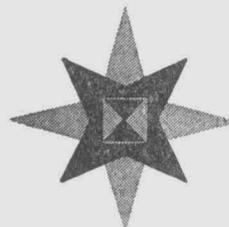


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VOL. 1 NO. 5

NOVEMBER 15, 1944

AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE

"Lay Upon Us the Burden"

by CLARENCE E. PICKETT

Clarence E. Pickett, Executive Secretary of the American Friends Service Committee, recently arrived by airplane in England where he is consulting with British Friends concerning present and future undertakings in foreign service. At this time, with communications again being established on the Continent, when both private and public organizations are planning how best to meet the world's need for relief and rehabilitation, the AFSC constantly seeks to rediscover what should be its unique task. The following is taken from a radio address given over national outlets earlier in the year by Clarence Pickett. It indicates the nature of the mainspring of Friends Service.

Forty years ago, a brilliant young Englishman strode like a giant across the pathway of a quiet, placid Society of Friends. He was born to wealth and privilege but he suffered a severe illness and finally lost his eyesight. Rather than cutting off his usefulness, this young man, John Wilhelm Rowntree, marks a change in the whole life of the religious body to which he devoted himself. A prayer which he uttered in his middle thirties just before his death goes like this:

"Thou, O Christ, convince us by Thy spirit, thrill us with Thy divine passion, drown our selfishness in Thy invading love, lay upon us the burden of the world's suffering."

Little did this young man know how prophetic the last words of this prayer would be. The burden of the sufferings of Europe and especially Germany and France following the last war rested heavily upon his co-religionists, both British and American. Today, perhaps more profoundly than ever before, this burden for all of us seems too great. Certainly the call for a healing ministry from this little religious body exceeds its spiritual strength and numbers.

Power of the Spirit

But this prophet did not look upon the sufferings of the world as being met only by techniques of relief and new patterns of external living. "Drown our selfishness in Thy invading love"—how clearly he saw the necessity of persons whose motivation is not only secular, whose compassion and love is not limited by political boundaries or national affiliations. For the moment he saw light through the transforming eyes of the divine. In all men there was the capacity for love and expression of affection, the ability to be touched and changed in their attitudes by a deep and genuine outpouring of the life of the Spirit. There was an immediate association between the kind of persons that we might be and our effectiveness in being able to carry the burden of the world's suffering. There could hardly be a prophetic note more tuned to the need of today.

The people in many of the countries of Europe and the Far East have had stripped away from them practically all which helped to support our external

pattern of life—property and prestige gone, often homes destroyed, families separated, confidence in the sincerity and integrity of public officials lost, food for the body so scarce as to endanger life. In some respects, the prayer of John Wilhelm Rowntree that the burden of the world's suffering might be laid upon the Society of Friends may well be thought of today as being answered by and for all religious people in America.

By and large, we Americans have been exempt from most of the tragedies characteristic of Europe and Asia. We have food, shelter and clothing. We have the possibility of greater nervous stability. But we shall meet people who have been completely disillusioned, having confidence in no one. We shall need humility and profound patience. It will depend upon the quality of our spirit whether we can share the poverty, loneliness and sense of defeat, and try again to rebuild the network of relationships about the world.

God in All Men

If we, as Americans, are to be effective in the healing of the nations, we shall need not only to give political support to the organization for carrying relief, but we shall not stop with financial support to either private or public benevolence. Most important, we shall need a broad and pervasive sense of penitence for the ineffective way in which we have lived our deepest convictions. We shall require a new and living dedication to the belief that there is something of God in the life of all men and that we may be the instruments of kindling that spark of life and making a difference in society.

It may seem that these words apply only to relief workers going abroad. Of course, in a unique sense, they are true of those to whom we entrust that responsibility. But we who stay at home will play our part in creating a national climate, either of humble sharing or of selfish withholding.

It is laid upon all of us Americans to free ourselves from hate and revenge and to pray for an unconquerable confidence in the ability of man to become, as one ancient mystic has said, "the candle of the Lord in a dark world."

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Displacement of Peoples in Europe

Howard Wriggins, American Friends Service Committee representative in Italy, in forwarding a report from Eleanor Cohu of the Marseille office of Secours Quaker, says:

"As you know, large numbers of the Jewish groups had been living underground with false documents and names. Bit by bit, as they regain confidence, they are declaring themselves according to their true status."

Also with the report, a note from a correspondent of the Overseas News Agency, points similarly to the "most interesting and complex situation here (inside France). I have been fighting hard to avoid generalizations on limited observation, which is all that is possible. The displaced persons and refugee question reaches tremendous proportions. Far more Jews survived than anyone had thought, for one thing. Their position economically, and very important psychologically, is very difficult."

