

SOVIET SKETCHES

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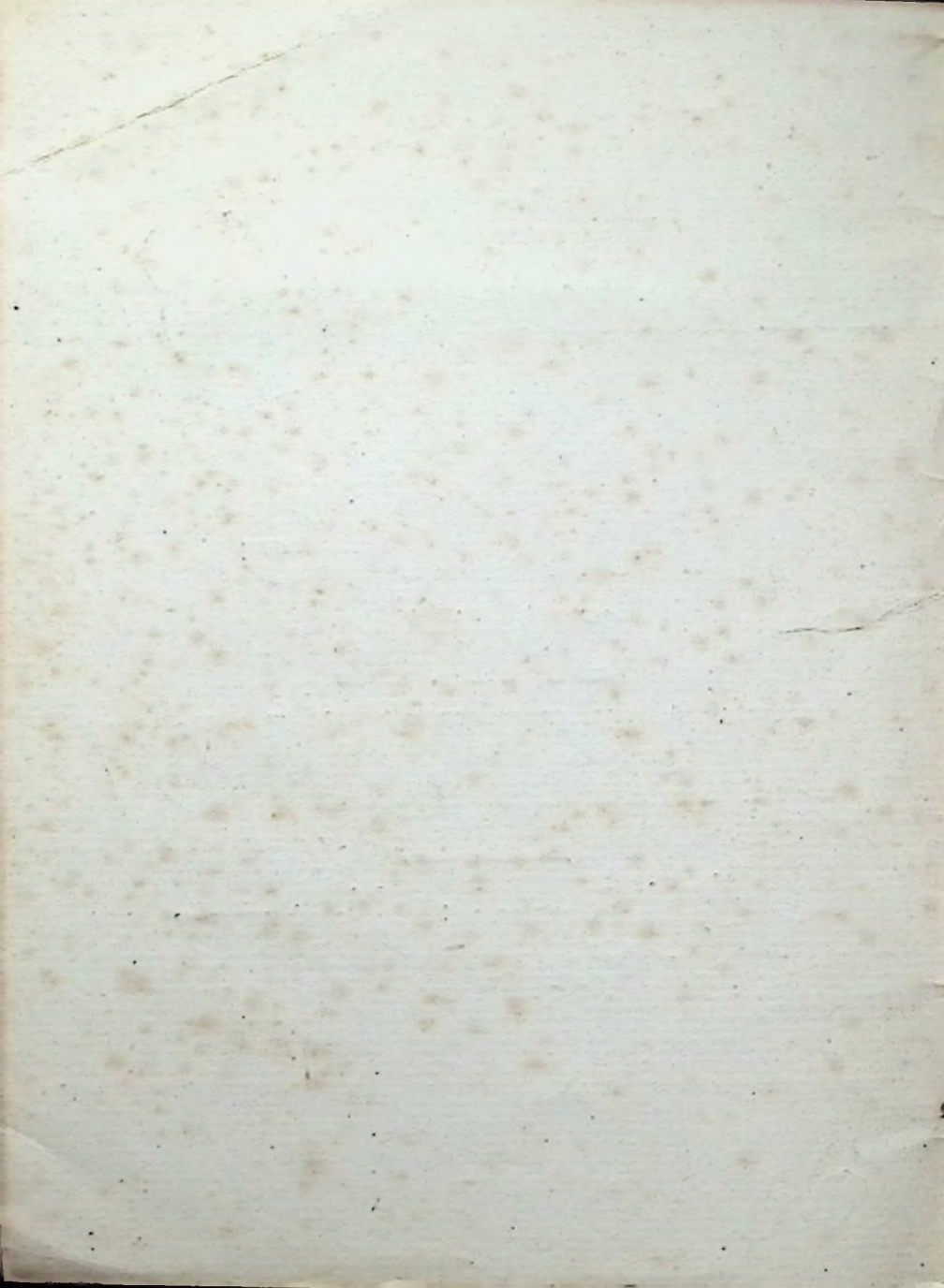
ALONG CAME STAKHANOV

by JOSHUA KUNITZ



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LIFE HAS BECOME MORE JOYOUS

A FOREWORD.

It is only a few months since young Alexei Stakhanov, until then an obscure miner in the Donetz Basin, burst into the consciousness of the Soviet masses by demonstrating how the pneumatic drill, handled by an enthusiastic and efficient Soviet worker, could increase productivity from the "normal" average of seven tons of coal in a six-hour shift to what then seemed the fantastic figure of 102 tons in 5 hours 45 minutes. This was the first clear, dramatic and widely publicized manifestation of a revolt against the old standards of output, the formidable "technical norms," sanctified by antediluvian textbooks, fossilized professors, and timorous specialists. The revolt spread. All over the vast land, in mines, in fields, in factories and shops, thousands of heroes of labor—the socialist equivalents of the Hectors, the Herculeases, the Sir Galahads of old—rose in response to Stakhanov's call. Everywhere their slogan was: The old standards of output are the enemies of progress! Down with the old technical norms! In one industry after another the old norms were being beaten, smashed, hammered into bits.

Originating at the bottom and encouraged from the top, the revolt rapidly assumed the proportions of a mass movement for higher standards of output, for technical mastery, for profound mass culture, for the speedy removal of the ancient distinctions between agricultural and industrial labor, between manual and mental labor—a mighty

mass movement for everything that would ensure and accelerate the ultimate transition from socialism to communism.

The tremendous advance in output registered by almost all industries in the first months of 1936 shows that the early communist estimate of Stakhanovism as a movement destined to revolutionize Soviet industry was eminently correct. And it was correct, not because the communists are prophets, but because their estimate was based on a correct evaluation of the immediate economic, social and political trends in the Soviet land.

In collecting material on the Stakhanov movement, the author of these lines had occasion to travel widely through the Soviet Union, going to shops and factories, to collective and state farms; visiting clubs, theaters, schools; talking to workers, peasants, agronomists, mechanics, tractor drivers, engineers, teachers, officials, Red Army men, poets, artists—and if he were asked for the word or combination of words that most truly expressed the spirit of Soviet life in the winter of 1935-36, he would unhesitatingly quote Stalin's now famous words at the First All-Union Conference of Stakhanovites on November 17, 1935:

Life has improved, comrades. Life has become more joyous. And when life is joyous, work goes well. . . .

Can one think of another country, can one think of a capitalist land where a political leader would dare rise before workers and peasants and utter such words of optimism? One can think of no such country! There is no such land!

But in the Soviet Union these words ring true. Now they are heard everywhere, in the most unexpected places, at the most unexpected times. They form the ever recurring refrain in the heroic symphony of Soviet contemporaneity. Even when unuttered, they charge the atmosphere, the

streets, the shops, the cafés, the fields, the mines, and the endless news columns of numbers and graphs.

Yes, in the Soviet Union life has become more joyous. And it has become so, because here the vast masses of workers and peasants, led by the Communist Party, have been able, for the first time in man's history, not only to shatter the yoke of capitalism, not only to achieve freedom from exploitation, but also to create for themselves the material conditions for a secure and prosperous socialist life.

Realizing the average reader's aversion for statistics, the author has studiously endeavored to keep statistics down to a minimum. But, on the other hand, the reader must bear in mind that in the Soviet Union statistics are concentrated accounts of epic achievements—they are poetry.

Take the apparently dry, matter-of-fact reports presented before the plenary sessions of the Central Executive Committee of the Soviets—figures, figures, figures. But read into those figures and you will realize that you are confronted with something infinitely more thrilling and exciting than all the Iliads, Odysseys and Kalevalas put together.

The figures of collectivized agriculture are in themselves an epic. Let us glance at a few of them.

In 1928 there were still 25,000,000 small individual farms in the Soviet Union; in 1935 over 90 per cent of these, occupying about 97 per cent of the arable land of the country, were joined in 250,000 collectives.

In 1928, there were still 5,000,000 wooden plows (and several million iron ones) scratching the surface of the individual peasant lands; in 1935 collectivized Soviet agriculture had 260,000 tractors, 30,000 combines, and virtually millions of other modern agricultural implements. The plan for 1936 provides for the production of about 150,000

tractors, 60,000 combines, and 55,000 two-and-a-half ton motor trucks.

Before the Revolution, Russian agriculture produced annually about 4.5 billion *poods** of grain; in 1935 the figure was 5.5 billion *poods*; the plan for 1936 is 6.3 billion *poods*; and the objective to be reached in about three or four years is between 7 and 8 billion *poods*.

In 1935 the Soviet Union had the greatest cotton and sugar-beet crops in the whole history of Russia; the cotton deliveries to the state exceeding the previous year's by 10 million *poods* and the sugar-beet deliveries by 50 million centners.*

Altogether, in relation to 1934, Soviet agriculture in 1935 increased its output by 11 per cent, *a rate of growth unheard of in the history of world agriculture.*

In industry the figures are even more startling. Here 1935 was marked by splendid and in many cases unparalleled achievements in every field. Compare 1935 with 1925—a difference of only one decade. In December 1935, the Soviet Union produced 17 times as much electric power as in December 1925; 5.4 times as much anthracite; 7.7 times as much coke; 10.6 times as much iron ore; 7 times as much cast iron; 7.6 times as much copper; 11.2 times as many locomotives; 376 times as many railroad cars; 195 times as many tractors; 1,030 times as many automobile trucks. One can go on citing such figures *ad infinitum*—in the chemical industry, in airplane construction, in road building, in gold mining, etc. To put it succinctly: *The mere increase in the output of Soviet industry in 1935 over that of 1934 (only one year) is almost equal to the total industrial output in tsarist Russia in 1913—11 billion rubles!*

Ponder these figures. Think of what they mean in terms

* One *pood* = 36 lbs.—*Ed.*

* One centner = 100 kilograms.—*Ed.*

of more bread, more sugar, more meat, more clothes, more comforts, more luxuries, greater security, better health in the immediate present; observe their dynamics and what they promise for the immediate future and you will understand why the 1935-36 *leit motif* of Soviet life is:

Life has improved, comrades. Life has become more joyous. And when life is joyous, work goes well. . . .

