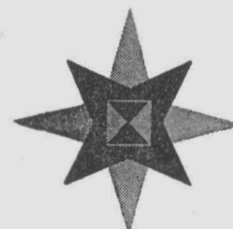


FOREIGN SERVICE BULLETIN



THE GERMAN QUAKERS AND THE WAR . 134

A DAY IN TOULOUSE 135

GERMAN PRISONERS IN FRANCE . . . 135

THE TENGCHUNG HOSPITAL 136

CHINA PICTURES 137

DEVASTATED VILLAGES IN ITALY . . . 139

VOL. II NO. 10

NOVEMBER 15, 1945

AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE

The German Quakers and the War

German Friends before the war numbered about 275, rather thinly scattered throughout Germany, with Berlin, Frankfurt am Main and Bad Pymont the chief centers. They were not descended from the "breathing, hungering, seeking people solitarily scattered up and down this great land of Germany" to whom George Fox, Robert Barclay and William Penn preached in 1677, but constituted a Yearly Meeting newly formed in 1925 as an outgrowth of work done in Germany after the war by English and American Friends. When the Nazi storm broke in 1933, there began for German Quakers a time of testing that culminated in the war years.

Though regular communications are not yet established, it is now possible through various channels to put together a picture of their sufferings during the war and to get a glimpse of their plans for the years to come. Even in its bare outlines it is a story of magnificent devotion and steadfast courage.

The Suffering of the War Years

Many of them were in concentration camps. A member of a British Friends Relief Service team in Germany reports: "A French internee spoke of German Quakers interned at Buchenwald where he had been for some time. He said the Commandant had offered to let them out on parole but they had refused this privilege. Subsequently they shared the usual ill treatment and were considered to take their punishment almost as well as the Communists." Leonard Friedrich of Bad Pymont spent three years at Buchenwald, where only the food packages sent him by his wife out of her own meagre rations kept him alive. One woman was sent to Poland, another to a concentration camp in Mecklenburg. One man died shortly after his release from prison. Rudolf Kustmeier, who was sentenced in 1934 for political reasons, declared that his long period of imprisonment had only served to strengthen his faith in the principles for which he had had to suffer. The Hermanns of Frankfurt were imprisoned in May, 1943, in two different camps, Eva for helping Jewish people and Karl for listening to the BBC. They came through their experiences physically depleted but strong and radiant in spirit.

Help to Jewish people during those years was carried on steadily at great risk in Berlin and Breslau as well as in Frankfurt. Help to prisoners of war, which was also given by Friends in various cities, was apparently permitted by the Nazis because, according to Rudolf Cohen, who with his wife, carried on this work in Munich, they understood that English and American Friends were doing the same type of service.

"In spite of all difficulties and daily threatening" Fritz and Martha Legatis in Breslau took care of Jews and prisoners of concentration camps, as well as English and American prisoners of war, sending

them food and letters and, where they could, helping the families. With their two sons the Legatises held meetings at their house in which they explained Quakerism to students and others who were interested. Their son Gert "was able to do a wonderful work in the University against the Nazis." After he completed his medical studies he was sent as a physician to Russia, where he was taken prisoner and contracted tuberculosis. Friends are now trying to have him taken to Switzerland for treatment and care.

German Friends have also suffered severely from the war itself. Rudolf Schlosser, formerly principal of a school for delinquent boys and later dismissed by the Nazis, was killed by an Allied bomb in 1944. He was, as Hans Albrecht said, "a relentless seeker for truth who took truth seriously," a deeply religious man of whom Germany now has need. Many Friends were bombed out, some more than once. Others were wounded or taken prisoner.

The Quakers Face the Future

Their homes damaged and destroyed, their families broken by death and illness, separated one group from another by the breakdown of transportation and communication, Friends in Germany face the world after the war. A few of them managed to meet in Bad Pymont in July and send out to Friends everywhere a poignant letter, part of which was quoted in the September **Foreign Service Bulletin**. Meetings for worship have been resumed in the partially destroyed Quaker Center in Berlin and from 20 to 24 Friends were attending in August, though the trip from the suburbs took three hours or more.