AFSC delegates, engaged as they are in relief and rehabilitation work in various centers in Europe, are

vividly aware of the enormity of the problem of the refugee and of displaced peoples. Students of migration and population estimate the figure to be between twenty and thirty millions, including all categories of displacement, as well as major displacement within countries. The great majority of these peoples will be able to return home in a comparatively short time after cessation of hostilities, it is hoped; but a considerable number will be long-term refugees, who for one reason or another, will not wish to return or will be unacceptable in their home countries. There exist, also, the stateless, who are either by law, or in fact, men without a homeland.

The final settlement of this huge task will have to depend on governments and public and private organizations with the support of concerned citizens behind them. In the meantime, to AFSC workers in foreign service and at home the problem of displaced populations, the refugee, and the stateless is brought into vivid personal terms as revealed in the reports published in this issue.



Deportations from Toulouse

According to a report from the Toulouse office of Secours Quaker, Jews were being deported to the north as late as the end of July of this year. The following account, dated July 29, describes the departure of one group:

"We have the authorization to visit the camp in town where the Germans have interned the Jews arrested on racial grounds. There are men, women and children. We are able to give some extra food and to help obtain some medicaments. The Secours National has been giving them very poor food for the past few weeks, so we help with 50 grams (app. one and one-half ounce) dried vegetables per person daily and some cacao and milk for the babies and children.

"We are also allowed to go to the station when prisoners or Jews go off in convoys to the north. We have discovered that the lack of drinking water is very severe, but they usually have enough food for the journey. We all go—nearly the whole office staff—to the station to distribute food and something to drink. Last Sunday we spent the whole day there, from nine to one o'clock, and then went back to the office to prepare rice because there were far more people than we were told. It was a transport of nearly 1600 people.

"At four o'clock we were back at the station, staying until nearly ten at night, giving out food and fetching water continuously for those thirsty people.

As there was only one tap about half a mile from the train, it took us naturally an enormous amount of time. We have been asking everybody to bring us empty bottles, which we wash and fill with drinking water and hand into the cars. Fortunately we have received several hundreds of them. Some people bring only two or three as bottles are very scarce, others ten or twenty. It is really comforting to see how everybody is willing to help.

"Our former camp work has dwindled very much, as one refugee camp has been liquidated for several months, the people being put into hostels or assembly centers. The whole population of another camp has been sent to work in Germany, and what remained of a third camp left in the transport last Sunday."

* * *

FOOD FOR FRENCH CHILDREN

A cable from the American Friends Service Committee representative in Geneva, dated October 5, reads:

INTERCROSS (International Red Cross) JUST REPORTED OUR PURCHASES FOOD FRENCH CHILDREN NOW THEIR WAREHOUSE GRENOBLE WILL BE DELIVERED MARSEILLE AS SOON AS TRANSPORTATION POSSIBLE

A GOOD MEAL IN NORTH AFRICA

"The first thing I was asked was whether we still had chocolate sodas and ice cream in the States. The French diet here in Casablanca now is adequate but quite plain and not very tasty even if one has plenty of money. The American mess is a paradise in the midst of need. I had supper with a young Polish refugee the other night. He has a good position, and his wife served a good meal—barley soup and macaroni and black bread, that was all."

(Report from AFSC delegate in Casablanca, October 15)

* * *

OUR CHILDREN NEED EVERYTHING

A letter addressed simply "To the Friends of the European People in Pennsylvania, U. S. A." has come to the American Friends Service Committee in Philadelphia from Rome, Italy.

The letter reads: "I heard on the radio about your wonderful organization.

"I am writing to you, hoping that you can help the Italian people who are now at a great loss. They are terribly needing any possible help, both material and moral.

"Hunger is great, but the need of learning how to live in a free country is not less great; and it would be just as good a deed to come to help these people, especially in this tremendous time of war, so full of terrors. The people need to have a good word said to them and to be helped materially by men who have a high conception of life and its value.

"Our children need everything, and more than anything else, the shining smile of their parents which brings them to be happy and light-hearted. But how can a father present himself at home, smiling, when he knows there is nothing to feed his children, or when he knows he did not find the medicine absolutely necessary to make his baby joyful and healthy again?

"It is all this that has brought me to send you this letter and to claim your human aid in this moment for the Italian people, so much touched by war and the fighting on his land and homes.

"If I can be of any help, I will be willingly at your disposal for anything useful to your high and human committee."

This letter, speaking of the human needs and desire for freedom of common people in lands ravaged by war, might have come from almost any country in Europe.

The Committee has two representatives working with displaced persons in Italy under the Inter-Governmental Committee for Refugees; but the AFSC is not at present working directly with the Italian people.

