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MARCH, 1945

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JESSICA SMITH, *Editor*

THEODORE BAYER, *Manager*

CONTRIBUTORS

HON. JOSEPH E. DAVIES is our distinguished former ambassador to the Soviet Union, author of *Mission to Moscow*, and now chairman of the President's War Relief Control Board.

LEO KRZYCKI is an American of Polish descent long active in the American labor movement. He is President of the American Slav Congress, President of the American Polish Labor Council and Vice-President of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America.

ANNA LOUISE STRONG has just left for a second visit to liberated Poland, following in the wake of the victorious Red Army. Her most recent books are *Peoples of the USSR*, and *Wild River*, a novel.

RAYMOND ARTHUR DAVIES has been making a short visit to this country and to Canada, his home, after spending a year in the Soviet Union, to which he will shortly return. He is correspondent in Moscow for *Saturday Night* of Toronto, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and Transradio, and co-author with A. J. Steiger of *Soviet Asia*.

CAPT. SERGEI N. KOURNAKOFF, our regular military analyst, is author of the outstanding book on the Red Army, *Russia's Fighting Forces*.

DR. V. UBAROVSKAYA is a leading Soviet physician and head of the Central Scientific Research Institute of Pediatrics in Moscow, of which she writes.

The cover picture is of two Soviet girl snipers in camouflage uniforms.

Among Recent Contributors

IRINA ALEKSANDER, WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT, MILLEN BRAND, HENRIETTA BUCKMASTER, HOLGER CAHILL, THEODORE DREISER, HOWARD FAST, HAROLD L. ICKES, RT. REV. HEWLETT JOHNSON, DEAN OF CANTERBURY, ROSE MAURER, HARRIET MOORE, SENATOR JAMES E. MURRAY, SENATOR CLAUDE PEPPER, ARTHUR UPHAM POPE, D. N. PRITT, M.P., QUENTIN REYNOLDS, ISIDOR SCHNEIDER, ANNA SEGHERS, EDWIN SEAVER, DR. HENRY E. SIGERIST, KONSTANTIN SIMONOV, EDGAR SNOW, JOHANNES STEELE, FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN, GENEVIEVE TAGGARD, VALERY J. TERESHTENKO, SIDNEY WEBB, MAX WERNER, ALBERT RHYS WILLIAMS

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To Our Readers

AS the great day of victory draws nearer it is urgent that we slacken no effort to knit even closer the Allied unity essential to speed its coming and insure a lasting peace.

This is a task to which our magazine, through its work of furthering American-Soviet friendship as a cornerstone of Allied unity, can contribute greatly.

We have made special efforts to prepare for this role in the months to come, by arranging to bring you firsthand accounts of what is happening in the areas liberated by the Red Army, and of developments within the USSR itself.

That indefatigable and brilliant reporter, Anna Louise Strong, will continue to send her illuminating reports of the rebirth of Poland. Raymond Arthur Davies, soon returning to Moscow, will send us a series of articles. Soviet life in all its many phases will be described by both American and Russian experts.

But the task of furthering understanding and unity belongs to our readers as well as to our staff and to our contributors.

YOU can help by becoming a subscriber, if you have not already done so, and by asking your friends to do likewise. Transforming readers into subscribers helps vitally in our distribution problem. To extend our number of readers is to extend our influence into ever larger groups.

And with each subscription goes a copy of Dr. Harry Ward's "The Soviet Spirit," in which he so magnificently interprets what lies behind the Red Army victories. Fill in this blank today!

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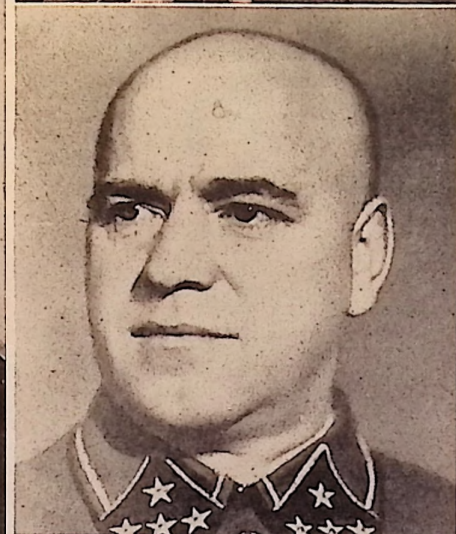
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LEADERS OF THE GREAT RED ARMY DRIVE ON BERLIN



Under Marshal Stalin's leadership, the Soviet Generals lead their armies in the final drive for victory.

Right, reading down:

- Marshal Ivan S. Konev, 1st Ukrainian Army
- Marshal Gregor K. Zhukov, Chief of Staff and Deputy to Marshal Stalin, 1st Byelo-Russian Army
- Marshal Konstantin K. Rokossovsky, 2nd Byelo-Russian Army
- Marshal Fedor I. Tolbukhin, 3rd Ukrainian Army

Left, reading down:

- Marshal Rodion Y. Malinovsky, 2nd Ukrainian Army
- General Ivan D. Cherniakhovsky, 3rd Baltic Army
- General Ivan Bagramian, 1st Baltic Army
- General Ivan Petrov, 4th Ukrainian Army

SOVIET RUSSIA TODAY

MARCH

1945

The New Charter of World Freedom

THE exultation of approaching victory is in the air. In the East the Red Armies sweeping irresistibly forward under the triumphant slogan "On to Berlin!" are but a few miles from their goal. In the West the Allied offensive gathers momentum for the final drive that will close the vise on the black heart of the crumbling fascist empire. In the Pacific the glorious return of MacArthur's men to the Philippines and the fall of Manila speed the doom of Japan.

And on February 12, birthday of the great Emancipator, the United Nations' leaders issued a new charter of freedom to mankind. The democratic, freedom-loving people of the whole world hail joyously the great decisions made by President Roosevelt, Premier Stalin and Prime Minister Churchill at Yalta. This is the end forever of Axis hopes to split the Allies and prepare a new World War. This is the end of reactionary plans to bring back to power outworn regimes that do not represent the people. This is the end of all efforts through soft peace and leniency to the war criminals to save the rotten bits of fascism to corrupt the structure of the new world order.

This is the beginning of peace. This is the foundation of a new abode in which men can live free lives, untouched by fear and want. This is the unity achieved at Teheran in action, directed toward the goals of liberty and brotherhood of men and of nations for which all progressive humanity has struggled through the ages.

The Doom of Nazi Germany

THE doom of Nazi Germany and the shortening of the war is properly the first point in the great document issued at the end of the eight-day conference of the three world leaders and their foreign secretaries, chiefs of staffs and other advisors. With their military staffs, fullest information was exchanged and plans were determined for the final defeat of the common enemy, involving closer coordination of the military efforts of the three Allies than ever before. "The timing, scope and coordination of new and even more powerful blows to be launched by our armies and air forces into the heart of Germany from the East, West, North and South have been fully agreed and planned in detail."

Common policies and plans for enforcing the unconditional surrender terms on Germany have been decided upon, to be made known when the final defeat of Germany has been accomplished. The forces of the three powers will each occupy a separate zone of Germany, with a central control commission consisting of the supreme commanders of the three powers exercising coordinated administration from Berlin. France will be invited to take over a zone of occupation and participate as a fourth member in the control commission.

And the whole problem of dealing with Germany in such a way as to exterminate fascism root and branch, as the only basis for the restoration to civilized life of the German people and for guaranteeing the safety of the world is set forth with magnificent clarity and strength in this paragraph:

It is our inflexible purpose to destroy German militarism and Nazism and to ensure that Germany will never again be able to disturb the peace of the world. We are determined to disarm and disband all German armed forces; break up for all time the German General Staff that has repeatedly contrived the resurgence of German militarism; remove or destroy all German military equipment; eliminate or control all German industry that could be used for military production; bring all war criminals to just and swift punishment and exact reparation in kind for the destruction wrought by the Germans; wipe out the Nazi Party, Nazi laws, organizations and institutions, remove all Nazi and militarist influences from people; and take in harmony such other measures in Germany as may be necessary to the future peace and safety of the world. It is not our purpose to destroy the people of Germany, but only when Nazism and militarism have been extirpated will there be hope for a decent life for Germans, and a place for them in the comity of nations.

Germany will be required to compensate for the damage caused to the Allied Nations to the greatest possible extent. The commission to determine the extent and methods whereby this will be accomplished, will sit in Moscow.

United Nations Conference

CONCRETE steps were taken for the "earliest possible establishment with our Allies of a general international organization to maintain peace and security" as essential "both to prevent aggression and to remove the political, economic and social causes of war through the close and continuing collaboration of all peace loving peoples."

This international organization is to be based on the foundations laid at Dumbarton Oaks. The Yalta conference solved questions of voting procedure that had not there been agreed upon, which will be announced after consultation with China and France.

A conference of the United Nations is to be called to meet at San Francisco on April 25, 1945, to prepare the charter for such an organization, the Government of China and the Provisional Government of France to be invited to join in the calling of this conference, together with the Governments of the United States, Great Britain and the USSR.

Declaration on Liberated Europe

THE consultations of the Big Three on the common interests of the peoples of their countries and those of liberated Europe, resulted in the firmest possible agreement to concert their policies during the temporary period of instability, in assisting the peoples liberated from the domination of Nazi Germany and the peoples of former Axis satellite states to solve their problems by democratic means, under the principles of the Atlantic Charter. They expressed the hope that France would be associated with them in this. This is their declaration:

The establishment of order in Europe and the rebuilding of national economic life must be achieved by processes which will enable the liberated peoples to destroy the last vestiges of Nazism and Fascism and to create Democratic institutions of their own choice. This is a principal of the Atlantic Charter—the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live—the restoration of sovereign rights and self-government to those peoples who have

been forcibly deprived of them by the aggressor nations.

To foster the conditions in which the liberated peoples may exercise these rights, the three governments will jointly assist the people in any European liberated state or former Axis satellite state in Europe where in their judgment conditions require (A) to establish conditions of internal peace; (B) to carry out emergency measures for the relief of distressed peoples; (C) to form interim governmental authorities broadly representative of all democratic elements in the population and pledged to the earliest possible establishment through free elections of governments responsive to the will of the people; and (D) to facilitate where necessary the holding of such elections.

The three governments will consult the other United Nations and provisional authorities or other governments in Europe when matters of direct interest to them are under consideration.

When, in the opinion of the three governments, conditions in any European liberated state or any former Axis satellite state in Europe make such action necessary, they will immediately consult together on the measures necessary to discharge the joint responsibilities set forth in this declaration.

By this declaration we reaffirm our faith in the principles of the Atlantic Charter, our pledge in the Declaration by the United Nations, and our determination to build in co-operation with other peace-loving nations world order under law, dedicated to peace, security, freedom and general well-being of all mankind.

Poland

THE declaration on Poland sounds the death knell to the hopes of all those who have been attempting to use this issue as a means of disrupting the Allied coalition. It puts the final quietus on the efforts of the Government-in-Exile to saddle a reactionary regime on the Polish people, and opens the way for democratic elements abroad to join with the members of the present Polish Provisional Government in a new people's government to be called the Polish Provisional Government of National Unity.

The statement points out that the complete liberation of Poland by the Red Army has created a new situation which makes it possible to create a more broadly based government than was possible before, including democratic leaders both within Poland and abroad.

This government shall be pledged to the holding of free and unfettered elections as soon as possible on the basis of universal suffrage and secret ballot, in which all democratic and anti-Nazi parties shall have the right to take part and put forward candidates.

A commission made up of Foreign Commissar Molotov, American Ambassador Harriman and British Ambassador Kerr is authorized to consult in Moscow with members of the present Provisional Government and other Polish democratic leaders from within Poland and abroad, with a view to reorganizing the present Government along the above lines. When the new Polish Provisional Government of National Unity has been established, it will receive diplomatic recognition from the Governments of the Soviet Union, the United States and Great Britain, and ambassadors will be exchanged.

The three heads of government reached agreement that the eastern frontier of Poland should be the Curzon Line with digressions of a few miles in some regions in favor of Poland, and that Poland must receive substantial accessions of territory in the North and West.

Yugoslavia

THE conferees agreed to recommend to Marshal Tito and Dr. Subasic that the agreement between them should be put into effect immediately, and that a new

government should be formed on the basis of that agreement. They also agreed to recommend that a coalition be formed of the liberation movement and members of the pre-war government by extending the Anti-Fascist Assembly of National Liberation (AVNOJ) to include members of the last Yugoslav parliament (SKUPSCHINA) who have not compromised themselves with the enemy, thus forming a body to be known as a temporary parliament. They agreed on the further recommendation that legislative acts passed by the Anti-Fascist Assembly of National Liberation will be subject to subsequent ratification by a constituent assembly.

The statement also declared that there had been a general review of other Balkan questions.

Unity for Peace as for War

THE signatories stressed the value of such conferences, and announced agreement on the setting up of permanent machinery for regular consultation between the foreign secretaries of the three nations. The meetings will be held as often as necessary, probably every three or four months, and in the three capitals in rotation, the first one following the United Nations Conference on World Organization to be held in London.

In conclusion, the three leaders reaffirmed their unity of purpose in these words:

Our meeting here in the Crimea has reaffirmed our common determination to maintain and strengthen in the peace to come that unity of purpose and of action which has made victory possible and certain for the United Nations in this war. We believe that this is a sacred obligation which our governments owe to our peoples and to all the peoples of the world.

Only with the continuing and growing cooperation and understanding among our three countries and among all the peace-loving nations can the highest aspiration of humanity be realized—a secure and lasting peace which will, in the words of the Atlantic Charter, “afford assurance that all the men in all the lands may live out their lives in freedom from fear and want.”

Victory in this war and establishment of the proposed international organization will provide the greatest opportunity in all history to create in the years to come the essential conditions of such a peace.

Full Support for the Crimea Agreement

THE grandeur of this program agreed upon by the three leaders is such that it is receiving the highest praise from all sections of American opinion, and throughout the United Nations.

Our President attended this conference strong in the knowledge that he was there by the mandate of the American people who overwhelmingly endorsed his steadfast policies for early victory, for world cooperation and for lasting peace. He has magnificently fulfilled this mandate. Now the American people have a mandate to fulfill—to mobilize all their forces to achieve the highest degree of national unity in backing the Crimea agreement with the fullest measure of our strength and intelligence.

We, jointly with our President, are committed before the democratic peoples of the world, to the honoring of these pledges made in our name.

We are confident that this is the death blow to fascism. But even as the Hitlerite armies fight more ferociously as victory draws closer, so all the enemies of our administration's foreign policies lash out against them more viciously in the measure that they develop successfully. The attack on this agreement began before it was announced. The recent anti-Soviet and anti-United Nations

campaign exceeds anything we have seen before. It cannot succeed, but it can do immense damage, and we must muster all our forces for its final defeat.

We must counter this campaign with a supreme effort to mobilize the support of all our people behind this plan for hastening the end of the war and building an enduring world organization that our President brings home.

The Campaign against Allied Unity

ONE of the most dangerous of the efforts to undermine our national program for victory and peace—especially dangerous because it has been so widely interpreted as support rather than opposition to that program—is Senator Vandenberg's proposal. We must now be on guard lest it be brought forward as a contribution to the new agreement. Senator Vandenberg begins with a plan for the immediate conclusion with our Allies of a treaty for the demilitarization of our enemies, so formulated that there has been the widespread impression that this is simply to precede the carrying out of the Dumbarton Oaks proposal, whereas in actuality it is to replace it.

However slyly Senator Vandenberg managed to conceal his real meaning when he first announced his plan on the floor of the Senate, it certainly shone through unmistakably in his February 5 address in Detroit. He repeated his charges that our Allies—and especially the Soviet Union—are engaging in “unilateral” and “disunifying” actions. He suggested that we were in the process of making a “spoilsmen's peace.” He insisted that in return for participating in his treaty for disarming our Allies, America will have earned the right to demand that all decisions made by the Allies in the course of the war “be subject to review and correction.”

He came out openly with the suggestion that our enemy of tomorrow “can be only one of our present major allies,” putting in people's minds the idea that one of the great nations now fighting by our side (his anti-Soviet remarks indicate which one he has in mind) could “turn brute beast and propose to assault civilization.” Having carefully injected this idea, he then proceeded to argue that since we will have already taken care of our enemies through the demilitarization treaty, and only our relations with our friends will need to be dealt with, the future world organization *does not need to have military forces at its disposal at all and our representatives in it should have no power to commit our nation in case of aggression.* Thus he offered a plan for the postponement of the Dumbarton Oaks program, (Hoover's “cooling off” period) through the trick of substituting for it immediate treaties, and its separation from those treaties; he proposed to base the future world organization on the largest possible area of disagreement with our Allies (through our insistence on veto power), and finally, to emasculate it completely by denying it the use of armed force against aggression!

If Vandenberg's own words did not give the whole game away, there is plenty of evidence from other sources. John Foster Dulles, Dewey's foreign policy mentor, in an article in the *Baltimore Sun* of January 12, says that Vandenberg's intention is merely to further “a pre-existing Republican program”—a program of scrapping Dumbarton Oaks made clear enough during the election campaign. Governor Dewey himself, in a speech on February 5 supporting the Vandenberg proposal in the name of the unity he himself tried so hard to destroy, took occasion

to make a thinly veiled attack on the Big Three meeting, suggesting that its actions would be “concealed” and “devious” and its decisions made “in the cynical spirit of power politics.”

All of these things should be made clear to those who have been fooled by Vandenberg's lip-service to collective security and permanent peace. And we must exert constant vigilance against all open and covert attempts to disrupt the unity achieved on the shores of the Black Sea.

“Uncle Joe's Boys”

THERE is one very large group of Americans who can be counted on to help answer all this anti-Soviet propaganda and to back the United Nations program as soon as their pressing immediate business is over. They are the American doughboys on the Western front.

A recent dispatch from the American Ninth Army headquarters records that the Russian soldier now racing toward Berlin has no more ardent admirer than the American army men. A whole saga is developing out of the warm-hearted anecdotes of the longed-for meeting with Ivan now current all along the Western front. When the company commander sends a midnight patrol across the Roer he says “Be sure you ask the password before you fire. The Russians might be on the other side.” A jokester rushes in to company quarters in whiskers and a huge fur cap with a red star on it and bellows “My men just got here and they're tired—please arrange billets for them at once.” An American soldier says “As far as I'm concerned that ‘race to Berlin’ business is one race I would just as soon lose and have the Russians win.”

The *New York Herald Tribune's* January 26 editorial commented on this situation:

Here is one aspect of international relations too often overlooked by the theorists. “Uncle Joe's boys” may inspire alarm in some sections of the armchair brigade, but to the man in the street they are “ours” and to the fighting soldier they are heroes. The foxholes have been made passionately aware of the fact that this is one war in one world, that each fights for all and all for each, and that getting the big job done is far more important than any question of who does it. Afterward, no doubt, the politicians and publicists will get to work to destroy such foolish notions; but it may be that fighting men and ordinary people will remember “Uncle Joe's boys” and will still believe that great nations which were so desperately dependent on each other in war can hang together even in peace.

