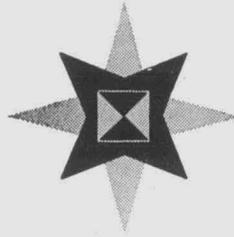


FOREIGN SERVICE BULLETIN



GIFTS IN KIND	58
CLOTHING REPORT	58
PRISONERS OF WAR IN FRANCE	59
THE "VOLKSDEUTSCHE" IN AUSTRIA	60
THE EXPERIENCE OF HUNGER	61
QUAKER TRANSPORT	62
THE WHEELS TURN IN POLAND	62
FRIENDS SERVICE UNIT IN INDIA	63

VOL. III, NO. 8

SEPTEMBER, 1946

AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE

Gifts in Kind

by WESLEY HUSS

Since May 15, the AFSC Gifts-in-Kind warehouse has received about \$20,000 worth of canned food, soap and vitamins. In addition, 2,348 bushels of wheat were contributed from the Biblical Wheat harvest at Adrian, Michigan, to be processed into the special Ralston Relief Cereal. A gift of \$2,400 given at the same time, will be added to the \$1,939.06 contribution from the Haviland, Kansas, Friends Meeting, and \$732.00 from Friends in Gate, Oklahoma. Both of these latter contributions, obtained through the work of the Rural Life Association in Richmond, Indiana, and several others which have come through the Richmond AFSC temporary relief office, are to be applied to purchases of the relief cereal.

On July 10, 9,777 pounds of food left the warehouse for Austria, and 12,835 pounds left for the American Zone in Germany on August 5. In addition 9,095 pounds of food, canned and packed by the Friends Work Camp at Hazel Green, Kentucky, were shipped directly to Austria on August 24. At present about five and a half tons await shipping space to Poland.

Food gifts have come to the warehouse from individuals and groups in twenty-eight states, and have averaged slightly less than two tons a week. Four contributions of drugs, including five million units of penicillin, 364 pounds of B complex vitamins, one million ninety thousand tablets of B con-

centrate, and seventy thousand vitamin B-1 tablets were contributed by commercial firms interested in the Service Committee program.

A carload of powdered milk for the child feeding program in Poland, amounting to \$6,434.26, was purchased by residents of Linn County, Iowa, and should be shipped shortly. This project was initiated by the Rural Life Association.

Four hundred pounds of home-made soap have been contributed by several groups. Since cleanliness cuts down diseases, soap is very important, and groups and individuals are urged to make it from accumulated fats and send it to the warehouse at Twenty-third and Arch Streets, Philadelphia.

The complete list of acceptable food items now includes: evaporated, condensed and powdered milk, jams, lard and vegetable fats, meat, fruit, fish—all in hermetically sealed tins; rice and sugar sewn into cloth bags.

Vegetables are low in nutritional value in proportion to their shipping weight, and it is urged that groups and individuals can them for home consumption so as to release other more vitally needed foods for shipment abroad. We suggest that families and groups can more vegetables than they need and hold a "relief sale" at the local Meeting House or Church. Proceeds can be turned over to the Service Committee to buy foods in large quantities.

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Clothing Report

by HAROLD CARSON

Clothing shipments have increased tremendously since the 560,000 pounds sent abroad in 1945. In the first seven months of this year, 890,334 pounds were shipped to eight European countries. We now have orders for Poland, Germany, Austria, Japan and Hungary to be shipped in September which will take almost the entire stock now on hand. Translated into more familiar terms, the total shipments consist of approximately 1,112,918 garments, which would mean that 220,583 persons could receive five garments apiece. We have 16,200 yards of mill ends contributed by textile mills to be sent to Austria, Poland, Finland, Maternity Hospital in France, a Rest Home in Austria and Quaker School in Holland. Also 14,000 pounds or 48 miles of muslin donated by a shade company in Chicago.

