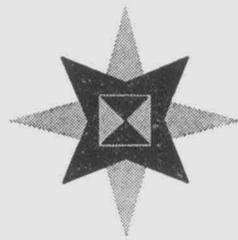


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VOL. III, No. 5

JUNE, 1946

AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE

Springtime in Vienna

by MARGARET E. JONES

The trip from Buchs to Vienna on the Children's Red Cross train was especially interesting. Some 450 youngsters, after three months in hospitable Swiss homes, were returning to Vienna and other cities in Austria. Hundreds of their "foster parents" were at the Zurich station for the last good-byes. Kiddies were leaning out of all the train windows, waving handkerchiefs and little flags. They were rosy-cheeked, plump and clear-eyed. But many of the older people were a bit tearful, and I had to swallow especially hard for a minute or two, knowing what they were all going back to share.

Red Cross women always accompany these trains. They are volunteers who just about work day and night during the trip. A food car, which also serves as a general office, is part of the train, with people cutting hundreds of pounds of bread, and a cook to prepare the cans of soup and tea. The corps of workers and all the grown-ups permitted on the train carry their own food, with coffee provided.

Austria was just beginning to look spring-like, and was beautiful as always. We noted the plowed fields, the people working with teams of oxen and horses. One felt the urgency and the hope. Part of the trip which I had made at night before was by daylight this time, and the destruction of the cities, and especially the stations, as one got closer to Vienna was depressing. Long lines of burnt and twisted railroad cars, many of them upended where they had been blown by bombs—great bomb craters close to the tracks—debris everywhere. And beyond the debris, what is left of houses. And beyond the wrecked buildings, the people living on and starting life over again.

Vienna in the spring was different from the grim and dreary days in December. A warm bright sun drenched the city. Trees quickly bloomed. The sunlight and the blue sky made the ruins look more fantastic than ever. The people are thin. One notices that the children's legs are very thin, and that the children themselves are far from sturdy.

Young people march along with their shovels, singing, of course, to attack the rubble piles. Some of the square has been quite cleared up. Buildings, especially on the Canal, are being dynamited. But people cannot work very long. One sees that when the food cars are being unloaded. These people who are getting around 1200 calories a day just weren't able to do much sustained work. (Editor's note: It was reported from Vienna, for the week of May 5-11, that the ration had then dropped to 857 calories daily.) There are no potatoes, very little meat.

Everyone has a garden somewhere, and ironically, there has been no rain—no rain for weeks, and so much depending on these little gardens. Dust is everywhere—and soap is a scarcity.

I went one day on a bus loaded with some forty boys to the Rest Home for apprentices near Krems, where our group is providing a supplementary ration. These boys going out from the city were pale, small and shabby—and listless. No enthusiasm, no noise, much smoking of butts of cigarettes. The trip home, with a returning group of boys, was quite different. These were brown as berries and some of them must have gained weight. At one place we stopped for a lot of shoes given them by a local trade union. It was pure joy to watch the faces of the boys who got new shoes, and the generous admiration of the others was lovely to behold, too. We rolled into Vienna with everyone singing lustily.

There were distribution trips in the city, one to the apprentice school, and one to a "Middle School," where quite a number of girls and boys are getting their supplement of fish and milk. They were relishing so much those good sardines—and one girl literally licked the oil from the box with her fingers after she had distributed the contents. One of our workers made a friendly little speech of interpretation, to which the students listened intently and with real understanding.

One day several of us went to three different "Volksdeutsche camps," in old school buildings, to watch the supplementary feeding set up by a Catholic priest for the hundreds of children. An interested Evangelical minister has pointed out that these refugees being sent into and through Vienna from Hungary and Roumania, whom apparently no government claims, are the descendants of old Austrian Empire colonists. Their "German" is only in their language.

These unfortunate people were living thirty-five or forty to a room. The clothing of the children was wretched. The food they got was pitifully insufficient. At one place our supplementary food, and later the soup from the community kitchen, was given out in the open courtyard, with people milling around, and a family sitting disconsolately on its bundles of clothing. They had been there for two days and nights since they had refused to stay in one camp and the director of this one was not permitted to admit them. Inside on the stair an old woman—dirty, unkempt, tragic—was weeping bitterly. All of this, against the incredible beauty of Austria in the spring.

