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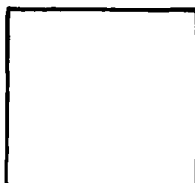
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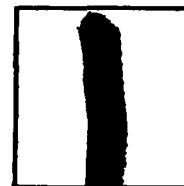
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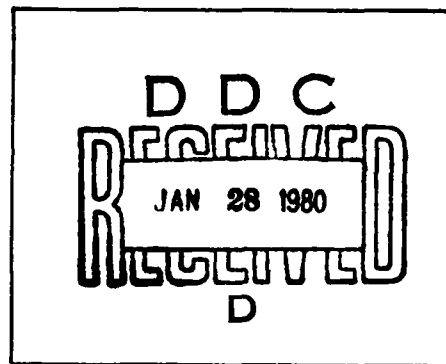
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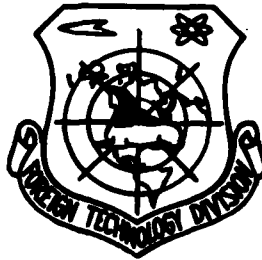
FOREIGN TECHNOLOGY DIVISION



HE FOUGHT ON DAMANSKIY

by

N. Zaytsev



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**EDITED TRANSLATION**

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HE FOUGHT ON DAMANSKIY

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U. S. BOARD ON GEOGRAPHIC NAMES TRANSLITERATION SYSTEM

Block	Italic	Transliteration	Block	Italic	Transliteration
А а	<i>А а</i>	A, a	Р р	<i>Р р</i>	R, r
Б б	<i>Б б</i>	B, b	С с	<i>С с</i>	S, s
В в	<i>В в</i>	V, v	Т т	<i>Т т</i>	T, t
Г г	<i>Г г</i>	G, g	У у	<i>У у</i>	U, u
Д д	<i>Д д</i>	D, d	Ф ф	<i>Ф ф</i>	F, f
Е е	<i>Е е</i>	Ye, ye; E, e*	Х х	<i>Х х</i>	Kh, kh
Ж ж	<i>Ж ж</i>	Zh, zh	Ц ц	<i>Ц ц</i>	Ts, ts
З з	<i>З з</i>	Z, z	Ч ч	<i>Ч ч</i>	Ch, ch
И и	<i>И и</i>	I, i	Ш ш	<i>Ш ш</i>	Sh, sh
Й й	<i>Й й</i>	Y, y	Щ щ	<i>Щ щ</i>	Shch, shch
К к	<i>К к</i>	K, k	Ъ ъ	<i>Ъ ъ</i>	"
Л л	<i>Л л</i>	L, l	Ы ы	<i>Ы ы</i>	Y, y
М м	<i>М м</i>	M, m	Ь ь	<i>Ь ь</i>	'
Н н	<i>Н н</i>	N, n	Э э	<i>Э э</i>	E, e
О о	<i>О о</i>	O, o	Ю ю	<i>Ю ю</i>	Yu, yu
П п	<i>П п</i>	P, p	Я я	<i>Я я</i>	Ya, ya

\*ye initially, after vowels, and after ъ, ь; e elsewhere.  
When written as ě in Russian, transliterate as yě or ě.

RUSSIAN AND ENGLISH TRIGONOMETRIC FUNCTIONS

Russian	English	Russian	English	Russian	English
sin	sin	sh	sinh	arc sh	$\sinh^{-1}$
cos	cos	ch	cosh	arc ch	$\cosh^{-1}$
tg	tan	th	tanh	arc th	$\tanh^{-1}$
ctg	cot	cth	coth	arc cth	$\coth^{-1}$
sec	sec	sch	sech	arc sch	$\operatorname{sech}^{-1}$
cosec	csc	csch	csch	arc csch	$\operatorname{csch}^{-1}$

Russian      English

rot          curl  
lg            log

## HE FOUGHT ON DAMANSKIY

Lt. Col. Zaytsev The Damanskiy Island area

A military district hospital of the Order of the Red Star. Deputy commander for political affairs Sergey Leonidovich Kudryavtsev did not put away in the safe the Communist Youth League membership card he had obtained from the wounded man. He put it in his breast pocket next to his own Party membership card. The red booklet with the silhouette of the great Lenin had been pierced by bullets and a bayonet...

\* \* \*

The commander gave the order, "To the armored personnel carriers!" Leonid Prosviryakov, a student of the training subunit, sat down next to a firing port. He opened it and looked out. The field of view was good, it would be easy to take aim, and you couldn't miss...

The tires rustled over the ice. The BTR (armored personnel carrier) moved quickly and smoothly. Inside the vehicle it was quiet. Prior to the battle each one had his own thoughts.

Leonid stuck by the firing port. He saw that border guards were springing into the snow from the next BTR and were immediately

deploying into a skirmish line. They were supported by a heavy machine gun on the BTR.

