

What Is Russian



COMMUNISM

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

Fifth Installment



A Slavery Worse Than Death

SEVERAL of the writers to whom I have referred in this work have given incontestable proofs that millions and millions of persons have been condemned to slavish labor in circumstances in comparison with which the negro slaves in **Uncle Tom's Cabin** enjoyed an earthly paradise! Let me introduce to our readers one whose name some of them have already probably met, Vladimir Petrov. In **This Week Magazine** (July 10, 1948) appears an article from Petrov, who is the only known Dalstroy survivor in America, and who is now on the faculty of Yale University. An article, as an introductory explanation of Petrov's story, is contributed by Corey Ford, under the title **Stalin's Mountain of Gold**, in which an account is given of "a grim gold rush" carried on "in the mystery land of Arctic Siberia" in the most tragic circumstances. This fabulous gold strike is in the Kolyma district of North-east Siberia, taken over in 1931 as a Soviet government project known as Dalstroy.

"At a terrible cost in lives," writes Corey Ford, "a start was made on a harbor, a town, a 350-mile all weather Kolyma Road from Magadan to the gold fields. Exhaustion, typhus and executions decimated the ranks of the slave laborers — but on they came, by the shipload, year in and year out.

"There is no telling how many

persons have died in the grim 16-year history of Dalstroy. Petrov estimates that at least 100,000 of his fellow prisoners died during his own six-year term. Their nameless bodies, stripped of clothing, were dumped into the very ground from which the yellow metal had been taken."

This last sentence is like an echo of Alexeev's statement of his experiences as a boy in the U.S.S.R.: "I saw Red militia-men bring fifteen wagonloads of naked corpses into the streets of my home town as a notice that a peasant revolt had been crushed."

"In some ways," says Vladimir Petrov, "it is better to be a slave than to be free in Russia today. The citizen is always afraid of Stalin's police. But with a prisoner the worst has already happened. There is no fear — not even of death. A slave in Siberia does not care much if he dies."

"Back in the prison in Leningrad," writes Petrov, "I remember seeing in the room of the NKVD commandant a Soviet slogan: 'It is better to arrest ten innocent than to leave one criminal free.'"

While a second year student at Leningrad Engineering Institute in 1935, the year of the great purge, Vladimir Petrov was arrested as the result of a raid on his rooms, instigated by a jealous girl who was an agent of the NKVD and had planted in his apartment some books that no Soviet citizen is allowed to read. Dragged to jail and given a mock trial, Petrov was sentenced to six years' hard labor in Siberia.

From his article **I Escaped Alive**

I cull but a few of the many tragic facts he narrates: On the ice-bound steamer *Dzhurma* 2,500 slaves perished of cold in 1933... When a prisoner froze his finger, a doctor merely hacked off the frozen finger with a knife... The rate of mortality, due to cold, disease, hunger, and sheer exhaustion, was terrifically high. Men who dropped in their tracks were hauled to the execution camp and shot as "saboteurs." In Kolyma, in 1938 alone, there were 70,000 deaths... Only the hardiest peasants survived a full term of penal servitude in the gold mines... A special execution camp was established for each gold field. Administration, nicknamed "The Meat Grinder," where those who had been sentenced by the NKVD, without trial, were brought, compelled to dig their own graves, stripped of their clothes (which were to be redistributed later to new prisoners), stood behind the holes they dug, and mowed down by machine guns.

Terrorized "Confessions"

One of the authors best qualified to write on Russian Communism is Freda Uteley, an English lady who was educated in Switzerland and England, a university graduate of varied distinctions, correspondent of the **Manchester Guardian** (in Japan, 1928-29), married to a Russian, a resident with her husband in the U.S.S.R. from 1930 to 1936, and employed in Russia during those years first as a specialist in the Cotton Industry and then as a "Senior Scientific Worker" at the Institute of World Economy and Politics in the Academy of Sciences. When her

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PEACE

MAN WANTS THIS PEACE. It is not a peace for a single group wherein they could huddle with contentment the fruits of orderliness in a small society, but is a world peace. The peace must altogether be among all men regardless of color, belief, and creed. It beacons into the darkness of the archaic dividedness amongst nations; it is a new light purged into the mentality of *man moderne* for a synthesized dependency upon each other. It does not call for things material, but for things of the spirit. For peace exists in spirit: *en masse* the minds must conglomerate in meeting on a common ground.