A True Soviet Citizen

CONSTANTINE OUMANSKY was a true Soviet citizen. He embodied the youth of his people, their exuberant spirits, their high intelligence, their will that cannot know defeat. His death in an airplane accident in Mexico City on January 25, in which his wife and several colleagues also perished, is a tragic loss to his own people, to the people of our country and of Latin America, and to the many friends who loved him. It is a serious loss to the peoples of the United Nations because of his great services to the strengthening of Allied unity, and the destruction of fascism.

Only forty-two years old when he died, Oumansky was at the height of a useful and brilliant career. He was born in Nikolayev in 1902, educated in Moscow University and the Institute of Red Professors, and joined the Communist Party at the age of seventeen. His earlier years were spent as a leading journalist on the staff of



CONSTANTINE OUMANSKY speaking at the dedication of the Soviet Pavilion at the New York World's Fair in May, 1939, just after his appointment as Ambassador to the United States.

Tass both at home and abroad. This experience gave him a rich and deep knowledge of many peoples and developed his rare gift for languages.

He first came to the United States with Maxim Lit-

vinov in 1933, on the mission that led to the resumption of diplomatic relations between our countries. From 1936 to 1941 he served first as Counsellor of the Soviet Embassy in Washington, and then as Soviet Ambassador to America. After two years work in Moscow as a member of the Collegium of the People's Commissariat of Foreign Affairs, he was appointed Ambassador to Mexico in 1943, and in 1944, concurrently, Minister to Costa Rica.

It was due to Oumansky's efforts that diplomatic relations were established between his country and Uruguay, Colombia, Costa Rica, Nicaragua and Chile. Among the Mexicans, he was a popular and beloved figure because of his sensitive perception of their national character, his appreciation for their culture, his ability to enter into their way of life—as well as because of the great land he represented. The whole country mourned him as no foreigner in Mexico had ever been mourned before. It is good to know that the officials and the people of Mexico so well understood his worth and surrounded him with such affection.

With deepest sorrow his many friends in America bid him farewell.

JESSICA SMITH

Constantine Oumansky

by JOSEPH E. DAVIES

THE tragic death of the Soviet Envoy Plenipotentiary to Mexico and Mrs. Oumansky, came as a great shock to the world, and especially to his many friends. For the outstanding impressions of his personality were vividness and life. He was keen, alert—the embodiment of physical and mental activity.

His passing was a serious loss to the cause of peace in the world. It was a particular loss to the upbuilding of the relations between the United States and the Soviet Union. He was a real friend of the United States, despite the fact that a part of his tenure as Ambassador was unpleasant, as it occurred during one of the most difficult periods in the relations of our two countries.

The agreement of 1939 between Russia and Germany was, in fact, only a Pact of Non-Aggression. It was definitely not an agreement to fight on Germany's side. It was only an agreement not to fight them if they did not attack Russia.

Our public did not then, and possibly much of our public does not even now, appreciate that this action was resorted to by the Soviet Union only after the Western democracies had refused to cooperate realistically to prevent Hitler's aggression, and that it was, as a matter of fact, a last desperate effort to protect its own peace and gain time to prepare for the inevitable attack of Hitler, which the Soviet leaders at all times clearly foresaw. During this period, due to this lack of information and understanding, Ambassador Oumansky's position here was an extremely difficult one. For he had a fierce pride and one of his outstanding characteristics was a forthright directness of attack wherever a question of loyalty or honor of himself or his country was concerned. He reacted vigorously whenever touched upon those spots. But even among those unfriendly he never failed to command respect. He served his country brilliantly and with dignity.

It was after the attack on his country in June, 1941, that he did his most effective work as an Ambassador. He was

untiring. He seemed to be burning up with the intensity of his effort to get military and other aid to his countrymen—"Those men who are dying while we are talking," as he would often say.

I came to know Constantine Oumansky well and to admire him immensely while we were working together in connection with Lend-Lease and Aid to Russia, during those desperate and fateful days. Many times, during that period, was I struck with his sheer high-mindedness, his personal honor, his absolute mental honesty.

During those days, and later, both in Moscow and in Mexico, we had long interchanges of views on the war and the peace, and the relations of our countries both now and in the post-war era. He was passionately devoted to his country. There was no question of his steadfast devotion to unity between his country and ours, as a fundamental of world peace. It is because of these facts that I find so great a public loss in his tragic and untimely death.

To those who were fond of these two fine people there is only one solace in this tragedy. It is that the light went out for them both at the same time. That is what each would have desired. Only a year ago, when in Mexico City, I was impressed with their devotion to each other. Each took me aside to tell me what a terrible blow the other had suffered in the tragic and untimely death of their only child—a beautiful young girl. Their sorrow was pathetic, it was so profound and deep. It was, however, beautified by the concern with which each was trying to shield the other from reminders of their sorrow.

Ambassador Oumansky was a man of great ability, of brilliant mental gifts, and of high and altruistic purpose. He served his Government and his people devotedly and proudly. His death means a great loss to his Government and to his people. It means a loss also to the United Nations in their effort to create a decent and durable peace. His friends will miss him and his wife, with vivid and affectionate memory.

A New Democratic Poland Rises

by LEO KRZYCKI

A leader of American labor and American Slavs hails the liberation of Poland and its new Provisional Government

THIS is a glorious moment in the history of the long-suffering, oft-martyred Polish people. All Poland has been liberated! The historic cities of Warsaw, Cracow, Radom, Lodz, and Czestochowa have been cleansed of their German occupiers. A new Polish nation is rising—a “free, strong, and truly democratic Poland.” Everywhere, Poles and those of Polish descent thrill to the news of the past few weeks.

For Poles throughout the world have a special reason to be proud. Marching shoulder-to-shoulder with the Red Army have been Polish divisions, officered by Poles. These sons of Poland have advanced with the Soviet armies in what may well be the single greatest campaign in military history. Side by side, the two armies have taken grim revenge on the German invaders for their long years of terror, hunger, spoliation, and mass murder at the hands of the Nazi barbarians. For the heroic Polish people, the long night is ended. The dawn of freedom has come.

As an American of Polish descent, I cannot withhold my joy at these events. I see the Polish people in a position now to bind up their wounds and go forward to build a free, strong and prosperous nation on democratic foundations. I consider the Provisional Government of Poland the authentic representative of these democratic stirrings and aspirations—sprung from the people, it reflects their will and their demands. It owes its mandate to them, the men and women of Poland who endured so much under the German jackboot, but who have lived to see all Poland free and the armies of liberation driving toward Berlin. It derives its powers from the consent of the governed, the Poles of the Underground, the armed forces under General Rola-Zymierski, the citizens in the liberated

areas, all of whom have shown to the world the truth of the proverb that Poland is not dead so long as they are alive.

Many, especially in the United States, may ask: “But is the Provisional Government really democratic, really representative?” I recall reading an editorial last October in the *New York Times*, which ran: “But what Americans would like to see in Poland is not a government forced upon it by Britain or by the United States or by the Russians, but one freely chosen in a democratic election.”

I agree wholeheartedly. I, too, as an American of Polish descent, would like to see such a Poland. And the Provisional Government represents that Poland! Of that, I am convinced. The local elections in the towns and villages of liberated Poland are proof to me of democracy. The broad, all-party composition of the Warsaw régime—containing representatives of every democratic-minded political party in Poland: the Democratic Party, the Peasants Party, the Polish Socialist Party (PPS), and the Polish Workers Party—confirms its fundamental democracy.

And finally, this fact is for me all-important: every one of the leaders of the Lublin Government comes to it directly from the Underground, from the heat and fury of the Polish struggle against the Nazi criminals. Whether it be Bierut, Osobka-Morawski, Gombolka, Janusz, or Rola-Zymierski—they are all men who stayed inside Poland with their compatriots and fought against the Hitler scourge. They all are leaders of the National Council of Poland, the highest expression of the Underground. I have read and re-read the Manifesto of July 22, 1944, issued by the Polish Committee of Na-

tional Liberation at Lublin (now the Provisional Government), and I say to those who are concerned about Poland's fate: Read the Manifesto! That is the program for a people's Poland, for a nation that will make real the promises of the democratic Constitution of 1921, for a country that will live up to democracy both at home and abroad—democracy arising throughout free Poland. Trade unions, cooperatives, cultural and other organizations of the people are being re-established; schools and churches are re-opening again. People have taken their destiny in their own hands. People have built the Polish Army of 300,000 strong which is fighting side by side with the Red Army, as brothers-in-arms.

Can anyone, by any stretch of the imagination, call the London émigré Government-in-Exile democratic? Do their powers derive from the consent of the Polish people, or from the big landowners, the reactionary Colonels' clique, the handful of anti-democratic noblemen and politicians who have cut themselves off from the healthy elements of the nation? Even if we invoke democracy in the most formal sense, it is impossible to consider the London group, heirs of the semi-fascist Constitution of 1935, the authentic representatives of the Polish people. By their sins of commission and omission, they have forfeited all right to this title. They represent the dead hand of the past; they speak for a day that will never return. Whatever schemes they hatch or discords they foment, they are foredoomed to failure. Self-exiled and adrift, they have “missed the bus” of history.

But let us turn to the record of the fledgling Warsaw Government. What has it accomplished in the brief space



Left: Volunteers enlisting in the Polish Army at Chelm.

Right: Red Army troops stream into liberated Warsaw.



it has held office? For this, too, is an index of democratic progress. The first problem it has tackled is the key to Poland's economy: the land. More than two-thirds of her population were employed on the land before 1939. While farms were generally moderate-sized and individually owned in Western Poland, Eastern Poland was a region of great estates and semi-feudal conditions. Here were the properties of the Potockis, the Radziwills, the Sapiehas, and the Cicchanowskis. I remember visiting Poland in 1930: I spoke to many a peasant in personal conversation and at sizable mass meetings. I could see with my own eyes how closely bound to the earth the Polish peasant was. I told them that a day would come when the earth and all its fullness would be theirs to own, to till, and to harvest. They looked at me half longing, half incredulous. They almost dared not hope that the rich black Polish earth would one day be theirs to own.

Yet in the few months it has been in office, the Lublin Polish Committee of National Liberation hastened the breakup of the large estates and distribution of land to the landless. Already over 110,000 peasant families in Eastern and Central Poland have received acreage. It has not been easy to carry through large-scale agrarian reform; five years of war have left their harsh imprint on the land, fields have lain fallow, landlords with the mentality of the old régime have obstructed the reforms, and sometimes there has not been sufficient tillable land available to satisfy the peasants' pent-up land hunger. The Government admits that it has encountered obstacles. But the real point is that it has made a start. The *New York Times* correspondent, W. H. Lawrence, remarked recently that agrarian reform had hitherto been a dry concept for him, a shopworn phrase of economists and sociologists. But when he saw what it meant in actual practice, in the real life of these Polish peasant families, he could not refrain from expressing his enthusiasm at what the Lublin Government was attempting and the way it was tackling the job.

The same is true of industry. Before 1939, Poland was not a great industrial power, only about ten per cent of her people having been engaged in industry. But the Provisional Government means to make Poland into a prosperous industrial power by exploiting all her natural resources, by



Leaders of the new Poland. Reading down, President Boleslaw Bierut, Premier Edward Osobka-Morawski, Minister of War and Commander-in-Chief, Gen. Rola-Zymierski.

modernizing her physical plants, and by intensifying her two-way foreign trade, especially with the adjacent Soviet Union and liberated Czechoslovakia. Notwithstanding the hardships of war, bad weather, and chronic shortages of fuels and raw materials, industries have revived in many parts of liberated Poland, in Przemyśl, Białystok, Praga, Siedlce, and Lublin. Fortunately, most of the industries in Lodz, "the Manchester of Poland," and Cracow have been reported intact, the retreating German armies having been driven out be-

fore destroying the cities by fire or explosives. This, with the capture of the industrially rich area of Silesia, will be an inestimable boon to reviving Polish industry. Already oil-wells in Krosno are being exploited, sugar refineries in Lublin province, tanneries and textile factories are going full blast. The *New York Times* correspondent, Lawrence, who was present when the first tin-plate mill in liberated Poland was opened, called it "a symbol of the slow and painful but encouraging progress this nation is making toward economic recovery after more than five years of German rule."

But what about religion? The whole world knows that Poland is a Catholic nation, the overwhelming majority of its people adhering to that faith. Does the Lublin Government believe in freedom of religion? Are Catholics free to worship their faith? The truth of the matter is that Catholic churches are open, Catholics are free to worship when and as they please, priests are free to conduct their religious services, and freedom of religion is a fact in liberated Poland. Indeed, the Government has even taken steps to protect the Church. Money has been appropriated to restore damaged Catholic churches, the extensive land-holdings of the Church have not been subject to expropriation, the Catholic University of Lublin has been aided and encouraged to broaden its curriculum by adding an agricultural and a pre-medical school, and Catholic priests have cooperated splendidly in the arduous tasks of physical and spiritual reconstruction. Some, like Father Julian Losiecki, have been decorated by representatives of the Soviet High Command on the Western Front for their bravery and "military achievements." Let me quote Mr. Lawrence of the *New York Times* again:

"In dealing with the Roman Catholic Church the Lublin Government has been meticulously and scrupulously correct. Church leaders with whom I have talked assure me that they have complete liberty of religious education, religious services and church administration."

And when the Government instituted its land reforms:

"... it was careful to exclude the large properties owned by the Church, even where there is a demand for division of Church land—and the Church owns large estates. This problem will be considered, but only after the war, after the people will choose a Parliament in free elections."

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INSIDE LIBERATED POLAND

by ANNA LOUISE STRONG

The real story behind General Bor's uprising—how the Polish people are rebuilding their lives—Democracy at work

AS I write these lines the Red Army is liberating the last areas of Poland in the most spectacular blitz of this or any other war. And in all the liberated towns and villages millions of emaciated, underfed Poles emerge from cellars or return from concentration camps, and cheer the Red Army and the new Polish Army and begin to rebuild a civilian life.

How do they do it? By what process do they organize a community life from chaos? What part does the provisional government organized in Lublin last New Year's Eve, play? The answers are needed not only to understand Poland, but also to understand the future of Europe and the post-war world.

Note first that destruction of all means of an ordinary civilian life is part of the Nazi strategy. They still intend to remain the strongest power in ruined Europe preparing for ultimate victory in the third world war. Optimists in America who think the war is won already should realize that the Germans today possess factories, engineers, mechanics, economic and political apparatus, and have destroyed these things in all surrounding lands.

The Red Army of course understands this, and adapts its own strategy accordingly. They made long preparations and then they staged a terrific breakthrough, penetrating swiftly far into the enemy rear and encircling cities which the Germans still are using, and which consequently are not yet destroyed. The partisans also understand this and check Nazi destruction in the final moment of demoralization.

The extent of destruction differs therefore in different areas. Warsaw, for instance, as a city does not exist today. There is no water supply, no gas, and no electricity. No house has been preserved fully. All churches and historic monuments have been levelled. One cannot walk through many streets.

General Bor's Fatal Uprising

The direct cause of this utter destruction of one of Europe's great capitals—Warsaw formerly had a population of a million and a half and is

now probably the greatest single pile of ruins anywhere on earth—was the uprising staged last August, by General Bor under the instructions of the Poles from London without consultation with the Red Army. The Red Army's strategy was to take the city by encirclement, preserving the capital and the population, but this required the longest and most careful preparations and it was impossible to end the summer offensive two and three hundred miles from the base.

Bor's uprising was not synchronized with the Red Army. It destroyed the Polish capital and probably a quarter of a million Polish lives, mostly civilians who did not participate in the uprising and were caught in a trap. The Nazis thoroughly bombed the city during the uprising and afterwards systematically blew it up block by block, deporting or killing the inhabitants. The few tens of thousands of the population straggling back to the ruins curse the London Poles and General Bor.

When I was in Praga a few weeks ago, Lieutenant General Korczyz of the First Polish Army (organized in the USSR) gave me the first complete account of relations with the ill-fated Warsaw uprising which began August 1 under orders of General Bor, military representative in Poland for the London-Polish government. This is what he told me:

"When the uprising broke out we were forty-five miles south of Warsaw, while the Red Army was also ten miles to the east separated by the heaviest enemy fortifications and also by the Vistula. The insurgents made no attempt to inform us. We didn't even know where they were.

"Only on September 12 two women messengers finally reached us coming through sewers and across rivers. These were not from Bor's army, which from first to last never tried to contact us. The women messengers were from the People's Army from the northern part of the Warsaw region, called Zoliborz, which also joined in the uprising. The largest area held by the insurgents was in central Warsaw, contacting Zoliborz only by sewers. So for the first time we had exact specifications as to where to drop arms.

"The following night more than two hundred Red Army planes dropped munitions and arms to the insurgents. This continued thereafter nightly from dark until dawn for more than two weeks until capitulation. They were dropped both on Zoliborz and in central Warsaw, as soon as we knew where the insurgents were. Dozens of tons of munitions, food, rifles, automatics, even machine guns were thus dropped directly to the insurgents without parachutes, from planes flying only a few feet over the roofs. They fell directly into their hands.

"Also we immediately dropped a radio man, with full equipment, in Zoliborz, with orders to contact all insurgent forces in Warsaw and communicate their needs. They sent requests and we fulfilled them. They said to send artillery to such and such a spot and we sent it. They said, good, send more and we sent more. But all this time they never gave us any information. We never knew with whom we spoke. We never knew who was commanding the insurgents. We never knew whether Bor himself was in Warsaw until the Germans announced he was their prisoner."

"How then did you know that the requests came from the insurgents and not from the enemy?" I asked General Korczyz, and he smiled.

"Easily. The requests reached our radio man from officers in the army who were in Zoliborz and who were connected with the center by the sewer route. They told us what they wanted but they never told us what they were intending or doing. After they surrendered we lost our radio man and never heard from him again."

To my question as to whether any attempts were made to force the Vistula, Korczyz replied in the affirmative.

"The First Polish Army sent several expeditions across the Vistula at heavy cost. From the military standpoint this was foolish, the conditions were incredibly bad, but we couldn't leave the Poles fighting the Germans alone. All these crossings ended disastrously because General Bor's officers avoided contact with us. For instance, in the Cherniakow district, south of the Pon-

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A LETTER TO WILLIAM L. WHITE

by RAYMOND ARTHUR DAVIES

A fellow-correspondent who saw the real Russia refutes White's slanders of a brave people in the *Reader's Digest*

DEAR Bill:

I read your article with great interest. After all, you and I were both so close to death during that harrowing German air raid on the American air-base in Russia that I suppose we have a right to speak pretty freely to one another. I remember how rather shaken you looked when you turned up after the raid, your natty uniform torn to shreds by splinters, your hat almost carved in two, the brass eagle bent. We kidded about it that morning, but death was close and in retrospect I suppose we live on fairly borrowed time.

Do you remember Bill, how in the very midst of the raid, with bombs coming down one after another, aircraft blazing everywhere and Nazi "butterfly" mines littering the field, the Russians blocked off the field, prevented American airmen from going to their machines and instead sent their own fire fighting squads made up of women? Ten times as many Russian girls were killed saving American machines as American airmen. Those of us on the spot were most impressed by this demonstration of regard for the Americans, the Russians' allies. We thought the Russians had indeed given more than could be asked of them. You were there, Bill, you knew of this—all of us talked of it after the raid—and yet your article makes no mention of this heroism.