They are eager to work for the regeneration of Germany. Friends in Frankfurt are concerned about the adolescents who, having no school or occupation, are roaming the rubble-strewn streets and getting into mischief. Others look toward helping people who have come out of concentration camps. Two Friends would like to establish a Rest Home near Frankfurt. Hans Albrecht in Berlin is on two committees for helping concentration camp victims and Jewish Christians for whom there are no other services available, and he is besieged by all kinds of people who come to his house asking for help. The Legatises are going on with their lectures and their meetings in Kassel, where they now live in one room. August Fricke, also in Kassel, is in complete charge of educational reconstruction here. A doctor has opened a Quaker office in Flensburg and hopes to locate missing children and families separated by the war.

"We are at the point, now that the years of horror are over," writes Emil Fuchs, one of the Berlin Friends, "when we may hope, although as sinners and penitents, to work for the building of a new day."

A Day in Toulouse

by MARGARET DE SCHWEINITZ

Margaret de Schweinitz, Professor of French at Vassar College, who did relief work in France after World War I, returned to France last June to work with Secours Quaker. She is now with the Delegation in Toulouse, whose work consists chiefly of supplementary feeding, clothing distribution, and the visiting of prisons and camps. This letter describes the work with the children:

This has been a day of action. I was practically on my own as far as feeding the hungry is concerned. First, I must decide whether a Vacation Colony of Little Scouts (**Louvetaux**) should have milk in addition to the cheese and barley which had been allotted to them. No, we had best keep the milk for the very young and very old in **gouters** and family food packet cases. That was a hard one, for the young welfare worker who was to shepherd the little wolves was so modest in her demeanor. At eleven, came the Clinic, more keenly interesting each day. This morning an eighteen-year-old boy brought three of his younger brothers—seven in the family and no mother. He was concerned about two of them who had had bronchitis too often and were indeed to be watched; he himself needed nothing except to hear from his entrance exam to Saint-Cyr. Next came a wraith of a child of three whose mother shook her head, and one felt instinctively that the month of sweet cocoa and bread would be unavailing. Into the midst of children tugging at shoe laces and laughing a little under the doctor's gentle chiding, came a German protegee of Helga's, one time at Gurs, all at a loss, with no French and a swollen face. After I'd struggled for fully ten minutes—my German is coming back but it's not what you would call facile—it turned out T. had already routed the woman to Oeuvre de Secours aux Enfants, Fraulein Wurzberger had had her into the kitchen for a chat, and

she merely thought this nice young doctor might have a better idea and why not try him! Then Lilli the assistant and I found ourselves carefully weighing some healthy girls who were invited to the Cantine for four days because their own student restaurant had closed before exams were over, and it was one o'clock and we told them **Ce n'était pas la peine**.

After lunch I was checking what children remained to be examined in the box of little square yellow filing cards when Le Gagneur appeared. Sonia had a stitch in her back and would I please take her place at the Trinité Gouter this afternoon? Nothing would please me more! Four p.m. saw me installed at the door with the foolscap pages and a stubby blue pencil in front of me, and, at my right hand a clothes basket full of bread, which gave out a strong, fresh, and somewhat suffocating odor of rye and I know not what other flour. And behold all the little fellers, silent and peaked, jolly and dirty, polite and earnest, some with their mothers, most on their own, just from school, shoving their crumpled cards toward me and giving name and number from Puymartin (Henri de) to Lautmann. Mme. Bernard was inside making up the Hacosan and hot milk which one or two **Eclaireurs** (Girl Scouts) help her serve. One boy asked for his sister's bread, as she had gone to the country, and a six-year-old whose mother said he was never sick cut in with, "**J'ai une dent qui bouge**."

German Prisoners in France

"Recently I made my first visit to a nearby camp of German war prisoners, taking with me a young Frenchman, an attender at our Friends Meeting here who recently returned from a prison camp in Austria and who has had a deep concern to visit German prisoners. We went in the evening, because we knew that the men would have returned from their work and we might have a chance to talk. The American officer sent for the German officer in charge and we were given a tour of the camp. He spoke warmly about Friends' work in Germany after the last war and was quite helpful in answering my questions.

"That night, the prisoners were having their first performance on a stage which they had built themselves and for two hours we sat with the men and listened to a program of poetry, music, clowning, and little dramatic sketches, very well done. There were two general themes, homesickness and camp life. Every other word, almost, was **Heimat**, and

everyone sat with a grave face and a wishing look. It was a strange experience for my French friend who had suffered so much and for me who have suffered so little to be with German prisoners in a camp in the middle of the ruins of Le Havre, singing together, and trying to understand each other.