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

Relief for Japan

A commission of two from the American Council of Voluntary Agencies to go to Japan to complete arrangements for private agency relief has been approved by General MacArthur's headquarters in Tokyo. These representatives are Esther B. Rhoads of the American Friends Service Committee, and Rev. Michael J. McKillop of the War Relief Services of the National Catholic Welfare Conference.

The purpose of this mission is to represent the thirteen agencies interested in relief in Japan and to complete negotiations with the military government and the Japanese Government for the receipt and distribution of such supplies.

A new agency similar to CRALOG has been created to function in Japan and the American zone of Korea. This new agency is called LARA—Licensed Agencies for Relief in Asia.

The Need

This news had been eagerly awaited, for the need in Japan is acute. Rice stocks are almost exhausted, and the official ration has sunk below 1000 calories daily. Wildfire inflation has raised the price of food far above the reach of the average person. Health conditions have deteriorated and skin diseases have increased for lack of soap and medical supplies of all kinds. Though supplies have been made ready for shipment from the West Coast at the earliest

possible date, and further goods and funds are being collected, shipments have had to wait until arrangements could be made in Japan for their receipt and distribution.

The Opportunity

Help to the people of Japan in their present critical situation offers an opportunity to strengthen new and hopeful trends in that country. In her new Constitution Japan has officially renounced recourse to war forever, entrusting her national integrity to the justice, morality and fair play of the family of nations. Even when taken under the stress of military occupation, such a step is impressive.

Voices from Japan

Statements from thoughtful Japanese show the effort to look forward. A woman physician in Toyko, formerly a student at Pendle Hill, writes of meeting the Christian delegation to Japan last November: "They were eager to help us, for which we are deeply grateful . . . But we hope this help may be given to us in a wise way, so as not to spoil the Japanese, nor hurt them, but make them truly realize what Christian fellowship and responsibility are." And from the former Clerk of Japan Yearly Meeting of Friends—"Defeat, though a good, is a bitter medicine for our country. We must strive to rebuild a new Japan, a new world, on this experience."

* * *

Pictures of an Italian Village

These sketches are taken from letters of Robert Good, who is working with the AFSC transport project in Italy.

Here is a man who witnessed the shelling of his modest little house in 1944, and in two years has succeeded in rebuilding for his family of ten one tiny bedroom above a smoky little kitchen. His neighbor rents a sooty stall of a room in which are living his wife, their seven children, a brood of chicks, eight rabbits and a dog. D'Asolofo's house was sturdier than most, for it was completed just prior to the outbreak of the war. It is missing only two of the four walls and the roof. Pretty colored tiles shine through the dust and rubble on the floor, but the once brightly colored walls are drab from exposure to the weather.

Despite all this, the spirit of many of these people is surprisingly stimulating. Ricciuti's face lit up with a bright smile when I asked how many rooms his family of five were now using. "Two," he said, "but one's a bit drafty." He led me through a small kitchen to the second room and pointed to a gaping shell hole in one corner near the roof. "We all sleep in the kitchen," he explained with a grin. He is ambitious and hardworking, and with the help of our transport, will soon have his home fully repaired.

* * *

One day I was watching some of Patricelli's wood being cut at a Tollo segaria (sawmill). His new

home is nearly complete, lacking only the roof for which these timbers were to be used. The saw whirred into the freshly fallen trunks, leaving a film of fine sawdust on the black curly hair of the operator. Suddenly there was a metallic screech. The saw stopped, the wood was turned and a fresh cut started carefully from the other side. It was obvious that this was no new experience for the "segariatore." Expertly he guided the saw toward the point from which the warning sound had come. Then, within the proper distance, he stopped the machine and broke the nearly-severed log over a wooden sawhorse. There, embedded in the wood and exposed in the fresh cut was a 50-caliber machine-gun bullet. "I'll be finding these for many years to come," he said.

* * *

One biting evening when returning home, we stopped for a moment at a "contadino's" house. While we were talking his five-year-old son appeared, carrying a miniature accordion—made to order, it seemed, for his tiny frame. He played a lively tune for us with remarkable skill, but his little face, blue with cold, remained drawn and serious. "Another," we said when he had finished. He hesitated, then answered in a thin, fragile voice, "I can't. The points of my hands are too cold."

