

SOVIET SKETCHES

No
1

G. FRIEDRICH

"MISS U.S.S.R."

The Story of
DUSYA VINOGRADOVA



CO-OPERATIVE PUBLISHING SOCIETY
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“MISS U.S.S.R.”

Passenger train No. 74, which took us from Moscow to the little textile town of Vichuga in twelve hours, had hardly reached the Soviet textile centre of Ivanovo when the only subject of conversation among the passengers became the new record established by Dusya Vinogradova. They discussed the latest reports, recalled the premium given by the People's Commissariat for Light Industry, argued about American records, until one involuntarily glanced out of the window to see if Dusya Vinogradova herself were not perhaps standing on the platform, ready to get into our train.

The name of Dusya Vinogradova is now known not only throughout the length and breadth of the Soviet Union; the fame of her deeds has spread over the entire world. And today there are hundreds and thousands of the best shock-workers in the Soviet textile industry who proudly bear the title of "Vinogradovites." Yet Evdokia Viktorovna Vinogradova—to give her her full name—is only twenty-one. Maybe just because she is so young, and because all her fellow-workers like her so much, and all young people in the Soviet Union regard her as their friend, she is simply called Dusya. Dusya is well known, Dusya is famous, but her fame has nothing in common with the dubious and transient "fame" of a "Miss Europe." Dusya might indeed be called a "Miss U.S.S.R.," but only in the Soviet sense of this word; her fame and popularity are founded on her creative work.

Dusya is a Soviet girl. When you see her—free, happy and light-hearted—when you talk to her and hear how

simply she tells of her record-breaking work, taking it all as a matter of course, when you have watched her at work and seen the hundreds of others who emulate her methods, you will recall Stalin's words about the Stakhanovites, where he says:

"And, indeed, look at our comrades, the Stakhanovites, more closely. What type of people are they? They are 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."

These words of Stalin's find their living confirmation in Dusya and her workmates.

Vichuga and Its Textile Industry

Old Vichuga seems to have been a Finnish village in prehistoric times. An interesting document has come down to us from the year 1642, showing that the production of textiles in this place also dates back to quite remote times. This document is a petition from Oleshka Otyayev to the tsar Michael Romanov, making a complaint against Vassily Golovin. "On Whitsunday," writes Otyayev, "I was driving home from Vichuga Fair when the said Vassily Golovin with his people and peasants overtook me in Semyonovo, the estate of Tyapkin, set upon me and began to rob me; they beat me, threw me to the ground, so that I lost my senses, and robbed me of 20 rubles belonging to my lord, and of cloth and linen to the value of 10 rubles. The said cloth and linen I had bought for my lord, Vassily Petrovich, to equip him for his service in Siberia."

It would thus seem that the inhabitants of Vichuga

were already occupied in selling cloth and linen in the first half of the seventeenth century at their "Whitsun Fair," well-known in later days for the considerable trade done there. This fair remained an institution in Vichuga until quite recent times.

In the nineteenth century Vichuga was in the possession of the rich landlord Tatishchev. The old mansion with its marble columns is standing to this day, having been turned into a reading-room after the October Revolution. The park is likewise kept up, as is also a round pond with an island in the middle, the work of Vichuga serfs in the old days.

The chains stretched across the village market place and the old market stalls still bear witness to the extensive trade done in the former centre of the Vichuga district. As for the present Nogin Mill, its history goes back to the beginning of the nineteenth century.

In 1812 Pyotr Konovalov, a peasant serf belonging to the landlord Krushchev, and ancestor of the factory-owner Konovalov, opened a weaving and dyeing works with hired labourers, for the dyeing of the so-called "Kitaika" cloth.

His son introduced steam power, and soon the business done by the Vichuga Mill gave it first place in the whole Kostroma gubernia.

The year 1897 saw the founding of the "manufacturing co-operative enterprise" which comprised not only Konovalov's mill at Vichuga but also his dyeing works and bleaching department at Kamenka, a little place on the River Sunsha, near its confluence with the Volga.

The other textile mills in Vichuga have had a similar history. The Revolution found these mills equipped with antiquated machinery. Today, they are equipped throughout with automatic Northrop looms. Today, the Nogin Mill is one of the four textile mills operating in Vichuga,

one of the hundred textile mills of the Ivanovo-Voznesensk textile area.

It is no accident that the textile industry should have taken root in this region. The rich capitalists of tsarist days chose to build their factories here, though the raw material, cotton, had to be brought from thousands of miles away. The first textile mills arose here because it was here that labour power was cheapest. The soil here is poor; the population could only eke out a miserable existence by agriculture, and many of them were unemployed. This "surplus" population offered cheap labour power for the factory-owners to exploit. Such was the basis for the rise of the textile industry under tsarism. It took Soviet rule to bring this industry into a really flourishing state, and to create such types of people as Dusya and her fellow-workers.

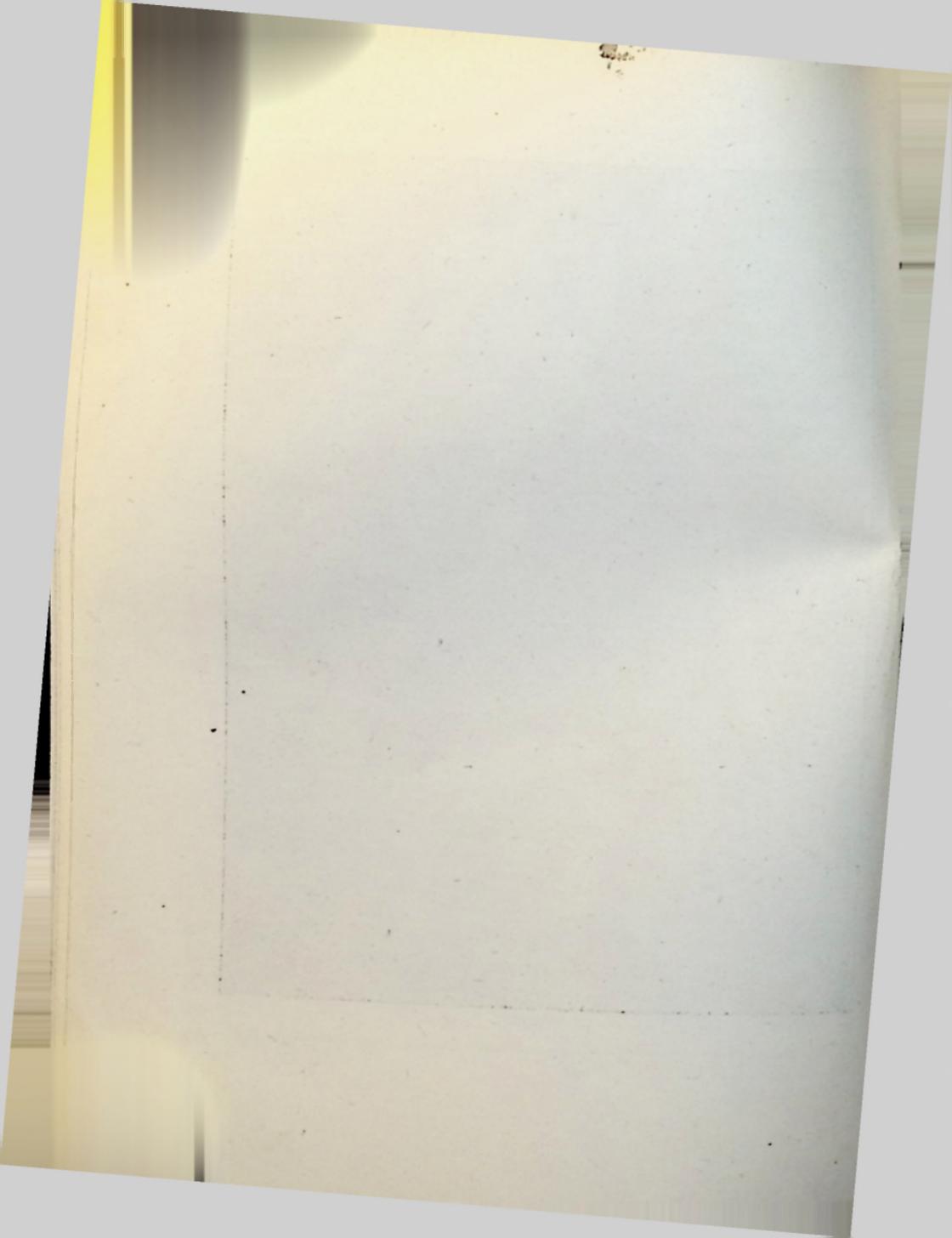
Vichuga itself has a population of 38,000 inhabitants, of whom 15,000 are employed in the textile industry—7,000 in the Nogin Mill alone.

