

SOVIET WOMAN

No. 1

1963





... Firmly abiding by the Leninist principles of the policy of peaceful co-existence, the Soviet Government has always done everything possible to preserve peace.

... Undeviatingly pursuing its peace-loving policy the Soviet Government, together with the governments of the socialist countries, works for general and complete disarmament, the conclusion of a German peace treaty, the solution of the West Berlin problem on this basis, and the elimination of the military hotbeds which may develop into a world war. We are doing everything to promote the strengthening of the independent states of Asia, Africa and Latin America, we are giving warm and fraternal support to the powerful national-liberation movement. We spare no effort to eradicate the disgraceful colonial system.

... We don't need war! The Soviet people who unfurled the banner of struggle for socialism and to whose lot the honour has fallen to work to build communism, want peace. We are confident of the justice of our cause and of our strength.

In the space of forty-five years we have gone a very long way and today our stride is still wider. Today we accomplish in a month what before took us five years to achieve. Have we got something we prize? Of course, we have. We have prospects, the conviction that our ideas will ultimately win out. We want these victories to come not through war but through peaceful construction and competition with capitalism.

... Of course, if war is thrust upon us from any quarter, we shall stand up for ourselves and our allies and draw on all available means. However, we shall do all we can to avoid an armed conflict, to have wars ruled out from the life of society.

... We once again solemnly declare that the whole of our foreign policy activity will be subordinated to the aim of reaching agreement on general and complete disarmament. We call on the Western powers to remove the remaining obstacles to an agreement to end all nuclear tests for all time to come. We call on them to sign a treaty on general and complete disarmament under strict international control.

... The Leninist principle of peaceful coexistence is the general line of our foreign policy, the banner of all socialist states, and the cherished goal of all peoples. May wisdom triumph over recklessness, may the method of negotiations for the settlement of outstanding international issues replace for ever the dangerous method of the "trial of strength"! People throughout the world can and must at last acquire peace of mind and stop fearing that the next day may bring thermonuclear conflict. Mankind wishes to build its future not on ashes and smoking ruins but on the material foundation already built up by the efforts of many generations.

This is why we appeal to the peoples to intensify their action for peace and their struggle against imperialist warmongers. The peoples are a mighty force in the fight for peace; they can and must say their decisive word.

N. S. KHRUSHCHOV

(Excerpts from report "The Present International Situation and Soviet Foreign Policy" at the Second Session of the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R.)

"The Birds Are Singing"—that is the title I've given to my new work from the "Leniniana" series, so dear to my heart. Our great leader has come out for a stroll in Gorki near Moscow. It is a sunny, slightly frosty day. The earth is still covered with snow, but the breath of approaching spring is already felt everywhere. The birds are singing. Vladimir Ilyich Lenin has stopped to listen to the melody of the birds, Lenin the great helmsman who is just as great in his love of life.

N. ZHUKOV, Corresponding Member of the U.S.S.R. Academy of Arts

SOVIET WOMAN

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROBLEMS, LITERATURE AND ART.
PUBLISHED BY THE SOVIET WOMEN'S COMMITTEE AND THE CENTRAL COUNCIL OF
TRADE UNIONS OF THE U.S.S.R. NINETEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION. PUBLISHED
MONTHLY IN RUSSIAN, ENGLISH, CHINESE, GERMAN, FRENCH, HINDI, HUNGARIAN,
JAPANESE, KOREAN AND SPANISH

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Happy New Year!

We wish Soviet women good health, happiness and success in the new, 1963, year.

On behalf of the Women's International Democratic Federation, I heartily thank the Soviet women for taking upon themselves the great task of aiding the organization of the World Congress of Women which the W.I.D.F. is convening in Moscow in June, 1963.

The women of the whole world will enthusiastically prepare for this congress. I am sure that it will strengthen the ties of friendship between women of all countries.

FRANCE

EUGENIE COTTON,
President, Women's International
Democratic Federation

I drink to the growing number of firm friendships between Soviet and American women. I drink to Madame Khrushchov and her moving radio address to American women. I drink to all the Soviet women and their children and grandchildren. I would drink to their great-grandchildren, but Mr. Eaton says I must stop drinking!

My cherished dream? That in 1963 my country will learn to know your country as American women know Soviet women, because to know you is to be genuinely fond of you.

U.S.A.

MRS. CYRUS S. EATON,
Public personality

Ever since my country became a nation, our men have been marched to wars thousands of miles from our homeland, never to return. Canada is a land of war cemeteries in far-off countries. So you will understand why the women of Canada hate war. My dearest dream is to attend a congress of women from every nation in the world, and to discover that not one item on the congress agenda mentions that hateful word "war" ... to be a delegate to a congress of women in a world forever liberated from the curse of war, a gathering of women called to shape a future of eternal peace.

Please accept my warmest good wishes for all your readers.

CANADA

CHARLOTTE CARTER,
Public personality

We dreamed the women of the world had achieved peace through cooperation and understanding. Let us all work to make this dream come true.

CANADA

THERESE CASGRAIN,
National President, "Voice of Women"

American women send New Year greetings to the women of the U.S.S.R. with the sincere wish that 1963 will mark the beginning of a new era of peace.

The people of the world want and need peace. The women of the world must help achieve it—before it is too late.

U.S.A.

DAGMAR WILSON,
Women's International Strike for Peace

From the bottom of my heart I wish that we, the people of beautiful Japan, could grasp the hands of the peoples of all countries in friendship as quickly as possible. And thus, hand in hand, we would fight for peace which we love with all our being.

May peace reign! Let us join forces for peace on earth!

JAPAN

JUN OEDA,
Public personality

Sostenuto con espressione

I'm in love with you Life and my

love is not new or soon o.ver. I'm in love with you Life I re-

peat those words over and o.ver. Win.dows light, spring to life As from

work to my home I am go.ing, I'm in love with you Life May your

love.li.ness al.ways be grow.ing. I have //qui.ted.

Words by K. VANSHENKIN

Music by E. KOLMANOVSKY

English text by T. BOTTING

I'M IN LOVE

Valentina Gaganova, the initiator of
the Communist Labour movement in
industry



I'm in love with you Life
And my love is not new or soon over.
I'm in love with you Life
I repeat those words over and over.

Windows light, spring to life
As from work to my home I am going,
I'm in love with you Life
May your loveliness always be growing.

WITH YOU LIFE'

Photographs by L. PORTER,
M. ALPERT, M. REDKIN, V. GENDE-ROTE,
L. LAZAREV, Y. TRANKVILLITSKY,
and V. SYCHOV

Conscience

By TATYANA TESS

A person's age is written down in his birth certificate and his passport, but his life is judged not by his years, but by how he lives them.

There is an elderly woman named Nadezhda Zaglada who lives in Vysokoye, a village in the Ukraine, a woman skilled in producing big crops of maize, flax and beets. I have been in her home and talked to her about things which are much in her mind, and in mine, and in those of many others.

I had heard a good deal about her—and you know of her, too, for that matter; last year Nadezhda Zaglada wrote about herself and her life for "Soviet Woman."

Nevertheless, when she said she would soon be seventy I was surprised; for her unflagging energy was so very youthful. Hers is a life filled with work, eager with interest, enriched with wisdom, goodness and a great sense of duty.

It was in these things rather than years that her life seemed vast.

Last summer many Soviet newspapers printed an open letter from Nadezhda Zaglada addressed to her fellow-workers. She started an important and serious talk about corn-growers, about their honour and sense of duty.

It happens that a person ponders often about things which mean much to him, things he sees about him. And then a time comes when he feels he must share his thoughts.

From what Nadezhda Zaglada told me, I saw it had been like that with her.

She had often fallen deep into thought while

looking at sown fields, at young growth rising in sharp spears like green tongues of flame.

Two fields on the same Polesseye land, close to one another. The rain falls on both alike, the sun warms them equally, the snow covers them with the same white quilt. They are tilled by the same machinery, given the same amount of the same fertilizer. There they are—two fields under the same sky, breathing the same air.

Yet—how different they look! On one field the young growth is a joy to see, and on the other the sparse shoots look cold and lonely.

How has this come about? They have shared everything alike.

No, there is a difference: conscientious work. The people who worked the one field had a sense of duty, the others lacked it.

It was about this conscientious attitude, this sense of duty that Nadezhda Zaglada spoke to her comrades.

It does not just mean an honest attitude to the job. It is not limited to hard work, care, doing one's work without scamping it. It is a profound sense of communist responsibility for oneself, for others, for all, a sense that lives with and in one.

Human feelings differ in intensity and depth. People differ in the way they love, the way they respond to joy and happiness, to trouble and sorrow.

I think that our understanding of conscience, of duty, has changed and deepened.

Conscientious work means much more now than doing a job honestly and carefully. It means hav-



ing a high sense of civic responsibility for the job in hand, a responsibility which covers not only the immediate task, but the work of those alongside.

If you are a friend of man, you are always responsible for him.

"Man is to man a friend, comrade and brother." This is a rule in the moral code of our life, an integral part of our ethics. This great sense of friendship, comradeship and brotherhood produces a sense of responsibility for others that is as deep as one's sense of responsibility for oneself.

It was about this sense of responsibility that the Ukrainian collective farm woman Nadezhda Zaglada wanted to talk to her comrades. She wanted to talk about it in her home, in her collective farm, in her village, but her words were such that they rang out through the whole country; they flew like sparks from her village of Vysokoye to all parts of the country.



I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU LIFE'





Nadezhda Zaglada, the journalist Irina Babich and the writer Tatyana Tess in the village of Vysokoye
 Photograph by IRINA PAP

People were fired by them. And the Vysokoye postman wore a new path to her white cottage. Every day he brought a full bag of letters, post cards and telegrams addressed to Nadezhda Zaglada.

He came while I was sitting in her home. He laid the letters on the table and I looked over his shoulder. They were from different republics, from regions near and far, from our country and abroad. It was not only farmers who responded to her words; there were letters from workers and teachers, from engineers and doctors, people of all trades and professions, all walks of life.

One might think it strange that all these people felt like writing to an old woman they had never met, living in a village they had never seen. I think it must have been because she spoke about things they themselves had often thought about and wanted to talk about.

I would like to tell you about just one conversation I had with Nadezhda Zaglada, in her home.

She had just returned from a visit to Zhitomir, where she had been on business as Deputy to the Supreme Soviet. She looked at me, looked again: "Maybe you'll stop a bit with us here, daughter, and rest?" she said suddenly. "You're so thin and tired like. Stop here a week or two, our air'll soon put some colour in your cheeks."

It was true—I was tired. I had flown from Moscow at dawn and spent the whole day driving from Kiev to Vysokoye, losing my way among the field roads and being drenched by the rain. Before I had time to answer a pitcher of milk appeared on the table, followed by a home-made apple pie and tasty flat cakes. I drank milk from an earthenware mug, looked at the kindly, wrinkled face of the woman sitting opposite, listened to her soft Ukrainian speech and felt her motherly kindness warming my heart.

Nadezhda Zaglada talked with a simple warmth, without restraint, as one talks of things that have been much in one's thoughts.

"Now just you picture a bare field, my dear. There's a man working on it, alone with the earth. And suddenly he says to himself: 'I'll be clever. Whatever I don't do our Mother Earth will do for me. She can finish it all without me, she has plenty of strength.' He wants to fool the earth, and other people. There's nobody around, he thinks, nobody will know. But he is wrong."

After a brief pause she continued:

"He goes home, but his conscience walks beside him. He tries to fall asleep, but it won't let him, it is there, whispering. He tosses from side to side, but conscience nudges him and whispers in his very ear. And even if he manages to fall asleep it wakes him up in the middle of the night,

makes him think again and think different. If he has left something undone it makes him finish it, if he has done it badly it makes him do it over. It gives him neither sleep nor peace till he has done what it demands. Because conscience is a part of man himself. When it lives in him, it will not let him do his work by halves, or live by halves, or give people only half the light that is in him." She paused. "But there are some people whose conscience is fast asleep. It sleeps when they are working, it sleeps when they themselves are sleeping. How that has come about, how we—and they—let it happen is something else again. But there is no conscience in the work of such people, and it hurts to look at it."

She thought for a moment.

"Conscience—that's something you can't pass from hand to hand. You can't borrow it as you borrow money. It can't be made up from a prescription..."

Nadezhda Zaglada looked at me, raised a short finger, brown and strong as a root, and said solemnly: "Conscience, my dear, can only be awakened."

Again I felt the power of pure, strong feeling which came from this simple Soviet woman, from her wise, generous heart. Yes, with every day the Leninist principles of the high responsibility of each and every one for the job entrusted him by the Party and the people are becoming ever stronger and are penetrating ever deeper into our life.

Another thought came to my mind: in our days the concept "sense of goodness" (of which the great Russian poet Pushkin once spoke) has gained new depth and weight. For all over our planet goodness and light is fighting against darkness, cruelty, inhumanity.

Conscience has acquired a new meaning now.

It means a great deal to us and we condemn those whose conscience is dead or sleeping.

I have sailed on the sea
 And the call of the plains I have heeded,
 Yet there always would be
 Loyal friends at my side when most needed.

In the din of each day
 I find zest in the life we are living,
 Since my love came to stay,
 Life, you know all the joy love is giving.



'RAZLUKA'

A STORY

By BORIS MALOCHEVSKY

Drawing by A. SHULTZ

There are days when everything seems to be filmed with mist. The sun has lost all its hard brightness, its light is soft and diffused, and clouds with crinkled edges sail slowly overhead without approaching one another. There is a feeling of soft, damp warmth underfoot and far, far away the densened air, cooling towards night, shimmers faintly.

It was on a day of this kind that I arrived at a small railway station, on my way from a state farm, where I had been sent on business. The station was a hundred and fifty kilometres from the town of Emsk, and I decided to take the opportunity to go and visit an old army friend who lived nearby. Though I had never asked him anything I was sure he'd know about Galina Andreyevna, he might even have seen her since she married.

The driver set me down at the station, and with a brief farewell swung the car round for the return journey. I stood for some time looking at the small signboard just under the roof of the station building, glowing in the last rays of the sun. This tiny station lost in the great Russian plains was called "Razluka" ("Parting"). I was struck by the sad and poetic name. As I came closer the sign ceased to glow and became an ordinary piece of glass, protecting the seven letters from the dust, rain and snow—Razluka.

I wondered how it had got this name. I went to buy my ticket, but the girl who sold it to me shut the glass window before my nose with such a slam that I started back and didn't venture to knock again. The waiting room was empty. I went out onto the platform. The rails gleamed grey and cold.

I had about an hour to wait for my train. The Emsk train would pass through first. I strolled along the platform. At the far end stood a young man and girl, apparently waiting for a train, too, judging by the suitcase. The man was wearing a wadded jacket strapped in at the waist with an army belt; the knapsack on his back made his shadow on the platform humpbacked. The girl was pretty, though her features were irregular and seemed blurred; her eyes were puffed as though she had been crying. They were talking earnestly but as I approached they fell silent and the man dropped the girl's hand, turned slightly away from her, and looked at me enquiringly. Sensing that I had involuntarily disturbed them I hurried past till I came to the railing at the end of the platform and the only bench. There I settled down and pulled a newspaper out of my pocket.

I held it but I did not read. I had a sudden, sharp sense of my loneliness, sitting there on the platform at Razluka. Had I not already bought my ticket to the small town where my old friend lived, I would have taken the first train back to Emsk.