England's Old People

Friends Relief Service in England has been operating hostels for children, convalescents, and old people evacuated during the London blitz and the later robot bomb attacks. The following quotation from the September issue of the FRS publication, *The Star*, indicates a problem which will arise with the end of hostilities:

"The end of the war, which most people so heartily long for, is often viewed with complete dismay by old people in our hostels. For those of them who have no homes to which they can return when evacuation schemes come to an end, and who must face up to the prospect of spending their remaining years in an institution, it is little wonder that they dread the thought of being asked to leave a hostel where they have been well cared for and have felt themselves to be part of the 'family'."

Considerations are under way to continue operation of the hostels for one year after war ends. According to *The Star*, "Our FRS hostels have undoubtedly done something to help focus the attention of the public on the problem of right accommodation for old people who cannot live alone or be looked after by their relatives. In time, we hope that better provision for old people can be made; but, for the time being, there is a real need for voluntary bodies to continue experimenting in this field."

* * *

NO SOAP BUBBLES

Before he left to be AFSC delegate at Casablanca, Willis Weatherford found room in his baggage for a few small gifts. He writes: "My baggage arrived and with it the things which you gave me for the children at the Garderie (a nursery for children of working mothers). The modeling clay produced a quite passable auto under the hands of one child; the crayons produced a house. I was interested to note that the house was not like an American child would draw with door, windows and pointed roof, but with flat roof like the architecture of this region quite naturally. The marbles and spy glass were also put to good use; but the bubble soap was too precious and so never saw the bubble blower. It was taken by a mother to scrub her youngster. Soap is a real problem here. The ration is a piece of yellow soap, about the size of hand soap, per person per month. There is always some to be had on the black market, but the price is prohibitive. The mark-up is shown by cigarettes which are two and one-half francs at the Army post exchange and about 40 francs on the black market."

Gardens in the Egyptian Desert

by HENRY RUSSELL

Henry Russell, formerly of the faculty of Bowdoin College, is one of the ten AFSC appointees to the Balkan Mission of UNRRA. His letter, written from El Shatt, a camp for Yugoslav refugees east of Cairo, indicates the need for versatility in the welfare worker. His letter arrived in Philadelphia the last week in October along with reports from others of the AFSC group.

Almost immediately after I got here, Major Bekker, the commanding officer of the camp, told me to make a survey of the agricultural possibilities of the camp.

The sand has a rather high salt content in the low spots, but given an elevation of thirty or forty feet above sea level, the salt content seems to lessen so that things can be grown if water is available. But water is a precious commodity in the desert and we could count on the use of only a few hundred gallons of clean fresh water per day for garden purposes. However, the whole camp uses about 300,000 gallons of fresh water per day, and some of that water could be re-used on gardens. But this also involved certain difficulties. There is no main sewage system for the camp, although one is planned. Instead, below each ablution bench and each cook-house and each bathhouse, there is a sump to catch the waste water, and this water is gradually absorbed into the surrounding ground. Now we could by buckets get at this sump water and use it for gardens. The sump water is reasonably clean, and is entirely separate from the latrines. I noticed that some of the refugees were already using this waste water to grow little gardens around their tents.

Flower Beds Started

So with this general picture, I went back to report to Major Bekker, and he told me to go ahead and see what we could make grow—anything and everything. For the past four weeks, that is just what we've been trying to do.

I've gotten to know an Egyptian farmer in a nearby area, and I'm gradually getting ideas from him on what to plant and when to plant. Major Bekker has advanced me £ E 50 (\$208) to buy seeds. It's taken time to find where seeds can best be bought, but I'm gradually learning the places. Flower seeds are very hard to get anywhere short of Cairo, and very expensive there. Each garden differs in some respects from all the others, and all of them are very much on an experimental basis. In one garden the soil is simply sand, fertilized with tea leaves. In another one we have river soil with tea leaf fertilizer. In another river soil, and horse manure; in another a mixture of sand, river soil, and horse manure. In front of the hospital laboratory, I've been trying to transplant little desert plants into straight sand, but so far we've had rather pathetic and discouraging results.

Universal Language of Farmers

And now something about the people involved in

this desert agricultural venture. In the first place, we've had excellent cooperation from almost all of the army officers. Many of them, including Major Bekker, were South African farmers in peace time and are keen to see anything green growing, and do everything they can to help. As for the Yugoslavs, I'd estimate that eighty per cent of them were fishermen—farmers along the Dalmatian Coast, and they are pathetically eager to be doing what they've always been used to doing.