Shipments made in 1946 through July, were as follows:

	<i>Shipped during first 7 months</i>	<i>On hand as of August 1, 1946</i>	<i>Ready for shipment</i>
Austria	140,016 lbs.		
Finland	295,545 lbs.	3,964 lbs.	
France	176,302 lbs.		
Germany	127,966 lbs.	132,156 lbs.	
Holland	54,303 lbs.		
Italy	706 lbs.		
Jugoslavia	2,184 lbs.		
Poland	93,312 lbs.		
Regular		310,794 lbs.	
Japan		60,000 lbs.	
Germany, British Zone			41,074 lbs.
Hungary			50,929 lbs.
TOTAL	890,334 lbs.	506,914 lbs.	92,003 lbs.

*EDITOR'S NOTE: Clothing for Finland and Germany was collected and donated by Finnish-Americans and German-Americans. Shipments to other countries came largely from a general pool.

The first shipment of 50,929 lbs. to Hungary left on August 14, and by the time this Bulletin reaches its readers the 41,074 lbs. designated for the British Zone of Germany should also be on its way.

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Prisoners of War in France

by MADELEINE YAUDE

Madeleine Yaude has, since March 1946, worked both as a member of the AFSC Paris headquarters staff and with the Toulouse delegation. She has taken an active part in the prison and camp visitation program begun under the Nazi regime and carried on since the Liberation. The letter from the German ex-prisoner was not included in her original report, but was forwarded directly to the Philadelphia office from a member of the FRS team in the Rhur.

When you go into a prisoner-of-war camp the men first ask, "Who are you? Red Cross?" No. "But you're an American organization?" You explain that Quaker Relief is international. "Well, can you give us some literature? We'd like to know more about it." We can't. We haven't any.

I stood one afternoon in the middle of perhaps a hundred Germans and tried to explain why Quakers want to work in Germany. They could hardly believe it, it was as if someone were bringing the Gospel for the first time. But I could only stumbly express our sense of common involvement and our desire to help lay the foundations of a world that would have no more war.

One of the men who regularly visits camps said, "We are visiting prisoner-of-war camps containing over 50,000 Germans and are regularly receiving requests for Quaker literature in German. Moreover, pastors and chaplains, Catholic and Protestant, repeatedly urge on us the importance of trying to give these disillusioned men a new ideal and a new hope. There is evident a deep concern for the right ordering the world and of Germany in particular among the prisoners who have much time on their hands, are thinking a good deal, and talking freely for the first time in years."

Another Friend visiting prison camps made the acquaintance of an S.S. boy of nineteen. He asked him what he intended to do when he got home.

"I've been a soldier since I was six; that's all I know. But what place is there for a soldier in the post-war world, especially for a German soldier? My father is a station master, my mother has a little farm. I would like to go home and work on the farm. I like it."

What about his political ideas?

"Just the same, I don't know anything but Nazism. Perhaps from you I will learn something different because I think your ideas and your way of doing things come from the liberalism of your country. But perhaps I won't change my mind, perhaps what you have to teach is not enough to overcome what I already know."

Demonstration of Democracy

The realization that there is another way of life other than the Nazi way, brought through visits to the camps, stands out in this letter from a young German PW who was released early in 1946.

"I am nineteen years of age and was born in Wuppertal. I attended secondary school till 1943 when our family moved to the Schwarzwald. In 1944 I became a soldier and was sent to hospital in March 1945. After occupation of our village by French troops, we were taken prisoners. As 'Prisonniers de Guerre' we came to Toulouse. I do not like to tell you details about severity of imprisonment. It will remain inconceivable to every man outside. Then summer came. We were not used to the sun, the temperature being 45-50 Celsius daily (122 degrees Fahrenheit). You may imagine our position. I was the youngest in the camp, being eighteen.

"At this time the Quakers (AFSC) paid the first visit to the camp. We did not see them; we just heard the sound of their car. Then feeding improved; sometimes we had potatoes in the vegetable soup; from time to time we had biscuits. And we as TB's had diet as supplementary food. It is indescribable what that meant to us! Later on the Quakers came more often and went through the huts. Even flowers they brought us. Imagine that: flowers in a p.o.w. camp. Sometimes we were almost happy!

