelena Kuzmich, the club manager, an educated young woman who is a graduate of an art school. The training she received at the art school and her gift for drawing have been of great service here in the kolkhoz club; she is in charge of make-up, paints the decorations, and draws attractive posters and invitation cards for guests of honour.

Yelena Kuzmich was a rank-and-file kolkhoz member before she entered the art school. Her mother is a team leader.

Yelena Kuzmich knows America a little; she was born there. However, she came to the Soviet Union with her parents at the age of eight, so that her recollections of the country on the other side of the ocean are very vague. But one thing she will remember to the end of her days. This is how the teacher in the American school rapped her over the knuckles with a ruler. The rapping was not very painful, but it was executed with such precision as though it were some sort of pedagogical

ritual and the victim a mannequin instead of a little girl trembling with shame and fear. It was not the physical pain that Yelena Kuzmich will remember for the rest of her life but the teacher's heartless precision, the ruler especially kept for pedagogical rituals, and her own deep feeling of humiliation.

It should be mentioned that corporal punishment is practised to this day in capitalist countries. Quite recently, on April 1, 1948, in Scarborough, England, a conference of the National Association of Schoolteachers adopted a resolution demanding the preservation of corporal punishment in English schools. The delegate from Liverpool, Parker, characterized schoolboys as "vicious, wicked little rogues." He declared that anyone who had had anything to do with horses, puppies and little boys knew that a timely whipping not only brought no harm but did no end of good.

While at the club we also became acquainted with a stage director from Tambov, who had been sent to the kolkhoz by the Regional House of Folk Art to assist in the preparations for the review. He had a long argument about the repertoire with the kolkhoz stage director, Kurganov. He advised staging one-act plays depicting kolkhoz life, but the kolkhoz producer argued that such plays would be too simple, suggesting something more involved and not necessarily about kolkhoz life. The kol-

khoz actors contended that they could manage a big play. Some suggested Boris Lavrenev's *To Those at Sea*, others Korneichuk's *Come to Zvonkovoye*. They finally agreed on a one-act play, but only because very little time remained before the review.

Stage director Kurganov is a worker of the kolkhoz machine shop. Unlike the chorus, whose members are mostly elderly folk, the drama circle is made up chiefly of young people. In general, the ages of the participants in amateur talent activities range from fifteen to seventy. About a hundred people take part in these activities, including the members of the dance circle and the brass band.

In Kurganov's opinion that evening's rehearsal was not what it should be, and not only because the costumes were missing. He was extremely dissatisfied with some of the acting. He even interrupted the rehearsal once for a brief meeting to call to account those whose acting was not up to par.

They were rehearsing the play *A Case in Grachevka*, which, it must be said, is far from a masterpiece. However, what was happening on the stage was interesting. It appeared that the actors were playing their own selves. Young Matsuk had the role of a Patriotic War hero, which he actually was. His army coat and decorations were real, and even his rank of sergeant in the play was the same

as in real life. The role of his mother was played by his own mother, Tatyana Matsuk. Not so long ago she had wept and hugged her boy who had returned from the front, just as she was doing now on the stage.

Even the meticulous kolkhoz stage director could not accuse Tatyana Matsuk of lacking artistic temperament. She played her role with sincere feeling and with the assurance of a professional. Besides singing in the chorus for many years she has played numerous roles on the kolkhoz stage —from the matchmaker in Gogol's *Marriage* to Louisa's mother in Schiller's *Love and Intrigue*. Also, as we learned from her article in the newspaper, she occasionally goes on tour.

The last trip to Tambov involved great difficulties caused by the unusual weather: although it was December a warm spring rain fell, melting the snow and making the Tambov black earth country impassable. In such weather it was absolutely impossible to cover the twenty-kilometre distance between the kolkhoz and the railway station along the country road either by foot or by truck. The date of departure had been fixed, the play was ready and the costumes were in order, but the weather just wouldn't settle. Yet the troupe simply had to go, otherwise the review would fall through. Things looked pretty hopeless because any car would get stuck in the mud.

However, a way out was found. Early in the morning of the appointed day a caterpillar tractor with two big carts in hitch drove out of the kolkhoz. Holding on to their suitcases which contained their costumes, the kolkhoz actors sat closely packed in the carts. Peals of laughter could be heard from under the tarpaulin covers. The December rain poured down incessantly, but the puffing and snorting tractor conscientiously did its job of driving the kolkhoz actors to Tambov. It was the board of the Lenin Kolkhoz which had found a way out of the difficulty by making the tractor serve art. The members of the board set great store by their actors. They are very attentive to the needs of the theatrical group and are always ready to offer assistance whenever needed. At board meetings the work of the club is never placed on the agenda among the "miscellany" but always among questions of primary importance, such as the distribution of income per workday unit, or preparations for spring sowing.

Now, too, in the darkness of the empty hall we recognized the familiar figure of Ivan Karagodov, secretary of the kolkhoz Party organization, standing near the stage director's table. Although he is an extremely busy man and no theatregoer, he nevertheless considered it his duty to see how the rehearsal was getting on.

Backstage we learned that the artistic streak

runs in other families besides Tatyana Matsuk's. Anna Sovkova, a middle-aged woman with four children, including a son in the army, plays on the stage together with her youngest son Vanya. The kolkhoz actors have nicknamed Vanya "Red" and "Goldie" because of his mop of golden-red hair. He handles various comedy roles with considerable ability. Alexandra Volkova, who once worked for Princess Obolenskaya, sings in the chorus and plays in the brass band as well. Ex-serviceman Ivan Nemtsov, kolkhoz truck driver, is a member of the drama circle. He has acted in various roles, including that of policeman Medvedev in Gorky's *The Lower Depths*. Another former army man, Korenyuk, a kolkhoz clerk, filled the role of the Baron in the same play—his most successful role, everybody thinks. Pavel Zyuzin, a kolkhoz loader, also an ex-serviceman, was introduced to us as "the most active actor."

The repertory of the circle includes such plays as Ostrovsky's *Guilty Though Guiltless* and *It Never Rains but It Pours*, Gusev's *Fame* and many others. As we mentioned before, it has even staged Schiller's *Love and Intrigue*.

Schiller! What place is there for Schiller in the Lenin Kolkhoz, on the boundless chernozem fields of Tambov Region? What are these Russian peasants to him, a German romanticist of a bygone age? And what is he to them, Russian, Soviet

peasants who are building Communism? Yet it appears that they do have a common ground. It is a noteworthy fact that in the days when Schiller's native land groaned under the heel of the corporal and was transformed into one big horrible barracks, when the fascists burned Heine's works and their chieftains declared that at the word "culture" they reached for their revolvers—in those days the members of the Lenin Kolkhoz, which had sent its finest sons into the life-and-death struggle with fascist Germany, listened attentively to the inspired words of the German romanticist Schiller.

Our people are now the true judges and champions of the culture of mankind. It is not on murder films, cheap crime thrillers or sex novels that they subsist. The Party of Lenin-Stalin led the people to the fount of genuine art, and for more than thirty years now it has been bringing up Soviet men and women in the pure atmosphere of lofty human and civic sentiments.

THE WIDOW'S LOT

> It's a curious thing. Grasping the fact that the earth revolves around the sun would seem much more difficult, yet after some argument people did come to an agreement about it; but the fact that women are human beings is something they simply cannot get into their heads.
>
> *A. Herzen*

The old kolkhozniks say that Princess Obolenskaya, the former owner of these lands, lived in grand style; she kept many hunting hounds, she loved horseback riding.

Seventy-year-old Darya Varavko, now living on a kolkhoz pension, remembers Princess Obolenskaya better than anyone else. She recalls how at harvest time huge crowds of up to three thousand people, some from as far away as Tula Gubernia, used to come to work on Obolenskaya's estate. Nevertheless, there was no real order there. Darya Varavko had a low opinion of the estate. It

couldn't in any way be compared with the kolkhoz, she said.

Obolenskaya did not grow wheat; it was introduced into these parts by the kolkhoz. The crop yields the princess got could in no way be compared with those of the kolkhoz. And, "compared to our kolkhoz cows hers were sickly looking." The farm work was done mostly by hand. The crops were reaped with sickles and mowing was done with scythes. True, there were many horses, but there were practically no machines. Darya Varavko remembers only two or three reapers and a thresher.

"Well, I just don't know how to explain it," said the old woman, "maybe her manager was no good, or maybe she was a poor manager herself, but lots of her land was just wasted. You've seen our orchards and vegetable gardens? Well, in Obolenskaya's time there was just a wasteland, a bog there. And were you to the section called the Colony? Do you know what good land that is? They grew crops there in Obolenskaya's time, too, but they didn't come to much."

At harvest time, when hands were especially needed on the peasant farms, the princess paid her day labourers ten to fifteen kopeks for eighteen hours of exhausting toil.

Obolenskaya had a forest and kept a forest warden. He was an elderly drunkard to whom

Darya Varavko was married off at the age of sixteen by her older sister, driven to this by dire need. The sisters, orphans, were both servants. Darya went to work at the age of eight. One day, at her first master's, after firing the stove in the grain drying barn she lay down to rest for a minute and fell asleep. The barn caught fire and burned down together with the grain. The master beat the little girl so hard that blood ran from her ears. The neighbours, fearing he might beat her to death, ran for the village police officer. He took her away to his house where she remained to work as a maid.