One little story will illustrate the point. The gardener for the administration buildings area is a Dalmatian vineyard keeper, Mijo Saric by name—simple, hearty, pleasant, commonsensical—not much on talking, but strong on slow, steady hard work. The other day I got a military permit allowing him to come with me to visit my Egyptian farmer friend. For me it was a rare experience watching a Yugoslav farmer meet an Egyptian farmer. Both of them smiled sheepishly at each other and shook hands. I made some feeble attempts at interpreting from Yugoslav to Arabic and vice versa, but for the most part they got on quite well with sign language and with the universal language of their own common farming experience. They compared notes on how to transplant, how deep to plant certain seeds, etc., etc. They exchanged cigarettes—and all of this without one intelligible spoken word being exchanged between them. The Egyptian farmer showed us around his place, and suddenly Mijo Saric's eye fell on a grapevine—the plant he'd worked with all his life in Dalmatia. His whole face lit up and he went over to the vine and handled it gently, almost tenderly. He asked the Egyptian if he could cut off a couple of shoots. The Egyptian smiled and nodded assent. Mijo Saric took the grapevine shoots and laid them solemnly, reverently in a bucket along with some other plants we had got. Later that evening, when we were back here, he carefully transplanted the shoots and watered them. He knew in his heart that there wasn't a chance in the world that he'd stay here in the desert to see those shoots grow into grape-bearing vines, but at least he was again working with something familiar and real to him—and he was satisfied and happy.

I imagine that in the work of the Service Committee it's impossible to figure on a mathematical scale whether any given investment is paying dividends; but if members of the Committee could have seen the look in Mijo Saric's eyes as he handled those grapevine shoots, I think they would have felt that the money they're investing here was well spent.

From Switzerland: "Transfers Requested"

Month by month, in letters and cables, messages telling of "transfers requested" have brought the American Friends Service Committee in closer touch with some of Switzerland's 30,000 civilian refugees. Since March, 1943, friends and relatives of these refugees have, through the AFSC, sent a total of \$69,344 in large and small gifts to 1,708 beneficiaries.

This service was undertaken originally to answer a need where other channels did not exist; but the opening of communication in Europe will probably mean a decreasing need for such help.

Behind the figures, the human stories spring to life in the cables and letters which come from Marjorie McClelland, the committee delegate in Geneva. Behind the figures, also—on this side of the Atlantic—are people vitally concerned for relatives abroad. Frequently, the word from Geneva is the first assurance they have had that members of their families are alive and safe.

Personal Stories Revealed

From time to time, a letter is forwarded to Philadelphia as it was received in the Geneva office:

"Dear Mrs. McClelland:

I know that you help me always if you have the possibility, therefore I address to you.

My son, Harry Konigs, 19 years, is a soldier in America. I believe that he is an American citizen since two years. I have nothing hear from him since eight months and I am very, very troubled. I have lost all my family, without exception, I have nobody than my son. You can understand my sorrows.

Have you the possibility to send a message to Henry Forster, Chicago, Ill., 14th Place, and to ask how is my son? I do not know if the messages arrive from America. Perhaps you could have news by the consulate.

I would be very grateful to you if you could help me.

Many thanks and kindest regards,

Paula Konigs."

Some refugees make specific requests for money: "Sarah Sloss received funds from her relatives through the Quakers when she was interned in France. Now she has escaped to Switzerland. Will you give her new address to her relatives and ask if they can resume assisting her?" Or again: "Helga Runk is a 17-year-old girl whose father is in England and whose mother and sister have been deported. She is alone, but has an opportunity to study in Zurich if her uncle in America can send her some money." The committee files are full of such glimpses into the personal needs of many of Europe's refugees.

On receipt of such requests, letters are written to the relatives—the addresses may be Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Brazil as well as the United States—to give them the messages and to explain the services which the AFSC can perform. Funds can be transferred to Switzerland, but censorship does not permit cabling direct welfare replies. Eventually, however, by way of the AFSC Lisbon office, word of our contacts with the relatives does reach Geneva and the refugees.

The requests for financial assistance on the part of refugees in Switzerland can be readily understood; for Switzerland has been faced with the task of caring for 70,000 refugees—some 40,000 of these being military. Work camps and special homes have been opened within the very restricted section allowed by the military authorities. A systematic program must be followed by each refugee, from quarantine camp to reception center to "permanent" camp or home. In most instances, the refugee has reached Switzerland without funds and with only the clothes he is wearing. The few who do have money must put it in a special blocked account from which only so much is released each month for minimum expenses.

"Morale Goes Up"

The AFSC, through the Geneva office, distributes clothing to the camps and children's colonies, being especially responsible for all centers, camps and homes in the three Cantons of Geneva, Vaud and Valais. Direct relief grants, especially to young refugee students are made, and similar grants go to older refugees who want refresher courses in their professions to prepare them for work as soon after the war as that becomes possible.

In commenting on the effect of such financial relief for refugees in Switzerland, the AFSC delegate wrote:

"These unfortunate outcasts have been 'erniedrigt und beleidigt' (this German title of a book by Dostoevski always comes to me when thinking of their lot) for so long, denied so flagrantly the most elemental claims of human dignity; that one cannot, if this lies at all within one's power, do less than help them adequately. How magical is the effect on their personalities of relief from constant material anxiety! If one can not only be kind, but help make a minimum security possible for them, they change overnight, their morale goes up, and they can face their wretched lot with infinitely more courage and dignity."