The couple never once looked in my direction. The man moved closer to her, his foot hitting the suitcase, and took her hand in his own once again. A slight wind carried fragments of their talk to me. They probably did not suspect that I heard or perhaps they simply did not care.

"You haven't even a blanket of your own," said the girl.

"I'll have one," the young man answered decisively, then in a quieter voice speaking very quickly, he continued, "Don't worry about all that, Lena, I'll have everything. If need be, I'll carry you in my arms."

"Don't, Kostya, you're hurting me."

"You wait. And don't be afraid."

"Why should I be afraid?" Lena interrupted in a trembling voice. "I did think we'd . . . everything would be . . . wonderful."

"Lena!"

"Don't, Kostya. You didn't have to go. You wanted to yourself."

"But Lena, please understand. The whole Komsomol, thousands are going."

"You know who's going? Those who haven't a house of their own!"

"Forget that house of yours. Lena, just say one thing—that you agree."

"It's late to talk about that now," said the girl calmly and sternly. But then the tears rose in her voice. "Let go my hand!"

"I shan't let you go—not anywhere. I can't do without you, Lena! Stop!"


Awkwardly he tried to embrace her, but she tore away and ran, leaving her kerchief in his hand. He hesitated, picked up his suitcase and ran after her, his top boots thumping desperately on the boards of the platform. They moved away towards a yellow cloud advancing disquietingly towards the station. He did overtake Lena and I saw his arms go round her. They walked on more slowly, descended the steps at the far end of the platform and vanished. In a few moments I saw them strolling slowly behind the station.

I thought they stopped, but probably my weak glasses deceived me.

Now I was alone. In spite of myself I kept thinking that meeting my army friend would not help me. It was stupid and ridiculous to go chasing after the past, to try to find out whether Galina Andreyevna was happy with her husband and whether they had any children. And it was this I was going for.

The Emsk train was soon due now and the platform began to liven up. I felt I wanted to see Lena again. I would have found my wish hard to explain.

'I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU LIFE'



When the nightingales call
In the dawn we find love unabated
And our joy above all
Are the kiddies that Life has created.

We know childhood again,
Then come boats and the trains for the
rover;

But our grandsons remain—
That's Life's saga that never is over.

I did see her, when the train was already in. Lena and Kostya stood beside one of the first coaches. The suitcase was no longer visible. It must be inside. I went close up to the coach and heard the second departure bell.

"Lena—!"

"No, no, it's impossible. I ... later on," she said brokenly, while Kostya tried to kiss her averted face. He let her go. But now she herself clung to him. "Only ... write, as soon as you get there. That'll be better, Kostya. Much better."

"Lena, come with me now! Honest—!"

"Kostya, my darling," she cried suddenly. She leaned back against his arms, he lifted her from the platform and carried her to the coach.

"But Kostya, darling, you're mad! I haven't anything with me. ... Put me down, I'll come myself!"

... The train pulled out, for a long time the tail light, like a red eye, quivered in the gathering dusk. Rain came down in a cold shower, the drops spattering loudly on the ground and making bubbles in the pools. Yellowish stars peeped out through the clouds. Then my train came.

There was one other passenger in my compartment. He had spread a napkin neatly on the small table and was shelling a hard-boiled egg. I pressed my face to the window and once more the electric sign with the seven sad letters floated past my eyes, blurred by the wet glass.

"What was that station where you got in?" asked my companion, when nothing more could be seen through the window.

"Razluka," I said. "Just think, Razluka!"

"Mmmmm," he mumbled with his mouth full and gestured to me to help myself to an egg.

I refused. And although he had not asked any questions, I began to tell him about Lena who had gone with Kostya after all, and even, I believe, something about myself. He listened attentively—the way lawyers and doctors listen. But when I finished he shrugged indifferently.

"If that fine young man of yours persuaded her to go with him, the simplest thing would have been to return his ticket and go home for her things and her papers. Not so romantic, of course, but..." He paused, seeking a word.

"But more practical." I supplied it.

He nodded gravely.

Looking at his colourless face, I thought with sudden alarm that maybe, for some absurd, unforeseen reason, I might not find my friend at home. And though an hour before I had wondered whether to see him wasn't foolish and unnecessary, it had now become as necessary as the air I breathed. A fine but unbroken thread stretched from this meeting back to things far past yet not dead, things that had lived within me all these years.

"In the train she'll be fined, and she can't get into a hotel without papers," my neighbour continued prosaically, and I felt as though a fine drizzle, tedious and endless, filled the compartment.

I did not argue with him. I was merely sorry for a man who had lost for ever all feeling of youth. It was a bitter, piteous thought that he had never been able to carry his Lena off somewhere, as Kostya had. He had not been able ... although probably he was married.

Omsk



THE ROLE OF WOMEN IN MODERN SOCIETY

By FATOU CISSE ARIBOT
College director, Mamou, Republic of Guinea

It is quite impossible to begin on this theme without telling about that wonderful world which opened up before me when I was in the Soviet Union.

I saw workers building houses. Day after day they build and build, and build new living quarters. Among the builders, among those who guard the public health, who educate and rear the young generation are many women!

I saw those who listen day after day to hearts beating, examine the sick, perform operations to give new strength and vitality to the ill. Among these healers, too, are many women.

I saw those who educate people, who day after day bring up and mould young minds, seeking to instill in them the desire for scientific achievement, to fan the flames of man's creative genius, to encourage them to evolve new social forms, forms that are more free and judicious. Among these educators, also, are many women.

In the streets of Moscow I saw a dizzying, never-ending stream of people pouring forth from the Metro stations. In the mornings these men and women walked rapidly, hurrying to work or to the shops. In the evenings they hurried home or to the theatre. These people are not thinking of war.

Children filled the streets with merriment. They would gather in small, noisy groups. They would argue heatedly. They are arguing about their wonderful brothers, the world's first cosmonauts, I thought. The children of this country do not know what war is.

And how lovely the very little ones were! They filled all the gardens and squares, chasing each other, shouting and laughing as they tumbled about

on the green grass. They would hug each other and laugh, their pink faces shining. These tots have not the faintest idea about war.

I looked at the buildings of Moscow.

A sign attracted my attention. It read: "Institute of Obstetrics and Gynaecology." It was a very impressive building. I entered. There were many people in the vestibule, most of them mothers and infants. There were posters on the walls and one was of a radiant mother holding a lovely child in her arms. I came upon the office of the director. The door opened and a woman came forward. We introduced ourselves.

Her name was Olga Makeyeva. She is a scientist, with a remarkable mind and outstanding energy and talent for organization. Doctor Makeyeva speaks French and English as fluently as her native Russian. She suggested that I accompany her on a tour of the institute she directs. We strolled along the corridor, deep in conversation. Doctor Makeyeva is an excellent talker and can explain the work of the Institute to a visitor in just a few minutes' time.

"Doctor, one moment, please!" someone called. A tall woman hurried towards us. She was very beautiful. Her eyes were bright blue, she had a flashing smile and her movements were graceful. She looked more like a prima donna than the head of a department in a medical establishment.

"I would like you to meet Doctor Alexandra Lyubimova, head of our department for women with pathological pregnancies," Olga Makeyeva said.

The wide bright corridor leading to the auditorium seemed like a haven

(Continued on page 34)

I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU LIFE

Thru the years man and wife
Watch the gold turn to silver with sadness,
They recall friends in life
Who for you laid their lives down
with gladness.

So march on, conquer strife,
With your spring-song the world is
delighted.

I'm in love with you Life
And I hope that my love is requited.



THE 'MIRNY' DIAMOND

There was a very interesting find in Yakutia recently.

Work was going on as usual at the concentrating mill in the city of Mirny. The rock had been washed, the "bed" of the sedimentary machine was being taken out, when inspector Valentina Maltseva found a large diamond, the size of a pigeon's egg, weighing 56.2 carats. The diamond was given the name of the city—"Mirny" ("Peaceful").

'TELESCOPE' FOR GEOLOGISTS

Cosmic rays have great powers of penetration and are absorbed by rocks, the degree of absorption depending upon the type of rock.

Soviet scientists have had the idea of using this to advantage in prospecting for valuable minerals, and have designed a "telescope" that will ascertain the degree of absorption in particular cases. Installed in a deep shaft, it will enable geologists to discover not only the location of a deposit but its extent.

ARTIFICIAL HEART VALVE

An artificial heart valve has been devised at the heart surgery clinic of the Ukrainian Research Institute of Tuberculosis and Chest Surgery. In form it closely resembles a natural valve. Made from a synthetic material, teflon, it will soon be available for clinical use.



ANATOLI RUSOV
"Soviet Woman" special correspondent

Photographs by the author

ZOYA, DAUGHTER OF A CHUVASH PEASANT



The silver zloty looks quite new, though the date on the Polish coin is 1531. It is the first of the many coins in the "chain mail" hat belonging to Zoya Markelova, a Chuvash girl.

Zoya is eighteen years old. She is a graduate of a secondary school and is employed as a house painter in the new building project in Sputnik, a new town going up on the outskirts of Cheboksary, capital of the Chuvash Autonomous Republic. Zoya lives with her elder sister

A solo in the home talent folk-instrument orchestra

Tatyana on a street that now bears the name of Andrian Nikolayev, the son of a Chuvash peasant and the third Soviet astronaut, who circled the Earth more than sixty times. Zoya has her own room, this is her home.

But sometimes she stays over at the women's hostel near the construction site, where she shares a comfortable room with one of her friends, a Russian girl named Rita, who is also a house painter. On Saturdays Zoya often sets out on foot through the forest to a settlement, located nine kilometres from Cheboksary. There she spends the weekend with her parents.

Zoya's hat is part of her national costume. It is a family chronicle of sorts. From generation to generation the Markelovs have handed down the story of each coin and of the one who added it to the hat. There is an old Russian coin, a Persian daric, a Bulgarian lev, and many others. The family legends preserve the records of marriages and the occupations of the various members, they tell of those who journeyed far away, and of the places where their relatives died or were killed.

Zoya knows her family history well and can tell you the heroic, and at times sad, tales of her ancestors.

The Markelovs' family chronicle in a way encompasses the history of the Chuvash people, numbering 1,500,000, a people with a new destiny.

From time immemorial the Chuvash people were farmers, tilling the soil with the most primitive tools. In 1925, the year the Chuvash Autonomous Republic was formed, 97 per cent of the population were peasants.

Zoya's ancestors were also peasants. A highlight in the family chronicle is the fact that Vasili Markelov was literate, and in 1809 he became a river-boat pilot on the Volga. This was considered amazing both among his relatives and his fellow-villagers for decades.

Now, however, no one is surprised at the fact that Ivan Markelov, Zoya's father, is a forester, and that his children have either a secondary or specialized technical education.

The progress the Chuvash Autonomous Republic has made, both in industry and culturally, is truly astounding. The small difference in the



ages of the various members of the family has made a big difference in the nature and level of their education, in their social standing. The overall impression is that the young people have swept over a high barrier and landed in a new, bright world.

The later a child was born into the Markelov family, the more the new society, the republic, had given him, the more opportunities he had to develop his talents.

From 1923 to 1930 Zoya's mother and father attended courses for the illiterate. They had no time to get an education, but their children's lives have developed quite differently.

Tatyana, the eldest daughter, had completed her second year in an industrial technical school. She was not able to complete her education because of the war. Tatyana works as a senior inspector at the Cheboksary Meat-Packing Plant.

Lubov, the second daughter, started school after the war. She graduated from a power-engineering school and now lives with her husband in Sverdlovsk, where she works in her chosen field.

Shura, the third daughter, graduated from the Moscow Power-Engineering School and is employed as a technologist in a designing office of the Chuvash Council of National Economy. Her

The experiment hasn't come out! Zoya in the chemical laboratory of the building administration



Zoya loves her native parts



She always finds something to do whenever she comes to visit her parents

The Markelovs are building a new brick house and, of course, Zoya helps out here too





Both winter and summer Zoya prefers to have supper in the "Leto" Cafe after a movie

husband is an engineer, working in the same place.

Zoya is also studying. She is preparing to enter an institute. She wants to be a construction engineer and build factories and plants.

But perhaps the Markelovs are only a happy exception?

No, they are a very ordinary family. Here are some facts.

Prior to 1925, there was not a single higher educational establishment in all of Chuvashia, and the number of secondary schools was very low. Today, every third person in the republic is studying. Many Chuvash boys and girls have a higher education now. The Moscow Power Institute, alone, has about two thousand of them in all its departments including the evening and correspondence courses.

The old towns have changed and new cities have sprung up. The city population makes up close to 30 per cent of the republic's inhabitants, as compared to 5 per cent in 1925.

Zoya's native settlement is now within the city limits of Greater Cheboksary. In five or six years from now a modern new "sputnik town" will be erected on the site. It will stand on the bank of the artificial Cheboksary Sea, which will be formed by the great new power dam across the Volga. The Cheboksary Hydroelectric Station is one of the industrial giants planned by the new Programme of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union.

You have read here about an ordinary Soviet girl. And though Zoya is the child of a large industrial city, she can milk a cow and carry water pails on a yoke. She treasures her beautiful national costume. And who knows, some day Zoya Markelova may add a new page to the history of the small Chuvash Autonomous Republic.



Zoya at work. She is a skilled house painter

At the youth ball Zoya got up to "lead" the amateur jazz orchestra. By the way, all the musicians are colleagues of Zoya's sister Shura and Zoya's good friends

Zoya is a confirmed yachtsman, a member of the workers' yacht club. This picture was taken when she was preparing her favourite yacht "Knopka" for a sail on the Volga



Young Poetess

Nobody noticed how the short, dark-complexioned girl, with a long, raven-black braid, appeared in the midst of the busy atmosphere of our editorial office. She introduced herself modestly: "Mira Tlyabicheva."

That is how we made the acquaintance of the first Abaze poetess. The Abaze are a nationality in the North Caucasus. They live in the Karachaevo-Cherkessk Autonomous Region and number twenty-six thousand. Before the October Socialist Revolution the Abaze, just like other oppressed nationalities, did not even have their own written language. Today, in the big family of Soviet peoples, they enjoy all the good things in life. But no matter how small in number these people are, books and newspapers are published in the Abaze language, they have their own national drama theatre, and the children study in schools in their native tongue.

We give some of Mira Tlyabicheva's verses (in English translation by Tom Botting) below.



Photograph by A. STANOVOV



LIGHTS

I deeply love
the lights of any mighty town—
So proud some shine,
a pure resplendence casting down;
While others—small
and humble lights—are soft and low.
I'll make my way
to every light in that great glow.
It may be near,
and yet it may be very far,
That my own light
is shining like a wandering star.
To catch its glow
at every city light I gaze.
Yes, I have sought
for very many nights and days.
For me, I'm sure,
that light goes searching thru' the sky
And warms the hearts
of all those people passing by.

Drawings by L. KORSAKOV

SPRINGS

They say those springs, so pure,
Are mirrors;
But mirrors at night-time
Cloud over, grow obscure,
While springs retain their sheen,
Translucent
In starlight,
Resplendent, soft, serene.
From unknown depths they rise,
Forced up
As limpid crystal fountains
The source
Of that cool water lies
In caves below the mountains.
I would mankind could be
As strong,
Unfailing, staunch and true,
And every heart as free
From vice, sweet springs, as you.
The time has come for me to leave
A sad farewell
To places where the springs arise.
My wavering spirit makes me grieve,
My soul is weak,
And that is what I most despise.
For every nation I must sing,
And tell all men to turn their eyes
To seek an image in a spring—
In springs, not mirrors, beauty lies.