Four years later Darya moved into the lodge of her drunkard husband. Children came—four of them. Obolenskaya paid the forester five rubles a month, and it was no easy job for Darya to make ends meet, especially when her husband used to spend the last kopeks on drink and then come home and beat her and the children. Darya bore it all as long as she could and then decided to leave her husband. But who would take a servant with four little ones? At last the landowner Sosulnikova agreed to take her on as cook, with all her four children. But the benefactress offered her a salary that was ridiculous even for those times—fifty kopeks a month!

"My mistress, a German, was never especially harsh to me, but she was terribly stingy—she wouldn't part even with a torn rag. How could

I buy clothes and shoes for the five of us on fifty kopeks a month? We were half-starved and went around in rags. I used to make pants and dresses for my children out of sacks.

"What was I to do? I couldn't return to my husband. He'd beat me to death. And I couldn't expect help from anyone. I was always afraid I'd be fired because of the children.

"Believe me, I was driven to the limit. I was ready to commit suicide but for the children."

Then Darya Varavko told us about the most terrible hour in her life.

"It was summertime, the weather was hot. The sun was shining but inside me it was pitch black. And here's what I decided to do: to poison the children and then to poison myself—sooner or later we'd die of starvation anyway. I cooked a pot of cabbage soup for the children and put a piece of meat in it just like on holidays—spent my last money on that meat. I cooked the soup and put poison in it. My mistress gave me the poison to kill flies, it looked like bran. I put the poison in and called the children. My knees were shaking. Better get over with it as quick as possible, I thought, and then follow them. But when my little ones came in I felt something jerk me back. I grabbed up the pot, ran out to the yard and smashed it against a wall. The children began to cry—the soup was spilled and they were hungry.

Story-telling time with teacher E. Savkova in the kolkhoz kindergarten

Young naturalists collect plant specimens for the school herbarium

I cried with them. My mistress scolded me a long time about the pot. . . ."

We were in a bright, cozy little room: crochet doilies, a white stove, a bed covered with a piqué spread, geraniums on the window sill. Before us was a neat, sprightly old lady. As we listened to her story the bright room seemed to grow dark.

"So I and my little ones remained alive and we dragged on until Soviet times. Then I began to work in a sovkhoz, and later we were taken into the kolkhoz. Things kept improving all the time. Now everything's fine. Instead of growing older I seem to get younger every year. I was an old woman at twenty. And now I'm young again. . . ."

Darya Varavko worked in the kolkhoz until old age and now has gone on pension. She is fully provided for by the kolkhoz and has a warm, cozy home.

But without work Darya Varavko feels restless. When the busy season comes around she applies to the brigade leaders for something to do.

"We'll manage without you," they reply. "Go and bask in the sun."

But the little old woman will not take no for an answer; off she goes to the manager, to the warehouse keeper, to the gardener, until finally she finds some job like picking berries, sorting wool or mending sacks in the granary. In this way

she earned 78 workday units in 1947. And although she is completely provided for the kolkhoz board pays her in full for her work.

Once Darya Varavko met with an accident: she fell and broke her arm. The feldsher gave her first aid and immediately took her off to Kirsanov in a kolkhoz car. On the very next day she received a package containing butter, sugar, apples, buns and cheese. While she was in hospital people from the kolkhoz rang up frequently to ask how she felt and if she needed anything.

When the fracture had mended the old lady was brought home. She found things in perfect order: firewood chopped for the winter and her vegetable garden harvested.

Darya Varavko's daughter Shura is married to an army officer and lives in Moscow. She is well off and begs her mother to come to live with her. Mother often comes to Moscow for a visit but she doesn't want to settle there. She refuses to take money from her daughter. "What do I need it for," she says.

The little old woman doesn't want to leave the kolkhoz. She cannot conceive living any other place. Every local event—be it a wedding, an unusually abundant yield of buckwheat, or the arrival of a troupe of actors from town—calls forth a lively interest on her part. She attends the club, where she may be seen not only as a spec-

tator but on the stage as well, as a member of the Russian folk choir. At seventy she sings, but at seventeen she never felt like singing. Yes, she was right when she said that she was an old woman in her youth and now has grown young in her old age.

Darya Varavko wonders why the estate of the wealthy landowner Princess Obolenskaya was run inefficiently. "Maybe her manager was no good, or maybe she was a poor manager herself," she says. But it was not a matter of the manager or of Obolenskaya herself. The reason was that the thousands of men and women who worked for the princess were not in the least interested in increasing her wealth. They worked under the lash for a pittance, filled with smouldering hatred toward the mistress for whom they toiled. The men and women who work in the kolkhoz, on the contrary, are themselves its owners.

Every woman in the kolkhoz is personally interested in the prosperity of the entire farm, in an ample return for the workday unit.

Nowadays the wife's contribution to the family income is no less than the husband's. This was never so before the Revolution. In the peasant family the heavy labour of the woman was always counted as nothing. In her girlhood the peasant woman worked for her father, and after marriage for her husband. The kolkhoz workday unit,

however, makes no distinction between men and women. On this firm basis of equality the social consciousness of the women members of the kolkhoz is being formed. Marta Krieger tends the kolkhoz calves as though they were her children because she is actually one of the owners of the kolkhoz wealth She has been entrusted with safeguarding it; and she is interested in safeguarding and augmenting it. Thus, by acquiring a responsible attitude toward kolkhoz matters women advance to an understanding of the interests of the state as a whole.

It is a noteworthy fact that the majority of the deputies elected to the local Soviets by the kolkhozniks of these parts are women.

Yevdokia Lyapunova is a team leader in Fyodor Matsuk's field crop brigade. During the busy spring sowing period she rises at three in the morning and hurries out to the fields to make use of every precious minute of the day. She is interested in the science of crop cultivation and she conducts an agricultural study circle for the members of her group.

"A fine public-spirited person," Fyodor Matsuk says of her.

The secretary of the Party organization says approvingly of another team leader, Yekaterina Chernyshova:

"A restless person."

Both women were elected deputies to the rural

Soviet by the kolkhozniks. Another is Otillia Grishko, a weigher, who is an active member of the rural Soviet's finance commission; she works for strict observance of financial regulations, for sound, thrifty expenditure of state funds. This shows that Grishko and the other women elected to the local Soviets have advanced to an understanding of the interests of the state at large.

"With what a good, strong, and penetrating mind is woman endowed by nature," wrote Chernyshevsky. "And this mind brings no benefit to society which rejects, represses, smothers it."

Soviet society is accomplishing a truly great deed by developing this good and strong mind.

In the house opposite the kolkhoz library live two widows—Anastasia Platonova and her daughter. Anastasia Platonova's husband was killed during the imperialist war of 1914-18, and she remained with young children to bring up herself. The husband of her daughter Yekaterina Chernyshova perished during the Great Patriotic War, and she also was left with young children. Yet how different are the lives of these two women of different generations.

The lot of the widowed mother before the Revolution differed little from the horrible life the kolkhoz pensioner Darya Varavko told us about. Anastasia Platonova struggled bitterly and was driven to deepest despair.

Even her tiny plot of land, her only hope, was taken away from the weak and helpless soldier's widow. Thus was the family of a killed soldier rewarded. Up to the very outbreak of the Revolution Anastasia Platonova tried in vain to restore her rights to the land.

The life of her widowed daughter, Yekaterina Chernyshova, has been altogether different. Nothing can compensate the loss of dear ones, but Soviet society does all in its power to lighten the burden.

When we called on Yekaterina Chernyshova one day we found none of the elders at home. Little Shura who opened the door told us that mama had gone to town and that granny had stepped out for bread. We decided to wait for granny's return from the bakery. Shura entertained us with conversation. We learned that yesterday he broke an automobile which mama had brought him from Kirsanov but that he had other mechanical toys, including a fire engine with a ladder. He showed us his fire engine and we could see for ourselves it was still intact. We further learned that mama subscribed to the newspapers lying on the table, also that Adik, Valya, and Lida were now at school, and that he was at home because he had a cold and granny wouldn't let him go to school.

Soon the grandmother, Anastasia Platonova, came in with a big loaf of warm rye bread. On

seeing guests she began bustling about. She cleared away the pink petals that had fallen to the table from the blossoming geranium, and laid out buns, jam, tea and, of course, a big bowl of amber-hued soaked Antonovka apples. We were treated to these apples in every house we visited. And never had we tasted such excellent soaked Antonovkas as in the Lenin Kolkhoz. The housewives there must have some special secret.

We learned from the grandmother that Adik and Lida were Shura's own sister and brother, but that Valya was an adopted daughter of Yekaterina Chernyshova's. Valya's father, a relative of the family, was also killed in the war. That makes four children in the family, just as it was with grandmother when she became a widow. Only grandmother in her day didn't know how she would keep her children alive, whereas her daughter has even adopted an orphan. The kolkhoz helps her by issuing produce for Valya from its orphans' and aged fund.

A serviceman's widow with three children adopting the daughter of another serviceman who fell in action! This is the deed of a noble mother and a noble citizen.

Yekaterina Chernyshova is a wise, sensible mother. A born pedagogue, she is praised at the school for her active work in the parents' committee.