To Reduce Starvation

by H. EASTBURN THOMPSON

H. Eastburn Thompson is in charge of purchasing and shipping relief supplies for all of the Foreign Service operations of the American Friends Service Committee.

The world food situation cries out for all the efforts that good will can call forth, from governments, from private agencies and from individuals. Millions of people are facing starvation now. What we do within the next few weeks will determine how many can be saved, and whether more millions will starve in the next year.

Peoples and governments have been slow to recognize the full implications of widespread famine, which are cumulative. It takes a heart-breaking length of time to set in motion the machinery necessary to implement good will, and time is terribly important when cupboards are already bare. Rationing controls were lifted in the United States before there was general realization of what this might mean to the rest of the world to which we had spoken of "freedom from want." The Scandinavian countries and Britain, closer to the realities of want, have retained their domestic rationing in order to give the utmost relief to hungry neighbors. Sweden, which has just reduced its ration, refrains from buying Danish surplus meat, though it is in a favorable position to do so because of the demand for Swedish exchange.

America's Efforts

Americans are not lacking in human kindness when they are made aware of suffering. Growth of such awareness in recent months has led to government action in the form of an emergency famine program set up by the President. Measures have been taken to divert food for foreign supply before it reaches the open market, to require less waste in milling of wheat, and to encourage farmers in prompt marketing of grain stocks. Although the resumption of rationing would take too long to be of help in the immediate crisis, there is increasing recognition that the crisis will persist until basic cures are found, creating considerable pressure for return to a systematic rationing program.

Meanwhile, publicity campaigns by public and private agencies call upon individuals to restrict voluntarily their use of essential relief foods (cereals, fats and sugar), to prevent food waste, and to give whatever funds or foods they can through available relief channels. The American Friends Service Committee is one among a number of private agencies working to reduce starvation. Its experiences with the task of obtaining and financing supplies and getting them to the people in need reveals some difficult problems.

Stumbling Blocks

In the official allocation of certain essential commodities the demands of the domestic market appear still to receive more attention than the needs of starving populations abroad. The requirements office set up in the Department of Agriculture to decide upon allocations is a center of strong pressures from special business interests, although some firms are making notable efforts to aid the relief program. So

far it has proved impossible to secure actual allocations of soap, sugar, fats and oils for Germany or for Japan.

It is a tragic fact in this moment of need that the AFSC has laid the groundwork and has personnel in the field for programs that are not being fully realized, first, because allocations have not been obtainable for the key commodities in very needy areas; second, because funds in hand are still insufficient to purchase all of the supplies that are obtainable and could be distributed through the Committee's growing projects; and third, because packaging and packing is delayed by shortages of tin, paper and wooden containers. Steel and coal strikes and the demand for wood in building industries are some of the complicating factors. While efforts have been made to cut government red tape, the formalities of permits and clearances still claim much time.

What We Can Do

Some of the ways in which individuals and groups have helped to provide food for the hungry show imagination as well as good will. College students, for example, have asked those in charge of preparing their meals to serve less and to use more economical or less essential foods. Oberlin students will have sent to the Committee, when their program ends for the year in June, a sum of \$2400 saved by thus foregoing some part of their regular diet. Ninety-two per cent of the students voted in favor of this form of giving. Other groups have a "simple supper" one night a week and use the money saved to send food packages to Europe.

Americans of European extraction, many with relatives in the former homeland, have been quick to respond to needs abroad, often taking initiative in gathering financial resources. Groups of Finnish Americans continue to report the receipt of generous sums for the AFSC program in Finland, and they have given much time and energy as well to the collection, sorting and packing of supplies. Recently in Madison Square Garden, New York, Americans of German descent presented a benefit music festival for the relief of Central Europe.

Though self-denial may help the giver as well as those with whom he shares, fasting is not required. Many foods not readily shipped because of bulk or perishability are in good supply. Potatoes, for example, can often be substituted for wheat in the diet. Fat that is usually trimmed off meats can be substituted for commercially prepared fats and oils, leaving more of these on the market for relief purchases. Diet guides, calory tables and publicity material are readily available. Each individual can let neighbors and associates know what the situation is and what he is willing to do about it. He can talk to local officials, editors, food growers and food merchants. It is important to let law-makers and administrators know not only that their conservation measures are approved, but that further steps are desired.

