

dad, I'll say. Boy, I feel like celebrating. Here, doc, have a cigar...

So-a-y, Sister, —nun—or whatever you're called—what are you looking at me like that for? Still mad at me? C'mon. Be a sport. Let bygones. I can't be mad at anybody today. I'm a father! What do you say we shake hands, eh? Forgive and forget—that's what I always...

Listen, doc, give her a chance to say something, will you? Maybe, she has something to say. Doc! What are

you stopping her for... Hey! Is anything wrong? Gosh, Doc; nothing is wrong, is there? You told me the operation was a success. Mary's all right—or is she? Nothing is wrong—tell me nothing went wrong—Doc! Don't stand there like a statue! What does she mean by staring at me like that?

What was that, Sister? No. No! No! Gosh, Sister—you can't mean it! You can't! Don't tell me—my—son—was born—blind!

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## Letters to Stalin (I)

By VICENTE ROMERO

*In the year of Grace,  
At the Philippines,  
To the Premier of Russia,  
Ruler and Supreme Master of  
those Nations that have been  
betrayed into his hands,  
Persecutor of good and Promoter  
of evil,  
At Moscow in the Land of Slavery;  
My dear Stalin,*

*Can you sleep at night, Comrade Stalin? I should think every shadow would make you start with fear. The moonlight playing in the corners must remind you of the moonlight on the tombstones of*

*those you have killed. And yet so few of them are buried beneath tombstones! Those open graves and those mass executions — do they not come back to haunt you at night, Comrade Stalin? Can you forget the faces of those you have forced to work on your railroads and your bridges, and driven to their death? Do you think that you can run away from them forever?*

*Can you forget Poland, Comrade Stalin, or Hungary? Do you find yourself unable to eat when you think of Estonia, Lithuania and*

Latvia? I wonder that you do not cower like a frightened rabbit in the snow when they tell you about Austria, Czechoslovakia and Rumania. They are nations calling for your blood, Comrade Stalin. You cannot shut your ears against their cries forever.

What of Cardinal Mindszenty and Archbishop Stepinac? Can the memory of their tortured faces ever be wiped from your mind, Comrade Stalin? Do you think they are the only ones? Can you not see that there are hundreds, even thousands more like them and that you must torture and imprison everyone of them, too, before you find peace? But even then you will not be through. There will still be priests with courage enough to bring Christ into the very heart of your own Kremlin.

Have you ever heard of the Philippines, Comrade Stalin? I imagine you have. You think that we will be yours someday, even as China is. You think that the scorpion we hide in our mountains will grow and one day conquer us and make us yours. But you are wrong, Comrade Stalin. We are too strong for you. The scorpion will die, and with it your hopes of a Communist Philippines.

We give you fair warning. We have pledged ourselves to your eternal salvation, Comrade Stalin. Does that frighten you? There is no gun in our hands; it is the

crucifix the Spaniards gave us four hundred years ago. But one day you will find us clamoring at your door and you will know that your time has come.

Even now we would forgive you, Comrade Stalin. We are proud of the Faith that was brought to our shores so many years ago in the little galleons of Catholic Spain. We are proud of our Catholic heritage, and we are proud of the Christ Who is our King. And like Him, and for Him, we would pardon you even now, and pray with you and help you make your peace with God.

You cannot long resist us, Comrade Stalin. We are as relentless as the sea that beats everlastingly on our shores; we are as tireless as the wind that whispers in the tops of our palm trees; we are as confident of ultimate victory as we are that the sun will rise again tomorrow on our "Land of the Morning." We shall not rest till you and all Moscow kneel at the crib of the Christ Child.

We tell you now that the day will come when you must yield to us. Your soldiery will not help you then, Comrade Stalin; your armies will stand by, helpless. All earth will pass away, but we will never die. Our God—and your God, too, Comrade Stalin—has promised that it would be so.

We are praying for you,  
Comrade Stalin.

VICENTE ROMERO