It is in the light of these figures that one can understand the aura of national jubilation surrounding the numerous receptions, conferences and meetings with leading worker and peasant Stakhanovites that have of late been taking place within the Kremlin walls. From the national rostrum the best representatives from fields, mines, and factories have addressed the leaders of the Communist Party and the Soviet government, telling them of their work and experiences, their achievements and their needs. And the leaders, in their turn, rose before the Stakhanovites and reported to them on the successes, the plans, and the needs of the country. Taken together, all these conferences and sessions, marked by their free spirit of give and take, their informality and good humor, and above all by their practical dealing with practical questions, presented an excellent picture of the growth and strengthening of Soviet democracy—a democracy so profound and genuine as is inconceivable in any other country, the democracy of a socialist society.

Here is one little characteristic episode:

M. A. Petrova, a young peasant girl, a combine operator in the Saratov district, was announced as the next speaker. Met with thunderous applause, she rose in the back of the hall and, all flustered, almost ran to the speaker's stand. But when she arrived, she could scarcely utter a word. Breathing heavily, swallowing her words,

she blurted out a few sentences about the 544 hectares she had harvested, the 2,250 rubles she had earned, the motorcycle she had received as a present from "Comrade" Chernov (People's Commissar of Agriculture) and the phonograph she had received from the regional government. While the audience cheered, she suddenly stopped, looked distractedly at the presidium and muttered: "I'm nervous . . . I can't speak. . . ."

Stalin: Speak up. Don't be nervous. You are among your own people.

Petrova: Next year I promise to harvest 700 hectares. I challenge to socialist competition all the girls in the Soviet Union. (*Applause.*)

Molotov: It sounds very good. Keep it up.

Petrova: I'm excited.

Stalin: Speak up. Speak up. It sounds well. A little more nerve.

Voroshilov: One takes cities with nerve.

Stalin: We are one family here.

Even the son of a former kulak was made to feel happy and at home when Stalin interrupted his embarrassed reference to his social origin by saying: "Children are not responsible for their fathers."

We are all one family here—that was precisely how all the delegates felt.

Rising to speak in the spacious Kremlin Hall, in the presence of all the leaders of the Communist Party and the Soviet government, the delegates, except a couple of shy young girls, felt absolutely free and uninhibited. After the privations and struggles of the transition years, these workers and peasants—Russians, Mongolians, Uzbeks, Tajiks, Ukrainians, Germans, Jews—were now glorying in the first real signs of prosperity which large-scale, modernized, socialized industry and agriculture have at last begun to shower upon them, and were de-

lighted at the opportunity of letting the whole world know about it. Almost every one of them spoke of the industrial or agricultural successes of his factory or collective farm, of his personal work and accomplishments, of the growth of education and culture, of the horrors of the capitalist past and his readiness to lay down his life in defense of the socialist fatherland.

In order that the non-Soviet reader may at the very outset recreate for himself, in some slight measure, the atmosphere at the conferences and the spirit of the Soviet masses for whom the delegates spoke, we present here in part the speech of the combine operator at the Staroporubezh Machine and Tractor Station, G. V. Polagutin—a typical speech of a typical Stakhanovite in agriculture.

After greeting Stalin and the other members of the presidium, and presenting an itemized account of the properties controlled by his collective, Polagutin said:

“We harvested our five thousand hectares in such a way that we didn’t let even one grain get lost. We knew that the grain was ours, and we watched it like the apple of our eye.

Molotov: That’s the way!

Polagutin: I harvested 1,005 hectares, saved 1,666 kilograms of oil, earned 5,400 rubles. Comrade Chernov gave me a motorcycle as a premium, the regional government gave me a rifle, and the district presented me with an accordion and a testimonial letter. (*Applause.*)

Yakovlev: How many hectares did you do per day?

Polagutin: As high as thirty-two.

Stalin: And have you heard what Kolesov said?

Polagutin: I did. We are now engaged in socialist competition.

Stalin: He threatens to beat you.

Polagutin: We’ll compete for quality as well as quantity.

Comrades, I recall the former years. My past was all tears. For nine years I took care of a kulak's herds. I used to be beaten with a whip. And now I live so that it's hard to tell, a regular kulak! (*Laughter.*) We are now rid of kulaks. I live very well indeed: I have a motorcycle; I have an accordion. I have everything: a cow, a house—pardon, when I was leaving for Moscow, I didn't have the house yet, but I was told: "When you come back from Moscow, you'll walk into a good house." The way I think is, once they said so, they'll do it. The word of our management is all right. (*Applause.*)

... Why do I believe? Because during harvest time I'd told Comrade Fedorov that I would do one thousand hectares. And the director said: "You do a thousand hectares, and you'll have a house." When I gave a promise, I kept it. Since he gave a promise that he'd give me a house, he'll certainly keep it. (*Applause.*)

Comrades, at the present time I have a cow, a house (I take it that I already have the house, since he promised he would give it.) (*Laughter.*) I have a sow, a small one, about seven *poods*; I have chickens, a rifle, a bicycle, a motorcycle, an accordion, I have everything I need. Right now my life is wonderful.

I should like to say a few words about the work of the combines. This year I have done in round numbers 1,005 hectares. The average for the district is 365 hectares. Comrades, I think that this is not the limit. This is too little.

Stalin: Still—it's not so little.

Polagutin: It is little, Comrade Stalin! We are nearing the point when we'll be able to produce more and better. I have everything I need, but why shouldn't I have even more? And if I work better, I'll have more. Now we have come to Moscow. We see that in Moscow people live well, in a cultured way, and we want our village to live like Moscow. (*Applause.*) We want to make the village

like Moscow. Now we have come to Moscow, and we like the idea that the people are so cultured, so clean. And we'll make it so that Moscow should be interested in coming to the village, to see how the village has become cultured, clean. (*Applause.*) And we'll do it!

Comrades, it seems that I have said about all I wanted to say. Thanks to the Party, thanks to the government, thanks to our leader, Comrade Stalin, we have attained such a life. (*Applause.*) Flaming greetings to our Party and Government, to our leader, great Stalin! (*Applause.*)

Yakovlev: But will you beat Kolesov?

Polagutin: I promise Comrade Stalin that next year I will do, not 1,005 hectares, but 1,300 hectares, and I will beat Kolesov. (*Applause.*)

Yakovlev: You will?

Polagutin: I will. I will try as never before. Furthermore, in the name of all the combine operators of the Saratov Region I challenge to socialist competition the combine operators of the Azov-Black Sea Region. The standard we propose is 500 hectares per combine."

Within a few brief years the Soviet Union, once dark, wooden, backward Russia, has risen to the first place in the world in large-scale mechanized agriculture and to first place in Europe in industrial production. Add to this the phenomenal extension of mass education and mass culture, add to these the growth of Soviet democracy and socialist humanism, and you have come near touching the root of Stakhanovism, you will have found the soil from which have sprung the thousands upon thousands of heroes of labor joined in the Stakhanov movement.

If there had been no Soviet power, if the masses had been living under the pall of capitalist exploitation, crises and unemployment; if the scores of different nationalities

inhabiting what is now the Soviet Union had been victims of national oppression and persecution, of race hatred and chauvinism; if the Soviet workers and peasants had been leading poor, drab, joyless lives; and, finally, if the technical and human prerequisites (machines and men) for a mighty economic and cultural upsurge had not been prepared by all the years of successful socialist construction, there would certainly have been no Stakhanov, no Stakhanovites, and nothing even remotely resembling a Stakhanov movement.

To understand Soviet contemporaneity, one must always bear in mind this: The mass drive for efficiency, organization, and higher standards of output represented by Stakhanovism, the new socialist attitude to labor and the new socialist psychology which that movement implies would be utterly inconceivable under conditions of capitalist exploitation; they could originate only in the healthy soil of a rising classless society, could grow and gather strength only in the free joyous, hopeful atmosphere of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

STAKHANOV

Symbol of Millions

When the news of Alexei Stakhanov's feat first appeared in the Soviet press, W. J., writer for the *Neue Züricher Zeitung*, exclaimed compassionately: "O easily inflamed, eternally credulous of miracles, Russian folk!" Having apparently just discovered Dostoievsky, Soloviev, and Merezhkovsky, this bourgeois gentleman came to the profound and original conclusion that all Russians, regardless of place, time, or class, were incorrigible mystics, ever tremulous in anticipation of a new miracle, a new dispensation, a second coming of Christ. Stakhanovism was nothing but a "new mysticism." Stakhanov himself

was nothing but another Messiah, who, like all his Russian predecessors, would of course prove a pathetic fraud and delusion. Poor, innocent, eternally credulous Russian folk!

Not as compassionate as the erudite W. J. was his colleague Herr Just of the Nazi DAZ. He was lyrically indignant. According to his scrupulously objective report, Stakhanov was "the most hated man in the Soviet Union." With a lovely touch of the Nordic's contempt for the facial lineaments of Stakhanov, the Slav, Herr Just wrote: "He might have been a phantom, a mirage, an evil spectre, had not his insignificant, repulsive head with the wide mouth and thick lips been spread in millions of portraits all over the land." Obviously Stakhanov had managed to get under Herr Just's hypersensitive fascist skin.

Before launching, however, into a detailed discussion of Stakhanovism as a movement, and before exposing in passing all the nonsense and calumny spread about it in the capitalist press—this will be done in the subsequent chapters of this pamphlet—I should first like to sketch for the reader the biographical portrait of the young man under whose name that movement has made its explosive entry into contemporary Soviet history. The portrait is significant, not so much because of Stakhanov's special and peculiar virtues, but because of his supreme typicalness. Stakhanov symbolizes a whole generation of new Soviet people: millions of young men and women, many of them of peasant origin, brought up and trained during the heroic period of war, revolution, reconstruction, and two successive five-year plans.

What type of people are they?

