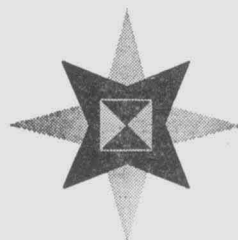


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MARCH, 1947

AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE

Cows for Poland

by ALFRED JOHNSON

British and American Quakers in Poland are distributing food and clothing for children in Kozenice and Olsztyn. A special transport team is hauling lime and stone to enable families in destroyed villages to rebuild their homes. Alfred Johnson is stationed in the port of Gdynia where he handles supplies arriving for the teams to distribute.

Recently when travelling to Warsaw, we missed a connection and had to wait for seven hours in a small station which had no light or heat. It was one of those cold nights which rip the glamor from relief work. Soon we were deep in conversation with others in the station. Through our few Polish words and an eloquent sign language, we tried to explain what we were doing in Poland. One man, skeptical that relief work could be carried on by an impartial organization, shot a politically loaded question at me: "What in your opinion is Poland's greatest need?"

Empty Fields and Drawn Faces

It was a week before the election. Many things could have been said, but I remembered the lines that spelled hunger on the faces of the people of Poland, and remembered words I had once read: "Hunger was pushed out of the tall houses, in the wretched clothing that hung upon poles and lines; Hunger was patched into them with straw and rag and wood and paper; Hunger was repeated in every fragment of the small modicum of firewood that the man sawed off; Hunger stared down from the smokeless chimneys . . . Hunger was the inscription on the baker's shelves . . .".* Many things could have been said, but I answered, "That is simple, a cow."

Poland does need a cow—many cows. During the war more than two and a half million, at least half of the cows in Poland, were killed or stolen; and of those remaining twenty per cent are past the breeding age. The relief agencies have brought over twenty thousand young heifers, less than one for every hundred lost. The empty fields and drawn faces of the people show clearly that the other ninety-nine are still missing. Poland needs cows so that the people can have milk, cheese and butter. It is an ordeal to rebuild a country even when the stomach is full; it is maddening to continue day after day on a diet of potatoes relieved with an occasional change to cereal.

Milk for Children

A shipment of milk from a small community in Iowa was recently forwarded to the relief teams in Kozenice and Czerwonka. The plan was to distribute it entirely to children. We have every reason to believe that it is going to children, but after one recent distribution we visited a home where we found the old grandmother eating powdered milk sprinkled on a piece of bread. We told her the milk was for the children. She nodded her head in agreement and said, "That is right, I am in my second childhood."

* Dickens, Charles; *A Tale of Two Cities*, Ch. V, *The Wine Shop*.

An Open Letter from Austrian Youth to the Older Generation

Always you are thinking you can advise us, and convert us. But you forget that we lived in a time in which the war torch was flaming. That we have been in a world which was reddened with blood, and that we were killers or martyrs. You forget we lived in a time in which we lost everything.

You have known this world in peacetime. You have known the better days, you were familiar with them, allied with them. For you this all seemed to be only a horrible dream. But for us it was life. When we were born, there was nothing but hunger and death, and it is still around us, and it will be, who knows, for how long a time still. We don't know your pretty past and because of that we don't believe in the future. We are rushed on by the storm of time, where to and what for, we do not know.

The world you have been grown up in was a world of peace and plenty. The world in which we are growing up in is a world of war and violence. We have had written on our banners ideas we did not really know. We fought for a life which we never experienced, never really felt the pulse of. We had to follow leaders we did not really choose ourselves. That is why we push always forward, pay no attention to your good words, because we have no desire to know the truth, the bond to understanding is lacking in us. We can't lose anything, but we always hope to get something.

—A statement written by a young Austrian apprentice who has been sharing in the supplementary feeding program sponsored by the Quakers for the Trade Union Rest Homes.