"You can see, perhaps, why I often feel that we are all mad to let the world exist the way it does—a French prisoner visiting German prisoners in Le Havre and comparing with them his life in Austrian camps, British and Americans working to alleviate some of the suffering caused by bombers from their own countries—there are too many incongruities. The only sanity left is that which comes from meeting each other face to face, from the smiles of children who have eaten and are clothed, and from the confidence which comes out of silence and friendship. Some day we may all be worthy of each other."

—Harvey Buchanan, Secours Quaker, Le Havre, France.

The Tengchung Hospital

by JOHN W. PERRY, M.D.

Condensed from a full report by Dr. Perry, who is head of the China Convoy's hospital in Tengchung.

Last year opened a new phase in China's war; for the first time it was becoming apparent that Chinese troops could be expected to push the Japanese back out of their strongholds. The Unit was thus faced with a new opportunity for work much after its own heart, that of relief and rehabilitation where the hand of war had recently been ravaging. Along with Lungling, Tengchung was the great battle of this campaign, the major city of the area recovered. What better beginning could there be for our experiment!

Tengchung is a walled city of a normal population of 50,000, renowned for its wealth and influence and for its beauty. The hand of war really did ravage the city. Some four or five Chinese divisions had surrounded the 2,000 Japanese defenders and pounded them for six weeks until there was not a house left standing, a roof intact, or a Japanese living. This was the scene into which two of us stepped as we rounded the last mountains on the back trail from Paoshan. The Japanese were still holding the next town, Lungling, and part of the road, so that we had to take to the hills, bringing our small luggage of essential equipment by coolie caravan. The progress of reconstruction was well indicated in the way our team arrived group by group during the successive weeks, the first by back trail, the second trekking the road, the third by jeep, the fourth by truck, and the fifth by air!

Preparations Are Made

We were shown a half-destroyed library and a temple which looked tumbled-down and stripped of wood. The latter, forbidding though it appeared, seemed the better choice, but we knew it would take a lot of overhauling to make it into anything presentable. Work was begun on December first. A temple lends itself beautifully to adaptation for a hospital. Here the stage over the gate was ideal for an operating theatre, its two upstairs wings for male and female surgical wards and private rooms, its downstairs ones for male and female medical wards, isolation wards, dispensary, lab, and business office.

It was made clear from the start that FAU was not come merely to make a gift of a hospital, much less of a temporary one, but that we wished merely to help the Hsien of Tengchung in establishing their own municipal hospital. Helping a people to help themselves is certainly the most fruitful sort of relief work. We presented the broad plan of keeping a team there big enough for a full staff for a year, during which time we would be pulling out bit by bit as native staff took over from us, making the transi-

tion smooth so as to secure the maintenance of proper standards as set up by us.

The New Hospital

The great day for moving into the new hospital started in mid-January. There is always an evil phase before getting set up when emergency work must be handled. Up to this time we had been carrying our emergency in-patients in two small upstairs rooms, squeezing in twelve beds and the families of the patients in the spaces between. There was no kitchen for them and no way of caring for them except through their families. The whole appearance and atmosphere was that of a refugee-carrying freight car. The Out-Patient Department had been going smoothly enough, averaging up to forty visits a day, held in the little front shop. Now, however, we could let go a deep sigh of relief as we lined up our double row of beds in the upstairs wards, with their uniform sheets and blankets, and no families about, and with a nurses' office at the far end for watchful supervision.

At that time, also, we started on a new project, which was that of training nurses. Only a few weeks after we had first arrived, two Burmese girls stranded on the plain here during the occupation had come to offer their services and ask for training; not much later a local girl who had worked in a small private hospital before also made the request and then another Burmese who had worked with Dr. Seagrave. In April the Unit took on four Kunming University girls, who were volunteering for membership as an alternative to military service. These girls had the kind of background and intelligence which was necessary for good training, and were very quick to catch on; the effect was a setting of a greatly improved pace for the other trainees and the taking of much of the load of ward work off the hands of our trained staff.

