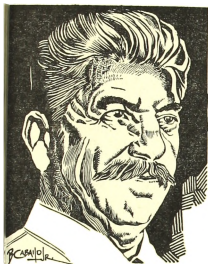


What Is Russian



COMMUNISM



by REV. M. D. FORREST, M.S.C.

Twelfth Installment

THE STATE is now the supreme owner—and a far more tyrannical master than the private property owner.

"Under this outward resemblance," writes Eugene Lyons, "of course, there are profound differences. The most relevant of these is that factories, mines, offices, farms, newspapers, in fact, everything except purely personal belongings, are owned by the government.

"This is a tremendous fact. But in the routine of daily life it seems less important than one might suppose. Whether your factory is owned by a private corporation or a government concerns you less than the conditions of labor, the wage you draw and what you can buy with it.

"Whether the farm you work is owned by a private landlord or the government is an important distinction. But what really matters to the ordinary peasant is that he doesn't own the land himself; and what interests him from day to day is how much of what he raises he can keep and what kind of a living he can make out of it" (ibid., p. 6).

As for the Russian peasant, his condition under the Soviet system is practically that of a serf. A few farms of the old style are tolerated in the east and elsewhere, but their number is comparatively very small. Large "state farms" are run by the government with hired labor. But by far the greatest portion of farming is done by the *kolkhozes*, about which I have already written. Under this deplorable system of "col-

lective farms," the poor peasant is a mere serf; he cannot transfer even to another farm or move to the city without permission! Imagine Americans submitting to such indignity, as they would be compelled to do if U.S.A. Ruscomists had their way! The Soviet government is the only landowner, and the peasant has no say as to what is planted or how it is disposed of. Even the tools and machines are rented from the government. About half of what a *kolkhoz* produces must pay for fees, taxes, interest on seed credits, etc.; part of the remainder must be paid toward compulsory agricultural reserves; and what is left, generally about 40 per cent, is divided amongst the members of the *kolkhoz*, according to the *piece-work arrangement*. After his work as a serf on the collective farm, the average peasant is pleased to have enough to feed his family for the year. What a wonderful system of collective ownership! How Joe Stalin and his fellow gangsters must chuckle at the hapless plight of the poor peasant on the *kolkhoz* and at the line "rake-off" he and his associate criminals get! Why, Stalin lives like a lord, while millions and millions of his people toil like serfs on "collective farms" or, what is worse, die a lingering death in slave camps! Talk about no class distinctions in Russia! Only fools or liars or knaves talk such nonsense.

LABOR CONDITIONS IN THE U.S.S.R. INDESCRIBABLY PATHETIC

John Fischer, whom I quoted three pages back writes: "The really handsome emoluments fall almost entirely to the four privileged classes: (1) the upper-crust bureau-

crats, (2) army officers, (3) technicians—engineers, scientists, doctors, authors—and (4) the so-called Stakhanovites, or workers who make abnormally high production records." (Op. cit., p. 94) Incidentally, I ask how our American Ruscomists in labor unions would feel if they were given a dose of Soviet Stakhanovism? If they dared to strike as a protest or even to object, they would soon find themselves rushed off by the NKVD to a slave camp, where they would be treated worse than African negroes during the direst days of slavery!

Freda Utley, a writer who is admittedly an authority on conditions in the U.S.S.R., whom I quoted in the sixth chapter, gives a graphic, detailed description of the terrific condition of the ordinary working man in the Soviet Union. I gave her testimony in this matter when writing of the Terrorism exercised by the Soviet authorities. I shall not repeat here her account of the average workman's helpless state, though it could be quoted at length in the present chapter. (I summarized it in chapter VI.) What a cruel, tragic joke it is to state that Russian Communism has improved the condition of the worker! Not only has Ruscommunism not bettered his condition, but it has, on the contrary, reduced him to an absolutely helpless, intimidated automaton or slave, from whom it has squeezed the last vestige of freedom and whom it has put in far more deplorable condition than he ever was in under the Czars.

"The idea of the head of a family supporting it by his own labor"

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Basketball...

by ROSARIO TEVES

Poolh!

WHAT, at four, just to see the games? Count me out! Basketball... poolh!

Every school-year, at this times, the basketball season starts. It draws quite a sizeable crowd of boys and girls even college students at that! Silly, isn't it? All they get in turn is a hoarse voice and fatigue, not to mention the peso-detached wallet. Suckers, huh?

I just don't see what they like in... in the Thing, er... I mean basketball, unless it is the monotonous dribbling of this brown spheroid. On second thought, girls, is it the players?