She is also one of the best team leaders. She has a special aptitude for farm work, like the peasant Gleb Uspensky described: "She steps lightly on the mown hay, lightly she wields her blade, and the hay flies to her feet from right to left and from left to right; it flies not in bunches, is not dragged along the earth, but flutters down in fine alternating streams."

The peasant girl Varvara whom Gleb Uspensky described could not stand the brutal treatment by the kulaks and went away to the city. "Perhaps she is alive; perhaps she is dead ... all is possible. Such people as Varvara live without a biography."

So it was in tsarist times, so it is always and everywhere under the capitalist order. Yekaterina Chernyshova, however, is a person with a biography. We saw her biography, written in a clear hand and neatly bordered in red, posted for the general public in the headquarters of the election ward.

"Yekaterina Fyodorovna Chernyshova was born in 1915 in the family of a poor peasant in the village of Ira. That same year her father was killed at the front. In 1925 she became a Young Pioneer and four years later she joined the Komsomol. She is a junior secondary school graduate. She began to work in 1936 as a kindergarten teacher. From 1937 to 1941 she lived in Tambov. In 1941 she returned to the kolkhoz. For the past

four years she has been working in the kolkhoz fields and is an active member of the parents' committee of the school.

"In 1947 Yekaterina Chernyshova became a team leader. She has worked tirelessly for high crop yields, applied the latest agrotechnical methods and skilfully directed the efforts of her team. In 1947 her unit obtained high yields, namely: winter wheat—22.17 centners per hectare; spring wheat—18.8 centners; millet—42 centners; potatoes—225 centners; beets—307 centners. She fulfilled her pledges with honour. For valiant labour during the Patriotic War she was decorated with a medal.

"In 1947 Yekaterina Chernyshova joined the ranks of the Communist Party. A true daughter of the people, reared in the spirit of devotion and love for her country and the great leader and teacher Joseph Vissarionovich Stalin, she deservedly enjoys the respect of the kolkhozniks. They have unanimously nominated her their candidate for deputy to the district Soviet from electoral area No. 44. There is no doubt that Yekaterina Chernyshova will honourably justify the high trust of her voters."

Yekaterina Chernyshova's joining the Party was the result of her communist upbringing. Even before she became a Party member she manifested a genuine communist attitude toward labour, could

truly be called a non-Party Bolshevik. Her joining the Party gave official form to what had matured in her consciousness long before and had manifested itself in her labour. People like her, Party members and non-Party Bolsheviks, are the flower of the Lenin Kolkhoz, the vanguard of the entire community.

To Chernyshova's biography, which we read at election ward headquarters, one should add what the secretary of the Party organization said about her—"a restless person." He had in mind that noble concern for the common cause which is inherent in all our Stakhanovites no matter where they may work, in factory or in field.

Another thing we should like to add to the biography is that the crop yields obtained by team leader Yekaterina Chernyshova, one of the leading members of the Lenin Kolkhoz, were never heard of on Princess Obolenskaya's estate. Chernyshova receives recognition of her work not only in her ample workday unit earnings which enable her, a widow with four children, to live well. Her labour merits have received public acknowledgment.

With the establishment of Soviet power the life of the grandmother, Anastasia Platonova also changed. The land of which the defenceless woman had been so shamelessly deprived in tsarist times and for which she had so vainly fought was

returned to her at once by the Soviet Government, and with a crop on it as well.

"I remember how they came to me," the grandmother related, "and said, 'Go ahead and gather the crop, the land is yours.' I ran to the field. I remember it just as though it were yesterday: I gathered six stacks of grain, with about four poods to a stack."

Later she was given a cow and was helped to acquire a horse. She bought a house and laid out a vegetable garden.

In 1928 she joined the kolkhoz.

Anastasia Platonova is also a person with a biography—and what a biography! One day she took out the family album and we saw photos of her children, whom she brought up with the assistance of the Soviet power. There was her daughter Yekaterina and her three sons: Vasily, Grigory and Alexander, all in military uniforms and all decorated with Orders.

In the album we came across photos of a woman whose face looked very familiar. One showed her in a white dress standing among cypresses, and was marked "Simeiz, the Crimea." There was another picture of her against the background of the former tsar's palace in Livadia. Then near another palace, with figures of lions at the entrance, marked "Alupka." And finally we saw the same woman, now in a dark dress, sitting

next to Nadezhda Konstantinovna Krupskaya.* We looked attentively and to our great surprise recognized grandmother.

"Those are my Crimean photographs," she said. "I was sent to a sanatorium there."

At the time of the raids carried out by the counterrevolutionary Antonov bands in 1919-21 she gave shelter to Communists. Then she herself became a Communist. She was elected to the rural Soviet several times, and later she was elected a member of the Executive Committee of the Central Black Earth Regional Soviet. And then she was elected to the highest organ of Soviet power. Grandmother showed us her red membership book —No. 307. There we read: "Platonova, Anastasia Konstantinovna, member of the Sixth Central Executive Committee of the U.S.S.R." Once, from the rostrum of an All-Union Congress of Soviets, grandmother made a speech that was heard by the entire country.

"That's when I was photographed with Nadezhda Konstantinovna. I have seen Comrade Stalin and Mikhail Ivanovich Kalinin just as I see you now. . . ."

The editors of *World Biography*, put out in

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* N. K. Krupskaya was a prominent figure in the Bolshevik Party, active for many years in public education in the U.S.S.R. She was V. I. Lenin's wife and one of his closest assistants.—*Trans.*

New York, once sent a questionnaire to the distinguished Soviet tractor driver Pasha Angelina, of the village of Staro-Beshovo. Replying to it on the pages of the newspaper *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, she wrote:

"In addition to the usual questions (name, surname, date and place of birth, etc.), I am asked to give a list of my occupations 'from the beginning of your career to the present time,' titles and decorations, place of work, residence, the names and occupations of my parents....

"The questionnaire is so detailed that I am even asked to give such particulars as the date of my marriage, or, for example, my mother's maiden name. But this detailed questionnaire does not contain the chief question, viz., what were the circumstances that enabled me, a former illiterate farm hand, to become a statesman, a Deputy to the Supreme Soviet?"

The gap in the questionnaire of the American encyclopedia was filled in by one of the simple men of America, a farmer named Benjamin Marten, of Alabama, who wrote Pasha Angelina a letter asking her this cardinal question. She gave a complete answer.

If the American encyclopedia were to ask what helped the two widows, mother and daughter, whose story has been told here, to overcome the grief that fell to their lot, what helped them find

the strength to give their orphaned children a good upbringing, to support their families, to become universally respected public figures and statesmen the answer would be as follows:

It was the Soviet system, and the Communist Party to which they both belong. From the first moment of her conscious life, from the day that she put on the Young Pioneer tie, the daughter, Yekaterina Chernyshova, was brought up on the great ideas of the Party of Lenin-Stalin. The mother, Anastasia Platonova, grew up in a world where the brutal jungle laws of capitalism held full sway. But the great communist teaching of the Party brought light to the mind of the dark, downtrodden woman and made her a worthy member of Soviet society.

KOLKHOZNIK EDWARD HARRINGTON

> Let all the men of these States
> stand aside for a few smouchers!
>
> *Walt Whitman*

Twelve years after Matsuk, Grigorenko, Novikov and the others returned from America, an American named Edward Harrington came to Russia. He was not a young man when he left his country: he was forty-two. That is a mature age, when habits, views and tastes become fixed; when one is supposed to be the father of a family, have a definite occupation and a settled position in life. At such an age it is not at all easy to leave one's country forever, and, besides, for a totally unusual land where a new, unprecedented order has been established.

The corrupt reactionary American press depicts the Soviet Union as a country where people are completely stripped of their individuality, are transformed into machines, into robots with no personal life or personal interests. These lies are

dinned into the minds of the common folk day in and day out, like a slow poison. And yet Edward Harrington, one of the common men of America, decided to settle in the Soviet Union for good. It follows that he must have had weighty reasons for this step.

And so, Edward Harrington left America in the prime of life, at an age when one is expected to have a family, a trade, a settled position in life. Did he have all this at home? A trade he did have. Also the strength, desire and ability to work. But he had no settled position, and consequently no family. His position at forty-two was in essence no more settled than it was when he first went to work on an ocean steamer at the age of thirteen.

Since early youth Harrington strove for a settled position in life. What, actually, did he want? Was he allured, perhaps, by the standard American dream of Rockefeller millions? Look at Rockefeller, the average American is told. He was a shoeshine boy and he became a millionaire, and so you can become a millionaire too. Harrington didn't believe it: he had seen too many bootblacks and not so many millionaires. All he wanted was a trade and a well-paid job. He wanted to become a ship's engineer.

One could hardly call this an impracticable or fantastic hope. Yet he paid a heavy price to

achieve it: for eleven years he stinted on food and rest while he put himself through a correspondence school to win the diploma he coveted.

He worked for various American steamship companies on various rivers from the small Sacramento to the big Mississippi, and sometimes on ocean-going ships. This made studying difficult and caused constant interruptions. The men who ran the correspondence school were not in the least interested in arranging the consultations and examinations to meet these conditions. They were not interested in a client's finishing his course of studies as quickly as possible. On the contrary, they tried to prolong the studies, because he paid money for them.

In the course of those eleven years Harrington paid out a tidy sum. Working as a stoker he got sixty-two dollars a month, ten of which went to the correspondence school.

