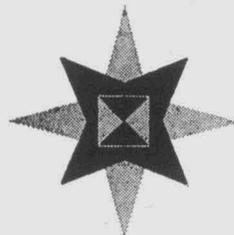


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AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE

Quaker Transport, an Interim Report

by WINSLOW AMES

During 1945, reports from the AFSC European Missions indicated great concern about the lack of local transportation in many areas, and when trucks finally became available, Winslow Ames was sent to France to organize a transport team.

One way to describe war is to call it a device for wasting large quantities of goods in order to avoid equitable distribution of them. Immediately after a war the distribution of what little is left is physically difficult and likely to be unfair. We can do comparatively little about politically maneuvered unfairness, but we can do something about poor distribution that is purely a matter of placement, just as we can try to piece out inadequate stocks of food and clothing.

The men and trucks of Quaker Transport have two chief purposes. The first is to carry relief supplies for Friends or other relief agencies where road transport must be used for lack of rail facility, or where the scale of the operation makes trucking appropriate. The second purpose is to help in regions where lack of transport is equal or greater in importance to lack of food or clothing or shelter. Frequently transport is the clue to the solution of problems caused by different shortages.

The crippled rail and canal systems of Europe are being restored. In France remarkable progress has been made in bridge-building and other repairs, but freight cars are lacking. Farther east conditions are much worse. European highways are now either good or very bad, as no government can currently afford to repair a road until it has fallen almost to pieces.

European headquarters of our transport service are in Paris, and Units are operating in France and Poland. Two men with trucks have gone to Austria, six are preparing to enter the French Zone of Germany, and it is hoped that a team will be permitted to operate in Hungary.

There are now thirty-seven members of Quaker Transport, of whom two are women. One is the head of the Unit, the other a French volunteer who left her work as a chemist to join us. Two of our men are French, and two are British, formerly of the Friends Relief Service.

Work in France has included help to all the delegations of Secours Quaker and more recently to the Toulouse and le Havre stations of the new international Quaker service; food distribution from Marseille to institutions for old people and children on the Cote d'Aur; many miscellaneous hauls for the

French Red Cross, Youth Hostels, International Voluntary Service for Peace, and others.

A job which has been completed is the moving-van service in the region of St. Nazaire, an area pocketed at the end of the war during the early months of 1942 and badly bombed. Two-thirds of the population, much of which works in the St. Nazaire shipyards, had been evacuated to villages as far away as fifty kilometers (about thirty-one miles); but as the cleaning up of the city proceeded, repaired homes and new temporary barracks became available, people who had been evacuated wanted to move back. As practically all transport was being used for community rebuilding, there was no one to do the moving-van work, so we did it. Each of us spent a whole day with each family of the two hundred we moved, and during fourteen weeks in that region there were many good opportunities for contact and interpretation. By mid-July, French commercial trucking was sufficiently improved to encourage us to move on.

The job now going on in Poland, and to be continued for many months, is that of hauling building materials in the vicinity of Gora Pulawska, where dozens of villages have been destroyed and where lime, cement, stone and timber for new barns need to be carried to building sites. Food, clothing, farm machinery, seed, and fertilizer are also short in those communities, but fetching supplies for self-help is the prime need. We have a team of eight in Poland, to whom two or more men should be added. They work and live under severe difficulties, yet are able not only to get the transport done but also to express little by little the motive which sent them.

* * *

WORK CAMPS IN INDIA

In October the Friends Service Unit in India is sponsoring two separate work camps for boys and girls, both Hindu and Muslim, in the Contai area. The young men will help the villagers clear jungles, clean tanks in an anti-malarial campaign, and build village roads. The girls will work with the village women to help them understand the fundamentals of sanitation, diet, and child care. Provision will be made for the combination of work, study and recreation.

Tractors in Honan

by SPENCER COXE, JR.