"They are," says Stalin, "mostly young or middle-aged working men and women, people with culture and technical knowledge, who show examples of precision and

accuracy in work, who are able to appreciate the time factor in work and who have learnt to count not only the minutes, but also the seconds. The majority of them have passed what is known as the technical minimum examination and are continuing their technical education. They are free of the conservatism and stagnation of certain engineers, technicians and business executives; they are marching boldly forward, smashing the antiquated standards of output and creating new and higher standards; they are introducing amendments into the designed capacities and economic plans drawn up by the leaders of our industry; they at times supplement and correct what the engineers and technicians have to say; they often teach the latter and impel them forward, for they are people who have completely mastered the technique of their job and who are able to squeeze out of technique the maximum that can be squeezed out of it. . . . Is it not clear that the Stakhanovites are innovators in our industry. . . .”

This is how Stalin describes the people who are marching under the Stakhanov banner. That they all have certain specific characteristics in common has been observed by many. And therefore when we trace the psychological unfoldment of Stakhanov himself, we actually get an insight into the psychological unfoldment of millions of similar people—working men and working women who barely remember or have never felt the horrors of capitalist oppression and exploitation, and who have been fashioned and steeled in the exacting and glorious task of building a strong joyous socialist society on one-sixth of the land surface of the globe.

Alexei Stakhanov's Dream

Alexei Stakhanov was born into a landless peasant family twenty-nine years ago, in a small village in the Orel Province. His father, like his grandfather and like

most of the poor peasants in the village, had one overwhelming desire—to buy a horse and enough land to feed his family. The desire proved unappeasable under the tsar, and the old man, like his fathers before him, reluctantly went to work in the mines. Yet the dream of a horse and land haunted the Stakhanovs for decades—it became a family obsession. Among Alexei's earliest memories are interminable conversations about how good and ample life would be if there were only a horse and a tiny plot of land. On his death bed, Alexei's grandfather kept urging his son to work hard, to work night and day, but to scrape together enough rubles for a horse and a small plot of land. "The mine is a curse; get out of the mine," said the old man. Alexei's father heeded the advice. He worked hard; he worked day and night; but he could never scrape together enough money for a horse. He died mumbling something about a gray mare and a green field.

Alexei was twelve when his father died, shortly after the October Revolution. His inheritance consisted of a dilapidated hut, three young children to care for, and a dream. Being now the head of the family, Alexei took a job with the neighboring miller, a kulak. He carried heavy sacks of grain and flour, did domestic chores, and tended the miller's horses. The miller promised to sell him a fine colt cheaply if he worked well and faithfully. Alexei was overjoyed. He worked harder than ever, and the boss cheerfully subtracted monthly installments from Alexei's pay. But when the end of the year came, he drove the boy out of the house and kept his money. That was Alexei's first lesson in the class struggle. He began to hate with the passionate hatred of a cheated lover—first the miller, then all bosses, employers, kulaks. Through the early N.E.P. period Alexei, still a landless and horseless peasant, worked as farm hand for one kulak or another.

By 1927, however, when the younger children had grown sufficiently to take care of themselves, Alexei felt a bit freer. He put on his *lapti* (bast shoes), threw his little wooden trunk over his shoulder and, like hundreds of thousands of other young peasants in similar circumstances, made his way to the mining region of the Donetz Basin. His plan was to work a year or two, save some money, buy a horse, and return to the village to establish his own independent household.

At first Alexei dreaded the mine. "The mine is a curse; get out of the mine," he remembered his grandfather's last words. He feared that the mine would sap all the strength out of him. He grew used to it, though, and became more and more a part of the life in the mine. His initial job was that of driver. Soon his love for horses and the excellent care he took of them attracted the attention of his superiors. He was appointed head driver, in charge of seventy horses. Life became a little easier. The thought of an early return to the village temporarily abandoned, Alexei decided to bring his family from the village.

But just as things began to run rather smoothly for Alexei, there occurred a new and disturbing development in the mines; mechanization was introduced, electric cars, motorized hauling, etc. The number of horses in the mine was drastically reduced. Soon, it appeared, there would be no more horses for Alexei to take care of. Alexei was unhappy, he fretted and brooded, and finally made up his mind to leave the mine and return to the village. It was fellow-countryman, Dyukanov, a more mature and experienced miner, and the Party organizer of Alexei's section of the mine, who succeeded in dissuading him from carrying out his decision. And it was due to Dyukanov's influence that Alexei transferred himself to actual mining work.

Alexei Grasps the Meaning of Socialist Competition

Now a new life began for Alexei. Caught in the tide of technical reconstruction that swept the Soviet land, Alexei suddenly realized the narrowness of his former life, the utter puniness of his impassioned and always frustrated yearning for a horse. Was that something to dedicate one's life to, when everything around was seething with effort, was glowing with achievement? Buy a horse? Go back to the village? Never! Paradoxically enough, it was while working underground in the feebly illuminated mine that Alexei caught a glimpse of broader horizons, a vaster world, a world which spread before him to be explored and mastered. By observing others, Alexei soon learned how to handle a pneumatic drill. But that did not satisfy him. He wanted to understand the drill, its mechanism, the power that was moving it, how that power came into being, where and by what mysterious way did it flow into the hammer. All the men around him were studying, were taking courses to "raise their qualifications," were reading newspapers, were engaged in some social activity, in the club, the union, the dramatic circle. Alexei began to feel the terrible weight of his ignorance. He began to frequent the club, to sit through meetings. He went to school to "liquidate his illiteracy." Soon he, too, was reading newspapers and books.

His wife still lived in the past. She was homesick for the village. She argued: "Now Alioshinka, you have saved up enough for a horse; let's go back home." But Alexei wouldn't hear of it. "My home is right here," he declared categorically; and there were no more arguments on that score.

When he felt prepared to take courses to raise his qualifications, Alexei registered for a six-months' course on the pneumatic drill. By the end of the six months he was quite an expert. He began to overtake others and surpass not a few of the older miners. He was earning more money now. That was pleasant, of course, but it was not of primary importance. The main thing—he enjoyed his work, he enjoyed the sense of growing mastery, he enjoyed the companionship of Dyukanov, and Petrov, the organizer of the whole mine. His enthusiasm was finally communicated to his wife. She also began to study, read papers, go to meetings, display a more intelligent interest in the education of her children, and follow more closely the doings in the mine where her husband worked. Her nostalgia for the village vanished. Now she wouldn't think of leaving Gorlovka.

One must remember this: Alexei Stakhanov had come to the mine in 1927. He had worked there all through the immensely difficult and immensely glorious period of the First Five-Year Plan. The din of socialist competition, workers' counterplans, shockbrigading, was all around him. Competition between whole factories, plants and shops in the most diverse parts of the vast land; competition between workers and peasants, competition between collective and state farms. Socialist challenges, specific documents in black and white, in the air. Slogans, speeches, placards everywhere. One would have to be quite subnormal to remain immune to such powerful social stimuli. Socialist competition was in the atmosphere. It got into one's blood, one's bones, one's nerves. Alexei Stakhanov was a normal human being, reacting normally to social stimuli. Naturally, he too was carried along by this wave of creative social enthusiasm.

At first his responses were quite unconscious. It was through the reading of Lenin's *How to Organize Compe-*

tition and *The Great Initiative*, published respectively on January 10, 1918 and in June 1919, and republished in many subsequent editions, that his responses were lifted into the plane of consciousness. For the first time he began to apprehend the meaning of socialist competition and shock brigading.

"Socialism," he read, "not only does not extinguish competition but on the contrary creates for the first time the possibility of applying it on a really *wide*, on a really *mass* scale, of really drawing the majority of toilers into work in which they can show what they can do, develop their abilities, which can reveal talent among the people that has never been tapped and that capitalism trampled on, crushed and strangled in thousands and millions. Now that a socialist government is in power, it is our task to organize competition. . . . Only now has the possibility for the wide and really mass display of enterprise, competition and bold initiative been created. Every factory from which the capitalist has been ejected, or at least put under restraint by real workers' control, every village from which the landlord-exploiter has been smoked out and in which his land was taken away is now, and only now, a domain in which the man of toil can reveal himself, straighten his back a little, rise to his full stature and feel that he is a human being. Now, for the first time after centuries of working for others, of involuntary labor for exploiters has *work for oneself* become possible and moreover work based on all the conquests of modern technique and culture. . . . Many are the peasants and workers endowed with organizational talent, and these talented people are just beginning to realize that they are such, to wake up, to yearn for live, creative, great work, to undertake the construction of socialist society on their own."

It was while reading Lenin that Stakhanov came to the understanding that in the Soviet Union good work and study was not merely a matter of advancing oneself or of satisfying one's hunger for knowledge. He began to sense the deeper implications of his own work and studies. The peasant was being transmuted into a conscious member of the working class. He was happy—together with millions of others he was engaged in the construction of socialism; he was working not only for himself and his family, he was working for society as a whole. And Lenin's faith in the untapped talents among the masses stirred in Stakhanov the "yearning for live, creative, great work."

Shock work—how enthusiastically Lenin acclaimed it when it first made its appearance in the form of "subbotniks" during the early months of the revolution. Alexei was always deeply moved reading about those heroic days when thousands of weary, starved workers, on their own initiative and without any pay, gave their Saturdays, their nights, every minute of their rest time to wrench out of a prostrate economy, by superhuman effort, a little more fuel for the country, an additional freight car or locomotive, some extra metal to strengthen the proletarian front against Kolchak and Denikin. And whenever he heard a worker grumbling about the difficulties of the First Five-Year Plan, about the lack of food and clothes and adequate shelter, and whenever he himself felt a little low and doubtful, he would think of the great deeds of valor and self-sacrifice of the workers who initiated the subbotniks, and his faith and eagerness to toil would perk up again. "If in hungry Moscow, in the summer of 1919," he would quote to himself Lenin's words, "hungry workers, who had gone through four hard years of imperialist war and then through a year and a half of still harder civil war, could begin this great

venture, what will be the further development when we shall have won the civil war and shall conquer the world?"