That was only one incident of your five weeks in Russia and of my year. I thought at the time that you saw the Russians as most of us' correspondents saw them, a brave people, not without shortcomings, going towards victory

through incredible sufferings and undergoing privations for the sake of the freedom of their country. We saw neither paradise nor hell in Russia, but after reading your incredible "report" I am driven to conclude that you didn't see Russia at all.

You know Bill, I think your dad, one of America's great exponents of liberty, must be restless in the beyond reading your words. Why should he not be restless? Have you not dragged the honored White name through mire?

How blind you are Bill. You write that in Moscow you walked through "wide, incredibly muddy streets, sidewalks full of hurrying shabby people walking past the dingy shops in dilapidated buildings." You write, "It takes me a week to figure out that what is missing is competition," that, "It is a matter of indifference to the government whether the public chooses to buy its socks or sausages at one drab government bureau or at a similar one down the street." What nonsense. I can hardly believe that you who spent five weeks in Russia could have seen the country through the glasses of such falsehood. Everybody knows what is missing in Russia: it is not competition, it is production of civilian consumption goods. These consumption goods are missing (you know this as well as I), because *all* production has been turned to the needs of war.

If our own United States and Canada had had a third of our industrial enterprises ruined by the war, more than a third of the population living under enemy occupation, more than a tenth of the population in the army, and one tenth killed, would lack

of competition be responsible for the certain absence of consumption goods? Only the blind would say so. Are you blind Bill? Are there no silk or nylon stockings or undies in America today because of lack of competition?

Some things you write are questionable because they are such absurd generalizations. You say, "Almost always capitalism pioneers while socialism merely copies." I presume by socialism you mean Russia. Now let's see. The Russians have shown the world how to develop the North, bring wheat to the Arctic circle, establish herds of cattle at the icy shores of the Arctic Ocean. They have found paths for the abolition of racial hatreds, they have abolished unemployment, discovered ways of utilizing underground coal deposits without extracting the coal itself, pioneered air-borne and parachute troops, killed the most Germans. In doing these things they were always handicapped by the former backwardness of their country (a quarter of a century ago it had practically no industry) and by their need to have a powerful army, and to build tanks and planes.

You say, "the tenants live (in workers' apartments) because they belong to the factory where they work or because they lack the necessary prestige or political connections to wangle more square metres of living space in a better apartment house." What insinuating words, but how meaningless. The workers live in their apartments because these apparently belong to their factory which belongs to them. Sometimes these apartments are poorly built, sometimes they are ugly. The Russians

Bill White saw only "drab and dreary and dilapidated buildings" in the USSR. He could not have seen these in Minsk (left) because the Germans had reduced them to rubble. But he must have seen workers' club houses like this one in Baku (right), and workers' homes like this (center).



Some of Mr. White's Unsmiling Russians

Upper right: Sergeant Tsiganov, just after taking 20 Jerries prisoner.

Lower right: Some Red Army men during a lull in the front lines.

Left, reading down: Moscow schoolgirls who volunteered as frontline nurses — Three of Moscow's crack gymnasts, A. Roganov, A. Andrianov and V. Kozarin, off for the front— Lieutenants Fedorov and Forontov swap stories about ramming German planes.



—dwellers, managers, architects, government workers—don't like them that way, but they have been handicapped by lack of materials, by lack of building trade workers, by lack of those things which make our homes—for those who have the money—so attractive. The reason? Karo Alabian, vice-president of the Soviet Architectural Academy gave it to me so aptly: "Our mortar plants are wonderfully suited to turn out door-handles and hinges and wall-brackets and steel window frames. What has been more important during the past decade Davies, house fixtures or mortars?"

So many words Bill. You say, "Until he (Johnston), has been in Moscow for a while he can't conceive how closely these reporters are held down; how seldom they are allowed to leave Moscow; how little they see or hear." Now all of the correspondents in Moscow including myself complain that they don't see or hear enough; never-

theless in all justice the record must be set down. I came to Moscow in January, 1944. I was taken to Smolensk two days after I arrived. In February I was in Leningrad. In April in Odessa, in May in Romania. Then in Minsk, Vitebsk, Lublin, Tallinn. You remember Bill, during your stay in Russia, there were times when correspondents refused to go out of town because there was too much to do in Moscow. And all this does not deny that we correspondents passionately want to see more and particularly should like to find ways of knowing better and more closely the Russian people, the plain folk.

The Russians' "shabby" clothes have become an obsession with you. You see them worn by the audience at the Tchaikowsky Hall. You play on this word in every way. And yet you know that the Russians have been at war for more than three years, and preparing for this war for many more. I

too have seen materials from which Russian clothes are made. The quality is good, but they are not as fine as ours, they are not as pretty. They don't have the shiny doodads that our designers add to women's dresses to make them more beautiful and striking. The Russians are hungry for costume jewelry and pretty buttons. The Russians have a great deal to learn from us and I think they want to learn. But the reason they have not learned is because they were so engrossed in making guns that they never did get to the finer details of living. What has been more important, guns or buttons, Bill?

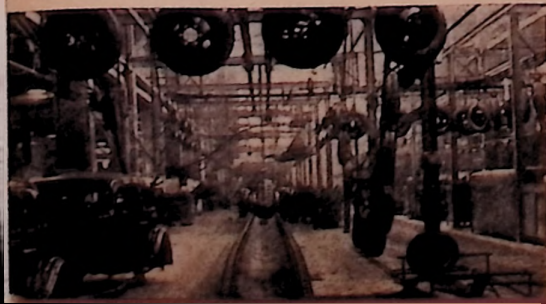
Beginning with "shabby" you become entranced with the word "poor". "poorly fed", "poorly dressed", "poor material"—such frightening words. Why do you stress this so much? Is it to awaken American sympathy for the struggles of the Russian people for survival? Or is it to cast aspersion

upon the Russian past, the years since the Revolution on which you blame "malnutrition which brought bad bone structure." Some more words Bill at, is it a dollar a word? Speak to any anthropologist and he will tell you that the Slavs and Mongols are generally squatter than the Anglo-Saxons, and that the Europeans are generally shorter than the Americans. Yes, years of the American high standard of living have told on the health and general aspect of our people. The Russians have never reached the standards of living of the Americans, but they were well on their way when the war cut short their efforts.

You seem to suffer great pangs of pity for the "underfed audience of about five thousand waiting for ten minutes while (you) dallied with your second piece of chocolate layer pastry and that last sip of champagne." Well, I have been in the Tchaikowsky Hall many times and it only seats twenty-five hundred to begin with, and secondly how did you know that the audience was underfed? We know that the Russians have restricted their diet to bare essentials so that they may concentrate on war production and feeding the army. In 1942 and 1943 perhaps the whole Tchaikowsky Hall audience might have been underfed. But during your visit in 1944? I hardly think so.

You looked around the Hall and you wondered where the old people were. "Did they sicken and die during the terrible famines of the revolution?" you ask, "Or were they liquidated in later purges?" How differently people see Russia! I saw plenty of old people in Moscow, in fact often I was shocked by the preponderance of age, which seems to indicate that the young people are at the front or have suffered terribly in the war. And you know as well as I that Russia is essentially a country of young people because of its enormous birth rate, encouraged, it is said, by the certainty of making a living.

At the Stalin Auto Plant in Moscow—This looks remarkably like a conveyor, although according to White there were none in factories he visited, only some "makeshift affairs."



You say that the Moskva Hotel, which by the way is quite as good as some of the better hotels in America—something you forgot to mention—is "reserved for high-ranking Communist officials and Red Army officers." Now I too have visited the Moskva Hotel on business. Here, during the year, I interviewed the following people: A Ukrainian professor of history, a prize-winning plasterer from Sverdlovsk, a woman tank corps officer, the chairman of one of the Donets Basin trade unions, a soldier in Moscow to receive his Hero of the Soviet Union decoration. None of these were high-ranking officials.

You say, "The Russian belongs to his job." Heartless isn't it? I think we might perhaps improve on that sentence and state that the "job belongs to his Russian." I know that you and the *Reader's Digest* know the difference.

Too bad about toilet paper in Russia, isn't it? It's absence annoyed me as much as you, only I recall that we in Canada have had to shift much of our electric power from paper to aluminum. The quality of toilet paper in Canada has suffered. Sometimes one thinks Russian newsprint would be an improvement over it.

You say, "Most American reporters lose ten to twenty pounds on the Russian diet." I suppose you have in mind Bill Lawrence of the *New York Times* who is a pretty hefty man—I know this from my own experience. I had to carry him once. But I gained about fifteen pounds in Russia, and Ella Winter gained, if I may tell tales out of school—and I don't suppose Ralph Parker or Marjorie Shaw or Alaric Jacob lost any weight either. Dave Nichol was always thin. On the correspondent's diet it was hard to slim.

The Moscow subway system is small, you say. Well they have only begun building it not long ago and even at that it has some fifty or more stations and is growing even during the war.

You dramatically recount how you told a Russian who inquired about the second front that we had "seven fronts". Now the thing that has impressed me most in Russia during my stay was the deep gratitude of the Russian people for the opening of the Western front, and their certainty that it would be a good job well done. There was no rancor among the Russians in connection with the opening of the second front; rather they thought that the whole show might have been over

sooner had we invaded Europe earlier. What good did you do by your seven-front reply? And how honest was it?

And then there is your story about the terrible factory that you saw. I cannot challenge your words that this factory was dirty and inefficient. I didn't see it. But I did see three factories during my stay in Russia. The first was a plant using Canadian nickel to make high test steel. This resembled any other plant of this type in America or Canada built between 1920 and 1935. It was neither worse nor better. I visited an aluminum rolling mill near Moscow, that used Canadian aluminum. It was so clean that you could proverbially eat off the floor. There was much sunlight, plenty of air, the workers were well dressed and looked quite well-fed. I visited the largest printing plant in Russia. It was just about the same as any printing plant in America.

You say you saw managers who didn't know their industry's plans for peace time production. The manager of the aluminum plant I visited knew all about them and was not loath to share them with me and I in turn discussed them in many articles. The censors had no objection.

You say that the entire output of the one company that makes automobiles in Russia goes to the privileged class. More words. Cheap words I think, at high, too high, rates. There are three plants in Russia producing automobiles but their total production is absorbed by the army, war industry and agriculture. The time has not yet come when private citizens can get priorities high enough to buy a car. What about America at war, Bill?

The would-be *pièce de résistance* of your story, Bill seems to be the tale of "the N. K. V. D. plain clothes man who is always with us" who "firmly" put a hand on the shoulder of a young director "with whom you talked and who wanted to go on talking." Now I don't doubt that there are N. K. V. D. men about wherever foreigners move around Russian war plants and in the war zone. I hear the FBI follows the same procedure in the United States. But I think that in the rather varied experience of the whole war correspondents' corp in Moscow during the past year we have never seen such a thing happen as you describe. We've always had N. K. V. D. men with us on our trips. But on these trips we

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The 44th Month

by Capt. SERGEI N. KOURNAKOFF

IN the closing paragraph of our last month's review we emphasized the importance of the battle of Hungary as an operation preparing the way for outflanking Germany from the south. At that time, when the big blow in the center was about to be struck, it was not possible to write about another meaning of this operation; that of its attracting German reserves from the Polish front, thus weakening it for the great breakthrough on the Vistula which came precisely at the moment when our article went to press.

While Marshals Malinovsky and Tolbukhin continued to hold off the Germans at a safe distance from Budapest, grinding down their manpower and equipment at a high rate (50-80 tanks a day) and whittling away the surrounded garrison in Budapest, five great offensives were uncorked within four days (January 12-15) between the Baltic and the Western Carpathians.

On January 12 General Cherniakhovsky opened his offensive in eastern East Prussia with Koenigsberg as his main objective.

On the same day Marshal Konev moved out of his Vistula bridgehead west of Sandomierz, with Breslau and Cracow as his main objectives.

On January 14 Marshal Rokossovsky broke out of his Narev bridgehead northwest of Warsaw and began his march to the Baltic, with Elbing and Danzig as his objectives.

On the same day Marshal Zhukov set his "bulldozer" in motion, with Warsaw, Posnan, Frankfurt and Berlin as his objectives.

The next day, January 15, General Petrov went into action astride the Tatra Mountains, advancing toward the Oder-Morava gap.

On January 28 General Bagramian struck a local but powerful blow in Lithuania and captured Memel.

Thus the greatest offensive operations, involving a quintuple breakthrough of the enemy front were launched in a matter of four days.

At this writing (February 4) the Soviet offensive has been going on for three weeks and it is possible to say that its first cycle has been completed; the Red Army has crashed through from the Vistula to the Oder.

BETWEEN THE VISTULA & ODER

Line of black dots—front as of Jan. 12

Line of light dots—front as of Jan. 19

Line of crosses—front as of Jan. 26

Thick black line—front as of Feb. 3
Dotted area—Berlin fortified area



The central wedge (Marshal Zhukov and his concentration of armored power and motorized artillery and infantry) has covered a distance of 275 miles from Warsaw to the approaches to Kuestrin and Frankfurt. To the right Marshal Rokossovsky has covered 130 miles from the Narev to the Bay of Danzig. On the left, Marshal Konev has advanced some 200 miles from Staszow west of Sandomierz almost to Glogau in Silesia. On the extreme right, General Cherniakhovsky has advanced 100 miles from Stalluponen to the Bay of Danzig west of Koenigsberg. On the extreme left General Petrov has advanced 75 miles through the Carpathians, from the Wisloka River to the Poprad.

Judging by the figures on German losses during the first two weeks of the Soviet offensive, it may be said that the enemy has lost in three weeks *more than half a million in killed and captured alone.* (The figures for the first two weeks are: 295,000 men killed and 86,300 captured; 442 planes destroyed and 150 captured; 2,137 tanks destroyed and 875 captured; 3,490 guns destroyed and 4,424 captured, as well as 25,000 motor vehicles destroyed.)

The area wrested by the Red Army from the Germans (in Poland, Germany and Czechoslovakia) is larger than the area of Holland and Belgium put together. More than 300 large towns and more than a score thousand inhabited localities have been captured.

As a glance at the map will show, the entire huge operation was conducted along the principle of the expanding wedge. The wedge threatens

the Berlin fortified zone (dotted area between the Oder and the Elbe), presses the northern German grouping toward the Baltic and presses the southern German grouping against the Sudeten and Erz Gebirge.

North of the huge wedge East Prussia has been surrounded, reduced by nine-tenths and is being completely liquidated as a military *place d'armes* which could have threatened the right flank of the central wedge. South of the wedge industrial Silesia has been almost entirely overrun, with most of its enterprises centering around Beuthern, Hindenberg, Katowice, Sosnowice and Gleiqitz captured in running condition (in spite of the strategic bombings from the west).

The Germans have two long and narrow salients encompassing the wedge—Pomerania and Western Silesia, but as Max Werner put it so well the other day in PM, these "are not strategic salients, but broken wings." Two long sausages between the northwestern face of the Soviet wedge and the Baltic, and between the southwestern face of the wedge and the mountains of Czechoslovakia, with their tenuous communication lines (Berlin-Danzig and Berlin-Ratibor) threatened by the Red Army at close range, cannot serve as areas for the concentration of powerful counter-offensive forces.

Aside from the havoc wrought in German ranks by the steamroller advance of the central wedge, numerous pockets exist in the rear, where enemy forces are hopelessly isolated. The largest of these areas of encirclement are: northwest Latvia where probably

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SOVIET CHILD CARE IN WARTIME

by DR. V. UBAROVSKAYA

HAVING learned that the Women's Committee of the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship has sent a "Library on Care of Children" to the Central Institute of Mother and Child Welfare (also known as the Central Scientific Research Institute of Pediatrics, Moscow), the Institute wishes to express its high appreciation of American women's solicitude for Russian children, and tell our friends abroad about the work carried on in the Institute.

Our Institute for many years has devoted itself to the improvement of diagnosis and treatment of sick children. Its main efforts, however, have been directed towards working out prophylactic measures to prevent disease among children. The problems taken up include physiological responses of different age groups, child feeding and development, organization of children's institutions, supervision of advice to parents and questions of social legislation. There are two scientific research institutions in Moscow, namely the Institute of Mother and Child Welfare and the Institute of Obstetrics and Gynecology, and a regularly supervised growing network of children's, lying-in and auxiliary institutions in the country.

The Institute of Mother and Child Welfare conducts work on vital questions of pediatrics as well as pedagogical activities enabling the doctors to specialize, and training personnel.

During its early years the Institute's chief concern was the reduction of infant mortality in our country. In its scientific as well as in its practical work, the Institute devoted a great deal of attention to the proper feeding of breast infants, the care of babies, correct regimes for bringing up children, hygienic advice to mothers, etc.

The Institute aids the People's Commissariat of Health in setting up children's institutions, consultation centers, polyclinics, nurseries, milk kitchens, infant homes, children's sanatoriums and hospitals. The Institute is also planning to establish a center of Soviet Pediatrics. For many years before the war our Institute made an extensive study, which it continues to date, on ways and means of preventing measles. As a result there has been reduction of more than one-fifth in cases of measles

during the war years. Of great interest, too, is the work being conducted by clinicians, physiologists and bacteriologists on whooping cough.

The work of Professor Schelovanov and his colleagues in the field of the development and bringing up of children is of particular interest. During the past few years, the Professor and his assistants have enriched science and practice with very valuable studies on the behavior and bringing up of children up to three years. Their work on the conditioned reflex, development of the higher nervous activity, development of the central nervous system and speech, study of sleep and wakefulness in children, made it possible to work out an improved system of rearing children, which is today extensively practiced in all our children's institutions.

Thanks to the solicitude of the Soviet Government, the efforts of health protection organizations and the scientific research work of the Pediatrics Institute, infant mortality has been reduced one third despite the difficulties of wartime, whereas during the First World War infant mortality increased almost thirty per cent.

The Institute has published many text books of scientific and organizational material and other literature of child hygiene and education. The text book on pediatrics, written by the Institute's colleagues under the supervision of Professor Speransky, honored scientist, has become a handy and invaluable reference book for many children's doctors. The works of the Institute's colleagues are a basic aid in organization of nursery work, children's consultation centers, infant homes and so forth. At the same time the Institute has issued many popular works on feeding, child care and education and advice to mothers.

The war has of course somewhat changed the functions of the Institute and given rise to a number of problems requiring immediate solution. Among these has been the problem of protecting children during air raids. On the basis of clinical experimental research on breathing peculiarities, ways and means for collective and individual protection of children have been worked out. Prominent in our work at present are problems of physical

development, sickness and mortality among children under wartime conditions, and premature infants. Another matter of special importance is that of psychological traumatic effects of war conditions on children, to which our psychiatric clinic is now devoting itself.

But one of the most pressing problems of all has been the organization of children's institutions under wartime conditions and during evacuation. Our program during the current year gives primary consideration to the organization of children's institutions in the areas liberated from the invaders as well as to questions of legislation arising from the great number of children who have been orphaned.