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The Hunger Months

These are the hunger months. The world food situation is critical. The need for food, fuel and clothing is greater than at any time during or since the war. UNRRA ceased shipping supplies in January, and there is as yet no international agency to take its place. But while governments move slowly, hunger is immediate. Voluntary groups, already organized and with workers in the field, must meet the extra needs rising in the interim period between the closing of UNRRA and the organization of new governmental aid.

A Million Dollars Short

During 1946, when new countries opened up to relief operations and many Americans looked to the Committee as a channel for their concerns, new services were started in Germany, Austria, Hungary, Poland and Japan. Work was already underway in China, India, France, Finland and Italy. But now the money is not coming in rapidly enough to maintain the operations in progress. A foreign service budget of over seven million dollars was adopted last fall, on the basis of the rate of contributions received during the first six months of 1946. But if the present low rate of income continues, the general relief funds will fall short by one million dollars of what had been anticipated.

The Sign of Hunger

The sign of hunger is written large across Europe and Asia. In Japan babies are being fed a gruel of rice and potatoes. Children in Finland take turns wearing shoes to school where they get extra portions of gruel with butter and sugar, or pea soup to go with bread they bring from home. Polish housewives must sell kettles and furniture for food. Young people in Hungary are nine to eighteen pounds underweight, and are facing a further cut in rations. In France tired women stand in lines for hours for a loaf of bread or a little fish. Men trying to plant their crops in Italy touch off mines still hidden in the fields. Books and knickknacks can be bought in Austria, but grocery shelves are empty. In India potatoes are about the size of walnuts and eggplants the size of duck eggs. Watchful marketing is no equal match for empty shelves in Germany. In China, civil war, disrupted transportation, famine and disease are taking their toll.

Budget Cuts Strike Deep

In Austria, reserves set aside by the government for winter emergencies will be exhausted by March, and additional UNRRA resources promised have been delayed. At this time, when food is most needed, we must cut allocations. Tubercular young people who were getting only 500 calories a day in monthly packages from us, are now receiving 400. Young apprentices, already seriously underweight, may have their daily 600 calorie Quaker

ration cut to 300. We are maintaining a minimum program for forty thousand people in Austria, spending a little over a dollar a person each month.

From Hungary we have had an urgent appeal for six men with trucks and jeeps to help transport food and clothing for the refugees streaming into the country from Czechoslovakia. This is a project requested by the Hungarian government. The cost would be about two thousand dollars a month. We have cabled that we do not have the funds to undertake this extra program. It will be all we can do to continue providing the extra 514 calories a day for each of five thousand apprentices in Budapest.

In Poland it is doubtful that even the potato crop will last into the summer. The country needs an estimated 1,207,000 tons of cereals, fats, meat, fish, milk and milk products to meet the critical months between now and August. But it is beyond the realm of possibility that this amount of food imports can be achieved. While many have to sell their possessions or starve, Quaker food supplements being distributed from Koziencice and Olsztyn are being cut.

Acorns, silkworms and grass roots supplement the 1200 calorie near-starvation diet in Japan. The cost of living has increased more than 850 per cent since the end of the war, while wages have increased only 200 to 400 per cent. Nine small oranges and two small packages of seaweed can be bought for five dollars in American money. About fifty per cent of the children in institutions run away because of lack of food and care. Children with sallow and pinched faces, covered with grime and sores, are crowded into dirty rooms. Babies are dying for lack of milk. One wealthy mother was ready to give two thousand yen for a can of milk, but none could be found. The Service Committee had planned to invest \$550,000 in powdered milk for the children of Japan this year, but this budget must be cut in half.

As Human Suffering Reaches a Peak

Milk for a tubercular child in Nice, shelter for bombed-out families from St. Nazaire, a coat or some bread for a student in Paris will not be available if new funds are not found. The eighty-three thousand dollar budget for work camps, boys' towns and community services for refugees in Italy is under scrutiny. Supplemental funds to provide food and clothing for Finnish children and refugees, largely supported by Americans of Finnish extraction, are not now available.