"The Birthplace of the Vinogradova Method"

As you enter the factory gates at the Nogin Textile Mill in Vichuga, you will see the following words, written in flaming red letters: "Here is the Birthplace of the Vinogradova Method."

Only two years back the Nogin Mill was one of those that had not yet learnt to fulfil its plan completely. Today, it is numbered among the best, among the very first plants of the Soviet Union. Whence this remarkable change? The mill manager, Comrade Panov, once a textile worker himself, transferred straight from the machine to his present responsible post, gives us the answer to this question. "We had unskilled workers," he tells us. "Our Party and trade union organizations functioned





badly, didn't pay enough attention to problems in the mill. The conditions in which the workers lived, culturally and socially, were not up to much. These were the reasons why we fulfilled our plan by only 80 per cent, why the quality of our output was not up to standard. That was where we had to start from. We have done much since then—given technical training to the workers, strengthened the technical staff of the mill, and above all, paid the greatest attention to cultural questions and to improving the workers' material conditions of life. We began getting better raw material, too—cotton of improved quality. In short, all the necessary conditions for better work were created. And then Vinogradova came along, showing by her example that more and better work could be done."

The Nogin Mill is a big plant. Day and night the long high shops of the mill are filled with the deafening clatter of 2,350 looms. These 2,350 looms, similar in make to the English Northrop machine but now mostly of Soviet construction, yielded the mill about thirty-five million metres of woven fabric last year. And thus the mill which is the birthplace of the Vinogradova method not only fulfilled its program for 1935 ahead of time, but even surpassed the planned figure. _

A Matter of Honour and Glory

In capitalist society the worker will never exert his full strength and energies to increase the productivity of his labour. Under capitalism the worker sells his labour power to the capitalist for money. Under capitalism work is not free, and the worker is the slave of his employer. Only with the coming of socialist society, only under the conditions of the Soviet system, has labour acquired a new character, creating new conceptions of proletarian honour and glory.

We do not need to look far for contrasts. Dusya's mother was a weaver, too. She worked 26 years in the mill—in the same mill as her daughter—but in those days it still belonged to the rich Russian capitalist, Konovalov. Dusya's mother used to work 10 hours a day, and her wages averaged 7 rubles a month. The mill workers were crowded together in wretched living barracks, damp and dirty. "In the old days," Dusya's mother will tell you, "thirty people used to eat out of one dish in the factory canteen. And there was a notice stuck up at the entrance to the park, saying: 'No dogs or low persons admitted.'" And today? In return for her exemplary work Dusya has been given a two-room apartment, with kitchen, entrance hall, electric light, telephone, etc., in one of the new workers' apartment houses put up by the mill. Here she lives with her mother, and her workmates are equally well provided for. Marusya Vinogradova, her namesake, lives by herself, so she has been given a single well-furnished room in one of the "communal houses" belonging to the mill. Dusya's mother could slave away at her job as much as she pleased, without ever benefiting herself. Whereas Dusya already has an income of more than 800 rubles a month, and she only pays 23 rubles rent for her apartment—heat, light and telephone included. For workers under capitalism, the factory is just a hell, as it was for Dusya's mother, the machines are enemies, work is a yoke. For Dusya, Marusya and all the millions of people in the U.S.S.R., work is a joy; they love the machines and factories, for the machines are *their* machines, the factories *their* factories.

This and this alone explains why Dusya, on reading the letter written by Lyubimov, People's Commissar for Light Industry, about the need to increase production in the textile industry, regarded this letter as addressed to her direct. After first taking over 40 machines—the reg-

ular assignment was 24—she and her brigade started work on 70 automatic looms. The management of the mill took all steps to enable Vinogradova to tend her 70 looms successfully. The best yarn was provided, the best loom-fixers were put on the job, the technical staff was carefully checked over, and all the machines thoroughly overhauled and renovated. In addition, the efficiency of the machines was raised by putting into effect certain inventions made by the mill workers themselves.

Dusya did not disappoint her comrades' expectations. Working on 70 looms, she turned out 710 metres of cloth a shift. Every day she overfulfilled her plan. But 70 looms were not enough for her. She wanted to go further. No sooner did People's Commissar Lyubimov hear about the splendid achievements of this young woman textile worker of Vichuga, than he wrote straight off to her in an enthusiastic letter. Not without excitement Dusya read these lines of his, in which her work was highly appreciated and rewarded with a substantial cash premium. The People's Commissar held her up as an example to the other workers throughout the whole textile industry. He wrote about the tasks confronting the country, about the need to increase output, and said that her methods would successfully ensure the carrying out of these tasks. And Dusya immediately answered, promising to do still better work and to raise her standard of output still higher. On October 1 she and her brigade took over 100 machines. Their example was followed by Marusya Vinogradova and, soon after, by Odintsova, a woman weaver in the nearby Bolshevik Textile Mill.

How are we to explain this? Is Dusya some kind of genius? Of course not! Dusya's case is no longer an isolated one by any means. Her labour achievements, her labour enthusiasm have taken hold of hundreds and thousands of others. In the Nogin Mill alone, which works

three shifts, there are three brigades—those of Dusya and Marusya Vinogradova and of the other woman weaver Podoblayeva—which tend no less than 216 machines each, while no weaver in this mill tends less than 50 machines, and the majority tend 100. Almost the whole mill has now adopted the Vinogradova method of work. Today, Dusya is only one of many. Her exemplary work has fired others to emulate her.

At first glance it would seem almost incredible that one woman weaver should practically control 216 machines. Indeed, when you consider that there are 2,600 threads running on each automatic loom, that the weaver thus has more than 600,000 threads under her charge, that, theoretically, any one of these threads may break and thus bring the automatic machine to a standstill, this achievement seems incredible, superhuman. But is it such a conundrum, after all? Naturally, such an achievement can be partly explained by first-class technique. But only partially so. If Dusya Vinogradova and the thousands who employ her methods were not highly skilled workers, if they were not actuated by the desire to be worthy citizens of their great proletarian country, if their work were not made the object of special attention on the part of the mill management, if the group of workers who aid the weavers were not intimately bound up with them and their work—then all this technique would be of no avail. Dusya's work proves the correctness of Stalin's famous saying, which inspired the Stakhanov movement in the U.S.S.R.: "Without people who have mastered technique, technique is dead. Technique in the charge of people who have mastered technique can and should perform miracles."