Our Institute is in fact the center for the planning and construction of children's institutions, and through its different departments is in charge of furnishing and equipping children's institutions as well as problems of food and clothing. It offers consultations to workers in children's institutions in the provinces who constantly apply to the Institute for advice on these matters either in person or in writing. A special office of the Institute sends out written instructions and information.

At the present time the institute is actively aiding the People's Commissariat of Health in restoring the network of children's institutions in the Ukraine, Byelo-Russia, Latvia, Estonia, Moldavia and other Soviet Republics. The German barbarians burned and plundered children's institutions but these are already being rebuilt and re-established by the local health departments. In Kiev, Kharkov and Minsk scientific institutions and mother and child welfare institutes have resumed their functions and are already engaged in reestablishing children's institutions. Just as soon as the enemy is dislodged one of the first steps taken by the health authorities is to reopen medical and children's institutions and today there is already a dense network of nurseries, consultation centers and milk kitchens in the liberated districts.

The eastern and southern republics in the USSR, which suffered less than the occupied areas, have undertaken to send aid and the whole country is making a united effort to rehabilitate children's institutions throughout the territory liberated from the enemy.

THEY NEVER GIVE UP

by ELLA WINTER



Husband and wife team of a self-propelled gun. Vera Orlova is commander, Nikolai Orlov driver and mechanic. She was an art student before the war, he a tractor driver.

EVERY woman in Russia plays her part in the war. Every woman is mobilized. You can call it slave labor if your name is William L. White, you can say it reminds you of Leavenworth. But then you can call Americans in the American Army and Navy slave labor too, if you want to. I don't. It happens Americans want to defend their country, and world freedom. So do Russians. Russian women want to work, fight, shoot, drive tanks, fly, grow potatoes, harvest crops, nurse sick children back to health, mother orphans, spin and card wool—do any job that will defeat the German invader. They want to drive the enemy and all his works out of the country, and end the war.

They get tired, they get worn, they weep—but they never stop. That's what was a never-ending amazement to me; they never stop. I would watch the worn women lugging heavy sacks in the crowded Metro—bags of potatoes they'd harvested in their victory gardens, cheap net shopping bags heavy with cabbages and black bread, watch them dragging along, shabby, cold, with torn canvas shoes, sometimes openly crying—and I'd say to myself: "How long can you hold out? When will you say: 'I give up'?"

I never saw a Russian woman give up.

I was at a collective farm. It was a

small village which had been ruined by the Germans. When I say ruined I want you to get the picture. The church was rubble. The big rest-home, recently constructed, was a heap of stones. The site of the hospital was a patch of blackened mud. "It was one of the best-equipped hospitals in the region," the women told me.

The ground floor of the school wasn't there. And every house, I mean every single log-hut that had sheltered the ninety-four families on this farm, was burned to the soil. All the stock had gone: all the horses, pigs, goats, sheep, cattle, chickens. All.

The men had gone also, all save two, and these two were returned war invalids, each minus an arm.

But the farm was being rebuilt. The wives and daughters were working. And how they were working! They led me through sheds of seed cabbages, carrots, potatoes. They showed me how they cut the potatoes into parts and planted the separate parts (as long as they have eyes), so as to double and triple the crop. They peeled carrots for us—the biggest, fattest raw carrots I'd ever eaten. They took us into a newly built chicken-run—so modern that it had the same equipment I put into my chicken run in the Adirondacks a couple of years ago, on the advice of Cornell Agricultural College.

The woman in charge was fifty-eight year old Feokla Yaroveyevna Kuznetsova. She stood there with a shawl about her head and showed me the fat, clean, white and speckled hens, proudly. I asked how she knew so much about poultry-raising. "Our brigade leader, Anna Petrovna, tells me what to do if I don't know," she said. Just then thirty-three year old Anna Petrovna walked in, a sizzling mass of bustling energy. "You see her, she knows, you can tell that," said Feokla, and I suddenly got a choking feeling that she regretted she was fifty-eight and would have twenty-five less years to give than the young shock brigadier to the upbuilding of her chicken-run.

And then I met a girl who has become for me the symbol of Russian women in the war. She wasn't heroic or hifalutin at all. She just sat in a clean, sweet-smelling pigsty in the *Novy Put*

Kolkhoz, with a thermometer in her lap. In the stables were six or eight stalls and in each stall a huge mother sow, pink and scrubbed and spotless, with her piglets, the best-groomed little suckling pigs you ever saw, on pure, clean straw. I marvelled at the cleanliness and the girl laughed. Anastasia Andreyevna Markova was doing her job, that's all. I asked her to come over to one of the newly-built pine cottages for dinner and she refused.

"I can't leave here," she said. "The temperature might drop and my pigs catch cold. We can't afford that."

"Don't you get lonely sitting here all day alone?"

"Oh no," said Anastasia. "I have my books, my work. I have a lot to learn yet." And she showed me her agricultural text books.

"You've rebuilt your herd of pigs?"

"We've got as many now as we had before the Germans came," she said.

We walked away through the bitter, biting wind. I felt Anastasia was restoring the farm's pig herd, and she was helping win the war, and she was rebuilding Russia.

There was another girl like that. Pasha Yermolinka. She had been deported as a slave to Germany, had escaped, and gone back to her native village in the Ukraine. When she got there, the Germans were still in occupation. She hid, till the Red Army came. They told her to stay there and help restore the collective farms. Half the village had been burned, most of the young people had been deported or hanged. Pasha's girl friend had been hanged, her baby shot.

"So we had to do all the work, the few of us who were left," she told me. "We had to make up for the ones who were gone."

When I had asked her about her German experiences she had grown emotional, dropped her head on her arm and sobbed.

"And what are you going to do now?" I asked her.

Still with tears on her cheeks, she answered, fiery-eyed:

"I'm going back to my village and double my potato production!"

That was Pasha's answer to the torturers of her people.

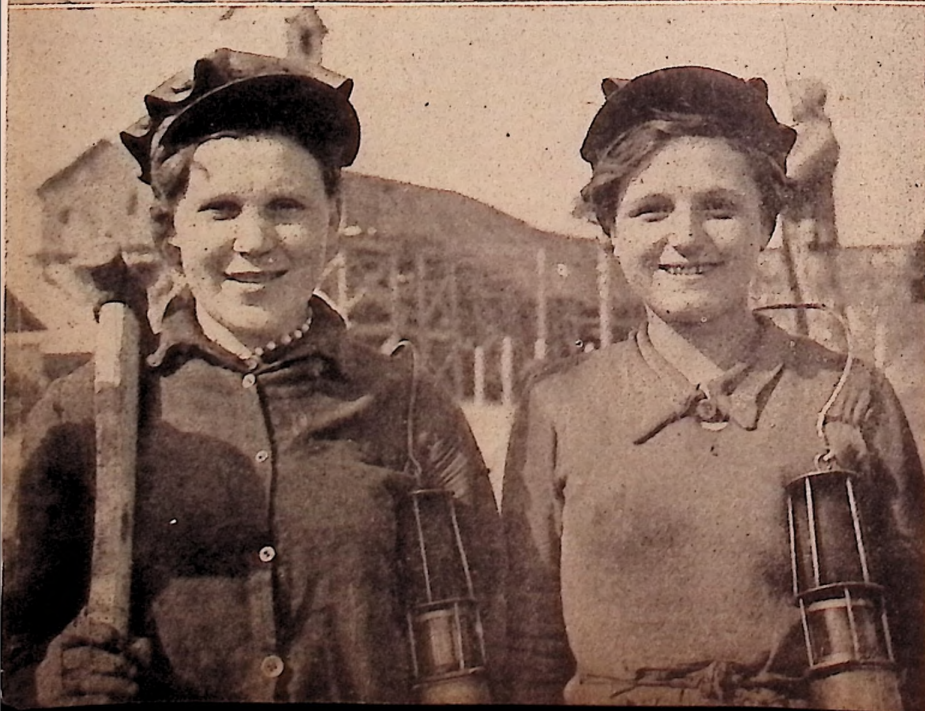
(Continued on page 32)

**SOVIET WOMEN
SERVE
THEIR LAND**

On March 8, International Women's Day, the Soviet women meet throughout the USSR to review their achievements and pledge new efforts for early victory. No task is too difficult for them, no skill beyond their reach.

Right, top: Women lumberjacks floating logs down the taiga river Mana to the main waterway, the Yenisei.

Bottom: Olga Manuilova and her husband Apollo Manuilov working on a statue of War Hero, Major-General Ivan Panfilov.



Center, reading down: Maintaining the home and family life is every woman's task, and tender care is given the children. This housewife also works for the front.

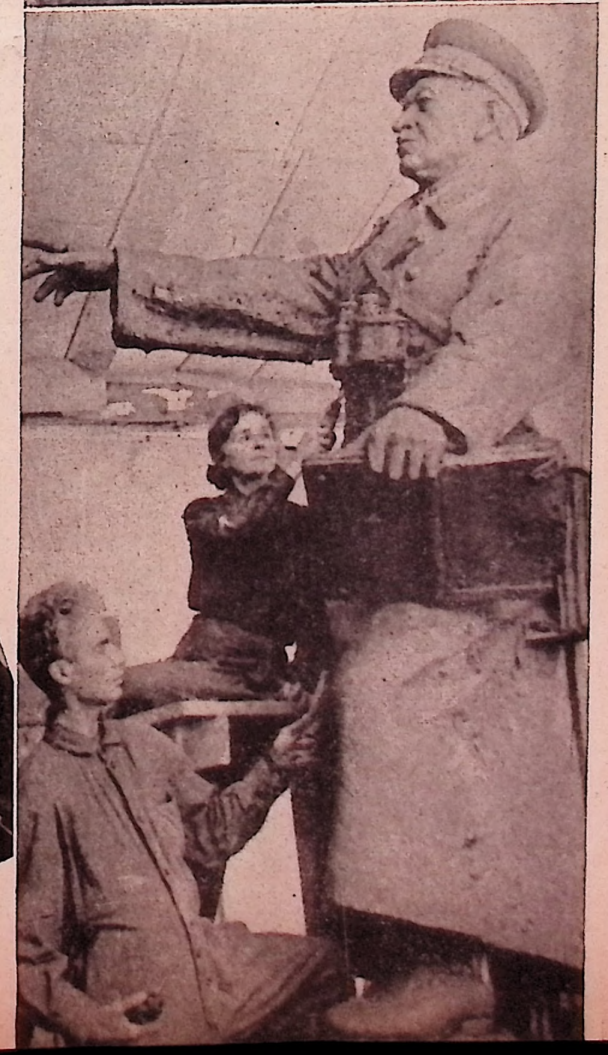
Nurses care for the Red Army wounded in a front line hospital.

Their men at the front, the women run the collective farms. Hay-making in a liberated district of Smolensk.

Leningrad girls Anna Klimova and Irene Antonova don't find their job as steel smelters too difficult.

Left, top: Girl cadets of the Communications School on the march.

Bottom: Women miners play their part in war production.





Drawing by Fred Ellis

THE OLD WOMAN

By BORIS LAVRENEV

A Soviet Short Story

THE Sharonovsky farmsteads were not to be seen. They seemed to have existed only in name—on the map of the Staff. Instead, only crushed; dismembered, fallen trees were visible; a deep shell-hole filled with muddy water, like stale coffee; piles of bricks from demolished fireplaces, and dry, bitter cinders driven in by the wind.

The artillery and airplanes had belabored these farm-holdings; what remained standing had been put to the torch by the German demolition squads.

It appeared strange and incredible, therefore, to the nine wireless operators of a naval battalion, to find in the very midst of burning ruins, a new, firmly constructed house, built of red pine logs that were neither aged by storm, nor scarred by metal and fire. This house belonged to the Sukhonins.

Perplexedly the radio operators looked at this house which towered above the burnt ruins as if it were a monument, erected in memory of the perished inhabitants. They were the more astonished by the woman they found standing outside, before a window of the house. She was gathering up scattered pieces of glass, gluing them together with strips of a newspaper, and inserting them into the window-frames. In these deserted, lifeless surroundings one expected to find neither a human being nor a house, undestroyed.

Coming nearer, the radio operators saw an emaciated, pitiful-looking old woman. From under a coarse, homespun kerchief, straight, grey, dishevelled hair hung over her drawn, wrinkled cheeks. Her lifeless eyes were sunk deeply into their sockets, and their gaze was torpidly indifferent. One could see her shriveled, yellow body

through the dangling, dirty, torn rags which she wore. The arrival of the sailors made no impression upon her. She simply glanced at them and continued with her work.

Petty-Officer Vinogradov, indefatigable jokester and a good fellow, having taken off his "flat-top," waved it before him just as King Louis XIV's musketeers used to do, clicked his heels, and said:

"The Red Fleet of the Seven Seas brings you greetings, Granny. We've been ordered to anchor at this populated place. We've noticed that your mansion is the only one around here with a population of one person. And we—heroic sailors—because of wartime conditions are compelled, temporarily, to forsake our beloved dreadnaught *Marat*, and while away the time on foot. Do you take in lodgers?"

The old woman made a clicking sound with her lips, and the sailors saw that her mouth was toothless. Lispering and mumbling, she lifelessly answered:

"Come in. What's that to me? The house is big enough; there is plenty of room. I'll go my way, you go yours."

Vinogradov scratched his head.

"It's strange, Granny, that you should show such indifference to fighting men. Exactly what do you mean, 'I'll go my way, you go yours'? The sight of fighting men must surely evoke the most tender feelings of maternal love even in the heart of the most calloused."

The radio operators burst out laughing, but the old woman continued to look at Vinogradov with a blank and immobile expression. Then she sighed, and from her chest came a creaky sound, like that of an opening door with rusty hinges. She said, dryly:

"I said you could stay here. If there's anything you want me to do, I'll do it."

And with an unsteady gait, barely dragging her thin legs visible from under her tattered skirt, the old woman slowly climbed the steps of the porch, and disappeared into the house.

"A jolly little woman, isn't she?" muttered Vinogradov, "Oh, well, there's nothing to be done. Come on, fellows, we've got a job to do."

All night the radio operators were engaged in wiring and testing their apparatus. And throughout the night, from the room to the right of the hall, they heard the coughing and moaning sounds of the old woman.

"It looks like the little woman suffered a lot," said the pock-marked Siberian, Peregudov, anxiously. "How long have the Germans lorded here? Probably seven months. Long enough. Why, even a tree would dry up."

"She may die yet," blurted out Kostia Malinin. "We'll have to feed her up a bit, mates. For all we know, she may be somebody's mother. Maybe somewhere, on another front, her son is lending our mothers a hand."

"Uh-huh," said Vinogradov, agreeing. "You're quite right. We'll have to feed the old lady the very best. Avast! She'll be dancing with us yet."

The sailors began to care for the old woman, each trying to outdo the other. They cleaned the house, brought in brushwood from the forest, fastened the cross-pieces to the poles, cleaned out the well, fixed up the cracked fireplace and made a fire. They dissolved concentrates of peas and pork, to make her tasty dishes; they prepared drinks from chocolate cubes. It was with great difficulty that they persuaded the old woman to take them. But the sailors were not to be denied. They poured soup for her; they spread margarine on her bread; they tried to anticipate her every whim.

And her morose eyes took on a bit of

animation at the end of the meal. Elaborately wiping her spoon with the border of her homespun kerchief, she arose, placed her hands on her hollow belly, and said: "Thank you, my dears." And the men saw tears trickling down her wrinkled face.

The radio operators were overcome and Vinogradov embarrassedly said:

"Don't thank us, Granny, and don't go breaking our hearts with your sobbing. To tell you the truth, we've come to you with ulterior motives. We need to have our things washed, our socks darned, and our hands aren't good at that sort of thing. Now, here's the setup: let's establish life here on the basis of brotherly exploitation."

The old woman glanced at Vinogradov, and for the first time, a scarcely noticeable smile appeared on her face.

"You're a jolly comrade," she muttered.

"One has to be, grandmother," Vinogradov answered. "It's difficult to live if one isn't."

The radio operators soon became so used to living at the home of the old woman that it seemed to all of them that they had always lived here. Indeed, they felt as if she were their mother. The old woman, too, livened up, and willingly conversed with the sailors; but she continued to shy away from any reference to her life under the enemy. Noticing that at the mere mention of the Germans, she would become tight-lipped, deathly pale, and would burst into tears, Vinogradov said to his friends:

"I'm afraid some of us have been pretty rude lately. That's very bad for Granny's nerves. The very idea of forcing your questions on her: how she lived under the Germans! You've got to understand that questions of that kind are like thorns in her side. Why disturb her memory with the evil past? What are we, anyway—fighting men or correspondents? We've got to stop torturing our benefactors."

From that time on, there was a tacit understanding among the men: no further word was said about the Germans, no questions asked. On her part, the old woman became deeply devoted to her nine naval "little ones"—washing their clothes, darning their socks, cooking their meals, in a word, everything that one could expect from a zealous, meticulous housekeeper. The sailors enjoyed the comforts and the warmth of a home. They became deeply attached to the emaciated old woman. They shared their thoughts

with her, read her their letters from home, sought her advice, and confided to her the secrets of their hearts.

Once, after dinner, when the old woman, after having cleared the table, went out to weed the vegetable garden, Peregudov glanced after her, shook his head, and said:

"Boys, it's time we thought about our little mother in earnest. Just look at the clothes she's wearing! We won't be living here forever, you know, and she can catch cold in those rags. If anything should happen to her, we'll never forgive ourselves; it'll be on our conscience. We'll have to get her some kind of an outfit. We can gather up some of our things, the stuff we don't need."

Malinin burst out laughing—"What are you planning to do, shove her into a pair of trousers?"

"One can tell a fool by what he says," cut in Peregudov. "Who says we have to put her into 'bell-bottoms'? We'll have to make some women's clothes. Luzgin, here, worked in a dressmaking shop. He can try his hand at making something for the old woman."

The proposal was accepted. The sailors rummaged through their seabags and gathered up two pairs of old trousers, one sailor's jumper, and three skivvies. Vinogradov gave up his worn but sturdy dungarees, and Luzgin set to work. Since they decided to surprise the old woman with the new outfit, Luzgin worked secretly in the attic. On the door leading to the attic, they pinned a poster which read: "Secret Division. Entrance Forbidden." Vanya Kleimenov, short, thin, electrician's mate, built somewhat like the old woman, was chosen to serve as "dressmaker" Luzgin's model. In a week the work was completed. In a sturdy blue woolen skirt, and in a blouse with an open collar, Kleimenov looked quite dressed up. And when he finally put on the coat—hardly recognizable as former dungarees—everyone admitted that Luzgin was a master craftsman. From the skivvies, two striped blouses plaited with brightly-colored silk handkerchiefs (bought by Peregudov in Riga before the war), emerged as finished products.

The presentation of the gift was made on behalf of the men by Vinogradov who made a short, but fervid speech.

"Dear and, so-to-speak, nature-given foster-mother! We entreat you not to fuss over our gift. We, people of sim-

ple hearts, devoid of all pretensions and affectations, wish to make your old, decrepit miserable life easier for you. Please put these things on, and wear them well. As for the rags you're wearing—throw them away, or, better still, save them. We'll dress up that devil Hitler in them at the hanging party."