The China Convoy has turned its efforts from wartime transport and medical work to hospital and village rehabilitation, public health services, land reclamation, and general relief. Some of this work has involved cooperation with CNRRA in the administration of relief in Honan and in work on the Yellow River Project.

This summer, for the first time in the history of China, with its farm population of almost four hundred million, mechanized farming was introduced. The FAU played a small part in this historic Chinese enterprise, begun for the purpose of reclaiming some of the millions of acres of land laid waste by recent floods of the Yellow River in Honan province.

To stave off the Japanese' westward advance in 1938, Chinese Military Authorities blew up the dykes and the river spread over the countryside, bogging down Japanese mechanized units and forming a barrier which held them at bay for six years. But, more than a thousand acres of land were inundated, six million people lost their homes, and over much of the area the river left a deposit of silt, sometimes ten feet thick. Refugees often returned to find an utter waste of brown earth overgrown with tall weeds, roamed by wolves. Houses, trees, and other landmarks were deep in mud, had been swept away by the water or carried off by residents of neighboring villages. In some areas seventy-five per cent of the livestock, agricultural implements and houses disappeared.

In the Midst of Wilderness

In the midst of this flat wilderness of high weeds and ruined villages, Francis Starr and I, the first FAU arrivals, came upon nineteen great, gaudy, orange, wheel-tractors, the first of an expected four hundred that had arrived only two weeks before in Kaifeng.

The purpose of this first camp, established by the Chinese National Relief and Rehabilitation Administration (CNRRA), with supplies and ancillary personnel from UNRRA, and additional personnel from the Mennonite Central Committee and the FAU, was threefold: (1) to train a corps of young Chinese tractor drivers, (2) to plow as much of the flooded area as possible for early planting, and (3) to serve as an experiment in the introduction of mechanized farming to China.

The first class of twenty-five students has graduated, and the second began early in August. The students were apt pupils, but completely unfamiliar before their arrival with internal combustion engines. Hence, it was no surprise when one of them

ran into the cook's quarters, demolishing the brick stove but missing the cook.

Neat rows of green beans, stretching acre after acre within a radius of over a mile from the camp, attest the success of the plowing itself. Without the tractors, this land would have lain idle for at least another season.

In the City of Tents

A few days after the arrival of the tractors, a large tent city sprang up. By the end of June the colony included the first class of twenty-five students, five foreigners charged with the training and with maintenance of the tractors, about fifteen hundred conscripted laborers to clear the land of high grass and stumps, a CNRRA working team of twenty young men to administer the camp and superintend the laborers, some observers from the provincial government, various groups of cooks, and a small medical team.

My brief experience at the camp taught me admiration for the spirit, good humor, and fortitude of the Chinese. These men, many of them boys of fourteen, lived on a daily diet of millet porridge and about two and a half pounds of relief flour cooked into unsalted and unleavened cakes. This they were occasionally able to augment with vegetables purchased with their daily wages of about six cents. Their working day began at seven-thirty and often did not end until seven-thirty at night. They arrived at the camp for an indefinite stay, with no chattels save the ragged clothes they wore and a bit of shabby bedding; and they slept under crowded tarpaulins. Their cheerfulness and friendliness made it a pleasure to work with them.

No less was I impressed with CNRRA, the official Chinese agency responsible for all governmental relief administration, including the distribution of UNRRA supplies. One feels that few American agencies, private or public, can measure up to the Honan Regional Office of CNRRA with regard to hard work and integrity. It is staffed largely by young and vigorous men determined to show no partiality in their administration of relief. CNRRA is anxious to cooperate with foreigners similarly motivated. To both groups, and to China itself, such cooperation will be vastly profitable.

Gardens in Poland

by DAVID RICHIE

The Anglo-American Relief Mission to Poland is made up of three teams, two distributing supplementary food, and a transport team hauling building materials for village reconstruction. David Richie, AFSC appointee to the Mission, has been stationed with the relief team in Kozenice since May, and has been carrying on a special project with a few seeds, some chocolate, and some youngsters. The following excerpts are from his "log."