How She Does It

Dusya goes to work. She enters the shop with a light, swinging stride. The 216 machines make a deafening din. She relieves the woman weaver Podoblayeva, whose shift is just over. The automatic looms do not stop running for a second, as the evening shift is replaced by the night shift. The four loom-fixers are at their posts; each has 54 machines under his supervision, and their job is to cope with minor accidents that may occur during the shift. Here are the four bobbin girls whose job is to keep the spindles supplied with bobbins; here are the two tiers, Dusya's closest aides, each of whom looks after 108 machines, their job being to cope with bad breaks in the thread, to remedy which more time is required. Besides this, there are two warpers who have special charge of the warp. This brigade of twelve, working together in friendly harmony under Dusya's leadership, seems almost lost in the huge 300-metre-long shop.

The looms are set up in eight ranks, divided by a large aisle down the middle. Try to imagine this vast shop with its 28 big windows. The 216 "Northrops" keep up such a roar that no human voice can make itself heard. Dusya, slim and light-footed, clad in a black silk blouse and skirt, passes swiftly between the looms, going from one to the next. It seems uncanny at first. How can this little woman weaver (and indeed she looks almost like a child among the 216 clattering machines) cope with all these mechanisms? But in a short time apprehension gives place to enthusiasm. Swiftly, with unwonted calm, the girl makes her way among the machines, and her hands fly over them like birds. Deftly she ties up a broken thread, almost tenderly she strokes the reeds as though saying: "That's right, keep on that way." A scarcely perceptible sign, and the worker she needs comes hurrying

up. Dusya points to a certain place in the warp, and the worker knows at once what she has to do. Dusya is well acquainted with every detail in the automatic loom. But that is not all. She knows the peculiarities of each individual machine. With the glance of a great commander—for she really does remind you of a general on the field of battle—she surveys the giant mass of mechanism, swiftly intervenes wherever necessary. She contrives to be everywhere where she is wanted. Among all these 600,000 threads, she always finds the one that is broken and needs to be tied. Only her deft intuitive fingers could accomplish this. She moves quite quietly, without any haste. The shop belongs to her. She follows a fixed “line of march.” First she passes along the 108 looms on the left of the aisle, examining the woven fabric. Then along the 108 looms on the right, from the same side. She looks carefully at the weft, plucks out faulty spots here and there, and sets the looms going again where they have stopped. When she has come to the end of the last rank, she begins going back, examining the other side of the looms, with the warp. No loom is neglected. Each is tended in due order.

Without any fuss or hurry, calmly but swiftly, she flits about among the ranks of machines.

I glance up at the clock. Dusya has taken 25 minutes to review all her 216 looms. . . .

Some women workers peep curiously into the shop. But Dusya, it seems, has eyes for nothing outside her job. Her face is serious, her glance piercing. With marvellous quickness her fingers tie the knots (6 seconds are allowed for tying up one thread, but she ties two in 5-6 seconds); her eyes take in every detail of the loom, watchfully follow the movement of the shuttle. She examines the woven fabric and scans the weft critically through the reed.

Now a bobbin falls to the floor and rolls across the cen-

tral aisle. Dusya just nods to the bobbin girl, and the latter is after it at once.

The "Northrops" hum and clatter.

It's a hard job to keep pace with Dusya! Her black dress was here only a moment ago, and now it appears at the opposite end of the shop.

Six a.m. A shrill whistle brings the looms to a standstill. How quickly the din of the machines dies away! The shop grows dead. Dusya has hurried off for a meal in the factory dining-room. Without her, the looms seem dull and dreary. Lifeless iron, lifeless threads. . . .

Half an hour later the shop comes to life again. And then day dawns. The rays of the winter sun come stealing through the great windows. Beams of sunshine light up the portraits of Lenin and Stalin hanging at the entrance. Still surrounded by wisps of morning mist, the shop seems like some huge ship. And the helmsman of this ship is Dusya.

And so Dusya, with only a half-hour break, pursues her "line of march" throughout the whole shift. She takes from 20 to 25 minutes to go her rounds once. And when the factory whistle signals the end of the shift, she comes over to me—who have been following her the whole night long like her own shadow—and points to the words written up at the end of the shop: "To Work like Vinogradova is Honour and Law for Every Worker!"

Good Wages for Good Work

Crossing the mill yard, we catch sight of a big board hung up before us, with portraits of Dusya and Marusya Vinogradova upon it. This is the board on which the "Vinogradovites" make their daily report.

We find the following figures for the previous day:

	<i>No. of looms tended</i>	<i>Metres of fabric produced</i>	<i>Day's earnings (in rubles)</i>
Dusya	216	2,389	34.76
Marusya	216	2,379	33.36
Podoblayeva	216	2,344	33.52

Further we read that Bolshakova and Kharkova, each tending 148 looms, have produced 1,680 metres of fabric and earned about 25 rubles, while Korolyeva, working on 140 machines, has produced 1,539 metres and earned 24 rubles.

"So you see," says Dusya to me, "the more we work, the more we earn. Here—take a look at my pay-book for this year. It'll show you much clearer."

I glance through this interesting little book, whose figures convincingly prove the increasing well-being of the Soviet country and of each individual worker. Look at the following table of figures:

<i>No. of looms tended</i>	<i>Production per shift (in metres)</i>	<i>Earnings per day (in rubles)</i>	<i>Earnings per month</i>
24	259	8.19	205
40	417	10.95	274
55	515	13.46	337
100	1,022	20.30	508
140	1,431	25.55	639
216	2,389	34.76	869

The income rises in proportion as output increases. Eight hundred and sixty-nine rubles—that is Dusya's present monthly income. Stalin's words about the steady improvement in the material situation of the workers being one of the conditions necessary for the rise of the Stakhanov movement find their confirmation here too. But it is not only Dusya's wages that have increased; those

of her fellow-workers have risen in the same proportion.

"We live well, and that enables us to work well," writes Dusya in her letter to the Prague *Rote Fahne*. "We work in *our own* mill, we work for ourselves, without any bosses, for our country, and also for you workers in capitalist countries, and that is why we are able to tend such a large number of looms. We know how to work well, and we also know how to enjoy ourselves in a cultural way, to study, to raise our level of culture."

Dusya's Own Story

"How do I work? I always come ten or fifteen minutes before the shift starts, and if it's the morning shift, I prepare the looms for work. Then I begin going my rounds. But if I'm taking over from Maria or Katya, I begin by going over all the looms with them. I always make a point of going my rounds before the beginning of the shift.

"I now have 216 machines to look after—and that's plenty. First, I check the quality of the fabric, then the warp. In checking the quality of the fabric, I can see how each loom is working, which mechanism wants watching, which loom requires special attention. When I examine the fabric, I look out for the way the bobbins are set. It's best when the bobbin is set on three notches, otherwise it's liable to break off.

"Then I go to examine the warp. I see whether the reed apparatus is working properly.

"What do I do when I come to two machines opposite each other, both out of action? I take a look to see which can be set going first with greater advantage, and then set that one going again. In general, I keep going very fast as I make my rounds.

"If you're tending many looms at once, you have to be quick at finding the broken threads in the yarn. I have

thought out the following method: I lean over from the front side of the loom and pass my hand over the reeds from above. I can feel with the palm of my hand where the thread is broken and where the reed has sunk, and that's the place where the end of the thread must be looked for.

"I've learnt to tie the knots well and quickly. It's only a small operation, but it saves a tremendous lot of time.