Funds for food and clothing for Germany are coming in so slowly that the program must be cut in half. A Quaker worker in Germany writes, "... the undesignated Quaker supplies have been the heart of the children's feeding program in the American Zone. Now the children's feeding is slowing down. The report of the Combined Nutrition

Survey Team reveals that conditions in the British, French and American zones are bad and becoming worse. Growing children are the ones who suffer most. In the American Zone we should be feeding 600,000 instead of 200,000. But instead of this increase to meet the need, the entire program must be severely curtailed from lack of supplies. It is heart-breaking to see the program diminish at a time when human suffering is reaching its peak, when malnutrition is sapping the lives of many thousands of children, and when Germany is experiencing the severe cold of a hard winter."

The shadow of famine hangs over India. Eighty thousand dollars must be raised this year to continue the medical relief, midwife training and cooperative fishing, weaving and sericulture projects now underway. Services in China are almost entirely financed

by United Services to China, also facing the questions of where to get money, where to cut allocations. Months spent in fighting the sand-fly which causes a disease 95 per cent fatal, will have been in vain if the work is cut down before the fly is eradicated. Months of village rehabilitation work will be lost if it is stopped now. And the testimony of service to those in need regardless of political affiliations will be shortlived if the medical team in Communist China must be recalled.

A Guarantee for the Future?

Thousands of people have no guarantee for the future except as our sympathy is tempered with dollars, our pity with responsibility. Commitments to help fill their needs for bread, shoes, roofs, and penicillin, made by the Service Committee in the name of the American people, must be met.

* * *

In an Italian Village

The second day of a heavy snow-fall we made an inspection in a small Italian village. The air was filled with large wet flakes. In the white stillness stood the ragged edges of the devastated houses. The village Reconstruction Committee had recently certified that *padrone* Paelucci was a very poor man who needed transport assistance in order to start constructing a home for his family of ten. His neighbors had urged that he be given assistance immediately.

We slid down a small bank and were greeted by the Paelucci family. We were invited inside to warm ourselves and discuss their needs. There we found the family living in one small room partitioned into kitchen and bedroom. The mother sat before the small fireplace warming a baby wrapped in her apron. On the wall hung a few pots and pans.

We asked the usual questions as to the number in his family, the number of rooms he wished to build, the location of his previous house, the quantity of materials which would be necessary to rebuild and repair the old house. As we talked, the door and small window, both made of patches of wood, were opened to give light and to let some of the smoke out of the crowded room.

We went out to see the remains of the old house. Only the foundation was left. Everything else had been salvaged to construct the single room they now lived in. During the summer months a thatched-roof shed had provided extra space. As we stood in

three inches of snow, I looked down at the young boy who had come outside with us. Then I reached down to make sure—he had no shoes.

Inside, as we started to write the first appointment slip for transport, the mother started telling us the family's war history. The Germans had mined their homes, as they had all of the river-valley homes in reprisal for their assisting British prisoners of war.

When they returned to clean up the rubble, a mine exploded and the small son lost all his fingers and thumb on his left hand. She is worried because he will not be able to make a living as a farmer, and there is no money to send him to school. Here we must listen and try to give our understanding as well as clothing and transport.

—Dale Barnard, AFSC representative in Italy.

* * *

LETTER FROM FRANCE

I do not know how to write very well, but I know very well how to say, Thank you.

—Jeanine, age 4½.

* * *

Correction: In the article, "German Refugee Camp in Denmark," on page 15 of the February 1947 issue of this Bulletin, the exchange of a million kroner into U. S. dollars is three hundred thousand rather than thirty thousand.

Sharing Cultures Through School Affiliation

School Affiliation Service, begun in 1946, aims to develop close and lasting relationships between schools in this country and corresponding ones in Europe. Service Committee representatives contact schools in France, Holland and Italy, while the Overseas Schools Committee, with headquarters in Boston, makes similar contacts with American schools and completes the affiliation.