May 24. I hope to have four gardens, each operated by fourteen-year-olds and each primarily for the benefit of the community soap kitchens which are serving a thin potato soup to try to keep alive those who are most destitute until the crops come in.

May 26. Just as I was beginning to worry, about two minutes after the agreed upon two p.m. yesterday afternoon, a singing and marching army swung around the corner of the building singing "Solidarity Forever," and at least most of them using English words. They were armed with buckets, rakes and spades and made a wonderful array, marching in pairs, a total of eighteen. As they came to an abruptly correct halt, I tried to greet them, but was instead greeted by a veritable chorus of "How do you do?" which quite took my breath away. They didn't really know any more English than that and one other song, but it made a wonderful beginning.

In a few minutes we were divided into three teams, each with a captain to assign the tasks, and were hard at work. They seemed surprised and pleased at the prospect of having the small third of the garden, which was divided unevenly by two rows of apple trees, for their own disposal, and the largest two-thirds for the soup kitchen.

Hauling water from the stream about one hundred yards away through the woods was the heaviest burden, and soon the smallest girls wilted under it. However, everyone did their best. Four hours later when we had finished planting three sets of four rows, we were all tired and ready for hot chocolate. They had been told to bring bread, as they were better off than those in the destroyed villages, but the few crusts they had were so dry that the peanut butter I doled out was more than welcome. And then the feast was topped off by a piece of hard candy for each. On their own initiative they speedily washed up the cups and pans, and then with great enthusiasm we marched back up to the village for a photograph which I hope comes out. This one day justifies the total investment in the seeds, I feel sure.

June 13. Today has been featured by the planting of my last, and seventh garden. I feel like a veteran now, driving off alone, scaring the horses right

and left along the road, pushing through herds of cows and goats, and arriving at a school where no one speaks a word of English. Fortunately Jack had done the explaining at this school yesterday, and the problem was to count out a working team. I came off with a wildly excited army of twenty, but the plot of land designated for our use was barely thirty by forty feet, had been plowed months before and was covered with weeds. We set to with a vim, hoeing out the weeds and raking, but before the sixth row was planted the drizzle became a down-pour and we all scurried back to the school. In the teacher's tiny kitchen we prepared cocoa and served our mob the first they had ever had. By the time the dishes were washed the rain had stopped enough for us to do some gardening.

June 15. The children who worked in the garden at Kozenice today were almost all veterans, and they pitched in with enthusiasm. After three hours the garden looked manicured, all weeded and raked. Once more the cocoa was a happy climax. They insisted on lighting the fire, serving the cocoa and presenting me with the first cup, and I responded with my hard candy. Even more appreciated was my effort to learn their names. I tried to do so by adding one to a string, going around the circle, but only too soon they started switching places as soon as my back was turned and I really had a time.

And so we came marching and singing home. I wish that I could sing their songs with them, and sing American songs when they beg me to. And I wish that I could speak their language or even find a little time to study it each day so I could really chat with them. Even on this basis it is still a joy to have such a comradeship with young people, and maybe it will do some good in some way.

July 6. We had our first harvest today! Our interpreter went down to the Soup Kitchen in Kozenice to see if they had any use for our lettuce which needs thinning. They were so eager for it that they immediately sent one of their cooks to collect a big basketfull. They will be able to get many more basketsfull before we are finished, although some of the other gardens will not contribute much.

First Aid to Austrian Industry

by GEORGE E. FREDERICKS

The program in Austria includes food and clothing distribution, group and community services, industrial rehabilitation and counseling. George E. Fredericks, a manufacturer of scientific glassware, has been on the Austrian staff since February, and is particularly concerned with the industrial work.