Visit to Hyderabad

by ALBERT E. MOORMAN

The work of Albert E. Moorman with the Friends Service Unit in India has been primarily concerned with teaching microscopic analysis in the diagnosis of disease to local people working on health problems.

The village of Hyderabad in 1945 lost by famine and disease at least seven hundred people—or one-third of its population—in about four months. The effects of this catastrophe are still felt in the poor health of many of the survivors and in the disruption of the economic life of the area. I was told that about seventy per cent of the weavers had died, and there is no doubt that the decrease in the number of people working in essential occupations is a severe blow to the village economy.

At Hyderabad I was lodged in a room of the same building which housed the dispensary, an exceptionally good building for that locality, built of brick with concrete floor. My meals were served in a hut of bamboo with a corrugated iron roof. The main dish was always rice, eaten with the fingers in Bengali style, and with that were dal (lentil soup), pieces of curried egg, curried fish, curried vegetables. Sometimes there was a bowl of hot boiled milk, bananas and rice for desert. As a guest, I was served much better food than is usual for a villager. Rice and dal is the usual diet, very lacking in vitamins and essential materials. It is the main reason why our vitamin pills have produced such marked results.

Village Health Service

The dispensary, under the People's Relief Committee, receives most of its supplies through the Bengal Medical Relief Coordination Committee and the AFSC. The doctor in charge of the Dispensary, a young licensed practitioner, not a fully qualified M.D., has as an assistant a young veterinary surgeon, who quit a government job at the time of the famine in order to help here. The dispensary is open three to five hours daily and is attended by an average of over one hundred patients. In the evenings the doctor and assistant visit more seriously ill patients in this and nearby villages. All treatment and medicines are free, for these patients are on the edge of destitution and quite unable to pay for medical care.

During my stay of two weeks I gave the doctor and his assistant training in the use of the microscope. The emphasis was laid on blood and stool examination. One-third of the patients whose blood I examined had malaria. The Inspector who accompanied me to Hyderabad had filariasis. Of the seven stool examinations I made personally, five were positive for hookworm.

The people of the locality have started a drive to make the dispensary permanent. It is their only free medical help within a day's journey, and is certainly needed as a permanent part of the village

life. A citizen has given land for a building, some money has already been raised locally, and it is hoped that the government will also contribute. I attended two meetings where the dispensary campaign was pushed, and in each I had to make a speech in English, which was then translated into Bengali.

Local people have also started a cooperative among the 996 hand-loom weavers of the fourteen villages in this area. The cooperative intends to buy yarn directly from the government rationing officers. Now the individual weavers must buy from middlemen, who often cheat them outrageously.

Hyderabad Acquaintances

Some of the old men of the village came to my room in the evenings, to smoke their hookahs and talk. We would compare Indian and American agriculture, houses, food and clothing, and they took great pleasure in teaching me some Bengali. The children would watch me at work or tag after me if I walked through the village, telling me the names of objects which I asked about. With some of my Hyderabad friends who were curious about who I was and why I was doing this work, I had to clear up some common misconceptions—for instance a belief that I was military personnel, that the Friends represented the United States Government, or that we worked in the interests of American big business. My hottest arguments (perfectly friendly, of course) were with Communist friends on the subject of non-violence compared to violence as a method for bringing about social changes. We ended such arguments with no visible change in our convictions but, I believe, with an appreciation on both sides of the other's point of view.

The evening I left Hyderabad a long procession walked in the moonlight about a mile to where a small boat was waiting in a canal. Four of us got into the boat and were poled through water to the railway station at Saldanadi, reaching it at seven in the morning. One of the passengers was a woman we were taking to the hospital at Comilla to be treated for a very painful abscess. Most of the night the assistant spent heating cloth by wrapping it around the kerosene lantern and then applying it to her chest. She was very brave and patient, and stood the hard trip well—a mile walk in her very weak condition, all night in the crowded boat, an hour's train ride, and the bicycle rickshaw to the hospital. Now she has a chance to recover, whereas death would have been almost certain in the village. It is not pleasant to think of the hundreds in this area who are not so fortunate.

Some People in Poland

by WILLIAM EDGERTON

William Edgerton, AFSC representative in Poland, in cooperation with a British Friends Relief Service team, has been distributing relief food and clothing and helping to revive welfare activities in the Kozienice District south of Warsaw.