The specific features of his occupation were not the only reason his studies stretched out for more than a decade. Periods of work alternated with periods of unemployment, and when out of a job he had to stint himself in everything and drop studies for lack of money.

Why did Harrington lose jobs? Was he a drunkard, perhaps, or a loafer, or just incapable of working regularly because of laziness? No, nobody ever charged him with being intemperate

or lacking energy or ability. Nevertheless circumstances were always against him.

For example, a captain who knew him well and set store by him was replaced by a new man, and everything on board ship changed. For no apparent reason the new captain arbitrarily reshuffled the crew, firing some and taking on others. And no one could stop him.

Another time the steamship company for which Harrington was working merged with another and reduced the number of people on its rolls from 10,000 to 8,000. This no one could prevent either. Again Harrington was unemployed, his place being taken by another.

Still, after eleven years he finally completed the course. He received his diploma and then an appointment as assistant engineer. At last his position seemed secure. He decided to settle down and began to think of marriage. Despite his roving occupation Harrington wasn't a wanderer at heart. When on long voyages his thoughts centred around a cozy home. He started saving money, and when he got together a thousand dollars he bought a little plot of land out West.

And just when his position in life seemed stable and secure the scourge of unemployment crashed down on him again. The diploma he had worked eleven years to obtain did not help him. A crisis set in, and it spread throughout America.

Millions lost their jobs. And no one could do anything about the crisis either. . . .

Edward Harrington himself—the universally-respected kolkhoz mechanic Eddie—told us all this, helping along his Russian-English speech with expressive gesticulations.

"You climb the ladder rung by rung," he said, and his hand rose slowly in wave-like movements, as though mounting an invisible ladder. "You have your trade, and you have your plans. You want to have a family, a place of your own. But suddenly a catastrophe breaks loose and you have no plans any more. You haven't got anything. There's unemployment. And you're back on the lowest rung again. It's heartbreaking."

Unemployment—this time not because of some new captain's caprice but as the inevitable result of the laws of capitalist society—came down on him with terrific force, for it was raging throughout the country. For two years a highly-skilled worker with a long record of service and a diploma in his pocket looked for a job and could not find one. Those were two years of utter misery that slowly drove him to despair, to the loss of self-respect.

Here is how Edward Harrington described crises in America.

"A crisis means closed doors. You go around asking for a job. There's no job here, no job

there, and no job in the third, fourth or fifth place. Everywhere you go there's a closed door. You turn left and you turn right and you turn about face, and everywhere it's the same: a closed door! Nobody needs you at all."

There are nightmares that make one break out in a cold sweat and which one remembers the rest of one's life. That is how the kolkhoz mechanic Edward Harrington recalls the crisis in America prior to his emigration. But that was no dream. That was grim reality. The settled position he had won at such a heavy cost crumbled to pieces. The house for which he had bought that lot was never built. The family he used to dream about during his long voyages remained a dream.

Now Edward Harrington is a married man. His wife, Maria Antonovna, sat at the table with us, joining in the conversation now and then to translate some word of her husband's which we could not understand but was quite plain to her. Maria Antonovna is much younger than her husband, and this is particularly noticeable when they sit next to each other. Harrington is a small, lean, energetic old fellow. Maria Antonovna is a red-cheeked young-looking woman, a Russian, with leisurely movements; she is very hospitable. They have no children. This family with its strange Russian-English speech lives in close harmony. The atmosphere of family accord made itself felt in

everything: in the quickness with which Maria Antonovna caught the ideas her husband was expressing in lame Russian, in the way he turned to her from time to time for aid, winking slyly at us as much as to say, "Look what an interpreter I have!" and, finally, in the attention with which the room had been decorated, in the cozy glow emitted by the pink lampshade, in the luxuriant old rubber plant which cast a faint shadow on the embroidered tablecloth....

And so, for two years during the crisis Harrington was unemployed.

It was then, during those bitter jobless years, that the idea of leaving his country forever entered his mind. For unemployment this time was not merely a period without work, not just an ordinary stroke of bad luck. This time it marked a complete smashing of his aims in life.

Besides his personal plans, did Harrington have any interest in public affairs when he lived in America? Yes and no. Judging by the fact that he remembers a host of diverse facts concerning the country's political life, he did. However, during his long life in his native land he voted in the presidential elections only once, chiefly because he was constantly moving from place to place.

"How could I vote when I was at sea?" he said.

That is one of the features of the "democratic" electoral system in the United States: if a person is obliged to change his residence frequently, either because of his trade or because of unemployment, he is in fact deprived of the right to vote.

But that is not the only reason why Harrington did not vote. The main reason was that he was not particularly eager to exercise his right. The candidates put up by the various bourgeois parties were equally unsuitable to him. In a few words he made it plain to us why so many voters in America stay away from the polls.

"Vote for this man, vote for that one, I was told. I wanted to know what these men were going to do in the administration. I wanted to know their platform. They promised a lot but they did little. And so I didn't feel like voting."

But whom did Edward Harrington cast his ballot for that one and only time he did want to avail himself of his right to vote? For F. D. Roosevelt.

Harrington knew very well what American fascism was. He knew it to be the worst enemy of the workers.

And perhaps just because the fascists slandered the Soviet Union with such zeal, his faith in the advantages of the socialist system grew stronger and stronger.

The articles by Lenin and Stalin that he occasionally got hold of, the Soviet films he saw from time to time, a talk with a seaman he knew who had been to Russia, scatterings of truthful information that crept into the newspapers—all this gradually led him to the idea that a workingman couldn't have a hard time of it in the land where Socialism was being built.

What with the unrestrained anti-Soviet propaganda, coming to such a viewpoint was not easy. It took him a long time to come to it, but once it took complete shape in his mind the question of leaving for Russia was decided comparatively quickly. Here is how he put it:

"You ask why I left for the U.S.S.R.? Very simple. Back there I had come up against a closed door. But the U.S.S.R., I thought to myself, is Socialism, and it's one-sixth of the world. If it's bad in one place it'll be good in another. It can't be that the doors would be closed everywhere to a workingman in the U.S.S.R. . . ."

On the strength of this reasoning he boarded a ship, this time as a passenger, and came to the U.S.S.R.

Here the settled position which Harrington had vainly sought in his native land came gradually as something quite natural. In America he used to think that the fear of unemployment would haunt him to the end of his days. Now this fear has

vanished forever. To the kolkhoz mechanic Edward Harrington the word unemployment has absolutely no meaning; it is just an empty sound. And yet it was unemployment that, like some evil spirit, wrecked all his plans.

In the land of his birth he never managed to build himself a house. Now he has one, and nobody will ever throw him out of it. He is married. He earns about a thousand workday units a year. Without divulging any savings bank secrets, we may say nevertheless that kolkhoznik Edward Harrington has quite a sum deposited.

That, strictly speaking, is the goal of the average American. It was Edward Harrington's too in the country of his birth. But, strange to say, as he gradually achieved his goal it lost its former absorbing interest. New desires and interests appeared. Moreover, the new interests were the direct opposite of his former ones.

Edward Harrington sailed for the Soviet Union with the aim of finally gaining a stable position in life. In America one had to fight for it, because anyone who gets his share of the pie by that very act deprives his neighbour of it. That is how things stand in a society built on the principles of capitalist competition. In the Soviet Union Harrington did not have to push anyone out to gain the position his heart desired. He never wanted to become a Rockefeller. All he wanted was that

which is inscribed in letters of gold in the Stalin Constitution: the right to work.

His trade was just what the kolkhoz needed, so he didn't have to spend a single day looking for a job. He had thought of saving money for a house, but this proved unnecessary: the kolkhoz gave him a house and a plot of land. Material well-being came as the natural and logical result of the fact that Harrington was a hard-working member of the kolkhoz. Domestic bliss he found only here, in the foreign land, whereas in his native land he had led a lonely life. In America he failed to achieve prosperity despite all his efforts, whereas here in the Soviet Union he gained it by working for the common good; it came as a result of his socially-useful labour.

He soon became convinced by personal experience that the main thing in the Soviet Union is to work conscientiously, and that from this follows material well-being. Gradually the centre of his attention shifted from interest in his personal welfare to interest in his work. Just like Fyodor Matsuk, Boris Grigorenko and other members of the close-knit kolkhoz, Edward Harrington concerns himself first and foremost with its welfare.

With what a genuine feeling of contempt, or pity, perhaps, did Harrington characterize one of his seafaring mates.

"An individualist. All for himself."

He too had been brought up in this spirit by the entire setup of capitalist society.

Now this spirit is alien to him. When, at a kolkhoz meeting, he seconded the motion to build a hydroelectric station he wasn't thinking of what he would gain by it but of the common good—which, however, coincided with his personal interests. He acted as any Soviet person would. As we talked with Harrington about kolkhoz affairs we somehow forgot his unusual biography, his life abroad; we even ceased to notice his broken Russian. We saw before us an efficient kolkhoz mechanic who knew his job thoroughly and who took an active part in the management of kolkhoz affairs. There are thousands, millions of such kolkhozniks in our country. And it surprises no one now that our kolkhoz men and women, just like industrial workers and the Soviet intelligentsia, take a keen interest in public and state affairs. But for a man who came from a world where the jungle laws of capitalist competition reign, for one who lived in this world to a mature age, this must have come as the result of a deep inner revolution, as the result of a recasting of all values.