Sixty glass makers recently applied from Czechoslovakia for an Austrian entry permit with intention of citizenship. The Austrian Military and Civil Governments favored temporary permits, but hesitated in granting permanent status because there was no person available who could determine whether or not these people were experts at their trade and would be an asset to Austrian economy. They asked me to talk with them and give a judgment. A meeting was arranged with a number of the workers and engineers in the group, and it was immediately evident that they knew their business.

Their original idea was to borrow a large sum of money, put up a big factory and start making pressed glass dishes, vases and cut glass ware. But these articles are not highly essential, require complicated and expensive machines, and no one seemed to have any idea where the machinery would come from. In view of these and other difficulties, they agreed to concentrate for a time on the production of glass tubing and rods for medical and scientific use. These are urgently needed both in Austria and other European countries, and can be made with very little equipment. The group is now here on a permanent basis, a location for their factory has been selected, and construction has begun.

Leonstein Weaving School

A weaving school for country girls who need a valuable and interesting trade to carry on in their own homes was the idea and project of an Austrian business man. At present it is located in a large farmhouse on the side of a mountain near Leonstein. The headmaster came from Switzerland and is an artist at hand-weaving. The looms are homemade and almost entirely of wood. The girls are paid from the start because even the most simple products can be sold and much can be exported.

Fifty girls are at the school now. When they have finished their course they may stay on at the school or work at home on a loom provided by the school. This may sound attractive, but there are many difficulties. The girls do not have enough shoes, more looms are needed, and in June the school was out of yarn, which had to be collected from small sources all over Upper Austria.

I spent three days running around in my jeep collecting the yarn, and tried to arrange to have some of our shoes allotted for this project. Metal parts for the looms will have to come from Switzerland, or the looms will have to be replaced by a simpler machine we may design.

Kirchburg Paper Mill

Only one machine out of three at the Kirchburg paper mill is in operation. The dam is broken, there is not enough coal or wood to operate all three machines, and there is no one to operate them. Most of the local labor moved to the cities, and those who are left cannot work because of lack of clothing.

If the machines were running, this mill could export much paper. As the situation is now, the Labor Chief of the American Zone is trying to get more people into the district, and I am trying to get more shoes for them. Both of us will approach the Economics Division to get the coal ration increased.

Austrian Shoe Industry

The surprising thing about shoe-making in Austria is that although good leather is not plentiful, the most critical need is for thread and sewing machine needles. Large factories seem to have ways of obtaining small quantities of them, but the shoe industry consists of many small establishments which do not have the international contacts or influence necessary. If thread and needles, like the samples we are sending, can be purchased in Philadelphia, a quantity of shoes would be released far in excess of what we could send for the same cost.

General Projects

Accidental contacts frequently enable us to help small enterprises and individuals. For example, passing through one town I heard the ring of a hammer on an anvil through the open door of a small shop. I stopped and entered. The smith was cordial and showed samples of beautiful ironwork. He explained that he was repairing the local churchyard gate, and that repair work is about all he could do because he lacked iron to do new work. He also explained that he had orders from an exporting firm in Linz. I recorded the sizes of the iron bars he needed, checked with the firm, and found that it was merely

a transportation problem. One trip of a small AFSC truck would keep him busy for months and provide a few exports besides.

In Braunau there is a well-equipped machine shop where twenty-five electric motors from local shoe repair and woodworking shops were waiting for repair. Most of them needed new bearings, requiring bronze. One bar, three quarters of an inch thick and six feet long would be sufficient for the whole lot. Bronze is not easy to purchase, but we are trying to locate a small supply.

A well-known artist in Braunau needs canvas and colors. The colors are available in Vienna but are difficult to purchase. I ran across this artist sitting by a stream painting on the back of an old road map to which he had pasted a piece of muslin. He was using his last tube of white and had no hope of obtaining more.

We hope to continue giving help to these and other projects, especially to those dealing with exports, food and clothing, and youth training.