Even when he was an illiterate farm-hand, Alexei had felt a great love for Lenin. But now he was beginning to really understand him. And the more he read of him the more he was impressed with his profound wisdom and prophetic foresight. It was relatively easy to appreciate the significance of socialist competition now: the structural wonders that were being accomplished on the Dnieper, in Stalingrad, in Kharkov, in Baku, in Magnitogorsk, in Kuznetsk, in Chelyabinsk, in Khibinogorsk, in Gorky, presented illustrious proof of its almost magic potency. But what amazed Alexei was that Lenin had foreseen all this when the first few Communist workmen initiated the subbotniks. "The Communist subbotniks," Lenin wrote, "have an enormous historical importance precisely because they demonstrate to us the class-conscious and voluntary initiative of the workers in increasing the productivity of labor, in passing on to a new labor discipline, in creating socialist conditions of economy and of life."

To Alexei now, the acquisition of skill was not any more an end in itself, his personal triumph. It was a part of a great historical process; the triumph of the working class over the exploiting class, of socialism over capitalism. Alexei began to feel that in perfecting himself in his work, in freely subjecting himself to an exacting labor discipline, in constantly augmenting the productivity of his labor, he, besides improving his own lot, was continuing the work of the heroic initiators of the subbotniks. Lenin's explanation how the feudal organization of social labor maintained itself by the discipline of the whip, how the capitalist organization of social labor maintained itself by the threat of hunger, and how the Communist organization of social labor would maintain it-

self by the free and conscious discipline of the workers themselves had stamped an ineradicable impression upon his mind. He began to see more clearly the reason for the Five-Year Plan. Certainly, the only way to achieve a permanent victory over capitalism in Russia was not only to seize power. That was not enough. The most essential, and in the final analysis, most difficult task was to reconstruct the economic organization of the country from top to bottom, to combine the latest achievements in science and capitalist technique with a mass association of class-conscious workers who would be creating large-scale, socialist industry. And Lenin was certainly right when he insisted that that task could never be realized by the heroism of a single outburst of enthusiasm, but that it required "a most protracted, a most stubborn, most strenuous heroism in the day-to-day work. . . ."

And then there were Stalin's speeches, so simple, so lucid, so timely in explaining the why and wherefore of everything that was going on in the Soviet land. How Stalin saw everything, understood everything! And when Alexei read that the most remarkable feature of socialist competition and the shock-brigade movement was the basic revolution they were making in man's attitude toward labor, transforming labor from a disgraceful and painful burden into "a matter of *honor*, a matter of *glory*, a matter of *valor* and *heroism*," he felt that Stalin was speaking of him, the obscure miner Alexei Stakhanov, and of millions of others like him. Once work in the mine was really a curse, now it had become a joy. Scraps of Stalin's speeches, phrases, slogans stuck in Alexei's mind and gave meaning and structure to the apparently contradictory and confusing things that were going on about him: unconsciously, Alexei began to perceive the dialectic of the historical process. A new sense of pride in his country, in its achievements, and in the class that was

in the vanguard of those who were making the country progressive, cultured, strong, began to stir within him. It was not national chauvinism; it was Soviet patriotism. It was not a desire to oppress any other nationality, or to take anything away from anybody; it was a determination to contribute the best in him to improving, protecting, and defending the magnificent structure that the Soviet people—Russians, Uzbeks, Tajiks, Kalmuks, Germans, Greeks, Ukrainians—were erecting at such enormous sacrifices. "We don't want a foot of foreign soil, but we won't surrender an inch of our own soil to anyone," Alexei thrilled when he read that firm declaration of Soviet policy.

We'll Show Them Yet!

One of the most powerful influences on Alexei's further development was the movement started by the miner Izotov in a neighboring mine. This was a new stage in the unfoldment of socialist competition and shock work. As more and more factories and plants were being constructed, the problem of training a sufficient number of skilled workers to run those plants and to run the machines built in those plants was beginning to press for a speedy solution. Connected with that was the problem of an adequate supply of coal for the growing metallurgical industry. In the Donbas, mining was being mechanized. But the machinery was not being utilized properly for lack of skilled hands. And it was in response to Stalin's definition of socialist competition as the raising of the general level of proficiency through the comradely aid which the more skilled workers would give the less skilled or unskilled ones, that Izotov, a highly skilled miner, began to train others. Before long Izotov's method was adopted in other mines and industries throughout the country. Izotov became a national hero. The highest honors at the disposal

of the government were showered upon him. And finally he was invited to Moscow to study in the Industrial Academy. Izotovism became a powerful movement among the Soviet worker and peasant masses. The slogan was: Work well yourself, but also teach others and raise them to your level of proficiency. Izotov's example served as constant inspiration and incentive in all of Stakhanov's subsequent activities.

More than ever before, it became obvious to Alexei that with the completion of the First Five-Year Plan, the early enthusiasm and fervor of new construction, accompanied sometimes by enormous waste of machinery and men, would have to be replaced by a new, a higher type of enthusiasm and fervor—"the enthusiasm and fervor for *mastering* the new factories and the new technique, for seriously increasing the productivity of labor, for seriously reducing cost of production." (Stalin.) He would burn with impatience and shame every time he heard reports of some foreign engineer's caustic comment about the hopeless inefficiency of the Soviet worker. "Just think of it," he would complain to his comrades, "they think we are hopeless. Whenever these experts put up a plant here, they calculate the productive power of the plant on the basis of the lowest technical norms, that is, they kindly allow for our hopeless stupidity!" And the invariable conclusion of his complaint was, "We'll show them yet! Now cadres decide everything," said Comrade Stalin."

Alexei read and re-read Stalin's splendid speech before the graduates of the Red Army Academies, delivered on May 4, 1935. "The point is," he kept on repeating to himself, "that we have factories, mills, collective farms, state farms, an army; we have the machines for all of them; but we lack people with sufficient experience to squeeze out of those machines all that can be squeezed out of them." Squeezing out of the machines everything that can

be squeezed out of them—that is the problem now, that is our job, thought Alexei. “If we have good and numerous cadres in industry, agriculture, transport and the army—our country will be invincible. If we do not have such cadres—we shall be lame on both feet.”

In the meanwhile, with the abolition of the food cards, the rise in the value of the ruble and the growing tendency in various industries to decline state subsidies, socialist competition was passing from the *Izotov* phase to a still higher one—the *otlichnik* phase. *Otlichno* in the Russian, means excellent. An *otlichnik* therefore is one who does his job excellently, a shock worker engaged in socialist competition and concentrating not only on the quantity of his production, but on its quality as well. That phase could only come when there were enough skilled workers and enough incentives provided by the food and light industries to stimulate the struggle for high quality as a genuine mass movement. Alexei became one of the leading *otlichniki* in the Donetz Basin.

The mine in which Alexei worked, the Central Irmino, had long been listed among the best mines in the Donetz Basin, among the first to carry out the annual production plan. In 1934, it had completed the plan twenty-seven days ahead of schedule. In 1935, however, coal production in the Donbas was lagging. Within the first nine months of the year, the region, the most important coal basin in the country, was two and a half million tons of coal behind schedule. While everything in the Soviet Union was fulfilling or overfulfilling the plan, the coal industry was registering failure month after month. Even the Central Irmino Mine disgraced itself in the third quarter of the year by carrying out only 99 per cent of the plan. Something had to be done immediately, for the winter was approaching, and there was the danger that the lack of coal might interfere with the smooth opera-

tion of the heavy industries. The Party committee, leading members of the union, managers of mines were frantic. They met, they scratched their heads, they discussed and argued, but no solution seemed available.

The people who were especially distressed by the failure of Central Irmino were Petrov and Dyukanov, both Communists, and Alexei Stakhanov, still a non-Party Bolshevik. They would often get together and discuss the difficulties of the mine and the reason for its failure. One thing was obvious—the trouble was not in the lack of machinery. During the past few years the Donbas had been equipped with an adequate supply of machines and mechanisms. Nor was it in the quality of the machines. The pneumatic drills of Soviet make worked very well indeed. Nor was it in the lack of skilled miners. There were plenty of miners who knew how to handle a pneumatic drill. *The inescapable conclusion was that the machines were not being fully utilized because of bad organization.*

In analyzing how production was organized in his own section, Stakhanov pointed out some very fundamental flaws. First was the shortness of the terrace worked by each miner. A seam 85 meters long was divided into eight or nine terraces on which eight or nine miners worked in one shift. The length of the terraces had a limiting effect on the initiative of the individual miner: having mined his terrace, the miner, irrespective of his desires, had to stop; he could not go any further or produce anything extra. A second major flaw was the inadequate division of labor, each miner having the job of both drilling and propping his terrace. Usually the miners managed to complete the drilling in two and a half to three hours, the rest of their time being consumed in propping. Since the work in the mine was organized in three shifts, and since one of them was a repair shift, it turned out that the pneumatic drills were actually util-

ized only five or six hours a day, and were idle the rest of the time even though the compressors furnished air the full two shifts. These flaws, Stakhanov held, were easily remediable. The work had to be rationalized. The shackles of the norm had to be smashed. The miner had to be given free play. To ensure the full utilization of the drills, the process of drilling had to be separated from that of propping, since it was obvious that the transfer from one to the other and back again made the miner lose much precious time. Stakhanov proposed, therefore, that there be special drillers and special proppers, and that each driller, aided by a brigade of proppers, be allowed to work the whole seam instead of being confined to one short terrace.

Then arrived the memorable day.

"International Youth Day was approaching," related Stakhanov characteristically, "and I wanted to mark that day by a record increase in the productivity of labor. . . . At the end of August the Party organizer of the mine and the chief of the section came to my home and suggested that I go into the seam. I accepted the proposition very readily, and on the eve of August 31 I went down the mine. It is difficult to convey all that I and the comrades who went down with me lived through at that time. But I remember that all of us were certain of the success of our work.

"The proppers began work after me. We worked tensely, but time passed unnoticed. I worked 5 hours 45 minutes. We measured, and it was found that I had drilled the entire seam and had mined 102 tons.