On the eve of the thirtieth anniversary of the Great October Socialist Revolution the members of the Lenin Kolkhoz, mechanic Edward Harrington among them, published an article about their life

and their work in a Moscow newspaper. Some time later Harrington received a letter with a Kiev postmark. Since he had no acquaintances in Kiev he wanted to return the letter to the postman. But there was his name clearly written on the envelope. His wife opened it and read him the following:

"Comrade Edward! When I read your article I was very happy to learn that in our country you have come to feel you are a real human being and that you have found here what cannot be found anywhere else in the world, namely, free labour and human dignity. I send you my heartfelt greetings and wish you success, well-being and happiness. I am sincerely glad that you are taking part in such a big and praiseworthy undertaking as the construction of a hydroelectric plant and are one of its initiators. I want to tell you that three weeks ago I saw a film called 'Escape.' It is an American film. I can hardly tell you how gruesome it was. It seems to me that there are no words in human language to describe the conditions of the worker shown in the film.... Yes, you are right. In our land a human being is first and foremost a human being, and that is why, even despite the war and its frightful consequences, life in our country is easier than anywhere else in the world. I should have very much liked to see that film with you. You would have made many things still clearer. I left the cinema in such a depressed state

I couldn't get over it for two days. And I was very glad that it all happened far away, not in our land, but I suffered to think of the people over there who live through all those horrors. I firmly press your hand and hope to hear from you. My address is: Lidia Alexandrovna Cherkiyants, 34-A Gogolevskaya Ulitsa, Kiev. Write more about yourself.

"Sincerely yours,

"Cherkiyants."

On taking leave of Edward Harrington we asked:

"Are you thinking of making a trip to your native land?"

"My native land? Why," he said, pointing to the window, "my native land is right nearby." Beyond the window in the evening twilight we saw the boundless kolkhoz fields....

We should also like to tell about the bricklayer Giovanni Fanfaroni, whose biography is in many ways similar to Harrington's.

Giovanni Fanfaroni is a gentle, dreamy old man of sixty-six with a shy smile and a childlike expression in his eyes. He also came here from America, but he is an Italian. Giovanni Fanfaroni's road from the capitalist world to the U.S.S.R. was more intricate than Harrington's. He crossed the

ocean twice in his life: the first time from Italy to America and the second from America to Russia.

There are many Italians in America. Like the emigrants from tsarist Russia they were driven across the ocean by dire need. The Italian emigrants were mostly building trades workers. Giovanni Fanfaroni is one too—a bricklayer, as his father and grandfather before him.

Giovanni Fanfaroni left Italy in 1906. He was a young man then but already married and a father. He settled his family in Norfolk, Virginia, while he himself moved from one construction job to another; in this way he travelled the length and breadth of the United States and came to know the country as well as any American.

He earned five dollars a day. But rent alone ate up thirty dollars a month. He had a family but he had no home. How could there be a home when they were constantly pressed by want and when the head of the family had to lead a roving life?

The family was in dire need of help, but they could expect help from no quarter. Bricklayer Giovanni Fanfaroni belonged to a union and paid his dues regularly, yet not once did he receive any material support from it. He has nothing to thank the leaders of the American Federation of Labour for: they betrayed the vital inter-

ests of the working class then just as they do now.

The leaders of the builders' union, who were certainly not acting in the interests of the workers, cared little about safety conditions. America is a land of skyscrapers, but Giovanni's wife wouldn't hear of his working on the construction of a skyscraper. The safety measures were such that a bricklayer's life was in constant danger on a skyscraper; he could fall any minute and be smashed to death. The building contractors likewise cared little about safeguarding the lives of the men who brought them enormous profits. The first and last time Fanfaroni tried working on a skyscraper he fell from the twelfth storey and only by sheer luck escaped with his life.

When Fanfaroni's earnings increased somewhat he began putting aside money to build a house of his own. Then he purchased a lot, but like Harrington he never built his house. A bricklayer by trade, this man who built many houses for others did not have the means to build even a modest little home for his own family.

When the first world war ended Giovanni Fanfaroni rejoiced like a child. He showed us a yellowed photograph of himself in his Sunday suit and hat standing by a statue of a woman with a broken sword. This statue, done in concrete, was

a creation of his own (a passion for sculpture and architecture is in his blood). He named it "Disarmament" and presented it from the bottom of his heart to the students of a college founded after the war.

The statue "Disarmament" made by the Italian bricklayer and dreamer stood peacefully in the yard of an American college, but eternal peace failed to come. The capitalist world would not disarm, it now raised its sword over Russia, over the first country to unfurl the red banner of Socialism, the banner of truth and justice.

Giovanni Fanfaroni followed events in the land of the Soviets with keen interest. Proceeding, like Edward Harrington, from the clear and simple premise that in a land where Socialism was being built the honest worker could not have a hard time of it, he put no stock in anti-Soviet propaganda. But unlike Harrington, who took years to come to this conclusion, Giovanni Fanfaroni came to it immediately and irrevocably. He was seized by a desire to go to the Soviet Union.

When an announcement appeared in one of the New York papers that a group of Russians was returning home and was registering all who wished to join, Fanfaroni immediately came to the indicated address.

He sold his lot, on which he still hadn't managed to build a house, and soon after he was on

board ship with his four children. His helpmate was no longer with him: she was dead.

There is a red brick house in the Lenin Kolkhoz in which the kolkhoz bricklayer lives. "Fanfaroni's house," everybody calls it, but the man himself they call by name and patronymic, done over in Russian style: Ivan Ambrozovich.

The first thing that attracted our attention when we entered the living room was a handsome plaster of Paris bust of a woman standing high up on top of a bookcase. This was Ivan Ambrozovich's work, his model being Krutyakova, a member of the collective farm. In old age as well this son of the Italian people has retained his passion for sculpture and architecture, and his abilities won recognition only when he became an adopted son of the Russian people. Only in our country has the talented bricklayer become an architect: Ivan Ambrozovich is by way of being the architect of the Lenin Kolkhoz.

Here in the Soviet Union his abilities as an inventor also became manifest. Having assimilated the responsible attitude toward the kolkhoz which is characteristic of our kolkhozniks, this quiet, shy old man turns his attention to things which, it would seem, in no way concern him. He took a most active part in the mechanization of arduous farm jobs, designing a hay stacker. His model

of the stacker was approved by specialists and the kolkhoz board decided to build it.

That is how these men who were born abroad and spent half their conscious lives there are living among Russian kolkhozniks. They work well and they are well-off, and they never even think of returning to the lands of their birth, for they regard the Soviet Union as their real native land.

But there were some Americans who came here many years ago, worked in the kolkhoz for a short while and then returned to America.

Why did they come here and why didn't they stay?

Like Edward Harrington they left America driven by unemployment and poverty. They came to our country in search of material well-being which they could not find at home.

Also like Edward Harrington, at home they had heard both good and bad about Soviet Russia, and they decided to try their luck here.

While still in America Edward Harrington came to the conclusion that in the country where Socialism was being built justice must triumph. But he also clearly understood something the others did not: that building Socialism is very difficult; that Socialism does not fall from heaven, that it has to be fought for, built up.

When they set out for the Soviet Union the others counted on having a prosperous life handed

them on a platter, on finding everything perfect. But this they did not find in the Lenin Kolkhoz.

Here, as in other kolkhozes, construction work hummed as the great and difficult task of laying the foundations of collective farming was being accomplished; the collective farming that would bring material well-being, but not all at once. The members of the Lenin Kolkhoz were overcoming the same difficulties which at one time or another faced all the other kolkhozniks in the country. Even greater difficulties, for there were neither houses nor farm buildings and they had to start from the ground up. At first the site of the rich kolkhoz of today was nothing more than a camp with tents pitched here and there. There was no trace of the pedigreed high-producing herd—the wealth and pride of the kolkhoz today. Scraggy, unpedigreed cows were being purchased, and not too many of them at that. And how much work had to be put into the neglected, weed-choked but fertile fields! The fact that people were as yet unaccustomed to life and work on a collective basis made itself felt too.

Every farmer knows that if weeds are not destroyed they can overgrow cultivated plants because of their great viability. So it is with the survivals of capitalism in the minds of men; they must be persistently and continuously weeded out

so that they do not overgrow the young shoots of the new.

There were loafers in the kolkhoz who tried to live at the expense of others. Even now there are some who are not so conscientious, not so public-spirited, who do not take the common interests as much to heart as the majority does. Enemies, too, tried to worm their way into the kolkhoz, and even to take the leadership, so as to destroy the young and as yet immature enterprise from within. All this happened here, as in many other kolkhozes. Naturally, at the beginning life was by no means easy here.

Those who came from abroad hoping to find everything ready made were disappointed. They did not want to take part in the common struggle against hardships. They did not understand that these difficulties were surmountable, that they were the difficulties of construction, of growth.

Like the man who on seeing heaps of rubble, beams and bricks around a house that's being put up, calls it a very poor building because of the mess around it, they confused the difficulties of creating the collective farm system with the system itself. They forgot, or they did not understand, the simple truth that a house just being built is not a very comfortable dwelling. They failed to see the bright morrow. Edward Harrington saw this bright morrow, believed in it and rolled up

his sleeves to take part in the common creative effort.