"When I was able to get up I met our 'Guarding Angels' personally. They were an Englishman and a Dutch woman. We often talked about this blessed work and I never could find enough words to express my thankfulness at this time and now. It is not the food and outside things which make life worth living! But it is the merry cordiality and quieting we felt at those times. It was a present of heaven to us that these people made us again to hopeful and confident men, going across the big distinctions and without asking for belief or nationality.

"The Friends were the people who saved the lives of quite a few of our comrades. They were the only men who gave us steadiness during our most severe time. I do not want to blame anybody, but we were normally called with our numbers."

These men need a demonstration of democracy, internationally and personally, to make them believe in it. They need new ideas to think about, to plan their lives by, new ways of dealing with people and valuing them. Europe needs hope and vision as much as food and fuel. We don't have all the answers, but it may well be that these men, made more aware by suffering and disillusionment, can take our heritage of religion and democracy and make more of it than we yet have.

The "Volksdeutsche" in Austria

by ARTHUR G. BILLINGS

The plight of the "Volksdeutsche" has frequently been brought to the attention of the Service Committee by its representatives abroad, and concern has been expressed that some relief project be undertaken in their behalf. While at the moment no such project is in operation, the Austrian team has been glad to come to the aid of welfare organizations that have tried to alleviate the lot of these unfortunates.

In interviews with the American, British, French, Russian and Austrian officials, we learned that of the thousands of Displaced Persons in the American, French and British Zones in February of this year, more than ninety per cent were "Volksdeutsche," people from eastern Europe who had been uprooted from their homes and sent to Germany because somewhere in their ancestry was German blood.

From a well-informed Austrian official we were able to get a rather full account of the circumstances under which the Austrian government was ordered to set up camps in January on five days' notice and to round up "Volksdeutsche" for deportation. At one time more than 8,000 people were crowded into the camp at Melk which was meant to shelter a maximum of 3,000. Deportation in mid-winter in unheated freight cars and without warm clothing resulted in a considerable number of deaths.

With an abstract picture of the situation, I set out to visit the camps. At the Westbahnhof, in windowless, floorless wooden sheds, I found some seven hundred people, most of them women and children, dressed in rags, cold, hungry, desperate. Few had shoes, most had sewn pieces of carpet or gunny sack into slippers, a few were barefoot. As soon as they learned that I was interested in their situation they crowded around and began to talk. They had suffered numberless indignities and brutalities, and had been plundered of watches, wedding rings, shoes, dresses, silverware, coats. Some had been transported to Melk for deportation to Germany only to be turned back because they had come from a country not mentioned in the Potsdam agreement. They said they would rather be shot than return to the countries from which they had been driven. Most of them had no definite place they wanted to go. "Anywhere," they said, "where we can work and be allowed to live in peace."

Supplementary Food

In January Father Blahut and the Catholic Caritas organization of sisters working under him undertook to provide a small supplementary meal every day for the children under fourteen. But they did not have the means to sustain this program, and Don Suisse and other relief organizations came to the rescue with food for them to distribute. In June the supplies promised by the American National Catholic Welfare Conference could not be delivered for three weeks, and those on hand would last only a few days. It would have been a particular hardship for the children if the program had broken

down at that time because the city had just cut the bread ration from 200 to 150 grams a day.

Consequently we felt that though our supplies had been donated for the Austrians, the needs of this emergency should be met, and we turned over to Caritas enough food to keep up the supplementary meals for two weeks for the 3,000 children in the camps, and a sufficient quantity to provide 7,000 similar light lunches for refugee children at the railway stations and in transports passing through Vienna.

Clothing and Shoes

In March we got fifty bales of clothing and shoes for the "Volksdeutsche," and the sorting and distribution was carried on by representatives of the city, Caritas, and the Evangelical Church, under our supervision. The "Volksdeutsche" women who helped sort were like children on a picnic. The work was interrupted time and again when some woman would uncover a garment and hold it up to show the rest. "Look at this coat," one would say, "wouldn't Maria, the little orphan girl in our camp, look sweet in this?" Another would uncover a bright kerchief, put it over her head and admire her reflection in a windowpane.