The old woman accepted the carefully wrapped gift from Vinogradov with trembling hands and was about to say something, but instead emitted a whimpering sound unnatural to an old woman, and whisked into her room.

"That's all right," said Vinogradov. "She's happy; let her have a good cry."

When the old woman finally appeared before the sailors in her new attire, she seemed quite a different person. She walked erectly, there was a merry twinkle in her eye, and even her toothless mouth parted into a smile.

From that day on, the old woman became even more devoted to her adopted children.

Once Vinogradov decided to take a bath in the tiny washtub in the "bath-house" which the radio operators built in the hall of the house. (The tub was found in a demolished threshing barn in one of the nearby yards.) Placing a pail of warm water beside him, he got into the tub and vigorously scrubbed his body with a wash-cloth, generously splashing the walls with soap suds. But try as he might, he could not reach his back. Just as he was making his last desperate attempt to reach the area between his shoulder blades, he noticed, through the half-open door, the old woman returning to the house from the yard.

"Say, Granny," Vinogradov called after her, "how about giving me a hand here? Come on, dear one, scrub a fellow's back, will you? Can't seem to reach it at all."

The old woman stopped at the door and at first did not answer. "It's kind of awkward for me, my dear," she finally said. "I'm a woman. . . ."

"Never mind that," Vinogradov interrupted her, laughing. "What sort of a woman are you, losing track of your years? Why, compared with you, I'm a suckling babe."

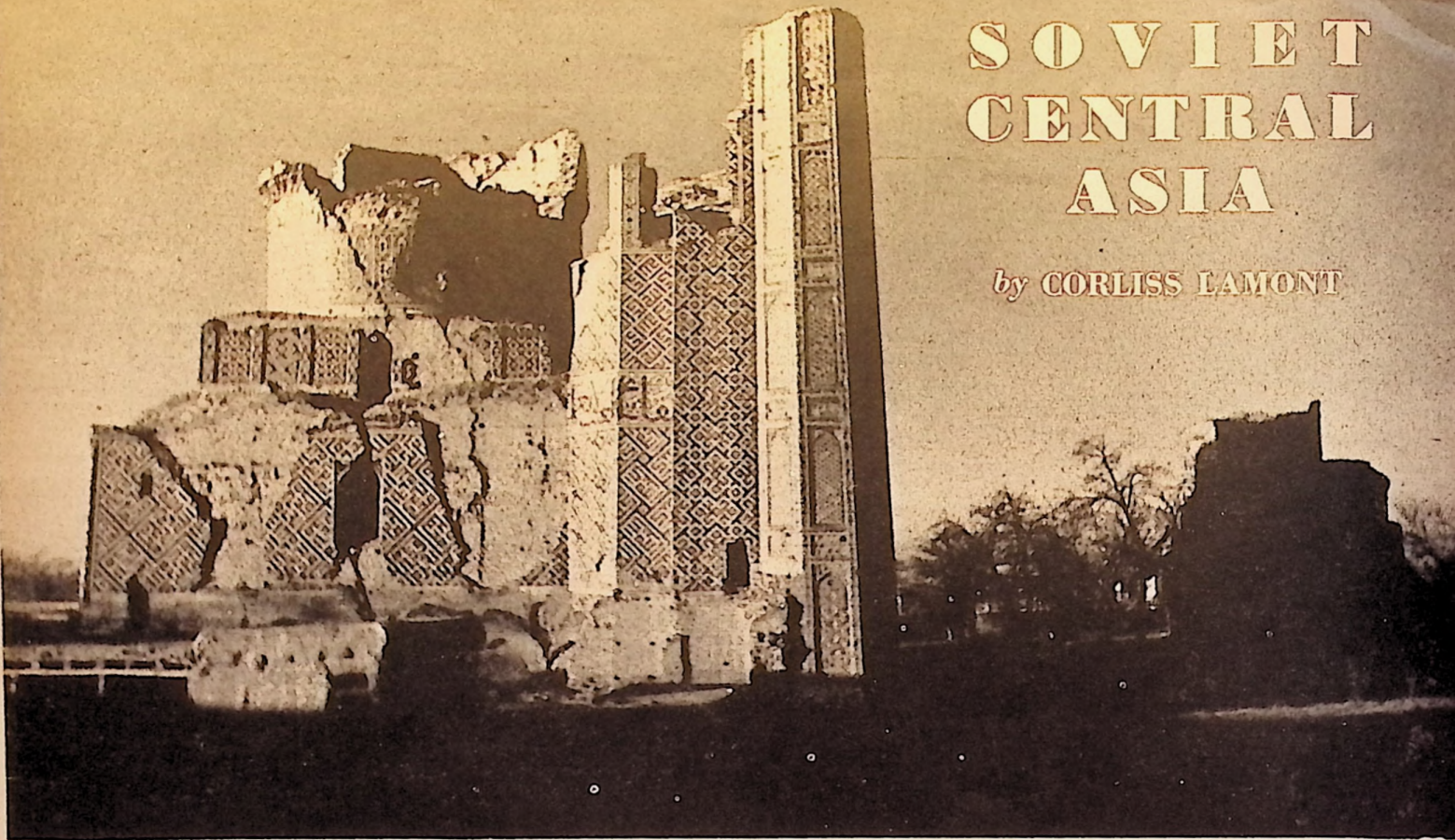
"Very well," said the old woman, opening the door and rolling up her sleeves. "But it's only because you're so clumsy. . . ."

She snatched the wash-cloth, and skillfully and vigorously began to scrub his back. Vinogradov sat in the tub

(Continued on page 33)

SOVIET CENTRAL ASIA

by CORLISS LAMONT



Bibi-Khanum Mosque in Bukhara, the Capital Built by Tamerlane.

THE Asiatic part of the Soviet Union covers an immense area comprising seven-eighths of the entire USSR and taking in all the territory east of the Ural Mountains, the Ural River and the Caspian Sea. The division of Soviet Russia into Asiatic and European sections does not have much geographical, political or ethnic significance. And current maps fail to follow precisely the traditional dividing line along the crest of the Urals, since Asia is usually made to extend a bit west of this natural boundary in the vicinity of the city of Molotov. Soviet Asia north and east of the Kazakh S.S.R. is customarily known as Siberia. The Kazakh Republic itself and the country south of it are what we call Soviet Central Asia.

This tremendous tract of territory lies directly across the Caspian from the Caucasus and Transcaucasus. In the north it touches the Trans-Siberian Railroad at one point, while in the south its mountainous boundaries adjoin Iran, Afghanistan and the Chinese province of Sinkiang. Most of this vast region was conquered and annexed by the Russian Empire in the latter part of the nineteenth century, and was ad-

ministered by the Tsars under the name of Turkestan. Under the Soviets, who gained control in 1921, the backward native peoples made rapid development economically, culturally and politically. Five Union Republics ultimately emerged: Turkmenia, Uzbekistan, Tadzhikistan, Kirgizia and Kazakhstan. The suffix "stan" means "camp". Thus Uzbekistan is literally "camp of the Uzbeks," Kazakhstan "camp of the Kazakhs" and so on.

Soviet Central Asia, historically one of the most interesting and romantic parts of the USSR, is full of the dead remains and living symbols of bygone ages. Here rose the rich and famous cities of Holy Bukhara and Golden Samarkand, with their many mosques, minarets and other structures combining to create an architectural splendor unsurpassed in the Moslem world. Here met and merged the trade, the art, the civilizations of the ancient and mediæval East, with Persian, Turkish, Indian and Chinese influences all playing a role.

In 328 B. C. Alexander the Great made a spectacular march into this land from the West and established Greek dominion. A thousand years later the

Arabs sacked Samarkand and set up a Mohammedan state. In the eleventh century came the Seljuk Turks as conquerors. Then in 1221 Mongol horsemen from the East overran and ravaged the country under the stormy leadership of Genghis Khan, he who said that "as there is one ruler in heaven, so there should be but one on earth." He was followed in the fourteenth century by another great conqueror, "the Earth-Shaker," Tamerlane (Timur, the lame), and his oriental hordes. Tamerlane founded an empire in which Samarkand was his headquarters, his luxurious residence and his last resting place. And he enriched the city beyond the dreams of avarice with booty from many a distant campaign, pushing his conquests as far north and west as the banks of the Volga River.

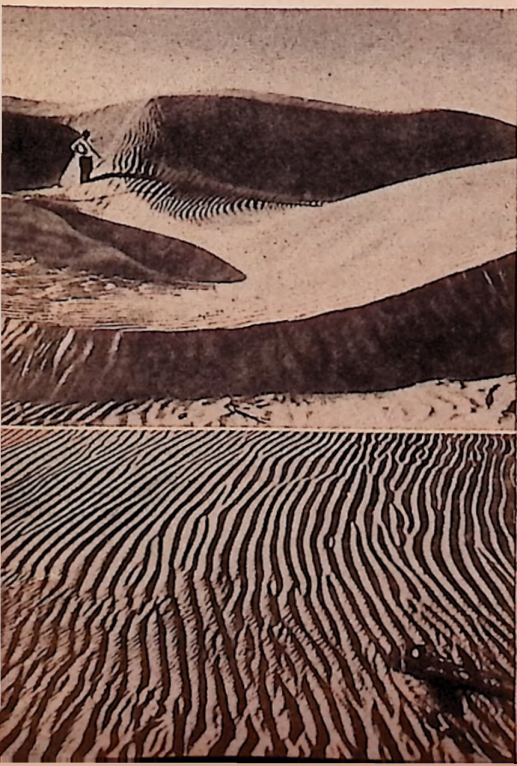
But Tamerlane's realm did not last long after his own reign and the Samarkand district soon suffered the consequences of political and economic decay. Various Moslem khans and emirs divided Central Asia among themselves and proceeded intermittently to fight and intrigue against one another, while unceasingly oppressing the people. Finally Tsarist

Russia moved in and by 1895 had succeeded in subjugating all of Turkestan.

Tsarist control, however, remained somewhat tenuous and during the First World War a serious revolt against Nicholas II took place throughout this region. It came as the result of a decree in June, 1916, conscripting a large number of Turkestan workers for labor in connection with the conflict against the Central Powers. The rebellion lasted from July until November, and millions of the native inhabitants participated in it to a greater or lesser degree. During and after the uprising at least 300,000 people fled from the Tsarist terror into neighboring countries, chiefly China. This revolt constituted the war's first serious rupture within the loosely conjoined Russian Empire and pointed the way for the later independence movements among the minority peoples.

After the fall of the Russian monarchy and the break-up of the Empire, it took a number of years before the Soviets could establish full authority in Central Asia. The native emirs, especially of Bukhara and Khiva, put up strong resistance and the whole land became immersed in bloodshed and violence. Even after the indigenous populations had set up Soviet regimes, counter-revolutionary bands known as the Basmachi continued to hold important territory until 1922. In 1921 and 1922 the Turkish adventurer, Enver Pasha, gave considerable impetus to the anti-Soviet movement by uniting

Kara-Kum Desert, near the Aral Sea.



it briefly under the program of erecting a great Pan-Islamic Empire in Central Asia. The Basmachi were finally driven over the southern borders into Afghanistan, but carried on terroristic operations from there as late as 1931.

Approximately 17,500,000 people lived in Soviet Central Asia in 1941, the overwhelming majority of them being Turco-Tatar in origin. The 1941 population became temporarily swelled owing to the fact that the Soviet authorities have transferred more than three million refugees from the invaded districts in the West to Siberia and Central Asia. A substantial number of these evacuees are remaining permanently in their new homes. Except for the Slavs among them, the peoples of the Central Asiatic region, are dark-skinned or yellow-skinned, all oriental in appearance. Largely nomadic for centuries past, they came to regard their wandering way of life almost as a law of nature. As a Kirgiz woman put it: "People *must* move about, for don't you see, the moon and the stars, water, animals, birds and fishes all move, and only the dead and the earth lie still."

The total area of the five Union Republics in this huge Soviet domain is about seven times that of France and almost precisely half the United States. Unfortunately, however, the hot, arid climate that prevails in Central Asia and the rocky, precipitous terrain in the southeastern sections have brought a large proportion of the land under the sway of soil-destroying forces from desert and mountain.

As authors R. A. Davies and A. J. Steiger tell us in their fact-filled *Soviet Asia*, the history of this region "is one of an age-old struggle to extort arable land from the mountains and from the desert. In the highlands, the farms, handed on for generations from father to son, have been 'handmade,' with soil carried uphill by the basketful on the backs of donkeys, men and women. Only too often the thin, precious dirt has later been washed away by a cloudburst. On the plain, the struggle for survival has centered in the attempt to utilize, to the last drop, the waters plunging down the mountainsides."

It is easy to understand why, since earliest times, the prosperity of Central Asia has depended primarily upon the proper utilization of water and the efficient maintenance of the irrigation system. During periods of war or social decay the canals have tended to

fall into decline; and then the economy has languished and the people have starved. During the pre-Soviet era control of the water supply, the irrigation network and the arable land was mainly in the hands of the Central Asiatic rulers and local feudal chiefs or beys.

The Emir of Bukhara, for instance, held as his personal property 55.8 per cent of the arable land. The thoroughly exploited peasants throughout old Turkestan were subject to all kinds of over-burdening taxes and feudal dues. They had to deliver up as much as a quarter of their crops and then also pay special taxes to the emirs' local agents, to the official who collected their grain, to the officer in charge of water distribution, to the village overseer. Further taxes were imposed for cattle, fodder and grazing privileges. And of course there were the regular tithes for the mullahs (Moslem priests) and the upkeep of the mosques. Naturally the Soviet regime has put an end to all this and has instituted public ownership or control in all key economic affairs.

In addition, the Soviets, with their tireless energy and scientific techniques, have made enormous strides in the battle to extend fertility in one of the world's worst dust-bowls. Refusing to accept defeat at the hands of nature or to acknowledge as permanent the fresh inroads of the sands during the modern era, they are employing every possible device, including reconstructed irrigation canals thousands of years old, to enlarge the oases and push back the desert. To hold and stabilize their gains the desert-fighters of Central Asia are successfully utilizing belts of drought-resistant trees to screen the crops in new-won fields against the ravages of the wind-blown sand. Actually, scientific agriculture, at least in the Soviet Union, can see little limit in the reclamation of desert wastes provided that sufficient water and sufficient labor are available.

Central Asia was primarily a cotton colony under the Tsars. And though to-day this region boasts of a very wide variety of agricultural and industrial products, cotton still is king on its rolling steppes and flatlands, particularly in the southeastern section. Here is the Soviet Union's great cotton belt, comparable to America's Texas, Arkansas and Mississippi. Production of the "white gold" has of course been tremendously increased by the new system of
(Continued on page 33)

LENIN'S GREAT PLAN LIVES

by GLEB KRZHIZHANOVSKY

One of Lenin's close comrades tells how Lenin applied his genius to electrification

FOR Russia, the decades that have passed since the death of Vladimir Lenin, undoubtedly constitute a whole historical epoch. In this period tremendous changes have taken place in the Soviet Union. The old "backward Russia" has long since disappeared and has given place to a country with a highly developed industry, advanced agriculture and educated, efficient and free people, welded by a single forward-looking ambition.

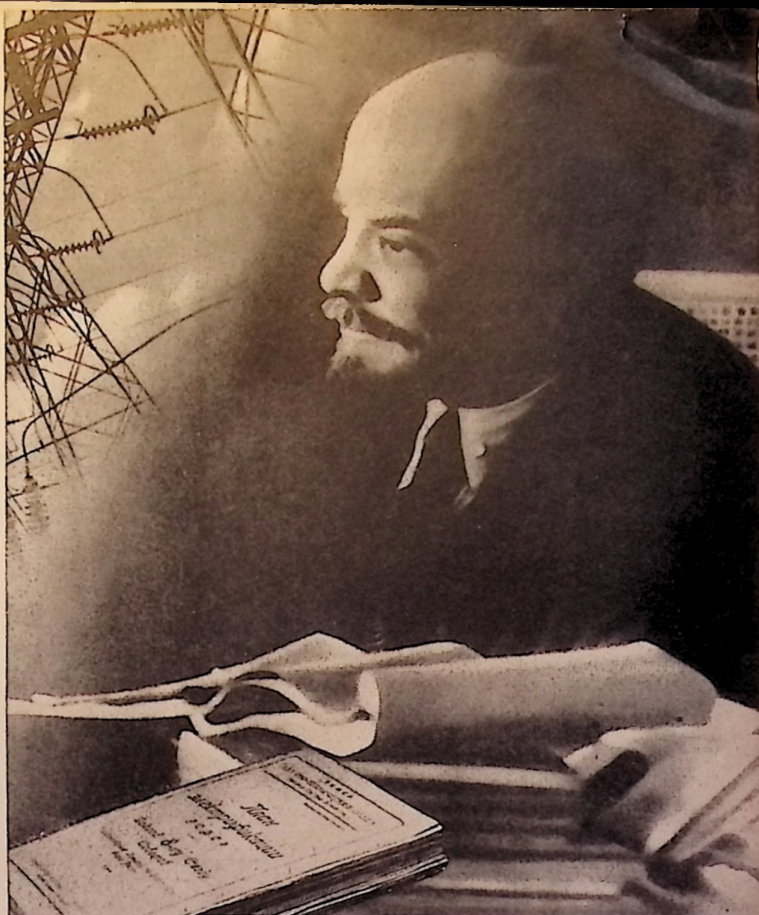
In the light of these gigantic changes, the memory of Lenin, our teacher and friend, who dedicated all his life till his last breath to the happiness of his people, is particularly precious to us.

I knew Lenin personally. I had occasion to work with him and to talk with him often. I was always struck not only by his astonishing native talent and concentrated will which so harmonized with his spiritual integrity, but also and even more, by a certain close organic tie between his internal world and the needs, sufferings, joys, sorrows, hopes and ambitions of the working people of his country.

Lenin lived a thousand lives, the life of every one of us and of all of us together. He knew and profoundly understood his people—the Russians. I often saw him conversing with people who one would think radically differed from him in mind and spirit, with workers and peasants from remote and God-forsaken parts of Russia, and I was always struck with the ease and lack of effort with which he found a common language with them, with how well he understood them. They found him a responsive and sympathetic adviser on any and every question.

Lenin knew his people and passionately believed in their gigantic strength, their soundness, talent, will and faculty of coping with all obstacles.

With wisdom and imagination, Lenin took the lead in bringing light and power to the whole Soviet people. The book before him is "Plan for the Electrification of the RSFSR."



At a time when Lenin was in continuous conference, a time when civil war was raging, and at the same time war against hunger and cold and the consequences of economic disruption, when the fate of the young Soviet republic was being decided (this was in 1919) I once asked Lenin in a state of deep perturbation whether there was any chance of our surviving this seemingly disastrous situation. With that endearing irony and sparkling merriment characteristic of him, screwing up his eyes in a half smile as was his wont, he replied calmly and confidently: "Don't worry, we will stand it and win out in the end."