Failing to find a well-to-do life just for the asking, these few Americans went back across the ocean. No one knows what happened to them after that. Each went his own way. Some had better luck, others worse. But one can be sure that in a certain sense the lot of all of them has been the same—the lot of men totally unprotected against such calamities as unemployment, crises and the other inevitable concomitants of capitalism.

What with the grim spectre of ruin facing millions of American farmers, one need be no prophet to foretell the fate of these men.

In a book about the American farmer published in New York in 1947 the author, Lee Fryer, citing the 1940 agricultural census and a number of researches, declares that twenty million farmers out of thirty million live in want; that the dispossession of the small farmer is continuing; that control of land is being concentrated more and more in the hands of the big farmers; that 79 per cent of agricultural production is in the hands of the big farmers.

"The first basic problem in American agriculture," he states, "is the poor distribution of land among farmers. Too many farmers have too little land. Too few farmers have most of the good land."

Lee Fryer says that the farmers "buy the right to use farm land with the clothes off their backs." He declares that at least one-third of the farmers' families are doomed to poverty. He emphasizes the advantages enjoyed by large-scale agriculture, which consist in the use of machine equipment and hired labour. "That advantage is due to be enlarged.... The ownership of farm land will pass into the hands of large farmers and city investors. American rural people will be disinherited."

Such is the present and the future of the American farmer as described and prophesied by an American investigator. One may well believe that the few Americans mentioned above will not escape the common lot.

AN ANSWER TO BROTHER CARLO

> Never were children so dear as now, when they are confronted with a task of universal significance.
>
> *Maxim Gorky*

Ivan Ambrozovich Fanfaroni told us, among other things, that he had received a letter from his brother Carlo, in Italy, with whom he had long been out of touch. This was at the time when the Soviet Government announced the abolition of rationing and every citizen of the Soviet Union could feel how one of the most trying consequences of the war was becoming a thing of the past. Life was steadily improving. But in Italy life was becoming harder, wrote Carlo. There was not the slightest sign of rationing being abolished, and the rations were meagre. Hard times, indeed. But, thank God, the children had grown up and he had managed to get his boys into his own trade. They have become bricklayers, as all the Fanfaronis. This, wrote brother Carlo, was the only bright spot in the present difficult life, and he considered himself plain lucky.

What about Ivan Ambrozovich's children, the four little ones who crossed the ocean with him twenty-five years ago? Are they alive? Did the widower manage to bring them up?

Yes, he brought them all up and all are alive. His son Flavio is in Chelyabinsk, a mechanical engineer and a post-graduate student at the Institute of Mechanization of Agriculture. His daughter Alba, a physician with a Moscow education, lives in the Caucasus. His son Evo is in the army. The war interfered with his going to college, but after demobilization he intends to enter some higher educational institution. Only Enso lives with his father. Illness prevented him from completing his secondary education, but he has a good trade: he is an auto and tractor mechanic in the kolkhoz. We met Enso and found him to be a cultured young man, as unassuming as his father. He showed us a recent purchase of his—a shiny new yellow motorcycle.

And so Ivan Ambrozovich's children have broken with the Fanfaroni family trade of bricklaying. Devoted though he is to the family trade, Ivan Ambrozovich is not grieved at the fact that one son is an engineer and his daughter a physician. On the contrary, he is proud of it. Brother Carlo would never believe it—college-educated Fanfaronis! How could it be? What are they, capitalists, eh?

Yes, if anybody really has had luck it is the children of Ivan Ambrozovich. Carlo is right: with unemployment raging throughout the capitalist world he can consider himself quite fortunate to have placed his boys, even though the pay is beggarly. Many people in Italy probably envy Carlo. But in our country the success of Ivan Ambrozovich's children surprises no one. Our people are used to such things. Almost every family in the Lenin Kolkhoz has some member with a college or a secondary technical education: a teacher, an agronomist, an army officer, a physician.

In the seven-year school (which occupies one of the best buildings in the kolkhoz) we learned the following indicative fact: of the latest graduating class of sixteen only two did not go on with their studies; the rest entered either the ten-year school, the teachers' training school or the mechanization school.

While in Kirsanov we visited the two-storey brick building the Lenin Kolkhoz erected for the convenience of members when they come into town. One of the floors is fixed out as a dormitory for the kolkhoz youth attending various schools in Kirsanov.

Judging by the graduating classes of past years, many of those who entered the Kirsanov ten-year school will go on to college or university. The teachers receive letters from former pupils now

studying in higher schools in many different cities: Moscow, Leningrad, Kursk, Voronezh, Saratov, Tambov. By the way, in Tambov Region itself, where before the Revolution there was not a single higher educational institution, there are now five of them, and fifty-three secondary technical schools.

Mikhail Belyaev is studying at the Institute of Railway Engineers. An ex-serviceman, not so long ago he used to send letters from Germany, and now he writes home from Moscow where he has renewed his war-interrupted studies. Olga Protsuk, Olga Saiganova and Valentina Romantsova study at medical colleges. Romantsova's father was killed in the war and her mother is a sickly woman with three children, yet all three are studying: Valentina in the Kursk Medical Institute, her sister in a Kirsanov technical school, and her young brother in the seven-year school.

We learned all this from Yekaterina Shishkova, a teacher at the local school. Yekaterina Shishkova is herself a living example of the rise of the kolkhoz intelligentsia. This peasant girl, the daughter of one of the members of the kolkhoz, did not want to stop at a junior secondary education. She went on to a teachers' school and returned to the kolkhoz a qualified teacher.

Yekaterina Shishkova was born in America, and she left the country as a child. Naturally,

in America she would never have acquired her present profession. Much less would her present pupils receive a higher education. A college education costs thousands of dollars and is beyond the reach of a worker. Neither is a high school education in America very accessible to workers' children; besides, lately the number of high schools has been sharply reduced; six thousand were closed down in 1947.

"An object lesson for coming generations" that has come down to us from tsarist times is the examination record of a peasant woman named Ananyeva who was arrested for revolutionary activity. The record notes that she intended to send her son to a *gymnasium* and bears the following remark in the hand of Alexander III, the next to the last of the tsars: "That's the worst part of it—a muzhik worming himself into a *gymnasium*!"

It would seem as though centuries separate our Soviet era from those times. "We want all our workers and peasants to be cultured and educated, and we shall achieve this in time." These words of our great leader Comrade Stalin are being actualized before our very eyes. In the Lenin Kolkhoz all the young people working in the fields are junior secondary school graduates.

To make the right to an education a reality the Soviet Government saw to it, firstly, that

more and more new schools were built. Neither the January frosts, the February snowstorms nor the autumn slush can prevent the children of the Lenin Kolkhoz from attending classes: the schoolhouse is just next door. And that is not an exception but the general rule.

In Kirsanov District there are now 40 schools staffed by 450 teachers and attended by 12,000 pupils. Besides, there are 12 evening schools attended by 500 young workers and kolkhozniks. In 1911 this district had only five schools with a total of twelve teachers and 171 pupils.

In 1915, shortly before the Revolution, there were 938 elementary schools in all of Tambov Gubernia. In 1946, however, there were 1,335. Big though the increase is, these figures alone do not show the radical changes that have taken place. While formerly the peasant children attended only parish or Zemstvo schools, that is, only primary schools, now the doors of all educational institutions are open wide to them. For this reason the following figures give a more adequate idea of the changes that have taken place since the Revolution: there were only seventeen secondary schools in Tambov Gubernia (mostly in the towns and attended by the children of the urban bourgeoisie and officials), while in 1946 there were 555 secondary and junior secondary schools in the region, and not only in the towns but in the vil-

lages as well, attended equally by the children of workers, intelligentsia and peasants.

In 1917 alone the appropriations for public education in Tambov Region were thirty-three times greater than they were over a period of twelve years (from 1900 to 1912) in tsarist times.

Statistics show that there was a very high percentage of dropouts in the schools of Tambov Gubernia. During the first year of study 3 per cent of the pupils dropped out; during the second, 10 per cent, and in the third, about 60 per cent. These, of course, were the children of working folk, especially peasants. There were many reasons: the schools were distant, sometimes seven or eight versts away; the children lacked proper footwear and warm clothing; a common attitude was that there was no sense in wasting time studying when you couldn't go any farther anyway.

In the Lenin Kolkhoz all the 280 children of school age attend school. The teaching staff effectively prevents dropouts, putting into practice the universal education introduced in our country. It is actively assisted in this by the parents' committee.

Chairman of the parents' committee for a number of years has been Yevdokia Lyapunova, a team leader in the field crop brigade. The committee has twenty members.

Last year the principal of the school informed

Collective-farm footballers at a training session

These kolkhoz members are going out for a spin on their motorcycles

Yevdokia Lyapunova that a seventh class pupil, Mitya Kokhanyuk, had become very unruly and that even a public reprimand had had no effect on him. She immediately called mother and son to a meeting of the parents' committee. The boy was talked to seriously. Under public influence he turned over a new leaf, graduated with honours and went to Kirsanov to continue his studies. The same happened with Vladimir Koshelev, who is studying well in the eighth class of the Kirsanov secondary school.

Yevdokia Lyapunova knows the circumstances of every family in the kolkhoz. If anything interferes with a child's studies the fact is never passed by unheeded. Yuri Rugayev, Titov and the Kurdyumovs—children of soldiers who were killed in the war—have been given felt boots, rubbers and overcoats by the school free of charge.