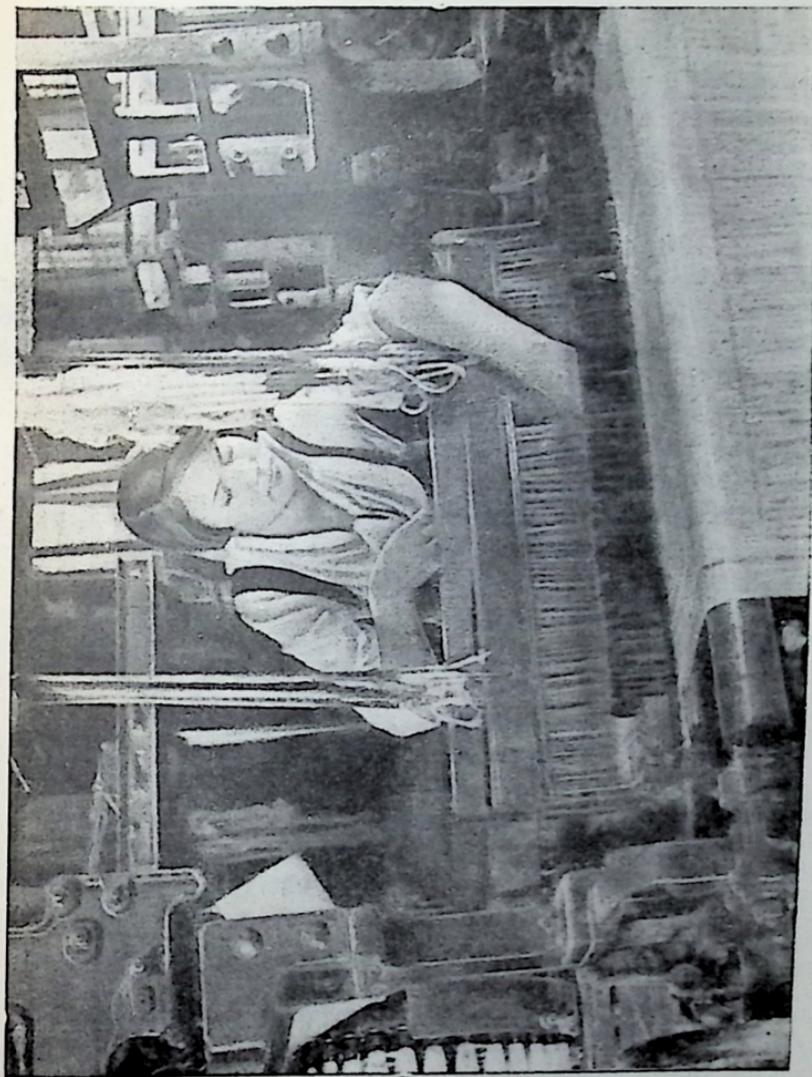
"I know the mechanism of the loom inside out. I've studied all its parts and the way they dovetail into one another. That's very important. If the loom doesn't function, I know the reasons for it at once, and can tell the loom-fixer what to do. But if it's only a slight flaw, I remedy it by myself. I fix a broken reed, adjust the weft fork, and so on.

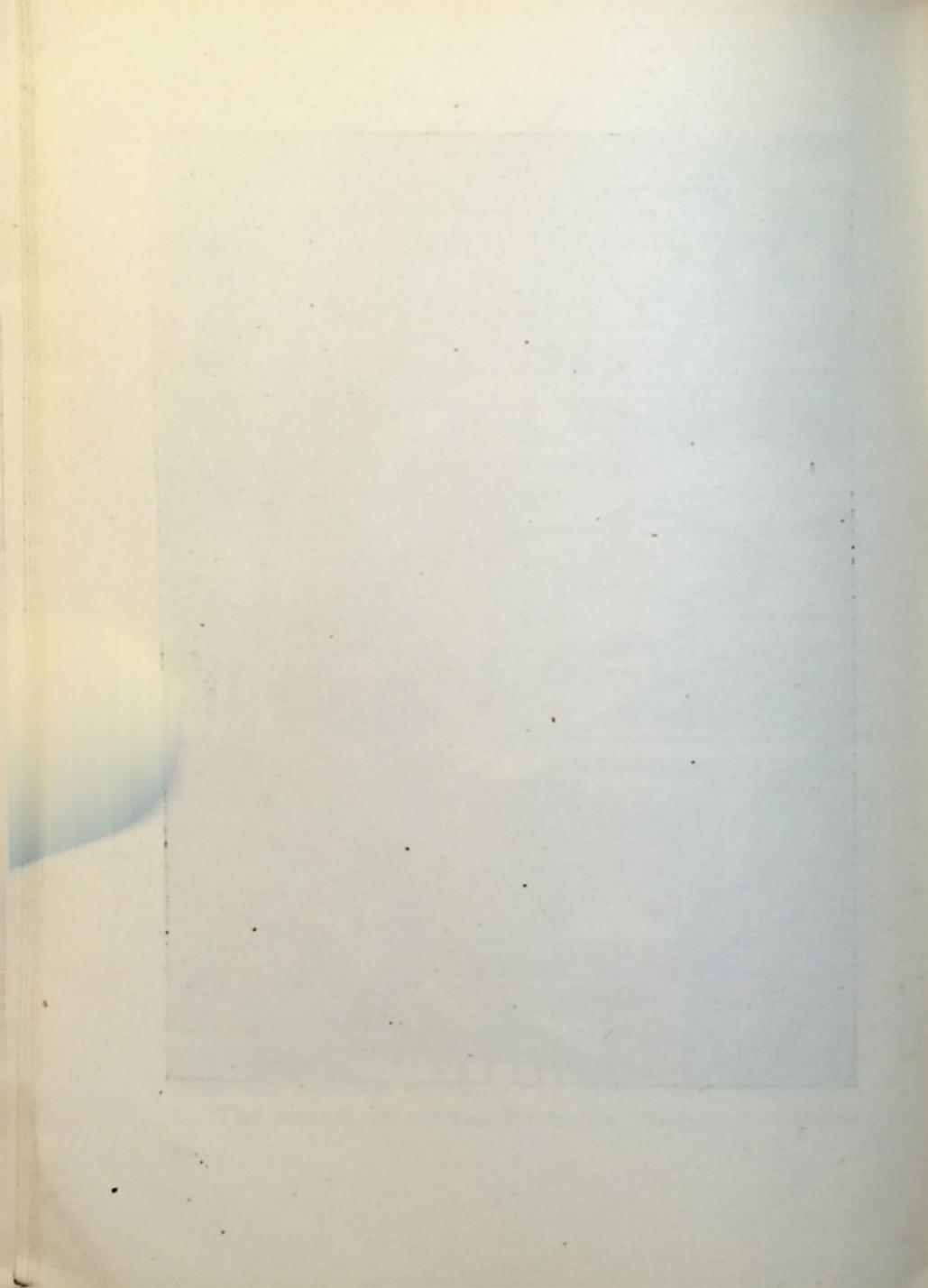
"I find it very interesting to work on 216 machines. It fills me with enthusiasm to see all these scores of looms obeying my will. It's thrilling.

"From now on we're putting main emphasis on quality and on lowering the cost of the fabric. The plant must be used to the full. We must get every loom to give us all it can. We haven't worked up to that yet. But we're striving to do it.

"My workmates, the brigade that works with me in my shift, do all they can to help me. Without assistants, of course, no weaver could possibly tend 216 looms, even automatic ones. I have special assistants who do nothing but look after the bobbins, refill the chases, and tie up the weft threads when they break. Then there are other assistants who see that the looms are set right, and others again who look after both the warp and the weft. I have twelve persons working with me in my shift. Besides this, there are special workers who clean and oil the machines, generally between shifts.

"The weaver, of course, bears the main responsibility.





She is leader of the brigade. People often ask me what the 'secret' of my method is. It is simply the 'line of march' which I follow. What do I mean by this 'line of march'? I'll explain by giving you an example. Let's suppose the warp thread breaks on loom 181, and at that moment I have only reached loom 65. According to the old method of work, I should have run across from loom 65 to loom 181 to tie up the broken thread. But now, when I'm working according to the Stakhanov method, I don't do that any more. I just leave loom 181 for the moment, and go on quietly, without any fuss or hurry, from 65 to 66 and so on till I reach 181 in due course. I keep strictly to my 'line of march,' regardless of whether a machine has stopped or not. You might think that with this system the machines would not be used to the full, but that's only what appears on the surface. Formerly, the weaver used to go running around from one loom to another, tying up the broken threads. She had to tire herself out, and yet she couldn't tend as many looms as at present. Now I concentrate on avoiding breaks in the thread in advance. In this way Marusya and I have reduced breaks from an average of 0.60 per cent to from 0.10 to 0.13 per cent per metre of warp."

