

KENN-KENT. 112

August 29, 1947

My dear Miss Kensinger:

In answer to your letter of the 21st, I think you do not quite realize that the paper you sent me is a communist paper.

I have heard all of these stories many, many times. Probably there is a minute particle of truth in them, but there is also a great deal of falsehood. If some one is going back to his own country whether it is Latvia, Esthonia or Lithuania, completely prepared to accept the Russian domination, naturally they will find everything perfectly all right. If, however, they were already disillusioned by having their government changed, and do not want to be either fascist or communist controlled, they are not going to like communist control any better than they like the fascist.

It is perfectly true that Germany over-ran Latvia but before that the USSR had over-run Latvia.

Indicated
As to that ridiculous story of the Canadian slave market ~~and~~ could only be ~~probable~~ where no outside news to refute it can possible be published. It is probably true that workers going to Canada have to give a certain percentage of what they earn to repay the cost of transportation. They must be told that before they leave, but that they are forbidden to marry for two years and that they are kept in slavery, having signed a contract before they leave, I very much doubt. I am quite sure they are paid the prevailing wages.

Irena Filippova is a communist.

Very sincerely yours,

1658 Piikoi St.
Honolulu 21, T. H.
August 21, 1947

*Konanger
K*

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

Believing you to be deeply interested in the plight of the Displaced Persons in Europe, I feel that the enclosed articles from *New Times* may also be of interest to you. It is possible that you have already seen them and may even have thought of some way to bring more light on this very sad state of affairs. We who believe in you, in your deep sincerity and integrity, as we believed in that great and good man, Franklin Roosevelt, feel that you are in a position to do perhaps more than anyone else in our country to see that justice is done to these victims of terrible circumstance.

I have no hesitancy in saying that I believe this article written by Irena Filippova to be true. The piece rings with sincerity and she gives names of people unhesitatingly. Sadly enough, from experience with the press in my own country, I am compelled to say that the propaganda she reports as appearing in the camp papers is easily understandable to an American who reads all sides of the question. Personally, however, I am greatly puzzled as to why the Anglo-American governments of occupation are so averse to having these unhappy people return to their homeland. Could it be that, as indicated by the article on the importation of "slave labor" into Canada, these people could be looked upon as cheap labor in foreign lands? This seems incredible. Or is it the simple truth that the occupation authorities do not want people friendly to the Soviet Union to return to their homes? Have you an answer to this that satisfies you, Mrs. Roosevelt? I am particularly puzzled about the little children. This is enough to wring the heart of any mother.

May I at this time say something very personal and tell you that for years one of the great hopes of my life has been that you would visit the Soviet Union alone as I myself did in 1937. I firmly believe that such a visit from you at this time would be the best thing that could happen to our country and to the world. I was disappointed that your recent visit did not take in the USSR. The Russians had such high regard for your husband - such unbounded faith in his integrity. I am sure they must feel much the same toward you and it seems to me that a friendly and understanding talk between you and the Russian leaders would do much to clear the air of the terrible suspicion and fear that is clouding the world today.

NEW YORK
No. 10
of Orphans and the Neustadt Displaced
Persons Camp

Were Franklin Roosevelt alive today it would be a very different world. Just as surely as he knew that friendship with Russia was imperative to save the world from Hitler, so surely did he know that our only hope of peace lay in continued friendship with the Soviet Union. How many people in this country today long for his great heart and his steadying hand at the helm in this trying time as we had it through the dark days of war.

But, Mrs. Roosevelt, there is much you can do that he would have wanted done, I am very sure of it. As an American who is terrified at the prospect of a war more horrible than any yet known to mankind, I beseech you to do all that you can. Go alone to these camps with a sympathetic interpreter. Go to the Baltic States and see for yourself what is true and what is not. Go on to Moscow and talk with the Soviet people. I feel confident that there are millions of people in our country who would applaud this courageous action on your part and wish you God speed.