The Cases

The medical work that we found awaiting us was at almost all times enough to keep us quite busy. The crying need which became apparent early was to handle all the many explosion wounds that kept occurring from day to day. Tengchung was in effect one large dump of unexploded ammunition. There were amputations of all kinds from week to week, and emergency minor operations and dressings enough to keep people well satisfied. The rest of the cases were fairly routine according to seasons, though the sources from which they came were interesting to us. A third of the patients were usually from the Burma Highway Engineers, with explosion

wounds from dynamiting operations. A third were army, with the usual contagious diseases. At times we received tribes of people from down the valley toward Burma. Truck accidents occurred quite regularly; in China the pedestrian adds to the usual complications of the road by never missing the chance of having his pursuing dragon-spirit cut off and killed by vehicles. It may be gathered, then, that the Tengchung project was really a rehabilitation one, and not relief in the sense of handling cases suffering acutely from displacement and poverty of populations.

Plague, of course, broke into the narrative in the early months, and served especially, from the hospital's point of view, to complicate questions of personnel. Our contribution was mainly urging public health measures locally and sending off a team for an emergency hospital just in time for the end of the epidemic.

Medical Team Number 8

The Tengchung team grew into a much more sizable affair than had been visualized at first. When we began, it had seemed that a team of eight would be sufficient, but by the spring we had fourteen and were still fairly busy. The particular pride of the team was the international representation: English, American, Canadian, Scottish, Burmese, Indian, and Chinese.

Our house was large and comfortable, after work was put into it, and most important, it was big enough for plenty of guests; we soon became conscious of its role as "Tengchung Hostel," where anyone passing through this end of Yunnan would stop in for a meal, if not a night or week-end, or even, in many cases, a month at a time. British and American military people came, English and French missionaries, Chinese medical personnel, most of whom became good friends and all of whom seemed to take a liking to the atmosphere of the place. Probably what was most satisfying to us was the opportunity to become integral members of the city's community. We were as essential a factor in the rebuilding of the city organism as any other body in town; we worked hand in glove with the city's governing body, and were what in our own cities we would regard as one of the several public institutions. This not only gave us a place in the community, but gained us friends whom we could meet and know without overmuch of the strain so familiar to foreigners and so difficult to overcome. Knowledge of language makes a great difference here, and it is certain that we should have won much more intimate friendships had we been able to converse directly.

The problem of devolution is the greatest challenge of the second half-year period. It has been the feeling of all concerned, of course, that unless the standards of the hospital were well guaranteed for the future we would have been missing one of the essential goals of the project.

The question one always finds oneself asking of a project like this is whether or not it has succeeded in actually expressing the philosophy that we want to convey. It seems that more in Tengchung than in any of the places we have worked this has been true, and we have had the opportunity to express our motives and have them in some measure comprehended.

China Pictures

PARADE OF THE AFFLICTED

"The Kutsing hostel is a quarter mile outside the 30-foot city wall. The view toward the pagoda-like towers and parapets of the ancient city is across flooded rice paddies. The hostel buildings, of mud and timber construction, share the grounds of the National Health Administration's hospital where the Convoy's portable X-ray equipment does work for the N.H.A. hospital and for all other local institutions needing such facilities. The rule is "lights out" on evenings when patients come to be X-rayed, because the Convoy's electric plant, assembled from war debris, has not enough power for all the lights plus this extra load. The dimly lighted parade of the afflicted, afoot and on all kinds of Oriental stretchers and litters, is a sight not easily forgotten."

—China Convoy, Friends Ambulance Unit report.

* * *

NOT TRAFFIC VICTIMS

"Many things happen to remind the newcomer of the strange surroundings and the great need. One day a call came for stretcher bearers to pick up three Chinese lying in the road outside the hostel gate. These were not traffic victims, but wretches dropped off passing vehicles because they appeared to be dying of disease and starvation. Another day the call was for someone to make a casket. This time the man picked up was too far gone to be saved."

—China Convoy, Friends Ambulance Unit report.

* * *

POST-WAR CHUNGKING

Chungking has the jitters, but for a different reason this time. It's a place of rumors and whisperings; all the people you meet are beginning to pack, and considering what they will take with them down river. It may be Shanghai. Shall we fly or shall we go by river? Shall we have Christmas in Nanking, or even Peiping? Of course it all depends on the Communists, it depends on where my office sets up, you haven't been to Hong Kong? Yes, he went away last night, Hankow is very good, of course, where the river and the railways meet, an ideal point for distribution, well at least a small administrative staff, of course it all depends where such and such an office goes. And so it goes on.