* * *

RELIEF NEEDS FOR MARSEILLE

"The most immediate and urgent needs in this region appear to us to be the following: milk, for children of all ages; proteins, fats, medical supplies, warm clothing, shoes, house linen, and kitchen utensils for bombed-out population."

Secours Quaker report, Sept. 1944

One Becomes Stateless

by DAVID HARTLEY

David Hartley is an AFSC representative in Italy, working with the Inter-Governmental Committee for Refugees.

Last night I went to dinner at the home of my driver. Present were his father and step-mother, his sister and his brother-in-law. All are at least partly Jewish and have arrived from Yugoslavia within the last year. They live in a four room house, slightly better than the average refugee, and we had a very nice dinner and evening there.

In the course of the conversation, the question of their future arose. It seems that someone in Rome had said in a meeting that emigration to America and Palestine was practically non-existent and that it might be wise for refugees to take the opportunity offered of becoming Italian citizens.

They were asking my advice on whether to continue to hold off until it might be possible to go to the United States or to Palestine, or to accept citizenship in a country with a questionable future or to return to Yugoslavia whose future is still more doubtful in terms of what they have been accustomed to. To sheer off the floss, they were trying objectively to weight their chances for settling down in a country to a life of peace and love and security. Can one even try to answer!

To be truthful with them, I had to be pessimistic about the possibilities for Palestine, America, or other English-speaking countries except on an individual basis.

They themselves rejected Italy not only because of her past actions but more because of her doubtful future both political and economic. Besides, they wondered, what is to prevent her from subsequent withdrawal of citizenship now offered under Allied pressure.

The question of return to Yugoslavia was more complicated. Until now, those wishing recognition by either the Royalists or the Partisans were forced to sign an allegiance to one or the other. Like others of their group, they waited to see which side was likely to win; and by their actions (because it meant not joining the Army) have brought down the racial idea from both sides.

Now that the two factions have had what seems to be more than a paper union it should be easier, but there are still unknowns and questions about the future. Other factions and ideologies are involved, and further delay on a decision may cause difficulties with their Yugoslav nationality.

A natural reaction in a situation such as this is to hold off a decision until the situation has sufficiently been clarified to assure at least one's personal safety. However, in the world today there is a point at which a government may say: "Well, you have not declared yourself as Yugoslav while we were in

trouble. Why should we accept you as Yugoslav now that the fighting is almost over?" Just exactly how long one can delay is the question, for beyond a certain point one is likely to become stateless.

It would seem that war rather catches up with the average fellow and forces him to declare himself. One must say "I do" or "I don't"—"yes" or "no"—without qualifications. There is apparently no place today for shades of belief, shades of meaning, shades of ability.

* * *

Central Location Index

Persons in the United States trying to trace missing relatives and friends in foreign countries can now have the advantage of a centralized service through the establishment of a Central Location Index. This cooperative service will list all inquiries regarding persons in war-torn countries and will serve as a clearing house for information concerning them.

The cooperating agencies are: American Christian Committee for Refugees, Inc., American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, Inc., Hebrew Sheltering and Immigrant Aid Society, International Migration Service, National Council of Jewish Women, National Refugee Service, Inc., and the American Friends Service Committee. Applications for this service should not be made to the Central Location Index but to the local offices of the member agencies, with the exception of the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee which does not receive applications.

Most communities have at least one local agency affiliated with one of the Central Location Index member agencies, and inquirers are urged to seek out such an agency, because various advantages are derived from making application in person rather than writing to one of the national offices.

BLUE JEANS: TWENTY DOLLARS

The AFSC delegate in Casablanca reports that there is always a need for relief clothing, which is given to many refugees or others released from internment. Often these people have only the poor clothing they are wearing, with no possibility of acquiring more. Willis Weatherford reported in October: "A shirt costs 600 francs or twelve dollars if one can find it. Blue jeans work pants cost twenty dollars, butter is five dollars a pound, and a similar amount of tea sells for twelve dollars. A good suit of clothes of pre-war quality costs 300 dollars. None of these things are in the stores. They are only sold on the black market."

The Homeless Find a Home

by OLIVE H. WHITSON

America is traditionally a land which offers asylum to those who long to be free; but for the refugee, arrival in America, the dream of years of flight and internment, is not the end but the beginning of a new kind of struggle. There is loneliness, the problem of adjustment in a new land, and the need for friends. The American Friends Service Committee tries to minister to this need through Powell House, 130 East 70th Street, New York City, Sky Island hostel in Nyack, N. Y., and through other Friends Centers in the United States. Olive H. Whitson, director of Powell House, describes the program there:

Powell House, opened in September 1943, has now entered upon its second year. The primary object of any program which is carried on here is to facilitate understanding and friendship. The CRIER which is issued each month carries to 1400 people news of the house and the program for the coming month.