Sincerely and faithfully yours,

Adele Kensinger
Adele Kensinger

Latvian Orphans and the Neustadt Displaced Persons Camp

An Open Letter from Irena Filippova to Her Fellow-Countrymen and to the English Journalist, Marjorie Banks

THE PROBLEM of the displaced persons has of late been figuring largely in the press and in radio broadcasts. There are, as we know, many hundreds of thousands of displaced persons, and the public is naturally interested in their fate. Four and a half months ago I too belonged to their number. Far from my homeland, among alien and hostile people, for two and a half years I suffered hardship, cold and hunger, and all the time I was haunted by one painful thought: would I ever live to see the day when I could eat my fill even of plain black bread, but my own bread, not the bread of charity?

The other day I read in the newspapers that Marjorie Banks, an English journalist, spoke over the London radio recounting her impressions of "a visit to displaced persons camps."

Dear Miss Banks, I learned that you had conversed with many displaced persons in various camps, and that all of them allegedly told you that they had no wish to return to their home countries, because there was no place for them there. I do not know what camps you visited, or with which displaced persons you talked, because for some reason or other their names were not mentioned. It all vividly reminds me of my high-school days and the mathematical problems with many unknowns we had to solve. How I should like to know the name of at least one of these unknowns!

Nor do I know, Miss Banks, whether you have ever been forcibly torn from your country for any length of time. To judge from what I learn of your broadcast of May 7, you have not. Only one to whom nothing is sacred or precious can speak so coldly and heartlessly of the most precious thing a person has—his mother country.

I am not a journalist, and I have not made

Irena Filippova was recently repatriated from a displaced persons camp in the British zone of occupation in Germany. This letter was originally printed in the newspaper *Trud*, on June 15, 1947.

a tour of displaced persons camps. Nor can I express my thoughts so skilfully and engagingly. But I myself have lived many a long month in one of these camps. It is the camp in Neustadt, in the British zone of occupation of Germany. There are three thousand Latvians, Estonians, Lithuanians, Poles, Yugoslavs, Jews and other foreigners living in that camp. If you, Miss Banks, did not take in that camp in your trip, I would advise you to pay another visit to the displaced persons in the zone under the guardianship of your fellow-countrymen. I left that camp at the end of last year, and I do not think that much can have changed in it since.

It is you that compelled me to write these lines and request to have them made public through the press and radio. And in order that there may be no unknowns in my account, I will take the liberty of relating my history in a few words.

I am 27 years old. I was born in the Riga district, Latvia, and was brought up in intellectual surroundings. I finished high school in Rezekne not long before the outbreak of the war. The war prevented me from entering university, and generally it made a wreck of my life. I was young and naive, and like many girls in my circle I waited passively until the men would win the war and bring us back our freedom.

But one day in early August 1944 I suddenly found myself a German slave. I had gone to visit relatives in Ciekurkalns, in the outskirts of Riga. On the street I was stopped by a German patrol, and since I had no document on me showing that I was working for the good of Hitler's Reich, I was arrested and together with other men and women conducted to the labour bureau. Here I was assigned to a German ammunition dump as a truck loader and was sent to my place of work under convoy. Then, together with sixty other Latvian women, I was transferred to a slave battalion of the notorious Todt organization. On my

own Latvian soil, under a guard of gendarmes, I dug trenches for the German army and repaired roads. Then I was sent to Germany, to work in a factory in Berlin. Even during the worst of the air raids, when two or three thousand Allied planes were hovering over Berlin, we were not allowed to descend to the bomb-shelters: they were reserved for Germans only.

"We have plenty of working animals. It won't matter much if you are killed," we were brutally told.

In the winter of 1945 I found myself at the seaside resort of Kellenhusen, on the Baltic coast, washing clothes in the basement of a German military hospital. How I lived through that terrible winter I cannot tell. We laundrywomen and maids were fed exclusively on spinach and cabbage. We were never even given a potato, let alone bread. I recall with shame and anguish that once, driven by intolerable hunger, I slipped into the kitchen and stole a piece of bread and a fish.

