

# Prison Invalids Get Break

It was about this time that I had an interesting talk with a Russian prisoner named Twiggmyer who had been sentenced to ten years at forced labor. He was an intelligent man but unresponsive to efforts to draw him out. One night, one of my colleagues roused me and suggested I go outside to look at the aurora borealis. It was truly a magnificent sight. Rainbow hued pillars of light quivered across the sky, sometimes changing into a throbbing bright red glare. I stood entranced by this dazzling display. As I watched the multicolored vibrating canopy overhead, I noticed that a man had halted near me. It was taciturn Turgyeneyev. He seemed to be in a state of dreamy rapture. We started to talk. He told me he had at one time been a high NKVD official in the Moscow area. It had been one of his duties to supply labor for work in the mines and in industry. My curiosity aroused, I asked him how he did this.

"Well," he said, "just imagine me sitting in my office. The telephone rings. It's an order to round up 500 people for a labor shipment in such and such a region. So I get busy. I know I must fill the order. If I don't, I'll be in the shipment myself." He paused, as if wondering whether he should go on.

"How did you go about it?" I asked.

"I would take a list of prisoners in the local jails and those whose preliminary investigation had been completed. Let's say I find 200 people. Then I take a list of suspected people who are still free. I can hasten matters by pinning something on each of them and having them arrested. That gives me another 200 candidates. I only need 100 more."

Suddenly he gave me a long, anxious look.

"I shouldn't be telling you these things. I made a mistake even to begin. You know, don't you, that by giving you such information we are both taking great risks?"

"You can rest easy," I countered. "I'm not going to tell anyone about it."

"Well, I should not have mentioned it anyway. But since I started, I might as well finish. Only remember that my fate is in your hands. You're the first person I'm telling this to. It was awful but I had no other way out. It was what I had been taught to do. To make up the quota of 500, I took up any list of people I happened to have around, if only the telephone directory. I had to be extra careful not to include a big person in the Communist Party or the NKVD. I would then give the order to arrest these people and my assignment was carried out."

"Why did you get ten years?" I asked.

"Don't ask me anything else," he replied. "I've already told you too much."

Casting a worried look in every direction, Turgyeneyev walked away. Clearly he was quite dissatisfied with himself. I forgot about the spectacle in the sky. I was stunned. I felt as if I had opened Pandora's box and it had revealed to me a terrible secret page in Russia's history. Here was an additional bit of evidence that in the Soviet Union no citizen can be sure of the morrow.

Four days after this conversation, Turgyeneyev was crushed underneath a falling tree. His was a quick death. The waist deep snow

had not permitted him to move aside and get out of the tree's way.

The Rumanians used to tell us many interesting things. They had been in numerous camps during their unofficial tour of the Soviet Union, including a camp in the extreme northern part of the Urals, where there were many Soviet prisoners. One day one of these Soviet "enemies of the people" who had been sentenced to fifteen years at forced labor, seized an axe and hacked to death the camp commandant, the taskmaster and the woman doctor. Following the triple murder, he calmly proceeded to his barracks. His comrades ran after him and pelted him with questions.

"Why did you kill the commandant? Compared with others, he wasn't such a bad egg. And the doctor never hurt us either."

"You want to know why I did it? I had to kill someone. The doctor just happened to get in my way. I'm 45 now. My sentence is for 15 years. They won't let me go until I'm 60 years old, I'm so worn out by work and this life that I know I won't be able to stay alive for more than two or three years. Now at least they'll take me to a city to put me on trial. I'll see what a city looks like again and there'll be new faces. I don't care if they give me another ten or fifteen years."

I was told this was a common phenomenon—this disappearance of the concept of guilt and punishment, the failure to think in terms of good and evil.

There is no capital punishment in the Soviet Union. But every person locked up in one of the tens of thousands of concentration camps throughout the length and breadth of the Soviet Union has, to all intents and purposes, had a death sentence pronounced against him. Only those whose crippled state has placed them in the invalid category and who work on the camp premises, have, despite their greatly reduced rations, any chance of surviving. Those who are compelled to work in the forest or in the mines, because they are in the first, second or third categories have an exceedingly tough time of it.

The return of every work brigade to the camp in the evening, was a heartbreaking sight. They were mere shadows of human beings with waxen complexions, feverish eyes, open mouths gasping for air, eyebrows, eyelashes and mustaches covered with icicles, and with torn, frequently bloodstained clothing, and feet wrapped in rags. Many times I would see a Polish veteran of the Warsaw Uprising carrying on his back a Communist Rumanian Jew or a German who had fainted from fatigue or hunger. The faintfulness of our conditions had caused racial, national or political differences among us to melt away. We were bound together by our common misery.

