Manshuk Mametova



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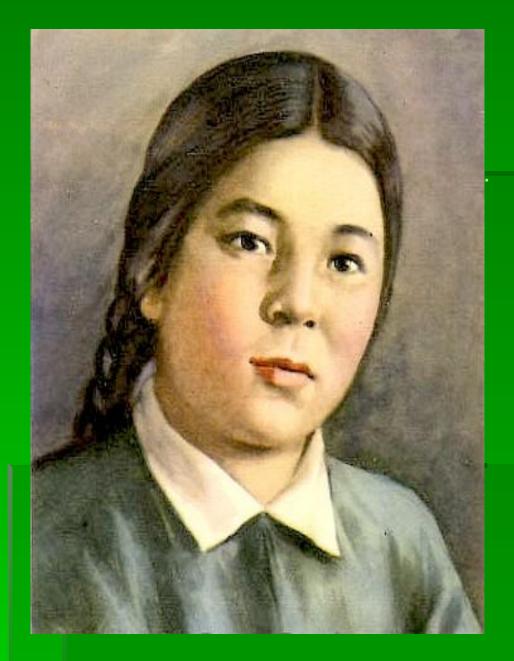
The girl who became a legend

"Not a little my people have seen, Batyrs with Bulat and steel lance Rushed like mighty tigers into battle. The booze, my heart, about the brave heroes!"So sang the great Zhambyl in his songs. And let the heart of each of us sing today about " the Girl who became a legend!". About the girl whom the Kazakh people call MANSHUK-BATYR!



There was no holding them back

In Kazakh, Manshuk is a derivative of the affectionate name Mansia. So they called their daughter Stepnyak has Geniculi, the father of a large family from the village Musiccom Urda district in the West of Kazakhstan. When the girl was five years old, she, according to ancient custom, was given to the education of uncle Akhmet Mametov. Soon his parents died, and became a round orphan Manshuk forever said goodbye to the free aul life, became a city Alma-ATA schoolgirl. He graduated from the seven classes of secondary school, technical school and enrolled in medical school. At the same time, Manshuk worked as a private Secretary to the Deputy Chairman of the Council of people's Commissars of the Kazakh SSR. How does not fit for further combat the fate of a young girl in a narrow-minded view about the Secretary!



wonder who would have become a student of the medical Institute, the personal Secretary of the Deputy Chairman of the people's Commissar Manshuk Mametova, if not for the war? A professional doctor, or would she go through the administrative line? We'll never know. Because, that 22 June 1941 began war. The decision to go to the front as a volunteer at Manshuk ripened at once. Here is the text of her statement of July 27, 1941: "I, Mametova Manshuk, was born in 1922 in the family of a poor peasant. At this time the parents died. I graduated from the faculty of labor and now work as a private Secretary to the Deputy Chairman of the people's Commissar. I want to ask You to send me to the front with my brothers and sisters to destroy the fascists. And so as to send no brother, no sister, therefore, I ask myself. Please grant the request. Komsomolskaya Pravda since 1939. Signature, date."



Weeks and months passed. The war had lasted a year. Manshuk wasted no time: she took classes in General military training, receiving high marks in all types of weapons. Along the way, Manshuk graduated from nursing courses. At the end of the hot summer of '42, she received the long-awaited permission.

Girl in the war





At first, Manshuk was assigned to staff work, but persistently sought to be sent to the front line. To do this, Manshuk mastered the machine gun and received the title of "excellent machine gunner". Soon request mametovoy was granted, and she was appointed the first number machine-gun calculation " Maxim."

The machine gunners were actually suicide bombers, as the enemy primarily destroyed machine-gun nests. In a letter home, she writes:

"I first worked at the brigade headquarters as a senior clerk, but wished to personally participate in the battles with weapons in hand. Soon I will get the badge "excellent machine gunner".



From Manshuk's letter to his second mother Amina Mametova:

"Dear mother! The long-awaited letter and parcel received that day and at that hour, when we moved to the front. Was very is happy, although me inherited just one thing Apple, so as our fighters and commanders were greeted me, so same, as and I, expected a small gift. Mommy, this is the second year we haven't seen fruit or anything homemade. Now I am on the front line with a machine gun and keep a sharp eye on the Fritz. At night we hardly have to sleep, and during the day we rest. And here is, choosing time, write You the answer. We haven't seen hot weather yet, everything is cold, it rains, though I expected some warm thing from You. When I was at headquarters, there was no need for warm clothes, and now I am in the ranks-it's cold. Here is received Your the second letter, and unwillingly had to recall its childhood. I shake Your hand hard and kiss you hard. Daughter Manshuk. Greetings from my fellow soldiers."