"When I came up, it was already dawn. A group of comrades met me and shook my hand warmly. But I must say that there were no small number of people in our own mine who did not at first believe that I, during a single shift, could mine 102 tons.

“They surely have added something to his record,” they said. ‘He could not have mined so much coal in one shift.’

“It was necessary to follow up this work, necessary to show all the doubters that 102 tons and more were possible without much exertion, that it was only necessary to organize labor properly. And so, on September 3, the Party organizer of the section in which I worked, Comrade Dyukanov, went down into the mine. This section is called ‘Nikanor Vostok.’ Dyukanov worked one shift and produced 115 tons. But Dyukanov was also not believed at first. It was necessary to send another man down. The third to go down into the shaft to mine was the Young Communist Kontsedalov, who set a new record—125 tons. A few days later I broke my own and their records by mining at first 175, and then 227 tons in one shift.

“Of course my record would have remained a record if practical deductions had not been instantly made from it for the whole section and the whole shaft.

“It became clear to all that work in the section could be organized in such a way as to give 100 per cent utilization of the pneumatic drill, in such a way as to increase several times the productivity of the pneumatic drill worker.”

Thus Alexei Stakhanov, the obscure miner, the former illiterate peasant whose greatest dread had been the mine and whose only dream had been a horse and a little plot of land, suddenly burst into fame by dramatically demonstrating, after years of study and thinking, *how a pneumatic drill, manipulated by an efficient and enthusiastic Soviet miner who was aided by two efficient and enthusiastic Soviet proppers, could increase production from the “normal” average of seven to fourteen tons of coal in a six-hour shift to what then seemed the fantastic*

figure of 102 tons in 5 hours, 45 minutes. The Communist Party in the Donbas, the Communist press, alive to the tremendous implications for the whole of Soviet industry contained in Stakhanov's achievement, threw themselves into the task of popularizing Stakhanov and his method with exemplary Bolshevik fervor. Before long Stakhanov's name was on every tongue, his picture in every paper. His method, in its minutest details, was discussed and studied in every shop, mine, factory and collective farm in the land. Workers in other industries began to emulate him, to apply variations and modifications of the Stakhanov method to their own work. The press began to glitter with names of workers whose records were equal to, or even better than, those of Stakhanov. A new, a higher phase, the Stakhanov phase, of socialist competition and of the shock-brigade movement came into being. Stakhanovism was born.

P.S. I understand that the ancient dream of the Stakhanovs has at last been realized: Alexei Stakhanov now has his own horse!

STAKHANOVIsm

Neither Athletes Nor Giants

The reaction of the capitalist press to the Stakhanov movement has ranged from acrimony and malice to gentle tolerance and mild scepticism. At first even the most informed and liberal bourgeois correspondents tended to accompany their descriptions of the spread of Stakhanovism with all sorts of cautious qualifications: "But it remains to be seen how far . . ." etc., etc.

It remains to be seen! This from correspondents some of whom had lived in the Soviet Union through the heroic period of the First Five-Year Plan and had witnessed almost from its very inception the magnificent develop-

ment of the shock brigade and socialist competition movement. To be sure, a bit of scepticism is a needed ingredient in a reporter's psychological make-up, especially when he writes of Soviet achievements for a capitalist paper. Such reserve is also advisable because it enhances one's reputation as a wise observer. Though just why unwarranted scepticism rather than belief founded on a knowledge of social trends and processes is an indication of superior acumen is something that is quite difficult to explain.

Well, by this time what remains to be seen is not how the Soviet miners, or metal workers, or textile workers will respond to Stakhanov's call, but how the gentlemen who have so persistently maligned Stakhanov and the movement he symbolizes will scramble out of the uncomfortable mess they have got into. As to the miners and the others, they have responded to Stakhanov's example with the ardor which anybody even slightly familiar with the psychology of the revolutionary proletariat might have expected. I have told how Stakhanov and his immediate friends raised the production of coal to 227 tons in one shift. A few days later Nikita Izotov, the famous originator of the Izotov movement, using the Stakhanov method, produced 241 tons in one shift. He was followed by Artyukov, who produced 310 tons. On the eighteenth anniversary of the October Revolution, Stepanenko, a student of Izotov, a miner now serving in the Black Sea Fleet, visited the Donbas and, using the Stakhanov method, produced 552 tons. On November 18, the famous miner Ivan Akimovich Borisov, in the Kuzbas, produced 778 tons. The figures grew. Before long the miner Pavlov produced 991 tons, the miner Kharchenko 1,060, Poroshin 1,204, and finally Baranov 1,581 tons. *Thus from the normal average of 7 to 14 tons a day, the pneumatic drill operated by a skilful miner who is sup-*

ported by a well-organized brigade of proppers—Stakhanovites—raised its output to the phenomenal sum of 1,581. And who would be bold enough to insist that the limit of the pneumatic drill has finally been reached?

One serious misgiving has been expressed by Thomas T. Read of the Columbia University School of Mines. According to the professor, in the U.S.A. in 1933, normal coal production per man per day was 4.78 tons for bituminous and 2.6 for anthracite. "The feat of the Soviet miners," says the professor, "though hard to believe, is possible." The trouble, as he sees it, is in the haulage facilities. "Thus far it has been impossible in this country to provide facilities to take away the coal as quickly as it is cut."

Needless to say, in the Soviet Union, too, inadequate haulage facilities present some difficulties. Up till recently the standard performance for an electric locomotive in the Donbas was only 15 carloads per shift. The best record was that of the motorman Melnikov, whose locomotive carted 40 carloads in one shift. A promise of radical improvement has come with the inauguration of Stakhanovism. Stirred by the Stakhanov upsurge, Melnikov so organized his work that he accomplished the record haul of 175 carloads in six hours. Melnikov's method is now being adopted by the other motormen in the Soviet mines. And who will say that 175 carloads per electric locomotive per shift are the limit?

But why pick only on Stakhanov? Even a cursory perusal of the Soviet press will reveal such endlessly reiterated names as Busygin, Smetanin, the Vinogradovas and Krivonoss. These names do not stand for anything outside the general Stakhanov movement. Indeed, to indicate as much and thus avoid misunderstandings, the Soviet press often resorts to the hyphen: Stakhanov-Busygin, or Stakhanov-Krivonoss, etc.

Who are these people that are so honored as to have their names coupled with that of Stakhanov?

They are workers whose achievements and influence in their respective industries—auto, shoe, textile—are comparable to those of Stakhanov in his. Each is a pioneer in his field, each is an expert, an organizer, a rationalizer, a breaker of Soviet or world records in his special work. By stamping 129 crankshafts per hour, Busygin has beaten the record of the Ford Plant. By tending 208 automatic looms, Dusya Vinogradova has thoroughly smashed the world record. By stitching 1,820 pairs of shoes, Smetanin has surpassed by more than one hundred per cent the best stitcher in the Bata Shoe Plant in Czechoslovakia, the best and most highly mechanized shoe factory in the world. (On December 28, Smetanin achieved a new record—2,220 pairs of shoes.)

Ah, but these are mere stunts, the sceptics argue. These are records of giants. "Stakhanov is obviously an athlete . . . who derives a peculiar pleasure from showing his co-workers what weak fellows they are." (*Berliner Tageblatt*, Nov. 13, 1935.) The records of athletes, they say, cannot possibly become standards of work in Soviet industry. There is more glitter than substance in this business.

And of course the sceptics and the *Berliner Tageblatt* are wrong. First, these are not records of giants. All these workers, including Stakhanov himself, are neither extraordinarily big nor extraordinarily powerful. *They are average, normal people, workers who have mastered their machines and the principles of organized work—efficiency.* They have simply been the first to demonstrate what can be done by millions of other workers.

Secondly, the standards of output in all of Soviet industry are certainly being affected. They have not yet reached, nor are they expected immediately to reach the

peaks attained by individual Stakhanovites, or Busygin-ites, or Smetaninites, but that they have leaped considerably upward from the very outset there cannot be even a shadow of a doubt.

For example: At the beginning of 1935, the average daily yield of the Kuzbas mines, was 29,000 tons. As a result of the Stakhanov movement, the yield rapidly grew to about 50,000 tons daily. On November 27, 1935, these new mines gave the record yield of 51,007 tons, and on November 29 this record was broken by a yield of over 54,000 tons—120 per cent of the plan. The same thing is observable in the Donbas, where on December 7, 1935, the record quantity of 226,500 tons of coal was mined. If such work is kept up, the Soviet coal industry, until recently in danger of not carrying out the plan, will actually fulfill the Second Five-Year Plan in four years!

The same thing is true of the auto industry. In the Gorky Plant, prior to the Stakhanov-Busygin movement, the monthly production of crankshafts averaged 8,000. Since September, however, the figures began to rise. In September the figure was 12,080; in October, 15,250; in November—up to and including the 27th—16,154. Parallel progress has been made in the production of other details, as well as in the output of complete cars. Until the Stakhanov-Busygin movement the daily output of cars by the Gorky Plant was 148 machines in two shifts. By November 25, the number of machines produced rose to 202—108 passenger cars and 94 trucks.

Similar and even more spectacular and much more recent figures might be cited as regards most of the other industries, including the still lagging building industry. It should be sufficient, however, to point out that the 1936 plan provides for a 20 per cent rate of growth of industrial labor productivity. Twenty per cent is the

minimum. The significance of this can be gauged from the following:

In 1933 the rate of growth of labor productivity in industry was only 8.7 per cent; in 1934 it grew to 10.7; in 1935, to 12.9; and the plan for this year, as has already been said, is 20 per cent!

In agriculture the leap is even more amazing. Thus, in 1933 the rate of growth of agricultural output was 6.7 per cent; in 1934 it fell to 4.5 per cent; in 1935 it leaped as high as 11 per cent; but the plan for 1936 is 24 per cent—a rate of growth unheard of in the history of the world!

It turns out, then, that besides glitter, there is some real substance in this Stakhanov business, at least as far as labor productivity is concerned. . . .