When I recall Lenin in these grim days of the new war, I cannot help thinking how he would rejoice if he could see our present Soviet soldiers and workers, if he could learn of their exploits, their courage and ability. Seeing all of this and knowing that the victory of his people was again near, he would say: "Well, was I not right when I said, don't worry we will stand it and win out in the end?"

I recall the year 1920 on the civil war fronts. The fight for the very life of the Soviet republic was still raging, Russia was still gripped in the iron vise of starvation. Mills, factories and mines were still at a standstill owing to the lack of light, fuel and raw materials. But through the storms of war and the

darkness of national misfortune, Lenin already discerned the coming of a new era of peaceful and constructive labor, and spoke of the urgent necessity of making all-around preparations for the great process of creating a new state out of the ruins and ashes of the past.

Lenin considered that one of the most urgent problems of the state was to electrify the whole country. To very many of course that seemed like a Utopia. The boundless expanses of Russia, the unexplored vastness of Siberia, thousands upon thousands of villages scattered all over the face of the country, its poorly developed industry with its primitive technique—and what is more important, its scanty reserves of skilled technical experts in all branches—all of this induced many at that time to entertain the gravest doubts concerning Lenin's idea of electrifying Russia.

But Lenin's profoundly practical and clear-sighted mind discerned the future which was concealed from the others. Lenin taught us not to fear to dream audacious dreams, knowing that everything was practicable and everything feasible if given an emancipated working class.

Lenin was always interested in the achievements of science and technology and he was familiar with all European languages and kept pace with the innovations in the application of elec-

tricity to industry and agriculture, transport and municipal services—especially in the United States.

Whenever he met an electrical engineer he would buttonhole him and subject him to a regular examination concerning the latest achievements in electrotechnology, and he always followed with the closest attention the debates which took place at our technical conferences.

I remember while the war was still raging and economic chaos was at its height, the engineers began work at Lenin's behest, on the compilation of nothing more nor less than a state plan for the electrification of Russia, subsequently known by its initial letters GOELRO.

Two hundred electrical engineers—an immense force for those times—took part in this work. I was placed in charge of it.

Lenin, deeply immersed though he was in affairs of state, questioned us literally every day on the progress of the plan, encouraged and advised us with that infinite delicacy of his and helped us in every detail, even to procuring for us the paper which was an extremely scarce commodity in those days.

I know that there is a day in every man's life which is most memorable and precious to him and of which even in his old age he cannot speak without lively emotion. That day for me was the day in December, 1920, when, in the Bolshoy Theater in Moscow, we presented our plan for the electrification of Russia.

I recall every detail—the gilt of the boxes gleaming in the dimly lit auditorium (what effort it cost us to turn on electricity for that meeting!); the clouds of vapor formed by the breath of the assembly, for the theater had not been heated for a long time; the tense faces of our audience and the machine-gun belts girdling those who had just arrived from the front and who, as soon as the meeting ended, would return to forward positions. I recall the skeptical smiles and intermittent bursts of jeering laughter and cries of "Fantastic!", "Sheer nonsense!" which came from the rows where the Mensheviks were grouped. And I recall the calm and more than ordinarily stern look of Vladimir Lenin and his encouraging "Never mind, continue," and his friendly nod as though to say, "Everything is going fine."

A huge map of Russia on the stage

was marked here and there with dots where the future power stations were to be. And there beyond the walls of the theater our native land stretched for thousands upon thousands of unmeasured miles, roadless and immersed in darkness.

When our report was over, the hall was filled with hubbub and commotion. Lenin raised the pamphlet containing the plan of GOELRO high above his head and shook it vigorously as he confidently cried to the excited assembly: "This is one of the foundations of the program for the building of our new state."

A quarter of a century has passed. How Lenin's great warm heart would glow if he were among us today and could see how the peoples of new Russia, faithful to his behests and led by his friend and closest colleague, Joseph Stalin, are proceeding unswervingly along the path he projected. He would rejoice exceedingly to know that his first state plan for the electrification of Russia had long ago been carried out, as have been other and far grander plans for electrification of the Soviet land.

Our great teacher and friend would have experienced deep pride in his people from the knowledge that the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics has

become one of the foremost industrial powers in the world, that the Soviet people have built their own powerful metallurgical industry, their own heavy machine building industry, and their own electro-chemical industry; that there are no more poverty-stricken and God-forsaken villages in the country and that their place has been taken by mechanized collective farms; that we now possess an army of half a million students and thirty million school children and that we Soviet people of both the older and younger generations have justified his faith in the mighty creative power of a free people.

"You have now had the opportunity to convince yourselves, by your own experience," he would have said, "of that accelerating and creative process which I had in mind when I spoke of the extraordinary capacity of the human mind and of human energy when freed from oppression."

Twenty-one years ago the heart of the great Lenin was stilled forever. But his name will be immortal through the ages, as immortal as the lofty idea of love and respect for human beings, for the triumph of which Soviet soldiers, the finest sons of their country, men of a new mould brought up in the spirit of Lenin's behests, are today fighting.



FROM OUR READERS



Factual Information Wanted

TO SOVIET RUSSIA TODAY:

I am enclosing my voluntary contribution for a better understanding between the Soviet and American nations and peoples. May your good work of informing the American people of our Soviet ally and friends continue.

I would appreciate more factual information in the magazine, particularly in regard to the Soviet Union. I am interested in the Great Russian peoples and their steady progress in improving the lot of their masses.

C. W. Ogden

Lansing, Ill.

TO SOVIET RUSSIA TODAY:

Your magazine really "hits the spot" except that it should have an article or two on the church and religion! Because of the fact that so many Americans (and others) doubt that freedom of religion as guaranteed by the Soviet Constitution of 1936 as amended, is in force, I believe some mention of what the church is doing to help win the war etc., would be of interest to all readers, especially GI's who crave reading your magazine each month.

Keep up the good work of spreading the much-needed facts on our Russian ally.

Pfc. Alex Wuronctsky

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

On Russian Courses

TO SOVIET RUSSIA TODAY:

This card is to back up the suggestion of Florence A. Johnson in October last issue. However, I should like to urge the presentation of a short course in the Russian language. A course corresponding to that being given to our soldier and sailor lads, i.e., Basic Russian. I can't see what could be profitably omitted to make room for it, however, but perhaps you can.

Don D. Sturgis

Annapolis, Md.

TO SOVIET RUSSIA TODAY:

I note with interest the letter in your November issue asking for a brief lesson—especially idiomatic language instruction—in Russian each month. More and more people in these United States will find that knowledge of the language as well as the people of our great ally is vital.

A group of soldiers and their wives stationed at the Clovis Army Air Base are now studying the language through the Linguaphone method, and we would appreciate this additional feature.

I enjoy your magazine each month, and would further suggest that maps describing the articles by Capt. Kournakoff are essential. Please don't omit them.

W. C. R.

Clovis, N. M.

ELLA LOGAN MEETS THE RED ARMY

As told to Natasha Takce

Just returned from Italy, Miss Logan tells of Soviet Artists entertaining our soldiers and of her meeting with Red Army men.



ELLA LOGAN

WHEN Ella Logan returned to New York after having spent four months in Italy entertaining the American Fifth Army, a *Daily News* reporter came to interview her about "the boys of the forgotten front." The reporter's first question was: "What do you think of our paper?" Ella, without a moment's hesitation, looked the gal straight in the eye. "Well, its editorials and caricatures are so fascist-minded, they frighten me as an American, and they also frighten the men overseas!"

The reporter thereupon promptly forgot "the boys of the forgotten front," turned on her heel and walked out saying that there would be no interview, and furthermore, she would see to it that Ella Logan is blacklisted by all the metropolitan newspapers.

That's the kind of girl Ella is. Tiny, pert, with clear green eyes and chestnut hair, Ella, on a previous trip overseas for the USO, had sung to the soldiers in England, France, Malta and Africa.

"The greatest and most enjoyable event during my recent stay in Italy was the concert given by Soviet artists," Ella told me during an interview. "There was Masha Predit, a tall handsome woman with a beautiful soprano voice whose idol is Marian Anderson, Robert Briedis, baritone, and Roman Vlad, pianist, and they presented a thrilling concert of classical Russian music. That Soviet artists should come to entertain American soldiers was to all of us a gesture of such profound friendship that I could not help

getting up at the end of the concert and telling them how proud I was to be listening to them. I know I expressed the feelings of the whole audience in saying how happy we were that our two countries, the USA and the USSR—both young in pioneer spirit and friends through the long years of history—were fighting together against oppression, against fascism that could mean only the negation of civilization."

"After the concert some soldiers told me how they felt," Miss Logan continued, "If those Russians hadn't held off the Krauts till we were ready, we'd not be here listening to music tonight," one private declared. 'Sure, we're fighting too, but think what our casualty lists would run to if Uncle Joe's boys had fallen down on the job!' another chap interrupted. 'And let me tell you, they'd never have been able to do it if they didn't know how to make guns,' said a sergeant. 'I had a look at some of their planes and they're plenty good.'

"Later I was invited to meet the Soviet General and his staff. The artists mentioned above sang for me songs of the Red Army and Navy and Air Force, and I in turn sang the songs they requested: *Deep River*, *Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child*, *Going Home*, *Swing Low Sweet Chariot*, and—just for good measure, *Let My People Go*.

"When I left the Colonel gave me a button from his uniform and some ruble notes for my 'short snorter.'

"Major Leonidov told me about his wife and two sons whom he hadn't seen in four years, and gave me his cuff links from Stalingrad.

"The Red Army men were quite curious and amused at American slang. I told them when they meet an American General they should say, 'What's cooking?' explaining that that meant 'How are you?' 'How are things going?' 'What's new?' 'Good morning,' all rolled into one. They all sat around rehearsing and saying to each other, 'What's cooking?'

"The next day when I visited Masha Predit, she and the officers greeted me with, 'Good afternoon Ella. What's cooking?'

"When I came back to America I happened to see William L. White's *Report on the Russians*. What kind of man is he to lie so deliberately about the Russian people and the Russian Army? If he is so well informed about their being underfed, maybe he can tell me what kind of vitamin pills they've been taking that have been able to get these underfed Russian soldiers across a whole continent to their objective, Berlin. And for people who 'have no freedom', they're the happiest people I've ever seen. They must like what they're fighting for and

must believe hard in it otherwise they could very easily have quit when their country was liberated. Instead they forged ahead to Berlin.

"As for the *shabbiness* Mr. White talks so much about, I have never seen a soldier when he was out in the field fighting that looked like a Brooks Brothers ad of a man in uniform. The Russian soldiers would rather destroy fascism than stop to have their uniforms pressed and mended.

"As a woman, I like to see well-dressed people, especially tall well-dressed women. I noticed that the singer, Masha Predit, who had just come from the Soviet Union, wore one of the most beautifully cut black velvet gowns I had seen in a long time.

"And as for the Russians being short—does that mean that they're underfed? I know one Lieutenant, Ernest Derbishian from Virginia, who is on his way back to the States now. He's not a tall man but he's wearing the Congressional Medal of Honor.

"It might interest Mr. White to know that the Soviet General I met was very tall—taller, even than our own gallant General Mark Clark. And by the way, General Clark is *not* a big eater.

"The feeling between Soviet officers and enlisted men was finely illustrated one evening when we dined together—two colonels, a major, a lieutenant and the enlisted man who had driven the car. The Russians are much too busy to waste time on rank and class distinction.

"Luckily, the American soldiers fighting overseas don't feel the way Mr. White does about the Russians. There was so much good will and friendship on the part of our boys for the Soviet citizens they met, and even though there was the barrier of language, they were able to understand each other.

"Mr. Ourayevsky, who had been with the Soviet Consulate in New York before joining the Embassy staff in Italy, acted as interpreter on those occasions when I was with the Russians, but it seemed to me I didn't need an interpreter to understand these great-hearted, warm people. Their humor is much like our own; their open-handed generosity and hospitality, their modesty and warmth are traits so genuine that my meeting with a few Russians made me eager to know many more of them.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful if after the war we could send some of our musical shows to Russia and have the Red Army Choir and the Moscow players make a return visit to the United States," Miss Logan said thoughtfully. "And as for me, after my trip to the Pacific area which I intend making soon, I only hope I can go to the Soviet Union to entertain the Red Army."



YOUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED

On the Soviet Trade Unions

By THEODORE BAYER

Question: Will you please give us some information about trade unions in the Soviet Union? What is their function? How are they organized? Is membership in them compulsory? F. L., Seattle, Wash.

Answer: The Soviet trade unions are the largest in the world. Their membership, according to the latest available figures is 25,500,000. This represents a percentage of organized labor higher than in any other industrial country; it is about 85 per cent of all workers. They are all organized into one federation of trade unions—the All-Union Central Council of Trade Unions. The organization is along industrial lines, with some exceptions in the sparsely populated regions of the country, where the trade unions are organized on a territorial basis. The trade union movement is organized under the 168 industrial trade unions, affiliated with the All-Union Central Council of Trade Unions. The trade union movement is also organized on a city and state-wide basis, similar in structure to the AFL State Federations, or the CIO Industrial Councils.

The basic organization is the local union. Local executive boards and standing committees are elected at the general membership meetings for terms of one year. Elections are by secret ballot. Delegates to regional and national conventions are similarly elected. One-third of a local membership can demand a new election for officers even before the expiration of the term of office.

In the shops, offices, mines and docks, wherever large groups of workers are employed, the workers elect group organizers on the basis of one organizer for each twenty members, or fraction thereof. These organizers have functions similar to those of shop stewards. In addition, there are shop committees for departments with one hundred or more workers. These committees, elected by the workers in their respective departments at department meetings, are in charge of the day-to-day problems that need trade union attention.

Initiation fees and dues in the Soviet trade unions are uniform and low, amounting to about one per cent of monthly earnings. Soviet law requires each employing organization to pay to the union treasury two per cent of the total payroll of their workers, so that the trade union actually receives almost three per cent of the total wage fund for its own needs. The reason that they do not receive the entire three per cent, is because there are still about 15 per

cent of the workers who do not choose to belong to the trade unions. Since membership in trade unions is entirely voluntary, they are not required to pay dues.

The trade unions represent the workers in all collective bargaining, determining of hours and working conditions, wage negotiations, application of piece rates, establishing norms of production, and in matters of labor safety and health protection programs. The trade unions are extremely active in looking after the welfare of the workers. The scope of this work includes workers' housing, improvement and supervision of factory dining rooms, rest rooms, clinics, nurseries, etc. There are wide educational and recreational activities which the unions carry on, both in the factory and in their own union club houses and in camps and libraries. The trade unions are politically active, particularly in nominations and elections to all Soviets.

The trade unions are especially concerned with the improvement of the skills of their workers, through which the workers advance themselves and also make a greater contribution to Soviet industry. The trade unions are in this way responsible for the promotion of large numbers of Soviet industrial workers and managers. Many a manager and foreman of a Soviet plant was formerly a worker in the very same plant, where the trade union educational program helped him to rise.

During the war, the trade unions have, of course, been very active in the defense of the country, primarily on the production line where through self-sacrificing work, they have achieved the miracles of production which armed the Red Army for its victorious struggle. Apart from that the trade unions are also active in all the home front activities called forth by the war. They have a comprehensive program of assistance to families of servicemen; and for the retraining, rehabilitation, and placement of veterans.

The trade union movement is represented on the permanent economic council attached to the Soviet cabinet, wherein they participate in the forming of the national economic policies which include, of course, the whole field of labor relations. The trade union movement is also represented on the All-Union Planning Commission which plans the industrial, agricultural and scientific activities of the entire Soviet Union.

Maximum production is the primary concern of the trade unions of the USSR, not only in war but in peace. This is not only because the greatest possible industrialization and production benefits all the people of the USSR, but also because of the wage practises of the USSR,

that the Soviet trade unions helped to achieve. According to these wage practises the individual worker or group of workers working on the same job, get paid in proportion to their increased output. The principle of incentives in Soviet industry is such that the more the worker produces the more he makes. Norms of production are not increased to take away the benefit of the worker's greater skill or productivity. On the contrary, the more a worker exceeds the basic norm, the greater is his progressive wage increase. Increased production is considered a patriotic achievement and is rewarded as such. Individual workers, as well as individual plants, are honored by a whole system of awards for their accomplishments, and the trade unions have, in cooperation with industry, worked out a very detailed system of what is known as socialist competition, or socialist emulation, wherein entire industries, whole plants or departments, and brigades and individual workers, compete with each other for the quantity and quality of goods produced with the greatest possible saving of material and time. This in turn has also stimulated inventiveness among workers, which has saved Soviet industry many billions of rubles, and added to its production records.

The trade union movement in the Soviet Union is also charged with the responsibility of administering the national social security program of the USSR. This program is entirely financed by payments to it by industry and from the national budget. The Soviet trade unions were entrusted with this many billion ruble annual program because it is the largest organization of the Soviet people, democratically governed, and enjoying universal confidence of all of the people.

The Soviet trade unions are not, through no fault of their own, members of the International Federation of Trade Unions. However, they have been invited, and have participated, in the preparatory work for the organization of a new international trade union body which will also include the British and American labor movements. This international trade union body will be greatly enhanced in its prestige and activities by the presence of the world's largest trade union movement. There is at present a British-Soviet Trade Union Committee which has been active for the last few years, and very recently there has been formed a French-Soviet Trade Union Committee. This followed a visit by a delegation of French trade unionists to Moscow where they were guests of the All-Union Council of Trade Unions.

Not the Whole Story

Review by EVE GROT

STORY OF A SECRET STATE, by Jan Karski. The Riverside Press, Cambridge, 1944. 391 pp.

THE "Story of a Secret State" is admittedly a personal account of the author's own experiences as one of the members of that section of the Polish underground which took its orders from the Polish émigré government. There have been very few if any genuine attempts to portray the work of the underground fighters of Europe up to the present time. Mr. Karski's story of Polish heroism rates among the first on the underground struggle so far published. The author's own experiences form a basis for an exciting book, and some of his chapters, such as the two outstanding ones on the Jewish ghetto and the murder camp at Belzec are extremely moving. The participation in underground activity of a great many Poles, their constant sacrifices, the apparent lack of Polish Quislings, the life and death struggle with a ruthless occupant, are all very adequately described. But as the author himself admits, he is merely the spokesman of one part of the underground, and he does not deal at all with the widespread activities and influence of that underground organization not associated with the Government-in-Exile.

In writing the book, Mr. Karski assumes an air of political naivete that is belied by the activities and connections he himself describes, as well as by his recent statements to the press.

Here are some of the facts he reveals about himself which throw light on his political views. Mr. Karski is evidently the son of a rather well-to-do family, for he is able to pursue his studies outside the country in the famous centers of the world, Paris and London. He does not appear to be terribly worried about his lack of success in the completion of his doctor's thesis, and leads a carefree and gay existence in the fashionable salons of Warsaw, up to the very end of August 1939. The war and the lightning speed with which the Germans conquer Poland and destroy its armies is a complete surprise to him, for he is one of the many people closely associated with government circles, and completely ignorant of the apparent danger of German invasion and the weakness of the Polish army. As the Polish army is disorganized Mr. Karski, an artillery officer, flees eastward without a stop for seventeen days, not having fired a single shot against the Germans, and is finally met by the Red Army and later sent to a camp in the Soviet Union.