PATHWAYS

Down pathways
But little trodden, known to few,
We used to run
Barefooted, happy, just we two.
Shy pathways,
Like maidens hiding in the gloaming.
'Twas years ago
Along those paths we first went roaming.
Old pathways
Are often lost in drifting snow,
And lovers laugh,
Forsaking paths they used to know.
But in my heart a path I trace,
Hard to discern,
Yet leading true thru' time and space
To there on far.
Time cannot touch it, nor can snow
Obliterate
That trace, tho' fiercely blizzards blow.
I search for words
With which to tell how much I love
That path to home,
My village in the hills above.



"What now? What should I do to save my son and his friend?" Yelizaveta is deep in thought.
"Where will I find the strength and energy? But I must not give way..."

When the war broke out these girls and boys—today members of the institute's Komsomol Committee—were only one or two years old. And look at them now! Here they were deciding what to do with Volodya and Boris. "How can I explain everything to them and help them find the right way?" * "Keep calm . . . keep calm! . . . A good commander never gets nervous during a battle. What goes on inside of you, that, as is said, is your own business, but in front of others you've got to keep calm!" Porogov reflects



'A Woman's Diary'

By KONSTANTIN FINN
Playwright

In my new play a woman holds the centre of the stage once again. She is Yelizaveta Strelnikova, an engineer and builder of electric stations. She is past forty and attractive, giving not a little thought to her appearance. She is an energetic and gifted specialist, and a woman of cheerful, easy disposition. To anyone meeting her the first time, she would seem most favoured by fortune.

The director of the building project where Yelizaveta is employed is her former husband, Matvei Porogov, to whom she was married for fifteen years. Their son, Boris, is now a student of an institute.

Yelizaveta is upset by a letter from Verkhnegorsk, the regional centre, where her son is studying. The writer is a fellow student of his, Natasha Savelyeva. She informs Yelizaveta that Boris has committed an unpardonable act, compromising Volodya, his comrade. Because of what Boris has done, Volodya is threatened with expulsion from the Komsomol and perhaps from the institute.

Yelizaveta does not feel she has a right to break the bad news to Boris's father at this time. In a few days the builders are to assay the impossible and dam the turbulent river under winter conditions. The director's attention must not be diverted from the stupendous task before him. Yelizaveta must do something to save both the innocent comrade of her son, and Boris, too.

She is a woman of courage and will, and what she decides to do may seem cruel at first. Yelizaveta attends the Komsomol committee meeting in Boris's institute and takes the floor against him. Only she herself will ever know how hard that was.

Under Soviet conditions, her act is not without its own logic, however. Thousands of Soviet mothers would have done the same. In our society, high ethical standards are set the individual.

It would be wrong to say that L. Skopina, People's Artist of the R.S.F.S.R., "plays" the leading role in my play in the production at the Pushkin Theatre, Moscow. She does not "play" it, she lives it—thereby proving my point once more about Soviet women and their attainments.

"A Woman's Diary" is not my first play about a Soviet woman.

I don't know what the future holds for me as a writer, but I know that I want to write more plays with women as the main heroes.

LESSON 117

1. CHECK YOUR HOMEWORK

Где живет Виктор?
Напиши мне о нем.
Где живет Аня?
Напиши мне о ней.
Где живут твои друзья?
Напиши мне о них.

2. SUBJECT

The prepositional case: forms of masculine and neuter adjectives in the singular.

3. NEW WORDS

руководитель (м)—leader, manager, one in charge (м)
небо (с)—sky (н)
вылетать (1)—to start (of aircraft), (1st conj.)

4. TEXT

(Extract from letter by member of a delegation)

Сегодня мы вылетаем на новом самолете в Москву. Today we are starting for Moscow on board a new aircraft.

Наш руководитель—инженер. Our leader is an engineer.

Он работает на большом соседнем заводе. He works at a big neighbouring factory.

Из Москвы мы поедem на юг. From Moscow we shall go to the South.

Я давно мечтаю о синем южном небе, о Черном море. For a long time I have dreamed of the blue southern sky and the Black Sea.

Oral Exercise

Где ты была вчера вечером, Лида? Where were you yesterday evening, Lida?

У Веры. Там были Виктор и Андрей. At Vera's. Victor and Andrew were there.

Мы говорили о Большом театре, о последнем романе молодого писателя. We spoke about the Bolshoi Theatre and a young writer's latest novel.

5. GRAMMAR

In Russian masculine and neuter adjectives have the same endings in the prepositional case (sing.). These endings are: -ом after a stem ending in a hard consonant, and -ем after a stem ending in a soft consonant, e. g.:

| Nominative Case | Prepositional Case |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| большой завод | на большом заводе |
| Черное море | о Черном море |
| соседний завод | на соседнем заводе |
| синее небо | о синем небе |

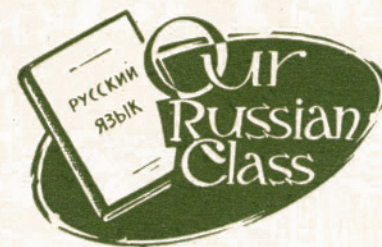
6. HOMEWORK

Translate into Russian:

In the summer the children lived in a neighbouring village.

They often speak about their merry and interesting rest.

In the first sentence use the preposition в, and in the second, the preposition о.



For the convenience of readers who wish to study Russian we print here lessons broadcast by Radio Moscow in its Learn Russian by Radio course which is on the air in the North American service every Sunday and Friday at 6.40 and 9.40 p.m. EST in the 25, 31 and 41 metre bands. Lessons 1-116 were given in our previous issues.

LESSON 118

1. CHECK YOUR HOMEWORK

Летом дети жили в соседнем селе.
Они часто говорят о веселом интересном отдыхе.

2. SUBJECT

Feminine nouns (singular) in the Prepositional Case.

3. NEW WORDS

Репин (м)—Repin (м)
беседа (ж)—lecture (f)
галерея (ж)—gallery (f)
картинный, -ая, -ое, -ые—picture (m, f, n, & pl.)
побывать (1)—to visit (1st conj.)
знакомиться (2)—to become acquainted with (2nd conj.)

4. TEXT

Вот уже пять дней мы знакомимся с Москвой. For five days we have been becoming acquainted with Moscow.

Что Вы видели? What have you seen?
Вы побывали в картинной галерее? Have you been to the picture gallery?

Конечно. Вчера мы были на последней беседе о Репине. Of course. Yesterday we were at the last lecture on Repin.

Это великий русский художник. This is a great Russian artist.

Oral Exercise

Сегодня я смотрел картины Репина. Today I saw Repin's pictures.

Я очень люблю исторические картины художника. I like the artist's historical pictures very much.

А мне нравится картина „Девочка с персиками“. I like the picture "Girl With Peaches."

5. GRAMMAR

Feminine adjectives in the Prepositional Case have the following endings: after an unpalatalized stem the usual ending is -ой, while after a palatalized stem it is -ей, e. g.:

| Nominative Case | Prepositional Case |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| картинная галерея | в картинной галерее |
| последняя беседа | на последней беседе |

6. HOMEWORK

Translate into Russian the sentences:
We spoke of the young artist's latest picture.
Young people dream of an interesting walk into the mountains.

IMPRESSIONS



OF MOSCOW

By MARGARET PILLING
English housewife

When my brother, a journalist stationed in Moscow, invited me to visit him for a summer holiday, I felt as though I had been asked to go to the Moon. Moscow seemed so far away, so remote. But I soon found that I could have my breakfast at home and eat a late lunch in Moscow. In fact, by flying I could be in Moscow in less time than it takes me to reach London from my home in a North of England town.

However, this did not prevent my friends—some of them, at least—from expressing some anxiety about my impending journey. So many extraordinary stories about Russia get into the newspapers most of them read! And I must say



that had I not been reading the letters my brother writes home I too might have felt a little alarmed at the prospect of setting out into the unknown.

But for every one who was anxious there was another who envied me this opportunity to see Russia with my own eyes. We have had glimpses of Moscow on the television screen, and these glimpses have aroused a desire in many people to see more of the city and land we read so much about. But most of the programmes have shown Moscow celebrating something—May Day, the honouring of cosmonauts... We never see much of the people of Moscow going about their everyday life. We see the long wall of the Kremlin in the Red Square, but we never see what lies behind that wall (I only learned I could actually go into the Kremlin when I reached Moscow).

After all, I, like other English housewives, spend much of my time shopping, going to market, cooking meals and washing up, helping my daughter with her baby, my first grandchild... And naturally what interests me when I go abroad is to see how the people of other lands go about their everyday lives.

My very first impression of Moscow was one of warmth. The lovely cream colouring of the houses lining the wide streets—and how wide they look after our English streets—creates a warm and welcoming feeling. Some cities are aloof, haughty, proud. Others seem to be quite indifferent to the

newcomer, giving him a lost, helpless feeling. But even before you meet its people Moscow greets you as a friend.

And Moscow seems to be anxious to show itself to you, the visitor. Nothing secretive about the wide, long views, the sweeping facades of Gorky Street. You are always catching glimpses through open gates into yards and attractive little gardens. The very shopwindows, enormous eyes that gaze at you as you drive into the city, seem to be inviting you to look into them deeply. "Come on," they say, "look what we have to show you. See what well-stocked shelves and counters lie behind us."

During those first few hours in Moscow the biggest surprise for me in the external appearance of the city was its comparative freedom from big garish posters and other forms of advertising which manufacturers in my country use to try to hypnotize you into buying their wares. They are, of course, the modern equivalent of the shouts and cries of the markets of old days and I must say that it is very pleasant not to be "screamed at" by loud-mouthed advertisements.

For the next few weeks I lived almost as a Moscow resident lives, that is to say, in a private flat in a house where the other tenants were all Russians; going shopping in the "street round the corner"; sitting in a little children's park writing post cards to those who were worried about me as well as to those who envied me; riding in trams and trolleys and on the Metro; spending my Sunday by sailing on the "Maxim Gorky" to a place poetically named Beech Grove.

That first impression of warmth which I formed as the result of the visual impact of Moscow on my senses was confirmed as my opportunities to meet the people of Moscow grew. I was fortunate to be invited to several Moscow homes. One of these was at the very top of a new residential block in Southwest Moscow, and my hostess was a Russian-born woman who had returned with her large family after long and difficult wanderings as an emigre. I shall always remember the note of pride in her voice as she led me to the window and showed me the exciting view of the vast new area that has grown on the high ground outside Moscow.



"And what do you find most striking about this country?" I asked her.

"The opportunity it gives my children to study," she replied promptly. "Little did I think when I returned to my native land that within a year or two I would be seeing my eldest son off to the institute every morning and that my other two boys would already have their feet on the rungs of the wonderful ladder of Soviet education."

Another evening I travelled some kilometres out of Moscow to an out-lying suburb to visit a distinguished woman scientist. She lives in a brand-new home in a modern building.

It made no matter that we were unexpected, that it was late, that I was a complete stranger. Russian hospitality, I found, keeps no hours. After a whispered consultation in the kitchen, delicious salads, pickled mushrooms of a shape and colour I had never dared eat in England, cold meats, and bread more nourishing and flavoursome than



any I had eaten in my life, appeared on the table. But the main thing was the interesting nature of the conversation, the complete naturalness of my companions. That evening I realized that for me, an Englishwoman with no pretensions to being a cosmopolitan, the Russian people were much less strange and exotic than even our near neighbours the French and the Italians. I felt a really close affinity with them. And the other thing I learned was that Russian women spend so much less time than we do on trivialities, on small talk, in their conversation. To say that they are more serious would be misleading, for there is nothing dry or dull about the way they talk. They are simply not interested in all the really rather silly things, gossip, polite chit-chat that so many people in the west talk about. Perhaps the reason is that so many more of them have professions. They are so vivid, so interested in the important things in life, so frank and uninhibited in their way of talking.

Only a few months ago I became a grandmother, a "babooshka," and perhaps for this reason I found myself eyeing the youngest generation of Soviet citizens very keenly. Obviously, it is a very important generation, for I was struck

by the excellent quality of children's clothes, toys and everything pertaining to the nursery. I spent hours wandering through the "Detski Mir" ("The Children's World"), an enormous store in central Moscow devoted to the needs of children, and almost as long in that world of toys that opens before you in a new shop on the Kutuzovski Prospect. How happy my granddaughter will be when I present her with the enormous teddy-bear I held under my arm when I finally left that shop.

Price comparisons are difficult to make and often misleading. Some things are dearer in Moscow than they are in England, some, notably public transport, are very much cheaper. But I was struck by one thing: everything that is connected with the needs of children of all ages is relatively cheap, and obviously the Soviet mother feels that she is being favoured by society.

Some of my friends had told me that everything would be different from what I was used to at



home. But the longer I stayed in the city the more I found myself recognizing similarities and affinities. Differences there are, of course, but they are not things to which one can apply the terms "better" or "worse." I found, for instance, the people of Moscow more relaxed in behaviour, more casual in their dress than the Londoners. Is that better or worse? I missed the pet dogs who seem to be almost as numerous as the human beings in the town where I live, but I also missed the street accidents that stray dogs so often cause on our streets. I was surprised to find tramcars in the streets of Moscow, for we have long since banished them as "old-fashioned," but when I travelled in a Moscow tram I was astonished to find something going on that was far from "old-fashioned"—no conductors, people putting their kopeks into a slot and taking their own tickets. A little thing, you may say, but very significant of a different attitude of the citizen to the state than I find in my own country. Perhaps it is this attitude which results in another striking feature of Moscow, the amazing cleanliness of the parks, public gardens and streets. A small thing? You wouldn't think so if you saw the state of some of our streets after a public holiday.

Perhaps my friends who warned me before I went to Moscow for my holidays will be disappointed with what I have to tell them. After all, people don't always like having their illusions shattered. But I know those who envied me will envy me all the more now. And perhaps some of them will follow my example and feel the warm, friendly breath of Moscow on their cheeks.



ESTHER SHIELDS

American journalist

Whatever flowers grow in the city of Tomsk, I am sure there is none more beautiful than the "Tatar Rose of Siberia." This is the name a friend of mine has lovingly given to Rosa Shafigulina, a student of the Tomsk Pedagogical Institute.

When I was at home in the United States, I had read about this young woman. I had read how she offered her own eyes to one of our Negro peace-fighters and Communist leaders, Henry Winston.

But I could not picture in my mind how such a young woman would look, what sort of person Rosa really is.

Now I was invited to meet Rosa Shafigulina and Henry Winston in person. The two people who live half-way around the world from each other finally met in Moscow—the young Tatar student of languages from Tomsk and the indomitable man from Mississippi, where Negroes are still lynched and undergo all sorts of humiliations. I was among a small group of visiting Americans and others invited to meet them both in the House of Journalists.

Rosa's warm brown eyes glowed as she looked up into the smiling face of Henry Winston. Her soft, golden red hair framed her small face in which two dimples delightfully flashed. They sat next to each other as they talked near a big window looking out on Prospekt Mira—Peace Prospect.

Introducing Rosa to us, Henry Winston fervently declared:

"Rosa Shafigulina's visit shows again that you find on the lips of Soviet people only words of friendship and kindness to American people. She is a kind, human person."

No one seeing the modest young woman could doubt the truth of his words.