For many of these people the fact that they had by a supreme effort of will dragged themselves back to the camp did mean the end of their suffering. The report about their daily output had already been sent into the office. If any one of them had not achieved 100% of his norm, he would spend several nights in a row in the camp jail, where he would receive a subsistence ration of bread (300 grams) and a thin soup once a day. As in almost every camp jail, he would stand in the knee-deep mud all night, for he would have nothing to sit or lie down on. And he would desperately look forward to morning and the possibility of going to

work. The "healthy" people of the forest all envied us invalids and sick ones. They did whatever they could to get into this fortunate category themselves. The Rumanians had in their long years of camp experience picked up many tricks of the trade. From them we learned how to induce a high fever, weaken the heart or cause the legs to swell.

A recommended method of achieving a fever was to inject kerosene or benzine into the heel, which was a spot where the pricking would not show. Such an injection could be bought from the Rumanians for two full days' bread rations. The reaction was almost immediate, the temperature rising to 104 and higher and staying there for a fortnight. The camp doctor had to excuse the patient from work and even send him to the hospital. If the heart was weak, such an experiment often ended in death. But all prisoners without exception were so dispirited that they were prepared to risk death just so they might have a few days of peace.

Another dangerous measure was drinking a brew made from tobacco. This resulted in almost chronic digestive ailments and also affected the heart.

The simplest and most "childish" procedure was to tie a piece of string or a rag (the latter was preferable inasmuch as it left less of a mark than did the string) tightly around the leg above the knee in the evening. The would-be invalid then fell asleep. In the morning both legs were impressively swollen. The "sick man" would go to the doctor in the morning and complain about his heart. If he happened to find the doctor in a good mood, he was excused from work.

Such practices were hazardous not only because they could really ruin an individual's health, but also because a discovery of the seat of the trouble would bring the culprit before a special court on a charge of sabotage. The standard verdict in such cases was at least five years.

Those in the O.K. (Oddihayushchaya Kompanya) had their own method of prolonging their stay in the rest group. As I mentioned before, the O.K. consisted of people from various work categories who were completely run down physically. They received about 700 grams of bread—the normal ration of the work brigades, and not the invalid ration. In general one was sent to the O.K. for a period of two weeks, at the end of which he was expected to be improved. A prisoner's remaining in the O.K. for another two weeks was contingent upon a medical examination. A few days before this check up, the O.K. people refrained from eating their bread and secretly sold it or bartered it with the Rumanians for salt. They would then drink a strong salt solution and follow this up with unlimited quantities of water. As a result, they were able to appear for a medical examination with a markedly weakened heart and win the sought-after extension.

This practice came to an abrupt end, however, when one of the frequent searches of the barracks brought to light small stores of salt in the possession of a number of prisoners. The NKVD political officer attached to our camp, who as NKVD and Communist Party representative exerted absolute power not only over all of us but over the entire camp administration, including NKVD camp officials, became

As for clothing those working in the forest during the winter, which in this part of Asia lasted from September to May, received frayed sheepskin coats and gloves that were full of holes. The greatest problem was that of footwear. The valonki or felt boots issued to us were worn, badly worn and forever wet. Sitting at the fire during the brief recess from work gave only momentary relief. The snow melted on the boots and was absorbed by the felt. As soon as one moved away from the fire, the wet material froze and the hapless prisoner walked around in icy boots. Valonki are all right if they are worn under rubbers, which keep out the dampness, but once they get wet, they offer no protection against the cold. Even ordinary rags wrapped around our feet would have been preferable to these felt boots, because the rags would at least have dried out more quickly. (Continued Next Week)

## SAFETY VALVE

FRIENDLY STOVE

Dear Friends, I happen to be a rather old fashioned person, living in an old fashioned home, with a big old fashioned coal fired cook stove, with a hot water boiler attached in front in our old fashioned kitchen.

On one of the recent quite cold mornings when I came downstairs, the door of the spacious oven stood open, and the tea kettle was singing its cheerful song; and it was with a pleasant satisfaction of complete comfort that I settled my back against the old boiler while waiting for the coffee pot to function.

I send my happy thought along to you, with the hope that perhaps it would provide an inspiration, and suitable setting for an article relative to the passing of the old cook stove with its dust and ashes.

My daughter Mrs. Cora Finn pesters me about this stove, and at times almost has me persuaded that a modern electric or gas set up is best; but I am an oldster and pretty tough when it comes to modernization, with its lack of good old fashioned comfort.

Respectfully yours, Harry H. Carey

APPRECIATED PUBLICITY  
Dear Sirs: The West Side Flower Club is very grateful to you for giving us publicity for our fall Flower Show held in late August.