In spite of kindly treatment by the Russians, Karski decides to go back to German-occupied Poland. He manages to have himself exchanged for a Byelorussian and succeeds in returning to German-occupied territories. There he encounters Nazi terror and brutality. Karski escapes from a German-patrolled train and returns to Warsaw where he gets involved in the underground movement through an old school friend. The

underground furnishes him with forged identification papers, an apartment, and a salary, and makes it possible for him to remain in Warsaw fairly securely. As he himself emphasizes, it was easier to be a member of the underground than to remain outside of its protection. The German policy of collective responsibility often made innocent victims pay for the deeds of the underground, who in turn, went free.

Mr. Karski becomes a carrier of important documents from Poland to the Government-in-Exile, at that time still in France. Because of a very rigid system of "no contact upward" he apparently does not possess much information about the leaders of the underground as a whole and has no way of determining what the sympathies of the majority of the population are concerning the four political parties which comprise the movement. He admits complete ignorance of the very great majority of the Polish population, the workers and the peasants. He had never even come in contact with the former until they rescued him from the Gestapo.

Karski writes about the strong sentiment among the Peasant and Socialist parties against the pre-war government, and their desire for a new, democratic Polish state, but he fails to draw the inevitable conclusion that a continuation of such a government (as represented by the émigré Poles), would be against the interests and beliefs of Polish workers and peasants.

Mr. Karski does some of his major work under the auspices of a political party known as the National Democratic Party, which, according to the author, was based on Catholicism. Every Pole knows that the above party's foundations were laid on anti-Semitism and political and economic struggle against the Jews.

When, at the close of his book, Germany and Russia are already at war, the author hardly mentions that important fact and completely fails to give any opinions of the underground itself on the matter. Apparently, with the small amount of contact necessary for the security of the underground leaders, Mr. Karski did not have the opportunity to

acquaint himself with the attitudes of more than a handful of people. Even those are not included in the book.

Mr. Karski happened to be one of the more fortunate members of the underground movement, because he could finally escape a life of insecurity and danger and find an opportunity to write about his experiences in a country of freedom. His book is an interesting personal account of the adventures of a liaison officer of the Polish underground movement associated with the Government-in-Exile and little more than that. But it fails to give a concrete picture of the real political situation within the underground and in Poland as a whole.

Mr. Karski fares rather well as a writer of an exciting story. It is unfortunate that he has lately ventured into the field of politics, about which he himself professes ignorance. His recent statement concerning the establishment of an Inter-Allied Committee to run affairs in Poland until free elections can be held, and asserting that the proposal of the émigré government "has the unquestionable backing of more than 95 per cent of the Polish nation" cannot, therefore, be regarded as reliable. Moreover, the author left Poland in the Spring of 1943, and since then has had no concrete information on the desires and sentiments of the underground and of the Polish people. He is now but an instrument of the propaganda apparatus of the London Government-in-Exile.

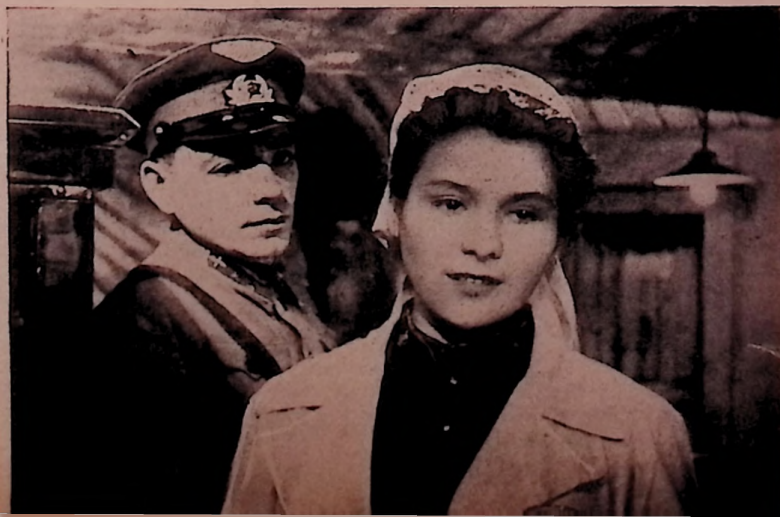
The New Soviet Film

Review by NATASHA TAKCE

MOSCOW SKIES. Scenario by M. Bleiman and M. Bolshintzev. Directed by Yuri Reisman. Produced at the Mosfilm Studios, USSR. Released in America by Artkino.

IT'S not such a long way from Moscow to Berlin as the Red Army marches. The Germans, however, found the distance from Berlin to Moscow a bit more difficult. In the early fall of 1941 when they tried to take Moscow, there was one arm of Soviet defense that the Nazis hadn't reckoned with sufficiently—the Red Air Force.

Nina Masayeva in the role of the nurse and Peter Aleinikov as the daring aviator in "Moscow Skies"



Moscow Skies, the only air-combat film to come from the Soviet Union since the war, is a first-rate tribute to Soviet aviation and to those heroic fighter pilots who guarded the aerial approaches to their "beloved city." So well indeed did they stop the brown supermen that very few bombers actually got through to drop their bombs on Moscow. In fact the German losses were so heavy that their Junkers never attempted a repeat performance.

Splendidly acted by Peter Aleinikov, last seen here in *No Greater Love*, and Nina Masayeva, a recent graduate of the State Institute of Cinematography, *Moscow Skies* is a dramatic story of the cocky young Lieutenant Streltsov, fresh from training, who enters the ranks of Moscow's air defenders just at the moment when the Germans are attempting to bomb the city. On his first flight he brings down a bomber, earning the nickname "Peacock" from his buddies as he struts around proudly after his feat. His bravery and skill as a pilot, however, win him the decoration "Hero of the Soviet Union"—an honor that must wait till he finds the time to accept it—and the love and respect of the entire company. The film, held together by the troubled love story of the lieutenant for the beautiful company nurse, and the profound love of all the fighters for their country, is done with a realism, sincerity and humor that the Russians know well how to combine. Aerial combat scenes in the suburbs of Moscow are superb, with much of the picture being shot on location at the airdrome outside the city. There is a fine sequence showing the hero gently ramming an enemy plane, clipping the Junker's tail and bringing it down to its doom—a technique that Soviet flyers have developed to high artistic perfection.

The Nazis had already broken through at Mozhaik and were converging on the Soviet capital, the high command was viewing the Kremlin spires through telescopes and one German General was shouting that "for all military purposes Soviet Russia is done with," but the Russians didn't have sufficient "imagination" to conceive that Moscow could fall.

Moscow Skies has an ingredient of humor that might well be termed American. The kidding and horse-play of the men, their ability to laugh with and at each other, as well as their camaraderie will ring very true for our own GI's, as will their adoration of Nurse Zoya, bringing her flowers and swallowing aspirins just for a chance to exchange quips with her. But underneath the humor there's a grimness and hatred for the enemy that our soldiers on Bataan and Leyte as well as in Europe can well understand.

The supporting cast does well, Nikolai Bogolyubov in particular as the lieutenant colonel in command of the squadron, and Peter Sobolyevsky as the captain whose death is the signal for ever fiercer blows at the enemy.

You'll like *Moscow Skies*. The Soviet film makers know how to salute their Red Air Force.

THE FORTY-FOURTH MONTH

(Continued from page 15)

20 German divisions have been cut off since mid-October; Koenigsberg with several divisions; the East Prussian area around Preussich-Eylau with another dozen or so divisions; Schneidmuhl where at least a couple of divisions are trapped; Posnan with at least half a dozen divisions; and, finally, Budapest, where the remainder of a 100,000 men are struggling to hold out in an area clustering around the Royal Palace in Buda.

As an example we may cite one small unnamed pocket southeast of Kuestrin where 9,000 Germans were captured and as many killed a few days ago. The above areas of encirclement certainly account for at least the equivalent of fifty German divisions eliminated from the main scene of operations. Thus, with the losses sustained in battle during the last three weeks, the Germans enter the Battle of Berlin and of all Germany minus about a million men, which under the conditions of German manpower shortage, may easily prove decisive.

The Battle of Berlin has been joined. It must be distinguished from the Battle for Berlin. In the first instance Berlin is taken as a strategic objective, including the fortified area around it which controls all Northern Germany. In the second instance Berlin is taken as a fortified city proper. The Battle for Berlin is far from being joined and we should not let ourselves be hypnotized by the steadily dwindling mileage between Zhukov and the eastern suburb of Dahlewitz, for it is very far from certain that the Marshal will exert his main effort along the line Frankfurt-Berlin which is the shortest, but not the easiest route.

The Berlin fortified zone has an area of about 6,500 square miles. It sits between the Oder and the Elbe and includes such cities as Frankfurt, Kuestrin, Angermuende, Ruppin, Magdeburg, Wittenberg, Torgau, Kottbus and Guben which lie between 50 and 75 miles from Berlin itself. The area is dotted with innumerable lakes and rivers. Its thousands of inhabited localities have certainly been transformed into powerful hedgehogs. It will probably be defended by the enemy as a unit and will have to be treated as a unit by the attackers. Thus an enveloping maneuver from north or south, or from north and south appears indicated. It is entirely possible that Marshal

Zhukov will take Stettin and Kottbus before he takes Berlin. The clearing of Pomerania and Silesia may have to come before the clearing of Brandenburg. In other words Zhukov may want to rest his right on the Baltic and Konev his left on the Sudeten and the Erz Gebirge before marching to the Spree. Of course, such a plan is contingent on the German ability to resist. If the German spirit of resistance should suddenly break, then a bee-line advance on Berlin is indicated. But so far there are no real signs of such a break.

The Berlin area is the key to the entire transportation system of Central and Northern Germany. It is the political and "spiritual" center of German militarism. Without Berlin the Nazi fanatics can only retire to the Alpine region in the south for a last ditch semi-guerrilla like defense. The Army as a whole will probably feel that there is nothing left to fight for. All this means that the Berlin fortified area will be defended with unprecedented stubbornness and fanaticism and Marshal Zhukov may have to get to Neu-Strelitz and Torgau before his tanks rumble along Unter den Linden.

Of course, an all-out Allied offensive in the West, over-running the Ruhr, would change the entire picture. In conjunction with the Soviet offensive it would cut Germany in two at the waist (this waist is only 300-odd miles wide) and would make the defense of the Berlin fortified area completely superfluous. Such an offensive is surely going to break at any moment, especially in view of large German troop withdrawals from the West to the East.

There is still a chance to make the twenty-seventh anniversary of the Red Army a United Nations red-letter day. In the remaining three weeks the Western Allies could push a wedge one-third the size of Zhukov's and this would be ample to bring the whole German structure down. Such a wedge would bring the Allies to Osnabruck and Bielefeld, reducing Germany to an untenable corridor without a strategic rear.

Education on the USSR

The Committee on Education of the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship has just published the Proceedings of the Conference on Education About the Soviet Union, held last October. (Mimeographed.) Price—30c. Order from Soviet Russia Today.

A NEW DEMOCRATIC POLAND

(Continued from page 10)

This, therefore, is a government that means what it says when it declares itself in favor of complete religious liberty. The Catholics, who are the great majority of the people, know this; and the Jewish minority, who now have a radio station in Lublin broadcasting in the Yiddish language, know this. Nor is this accidental, for the Warsaw Provisional Government considers itself the inheritor of the *best* spiritual, cultural, and educational traditions of the Polish people. Churches and museums are being restored; schools and libraries are reopening. This is a government that says sincerely to its people: "And ye shall know the truth, and it shall make you free."

Moreover, this is a government whose foreign policy is democratic through and through. It means to make Poland a Good Neighbor in Eastern Europe, strengthening her economic and political ties with nearby Soviet Russia and Czechoslovakia in the first place. The era of age-old feuds and enmities in Eastern Europe has come to an end, giving way to friendly relations among the nations there, with peaceful adjustments of boundary questions and population transfers. The Polish people are determined to go forward with the fraternal peoples of the Soviet Union who have spilled their blood for Poland's freedom as well as their own, and with the sturdy peoples of Czechoslovakia who have never turned away from the cause of democracy. At the same time, the new Poland desires unswerving friendship with the reborn French Republic and the great Western democracies, Great Britain and the United States. The Manifesto of July, 1944, declares openly for such a policy; and the words of President Bierut show in what spirit this democratic foreign policy will be implemented:

"I am not linked to any party or political group. I consider my primary task to be the unification of the efforts of all groups and parties represented in the National Council of Poland in order to strengthen the firmness, force and vigor of the recovering Polish state, and to develop its democratic aspirations as the basis for the future power and greatness of our common Motherland—a free and independent Poland."

The new Poland, extending from the Vistula to the Oder and the Niesse,

allied with the USSR and the Western democracies, will be a force for order, peace, stability, and prosperity in an Eastern Europe that has for centuries been a center of discords and hatreds, a focus of wars and depredations, a prey of rival imperialisms. Thus the dream of Kosciuszko and every genuine Polish democrat will be fulfilled.

As Americans, we owe a special debt of gratitude to Poland's sons. Two Polish heroes, Casimir Pulaski and Tadeusz Kosciuszko, distinguished themselves in our American Revolution, winning the personal thanks of our Commander-in-Chief, George Washington. They fought for American freedom because they knew that freedom was indivisible. Striking a blow for American independence meant furthering the cause of Polish liberty.

And so, today, more than 150 years later, we Americans can repay this debt by showing moral solidarity with the new Polish democracy, by understanding its democratic foundations, and by helping it to rise again in the world. We can do more: we can aid the Polish people *concretely* by sending aid and relief. It has been a bitter-cold winter in ravaged and occupied Poland. There are shortages of foodstuffs, clothing, medicines, and medical supplies. Polish children are hungry and shivering with cold. The spectre of undernourishment and disease is ever-present. Here

INSIDE LIBERATED POLAND

(Continued from page 11)

iatowski bridge, we landed and connected with a hundred and fifty men under Colonel Radoslaw from the Home Army. They were hungry, without ammunition, and we gave them food and supplies. A couple of nights later, *without telling us*, Radoslaw withdrew his men into the center of the city by the sewer route. This was unimportant militarily, but showed their attitude. At several other points along the Vistula we landed and tried to break through to the insurgents, but they made no attempt to break through to us. In one place part of our army actually reached the city center and joined the Home Army. Their fate is unknown, for we never heard from them again."

"Could joint action have affected the outcome?" I asked.

is work that transcends political beliefs or party attitudes—humane work, the rescue of a people that has suffered much but never yielded to the enemy. As a prominent Polish journalist, Roman Pilarz, declared in an appeal to the Polish War Relief in the United States: "This is not the time to deepen our party discords. Today one common purpose exists: to build Poland and lead her to a happier future."

The need is now. It will not wait on diplomatic formalities or deliberations. The Motherland of Pulaski and Kosciuszko calls upon all Americans in this hour of liberation, as it rolls up its sleeves and sets to work to remove the ruins of war and to restore order. Will our people remain deaf to this appeal? Let me finish by quoting a few words from an address of Premier Osobka-Morawski, delivered on January 17, 1945:

"Citizens, we know that you have not too much bread yourselves, but in the name of the unity of the Polish nation we must share even our last piece of bread. Let the unity of our nation be brought even closer in the course of these historic days."

This is the stuff of which the true patriots of Poland are made. They are deserving of the full measure of our aid, for their sakes and for our own. And for the sake of a peaceful and prosperous world that we all hope to build, when the guns of war have fallen silent and the common people of this earth hopefully face the future.

"Certainly," he said, "with joint action we might at least have held areas that the insurgents had already, even though the action was militarily a bad mistake.

"At the end of September we made an agreement through our radio man in Zoliborz to evacuate all insurgents to our side of the river—a couple of thousand men from the Home Army were there. We arranged an artillery barrage smashing the path to the river where the boats awaited. One hour before the crossing should have started, General Bor ordered them to surrender to the Germans instead of crossing to us. Only a few dozen from the People's Army tried to reach us.

"What waste of life there was in Warsaw!" the General continued. "Pistols against tanks. Young boys gave

their lives and were only wasted when they might have been beating Germans with us."

What the London Poles Ignored

By contrast with Warsaw many of the large Polish cities, notably Lodz, Czestochowa and in part Cracow, were captured relatively undestroyed. They were far behind the German lines and the Red Army came so fast that the Nazis hadn't time to destroy them. These, therefore, can be swiftly organized as a basis of reviving national life.

But how shall the local government be organized? The present war presents a new problem. Past wars overthrew armies and possibly the national governments but left the local governments intact. City and village mayors continued to function under the new rulers. In the present war the Nazis poisoned the local administrations and all forms of social life. When the Germans flee their stooges flee with them, leaving no local officials or only a few and highly suspect ones.

This is an hour when local governments are painfully needed. They are needed at the very first hour to stop looting, bury corpses, fight epidemics and provide food and housing. Every hour of delay increases disorder and human misery. Where shall this needed local government be found? Obviously it cannot be found in London. It must be found on the spot. It obviously must have close contact with the local people and the ability to cooperate with the liberating army.

These facts seem so self-evident in Poland that I hesitate to mention them but apparently they are not understood in other countries. They weren't understood by the Poles in London who apparently thought that the Polish government depended chiefly on relations with foreign powers. At any rate, during the last half of 1944 Mikolajczyk was repeatedly urged by the Poles from Lublin and by the congress of his own Peasant Party, to return to Poland and be Prime Minister there. He delayed, imposing conditions. Whatever his reasons were, such mistakes are not forgiven by history. Some peasants now curse him as a deserter. The government had to be organized, the government was organized, and he wasn't there.

How was the government organized? How was order introduced? Fortunately there were farsighted Poles in Poland who understood this

need. They understood it more than a year ago and began to organize "in conspiracy" preparing in expectation of the Nazi overthrow.

Spychalski, the present mayor of Warsaw, told me a thrilling story of that first *Rada Narodowa* (National or Peoples Council) formed in Warsaw on New Year's Eve at the end of 1943. Spychalski is a handsome dynamic man with black shining hair and deep blue eyes and a roman nose. But he is easier to look at than to interview. Four times an interview scheduled with him in Warsaw was called off because of his civil duties. Finally I got him in Lublin where he had time to talk.

"The first session of Rada was called in Warsaw although it was the hardest place, being under the very noses of the Gestapo. Warsaw is Poland's capital. All over Poland the peasants and citizens formed partisan bands to fight the Nazis but only when the direction came from Warsaw could the movement gain nationwide scope. That is why we chose Warsaw to hold our first session.

"Delegates came from all parts of Poland representing four political parties and many partisan bands. They travelled unarmed lest they be searched and shot. I and one other person picked them up one by one and brought them to an apartment whose location was only known to the two of us. This was done between five and seven in the evening since at eight o'clock there was a curfew and only the Gestapo were in the streets. We had arms in the apartment, prepared to sell our lives dearly if discovered. However all went well and the delegates went out one by one the next morning while it was still dark."

I told Spychalski I had understood that New Year's Eve was chosen so that the Poles could meet under the form of a New Year's Eve party. Spychalski laughed. "Poles couldn't even hold a New Year's Eve party. Any kind of assembly would be arrested. We chose New Year's Eve because the Gestapo, who were having

their own parties, would be less watchful."