Thinking of the broad expanses of Siberia and America, Winston recalled that the slogan of early American pioneers was "Go West, Young Man." "Go East, Young People," is the slogan of young Communists in the Soviet Union today, he commented. "These are the young people going to the virgin lands to build up agriculture and industry, new towns and cities. These are the pioneers we will read about in the future. Rosa Shafigulina is part of the movement of Gagarin, Titov, Nikolayev, Popovich and millions of young people mastering skills and building up this communist society. So that, dear guests, I was sure that you would like to share meeting Rosa Shafigulina with me."

As the guests applauded warmly, Rosa stood, a straight but slight figure, beside Henry Winston. Her first words seemed typical of such a modest person:

"First of all, I wish to tell you my joy when I learned there is real improvement in Henry Winston's sight. His doctor told us this. Naturally, I am very happy to see Henry Winston. I did not even dream of meeting him before. When he came to the Soviet Union last year, all the Soviet people gave a deep sigh of relief, because here he would have all the attention and facilities he needed."

Rosa spoke softly about how she came to offer her eyes to Winston. "I thought who is important in the world working-class movement," she said simply. "I thought that Henry Winston can do a lot of things. So I wrote him my letter."

Some of the visitors pressed questions on Rosa: What was the attitude of her comrades in Tomsk? What kinds of letters did she receive?

"My friends and fellow-students warmly supported my action," Rosa replied. "During March, April, May, I received more than 800 letters. But their contents were almost all the same: our people approved my action. The letters were from the whole of the Soviet Union—students, pensioners, all kinds of people. I spoke on television and thanked all who sent letters."

What about letters from abroad?

Yes, Rosa said, she had received many letters from the German Democratic Republic, Bulgaria, Rumania, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, the Chinese People's Republic, the Democratic Republic of Viet Nam. And there were letters from other countries.

After Rosa answered all the questions, Henry Winston explained briefly how they had come to meet. An old Bolshevik by the name of Dvorkin, in Moscow, who in the Civil War days had been sentenced to death in Tomsk by the White guards, was one of the many who had written letters to Rosa. Dvorkin continued his correspondence and learned that Rosa's friends in Tomsk were sending her to vacation near Moscow that summer. He then wrote to Winston and suggested the meeting. There Dvorkin sat beaming, not far from Rosa Shafigulina, as Winston thanked him again.



'THE TATAR ROSE OF SIBERIA'

THE UNIVERSE AND LIFE

By Academician A. OPARIN



Photograph by B. POKROVSKY

Is there life on other celestial bodies and how did it originate?

Man has been seeking the answer to this question for centuries. People have cherished the notion that they may not be alone in the Universe and that there are living beings endowed with the ability to think on other heavenly bodies, with whom they could establish contact.

The problem of life in the Universe hinges not so much on whether or not living beings can exist on a given heavenly body under the conditions now reigning there, as on whether the complex form of the motion of matter known to us as life could have at any time originated and developed on another heavenly body. All heavenly bodies, including the planets, have been changing and developing all the time, and the conditions we find on them today are by no means eternal. At some stage in the past favourable conditions could have arisen for the origin of life on other planets. As it developed, life kept adapting itself to the continuously changing environment and it may now be able to exist in conditions which we would find totally unendurable.

The evolution of matter in the Universe may be pictured as a system of divergent paths, some ramifications of which lead to very complex and high forms of organization and motion of matter. But not all of these forms need necessarily be regarded as life. Life is only one of the numerous paths along which matter has developed; it is the result of the evolution of organic matter, i.e., carbon compounds.

How did life originate on the planet we know best, the Earth?

We know now that the origin and evolution of life on Earth was no "happy accident," as people only recently believed. Life is a special, very complex and high form of the motion and organization of matter, and its origin on Earth was a natural and inalienable element of our planet's historical development.

Like our Earth, other heavenly bodies have gone through a long process of evolution. In some cases this process may have led to the inception of very complex and high forms of the motion of matter, distinct from those observed on Earth and of which we have no knowledge as yet. In other cases, the development of a heavenly body has proceeded much along the same lines as the evolution of our own planet, and in such cases we are justified in expecting the origin and development of life much like our own.

Hydrocarbons (compounds of carbon and hydrogen) and cyanides (compounds of carbon and nitrogen), the most primitive of organic substances, appeared on the Earth first, along with their closest derivatives of small molecular weight. As time went by these compounds grew more complex, their molecules joining and forming larger molecules. This process went on in the waters of the primordial seas and oceans, which, as a result, turned into a solution of very complex and diverse organic substances, much like those we now find in living beings. In this manner a "primordial nutrient medium," as it is called now, was formed although there were no organisms to feed on it, for the Earth was still lifeless.

The simplest living beings appeared later on when the complex protein-like substances combined in a variety of molecular compounds, which separated from the solution as specific formations. The evolution of these formations, interaction with the environment, and natural selection led to the appearance of primitive organisms. It was from these primitive organisms that the vast variety of earthly life sprang.

There is reason to believe that complex organic substances exist on some of our neighbours in the solar system. This is backed by recent observations of the nature of light reflection from the surface of Mars. Many scientists believe, too, that complex organic compounds may exist on our natural satellite, the Moon.

It is hard to say how organic substances on other heavenly bodies could have developed into living matter. In the case of our Earth, water was unquestionably essential. Under the conditions now existing on the Moon, where there is probably very little water, if any, the process would be greatly impeded. Besides, the surface temperature of our satellite fluctuates greatly, from over 100°C.

at the lunar equator when the Sun is at its zenith, to 150°C. below zero during the long lunar night. Furthermore, there is no lunar atmosphere to speak of.

Yet some scientists believe that in the remote past there may have been a primary atmosphere and even water in liquid phase on the Moon. In that case, by analogy with processes on the Earth, primitive life must have evolved.

As for the extreme fluctuations of the temperature we have just mentioned, they affect only the outermost layer of the lunar surface, which apparently consists of volcanic ash and meteoritic dust. This layer is probably no more than several dozen centimetres deep, but it is a remarkably good insulator. The fluctuations of temperature beneath it are presumably much smaller, and at a depth of a few metres, or, for all we know, of a few centimetres, the temperature is constant. So that the extremely hypothetical "moon dwellers" or the very real cosmonauts, who will land on the Moon in future, can find shelter from the scorching rays of the Sun and the freezing cold of the lunar night in shallow rifts.

Venus is a poetic and as yet enigmatic planet. We can say little or nothing about the possibility of life on it. Its surface is screened from our gaze by a dense layer of clouds. Its temperature is about -35°C. The planet's plentiful atmosphere contains carbon dioxide (hundreds of times as much as in the Earth's atmosphere), and nitrogen, water vapour and gaseous hydrocarbons.

Conditions on the surface of Venus are being investigated today with the help of radio waves but there is no generally concurring interpretation of the information received, and different scientists frequently express diametrically opposed views.

As for Mars, it is hard to believe that life on it could originate under present conditions. Most scientists agree, however, that there might have been plenty of water on Mars in its very early stages of existence. There was an ocean, and evolution of organic substances and the origin of life took place in the same way as on the Earth. But as time passed physical conditions on Mars began to differ from those on Earth, and, consequently, so did the subsequent evolution of organisms.

Low temperatures, the absence of oxygen, a shortage of water and strong ultra-violet radiation would, of course, make it practically impossible for any earthly organisms to exist on Mars, but once life originated, it could have developed and adapted itself to the extremely harsh conditions of that planet. If there is any life on Mars, it most likely exists as primitively organized microbes which do not require free oxygen. Water vapour,

of which there obviously is an insufficiency in the atmosphere, may cool at night and liquidize on the surface of Martian "soil," creating a medium for primitive life.

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Much of this is conjecture, of course. A conclusive answer to the question of whether there is life outside the limits of our Earth will be furnished by interplanetary travel.

So far the only form of life we know is that of the Earth, which develops under very definite conditions. If we could study a form of the motion and organization of matter, which is basically the same as ours but which originated and developed along somewhat different lines, we would make great strides towards the cognition of the very entity of life. We could then judge which factors are essential in our earthly life, and which are, to a certain extent, accidental.

The era of interplanetary space travel has opened up new, limitless vistas in the science of life. It promises to increase our knowledge of life, to reveal to us paths of its development that differ from those on Earth. Whether the life we discover on other heavenly bodies is more highly organized than ours or it is merely represented by primitive organisms, will be equally important to us. We will be able to probe into our own past or future. If, on the other hand, we should to our disappointment fail to discover life on the nearest planets, this result will nevertheless contribute to our knowledge of the origin of life. We shall be able to study the non-terrestrial transformations of carbon substances which precede the origin of life and which, to one degree or another, occur on all the heavenly bodies.

Soviet scientists have extensive and multifarious plans for the future. We biologists are embarking on a new era in the science of life and the prospects before us are indeed exciting.

Drawing by A. SOKOLOV



NEW WORKS OF ART

We publish here new works by outstanding masters of Soviet fine arts.

All of these picturesque canvases, which were executed last year, have won recognition.

Youth.

V. YEFANOV,
Member of the
U.S.S.R. Academy of Arts



A black Madonna.

S. CHUIKOV,
Member of the
U.S.S.R. Academy of Arts

Proximity of spring.

O. VEREISKY,
Corresponding Member of
the U.S.S.R. Academy of Arts





Portrait of
O. Kotlyarovskaya.

V. ORESHNIKOV,
Member of the U.S.S.R.
Academy of Arts



A wedding
on a future
street.

Y. PIMENOV,
Member of the
U.S.S.R. Academy of Arts

Drawings by GALINA BOIKO

ALL ABOARD!

By GRITSKO BOIKO



To the planets way on high
In a rocket we shall fly.
"Take us with you!" cry our toys.
"Don't you leave us, girls and boys."

Put your coat on, Dolly, please,
Or, we warn you, you will freeze.
If you know what's good for you,
You will wear your mittens too!

Hey, Pinocchio, take care,
All of you won't fit in therét
If you want to take a ride,
You must leave your nose outside.

Bunny Rabbit's very gay,
Hops about like mad all day.
"As I'm sure you won't deny
There's no wolf up in the sky!"

"Please believe us," squeak the Mice,
"Outer space is very nice."

We've enjoyed our every flight—
Not a cat was there in sight."

"I shall take the trip, quack-quack,
With the others," says the Duck.
"For I'd like a dip, you see,
In the distant lunar sea."

Both our Teddy-bears insist
It's a trip that can't be missed:
"We have relatives up there—
Called the Great and Lesser Bear."

"Don't you leave us, 'twon't be fair,"
So the Nested Dolls declare.
"Just one seat the whole trip through
For the four of us will do."

And the Squirrels have said they'll try
To collect some stars on high—
What's a New Year's tree with no
Stars on top to make it glow!

Translated by IRINA ZHELEZNOVA



IN THE WORLD —of— TINY TOTS

Use Your Imagination

Daddy was away on a trip, and Mummy and Grandma were writing to him. Little Natasha decided to write him a letter, too. After some minutes of inspired work her large sheet of white paper looked like something an abstractionist might be proud of.

Natasha was very pleased with her effort and took it over to her grandmother.

"Here, Grandma, this is my letter to Daddy."

"My, what a clever girl you are! Let me see what it says. 'Dear Daddy, I've been a very good girl. Yesterday some Pioneers came to our kindergarten and played with us. Come home soon, Daddy. Your daughter, Natasha.' Yes, this is a lovely letter, dear. Daddy will be very pleased to get it."

Natasha looked somewhat puzzled.

"You know, Grandma, that's not what I thought it was going to say. But it's a very nice letter, anyway. Put a stamp on it right

away and we'll send it to him. But, Grandma, when Daddy gets it, what will the letter say then?"

Getting Things Straight

The two customers at a newsstand were a boy of about six and his little sister, both blonde and blue-eyed. They had come for a post card.

"This one, the one with Gagarin."

The woman smiled as she said: "Well, well, so you want a picture of Gagarin. And who is Gagarin?" she asked the little girl.

"Do you know who he is?"

"Sure."

"Then tell me."

"You know, he's... Gagarin. Uh... Gagarin, the one who's Titov!"

That made it all quite clear.



AMERICAN WOMEN THANK THE SOVIETS

By MARJORIE CRANE

It was raining hard on August 25, 1962, when the plane bearing a delegation of American women landed in Moscow. Only the weather did not cooperate during the memorable three weeks that the ten Americans were guests of the Soviet Women's Committee.

We were met as we stepped off the aircraft with huge bouquets of flowers, hugs and kisses from welcoming committees in each of the cities we visited—Moscow, Leningrad, Riga, Yerevan, Kiev and Baku. It was especially thrilling to see once again the Soviet women who had been our guests in America. Faces of friends and friendly faces greeted us wherever we went.

The ten American women had been a part of the large number of hostesses who entertained the Soviet group as they toured cities across the U.S.A. They had met people in all walks of life, saw schools, libraries, museums, farms, business establishments, and were guests in homes where they could observe family life and discuss the American Way. The Soviet women were then eager that there should be a similar tour in their country so that Americans could see life in the Soviet Union.

The invitation was issued by Mrs. Niña Popova, president of the Soviet Women's Committee. Ten American women accepted. They included Mrs. Olive Mayer, engineer and educator from Woodside, California, who was leader of the delegation. It was during two previous visits to the U.S.S.R. that Mrs. Mayer began to dream of exchange visits. She believed that woman-to-woman discussions would create better understanding between our two countries and help ease tensions which could lead to war. With this idea in mind she organized the Committee for Friendly Exchange Visits. In 1961 four Soviet women flew to the U.S.A. in response to the Committee's invitation. Eight more arrived last April for a month's visit. With the arrival of the ten American women in Moscow Mrs. Mayer's dream came to fruition. Judy, the Mayers' twelve-year-old daughter, accompanied the group and was a great asset—everybody fell in love with lovely, lively Judy.

Other Californians in the delegation included interpreter Mrs. Grace McClatchy of Sacramento, student of Russian literature and daughter of George Kennan, former ambassador to the Soviet Union. Mrs. Betty Gallaway, civic leader, also came from Sacramento, Mrs. Alice Hamburg, director of the Berkley Jewish Community Centre, Mrs. Emily Skolnick, director of the San Mateo Child Guidance Centre, and Mrs. Johanne Powers, Monterey restaurateur, were the other California members of the delegation.

From the east coast came Mrs. Dorothy Robinson, active member of the National Council for the Prevention of War, and wife of a Bethesda, Maryland clergyman. New York City was represented by Dr. Rita Morgan, director of Vocational Guidance, and Mrs. Rose Wood, former chairman of the Peace Committee of the Society of Friends. Midway U.S.A. was

represented by Mrs. Marjorie Crane of Topeka, Kansas, homemaker and lecturer.

In each city that we visited we were extremely well cared for in the best hotels. Days were long and full of sight-seeing, interviews and discussions with Soviet leaders. In the evenings there were theatres, ballet and concerts to attend. We were impressed with the heritage of the Russian people, their consciousness of it and its preservation in museums and art galleries. We were moved by the evidences of destruction and suffering of the people during the last war. We applaud the magnificent way they have sacrificed to rebuild, preserving the historic and at the same time building modern and functional structures. We admire the cultural aspects of Soviet society and the efforts of every individual to bring himself to a high level of appreciation.

We took with us thirty-four invitations for Soviet women (and a few men) to visit the U.S.A. next year. We presented invitations for ten children to enjoy camp experiences with

Americans. We also offered a full scholarship for an undergraduate woman student to attend Washburn University for a year. It is our hope that these will all be accepted and that our programme of exchange visits will grow and expand beyond our fondest dreams.