The majority of the people in these camps are farmers, and during their stay in the camps they find jobs clearing rubble from streets, constructing roads, bridges and houses. In this part of Europe women do as much of the heavy work as men, and of course much of the clothing contributed by American office girls and housewives is not appropriate. They are delighted to get pretty dresses, but really need work clothes.

The Meaning Behind Food and Clothes

In one camp a crippled old lady clothed in gunny sacks received a dress and an overcoat. When I handed her one of our cards as she left, she kissed my hand. In another camp a girl in rags carrying a three weeks' old child was given a dress for herself and a complete outfit for the baby. She was so overwhelmed she could hardly keep from crying. She said that her husband had been killed in Poland and that she had been through so much that she had almost ceased to believe that anyone in the Allied countries cared what happened to people like herself. I wish it were possible to convey to those in America whose contributions and work have made possible this clothing distribution, the idea that to these people the clothing means much more than urgently needed garments; it means that somewhere someone cares what happens to them.

The Experience of Hunger

by LEONORE HOLLANDER KOEHLER

Leonore Koebler, recently repatriated after twelve and a half years in Europe, was a nutritional expert in Philadelphia before going to Prague. Her experience of hunger during the war in Germany was one endured by thousands and lies ahead of thousands more this coming winter.

Unspectacular Symptoms

Symptoms of slow quantitative undernourishment are very unspectacular. We all agreed that the first few days were terrible. In the middle of an active forenoon there would be attacks of giddiness accompanied by an intolerable hollow feeling. Pressure, like the classic tightening of the belt, gave a certain alleviation, and fainting was forestalled by a few minutes' rest. I used to lie at full length when an attack came, whether at home or in the woods, and occasionally fell asleep. Frau F. described a fear of falling off her bicycle, and Frau H. and Frau Z. told of a comic occasion when both napped while peeling potatoes together. We found this not agreeable and refreshing, as is normal drowsiness, and learned to overcome it by economy in motion.

In time the body becomes accustomed to the empty feeling. Presumably stomach and intestines accommodate themselves by shrinking and eliminating fruitless contractions. The feelings of lassitude and weakness continue, but can be overcome by will power to an amazing extent.

I observed no cases of specific physical syndromes like starvation edema or vitamin deficiency. This was probably because our famine period approached gradually, permitting slow adaptation, and because of our nutritive diet. We received a minute supply of meat, skim milk and cheese, and additional protein from the bread made from bran, oatmeal, and possibly the ubiquitous potato. Vitamins were allocated with food supplements to expectant and nursing mothers and the sick. Thus the chief objective symptoms of slow starvation were inordinate loss of weight, weakness and greatly impaired resistance to whatever complaint the individual were exposed or disposed. Subjective states included hunger pangs, mental depression, weariness and irritability.

Doling out and scrimping were the rule, scheming and planning necessary, watchful marketing a bugbear. Distribution of scant supplies absorbed a large share of everyone's attention. If Frau Lehmann missed the fish and Frau Schultz had it but failed to say so, a beautiful friendship was liable to sudden rift. Peaceful family life could be severely disrupted by lapses in butter discipline, and complex rotation systems were often devised to prevent Mutter from always eating bread heels.

But often small exchanges, sometimes at great sacrifice, brightened life for days. We mothers will not forget the shopkeepers who saw to it that we were not at a disadvantage because of the little time we had to shop. The bombed-outs, returning soldiers and refugees sometimes received help from the puny reserves of others, and often Jews received

a share of German food despite strong official pressure. Hunger brings out strongly the good or bad in man.

“ . . . to the fat of the eyelids ”

Loss of body substance was evenly progressive in all cases I saw. Two of my acquaintances still looked fairly well filled out even after protracted hunger, but complained of lack of attentiveness and lapses of memory greater than the slight absent-mindedness we all observed, together with passing difficulties in speech and vision. For most of us the body fat and muscle reserves were completely utilized, even to the fat of the eyelids. The sequence in which tissues and functions were lost seemed to be very individual, and the indication was that those better able to mobilize the reserves were longer spared the ills which invariably come when fasting lasts too long.