In the early part of May British troops landed in Kellenhusen. We were jubilant—at last the long-awaited day of freedom had come; now we would return to our homes! But two days later all foreigners were transferred from Kellenhusen to another seaside resort—Haffkrug. All Germans were evicted from the town and twenty thousand foreigners installed in their place. Soon a Latvian children's home, Latviesu Majoru bernu nams (Latvian Children's Home in Majoru), was brought to Haffkrug. It had been evacuated to Germany in the autumn of 1944. With it were 110 boys and 10 girls of ages ranging from three to ten, whose parents had been shot by the Germans or consigned to prison or concentration camp. The children were in terrible condition, dreadfully pallid, with sunken feverish eyes, covered with sores and ulcers, in the last stage of emaciation, and clothed in rags. I was asked to be one of their nurses, and I gladly accepted the offer.

When, with the aid of UNRRA, we had clothed our charges and put some flesh back on their bones, and they began to look like normal children again, our manageress, Ilga Hainis, after consulting with the "Latvian National Committee" in Lübeck, sent in requests to the Red Cross to have all these children adopted, and measures were taken to have this done. We, their nurses, protested against this, for it was known that the majority of our charges were children of Soviet soldiers

and officers who had fought the Nazis, and not all of them, of course, could have been killed in the war. It was also subsequently ascertained that the mothers of some of the children had survived the Nazi jails. Moreover, all the children without exception had relatives in Latvia or Russia. We insisted that the children should be repatriated, in order that their parents or relatives might be sought out and the children returned to them. UNRRA officials interfered in the matter. The children were returned to the home, the manageress was dismissed, and the home was temporarily placed under the charge of the British Red Cross with a view to having it sent back to Latvia. But months passed and the home was not sent back to Latvia, but only transferred to Klingenberg, which is twelve kilometres from Lübeck.

I myself began to press for my return home. Instead, I was transferred to the displaced persons camp in Neustadt. Here, as I have already said, there were over three thousand inmates. The conditions were disgusting, we lived in the filthy and ill-adapted barracks of a former naval school, fifteen persons to a room. The rations were miserly. For breakfast we got nothing, for dinner only three-quarters of a litre of soup without bread, for supper 150 grams of bread and 30 grams of sugar or honey, or preserves—one or the other. With the exception of a score or so persons employed in the camp offices or with the guard, and a few UNRRA truck drivers, none of us had any work to do.

When we asked for work, we were recommended either to become German citizens and take a job in a German factory, or to go to Canada or Brazil or some other South American country. On the other hand, we were constantly being fed with pro-fascist and anti-Soviet propaganda and told all sorts of slanders about our country, and urged not on any account to return to Soviet Latvia. This propaganda was carried on in our camp by the Neustadt "Latvian Committee," which consisted entirely of fascist elements who had actively collaborated with the Germans. Here are their names: Grosbergs, 45-46 years old; Silins, lawyer, 45, Neimanis, schoolteacher, 34-35, and Zanis Stolz, 35. The latter had occupied a high post in the Latvian political department of the German SD in Riga. The others also came from Riga, but occupied smaller posts in the SD or other German institutions. No one had elected them to the "committee." They had

been appointed by the "Latvian National Council" in Detmold, which is headed by the notorious Latvian reactionaries and fascists Valdemaris and Bersins. Incidentally, last year, on Ligo Day (the Latvian national summer festival), Bersins visited our children's home and delivered a long anti-Soviet speech in which he urged us Latvians not to return to our country.

The Neustadt "committee" was actively supported in its propaganda by the legal office of the camp. There are such institutions in all the camps in the British zone. They are directed, with the knowledge of the occupation authorities, from Lübeck, by a certain Subans, who, it was said, had been either prefect of police or superintendent of the jail in Dvinsk during the German occupation. The business of the legal offices is to persuade Soviet citizens to renounce their country, to issue them "stateless persons" certificates, and to help them to become citizens of other countries—Germany, for instance, if they elect to stay there, or Canada, Belgium or some other country, if they consent to go there to work. The legal offices issued false documents to many Latvian Hitlerites and war criminals, helping them to conceal their identity, to cover up their crimes and to escape the retribution they deserve.