We were warmly received everywhere. We are particularly grateful for the privilege of being guests in the homes of our new friends, meeting their families and their good friends. The elaborate supper parties with their abundance of delicious foods and culinary specialties, the singing and dancing between courses, and the many toasts drunk to a world at peace will remain in our hearts forever. We shall spend the rest of our lives talking about the wonderful adventure in friendship which was ours.

We found great interest in America and American people. There should be a greater exchange of books, ideas, newspapers and people so that we can better understand each other. Our "alikes" are greater than our differences.

Our world is changing so rapidly that we must keep the doors open for discussion at all times so that together we may find the solution that will bring peace and friendship to all the world.

From our discussions we are convinced that the Soviet people want peace just as the American people want peace. War is unthinkable! With present nuclear developments it now means that Man and his planet Earth could be destroyed forever within a single hour. Our common enemy is war. We were allies during the last war. We, too, suffered the loss of fathers, husbands, and sons. We must be allies again—this time Allies For Peace.

Topeka, Kansas, U.S.A.

Mrs. Marjorie Crane among the children of the Arsenal Plant's kindergarten in Kiev, the Ukrainian S.S.R.

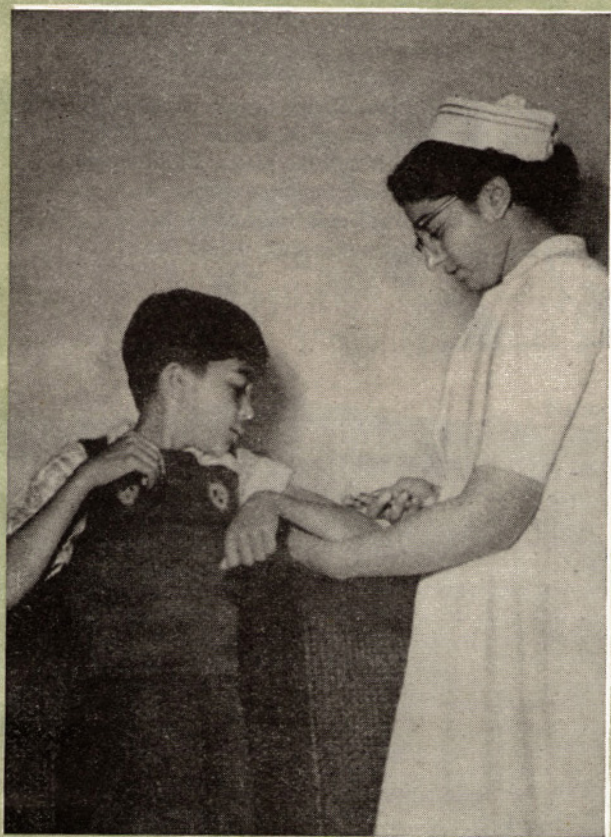


GOOD INDIA FRIEND

By MARIA GRYZUNOVA



Women are working in laboratories, studying the mysteries of the atom



The health of the rising generation is in the reliable hands of doctors and nurses

The Republic of India is thirteen years old. Another year of achievements and successes has gone by, another year in which India's women have been making a full contribution to their country's advance along the road of freedom and progress.

Women are working in all fields in India: they are studying the atom in laboratories; they are passing on their knowledge to the younger generation of free India; they are speaking out vigorously at international gatherings for peace, for the ending of colonial slavery. They are working in hospitals and children's clinics, they are studying at colleges and universities, they are part of the

great creative effort now under way in their republic.

Their voices are heard in Parliament, they are scientists and lawyers, they hold positions as Ministers.

Women are judges, engineers, doctors—all this is becoming something quite ordinary in India. Prem Mathur, India's first woman flier, is renowned throughout the country.

Thousands of women are taking an active part in public work and helping their country heal the terrible wounds left by colonial rule.

They are organizing mother-and-child welfare centres, helping to stamp out illiteracy, setting



One of India's commercial planes is ready for the take-off. Its pilot is Mrs. Prem Mathur, the first woman flier in the country

LUCK, IAN ENDS!

Photographs by P. SHARMA



Mrs. Indira Gandhi, a well-known political and public figure in India

up medical posts in the countryside, and training teachers and other workers for creches, kindergartens and schools.

India's women have been on the road to freedom ever since the country has won its independence. It has not been an easy time and there is still much for them to do—the new is born in labour and struggle. But when they see successes and victories being achieved they are not daunted by difficulties.

We share the happiness of Indian women in their achievements, and on this anniversary day we wish them new successes.

Good luck, women of India!

Mrs. Singh, India's first woman judge, receiving at a district court in Delhi



OUR BOOKSHELF

In November 1957 the Soviet ship "Kooperatsia" sailed from Kaliningrad for the Antarctic with a scientific-research expedition aboard. On board, too, was Yuhan Smuul, the well-known Estonian writer.

After an ocean voyage of two months, Yuhan Smuul landed at Mirny. He spent six weeks in the Antarctic, then reboarded the "Kooperatsia" for the return voyage and arrived home in April 1958. "Antarctica Ahoy! The Ice-Book" is the record of his Antarctic sojourn. It has been published in English by the Foreign Languages Publishing House in Moscow.

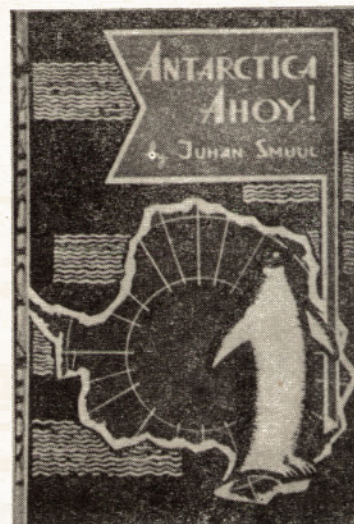
The sea binds men together, whether they wish it or not, with ties ten times as strong as on land, writes the author, and polar life, especially at small stations, binds them even closer together than the sea.

Yuhan Smuul got to know the people at the polar stations well—staunch comrades and hard workers, unassuming, reserved and sparing of words, and his book glows with admiration and respect for them. Readers will long remember an episode in the book describing the courage and fortitude displayed by the four young men at the station of Kom-somolskaya, where the conditions are particularly difficult—a constant shortage of oxygen and frosts with the temperature falling to -80°C . These young men take it all in their stride as though the desolate Antarctic was their accustomed working environment; they do not become depressed or embittered; they do not lose their zest for life. There are lively arguments about technical progress and literature; they appreciate humour and really take to heart the fate of the heroine of an Italian film. It was they who told the author that "the Antarctic is a lively and absorbing theme."

...More ships are sailing to the Antarctic with more wintering parties. We do not yet know them individually, but nevertheless we are full of admiration for these polar enthusiasts having been introduced to the intrepid research workers of the Sixth Continent, by Yuhan Smuul in his "Ice Book," which, incidentally, was awarded a Lenin Prize for 1961.

You may order this book from book firms in your country which deal with "Mezhdunarodnaya Kniga."

T. SHPIGOVA



IN AN ARTIST'S
STUDIO

Tatyana Yablonskaya



By YURI PIMENOV
Member of the U.S.S.R. Academy of Arts

The Kiev Express pulls out of Moscow in the evening. From the windows of the car we see the receding lights of the enormous city, the glowing spire of the Moscow University, the broad, brightly illuminated new residential districts, and then the woodlands around Moscow. At the stops, we hear people talking with a Moscow drawl. And then, as the train continues south, we are overcome by sleep.

In the morning, we join the passengers at the windows to look out on the Ukraine, the roadways lined with willows, the spick-and-span white country houses, the tall Lombardy poplars. At the stations, we now hear the soft lilting speech of the Ukrainians.

The people and landscape here have a charm all their own; there is nothing else quite like it.

The train speeds past undulating fields and the broad Dnieper until Kiev rises at last behind a hill. Its streets are canopied with chestnut and poplar trees. The sun warms the sandy banks of the Dnieper.

"The essence of art lies in its charm; everything else can be forgiven the artist so long as his work has the ability to charm." I came upon that line by the great Russian artist Repin as a young man and have never forgotten it.

Tatyana Yablonskaya knows that essence of art, of life. She is a poet of the beauty and charm of the world surrounding her. She brings the Ukraine closer to us, shows us its people, the sparkling whiteness of its countryside, the bright attire of the people, the soft spring colours of Kiev's boulevards, the deep-blue sky over the Dnieper.

Tatyana Yablonskaya is a fine painter. She draws well, her composition is masterly. But her highest merit is her feeling for life, keen, individual, real. She picks out from its numerous aspects those that are closest to her heart and depicts them with the skill of a true artist and all the warmth and temperament of her nature.

She herself is a tall, big, handsome woman, with beautiful strong hands that one can imagine not only wielding brush and paints, but also washing

clothes, making pies, caring for children and even working in the fields.

Tatyana Yablonskaya has three children. Hers is a big and friendly family with many painters in it—husband, daughter, son-in-law. I once overheard an artist couple saying they would never have children because that would interfere with their work. I do not agree with that attitude at all: the fuller the life of the artist, the more genuine feeling and human sensitivity he can put into his work.

Life's ups and downs, the complexities of family relationships, the problems of a professional career—they all find expression in great works of art in one way or another. Art learns from life, and draws nourishment from reality.

"Morning," "Spring on the Window," "Twins," "In the Park," "Over the Dnieper"—all of these express the poetry of life.

Tatyana Yablonskaya spends a great deal of time and energy on her paintings. Some are better and some worse, but that may be said of all real artists. Anyone can do bad work, but it is given only to the good artist to do good work; it is for this that he is valued.

Some of Yablonskaya's pictures are so fresh and bright that they make us think of clean clothes just off the line, with the bracing smell of fresh air still on them.

Yablonskaya portrays life and personally lives that life, her children growing up around her. Now the children are small, and together they get up in the morning to do their exercises in front of an open window through which the spring air pours; now they have grown and gone away to study.

Tatyana Yablonskaya travels a great deal. She knows her native land well and has also been abroad.

Tatyana Yablonskaya, we know, will delight us with many more paintings. She is such a real, live person and such a real, live artist that what she is doing now and will do tomorrow will always be of the greatest interest to us.

In the last two years our magazine has featured women's portraits in the works of outstanding Russian and Soviet painters. The series, "The Artist, the Woman and the Time," seems to have been popular, judging by the readers' response.

This year we have decided to acquaint our readers with Soviet women artists. Many of our gifted women sculptors, painters, graphic artists, and designers enjoy well-deserved fame and are known far outside the country.

There are women artists in the various republics of the Soviet Union. Their art has local colour and thrives upon the traditions of folk art.

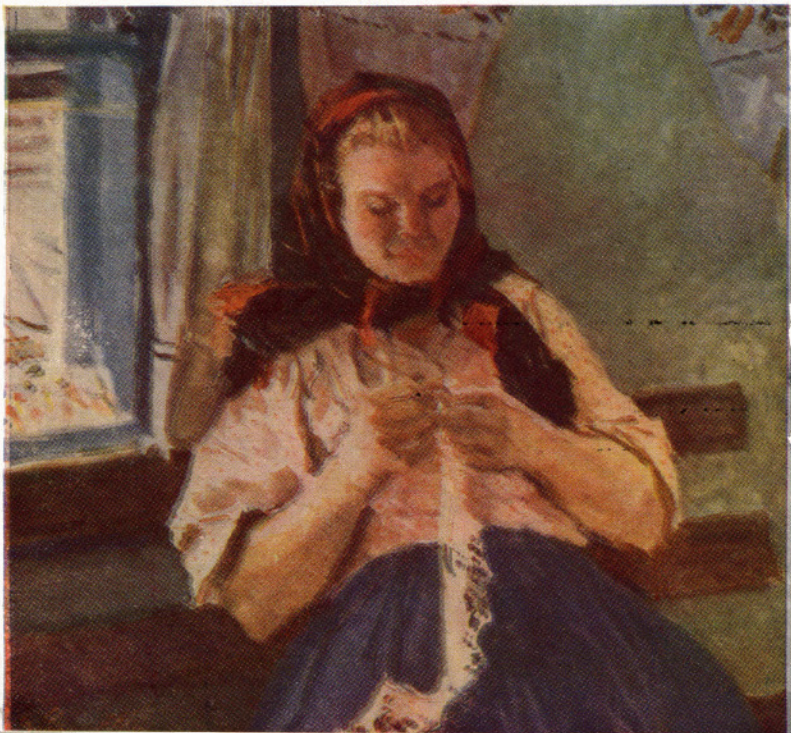
In telling our readers about their works in diverse genres, about their distinctive features as artists, the editors will strive to show how they live and work, and how they made their uphill climb in art.

We open our new series, "In an Artist's Studio," with the story of a distinguished woman artist, Tatyana Yablonskaya. She has been awarded the title of People's Artist of the Ukrainian Republic and is a Corresponding Member of the U.S.S.R. Academy of Arts.

OREST VEREISKY,
Corresponding Member of the
U.S.S.R. Academy of Arts



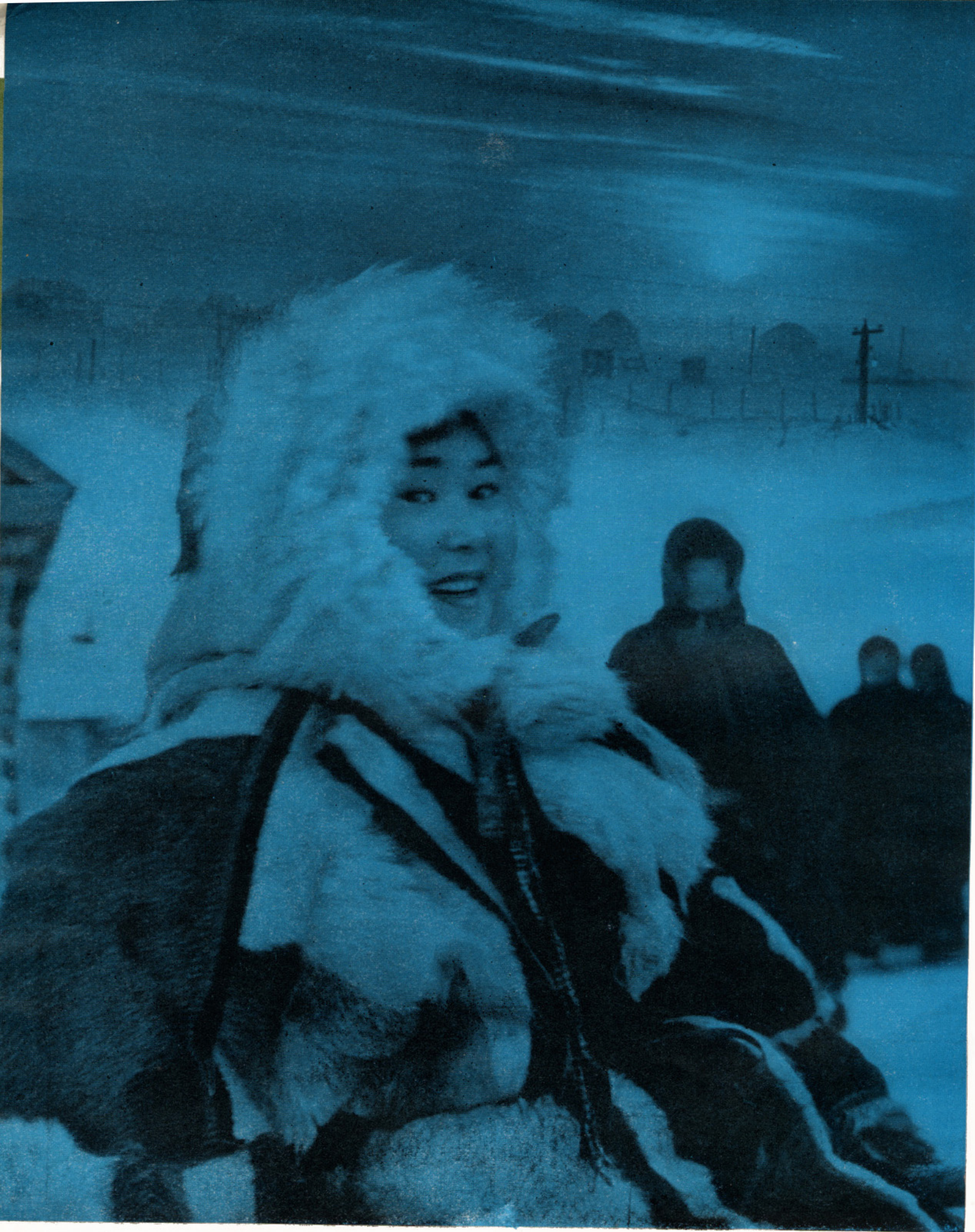
Twins



Knitting

Winter sun





"Youth of the North." Maya Pyak, a Nenets girl, breeds blue fox in the Purovsk state farm of the Yamalo-Nenets Autonomous Region of the R.S.F.S.R.