Thus we have in our generation a titanic attempt to have one. Twice have we organized as nations to have one but failed. And presently, we seem to be organized into a single world citizenry with two shadows falling from the single whole: Both are constantly moving in opposite directions. We pose as one yet the lights of our true inclinations do not lie, for we are of two, and are not one.

We have to shoot cold wars, very deadly cold wars causing the loss of many lives and resources. Hence, our generation has become over-diplomatic and artificial; we use colgate smiles and wave our hands enthusiastically to our friends passing by while our backyard is on fire. Or we calmly smoke a good handclasp in a toast while our

friend's body is almost dead by the poison we dropped into his cup!

Is this the generation who wants peace? When we adhere to two irreconcilable ideologies, **Communism and Democracy?**

First, we must look at the march of man, into the roots of his obstacle for when unearthed the two shadows fall into one; for it is as the same man who stands against the parabolic curves of fate, destiny inevitable, with the sharp refractions of his own aspirations. The late is inevitable for it is the creation of his time — born with diverting ideologies, while he craves for his own unity. He cannot be a hamlet; yet he is not content to say like a toad that mud and water are one.

The UN assemblage is the mirror where the pyramidal set-up, a paragon of peace, our world's civilization is reflected. There one can see on the summit of its symmetry the pennant of the united world in its middle half are engraved the names of the nations in this world; and at the bottom is the foundation composed of millions of mankind.

What is stupendous above is only the abstraction of the magnanimity below. Without strong foundations the pyramid would collapse. Unless the countries are integrated within themselves first, the pennant of the united world will fall, and without the fullness in the heart and spirit of its people the

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husband was arrested and, without trial, condemned to a concentration camp, she left Russia and has since held high offices of trust and, as correspondent, has contributed valuable articles to various newspapers of note. This talented lady is also the authoress of more than half-a-dozen excellent books.

Freda Uley is gifted with a talent that is not common amongst writers: she has the knack of saying *multum in parvo* — of being

able to state clearly and concisely what another writer might require more space to narrate in a less telling manner. Her pamphlet **Why I Ceased To Be A Communist** (Catholic Information Society, N.Y.C.) is a model of verve, conciseness, and precision. The very opening paragraph arrests the reader's attention:

"Paradoxical as it sounds, I ceased to be a Communist for the same reasons which originally led me to become one. The liberal as-

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nations will topple down; then, lo, great will be the fall!

For while we congregate for peace, with other nations in the halls of the UN our brothers at home shoot against brothers and besmirch our soil on this earth with fratricidal blood.

And as we meet in the UN for peace, we arm ourselves, then shout for peace!

We hold to the face of the populace a live white pigeon of peace, but our sleeves stink with blood

By Patrocino A.
Castellano

and 'gunpowder, then denounce war!

We ceased to be our brothers' keepers, and are amused at our peace. What is bad above should be worst below. It is manifested in our hearts, the far cry from the humble Family two thousand years ago; for charity begins at home, so to quote. It was in the hearts of these Three where sprang the first true love for peace. The herald for the Newly-Born called for Peace on Earth and Goodwill to Men, and He said, Love thy neighbors as thyself. That alone will suffice for our unpeace.

The things inculcated in an individual's early life will remain; no amount of effort can efface it. The heart will remain morbid as it has been made to be so, or charitable if it were taught to be. It starts from home and ends at home; the black remains black and the pure remains pure.

If man, who seeks for peace, would for a moment sink from his bold stand and ponder to search himself what heart he possesses, then, he should not be surprised to find his heart not entirely pure. This is the reason for the failure of his attempts to have the most coveted laurels of peace. For, only by heart alone can there be peace; a world peace; the spirit of peace in his mind emanates from his heart. **Peace is heart!**

ALUMNI CHIMES

ALUMNI HOMECOMING

On the occasion of the alumni homecoming for this year, more than two hundred alumni from different places honored the occasion by attending the traditional Faculty-Alumni banquet.

The new lawyers and pharmacists who made brilliant records in the bar and board examinations were invited as honored guests.