Such is Dusya's own story. And indeed, when we listen to Dusya's technical explanations, when we see her fiery zeal and affection for her job, we feel sure that such an achievement as hers could only have been accomplished by a worker who has really and truly "mastered technique" with flying colours.

The Northrop Loom

What are these prodigious machines which enable the two Vinogradovas to tend no less than 216 of them at a time? They are not, of course, simple power looms such

as those in use in most of the small textile mills of western Europe. The machines which the two Vinogradovas tend, and which can be seen in all Soviet textile mills, are those of the completely automatic type known as the "Northrop loom." This automatic loom is an English invention, but owing to its high price it is used only in mills with the most up-to-date equipment. Instead of expensive automatic machinery, the capitalists prefer to exploit the much cheaper labour power of human beings. They force the weaver to tend an ever greater number of the old looms, *i.e.*, to adopt the "stretch-out" system.

Every Northrop loom has individual electric drive, so that the weaver is not hampered at her job by any network of transmission belts. The loom is so constructed that it stops of its own accord when the warp thread breaks. Besides this, there is a chase holding 12 or 24 bobbins; the shuttle automatically takes a fresh bobbin when the old one is unwound. The machine also ties the weft thread of its own accord. All that is required is to refill the chase with fresh bobbins from time to time. A question of great importance is the loom's speed of working. With the old power looms, the speed had to be reduced when a weaver was set to tend a greater number of looms. The Northrop loom, on the other hand, does not require this, for its speed of work depends solely on the type of fabric that is being woven. The Vinogradovas on their Northrop looms weave a cotton fabric of medium thickness, known in the textile world as "Moleskin—Standard 222 W." In weaving this fabric, the loom makes 181 picks per minute.

These few facts alone show that there is no comparison between the Northrop loom and the old power loom.

How Dusya Became a Weaver

"I'm a weaver," says Dusya. "I'd made up my mind to become one while still a kid at school. I was in the Young Pioneers, and our Pioneer group often used to make excursions to the textile mill. The very first time I saw the white linen and the machines at work, I knew I was going to be a weaver. I told my mother I wanted to be one, too.

"In 1929 I made an application to be admitted to the factory trade school. No sooner had I entered the school than my girl friends all told me I was going to be put in the spinners' class. I was angry and upset. Would I be assigned to study as a weaver, or would I really be put in the spinners' class, as my school friends prophesied? These doubts were soon dispelled, however, when the principal of the school came and divided up the new pupils. I was put in the course for weavers. My joy knew no bounds.

"A few days later our studies began. On the very first day I wrote in my copybook: 'Dusya Vinogradova, weaver.'

"Weaving, the main item in our course of study, was what I loved above all else. I was not content with the lectures given by our teachers, but read many technical books at home into the bargain. Practical work in the mill was what I looked forward to most of all in my day's work. Here I was given 2 looms to tend at first, then 4, and at last 7. During my two years' study I did not get a single bad mark.

"After finishing at the factory trade school, I was given 16 automatic looms to tend. You can imagine how glad I was! Well, in the first month I just couldn't do it. I produced so much spoiled output that it makes me quite ashamed to think of it now—40 per cent, no less!—and

I only fulfilled 60 per cent of the plan. But I had the will to work better. I went carefully over all the looms, made full use of the knowledge I had gained at school, made a lot of suggestions to the foreman for improving things. The machines were overhauled, and from then on the work really did go better.

“In 1933 I was chosen, as one of the best weavers, to reinforce the young workers’ brigade. At that time I was already working on 26 looms. Later on, I took over 52 looms and fulfilled my plan 102 per cent. Our trade union gave me a premium for my good work. Altogether, I have been awarded quite a number of premiums. This year alone I have received 800 rubles in premiums, and in the past four years I’ve had nine premiums in all. Aside from that, I was sent on a trip to Moscow and Leningrad, and given a ten days’ holiday in a rest-home. That is how our work is appreciated in the Soviet Union.

“All this, and the life I enjoy today, I owe to the care taken of me by the Party and Young Communist League. I have been trained by the Party of Lenin, brought up in the spirit of this Party. Since childhood I was in the Young Pioneers, and am now a member of the Young Communist League, which I love like my own mother. In my speech in the Kremlin, at the conference of Stakhanov workers, I said:

“I would like to thank Comrade Stalin, the Central Committee of the Party, and the Soviets for the happy life I now lead. I am happier than I ever was before! Comrade Stalin, it is you who have given me this life!”

“And now,” Dusya concludes, “I am preparing to enter the academy. Early next year I shall be coming to Moscow to study, and in four years’ time I shall be a textile engineer.”

Such are the prospects opening before the free and happy young people of the Land of Soviets!

Dusya Invites Us to Tea

I hold in my hands a little slip of paper, on which is written:

INVITATION CARD

Dear Comrade Friedrich,

I invite you to come to my new apartment at 2 p. m. today for a cup of tea with me.

My address is: First of May Street, No. 8.

*With Communist greetings,
Dusya Vinogradova*

A sound of cheerful laughter meets me on the doorstep. No less than thirty of Dusya's workmates have gathered here in response to the invitation, including the mill manager, Comrade Panov, the secretary of the Party committee, Comrade Svetlov, the leader of Young Communist League work in the mill, and also several of the older Pioneers from the Pioneer detachment of which Dusya is leader.

Dusya tells us about Moscow and her meeting with Stalin at the Stakhanov Conference. "Oh, how excited I was when they told us, 'You're going to meet Stalin today!' But when he came in, I felt quite calm. He's quite a plain man, like the rest of us. Only he's got such clear eyes—they shine like bright lights."

With the most natural air in the world, as though nothing special had happened, she goes on to tell us how she talked with Stalin, how she gave him her promise that "our mill" would win the competition with the Bolshevik Textile Plant, where Odintsova is working. "Yes,

I gave Stalin this promise, and I'm going to keep it. And you"—she turns to her comrades—"must help me do it."

I begin to take a look round the apartment, and find Dusya's bookcase. Here are the collected works of Lenin and Stalin, Ilya Ehrenburg's new book *Without Taking Breath*, Sholokhov's *Quiet Flows the Don*, etc. But here too, placed within easy reach of Dusya's chair, is a shelf of books which especially awaken my interest—Walter Scott, Jules Verne and others—books of travel, adventure stories, descriptions of far-off countries. These books are Dusya's favourites. She would like to travel, too.

"I'd love to visit your country," she tells me. Involuntarily I find myself asking her: "Have you ever seen a capitalist?" And Dusya replies: "Only at the movies."

Such is the young Soviet generation, the generation that knows of capitalism only by hearsay, that finds it hard to picture the lack of freedom under the capitalist system.

I involuntarily recall the letter of a certain comrade, who was not quite clear about some questions connected with the Stakhanov movement, and wrote: "If the Stakhanovites are earning so much, they will soon be all capitalists themselves." I tell my gay friends about this letter. "No, no," comes the answer from all sides, "we won't be capitalists. We're just living well, that's all, and seeing to it that we live better and better. You know, we're just as good at sport as we are at work." Dusya proudly points to her "Ready for Labour and Defence" badge, awarded to athletes who pass certain tests in swimming, jumping, running, shooting and other forms of sport. "And I can dance well, too. I enjoy life—every minute of it—and I don't ever want to die. You know, that's not so impossible either. Some professor or other will become a Stakhanovite and invent a way to make you go on living for ever." These words of hers express the joy of life

that is so characteristic of the young Soviet generation, of all Soviet people. "Life has improved, life has become more joyous," says Stalin. Dusya and her friends are the living proof of this.