Photograph by G. NADEZHGIN

CONTRIBUTIONS
TO "SOVIET WOMAN" CONTEST

WOMAN



Gagra is a beautiful resort in the Caucasus on the Black Sea coast. There's a certain cafe right on the beach that's always crowded in the daytime, but in the evenings one can usually find a table there. That is exactly what my friend and colleague Yevgeni Kassin and I did every evening, about an hour or an hour and a half before the sun went down. We drank in the beautiful colours of the fading southern day. Alas, the symphony of light was all too brief. The reddish-yellow glow of sunset paled, the shimmering gold caps vanished from the waves, and the sea became dull and grey. Twilight, damp and heavy, descended upon the coast. A half-hour later, there was only the monotonous crashing of the waves as the tide came in to remind us that we were on the beach. When photographers are surrounded by so much beauty they begin, quite involuntarily, to think in terms of photographic frames. Thus, we changed back from vacationers to press photographers. We exchanged opinions and did many sketches. Finally, we decided to do a portrait of a person who has captured his dream, of a person with the sun in his hands. It did not matter who our future subject would be, for each one of us has his own cherished dream.

Our attention was drawn to a girl standing at the embankment. Her large wide-open eyes seemed to reflect the last rays of the setting sun. We decided to approach her.

And that is how we met Sasha Goryaminskaya, a girl from Rostov.

There are many girls like her. They have jobs, fall in love, study, play, and all of them have their own secret dream. Sasha had her dreams too.

And so, after each trip to Rostov, "Sasha's file" acquired new photographs, each a memento of the passing season: in autumn the last wind-blown leaves appeared on the film, in winter the southern city seemed so beautiful in its unusual white covering of snow.

I am back in my darkroom now. Before me is a part of Sasha's life. A little bit of her journey towards her dream.

I don't want to describe it in chronological order. Rather, I will tell my story in the sequence of my films.

Here is the picture Yevgeni Kassin and I took over a year ago in Gagra. It was the blood-red sun that started us on our fantasy.

Below is the embankment where we took the first pictures of Sasha.

Sasha on the beach. "One, two, three," she

AIMING FOR A STAR

A Picture Story by V. GENDER-ROTE



OF TODAY



"Youth of the N
breeds blue fox in
Yamalo-Nenets Auto

P

counts. The small flat stone skips obediently over the waves. Tossing stones is a pastime that calls for no brainwork whatsoever. That is probably why vacationers enjoy it so. Sasha is no exception.

The next photograph was taken quite a while later, in Rostov. Her vacation long over, Sasha was back on the job again. After work, she would rush off to a medical institute where she took notes, washed test-tubes and took care of the laboratory animals. She was not a medical student, but she wanted to be "close to medicine." Assistant Professor Kilimnik had finally given in to her entreaties and let her come to the laboratory and help him on days when she had no lessons at the preparatory courses.

... Once I dropped in at the palace of culture during a social evening for young people. Couples were dancing on all the floors. Among them I caught a glimpse of Sasha's animated face over the shoulder of her partner.

When I visited her at home, she was sewing. "I make most of my own clothes," she said proudly.

If you walk the earth every day, you feel like getting up into the air even for a half hour—that is how I explain Sasha's passion for swings.

The next photo was taken at a factory laboratory. Three years of Sasha's life have been spent here. This is where her best friends work.

Often, during lunch hour, the girls go out for a walk along the embankment, to breathe the fresh air coming from the Don, to share some very important secrets. On such days they would never let me closer than a hundred metres.

On one of my summer trips to Rostov I saw Sasha in a more "complicated" situation when I didn't venture to come any closer myself.

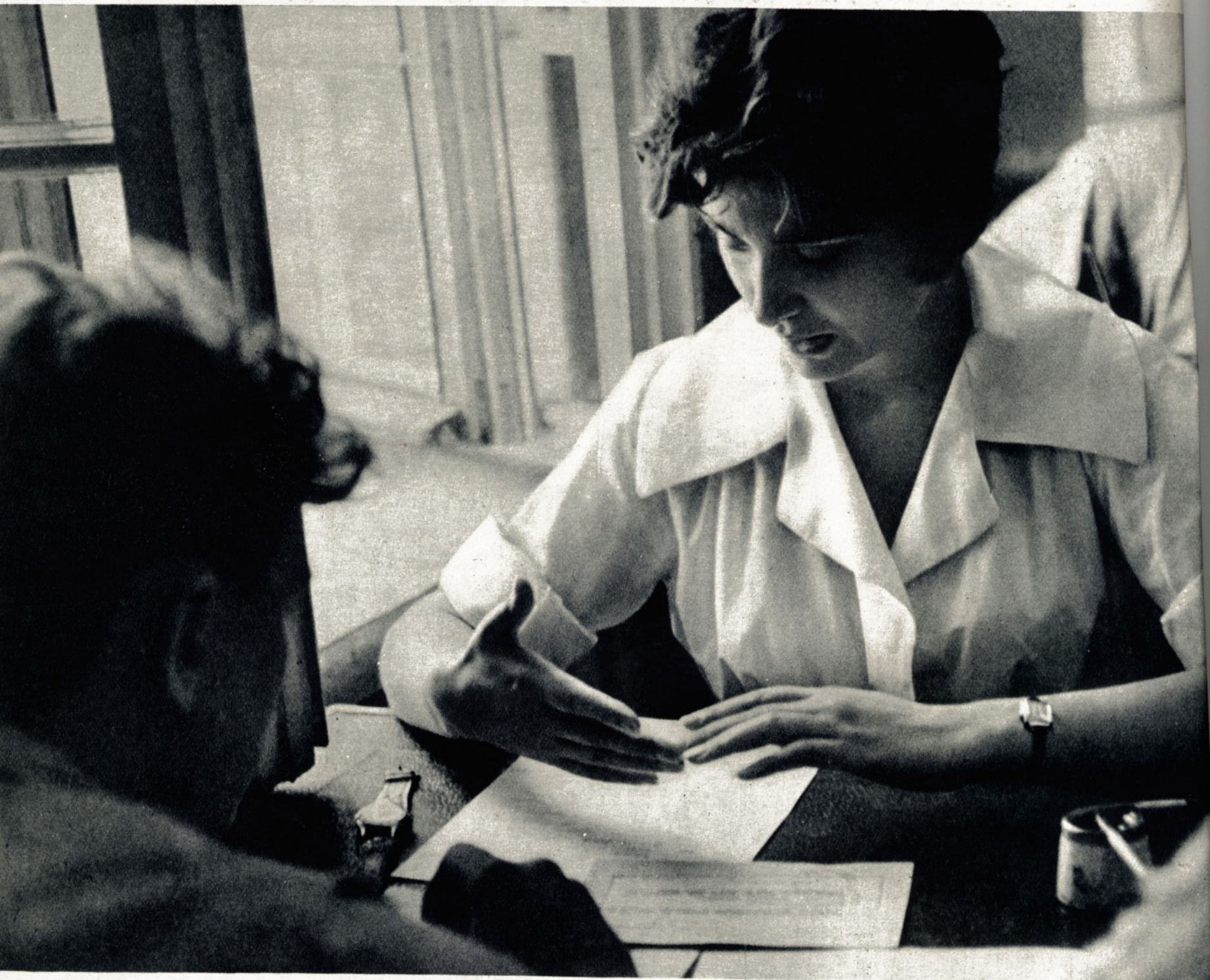
The next roll of film begins on a romantic note. At Sasha's request I kept the nice young man out of the picture. I am sure he was never particularly pleased by my frequent presence.

The next photo, probably, shows up Sasha's true character. One must have a lot of will power to sit at home with no better company than a physics textbook during the long winter evenings, when the city offers so many temptations. Sometimes, when the invitations are really persistent, and when she herself does not want to miss the performance of some famous actor, Sasha does go off to a concert or a play.

Here is a portrait of Sasha. Her expression is thoughtful, her eyes somewhat sad. She is no great beauty, nor does her face reveal the powerful drive of one who plunges boldly on towards his goal without ever looking back. At such moments it seems as if the person were casting an inward glance over his entire life. Perhaps it was so in this case, too.

However, Sasha's life to date has been quite ordinary. When asked about it, for some reason or other, she began by saying that she was elected to the health committee in the fourth class where it was her job to see to it that all the girls and boys in her class had clean hands. Several years later, she joined the biology study circle at school and first began thinking of medicine as a profession. After graduating from secondary school, she did not pass entrance exams at the medical institute. She began to wonder whether she had not been wrong in choosing medicine as her future profession and entered a technical school instead. After graduation, she went to work in a factory laboratory. And in the evenings she enrolled in a preparatory course... for a medical





institute. Once again, she took the entrance exams. And once again she only got a passing grade in physics, which was not enough.

Perseverance comes as one matures. By now Sasha knew what she wanted: "I'll be a doctor, I will start treating people." That meant she had to study, study, and study. There must be no more failure.

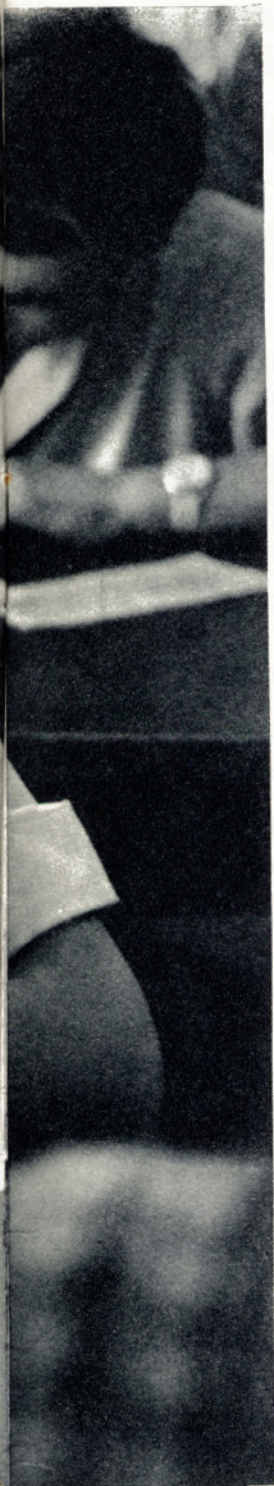
Time marches on. Each morning Sasha hurries to work across the foot bridge over the Don, enjoying the sight of the frozen river. She goes to the movies, the theatre, she swings on the swings in the park, and goes dancing.

.... I am back in Rostov again. I took my camera along to a bright lecture hall of the medical institute. This is the chemistry examination. There is a feeling of nervous tension in the air. A young man in an old soldier's uniform is looking through the window vacant-

ly, trying hard to recall some formula. A young boy who has finished secondary school only recently is writing feverishly. Then he crosses out what he has written and begins all over again.

Sasha has come forward to the examiner's table. She is nervous and can't seem to recall comparatively simple things. But she has finally solved the problem, answered the other questions correctly, and the teacher gives her a good mark.

The examinations are over. Lists of those who have passed and been accepted appear on the institute's bulletin board. There, among hundreds of other names, Sasha finds her own. Her joy is immeasurable. She feels like hopping and skipping, she wants to stop traffic in the street and shout: "I've been accepted! I'm a medical student!"



But since one doesn't shout in the street, and only small girls hop and skip, she can only run off to the friends who are waiting for her and tell them the happy news.

Despite the presence of a stranger in their midst, they show their exuberance by tossing Sasha into the air.

Well, I guess that's all there is to my story.

I could never have dreamed that the photograph we took on the Black Sea Coast almost a year ago would lead to a real-life story that expressed our ideas so well, that my story about Sasha would indeed be a story about a girl who captured her dream.

Sasha is now a medical student. Recently, I received a letter from her, in which she writes: "I never thought that each bump on a human body and each tiny bone had such a long and difficult Latin name."

THE ROLE OF WOMEN IN MODERN SOCIETY

(Continued from page 8)

of poetry and beauty. White figures passed back and forth. What a light, firm, silent step these women have.

We saw a group of doctors. They were serious and attentive. They were listening to someone. Doctor Makeyeva whispered in my ear: "That's Professor Vera Badyazhina, head of our scientific-research department, speaking."

We made our way towards the speaker. The woman's face was serene and soft, her eyes were huge and luminous, grey as the waters of the Moskva River, eyes that reflect a keen mind and strong will, faith and courage, loyalty and love for humanity. Here, too, like everywhere else in the Soviet Union, I saw a zest for creative endeavour and thirst for life.

Is this not enough to demonstrate to the whole world the role and place of women in modern society!

I have neither the vast public following nor the necessary prestige in the international women's movement to attempt to impose on others my views concerning this question, of which so much has already been written and said. Many distinguished women all over the world have dedicated their lives to furthering the cause of women and have now justly gained the respect of all.

And yet, as a woman, I cannot but have my own opinion on everything that concerns our position in society today. As do many other women, I consider my duties as a citizen and a participant in the revolution to be as important as my duties as a wife and mother.

Besides, I live on a continent which is now searching for new forms of life, of a continent which wants to be heard and understood. The fight against colonialism and the growing social consciousness of the peoples of Africa have been accompanied by the first steps towards establishing equality of the sexes.

This has been done in the face of some difficulties. There were differences among us women as well. We had to overcome our femerity and curb our impatience to realize our cherished goals. Custom and age-old traditions complicated matters. We had to catch up with the march of time,

we had to meet the old traditions head-on, we had to follow current events closely and advance unswervingly towards our freedom! When we were called upon to fight shoulder to shoulder with our husbands and brothers against the common enemy—the foreign oppressor—we were equal to the occasion.

Our struggle is not yet over. Not all the peoples of Africa are represented in the United Nations. The slogans of our continent are: "Towards mutual understanding!" "Unity, No Matter the Cost!" "Peaceful coexistence!" In this struggle we are again marching beside our husbands and brothers, advancing together towards genuine freedom, rallying together to the call of history.