★ ★ ★ Children in Japan

by ESTHER B. RHOADS

Esther Rhoads arrived in Tokyo on June 21st. An AFSC staff member, she is representing LARA (Licensed Agencies for Relief in Asia) to complete negotiations with the general headquarters of SCAP (Supreme Commander for Allied Powers). The following material was taken from letters to her friends and the Far East Office.

In the parts of town where I have been, one sees only a few children who are homeless, mostly very dirty boys who beg or trade what they can find or are given. Those who frequent the stations are picked up every few days by the Welfare or Police. Most of them accept the bath, clean clothes, and meal, but get away in a day or so. They do not get enough to eat, but seem to enjoy begging and pretending to shine shoes. I saw one boy about seven years of age, indescribably dirty, who was trying to get a nap on a station platform, lying with his hands over his ears to deaden the sound of passing feet.

The Resignation of a Half-Starved Child

With a guide we started out to visit some of the places where waifs are being cared for. The first was a building which had once been a temple. A toothless but kindly man and his wife have forty-one children in their care. The city gives some subsidy, but not much more than to cover the inadequate ration. The children were too well-behaved, lifeless. They lined up and stared at us with old faces and little joy. Near the home is a graveyard, and people coming from the country to visit graves leave a little food for the children.

At the Japanese Welfare we were impressed with the higher officials. Two of them guided us twenty miles to the Poor House, as we wanted to see some public institutions. It was back in the hills in the sunshine. The buildings were well planned, though in bad repair. There are about twelve hundred people in this institution, seven hundred in the hospital and old folks section, one hundred in the tuberculosis hospital, and four hundred in the orphanage.

The children's wards in the hospital were tragic, with babies lying listlessly on none too fresh bed-

ding, being fed gruel of rice and potato. The tuberculosis section is not full as patients get so little to eat that all those with any hope for recovery are taken away by relatives. The orphan section has its own primary school, though all playground space is under cultivation. Children who can, help in these gardens. We saw quite a number too undernourished to do anything but sit. The resignation of a half-starved child is appalling.

One Can't Keep Going on Turnip Leaves

Starch bulk is what people need. I have found a number of places with no ration of rice or wheat for three weeks. One can't keep going on turnip leaves. The greatest need seems to be milk, then other foods, especially cereal, clothing, and medicine, and there is a great demand for yard goods. Several schools are eager to sew for orphans and others in need.

After several depressing experiences, our guide took us to an Episcopal Orphanage with a remarkable lady of seventy-one in charge. She has seventy children in Osaka now, thirty on a farm, and sixty older ones placed in the country in various homes. Besides the ration from the city she gets gifts from church people and country people and GI's who remember her work when they get packages from home. The children's faces were bright, all looked in good condition except the most recent arrivals. It shows what can be done with energetic faith and determination.

Editor's Note: The Post Office will now accept parcels up to eleven pounds for Japanese in the main islands of Japan. Postage is 14c a pound, and one parcel a week may be sent by any one person to the same address. Second hand clothing, non-perishable foods, soap, and mailable medicines may be sent. Postal cards, at three cents, are also acceptable.

The Bengal Village

by MARGOT TENNYSON

The Friends Service Unit in India continues its relief feeding in the famine areas of Bengal and Southern India. Long-term programs in public health, industrial rehabilitation, cooperatives, orphanages, and village reconstruction are also under way. Margot Tennyson, FSC representative in India since April, has been doing village rehabilitation work in the Canning, Bengal, area.

The soul of India lies in its villages. Here in the midst of poverty and disease man struggles day in and day out for a bare existence.

The typical home of the Indian village, the one-story mud hut with its steep thatched roof, is the center from which all activities are carried on. In this domain the women move about with an unexpected freedom. Surrounded by their children and relatives they are no longer isolated individuals with faces almost obscured by plain white saris. Here they crouch over the open mud fire in a corner of the bare room to cook the plain rice meal. The kitchen fire is fed with the hard, dry cakes of cow-dung, collected from the fields and mixed with straw into small pats.