Drama, literary, singing, history, art, mathematics and chess circles draw the children closer to the school and make their lessons more interesting. Teachers and children are enthusiastic participants in school performances. The teacher of physics and chemistry Vasily Blagoveshchensky (he is also the principal), sets an example in this respect. His acting is particularly successful in Chekhov's play *The Anniversary*.

We have already mentioned that Pavel Fokin, the chairman of the kolkhoz, displays constant

concern for the needs of the school. The entire kolkhoz is a sort of trustee of the school—its attentive and wise guardian.

The entire kolkhoz is the guardian of the kindergarten too. The season's first berries and first apples are sent right from the orchard to this gay little white house on the hill. In the summer the big lawn, with its sand piles, swings and see-saws, and the play pens for the crawling tots, resounds with the chatter of children and birds.

But we visited the kindergarten in winter. There was no one out on the lawn, and the house was singularly quiet. We learned that it was the after-dinner rest hour; the children were asleep.

Stepping noiselessly in her felt slippers Valentina Pavlovna, the manager of the kindergarten, led us to the playroom. We sat down on tiny chairs at a miniature round table under a spreading rubber plant and a China rose bush. Behind us stood a large cupboard where the toys were kept: lop-eared bunnies, coloured blocks, big rubber balls, dolls with wide-open eyes. The piano was having a rest too. The room was warm and quiet. The children were in the bedrooms.

The kindergarten includes a nursery section. In summer it accommodates about fifty youngsters and in winter about thirty.

Working in the kindergarten are six attentive women, whom the kolkhoz has entrusted with the

care of its little ones. They are: the manager, a teacher with twenty-five years of experience; three teachers—local kolkhoz women who have received special training; a cook and a charwoman. The kolkhoz pays them well: the manager gets forty workday units a month and the others thirty.

The major share of the kindergarten expenditures is covered by the kolkhoz, the parents paying only three workday units a month. The same holds for food. The parents contribute 1.5 kilograms of millet, 3 kilograms of wheat, 1.5 kilograms of cabbage, 6 kilograms of potatoes and 15 litres of milk a month for each child, as well as from 50 to 250 grams of bread a day depending upon the child's age.

The kolkhoz board allots meat, fruit, vegetables and fats from its two per cent fund. The children get as much white bread as they wish; there is always a meat dish for dinner. Milk and fruit rightly form a large part of the diet. The children get four meals a day, so that there is no need to feed them at home.

Life in the village varies to a great extent with the seasons, and the kindergarten sets its time-table accordingly. In winter it is open from eight in the morning till five in the afternoon. In summer it opens at six o'clock, when the mothers go off to the fields, and closes late, at nine in the

evening. Thus, even in the busiest season the children are not left without care.

One brief fact should be added to the foregoing: before the Revolution there was only one kindergarten in the whole of Tambov Gubernia.

That is how the Lenin Kolkhoz cares for its growing generation from the nursing age right up to the time the lads and girls become fully independent members of society.

Naturally, Ivan Ambrozovich Fanfaroni will not describe all this in such detail in answering his brother Carlo in Italy. It would be well worth while doing, however.

Yes, Ivan Ambrozovich's children have indeed been lucky: they grew up and they live in the Soviet Union.

PAVEL ZYUZIN IN THE DAYS OF WAR AND THE DAYS OF PEACE

> But can any fire, tortures or force be found on earth capable of overpowering Russian strength?
>
> *N. Gogol*

We accepted Pavel Zyuzin's invitation and paid him a visit Sunday morning. He had made a very pleasant impression on us when we first met him at the club. This big, broad-shouldered kolkhoz loader in his late thirties had an almost childlike spontaneity that drew one to him.

The first time we saw him was at a song and dance review depicting a kolkhoz festival. In the final mass dance scene one performer, in a white embroidered Russian shirt girdled with a silk belt, outshone all the rest. He danced with true Russian abandon, making the stage decorations tremble and raising a pillar of dust. Every part of him danced —his feet, his shoulders, his face. This was Pavel Zyuzin.

And so we visited him at his home. At first we talked about performances at the club, and then we got onto the war.

Pavel Zyuzin went into the army at the very beginning of the war. He participated in the defence of Leningrad, including the defence of Pulkovo Hill. Working day and night on aerodrome construction in the swamps, he caught cold and then his legs became paralyzed. He was taken to the hospital. But even before his cure was finished he started pleading to be sent back to the front, to a sailors' battalion. He was with the sailors when they broke through the blockade near Nevskaya Dubrovka. Ferrying men, arms and provisions across the river in the treacherous stillness of the night was terrifying. Metre by metre the sailors wrenched a bridgehead from the enemy. Every time he crossed the river Zyuzin risked falling into the hands of the foe.

Another strip of land on the other side cleared —but somewhere in the night darkness a German machine gunner is lying in ambush. Zyuzin volunteers to silence the machine gun. There aren't enough boats for the ferry—and Zyuzin volunteers to get some from a place which is under incessant enemy fire.

He launched into a detailed account of a silent night grapple with a German, when he was alone on the enemy-held bank, but suddenly he stopped.

"I can't go on with the story—my nerves won't stand it," he said.

A man of true courage, as time passed he became accustomed to facing death. But constant short rations, which gradually turned into actual hunger as the ring of the blockade grew tighter—this proved almost too much for the powerfully-built Pavel Zyuzin.

Picture to yourself a strong, sturdy man who was used to kolkhoz fare living on the meagre and then actually starvation rations under the blockade. Picture to yourself a healthy, powerful man who at the beginning of the war used to carry aeroplane bombs weighing one hundred kilograms each growing so weak that he could barely lift a twenty-kilogram bomb with the aid of his comrades.

"Just before the war I weighed eighty kilos. But when my legs became paralyzed and they took me to the hospital and I was weighed—goodness, forty-five was all that was left of me!"

And yet this man of whom only half was left, as he puts it, begged to be sent back to the front before his treatment was finished, just as soon as his legs started getting better. He told us about this patriotic act of his and about all of his experiences at the front without the slightest trace of bragging. He wasn't trying to pose as a hero. He was just telling things as they were.

And so Pavel Zyuzin went back into action.

He was wounded twice. To the first wound he paid no attention. "Nothing to speak of," he said. But the second put him out of commission: enemy bomb fragments gouged out one of his eyes and crippled an arm. He endured excruciating pain and went through two operations. After eight months in hospital he was demobilized.

What was happening meanwhile at home, in his kolkhoz? As everywhere else in our country, the people were working all out for the front. The strongest, youngest and healthiest men had gone off to the war. The brunt of the work fell on the shoulders of the women, the teen-agers and the old folk. It was hard work indeed, but they coped with it. The kolkhoz gave up for war needs tractors, trucks and horses it needed itself, yet the work was done well.

Everyone remembers that great patriotic movement among the kolkhoz peasants—contributions to the defence fund from personal savings. But not everyone remembers now that this movement was launched by Tambov Region kolkhozniks, among them the members of the Lenin Kolkhoz. In 1942, after reading Comrade Stalin's speech on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Great October Socialist Revolution they decided to build on their own savings a tank column to be named the "Tambov Kolkhoznik," for which they donated 43 million rubles in cash.

What rejoicing there was in the kolkhozes when Comrade Stalin expressed his gratitude to the Tambov kolkhozniks and sent them fraternal greetings from the Red Army!

In 1943 the Tambov kolkhozniks donated almost 42 million rubles, this time for an air squadron to be named "Tambov Kolkhoznik."

That same year, after meeting their grain delivery assignments to the state, the Tambov kolkhozniks contributed in excess of the program thousands of poods of grain, potatoes and meat, as well as many sheepskins and a large amount of wool. These were valuable presents for the Red Army. Especially valuable, however, was the patriotic example set, which was followed by millions of kolkhozniks. On the initiative of the Tambovites collections for the defence fund began all over the country.

Together with other Tambov kolkhozniks Pavel Zyuzin's wife, Yevdokia Grigoryevna, was one of the initiators of this great patriotic movement. Though she had three small children to take care of she worked in the kolkhoz for two—for herself and for her husband. She herself wondered where she got the strength to work so hard.

When she learned her husband was gravely wounded there were times she lost hope of ever seeing him again. But one day a letter came from the hospital saying that he would soon be home.

While Pavel Zyuzin was describing the day of his return a thin little voice piped up behind us:

"Papa, tell 'em how I didn't know you when you came back."

This was Zyuzin's young daughter, Galya. She had been asleep when we entered, but evidently the strange voices had awakened her long ago and she had lain quietly in her bed listening to the conversation.

"Oh, so you're up," cried the father and ran to the bed. He moved aside the white pillows and the pink blanket, and there emerged first a slim arm, then the head, and finally the whole of a slender little fair-haired girl. He took her in his arms and began to waltz about the room. After a few turns he put his "partner" back to bed. From the way he carefully tucked her in and the way her slim little arms encircled his neck, and from the indulgent smile of the mother as she watched this unexpected scene, we could see that Galya was father's favourite and that the family lived in close harmony.

The day Pavel Zyuzin returned from the army all his neighbours came to visit him. In the evening members of the kolkhoz board dropped in.

"Welcome home," they said, embracing the host. "Well, you've done your share at the front and now you've earned a rest."