Many different political views were represented in the first *Rada Narodowa* organized "in conspiracy" but all the delegates agreed on one thing—in which they disagreed with the London Poles—that the Red Army is an ally and would enter Poland shortly and the Poles must actively cooperate with the Red Army and organize for liberation day. The *Rada Narodowa's* first meeting, therefore, resolved to create a "People's Army" by amalgamating all partisans willing to cooperate with the Red Army equally. They also resolved to organize local Radas, underground governments ready to take local power.

The Polish People Take Over

The scene now shifts to the country town of Radzyn, a typical county center to which the organization spreads. Marian Potapczyk, vice chairman of the county Rada—similar to a county commissioner—told me the tale in his kitchen while I wrote it down with freezing fingers huddled in the big comforter from Potapczyk's feather bed. Surveying the two ice-cold rooms in the bombed town where the County Commissioner functions, I couldn't help thinking it was a lot more comfortable being the Polish government in London than being it on the spot.

"I was a leader of fifty-four armed partisans," said Potapczyk. "And last January after that Warsaw Rada session I got orders to organize a County Rada. I asked whom it should include. And my colonel in the People's Army told me to include the Home Army—forces under the London Poles—the People's Army, political parties and every anti-Nazi organization, and trusted individuals." It wasn't easy for Potapczyk to include the Home Army. Forty-five members of that organization had surrounded the house where he was hiding the previous year and had taken him out and beaten him, leaving him for dead. They did this because he organized sabotage against the Nazis. Potapczyk's kidneys are

The Soviet Union is sharing its food supplies with the liberated areas in Poland. Here bread is being distributed to the people of Prague.



permanently injured by that beating and he won't live long. However, under instructions he sought the leaders of the Home Army in the county, inviting them to cooperate to form an underground government.

"Are you still alive!" they said "Maybe it would be better to finish you now."

"You can do that," replied Potapczyk coolly, "but then you won't live long either, for now I have fifty-four armed men in the woods."

The leaders of the Home Army looked with more respect at Potapczyk, and agreed to send delegates.

During February, 1944, Potapczyk held secret meetings in every village in the county, chose secret mayors and a county council of fifty members whose immediate task was to hide food from the Germans, preserving it for themselves and for the Red Army which they all expected soon.

This type of organization went on throughout Poland. By March it was sufficiently widespread so that the *Rada Narodowa* sent a delegation to Moscow to contact the Soviet government and the Red Army. Arms began parachuting down into the Polish woods. When the Red Army advanced towards Poland last summer the Polish People's Army under General Zymierski sprang into correlated action.

The People's Army struck the Germans in the rear turning retreat into rout, rescued peasants who were being deported as slaves, policed liberated towns pending organization by the government.

"My commanding officer ordered me to enter Radzyn as *starosta* and take power." We return again to Marian Potapczyk.

Potapczyk went into Radzyn with nine armed men. Bombs were falling and there were very few people there. The first week the Rada was still secret since the Germans might counterattack. During that week Potapczyk ran the county with nine armed men and with the aid of volunteer citizens, militia without arms, only armbands.

"Our job was to clean the streets, bury the corpses, prevent looting and fires, grab Gestapo records. From this we learned the fate of many good comrades and also sometimes who betrayed them."

"What has happened to those traitors?" I asked thinking the answer was foregone. But Potapczyk surprised me.

"The big traitors either fled with

the Germans or were arrested." I learned that the two men who betrayed Potapczyk to a beating which "took away my health," are still at large not knowing that Potapczyk is aware of their identity.

During that first week Potapczyk organized elections. He invited everyone over 21 to the village meetings which elected *Soltys*—village chief—and the County Rada.

"Were elections open or secret?" I asked Potapczyk.

"Sometimes one way, sometimes the other. Of fifteen village meetings I attended, five voted by acclamation, but ten by ballot. If anyone called for balloting they passed out paper. One village had seven candidates for *Soltys*, and naturally voted by ballot."

"Did different political parties put up candidates?"

"No political parties were yet organized," replied Potapczyk. "Later these were organized and they sent representatives to the County Rada."

THEY NEVER GIVE UP

(Continued from page 17)

You can't keep a people like that down.

And they're mostly like that peasant girl and that swine-herd. Valentina Grizodubova, Heroine of the Soviet Union, who has been flying missions over the front-lines for three years, is President of the Women's Anti-Fascist Committee and member of the War Crimes Commission—and mother of a little boy of eight whom they call "The Eagle" because he's so crazy to fly; Pavlichenko, the sniper, most of you know; Smirnova, who received her Hero of the Soviet Union medal for 900 hours' blind flying, and has been awarded five medals for valor. She's a little girl of nineteen who looks like a co-ed and whom you'd expect to see sitting on a high stool at the counter with a boy friend and a chocolate malted.

There was Kirov's twenty-two year old daughter, whom I've already written about, Eugenie Kostrikova, small, thin, delicate, who blushed and stammered when interviewed by correspondents, who is a tank commander and has put countless Ferdinands and Tigers out of action. Alexandra Boika, another tank commander, who bought her tank herself, with her husband, now the turret gunner in it. It's Alexandra who gives the orders! And the guerrilla woman of Minsk, Maria Os-

"The Radzyn County Rada, today the highest government body in the county, has fifty members of which thirty-two were chosen by sixteen townships—two per township—fifteen by political parties or public organizations—the teachers have representatives—while three members who are specialists were co-opted by Rada itself."

Not every county held elections like Radzyn. Every county is different. In some places political parties were the first to emerge and form governments. In Lublin the city factory workers held a meeting and formed a city government, thereafter adding representatives, from the doctors, merchants, teachers, etc. In Praga, Mayor Sychalski, appointed by the central government, won popular support for the most rapid possible organization of ward committees and house committees to repair dwellings and secure food. So the Polish people are rebuilding their lives out of the chaos the Germans left.

sipova, famous lawyer and member of the Minsk Soviet, who did charwoman work for the Germans for three years and all that time smuggled Russians out of the city under the Gestapo's very eyes, over into partisan camps in the woods.

The saga of the women of Russia in this war will be told for years, for centuries to come. They saw—they endured—they fought and survived....

"We said, 'If you have no strength, work anyway.' We said, 'we would be ashamed before the walls of our factory if we didn't work.' We said, 'Weep, but work.' We worked. We fought. We became a storm, and we swept the German invaders out of our country."

Discussion Series on Women

The above article by Ella Winter is based on her speech given January 31 as part of the Discussion Series on Women in the USSR and the USA being conducted by the Committee of Women of the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship.

Future lectures will be: February 28, Child Care in the USA and the USSR, with Rose Maurer and Dr. Leona Baumgartner, and Miss Hazel Corbin, Chairman. March 7, Family Relationships and Parent Education, Lawrence K. Frank and Rebecca Timbres Clark, Sidonie M. Gruenberg, Chairman. March 28, Women in Cultural Life (speakers to be announced).

All meetings are held at the Barbizon Plaza Hotel, New York City. Tickets may be secured through the Committee of Women, telephone MUrray Hill 3-2082.

THE OLD WOMAN

(Continued from page 21)

quacking like a duck, and squinting happily, like a cat that is being combed behind its ear. He was amazed at her physical strength. Having scrubbed the petty-officer's back until it was quite red, she disappeared, without waiting to be thanked.

Vinogradov was amused. Only the old woman was actually embarrassed, he thought. Yes, a woman is a woman—until her very grave.

Just when the nine friends had begun to regard the old woman's house as their home, they received orders from headquarters to move on to new positions. After hearing the news of her adopted sons' orders to leave, the old woman became her former self: sad, tight-lipped, despondent.

"We're not parting forever, Granny," Vinogradov said, trying to console her. "We will never forget you. Once the war is over, you'll come to live with us. Or, if you will not want to hurt our feelings, you can live with each of us by turn."

But the old woman would not be consoled. She sat on the steps of the back porch, her shriveled hands supporting her head, and languidly gazed beyond the green wood. Toward eve-

ning, the radio operators placed their equipment on a cart and were ready to leave. Vinogradov approached the old woman.

"So long, Granny. Don't bear a grudge against us. We want to thank you for your maternal affection, for your love. Wait for us. We'll be back. We know that your years are many, but we're looking forward to seeing one another. We'll write to you, and you too—let us hear from you. We'll want to know how you're getting on."

He embraced the old woman. Suddenly she threw her arms around his neck, pressed her flaccid cheeks against his, shuddered, and began to cry spasmodically. And through her tears the sailors heard choking, plaintive words:

"My own dear ones, my dear comrades! What am I going to do without you? Your coming here, you—I've come to life again. And now, now that you are going, all, everything will be gone, and I shall die."

"Come, now, Granny. You must calm yourself. . . . You're talking a lot of nonsense," Vinogradov answered, stroking her thin, bony back. "What talk is this of death? You'll live to be a hundred. Why, you have at least thirty more years to go."

"Good God!" shrieked the old woman, impetuously springing back, covering her face with her hands. "Good God! Have I suffered that long? Where am I? What is this? Do you know how old I am? . . . You call me Granny . . . and I am not yet thirty-three . . . This is what the Germans have done to me!"

And, frightened by her own unexpected confession, she tore herself away from Vinogradov, quickly ran into the house, and slammed the door.

The sailors stood silently, stupefied, each avoiding the glance of the other. Their faces darkened, their jaws became set, their cheek-bones drawn. Vinogradov slowly lifted his hand and removed his cap. Silently, the eight friends also removed their caps. They fixedly stared at the closed door of the house as one stares at the burial-mound of a dear friend.

Then, in a soft and muffled voice, as if he were sapped of all strength, Vinogradov said:

"Forgive us, sister!"

He shoved his cap on his head with a strong, determined downward motion. A change had come over him. The radio operators could not recognize their former boisterous friend.

There was a strange color on Vinogradov's cheeks, as if they were tinted with the grayness of cast-iron. Slowly, articulately, as if taking an oath, he said:

"Mates, there must be no question of ever returning home until all the fascist hitches have become gray before their time . . . until they will have perished like beasts, howling over the fascist carcasses. . . . Attention! Forward march!"

The nine sailors crossed the field, quickening their step, not daring to look back, fearing to see on the threshold of the house, the woman they had left behind.

Translated by Edward Farrell

SOVIET CENTRAL ASIA

(Continued from page 23)

collective farming and up-to-date machinery. The American-invented, automatic Rust cotton picker is more honored by use here than in the United States. And the Soviets also have their own designs of cotton picker.

The Soviet regime in the Central Asiatic Republics has faced not only the usual problems of transforming a backward, illiterate population into an educated one able to understand and handle the advanced techniques of a socialized industry and agriculture. It has also been compelled to meet and overcome the old-time prejudices of the Mohammedan religion, which were a serious obstacle in practically every field of economic and cultural activity. For instance, the struggle to free the women of Central Asia from such deeply rooted customs as the harem and the wearing of the veil constitutes a thrilling saga in itself.

In no part of the Soviet Union is the contrast and combination of old and new more marked than throughout Central Asia. For this entire region has leaped, in but a moment of history, from a stagnant, retrogressive semi-feudalism, characterized by Asiatic tyranny of the most barbarous type, to a progressive, modern, dynamic stage of society in the form of Marxist Socialism. This revolutionary advance is apparent wherever one goes in Central Asia, whether in the city districts where the old towns and the new stand side by side, whether in the rural areas where natives in their traditional garb operate tractors and combines, or in the remote valleys of the high southern ranges where isolated peoples have for the first time been brought into close touch with twentieth century civilization.

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A LETTER TO WILLIAM L. WHITE

(Continued from page 14)

could speak to anyone we wanted, except that our guides didn't like us to wander off by ourselves which always annoyed me no end, although this was obviously a measure of protection for us—we were often in areas newly liberated from the Germans and one could never tell whether a spy or saboteur left behind mightn't try to take a pot shot at the correspondents. Personally I have never seen anyone prevented from talking to me by anything except his own reserve. The reasons for this reserve are many of course. You have provided new ones.

You compare Russia and the Lansing Penitentiary. This is vile. Your father would not like this, Bill. You suggest that Russia is a prison. Russia is no prison. Russia hasn't our system, our democracy. But in her own way she is a democracy for her people. That's what they fight to maintain and extend. In Russia the human spirit is moving towards heights of untrammelled development. Would you say that the Russian doctors you praised, the musicians, the soldiers and generals who kill so many Germans are prisoners? More words! Would Hitler open this prison's doors? I don't suppose Bill that you saw the German magazine *Signal*, copies of which we found on the battle fields near Minsk and which in issue after issue with full credits given, reprinted articles from the *Reader's Digest*. I will bet ten cents to your hundred dollars that you will not pass unnoticed in the German press. Your father will be sorry Bill. Giving comfort to the enemy was far indeed from him.

You say the Russian leaders are not pleased with the wave of internationalism and good feelings towards the western world among their people. This is not true. Harsher words could be found to describe your statement. One is constantly impressed by the desire of Russian leaders to foster good will between themselves and the Allies, but not at the expense of surrendering their own views. At the banquet given to the Canadian ambassador, Mr. L. Dana Wilgress, Vyshinsky, assistant commissar for foreign affairs, toasted Canadian soldiers who he said "were among the best fighting men in the world." The

people eventually get to know these things through the press, by way of the radio and of public lectures, hundreds of which are given in Moscow alone each month. Is it not true that John Hersey's book "A Bell for Adano" has just been purchased for publication by the Russians? Yes, the Russians want their people to know about the Allies, and if sometimes they say things displeasing to us, well, it is no more than we are doing about them all the time.

Sometimes you prevaricate shamelessly and outright. For example, you report the showing of the newsreel of Detroit race riots in Moscow and say that the Russians' only reaction was to cry "Look at that wonderful pair of shoes the Negro is wearing." Other correspondents saw the newsreels. They never heard this remark. Your zest to build a case against the Russians has carried you too far.

You say the Russians dismiss Stalin's generous statements towards Allies as "the kind of perfunctory gesture which all statesmen occasionally make." A Russian girl factory worker exclaimed to me the day Winston Churchill arrived in Moscow: "Well I guess the war is all settled now, Churchill never makes trips except to put final touches to completed designs." This faith is characteristic, and the more remarkable because after all the Russians do not agree with everything that Churchill does, but he is an Allied leader and therefore is respected and trusted. This was the girl's attitude. She is no exception. Have you spoken to any Russians, Bill?

Some of your facts are cock-eyed. You say, "You see absolutely no men between 16 and 40 at the factory benches." This is just silly. Thousands can be seen in any large plant.

You say, "The average Russian doctor has less training than a good American nurse." More nonsense. The marvel of it is that the Russians have doctors enough to care for their enormous casualties, to return to the front ninety per cent of the wounded, to prevent outbreaks of epidemics, to overcome the terrible disease inheritance of German occupation. Untrained doctors could not have done this. Facts speak louder than calumnies.

I visited the chief Red Army hospital in Moscow to see how Canadian flour is used in feeding patients. I was shown anything I wished to see and

the doctors went out of their way to point to the meagerness of equipment. Time and again they said, "We hope you will be able to sell us some more equipment after the war."

I think I know as much about the church in Russia as any correspondent. For many months I did articles on church problems and I saw nearly all the church dignitaries and state officials concerned with religious problems. It is not true that the Germans made any headway at all "with religious propaganda" as you say. It is not even true that the church has a place on the Council of "People's Commissars". What has happened is that the Council of People's Commissars has created two committees to deal with church problems, both headed by state officials and not by church dignitaries.

Yes, your facts are weak. For example, you say vaguely that Popkov of Leningrad is an important figure in the organization of the Communist Party of that region. Don't you know who Popkov is? You were in Leningrad. He is Leningrad's mayor. You could have asked any of the correspondents. We all met him.

As I write this, Bill, I dread to think of what you will say in your next instalment. You have made things difficult for us correspondents by your biased superficial story, your neglect of fact, your substitution of your own or what you thought were possibly the *Reader's Digest* desires for the truth. You came, a guest to Russia, supposedly an objective student. But you did not see Russia at all. Perhaps you did not seek to see it. I saw you at our hotel and I know that when you were away from us you romped around with Johnston with tourist speed and you couldn't have seen much. So your judgement might have been tempered by that. It wasn't. Now the Russians will take to distrusting us because of what you have done and this will make it more difficult to tell the truth about Russia to our peoples, yours and mine. You began with pre-designed hostility. One could almost say that your article reflects a master's voice. Your father knew no master but America. It is sad indeed Bill. We must get to know the Russian people, the Russian people must get to know us, otherwise we cannot work together in the post-war world. But goodwill cannot be based on deliberate deceit. Is not your burden too heavy to carry? You have harmed America.

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The story of the incentives behind the Soviet victories,
on the battlelines, in the factories, farms and homes

The Soviet Spirit

by DR. HARRY F. WARD

IN his introduction Dr. Ward writes:

From the first days of the first Soviet Republic a few inquiring spirits have tried to give their fellow citizens the facts and tell them the truth about the new society that was being built there. . . .

Twice I went to the Soviet Union for study. Each time I saw what would be a miracle of history to those who did not understand what was behind the events. . . . My purpose was to find out whether the incentives of an infant society were as powerful and practical as those of the capitalist world, and whether their weaknesses and dangers could be overcome as those of the profit motive

had not been. The evidence showed that the Soviet economy was succeeding and would succeed. Recent developments have provided additional proof. The evidence was observed and analyzed in the industrial centers of Leningrad and Moscow; on a communal type of collective farm in the black soil belt of the Volga Region; in the big harvesting machinery plant outside of Rostov; in the Baku oil region; in three Caucasian republics; in Odessa.

Mrs. Ward and I traveled alone and lived most of the time at people's homes, seldom in hotels. . . . Thus we came to know the . . . story of Soviet incentives and to understand that, because of all it means for the future of human living everywhere, there is no more pregnant chapter in history.

Contents

THE scope of this informative and inspiring book may be indicated by its contents: WHY THEY WERE WRONG—"OUR SPIRIT IS DIFFERENT"—NO FEAR OF THE FUTURE—THE BUILDERS FIGHT—NOT FOR THEMSELVES ALONE—WHAT'S OURS IS MINE—SOCIALIST PROFIT AND CAPITALIST VIRTUES—EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS—THEY WORK TOGETHER—WINNING THE BATTLE OF PRODUCTION—SOCIALIST COMPETITION—WORKERS' INITIATIVE—PAYMENT BY RESULTS—OPPORTUNITY FOR ALL—SOCIAL APPROVAL—THE SOCIALIZED INDIVIDUAL—THE PULL OF THE FUTURE.

The Author

DR. WARD has taught in theological schools for over a quarter of a century and is at present Professor Emeritus of the Union Theological Seminary. He was founder of the Methodist Federation of Social Services. He has traveled extensively, in Europe and the Orient, visiting the USSR twice, the second time for a stay of a full year. He is the author of *Social Creed of the Churches*, *The Bible and Social Living*, *The Gospel for a Working World*, *The New Social Order, In Place of Profit*, etc. His analyses of Soviet ethics and incentives is therefore based on a first hand, lifelong study of the ethical systems of the world.

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