Thank you for your kind cooperation.

Sincerely, Mrs. Aurora Witt Knorr Secretary

## Westmoreland Football Mothers Meet Tuesday

Westmoreland Football Mothers will meet Tuesday evening at 8 at the Back Mountain YMCA headquarters in Shavertown.

The Benedictine Order was founded at Monte Cassino in the year A. D. 529.

personally interested in this evidence of sabotage and hostility to the Soviet Union. He tempered justice with mercy by not placing the guilty on trial. They were merely placed in solitary confinement for 21 days, with the obligation of going out to work in the daytime. The work was, needless to say, the most rigorous that was available. In their weakened condition, such punishment was equivalent to a death penalty. At the end of a week, four of them were dead and seven were hospitalized. A new medical inspection was made, the O.K. was liquidated for good and all those in the O.K. group were sent to the First Post camp, under the tender mercies of Captain Syemyonov.

The food doled out to the First Post was just as bad as in all other Soviet camps. After the one time in December 1945 we never received anything more of American supplies. After that day our menu consisted of bread and soup. Our bread was baked out of the flour of unhusked oats and made our tongue and gums bleed. It was edible only when it was toasted to a crisp. The soup was concocted out of the same flour, with nothing added, frequently not even salt. Potatoes were something we could only dream about. On such a diet, the heavy work which would have seemed impossible even for a healthy, well nourished man to complete according to schedule, was a grim tragedy for these poor emaciated creatures.

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## Poet's Corner

I wish I had a telescope  
To scan the starry skies  
But, since I have no telescope,  
I'm glad I have two eyes.

I wish I had a kitchen run  
By push-button commands  
But, while that kitchen's still a dream,  
I'm glad I have two hands.

I wish I had a super car  
To give my friends a treat  
But, till that new car comes along,  
I'm glad I have two feet.

Two eyes to look at God above . . .  
Two hands to clasp in prayer . . .  
Two feet to carry me to Church . . .  
Why, I'm a millionaire!  
—Nick Kenny

## Bob Tales

By BOB

Many are the mornings you wake up and wish to heck you didn't have to get out of bed and go to work. We all get bored sometimes with the daily routine. But think of it this way . . . if you were given a room with a bed and told you didn't have to do anything but sleep, you would be pounding on the door in a day or so begging to be let out so you could go back to work.

Good to see the Record and T-L back in circulation. We've missed you. Maybe scandal won't claim the big headlines now.

Why is it that so many folks don't smile and say good morning to others they pass on the street. Just because someone isn't a personal friend of yours doesn't mean she or he isn't worthy of a cheery hello. There's lots of trouble and worry in this world . . . who knows, your friendly greeting to a stranger on the street may make his day seem much more pleasant.

A definition of UNTHINKABLE: A boat that it's airtight.

As a character witness in one of the recent morals cases I want to report that I wouldn't have believed the sordid things that have been going on if I hadn't heard it from the juveniles themselves as they gave testimony. For example, a 17-year-old boy who testified he had been participating in unnatural acts since he was 11 and with so many different men he couldn't remember them all. Mothers and fathers it behooves you to give more time and consideration to your children. They need your affection and protection but they also need proper discipline. I'm no psychiatrist but sometimes I think a child expects to be punished when he has done something wrong and that he feels let down if you don't punish him. On the other hand, unjust punishment should be avoided too.

I hope Loraine Day Durocher is happy 'cause I'm sure miserable about what her old man's team did to my — Indians.

According to the SEP this note was found on an office scratch pad: How very, very glad am I. To realize today is Fri., And know, because tomorrow's Sat., This is a place I won't be at.

**ONLY YESTERDAY**

Ten and Twenty Years Ago  
In The Dallas Post

From The Issue Of October 6, 1944  
Lehman High School defeats Dallas Township, 7-0, in the first football game of the season.

Walter Kitchen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Kitchen, Dallas, is slightly wounded in action in France. A wallet in his breast pocket stopped the bullet.

Lewis Reese is transferred from Honolulu to Saipan as operations officer.

In the Outpost: Sgt. E. C. Ide, San Francisco APO; Emory Elston, New York APO; Arthur Hauck, New York APO; Gilbert Boston, New York APO; Ernie Culp, France; Irving Koslowsky, Fort Eustis; Jessie Ashton, Philadelphia; Albert Crispell, Camp Reynolds; Paul Snyder, Gulfport; Clarence LaBar, Sioux Falls, S. D.; Warren Stanton, Point Lookout Light, Md.; Bob McCarty, Sampson; Jim Oliver, Fort McClellan, Ala.; Glenn Kitchen, Oklahoma; James Taylor, Texas; John Stoffo, New York APO; Frank Morgan, England; David Decker, South Pacific; William Simpson, Red Raiders.