However, soon the conversation took an altogether different turn. One of the board members gradually led it up to the following:

"Of course, you've earned your rest. Rest up as long as you like. But honestly, Pavel, we're real short of hands. Now look at the sawmill. We might just as well close it down—no one to work it."

He threw an embarrassed glance at Zyuzin's crippled arm and added:

"Pavel, if you'd lend a hand at the sawmill when you've rested up, why, we'd thank you a lot!"

And weak though he was after the hospital, Pavel Zyuzin went straight to the sawmill and lent a hand without even resting up. When he had looked around a bit and seen that workers were really badly needed in the kolkhoz he began to help at the electric station too. For a long time he worked in the sawmill during the day and in the electric station at night. He worked so hard not because he had to make a living. When he returned home in September 1943 his wife had already earned 600 workday units. He could have rested peacefully to the end of the year. But he wouldn't think of resting and set to work day and night. His own letters from the front obliged him to do it: he used to write to the kolkhozniks that they should work to help the army without sparing

their strength. He had done his duty as a soldier and now he was doing his duty on the home front no less heroically. We understood why besides military medals Zyuzin had a medal for valiant labour during the Great Patriotic War.

That is how the rank-and-file soldier and the rank-and-file kolkhoznik Pavel Zyuzin fought and worked in the years of the war.

How is he getting along now, in peacetime?

Nowadays the sons have become helpers, and this close-knit, industrious family earns more than a thousand workday units a year. The elder son, Boris, is studying in an auto school in Kirsanov. In the summer he worked as a tractor driver's assistant and earned 300 workday units, as much as his mother did. The younger son, Tolya, earned 60 workday units grazing calves. Only father's favourite Galya is not working. But strictly speaking that's not so. There's plenty to do at school.

When we asked Pavel Zyuzin why his earnings were 50 per cent more than his wife's, he said:

"Well, she can work less now. She did a lot while I was in the army. Let her take it easy now."

What about he himself taking it easy? Didn't he "do a lot" both at the front and in the kolkhoz? Besides, he is an invalid.

But inactivity would simply be burdensome for this strong, sturdy man. The word "invalid" doesn't

fit at all with his well-built frame and his quick, dexterous, somewhat jerky movements. However, Pavel Zyuzin has given up working day and night now. He has chosen work appropriate to his disabilities, he told us.

We expressed our doubts on this score. "But you're a loader. Is that appropriate work for an invalid?"

"Depends on the invalid. With my good left hand I can lift a decent weight, and my right hand just helps along."

During the busy days of harvesting Zyuzin did the work of four, earning 113 workday units within a month.

Immediately after the war a terrible drought hit the country. But these were not the ignorant muzhiks of old, each with his tiny farm, defenceless against the forces of nature. It was a close-knit kolkhoz armed with modern methods of agriculture and enjoying strong support from the Government —and it met the natural calamity in close order. The drought didn't affect the income of this industrious family of the Lenin Kolkhoz. The Zyuzins not only had sufficient grain to last them to the next harvest but a surplus which they sold at the kolkhoz market. In 1947 in payment for their workday units they received 3.3 tons of grain, 1.1 tons of potatoes and 880 kg. of other vegetables, about a ton of milk, 88 kg. of meat, 12 kg. of

sunflower seed oil, 11 kg. of honey, several kg. of wool, a large amount of apples and berries and 3,300 rubles in cash. It was more than enough for a family of five. Besides, they have their own truck garden which yields about half a ton of potatoes and other vegetables and keep pigs that give about 160 kg. of pork a year.

It is not difficult to picture what would have happened to the Zyuzins in a drought year like 1916 were it not for the kolkhoz. Famine, complete pauperization—that is what the drought used to bring to the village of old.

Yevdokia Grigoryevna raises pigs every year but she does not keep a cow. "What's the use of a cow?" she says. "Why go to all that bother when we get enough milk in payment for our workday units—close to four litres a day."

One notices here a growing indifference to the private plot, or, at any rate, a reluctance to put in any extra work on it.

No one would ever say that Yevdokia Grigoryevna was a lazy, careless or inefficient housewife. And just because she is wise and thrifty she calculated that it's worth raising her own pigs but a cow is unnecessary since there is enough milk as it is.

And so the cow for which a peasant woman with a big family would have sacrificed her life in bygone days has now become a useless burden

to Yevdokia Grigoryevna. What really interests her is the big, common profitable farm, the kolkhoz workday unit, and not her tedious tiny private plot.

As we chatted with Yevdokia Grigoryevna we could not rid ourselves of the impression that we were talking to a city worker. This impression was heightened by the furnishings and by the family's mode of life as a whole. We were in a large, well-furnished room of the city type. There were bent-wood chairs, rugs, electric lamps, a bureau, nickel-plated bedsteads. We failed to see any oven forks or dough troughs or any other attributes of the village life of old. What need is there for a dough trough when Yevdokia Grigoryevna gets her bread from the kolkhoz bakery? What need is there for troughs and tubs when there is no cow, and what need is there for a cow when there's enough milk without one?

Thanks to the efficient setup in this leading kolkhoz, and thanks to the well-paid workday unit Yevdokia Grigoryevna has been freed from a host of tedious and thankless household chores. Freed of these burdens, she has become a public-minded human being who knows her own worth.

Yevdokia Grigoryevna listens to concerts and the world and home news over the radio every day. There is a radio in every home in the kolkhoz.

The radio is an invisible thread uniting the

village with Moscow. The Moscow factory worker and the kolkhoz member Yevdokia Grigoryevna listen to the latest news over the radio at one and the same time. At 7:15 a.m. when Moscow schoolboys do their setting-up exercises by radio Tolya Zyuzin does his too. When football fans in Moscow, Leningrad and other cities tensely follow broadcasts of games from a Moscow stadium Tolya Zyuzin and his father listen in too; both are keen fans, though they back different teams. The radio, like electricity, has dealt a mortal blow to the backwardness that marked rural life in the old days.

Father's favourite Galya, the youngest of the three children, probably wonders how people ever got along without radios and electricity. She simply would not be able to picture the following scene, for example:

A long winter evening in the village. A room with a low, smoky ceiling and a tiny window covered with hoar frost. There is not even a decent kerosene lamp, let alone electricity. There are neither beds nor bureaus in the room—only a table, benches and a loom (this Galya could never picture, for she never saw one). A loom with a woman ceaselessly working at it all the long winter evening by the faltering light of a smoky lamp. A little boy sits near the lamp, trimming the wick from time to time. He is dying for sleep, his eyes

A view of the park of culture and rest at the Lenin Kolkhoz

S. Drozd and M. Slivinskaya, both members of the collective farm, rehearse for a concert

The folk chorus of the Lenin Kolkhoz during a performance in the Central House of Art Workers, Moscow

World War II veterans P. Zyuzin, S. Kadomtsev, and others celebrate the anniversary of the day when their unit was cited by J. V. Stalin for action near Berlin

are closing, but he keeps trimming the wick, otherwise the light will go out. This boy was Pavel Zyuzin.

"Have you been to our kindergarten?" Pavel Zyuzin asked us. "If not I advise you to. Physical culture and hygiene and drawing and dancing to music—it's all there. I especially advise you to inspect the bedrooms, the beds, the tidiness everywhere. There's never a fly let in. Now I'll tell you what my bedroom was like when I was a boy. There were eight of us children. At night we'd put straw on the floor for a bed. No sheets or pillows, and any old rag for a blanket. And right next to us in the same hut was a calf or a pair of lambs."

We quoted what Lenin had said about the peasants being reduced to pauperism in tsarist times, about their living under the same roof as their cattle and going around in rags.

"That's right. I've lived through it all as a kid. Yes, the cattle got better care than the children. You couldn't help that—poverty forced you to. Not long ago I sent my father who's in Lebedyan a thousand rubles; he's still alive, you know. In the old days he never saw such an amount.

"In a word, we're not living at all the way our fathers did, even with that frightful war. We're well off and we expect to be still better off."

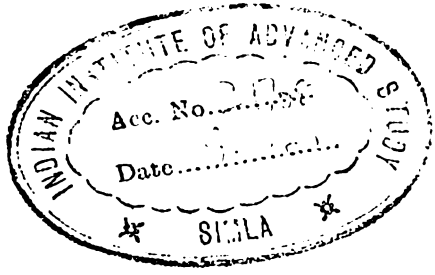
It was for his own well-being that Pavel Zyuzin fought on the battle fronts of the Patriotic War and not for the prosperity of people alien to him.

The Associated Press agency has reported the following case. When a war veteran named Walter Davis, a young man of twenty-two, was asked to fill out the loyalty blank introduced by the Truman administration, he wrote briefly and to the point that that wasn't the kind of a government he had fought for.

Yes, the common people of America didn't fight for an administration that on orders from sixty families of multi-millionaires is introducing fascist methods and is endeavouring to unleash a new war.

As for war veteran Pavel Zyuzin, the kolkhoz wall newspaper *The Voter's Voice* marked him out as one of the best election speakers for the Stalin Communist and non-Party bloc. He speaks for the Soviet power by word and by deed. He staunchly defended the Soviet power on the battlefields, and he could certainly say:

"I fought for a Government which holds the interests of the working masses above all else. I fought for my own, truly people's Government such as the Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics always was, is and will be."



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