Lastly, the Neustadt "Latvian Committee" had such a heavy battery at its disposal as the press. Our camp daily received the following newspapers in the Latvian language alone: *Latvijas Bals* (Voice of the Latvians), *Latvijas Vards* (Latvian Word), and *Latvijas Vestnesis* (Latvian News), as well as the weeklies: *Cels Svesuma* (Path Abroad) and *Tauta Svesuma* (The People Abroad). In all, our camp received twenty-five newspapers and journals in Latvian, Estonian and Lithuanian, published under British or American license. And all these publications were unanimous in urging us displaced persons not to return to our homeland, and frightening us with all sorts of horrors that awaited us if we did.

The Latvian-language papers, for example, day in and day out assured us that Riga was in ruins, that there was no electricity, that the streetcars were not running, that the theatres and cinemas were closed, and that the streets were choked with rubble and nothing was being done to clear them. Of the Russians, who had saved mankind from Hitler's "new order," they libellously asserted that they were exterminat-

ing the Latvians and suppressing their national habits and customs and whole manner of life. We were constantly warned of the penalties we would allegedly suffer if we returned home, in particular, that we would be sent to Siberia.

In this way enmity is artificially kindled, and lies fabricated which in no way differ from the fascist propaganda of the ill-famed Goebbels.

It is under such pressure that the three thousand displaced persons, underfed and aching and yearning for their country and for useful work, are living in the Neustadt camp. The atmosphere in the camp is such, and the power of the fascists and semi-fascists on the "committee" and in the legal office so unlimited and uncontrolled, that no one dare speak of returning home. If it is a man that ventures to ask it, the fascist elements of the camp guard deal with him very simply—he is taken aside and beaten up. Then he is accused of having started the fight. If it is a woman who asks to be repatriated, then, with the tacit consent of the British camp administration, she is ostracized, and often enough left without food. I don't have to go far for examples. I myself am a living instance of such treatment. You must agree, dear Miss Banks, that in such a state of affairs the displaced persons will prefer, for their own safety, to keep silent or to reply, when asked, that they have no desire to return home. But you are a journalist, and should be trained to be observant. Can it be that you read nothing in the eyes of these unfortunates? Can it be that their worn and prematurely aged faces told you nothing? Or did you prefer to interview only the administrators of the camps?

How can one be so bold as to publicly declare that the displaced persons do not want to return to their home countries? How can one so insult these unhappy people?

When I was at Kellenhusen and Haffkrug, I often heard British officers and soldiers, your fellow-countrymen, Miss Banks, say that "facts are stubborn things." Yes, facts are stubborn things, and are not to be evaded. Here are a few more of them.

While I was working in the children's home I wrote a letter to my sister in Riga. The reply reached the children's home after I had already been transferred to the camp. Friends found a way of delivering it to me. My sister appealed to me to come home; she told me how she was living, and how splendid Riga is

in the summertime (the letter was written last summer), how lovely are its parks, gardens and boulevards, with their flocks of playing children and the pigeons which feed out of their hands. We Rigans love our city and are proud of it. Naturally, this letter soon became known to all the Latvians in the camp, and they were all overjoyed that Riga was alive and intact. But this simple message from home at one blow upset all the designs of the "committee" chiefs. They did not like this letter at all. They wouldn't. It was proclaimed Red propaganda, dictated to my sister by the Cheka under threat of death—and I was declared to be a silly and irresponsible girl. This was in September 1946.

But no matter what they said of me, after I received this letter I was determined more than ever to return home. And with this decision, at the risk of my safety, I went to the director of the camp, Captain Carnell of the Canadian army. He was shocked by my request. After a few minutes' reflection, he said that this was the first time in his experience in Germany that any displaced person had applied to him with a request to be repatriated. Apparently owing to my "youth and inexperience" I did not quite realize what a risk I was running by my thoughtless decision to go back to those "barbarous Russians." Nevertheless, I was not to be dissuaded, and Captain Carnell in the end was forced to give me a letter to his chief in Lübeck, Major Sturt of the British army.