Betty Ann Newhart, formerly of Alderson, becomes the bride of Raymond Pace at Norfolk, Va.

Elizabeth Shupp, Dallas, is engaged to Robert Cyphers, Carverton. Loren Fiske, Dallas, arrives in India with Air Transport Command.

William Watlock, Dallas, completes fifty air missions.

William Snyder, Dallas, is appointed squadron leader at Maxwell Field.

Ellen Piatt completes basic military training, and is now eligible for assignment to a hospital in this country or overseas as an army nurse.

From The Issue Of October 5, 1934  
American Tragedy near conclusion as prosecution cites damaging letters written by the defendant, Robert Edwards. Local people testify.

Joseph Korshalla, Larksville, is adjudged guilty in the shooting of William Beline, Lehman Township, when plaintiff attempted to prevent the defendant from trespassing.

Water situation will be brought before the PUC in Harrisburg.

Tender steak, 29c per lb; veal chops, 15c per lb; stewing lamb, 9c; butter, 2 lbs for 55c; sugar, 10 lbs for 52c; eggs, 29c per doz; tuna fish, 2 cans 25c.

## Little Theatre Notice

Box office for the first Little Theatre production, "My Three Angels" is now open at the work shop, 39 N. Washington Street, Wilkes-Barre. One of the leading characters in the performance will be Ted Raub, Park Street, Dallas.

Any one interested in membership in the theatre on a yearly basis, contact Mrs. Ralph Smith, Dallas 4-5286.

Laughing gas is nitrous oxide.

## THE DALLAS POST

"More than a newspaper, a community institution"

ESTABLISHED 1889

Member Pennsylvania Newspaper Publishers' Association  
A non-partisan liberal progressive newspaper published every Friday morning at the Dallas Post plant, Lehman Avenue, Dallas, Pennsylvania.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Dallas, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: \$3.00 a year; \$2.00 six months. No subscriptions accepted for less than six months. Out-of-state subscriptions: \$3.50 a year; \$2.50 six months or less. Back issues, more than one week old, 10c.

Single copies, at a rate of 8c each, can be obtained every Friday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas—Berts Drug Store, Dixon's Restaurant, Evans Restaurant, Smith's Economy Store, Shavertown—Evans Drug Store, Hall's Drug Store, Trucksville—Gregory's Store, Earl's Drug Store, Idetown—Cave's Store; Deater's Store; Fernbrook—Reese's Store; Sweet Valley—Britt's Harveys Lake—Deater's Store; Fernbrook—Reese's Store; Sweet Valley—Britt's Store; Lehman—Moore's Store; Kingston—The Little Smoke Shop.

When requesting a change of address subscribers are asked to give their old as well as new address.

Allow two weeks for changes of address or new subscription to be placed on mailing list.

We will not be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, photographs and editorial matter unless self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed, and in no case will this material be held for more than 30 days.

National display advertising rates 84¢ per column inch. Transient rates 75¢.

Local display advertising contract rate, 60¢ per column inch. Political advertising \$1.10 per inch.

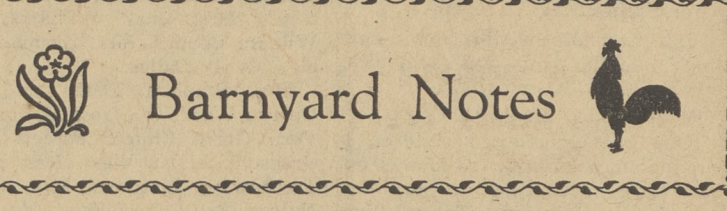
Advertising copy received on Thursday will be charged at 85¢ per column inch.

Classified rates 4¢ per word. Minimum charge 75c. All charged ads 10¢ additional.

Unless paid for at advertising rates, we can give no assurance that announcements of plays, parties, rummage sales or any affair for raising money will appear in a specific issue.

Preference will in all instances be given to editorial matter which has not previously appeared in publication.

Editor and Publisher—HOWARD W. RISLEY  
Associate Editors—MYRA ZEISER RISLEY, MRS. T. M. B. HICKS  
Advertising Manager—ROBERT F. BACHMAN  
Photographer—JAMES KOZEMCHAK  
Mechanical Superintendent—CLARK E. RUCH, JR.