On September 28, 1958, my people said to the world: "No more slavery!" This also meant: "Woman shall not be enslaved! There will be no more oppression of woman by man."

Indeed, since we won our national independence, the Party and Government of our Republic have shown deep interest in the social standing of the Guinean woman. We have received equal rights by law with men in all spheres: economic, state, public, cultural, and political.

We realize only too well that the humiliating role meted out to our women by the colonialists was intentional, and that is why our political advancement goes hand in hand with an unswerving desire for progress and peace.

We have gone into action in every city and town. We are ceaselessly searching, persistently and stubbornly tackling the most difficult tasks. Our confidence and enthusiasm has urged forward even those who were wont to lose heart.

In the rural areas we are in the front ranks of the agricultural workers. You can hear our songs of joy and hope from far off, ringing through our native forests.

Women are carrying on important work in the Party and in the trade unions, they are at work everywhere. Nothing escapes our interest, we are concerned with all matters. I can confidently say that our fast-developing

ON DEMOCRACY IN SCHOOL

The American schoolteacher Helen Miller's letter in which she gave her opinion of democracy in school, and the answers of Soviet pedagogues—Professor Alexei Markushevich and Raisa Brusnichkina—(see No. 8, 1962, "An Experiment in Evanston") have aroused the lively interest of our readers. More and more responses from teachers, parents and educators keep arriving at the editorial office. We, therefore, continue this important discussion on the problems of teaching and rearing children.

THE 'BENS' AND 'SUES' MUS

I should like to congratulate "Soviet Woman" on initiating a timely discussion "On Democracy in School" and, if I may, add some thoughts which came to mind as I read the letter of the American schoolteacher, Helen Miller from Evanston, Illinois, and the observations of A. Markushevich of the U.S.S.R. Academy of Pedagogical Sciences.

Can democratic education be ascribed to "freedom from teacher dictatorship" as Helen Miller's students agree, or come to life in an isolated classroom? I can only concur with A. Markushevich when he says, "True democracy in schools can be ensured only by corresponding social conditions which give every child real opportunities for reaching any level of education." This has been the goal of Negro Americans for over three hundred years.

Negro slaves had to have courage and ingenuity to learn the rudiments of education during the two hundred years of slavery in the United States. There were no schools for slaves and it was a criminal offense to teach them to read and write.

The southern state governments under the growing pressure of the Negro freedom struggle gradually and grudgingly accepted some responsibility for the education of its millions of Negro citizens who paid taxes for schools like all other citizens. The path Negro education in the South was to follow was set by the infamous U.S. Supreme Court decision which declared "separate but equal" accommodations for Negroes. The southern states placed their own interpretation on this decision: "Separate," yes; "Equal," never! Seventy years after Emancipation the inequities



Fatou Cisse Aribot

political participation in our country's affairs is an important contribution to our revolution and to restoring the dignity of the African as a human being.

Today we see how millions of people, conscious of their abilities and role in life, are taking the place of a society, burdened by its colonial past and its complexities, a society which finds it difficult to keep in step with Africa's developing present. I am talking about new Guinea, about its enthusiastic

builders and specialists, about its leaders, about all those whose collective wisdom and sense of duty rests exclusively on the experience of people. And we, women citizens of the republic, take legitimate pride in our present.

While our actions are keyed to the life of our own country, we follow world events closely. We celebrate all the international holidays of the working people—March 8th, which is International Women's Day, and May 1st, which is the holiday of the toiling masses,—with love, respect and faith. It is in an atmosphere of joy and enthusiasm that we express our solidarity with all the peoples of the world.

This sincere feeling of solidarity with all peoples has brought forth a proposal of our own.

We believe that in the annual calendar of important events which mark the holidays of international solidarity there is a grave omission. We regret that there is no holiday which forges the eternal bonds of friendship among women and mothers of the world, among all the peoples of the world. Such a holiday would help to increase the number of peace champions.

From the bottom of our hearts we wish to propose a new holiday, one born of history itself: International Solidarity Day for Peace and Friendship Among Peoples. It is with hope and joy that we turn our eyes towards the Fifth World Congress of Women, to be held under the auspices of

the Women's International Democratic Federation in Moscow in June 1963. Perhaps this fervent wish of ours will be fulfilled at the Congress!

We want to ask those who say that a woman's place is in her home: is there a better family in the world than the nation, than the collective that unites harmoniously all the members of the little family—the mother, father, their children and friends?

And, from the point of view of defending this family, is there a more important task than the struggle of oppressed nations for their independence, than the struggle for universal disarmament and peace?

How can one sincerely strive to take part in this struggle and yet remain apolitical?

How can one speak of being apolitical when there are still so many problems facing the working women of various countries? Millions of women are discriminated against, terribly exploited by their employers and are paid a much lower wage than men for equal work.

In this, the twentieth century, when science and technology have flourished as never before, in this space age, there are countries where women do not have the right to vote. There are countries where a woman is thrown out of her job because she has married, because she has united her life with one she loves.

Is it fair that simply because of their sex, and for no other reason, women are denied the opportunity to develop their talents, and are barred from many positions and professions?

Can men build a society and create life on earth by themselves? Of course not.

We, women of the world, have gone through a great deal. Some of us have fought or are continuing to fight against capitalist exploitation, others have struggled or continue their struggle against colonialism. These trials and tribulations have made us hardened veterans. That is why we are not only able but must unite our efforts to safeguard life as its givers.

Humanity is a united, wonderful family, capable of providing for the well-being of all its members. We mothers of the world must instill this truth in the hearts of our children. We must instill in them, from the very beginning, a hatred for war! Let us teach them a sense of duty towards, and fraternity with, all the peoples of the world!

Woman, the Heroine of Today, has already been born. The woman of today is a Mother, fearless, courageous. She is a Citizen, strong and vigilant. She is beautiful. And the whole world should sing her glory.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article is the first in a series to be entitled "Institute of Public Opinion." All our readers are invited to take part in this forum on the eve of the coming World Congress of Women.

HAVE AN EDUCATION

of the dual educational system in the South are borne out by the following statistics: In ten southern states the average per pupil expenditure for white children was \$49.30, for Negroes \$17.04. The classroom load for a teacher in a Negro school was an average of 37 students, for a teacher in a white school 29. Per pupil expenditure on teachers' salaries in Negro schools was \$13.35, in white schools \$35.86.

In rural areas Negro students were herded in primitive one-room schools where an underpaid, poorly equipped teacher had to try to train eight different classes. White children had the benefit of consolidated rural schools, separate classes and free school bus transportation. I taught at one time in a state industrial "college" in Arkansas which drew the bulk of its students from the rural areas of the state. It was my first

southern experience and I was appalled to find the students who came to our school for "higher" education scarcely able to read and write. When summer came and the teachers of such students came to the school for the summer session I began to understand why my students were so unprepared. Most of the teachers had only gone to the third or fourth grade.

"Separate but equal"—what a hoax! In May, 1954, under the pressure of a world of colonial peoples bursting their bonds and socialist democracy already embracing one-third of mankind, the court reversed its previous decision. It ordered all states practicing segregation in education to proceed to desegregate "with all deliberate speed."

Yet eight years after this momentous decree in 11 southern states, with over 2½ million

Negro pupils enrolled, only 6,725 were in classes with whites. In the whole southern and border area of 17 states and the District of Columbia, out of a total Negro pupil enrollment of 3,240,439 only 7.6 per cent were in classes with whites. Mississippi, Alabama and South Carolina are in open defiance and have yet to enroll one Negro student with whites. "Pupil Placement Acts" in Virginia, Alabama and North Carolina give school officials the right to "assign" students to schools according to their own discretion. James F. Byrnes, one-time Secretary of State, has aptly stated the attitude of the southern bigots when he publicly declared that: "South Carolina would reluctantly abandon the public school system" rather than desegregate it. Who in the whole world does not know of Little Rock and New Orleans where six-year-old Negro children and youth were forced to walk the gauntlet of hate-spewing mobs and endure in silence the insults of white students poisoned by racist propaganda.

Some states have hastily provided additional funds to "patch-up" Negro schools and facilities in an attempt to placate the Negro people and dissuade them from further struggle. The Negro people cannot be deterred from the struggle for their rights.

One road taken by Negroes has been flight to the North where in urban centres like New York, Chicago, Detroit, Washington, D.C., and Los Angeles over 50 per cent of the present 20,000,000 Negro population live in segregated and overcrowded ghettos. School buildings and facilities there duplicate the ageworn, dilapidated housing characteristic of the ghetto. Teaching staffs and curricula are substandard as compared to schools in "white" neighbourhoods. (I am sure that your correspondent Helen Miller could provide substantiating facts about the educational facilities provided in Evanston for the bulk of the Negro population. For Evanston, too, must have its ghetto and as a natural corollary its segregated schools where the "Bens" and "Sues" are the many and the white students, if any, are the few.) Aroused Negro parents in many northern centres are refusing to send their children to these substandard segregated schools and entering legal suits to force city officials to end jim crow, inferior education for their children.

So the battle for equality of educational opportunity has joined North and South and the struggle serves the best interests of the entire

nation. Who knows how many great scientists or intrepid astronauts lie dormant in a people who have always kept their eyes on the stars as they struggled for freedom and equality.

Quite recently the world was shaken by the outrageous actions of racists in Mississippi against the Negro student James Meredith who wanted to study at a University for the White. It was only under the protection of the police and soldiers that he could enter the auditorium.

I happened to be in the Soviet Union when the "heavenly twins" thrilled the whole world with their trail-blazing prolonged orbital sojourn in the cosmos. Andrian Nikolayev, the son of the Chuvash people who before the Revolution of 1917 lived in squalor and ignorance; Pavel Popovich, the son of Ukrainian peasants who knew only oppression and poverty under the tsar! They are the living embodiment of the strength of a nation which has opened the door of educational opportunity to all its people. When we in the United States understand that our strength as a nation and security as a people depend upon the utilization of our great wealth for human development irrespective of colour or economic status and not upon the billions poured into war preparations, we shall better serve our nation, world peace and human progress the world over.

LOUISE PATTERSON

New York

SCHOOL for Mothers

Nature has endowed woman with the most wonderful and vital of all human functions—motherhood. Motherhood brings untold happiness and a feeling of completeness, and one can easily understand how deeply a sterile woman must suffer. The Obstetrical and Gynaecological Department of the First Medical Institute receives a steady stream of letters, begging for help in overcoming sterility. Most, in one way or another, contain such words as: "I am prepared to endure anything to have a child."

The Soviet Union has an extensive and well-organized network of medical and mother-and-child health centres, with departments dealing with sterility.

There is also a specialized scientific-research Institute of the Physiology and Pathology of Woman in Tbilisi.

It is generally accepted that two or three years of marriage without conception is an indication of sterility. This is called primary sterility. A woman may cease to conceive after having given birth, after a miscarriage, or a tubal pregnancy. This is secondary sterility. Besides, there are what are termed absolute and relative sterility. Absolute sterility indicates an abnormality in the organism of the husband or wife which renders conception impossible. Relative sterility is not hopeless, and, provided the woman receives correct treatment, she may become capable of conceiving.

For many years it was believed that sterility was always due to the woman's condition. Today

Some Letters that Arrive at Our Office...

This is what Zinaida Bam wrote: For about twenty years Zinaida worked and lived in the Far East, in the city of Komsomolsk-on-Amur which she had helped to build. But misfortune struck her; she fell gravely ill. She decided to go to Leningrad, where her mother and brother lived, for treatment. Excellent doctors did everything to restore her health. After Zinaida was discharged from hospital, the question arose as to what she should do further, for she had to be under constant medical observation and could not work as yet. It would be hard for her to live by herself in Komsomolsk-on-Amur. But in Leningrad the room where her relatives lived was too small for three.

When our editorial office received this letter, we turned to the Leningrad local government bodies requesting them to help Zinaida Bam.

Soon after we received a reply to the effect that Zinaida's request

had been complied with. A medical commission found Zinaida eligible for disability pension. She would receive 48 rubles each month. Besides, Zinaida and her relatives were given a new apartment.

"I don't have my own children yet," writes A. Kochetkova from Moscow. "I'm young, I work and study. But I have a younger sister, Tanya. She lives in Orekhovo-Zuyevo, Moscow Region, together with our parents. To the great sorrow of our whole family, my sister has been sick a great deal and, consequently, skipped so much of her studies that she isn't able to study in an ordinary school. The medical commission that examined her advised us to place Tanya in a special boarding school. It's very urgent, and that's why I'm turning to you for assistance."

The Moscow Regional Depart-

ment of Public Education informed the editorial office that our request had been fulfilled: Tanya Kochetkova is now studying in a boarding school at Uvarovka which is a neighbouring settlement to Orekhovo-Zuyevo.

Seven years ago Maria Pribytkova from the city of Novokuibyshevsk, Kuibyshev Region, gave birth to quadruplets. The children grew up and went to school this year. Besides the quadruplets, Maria Pribytkova has three other children of school age. She wrote to us, sharing her cares of a mother.

Our editorial office turned to the local Communist Party organization in Novokuibyshevsk. We received an answer just recently that the quadruplets had been placed in Boarding School No. 1 free of charge, that is, at state expense.

USING FOLK MOTIFS

PINAFORE DRESS AND BLOUSE

This gay ensemble (extreme left, page 38) would look well made up in fine wool in two toning colours. The bodice of the pinafore dress ("sarafan" in Russian) is trimmed with bright braid and embroidery. The skirt is full, with box pleats.

In the supplement we give a pattern for an average five-year-old (with seam allowance). There is also a drawing of the embroidery design. The embroidery is done in two colours which harmonize with those of the blouse and the braid. Buttons are the same colour as the braid.

For the pinafore dress you will need 95 cm. of 104 cm. material, and for the blouse 85 cm. The parts of the pattern for the skirt and the front of the bodice are given in sections, and should be joined as indicated by ticks before the pattern is laid out on the material.

OUTFIT FOR A BOY

The shirt, in fine wool, has set-in sleeves. Jerkin and trousers are in wool of a harmonizing shade. The trousers button on to the jerkin and the join covered by a widish belt trimmed with bright braid and bound with the shirt

NOT EASY, BUT POSSIBLE

By L. VANINA

Assistant Professor, First Moscow Medical Institute,
named after I. M. Sechenov

we know that in 30 to 40 per cent of all childless marriages the fault lies with the husband.

The most frequent causative factors of sterility in women are inflammation of the reproductive organs, infantile ovaries or uterus, anatomical or functional disorders of the ovaries or uterus, and various tumours.

While it is generally known that abortions cause irreparable damage to a woman's health, not everybody is aware that some contraceptive measures (such as injections of iodine solutions into the uterus) lead to sterility.

The most frequent causative factors of sterility in men are changes in the morphological characteristics of the semen resulting from various functional disorders of the sex glands (due to local inflammations, or endocrinological disorders). It is therefore important that parents realize that mumps in a boy needs prompt medical attention, for it is known that 10 to 20 per cent of all male sterility is caused by this illness.

If the cause of sterility in a woman is found to be an infantile uterus, the prescribed course of treatment includes non-fatiguing sports, a general course of body-building therapy, mud and hormone cures. This is a prolonged course of treatment, and one which calls for perseverance on the part of the patient.

Various drugs are used in treating chronic inflammations, also such active means of therapy as diathermy, mud cures, and various baths. We have recently begun to use antibiotics and lydaza for uterotubal insufflation. This method of

treatment alleviates tubal obstructions thus enlarging the tubal lumen and restoring their permeability.