What he wrote in effect was: "I am sending you a young and irresponsible lady and request you to talk to her about her frivolous wish [these two words were underlined by Carnell] to return home to Latvia. If the young lady should persist in her intention, please tell her how to go about it..."

And the conversation I had with Captain Carnell was repeated all over again, except that Major Sturt was extremely solicitous about my health and worried that I might catch cold en route. By way of explanation, I should mention that, between the time of my first application to Captain Carnell in the latter half of September 1946 and the time I received the letter from him to Major Sturt over six weeks had elapsed, and it was now the end of autumn and the cold weather had really set in.

To cut a long story short, in the end I got Major Sturt to send me to the Soviet Repatriation Mission in Lübeck, and in the latter

part of November 1946 I left for Latvia. On January 9, 1947, I arrived in Riga.

I do not think it necessary to refute the malicious and deliberate lies spread among the inmates of the Neustadt camp about my country. The truth is stronger than falsehood. All I will say is that, in spite of the exceptionally severe winter, we in Riga lived in warm houses, brightly lit with the electricity supplied by the restarted Kegumska hydroelectric station on the Daugava (Western Dvina).

I have been working now for several months at the Bo'shevichka (formerly Buffalo and Latvijas Kokvilna) Textile Mill, as secretary to the manager. I get a good salary and am very happy in my job. I hope in the autumn to begin studying to enter university.

Early in May, elections of members of the trade union committee were held at our mill and the mill girls and office staff at their general meeting elected me by secret ballot secretary-treasurer of the mill committee. I was overjoyed by the confidence shown in me by my fellow-workers. Being a trade union functionary is a great honour, and I devote all my spare time to trade union work. And just now there is much to do. The summer holidays have begun and our committee has bought out of its own funds places for thirty mill hands in sanatoria and rest homes on the Riga riviera and in the Crimea and the Caucasus. Ours is a large mill and so far we have received few places, and they have to be properly distributed, so as to see that the best and most deserving of the workers get them. These places will cost our working women nothing, and moreover we shall pay their fares there and back. The mill management is also acquiring a number of places out of its own funds. All this, of course, does not mean that any operative or office clerk, not to mention foremen and engineers, cannot at their own expense spend their summer holidays in any sanatorium or rest home or make a tourist excursion through the country.

In conjunction with the management, we are arranging in addition to send nearly all the children of our employees of school or pre-school age to the seaside for the whole summer. The cost will be covered partly out of the trade union's social insurance fund and partly out of the management's fund. The parents will have to contribute only a very small sum, roughly ranging from 10 to 20 per cent of the cost of maintaining one child at the summer camp.

In this connection, I should like to revert to the question of the children who are still at Klingenberg, in Germany. What crime have these tiny beings committed that they are not being sent home to their mothers or relatives? I do not know how, but the mothers of four of my former charges recently sought me out. One of them lives in Moscow, the other three in Liepaja. And they all specially came to Riga to learn about the fate of their children. Here are their names: Zinaida Mazharova, mother of seven-year-old Yuri Mazharov; Tatyana Gurtovaya, mother of eight-year-old Nikolai Gurtovoy; Yevdokia Serdyukova, mother of eight-year-old Yuri Serdyukov, and Maria Mukhamedova, mother of six-year-old Victor Mukhamedov. Their fathers, officers in the Soviet Army, were killed in action, heroically defending their country and saving the nations of Europe from fascism, yet the British occupation authorities are keeping their children in Germany and not sending them back to their home and the mothers who bore and suckled them.

I ask you, dear Miss Marjorie Banks, do you claim that these boys of six, seven and eight, too, do not want to return to their mothers? How is it you did not see these things when you toured the displaced persons camps? Or are not "independent" journalists expected to talk about such things in your "free" press?

In conclusion, I would like to say a few words to my friends and fellow-countrymen. I want to tell you, dear folk, that your country is waiting for you, its sons and daughters. Work will be found for all of you, and oh, how sweet and delicious is the bread grown on one's own native soil—not the bread of charity, but bread infused with the generous sap of the Latvian land!