Easier Work and More Pay

But the most persistent and most “devastating” criticism of Stakhanovism in the capitalist press, especially the fascist press, has been directed not so much against its ineffectualness as against its brutal speed-up character. Stakhanovism, the fascists assert, is abhorrent to the masses. It has been engineered on top and cruelly imposed on an unwilling and resentful people. Toward the anniversary of the October Revolution, the Nazi *Bergwerkszeitung* wrote: “The workers and peasants who eighteen years ago had thought that they were rising against exploitation will discover, as soon as they return after the holidays to their machines on which they will have to work according to the Stakhanov method, omnipresent agents of the *Cheka* with loaded revolvers.” It is amusing how the fascists, these vilest exponents of inhuman exploitation of workers in their own countries, become so touchingly solicitous over the poor Soviet toiler who is bamboozled and driven to exhaustion by the tyrannical Bolsheviks with the cocked revolvers.

By what magic, by what superhuman powers, by what mysterious process, the unspeakable Bolsheviks with the loaded revolvers manage to have the individual worker speed up his work by three hundred, five hundred or even a thousand and more per cent, the fascist gentlemen do not say. Yet it should be clear even to a child that no amount of force or persuasion or inducement could effect such tremendous increase in man's physical possibilities for speeding up. *Obviously, such increase derives not from physical speed-up, but from better organization of work and a new socialist attitude to labor. Stakhanov does not work harder now than when he produced only seven tons of coal per shift. On the contrary, he works easier. His work is more rhythmic, steadier, smoother, much less exhausting, much less enervating.* The experience of every Stakhanovite I have spoken to or read about confirms this. They all speak of their studies, of their social work, of their new cultural interests, of the joy they find in their work and accomplishments. People who are sweated to the bone under the threat of violence do not talk or behave that way. *The essence of Stakhanovism is not speed-up; it is better, more rational, more efficient organization of work; it is a peculiarly Soviet combination of socialist shock-brigade work and technical mastery.*

But to the fascist gentlemen, Stakhanovism does not mean only speed-up: it also means the dreadful consequences of speed-up—lower wages, unemployment and mass resentment. On November 9, the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* informed its readers that "since 1928 wages of industrial workers in the Soviet Union have been reduced by at least eighty per cent." On November 6, the *Kreutz Zeitung* wrote that Stakhanovism meant ten times as much work for the same low wages. On November 12, the *Rheinische Westfälische Zeitung* divulged the existence of a secret decree "designed to preclude the

possibility of the progressive increase of wages for the Stakhanovites." The same paper also published the sensational news that "everywhere in the Soviet Union there are now lay-offs and discharges . . . unemployment is growing." To complete the picture of horrors, the scrupulous reporters in the capitalist press took three or four isolated cases of violence against three or four Stakhanovites, perpetrated by some personal enemies or backward and misguided peasant-workers, and inflated them into an expression of widespread mass revolt.

To anyone living in the Soviet Union in constant association with the Soviet workers, all these charges are so utterly absurd that one is inclined to dismiss them with an amused shrug of the shoulder. For the most part these charges are motivated by fear, envy, and malice.

The matter of wages, however, is worth discussing, particularly since there is a great deal of misunderstanding and vagueness on this score even among people quite sympathetic with the Soviet system.

First, it should be remembered that in the Soviet Union more money still means more things, additional comfort. That has become especially true since the abolition, last year, of the food cards and of all other forms of rationing. The Soviet Union has become a land of plenty. The difficulties, the scarcity which characterized the first years of industrialization and collectivization are over; and if there is still some want of certain goods it is speedily being overcome. Socialized agriculture is producing record crops. The light industries are producing incomparably more and better consumers' goods than ever before. In the numerous recently opened shops and on the collective farm markets one can find an abundance of almost anything one pleases. The purchasing power of the ruble is growing. If for no other reason, people are now willing to work better in order to obtain more

rubles. Even to the best workers the ruble has become an important additional incentive. Naturally, earnings are mounting rapidly.

But it obviously would not do for the fascist scribes in and out of Germany to tell the underpaid and unemployed workers in their own countries that wages in the Soviet Union are growing at a dizzying rate, and that the curse of unemployment has been forever removed. It would not help the peace of mind of the Ruhr or Alsace-Lorraine or Pennsylvania or South Wales mine owners to have their workers know the wage trend in the Soviet industry, especially the coal industry. The Central Irmino Mine in which Stakhanov works offers a typical example. Before the Stakhanov movement there were practically no miners in the Central Irmino who earned as much as a thousand rubles a month. In September there were ten who earned a thousand rubles or more. In October there were already fifty. In November there were over one hundred, some miners earning as much as 1,500 rubles.

Or take the earnings of the Stakhanovites in the "Hammer and Sickle" Plant in Moscow where the full effect of the Stakhanov movement first began to be felt in October. I will cite only a few random figures. In August, Machikhin, a steel worker, earned 621 rubles; in October he earned 1,095. In the case of other workers the earnings for the respective months are quite similar: Lukhovetz 705, 1,054; Balakirev 545, 1,036; Makarov 1,000, 1,500; Kapralov 970, 1,293; Shcherbakov 936, 1,248; Ivanov 857, 1,097.

Naturally, the conscious and unconscious fascists do not mention such figures; though a visit to any Soviet factory or a conversation with any Soviet worker would provide ample material of a similar nature.

As to the decree "designed to preclude the possibility of the progressive increase of wages for Stakhanovites,"

the *Rheinische Westfälische Zeitung* was a little too hasty in divulging the secret, for on December 25, 1935, the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union resolved at its plenary sessions that the present standards of output must be "altered and somewhat increased, provided, however, that in the case of progressive piece rates the present scales are preserved and the total payroll increased."

And at the second session of the Central Executive Committee of the U.S.S.R. (January 1936), V. M. Molotov, chairman of the Council of People's Commissars, said:

"The following facts show how rapid the growth of the income of the population is to be this year. The plan provides for an increase of total monetary wages of workers and employees by 13 per cent, with an average increase in wages of 8.5 per cent compared with last year. The total number of employed workers and employees is to increase by 1,000,000 persons."

And V. I. Mezhlauk, reporting on the National Economic Plan for 1936, presented still more detailed figures. He said:

"The rapid growth of industry and agriculture has established all the conditions for accelerated improvement in the welfare of the working population. . . .

"In conjunction with the introduction of graduated piece-rates and the growth of the Stakhanov movement, total wages are increasing for the whole of national economy from 56.2 billion rubles in 1935 to 63.4 billion rubles in 1936.

"The social insurance fund is rising considerably, from 6.7 billion rubles in 1935 to 8 billion rubles in 1936.

"The monetary income of the population this year is growing to 118.3 billion rubles which compares with 101.6 billion rubles in 1935."

That is what Stakhanovism means in terms of material

well-being to the people as a whole, as well as to the Stakhanovites themselves:

An increase of about 17 billion rubles in the population's income!

An increase by 1.3 billion rubles of the social insurance fund!

An increase of the *average* wage by 8.5 per cent; that of the *Stakhanovite* by considerably more!

To summarize: People who depict Stakhanovism as Taylorism, as bourgeois rationalization, as a system of speed-up are people who think in concepts and categories inherited from a world of private ownership and capitalist exploitation. Such ignorant or malicious twaddle emanates only from bourgeois scribes in the Hitler and Hearst press who by their class position and the very nature of their work cannot get within miles of the Soviet masses, cannot feel their pulse. These gentlemen cannot and will not even vaguely envisage the glory and grandeur, the hope for humanity contained in such outbursts of revolutionary energy as are embodied in a phenomenon like Stakhanovism. Small people, petty spirits, cynics, ghosts of a dying world, they cannot and will not fathom the great joy which the Soviet worker who has fought, suffered and sacrificed to build his machines and thus lay the foundation of socialism now derives from pressing the most out of those machines for the benefit of himself and socialist society.

In the final analysis, the fact that the Stakhanovite worker earns twice, three times, or even ten times as much as he did when he worked by the old methods is only of secondary significance in explaining the sweep of the Stakhanov movement. It is in the feeling of collective achievement and technical mastery, in the sense of socialist creativeness and Soviet patriotism that one finds the main, the real explanation. Stakhanovism from

the start has not been merely an economic phenomenon: it has fired the imagination, moral fervor and even, it seems, the esthetic sense of the masses. Stakhanovism has become synonymous with daring, efficiency, precision, neatness, cleanliness, punctuality, enthusiasm, joy.

And there is nothing to spoil the Stakhanovite's joy—no fear of pushing fellow-workers into the horrors of unemployment, no gnawing feeling of being exploited and of helping to pile up fortunes for some idle parasite, no dread of himself being thrown on the scrap-heap when the market is glutted with the goods he so speedily produces, no doubt as to the attitude of the class-conscious workers who labor by his side. The Soviet worker knows that if he produces more and the next worker produces more and the third and the fourth—they will all have more, their wives and children will have more, the whole country will have more. He knows he is working for an abundant, cultured, socialist life.

STAKHANOVITES

Forerunners and Followers

Stakhanov has not come out of a clear sky: he had thousands of forerunners. The movement which goes under his name began with the revolution, with the subbotniks. Lenin, though he did not know it by name, knew and foretold that in the workers' struggle for communism the very thing now known as Stakhanovism must needs emerge. Discussing the subbotniks, he said:

"Communism means a higher labor productivity, as compared with that of capitalism, on the part of voluntary, conscious, united workers employing progressive technique . . . Communism begins where the *rank and file workers*, overcoming arduous toil, display self-sacrificing concern for increasing labor productivity. . . ."

In this characterization of the communist attitude to work, Lenin foretold the essence of the Stakhanov movement. For Stakhanovism is precisely this: the self-sacrificing determination of the workers, employing progressive technique, to squeeze everything possible out of their machines and thus to excell the productivity of labor attained in the most advanced capitalist countries.

This movement originated in the very depths of the Soviet masses, simultaneously, all over the land.