The mud cures offered at the Soviet health resorts of Anapa, Yevpatoria, Tskhaltubo, Saki, Matsesta and Sernovodsk are very effective. All offer a beneficial combination of good climate, local deep-heat therapy and the chemical effect of the medicinal mud on the internal sex organs.

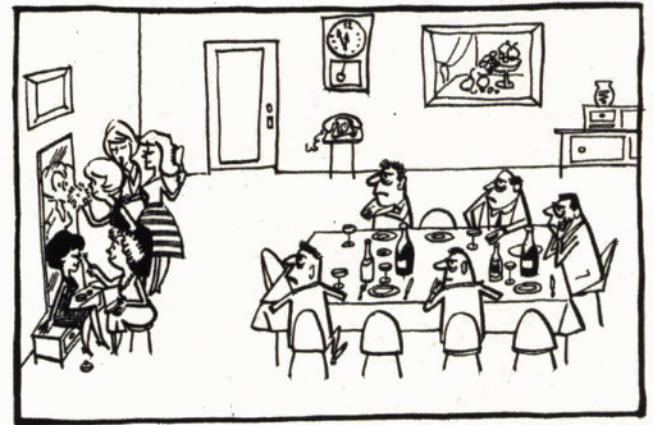
Some women are able to conceive after corrective treatment of such basic ailments as metabolic disorders, toxemia and vitamin deficiencies, after the removal of tumours and any undesirable aftereffects of childbirth.

Every woman who suspects she is sterile must know all these things in order that she seek competent medical advice without delay. However, it must be clear that it is not easy to restore fertility. That is why all disorders must be promptly brought to the physician's attention. It is only on his advice, and not as a matter of one's own choosing or at the suggestion of friends that any given contraceptive may be used. And one must never forget the harmful effect of smoking and drinking on the function of the ovaries.

The question of interrupting a pregnancy is an extremely serious one. Young women sometimes have abortions. They do not stop to think that a first pregnancy can thus become the last. Years will pass, the couple will want to have children, but because of their former irresponsibility, the wife cannot become a mother.

LAUGHS

Drawings by R. OVIVYAN



Five minutes before New Year's...



The latest fad.

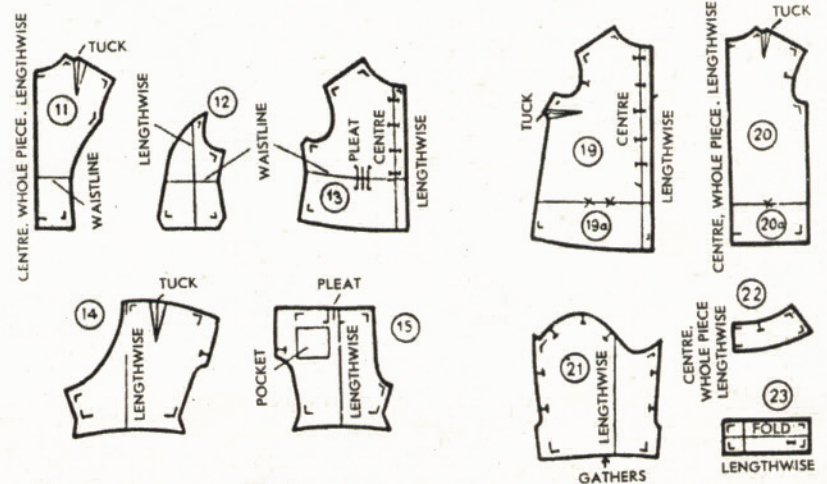
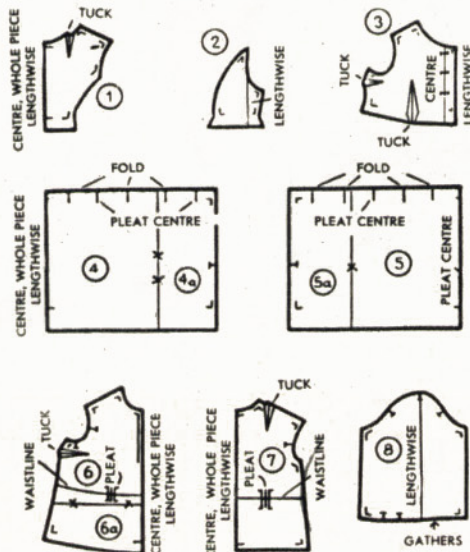
material. Neckline and armholes are similarly bound. The buttons down the front of the jerkin match the braid.

A pattern for a five-year-old (with seam allowance) is given in the supplement.

For jerkin and trousers you will need 1 m. 20 cm. of

104 cm. material, and for the shirt 1 m. 5 cm. Front and back of the shirt are given in sections, which should be joined as indicated by ticks.

These designs were prepared at our request by Marina Vysheslavtseva, a designer at the U.S.S.R. Fashion House.



KEY TO THE PATTERN

- 1 SARAFAN BACK—1
- 2 SIDE PIECE TO SARAFAN BACK—2
- 3 PANEL—2
- 4 BACK SKIRT PANEL—1
- 5 FRONT SKIRT PANEL—1
- 6 BLOUSE BODICE—1
- 7 BLOUSE BACK—1
- 8 BLOUSE SLEEVE—2
- 9 BLOUSE COLLAR—2
- 10 BLOUSE CUFF—2
- 11 JOIN THE CUT-OUT PARTS HERE

KEY TO THE PATTERN

- 11 JERKIN BACK—1
- 12 SIDE PIECE TO JERKIN BACK—2
- 13 JERKIN PANEL—2
- 14 TROUSER BACK HALF—2
- 15 TROUSER FRONT HALF—2
- 16 BELT TO BACK HALF TROUSER—1
- 17 BELT TO FRONT HALF TROUSER—1
- 18 TROUSER POCKET—1
- 19 SHIRT PANEL—2
- 20 SHIRT BACK—1
- 21 SHIRT SLEEVE—2
- 22 SHIRT COLLAR—2
- 23 SHIRT CUFF—2
- 24 JOIN THE CUT-OUT PARTS HERE

FOR THE CHILDREN



Sarafan and blouse
Designer: MARINA VYSHESLAVTSEVA

A sailor suit of wool
Designer: EDVARDA VLASOVA

This woollen sarafan is worn with a
kapron blouse and little apron ...
Designer: MARINA VYSHESLAVTSEVA

... while this white printed-kapron
dress has a rose-coloured lining
Designer: EDVARDA VLASOVA

Cookery

Here are two popular national dishes which take a little more time and money than usual. This is compensated for, however, by their appetizing aroma and delicious flavour. They are bound to be a success when you have friends in to dinner.

MOSCOW BORSHCH

For four helpings: 220 gr. beef, 120 gr. ham, 100 gr. sausages, 120 gr. ham bones, 500 gr. beetroot, 300 gr. fresh cabbage, 100 gr. carrot, 30 gr. parsley, 100 gr. onion, 60 gr. tomato paste, 20 gr. wheat flour, 120 gr. butter or fat, 120 gr. sour cream, 30 gr. 3 per cent vinegar, salt, sugar, celery, pepper, fennel and bay leaf to taste.

Put chopped ham bones into a saucepan of cold water together with beef and lightly browned root vegetables (done in pan without fat)—carrot, celery and onion (whole), with salt. Cover and simmer on a moderate flame for four hours, skimming at intervals.

After putting the broth on, prepare vegetables—wash, peel and cut into slivers beetroot, carrot, root of parsley or celery, put into a saucepan. Add a little butter, tomato paste and granulated sugar, fat from broth, peppercorns, bay leaf and salt, cover and stew until half done, stirring from time to time. Cut up onion and fry slightly in butter.

Strain broth and again put on to cook.

Shred cabbage, put into boiling broth and simmer until half done.

About 10-15 minutes before it is done put stewed vegetables and fried onion into broth and add sauce made as follows: fry flour in butter, dilute with some of the broth, add salt, granulated sugar and a little vinegar.

When serving borsch put into each plate a piece of ham and a piece of the meat cooked in the broth (you may also warm up the sausage in the broth and put this in the plates, first slicing it).

Add sour cream, chopped parsley and dill.

KIEV CUTLET

For four helpings: 600 gr. chicken fillet, 100 gr. butter, 60 gr. fat for frying, 2 eggs, 100 gr. wheat bread, salt to taste.

Remove tendons and skin from fillet, slice in from the side and open out flat. Beat lightly, lay a piece of butter on the centre of each piece, first creaming the butter with egg yolk. Fold up the fillet so that the butter is completely enclosed, smear with egg and salt. Dip twice in white bread crumbs.

Fry in deep fat at a temperature of 180°C. and serve immediately.

Serve with French fried potatoes and green peas dabbled with butter.

YURI BOLSHAKOV
Chef of the
"Russian Cuisine" Restaurant,
Moscow



A two-piece corduroy
Designer: IRAIDA SAMONINA

A woollen suit
Designer: YEVGENIA VOROBYEVA

Drawings and applique by GALINA NIKITINA and ELZA RAPOPORT



IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Looking forward to the World Congress of Women. Maria Rosetti, leader of the Rumanian women's movement, joins our Institute of Public Opinion.

Telescopes are turned towards the planets... * Examinations are over... at the iron-ore combine. * Two picture stories: "Yesterday's Taiga" and "5 and 18." * Julius Fucik, national hero of Czechoslovakia, as told by his wife. * When children are starving... A story by the Italian authoress Ferruccia Cappi Bentivegna. * Liesel Fischer with her brush and palette in a collective farm in Dedinovo. * "Russian lacquered boxes"—miniatures by skilled masters from Fedoskino village.

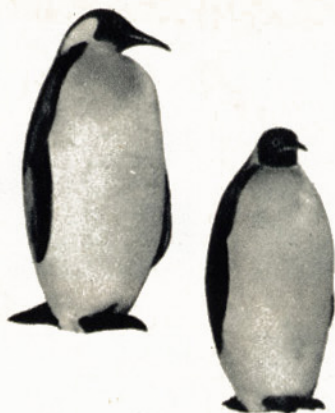
In the issue you will find sports, a children's page, fashions, cookery, Russian class.

OUR COVER PICTURES

Front cover: Sasha Goryaminskaya, the girl who has touched the sun. (See the picture story by V. Gende-Rote, "Aiming for a Star," on page 29.)

Back cover: Andrian Nikolayev's feat has aroused great interest among our readers for Chuvashia, the home of Cosmonaut-3. In this issue our special correspondent, Anatoli Russov, tells readers about the Chuvash girl, Zoya Markelova, whose portrait you see here. Read a story about her on page 9.

Editorial office:
22 Kuznetsky Most, Moscow.



ON THE SIXTH CONTINENT

By Y. GAVRILOV

Photographs by the author

One of the many peculiarities of Antarctica is a rather unexpected one—the complete absence of women among the "population."

But when you enter any house in southern polar stations, be it Soviet, American, Japanese or Australian, the first thing you will notice is the portraits of wives, mothers and children. And nowhere else will the talk turn so often to homes and families.

I visited Antarctica a short time ago, met its bold conquerors and flew many thousand kilometres over its ice-bound wastes.

I am sure readers of "Soviet Woman" will have no objection to taking an armchair journey—the one I made in reality, and found so intensely interesting.

... The agile little cross-country truck into which we are packed runs along the cracked, uneven ice of McMurdo Sound. The American at the wheel seems to drive it with uncalled-for bravery. At full speed we leap across a crevasse, then plunge through a pool which might well be a completely unfrozen patch, and climb an ice hill with difficulty. The last steep slope. The driver brakes and turns to us.

"Here we are! How d'you like the run?"

That was our introduction to Antarctica.

The scientists at the American McMurdo base told us about their work, introduced us to the wintering party and hospitably invited us into their laboratories. We were fully conscious of that atmosphere of friendship which reigns on the sixth continent. Paradoxical for our day and age, but on the most grimly cold continent we found the warmest political climate.

Three years ago an international agreement on the Antarctic was concluded and signed by twelve governments. It is forbidden to conduct any nuclear tests whatsoever, or to build military bases, and any base on the continent is open to any member of another party. A splendid example of international cooperation!

Over two and a half thousand kilometres as the crow flies separate McMurdo from the Soviet base, Mirny. The unreliable, changeable weather and the lack of well-equipped airfields make the

flight a very dangerous one. The case of the Belgian fliers who had an accident in the Antarctic mountains and were saved by Soviet airmen has not been forgotten. But our own flight to Mirny was uneventful, thanks to the skill of the Soviet pilots and the excellent qualities of the giant "IL-18" and "AN-12" planes. We took off from the seven-metre ice of McMurdo Sound and arrived safely in five hours.

There are probably few people who have not heard of the Mirny Antarctic Station—after all, Soviet people have wintered there for seven years already. But I am sure very few have any clear mental picture of what it looks like.

The settlement is imprisoned in snow. Once the builders constructed houses on metal frame foundations, and took care that the houses were warm and protected from the winds. But now the centre of Mirny is a snowy plain with only the powerline posts and small wooden shelters rising above it. Over each one is a lamp which burns during blizzards and in the polar night. And beneath the shelters, in the depths of the snow, are houses consisting of a few rooms, a kitchen and a laboratory.

The area of the Soviet station is noted for its especially strong and continuous winds. Even during the Antarctic summer, when we were there, we experienced the fearful strength of the blizzard. At midday the grounds could be negotiated with comparative "ease," but by evening the blizzard was so violent that it was far from safe to go about alone.

After supper and a film show in the messroom, where practically all the members of the wintering party assembled despite the blizzard, we learned that two fliers and a mechanic who had gone to the airfield had not yet returned.

Half an hour later the first search party set off in a cross-country truck. Driving almost blind, they made their way to the airfield. They examined all the planes and came back with no success to report. A second party set out, wearing special "impervious" blizzard suits. A third got ready.

It was only towards morning that the pilots

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The Mirny settlement. A geophysical laboratory

and mechanic returned. On their way back—the whole distance was about a kilometre and a half—something had gone wrong with the engine of their truck. But Ilya Abushayev, the mechanic, who was spending his third winter at Mirny, had helped to find the way.

There have been many tragic episodes in the conquest of the sixth continent. Many of them are linked up with those savage blizzards which the Antarctic is so noted for. At the Japanese scientific-research base, Showa, I heard how Fukushima, a young Japanese scientist, lost his life. He went out of the house, intending to go to some meteorological appliances quite near by, and did not return.

Despite the frost and the "surprises" Antarctica can spring on people, important research work goes on all the time. And there is no profession there which does not demand courage, ingenuity and endurance.

Novolazarevskaya station is something over three thousand kilometres from Mirny. Only twelve men winter there. Among the wintering party in 1961 was Dr. Leonid Rogozov. At the height of the Antarctic winter, in a fierce blizzard, he made medical history by

The Diesel-electric icebreaker "Ob" forced its way through the heavy ice of the Antarctic for several weeks before it brought the next Soviet expedition to the sixth continent



A meeting between some members of the Soviet and American expeditions at the American McMurdo base in the Antarctic



performing an appendectomy—on himself. His "assistants" were the truck driver and a meteorologist.

I saw some of the letters he had received. They came from everywhere—thousands of words of admiration and amazement. . .

But when I asked Dr. Rogozov to tell me about this astounding feat, he smiled and said, "That's just—Antarctica."

SOVIET WOMAN

No. 1

1963

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