In an impromptu program, with the genial Vice-President of the U.S.C. Alumni Association, Dr. Osundo Rama, as emcee, alter dinner speeches were delivered. Congressman Miguel Cuenco, one of the distinguished alumni, made a stirring speech about San Carlos and her role in the education of the youth. Mons. Esteban Montecillo, also an alumnus, gave an instructive and entertaining short talk. Pres. Jesus P. Garcia of the Alumni Association thanked the administration and the alumni for their cooperation and reviewed the activities of the organization as well as the future plans. Very Reverend Albert V. Gansewinkel, as Rector of the University and Spiritual Moderator of the Association, closed the program with an inspiring address, thanking the Association members and the faculty for their cooperation and assuring them that San Carlos is always ready to extend her help to them.

BOHOL ALUMNI REPORT

Miss Purificacion L. Chagas, B.S.E '51, reports that she is now teaching Spanish, National Language and English in the St. Anthony's Academy at Carmen, Bohol, and gave us the following data about other alumnae:

Miss GUADALUPE F. PARAGUYA is teaching Biology at the Tubigon Catholic High School, Tubigon, Bohol;

Miss ANDRESA G. PASCO handles Algebra at the Philippine College, Calape, Bohol;

Miss DIONISIA L. CANO is at the Holy Child High School, Quinobatan, Misamis Oriental, handling Biology and English;

Miss PAZ CASTRO and Miss ELU-TERIA DOLERA are both teachers in the St. Mary's College, Guindulman, Bohol;

Miss AGUSTINA RELAMPAGOS is the Home Economist in the Sierra-Bullones High School;

Miss TRINIDAD OPELINA and Miss NICOLASITA PATINDOL recently joined the Clarin High School Faculty.

Miss LIBRADA BILIRAN is at the Bohol Trade School and, at last, a gentleman.

Mr. PACIFICO ESTILLORE is the historian at the St. Paul's Academy, Inabanga, Bohol.

Good news! Everybody is employed. How about those not employed? May we know where they are?

CARCAR ALUMNA IS A NOVITIATE

Miss Elena Urgello, daughter of Don Francisco Urgello of Carcar, Cebu, is now at the Pines City, particularly at Paodal, Baguio. She's now a nun. No more letters from her.

ORCHIDS FROM LANAO

Mr. Paping Fajardo, USC alumnus and an employee of the Philippine National Bank, Iligan, Lanao, conveys his warmest congratulations to the new lawyers and pharmacists who made record-breaking achievements in the Bar and Board examinations.

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pirations which turned my youthful hopes toward the Soviet Union made me recoil from Communism in horror once I came to know its real nature."

As a child, Freda Utley read extensively, especially Greek history, French revolutionary literature, and the English nineteenth century poets of freedom. Believing that the Communist ideal stood for the brotherhood of man, irrespective of race, creed, color, or nationality, and regarding it as the fulfillment of the age-long struggle of mankind for liberty and justice, this young lady joined the Communist Party in England. She was a type of a certain kind of Communist with whom we can sincerely sympathize — one who visualized the Communist system as an ideal while knowing nothing of the frightful operation of the system in the U.S.S.R.

"In a word," declares this authoress, "I was led to Communism by a passion for the emancipation of mankind."

But the ardent young Communist's roseate dreams melted away and her cherished ideal was shattered when she came face to face with the operation of Ruscomism. Writing of her sojourn in the U.S.S.R. she says: "During six disillusioning

years I learned the truth about Russia and the hollowness of Communist pretensions to be concerned with the welfare of the Common Man."

"I found," she continues, "that Communist society has nothing in common with the free and equal world which socialists believed would follow the breakdown of the capitalist system. Month by month and year by year it was borne in upon me with increasing force that nowhere in the world is there greater injustice, inequality and cruel oppression than in Stalin's Russia, more hopeless poverty and ruthless exploitation of the working class, a more privileged ruling class, less regard for the dignity of man and less will or desire or possibility of raising the standard of life of the mass of the people. The reality of life in Communist Russia is as remote from the picture painted by the friends of the Soviet Union in the west as the earth from Mars. . . . All that I had expected to find in Russia was reviled and abused. The democratic capitalist world which I had rejected began to appear infinitely desirable in comparison with the slavery and poverty and terror in Communist Russia!" (pp. 2 & 3).

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heard a guy remarking, "I envy that darned tractor!" Such vehemence! I reckon, there wouldn't be the present repugnance to anything connected with mud and rice puddies if there were 'em damsels to maneuver those things. Why, farmhands would come a-flocking!

...NENA VIVERA, the lone of the College of Engineering's motored stairway. What! Is the College that short of shirts? Or are they just plain bashful [tsk! tsk!]