I appeal to you, Edit Pfeifer, and your husband, Janis Kainin. Who among the Latvian intellectuals and true lovers of the arts does not know you, dear Edit, you who for so many years was Latvia's prima ballerina, or your husband, our well-known composer? When I go to our opera house and see the ballets "Don Quixote" or "The Fountain of Bakhchisarai," with their rich new costumes and new gorgeous settings, or hear my favourite operas, "The Barber of Seville," or "Rigoletto," or "The Queen of Spades," or "Carmen," I always think with pain and grief of you, dear Edit, and your husband. You, a gifted ballerina, in a strange

country and among strange people, have to earn your living dancing on tables to the accompaniment of your husband, a first-class composer, in English clubs for the amusement of British officers as they sit sipping their whiskey. You are still too young and too goodlooking to exchange the great stage of the real theatre for dubious triumphs in an English cabaret in occupied Germany.

Don't believe the liars of the "committees" and "centres." These adventurers and political scoundrels were never patriots of our Latvia. They have always traded in our country, and from established habit they are doing so now, all the more since the way back to their country is barred to them and their foreign masters pay well. But honest people like you your country will welcome back as a mother, who will forgive and comfort and caress with her healing and soothing hand.

I also appeal to you, my dear friends, Rosa Briedis and Marta Belova. Take your young charges from Klingenberg, those tiny citizens of our Latvia, and come back home with them. Germany or any other foreign country is no place for you Latvian women. Only don't abandon the children, and remember that until you have returned them to their mothers you stand in the place of father and mother to them. Remember this and save the children; be firm and persistent. Right is on your side.

And a few words to you, my friend, Pauls Eimanis. You are young, and you have a fine profession. The other day I went to the Riga docks to find out whether ocean-going navigators were needed. I was told that they were not only needed there, but also badly needed at the Liepaja and Ventspils ports, where the shipping season is now in full swing. They told me that they needed all sorts of seamen. Get away from the camp now, before you have forgotten your navigator's craft and have not lost the knack of your beloved profession. Stop doing the work of an unskilled labourer in alien Bremen, and come home. We in Riga are expecting you. It is very lovely here just now, with the whole city swathed in vivid and gorgeous greenery. In a word, everything is as it was of old, before the war.

Cordial greetings from your motherland, dear friends and fellow-countrymen. Greetings to all who know and remember me. I shall be happy if these sincere greetings reach you. May we meet soon in our homeland.

Riga, May 28, 1947

IRENA FILIPPOVA

INTERNATIONAL LIFE

NOTES

A STRANGE PROCEDURE

More than eighteen months have elapsed since the United Nations General Assembly decided to set up a Commission for the Control of Atomic Energy.

On December 14, 1946, the General Assembly passed a resolution on regulation and reduction of armaments, in which it was specified that one of the primary and most urgent aims was to expedite the prohibition of atomic and other weapons of mass destruction and their elimination from national armaments.

The peoples of the world are following the deliberations of the Atomic Energy Commission with the deepest interest, and expect it to take concrete measures to achieve the aims set by the United Nations with the least possible delay.

However, the Commission is making little headway.

The reactionary press of the United States, Great Britain and other countries is trying to lay the blame for the small progress made in this field on the "obstinacy" of the Soviet Union. But the facts tell a different story.

At a meeting of the Atomic Energy Commission on June 11, 1947, A. A. Gromyko, the Soviet representative on the Security Council, submitted recommendations supplementing and developing the proposals made by the Soviet Government on June 19, 1946.

The Soviet proposals are motivated by a desire to expedite the implementation of the United Nations' decision to prohibit atomic and other weapons of mass destruction.

They formulate the basic principles for an international agreement or convention for the control of atomic energy. In order to ensure that atomic energy is utilized exclusively for peace purposes, it is proposed to establish strict international control over all enterprises engaged in the extraction of atomic raw materials, or in the production of atomic substances and atomic energy. It is suggested that an International Control Commission be set up within the framework of the Security Council to exercise control over atomic energy plants. The

composition, rights and duties of this commission are defined, the principal methods of inspection of atomic energy plants indicated, and the basic principles governing atomic research outlined.