But Prosviryakov's vehicle continued to move ahead. Bullets began to rap against the armor. Mine fragments showered like peas. Leonid just kept looking out the firing port. But what if a bullet suddenly went flying in through there? Leonid wanted to latch it closed but he shamed himself and started firing.

He kept firing, fearlessly, taking aim carefully, and keeping his eye on the battlefield as he had been taught. He noticed that the Maoists were congregating on the left under cover of some bushes. Leonid fired a long burst at them. His automatic rifle heated up. Even the magazine was hot. He unlocked it and inserted another one. He took careful aim and lashed one more burst along the bushes. Then he shifted his fire toward the path of the BTR. Some Chinese grenadiers could be hiding among the hummocks. He had to fire continuously. That way no one would steal up to the vehicle with an anti-tank grenade launcher.

The BTR was moving ahead. Fragments drummed against the armor. The vehicle, which had been bristled by fire, stole up even closer to the hiding Maoists. Inside the vehicle it became unbearably hot. Everyone was firing, pressed against the firing ports. Burnt powder caused the eyes to water and tickled the throat.

Suddenly the vehicle was jolted as if it had struck a log. Intense heat hit them in the face. Leonid fell to the floor which was strewn with cartridge cases from the automatic rifles. Someone who had been thrown against him began to groan.

Leonid scarcely found the strength to rise. Blood ran down his face. He gropingly found the hatch and tumbled out on the snow. He grabbed his automatic rifle and attempted to rise to the attack along with the others. But his strength deserted him.

Having grabbed a handful of snow, he wiped off his face: maybe the bleeding will stop. The snow melted. Cold rivulets trickled down across his collar. He felt a little better. Then he saw the bushes where the Chinese were laying in ambush. Leonid grabbed his rifle: at least, firing a few bursts would help his comrades! So the Young Communist Leaguer fired into the bushes.

His ammo ran out. He unclenched his hand and the rifle fell in the snow.

Leonid tried to crawl but he didn't have the strength. The bushes, like fetters, held him. "Is this really the end?..."

Meanwhile the fighting shifted somewhere to the side, to the left. There where Leonid laid, it was quiet, and -- none of his comrades were there. He tried to raise his head but couldn't.

And suddenly he heard strange cautious voices. He squeezed more closely into the snow. "It is possible they won't spot me and will creep by? If only I had a grenade...". But he didn't have one. They had been left in the BTR. He remembered that he had taken them out of the pouch. When the shell hit the vehicle the grenades rolled away.

...They spotted him. His pride would not permit him to play dead. They would finish him off and he would show them how a Soviet border guard dies! He would not ask for mercy, even on his own native soil.

One of the Chinese pointed to Leonid and shouted something. A red shaggy cap bent over the wounded man.

After briefly gesticulating, a Chinese soldier stuck him in the chest with a bayonet. Something crunched. The cold blade stabbed him but for some reason the bayonet did not enter his body.

The Chinese soldier stepped back. Leonid gave him a hateful look. The Chinese soldier raised his carbine and, without hardly aiming, shot him.

His eyes dimmed and he lost consciousness. But Leonid could still hear the enemy taking to their heels.

How long he lay there, he doesn't remember. The dead and wounded were evacuated from the island. Lying in some bushes in a small gully, he was not noticed by anyone.

When he regained consciousness, stars were shining in the sky. His face was swollen, his shoulder hurt, and his foot smarted. He had a terrible thirst. He swallowed some snow and sucked on a piece of ice. He tried to run his hand over his body. His fur coat was slippery and frozen. He stirred and turned over on his side. He had to get going, even if it took all his might. He had to get back to his outfit, he had to, just like Mares'yev!

Leonid leaned on his elbow and raised up. A sharp pain shot through his spine. He pulled himself out of the gully. He rested. Then he threw his arms forward and pulled his body along.

He was on the island a long time. To his injuries was added frostbite of the hands and feet...

Leonid is now in the hospital. His life is out of danger. But he will be laid up for a while.

In the hospital we became familiar with the documents on Leonid Prosviryakov, this brave lad, a real man. The doctors reconstructed a picture of the violence done to him. In Leonid's left pocket was his Young Communist League membership card, and next to it, in a heavy cardboard cover, was his driver's license issued by the Tarskiy Automobile and Motorcycle Club of DOSAAF

(All-Union Voluntary Society for Assistance to the Army, Air Force and Navy of the USSR). And inside the license were a dozen photographs.

A bullet had grazed his chest: the Chinese soldier had shot from some distance and at an angle. Therefore, after penetrating the documents the lead did not enter his heart but his shoulder.

Inside the Young Communist League membership card was a VLKSM (All-Union Lenin Young Communist League) member's booklet and inside the driver's license was a sheet listing DOSAAF membership fees. They had also been penetrated by the bullets and the bayonet.

The Young Communist League pupil Leonid Prosviryakov carried out his duty in combat with honor and courageously defended the national border of our Motherland.



The Damanskiy Island area. Lt. Col. Ye. Yanshin talks with the troops.

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