"Our collection center is a miniature wooden schoolhouse of five cubic feet capacity. In the roof there is an opening large enough to drop any of the regular school supplies. The chimney presents an opportunity to deposit the cash contributions. A chute carries the money to a box inside."

This excerpt from a letter tells how one American school collects money, pictures, notebooks and magazines for the school in Europe with which it is affiliated. So far, more than one hundred such contacts have been made through the combined efforts of the Overseas Schools Committee and the Friends Service Committee.

Visit to a French School

Schools in France, Holland and Italy were visited in 1946 in order to make these contacts possible. After one such visit to a French school the children wrote essays describing it. The following was written in English by an eleven or twelve-year-old:

"Working as usual at our painting, what a surprise! Teacher is there with some friends. Quick, we get acquainted. Teacher is accompanied by a Scotch girl, an American girl, and an Englishman. We see that they brought us some material on England. They also came to sing and dance with us. We sang for them some songs and danced some dances of Provence and others for them. Croc, good musician that he is, scribbles notes on a paper and collects the songs. Louise—the American—plays the guitar well. Their songs and our songs are mingled. The atmosphere is sympathetic and friendly. We are happy, we little French children, to have with us some friends from faraway countries with whom we can exchange our ideas. We would have liked to find a Russian among them. Then the United Nations would have been complete. If all the children of the world would hold hands, they would form a pretty circle around the world. Time is up; our friends have to leave us. 'Never such good company that it does not have to break up at last, alas.' Jackeline."

Volleyballs and Bulletin Boards

Letters between the schools in Europe and America have been written and received. Large quantities of materials have been sent to Europe, and schools here report that they are learning many new and exciting things from their friends abroad. A school in New York writes that they have put up a special bulletin board on which are posted information

about their school in France and a map with the city of Caen circled in red. Children in a country day school in Illinois have collected shoes, clothing, food, school supplies, money, scrap books, pictures and posters about America which might interest their new friends. They also conscripted their parents to wrap the hundred packages collected.

The International Club of a high school in New Jersey bought a volleyball and net and allowed any girl in the school to sign it in India ink for the price of ten cents. When the ball was mailed, it had more than a hundred signatures on it. A Delaware school is busy writing letters about their school work and enclosing pictures with the letters.

The United Nations Education, Scientific and Cultural Organization has estimated that seventy million notebooks, one hundred and fifty million pencils, ten million pens and forty million sheets of paper are urgently needed in Europe. To help meet these needs the Student Council of a boys' school in New Hampshire is sending pencils, paper, notebooks, erasers and other school supplies. Some faculty members are joining the students in discovering needs in schools overseas, and friends behind these needs. French clubs and International Clubs are building programs about towns and schools in Europe. One school sent a typically American book, and a review of it translated into French. Some are sending sample report cards and office forms to show what their own schools are doing. In return letters, magazines and books have come from France, Italy and Holland. Through these exchanges, understandings grow.

* * *

HUNGER IN GERMANY

For the first time since I have been with the Service Committee, I am beginning to get frightened. People are already running out of potatoes, and the markets will only have enough until March. Then no one knows what will happen. Famine oedema is becoming more common, and even the women are beginning to break down. Well-dressed mothers come in to say that they have nothing to eat in the house, and that they don't know what they will do to make soup. I have a feeling that the walls are coming closer and closer together, and that there is nothing at all we can do about it.

—Harvey Buchanan, Freiberg, Germany.

Quaker Neighborhood Centers in Europe

Community centers, serving social, economic, educational and health needs are being established in several European countries.

In northern Finland, Quaker unit members are cooperating with young people in planning study and recreational groups. In one community an English club is using the unit's lending library and meeting weekly for coffee and discussions in English about the United States and Great Britain. In Toulouse, Perpignan and Montauban, France, both French people and refugees meet in the centers. A center in St. Nazaire provides wholesome social and educational activities for boys and girls and adults living in crowded temporary quarters.