The cause for this sudden upswing is clear. "Progressive technique," technical mastery on a mass scale, could come only when there were plenty of machines to master. Since 1928, the Soviets had been erecting hundreds of giant plants and thousands of middle-sized and small ones. Enormous sums had been put into factory construction and mechanization. The speed with which industry and agriculture were being transformed was terrific. By 1933 the main condition for widespread technical mastery was fulfilled: there were plenty of machines. The task now was to learn the efficient handling of those machines.

"We succeeded," declared Stalin at that time, "in organizing enthusiasm, fervor, *for new construction*, and achieved decisive successes. This is very good. But now this is not enough. Now we must supplement this with enthusiasm and fervor for *mastering* the new factories and the new technique, for seriously increasing the productivity of labor, for seriously reducing cost of production.

"That is the main thing now."

"Because, only on this basis will we be able, say, towards the latter half of the Second Five-Year Plan, to make a fresh powerful spurt forward in the sphere of construction as well as in the sphere of increasing industrial output."

The mass enthusiasm released by the Stakhanov move-

ment in the fall of 1935 and the tremendous industrial and agricultural upswing that has come in its wake show that the Soviet Union is actually engaged now in executing that mighty leap forward foreseen by Stalin about three years ago.

Until relatively recent days, especially through the First Five-Year Plan, the many Soviet industrial victories were won mainly through self-abnegation and zeal. Things were accomplished in many cases by sheer force of will, often crudely, wastefully, haphazardly. Of course, the result was there: and that was something to be proud of; but the price paid for it in human energy was great, even if, considering the universal lack of skilled hands, quite inevitable. Gradually, imperceptibly, however, the complex process of learning was unfolding. New habits were being acquired; eyes were gaining keenness; hands, sureness; fingers, precision; brains, mobility; muscles, flexibility. A new attitude towards work was being developed. Millions of people—rustics in the main—were going through a subtle, physiological and psychological transformation.

While all this was taking place under the surface, the rise of the labor productivity curve was gradual and relatively slow. Those, however, who were familiar with the dialectics of the learning process were not disturbed; they knew, as Stalin did, that before long quantity would be transformed into quality and that a sudden broad creative upsurge was the next inevitable phase.

Stakhanovism is that creative upsurge.

It came exactly at the moment when the whole economic, political, and cultural development of the Soviet Union reached the required pitch.

It originated in the very depths of the Soviet masses, simultaneously, all over the land.

Even if there never had been a Stakhanov, the move-

ment which his name stands for would have started just the same, and at about the same time. The biographies of all the leading Stakhanovites prove it incontrovertibly.

“Can it be You, Busygin?”

Take Busygin of the Gorky Auto Plant. Like Stakhanov, he was an illiterate peasant. In 1931 he made hundreds of miles on foot from his forsaken little Vetluga village to the city of Nizhni-Novgorod (afterwards renamed Gorky) where the now famous auto works were then being built. He was a carpenter until the works were completed. Then, with thousands of other builders, he remained in the plant. His first job was that of oiler in the forge shop. While lubricating the monster steam hammers, he was fascinated by their beautiful complexity and power. He loved to watch them work. This peasant had an inexhaustible fund of curiosity, and a modern new plant provided plenty of objects to be curious about. He asked endless questions which some of the workers were patient enough to answer. Before long he learned how to work on the forge. He was made an apprentice. “I developed the habit,” he relates, “of watching attentively how the others worked and wondering if they were doing it correctly, and how I would do the job in their place. There was one case when one of the blacksmiths worked badly. I looked closely, thought how to set up the detail better, and began to work myself. My work turned out better, and there was almost no waste. The foreman was quite surprised: ‘How long we’ve been fussing over this detail, and here you make it fine first time!’” They began to shift Busygin from one kind of work to another, and everywhere he exceeded the norms. The news of Stakhanov’s accomplishment simply accelerated a process that had already been manifesting itself

in Busygin's work. Independently, Busygin in the Gorky Plant had been struggling for a more rational organization of work. He encountered the obtuseness of his chiefs; but he fought and he won. Once he insisted that he be permitted to work on the same detail for a reasonable length of time. He maintained that that would be the most effective way of further increasing the productivity of his work. The chief of his department would not hear of it. When Busygin became too insistent, he was fired for insubordination. Later the chief was fired, and Busygin was reinstated.

The mere suggestion of "speed-up" evokes hearty laughter from Busygin. "It is a remarkable thing," he declared at the Congress of Stakhanovites, "the better one works, the less tired one is. The more smoothly and efficiently the work proceeds, the healthier and stronger one feels. . . . We shall work with song!"

Could anyone even slightly concerned over man's progress fail to respond to Busygin's story?

"I look back at my past life and to this day I cannot believe that it has all been actual fact instead of something in a fairy tale. Why, before September I had never been in a city outside of Gorky, and I was very seldom in that city, as I lived at the auto plant. I only went to the cinema and our theater.

"When I first found myself in Moscow I was quite bewildered. I was not used to this noise and the big streets. And both times I have visited Moscow I went at once to the theater and the Zoological Gardens, and went for a ride on the subway. I walked the streets, admiring our Moscow, and thinking to myself: And is that you Busygin, who was born in the Vetluga forest, who lived his whole life in the village on a crust of bread? Can it be you, Busygin, who sits in the Bolshoi Theater and is beginning to read books? Why, I am semi-literate. I had never read

books until a couple of months ago when I read Pushkin's tales—I liked them very much. Only, to tell the truth, reading comes hard to me. But I am very anxious to study. There is nothing I dream of so much as of studying.

“I remember how a week ago, before the November holidays a newspaper man came to me and said:

“Well, Busygin, what do you want? You have got everything, you earn a lot, and are quite a public figure.”

“But I told him that I was very anxious to go further. I want to be not only a smith but to know how a hammer is built and to make hammers myself. And I know that I shall study and shall work still better. There are still many things which I cannot make out. Thanks for having helped me in this and given me teachers, and study I will. I shall come and set about working and studying with all my might.

“I earn a lot now. And, to tell the truth, I don't know how to spend my earnings. I am not used to this. Before, the money went chiefly on food, and now I think, the food will have to be improved, and new clothes bought, and the flat better furnished.

“When I set my record, some of my comrades took offense. As much as to say, ‘We're no worse than he, so why has he set up a record?’

“But this soon passed, and I did not feel that the others took offense. I, on the other hand, am always glad when my comrades succeed. As I understand things, the real Stakhanovite is the man who is concerned not only about his own records, who does not think only about his own work, but is always ready to help a comrade with his advice, who rejoices not only at his own successes, but the successes of his shop and his whole plant.”

‘Forge Ahead, My Boy’

Among the most illustrious names of the Stakhanovites is that of the 25-year old railroad engineer, Peter Krivonoss. For achieving regular record speeds by skillful use of the locomotive, this young machinist has won two of the highest decorations granted by the Soviet government.

Like Stakhanov, like Busygin, like the rest of the Stakhanovites, Krivonoss had not been interested merely in achieving records. His main concern had been to improve the work of the railroads and to teach other machinists his methods. Some of the older machinists resented Krivonoss. They called him a whipper-snapper, an upstart, a reckless devil who was bound to break not only his neck—that wouldn't be half so bad—but his locomotive. Although extremely shy and quiet, Krivonoss was evidently not of the timid kind. He had confidence in himself and his machine, and soon people began to take him seriously, to watch his work, and follow his advice. The local press and the Party backed him to the full, popularizing his methods. Krivonoss began to receive letters from all over the Union, from engineers in the North, in the Urals, in Siberia, in the Ukraine. He painstakingly answered every letter, describing the method whereby he was attaining such excellent results. “I am a Communist,” said Krivonoss, when I interviewed him, “and it is my duty not only to work well myself, but to teach others to work well.”

And here is his own description of the memorable occasion when he was given the Order of Lenin:

“On August 9, there was a celebration in Slavyansk in honor of the best shock-brigaders—the *otlichniki*. I was in the auditorium. When the chief of the Political Department, Comrade Stepanov, got up and read the decision of the Central Executive Committee of the government

to bestow the Order of Lenin upon me, the old machinists, once my bitterest critics, rushed over to me, grabbed me in their arms, lifted me into the air, and loudly crying hurrah, carried me to the stage.

"The audience, too, was shouting:

"'Invite his father into the presiding committee! Invite his mother! Invite his wife!'

"My entire family were given places of honor at the table of the presiding committee. Girls were throwing flowers at me. There were so many flowers that the whole table was piled up with them. The local poets recited their verses glorifying 'the best machinist.'

"People spoke warmly, feelingly. The gray-haired Makar Vasilievich Ruban spoke for the older generation of machinists.

"'You, Petro, have surpassed us,' he said, 'but we don't begrudge you. Youth should forge ahead. Forge ahead, my boy, always forge ahead. Don't stop. . . .'"

It is noteworthy that this celebration took place on August 9, 1935, *i.e.*, almost a whole month before Stakhanov's historic demonstration in the Donbas. In other words, on the railroads the movement now known as Stakhanovism had started many weeks before Stakhanov's name was known to anybody but his immediate friends. It cannot be too strongly emphasized: The Stakhanov movement is not anything imposed on the working masses from the top—it is a spontaneous movement initiated by the workers themselves, in different industries, in different parts of the country, by different people almost simultaneously. One can cite innumerable instances. Nicholas Smetanin, the leading Stakhanovite in the shoe industry, had won fame for himself and his brigade as far back as 1932. Dusya Vinogradova, the renowned textile worker, who now tends 208 looms, had begun her struggle for greater efficiency and high pro-

ductivity as soon as she stepped into the factory from the school bench in 1931. She began to work on four looms. That did not satisfy her. She then took on 16 looms, and that was not enough. Before long she decided to try 26; after a little while that too proved too easy. She transferred to 35 looms and then to 52. Other workers in the factory followed her example. In May 1935, she was the first to begin to work on 70 looms. It was at that time that a long article describing Dusya's method of work appeared in the paper *Light Industry*. Soon after, Dusya received a long personal letter from I. E. Lyubimov, People's Commissar of Light Industry. After congratulating her on her excellent work, Lyubimov proceeded to tell her of the plans of the government and of the need for increasing the quantity and improving the quality of the products of light industry.