Amelia Kurlandska was active in peace work before the war, and her convictions have survived all the immeasurable horrors that this war has brought. It was an impressive experience to hear a Pole who had lived through more than five years of occupation and the Warsaw insurrection talk so calmly, objectively, and with such gentleness of spirit about what the war had meant. She says she had not quite realized it was possible for human beings to do to one another such things as the Germans did here; but this is said without hatred or even any particular bitterness, rather in a tone of sorrow over the depths to which the war has revealed it is possible for human beings to fall. She feels deep misgivings about the present wholesale shifting of populations and the mad effort of nations to rid themselves of all minorities, believing it is good for nations to have minorities, because in that way they come to know each other better.

Jadwiga Bialowiejska, who was a relief worker with the Anglo-American Quaker mission in Poland after the First World War, also spoke unemotionally and matter-of-factly about her recent experience. She told one story with a sense of satisfaction, as if to reassure herself that not all Germans were really like most of those that Warsaw had known. The section of Warsaw in which she lived was cleared of all its Polish inhabitants so as to be given over to imported German workers, and her apartment was taken over by a civilian German girl who had come to Poland to work in the branch office of some Munich company. Jadwiga became acquainted with this girl, who came to like the Polish people so much that she actually said she preferred Poland to her own Germany. When it finally became noticed that she was mixing with Polish people and she was sent back to Munich, she left with deep regret.

Going to Meeting

Shortly after we met Marian Lubecki, he invited us to go with him to the meeting for worship of a little group called the Community of Love. Up two flights of stairs remaining in a hollow shell of a building in Nowogrodzka Street, we were welcomed into a room about ten feet by twelve. There was a bed on one side of the room, a plain table at one end, next to the window, and a built-in tile stove in the corner beside the door. When we had entered, there were twelve people in that small room, gathered to worship together.

Their form of worship is an unprogrammed meeting based on silence, but it seems to be an outgrowth of their own spiritual life rather than a result of any Quaker influence. Marian Lubecki, who is the

leader, is a teacher in a secondary school. The couple in whose room we met are a former weaver, who now does various odd jobs, and his wife—a couple whose honest, artless goodness is testified to by the very atmosphere of their room. Another member is a man in his middle thirties who is now studying philosophy at the University of Warsaw. Among the others are a young girl, hardly out of her 'teens, who comes alone, and a woman of perhaps fifty-five or sixty. Altogether, it is a group of widely different backgrounds, yet one senses a unity of spiritual experience that holds it together.

Here, in the ruins of a building that was deliberately burned by the Germans as an act of vengeance after the Insurrection, there was no hatred toward the Germans. I remember hearing one of them pray: "Bless the German people, bless the Jewish people, bless the Polish people, bless all human beings and all living creatures everywhere." During the war, Marian Lubecki was still in contact with Leonhard Friedrich, the German Quaker publisher, and received the booklets that finally led to Friedrich's imprisonment. Marian translated this passage from one of them:

"Be true in upholding our witness against all war, all violence, and all belief in violence, as irreconcilable with the spirit and teaching of Jesus. Live in the spirit that takes away the occasion of all wars. Seek to do your duty in the service of reconciliation between individuals, groups, and nations. Let the law of friendship have no frontiers. Show loving reverence toward all of God's creatures."

"And that was published in *Germany* during the war," Marian told the group. They were deeply impressed, and asked me to send friendly greetings to the German Quakers, to explain that there were some Poles who were not filled with hatred toward all Germans. I then told them of Anna Cohen's last words to me before I left Munich for Poland: "We know there is great suffering in Poland today. If there is anything at all that we here can do to help, please send us word." Marian read my copy of the letter the Halle family in Berlin wrote asking that all six of them be accepted for one or two years of voluntary reconstruction work, helping to rebuild what Germany had devastated, as a means of expiation for what they felt to be their share of the responsibility, even though they had consistently refused to have a part in Nazi activities. He asked for a copy that he might show to Polish acquaintances who had lost faith in all Germans, feeling it was important for Poles to know about the existence of such Germans as the Halles.