The plans for five centers in three zones of Germany—in Frankfurt, Freiburg, Darmstadt, Cologne and Berlin—are described in the following article by Hertha Kraus. The report, "Quaker Home in Austria," on the opposite page, pictures the center in Vienna.

A Community Supplement

by HERTHA KRAUS

When people live four and five to a room, in badly damaged houses with walled-up windows, little light and less heat, using scanty and makeshift equipment, the simplest activities of housekeeping and homemaking are difficult to carry on. A number of housewives share the improvised kitchen; old and young share living and sleeping quarters; every corner is utilized.

Where, under such circumstances, can old folks, whose days are long and dreary, find a little comfort? Where can the disabled and convalescent stay until they are strong enough to work? Where can children play and romp, or do their homework? Where can mothers find space or sewing machines to make over badly-worn clothing? Where can fathers and sons tackle the family shoe supply in urgent need of repairs? Where can young people sing and talk, or meet for serious discussions? Where can people relax, or get together for a meeting of minds—to overcome differences, to work together for a new and different community? They cannot do so in the cramped quarters of their homes. They urgently need a community supplement.

Hospitality in Barracks

The neighborhood center, donated by Americans, may be one answer. It has an open door for all. Young and old may come for mutual aid and self-help, for information, and for a bit of relaxation and fellowship. The neighborhood center offers the very simplest accommodations—imported barracks established in a garden or at the edge of a public park, against a background of trees, shrubs and flowers wherever possible. It offers hospitality, indoors and out-of-doors, on sheltered grounds; it provides tools and equipment for sewing, shoe-repairing, the building and mending of basic furniture. It has a reading room and other rooms where people can sit around tables and discuss problems close to them, or where they can meet to plan cooperative undertakings growing out of their own interests and needs.

The neighborhood center also affords some sheltered space for those who are old and handicapped.

Here, at least during a few hours each day, they may sit and be sociable in a comfortable place, free from the pressures of their own crowded and drab quarters. Perhaps there will be entertainment for them, a cup of coffee or some other small refreshment. During the warm season playground activities for children will be carried on outdoors. A sheltered and quieter corner of the garden or porch may provide day care for convalescents.

Many Centers are Needed

Many communities all over Europe could use such neighborhood centers today. Small beginnings have been started by the Quakers in Vienna, Austria; in Toulouse, Montauban, Perpignan and St. Nazaire, France, and in five German communities. Prefabricated buildings have been purchased in Sweden and Switzerland to house center activities. Foundations have been dug for the centers in Frankfurt, Freiburg, and Darmstadt. Other centers are planned for Cologne and Berlin.

Early in February ground was broken in a corner of the Rohmerplatz in Frankfurt. Many workmen in Frankfurt have been out of work for months because their factories have no coal, and most of them were in bed the morning three members of the Quaker team broke the frozen ground with a pneumatic drill. But five men were recruited from an airraid shelter near by, to help with the shoveling as the ground was broken up. A puzzled crowd gathered to watch and ask questions.

These centers may help meet some of the daily, grinding needs of neighbors living under the most difficult conditions. They may also facilitate more friendly contacts between old residents and new, the settled people and the refugees, the expelled and the bomb-outs, the haves and have-nots. American supplies, gifts in cash and kind, are making these projects possible. American and British workers will share with local neighbors in the spiritual fellowship and hard toil of this venture in cooperation and faith.

Quaker Home in Austria

by CARLETON MABEE and MARY FORMAN

Quaker work in Austria includes distribution of supplementary food and clothing to children, old people and young apprentices. Rehabilitation services now developing are built around counseling services for individuals, location of materials for small industries, and establishing a center for young people in Vienna. Carleton Mabee, Mary Forman and Jean Fairfax are responsible for the Vienna center, and other unit members serve as they are needed.

It is difficult for young people in Europe to develop a belief in brotherhood at the close of a war in which men of all countries have been urged to kill. But building understanding among people is one of the things we have been trying to do in our center in Vienna.