The legend of Korkyt

When at Manshuk spoke about death, she told to fighters a national Legend about Korkyt who was afraid of death. He walked away from people, not resigned to the transience of human life. But in nature everything spoke of death: rotten wood, burnt grass, and time-ruined rocks. Then Korkyt hollowed out the first kobyz from the shigai tree, strung the strings and poured out his thoughts and feelings in wonderful sounds. And the world was transformed, people were captivated by his melodies. The crust is returned to the people, defeating death, so his name became immortal.





Manshuk's tender soul is revealed in letters to his homeland. Touches her little maiden's PostScript in a letter: "Apcity, send me a small mirror".



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Girls of the 1940s... Love and be happy them, seems, himself God has enjoined. To give birth to children, to bring them up, to keep the hearth of his house. Well, no. There was a war...

- On October 16, 1943, the battalion in which Manshuk Mametova served was ordered to repel an enemy counterattack. As soon as the Nazis tried to repel the attack, how to make a machine gun senior Sergeant Mametova. The Nazis rolled back, leaving hundreds of corpses. Several furious attacks by the Nazis had already drowned at the foot of the hill. Suddenly she noticed that the two adjacent guns fell silent the gunners were killed. Then Manshuk, quickly crawling from one firing point to another, began to fire at the attacking enemies with three machine guns. The enemy transferred mortar fire to the position of the resourceful girl. The close rupture of a heavy mine overturned the machine gun behind which lay Manshuk. Wounded in the head, the machine gunner for some time lost consciousness, but the triumphant cries of the approaching Nazis forced her to Wake up. Instantly having moved to the next machine gun, Manshuk lashed a lead shower on chains of fascist fighters. And again choked the attack of the enemy. This ensured the successful advancement of our units, but
- Полный перевод

Looking into the slot "Maxim", she mowed down the Nazis for the Motherland, for Alma-ATA, for his village. A small swarthy Kazakh woman in a terrible war.





On November 16, 1943, in a fierce battle near the city of Nevel, a young Kazakh girl-machine gunner died the death of the brave. The entire machine-gun crew of Mametova was already dead, but she continued the fight. Seventy fascists put it. A fragment of the exploded mine hit her in the head, but she kept firing and firing from the red-hot Maxim. Then Manshuk dropped her head on the breastwork and died. She was posthumously awarded the title Hero of the Soviet Union.

Gulsim Selzhanova dedicated a beautiful poem to Manshuk

Love your traits, Your profile the thin, Life has already given you righteous struggle. Like today, we Will honor the descendants And the feat is yours, and the memory of you. Forget whether time tests grievous Still not erased all his traces. Your fate, a bold Kazashka, All steppes in the edge of native are proud. It seems to them: a Country, peaceful now, Among their aging friends, and you pass, our heroine, Pass, forever young Manshuk



In the urban-type settlement Janybek glorious daughter of the Kazakh people installed obelisk in the cities of Nevel, Almaty, Uralsk-monuments, plaques



Именем Маншук Маметовой названы улицы в городах Невель, Алматы, Уральск, Кызылорда, в селе Акжар Тарбагатайского района Восточно-Казахстанской области, школы, швейная фабрика в Астане. В г. **Шымкент в честь Маншук** Маметовой названа школа №35, а в Алматы – технический лицей №28. Более того – в заилийском Алатау имя героической девушки носят пик, ледник, перевал и высокогорное озеро. Ей посвящена поэма М. Хакимжановой «Маншук».



Manshuk Mametova lived only 20 years. She loved and wanted to live, but died, protecting Homeland. Manshuk will forever remain in the hearts of Kazakhstan. The glacier and the top of the TRANS-ili Alatau are named after Manshuk, the film "the Song of Manshuk" and many works are dedicated to it.

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The years go by, decades. The feat of the people in the second world war is destined to remain in history. Our Victory will never fade. There are fewer veterans among us. Many left without feeling cared for. Take care of those who are still with us. Guys, let's always remember those who gave us a great holiday-Victory Day:





- How few veterans of the great Patriotic war remained! They don't need much from us today: help to bring food or medicine from the pharmacy, help to cross the road or just give up a seat on the bus. Be sensitive and attentive to our dear veterans of the great Patriotic war not only on the eve of Victory Day but just every day! It is to them that we owe our peaceful and happy childhood! Remember the veterans!
- Amirbek Saltanat history 18-11

Thank you for your attention!!!