They assail me with questions. They want to know whether the women textile workers in our country, above all the younger ones, have such a good time of it as they. I recall the women textile workers of Czechoslovakia, who come home with a weekly wage of 40-50 kronen; the 80,000 textile workers who are jobless; the tens of thousands of looms that are standing idle; the young working-class girls and boys who have never seen the inside of a mill or workshop, whose whole life is overshadowed by the gloomy hopelessness of the future.

"But won't there be unemployment in the Soviet Union, too?" asked a textile worker's wife from Kratzau; she was referring to the Stakhanov movement and the Stakhanovites' high rate of work, which, she thought, would make so many other workers superfluous and cause them to lose their jobs. I interpret her question to the others.

"This question is easy to understand," answers Dusya. "If our mill were a capitalist one, then, of course, these workers would be fired, and Marusya and I and my other friends wouldn't have been at all anxious to do work over and above the assignment. But in our mill, increasing the rate of work hasn't led to any workers being fired. We've simply started working three shifts instead of two. And quite a number of weavers are working as instructors, training others for the job. There are 800 young workers being trained in our factory trade school alone. They work three hours in the mill and study three hours in the school. They get paid too, of course. And then, when all the machines are busy in all three shifts, and there are workers to spare—well, we'll simply install new machines and build new mills, and then we'll all have

more and cheaper clothes than we have now, and the wages of all workers will go up still further."

I can hardly repress a smile. A short while back Dusya showed me a trunk full of new clothes which she has had made for herself recently, bundles of silk and other material sent her by admirers and emulators in different textile mills throughout the country. She showed me a silk dress that cost 220 rubles, a fine winter coat that she had made for herself in Moscow, a fur jacket that she also brought back from Moscow, and much else. "Why, are you wanting another fur?" I ask her jokingly. But Dusya answers quite seriously: "I won't be wanting one long. I've ordered a second fur in Ivanovo, and I'm going to give Mother one, too. You see—if I want a thing, I buy it. I can afford anything I want. I'm not going to be a capitalist, though," she added, in reference to our previous talk.

And she is right. Remember that Dusya and her brigade on their 216 machines turn out enough cloth for 100,000 dresses a year. Consider the consequences of this, abroad and in the Soviet Union. There, it would lead to a terrible accentuation of the crisis, to yet greater distress among the masses of the population. Here, such achievements open up boundless prospects before the people. The wealth of society increases, wages rise, goods grow cheaper. The tremendous rise in labour productivity which the Stakhanov movement brings with it, and the changed attitude of men towards their work which this movement signifies and which socialism renders possible, are paving the way, as Stalin so plainly proved, for a transition to the second, higher stage of development—from socialism to communism. Under communism, everyone will be able to partake of the goods of society according to his needs. Work will be so easy and productive, the worker's social consciousness and level of cul-

ture so high that each one will voluntarily and willingly do as much work as his faculties permit, while, on the other hand, there will be such a quantity of food, clothing, furniture and everything else that these things will no longer be bought and sold, but each will receive as much as he needs. Such are the future prospects of communism which the Stakhanov movement unfolds. Tending 216 looms abroad would mean conjuring up still greater, untold misery among the masses. Tending 216 looms in the Soviet Union, where people work for themselves, means paving the way to the greatest prosperity and happiness of millions of people.

A Day with Dusya Vinogradova

Dusya is working the night shift just now—from 2 a.m. till 9 a.m. Her fresh cheerful vigour after her seven hours' work is itself the best answer to the many incredulous questions as to whether working on 216 looms is not too great a strain for her, does not leave her unfit for anything after the shift is over. No, Dusya does not even lie down after work. Work for her is a pleasure which neither weakens nor tires her. At 11 a.m. she has a meeting of her Pioneers—the Pioneer group over which Dusya, as member of the Young Communist League, has charge. She is met with a loud and cheerful "Always ready," the Pioneer greeting. Today she tells the children about her work on 216 looms:

"I work on 216 machines in one shift. I've turned out 2,390 metres of fabric, and I'm not a bit tired. Well, that's not all. I want to do what our teacher Stalin said—get the very most out of the machinery, and then you just see, children, I'll turn out 2,500 metres in one shift. We'll have the best linen, the best cloth in the whole world. But I'm going to demand more of you Pioneers, too. You

must study real hard. I'm beginning to study all over again myself. I'm preparing to enter the engineering academy, and am learning German and English. In four years I'll be a textile engineer."

These sincere words of Dusya's enthuse the children. "That's right," answers the leading Pioneer on behalf of all the rest, "we can't write two exercises at once, it's true, but we can study hard. We're all going to take a leaf out of your book, Dusya. And we've got some news for you today—all members of our Pioneer group have been given marks of excellent."

They are splendid children, strong, healthy children such as can grow up only under the prosperous conditions of the Land of Soviets. I am interested to know what they want to study later on in life. So I ask them what they would like to be. Tamara wants to be a chemist, Nina wants to study physics and mathematics, Vera has set her heart on becoming an aviator (I learn, by the way, that several of them have already made parachute jumps from the wooden tower in the park), Ludmila wants to be a gym teacher or to enter the military academy. Lida has a special interest in astronomy, and so it goes on.

Is it anything out of the ordinary for a child to express such wishes in the Soviet Union? No, for the children, too, feel certain that their wishes can and will be fulfilled. But just try asking working-class children in our country what their wishes are. In most cases they will want material things—a square meal, warm clothes and so forth. And those working-class children who do talk of their favourite occupations, of what they would like to be, can only do so with a note of wistfulness, as of something unattainable, beyond their reach. . . .

However, the Pioneers have a special duty to perform today. In full muster, with Dusya at their head, they go

off to visit the manager of the Nogin Mill. They present him with a demand on behalf of the Pioneer group for better club-rooms for the children. The premises in use up to the present were all right in summer time, it is true, but now, with winter here, they are not good enough. And Comrade Panov, the mill manager, promises to meet this demand at the mill's expense. He is in a position to do so, too. Thanks to the "Vinogradova method of work," the mill has not only fulfilled its plan of output ahead of time, but can show a clear profit of one million rubles for the year. Half of this sum must be handed over to the People's Commissariat for Light Industry, but the other 500,000 rubles go to the mill. Of this, 250,000 rubles are being spent on the further extension of the mill and other improvements, while the rest goes direct to satisfy the cultural requirements of the workers.

Singing cheerful songs, merrily stamping through the snow, the children see Dusya home. Here Dusya's mother has already prepared a good meal. The Young Communist League secretary is invited to dinner today, besides myself. Shall I describe the dinner we had?

Russian beetroot soup with meat.

Roast chicken with rice and pickled gherkins.

Stewed fruit.

Coffee—Cake—Candy.

Wine.

Such was the bill of fare which prompted me to ask how high Dusya's household expenses were per day. She did not know, for her mother had been doing the house-keeping since giving up work in the mill. But she, too, found it impossible to answer my question. With the best will in the world, she said, she could not say exactly. She just bought what they needed, and now, when guests were dropping in almost daily, with or without notice, it was well-nigh impossible to keep check of all household

expenses. Besides, food prices had gone down a great deal of late.

It's true. Material well-being meets you at every step here. The workers take their fill of everything. Food shops are filled with every sort of delicacy, department stores are abundantly supplied with goods of every kind, and all these things are accessible to everyone. The crowded stores bear witness to the purchasing power of the population; anyone can buy anything. Well dressed people, dinner-tables laden with good things, theatres, cinemas and concert halls with every seat sold out—all this shows the growing prosperity of the Soviet people.