...the amateur cowboys and their partners, square-dancing their feet off to the bumpy strains of "Buttons and Bows" and, boy, did the stage quiver like Hibok-Hibok was just a meter away. And would it swat with our physically dynamic gossoons up there in fancy western clothing — JAY VILLEGAS, MONCHING BLANCO, OSCAR VILLEGAS, RUDY SAYSON, JOE CERILLES, MAURICIO RIVERA, FRANCISCO JAPSON AND EDDIE PASCUAL with their equally brimming-with-life gals — ALICIA TABOTABO, CORAZON JIMENEZ, CELEDONIA JAVIER, FELICIDAD GILAY, and numbs and numbs of 'em.

...the gay dancing señoritas from gay Mexico — ANGELES TOMIMBANG, PAT, LILY, NENA, HELEN BOLT, ISOBEL, DALISAY de VERA, etcetera... etc. I'm mighty curious about the source of the identical fancy braids (Pardon me for exposing the racket!) because I could use a pair myself.

...CLARITA ASPIRAS, FE SISON, and the rest of the chained slaves come straight from a stinking Persian dungeon. And there was the "Oh — too... handsome bundle of a slave driver" (sigh) — CESAR SERAPIO. When you take a good peer at him you'd think he's incapable of even breaking such fragile thing as a glass but can he whip! Not that poor slaves minded tho the hair-pulling may surely have hurt more than just a little bit.

...MERCEDES ROSELLO, swinging it a la Carmen Miranda with the smooth Valenino-ish NESTOR MORELOS and such S.A.'s señoritas and señoritas as CELESTE RUBI, FRANK BORROMEO, LINDA DALOPE, LIBUNFACIL, VICTORIA ABAD, CESAR JAMIRO, JOVITA TRINIDAD, and the other dear-secretaries.

...EDDIE PASCUAL. He not only is incapable of stepping on your favorite corn when he swings you on a dance floor, but also, sister, when he starts to chant he can make you believe the latest bobby-sox craze Tony Bennett himself is right before you. He sure made a "song-hit" the last nite of the USC festival — really wow-ed the quadrangle spectators and I suppose, garnered just as much applause and encores as Tony Bennett. Fact is BSC's Eddie sings like USA's Tony...er... I mean, Tony sings like Eddie!



Our Femmes

**Elsa Prado
Valmonte**

- Manila
- February 25, 1934
- Commerce II
- Poise & Glamour
- Excellent Pianist
- Record Playing
(Modern & Classical)
- Bowling

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Additional Evidence of Terrorism

This competent witness and writer portrays graphically on Terror that reigns in the U.S.S.R. She states that any moment the secret police may knock at the door and take you or your loved ones away without even letting you know what "crime" you or they are supposed to have committed; that the Soviet citizen can be arrested and shot or imprisoned without a trial; that he has no voice in the election of his government or of the local authorities who control his whole life; that he has no trade unions to protect him and he can be dismissed without notice by the factory manager, losing at the same time his room and his ration book; that there is no unemployment pay and only one employer, the State; that the State is employer, judge, jury, policeman, and landlord; that the worker is a helpless slave forced to work wherever and at whatever wage the government decrees; that he is forbidden to strike; that the so-called trade unions, far from protecting the worker, are but organs of the State used to compel him to work to the limit of his strength; that the penalty of striking is the living death in the concentration camp where the victims of the secret police do forced labor in conditions as horrible as

THE MOVIE MANIAC . . .

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The most irritating of 'em all are the conversationalists who anticipate the film's climax, and discuss the personal and professional life of the actor or actress (and, sometimes, of both, including some in the supporting cast), blotting out the dialogue on the screen with their unnecessary gabfest. These guys or dames exchange everything they know about Jeanne Crain's kids, Scott Brady's romances, all the movie stars' data, vital statistics, etc etc. . . . blah blah . . . bzzzzzz . . . yakity yakity yak yak . . .

And not only last but also the least — the Mispliced Persons! These characters prop their large feet on the back of the seat in front, settle down as comfortably as they could (that means slumping down deep into the chair and blocking traffic from the aisle) and go right off to sleep, snoring sonorously.

Well, there you are. If you know some other stunts — tell 'em to the theatre manager!

those which existed at Dachau and Buchenwald; that to be late for work renders the "free" worker liable to dismissal; that the interior passport system and the work certificate rivet the laborer to his job like a serf.