I wonder if the basketball fans don't get bored looking at those same old faces and funny queer outfits with loud colors familiarly known to them as the team's uniform. But what do they care about such things. After all there is the audience with several pretty faces to look at. In fact that is one of the boys' main reasons in going to the games.

I can't for the life of me understand the fun of watching that silly games, what with the players just going back and forth, occasionally tossing a ball in mid-air, and then assuming a pretended that-was-nothing-at-all look when they accidentally happen to make a one-hand shot although they for themselves consider it a rare feat, or give a defiant shocked expression when they miss as if it were for the first time. After that there is again the ridiculous running motion of going around in circles, or back and forth. One might just as well see a clock and watch the continuous motion of its

pendulum. There is not much difference anyway except that in a clock there is only a single object going back and forth, while in basketball there are several persons. But then in a clock you hear a pleasant melodious tune every quarter of an hour, while in basketball there is only the shrill, irritating whistle of the referee or the continual deafening cheers and challenging shouts. And if watching basketball has an advantage to watching a clock, so what, at least you see it for free.

I am sick of pivot-shots, set-shots and the rest of those basketball manipulations. Yet they would rather miss their classes than miss seeing the cagers play. Well, not me. I am still unaffected enough by that latest craze to bother with that game. I will rather stay at home. Imagine, such a waste of time and money! The money could be used for something better. The time could be utilized by spending it with things more worthwhile. The boys may perhaps repair that door-knob which have been put off for so long, clean the yard, whitewash the fence, etc., etc. That same goes for the girls, they can stay at home and make themselves useful, maybe darn their brothers' torn socks, instead of shouting, making their throats dry and their voices hoarse while their corns and leg-muscles ache for rest. It would really be much better that way, don't you think so? Just like me, I am staying home. Look, it is already four o'clock and yet... oh, is time that fast?

Hey Lil, Vicky, Nestorius, wait for me, I want to see the basketball game!

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bor," writes Eugene Lyons, "has been almost forgotten in the last twenty years. It's not any new 'sex equality' but a new economic necessity that obliges Russian women to work at the heaviest kind of men's tasks." (Op. cit., p. 8.) "Recently," continues this writer, "a study of living standards in 34 countries before the war was published in Washington by a group of leading economists. Soviet Russia stood 28th on the list, just above China, and India. Since the war, of course, conditions have become unavoidably worse. In some regions, such as the Ukraine and White Russia, virtual famine has been the lot of millions" (p. 9).

Writing of the much vaunted "economic democracy" publicized by Ruscomist propagandists (amongst whom we may place the inellectable Henry Wallace, recent candidate for the Presidency of the U.S.A.), Victor Kravchenko says: "Having tied the workers to their machines and exacted more work for the same pay, we were ready for the next and most humiliating proof of the dignity of labor under the dictatorship of the proletariat. First came a loud and lusty propaganda storm on the theme of loafing and lateness... Then came the Draconian edict on 'strengthening socialist labor discipline.' Let foreign innocents who profess to see 'economic democracy' and a 'workers society' in Russia study this edict. Let them consider whether the oppressed workers in their benighted lands would tolerate such treatment.

"The new law provided that anyone late to work by more than twenty minutes must be automatically denounced to the local Prosecutor. He must then be tried and if found guilty, sentenced to prison or to forced labor. For fear that 'self officials and rotten bourgeois liberals' in the local courts might be lenient, the decree made arrest and punishment mandatory for executives and others who failed to report or otherwise shielded the "criminals of lateness! Only serious illness, formally attested by the factory physician, or the death of some member of the family, was acceptable proof of innocence. Mere oversleeping or transport difficulties could not be offered as excuses.

"In my years as an industrial administrator I had seen many

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Commerce

● **First USC Fraternity Formed; Rector Gives Nod**

From out of the conference tables of Dean Lolito Gozum of the College of Commerce, the first Greek-lettered fraternity in the U of San Carlos came to being last August 23. Immediately after completing the finishing touches of their organization, the seven charter members, headed by Dean Lolito Gozum and his staff, called on the Very Rev. Fr. Albert van Gansewinkel, Rector, to secure the final stamp of approval on the newly-organized fraternity. Significantly enough, Fr. Rector immediately gave the green light for the seven charter members to roar off into a big start.

The fraternity, after receiving the blessings of the Fr. Rector, was personally christened "Alpha Kappa Alpha" (Men and Leaders) by the University head. Dean Gozum expressed the hope that the fraternity will foster a close thread of brotherhood, and a high level of scholarship, among its select members. The dean underscored the need of well-organized student groups to promote leadership, and to harness the hidden talents of students. The college plans to organize similar student organizations among the lower classes.