Our work with young people started in May 1946, at a time when the distribution of food and clothing was our principal activity. We felt that we should in some way communicate our beliefs about the deep and lasting values of life. Discussion of these values could hardly be combined with distribution of the food because constant administrative work left little time for contact with the people who received the food.

Opening a Cafe

Finally we decided to invite young people from two of the high schools where a supplementary feeding program was being carried on, to gather in our offices. Many responded and showed their eagerness to meet people from other countries. They came again and brought friends. Soon we had to divide them into two groups and begin looking for a larger meeting place.

The cafe which we finally found and rented had stood unused for two years and needed much renovating and cleaning. Most of the windowpanes were out, the plaster was bad, two doors were unusable, wiring was faulty, locks were out of order, and everything lay under piles of dirt. Carpenters, electricians, plumbers and locksmiths first went to work, and then we had several weeks of scrubbing. With the help of young volunteers, we washed furniture, windows and walls, cleaned out stoves, moved unusable furniture to our garage warehouse, carted waste to a dump, and scrubbed the floors. This last job took the most time. We did it on hands and knees, with scrub brushes, yellow soap and cold water.

Opening Night

By the end of November we felt ready for a grand opening night, or *Eroeffungsfest*. At least a hundred and fifty people came, including the young people and their parents, various district officials and welfare officers, all the men who had worked on the cafe, and the entire Quaker community of Viennese, Swiss, Danish, British and American Friends. The young people and community leaders took

part in the program, and we felt that many of those present finally understood what we were striving to do. Before this many of them had asked us over and over again who the Quakers were and why they were interested in working with young people. Now we find that members of the center are able to do a good deal of this interpreting to newcomers.

A Varied Program

One of the groups meeting in the evenings has sponsored several parties for children of the neighborhood. For the first party each member of the group contributed a part of his precious flour ration so that it could be added to Quaker fat and sugar to make cakes for the children. Several evenings before the second party were devoted to making toys. Each child was given a stuffed animal, clown or a doll bed.

Another group plans debates around questions proposed by visiting speakers or raised at the meeting. They divide into groups of five or eight, and each section is allowed about ten minutes to prepare an answer and select a representative to report. Finally the whole group comes together and the reports are made. We have discussed trends in the theatre in Vienna, what Italy has contributed to world culture, the possibility of world government, and many other subjects.

A folk dancing group has developed out of the enthusiasm of a young university student in the neighborhood, and a work group spends Saturdays replacing bomb-shattered windows in homes nearby. The first day we put in six windows, and have now replaced more than a hundred and fifty. First we must tear out the cardboard or wood used as a glass substitute, measure and cut artificial glass provided by the Service Committee, and fasten it into the frame with thin wood strips and nails.

Though the center was opened for young people, there is a warming room for the old, for most of Vienna is very cold. Fortunately we have access to a little fuel. In the afternoons the young people come to read, study, play games, especially ping pong, and talk. These informal afternoons give us an opportunity for conversations that are not possible on busy group nights. We feel that our center serves a deeper need than that of merely keeping young people off the streets, and hope that as time goes on its contribution to their personal needs and social awareness will continue to grow.

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My First Sorrow

I shall try to tell about my first real sorrow. That was the fourth of November 1944, when we had to go away from home. It began with that the order was given. I packed the most necessary clothes and was ready for the trip. But first I had to go in the barn and say goodbye to the cow and the sheep. I took them all around the neck and said some goodbye words to each, while big tears rolled down from my eyes and onto their pretty fur. They looked at me with great surprised eyes. I am sure they did not understand that I was going to leave them and never get to see them again; it hurt me to think about that maybe the animals would lie wounded after that we had gone, but I was sure that we could not do anything. When I came out of the house, the dog and cat were sitting on the step. When I thought about that I could not take them with me either, I cried. But the worst of all came when I got in the boat and mother said that now was the last time I would see my home. I will never forget my first sorrow, the sadness that my home was taken away from me.

—Translated from a composition by Inge Nilsen,
a little girl in Finnmark, Norway.