What of Germany's Future?

by JOHN S. HOLLISTER

John S. Hollister is on the German Area Desk of the AFSC Foreign Service Section. Though some emergency aid is now being given or is in prospect in each of the four German military zones, the general program is still in the stage of study, seeking avenues for constructive long-term effort.

Germany is the most controversial country in the world today. Nearly everyone seems to have a plan of how Germany should be reeducated, reconstructed, partitioned, depopulated, "re-monarchized," de-industrialized, or denazified. Many of these plans find their way to the AFSC, because it is known that Quakers wish to feed the spirit as well as the body, and also because it is known that since February 18 of this year the AFSC has been authorized to work in Germany.

Most of the projects recommend help for specific individuals or groups. Some are plainly novel or dramatic. A few strike deep at the roots of Germany's historic frailities. All are read and considered, the more promising are forwarded to the field for consideration, a few are now approved by the AFSC staff and await military permission within Germany. A review of some of the suggested projects may show the range which they cover, and will also indicate the variety of critical needs existing in war-devastated Europe.

Food for Essential Groups?

From Germany comes the request for supplementary food for eight hundred blood donors at Berlin hospitals, donors who, because of a diet low in vitamins and minerals, frequently experience anemia from the loss of blood. There are many serious operations which cannot be performed without a supply of whole blood or plasma, and these German contributors form the only available source.

The most dramatic and macabre offer received describes itself in these terms: "There are about three hundred men employed as grave diggers in the city. They are allowed only a No. 2 ration card (about 1700 calories). There are so many deaths in Berlin, the work is essential to the health of the city. They are poorly paid; they work such unmercifully long hours, and often with badly decomposed bodies, that it would be a most humanitarian act if we could cooperate with Berlin Quakers in providing even a small amount of extra food for these men."

Broadcasting Names of War Prisoners

In March an appeal came from the International Red Cross in Geneva for financial assistance to continue radio broadcasts of names of German prisoners of war still in detention camps in Europe. For ten months following V-E day 300,000 names of Allied internees were sent out by IRC radio to all parts of Europe and gave great relief to the families which learned for the first time that their relatives were still alive. Each country paid for the radio time used for its own nationals, but since there is no

German government to meet such expense, the International Red Cross appealed to AFSC. One thousand dollars a month is being sent to help finance these broadcasts.

Reviving Community Resources

A group in Sweden need assistance for their plan to bring leading German educators and religious men to Scandinavia for physical, spiritual and intellectual rehabilitation. These Germans would meet with an international gathering to discover ways in which German youth, family life, and communities might begin to take up the responsibilities of democratic living—even in the face of widespread destruction of cities, hunger, and the strong hand of occupation.

AFSC has approved the establishment of neighborhood and conference centers in various parts of Germany at such time as approval is given by military authorities. The neighborhood centers would serve as a nucleus for many self-help projects such as shoe, furniture and clothing repair, for recreational and educational activities, and for such general community services as baby clinic, library and church. The conference centers, located in the country away from the weight of broken cities, would provide within Germany the same opportunities for retreat and spiritual refreshment with the Swedish plan outlined.

The Needs of Youth

Since the Nazi party burned all "democratic rubbish," and the Allies appear to be burning all Nazi books, little reading matter is left in Germany. Many suggestions therefore quite naturally involve book projects. A youth book cooperative in Germany asks the AFSC to purchase paper which can be shipped to Germany to supply the printing presses, ready to print books to form the basis of discussion groups and youth clubs.

Obviously it is the German youth who in the end will have to rebuild Germany. Of them Claude Shotts, AFSC-CRALOG representative in the American Zone, writes: "The youth of Germany are living in a vacuum. They have lost what the Hitler Youth movement offered but there is nothing to take its place. As a result they have no faith and are inclined to be cynical. If the occupying governments were only wise enough they would not miss the opportunity to provide for a creative youth program designed to meet the social, recreational, educational and religious interests of German youth." Here is a real challenge, and one which any long-term program for Germany and Central Europe must be prepared to meet.

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accounts of conditions in Austria, Germany,
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Report on Conditions in Central Europe, II.

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tinent questions are answered.

Quaker Relief in France, four page folder with
pictures showing present services in France, and
plans for future work.

Friends Famine Relief in India—1945, a report
on AFSC work in India.

India Looks to America for Help, a leaflet de-
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Gifts in Kind, folder telling what goods you
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