The traditional stink of initiation was much evident in the campus last August 23 to 29. The seven charter members, namely, Alfredo Vega, Alfredo de Jesus, Benjamin Arriola, George Guy, Juan Ferrer, Jerome Lim, and Antonino D. Tancinco underwent a solid week series of initiation rites unsurpassed in point of recklessness and originality. Yet, beneath all the heedless hilarity and limitless madness, the four aims of the Alpha Kappa Alpha shine out in bold relief. The aims are: a) to develop goodwill and the spirit of brotherhood; b) to develop leadership; c) to mold character; e) to promote scholarship.

Following the final rites on August 29, 1953, a luncheon was partaken by the charter members together with Rev. William Cremers, SVD, Regent of the College of Commerce, and Dean Gozum. Meanwhile, it was learned that the fraternity will expand its membership with scholarship as a basis.

● **Jaycees Off on A Good Start, Report**

Disproving the age-old dictum that "pre-election promises are only made to be broken," the USC Junior Chamber of Commerce, spearheaded by action-minded Jaycee President Alfredo C. Vega, kicked off a good start with a highly-successful party in honor of the New C.P.A.'s who hurdled the last board examinations, and an impressive induction ceremony for the Jaycee and class officers of 1953-54.

The affair set a 100% attendance record by all commerce and secretarial students, sources revealed. The party was easily the choice for the main social event of the first half of the semester, it was learned.

Between sandwiches and ice cream cups, commerce faculty members, in an spirit of camaraderie, laughed and dined with their students. The new C.P.A.'s, namely, Bienvenido Teves, Gabriel Balmori, Rosario T. Rodil, Laura Castillo, Vicente Cabanlit, Vicente Chiong, Luciano Atillo, and Baltazar Calumba, were the recipients of countless accolades from professors and students alike.

The executive committee charged with the over-all supervision of minor committees, was composed of the following: Mr. Alfredo C. Vega, Chairman; Mr. Antonino D. Tancinco, co-chairman; Lim Suy An; Antonio Alvarez, Juan Ferrer, and Isaac Villcas, members. The chairmen of the other minor committees were: Finance — Miss Febes Tan, Miss Lopez; Refreshments — Miss Felisa Lopez; Decorations — Mr. Lim Suy An, Mr. George Guy; Program and Invitation — Mr. George Guy, Miss Fe Hirang; Music and Transportation — Mr. Juan Ferrer, Mr. Alfredo de Jesus; ladies — Miss Mercedesita Borromeo, Miss Angelita Mausias.

● **List Jaycee Resolutions Recently Passed**

Jaycee officers, freshly inducted, buckled down to brassacks when three highly-important resolutions passed the ICC legislative mills. President Alfredo Vega of the Jaycees revealed.

In a gesture of loyalty to the Filipino flag, the Junior Chamber of Commerce formally requested the USC administration to take a hand in requesting the ROTC unit in charge of the flag ceremony to at least use a whistle to call the attention of everybody in the campus

On Allowance

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part of college life for well rounded personality. He then writes about his visits with relatives to fulfill the duty of the ambassador of good-will from the province. Now the heart of the economic coordinator of course is touched over his son's thoughtfulness. The next paragraph narrates how a group of big names in the campus approached him for their fraternity. What a rare honor it should have been but he turned that down politely. Membership is very expensive, Papa... and I would not think of abusing your generosity. It is more than enough that I'm here. Is that not the noble gesture of his son's good intentions?

Thus the first letter ends... thus the weak heart of the coordinator is done for. Absence makes the heart grow fonder, and how! So the answer of the father to the son is a go signal for the membership in the frat. Boy-oh, boy! I could hear him sing in his bathroom.

Now, the second letter begins. No money-matter is mentioned, at least to avoid any cynic impression on the part of those left home that he only writes when he asks for money. Very wise indeed. He burned the midnight candle because that cruel professor of his who simply gives him the nervous break-down was going to give them a long quiz. However, he survived with only cross-eyes, and

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blows descend on the hapless heads of the workers. But none of them had been as incredible, as stunning, as this one. At first most people assumed that it was too drastic an edict to be enforced. But we soon understood that Stalin was in earnest. Twenty minutes was the margin between the limited slavery of 'free' workers and the total slavery of forced-labor contingents." (I Chose Freedom, p. 313.)

while the Filipino flag goes up or down daily."

Another resolution of the Jaycees provided for the weekly publication of "The Commerce Newsheet," a two-page paper to report on the current happenings in the College of Commerce.