Pointing out that mere mechanization was not sufficient and that better organization of the work and full utilization of the machines were bound to bring the desired results, he continued:

"Your work proves that our notions about work quotas in our factories have become obsolete. Our factory managers, our Party and trade union organizations must make your experience the property of all weavers. Our managers, our engineers and technicians must so organize the work in our industrial enterprises that people like you should rise daily by hundreds and thousands. I hope, Comrade Vinogradova, that you will be able to hand on your experience to other weavers, that you will teach them to work as you work. I wish you success and I hope that, perfecting your work still further, you will break the world record in tending automatic weaving looms."

“We Love Our Combines”

The campaign which was developed around Stakhanov only crystallized and brought together into a movement the experiences of thousands of innovators in every field of endeavor. Something quite similar had taken place in agriculture among the tractor and combine drivers, among the cultivators of cotton and flax and sugar beets (Maria Demchenko had promised Stalin 500 centners per hectare* a year before the Stakhanov movement), among the breeders of cattle, and the growers of grain.

The excellent results of the 1935 harvest showed that the Soviet agricultural worker like the Soviet industrial worker had begun to master technique, science. They showed a degree of organization, efficiency, labor discipline and willingness to cooperate with the proletarian state unimaginable in the Soviet village three or four years ago. They showed that every link in the Soviet apparatus—the village soviets, the Party nuclei, the grain-collecting organizations, the elevators, the machine and tractor stations, the training schools for truck, combine and tractor drivers, the agricultural schools, the road-building organizations, the railways, the tractor plants and all other plants producing agricultural machinery had learned how to work. Less red-tape, less talk, greater mobility, fewer unnecessary stoppages, breakages, accidents. Millions, literally millions of peasants in the villages, had learned to operate machines, had learned to appreciate and love their machines.

The hundreds of thousands of tractors (5,661,000 h.p.!) now working the Soviet fields are run by expert drivers, many of whom are Stakhanovites. The day of the novice is over.

* One hectare = 2.47 acres.—Ed.

In 1935 the average Soviet tractor performed about five times as much work as the average tractor in the United States. The 1930 figure for the United States (the only figure I have before me) was ninety hectares per tractor. The Soviet figures since 1933 are: 363 hectares, 310 hectares and 455 hectares. The plan for 1937 is 538. Needless to say, the plan will be overfulfilled. For there are already numerous drivers whose tractors cover as much as six hundred, eight hundred and even one thousand hectares per year!

It is well known that much of the speed of the 1935 harvesting campaign was due to the excellent work of the Soviet combines operated by Stakhanovites. Where are those wisecracks who snickered at the mere suggestion of the Russian muzhik running this highly complex mechanism? The Russian muzhik and a combine—the mere juxtaposition of the two was enough to throw some bourgeois gentlemen into fits of side-splitting laughter. Their hilarity was a little premature. There are now fifty thousand combines in the Soviet Union. This year hundreds of Soviet combines covered as much as three hundred, five hundred and even nine hundred hectares each. The American average per combine in 1930 was 231 hectares. It seems then that the Bolshevik slogan “overtake and surpass” is not as ludicrous as it used to sound to some people only a couple of years ago.

Space does not permit to quote in full the stirring letter sent (October 2) by one hundred and sixteen southern combine drivers to Joseph Stalin. Having completed their work on the southern fields these youngsters (most of them in their teens or early twenties) were despatched with their machines to gather the harvest in Siberia and the Urals. The expedition with which they carried out their assignment evoked universal admiration. Their let-

ter to Stalin is too long to be reproduced here. A few excerpts will convey some of the spirit:

“We love our combines. We know their motors, every screw and pinion in them. We are motorists. And when our country calls us to defend its borders, we will rise to a man in its defense. In the steel ranks of the Soviet proletariat, we shall not be the last. What has been won and achieved with the blood of the best sons of our socialist fatherland, we shall yield to no one, never. . . .”

Those who are speculating on the backwardness of the Russian muzhik had better realize before it is too late that the Russian muzhik whom they had come to know in pre-revolutionary novels and histories has vanished in the limbo of the past. The central figures in the village are not muzhiks, not even peasants in the usually accepted sense—they are prosperous collective farmers, well-paid workers of machine and tractor stations; they are a new type of people showing the rapid disappearance of the age-old difference between country and city folk; they are conscious builders of socialism.

“The vast majority of us are young. The collective and state farm system in our villages has grown, triumphed and become permanently fixed before our very eyes. Of the past—sheriffs and policemen, tsars and tsarist prisons, landlords and serfs, manufacturers and wage slaves—we know mainly through hearsay, from our fathers and grandfathers. And if in the past we were poor peasants, farm laborers, working to fill the pockets and bellies of kulaks, we are now full masters of our present and our future. . . . Gathering our Soviet harvest was glorious work. But there is no special merit in what we have done—we have merely performed our duty to our Party and our country. . . .”

Each one of us has harvested from four hundred to six hundred hectares—as much as a whole estate of some rich landlord in the old days. . . . We shall pull all our combine operators up to our level and then all together storm new and more difficult heights. . . .”

Robert Forsythe of the *New Masses* grossly exaggerates, no doubt, when he asserts that even in capitalist America coal miners, despite oppression and exploitation, “like” coal mining, and structural workers “tossing rivets about on 60-story buildings” or walking about “so casually up there on the string-like girders . . . get a great kick out of it.” This may hold true of individual workers in factory or field; it certainly cannot be true of the vast majority of workers in capitalist lands. Still, if Forsythe’s memory does not deceive him, if it is actually true that even under conditions of capitalist exploitation he himself, working a night shift of 13½ hours at 20 cents an hour, “never had such a sense of achievement and power” in his life as while running a turret lathe in a machine shop—if that is actually true, then can you imagine “the sense of achievement and power,” can you imagine the pride and the “great kick” the Soviet combine operators got out of sweeping the golden steppes of collectivized Siberia with the mammoth blades of their Bolshevik-tamed monsters?

I repeat: the hopeless, ineffectual, emaciated peasant, plodding sullenly behind his lean mare and rickety wooden plow on his narrow lonely strip darkling under a leaden sky, so beloved by the Russian artists of old, can be seen now only on the walls of Soviet museums—not on the Soviet fields. The new village has nurtured an entirely new, unrecognizable breed. “Our inspiration,” said the combine operators in this letter to Stalin, “has been our Party and the example provided by you, the foremost Bolshevik.”

These youngsters are not isolated cases in the Soviet village. They are not freaks, biological sports. Like the Stakhanovites in industry, they are typical products of years of socialist construction, education and culture. There are millions like them. During the First Five-Year Plan alone four and a half million young village people were trained for just such jobs. Several million more have been added during the last three years—millions of tractor drivers, combine operators, mechanics, agronomists, chairmen of collective farms, managers of state farms, bookkeepers, accountants, brigade leaders. Several million actual or potential Stakhanovites in the Soviet villages!

Things to Remember – Conclusion

The first thing to remember is this: Improved organization and higher productivity of labor had been a powerful trend among the best and most class-conscious Soviet workers and collective peasants for a considerable time. The Stakhanov campaign, by popularizing individual achievements and experiences, by heaping honors upon the most distinguished workers and peasants, by advertising their phenomenal incomes, by inviting them to Moscow to meet and discuss the problems of industry and agriculture with the leaders of the country, transmuted this trend among the vanguard into a genuine mass movement for efficiency, organization and skill, into a great popular drive for higher standards of output and for further consolidation of the Soviet Union's socialist victories.

The second thing to remember is what has already been said in the foreword: The mass drive for efficiency, organization, and higher standards of output represented by Stakhanovism, the new socialist attitude to labor and the new socialist psychology which that movement im-

plies would be utterly inconceivable under conditions of capitalist production. If there had been no Soviet power, if the masses had been living under the pall of capitalist exploitation, crises and unemployment; if the scores of different nationalities inhabiting what is now the Soviet Union had been victims of national oppression and persecution, of race hatred and chauvinism; if the Soviet workers and peasants had been leading poor, drab, joyless lives; and, finally, if the technical and human prerequisites (machines and men) for a mighty economic and cultural upsurge had not been prepared by the past years of successful socialist construction, there would certainly have been no Stakhanov, no Stakhanovites, and nothing even remotely resembling a Stakhanov movement. Stakhanovism and all it stands for could originate only in the healthy soil of a rising classless society, could grow and gather strength only in the free, joyous, hopeful atmosphere of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

The third and most important thing to remember is that in the soil of the socialist present Stakhanovism represents the sprouting seeds of the communist future.

The principle upon which the present socialist Soviet society operates is, in the words of Stalin, that "Each works according to his ability and receives articles of consumption, not according to his needs, but according to the work he performs for society. This means that the cultural and technical level of the working class is still not a high one, that the distinction between mental and manual labor persists, that the productivity of labor is still not high enough to ensure an abundance of articles of consumption, and, as a result, society is obliged to distribute articles of consumption not in accordance with the needs of the members of society, but in accordance with the work they perform for society."

The Stakhanov movement reveals the beginnings of such a rise in the cultural and technical level of the workers and peasants of the Soviet Union as is ultimately destined to wipe out completely the ancient distinctions between workers and peasants and between mental and manual labor.

The Stakhanov movement reveals the beginnings of such a rise in the productivity of labor as is ultimately destined to ensure an absolute abundance—a superabundance—of articles of consumption, such an abundance, indeed, that society will be able to distribute everything it produces not on the socialist basis of work performed, but on the communist basis of individual need.

The Stakhanov movement is the Soviet workers' and peasants' promise that the time is not very far distant when the communist principle *From each according to his ability to each according to his needs*, instead of being mankind's perennial but ever elusive dream, will become a glowing, throbbing, indestructible and universal reality.

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