The reaction of the individual at the breaking point of his strength also varies greatly. Minor ailments such as colds come easily and develop frequently into bronchitis, pleurisy and tuberculosis. Boils, carbuncles and mysterious skin and nerve infections are rife and very difficult to curb. The dreaded intestinal diseases are likely to be fatal, and with resistance low, epidemics are imminent.

The lassitude of starvation shows itself physically rather than mentally. Thoughts seem much more profound than during normal times, all emotions are intense and race madly, probing the past and present, dashing the inscrutable wall of the future. There is no lack of logic, but victims of real starvation cannot stem the agonizing squirrel-cage rush of recriminations. Past errors, especially one's own, pass in review, but there the matter never rests. Blames wander from them to Hitler's overdrawn account, to the nearest well-fed individual, black market artist or country peasant.

* * *

UNITED CHINA RELIEF

Forty million dollars from the American people have been transmitted to China during the first five years' operation of United China Relief. The story of this achievement is unfolded in a booklet titled **Five Year Report, 1941-1945**. The money was administered through six participating agencies in the United States, including the AFSC, and through approximately fifty other agencies in China.

In 1946, the program has been reorganized to meet the onrush of famine, privation and disease which follow war, and is continuing under the new name, United Service to China, Inc.

Quaker Transport

One of the principal jobs of the Quaker Transport Unit which was organized to send trucks and drivers into communities where normal transportation is non-existent, was at St. Nazaire, on the Brittany coast of France.

For the past month I have been working with the group in St. Nazaire. For a couple of weeks I was taken up with the newness of the experience, but then I began to wonder just what I was doing. I was learning to do a physical job and apparently was doing it to the satisfaction of the people. I had not come to do only that, but I could not speak French. I could not tell the people that I think there is that of God in every man, for we did exceptionally well to get the furniture loaded and the beans passed at lunch. Maybe I should get out and make room for a French-speaking person. But one day just as my morale was at its lowest ebb I found a family who showed me that maybe I was doing something other than just moving them after all.

In this particular family there was one person who spoke some English, so that for once I had a means of communicating a few abstract ideas, but that proved unnecessary. He told me that during the German occupation the Germans used an old half-bombed castle nearby as a living quarters for officers. And after the Americans came they used it

for living quarters too, so that during the course of the war this family had seen the soldiers of two foreign countries at close range. With that background, let me tell you what this man said to me. Some of it I take with a grain of salt, but here are his words as nearly as I can remember them:

"We are grateful so and thankful too to have this chance to get our furniture moved and us, but most grateful to see a foreigner like you and work with you for a time. The Germans who lived in that castle, they were strutting always, forceful, defiant, cruel looking and acting. When the American soldiers came they were almost always drunk a little. But both Germans and Americans were not happy in living, they were at heart sad down underneath. We come to feel all foreigners are sad and belligerent. But you are so different—a foreigner but yet not drunk, not cruel, but helpful, doing a job with a smile. You seem to enjoy living. It is good for us to see again foreigners or anyone who is like that."

—ROBERT MCCOY.

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THE WHEELS TURN IN POLAND

After these long months of planning and waiting it is not easy to describe how gladdening it is to realize that the total program has taken on some semblance of reality, with team members of all three projects on the field.

Five members of the Olsztyn team (including Esther Williams, AFSC representative) arrived August sixth after driving overland from Paris, and the next morning the "Slask" docked with Ted Harris and three vehicles.

I was very happy to have the opportunity of spending two days with the Kozenice team last weekend. Their work is now well organized and I was impressed by the way in which their service has become integrated into the social life of the people among whom they are living. The plan of working through distribution committees of local people seems to be working well, and all other plans are closely coordinated with local officials and Polish voluntary efforts on the spot. The key to distribution is transport, and the arrival of reinforcements this week will make possible an extension of the child feeding scheme and distribution of cloth-

ing. Team members are in great need of leave; they are all rather tired after three extremely strenuous months of hard pioneer work.