One might naturally have expected that the Soviet Government's proposals would be taken under consideration by the Atomic Energy Commission without delay and would result in an agreement to establish international control.

But the whole matter became involved in the usual procedural casuistry. The Soviet proposals were discussed at a meeting of the working committee of the Atomic Energy Commission on June 12. The working committee consists of one delegate from each of the countries represented on the Atomic Energy Commission, and its business is to examine plans and proposals submitted to the Commission. Osborn, the United States representative, insisted that the Soviet proposals should be considered by the working committee, and that the recommendations drafted by the Secretariat on the basis of the American proposals should be discussed in Committee No. 2, which examines and makes recommendations on matters pertaining to atomic energy control.

The purpose of this strange division of functions is apparently to have the American proposals discussed separately from the Soviet proposals, and then, after they have been adopted by a majority in the Commission, to set them up in opposition to the Soviet proposals.

Osborn, it is true, stated that the Soviet proposals were a "very important contribution" and that their submission should facilitate agreement, but at the same time he declared that there were big differences between the Soviet and American proposals and that they should therefore be examined in different committees.

That there are differences between the Soviet and American proposals it is true. In the first place, in contradistinction to the vague and deliberately confused principles of the American project, the Soviet proposals are ab-

an independent and sovereign state were "absolutely fantastic." It is quite obvious that entirely different tasks are contemplated, and the first of them is to suppress the democratic movement and to remove from the political arena all who are demanding genuine independence for Burma.

This policy is bringing Aung San into conflict with the masses. Revolt is rife in many parts of the country. Reuters Rangoon correspondent reports that the government has been forced to evacuate a number of districts in Southwest Burma. Extensive territories are controlled by guerillas. In some areas the insurgent inhabitants have set up their own government bodies.

The British authorities sent British and Indian troops to quell the guerillas. But the three months' war in the jungle brought no laurels to the British officers. Meanwhile, Reuters reports, the military campaign in Central Burma has been suspended "owing to the advent of the monsoon."

Under the pressure of popular discontent, Aung San has made a demagogic gesture: he has published the draft of a constitution, in which it is stated that Burma is to be proclaimed an "independent sovereign republic."

This new declaration was greeted with deep scepticism in democratic quarters. For the value of such declarations is well known. The *Manchester Guardian* frankly intimates that the declaration regarding the independence of Burma is nothing but a political trick, declaring:

"If the Burmese did not claim the name of independence they would certainly want the substance of it."

It is this "name of independence" that Aung San, at the behest of the British, is trying to impose upon the Burmese people, who desire, demand, and are working for real independence, in other words, emancipation from British colonial rule.

THE CANADIAN SLAVE MARKET

Judging by reports from Ottawa, a new item has appeared in Canada's import trade from Europe: white slaves destined for the lumber camps and industrial plants.

This profitable enterprise for the Canadian capitalists was started by a well-known manufacturer and Liberal member of the Canadian parliament, Dionné. The first contingent of slaves—one hundred Polish, Ukrainian, Czech

and Baltic girls—arrived at his textile mill at the end of May from Germany. Since this is the 20th century, the girls were not brought across the ocean in the foul hold of a slave ship. The Liberal Canadian slaveowner has introduced a modern technique into the business. In Frankfort on the Main the girls were loaded on to planes and delivered to Canada by air. But there the difference between the methods of the 20th century and the methods of the 18th ended. In all other respects Dionné has proved a worthy disciple of the piratical slave-traders who used to provide black captives for the cotton planters of the South in the U.S.A.

While still in Germany the girls were compelled to sign a contract which unequivocally indentures them to servitude. It binds them to work for their master for two years at miserable pay, not enough to provide even decent food. In this period they have to refund transportation expenses (300 dollars per head) and pay off the cost of their clothing. Furthermore, the girls are forbidden in these two years to marry!