Before we have finished eating, Dusya has to run off to answer the phone. It is the sports instructor ringing up to consult with her on how to organize his work better. Tomorrow a news-reel film is to be taken in the mill; an entire "movie brigade" has come down to Vichuga. The producer wants to have a talk with Dusya about this. The editor of the local newspaper rings up and demands an article. The shop superintendent rings up to remind Dusya of the conference to be held today, and so it goes on. We talk about this and that. Time flies. We must be off to the conference.

On the way, Dusya points out the new children's hospital, the big palatial club buildings, the many new apartment houses built by the mill for its workers.

"I was born here in Vichuga. I've seen all this grow up with my own eyes." Pointing round her, she tells me: "There used to be nothing here but fields and woods. When we were children, we used to go out looking for mushrooms here. Now the place is covered with new apartment houses for the workers, new schools. You know, we have 12 schools here—quite a lot for a little town like ours. In 1930 there were only 6, and next year we shall have 2 more."

Of the 12 schools, there are 6 elementary schools, 2 seven-year schools (a combination of elementary and lower secondary school), and 4 ten-year schools (a combination of elementary and secondary school). In all, there are 7,600 children at school in Vichuga. This is an uncommonly high figure, far higher than you will find in any town of the same size abroad. In addition to this, the town possesses two factory trade schools, a teachers' training college and a medical school. The Soviet government provides well for the training of the younger generation.

We have reached the mill. The women weavers of all three shifts are gathered for a conference with the chief engineer, to discuss questions of organizing the work. Dusya and her friends eagerly take part in the discussion; they are interested in all questions connected with the working of the mill—it is *their* mill. Today Dusya demands that more attention be paid to quickly removing the woven fabric, for rolls of cloth left lying around only hinder the work.

What shall we do now? We visit Marusya in her apartment, then go off to the movies. The movies over, it is time for Dusya to get a bit of sleep before starting work again. . . .

An Unusual Batch of Letters

Every day the postman brings a regular pile of letters to Dusya Vinogradova's address. Letters from every corner of the country. People write to her from the Far North, from the South, East and West. "I have seen letters from Tashkent, from Azerbaijan, from Siberia, from the Caucasus, from Buryat-Mongolia," her friend Vasyutina tells us. Boys and girls write to her, workers, collective farmers, aviators, engineers, Red Army men, seamen of the

Red Fleet, teachers, actors, writers, scientists. Dusya Vinogradova does not know the people who write; and yet the letters are filled with a feeling of friendship.

Dusya's face, as she reads these letters, is a mixture of happiness and confusion. There are too many of them, she'll never be able to answer them all.

Here, for example, is a letter from the White Sea coast:

"Good morning, dear Comrade Dusya!

"You may be quite sure that I, too, mean to join the ranks of our country's heroes. I want to tell you that we are starting on an expedition today. I am writing these lines on the job, right in my seaplane. Dusya! As a sign of friendship, I've made up my mind to shoot a polar bear and send it you as a present." (Dusya confesses to me that she answered this correspondent, saying it would be sufficient if he sent her the skin.) "I'd like to fly straight off to you. But, of course, I can't desert my post like that. The Soviets have given me the title of engineer, and I'm fighting hard to master technique, to conquer nature. And when we're through with our job, I'm going to fly straight over and see you. Up here, it's winter now—endless night, raging storms, cold. But we're conquering, exploring the North, fighting against nature."

"I see your photo in the papers, read about your records, and this inspires me to tackle my task of mastering military technique with still greater enthusiasm than before, to defend our fatherland, the U.S.S.R., which has given birth to people like you, Dusya!" writes Michael Koroskin, a Red Army man from Leningrad.

Filomonov, serving in the Red Army out beyond Lake Baikal, writes Dusya that he is remaining in the army after his term of service has expired, and promises her not to be guilty of a single dereliction of duty. There are many such letters promising to rival Dusya's achievements by achievements in other spheres.

"From the high mountain ranges of the Caucasus we send Red Army greetings to our renowned countrywoman, Dusya Vinogradova. We, too, shall not be behindhand. We are completing our studies with splendid success," writes a group of students at a military academy.

Young Pioneers from Gorky write that they are proud of Dusya, and that they will now do all they can to become the best Pioneer group in the city.

Comrade Tolkov, student at the school for propagandists in Shuya, comments on Dusya's happy life, possible only in the Soviet Union, and begs her not to get swell-headed, not to become "dizzy with success." Comrade Martynov, on the other hand, who is working as aviation instructor at Koktebel, makes her the following proposal:

"Please let me know what education you have received, what political and general training. I would like to challenge you to competition in study. Though I am very busy, I would like to compete with you in self-teaching and self-education. Your example is contagious."

Red Army man Nikolai Zhignost writes:

"I have read about you and fallen in love with you. And so, Dusya, I feel very deeply that I'd like to get acquainted with one of the best girls in the Soviet Union, whose frontiers I defend, and that's you. We could give each other the best advice. . . ."

And how many wonderful letters Dusya gets from young mill girls in the textile industry! They love her like a sister. Indeed, they are her sisters at work—these girls who live, perhaps, at the opposite end of the country, but who are doing the same job as she.

"Do you know, Dusya," writes Nadya Chernyakova, woman weaver in the Red Echo Mill at Pereyaslavl. "I think you're just the same as other people, only you love your job and are anxious to give the country more goods of better quality. But I love my mill, too, so why shouldn't

I work like you do? I've decided to follow your example, and I've fulfilled my plan 115 per cent without any spoiled output."

Dusya Poludnitskaya and Raya Khomenko, women workers in the Stalin Textile Mill, Tashkent, write that they were fired by Dusya's example and began working first on 24, then on 36 and at last on 100 looms.

"You're lucky!" writes Klava Anisimova from Kirov (former Vyatka) enthusiastically. "The whole U.S.S.R. acknowledges you as one of our country's best workers, calls you a heroine, though you're not a pilot or an engineer, and haven't performed any deed of heroism. I know it's not for the sake of glory that you're mastering technique and breaking records. And now I'd like to be of as much use to our country as you are. . . ."

Dusya—One of Many

The Stakhanov movement is spreading like wildfire over the whole Soviet country. Dusya is but one of many. In her own mill there is her namesake, Marusya Vinogradova, there is the woman weaver Podoblayeva, both of whom, inspired by her example, are also working on 216 looms. In the neighbouring textile mill there is Tasya Odintsova, who has started a competition with these three and does not mean to be left behind. Odintsova wrote the following letter to Stalin:

"Dear Joseph Vissarionovich,

"In answer to your words 'We shall see who wins,' interjected during my speech at the Stakhanov conference, I and my fellow-workers, Comrades Lapshina and Tsibina, have entered into competition with the best textile workers of the Soviet Union, Dusya and Marusya Vinogradova, and on November 24 we began working on

216 automatic looms. I worked the first shift. In seven hours I wove 2,349 metres of fabric, fulfilling the plan 107.9 per cent.

"In one year we three weavers turn out material for more than 300,000 dresses. Once more I assure you, Comrade Stalin, that I shall not be behind Dusya Vinogradova.

"With Young Communist greetings,

"TASYA ODINTSOVA

*"Weaver at the Bolshevik Mill,
Rodniki."*

That is how hundreds and thousands of the best Soviet workers write. That is how thousands and tens of thousands of Stakhanovites work.