From these homes the women walk gracefully to the village tanks with earthen-ware jugs on their hips to fetch water, to bathe, or wash their saris. Cleaning of the house with grass brooms and washing of floor and walls with mud are also a part of their daily routine.

Thus their days, beyond occasional visits to relatives in a neighboring village, are strictly limited to domestic tasks. In this way the pattern of the women's lives, almost predestined from their birth, is followed unquestioningly to the end. Their religious acceptance of it gives them a gentle dignity that neither subservience nor poverty can destroy.

The men are often small cultivators or farm laborers, occupied for only six months each year, symbolizing India's ceaseless struggle against starvation. Skinny buffaloes and wooden plows are their only implements. The timing of cultivation is the all-present event in the farmers' year. The earth must be moist but not too much under water, and the seeds must be sown when the sun is not too strong. Then during the night it should rain a little so that the seeds will be driven into the soil. But if the rain is too heavy the seeds will be washed away, the year's livelihood ruined in an hour.

Some of the men are coolies, who with enormous baskets on their heads, their knees slightly bent by the weight of their freight, walk along the platforms of the local railway stations with amazing grace. If they are unemployed and lucky enough to be in a district where test-relief is carried out on road-construction, they are mudworkers—cutting slabs of mud from the sides of a square pit filled with water, carrying it in baskets on their heads to the road where they dump it along the edge.

At whatever the men work, their income is never enough to feed the family well, let alone clothe it and provide for medical attention. Consequently they must make their income go as far as possible. In purchasing goods on the market, a great deal of time is spent in finding the cheapest source of supply and in bargaining. Successful purchases are shown off with pride, and passers-by admire the skill of the buyer in getting such good wares for so little money. At home, utensils are improvised from tins, bottles and boxes salvaged from rubbish heaps, and sacks are sewn together for blankets and curtains. Nearly all families try to supplement their diet by fishing, and often there is great excitement around the village pool when someone who is bathing catches a fish with his hands.

Most villagers keep a goat, a cow or a buffalo. They are loved and cared for like treasures, though they are half-starved, often diseased, with bones sticking out prominently through a thin layer of flesh and skin. The cow still remains the sacred animal of the Hindus and must not be killed or eaten. Those strict in their devotions worship her early in the morning. They throw flowers at her feet and feed her with grass, saying, "O, Goddess eat!" The goats are gayer as they scamper across the fields, walk along garden walls picking at banana leaves, or relax on small verandas in front of the mud huts. Surrounded by palms, hugging the ground, the huts seem a part of the Indian soil itself.

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School Affiliation Service

School Affiliation is a program in which the Overseas Schools Committee, headed by Alfred E. Stearns of Boston, and the AFSC are cooperating. Its purpose is to bring about close and lasting relationships between schools in this country and corresponding ones in Europe. Wilmot R. Jones, Head Master of the Wilmington Friends School in Delaware, returned recently from four months in France, Holland and Italy, as a special AFSC representative concerned with School Affiliation.

America needs Europe as much as Europe needs America, is a fact which Wilmot Jones stresses. There is a tremendous need for improving international understanding at the school level, and much could be accomplished through schools becoming aware of each others' aspirations, ideals and limitations. Such a program as School Affiliation offers can exert an influence out of all proportion to its size if American teachers and pupils will lend themselves wholeheartedly to the project.

One result of Wilmot Jones' visits to the schools and conversations with education officials, was the realization that material aid, though needed in some localities, will be secondary in importance to the need for spiritual and intellectual sharing. It is hoped that much will be accomplished through correspondence and the sharing of information. As fast as conditions permit, more and more channels for exchange of pupils and of teachers will be opened.

The Overseas Schools Committee has a long and growing list of American schools interested in cooperating with schools in Europe, but the program will be limited to approximately one hundred and thirty-five schools, each of which will be contacted by an AFSC representative.

As information comes from the field, schools which have applied to the Overseas Schools Committee in Boston each adopt a European school and relations between them are opened.