## Barnyard Notes

PROGRESS REPORT  
(after two weeks without a smoke)

It takes neither courage, guts nor will power to stop smoking. I know! After more than thirty years of smoking a minimum of two and a maximum of four packages of cigarettes daily, I've quit. Now, I'm no Jean d' Arc, Nathan Hale or Walter Reed, so I say— if you want to quit you can!

I'm not attempting to convince anyone that he should or should not smoke. That's a personal problem that every smoker will have to settle for himself.

I'm convinced, however, that there are hundreds of thousands of smokers who want to stop; smokers who are sure cigarettes do them no good and who have tried at sometime or other to cut down on their smoking. They have found that it is difficult to stop—because they love the taste of a burning cigarette and crave its apparent soothing and relaxing qualities.

No doubt about it cigarettes are enjoyable if the smoker can keep his consumption under control, but there's the joker. Few can smoke as they would like to. They become creatures of habit and habit dictates how frequently and how much they will consume.

I envy him who can smoke when and as he chooses. He need have no worry about smoking too much or being able to stop at will . . . but he is a rare avis.

For those who would like to quit smoking and are perhaps afraid that they haven't the guts, maybe I can offer some suggestions from my own experience.

Once you are convinced cigarettes are doing you no good, and may be doing you harm, you have hurdled the biggest obstacle to quitting.

Make a mental note of the fact that God gave you a pretty decent and complicated body to start off with. You can attempt to preserve it or destroy it as you choose.

Your backbone and determination to stop smoking will be strengthened if you will talk with a man who has had a lung removed, or watch a friend with a weakened heart gasp for breath under an oxygen tent.

Now try this: start every day with a fresh unopened package of cigarettes. That's twenty cigarettes. Of course you're not going to stop smoking. You are just going to make a personal survey of your smoking habits in an attempt to determine your daily consumption and the annual cost of your cigarettes.

Accept no cigarettes from anyone else and borrow none during the day. At any hour you can count the remaining cigarettes in the package and tell just how many you have smoked since morning. Simple isn't it? Not many smokers have cigarettes that closely under control. There isn't one in a thousand who can tell you accurately how many he has smoked since he got up this morning.

If you run out of smokes during the day, buy another package. And if that isn't enough, buy a third package. But buy the package only after you are out of cigarettes, not before you run out. Never buy by the carton or more than one package at a time. There's a reason.

Now that you know the rate at which you are smoking try to wind up the day without buying another package. Let's say that you're normal consumption is two packages plus four cigarettes. Maybe tomorrow you can hold it down to two packs and have a couple of butts left at the end of the day.

How do you do it? Simply by controlling your consumption. You haven't cut out cigarettes. You are smoking almost as many as ever, but you are paying attention to the way and the rate at which you are smoking them.

Since we are creatures of habit, you'll be amazed at how many cigarettes you'll have left over at the end of the day, if you'll simply leave the package anywhere but on your person or in your pocket. Leave it in the glove compartment of your car or in a desk drawer—anywhere that it will be inconvenient to reach but always where you can get a cigarette when you have the desire to smoke.

Play this game for a few days. It's really fun. Tell yourself that maybe someday you really will try to cut down or cut out cigarettes.

Now what's going to happen? One of these days. Morning or late night you are going to find yourself out of cigarettes. You can always buy them at the store, but this time you decide to wait until morning.

What's happened? When you wake up you find you've gone twelve hours without a cigarette. There's none to smoke before breakfast or after coffee. (Remember that resolution never to borrow a cigarette.) You'll buy that package of cigarettes after you've left the house.

Brother what a craving you have now. If its Sunday morning or any other day when you expect to face few problems and little nervous tension, say to yourself, "Holy Smoke. I haven't had a cigarette since last night. I've got a swell start towards stopping." Put off smoking that first cigarette as long as possible. Tell yourself you're going to wait until noon before you buy the package.

Then tell every friend you meet that you've stopped smoking. You have. Since last night. Be sure to tell the boss. Get yourself thoroughly committed with everybody. If you can get past noon—while the cold sweat collects around your eyes and every nerve is on edge, you can get through the rest of the afternoon.

It'll take a couple of days to get the craving out of your system. It will help to chew licorice. The strongest and bitterest you can find. It will give your mouth the same lousy taste cigarettes always give.

Eat anything and everything you can find. Don't worry about getting fat. You can take care of that after you've licked the craving for cigarettes. But for the first few days you are off cigarettes pamper yourself on everything but smoking.

You've a perfect right to throw things at the cat and snap at your wife, but the funny thing is—you won't. After the first day, most dispositions are improved and by the end of the week you'll think you're a new man.

Will you feel better after you've been off smoking for a week? Yes, but you won't have restored your lost youth. You'll eat better, (Continued on Page Five)

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