Last Thursday I arrived at Pulawy after dark and was met by a member of the Transport Team who came across the river in one of the trucks. It was quite exciting to drive through the town across the bridge and into Gora Pulawska and find the team camping in the woods beside the still incomplete barrack, sleeping in trucks or under improvised tents. They found an air bed for me and I found a corner in the barrack where I slept quite well. The workmen who arrived early next morning were a little surprised to find a sleeping figure on the site of their operations. We had breakfast in the "encampment" and followed this by a devotional and team meeting. It was a grand experience to meet with the transport boys who all seem so keen to get on with the job. Already three trucks are on the road hauling lime from the railway station.

—From PHILIP ZEALEY,
*Anglo-American Quaker Mission,
Poland, August 5, 1946.*

Friends Service Unit in India

by ANNA BRINTON

Anna Brinton, co-director of Pendle Hill and AFSC Commissioner to the Far East, returned recently from a four and one-half months' trip to China and India.

Bengal, seen from the air, plainly shows why it is so poor. The farm lands are dotted with villages which look as if they had been shaken from a pepper shaker; and wide dry river beds cut across fields, a trickle of water sometimes appearing above the sand. A cluster of palms shades each group of cottages, and rectangular tanks are dug out here and there for storing rain water.

Cities like Calcutta also have tanks, rimmed with grassy banks and flowers, in the wealthier parts. The Friends Hostel is in such an area, inhabited exclusively by foreigners. The house was requisitioned in the early days of the Friends Ambulance Unit when the young men came from England to do rescue work after bombing. When air attacks were over, the Unit adapted itself to emergency feeding projects and permanent work in Calcutta and other parts of Bengal.

Compound of Evil

Calcutta presents one of the worst compounds of modern evils. Founded as a post of the East India Company, it has no ancient history. Commerce and industry control its fortunes, and its slums are said to be the world's worst. Mohammedan and Hindu slums are sharply separated, but their antagonisms cause riots. Though hot and incredibly crowded, with alleys not more than three feet wide running into diminutive courtyards, the dwellings are neat. Each has a rope bed, two or three brass pots and plates polished with sand. But the public drains do not function, crowding and disease are rife. Members of the FAU work here, and are developing plans for further work.

Joan Court is in charge of a Red Cross maternity center in a Hindu area. Here I saw children being weighed and their mothers instructed. I accompanied Joan on several household visits and was impressed with her skill in speaking Bengali.

Families are so crowded that patients in advanced stages of tuberculosis cannot be isolated. They sit crouched in a corner while children play around and adults go about their business. We hope that some kind of social settlement work for neighborhood improvement can be undertaken.

Rural Projects

Besides such city work, the Friends Service Unit has rural projects, several within a few miles of Calcutta. Here the tropical palms, bamboo and various flowering trees enchant the newcomer so that he can hardly realize the conditions under which people live. At Basirhat the Unit has worked out a comprehensive village rehabilitation scheme including a weaving project, boat building, evening school, clinic, netmaking and fishermen's cooperatives.

The weaving shed is a long thatched building with bamboo frame and mud walls. Women and boys sit at the looms and turn out cotton cloth which is shipped to Calcutta to be sold. This industry exists for the benefit of widows and children from families which have no other breadwinners. An evening school is carried on for these children at the Unit office. After school one night the children brought me handfuls of fragrant tropical flowers. Flowers play a great part in Indian life. Women deck their hair with them; they are offered at shrines and sold in the markets. Their fragrance is especially enjoyed in this country of so many disagreeable odors.

The boats, for inland fishing, are built along the edges of the irrigation canals. Landlord restrictions on fishing rights are hard on the fishermen. The production of nets depends upon having the "yarn" to weave them. Since all supplies go through middle men who practice extortion, there is great need for the cooperatives which are now set up in more than forty villages.

The experimental farm has had a hard time because of drought. Potatoes were the size of walnuts and eggplants the size of ducks' eggs. Here I visited women in their secluded quarters, and saw children receiving supplementary food from our canteen. Each had his plate or banana leaf in lieu of plate. The FSU is trying to educate people to eat a variety of foods both in the interests of a balanced diet and because in a time of shortage some crops may develop while others do not. It is uphill work. So often people would rather starve than change their habits.