In the tractor plants of Leningrad and Kharkov one tractor now leaves the conveyor every 2½ minutes. The railway car industry has fulfilled its year's plan ahead of time and supplied the Soviet railways with 80,000 freight cars, as against 27,000 last year. In 1935 Soviet cotton farms produced 32,000,000 poods of cotton (c. 2,400,000 U.S. bales), as against 23,000,000 poods in the previous year. It was this record cotton harvest, achieved by the enthusiastic toil of the Stakhanovites of socialist agriculture, above all by the collective farms of Tajikistan, Uzbekistan and Turkmenistan, that made possible the gigantic spurt forward taken by the textile industry. By December 1, 1935, the Soviet food industry had produced 25 per cent more food products than in the corresponding period of the previous year. The Soviet Union has taken second place in the world in gold output, outstripping the U.S.A. in this sphere. In all branches of economic life the country is continually advancing.

In eleven months of 1935 Soviet heavy industry produced 2¼ times as much as was produced by the entire large-scale industry of tsarist Russia in a similar period.

One of the main factors in achieving this victory has been the exemplary work of Stakhanovites. Stakhanov, BorISOV, Dyukanov and many other crack miners, together with their brigades, have taken out as much as 400, 500 and 700 tons of coal in a six-hour shift. The woman collective farmer, Maria Demchenko, and her comrades have gathered a beet harvest of 500 centners* and upward per hectare** from the fields of their collective farms. It would take too long to enumerate the names of all those harvester combine operators who have so thoroughly mastered the working of their machines that they can harvest 400, 600 and even 1,000 hectares of grain in a season. The name of Smetanin, initiator of the Stakhanov movement in the shoemaking industry, that of the engine-driver Krivonoss, who introduced Stakhanov methods on the railways, and those of all other pioneers of the Stakhanov movement are known far and wide.

All these feats were performed by people living under socialist conditions, people whom the Land of Soviets has trained and brought into prominence. Dusya Vinogradova is no exception. She is only one of many.

The Order of Lenin

Yes, it is true. Dusya is not a girl who has won a prize in a "beauty contest," nor does she owe her fame to participation in a "dance marathon." She has not starved for fourteen days in a glass case, nor did she sit for ten days on the top of a flag pole. These are "feats" which earn a person transitory fame under the capitalist system. Dusya Vinogradova has won fame and honour by plain honest work. Under socialism it is work that en-

* One centner = 100 kilos.

** One hectare = 2.47 acres.

nobles, makes famous. The highest Soviet decoration, the Order of Lenin, has been given to Dusya.

The Soviet order is an imperishable badge of honour. It testifies to the whole country's respect for honest work well done. It is recognition for socially useful labour, for truly productive work. And this badge of honour and glory is rightfully worn by Dusya Vinogradova and other foremost Stakhanovites.

"People in our country," said Stalin, "do not work for exploiters, for the enrichment of parasites, but for themselves, for their own class, for their own, Soviet society, where government is wielded by the best members of the working class. That is why labour in our country has social significance, and is a matter of honour and glory. Under capitalism labour bears a private and personal character. You have produced more—well, then, receive more, and live as best you can. Nobody knows you, or wants to know you. You work for the capitalists, you enrich them? Well, what do you expect? That is why they hired you, so that you should enrich the exploiters. You do not agree with that? Well, join the ranks of the unemployed and exist as best you can. We shall find others, more tractable. That is why people's labour is not valued very highly under capitalism. Under such conditions, of course, there can be no room for a Stakhanov movement. But the case is different under the Soviet system. Here the man who labours is held in esteem. Here he works not for exploiters, but for himself, for his class, for society. Here the man who labours cannot feel neglected and solitary. On the contrary, the man who labours feels himself a free citizen of his country, in a way a public figure. And if he works well and gives society all he can—he is a hero of labour and is covered with glory. Obviously, the Stakhanov movement could have arisen only under such conditions."

POSTSCRIPT

Socialist Life Makes Heroes of Labour

Every day brings with it fresh "miracles" of socialist production. The Stakhanov movement has let loose a wave of enthusiasm among the Soviet workers. This enthusiasm is founded on the plain fact that every increase in output contributes to the welfare of all.

The Stakhanov movement is a specifically Soviet thing, a socialist thing. In the capitalist world, where he works for exploiters, the worker will never work as he does in the Soviet Union. The capitalist world can produce no Stakhanovs. There, a similar rise in labour productivity could only lead to at least one third, perhaps one half of the workers being fired, left jobless. In the Soviet Union there is an all-embracing economic plan; the various factories and mills do not work in competition with one another; industry and agriculture do not operate for private profit, but to satisfy the wants of the people; these wants are continually growing, affording a boundless market of consumers for the goods produced.

The increase in labour productivity without the physical exhaustion of the worker, without unemployment or production cuts, cannot be explained on technical grounds. The main reasons for it are simply the socialist relations and conditions of work obtaining in the Soviet Union. The secret of Stakhanov work does not lie in speed-up nor in overstraining of strength, but quite elsewhere. It is a case of a plain workingman, often a better organizer than the engineers themselves, so organizing his own work in his own socialist factory that he can do much

more without extra exertion; and in so doing, he not only does not have to rush at his job, but does not even feel greater fatigue than before. Combine a cheerful and complete devotion to the job with perfect mastery of the machinery and correct organization of the labour process, and you get the real essence of the Stakhanov method. Socialism alone makes possible this new, socialist labour efficiency, which thus differs from capitalist labour efficiency not only in quantity but also in kind. Only under socialist conditions and relations of work do the workers master technique and science, instead of the other way about. Under capitalism, the worker is the slave of the machine; the machine spurs the worker on; one worker is set against the other. Under socialism, it is the workers who spur on the machines; they work collectively; labour efficiency is not the outcome of one working against the other, but of free, creative, common labour. Socialist industrialization and the collectivization of agriculture in the Soviet Union have created better living conditions. The improved living conditions of the entire working population created the Stakhanov movement. The Stakhanov movement creates new, socialist methods of work, a new, socialist labour efficiency, and thereby refutes all previous pseudo-scientific dogmas regarding standards of output.

At the Stakhanov conference in the Kremlin, Stalin explained how the Soviet system is putting science into the hands of the workers and bridging the gulf between manual labour and brain work. Stalin coined the splendid words: "When life is joyous, work goes well. . . . Life has improved, life has become more joyous. . . . Hence our heroes and heroines of labour."

The correct organization of work, the raising of labour efficiency are not things that could have been conceived and accomplished at any given moment in any given

period of history. They are dependent on the material, psychological and social conditions. What are the material conditions which are enabling the Soviet Union, with the help of the Stakhanov movement, to raise labour efficiency to a higher level? New technique, the success of the Five-Year Plans, and the radical improvement in living conditions which this brought with it. What are the psychological conditions? The firm conviction of the Soviet working class that every step towards raising labour efficiency means an improvement in the living conditions of the whole working class, the whole people, the whole country. What are the social conditions? The economic system and order of society in which there are no exploiters, in which man is the master of his work and of the goods produced by him.

Lenin said that the main, basic problem of socialism was to create a new, higher method of social production, to replace capitalist and petty commodity production by large-scale socialist production. This basic problem of socialism is being solved in the Soviet Union. The conference of Stakhanovites, the conference of the best harvester combine operators, the meeting of delegates from the leading collective farms of Tajikistan, Turkmenistan and Uzbekistan, the rapid and continual spread of the Stakhanov movement, the entire work of the Bolshevik Party, of the Soviet government—all go to help solve this problem. The solution of this problem is proving to all workers throughout the whole world that socialism is a living fact, that it is an organization of labour and an organization of society which ensures a life one hundred times better than capitalism could ever give, even under the most favourable conditions. Hence the rage and hate of the fascists, hence the joy and enthusiasm of the workers in all capitalist countries at the latest mighty victories of the Stakhanov movement in the U.S.S.R.

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ДУСЯ ВИНОГРАДОВА

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