Things to Do

For many, the house supplements the very inadequate housing which a large city offers at this time. Many people coming here live in small furnished rooms which are more like cells than homes and the opportunity for a glimpse of somewhat gracious living and a place where they may ask their friends to join them for a cup of tea is genuinely appreciated. Most of the people using Powell House have come from homes of culture and opportunity, and very often they have expressed their appreciation for a place which they feel is an extension of their own home.

Two groups of women meet on Monday and Wednesday afternoons. One of these groups does sewing for the AFSC Clothing Committee and a number of Americans meet with them so that English conversation may be carried on. The discussion group on Thursday evening has given an opportunity for many to take part in the discussion of current problems in American life and contribute their knowledge of conditions in their native country. A play-reading group gives a chance for the reading and discussion of current plays, while a luncheon group on Tuesdays brings together people of many nationalities. This group always has an invited guest who opens a discussion on some topic of general interest. Public facilities are many in a city like New York but all too few opportunities are given to newcomers to know the more intimate ways of American life. Some Friends have opened their homes and by special invitation many people have shared this more intimate participation in American ways. A large number of requests have come for talks on Quakerism, and there is a genuine interest among the groups to gain a fundamental knowledge of Friends beliefs and practices. Saturday evenings

usually offer a planned social entertainment. Sunday afternoon is open house and many people come then to meet their friends and to make new acquaintances. The informality of meeting over a cup of coffee meets with the general approval of every nationality.

"Friends for Human Beings"

The majority of those using the house are over thirty years of age. High school and college age young people make adjustments readily in a new country and we would feel that we were doing a dis-service if we urged large numbers of them to make Powell House the center of their social life. However, many come to the house, and one group—made up of about half Americans and half foreign born—came last spring asking for help in planning a course in group leadership. They all belonged to clubs of young people meeting without trained leaders. This proved to be a most interesting course and the group itself felt that Powell House offered a neutral grounds where any topic could be discussed freely. Now the same young people are working on plans for a nine-weeks course in which they will discuss the problem of minorities in this country. Busy men and women of distinction in their fields are giving of their time to meet with this group.

Although Sky Island in Nyack, N. Y., is operated as a summer vacation hostel entirely separate from Powell House, many of the participants are the same. To most of them, Sky Island is a place of almost magic beauty and friendliness, offering a rare opportunity to learn American ways.

Their own words give evidence of the meaning it has for the participants: "I have just received your letter saying we may return to Sky Island. You cannot imagine how happy Mother and I feel, Mother having more than 70 years almost jumped to the ceiling!"

And again: "We would like to tell you how grateful we are to the AFSC, to the directors of Sky Island, and to all the ladies and gentlemen on the staff who were so friendly and busy, always with a smile, always helpful, running the stairs up and down. Now we begun to understand what real friends the Society of Friends are for human beings."

Unity with Schaffhausen

Early in April, American bombers mistakenly released their deadly missiles on the Swiss border city of Schaffhausen. The American Friends Service Committee, desiring to express its sympathy with the stricken people of the city, asked its representatives in Switzerland to forward a gift to the mayor as a token of friendship. The following is the exchange of letters between Marjorie and Roswell McClelland, AFSC delegates, and the mayor of Schaffhausen, copies of which have only recently arrived in Philadelphia.

Stadtpräsident
Stadthaus
SCHAFFHAUSEN

April 19, 1944

Dear Sir:

In the name of the American Friends Service Committee I ask you to accept a contribution of one thousand francs (\$250) toward the relief of the victims of the bombardment which, due to a tragic error, your city and its citizens recently suffered at the hands of our countrymen.

It was with profound distress that the members of the Religious Society of Friends in the United States learned of this disaster which had befallen Schaffhausen. This gesture, small in the face of the magnitude of the personal and human bereavement of many of your citizens, comes as an expression of the deep sympathy of the Society of Friends in North America.

Having concerned itself during the past twenty-five years in Europe and in other parts of the world with the relief of many innocent victims of the last and present wars, the American Friends Service Committee is more deeply convinced than ever that war, with the human suffering and destruction which it inevitably brings is totally and tragically unacceptable as a means of resolving human conflicts.

In bearing witness to these ideas I send you this contribution from our committee in the United States for the people of Schaffhausen.

Very sincerely yours,

Roswell McClelland, Delegate.

Marjorie McClelland writes that "the original of the following reply looks very impressive with a black border of about one-quarter inch, and the large envelope entirely lined in black."

CITY OF SCHAFFHAUSEN

May 5, 1944.

American Friends Service Committee,
Geneva, Switzerland.
Dear Sirs:

As an expression of your sharing and sympathy in the great misfortune which our city suffered through the regrettable attack of the American bombers on April 1, you sent to the City Council for the benefit of the city population your fine gift of 1000 francs.