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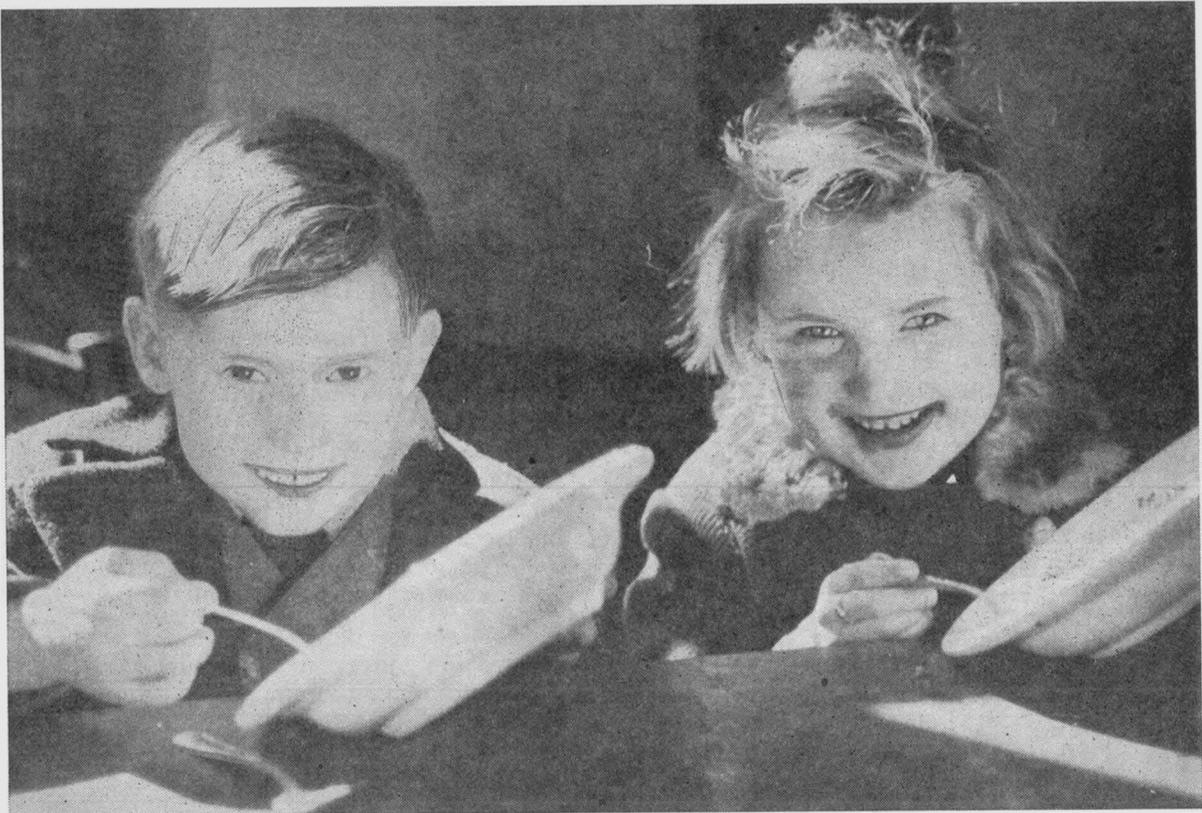
BUILDING IN NORWAY

Six Danish, Norwegian, English and American agencies are participating in the relief work in Finnmark, the northernmost province of Norway which experienced scorched earth most intensely when the Germans withdrew before the advance of the Russian army. Summer building has been concentrated on rough exterior construction-foundations, walls and roofs, with interior finishing left for the winter. Some personnel may also be assigned to sawmills or electrical work during the winter.

Maintenance of the workers is financed by the Norwegian government, while the participating agencies finance the equipment, training and travel expenses of their respective teams. The AFSC is providing six workers and a \$10,000 budget.

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FOOD FOR CHILDREN IN VIENNA