The scandalous action of the Canadian parliamentarian and manufacturer earned him unpleasant notoriety. Protests poured in from public organizations and trade unions in all parts of the country sharply condemning the government for permitting employers to import cheap labour in violation of all legal labour standards. Tim Buck, leader of the Labour Progressive Party, declared that the conditions of labour of the Polish girls at Dionné's textile mill amounted to legally sanctioned slavery. Vice president of the textile workers' union, Byarnson also vigorously protested against the recruiting of white slaves in Europe.

The matter was debated in the Canadian parliament on June 2. Many sharp strictures were passed on Dionné and the government. But the slaveowner has powerful protectors. Among them are members of the Canadian government Louis St. Laurent, Humphrey Mitchell and Allison Glen. They had only one argument to advance, namely, that the Polish girls would be better off in Canada than in Germany.

To all appearances, the Canadian capitalists intend to derive the maximum advantage from the sore straits in which the displaced persons in Western Germany find themselves owing to the fault of the British, American and French occupation authorities, who are preventing them from returning to their homes. The newspapers report that the Canadian government intends to issue an order sanctioning the

importation of 23,000 displaced persons, chiefly Polish and Soviet Baltic nationals. Fourteen hundred are shortly to be sent to work in the lumber camps of Ontario. Two thousand young women will be recruited in Europe as domestic servants.

In other words, the slave market in democratic Canada is flourishing.

All this throws a revealing light on the real background of the policy of the representatives of Great Britain and the United States with regard to the displaced persons.

Cultural Life in Poland Today

S. MARKHLEYSKAYA

SURVEYING the ruins of Warsaw, the traveler wonders: can life ever spring anew from this sea of destruction? But if he looks more closely, he will detect, amid the black, charred skeletons and grey rubble of gutted buildings, spots of flowering red—the red roofs of houses that are being restored.

Warsaw in springtime is a city of flowers. They are sold on practically every corner. And it is the dwellers in the ruins that buy them. These piles of lilac and narcissus, tulips and roses are symbolic of the vitality and energy of the people who are rebuilding martyred Poland. Amid the ruins and flowers you see houses, factories, power stations going up. And Poland's culture, her schools and institutes, universities and academies are reviving too.

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The Nazis tried to wipe out Polish science. But even under the occupation Polish scientists and scholars carried on their work and succeeded secretly in preparing a number of research works for the press.

This year the Polish Academy of Science in Cracow (founded in 1872) is 75 years old. The Academy has published numerous scientific works. It is bringing out a "Polish Encyclopaedia," a "Polish Bibliography" and a "Bibliographical Dictionary." A six-volume "Dictionary of Polish Dialects" has already come off the press. The Department of Philology has published the "Records and Researches of the

Language Commission," thirteen volumes of the "Slavonic Studies Annual" and over a score of volumes of a popular work on "The Polish Language." Other publications are a "Library of Polish Writers" and "Records Dealing with the History of Literature and Education." In the ethnographic field, the Academy has published two volumes of "The Folk Culture of the Slavs" by Professor Kamoszynski, and Oskar Kolberg's "The People, Their Customs and Way of Life." It has also brought out a collection of old poets of the humanist school.

A number of historical works were printed last year. These include "An Account by Ibrahim ibn-Jakub of His Journey to Slav Lands," published by the History Commission with a preface by Professor Tadeusz Kowalski. Tadeusz Lehr-Splawinski has written a book on "The Origin and First Home of the Slavs." Interest in Slav problems is a characteristic feature of Poland's scientific life.

The Polish Academy of Science maintains stations in Paris and in Rome. The Academy's library numbers 190,000 volumes, 2,000 manuscripts and about 1,500 early specimens of printing, dating back to before 1600.

The material damage which Polish culture suffered through the German invasion is estimated at 4,700 million zloty (at the pre-war rate of exchange). Polish libraries lost about 15 million volumes. Losses sustained by museums exceed 450 million zloty. The losses of theatres, apart from the destruction of theatre buildings, amount to 92 million zloty.