We readily believe that you and the members and friends of your society are as distressed as we ourselves by the inconceivable fate to which we have

fallen victim and which besides claiming the lives of forty persons, did untold damage to individuals, to property, and to works of cultural value.

We accept your gift as a sign of your unity with us in this disaster and as an expression of the sincere sympathy of the Society of Friends of North America.

In behalf of the City Council we have the honor to express to you our warmest thanks for your deep understanding and generous donation in the name of our sadly stricken population and especially in the name of those citizens who were directly affected by the disaster.

We hope that the sacrifice which the city of Schaffhausen had to make to the demon of war may preserve our Swiss fatherland from such disasters in the future.

With the expression of our deep respect,

On Behalf of the City Council,

Secretary of the Treasury.

* * *

SHOES NEEDED FOR FRANCE

"As to what the children had on their feet, it was often simply unimaginable. Old shoes with soles coming off, with toes and heels sticking out. Sometimes the ends of shoes grown too small had been deliberately cut off. Some small boys wore women's old shoes with high heels, much too big, and the children had to walk cautiously balancing themselves. One child I saw had two small boards tied to his feet with strings. Many had taken on an odd shuffling gait so as to keep this varied foot gear on."

Secours Quaker report

* * *

SWEATERS FOR FRENCH CHILDREN

"I was taken to a study hall where the clothing was carefully arranged with the name of each recipient attached. The supervisor asked the children to sing a few songs. Then the time to give the clothes came, and I was delegated to hand over to each child his bundle. Delight and amazement at owning such pretty brand-new dresses filled their eyes. Not content with looking, some buried their noses into their treasures and smelled them with ecstasy."

Secours Quaker report

China Convoy

by CLEMENT WHITE

Clement White writes his impressions after arrival in China in September to become part of the Friends Ambulance Unit on the Yunnan Front. He is now doing administrative work at the Kutsing Hostel.

The newcomer to the Kutsing hostel of the Friends' Ambulance Unit's China Convoy witnesses much coming and going. He is aware of constant discussions between ever-changing groups of Unit men and visitors. He is conscious of a casual purposefulness about it all; but nearly everyone is too busy, or too unassuming, to do much explaining. It is only after a few weeks' residence and a session or two with Unit veterans in front of a big wall map of China, that the day-by-day events begin to take on meaning.

He is shown on the map a town captured by the Japanese a few weeks ago. The gaunt young man who seems to have nothing to do, and who gets two eggs at breakfast when others get one, was recently in that town. He was a FAU man assigned to help operate a hospital there. Now he is under doctor's orders to rest and eat until he has overcome the effects of his long forced march ahead of the Japanese advance. Soon he will join another medical team at another part of the front.

Problems of Supply

Sometimes the hostel bustles as the Quartermaster outfits men departing for medical teams or truck drivers about to start off with a convoy. The latter may be on the road for weeks, or even months. The supplies are limited, but the Quartermaster tries to meet the needs, which may be anything from shoe laces to sleeping bag repairs.

The garage men perform near-miracles in keeping on the road trucks that ordinarily would long ago have been scrapped. Whole new bodies are turned out in the workshops, which also manufacture from local materials everything from charcoal burner parts to special splints and wooden legs.

Problems of Health

A smiling young doctor appears at the hostel and is immediately put to bed. He had walked for 14 days to reach the railroad nearest the war-isolated town where his team is running a public health hospital. Already he has survived typhus and relapsing fever. When his present fever subsides he will return to his hospital with three of the Unit's medical personnel as reinforcements. The doctor is happy that a Chinese official has promised ten pack mules to carry the supplies he is taking back with him.

A slender FAU Unit member, also on a two-egg diet has just relinquished management of a leper colony to which he was "loaned" by the China Convoy. In some parts of the Orient, the leper hides his disease in mortal fear of his neighbors. If they knew

of his plight they might destroy him and his entire family. The Unit is proud of the leper colony's recent growth. It is mark of the confidence of lepers who voluntarily came out of hiding for treatment. The FAU member has extensive clinical records that should be of value to students of this disease.

Delousing Station Established

One member who is in and out all day is supervising the construction of a delousing station in Kutsing. Recently he established one in another district, using bamboo for water pipes and oil drums for heaters. The station provided baths and treatment for scabies, and deloused the clothing of as many as 600 persons in a day, thereby greatly reducing their chances of contracting typhus and relapsing fever.

The youthful doctor and business manager who come in for an occasional evening, and the regular hostel residents who disappear into the center of Kutsing each morning, are operating the local Huei Tien Hospital. This project helps meet the great medical needs locally, and it also gives FAU members a knowledge of conditions in China to supplement the training they have had in their homelands. After a few weeks of laboratory, operating theatre and ward work at the Huei Tien, trainees are assigned to FAU medical teams or to other posts according to individual skills.