—China Convoy, Friends Ambulance Unit report.

Work of AFSC in Hawaii

AFSC work in Hawaii was established, at the instigation of the Friends group in Honolulu, in the early part of 1942 to assist, primarily, persons of Japanese ancestry.

Services include family visitation with persons whose fathers or husbands were sent to detention camps on the mainland. Those left behind often could not speak any English and were faced with difficult problems of dissolving businesses or taking care of property.

The AFSC representatives have assisted paroled internees and returned veterans in their readjustment to normal living and have consulted with students wishing to enter college on the mainland, in cooperation with the National Japanese American Student Relocation Council in Philadelphia. The AFSC representative works with several committees concerned to foster better relations between the various races who live in the Territory.

The office was instrumental in the formation of classes for the study of English; and members of a women's sewing group composed of both Caucasians and Japanese have been working since its formation in 1942 to mend linen for hospitals and to sew clothing for the European relief programs of the AFSC. Over four tons of clothing have been sent to the AFSC Southern California Branch Office for final shipment abroad. The Honolulu office also cooperated in a clothing drive for the Philippine Islands and by May of this year a total of 160 tons had been shipped there.

The time has now come when the activities of the Honolulu office can be carried by local Friends, and the responsibility of the AFSC will be terminated.

VISIT TO JESSORE

"When our boatman turned our little craft into the mud bank at Bhugilhat, a good half of the population of the village were waiting to greet me. It seems that I was the first white person to visit this village for years and the first American ever, and their curiosity was quite evident. They all trailed after us to the dispensary where one of the little girls of the village garlanded me with sweet smelling flowers and one of the elders made a speech in broken English to which I replied in broken Bengali.

"Despite our lack of vocabulary it was quite clear that they were very grateful for the relief supplies that had been given to them. I tried to tell them about the goodwill and concern of American people and our desire to help them in meeting their problems. After this interchange, I inspected the dispensary and found the records in good order and the compounder doing a good job."

—AFSC report, India.

SOME REFUGEES GO HOME

One of the most satisfying pieces of work I have done since I have been here is the transport of the whole of the worldly goods of some 60 Lorrainers who had lived as refugees in a village about 15 miles from Montauban during the war. The pastor who had been with them during their exile, asked us if we could help them get their goods to the station at Montauban for loading into the wagon there. The whole business had to be completed within the day and in time for the people to return by bus to the village. In an atmosphere of perfect cooperation between the Lorrainers, our Spanish chauffeur and myself, the loading and unloading into the railway wagon of the precious nuclei of a new life was carried through. There must have been between 12 and 15 tons of the most amazing variety of things, each lot a sure indication of the character of the owner in that it represented what he or she valued most.

From a Secours Quaker Report from Montauban

WINTER IN LAPLAND

A Cable from Stockholm, received October 22, 1945

RETURNED STOCKHOLM AFTER LAPLAND CONFIRMED PREVIOUS PLANS COMPLETELY SOUND SEVERE LAPLAND WINTER ALREADY HERE MAKES SHOE SHIPMENT DESPERATELY URGENT APPEAL CONTRIBUTORS BED-CLOTHING FREDERICKSON ARRIVED GIFTS IN KIND MOST WELCOME

STEERE ANDREWS

FROM SPAIN: THE VOICE OF THE STATELESS

Dear Sir:

I never forget the moment when I received your first letter in which you informed me that you would take me under your protection. Then I was in jail unknown to anybody, without any material means, relying only on myself. The consciousness that someone in such a difficult situation thought of me and take care of me had given me the moral force to overcome these bad times.

I am sure that many of those which had the honor to be under your protection became the best heralds of the great charitable activity of the American Relief Organizations. (Editor's note: Title of Madrid office representing the AFSC and five other private agencies.) For me who passed through these four years of humiliation and terror, the activity of the American Relief Organizations is one proof more of the moral forces and spiritual principles of the great American people.

Yours very sincerely,

(sgd.) G. K. D.