On one particular morning in the wards and in the out-patient department, one trainee watched the young Convoy doctor deal, among other things, with typhus, typhoid fever, relapsing fever, tuberculosis in several forms, opium addiction, syphilis, malaria, gunshot and other wounds, trachoma, and a variety of infections and compound fractures. His afternoon was devoted to operations.

The new man in the Convoy soon learns that FAU members take risks—more often with diseases than with bombs and bullets—and that some have lost their lives. There is little sign of complacency. Most of the complaints and dissatisfaction comes from a desire to do a better piece of work.

The newcomer has an everyday demonstration that robust living is not incompatible with a deeply held purpose—the kind of purpose which the members seek to strengthen in meetings for meditation and worship seven mornings of the week.

The vastness of the need inevitably leads members to put emphasis on tangible results, on statistics of patients treated, operations performed, tons of drugs hauled and delivered. But that does not blind them to the truth expressed in one of the mid-week meetings: what is done is less important than the Spirit in which it is done.

View of the Famine by Elephant

by ERIC W. JOHNSON

The following account tells of a trip to north Bihar province in India to discover what might be done for famine victims. Eric Johnson, AFSC delegate, was accompanied by Glan Davies of the Friends Ambulance Unit.

At Madhepur on the edge of the Kosi River district most badly affected, we were told of the relief problems by the Indian official in charge of relief work there. They have a population of 30,000 in the river belt. The total money that has filtered down to this far-away spot where the greatest need is, is merely 800 rupees. In the area there is only one saline operator for cholera, and only one microscope. They have only mepacrine for medicine, and they have used herbs found thereabouts to make "20 gallons of medicine." There are entirely too few medical centers and most villages have no help at all. In normal times the situation is bad enough; now, aggravated by abnormal war conditions and high prices, the Kosi River area is in a very serious state. But the people in the river belt hang on because they have nowhere to go, and no means to move.

We drove by ekka cart (a one-horse, two-wheeled no-springs vehicle which gives one the fullest benefit from each bump in the road) to a relief center where there is a "hospital." It is really a shed covering a rough bamboo platform where dying people can rest and be fed. The people who were there were in the worst condition I have ever seen. At a canteen, barley and sago are given the sick, and kichuri is given to the merely undernourished. The recurring costs for feeding 3000 children are 2300 rupees per month (about \$700).

Isolated Villages

We took a country boat through the Kosi waters. The three villages we saw were completely isolated, except for boats, or for those sturdy enough to walk two or three miles in shoulder-deep water—which malaria sufferers sometimes do in order to get some mepacrine. There is an acute shortage of boats, most villages having none. We were told that in these villages, half the population was dead, mostly from malaria last year and cholera this year. We stopped off at two villages and the Indian army doctor distributed medicines to those with fever. He had a hard time getting away from the village.

We Ride on Ram Prasad

The next morning, one of the Indians came up and whispered in my ear: "Elephant has come!" And, lo, in the yard there was an elephant with a mattress on his back, waiting for us. Five of us climbed on and were ready to go. The three main impressions from the top of an elephant are that you are high up, that the elephant is very big on top, and that an elephant's hairs are sparse and coarse.

The driver was an unhappy little man who called his elephant all sorts of names and was armed with one small stick, one large stick, and one small hatchet, presumably designed for different degrees of obstreperousness in the elephant. The elephant was 35 years old, did not engage in politics, we were told, was partial to the Hindu religion, and was named Ram Prasad.

No Live Births

It is impossible to describe how isolated these villages now are. Once they were connected by fairly good roads; now they are reachable only by boat, of which there are few, and even with a boat it took us an entire day and part of the night to visit two villages. The first one was Karhara where I was able to ask some questions—no mean feat when everyone wants to babble at once in Hindustani.

There have been no live births in the village for five years. In the village, there was no head man, no rich man; everyone was reduced to a state of absolute poverty, they told us. There was a Brahmin boy who said he was fifteen years old, though it was hard to believe. Last year his family numbered five; now they were two, the rest having died of malaria.

The children have ugly, grossly distended bellies. The people all said they would like to move, but they have nowhere to go. The population was 2000, but is now 500. Everywhere there are broken-down huts and deserted shacks with water running through the walls.

Their Great Friend America

The people thought we were saviours, and that America was their great friend and would bring them all things. It is really embarrassing when you aren't sure whether you are going to be able to do anything or not. While we were talking, one of the health inspectors was giving out mepacrine tablets. There was a great crowd of out-stretched palms begging for them.

The gratitude of those in remote areas merely for a visit from far and wealthy America is so great as to be embarrassing. One gets the impression from every side that India hopes for a great deal from America now and after the war. Our relief program is, perhaps, a slight answer to their hope. One wonders, though, whether America can possibly live up to other people's expectations of her.

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