Campo de Concentración
Miranda de Ebro, Spain

Devastated Villages in Italy

The reconstruction project in Chieti Province in Italy, begun last April, now embraces five devastated villages. The team consists of twelve men, three representatives of the AFSC and nine members of the FAU. Of the eight more men urgently needed, two are already on the way to Italy, two more are waiting in Philadelphia to go, and four are still to be appointed. On September 1st, the team had five three-ton trucks, one small truck, a personnel carrier and a motorcycle. During the month, \$8,000 was sent to Italy for the purchase of additional transport which is available from army equipment now being released. The following excerpts from workers' reports give a bird's eye view of the work in the villages.

Montenerodomo and Fallascoso

A rough census shows that of the 100-odd houses in Montenerodomo for which materials have been transported, at least 37 have been finished. Many of these, of course, received major repairs rather than being completely rebuilt, but assuming that at least 20 are new houses—and this is a conservative estimate—it means the provision of roughly 80-100 new rooms housing 250-300 people. It is quite certain that remaining houses now under construction will also be finished before winter, thus easing tremendously the Spring 1945 housing situation.

In the old village, after some months of anti-fly propaganda, it has been agreed by a number of prominent citizens that some sort of public latrine is essential. The scheme has been made possible by the community spirit of a number of volunteers who have undertaken to cut sufficient communal wood for barter purposes and also to work on the construction. Already most of the wood, nearly 100 quintals, has been brought in and 1,700 bricks obtained.

At Fallascoso the first deliveries were made on July 18 but owing to the pressing demands of Montenerodomo were not continued until August. However, of the 16 orders for material taken, only three remained uncompleted and these can be cleared up in four or five more loads. Repairs and rebuilding are going ahead and the villages seem extremely grateful for the assistance given them when the larger villages were occupying so much of our effort.

Colledemacine

With the harvest season at an end, August was expected to be a peak period for reconstruction. The demand for material has indeed been great and since only one truck has been available, owing to the extension of our program to other villages, sup-

ply has tended to lag behind demand. On the other hand, another bottleneck, beyond our control, has been the shortage of stone masons; this has been met to an increasing extent by the import of masons from undamaged villages. It is a highly encouraging sign of the will to rebuild that of about 80 masons at work only 15 to 20 were natives of Colledemacine. It is doubtful whether half this number could be employed at this time without the material carried by our transport.

Palena

The temporary bridge on the main road to Palena is not substantial enough to trust one of our larger trucks on it. The timbers are old ones, probably salvaged from the trenches the Germans dug near here. Close to the bridge-props is the beginning of a precipitous drop of about 1,000 feet to the valley floor.

In view of the postponement of the repair of the bridges, vigorous steps have been taken to get wood down to the state road so that we can transport it for the commune and set up the reconstruction fund. A meeting of the forestali was held and eventually it was decided to experiment with mule and shoulder transport of this wood over the eight kilometers or so between the forest and the state road.

Lettopalena

In the main section of Lettopalena there are only three families living. The remainder of the 1,000 or so of the populace are living in stables, pig-sties and scattered farmhouses on this side of the river. Last week an American sergeant on leave from France came to our group for assistance in finding his home and family in the village. His father was dead, his mother when last heard of was a refugee at Milan and his sister was at Lettopalena living in a pig-sty with another family. His heart-brokenness shook the group but there was not much anyone could do.

The work at Lettopalena is fairly straightforward, entailing merely the job of selecting which houses should have materials first and delivering them. To date, materials against wood have been delivered for 14 houses.

Winter Ahead

I have just returned from Palena where I spent a few days. The weather is already very cold out there with the snow creeping down the mountain until it seems to be right in the backyard of Palena. It seems too much for these poor people to have to bear an unusually early and cold winter.

THE FOREIGN SERVICE BULLETIN IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE
20 SOUTH TWELFTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA 7, PA., FOR CONTRIBUTORS AND FRIENDS. ALL MATERIAL PRINTED
HEREIN MAY BE REPUBLISHED

AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE
20 SOUTH TWELFTH STREET
PHILADELPHIA 7, PA.

Sec. 562, P. L. & R.
U. S. POSTAGE
PAID
Philadelphia, Pa.
Permit No. 389

POSTMASTER: If undeliverable FOR ANY REASON,
notify sender, stating reason, on Form 3547, postage
for which is guaranteed.